

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow ;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock ;  
But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower.  
Let the dry heat fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up ;  
Let life lightly wear the crown,  
Like a poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew,  
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be  
Kind and patient as a tree,  
Joyfully the crickets croon  
Under shady oak at noon ;  
Beetle, on his mission bent,  
Tarries in that cooling tent.  
Let me, also, cheer a spot, —  
Hidden field or garden grot, —  
Peace where passing souls can rest  
On the way, and be their best.

—Edwin Markham, in *Lutheran Observer*.



## SELECTIONS OF PROSE AND POETRY WORTH READING

### Battle Hymn of the Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored!  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift  
sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling  
camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and  
damps;  
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contempters, so with you my grace  
shall deal:

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with  
his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-  
seat;

O be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

### Over the Hill to the Poorhouse

OVER the hill to the poorhouse, I'm trudgin' my weary  
way—

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—  
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,  
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—I can't make it quite  
clear!

Over the hill to the poorhouse—it seems so horrid queer!  
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,  
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?

Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?

True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,  
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious, an' ready any day,  
To work for a decent livin', and pay my honest way;  
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,  
If anybody only is willin' to have me 'round.

Once I was young and han'some,—I was, upon my soul,—  
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;  
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,  
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,  
But many a house an' home was open then to me;  
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,  
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and  
smart,

But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;  
For life was all before me, an' I was young and strong,  
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard but gay,  
With now and then a baby, for to cheer us on our way;  
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,  
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;  
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've  
done,

Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks  
condemn,

But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!  
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;  
And God, he made that rule of love; but when we're old  
and gray,

I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the  
other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys and girls was  
grown,  
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;  
When John, he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed  
to be,  
The Lord of hosts, he come one day an' took him away  
from me.

Still I was bound to struggle and never to cringe or fall—  
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;  
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word  
or frown,  
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from  
town.

She was somewhat dressy an' hadn't a pleasant smile—  
She was quite conceity and carried a heap o' style;  
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;  
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;  
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things  
too fur;  
An' I tole her once 'fore company (an' it almost made  
her sick),  
That I never swallowed a grammar, or et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—  
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;  
And a very little cottage for one family will do,  
But I never seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please  
her eye,

An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;  
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,  
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,  
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;  
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with chil-  
dren three,

'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,  
For Thomas' buildings'd cover the half of an acre lot;  
But all the childr'n was on me,—I couldn't stand their  
saucy,—

And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to  
boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,  
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles' at  
best;

And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one  
so old,

And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me  
about—

So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart  
out;

But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put  
down,

Till Charley went to the poormaster, an' put me on the  
town.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—my childr'n dear, good-  
by!

Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;  
And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray  
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

—Will M. Carleton.

### Contentment

"LET us learn to be content with what we have.  
Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the  
higher ideals,—a quiet home; vines of our own plant-  
ing; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius;  
a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love  
us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring  
no pain or sorrow; devotion to the right that will  
never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry,  
but full of trust and hope and love,—and to such a  
philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy  
it has."



# The Youth's Instructor

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## YOUTHFUL WITNESSES—No. 6

### The Martyr of the Solway



IN the days when the union of England and Scotland gave the Episcopal Church opportunity to try to force its ways upon the people of Scotland, many signed a solemn covenant that they would be true to their religion and never accept "prelacy." Conventicles, or meetings, were forbidden them, and they were hunted over moor and crag—men, women, and children.

There was living in Glenvernock a man of means, named Wilson, who conformed to the Episcopacy. His children, however, Margaret, aged eighteen, Thomas, sixteen, and Agnes, thirteen, would not attend the Episcopal service, "but fled to the hills, bogs, and caves, though they were yet scarce of the age," says the old Scottish writer, Wodrow, "that made them obnoxious to the law." Young as they were, their parents were forbidden "to harbor them, supply them, or speak to them, or see them." The boy got away to Flanders, across the sea. The two girls were finally seized and condemned to death at Wigtown. The father was allowed to purchase the freedom of Agnes, but Margaret was led out to die along with another Margaret, a M'Lauchlan, aged sixty-three.

They were to be tied to stakes, set in the Wigtown sands, at the mouth of the Solway, so that the rising tide would cover first the elder Margaret, then the younger, except they renounced the Covenanter faith. The story is beautifully told in verse by some anonymous writer, following very minutely the prose accounts:—

#### Scotland's Maiden Martyr

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,  
A crowd of people gathered in the street,  
Aloof a little from them sabers gleamed  
And flashed into their faces: Then the door  
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped  
Into the sunshine of the sweet May noon,  
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,  
A woman full of tears and full of woes;  
The other was a maiden in her morn;  
And they were one in name and one in faith,  
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,  
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street  
The people followed, ever falling back  
As in their faces flashed the naked blades;  
But in the midst the women simply went  
As if they two were walking, side by side,

Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn;  
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,  
But as they went about their daily tasks:  
They went to prison, and they went to death,  
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore  
The troopers halted; all the shining sands  
Lay bare and glistering; for the tide had drawn  
Back to its farthest margin's weedy mark;  
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,  
That seemed to mock the sabers on the shore,  
Drew nearer by a handbreadth. "It will be  
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men,  
As they slack'd rein. The leader of the troops  
Dismounted, and the people, pressing near,  
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath

Renouncing and abjuring part  
with all  
The persecuted, covenanted folk.  
But both refused the oath; "because," they said,  
"Unless with Christ's dear servants  
we have part,  
We have no part with him."

On this they took  
The elder Margaret, and led her out  
Over the sliding sands, the  
weedy sludge,  
The pebbly shoals, far out, and  
fastened her  
Unto the furthest stake, already  
reached  
By every rising wave, and left  
her there:  
And as the waves crept round  
her feet, she prayed  
That He would firm uphold her  
in their midst,  
Who holds them in the hollow  
of his hand.

The tide flowed in. And up and  
down to shore  
There paced the provost, and the  
Laird of Lag,—  
Grim Grierson,—with Windram  
and with Graham;  
And the rude soldiers, jesting  
with coarse oaths,  
As in the midst the maiden  
meekly stood,  
Waiting her doom, delayed, said  
she would turn

"Before the tide, seek refuge in their arms  
From the chill waves." But ever to her lips  
There came the wondrous words of life and peace:  
"If God be for us, who can be against us?"  
"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"  
"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd  
A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry,—  
"O Margaret! my bonnie, bonnie Margaret!  
Gie in, gie in, my bonnie, dinna ye drown,  
Gie in, and tak' the oath."

The tide flowed in;  
And so wore on the sunny afternoon.  
And every fire went out upon the hearth,  
And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.  
And still the tide was flowing in:  
Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,  
They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea,  
Where something white was floating,—something  
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave:  
But as she looked, it sank; then showed again;  
Then disappeared; and round the shore  
And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.



From painting by Sir J. E. Millais

"THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY"



Then Grierson  
 With cursing vowed that he would wait  
 No more; and to the stake the soldier led her  
 Down, and tied her hands; and round her  
 Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for  
 Windram came and eased it while he whispered  
 In her ear, "Come, take the test and ye are free;"  
 And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save  
 The king!" "God save the king, of his great grace,"  
 She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,  
 And drove the people back, and silenced them.  
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,  
 She sang the psalm, "To thee I lift my soul;"  
 [psalm 25].

The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,  
 "To thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.  
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,  
 She sang no more, but lifted up her face;  
 And there was glory over all the sky,  
 And there was glory over all the sea,—  
 A flood of glory,—and the lifted face  
 Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood.  
 Thus Scotland's maiden martyr served her God.

Truly the grace of Christ has sustaining power for those whose trust is in the living God. At the stake, as the poem says, young Margaret read the closing verses of Romans 8. How sweetly must have come the words—"neither death, nor life, . . . nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord"! W. A. SPICER.

### In Prison Thirty-Eight Years

IN the vicinity of the city of Aigues-Mortes lived Marie Durand, her family, and a young man, Matthieu Serre, to whom she was engaged. Aigues-Mortes is situated on the southern coast of France, on the Gulf of Lyons, about four miles from the Mediterranean. The population is about five thousand. It is of great historical interest, and is surrounded by the most perfect old embrasured wall in France, built in the form of a parallelogram. The wall is thirty-six feet high, and is flanked by fifteen massive towers, one of which is the famous round Tower of Constance. This tower is ninety-six feet high and seventy-two feet in diameter, and contains two vaulted superimposed circular chambers used by Louis XIV and Louis XV as prisons for their Protestant subjects of both sexes, who here suffered such cruelties that the Dutch and Swiss governments were roused to interfere in their behalf, and even Frederick the Great is said to have interceded for them, but in vain.

Marie Durand's mother died when Marie was a young child, leaving her and a brother several years older to be brought up in the Protestant faith by their godly father. The son became the minister of a Huguenot congregation in a near-by town.

About the time the daughter Marie was fifteen years of age, persecution broke out afresh, and the king's soldiers arrested, among many others in the town, her father and Matthieu Serre, to whom she was betrothed. The only pretext for their arrest was that Etienne Durand was the father of a Huguenot preacher, and that Matthieu Serre was betrothed to the preacher's sister. These two men, the father and the lover, were dragged away to a prison on an island within sight of the shore. Within a short time she, too, was arrested for the sole crime of being a sister of a Protestant minister, and was sent to the awful Tower of Constance, a young girl only fifteen years old. While in these separated prisons, almost in sight of one another, the father and daughter and the lover were permitted to cor-

respond with one another. Many of the letters have been preserved. They show not only the intensest affection, but the sweetest Christian spirit and endeavor to encourage one another under their trials and to confirm their purpose to stand fast in the faith.

How well this purpose was kept is revealed when we know that to Marie Durand and her many companions in suffering, every week on Thursday the offer of freedom was made. A priest came to the door of the cells and offered liberty to every one who would recant. Very few in the course of years ever embraced the opportunity. Marie traced her answer deep in the stone curb, "Resist." What that meant can be realized when it is known that youth passed, middle age dragged its slow length along, old age and white hair set their seal upon her, and disease racked her frame, but never for thirty-eight years did she change her answer to the weekly invitation, or pass out of the tower; for never would she renounce the Bible as her all-sufficient teacher. There is in existence to-day a list of prisoners at one time in that tower. After each of the thirty-three names is written by their jailer these significant words, "*Sa croyance toujours la même*"—"Her faith always the same." In the course of years her father was released, her lover was released, her brother died a martyr's death, and most of her relatives became refugees in Switzerland. No one of them changed his faith, but all obtained their liberty through the influence and efforts of Protestants in various European countries. But those in the Tower of Constance were firmly held, Marie Durand with them, until the year 1768, when she was permitted to go out from her frightful prison, leaving her name as a synonym of that love and faith in God and his divine Word which is more than conqueror over all the oppressions of men.—*Young People*.

### Mission Work in South Africa

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In response to this command many noble Christian men and women have gone into the darkest wilds of Africa and given their lives to turn the poor benighted people there from heathen darkness to the light of the gospel.

Seventh-day Adventist missions commenced in Matabeland, near Bulawayo, Rhodesia, about fifteen years ago. Brother M. C. Sturdevant is in charge of the mission, and is doing faithful work. Many boys and girls have been converted there, a number of whom are earnest, consistent Christians, living examples of what the gospel can do for the heathen natives of Africa. Cattle disease, drought, and insect pests have made the farm work go hard at times; but God's care has been over the mission, and to-day it has three hundred acres under cultivation, and has a prosperous school at the mission station.

There is a growing desire for education among the natives all over South Africa, and they sometimes come many hundred miles to attend one of our schools.

In Barotseland openings for schools occur as fast as we can fill them. The chiefs are sending in applications for schools to be established in different places.

In Nyassaland, one chief came hundreds of miles to ask our people to open a school near him.

In Kafirland, where for years it seemed almost impossible to awaken an interest in education, there are now as many coming to our school at Maranatha as we can take care of. This is due to the tours made by Elders Hyatt and Armitage with a wagon and a



magic lantern, giving views illustrating Bible scenes. One boy came a long distance to meet the wagon to take him to the school, and waited five days for it.

At Somabula there is a prosperous school, and out-stations are being started. At Kolo, Barotseland, Brother M. E. Emmerson is going all through the country selling our books in the Basuto language, taking his pay in chickens and goat skins. There is an immense field in Africa for missionary work. May the Lord lay the burden on our young people to train for service in this field. J. V. WILLSON.

#### A Few Holds

1. HOLD on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.
2. Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.
3. Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.
4. Hold on to your virtue — it is above all price to you at all times and places.
5. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.
6. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.
7. Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.—*Epworth Herald*.

#### The Road to Knowledge

RECENTLY a young woman confessed to a natural dislike for searching the dictionary to learn the definition and pronunciation of words occurring in her reading. For this reason she had lost much of the author's thought. Now she sees the unfavorable results of not putting forth the necessary effort to consult authorities, and is often obliged to ask for information which might have been hers long ago. The time comes in all our lives when we sorrow over neglected opportunities. Simply because I do not like to do a thing is no reason why it should not be done. The highway of wisdom is reached by the performance of unpleasant and oftentimes burdensome tasks.

A young man was claiming literary attainments for his sister. A hearer said, "I didn't know your sister was well educated." "Yes, sir," said the brother; "she never sits down to read without the dictionary close by." This estimate of the young woman's acquirements was not wholly out of the way; for if not now well educated, she will be sometime if she retains her friendship for the dictionary.

Every family should place the Bible first in the list of books to be read, and then the denominational books. After these, should come books of reference, a dictionary, and encyclopedias. On finding a difficult word or sentence, it is well to formulate a definition or description before referring to authoritative works, and then compare the two, and learn wherein is the difference. Even if altogether wrong, you have gained strength of mentality, and will remember the true much better for having made the mistake. An excellent rule for readers is never to pass a word until its meaning is known.

As you read, observe the construction of sentences, the spelling of words, the punctuation, and capitalization; this habit will form an important part in the foundation of success in future literary work. Let these observations be secondary, however, since the real object to be sought is to make the author's thought your own.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



#### Personal Feeling

"O, it was no matter of principle, you know," answered a lady, when a friend expressed surprise that in aiding to carry out an enterprise in which she was engaged with others, she had accepted plans and associations known to be disagreeable to her. "It was only a little personal feeling of mine, and it was not necessary that it should have the right of way."

The reply revealed a character sweet and strong, trained to reasonableness and unselfishness. With too many the personal feeling is always first, and claims free course whatever may be hindered or pushed aside by it; mood and prejudice, like and dislike, take the right of way and dominate the life.

It is rare self-control when one has learned to govern one's likes and dislikes rather than be governed by them; to say to such feelings, "You may exist, but you shall not rule. Duty, justice, the right of others, shall take precedence always."—*Forward*.

#### Perseverance

THERE was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror, than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone for many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant, that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

"Keeping at it" is the winning quality. How often have we entered upon some new activity with enthusiasm only to drop it after the novelty had worn off. We have not learned to persevere. We can not learn too soon, for stayers are at a premium in the man market. "Well begun is half done" is true if the doer has the staying quality, but too often a young man admires the beginning of his task so much that he forgets to finish it.

"Genius," said Roswell Hitchcock, "is essentially athletic, resolute, aggressive, *persistent*. Possession is grip, that tightens more and more. Ceasing to gain, we begin to lose. Blessed is the man who keeps out of the hospital and holds his place in the ranks. Blessed the man, the last twang of whose bowstring is as sharp as any that went before, sending its arrow as surely to the mark."

Remember to-day, "Ceasing to gain, we begin to lose."  
ERNEST LLOYD.



### The Heart of a Friend

"BROKEN friendship," says a writer in an exchange, "like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show." And it is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world handles the word "friend" lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term which in itself bears a wealth of meaning. Your friend is the one who appreciates you,—your faults as well as your virtues,—who understands and sympathizes with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hopes and disappointments, as no one else does or can. It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be as learned as some, or as wise as others, but it suffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening gives strength and renewed courage. Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friendship. Prize it well. Do all in your power to keep such a friendship unbroken. Avoid the break, for when it comes, it can not be easily mended, and the jarring note mars the harmony of the whole glorious symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal, and the confidence that will not fully come back.—*The Pilgrim*.

### "What Has Come Over Murray?"

MANY persons long to become missionaries for God. Perchance they may even desire to become foreign missionaries, and do some great things for their Master. With these inward longings, it sometimes occurs that instead of finding their way to the desired field, they spend their days in something of a round-and-round routine daily life, more or less monotonous. But notwithstanding all this, they *might* be missionaries for God where he, in his providence, has placed them,—valuable *home* missionaries, despite their environments.

Elder James White used to say, "No Christian should do a second-class job." The importance of this, in a general way, and regarding our own young people in a *special way*, is illustrated by the following suggestive story, by Rev. Charles Stelzle, in the *New York Observer*, under the foregoing title, "What Has Come Over Murray?"

A young fellow came to his pastor and asked, "What Christian work can I do?"

Now, let that minister tell the rest of the story:—

"I said to him, 'What time do you rise in the morning?'"

"'At half-past six,' was the answer.

"'What time do you have breakfast?'"

"'At seven o'clock.'

"'What do you do next?'"

"'Go to the offices, where I work.'

"'What do you do there?'"

"'Work steadily until twelve o'clock.'

"'What do you do then?'"

"'Go to lunch.'

"'What do you do next?'"

"'Work steadily until half-past five or six, and sometimes later.'

"'What do you do next?'"

"'Go to supper.'

"'What do you do next?'"

"'Read the paper, or sometimes go to a concert or a lecture. I am too tired to do much, so I loaf around home generally.'

"'What do you do next?'"

"'Go to bed.'

"'Is that a sample of every day?'"

"'Yes, every day.'

"'When would you do Christian work if I gave you any to do?'"

"'I don't know.'

"'Murray,' I said, 'God has so placed you, so filled your day, that you don't see where you would get time for Christian work; and I don't see. I think God does not mean for you to add any Christian work to your daily burden.' Murray looked at me for a moment, and said, 'I think that's so,' and he rose to go.

"'Wait, Murray,' I said; 'are there other men employed where you are?'"

"'Yes; many,' he answered.

"'How do you do your work,—as well as the rest, or more poorly, or better?'"

"'O, as well as any of them, I think.'

"'Do they know you are a Christian?'"

"'Why, yes; I suppose so.'

"'Do they know you are anxious to do Christian work?'"

"'No, I don't think they do.'

"'See here, Murray, here's Christian work you can do; start to-morrow. Do your work better than you ever did. See what needs to be done as you never did. Help the other fellow who is behind, if you can. Let them all know you are a Christian, not by talking, but by living. Get in a helpful word here and there. Get some fellow to drop his oaths. Get some fellow to drop his beer. Show Christ living in you and controlling you. Preach the gospel among your associates by the best life you can live with God's help. I think that is the Christian work that needs to be done on a large scale. Try it. Will you?' He thanked me, said he had never looked at the question from that view-point before, and went away.

"Six weeks after, I met the superintendent of his department in the offices of the great corporation where he worked. He said, 'Isn't Murray one of your men?'"

"'Yes,' was my reply. 'Why?'"

"'What's come over Murray?' he said.

"'I could only say, 'I don't know. I didn't know anything had come over him.'

"'Well, there has. He's the best clerk in the whole force, and has developed into that in the month past. He's the best influence about the whole place. The men all notice it. There's a different atmosphere in his department. He's a Christian now, sure; quiet, earnest, and full of a spirit that imparts itself to others. Something *has* come over Murray!'"

T. E. BOWEN.

THE river carves a channel to the sea,  
The channel holds the river in its way;  
So habit carves the course of destiny—  
We are to-morrow what we *will* to-day."

LIKE Franklin I am wont to say,  
When meeting idlers by the way,  
"Dost thou love much this life of thine?  
Then do not waste thy precious time,  
For that's the stuff of which life's made."

E. C. JAEGER.





### A Human Alarm-Clock

PROBABLY one of the most curious means in the world of earning a living is that of the window-tapper of Notting Hill, London, who is, figuratively speaking, a human alarm-clock. He is employed by many persons whose business compels them to start work in the early hours of the morning, and his hours are from



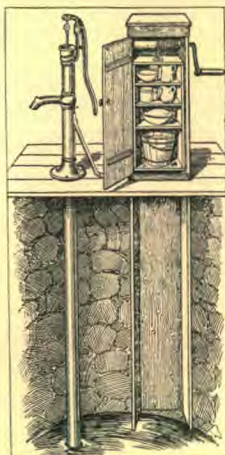
Popular Mechanics

2 A. M. until 8 A. M. He makes his rounds on a tricycle, and he rattles at the windows of his clients with a jointed fishing-rod. His rattle is more persistent than that of an alarm-clock, and will not cease until he is certain that the person in the room is not only awake, but out of bed, thus insuring that he will not go to sleep again. His fee is small, but the total is considerable for a seventy-year-old man to earn.

—*Popular Mechanics.*

### Substituting a Well for a Refrigerator

A COUNTRY place is not always situated where ice can be procured during the summer months, and a substitute refrigerator must be provided. A resident of a country place devised a cooling apparatus, which he placed in his well. The device consisted of a box about one foot square, made of boards having a length to reach almost to the water level and to extend about four feet above the platform of the well. A short box containing several shelves was made to slip easily into the long one, similar to a dumb waiter. This smaller box was lowered and raised with an old-fashioned windlass. The smaller box containing the shelves was filled with things to be kept cool, and the box then lowered to the bottom of the long box or near the water in the well. The rope held the box in this position until the food was wanted, when a few turns of the crank brought the box and its contents to the top within easy reach from the outside.—*J. B. Smith, in Popular Mechanics.*



Popular Mechanics

### Value of Owls and Hawks

DOES it pay the farmers to protect hawks and owls? Any farmer who has studied the habits of these birds will admit that it does, according to J. W. Franzen, of the Minneapolis public library museum, in *Farm, Stock, and Home*. Of all the hawks and owls of eastern North America only the coopers and sharp-shinned hawk and the great-horned owl can be said to be more harmful than useful. Hawks and owls are the natural enemies of gophers, field-mice, and other harmful rodents, which, if left unchecked, would increase in such numbers as to make farming unprofitable, if not impossible. These birds are also great destroyers of grasshoppers, locusts, and other insects. What are farmers doing to protect these birds? As a general rule, they are shot on sight.

In 1885 an act was passed in the State of Pennsylvania known as the Scalp act, a bounty of fifty cents being offered for each hawk and owl killed within the State. The State paid out bounty on over one hundred thousand birds. The farmers were satisfied that the chicken killers were destroyed. About two years later the gophers, field-mice, and noxious insects appeared in such numbers that the farmers were powerless to deal with them. The result of this foolish act was that the farmers suffered a loss of nearly four million dollars in a year and a half. Dr. Fisher, of Washington, has found that ninety per cent of the food of the red-shouldered hawk, commonly called chicken-hawk or hen-hawk, consists of injurious mammals and insects; while two hundred castings of the barn-owl contained the skulls of four hundred fifty-four small mammals, no less than two hundred twenty-five of these being skulls of destructive mice.

No hawk or owl should be killed without being first given a fair trial. It may be only a certain individual that is killing chickens. If this one is found guilty and shot, it will generally be all that is needed. One should not condemn the whole tribe for the wrongdoing of a few. A pair of barn-owls on a farm are equal to half a dozen cats. Encourage the presence of these useful birds on your farm, and you will be well repaid.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

### How to Make a Camp Stove

HERE is a stove for the boys who camp out. It can be lifted on the tip of one's little finger, yet is capable of getting up heat enough in ten minutes to boil the coffee. It will cook a stew, toast bread, broil meat, and fry pancakes. What more could one ask from a stove—especially one that can be lifted with ease on the little finger? It is simply a section of eight-inch stovepipe, ten inches long, with openings cut in opposite sides, one near the bottom, and the other near the top. These openings should be about three inches in diameter, and can be cut out with a cold chisel, or the tinsmith can do it with his shears. The cover is made of a "thimble," such as is used for putting in the opening in a chimney when a stove is taken down for the summer.

A wire is stretched about the piece of stovepipe in two places, and connected by a loop, to make a handle by which the little stove may be lifted or carried when moving camp, if desired. It is on the principle of a "shawl-strap."

Fig. 1 shows the stove with the cover on, and the smoke issuing from the upper opening in the rear.

Fig. 2 shows how the cover is made, and how it is held in place when in position.

Remove the cover and fill with birch bark and chips, then apply the match to the opening in front, at the bottom. When setting up the stove, press the lower edge an inch or so into the ground, to shut off all air except that which enters at the opening, and also to give the stove steadiness. Fig. 3 shows the stove in use. Bread can be toasted

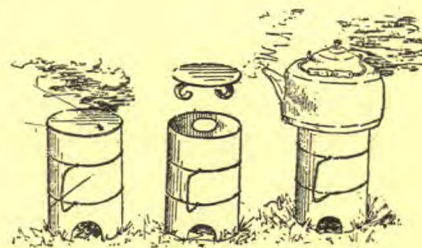


Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.  
Round Table



on top of the cover. When wishing to boil water, or broil meat (the interior being half full of coals for the latter purpose), or make a stew, remove the cover, and set the kettle or frying-pan directly upon the upper edge, over the fire. The writer has proved this to be an exceedingly "smart" little cook-stove, and is quite sure that it will be a real acquisition to a boy's camping-out outfit.

It has the merit of taking but little room, of being exceedingly light, and being capable of "facing" the wind, to secure a draft, no matter from what quarter the wind may blow.—*The Round Table*.

### Giant Radishes and Cabbages

Two new vegetables for the kitchen garden, a giant radish and a cabbage from Brobdingnag, have recently been introduced into this country by our agricultural explorers. They are remarkable not only for size, but for excellence of flavor, and will be welcomed as palatable additions to the American bill of fare.

The radish in question comes from Japan, where it is known as *sakurajima*. It attains a length of two feet or more, and sometimes a circumference equal to that of a man's thigh. Although the seed is not planted until the middle of the summer, the vegetable grows with wonderful rapidity, and early in autumn is ready for the table.

Being so remarkably big, one might imagine that this giant radish must be coarse of texture and crude of flavor, but the very opposite is the fact. Its substance is very tender, and it is sweeter and more agreeable to the taste than the radishes with which we are familiar. One advantage of it is that, starting late in the season, it can be planted after other garden crops are gathered and out of the way — even as late, indeed, as August.

The government plant bureau recommends this vegetable in the highest terms. It ought before long to be in every kitchen garden; and there is no reason why it should not be widely planted, inasmuch as the seeds are already to be obtained from some seedsmen. The huge radish will keep all winter in a cool cellar. It may be cooked like turnips and beets, or cut into little squares or strips, and served just as we ordinarily are accustomed to serve common radishes.

As for the giant cabbage, it comes from China, and is quite as remarkable in its way as the radish. It attains a weight of forty pounds, and possesses so fine a flavor that cabbages of the kinds to which we are accustomed must be regarded as poor things, relatively speaking. This remarkable vegetable from the Flowery Land has a much more delicate taste than ordinary cabbage, with less of the crude "cabbagy" intensity, which many find objectionable.

Another novelty, likewise from China, is a giant persimmon. It represents an entirely new type of the fruit. Four inches in diameter, it is not only seedless, but puckerless, so to speak. One of its peculiarities is a groove that encircles it horizontally. But the absence of the pucker is most important. One can eat it before it is soft — which is not the case with persimmons already familiar to us in this country. Hence it is practicable to ship it to market while it is still hard — a most vital point commercially, of course. Already the scions have been distributed among growers in several of the Southern States, for experimental culture; but this persimmon is so hardy that efforts will be made to produce it as far north as New York and New Jersey.—*René Bache, in Technical World*.



### How to Live a Century

**S**IR JAMES SAWYER, an English physician, has formulated the following eighteen rules for prolonging life to one hundred years:—

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on the right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Do not have your bed against the wall.
5. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
6. Exercise before breakfast.
7. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
8. (For adults.) Drink no milk.
9. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
10. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
11. Daily exercise in the open air.
12. Allow no pet animals in your living-rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
13. Live in the country, if you can.
14. Watch the three D's — drinking water, damp, and drains.
15. Have a change of occupation.
16. Take frequent and short holidays.
17. Limit your ambitions; and
18. Keep your temper.—*Young People's Weekly*.

### Is Your Water-Supply Pure?

Most communicable, or "contagious," or epidemic diseases are filth diseases; that is, they are transmitted from the ill to the healthy because somebody is unclean.

Only recently Dr. Vaughan, of the Michigan University, made the statement that when a person dies of tuberculosis, somebody is guilty of manslaughter. That may be rather a hard saying; but it is quite true that for every one who contracts tuberculosis of the lungs some one has been careless in the disposal of his sputum or other discharges.

Every new case of typhoid fever means that some one who has had the disease has not been careful to disinfect his discharges. The same may be said in regard to dysentery and other diseases.

In some of these diseases, not only the person who now has the disease, but also those who have had it at some former time may be able to transmit it to others. A person who has had so mild an attack of typhoid that it was not recognized as such at the time, may yet harbor typhoid germs, which are given off with the discharges.

This will demonstrate the extreme importance of having drinking water that is not contaminated by outhouses, or river water that is not contaminated by sewers or outhouses high up the stream.

Many persons have typhoid fever in the fall, shortly after returning to the city from a summer vacation. Perhaps they have camped on some small stream that was contaminated farther up, or perhaps they have taken water from a well located too near the closet.

Not infrequently typhoid is transmitted through the



milk. This can be caused by flies, as stated in the previous article, or by washing the vessels with contaminated water. Sometimes a typhoid epidemic involving dozens or scores of persons is traced to a dairy where one of the milkmen is a typhoid "carrier;" that is, he has had typhoid fever, and the germs are still present in his body, and are thrown out with the discharges.

Another cause of typhoid transmission, more common where there are foreign gardeners, especially Asiatics, is the filthy practise of sprinkling the vegetables with a liquid fertilizer made from human discharges. If such vegetables are eaten raw, with only the ordinary washing, they may thus transmit dangerous disease. In China one of the most prevalent intestinal diseases is spread very largely in this way.

A way to prevent the transmission of these diseases, is to boil all water and milk and to cook all vegetables. It is better, of course, to obtain water and milk that are above suspicion of any such contamination. As boiling renders milk less digestible and less nutritious, it is better to Pasteurize it; that is, to heat it to just short of boiling for, say, ten minutes.

If one does not know how his vegetables are fertilized, it is not entirely safe to eat them raw.

A little care in such matters might prevent many cases of typhoid fever, dysentery, and other diseases.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

### How an Eskimo Left off Tobacco

DR. A. W. NEWHALL, of Stoneham, Massachusetts, formerly a missionary in the island of Unalaska, tells the following incident:—

"I once asked Adloot, an Eskimo boy staying at our home in Unalaska, how it was that he did not use tobacco when so many of his people did use it. His reply was as follows: 'When I am little boy, about four or five years old, I use tobacco, and like it very much. By and by God speaks to me in the skin canoe, out on Bering Sea in a storm, and I know God saves me. But do you think I give up tobacco then? O, no! I love God, I love tobacco, I love them both. No one tells me tobacco is no good, and that it will hurt me. I use it for two or three years, and one day when walking down by the beach, something seems to speak to me inside, just the same as in the canoe when God speaks to me, and it says, "What for do you use tobacco?" I stop and think, and then I say, I don't know. Then I walk along a little way, and again the voice speaks to me and says, "What good is that stuff anyway?" I think a little bit, and then I say, No good, I guess. Then I walks on, and the third time the voice speaks to me and says, "Why don't you quit?" And I quit, and never use that tobacco again. Now I am poor Eskimo boy, and no missionary or teacher to tell me what is right, and so God tells me himself.'"—Selected.

### A Strong Testimony

[The following article on the deleterious effect of tobacco on the human system appeared in a recent number of the *Washington Herald*.—EDITOR.]

So long as money is of more consequence than men, it is little use to spread ink or expend breath against tobacco, rum, or gambling, or against anything that produces dollars, clean or tainted.

The tobacco trade, I presume, in all its branches produces as much as one billion dollars in our country annually, or more than does the rum trade, and to

cut it out of our commerce would hurt many pockets and badly decrease the government income. Rum and tobacco together produce a pretty large part of the money for running the government. To cut the two items out would mean almost ruination for the government and starvation for our biggest and proudest cities. Of course, we can not cut them out. We must



look at it the way we used to at the army mules: "Mules cost

money, but men can be had for nothing; therefore, take care of the mules." Take care of trade for the dollars. Men don't count in modern economy.

As to whether the tobacco habit, chewing or smoking, is injurious or not, needs no argument aside from tangible facts and multitudes of affirmative incidents. My own experience of thirty years, with fourteen years of nicotine blindness, is conclusive to me. I broke off the habit six years ago, and my flesh came back with sight as perfect as in boyhood. A friend proposed to break off the habit with me, but he only held out part of one day. He used it to excess, and said he knew it was injuring him. He could not break off the habit. Now he is hopelessly insane in an insane asylum. Another friend saturated himself with nicotine, swallowed Paris green, and died at less than middle age. Still another young man used tobacco night and day, and to get away from his misery swallowed poison in the presence of his mother, and lay down on her sofa and died. All these cases were a few of many in a space of a mile or two in the heart of what is supposed to be about the center of Christian civilization in America.—Orville H. Kimball.

### Aid in the Burden-Bearing

WE are told that this traffic should aid in bearing the burdens of its own ravages. How can it do this? How can it bear the burdens of the father and the mother when the son is brought home drunk or stabbed or shot, or worse still, himself a murderer? How can it bear the burdens of the wife when her husband, who at the altar plighted the sacred vows that made them one, has become cruel, sodden, and imbruted, and in whom every tender word, look, and act has been effaced? How can it bear the burdens of these stricken ones? "O," exclaims the high taxist, "that is sentiment." It is not sentiment. It is relentless, cruel, awful truth. "Well," says another, "the license builds and maintains asylums and infirmaries." Yes, and it fills them, too. But where is burden-bearing in it? There is not much comfort to the wife whose husband has been slain by bandits to know that his executioners saved any doctor's bills and paid funeral expenses. Nor does it comfort the friends of the insane, who were made so by drink, to know that the state, which has taken the victim's money in a form of revenue, pays back a part of it in looking after his wrecked life. But even arguing from the cold-blooded dollars-and-cents proposition, it does not bear one quarter of the burden it creates.—P. A. Baker.

NEVER try to save out of God's cause; such money will canker the rest. Giving to God is no loss; it is putting your substance in the best bank. Giving is true having, as the old gravestone said of the dead man: "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have."—C. H. Spurgeon.





# • CHILDREN'S • PAGE •



## From a Fijian Boy



HE following is a translation of an article written by a member of the Bible class in the Buresala School, Fiji. Livai (Levi), the writer, is about sixteen years of age; his parents are not in the truth:—

### The Tithe

"One is my question, Is it told in the Bible that the tithe is done away with? I am always hearing people say that it is, or that its time is now ended. Certainly not! The Bible says, Let us give a tithe of all our things. Lev. 27:30-32.

"It is true that the priests in that time did not possess any land: their portion was the tithe. Num. 18:20-24. What about the present time? It is also true that Jesus is our High Priest. Yes, and he has helpers in this earth; they are the ministers, therefore it is right to give for them the tithe. 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.

"Abraham paid tithe, and he lived four hundred years before the time of Moses. Abraham gave tithe to Melchizedek, the priest, and also taught his children to give their tithe. Now if we are the children of Abraham, let us follow his example. John 8:39.

"It is very plain to us all that all things in heaven and earth are the Lord's. Ps. 50:10-12. Do we then own this earth?—Certainly not.

"We are only servants of Jesus. Matt. 25:14. Whose, then, is the tithe?—The Lord's. Then it is very plain that if we do not give the tithe, we are stealing. Mal. 3:8. But if we give the tithe, it is also plain that we show our faith in the things the Lord has appointed. As it says in Proverbs, 'Honor the Lord with thy substance.'

"It is true that I am a child of Fiji, and one thing I am constantly seeing in the other churches is that when they make their offerings or gifts, they ring a bell or blow a trumpet before the people. I would like to know where they get this teaching. It is like those people we read about in Matt. 6:1-4. A very good thing to do is to search the Word of God to see what it says; for there we are told that those who are faithful in paying the tithe the Lord will greatly bless.

"I am,

"LEVI,

"Your obedient child."

## The Little Foundling, or Miss Hicks's Baby

### A True Story

RUTH HICKS was a veritable flesh-and-blood baby, and not a make-believe one like those we find in the stories of so many people. Her own mama left her at a boarding-house in Chicago, and never went back.

The boarding-house people had too much to do to take care of such a tiny girl, so they sent her to the Foundling's Home, and there Miss Eva Hicks found her. Miss Eva wanted a baby for her very own. She had come to the home on purpose to get one. She walked all around among the cribs until she came to the one where little Ruth was lying. Ruth saw her, and looked up with a pathetic little smile that went straight to Miss Eva's heart, and picking her up, she said, "This is the baby I want!" Carrying her off to Urbana, Illinois, she had her legally adopted under the name of Ruth. She gave her that name, she said, because she hoped she would sometime be to her what Ruth, the Moabitess, was to Naomi.

The mother of Miss Hicks had died when she was five years old, and she had been brought up by strangers. Becoming a Christian in her early youth, she began at once to do little things for Jesus, and

having confided to her foster-parents her desire to fit herself for some kind of missionary work, she was sent to Washington city and educated for a "deaconess," the duty of a deaconess being to assist a minister in his work, to visit the sick, teach the children about Jesus, and be helpful in many other ways. When Miss Hicks took little Ruth, she had been a deaconess twelve years.

With other workers

she had been down into the slums of the great cities of Kansas and Missouri, and had helped to rescue many a dear boy and girl from the clutches of Satan. At Urbana, she was in "The Deaconesses' Orphanage," taking care of the babies. She loved the babies, and that is how she came to take Ruth.

She was receiving but eight dollars a month for her work. Her friends said, "Eva, you can never keep yourself and a baby on ninety-six dollars a year. You have no home; let people who have homes take the children."

But Miss Hicks did not listen. She said, "I will take the baby on faith, and God will help me care for it." Ruth was a puny, sickly child, but soon grew well and strong, and with her rosy cheeks and dancing curls was the prettiest child in the home.

The other babies were Paul, Eugene, Clara, Neva, and Mary. Ruth was fond of them all, but she liked Paul the best. Everywhere Paul and Ruth went hand in hand together. When bedtime came, she would kneel with the others, and listen, while they said their prayers, then, after saying hers, she would get each baby's chair, and put its clothes thereon as carefully as Miss Hicks could have done it herself, though she was not quite two and one-half years old. Then she would undress, and having cuddled down in her little



A FAMILY GO-CART



crib, her foster-mama would kiss them all good-night.

About this time Miss Hicks was offered the position of manager in the Depew Mission School of Los Angeles, California, where much better wages were paid than at Urbana.

"I told you the Lord would help me take care of my baby!" she said, and accepted the offer. Taking little Ruth with her, she was soon established in her new home. It was full of orphaned and deserted Mexican girls. It had been built purposely for these. When they came into the school, they knew nothing of Jesus, except as in the form of an image in the Roman Catholic Church. Not one of them had ever seen a Bible. They did not know what kind of book it was. The mission workers were to teach them; for the school had been built that these girls might learn the precious truths of the gospel, and also that they might be instructed in all manner of household tasks.

Little Ruth was afraid at first. She had never before seen such dark-skinned girls. In time she got over her fear and was as kind and faithful as she had been at Urbana. Whenever she learned a Bible verse or a little hymn, she would go round repeating it to them. She would sing for them and say her prayers with them, just like a little missionary, and that, I think, is just what Miss Hicks wants her to be.

She is a wonderful child, and every one in the Depew Home loves her—the fairy, four-year-old Ruth Hicks.

Her foster-mama wants to educate her, so she can be an efficient worker for God in saving the little ones who have been deserted like herself.

Ruth does not know what became of her father; no one knows. She does not know whether her mother is living or dead, but, forsaken of father and mother, the Lord took her up, and has been her Father; he has given her the best of mothers, and is drawing her day by day close to himself. We can but feel that he has some great and blessed work for this little child to do, and that in his own good time she will do it.

You will hear more sometime about Miss Hicks's baby.

ROXANA WINCE.

### A Man Who Learned to Smile

ROBERT WATSON, the president of the Endeavor Society in Beckley, was a bright and popular young fellow, who tried to rule his life by the Scripture motto, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." But like many other busy business men, he found little time for those fine ministries of life which fill in the chinks and crevices of the great whole of duty. He was godly in the larger, wholesale sense, but he did not master the secret of minor ministry to men in a retail way, until he had an experience with the "Man Who Never Smiled."

It happened that Watson had business every now and then in a tailor shop in an Eastern city. Happening to talk with the proprietor, Israel Jacobson, now over this and again over that other piece of work, he noticed a sallow-faced journeyman tailor sewing away at a bench in the shop, who seemed to be a kind of persistent pessimist. Though Watson nodded to him pleasantly whenever he entered, the man never once smiled in return. This little experience somehow occurred to Watson's mind when the Endeavors one Sunday evening were discussing the topic "Scattering Sunshine," and he used it as an illustration of what he called "the impenetrability of some people to kindness."

The phrase seemed to Watson a very fine one, until his pastor, who had had a great deal more experience of the world, said to him after the meeting: "Robert, that man must learn to smile!"

"But how can I get him to do so?" inquired Watson.

"You must first of all learn his secret," was the wise old clergyman's rejoinder.

Robert Watson, off and on in the intervals of his work the next week, kept thinking of his pastor's remark. The thought kept coming to him, You have a duty to that poor tailor. Accordingly not long after, he made an errand to Jacobson's shop, and found his helper out. That gave Watson an opportunity for a talk. First of all, he asked the name of the smileless man.

"His name is Ignatieff Sabakoff," said Jacobson.

"Why, that sounds like a Russian name!" exclaimed Watson.

"Just so," said Jacobson, "the man is a Russian Jew." And then the proprietor of the shop, while busy Watson took time to hear the tale, outlined the life history of the man, which was that Sabakoff, born of poor and irreligious parents, had been exposed from the first to neglect, shame, and hard buffeting. He had never smiled because he had never known anything to smile at. As he grew older, hard work was imposed in addition to the hard blows. When at last he had managed to get a little ahead to marry, and to house his family in a miserable house in Kieff, the Russian "Christians" of the neighborhood, swallowing a lot of vodka, preparatory to their celebration of one of the chief festivals of the Greek Church, emphasized their profound interest in the advent of the Prince of Peace by starting a general massacre of the Jews who "did not believe in him." Sabakoff, with hundreds of others, was beaten into unconsciousness, and when he came to in a corner of the street, he staggered home to find his family, all but two crying children, wiped out by the Christmas celebration.

Dejected and embittered, the poor man came to America, and after a while found work in Jacobson's tailoring establishment, where Watson encountered him. It was therefore no wonder that the gay and debonair young American business man, to whom life looked so fair, thought it strange that the toiling tailor did not manifest great joy at his greeting, and it was not inexplicable that the broken-hearted Russian exile saw no particular reason why he should be glad for a stranger's benefit.

But Watson had the right stuff in him, and he resolved then and there that Sabakoff should smile. Calling soon again at the shop, he came up to the man, laid his hand on his shoulder, took him by the right hand, and like a modern Peter, lifted him up. There was something then in Robert Watson's tear-dimmed eyes that could be read and appreciated by the sad exile. The revelation that flashed as by a kind of spiritual telephony between the two hearts—the one so full, the other so empty, and shall we say faithless?—was that of brotherhood.

The next Sunday evening Watson called together the Sunshine Committee of the Endeavor Society, and told them the case of Sabakoff so far as he knew it, remarking, when he concluded the story, "Now, that's a bit of 'cheering-up' business that we ought to be doing." It was then and there agreed to learn more of the outcast Russian's life history, and to try to bring back the sunshine into his clouded life. Going to his

(Concluded on page fifteen)





M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

## Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

### African Slavery and the Slave-Trade

#### Slavery in Europe

SLAVERY is an ancient institution. From the dawn of history it was common to enslave captives taken in war, or debtors who were unable to pay their creditors. These slaves were usually of the same race as their masters, and were often better educated and more cultured.

With the advent of Christianity, slavery began to wane, and in the conquest of Rome by the Germanic races it was almost, if not quite, stamped out of Europe. These hardy barbarians had known nothing of slavery in their native woods, and their only acquaintance with it was by their friends and brothers who were so unfortunate as to be conquered by some Roman general, and sold into hateful bondage. No wonder that with their conquest they brought the institution to an end.

When Columbus was born, there was not an African slave in all the Christian countries of Europe, though in many places the white peasantry had become little better than serfs. In the wars with the Mohammedan nations, however, it was not uncommon for Christian captives to be sold into slavery, and in retaliation the nations of Europe treated many of their captives but little better. In fact, it was the wars with the Moors that introduced negro slavery to the European world. In 1442 the Portuguese, who were at war with the Moors of northern Africa, arranged to exchange some Moorish prisoners. Anton Gonsalves effected the exchange, and received from the Moors, as an additional ransom, a quantity of gold-dust and ten negro slaves. These were the first negro slaves in modern Europe.

Once introduced, other importations soon followed; and by the time America was discovered, negro slaves were not uncommon in both Portugal and Spain; but the institution never became popular in Europe. Peasant labor was too cheap to make slavery attractive. It was in the American colonies that men saw the opportunity to become rich by working hordes of bondmen.

#### Slavery in America

With their first colony the Spanish began enslaving the Indians; but their frailty and their natural aversion to hard physical labor, combined with the harshness and cruelty of their lords, caused them to die off like flies. The native population of Hispaniola (the first Spanish colony of importance) was reduced by more than half during the first few years of Spanish occupation. In order to replenish the ranks of laborers thinned by the death of the Indians, negroes were introduced.

In 1503 Ovando petitioned the king of Spain to allow him to import Christian negro slaves from Spain; and, in 1517, King Charles granted some of his favorites the privilege of supplying four thousand Africans annually to the Spanish colonies. These were secured from the Portuguese from the territories they had discovered on the coast of Guinea, Spain being forbidden by the pope to touch on African soil.

These captives proved profitable workmen, and the demand was soon much greater than the supply, and other nations took up the business of capturing African negroes, and selling them as slaves in the Spanish colonies. John Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage in the trade. He sold his first cargo in 1562; and as a reward for introducing so profitable a business to the English merchants, was made a knight and given a title. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and France were not slow to take up a business offering so great profit; and an almost incredible number of Africans were poured into the American tropics. English sailors alone sold three hundred thousand negroes in American markets between 1680 and 1700. So important did the business become, that the right of supplying slaves to the Spanish colonies became a matter of international politics, the treaty of Utrecht (1713) giving the English a monopoly of this privilege for thirty years, and a revocation of this privilege by Spain some years later was the principal cause of the war between her and England in 1739.

As is commonly known, negro slavery was introduced into the English colonies in America in 1620; and so rapidly did it spread, that by 1790 Virginia alone had two hundred thousand slaves. For over one hundred years the English colonies in America (West Indian colonies included) imported an average of twenty thousand negroes annually. Nor was England worse than the other European nations in this respect. In the year 1790 alone, the Portuguese sold ten thousand native Africans, the Danes two thousand, the Dutch four thousand, and the French twenty thousand, while the English imported the enormous number of thirty-eight thousand. And when one considers that this represents little more than half of the natives that were stolen from their homes, the others dying before reaching America, one can see the enormity of the crime. In colonial times there were none of the States that did not have negro slavery.

#### Abolition of the Slave-Trade

With the organization of the Quaker Church, slavery met its death-blow. They had no more than become a real factor in English society when, in 1671, they began agitating against the slave-trade, and in 1761 they made the owning or dealing in slaves a test of church fellowship. The American Quakers led in this, setting free all slaves held by them in the three Quaker States. In 1870 they emancipated one thousand one hundred slaves at one monthly meeting, and soon after that there was not a slave-holding Quaker in America. Ever after that, they were the most active in assisting slaves to escape from their masters.

Powerful as the influence of this agitation was, it would probably not have succeeded in its mission had not Cambridge University offered a prize for the best essay on the slave-trade. Thomas Clarkson won the prize; and the facts he learned in collecting material for it so moved him that he determined to devote his life to overthrowing the system. Being talented and having the backing of the university authorities, his work had a telling effect. After much agitation and several unsuccessful attempts, Parliament abolished the slave-trade in 1807. No sooner did England take this step, than she became the great apostle of negro freedom. Stringent laws were passed, and every effort was put forth to enforce them.

Agitation against the slave-trade began in France in 1788. During the struggle much blood was shed, especially in the French colonies in the West Indies. Toussaint L' Ouverture (one of the noblest men ever



produced by the negro race) led the struggle that resulted in practically ending slavery in French America. Napoleon's wars so undid French shipping that the trade at home practically died out, though it was not legally forbidden until 1815.

There had been for many years in the American colonies a strong sentiment against slavery. Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, and other prominent politicians took active measures against it, even organizing abolition societies. When the Constitution was being framed, the only thing that prevented a clause being inserted providing for abolition was the fear that it would prevent the adoption of the Constitution. But inasmuch as slavery was rapidly dying out in most places, it was hoped that by preventing fresh importations, the institution would die out of itself.

The Portuguese, the nation to which belongs the infamy of beginning the slave-trade, were the last to abolish it; and then it was only after considerable pressure had been brought to bear on that nation by England, which finally agreed to pay the Portuguese government three hundred thousand dollars if she would abolish the business.

Though the importation of slaves had been abolished throughout the civilized world, many of the countries still held the slaves already in their borders. England also led in the freeing of these slaves. After much discussion of ways and means, and much agitation by those who looked on the institution as criminal, Parliament voted to pay the holders the sum of twenty million pounds (one hundred million dollars) for their slaves and set them free in 1833, with the provision that they be apprenticed for a period of seven years, working three fourths of the day in learning their trade, and the other fourth for their support. Children under six were free at once, with proper provision for their education. Seeing the rapid progress made by the freedmen, their apprenticeship was cut short two years.

The French emancipated their slaves in 1848, without any provision for their future. In 1858 the Portuguese provided for their slaves to become free after twenty years of tutorship, with the further provision that all men over sixty years old become free at once. The Dutch set their slaves free unconditionally in 1863; while Spain and Brazil held slaves until long after the close of our Civil War, Spain freeing hers in 1880, and Brazil following eight years later.

Until the invention of the cotton-gin, slavery in the United States was creating but little excitement, as its borders were felt to be gradually narrowing; but when cotton could be ginned by machinery, the question took on a new phase. The demand for laborers in the cotton-growing States became enormous, and naturally the price of slaves raised enormously. With this another side of the slavery question presented itself. For instance, in Virginia slave labor had long ceased to be especially profitable; but the raising of slaves for the Southern market now became very profitable. Nor was this confined to Virginia alone; but the other border States entered readily into the same business. In 1836 Thomas Jefferson Randolph said, on the floor of the Virginia Legislature, that the State had become "one grand menagerie, where men are reared for the market like oxen for the shambles." This was not very much overdrawn, for in that year alone twenty-four million dollars was received by her citizens for negroes sold into the South.

Deep-seated as the institution was in America, and tenaciously as it was clung to by many of her citizens,

she was not to be severely criticized by her sister nations, for they had all been in the same business; and the larger numbers here were merely due to the larger acreage where their labor had proved profitable.

What has been in the past we can not help now, and it ill becomes us to sit down and criticize. We have millions of freedmen in our country, set free without any provision for their future. Our business is to do for them as becometh a brother.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

### The Books of the Bible

MOST of us doubtless have sometime endeavored to memorize the names of the books of the Bible; but it may be that not all have persisted to the point of complete success. A little attention to the classification of the books may aid in this undertaking, and it is also worth while apart therefrom.

The books are grouped with regard to the class of literature to which they belong; as, history, poetry, and prophecy. Thus, those from Genesis to Esther, inclusive, are chiefly historical, though containing some biography, poetry, and prophecy. After Esther are the poetical books,—Job, Psalms, Proverbs, and Solomon's Songs. The placing of Ecclesiastes among these is probably due to the fact that its authorship is the same as the last two. For a similar reason, another poetical book — Lamentations — follows Jeremiah's prophecies.

Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel are known as the greater prophets, because of the size of those books. The thirteen "minor prophets" complete the Old Testament canon. Though each of the prophetic books bears the name of the prophet whose utterances it contains, the nomenclature of the historic books of the Old Testament is not based on authorship, except in the case of Ezra and Nehemiah.

The first five books,—sometimes called the Pentateuch, meaning five books,—though commonly designated as the books of Moses, evidently were not written wholly by him, as the last of the five records his death. The specific names of these are very pertinent: Genesis, meaning beginning; Exodus, going out; Leviticus, pertaining to Levi or the Levitical system; Numbers, referring to the numbering of the Israelites; Deuteronomy, the second giving of the law.

Of the New Testament books, the first five may reasonably be termed historical, albeit they consist of much else than history. (The reader will recall that the Gospels contain several psalms which are not in the book of Psalms.) Acts—written by Luke—is the only New Testament book that does not include in its title the name of its author; though Paul's letters and The Revelation are not usually designated by their full titles. While each of Paul's letters bears also the name of the person or church to whom it is addressed, the letters of James, Peter, John, and Jude are named for the writers only.

Supposedly none of us are ever guilty of the common error of referring to the epistles of Timothy, Titus, and Philemon; nor of mispronouncing that last name, which has the accent on the second syllable.

The books of the Bible are in general arranged chronologically, within each separate group, though this is not the case with the epistles. Many scholars believe that Job is the oldest book in the Bible; and the writings of John are doubtless the latest, though The Revelation was perhaps written earlier than his Gospel and epistles.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.





## V — The Sermon on the Mount (Continued); Magnifying the Law

(July 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5:17-26, 33-48.

PARALLEL TEXTS: Luke 6:27-36; 16:17.

MEMORY VERSE: "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Matt. 5:44.

### The Lesson Story

1. As Jesus continued his sermon on the mount, there were those listening who thought he was speaking against the law of God; but this he could never do, for of him it is written, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart."

2. Jesus read the thoughts of his hearers, so he said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily [or truly] I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, until all be fulfilled." (Read note two, in "Youth's Lesson.")

3. To make his statement still stronger, Jesus said, "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The Pharisees appeared righteous to men, but their hearts were full of hypocrisy and sin.

4. Of the Saviour it is written: "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honorable." To magnify is to make an object appear larger, so in magnifying the law Jesus gave the commandments a broader meaning than men had ever thought of doing. He said: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca [that is, Vain fellow], shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." He also taught that if one has anything against us, we should first be reconciled to him, then we should come to worship God and bring our gifts.

5. Jesus afterward spoke of the sin of swearing and said: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

6. At another time Jesus said: "But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

7. Continuing his sermon on the mount, Jesus said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain [two]. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

8. Jesus went on to say: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

9. "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

### Questions

1. What did some think as they listened to the teaching of Jesus? What did he delight to do? Ps. 40:8. Where did he keep God's law? Where must we keep it if we keep it at all? Could Jesus speak against the commandments if they were in his heart?

2. What did he tell the people not to think? What did he say he had not come to do? What was his mission? What is meant by "fulfil"? See Matt. 3:15. What did he say about God's law passing away? What is a "jot"? What is a "tittle"? Give his thought in other words. Matt. 5:17, 18.

3. What did Jesus say of those who break the commandments and teach others to do so? What did he say of those who do and teach the law of God? Whose righteousness should ours exceed? If our righteousness is not different from theirs, what place can we never enter? Matt. 5:19, 20. What fault did Jesus find with the religion of the Pharisees? Matt. 23:28.

4. What did the prophet say Jesus would do with the law of God? Isa. 42:21. What is the meaning of "magnify"? Tell how Jesus magnified the sixth commandment. What should we do when others have aught against us? Matt. 5:21-25.

5. Of what sin did Jesus afterward speak? What did he say we should not do at all? How did he illustrate the irreverence of such speech? What words will be sufficient for the Christian? What did Jesus say about all needless expressions? Matt. 5:33-37.

6. At another time, what did Jesus say about idle words? How shall we be justified or condemned? Matt. 12:36, 37.

7. What saying had the people heard? What did he say we should not resist? What is meant by "resist"? If we are struck on the cheek, what are we to do? What further instruction did Jesus give? Matt. 5:38-42.

8. Whom had the people been taught to hate? How did he say we should feel toward our enemies? How should we treat those who hate us? What should we do to those who abuse us? For whom should we pray? Matt. 5:43, 44.

9. If we do all that Jesus commands, whose children will we be? What blessings come alike to the



good and to the evil? In what way should we be different from others? To what standard should we attain? Matt. 5:45-48.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### V — The Sermon on the Mount (Continued); Magnifying the Law

(July 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5:17-48.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Luke 6:27-36; 16:17.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 31; "Mount of Blessing," pages 77-121.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 5:44.

#### Questions

1. By what positive declaration did Jesus show his harmony with all God's past revelation? What did he say he would not do? What was his purpose? Matt. 5:17. Compare Isa. 42:21; note 1.
2. By what words does he show the immutability and perpetuity of the law? Matt. 5:18; note 2.
3. How does he express the importance of obeying and teaching the law of God? Verse 19; note 3.
4. In what emphatic way does Jesus show that more than outward observance of the law is required? Verse 20.
5. How did Jesus magnify the law? Verses 21, 22; note 4.
6. How should we treat a brother whom we have offended? Verses 23, 24.
7. What is our duty toward one who has something against us? Verses 25, 26. See "Mount of Blessing," pages 89, 90.
8. How far reaching is the seventh commandment? Verses 27, 28. Compare Ps. 119:96.
9. What illustration is given of the hatred which should exist in our hearts against sin? Verses 29, 30.
10. What instruction does Jesus give concerning divorce? Verses 31, 32.
11. What is said of swearing, or oath taking not required by proper legal authority? Verses 33-36; note 5.
12. What simple manner of speech becomes the believer? Verse 37; note 6.
13. How did our Lord show that laws necessary in a civil or earthly kingdom, could not bear sway in individual Christian experience? Verses 38-42.
14. What should be the attitude of a Christian toward his enemies? Verses 43, 44.
15. Why should we so treat them? What does the Lord do to those who do not serve him? Verse 45.
16. Is there any special reward to those who love only those who are kind to them? Verses 46, 47.
17. What high standard is placed before us? Verse 48.

#### Notes

1. Taken in its broadest sense, the expression, "the law and the prophets," includes all the Old Testament Scriptures, and must, therefore, include the ten commandments, which are the sum of all moral requirements.
2. A "jot" (the Hebrew letter *yod*, answering to our letter *i*) is the smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet. A "tittle" is a distinguishing point of a letter, which serves to distinguish one letter from another, as the difference between our capital *E* and *F*. Some He-

brew letters are much more alike, and the absence or presence of the distinguishing point would make great difference in the meaning. God's law could not be changed in one jot or tittle till heaven and earth should pass away; and "the earth abideth forever."

3. The idea is not that those who break the law shall be least in the kingdom of heaven; but that the judgment of the kingdom of heaven will call, or count, those characters who break God's law and teach men to do so as the least of all, "of no esteem in the kingdom of heaven." They will have no part there.

4. Not "by them of old time," but as in the margin and in the American Revised Version, "to them of old time."

5. "Jesus himself, at his trial before the Sanhedrin, did not refuse to testify under oath. . . . If there is any who can consistently testify under oath, it is the Christian."—"Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," page 100.

6. The context shows the admonition to be against unnecessary oaths.

### A Man Who Learned to Smile

(Concluded from page eleven)

lodging, now two and again three at a time, it was found that the poor father was grieving his heart away over the lack of proper oversight of his two little girls when he was away at the shop, while he kept thinking sorrowfully of his bright boy who had disappeared at the time of the massacre in Russia, probably slain with the other children who furnished the material for that advent "slaughter of the innocent."

"Now, our 'Endeavor' must mean something in this case," said Watson, and as a result of the united and earnest efforts of the Sunshine Committee, of which he was the head, the despondent tailor was loaned an amount sufficient to enable him to set up a shop of his own, and eventually to marry again, finding in a respectable countrywoman a mother and protector for his girls.

The children were given a few weeks' sojourn in the country, a number of coveted books that Sabakoff was too poor to buy were purchased for him, and other kindnesses, including the gift from time to time of fresh flowers, were shown this stranger in a strange land. One by one the lines of care began to disappear from his face, but the crowning joy came when one day a member of the Sunshine Committee, feeling now an interest in all Russian Jews, spied in one of the public schools a boy with a face strangely resembling that of Sabakoff. A few quick questions followed, and enough was learned of the boy's history to warrant his being taken one evening to Sabakoff's lodgings. The whole committee went along to see what would happen. When the little fellow was brought into the room, it took but a glance or two to reveal to the father his boy, thought to be lost, and to persuade the boy that he had found a real parent. The joyous laughter that rang out through the narrow entry was enough to gladden the hearts of the Sunshiners for years thereafter. At last Ignatieff Sabakoff had learned to smile. And better than that, Jew that he was, he had gained a deep impression of what Christianity was really meant from the first to mean, and he felt his heart warm with a new, strange feeling of interest in the Jesus of Nazareth whom his race, centuries ago in Judea, nailed to a cruel cross, but who now and ever is a sympathizer with suffering men.—C. A. S. Dwight, in *Young People*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Beware of the Crevasse

A STRANGE and terrible thing happened not long ago on a glacier in the Austrian Alps. At the lower end of the great river of flowing ice, men saw, sticking out of the melting mass, the bones of a human foot. The whole body was back of them, of course, and it was dug out, though with the greatest difficulty.

Then it was found to be the body of a guide named Untenstein, who had disappeared from Grossvenediger thirteen years before, and nothing had been heard from him afterward.

This is what had happened: In these vast ice-fields, as they slowly move down the mountainside, immense fissures form. They are called by the French name, *crevasse*. They are formed when the ice bends over a curve in its bed, or turns a corner, or when parts of the ice move faster than other parts. Sometimes they are only a few feet deep; sometimes a hundred feet or more. Very often the opening at the top is narrow, and masked with snow.

Into one of these crevasses the unfortunate guide had fallen. The smooth sides had given him no foothold. The intense cold had soon silenced his voice in death. The pitiless ice had slowly closed around him and encased him as securely as the mammoths were buried in the ice-fields of northern Russia. For thirteen years his body had lain in its frigid tomb, as the ice-river slowly crept down the mountainside, ever melting away at its mouth. At last the ice that held the body had its turn to melt, and the long mystery was solved.

Now I do not live on a glacier, and yet as I look around me, I see many a young fellow, and even some girls, who have slipped into crevasses. Some are not in very deep—only up to the waist, perhaps, or up to the head; but some of them have gone down out of sight. They are down underneath somewhere, making a terrible, still journey to the valley.

What are these crevasses in life?

Well, intemperance is one of them; and what a fearful crevasse it is, so craftily hidden, with sides so deep, and reaching smoothly down to the most horrible depths!

Impurity is another of them, its sides all covered with dirt. Gambling is another, and dishonesty is another, and profanity, and lying, and greed, and vanity, and sloth—alas! there are so many of them, and they are all so dangerous!

When men travel wisely over glaciers, they take a

guide and go in groups of three or four, and they walk in a line, one behind another, each fastened to the man in front and the man behind by a rope around the waist. Then, if one man falls into a crevasse, the rest can quickly pull him out.

Ah! that is the way to travel over the icy paths of life! Attach yourself by the strong cord of friendship to the best and wisest persons you know, and especially, bind yourself firmly to the unfailing Guide, our blessed Saviour. And then you will journey safely, and the crevasses will have no dread for you.—*Amos R. Wells, in Young People's Weekly.*

## God's Word

LAST eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;  
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"  
"Just one," he answered, then, with twinkling eye:  
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word  
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;  
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,  
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

—Selected.

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M. E. KERN.