

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Don't Give Up

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying,
Though young birds in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer,
Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.
If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Carey.



WOMEN have the right to vote, but they may do better to waive that right, and just mold the voters.
—Mrs. W. J. Bryan.

“THE number of stars visible to the naked eye on a moonless night is about seven thousand. By the use of the magnificent telescope in the Lick Observatory, in California, the number may be increased to one hundred million.”

“THE largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures one hundred forty feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is one hundred nineteen feet in circumference.”

A Fletcherite

A LITTLE girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust-stuffing: “You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn’t think you would chew it so fine as that.”—*Junior Christian Endeavor World*.

Names and Their Meanings

HAITI means “mountain country.”
Peru was named from the river Paro.
Java is the Malay word for “land of nutmegs.”
Bolivia was thus called in honor of Simon Bolivar.
Moldavia took its name from the river Moldau.
Arabia was so called from its inhabitants, the Arabs.
Rumania was originally Romania, Roman province.
—*Sunday School Herald*.

“De Situation Open”

A WELL-KNOWN Ohio judge was noted for his defense of slavery. He was converted from the error of his ways by the following conversation with a runaway slave, who had crossed the Ohio River from Kentucky:—

Judge—“What did you run away for?”

Fugitive—“Well, judge, wanted to be free.”

“O! Wanted to be free, did you? Bad master, I suppose?”

“O, no; berry good man, massa.”

“You had to work too hard, then?”

“O, no; fair day’s work.”

“Well, you hadn’t a good home?”

“Hadn’t I, though! You should see my pretty cabin in Kentucky!”

“Well, you didn’t get enough to eat in Kentucky?”

“Not get enough to eat in Kentucky? Plenty to eat.”

“You had a good master, plenty to eat, were not overworked, a good home—I don’t see what you wanted to run away for.”

“Well, judge, I left de situation down thar open. You can just go down and git it.”

Christians will find it a healthy exercise to place themselves in the position of others before they pass judgment on them.—*The Expositor*.

Thoughts From Will Carleton

SPEND all your time discovering other people’s mistakes, and you will soon yourself become a mistake.

If you are lonesome because you are doing the right thing, you will not always be lonesome.

When some people receive kindness, they are uneasy till they repay it; and others are uneasy till they get more.

If you turn night into day too often, you may find day turning into permanent night.

Stolen Brains

A DISTINGUISHED judge in Canada, in his charge to the jury in a recent murder case, has given us a sentence worth remembering. A section man on the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Agincourt brutally murdered his wife while in a state of infuriation produced by the drinking of hard cider. The judge declared the crime the most atrocious that he had ever been called upon to deal with, and said to the jury, “No man has a right to steal his brains away by using hard cider, and then ask a jury to acquit him on the ground of insanity.”—*Crusader Monthly*.

Prohibition Year Book Out

AMERICAN PROHIBITION YEAR BOOK FOR 1909 is of unusual breadth in its sources of information. It is all new. Its statistics are recent and valuable for reference. While its numerous departments give a quite complete view of this broad subject, our space permits only a few references, almost at random. It shows how the people spend over two billions of dollars annually for alcoholic drinks. It vigorously meets the attack upon the Temperance Instruction law. It treats the three notable articles by Dr. Williams in *McClure’s Magazine*. Liquor revenues in the States are shown to be about five per cent. Judge Blair’s strong showing of liquor conditions in Ohio is given. Farmers and working men, manufacturers and merchants, are all advised of liquor’s injuries to them. The liquor interests and their record are vividly shown. The dispensary, municipal ownership, local option, “squatter sovereignty,” “saloon substitutes,” the “saloon’s social functions,” are each carefully treated. An exhaustive showing of legal decisions occupies thirteen valuable pages. National aspects include interstate nullification, canteen, child races and “comity.” The book treats the problem of “government revenue” with vigor. Introducing all this, are thirty-four pages of latest scientific facts on abstinence. The work is made doubly helpful by a very complete index.

This book, which is in its tenth year, has a wide sale throughout the world, and is by many considered the highest authority on this subject in America. Ministers, lecturers, temperance workers, Sunday-school teachers, young people’s societies, Y. M. C. A., W. C. T. U., working men, and legislators will be interested in this compact and careful treatment of the latest phases of the temperance movement.

One hundred ninety-two pages; cloth, fifty cents; paper, twenty-five cents; Lincoln Temperance Press, 92 LaSalle Street, Chicago.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

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No. 23



Dominica, West Indies

AFTER we had lived in Barbados for a year and eight months, it was decided that we take up our residence in a new island,—the island of Dominica. We left Barbados on the third of February. As the quarantine regulations were rigid, we all had our temperature taken before the launch left the wharf, and again when the boat stopped at the different islands, the process was repeated, owing to the fact that there were tourists on board who wished to land at the different ports. It was quite amusing as we filed into the doctor's office, all ages and sizes taking their turn in raising the mercury in the clinical thermometers thrust into their mouths. However, we all successfully passed all inspections, and at 5 P. M., on February 5, we landed at the pier in Roseau, Dominica.

The old saying that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," is especially true after a sea voyage. We found such a friend waiting for us, and we were provided with a good supper and a comfortable bed for the night, for which we were very thankful.

The doctor was not through with us, however, for we had to pay him a visit daily for five days, after which we were free.

Dominica is an island so rugged and broken with high mountains and deep valleys, that it reminds one of a piece of paper all crumpled up and then partially spread out again. Although it is small and anything but modern, being often called "sleepy Dominica," it has the prettiest botanical garden in the West Indies. Trees from all the different tropical countries in the world are seen growing here, having been brought by the Imperial Department of Agriculture.

Many varieties of palms, ferns, cactuses, and shrubbery, together with the chirping of birds and the roar of a near-by river, make it an ideal place for Sabbath afternoons when the weather is fine. While the garden is public, yet there are many secluded nooks where nothing but nature and quiet abound.

A very peculiar tree grows in the garden, and a favorite congregating place for the children is under its boughs. Its fruit is of a deep indigo-blue color, and in size it is much like our crab-apple. It looks very pretty as it hangs on the branches amid the green leaves. The children eat the fruit, and when it drops, they scramble and tumble over one another in their efforts to get it. There is very little flesh on it, the seed being large, and to me its taste is insipid. The native children, however, declare that it is sweet.

When the seed is cleaned and polished, it is brown in color and very pretty, and is often used as a fob to a watch-chain, gold wire being laid into its five grooves, thus securing it in place. It is also used as a knob on hat pins, making a very pretty and unique article.

A few of the streets that were made in the days

when the French held possession of the island are still seen,—cobblestone streets, as our little boy calls them. They are unpleasant to walk upon, especially in rainy weather. One who makes a misstep finds that his seat is not a cushion. There is one profession that is benefited by them, however, as they aid materially in giving the cobblers their bread and butter.

This is a stronghold for Catholicism, and many have an evil mind toward the little church situated on the bluff overlooking the blue Caribbean. A few speak the French language, but the generality of the people speak the "patois." We are glad that our children can not understand the language, for oftentimes the expressions used by quarrelsome neighbors are anything but elevating.

The women dress in French style, mostly. They wear bright colors,—pink, yellow, red,—and large, bright-colored prints. The waist usually fits in the back, and is sewed to the skirt. The skirt is made quite full, with a facing of from twelve to eighteen inches deep; this they starch quite stiff, and it rattles like the leaves of autumn as they move about. A long sweeping "train" is also worn, which assists in keeping the streets clean. A bright-colored cloth as large as a red bandanna handkerchief is worn over the shoulders, and another one on the head.

A "madam" passed our house one day wearing a pink dress, a green cloth over her shoulders, and a purple cloth upon her head. The women look quite pretty on Sunday, as they turn out so gaily dressed.

Good Friday and Easter have just been celebrated in all their pomp and glory. Christ (an image) was nailed to the cross on Friday afternoon, and the bells were silent until Sunday morning, when he arose, and three bells rang with joyous peals.

We have made the acquaintance of some devout Catholics, and they are sociable and friendly.

The promulgation of this message is to all nations, and those at home have a part to act as well as the messengers who enter the field as pioneers. One is dependent upon the other, and in this way all, both old and young, have a part in spreading the last message of truth.

MRS. L. E. WELLMAN.

The Mission Field

If a young man were walking along a river bank, and saw at one point a man struggling in the water and ten men working to save him, and at another point ten men struggling in the water and no one trying to save them, he would not be in doubt as to where he was needed, but he would hasten to the point where the need was greatest and the workers fewest. This is the situation as to the work of foreign missions. The precise arithmetic is of no consequence. In some cases, the proportion is worse than I have indicated. The simple fact is that at home, great as is the need for Christian work, almost any one who wishes to hear the gospel can do so. On the foreign field they can not hear it if they would. Here, men need to be persuaded to appropriate what they already have; there, men need to be given what they have not.—*Robert E. Speer.*



The Man Behind the Eight-Thousand-Dollar Fee

THE *Dental Review* contains an account which deserves to be passed on, of how in one case modest, conscientious, painstaking work was liberally rewarded. The event occurred in Chicago.

"A young dentist only a few years out of college did some work for a patient. It was exceedingly intricate, extensive, and difficult; but the young man put his heart into the case, and finally achieved a most signal success. He is the kind of man who works for success in what he undertakes more than he does for the dollars his service earns, and be it said, this kind of man seldom wants for dollars. When the case was finally completed, after weeks of the most painstaking effort and intense application, the patient said: 'Well, doctor, what is your bill?'

"This was the first reference either had made to the fee, and the dentist answered: 'Really, I hardly know. I haven't thought much about that feature of the case until now.'

"Some observations were made by both on the amount of time consumed and the character of the work, and finally the patient remarked: 'Would eight thousand dollars recompense you sufficiently?'

"The dentist said it would; a check for that amount was immediately handed to the dentist, and that was practically all the discussion there was regarding the fee."

The young dentist was too modest to permit his name to be used in connection with the transaction.

The *Dental Review* received a number of communications questioning the accuracy of this story, and suggesting some smaller amount. To these the reply is made that some months ago a patient applied for services to this Chicago dentist, and when the work was completed, paid the dentist a fee of two thousand five hundred dollars. Shortly after this another member of the patient's family applied for services, and the character of the work was such that, when finished, the patient, computing on the work and time of the previous case, readily paid eight thousand dollars, making ten thousand five hundred dollars in fees for work on two members of the same family.

But the most interesting side-lights are still to be thrown on the character of this young dentist.

"At the very time he was in receipt of the fees mentioned, one of his poor patients needed a crown, but had no money to pay for it. The dentist gave the patient an appointment and made a beautiful crown, and when asked for the bill, put the patient off with the remark that the matter would be attended to later. The bill has never been sent, and never will be, because the dentist knows it would be a hardship for the patient to pay it."

So much for his professional carefulness irrespective of the fee he is to receive. Now another as to his professional honor:—

"This same dentist made a crown for a patient, and charged a regulation fee for it. The patient lives about three hundred fifty miles from Chicago, and one day wrote the dentist that something had gone wrong with the crown. The dentist immediately sent

word to the patient that he would pay railroad fare to and from Chicago, and all the patient's expenses while there, and would fix the crown free of charge."

A man of such sterling integrity is deserving of big fees when he does work for those who are capable of paying for it. He is the more deserving of honor, in that, having secured work bringing in a handsome return, he was not above doing careful work for the needy for which he would get no return.

Some may suggest that having received the ten-thousand-five-hundred-dollar fees, he could well afford to put on a crown for nothing, and to pay the expenses of a patient whose crown was not satisfactory; but that is not the way to look at it. These two incidents are simply illustrations of the *character* of the man, which prepared him to do the work that brought him the ten-thousand-five-hundred-dollar fees.

G. H. HEALD.

Clock Does Teacher's Work

ASTRONOMICAL clocks are fairly common nowadays, but one lately shown to King Edward in London, and examined by him with the greatest interest, has certain points not to



A WONDERFUL ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK

be found in others already on the market. This is the chronosphere, or, as its inventor, Mr. J. Haddon Overton, of Woodstock, prefers to call it, the empire clock; and its great merit is that it performs with absolute accuracy and precision the duties usually discharged by the teacher in giving lessons on the earth's daily motion, latitude and longitude, and geography generally.

At first glance, the chronosphere might be mistaken for an ordinary

school globe, but it differs therefrom in many important essentials. It gives, for example, the correct time all over the world, and it demonstrates the actual rotation of the earth, on its axis, in twenty-four hours, and the actual speed of the earth three inches (smaller size) and four inches (larger size) from its center. It also gives at a glance the difference in the times between all places on the earth's surface, and the correct mean time at any town or place in the Eastern or the Western hemisphere, and it further enables teachers and lecturers in elementary, evening, secondary, and public schools and colleges to demonstrate in the concrete the daily rotation of the earth from west to east, the difference in time caused by this rotation, and the exact relative position of every place on the world and its exact position at any time in relation to the light of the sun, that is, day or night. By use of the sun attachment the actual height of the sun in degrees above the

horizon from December to June and June to December can be clearly demonstrated, thus showing the cause of the varying lengths of day and night. The axis is inclined at any angle of twenty-three and one-half degrees, and the revolution is in the earth's own direction. The motive power is in the base of the stand upon which the globe is mounted, and the apparatus requires winding only once a week. The chronosphere, in its present form, represents the outcome of fourteen years' close study and experiment.—*The Technical World*.

Enjoy the Morning Freshness

How many persons there are who never revel in the glory or drink in the wondrous freshness of the dawn. Every after-hour is dusty and jaded by comparison. What a transformation scene is the sun-rising; no casket of gems rivals the succeeding splendors of colors, spread out over a vast horizon. Says Thoreau, with characteristic incisiveness: "It is a test question affecting the youth of a person. Do you sympathize with the morning? If the sun always rises on your slumbering, if you do not hear the morning cock crow, what relation have you to wisdom and purity? You have forgotten your Creator in the days of your youth."

Especially in the mild spring-time and the enervating summer, the early morning provides a tonic that is not lost the whole day through. A little effort in shaking off lingering drowsiness is certainly rewarded by an experience not confined to Le Gallienne.

"For your true book lover there is no other exhilaration so exquisite as that with which one reads an inspiring book in the solemn freshness of the early morning. One's nerves seem peculiarly strong for exquisite impressions in the first dewy hours of the day. Moreover, morning reading has a way of casting a spell over the whole day. It has a sweet, solemnizing effect on one's thoughts,—a sort of mental matins,—and through the day's business it accompanies us with hidden music."—*Young People*.

The Simple Origin of Great Discoveries

[The following is part of an article contributed to the *Youth's Companion* by Ira D. Remsen, Ph. D., LL. D., president of Johns Hopkins University.—EDITOR.]

Nor many years ago the laboratories in which students were trained and in which all scientific investigations were carried out were simply constructed and simply equipped, and every one who worked in them had not only to learn the principles of his subject, but also how to help himself.

If he did not find exactly what he wanted ready for his use; he proceeded to make what he needed out of such simple materials as were at hand. He had to do this or fail. And it was the best kind of training.

But within recent years the palatial laboratory has come into vogue, and everything is supplied to the worker. This is not objectionable; in fact, it is highly desirable for those who have been well trained; but for students who are being trained it is most objectionable.

Some years ago the late General Armstrong, of the Hampton Institute, told the writer that the Indians who came to the institute were taught to take their baths in half-barrels and not in modern bath-tubs, for the obvious reason that the half-barrel could be found in the home of the Indian, and the modern bath-tub

could not. That illustrates the principle. A student who has been accustomed to elaborate and expensive apparatus finds it difficult, if not impossible, to adapt himself to the simple things which he is likely to find when he goes out into the world to shift for himself.

Dalton's Example

A few illustrations taken from the history of chemistry and physics will show that great men have achieved great results with simple appliances.

The English chemist, Dalton, was a school-teacher. He worked without a laboratory and with crude apparatus, mostly made by himself from simple materials. Here is an example described in his own words:—

"Took an ale glass of a conical figure, two and a half inches in diameter and three inches deep; filled it with water that had been standing in the room, and consequently of the temperature of the air, nearly; put the bulb of the thermometer to the bottom of the glass, the scale being out of the water. Then, having marked the temperature, I put the red-hot tip of the poker half an inch deep in the water, holding it there



With the new constitution in Turkey has come a desire for progress in the mechanical as well as other branches of improvement. This illustration depicts the excitement in the streets of Salonica, the second largest city in Turkey, when the first steam roller ever seen by the majority of its inhabitants was first used. Everywhere the steam roller goes, a crowd of excited Turks precede and follow, waving flags, clapping, shouting, and having as much fun as an American boy watching a circus parade.—*Popular Mechanics*.

steadily for half a minute; and as soon as it was withdrawn, I dipped the bulb of a sensible thermometer into the water, when it rose in a few seconds to one hundred and eighty degrees."

He then determined the temperature of the water at the bottom after five minutes, after twenty minutes, and after an hour, and found that it rose gradually from forty-seven to fifty-two degrees. This simple experiment proved that water has the power to conduct heat, which has been denied by no less an authority than Rumford.

In much of his work Dalton used only a few vials and tubes with perforated corks, and frequently, instead of glass tubes, he used clay tobacco-pipes with long stems. Such pipes, known as "churchwarden pipes," have been used by later workers, as notably in the remarkable work of Sir William Ramsay on argon.

As a grand result of his investigations on gases and liquids, Dalton gave the world the atomic theory, which has probably had a greater influence on the science of chemistry than any other theory that has been put forward.

This is not the place to discuss the atomic theory in detail. It will suffice to point out that it is a simple thought that helps chemists at every turn. It gave them a language that is intelligible, and suggested many important inquiries which in turn led to important experimental work. One biographer says, "Dal-

ton's results stand out the greatest landmarks in our science (chemistry). . . . To him is due the glory of placing the science on a firmer basis."

The Wolf at Scheele's Door

Scheele was perhaps the greatest discoverer of facts the world has ever known. He was a Swede who lived during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Throughout his life he had to contend with sickness and poverty.

He was obliged to carry on the business of an apothecary on a small scale in order to keep the wolf from entering the house—he never succeeded in keeping it from the door. His great delight was to investigate things chemically and to find out all he could about them.

It is simply astounding to learn how many discoveries of the highest importance he made. The most important one was oxygen—a discovery that was made at the same time independently by the English clergyman, Priestley.

Oxygen was the most important single discovery ever made in the field of chemistry. It is the most widely distributed and most abundant substance in nature. It is necessary for the breathing of animals, and for most of the chemical changes that are taking place upon the earth. A knowledge of oxygen and of the ways in which it acts has done more than anything else to give chemists an insight into chemistry, and therefore has contributed more than anything else to the development of this science. Operations that had before appeared mysterious suddenly became clear, and every one engaged in chemical work was helped in many ways.

The discovery of oxygen has not only given us a broader and deeper knowledge of the earth and of the universe; it has also contributed largely to the material welfare of man—not directly, perhaps, but by enlarging his knowledge of chemistry, so that it may be said that most discoveries made since 1774 have been in a way consequences of the discovery of oxygen. Indirect results are often of more value than direct ones.

The moral of this story is found in the fact that this great discovery was made under the most unfavorable conditions, in a small apothecary shop, by a man in poor health, who could provide himself with only the simplest apparatus.

But this is only one of many important discoveries made by Scheele. Another that may be mentioned here is that of chlorin. This discovery ranks with the most important and the most valuable of chemical discoveries. That of oxygen outranks it certainly, but it falls in line not far behind.

Why is it important? Primarily because it, like the discovery of oxygen, although to a less degree, aided chemists in their efforts to work out the problems of chemistry.

Finding the Uses of Chlorin

That statement may, once for all, be made of every important chemical discovery. But while Scheele had not thought of any practical uses to which chlorin could be put, it proved eventually to be of the highest practical value, and to-day it plays an exceedingly important part in practical affairs. It is the great bleacher, and as such is used in enormous quantities, especially for bleaching straw, paper, and different kinds of cloth. Then, too, it is one of the best disinfectants, and is contributing to our welfare by interfering with the spread of disease. Further, it is es-

sential to the manufacture of chloroform, which is of such inestimable value as an alleviator of pain. And it is now used extensively for the purpose of extracting gold from its ores.

Compare the little room in the apothecary shop, the simple apparatus and the apparent uselessness of the noxious gas, with the great factories, the complicated machinery, and the valuable applications. This discovery, like that of oxygen, was of humble birth.

Berzelius was another Swedish chemist who achieved great results with simple things. Early in the last century, while Dalton was working, and not long after the death of Scheele, he was engaged in important investigations, the results of which advanced chemistry greatly. . . . His laboratory consisted of two ordinary rooms, furnished in the simplest possible way. There were no furnaces or draft places, neither gas nor water supply. In one of the rooms were two common deal tables. At one of these Berzelius worked, the other was intended for his assistant. On the walls were a few cupboards for reagents; in the middle was a mercury trough, while the glass-blower's lamp stood on the hearth. In addition there was a sink with an earthenware cistern and tap standing over a wooden tub, where the despotic Anna, the cook, had daily to clean apparatus. . . . In the adjacent kitchen, in which Anna prepared the meals, was a small and seldom-used furnace and a never-cool sand-bath."

Liebig became the leading chemist of the world, and yet he worked under as unfavorable conditions as Berzelius. When he began the study of chemistry, there was not a laboratory in Germany. He tried to get the instruction he wanted, but had to go to France to get it, as Wöhler, also a German, had to go to Sweden.

In a recent address, Lord Rayleigh, the distinguished English physicist, said he thought "it just possible that nowadays scientific work was made too easy, or, at all events, too mechanical, for the full advantage of it to be reaped, and that the scientific spirit and method were, perhaps, better cultivated by the less perfect appliances of the past." He stated that many of the great experimenters had "worked with exceedingly homely apparatus."

Among those named by him in this connection was Clerk Maxwell, who had always gotten along with simple things, and yet was one of the greatest physicists of the last century. Another great experimenter who achieved much with little was Hughes, "the father of many electrical inventions."

Lord Rayleigh called upon Hughes one night, and found him working at the microphone, which he had invented. He says, "Hughes had no apparatus at all. A few match-boxes, a stick or two of sealing-wax, some nails, and a single cell of a battery made up in a bedroom tumbler constituted the material of his invention."

It may be asked why, if so many discoveries have been made with simple things in simple surroundings, should so much be spent on scientific work? Times have changed. Many of the problems that in earlier times could be solved with simple things have been solved. The difficulties of scientific investigation are increasing. More and more refined apparatus is coming to be necessary. Although it is true that a considerable part of the money that is spent on laboratories could be saved, expensive apparatus is often required, and many profitable lines of investigation could not now be followed without large expenditures.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"Tis woman's to bind up the broken heart,
And soften the bending spirit's smart;
And to light in this world of sin and pain
The lamp of love, and of joy, again."

Wings of a Dove

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying,
Far down the pathway of the west
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying,
To be at rest.

"Pilgrim of the air!" I cried, "could I but borrow
Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every careful sorrow,
And find my rest."

But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving,
Back came the dove to seek her nest
Deep in the forest, where her mate was grieving—
There was true rest.

Peace, heart of mine, no longer sigh to wander;
Lose not thy life in fruitless quest,
There are no happy islands over yonder;
Come home and rest.

—Henry van Dyke.

Early Friendships

A FRIEND loveth at all times;" and "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Friendship is of divine origin, and, if rightly exercised, not only draws human souls into closer relationship with one another, but at the same time strengthens that greater bond of union which connects the human with the divine. It is a wonderful privilege accorded to mortals, to come in touch with the great heart of the Eternal! The greatest honor that could ever be accorded to a sinner is that of being one with Christ. And methinks the greatest worldly honor one can ever achieve is that of being one with his fellow men—possessed of such a character as to command the respect and esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. One in whose life shines out the Christian graces of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," is kind to rich and poor alike. He lends a helping hand to those in need; is charitable toward others' faults and failings; is generous, whole-hearted, courteous to high and low. Christ says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." And so the highest type of friendship is that which includes a friendship with the divine. Here is the ideal standard by which the worth of every friendship may be measured.

In these days of intemperance, immorality, and crime of every description, it is of vital importance that children who are bidding adieu to mud pies, dolls, and make-believe tea-parties, and entering upon the uncertain experiences of youth, should rightly learn the lesson of safeguarding their friendships. "Early impressions are the most lasting." So early friendships, it matters not what subsequent years may bring to us, remain with us through all our later experiences; and happy is that soul whose faithful memory recalls only spring-time days whose atmosphere was redolent with the perfume of rare exotics which early grew and flourished in the garden of life.

As children grow up, their schoolmates, good and bad, grow up likewise. There are the neighbors' children, of whom, perchance, they may have been playmates from babyhood. They also are bidding adieu to the cherished violets and baby-blue-eyes of childhood, and are eagerly searching out the daisies and

buttercups of life's later spring. This is the season when tastes are cultivated and habits formed which may remain unchanged through life.

Every boy and girl should learn to place a true estimate upon the subject of proper companionship. Ye are in the world, but not of the world, says the divine Teacher. The high fence of exclusiveness against danger in one direction can not be relied upon as a safeguard against evil in other directions.

It is surely right that boys and girls should associate together in a proper way, for the family circle includes both; and some of the sweetest recollections of life cling round the sunny days of childhood. One should early learn to choose his associates as he would choose his books—not from outward appearance only, but from real intrinsic worth. Wisdom exercised in the choice of companions during childhood and youth, will train the mind so to appreciate the good and abhor the evil that only the good will bring satisfaction. Thus a constant inspiration will be entertained to follow only the footprints that lead from the manger to Calvary.

Stealing through the mist of centuries, there comes this divine admonition to every boy and girl: "Children, obey your parents," "Honor thy father and thy mother." And children never become so old as to outgrow the limits of this blessed command. But in these restless days an idea is prevalent among children, which often asserts itself, that obligations to parents are of little weight when a child has fully entered his "teens;" and ere long he imagines he has a perfect right to do as he pleases, no matter how wise the parental advice he may receive to the contrary. O how many boys and girls make a wreck of life upon the treacherous rocks of disobedience to parents!

Simply because boys and girls are growing up in the same neighborhood is no reason why they should become beaux and sweethearts, nor is it any reason why they should cease to be courteous to one another. It is theirs to be boys and girls still, while enjoying the bright, sunny days of the spring-time of life. Little boys and girls often play the rôle of sweethearts, and many are the snares set to entrap unwary feet. No little girl in her early years should think of accepting of a boy escort, nor should any little boy be so ungentlemanly as to request to act in that

capacity. Exclusive society of this sort is productive of great harm. Children should call in their mind wanderings, and appreciate the precious privilege of remaining children as long as possible, experiencing all the enjoyment and happiness which rightfully belong to the fleeting days of childhood. As our own beloved Longfellow puts it:—

“Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, O, it is not always May!”

Boys and girls should maintain proper dignity—treat one another as ladies and gentlemen. The girl who makes herself conspicuous by going out of her way to speak to a boy, soon becomes the subject of conversation among the boys, and gains an unenviable reputation. Boys who become objects of her fancy are deserving of sympathy. Boys and girls who fancy that their happiness depends upon including love-making in their daily curriculum of study are likely to fall short of their best efforts in their school examinations. The boy who sees but one girl in all the world, and who is afraid to complete even the grammar grades without making love to her, for fear she may sometime be persuaded to turn from him to some one else, is in a harrowing state of mind. Those who have made observations, however, along this line, are unanimous in the opinion that it is better for such a change of mind to be effected before marriage than after. Surely no such obstacle should ever prevent the gaining of the education needed to fit one for usefulness in later years.

There is an art in knowing how to show true courtesy and yet stop short of love-making. There is an art in knowing how to be friendly, and yet never permit the fancies to paint the wrong picture to the imagination. Boys and girls should learn to distinguish between civility and courtship. They should learn to observe the vast difference between simple courtesy and really showing preference. Those who are built upon the sentimental plan should take a thorough course in the ethics of pure friendship. Sentimentalism is a hidden reef on which many frail barks are stranded. Herein lies the sequel to many a blighted life, many a ruined prospect. Those who bar early sentimentalism have higher joys, purer friendships, and greater happiness in life.

Girls and boys should learn to place the proper estimate upon virtuous young manhood and young womanhood, and to exercise their inalienable right to associate only with those who prize character. Such friendships will be uplifting in their influence, and will still linger as a halo over the past when younger days have departed forever.

The sacred friendships of youth! How sweetly they are cherished in after years! With what emphasis is recalled to-day that familiar little Latin expression learned many years ago, “*Vera amicitia est sempiterna.*” “True friendship is everlasting.” The boys and girls of those days who yet remain, are widely scattered. But what joy thrills the soul as occasionally the old pathways cross, and friendships are again renewed after the lapse of years! Again there is the same old hand-shake, while for the time being oblivion graciously covers all the vicissitudes of separation. There is an inexpressible sweetness in the communion of friend with friend under such circumstances—a foretaste of the heavenly reunion in the bright hereafter. Ah, truly, “a friend loveth at all times.” It is not selfish for one to get all the

friends he can, and to keep all he gets. The knell of friendship is an unwelcome dirge whose regretful strains should never thrill the chords of the harp of life.

When the silver tints the gold, it is so sweet, while taking a retrospective view of life, and in imagination picturing again the happy-faced boys and girls who constituted the bright galaxy of friendship which gave such a brilliancy to the canopy of youth,—it is so sweet to think of them one by one, and to know that every one who yet lingers on the path of life is a true friend still—no bitter estrangements, no unkind deeds, no wilful infliction of wounds to mar the sacred reverie. Why should not every life have only pleasant recollections?

The precious links in friendship's chain
Are golden. Ah! how sweet to know
Their luster bright remains the same
Through all the years that come and go.

Though death this mystic chain may break,
And friend with friend be called to part,
The missing link will still awake
Sweet memories of a faithful heart.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Beautiful Hands

HANDS that spend the day in useful work, that come in constant contact with the roughness of the world, and yet maintain their beauty, thereby testify to skill and practical wisdom and the artistic soul. Their owners would furnish the world something pleasant to look upon and touch and have to do with.

There is so much careless disregard of this matter that I sometimes think ministers ought to preach about it. It is so common to see pretty, bright faces flashing through the world above hands that are actually repulsive with their neglect and lack of cleanliness. I believe that this is a discord most frequently to be found in men and women alike, and it is as annoying in one as in the other.

In all of this I am speaking literally, with a jealous regard for this most wonderful tool ever fashioned, this most expressive portion of the human frame; but also I am speaking in a figure.

For the hand may symbolize all those elements of human life that are within your own control, and yet are often scorned just because there are other elements more splendid to the eye that are determined for us by causes outside our volition. We may not be rich, but we can always be generous. We may not be a genius, but we can always be faithful. We may not be witty, but we can always be kind. We may not be commanding, but we can always be helpful. We may not be learned, but we can become wise. The first of each couple is the face, the second is the hand.

Now let me have regard henceforth for what God has put within my power. Let me make the most of that, for myself and others. And in the beauty and the usefulness and the charm of that let me find my satisfaction.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

GOLDEN threads there are in the saddest life, but it is not of golden threads that the woof of any life is woven.

“ARE you lending your heart and word and influence to the cause of Christ, for God and home and native land? To do this is a young woman's noblest right.”



There Are No Little Things

TWO hundred thousand dollars, we are told, was spent last year by our government in an effort to free our waterways of the water-hyacinth. This is a dainty plant, introduced from Florida into other States by admiring tourists; but it has become so abundant under its new environments that it threatens to choke some of the important waterways. Already streams and bayous that carried lumber vessels of considerable proportions have been closed to navigation by the rank growth of this plant. So great are its depredations, that Congress has been called upon to prohibit its growth within a given distance of the lakes and rivers of our country.

The great French air-ship "La Petrie," valued at sixty thousand dollars, was wrecked and lost because the chief mechanic's coat became entangled in the distribution gears.

"A fly stopped a train for five hours. Its body was caught in the delicate mechanism of the train-despatching instrument, and barred the passage of the electric current."

A young girl, convicted of some minor offense, was by an error of the clerk kept behind prison-bars for twenty years, instead of twenty months.

The celebrated Russian artist Bruloff one day corrected a pupil's study. The student exclaimed, "Why, you only touched it a tiny bit, but it is quite another thing!" "Art begins where the tiny bit begins," replied Bruloff.

A young woman recently lost a homestead because a telegram was delivered an hour late. She was detained at her home on account of illness, and requested that the hearing be postponed; but the carelessness of the company in delivering her message caused her title to be canceled, and the right to make a homestead entry to be given to another.

A firm wished a young man for a responsible position. Two young men of equally good recommendations were waiting in the office for the proprietor to finish his conversation with an eccentric and even half-witted woman. One of the young men manifested considerable amusement over the remarks of the woman, and when she tripped, in passing out of the room, he laughed, while the other young man sprang to her assistance with the same courtesy he would have shown his mother. The business man quickly decided which of the young men he wished to employ. This incident, in its essential features, has had numerous counterparts; and they all witness to the fact that the career of many a person has been decided by what is often regarded as a very little thing.

However inexplicable it may be, it has been demonstrated many times that the cost to retrieve an act is altogether out of proportion to the act itself. An incident that occurred on the southern coast of England is a pertinent illustration of this fact. Near

Land's End is Logan Rock, a rocking stone weighing almost seventy tons. An English naval officer, Lieutenant Goldsmith, thought to try to upset it, and his gigantic efforts resulted in a displacement of a few inches. But the Admiralty, not liking such depredations on Britain's coast, required him to return it to its former position. This he did at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

Sparrows have pecked the mortar of a church in Westfield, Massachusetts, until extensive repairs are required. It is said that mosquitoes caused the French nation to abandon the Panama Canal. Again, we are told that five million dollars' worth of wheat is lost every year by rust, a microscopic plant. The Department of Agriculture says that the rat and its gnawing relatives destroy annually fifty-six million dollars' worth of food value in this country.

"In April and May, 1907, a tiny bug called the 'green bug' destroyed eighty-five million bushels of wheat in certain sections of the United States. Its voracious depredations cost American farmers sixty million dollars. It created a veritable reign of terror till the scientists of a great agricultural school discovered its arch-enemy, and started a tremendous silent civil war, which ended in its defeat and utter rout."

The terrible fire in British Columbia, which, during the last year, swept out whole towns, making thousands of persons homeless, besides occasioning the death of many, is said to have been caused by a traveler who carelessly tossed away a lighted match, which fell into some dry waste; and it was the lighting of a match on forbidden ground that caused the explosion of Capt. Thomas Lovelace's balloon at the Franco-British Exposition, when five persons were killed, many injured, and the immense balloon itself destroyed.

In one of the northwestern provinces of China "heavy rains in the mountains cause a torrent of water to rush down the mountainsides into the Han River, a tributary of the Yang-ste. When such danger is imminent, warning is telegraphed, and persons equipped with gongs are sent out to warn the inhabitants of the boats at the mouth of the river to find a safe anchorage.

"One day last year six messengers were sent out with the news that a freshet six feet high, was on its way. The boating population thought a six-foot freshet of little consequence, and so took no precautions, thinking there was time enough, as the freshet usually arrived twenty-four hours later than the message. But the telegram had been delayed twenty-four hours along the way, and by some one's carelessness the height of the freshet was changed from twenty-six to six feet. At midnight the water arrived. The night was pitch dark, and the inhabitants were asleep. Suddenly thousands of boats in the Han River were torn from their moorings, and hurled together in confusion on a raging torrent. According to the native papers, seven hundred large junks, a steamer, and an almost innumerable number of small boats were destroyed. At one bend of the Yang-tse alone, one thousand eight hundred bodies were picked up."

"A great horned owl, carrying in its cruel talons a struggling rabbit, recently created havoc in northern California. The owl had snatched up bunny just about daylight one morning, and was carrying him away to the bird's home in the hollow of a giant dead pine. In his flight the owl struck one of the high-tension wires on the electric line between Redding and

Middle Creek, not far from Shasta. The bird hit one wire, while the rabbit struck another and lower wire. This produced a 'short circuit.' Both the owl and the rabbit were electrocuted in a flash. The short-circuiting caused a fire in the great hoisting works of the White Oak Mines, near Shasta, totally destroying them at a loss of five thousand dollars. It also caused a fire in the Hotel Lorenz, in Redding, in which the hotel was partly burned, and many guests had a narrow escape for their lives.

A person left the shores of Russia for our own America, and on landing distributed the germs of *la grippe*, which have since annually proved fatal to thousands of our countrymen.

Perhaps the people of Beth-shemesh thought it a little thing to lift the covers from the ark of the covenant that they might discover, if possible, its source of power; but the Lord did not so regard it, else his angel would not have slain fifty thousand of them.

A young man of very worldly aspirations and actions, was attending church service one day. While the choir sang, he looked up at the singers, and observed tears streaming down the face of a young woman in the chorus. By this he was deeply convicted of sin, and soon surrendered to his loving Master.

William Wirt, at one time attorney-general of the United States, and once nominated for the presidency, in his early life was a slave to the drink habit. One day in Richmond, Virginia, he lay beside the road drunk. A young woman of wealth and culture, passing in her carriage, saw him. She alighted and placed her handkerchief over his face, presumably to keep the insects from annoying him; then continued her ride. Her name chanced to be upon the handkerchief; so a few days after the incident, Mr. Wirt called upon the young woman to express his gratitude for the kindness shown him, though, as he told her, he was ashamed to look her in the face. He also said that he had solemnly pledged himself never to take another drop of intoxicating liquor. He kept his pledge, and in time his rescuer became his wife. Having rare talents, he soon became widely known as an orator and author, and later a prominent government official, due to his brilliant service as a lawyer.

All the days and years are filled with similar incidents; yet we are prone to regard many things at the time of their performance as trivial, when their results are as likely to be serious as in the case of the incidents cited. Well will it be when we each come to know for a certainty that there are no little things; that every spiritual act is of great moment, a savor of life or of death.

F. D. C.

The Rock That Is Higher Than I

WHEN the chill, blinding tempest sweeps over the plain,
And the heavens are black with thunder and rain,
I'll rest, while the storm and the winds hurry by,
In the shade of the Rock that is higher than I.

When the dew and the rain are withheld from the earth,
And hushed by the famine rejoicing and mirth,
I'll feed on the manna his grace doth supply,
And drink from the Rock that is higher than I.

And when, by and by, our probation is past,
And closed is the portal of mercy at last,
O, hide me, my Lord, while the plagues pass me by,
Safe, safe in the Rock that is higher than I.

And when I stand fearful before the great throne,
Remembering no good that I ever have done,
At thy searching glances, that I may not die,
I'll hide in the Rock that is higher than I.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Letting Him Lead

AWAY down in the darkness, in the heart of the great steamer, the engineer stands. He never sees how the vessel moves. He does not know where she is going. It is not his duty to know. It is his only to answer every signal to start his engine, to quicken or slow its motion, to reverse it, just as he is directed by the one whose part it is to see. He has nothing to do with the vessel's course. He sees not an inch of the sea. It is not our part to guide our life in this world amid its tangled affairs. It is ours just to do our duty, our Master's bidding. Christ's hand is on the helm; he sees all the future; he pilots us; he fights all our battles for us, if we only look to him and trust him to do so. It is better to go on in the dark with him, letting him lead, than to go alone in the light, choosing our own paths.—From "*Glimpses Through Life's Windows*," by J. R. Miller.

A Prayer

GIVE us thy peace. Amid the wastes and shallows
Our frail ships fear the lure of treacherous tides.
Thy word alone life's restless ocean hallows—
Only thy love abides.

Give us thy peace. The waves that have no pity
Rise mountain-high across the untraveled way;
And storm-clouds loom between us and that city,
And that eternal day.

Give us thy peace, Lord, not as passing strangers,
But as our Father's children on these deeps;
Our prayers arise, while, sharing all our dangers,
The Pilot never sleeps.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

A Spring in the Desert

A WEARY traveler passes along a desert road. The day is warm. The dry atmosphere is filled with particles of dust, and his throat is parched and feverish. His journey has been long and tiresome. He yearns for a cool, shady retreat to shelter him from the burning rays of the sun. How his thirsty lips would welcome a refreshing drink!

At length he catches a glimpse of an oasis in the distance. His pace quickens, and his courage rises. In his eagerness to reach it his weariness is forgotten. As he draws near, he sees evidence that he is approaching a spring. Vegetation and trees extend some little distance into the desert. It looks inviting, and no disappointment awaits him. A cool, gurgling spring is flowing forth with a clear, strong current, spreading life and verdure on its banks for some distance.

He drinks and is refreshed. Beneath the shade of the overhanging trees, he is sheltered from the sun, and on the grassy sod "nature's sweet restorer" renews his strength. The little spring has made another friend, and likewise does of every passer-by. Day after day it gives with unstinted hand, for it has its source in the inexhaustible fountains of the deep.

The spring has a lesson for us. Many thirsty pilgrims are passing through the world. Their pathway is beset with trial, discouragement, and criticism. The cold world takes, but does not give. If you have a connection with "the Fountain of living waters," from your life they will flow out in a ceaseless stream to gladden and refresh the world in which you move.

A cheery smile, a word fitly spoken, may be to the weary passer a spring in the desert. Thus you may represent Him who is "as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isa. 32:2.

BRUCE H. SHAW.



Initial Enigma

A CAPTAIN fled from battle strife,
And by a woman lost his life.

A prophet by the ravens fed,
Hard by a cave where he had fled.

A patriarch on riches bent,
Toward vile Sodom pitched his tent.

A man who trembled at the word
Of Paul, the prisoner of the Lord.

A man my humble verse would sing,
A shepherd, poet, warrior, king.

Where seventy palm-trees flourished fair,
Twelve wells of water, too, were there.

A king, a proud, despotic man,
Who with the beasts to madness ran.

A prophet who, on Judah's plains,
Sang heavenly truth in gospel strains.

The man who, by his wretched fall,
Brought death and sorrow to us all.

A Thyatiran woman fair,
Who loved to attend the place of prayer.

Find the initials, and you'll trace
A necessary Christian grace.

— Young Pilgrim.

Too Clean

MISS MARY KINGSLEY, who made many journeys in the wilds of Africa, used to relate how once, finding it necessary to cleanse a much soiled and stained blouse, she carried it, with a cake of soap, to a neighboring spring, where an interested group of native women watched her wash it. They were much impressed by the way in which the spots disappeared and it emerged as good as new.

The next morning when it came time to break camp, Miss Kingsley missed her soap—a precious commodity in the wilderness. Suspicion soon pointed to a certain woman, who, on being accused, confessed boldly that she had taken it and cast it into the spring, that its extraordinary powers of renewing old garments might be permanently imparted to the waters. She was deeply mortified to learn that her effort had been in vain.

The Rev. Peter McQueen, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who has recently returned from Africa, tells a kindred story. His soap, however, was not lost, although misused. He still had it with him.

"I told my native servants to be sure to lay in a supply of clean water when we crossed the Taru desert, a scorched belt of sand stretching some seventy-six miles," he relates. "Tidings had reached us that an English explorer who had attempted to cross that desert shortly before us had perished from thirst, so we wanted to be careful.

"You can imagine my surprise when, upon taking

my first draft of water, I discovered that it tasted strongly of soap. All the casks were similarly tainted, and we rounded up the natives and held a hasty court martial.

"It was a tough predicament, but I couldn't refrain from smiling within when the leader of them meekly confessed that as the master had instructed him to lay in a supply of clean water, he had seen to it that bars of soap were added; for soap, he said, was used to clean things."

They did not perish of thirst; but after sixteen days of drinking soap-suds, which agreed with neither palate nor stomach, no native of that particular gang was again likely to try to purify water with soap.—*Australian Signs of the Times.*

Letters to a Grandson—No. 3

WELLESLEY, MASS.

My Dear Boy,—

I did not have to change cars until I reached Buffalo. Here is a commodious station, with everything arranged for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public. I had very pleasant traveling companions, and the officials were most courteous and kind. Soon our express-train had crossed the State of New York, and I can not tell you how beautiful everything looked as I came into New England. The hills and valleys, the brooks and rivers, seemed more delightful than when I first passed over the road more than thirty years ago.

I arrived here at two o'clock the next day after we started. I came directly to my brother's. All seemed very glad to see me. Your cousin—, whom I had not seen since he was a small boy, is more than six feet tall,—a broken-down high-school graduate, in an alarming condition of health, having been under the care of six different doctors during the summer. His sister, the little girl with long curls whom you have heard me speak of, is a few inches taller than her mother. The mother is much worn with anxiety on account of your cousin's poor health.

True mothers feel very keenly and deeply when their children suffer. I do hope you will be careful to practise the things that you have learned in regard to caring for your health, so that your mother will never have to worry about you.

To-morrow will be the first day of your new school. I shall think of you many times. I hope you will take a deep interest in your studies, and be faithful in your work.

GRANDMA.

"ALL the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest;
And his training, in the end,
Is completest."



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society South America — No. 3

NOTE.—Argentina, Chile, and Brazil have ninety per cent of the South American trade. A recent magazine states that with the exception of Panama and Brazil every country in South America has at least one university or college. Primary education is free, and seven out of the eleven republics make it compulsory. The fourth International Scientific Congress of South America is to convene in Santiago next December. The recent conference at Rio de Janeiro voted that the agreement of the various provinces to arbitrate all differences be continued for another five years.

Chile

Items of General Interest

If one could imagine the United States as stretching from Nova Scotia to the Isthmus of Panama, and extending back from the shore as far as the Catskill Mountains from New York, or the Berkshire Hills from Boston, one would have some rough idea of the general topography of Chile.

The total length of this republic from north to south is two thousand six hundred miles, while it is nowhere more than two hundred miles in width, and in some places not more than fifty.

Although agriculture and stock-raising are the principal industries of Chile, she has a great source of wealth in the nitrate beds in the north, which she took from Peru about thirty years ago. More than half of her revenue comes from the export duties which she collects from these mines. The working of these mines is in the hands of foreigners, and more than one hundred million dollars of English capital is invested in the factories through which the nitrate is taken from the earth and prepared for the foreign markets. For years Chile has been exporting from twenty million to thirty million dollars' worth of nitrate. She ships annually close upon one million tons to Europe, and large amounts to the United States.

Peru is very much exasperated over the loss of her chief source of wealth, which was in these mines. One often hears it said in Peru, "We are only biding our time. We will have our nitrate provinces back again." In a mission school a little Peruvian boy was asked, "Did Christ die for all men?" "No, not for the Chileans," was the reply, "but for every one else." And the teacher could not make him retract his statement.

The chief seaport of Chile is Valparaiso. The population before the earthquake was estimated at one hundred fifty thousand. But it was said that its business was twice as large as that of any town of its size in the United States. It is beautifully situated, around a bay the shape of a half moon and large enough to float the ships of the world. Around the bay is an amphitheater of hills rising almost perpendicularly, and forming the site of the city.

The scenes on the streets are interesting. There are drays, cabs, and carriages, rushing along, and among them peddlers with their stocks in panniers slung across mules. There are street-cars with pretty girl conductors, Chile being one of the few countries of the world where women collect the street-car fares. The custom originated at the time of the war with

Peru, when all the men were needed for fighting. At that time the street-car conductors resigned and enlisted; and women were engaged to take their places. They did so well that the street-car companies retained them after the war was over, and they form to-day one of the pleasantest features of rapid transit in every Chilean city. They wear sailor hats, dark dresses, and white aprons, in the pockets of which they carry their money and their tickets.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, in many respects compares favorably with the United States national capital. It is of about the same size as the city of Washington, and is situated a like distance from the ocean. Our national capital is washed by the Potomac; Santiago has its river Mapocho, which cuts the city in two. We have our capital hill, and Santiago has its Santa Lucia. Santa Lucia lies in the midst of the city; it is a mass of volcanic rock, three fifths as high as the Washington monument. It has a base of an acre, and rises precipitously above all the buildings, so that at its top one is far above the spires of the cathedrals and churches. In the rocks, green mosses, flowers, bushes, and curious plants are growing. Out of them rise Eucalyptus trees; from their sides gigantic ferns reach out, so that the hill seems a very garden in the air.

The Catholic Church

The Catholic Church of Chile is enormously wealthy. Its property in Santiago alone is said to be worth more than one hundred million dollars in gold. It owns some of the best business blocks in the city. It has acres of stores, thousands of rented houses, and vast haciendas, upon which wine and other products are manufactured and offered for sale.

The Carmelite nuns of Santiago are the richest body of women in South America, if not in the world. They have whole streets of rented houses near their nunnery, and also large farms, which bring them in a steady income. The Dominican friars also own millions of dollars' worth of property in Santiago. Their church is said to be the finest in the city.

Schools

Chile is proud of her educational system, and is doing all she can to extend it. She spends millions of dollars on it every year. There are public schools now in all the towns, and the larger places have high schools, of which there are twenty-five in the country. The National Institute, or high school of Santiago, has more than one thousand pupils.

There are two American schools in Santiago, one for girls and the other for boys. The girls' school has been in operation for years, and has a great reputation in Chile. It is under the direction of an American, and has a corps of American girls as teachers. It has several hundred students, among whom are the daughters of many of the best Chilean families.

Speaking of the climate of Chile, one writer says: "Few countries have such a delicious climate as Chile. It is seldom too hot, and rarely too cold. The antarctic current cools the air along the shore, and the mountain breezes temper the air in the interior."

Argentina

The most prosperous country in South America to-day in some respects is the Argentine republic. In size this republic is twelve times as large as Great Britain. If we could cut it up into patchwork pieces, and fit them upon the territory of the United States, every inch of the land east of the Mississippi River would be covered, and the remnants would be larger

than the area of several of the States west of that river.

Carpenter says:—

"If you will imagine yourself in Illinois, south of Springfield, along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, you will be in a country like Argentina. You must, however, cut out the woods and make the land all pasture. Take away forty-nine farmhouses out of every fifty, tear down all the barns, and in place of our neat country homes erect huts of mud and straw and bricks, sometimes thatched and sometimes roofed with galvanized iron; then put here and there a larger group of low buildings surrounded by flowers and trees belonging to the rich proprietor, and you will have the basin of the Rio de la Plata."

Since the above was written, much of this "pasture land" has been divided up into farms, where thousands of bushels of wheat and corn are raised every year.

The population of Argentina is about six million. Every year hundreds of thousands of emigrants pour into the country, so that the population is rapidly increasing.

The principal industries of Argentina are agriculture and cattle raising. The wheat crop of last year amounted to over five million five hundred thousand tons. In the frozen-meat business, she leads the world. The value of her exports of frozen meat in one year is over thirty million dollars gold.

"Buenos Aires, 'the city of good air,' is the largest city in South America, the largest but three in all America, the second largest Roman Catholic city in the world, the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, and the largest but one of the Latin races. It is also said to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world. It has a population of one million three hundred thousand people. One writer claims there are more multi-millionaires in Buenos Aires than in any other city of its size in the world."

The streets in the center of the city are well paved, many of them with asphalt; they are well lighted with electric lights; there is a splendid electric street-car service, and automobiles go whirring through the streets as recklessly as in our North American cities. Over thirty thousand ships enter Buenos Aires harbor every year.

One of the leading daily papers, *La Prensa*, has the finest newspaper office in the world. From the top of the magnificent edifice a winged Mercury seems about to run with the news of the day to every house in the city. When news of any special importance is received, a siren from the top of this building gives a frightful shriek. If a cablegram of great good news arrives at night, a big white light flashes over the city. If it is bad news, an ominous lurid flash that can be seen for miles announces it.

Free medical advice is given daily to all who apply for it at the doors of the *La Prensa*, also free legal advice; and scores avail themselves of this boon every day.

But notwithstanding this general air of prosperity, this country, like all the rest of South America, is still in the darkness of corrupt Roman Catholicism. As a rule the men are either indifferent or atheistic, but the women are for the most part very devout in their religion.

Our Work in Chile and Argentina

CHILE.—In 1894 Brethren Davis and Bishop began the work in Chile. The next year the mission was opened in Valparaiso, with G. H. Baber in charge.

The Lord not only blessed these brethren in selling books, but has also prospered other branches of the work from the very beginning. The three Thomann brothers and their sister were among the first fruits in Chile, all of whom are now actively engaged in the work. Two others who received the truth in Chile have been ordained to the ministry, and are doing good work.

In the year 1900 a Spanish missionary paper was started in Chile, entitled *Las Señales de los Tiempos*. This paper has had a wide circulation from the very first. At the time of the Chile earthquake the brethren published an edition of over thirty thousand copies, all of which was soon sold. In Chile, as well as in Bolivia and Peru, periodicals circulate free of postage. This has been a great help to our paper work on the west coast, and the workers have taken good advantage of this opportunity.

A missionary training-school has been started at Pua, in the south of Chile, and is doing good work. Elder G. W. Casebeer is now in charge of the school. Already several young people have gone into the work who received their training in this institution.

A few miles from the city of Santiago our brethren in Chile have secured property on which are now established the printing plant and office for the west coast. The office is in charge of Brother Krieghoff, who also accepted the truth in Chile. This property is practically free from debt.

In 1907 Chile was organized into a conference, with Elder F. H. Westphal as president. The present membership is about two hundred sixty.

ARGENTINA.—The first workers sent out by the Mission Board to South America began work in Argentine republic. Brethren Snyder, Nowlin, and Stauffer reached Buenos Aires about the end of 1891. They began selling books among the English-, German-, and French-speaking people in Argentina. They also worked in Uruguay, and Brother Stauffer canvassed in Brazil. Brother Nowlin also crossed the Andes, going down the west coast of Chile, and worked in the Falkland Islands, where he sold large numbers of our books. As the result of this work, interests sprang up in different places, and calls were made for help.

In 1894 Elder F. H. Westphal landed in Buenos Aires, and began work among the German colonists. He found hearts ready to accept the truth, and was soon able to organize several churches. Other workers were sent later on, and the work grew rapidly.

In 1897 we began publishing a Spanish paper in Buenos Aires, called *El Faro*, which was afterward changed to *La Verdad Presente*. From the first, the Lord has blessed the circulation of this paper, and there are several to-day rejoicing in the truth as the result of the work done with this publication.

In 1898 we began building a school in the province of Entre Rios, about two hundred fifty miles north of Buenos Aires. The school opened in March, 1899, with several earnest young people in attendance. It has gradually grown until at present we have accommodations for sixty boarding students. The enrolment last year was seventy-eight. From here also several young people have gone out into the work, and are doing good service for the Lord. This institution has been built up wholly by funds raised in the field. Prof. Walton John is now principal, assisted by Prof. C. D. Lude, in the German department.

The headquarters of the Argentine Conference, and also of the South American Union Conference, are at

the little town called Florida, about ten miles from Buenos Aires. Here also is located our printing plant. We own a little property there of our own, and it is free from debt. This, too, has been paid for by local funds. We publish there not only our Spanish missionary paper, but also the Spanish organ of the union conference. We have also published several tracts in Spanish.

The medical missionary work has made a beginning in the Argentine Conference. For several years Dr. Habenicht has been practising in the province where our school is located, with excellent success. Those who read his article in the Thanksgiving number of the *Review*, will have seen how he has been crowded with work. Our brethren are now building a small sanitarium near the school, which will no doubt soon be ready for use. Dr. Gregory, who was in Brazil, is now assisting in the work, and the Mission Board has recently sent Dr. Replogle from the United States, in response to urgent calls from the brethren in that field. During vacation, the school buildings were converted into a sanitarium. The average number of patients from the very beginning was twenty. Last December the Mission Board sent out five nurses to take up nursing work in the large cities in Argentina and Uruguay.

Argentina is organized into a conference, which is self-supporting. It has a membership of about five hundred fifty. The tithe per capita for last year was over twelve dollars and. N. Z. TOWN.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Lesson XXXIV—"Daybreak in the Dark Continent," Chapter VIII

Note

The Call of the Years

- "He sends us to earth's dark nations,
To hearts whose hopes are dead,
And bids us to tell of Jesus,
The true and the living Bread.
The pitiless pain of absence
Is ours, but we can not stay;
For the call of the years, my brother,
Is from God, and we must obey.
- "We tell of the home in heaven
That the Saviour's love has bought;
We lead from sin and malice,
And every unkind thought;
To every tongue and people
Has the gospel found its way;
For the call of the years, my brother,
Is from God, and we must obey.
- "Come from your homes and help us,
Ye that sit at the temple's gate;
The fields are white for the harvest,
For you the ages wait;
No time now for idle dreaming,
For slothfulness or delay;
For the call of the years, my brother,
Is from God, and we must obey.
- "Soon will the work be ended,
The gospel message done,
The world's great harvest gathered,
As sinks time's setting sun;
The signs of the Saviour's coming
Grow clearer day by day;
For the call of the years, my brother,
Is from God, and we must obey."

Take Notice!

ELDER TOWN'S article on South America, which appears in the Missionary Volunteer Department, is of exceptional interest. He speaks of some unique Chilean customs, and also of interesting conditions in Peru. Watch for the remaining articles of the series.



XII—Healing the Nobleman's Son; at Nazareth

(June 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4:43-54; Luke 4:14-32.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Ps. 103:3.

The Lesson Story

1. From Samaria "Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee." "Then when he was come into Galilee, the Galileans received him, having seen all the things that he did at Jerusalem at the feast: for they also went unto the feast." "And there went out a fame of him through all the region round about, and he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all."

2. "So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death."

3. The father of the sick boy had decided that if Jesus did not grant his request, he would not believe on him as the Messiah. The Saviour wished to give him a greater blessing than he had come to ask, even that of salvation. "Then said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." The ruler then believed in Jesus, for he said to him, "Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.

4. "And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told him, saying, Thy son liveth. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house."

At Nazareth

5. "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." He read from the book of Isaiah, and these are the words he read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

6. "And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." But as Jesus spoke of himself as the Messiah, the one anointed by the Holy Spirit to do the work of which he had read from the Scriptures, they were astonished, and said, "Is not this Joseph's son?" Jesus answered, "Verily I say

unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country."

7. "And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he passing through the midst of them went his way, and came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the Sabbath days. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for his word was with power."

Questions

1. To what place did Jesus go from Samaria? Why did the Galileans receive him? In what places did the people hear of his work? Where did he teach? How was his work received by the people? John 4: 43, 45; Luke 4: 14, 15.

2. What place did Jesus visit the second time? On what occasion had he been there before? What miracle had he performed during his first visit? Who came to him at this time from Capernaum? Why did he come to Jesus? Why did he beg him to heal his son? John 4: 46, 47.

3. What had the nobleman decided before he went to Jesus? What greater blessing did Jesus wish to give him? What did he say to the nobleman? How did the ruler then show his faith that Jesus could heal his son? What answer was given him? How did the nobleman receive these words? John 4: 48-50.

4. Who met the nobleman as he returned home? What did the servants say? What question did the father ask them? How did they reply? What did the nobleman then know? What did this miracle cause him and his household to do? John 4: 51-53.

5. After this where did Jesus go? What "custom" had he formed in childhood and youth? On this occasion, what did Jesus do? From what book did he read? Repeat the prophecy he read. After reading, what did he do? How many gave attention to what he said? Luke 4: 16-20.

6. What did Jesus say first to the congregation? What caused the people to wonder? What question did they ask? How did Jesus reply? Luke 4: 23, 24.

7. How did the words of Jesus affect those who heard them? What did the people do? Why? How did he escape death? Who delivered him out of the hands of these murderers? What cases can you give where angels have delivered God's children from death? Who attends our steps day by day? Where did Jesus go from Nazareth? When did he teach the people? Why were they astonished at his doctrine? Luke 4: 28-32.

Questions

Healing the Nobleman's Son

1. After his work at Jerusalem and in Samaria, where did Jesus go? John 4: 43-45; note 1.
2. What did he find on again coming to Cana? Verse 46; note 2.
3. What plea did the father make? Verse 47.
4. How did Jesus test his faith? What was the nobleman's response? Verses 48, 49.
5. What was the result of the father's plea? Verse 50.
6. What did he learn as he neared home? Verse 51.
7. What definite evidence of Christ's healing power was given? Verse 52.
8. What was the result of the miracle? Verse 53.
9. How many miracles had been performed in Galilee? Verse 54.

At Nazareth

10. What characterized his work in Galilee? Where did he teach? Luke 4: 14, 15.
11. What did he do at Nazareth? From the writings of what prophet did he read? Luke 4: 16-19.
12. What did he say concerning the prophecy he had just read? Verses 20, 21.
13. How did the people at first seem to regard his words? How were they afterward affected? Verse 22; note 3.
14. What did Jesus forewarn them that they would say? What proverb did he quote? Verses 23, 24; see Matt. 13: 57.
15. What illustration did he draw from Elijah's experience? Verses 25-27.
16. How did the people receive his words? Verse 28.
17. What did they endeavor to do? Verse 29.
18. How did he escape their wrath? Verse 30.

Notes

1. Galilee "is the district which was of all others the most honored with the presence of our Saviour. Here he lived entirely until he was thirty years of age; and although, after the commencement of his ministry, he frequently visited the other provinces, it was here that he chiefly resided."—*Popular and Critical Bible Encyclopedia.*"

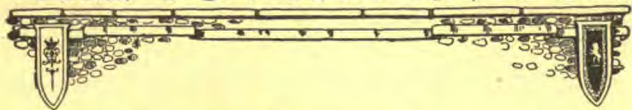
2. Nobleman, "the word so rendered in John 4: 46 is the Greek *bas-el-ee-kos*, which is somewhat varied in signification. It may mean: (1) Descended from a king; (2) one belonging to the court; (3) a soldier of the king, in which latter sense it often occurs in Josephus; (4) well born, used in the parable of the talents as a title of the person who placed his servants in charge of certain amounts, for which they were to be held accountable, thus testing their fidelity and ability."—*Id.*

3. "Is not this Joseph's son?" The wisdom and power with which he spoke, and the gracious utterances which fell from his lips, greatly impressed the people, and unbelief began to give way. But they hardened their hearts. They remembered that he was "Joseph's son," that he was a "carpenter," and therefore reasoned that he could not be the Son of God.

Time to Pray

"WHEN is the time for prayer?—
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee;
 In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
 At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
 Bend thou the knee in prayer."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XII — Healing the Nobleman's Son; at Nazareth

(June 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4: 43-54; Luke 4: 14-31.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 1: 14, 15; Matt. 4: 12-17.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 20, 24; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, chapter 11.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 103: 3.

The Youth's Instructor

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If — in Sioux City

"SUPPOSE I should tell you that I saw a man raise a dead body to life in Sioux City yesterday, would you believe me?"

I heard this question flung out in scornful defiance soon after I had boarded a midnight train north-bound for St. Paul.

The whole car was wide-awake even at that hour, for an exciting discussion was in progress between a fluent skeptic and a few passengers near him.

He was getting the better of the argument, for the sophisms of Robert Ingersoll, then at his meridian, were at his tongue's end; and the defenders of the faith were a feeble folk, poorly equipped for such a fray, and their well-meant platitudes carried little weight.

When a zealous but rather illiterate young man piped up, "If the Bible said that Jonah swallowed the whale, I would believe it," it gave a touch of comedy that the car accepted with laughter, and was no help to the Christian side of the controversy.

A young minister (not in uniform) was sitting on an end seat, pretending not to hear. He was tired, and wanted to be off duty for a little while. But the battle fever was growing hotter within him every moment, and at last he rose and pushed his way to the center of operations.

It was then, while he was standing in a listening attitude, that the skeptic repeated his question in triumph, for no one had replied.

"Suppose I should tell you that a man raised a corpse to life in Sioux City, would you believe me?"

The young minister looked up in the silence, and said:—

"Why, my friend, if you told me such a yarn, with all due respect, I should certainly *not* believe you."

"Of course you wouldn't. And yet these Christians —"

"Just a moment, please. I understand your point is that, if nobody would believe on your testimony that a man was raised to life in Sioux City yesterday, could not consistently believe that a man was raised to life in Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago."

"Exactly; and yet a lot of gullible —"

"Pardon me. If we are to suppose at all, let it be a parallel case. Suppose that for a thousand years or more prophets had told of a man who should be born in Sioux City, describing his character and mission

and detailing the circumstances of his birth, and a nation had grown up in the hope of his coming. Suppose that at last he did come exactly as predicted, that he was the most beautiful character ever known, that he brought such messages of grace and good cheer as the world had never heard before, that he taught men truth and righteousness and inspired them to self-denial, that he went about doing good and caused others to do the same, that his followers were ennobled by his presence, and that he was reported by friends and enemies alike to have done many wonderful works. Suppose, now, he was executed by a corrupt strategem, and several days after he was said to have risen again, and not a soul in Sioux City ventured to deny it, while his friends stuck to it through thick and thin. Cross-examination and threats could not shake their testimony. They could not be hired to withdraw it. They had their differences and rivalries; but they were unanimous on this point, that they had seen him after he had risen from the dead. They were honest men, who had been taught from childhood that perjury would send them to everlasting destruction, and their leader had trained them to the highest virtue; yet they persisted, in spite of flogging and imprisonment, in saying that he rose, and they went into the presence of their Maker with the statement on their lips.

"And suppose that, as his disciples went everywhere preaching about this wonderful man, the world grew always better. Harlots became pure, thieves honest, and drunkards sober. Heathen empires were subdued and a humane civilization established. Suppose that millions came to rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven, that the wisest among men bowed in reverence at his name, that he continued a living force through all the ages.

The passengers had forgotten their amusement, and were listening with breathless interest. The brakeman stood with hanging lantern in the aisle, and the conductor had paused with his hand on the door-knob.

The skeptic seemed to have a new light break upon him, and his brassy look of scorn had disappeared.

The speaker noticed the hushed attention, and went on in tones of deep emotion:—

"Suppose that even I myself had felt the sweet influence of his spirit, and was a cleaner, braver, truer man from a sense of his presence. Suppose that then, my friend, you told me such a man raised the dead to life, or rose himself from the grave, I would believe it, would give myself to him in absolute loyalty, and would follow him to the ends of the earth, in life or death, for time or eternity, though he took me to the highest heavens or through the deepest hell.

"Believe me, my friend, the gullible ones are not those who trust in such a Saviour, but rather those who imagine that his disciples perjured themselves for nothing but the shame and suffering they endured, and that all this great kingdom of heaven on earth could have been founded by a gang of cheap conspirators without any real Christ. *That* would have been a miracle indeed beyond all belief, greater than if the sun had risen out of a dunghill, greater than the miracle of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

"Let me invite you, my friend, my brother, to join me in following this Christ of ours, who is the world's best hope, and you will find he has actually risen in your heart."

Just then the brakeman shouted the name of a station, the train stopped, and the congregation dispersed. — *Edwin Hobbs, in Christian Endeavor World.*