

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII

June 22, 1909

No. 25

Just to Be Glad

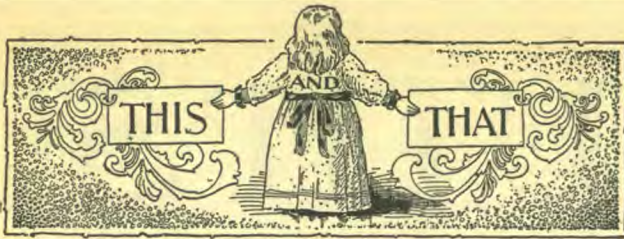
O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we have missed of calm, we couldn't have,
you know!

What we have met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If they blow.

We have erred in that dark hour we have known;
When the tears fell with the showers all alone;
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we know, not every morrow can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



Bridge Building

A BRILLIANT Oxford student was giving himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for African service. His tutor remonstrated. "You are going out to die in a year or two. It is madness." The young fellow (who did die after being on the field only a year) answered: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth all unseen to be a foundation for the bridge. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave, I am content: certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."—*James D. Lawson.*

Telling Fortunes

MANY young people think it would be a fine thing to have their fortunes told. Many more would think it still better if they were able to tell fortunes. You can easily learn to do this in a way I have never known to fail.

If you see a boy who skims over his studies softly, — simply so that he can answer in a way to pass at the moment, seldom thinking of them afterward, — you may predict with certainty that he will never be a college president.

If you know of a boy who leaves his soiled clothing tucked away just anywhere till he needs it fresh, whose room looks as if monkeys had held a Fourth-of-July picnic there, except when his mother or sister puts it in order, or who leaves his work implements wherever most convenient, without regard to his own or others' needs, — intending to take care of them by and by, of course, — who forgets the errands entrusted to him, you may be reasonably certain that you will never hear of him as an employee where method, order, and responsibility are required, as they are in any successful business, much less as the head of such an enterprise himself.

If you know of a boy or a girl who eats cake three times a day, or who is addicted to the confectionery-eating habit, or who is only half chewing food, consequently eating altogether more than is necessary, although it may be healthful food, you know of one who will be a sanitarium patient, lead a shortened life, or a long-drawn-out existence of suffering, which will affect others as well as one's self.

If you see boys and girls who consider it too much trouble to wash their teeth, be sure that a little later on there will be a dentist's fat pocketbook, or great suffering and an unsightly mouthful of disease-producing teeth.

If you know a girl who thoughtlessly or premeditatedly sits around with her embroidery or music, or stands around in a dreamy, absent way, or with an animated air entertains her mother while the mother does the big and little things necessary to good home keeping, or who takes the little trips or excursions that her mother needs, while the mother is left at home working for her or others, you may be certain of the necessity of a wheel-chair, or a trip to the cemetery erelong.

If you know of a girl who habitually leaves her personal belongings on the dining-room chairs, on the sewing-machine, or where they will be in the way, or maybe get underfoot, you may know (unless she turns a short corner) she will never be a dainty maiden, or the mistress of a comfortable, well-ordered home.

If you know of a girl who spends the time reading stories that she should devote to her lessons, you may know she will never stand at the head of a young ladies' seminary, or do any brain work worthy of note.

Fortunately we each have more to do with shaping our own fortunes than has any one else. See Gal. 6:7. If we find ourselves on the wrong pathway, as did Bunyan's pilgrim, and turn squarely around, pursuing the right, the results will be accordingly. Deut. 11:26-28.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Thoughtlessness

THEY say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there.

But one sad truth in life I've found,
While journeying east and west,
The only folks we really wound
Are those we love the best.

We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

— Selected.

Doubling Our Pleasures

"SET your candle before the looking-glass," said a dear, quaint old lady. "Don't you know you get almost the light of two candles that way?"

This thought was carried out by a poor sewing woman, who had few pleasures to brighten her dull, gray life. But whenever she became the happy possessor of a flower, she set it before her mirror, and thus her beauty-loving eyes had two flowers to enjoy.

The grateful soul has a double enjoyment of every blessing. "All this, and Christ too!" exclaimed the poor widow over her meager meal of boiled potatoes. She felt rich — aye, was rich in the possession of food recognized as coming straight from the hand of the Lord she loved.

By sharing our pleasures, we double them. We give joy, and that joy is reflected in our own souls. Tell your gladness, and its light will cause other hearts to glow, and the radiance will illumine your inner-consciousness with a brighter gleam. How blessed the assurance of having added even a tiny mite to the sum of the world's happiness!

It is the same story with our garden treasures of sweet peas, pansies, and forget-me-nots. If we would have them, we must share them. The more we give, the more we have. Leave them to wither on the stalks, and the blossoming ceases. One woman, whose garden annually overflowed into all her neighbors' houses, said: "It is give or die!" Share the lovely, fragrant blossoms, let them carry their sweet messages into life's desert, shadowed places, and your own garden will smile in loveliness until frost comes to banish the outdoor beauty. Pleasures gratefully accepted from the Giver of all true pleasure, and pleasures shared with others, are pleasures doubled. Can we not always set our candle before a looking-glass? — *Young People.*

"REMORSE is the echo of a lost virtue."

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 22, 1909

No. 25

Youthful Witnesses—No. 2

In Waldensian Times

FAITHFUL everywhere, without reference to time or occasion, yet the aged apostle Paul seemed to glory in the fact that by him the witness was borne in Rome itself, and before Nero, the lord of the world. Fifteen centuries later, it was a young Waldensian who again in Rome sealed a testimony to the gospel with his life, and this time in the presence of the pope himself, who sat in the seat of the Cæsars.

Young Paschale had come of a long line of youthful witnesses. The children of the Váudois, or Waldense people, those "Israel of the Alps," had for centuries before the Reformation been taught the truths of God's Holy Word in their valley homes. Their training had kept them clean, and strong, and noble, when the masses in Catholic darkness were sunken in sin. An old troubadour song of the eleventh century, said:—

"If there be any one of whom it is said that he will not slander, nor swear, nor lie, nor be guilty of dishonesty, or theft, nor give himself up to dissoluteness, nor revenge himself upon his enemies, they call him a Vaudois, and exclaim, 'Death to him!'"

Strange ideas the superstitious clergy had of these people. After the failure of Pope Innocent's plan to depopulate the valleys by fire and sword, a deputation of the Vaudois met the Duke of Savoy, their prince. He wanted to see some of the children, of whom he had heard grotesque descriptions. When he saw them, he said: "Is it possible that these are the children of heretics? What charming creatures they are! they are by far the prettiest children I ever saw."

We all have heard how young Waldensian lads were chosen to go with more experienced men to learn the art of combining the business of salesman with that of the missionary. It was a perilous vocation, but they esteemed it the highest to which they could be called. Many a young man, while displaying his pack of silks, or case of precious stones, in homes far beyond his valleys, watched eagerly for the chance to speak of the thing he had most at heart. No doubt he often introduced the suggestion very much after the manner of Whittier's "Vaudois Teacher:"—

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer luster flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on the lofty
brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall
not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy
way!"

And then, as the lady asked to be shown this priceless treasure,—

"The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and
meager book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he
took!
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such
to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the Word of God is
free!'"

Again, as the morning twilight of the Reformation

began to filter in, young men were selected to go to university centers, there to study, and at the same time cautiously to plant the leaven of truth. Thus these pioneers of the Reform labored, and youth had its full share in the perils and the victories.

When a degree of liberty had come at last in many parts of northern Europe, the Waldensian colonies that had settled in Calabria, southern Italy, two centuries before, were plunged into bitter persecution. The call came to young Louis Paschale, just from his studies at Lausanne and Geneva, to go to minister to them. There was freedom from danger in the North, but need of help in the South; and young Paschale accepted the call.

He bade good-by to his betrothed, who said, with true foreboding of the future, "Alas! so near to Rome and so far from me." But it was Christ and his cause first in their young hearts, and they hoped he might soon return to take her with him to Calabria. No sooner had his work revived the activities of the believers and drawn upon him the hatred of the priests than he was arrested and taken in bonds to Naples and to Rome. We may read his cheery courage and deathless hope in the farewell letters to his intended bride, and to the Calabrian believers. To his intended he wrote: "Greet all my fellow students at Geneva, and tell them to get the sickles ready and well-sharpened, because the harvest is great, and the laborers are few." Of the last witness borne by the young martyr, on the Janiculum Mount, in the presence of the pope and his cardinals, surrounded by ancient monuments and the grandeur of the Eternal City, Wylie says:—

"He mounts the scaffold, and stands beside the stake. Every eye is now turned, not on the wearer of the tiara, but on the man who is clad in the sanbenito. 'Good people,' says the martyr,—and the whole assembly keep silence,—'I am come here to die for confessing the doctrine of my divine Master and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' Then turning to Pius IV he arraigned him as the enemy of Christ, the persecutor of his people, and the Antichrist of Scripture, and concluded by summoning him and all his cardinals to answer for their cruelties and murders before the throne of the Lamb."

The pope and cardinals gnashed their teeth in rage, and the executioners were hastened on with the strangling and the burning. That day the papal persecutors seemed to triumph. How different the case will appear when the first and second resurrections bring the dead, small and great, to stand before the great white throne.

W. A. SPICER.

THE deepest truth that life can bring
Is written on each common thing;
We find the lore we all must learn
With the friend we love, the bread we earn;
Concealed, revealed, in old and new,
The God doth evermore shine through.

—Mary Russell Mills.

Life of William Miller

WILLIAM MILLER was born about a mile west of the center of the village of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on Feb. 15, 1782. He was the son of a farmer, and the oldest of sixteen children, five of whom were sons, and eleven were daughters. His mother was an earnest, devoted Christian, a member of the Baptist Church; and while his father never made a public profession of religion, as a citizen his character was irreproachable, and his house was often the place to which the neighbors gathered to hear the preaching of the gospel.

In William's early childhood marks of more than ordinary intellectual strength and activity were manifested. His parents were poor and could not provide him with many books, and the public means of education was very limited. His mother taught him to read, and this prepared him to enter the "senior class" when the district school opened. There were only three months of school in winter, during his schoolboy days; but if the terms were short, the winter nights were long, and he took advantage of them. The Bible, prayer-book, and psalter were all the books he had for some time, and as his parents could not afford to supply him with candles for light at night, he made pine-knots supply the need.

As soon as William's age and strength rendered him able to assist his father about the farm, they feared his sitting up nights to study and read would interfere with the efficiency of his work during the day, so his father insisted upon his retiring when he himself did. But the boy could not be kept in bed. When all the other members of the family were asleep, he would find his way to the pile of pitch-wood, make a good fire in the fireplace, and then lie down on the hearth with his book before him, and there spend the hours of midnight in reading. He much desired that he might have a regular course of education. This, however, was denied him; but as he advanced in years, his circumstances became more favorable. He had means to provide himself with occasional new books, and with candles to read by at night, so that he could enjoy his chosen luxury, during his leisure hours, in comparative comfort.

He was married in June, 1803, when he was but twenty-one years of age, to Miss Lucy Smith. Their union was blessed with seven sons and three daughters, two of whom died in early life.

Mrs. Miller, his wife, was a woman of beautiful character. She took a deep interest in her husband's improvement and promotion, and made it her pleasure and business to relieve him as much as possible from family cares that he might have time for study.

The first public office of a civil character to which he was elected was that of constable. After this, he was appointed to the office of sheriff, and later became justice of the peace. He was also a captain in the War of 1812. He enjoyed the respect and unbounded confidence of the public. However, in his worldly advancement there was a serious and dangerous departure from the Christian sentiments which were instilled into his mind during his early life. He began studying the works of such men as Voltaire, Paine, Hume, and others, and at length avowed himself a deist. He, however, returned to the Christian faith in 1816. He immediately erected the family altar, publicly professed his faith in that religion which had been food for his mirth, by joining the church, opened his house for meetings

of prayer, and became an aid to both pastor and people.

From the time that Mr. Miller became established in his religious faith until he commenced his public labors,—a period of twelve or fifteen years,—there were few prominent incidents in his life to distinguish him from other men. He was very exemplary in his life and conversation and in every way a consistent Christian. He continued to make the Bible his daily study, and became more and more convinced that he had a personal duty to perform respecting what he conceived the Bible to teach of the nearness of the advent of Christ. He felt that if the wicked could be effectually warned, multitudes of them would repent. However, he felt loath to proclaim his message to the world. In this way he struggled on for nine years, pursuing the study of the Bible, doing all he could to present the nearness of Christ's coming to those whom circumstances threw in his way, but resisting the impression that duty bade him labor publicly.

At last invitations came to him to preach, and overcoming his diffidence, he accepted them; his public labors, according to the best evidence to be obtained, date from the autumn of 1831. Churches were thrown open to him everywhere, and he had many more invitations than he could accept. Great reformations were the results of his labors, and many were converted to God.

Soon after he began to lecture, Mr. Miller was importuned to write out and publish his views. He taught that the end of the world would come in 1844. When the time passed, and the Saviour did not appear, his disappointment was, of course, great, but he was by no means discouraged or shaken in his faith in God's goodness, or in the entire fulfilment of his Word, or in the speedy coming of our Lord.

Toward the last of January, 1848, Mr. Miller's eyesight began to fail him. With the loss of his sight, he had to depend on others to read to him and write the letters which he dictated. However, he was patient and resigned, and still felt of good courage in the Lord, and that his coming was near.

After several months of great suffering, which he endured with Christian patience, he died on the twentieth of December, 1849, and was buried in the Low Hampton Cemetery, a short distance east of his residence.

IRENE STUART CURTISS.

Probation

THE day is gone,
The night is here,
And we're not saved,
But filled with fear.
The Judge of earth doth now appear,
To judge the world in righteousness;
In vain we cry to him for help,
And all our secret sins confess.

In days of grace
We would not heed
The gentle voice, "I
For sinners plead;"
Would now that rocks might on us fall
And hide us from the wrath of God,
Whose indignation's now poured out,
And sinner's feel his chastening rod.

O sinner, wait
Not till that time,
But seek the power
Of grace divine;
For thus shall all ungodly feel
When Christ doth come in glory bright.
So while probation's hour doth last,
Set now thy face to seek the light.

E. C. JAEGER.



The Dictograph

THE dictograph is a handsome little box, or, as a matter of fact, two boxes, one known as the "master station," the other, a smaller box, being the "substation." When these two stations—whether separated by a room or a distance of a hundred miles—are connected by wire, the dictograph is ready to perform its wonders.

You may stand any distance from the instrument within a radius of fifteen feet, at any part of an ordinary room, and talk to it as casually as you would to a person in the room. You may speak in low conversational tones, or even in a whisper; it makes no difference to the dictograph.

With the pressing down of the lever a buzzer secures the attention of the person at the other end of the line, who responds, and conversation begins. To illustrate, suppose the chief instrument to be in the office of the general manager of a great department store, there being connections with the room or desk of every department head throughout the establishment. By pressing down the proper lever the general manager is at once put into communication with any particular subordinate to whom he may wish to give instructions. That in itself is a sufficient merit to commend the dictograph to the business world. Something truly remarkable, however, is the fact that the general manager can deliver a general order to all of his subordinates at once without calling one of them away from his desk.—*Technical World.*

Lost Art of Tempering Copper Rediscovered

THE art that was old when the pyramids were building, and which seemed to be lost with its discoverers, to remain a mystery and a hopeless secret for centuries, has again been given to the world by the fortunate blunder of an unsuspecting jeweler.

Through mistaking another compound for borax, while working at his trade as a jeweler, David Lamon, of Denver, has suddenly found himself in possession of the much-sought-after method of hardening copper. This powder, instead of softening the metal, as borax does, instantly changed the heated copper into such a degree of firmness that manipulation was impossible. Quick to take the advantage that fortune had so unexpectedly thrust upon him, the jeweler at once made a critical analysis of the compound, determined the ingredients, and finally protected his wonderful secret by a patent.

Invariably, a new idea, a new process, or a new discovery has been received with almost universal ridicule. Robert Fulton was probably the only man who could have aided Napoleon in crossing the English Channel, in his ambitious attempt to conquer England. Even this great leader's mind rejected the idea of boats being propelled by steam. Not so many years ago a certain unknown read a paper before an assembly of English manufacturers in which he declared he had discovered a new and cheap way of making steel. And not a man in the entire hall was convinced. One and all declared the method to be absurd; yet the reader of that paper was Mr. Bessemer,

the inventor of the Bessemer steel process, a method that instantly revolutionized the steel industry of the world.

But Mr. Lamon's persistent efforts and his tireless determination to prove to the cynical world that his discovery was practical and of the most vital interest finally convinced sufficient capitalists, and through their combined effort has been erected a huge plant, nearly ready for immediate operation, where pig copper will be sent in one door, and be turned out at another, in finished state, ready for the market. This finished product, to be known as Lamon copper, will be used for all commercial purposes, from wire to automobile engines.

The process is extremely simple, and any one of ordinary intelligence can readily understand it. Take, for instance, the treatment of copper wire. Between two huge reels is located a fifty-foot furnace. As the wire leaves one reel and is wound around the other, it passes through a fifty-foot flame. Here it is brought to barely the melting point. Instantly it passes through another compartment, into which is fed, by means of a hopper, a fine compound. This powder, the composition of which is the vital secret, is absorbed by the heated wire, in quite the same manner as a bit of warm toast absorbs cold butter. From here the wire is carried along, cooling gradually, finally winding itself about the opposite reel, undergoing the complete physical change in perhaps less than five minutes.

The Vast Possibilities

Its field is limitless. In the matter of telephone and telegraph wire alone—and this is but one item in the vast copper industry—the future seems startlingly immeasurable. Wire, exposed to all weather, extreme heat and cold, breaks continually. Wind, sleet, and snow affect it in no small degree. After stringing, it proves to be in constant need of watching and repairing. Treated by this new process, it will seldom if ever break, being given the strength and durability of steel. And when one considers that one of the big telephone companies alone uses over fifty-five million pounds of copper wire yearly, at a cost of not less than eleven million dollars, and realizes, as he surely must, that it is but one of the countless uses to which the wire may be put, the possibilities loom up greater than ever. A dozen plants, treating wire alone, could be put in operation at a good profit.

And what appears of far greater importance, the cost of treatment is so slight that the tempered metal can readily be sold at the present price of the raw material.

Quite recently, as an experiment only, the dies of a certain manufacturing concern were tempered, and a letter from the president of the company stated that the life of each die was trebled, although the striking pressure of twelve hundred pounds was sustained.

The life of a trolley wire, being subject to a continual wasting wear and tear—and especially so at the curves—will, under this treatment, be lengthened from nine months to three or more years. Taking these few facts into consideration, probably three-cent fares will not be so difficult to introduce in the future.

To awaken interest, and also to strengthen his proofs, the inventor of this process is giving to his friends small copper screw-drivers, treated by his method. And though barely as thick as a copper cent, with an edge almost razor-like, they will turn in the most stubborn screw without the least trouble, and as easily as if made of steel.

With the steady advance of electricity, in its various forms, copper becomes more and more of a necessity, and the application of this process, at scarcely any added cost, will give it a world demand.—*Roland Ashford Phillips, in Technical World.*

Measuring the Height of a Tree

"NEAR the end of the season our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet.

"'Why, how do you know?' was the general question.

"'Measured it.'

"'How?'

"'Foot rule and yardstick.'

"'You didn't climb that tall tree?' his mother asked, anxiously.

"'No'm; I found the length of the shadow and measured that,' the boy replied.

"'But the length of the shadow changes.'

"'Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when its shadow was just as long as the stick, I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet.'

The foregoing paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers which come to our office. The item was headed, "A Clever Boy." Now we do not know who this advertised boy was, but we knew quite as clever a boy, one who could have got the approximate height of the tree without waiting for the sun to shine at a particular angle, or to shine at all for that matter,—just a simple geometric problem.

The way boy No. 2 went about the same problem was this: He got a stick and planted it in the ground, and then cut it off just at the level of his eyes. Then he went out and took a look at the tree and made a rough estimate of the tree's height in his mind, and judging the same distance along the ground from the tree trunk, he planted his stick in the ground. Then he lay down on his back with his feet against the standing stick, and looked at the top of the tree over the stick.

If he found the top of the stick and tree did not agree, he tried a new position, and kept at it until he could just see the tree top over the end of the upright stick. Then all he had to do was to measure along the ground to where his eye had been when lying down, and that gave him the height of the tree.

The point about this method is that the boy and stick made a right-angled triangle, with boy for base, stick for perpendicular, both of the same length, and the "line of sight" the hypotenuse, or long line of the triangle. When he got into the position which enabled him to just see the tree top over the top of the stick, he again had a right-angled triangle, with tree as perpendicular, his eye's distance away from the trunk the base, and the line of sight the hypotenuse. He

could measure the base line along the ground, and knew it must equal the vertical height; and he could do this without reference to the sun. It was an ingenious application of the well-known properties of a right-angled triangle.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineer.*

Prehistoric Home for New University

To perpetuate for all time the architecture of a dying race; to preserve for the archeologists, anthropologists, and ethnologists of future generations types of buildings which were evolved by the first dwellers on the great American desert, the State University of New Mexico has entered upon the most remarkable campaign of building ever undertaken by any individual or corporation since white men came to the New World.

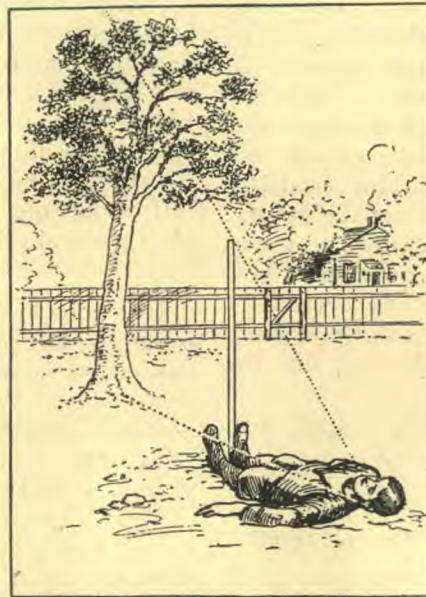
Barely ten years old, situated on a rolling mesa whereon multiplied mountain ranges frown, overlooking the peaceful valley of the Rio Grande and the city of Albuquerque, the site of the university is identical with many of the sites of the prehistoric cities known as "pueblos." In the ruins of these cities of a race which is slowly passing into oblivion have been found some of the greatest treasures of American anthropology. The communal towns themselves, each being merely one great house, built room on room to suit the needs of increasing population in their flourishing days, are almost the only records left of the mysterious tribes who built them.

The University of New Mexico is reproducing one of these communal cities faithfully in every detail, on its campus, to serve as dormitories and class rooms for

its students and as a dwelling-place for the members of its faculty. Two or three large buildings have already been erected, and these are being united and extended as fast as possible until, ultimately, all the college buildings will be under one roof, and all will make up a complete pueblo city.

To understand this, the only building scheme of its kind in the world, it is necessary to pause for an instant and take a look at one or two of the present cities of the Pueblo Indians. These towns, as is well known, stand on mesas in the Arizona and New Mexico deserts. Among the best known are the pueblos of Zuni, Acoma, Hualpi (sometimes spelled "Wolpi"), and Moqui. There are others of these towns, but these are the most commonly seen by travelers.

All of these are built on the principle, not of many houses to make a city, but of many rooms of different shapes and sizes, each occupied by a family, and all joined together under one roof, to make one huge house-town, wherein lives the entire tribe. When these towns were founded no one can say with certainty. They were old when Coronado journeyed north to the Rio Grande in search of the fabled "Seven Cities of Cibola" in 1540.—*Technical World.*



Method of Applying the Triangle Measure

"He who will not be counseled can not be helped."

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



"Somewhat"

INDULGENCE in qualifying adverbs, as *perhaps, possibly, probably, rather, a little, somewhat*, amounts with English journalists to a disease; the intemperate orgy of moderation is renewed every morning. As *somewhat* is rapidly swallowing up the rest, we shall almost confine our attention to it.

The Illogical

Thrills which gave him *rather a unique* pleasure.—Hutton.

Russian despatches are *somewhat inconsistent*, one of them stating that there is no change in the position of the armies, while another says that the Japanese advance continues.—T.

Being faint with hunger, I was *somewhat in a listless condition* bordering on stupor.—Corelli.

Surely a *somewhat infinitesimal* point.—T.

Thirdly, it is *rather agonizing* at times to the philologist.—T.

In various evidently "well-informed" journals the *somewhat amazing* proposition is set up that . . .—T.

To the accompaniment of a *somewhat agonizing* band.—T.

Many other properties, some of them a *little well-worn*, suitable for the staging of a tale of mystery.—S.

"Somewhat" Announcing a Well-Chosen Phrase

Entirely worthy of his *somewhat acrobatic* diplomacy.—T.

Gaston engaged in a controversy, . . . which terminated by his *somewhat abruptly quitting his alma mater*.—Beaconsfield.

His country seat at Wootton, wherein Mr. Zabriskie has surely estated Rousseau *somewhat at the cost of one Mr. Davenport*.—S. R.

"Somewhat" Conveying a Sneer

It is *somewhat* strange that any one connected with this institution should be so unfamiliar with its regulations.—T.

But very few points of general interest have been elicited in any quarter by these *somewhat* academic reflections.—T.

This *somewhat* glowing advertisement of the new loan.—T.

The Genuine "Somewhat," Merely Tame, Timid, Undecided

I am certain that the clergy themselves only too gladly acquiesce in this *somewhat* illogical division of labor.—T.

This, no doubt, is what Prof. Ray Lankester is driving at in his *somewhat* intemperate onslaught.—T.

The *rather* mysterious visit of S. Tittoni, the Italian foreign minister to Germany.—T.

These are of *rather* remarkable promise; the head shows an unusual power of realizing character under a purely ideal conception.—T.

The *rather* finely conceived statuette . . . by Mr. Oliver Wheatley.—T.

It is *somewhat* the fashion to say that in these days . . .—T.

The statement made by the writer is *somewhat* open to doubt.—T.

It would be valuable if he would *somewhat* expand his ideas.—T.

Sir, I have been *somewhat* interested in the recent correspondence in your columns.—T.

He is a *somewhat* rash man who summarily dismisses the matter.—P.

Sir Francis Bertie, whose dislike of unnecessary publicity is *somewhat* pronounced . . .—T.

Surely this is *rather* a different thing? Perhaps the words used were *somewhat* open to misconception; but that Colonel Pollock should . . . seems *rather* an absurd notion. I am, sir, . . .—S.

It is not too much to say that any one who hopes to write well had better begin by abjuring *somewhat* altogether. A not less dissuasive collection might easily be made of *distinctly*; it gives the patronizing interest, as *somewhat* gives the contemptuous indifference, with which a superior person is to be conceived surveying life; and context too often reveals that the superiority is imaginary.—*The King's English, Abridged.*

A Schoolgirl's Calendar

I WONDER if you ever think, dear girls, what story the calendar is telling for you. Perhaps you have a tiny pocket calendar tucked into your purse which you may consult if you happen, as careless people sometimes do, to forget the date; not that I fancy you belong to that set, or that you do not keep tally of the days of the month.

A good plan for us all is to remember just where we are, so that we never have to pause and ask somebody to tell us whether it is the eighth or the ninth, the tenth or the twelfth, day of the month. You may keep a calendar on your dressing bureau, tearing off a leaf every day, or it may hang suspended from a nail by a ribbon or a chain, or be fastened on the wall. Whatever sort of calendar you have, it is simply a device to remind you that time is flying, and that it is well to make the most of it and of its opportunities before it is gone out of sight. Just one day at a time is yours and mine, and accordingly as we use or abuse the single day, we shall get the good that is waiting for us and earn the reward that comes to faithful workers.

I am very fond of nearly all sorts and conditions of girls, but there is one variety with which I have no patience; the girl who dawdles, who sits around talking about what she means to do and never accomplishes anything, is not the girl who commends herself to me. She is not only idle herself, but she sets a bad example to every one else, and commits the mistake of throwing away the most valuable asset she will ever have. A day when one is young and strong and light-hearted as girls are or should be, is worth ten times as much as a day will be when the same girls are older and know more about care and trouble. Is your story of the calendar a story of work well done and of play undertaken with all your heart? Whatever you do, never dawdle.

There is something else to think about in the story of the calendar:—

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night."

I do not want the girls I care for to go about with the weight of the world on their shoulders, nor would I like to see them always bothering about the impression they are making or the number of things they are accomplishing from Monday until Saturday. It is quite possible to make such a fuss over one's duty that one tires all one's friends and succeeds in frightening the average person out of one's neighborhood.

But our sins of omission foot up a long account against us. Let us look candidly at any day we choose. Perhaps, for convenience, we will take today. When we came downstairs this morning, had we a pleasant word for every one? did we bring our smiles to the breakfast table? did we go to the door with father or pin a flower in his buttonhole? did we watch for a chance to help mother, and were we thoughtful and kind in our manner to the maid in the kitchen?

The story of the calendar for you, too, must be a story of health or illness. God gives us plenty of bright sunshine and clear, bracing air, but some of us seem to prefer to shut ourselves up in close, stuffy rooms and to live in the dark. If we do that every day, we may expect to be pale and sallow, to have headaches, and other aches too numerous to mention.

Although you seldom think of it, the story of the calendar is writing itself on your face. Every day that you live is either making you beautiful or making you plain. If you never pout or frown, or screw your forehead into a tangle, or draw down the corners of your mouth into a sullen droop, you will gain a sweet, sunny expression that will make people glad when they look at you. I can think of two or three young people whose faces seem to glow as if from an inward light. If every day you have pure thoughts and never indulge in one that is unwholesome, your face will have in it something as fresh and innocent as the soul behind it. Not so much beautiful features as a beautiful soul can make a beautiful face. To be kind in your judgments, interested in your friends, simple and sincere in all you do, every day of your life, will give you an attractiveness that can not be described.

On the porch of the house where I live there is a crimson rambler rose. You never saw anything grow so fast as this rose. It climbs higher and higher, flings out its wreaths of bloom, and is a perfect joy. Girls should be like this, growing, reaching upward, filling their little world with bloom and fragrance, and living day by day in the air and in the sun. You are in God's world, my dears; see that day by day you make the most of it.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in "Happy School Days."*

Listening Well

THERE are few good listeners. As there were wise and foolish virgins, so there are wise and foolish hearers. Some have been likened to sponges, taking up the good and bad and letting both go together. Others let go the good and keep the bad; while still others—a very few indeed—let go the chaff and retain the good grain.

The hearers of nowadays are impatient. Said Watson: "A remarkable change has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance; we have transferred them to the inside of the house of God lest we should stay too long in service,—a sad and ominous change."

Then, too, we are too critical. A man once said to Rowland Hill, "It is sixty-five years since I first heard you preach; and the sermon was well worth remembering." You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching. But you then added, "Suppose a person is hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy; would he employ the time in criticizing the lawyer's manner while reading it?—No; he would give all his interest to ascertain if anything were left to himself, and how much. Let that then be the way you listen to the gospel."

It is a positive detriment to our memories when we think about other subjects than those upon which a speaker is talking. We are training our minds to let things drop easily. This education, carried on to its completion, will cause us to take the same attitude toward the precepts of God. When he speaks, we will give the same attention to him that we do to men. This habit of inattention, once fixed, will cause us not to hear the words which are of eternal import to us.

The minister can not always say something new. The old truths are important too. "We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

One time Demosthenes was speaking to the citizens of Athens on a very serious subject. Finding his audience inattentive, he paused, then said he now had something of special importance for them, and that he was very anxious that they should all hear it. Every eye became fixed on him. "Two men," said he, "having bargained for the hire of an ass, were traveling from Athens to Megara on a very hot day, and both of them striving to enjoy the shadow of the ass. One of them said that he hired the ass, and the shadow too; the other claimed that the former speaker hired the ass only, and not the shadow." After having made this statement, Demosthenes retired. The people thronged about him and plead in great eagerness that he return and finish his story. Whereupon he said, "O ye Athenians! Will ye attend to me when speaking about the shadow of an ass, and will not attend to me when I address you on the most important affairs?"

E. C. JAEGER.

Children in China

A LADY missionary, writing from Peking, China, says you will be surprised that you never see nor hear of the funeral of a child. Gorgeous processions tell of the death of an adult, but it would seem as if children never died in China. But suppose you get up at daylight and stand out in the street; the mystery is explained. A large covered wagon drawn by oxen comes creaking along, with a sign in front. It is piled to the top with the bodies and fragments of bodies of dead infants, which were cast into the street the night before as refuse. Some are in old baskets, and one or two in plain board coffins. Some are half devoured by dogs. Perhaps the wagon contains a hundred of these ghastly forms. No weeping mother or sighing father follows in the procession. The load is cast into a pit outside the city wall, and covered with quicklime. This is done every day. Many of these babes are girls, who were strangled at birth, or soon afterward, because of the curse of womanhood. Such is the Chinese religion, and such the fruit of its code of ethics. What need, do you still ask, have such people of our gospel, or of our civilization?—*Selected.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Letters to a Grandson — No. 5

SOUTH LYNDEBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

My Dear Boy,—

I spent two weeks with your cousin at Melrose. He was getting on so well I decided to make a flying trip of two weeks among friends in New Hampshire. It was a great pleasure to meet them, some of whom I had not met for twenty years. The dear old mountain at whose base I lived when a child seems more beau-



tiful than ever. At a station a few miles out from our destination, a middle-aged man, quite gray, met me, and introduced himself as my cousin.

My second term of school-teaching I taught him the alphabet. He was then a curly haired, brown-eyed boy nearly four years old. All were disappointed that I could spend so little time with them, and I am hoping to visit them again while I am East.

I felt that I must get back to your cousin. He had gained so much, and was making such good improvement, that we thought he could come home, and that by following up treatments, carefulness in diet, thorough mastication, etc., he would continue to improve. I am very glad to say our hopes are being realized.

Good health is of far greater value than money. I knew a woman who was worth more than a million. She seemed very gloomy. Her aunt said to her, "Why, you have everything that money can purchase; what more can you want?" "Only to die, auntie," she replied.

One thing at Melrose I am sure you would enjoy as I did, and that is the gray squirrels. There are beautiful large trees near the sanitarium, and they play hide-and-seek and have the finest frolic here.

I never go to sleep at night without asking our Father to bless and keep you. Good-night.

GRANDMA.

Polly's Closet

"If it's my closet," Polly began, with a shrug, sitting down by the couch, where her adored big brother was nursing a broken ankle, "Jamie met me with a long story, and I must say I don't consider it as a

matter for Aunt Sarah to stir up the whole family about. It doesn't affect any one but myself."

Dan slipped a hand under his pillow and drew out a paper. "I've been lying here taking notes to-day," he said; and Polly read:—

"9 A. M.—Ted made himself late at school hunting for the sweater he had lent Polly to wear to the football game last Saturday. Finally found it, fallen down on the floor of her closet, pretty dusty, with a lot of shoes and things on top of it. Made such a fuss that father took notice, and told Aunt Sarah that Polly should be kept home from her toboggan party to-night.

"10 A. M.—Nora came up to clean Polly's room. Said she didn't know what to do to the closet—so many things on the floor. Aunt Sarah said she needn't touch it; Miss Polly had promised to pick up things herself before it was cleaned again. Nora got off some sauce about having been told that for three weeks running, and about Polly's needing some one to make her mind. Aunt Sarah told her she mustn't speak like that. The end is that Nora's to leave next week."

"No!" Polly whispered, for she knew that Aunt Sarah must have endured all that self-respect could before depriving herself of Nora's efficient services.

"11 A. M.—Jamie was playing with his ball, and it bounced to the back



SCENES NEAR THE BOY'S HOME ON MUSKOKA LAKE

of Polly's closet. Before he got it out, his brown corduroy suit looked as if it had wiped an acre of dusty floor. He trotted down to the parlor, where Aunt Sarah had a caller, and explained how he got so dirty. Pleasant for Aunt Sarah, as house-keeper, wasn't it, sis? but she didn't tell me.

"2 P. M.—Plumber telephoned that he'd be here after three to see about extending that waterpipe to the third story. Aunt Sarah knew he'd have to go into Polly's closet; so she put it in order, Jamie standing by and calling off the articles that were discovered on the floor, with all the glee of an excavator in Egypt. There were blue kid slippers, skates, a mountain of shoes, theme paper, waist-hangers, an upset work-basket,—with a tangle of thread, needles, buttons, and so on,—a missing fan, several long-lost handkerchiefs —"

"Dan, you made up half!"

"I didn't put down half."



"3 P. M.—Aunt Sarah telephoned father at office to beg Polly off about the toboggan party. Asked him not to reprove her in a way that would humiliate her so before outsiders. Guess father was impatient about being interrupted, but Aunt Sarah kept gentle, and gained her point."

"Wait," said Dan, as Polly reached this period. Taking the paper, he wrote:—

"4 P. M.—Polly came home from school. Said it wasn't a matter for Aunt Sarah to stir up the family about; it affected no one but herself."

"O!" cried Polly, her face the color of shame. "Dan, I've been a horrid ——"

"Right you are, sis!" But his tone made the ungallant words a compliment. "Skip and tell Aunt Sarah that before you wink."—*Youth's Companion.*

"And Enoch Walked With God"

MAMA, I heard the loveliest thing
At Sabbath-school to-day;
And O! I was so sorry
You had to stay away.

'Twas all about a good old man
Who lived long years ago;
His name was Enoch, but maybe
You have heard of him before.

He lived so very near to God,
I guess it was next door,
That every day they took a walk
And loved each other more.

And this they did for many years.
He was happy as could be,
Until the dear Lord said one day,
"Come in and stay with me."

And he went in, and teacher said
He'd never come away,
For there all things were lovely,
Just like a summer day.

And where the flowers never fade,
He'd walk with God all day,
And hear the sweetest music
As only angels play.

O, mama, don't you wish that we
With God could take a walk;
That he would love to have us near,
And we could hear him talk;

And then some day when we were tired,
From home were far away,
Like Enoch, we could hear him say,
"Come in, come in, and stay?"

— Selected.

The Face in the Looking-Glass

A MISSIONARY in Africa, reading one hot summer afternoon, was startled by an eager voice saying, in broken English, "Lady, tell poor black girl about the good God, of whom you've come over the great sea to teach," and the face was upturned to the missionary with a wistful, yearning look.

The lady looked curiously at the figure before her. Imagine, if you can, a little squat figure, with filthy rags of clothing hanging on it, face and hands encrusted with dirt, and the unkempt, matted hair hanging down all round so thickly as really to give one the idea of a wild creature of the woods.

And yet within the dark heart of this heathen child was a deep longing, so real and so earnest that she had overcome fear and timidity, and had come from her unclean dwelling to know more from the lips of the missionaries of the Lord and Saviour of whom she had heard rumors from those who had come under their teaching.

The missionary said, "Come to me to-morrow at this time, and you shall know what you wish." She looked her thanks, and then, like a veritable thing of the woods, bounded away, and was quickly out of sight. The missionary sat there lost in thought, and soon from her heart came the cry, "O God, give me the soul of this poor child; teach me what I shall say to her, help me that I may reach her understanding."

The next day the missionary awaited her coming. At length she saw the little form slowly and timidly approaching, and could see that the child was surprised and disappointed at not seeing her beneath the veranda. She sent the native servant forth to meet the child, and tell her that her mistress was within and awaited her there.

The lady suddenly heard a loud, piercing scream, and the girl rushed breathless into her presence, nearly fainting with terror, and at length gasped, "Why didn't you tell me?" as she pointed to the stairs up which she had just come. Then slowly she explained, when the missionary had soothed away her fear, that she had seen in the room below, as she passed through, a terrible-looking wild beast, which approached her and seemed ready to spring upon her. "But there's no wild beast there," said the lady. "You surely are mistaken." "No, no," pleaded the girl, "don't go," as the missionary descended the stairs to ascertain the cause of the child's terror; but finding she still went down, the child, for very fear of being left alone, followed her.

"Where?" said the missionary on reaching the room, and looking around, "Where is that which so frightened you?" "There, there," said the girl, pointing to the mirror, wherein were reflected her own face and form. "But that's yourself there," she said, "and not a wild animal at all." "Me!" was the surprised answer. "Yes, that's your own face there."

The child wonderingly drew near and gazed at her form in the glass; and when the truth dawned upon her, said slowly, "Dirty, horrible, ugly," and then, turning to the missionary, "I'd like to be clean, lady."

When soon afterward, trim and clean, with the long-unkempt hair nicely braided up, and in the place of the rags of clothing, a pretty dress that the mission people had given her, the girl again stood before the mirror, she drew herself up, and with a pleased, beaming face kept repeating, "Clean now, pretty now."

"Yes," said the lady, who was an amused spectator of it all, "but only *outside*." Then drawing the child gently toward her, she told her, with love in her tones, of the spiritual deformity and defilement; to all of which the child listened with earnest attention. When the missionary had ceased speaking, the girl, with tears in her eyes, said the old words, "I'd like to be clean, lady." A few days had passed, and the girl had had many long and happy talks with the missionary, when one afternoon she cautiously, almost with awe in her face, crept up the staircase once again, and stood in front of the glass which had before been such a source of terror. The missionary, with joy and thankfulness to God in her heart for the wondrous way in which he had brought this little one to himself, watched. Looking at her face and figure, now so bright and clean, she repeated: "Clean, pretty, neat," and then, while heaven itself seemed to be reflected in the sweet face, "and cleansed inside, too."

My little tale is told. Have you caught its meaning? Have you seen yourselves in God's looking-glass—his Word? Have you been cleaned?—*T. L. Sayer.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Patriotic Program for Missionary Volunteer Societies, Sabbath, July 3, 1909

Independence Day and Religious Liberty

THE fourth of July is well termed the birthday of the United States of America. One hundred thirty-four years ago the foundation act of American freedom was passed by our colonial forefathers. As the day approaches, plans to celebrate will be laid in all parts of the land. For the most part the celebration will partake of noisy demonstration, leaving out of the occasion the real thought which should actuate the celebration. And it must be a source of gratification to note the demand now being made for a "sane celebration" by representatives of the public press.

Shortly after the passing of the Declaration of Independence by the Colonial Congress, John Adams wrote a letter to his wife, which has become a historical paper, in which he said: "I am apt to believe that it [the day] will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

In speaking of this letter one writer says: "These words have proved prophetic. That, as a people, Americans have emphasized the lighter part of the prophecy in the spirit of their celebration is greatly to be deplored. The day at times appears rather to be an orgy than a solemn festival: a time of noise and self-indulgence rather than of patriotic joy and thankfulness."

When we call to mind the history of our colonial struggle for liberty and the reasons actuating the adoption of the Declaration, the fourth of July will mean more than simply an occasion to be "noisy and self-indulgent." For, while this great instrument had to do primarily with the relations then existing with the mother country under the reign of George III, yet in this paper were proclaimed great principles of eternal character which have served as the light of the nations in their march toward free government,—government of the people, by the people, for the people.

But another instrument became necessary to interpret and fix in a fundamental way these principles. Therefore, the Constitution was prepared and adopted by a convention in 1787, by which all legislation, both national and State, was to be tried. The Constitution as then adopted, however, did not fully meet the requirements as suggested by the Declaration. This made it imperative that it should be amended with special reference to freedom and liberty. Accordingly, the first ten amendments to the Constitution were adopted, making the idea of civil government as held by the forefathers more apparent in the fundamental law of the land. In speaking of the need of attending to these principles of civil government at that time, Thomas Jefferson said:—

"Besides, the spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may commence persecution, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated that the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is while our rulers are honest, and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down-hill. It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves, but in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will remain on us long, will be made heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion."

The patriotic Patrick Henry, in discussing the Constitution in the Virginia convention, said:—

"You are not to inquire how your trade may be increased, nor how you are to become a great and powerful people, but how your liberties can be secured; for liberty ought to be the direct end of your government. . . . The great and direct end of government is liberty. Secure our liberty and privileges, and the end of government is answered. If this be not effectually done, government is an evil."

A careful student of the times since the Civil War must be convinced that certain movements in this country, carried to their logical conclusion, mean the destruction of the Constitutional rights of the people in matters affecting religious convictions. The demand for Sunday laws is an illustration. By these laws it is intended to enforce by civil enactment the observance of an institution of ecclesiastical origin and worth. Sunday laws restrict one's right to do on one day of the week that which is perfectly lawful in itself on every other day of the week. The ground upon which such legislation is sought for can be no other than that of religion. But the First Amendment to the Constitution says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

That our forefathers understood and held that Sunday legislation was religious legislation is well set forth in the celebrated Johnson Congressional Sunday Mail Reports of 1829 and 1830. In the report communicated to the United States Senate Jan. 19, 1829, the statement is made, and became the sentiment of the Congress at that time, that "the proper object of government is to protect all persons in the enjoyment of their religious as well as civil rights, and not to determine for any whether they shall esteem one day above another, or esteem all days alike holy. . . . It is not the legitimate province of the legislature to determine what religion is true, or what false. . . . Our government is a civil, and not a religious, institution."

This was the verdict of that Congress on the subject of Sunday laws. On March 4 and 5, 1830, Colonel Johnson, chairman of a House committee which had under consideration a Sunday-law measure, in his report against adopting the proposed legislation, said, among other things: "Congress acts under a Constitution of delegated and limited powers. The committee look in vain to that instrument for a delegation of power authorizing this body to inquire and determine what part of time, or whether any, has been set apart by the Almighty for religious exercises. On the contrary, among the few provisions it contains, is one that

prohibits a religious test, and another which declares that Congress shall pass no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Again: "It is perhaps fortunate for our country that the proposition should have been made at this early period while the spirit of the Revolution yet exists in full vigor."

Thus it will be seen that our forefathers appreciated the fact that Sunday legislation interfered with, and was tantamount to, an abrogation of the civil and religious rights of the people as contemplated in the immortal Declaration and guaranteed by the Constitution.

It seems evident, therefore, that upon our natal day, the fourth of July, there should be clear and pertinent pronouncements made against deviating from the principles underlying our government, the first step in favor of which was laid by Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, and other illustrious statesmen. May this serve as an exhortation in this behalf.

SANFORD B. HORTON.

Our Nation in Prophecy

1. PROPHECY is more to be depended upon than sight and hearing. 2 Peter 1: 17-21.

2. What did John see coming up out of the earth? Rev. 13: 11.

3. What were the distinguishing physical characteristics of this beast?

4. How much power had this beast? Rev. 13: 14.

5. Describe the preceding beast—the one here referred to. Rev. 13: 1, 2.

6. Whence did this beast get its power? Rev. 13: 2.

NOTE.—The twelfth chapter of Revelation is a description of the great universal kingdom of Rome and its effort through Herod to destroy Christ the Son of God. The first portion of the thirteenth chapter is a description of the great Roman hierarchy—the papacy—to which was given the authority of the Roman nation, and its seat of government at Rome when the capital was moved to Constantinople. Thus by the aid of the arm of the civil power could the papacy enforce its decrees. And it was this power and authority that was given to the succeeding beast of Rev. 13: 11. Upon these points nearly all Protestant commentators agree.

7. Whence did this beast come? Rev. 13: 11.

8. Where did the preceding beast come from? Rev. 13: 1.

NOTE.—In prophecy waters denote peoples and nations, and winds strife and war. Rev. 17: 15; Jer. 25: 32. The preceding powers came into existence as the result of wars, while the one described in Rev. 13: 11 came up from the earth as grows a plant—by immigration and peacefully.

9. At what time did this power arise? Rev. 13: 10, 11.

10. When did the papacy—the beast described in Rev. 13: 1-10—go into captivity?—In 1798 Berthier, a French general, entered Rome, took the pope prisoner, and abolished the temporal sovereignty of the papacy. It may be interesting to note that Berthier had formerly served under Lafayette in the American Revolutionary War, and that he there obtained many of his ideas of republican principles.

11. What other nation was coming up at this time?—The United States.

12. What are the two fundamental principles of this government?—Civil and religious liberty, or republicanism and Protestantism.

13. What may the two horns of this prophecy fully represent?—These two leading principles.

14. What are to be particularly manifested in this nation? Rev. 13: 13 and first part of 14.

15. What is to mark the last days? 1 Tim. 4: 1.

16. In what five distinct ways does the United States government fulfil the specifications of prophecy?

NOTE.—Spiritualism arose in Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848, and has had a most marked growth in the United States.

(1) It is a new power—another beast—establishing itself in territory entirely remote from any others.

(2) It was "coming up" just at the time of the passing "into captivity" of the preceding power—papal Rome.

(3) It came "up out of the earth"—peaceably and not by conquest.

(4) It is a nation where the people make the laws—"a government without a king and a church without a pope."

(5) It is a wonder-working power. Spiritualism first arose in it, and has there made its greatest progress.

17. What is this power to make? Rev. 13: 14.

18. What beast—one that was wounded "by a sword, and did live"—is here referred to? Rev. 13: 3.

NOTE.—This ecclesiastical power clothed with civil authority, by which punishment was meted out to those who would not accept of its dogmas, was none other than papal Rome. The "image" to this beast must do a similar persecuting work.

19. What hinders this work at present?—The religious liberty granted by the Constitution.

20. How may this difficulty be overcome?—By an amendment to the Constitution, which for nearly thirty years the National Reform Association has been seeking, or by overriding the present Constitutional guaranties.

21. What means will this power thus accurately described in prophecy employ? Rev. 13: 17.

NOTE.—The words of one noted divine, the Rev. Dr. Bascom Robins, indicates the recognition of this possibility: "In the Christian decalogue the first day was made the sabbath by divine appointment. But there is a class of people who will not keep the Christian sabbath unless they are forced to do so; but that can easily be done. If we would say we will not sell anything to them, we will not buy anything from them, we will not work for them, nor hire them to work for us, the thing could be wiped out, and all the world would keep the Christian sabbath."—*Advent Review and Sabbath Herald of May 27, 1909.*

22. What solemn warning is given concerning the worship demanded by this power? Rev. 14: 9, 10.

23. What is the reward for those who worship God and obey his holy law? Rev. 15: 1-4.

FREDERICK GRIGGS.

Our Country's Call

How warm our nation's pulses leap!
What hallowed memories inspire
To-day! What mighty fingers sweep
Her heart-strings into living fire!
How glad, how grand, the hymn of praise
She voices now from sea to sea
For those brave hearts of other days
Who gave themselves to make her free!

And now they sleep. No war's alarms
Can to their silent slumbers come;
No thrilling bugle-calls to arms,
The cannon's fiery mouth is dumb.
Or if this morn its silence broke,
'Twas but an echo, faint and far,
Of when its hot lips, black with smoke,
Hurled forth the deadly song of war.

Gaze on our fertile prairies, dressed
In full abundance far and wide;
Behold our country richly blessed
From ocean-side to ocean-side;
Then think how great the debt we owe

To those who loved their land so well
They took for her the battle-blow,
To save her, even though they fell.

But was it they alone who gave
The freedom that we now enjoy?
Did they alone have power to save
Our land from foes that would destroy?
Was it not rather God's own hand
Stretched forth with power and might untold
That onward led our fathers' band,
As it led Israel's host of old?

Though men must learn through strife and war
That which his love would fain have taught,
How vain their petty strivings are,
Which, if he wills, must come to naught!
For he rules over every land
With an unchanged and changeless law,
And sifts the nations in his hand
As threshers winnow wheat from straw.

Our fathers mustered long ago
To battle's front with holy zeal,
Breathed vows against their country's foe,
And sealed them with a crimson seal.
But now another foe invades
The land for which those heroes died;
And like the rust that mars their blades,
It mars the fairest countryside.

It lands no hirelings on our coast,
There is no deadly cannon's roar;
It marches not with bannered host
As marched invading ranks before.
No drum-beats roll, no bugles blow,
But in each highway, field, and fen
There lurks the evil, base and low,
That creeps into the hearts of men.

Then up, ye sons of valiant sires
Who dauntless stood in stern array!
Light all a patriot's holy fires—
Your country calls you forth to-day!
'Tis not the deadly stroke to give
Where rolls the tide of battle high,
But 'tis to teach men how to live,
That faith may teach them how to die.
EUGENE ROWELL.

What Others Have Done

THE following is from a Nebraska report, and will suggest ways of earning money for missions this summer. Be sure to invest in something, and be ready to help make the Mission Board glad with the offerings so much needed:—

"About the first money I received was from two little girls, who had bought a sitting of eggs of their parents on credit, and raised the chickens. They paid the money in at camp-meeting time, and had a dollar apiece from an investment of seven and one-half cents apiece. It was the first missionary money they had ever earned, and their eyes were never brighter nor their hearts happier than when they trudged off with the treasurer's receipts in their hands.

"A middle-aged brother dedicated a four-dollar calf to this fund, and sold it for ten dollars in the fall.

"A dear white-haired old lady put twenty-six cents' worth of eggs under a hen, and sold the resulting chickens in the fall for \$3.55.

"A brother invested \$4.20 in potatoes, and raised from them \$61.70 worth of potatoes, which he sold, and turned in that amount.

"Two little girls popped corn, which they bought for thirty cents, and had \$3.50 to give in the fall.

"A sister gave the profits, for a time, on the milk she was selling, and it amounted to four dollars.

"A twelve-year-old boy invested eight cents in seed-corn, and raised from that \$10.50 worth of corn. Please notice that this is an increase of thirteen thousand per cent on his original investment, in six months. Not a bad rate of interest.

"A young man planted fifty cents' worth of popcorn, and raised fifty-four dollars' worth from the seed planted.

"One of our canvassers invested ten cents; he bought two mottoes at five cents apiece, and sold them for twenty-five cents apiece. With this he bought two copies of the "New Testament Primer," and sold them for \$1.10. With this he bought six more copies, and turned in this fall \$2.15.

"An eleven-year-old boy planted ten cents' worth of melon seed. The hot weather came on, and he thought he was about to lose his little harvest, but he carried water every day, and watered his plants, and sold eleven dollars' worth of melons from his patch."
—*The Workers' Bulletin.*

Strength Divine

THE mighty hand of Him who rules
In earth and sea and sky,
Is over us for lasting good,
And points to mansions high,
Where all is love and joy and peace,
Within the realm where sorrows cease.

What treasure here would we accept
To thwart the plan of heaven?
Or shall we choose the way of life
And gain each promise given?
While God himself on heaven's throne
Directs us here in ways his own.

There is a peace that fills the soul
With calm and hallowed rest,
When we surrender every thought,
And have our sins confessed,
To him who longs, and lingers near,
To help us all while struggling here.

This thought should help us, one and all,
To ride upon the wave;
For Christ has stilled its threatening storm,
And promised all to save
Who'll trust their all to heaven's care,
And work and wait for mansions there.

J. F. OLMSTED.

Kenilworth, Cape Town.

The Riches of Trouble

WHAT genuine blessing have you discovered and laid hold on in this latest misfortune of yours? It makes no difference what the misfortune or affliction is, provided only it is not the disaster of deliberate sin, there is a blessing in it that God intends for your enrichment, and only yourself can defraud yourself of that gain. A middle-aged Christian man realizes this when he writes to a friend expressing his praise to God "for preservation from more serious consequences in a fall which fractured my left elbow, as well as for quickened sympathy arising from the consequent period of pain and inactivity." There is a rich asset that we may store up from every trouble—quickened sympathy for others in the same trouble. And the richest man in the world is the man of deepest and most freely expressed sympathies. How unfair we are to ourselves when we let trouble leave only its burden, instead of its uplift, in our lives!—*Sunday School Times.*

"'I WILL come again.' The Elder Brother arrived to fetch the younger brother home!—the true Joseph revealing himself in unutterable tenderness to the brethren who were once estranged from him. The One on the throne next to the Father, is coming; 'wait with the wearied night-watch for the breaking of the eastern sky.'"



I—In Galilee; the Healing of the Leper and the Paralytic; Call of Levi; Fasting

(July 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 1: 35 to 2: 17.

RELATED TEXTS: Matt. 8: 2-4; 9: 1-8; Luke 5: 12-32.

MEMORY VERSE: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Mark 2: 17.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus spent the busy hours of the day in healing and teaching the people, but he always took time to pray. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. And Simon and they that were with him followed after him. And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek for thee. And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth. And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils."

2. In those days many people had the leprosy. This was an incurable disease. One who was suspected of having it was obliged to go to the priest for examination, and if he had the disease, he was pronounced unclean. Like one already dead, he was shut away from his home and the society of other people, and wandered about the country, crying, "Unclean, unclean," when approached by any one.

3. "And there came a leper to him [Jesus], beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." This poor man had heard of Jesus, and felt sure that the Saviour could cure him even though he was "full of leprosy." He forgot the people about him, and made his way to Jesus, and, falling on his face, he besought him urgently to take away his leprosy.

4. "And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed. And he straitly charged him, and forthwith sent him away; and saith unto him, See thou say nothing to any man: but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them."

5. The leper who was healed did not do as Jesus bade him. After showing himself to the priest, "he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places: and they came to him from every quarter." The work of Jesus in cleansing the leper is an illustration of his power and his readiness to forgive sin. By confessing our sins and believing his word, we may as quickly be cleansed.

6. And again Jesus "entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that he was in the house. And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and he preached the word unto them." "There were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of

every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was present to heal them."

7. While Jesus was teaching, four men "brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And when they could not find by what way, they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus."

8. "When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts, Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?"

9. "And immediately when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (he saith to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion."

10. The Romans collected taxes of the Jews, and those to whom the taxes were paid were called publicans. The publicans were hated and despised by the people, for they often exacted more than they should, and made themselves rich at the expense of others. But there was a publican who heard Jesus and believed in him. Jesus saw this man, "named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed him." Levi is also called Matthew, and it was he who wrote the Gospel bearing his name.

11. "And Levi made him a great feast in his own house: and there was a great company of publicans and of others that sat down with them. But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners? And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Questions

1. How did Jesus spend his days? For what did he always take time? On one occasion who followed him to the place of prayer? What did they say when they found him? Where did he say he must go? Why? Where did Jesus preach? What was done for those afflicted with devils? Mark 1: 34-39.

2. With what disease did many suffer in that region? Describe leprosy. What was the leper obliged to do?

3. In what way did one of these lepers come to Jesus? What did he say? Mark 1: 40. Of what did he feel sure? How badly was he afflicted? Luke 5: 12. Give an instance in the Old Testament of the cure of leprosy.

4. How did Jesus feel when he saw this poor man? What did he do? What did he say? What was the effect of his word? How soon was the cure wrought? Give other illustrations of the power of his word. Ps. 33: 6, 9. What did Jesus do when the leper had been cleansed? What did he charge him to do? Mark 1: 41-44.

5. What did the healed leper begin to do? What

was the result? Mark 1:45. Of what was this miracle an illustration? How may we secure as quick forgiveness of our sins?

6. Where did Jesus go after some days? What report went out? How great was the crowd that gathered where he was? How did he instruct the people? Mark 2:1, 2. What noted men were present? Whence had they come? What power was present? Luke 5:17.

7. Who were seen coming to the house while Jesus was teaching? Whom were they bringing? How? Why did they bring him? What difficulty did they meet? How did they get the sick man into the house? Luke 5:18, 19.

8. What did Jesus see in these four men? What did he say to the sick man? Who were sitting near by? What were they saying in their hearts? Mark 2:5-7.

9. What questions did Jesus ask them? What did he then say to the sick man? What did the palsied man do? Why did Jesus perform this miracle? How did the people who were present feel when they saw that he was healed? What did they say? Mark 2:8-12.

10. To whom did the Jews pay taxes at this time? What name was given the tax-collectors? How were they regarded by the people? Why? Give the name of a publican who became a disciple of Jesus. Luke 5:27; Matt. 9:9. What response did Levi-Matthew make when Jesus called him? Luke 5:27, 28.

11. In what way did he show his love for his Master? Who were invited to the feast? Who murdered? What did they say? To whom did they say it? Who answered their question? What did he say of his mission? Luke 5:29-32.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 4:23; 8:2-4; 9:1-17; Luke 4:42-44; 5:12-39.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 27, 28. TIME: Between the first and second passovers, A. D. 28.

MEMORY VERSE: Mark 2:17.

Questions

1. What did Jesus do the morning after the Sabbath at Simon's house? Mark 1:35.
2. Who followed him? What did they say to him? Verses 36, 37.
3. What reply did Jesus make? What did he do? Verses 38, 39.

Healing of the Leper

4. What wonderful miracle was wrought by the Saviour in one of the cities of Galilee? By what agency was the miracle wrought? Verses 40-42.
5. What charge was given by the Saviour to the man whom he had healed? Verses 43, 44.
6. What was the result of his not heeding this counsel? Verse 45.
7. How was Jesus received when he returned to Capernaum? What did he preach unto the people? Mark 2:1, 2.

The Paralytic Healed

8. What case of sickness was brought to him? Because of the crowd what was necessary in order to bring the sick man into the presence of the Saviour? Verses 3, 4.
9. How did Jesus comfort the palsied man? Verse 5.
10. How and by whom was he criticized? What reply did he make? Verses 6-9.
11. How did he show his power to forgive sin? Verses 10-12.

The Call of Matthew

12. Where did Jesus then go? Whom did he call as one of his disciples? Verses 13, 14.
13. What great lesson did he teach at the feast at Levi's house? What is our only hope? Verses 15-17.

Fasting

14. What question was asked Jesus regarding fasting? Verse 18.
15. What reply did he make? Verses 19, 20; note 6.
16. By what parables did Jesus enforce this lesson? Verses 21, 22.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



I—In Galilee; the Healing of the Leper and the Paralytic; Call of Levi; Fasting

(July 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 1:35 to 2:22.

TABULAR HARMONY

Of Events in the Life of Christ Covered in This Quarter's Lessons. The Chronological Order of Events and Scriptural Harmony is from "Christ in the Gospels," by James P. Cadman

EVENTS	PLACE	MATTHEW	MARK	LUKE	JOHN
Leper healed	Galilee	4:23; 8:2-4	1:35-45	5:12-16	
Jesus heals the paralytic	Capernaum	9:1-8	2:1-12	5:17-26	
Call of Matthew, and his feast	Capernaum	9:9-13	2:13-17	5:27-32	
Answers to questions about fasting		9:14-17	2:18-22	5:33-39	
Jesus comes to Jerusalem; heals infirm man	Jerusalem				5:1-47
Disciples pluck ears of corn on Sabbath	Way to Galilee	12:1-8	2:23-28	6:1-5	
Heals man with a withered hand	Judea or Galilee	12:9-14	3:1-6	6:6-11	
Jesus performs many cures	Near Capernaum	10:2-4	3:13-19	6:12-17	
The twelve apostles chosen	Capernaum	8:5-13		7:1-10	
Sermon on the mount		4:24, 25	3:7-12	6:17-19	
Centurion's servant healed	Near Capernaum	5-7		6:20-49	
Widow's son raised	Near Nain			7:11-17	
John the Baptist sends messengers to Jesus	Near Nain	11:2-19		7:18-35	
Jesus dines with Simon; anointed by woman	Galilee			7:36-50	
Second circuit through Galilee	Galilee			8:1-3	
A demoniac healed	Galilee	12:22-37	3:22-30	11:14, 15, 17-23	
Seeking a sign	Galilee	12:38-45		11:16, 24-36	
Lord describes disciples or kinsmen	Galilee	12:46-50	3:31-35	8:19-21	
Parable of sower	Near Capernaum	13:1-13	4:1-25	8:4-15	
Parables to the multitudes	Near Capernaum	13:24-53	4:26-34		
Jesus stills the tempest	Sea of Galilee	8:18, 23-27	4:35-41	8:22-25	
Demoniacs healed; swine destroyed	Gadara	9:1; 8:28-34	5:1-21	8:26-40	

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS50
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.50

CLUB RATE

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

At a temperance rally held at Elk Point, South Dakota, one hundred persons signed the temperance pledge covering the use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as intoxicating drinks.

THE Berrien Springs, Michigan, Missionary Volunteer Society disposed of twenty-five hundred copies of the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. We believe this society stands first in the number circulated.

Eleven Thousand Dollars

SABBATH, May 29, was an exceptionally interesting day at the General Conference. After a stirring discourse by Elder I. H. Evans on the needs of the great mission fields, and the inability of the Mission Board to supply these needs, since its treasury is empty, the people responded by immediately pledging more than eleven thousand dollars to the work of sending the message to foreign lands.

One man gave one thousand dollars, and a number pledged half that amount.

Were each one of us to give as the Lord has blessed us, consuming nothing unnecessarily upon ourselves, the treasury of the Lord would never be in so depleted a condition as it is at the present time. Let us guard our expenditures more jealously lest the Lord be robbed of his offering.

What a Chicago Judge Said

Nor only are the saloons of Chicago responsible for the cost of the police force, the fifteen justice courts, but also the criminal courts, the county jail, a great portion of Joliet prison, the long murder trials, the coroner's office, and the insane asylum; but the gambling houses of the city, and the houses of ill-repute, are the direct outgrowth of drink. The downward career of nearly every one of the fallen women of Chicago can be traced to drunkenness on the part of her parents, or husband, or herself. Of all the boys in the reform school at Pontiac, and in the various reformatories in the city, ninety-five per cent are the children of parents who died through drink, or became criminals through the same cause. Of the demented persons disposed of in this court every Thursday, a moderate estimate is that ninety per cent are alcoholics.

An Acceptable Substitute

At the recent General Conference, held in Takoma Park, D. C., instead of the usual custom of ringing a clanging bell to mark the rising and retiring hours of the camp, a few musical notes were sounded on a cornet. The superiority of this method of signaling can be easily imagined, when it is known that the campers were lulled to sleep by the playing of some appropriate hymn, such as "Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide," the last notes being very soft.

A Helpful Book

"I LIKE stories," said a little fellow to a Sabbath-school reviewer who had just related several incidents that aptly illustrated a point in the lesson. Every other child has the same liking. The wise Sabbath-school teacher will therefore gather anecdotal illustrations from many sources, and use them in his effort to impress upon the mind and heart of his pupils spiritual truths. "The Art of Illustration," by Amos Wells, consists of many apt illustrations, some of which must at times be just what every teacher could use effectively. This book is published by Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago, and can be obtained for one dollar.

How Miss Willard Signed Off

AMONG the underlined passages in my Bible, one is forever associated with Frances E. Willard — Ps. 17: 3: "I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress."

The date, Jan. 2, 1876, marks a day when Miss Kate Jackson, Dr. Louise C. Purington, and I were in close talk with Miss Willard. We three, her friends, were greatly aroused over some act of grave injustice toward her, and were freeing our minds about the offender.

Miss Willard filled the first pause with: "Now, girls, I've been thinking it over, and it isn't the Christian way to air our grievances. I'm going to quit; and in token I'm going to sign off from speaking ill of people, and in my old Bible. I want you to take this pledge with me."

We were in no mood to do this, and stoutly demurred. Miss Willard pleaded the case in her inimitable and unreportable way, until all but one of the three had yielded the point. Then she said, "Well, let's pray about it."

Only those who knew Miss Willard can imagine the skill with which she drove her arrows home, around by heaven.

Lest the obdurate one should still hold out, she finally said, "Now, E——, you pray about it."

There could be but one outcome to such a course. E—— was altogether persuaded — not to promise, but to *purpose* that her mouth should not transgress. Her name went into Frances Willard's Bible with an "I will try" prefixed to it. Said Miss Willard, "I presume E—— will keep the promise best of all of us."

Not so; Frances E. Willard kept that pledge under extreme provocation, better than any one I have ever known. She lived Faber's prayer-hymn: —

"Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth that does not shine."

— Ella G. Ives, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

"MANY a little makes a mickle." — Franklin.