

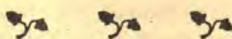
The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 30

REQUITAL



*As Islam's prophet, when his last day drew
Nigh to its close, besought all men to say
Whom he had wronged, to whom he then should pay
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,
And, through the silence of his weeping friends,
A strange voice cried: "Thou owest me a debt,"
"Allah be praised!" he answered. "Even yet
He gives me power to make to thee amends.*

*"O friend! I thank thee for thy timely word."
So runs the tale. Its lesson all may heed,
For all have sinned in thought, or word, or deed,
Or, like the prophet, through neglect have erred.
All need forgiveness, all have debts to pay
Ere the night cometh, while it still is day.*

—John G. Whittier.



Mottoes on the Wall of a Chinese Schoolroom

"DISEASES enter by the mouth: misfortunes issue from it." (Don't talk too much.)

"The race-horse can not catch a word once uttered." (Be careful what you say.)

"Don't tie your shoe in a melonpatch." (Caution.)

"All ten fingers can not be the same length." (Contentment.)

"No peace for the mouth when one tooth is aching." (Mutual dependence.)—*The Myrtle.*

All an Accident

A WORKMAN in a leather-working factory, weary at his task, one day sought a place to sit down. Quite by chance he perched himself on the edge of a large kettle containing some liquid that was used in the process of tanning hides. It was a warm day, and this laborer had unfastened his suspenders in front and tossed them back over his shoulder. As he settled down on the rim of the kettle, the loose ends of his suspenders dropped into the liquid it contained. There they remained until the workman rose. The leather strips which had been fastened to the buckles had been thoroughly soaked, so that he thought they had been spoiled; but, in fact, they had been treated by the chemicals in the kettle so that they took on a new and astonishing luster. This worked a revolution in the process of tanning leather, being really the beginning of the making of what we know as patent leather, in the manufacture of which the city of Philadelphia to-day takes the lead.—*Selected.*

The Soldier's Story

YEARS ago Colonel Lamanowski, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with the glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech:—

"You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head, feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so terrible that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood.

"Do you know how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health, and my vigor to the fact that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life, and," continued he, "Barry Larry, chief surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all those who abstained from ardent drinks."—*Selected.*

Old Testament Power

Why Not Others Do the Same?

H. B. Tucker, secretary of the Central New England Tract Society, has just sent to the office an order for one thousand copies of the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. He writes: "We have a young man here on the camp-ground working in the interest of the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Very soon you will receive an order for five hundred copies from Mrs. —. She is the president of the W. C. T. U. of —. This order comes through the effort of this young brother." This special issue of the INSTRUCTOR is still being sold in large quantities by our agents. It should be used at every camp-meeting, in connection with the temperance rally. Send in all orders early.

It is a real cause for wonder that Christian people, not a few, should be held fast to the idea that the Old Testament is a book which has long since ceased to be of any special value to the world, and that it has no binding authority on Christians of to-day. I have met Christians who declared that they did not read that part of the Bible, because they believed that it was out of date, and hence not calculated for their present guidance and obedience. But there could scarcely be a greater misconception. It betrays a lack — a lamentable lack — of discerning the purpose and living and abiding power of that portion of the inspired volume. The fact is, there is a mighty power in the Old Testament, and the marvel is how any one can carefully read it without feeling more or less strongly its mysterious, touching, and trenchant power.

According to a writer in the *Andover Review*, the late Charles Reade, of England, the eminent novelist, was led to study the Old Testament by the following advise of the late, famous Matthew Arnold: "The old Bible is getting to be to us literary men of England a sealed book. We may think we know it. We were taught it at home. We heard it read in church.

Perhaps we can quote some verse, or even passage; but we really know very little of it. I wish, Reade, that you would take up the Old Testament and go through it as though every page of it were altogether new to you — as though you had never read a line of it before. I think it will astonish you."

Mr. Reade did so. He entered upon the task with such a zeal as characterized his other work. The result was, he not only became astonished at his discoveries, but the study led to his conversion. He opened his heart to the truths and lessons of the Old Testament, and found that they were full of a mighty, convincing power, before which he humbly bowed, and by which he was brought into the kingdom of which the prophets foretold with graphic interest and eloquence. And there are many others to-day who, if they would devoutly search those ancient Scriptures, would find them the power of God, even unto salvation.—*C. H. Wetherbe.*

"ALIKE in the high-born and the lowly,
The will is feeble, and passion strong."

If you have seen God's face, you can be peaceful and hopeful, if not happy.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 27, 1909

No. 30

YOUTHFUL WITNESSES—No. 7

(Concluded)

The Secret of Courage and Constancy

WHAT made these youth of whom we have read, strong to bear their testimony, unmoved by scorn, or threat of sword or flame? We find the secret of it in the life motto of one who was called as a youth to show how great things he should suffer for the sake of Christ: "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

This love that won the heart of the youthful Saul of Tarsus brought such an experience of the forgiveness of sins and fellowship with the Saviour that nothing else mattered. "None of these things move me," he said, in face of waiting perils. Weak in himself, longing for human companionship in trial, he once sadly wrote, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me." But there was One who stood by, the Master who had known in his own soul's agony what it was to have his friends leave him alone in the hour of trial. "Notwithstanding," added Paul, "the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me."

This presence of Christ, bringing assurance of the forgiveness of sin, is the secret of constancy and courage. The Form that once appeared walking in the midst of the fiery furnace with the three Hebrew youth, has ever, though by mortal eyes unseen, walked the way of trial with his own. "I am with you," whispered to the ear of faith, has held hearts true.

And how the power of the "word of his grace" has comforted and supported in the trying hour! The witnesses for God have rested their helpless souls upon the promises of the blessed Bible. With his hand upon the open Book, wherein he had found salvation, Luther could say, expecting death: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me." Martyrs at the stake have found support in repeating over and over the promises, or singing the inspired psalms of prayer and trust. Margaret Wilson, watching the "cruel, crawling foam," sang the Scottish version of the twenty-fifth psalm (from verse seven onward, they say), pleading with God, and not in vain,—

"Turn unto me thy face,
And to me mercy show;
Because that I am desolate,
And am brought very low.

"O do thou keep my soul!
Do thou deliver me!
And let me never be ashamed,
Because I trust in thee."

"God's Holy Word was prized when 'twas unsafe to read it." Little Johnnie Davis, at the age of twelve, was imprisoned in the last year of the reign of Henry VIII of England, for reading the New Testament. By promising not to read it, he could have escaped at any time, owing to his being but a child, who had to be lifted up in court so the twenty-four judges could see the Bible-reading heretic. He was proved by the candle, the blaze being held first under one finger then another. Months he spent in prison; but finally the

death of the king and a change of policy released him. In the days when Fox wrote his "Book of Martyrs," the lad, grown old, was still living, and a minister of the gospel. — — —

The promises of God have power to hold the youth in trial who have made the Word of God the man of their counsel in daily service. Acquaintance with the source of strength is not made in emergencies. When Paul wrote to young Timothy, "Study," he meant the Word of God, able to build up and fortify for common service, as well as for the supreme trial.

It is still the same, no matter where, no matter who. The little Malagasy girl, shown from the precipice the mangled forms of the convert martyrs of Madagascar, far below, remembered how dark a place the world would be without the Saviour, and when asked to deny her part with Christ, said: "I am a Christian, too; you may throw me over." Those boys of Uganda, just emerged from heathen darkness, found in the salvation of Jesus something more precious to them than life itself, when their heathen persecutors demanded that they come back to the jungle gods. As Dr. Pierson says:—

"In these lowly lads, with their dark skins, there was a heart made white in the blood of the Lamb; and the spirit of the martyrs burned within, while the fires of the martyrs burned without; and so in the flames, and until their tongues, dried and shriveled in the heat, could no longer articulate, they sang in the Luganda:—

Daily, daily, sing to Jesus;
Sing, my soul, his praises due;
All he does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion, too.
For in deep humiliation,
He for us did live below;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe."

From out the noise of conflict which loyal soldiers of the cross have waged in all past times, there comes the word of cheer and shout of victory from the lips of youth and children. Moody gave a good answer to the man who thoughtlessly asked him if he had faith to be a martyr. "No," he replied; "but when God wants me to be a martyr, he will give me a martyr's faith." It was no strength of their own in which the confessors of old stood against the enemy. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Shall round the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent toward heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

W. A. SPICER.

Chile, South America

THE work of the third angel's message is making progress in this field also. At Cañele, where I baptized eight persons in January, five more have since been baptized, and others will soon follow in the same ordinance. The membership of the Pua church recently received an addition of seven members. Other churches are being similarly blessed with increased membership.

Satan's wrath is being stirred because the work is progressing. One who was recently converted entered the canvassing work, and received a special greeting at his birthplace when he went home to tell his relatives and friends the glad news that Jesus is soon coming. While he was in the world, as he says, leading a vagabond's life, he was not excommunicated from the Catholic Church, but when he began to keep the Sabbath, including all the commandments of God, then he must bear the mark of excommunication in his forehead. Surely the Sabbath is the seal of God, and Sunday the mark of the beast.

The account of his reception is published by the paper *El Llanquihue*, in Puerto Montt, and reads as follows: "Plague of Canutos.—With the last steamer from the north a bad, soothsaying bird came also, and it has astonished the simple people with its quacks and shrieks of false predictions, especially those who do not care to listen to its insolent blasphemies against the Catholic religion.

"Do you want to know? He is a simpleton. Because of a lack of capacity to follow his vocation, he gave himself up to a vagabond's life, and erred and strayed in his ways, until he became a canuto in profession, and prospered until he was made a preacher of his favored sect.

"Do you want more information? He is a child of the south, born in Quillaiepe, and is called Facundo Olavaria. All these facts are necessary in order that no one may be mistaken with reference to the subject under consideration.

"This ugly, bad bird bears in his forehead the mark of excommunication of the Catholic Church, because he is making propaganda against the Catholic religion, and it is not lawful for any Catholic to read the literature, filled with calumnies, that he distributes, nor to listen to his fanatical harangues, which are filled with blasphemies and gross errors. Those who in any way favor him in his propaganda fall into excommunication, that is reserved to the pope.

"We think it is needless to make further remarks on the subject, but we would not fail to say that the Catholic public will not be easily doped by a foolish or half-witted fanatic, who has, as it appears, no other object in coming to Puerto Montt than to insult its inhabitants with reference to that which they consider most precious and estimate most highly,—the Catholic religion."

This foreshadows the reception soon to be given the third angel's message in all the world. We need now to let the light shine clear and bright. A few days ago I was returning from a meeting, and the night overtook me about three miles from the place of destination. The heavens were clouded, and it was pitch-dark. My horse finally stopped in the midst of a plowed field. I had to lead it, but where, was a great question. Finally I remembered that I had three small boxes of matches in my satchel, so I took them, and every few steps lighted one. In the

rain they flashed up just a little, but they helped me find the way, and as I walked on ahead, lighting the matches, I was enabled to cross several bridges, and reach my destination. When I examined the coach, I found that a satchel with all my accounts and reports was missing, so I took a lantern, with a lighted candle in it, and started in search of the satchel. Finally I found it in a ditch, which one wheel of the buggy had entered. It was a place where the small light had been extinguished because of the rain, and where we lost the way and entered the ditch, but by the aid of the miniature lights found the way again.

Where are the people who believe this truth? Are their lights burning and sparkling in this world's thick darkness? Are they venturing out into the blackness, seeking for the lost? May the Lord stir hearts to enter the wide harvest-field to find the perishing. Laborers are needed; for the end is near, and soon Jesus will come to gather home his waiting, watching people. Remember in your prayers the work of the Master in the dark corners of this earth.

F. H. WESTPHAL.

Ash Wednesday

A THREE-DAYS' fast is observed in each of the four seasons of the year. One of these occurs during Lent. This period is a term of forty days, in commemoration of Christ's fast in the wilderness. The catechism terms a fast the abstaining from food until ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, when a light luncheon is eaten, and a hearty meal at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. During Lent no meat is allowed except in cases of persons who have obtained a special dispensation from the pope.

On Wednesday morning I found myself in an inter-urban car, gliding swiftly by adobe walls and narrow, dusty cross-streets; now crossing a willow-bordered stream, then rounding a barren hillside with a view of the city in the distance. I soon reached Zapopan, a city three fourths of a mile square and containing one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the republic of Mexico.

Just inside the wide doorway of each church, the view of the auditorium is cut off by a wall, with a narrow entrance on either side. In this temple the upper part of this wall consists of nine glass plates, each one containing specifications in regard to indulgences. The one to my left reads as follows:—

"Indulgences that are gained from the first vespers in this basilica by its union with that of St. John of Lateran:—

"First Sunday of Lent—Complete Indulgence—28,000 years of pardon, and the soul delivered from purgatory.

"Palm Sunday—Complete Indulgence—25,000 years of pardon, 25,000 Lent periods, and the soul from purgatory.

"Holy Thursday—Complete Indulgence—11,000 years of pardon, 38 Lent periods, and the soul from purgatory.

"Sabbath (Saturday) of Glory—Complete Indulgence—11,000 years of pardon, 45 Lent periods, and a soul from purgatory.

"Watch Saturday—Complete Indulgence—15,000 years of pardon, and a soul from purgatory.

"Second day of the Supplication Processions—Complete Indulgence.

"Pentecostal Watch—Complete Indulgence, and a soul from purgatory."

The indulgence plate farthest to my right closed

with this sentence: "The remaining days of the year, one hundred days of pardon from imposed penalties or from any kind of regular attendances." I have not yet ascertained the price of these grants. As nearly as I can learn, a man's wealth has considerable bearing in regulating their prices.

As I stepped inside the wall, I noticed a stone bowl, containing water, fixed to the wall on either side. Each worshiper, as he entered, dipped his finger into the water, and made the sign of the cross on his forehead. The bell tolled loudly, and soon quite a number of men, women, and children were on their knees before the altar. A priest, in a black tunic and purple-bordered white surplice, entered, and knelt for a moment before the altar, holding a golden vase in his left hand. While the people remained kneeling, he dipped his finger into the black ashes of the vase, and made a sign of the cross on each forehead, as he did so repeating the words, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Each one, after receiving the sign, arose and left the room, in this way making place for newcomers. Some are so proud of the seal that they are seen bearing this black mark of the "beast" in their foreheads for days after the ceremony.

Some of the worshipers were well-dressed, but many were poorly clad and barefoot. The laboring class of men and many women wear leathern sandals. One of these men stopped near me, placed his giant-brimmed hat on the stone floor before him, and in kneeling used the brim on either side of the crown as a rest for his knees.

The Catholic Church interweaves its tenets with every important action of every-day life. A person can do no business, enter into no contract, he can not be born or married, nor can he die, without the church officiating as a very central figure. Even the small act of sneezing calls forth the exclamation, "Jesus Maria."

W. A. YARNELL.

Tiny but Trying

It has been remarked that mosquitoes are more vexatious than lions. "Of course," you say, "because there are more of them." But that is not the whole story. The mosquito is irritating, while the lion is inspiring. People complain of the little, buzzing, stinging insect that asks for only a drop of blood, but when a man meets a lion that wants all his blood, he is usually prepared for the encounter, his spirit rises to the occasion, and he says to himself, "That's what I'm looking for."

This is a parable, and you see its application at once: The swarm of little cares are more trying to the patience than the few great ones. But there is more in it than that. When people grab and slap at the pestiferous mosquitoes, and plan and plot and lie in wait for them, they usually succeed in making themselves ridiculous. Is it not equally absurd for one to be absorbed, mind and heart, in the inflictions of the petty trials of life? Yes, brush the humming insects away with a wave of the hand, and with a turn of the hand meet and discharge the minor duties, for they make up the greater sum of our obligations. "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much."

But it is a small mind that is occupied with small matters only, and, to return to our parable, a person may be so engaged in fighting mosquitoes that he fails to see the lion that is ready to leap upon him from out the jungle.—*Young People.*



Let Us Be Kind

LET us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind.
We can not show the grief that men may borrow,
We can not see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way to-day, to-morrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken,
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.

—Selected.

Shoddy Folks

Do you know what, up to an hour ago, I thought shoddy was? I thought it was some substitute for wool; something not wool, made to look like wool, and sold as if it were wool. I should not be surprised if a great many people were making the same mistake that I have been making.

For shoddy is wool. That is where the mischief of it comes in. A clothier may assure you with perfect honesty that the suit of clothes you are buying is "all wool," and you may be able to see for yourself that he is speaking the truth, and you pay for it a price that is "all wool and a yard wide," and yet the suit of clothes may be shoddy; for shoddy is simply old wool used over, wool that has once been woven into cloth, and the cloth made into garments, and the garments worn out, then passed to the ragman, and sold by him to the shoddy manufacturer, who puts it through an ingenious machine which tears it apart and puts it together again—cloth as good as new.

As good as new?—No, indeed; for the shoddy manufacturer will utilize what is hardly more than wool dust. "Anything long enough to have two ends" he accepts gratefully, and behold—an overcoat! How much wear you will get out of such an overcoat, I leave you to guess. But it is all wool. O, yes; it is all wool.

Now that is the reason, brethren, why shoddy people are so mischievous in the world—they have all the appearance of the genuine article, of "real folks," and they deceive the keenest eyes; but they won't "wear well."

If it is a shoddy teacher, he knows some things well, he makes a brilliant surface show; but he stopped studying ten years ago, and since that time he has been weaving over and over again, into no one knows how many suits of clothes, the knowledge he possessed

at that time. Of course he doesn't wear well in the schoolroom.

It may be a shoddy clerk. The first week he is all attention, wide-awake, brisk, affable, shrewd, the very man for the place; but by the end of the month he is all frayed out, comes lounging in ten minutes late, flirts with the pretty girls among his customers, and keeps rich old Mrs. Grundy waiting, loses his temper at trifles, and goes to pieces in general.

It may be a shoddy friend. He seems to have all the characteristics of a noble friend, and truly he has, only—the threads are so short. He is thoughtful, and kind, generous, and sympathetic, and tactful, and brave. He is sincere, too, and thoroughly honest. But that was yesterday. To-day the ends prove short. A mean suspicion, perhaps, has torn a great rent in his friendship. He is shoddy.

And so I have learned that it is not enough to discover that a man has fine qualities, but I must go on to ask of him, "Have his fine qualities the faculty of endurance? Are they new wool, or are they shoddy?"

"To ask of *him*," did I say? Yes, in faith, and to ask it of myself!—"Studies in the Art of Illustration," by Amos R. Wells.

The Difference

"No, I did not have a good time at all. It has been a disappointing day all the way through," complained the returned picnicker. "First of all, my new dress was not done to wear, and I had to wear an old one that I did not like. Then the things in my basket were upset, and the boat I went rowing in was leaky and dragged our dresses until they were a sight. And on the way home it rained. I never want to go on another picnic."

"Oh, I had a delightful time!" returned the other one who had gone along. "I wore one of my oldest and stoutest dresses—I always want something that will stand the wear and tear of a day out-of-doors without any bothering to care for it. I packed my basket myself; one knows then how things are located and balanced in it. I did not have time to go out in the boats—I was on the committee to help with the lunch, you know. But we had lots of fun doing that work, and then a most delightful rest all the afternoon under the trees, while Miss Amhurst recited for us, and we sang and entertained ourselves and one another."

It was the same picnic, the same company—and two different girls. What if it did rain on the way home? The happy-hearted one laughed, and snuggled a chum under the umbrella she had been wise enough to tuck into the wagon at the start. She had a delightful day—because she was a delightful girl. And the other?

Do you suppose they had picnics hundreds of years ago? Wise old Seneca wrote—whether he had picnics in mind or not, it applies:—

"He that would make his travels delightful must first make himself delightful." Do you see now why one girl had a good time, and another did not? In that "why," lies the difference that makes for joy in life or its opposite.—*Young People*.

"SOLDIER of Christ, with all thine other panoply, forget not the 'All-prayer.' Thou must be Moses, pleading on the mount, if thou wouldst be Joshua, victorious in the world's daily battle."



The Most Marvelous of Machines

THE human brain is the most marvelous machine in the world. It occupies less space in proportion to its capabilities than any machine ever invented. It sends a special nerve to every fiber of some five hundred muscles, to many thousand branching twigs of arteries, to every pin-head area of the numerous glands which keep the machine properly oiled, heated or cooled; to some sixteen square feet of skin, which is the outpost guard of its castle, with such completeness that the point of a pin can not find an area unguarded.—*Youth's World*.

The Mileage of the Human Blood

THE mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of two hundred seven yards in the minute, or seven miles an hour, one hundred sixty-eight miles a day, and sixty-one thousand three hundred twenty miles a year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single corpuscle of blood floating in his body all his life, it would have traveled in that same time five million one hundred fifty thousand eight hundred eighty miles.—*The Boys' World*.

Dust and Disease

WE fear the unfamiliar; that which is familiar, commonplace, causes us little uneasiness. If black plague, cholera, or yellow fever becomes epidemic, it spreads consternation. Though consumption destroys more than they all, we think little of it. On the other hand, cholera in India and smallpox in Mexico are lightly regarded.

Some of us are afraid of a "ghost" or a "spook" which we have never seen, and think nothing of dust as a danger, because we see it everywhere; yet it is probable that dust is responsible for more deaths than any other one thing.

Insurance companies have prepared statistics showing that the dusty trades naturally lessen life.

When it is windy, dry, and dusty, there are more deaths than when the opposite condition prevails, unless it is dry enough and hot enough to destroy the germ life.

Tuberculosis is probably spread quite largely by means of dust. Every discharge from the mouth and throat, and other discharges as well, contain germs, some of them disease producing. When these discharges dry, some of these germs may remain alive, and be carried around as part of the "dust."

Even dust that is entirely free from germ life proves to be an irritant to the lung tissues, and sometimes causes a species of consumption when there are no tubercle bacilli present.

It can be readily understood that if this irritable condition is produced by dust, and there are some tubercle bacilli present, they can the more readily gain a foothold in the tissues having a lowered vitality.

What attitude should we maintain toward dust? Should we go around fearing to breathe lest we take in disease germs?—By no means. A spirit of fear invites disease. A courageous, fearless state of mind is one of the best defenses against disease; yet it is not all-sufficient.

We should avoid all unnecessary exposure to dust. Sweeping should be performed so as not to raise dust. Feather dusters are an abomination, and should never be used. A damp cloth should be used instead.

Beating rugs and carpets is a hazardous occupation. The less one has of these and other dust catchers, such as upholstered furniture, the better. When necessary to work in the dust, it is well to wear a respirator, or tie a moistened muslin handkerchief over the nose, so the air must all be strained. The normal nose has itself a magnificent strainer, but this is not sufficient with very dusty air.

Dusting or brushing garments in the house, and shaking rugs out of a window in such a manner that the dust may be drawn into an adjoining or a lower window, are unhygienic procedures.

Another place where dust is a menace is the uncovered fruit and confectionery stands along the streets. All the of-fal of the street, including consumptive sputum, is dried as dust, and part of it is carried onto these stands.

In some cities an effort is being made to compel dealers to cover their goods. Such foods, when exposed uncovered to the street dust, should not be eaten without thorough cleansing.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

Stilt Walkers of "Les Landes"

THE children whom we see running about on stilts, and who consider their ability to do so a rare accomplishment, will be surprised to learn that there is a vast district in France where the entire community moves, goes about, and transacts its business on stilts. The district is called "Les Landes," a name given to it because it is nothing more than a vast sandy plain unsuited for cultivation and quite incapable of bearing grain.

In point of size, it is the third department in France, and it lies to the north of the river Adour. Strange to say, the whole country to the south of that river is fertile. The Landes are thinly populated, and the inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible, and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherds make use of their stilts for two purposes, first because walking is quite impossible on account of the sage and underbrush, and because the height of their tilts gives them a greater range of vision. From their elevated position they can watch their flocks for many miles, the land being abso-

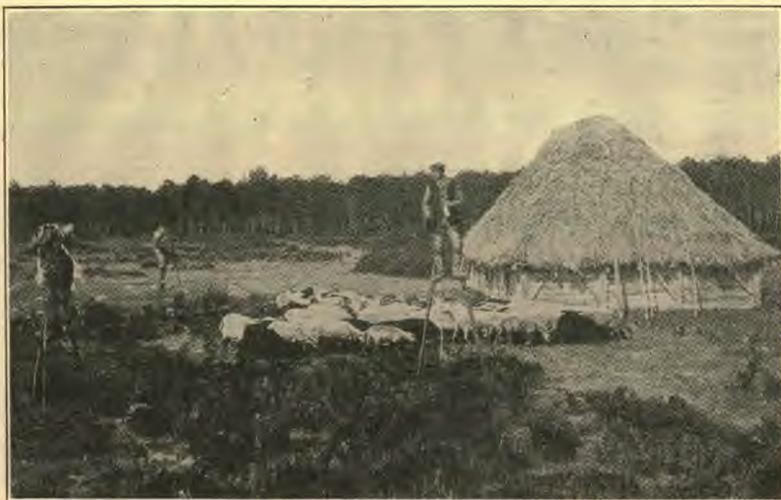
lutely flat. The stilts have a head something like a crutch, and when fatigued, the shepherds use this as a comfortable seat, and while away their time in knitting.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high, and near the top there is a support for the foot which has a strong stirrup and strap, and still nearer the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. Some stilts, especially those made for fancy walking and for tricks, are even higher than seven feet, and the man who uses these, and he must be an expert, can travel as fast as ten miles an hour. The lower end of this kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent its splitting. The old shepherds, gaunt looking, and wearing shaggy, sleeveless sheepskin coats and gaiters, and the cheret, a sort of tam-o'-shanter hat, pass their entire days from dawn until dusk, mounted on their perches. They are often accompanied by their wives

and their children, and sometimes by their grandchildren, who use a stilt about three and a half feet in height.

Some of these Landes shepherds are most wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They run races, step or jump over brooks, clear fences and walls, and they are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up

pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular without an effort, and in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Fritz Morris, in *Technical World*.



Technical World

SHEPHERDS WITH THEIR FLOCKS

Bamboo

THE group of bamboo shown in the illustration is over forty feet in height, and each stem, or trunk, is fully five inches in diameter; yet the bamboo is not a tree, only a species of grass. The trunks, or stems, are hollow, with solid joints occurring every twelve to eighteen inches. So solid is the wood of some of the varieties that the trunks are used for studding in houses, for walking-canes, and for various other purposes where strength and durability are essential.

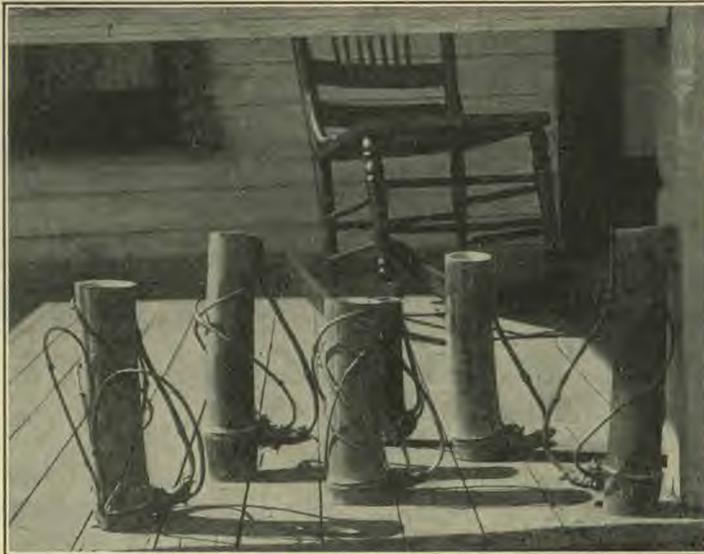
The growing time for the bamboo is in the rainy season of the warm countries in which it thrives. At this time a shoot will grow as much as ten inches in height within twenty-four hours, and forty feet in a season. As the joints develop, they appear encased in a triangular covering like strong parchment, yellow colored, producing a peculiar effect, particularly toward maturity, when it expands and finally becomes detached from the trunk. Tourists visiting these warm countries carry away these "knee-caps," some having a local or other scene painted upon them, or ornamented with a decalomania transfer picture.

Various curious ornaments are made from the hol-

low trunks. Among these are tankards, or mugs, some of which are shown in the accompany-



ing illustration. The trunk is cut into lengths, beginning an inch below a joint and extending to within an inch of the joint next above. In this way a "foot," or standard, is left below each joint for the tankard, or mug, to stand firmly upon. In cutting the lengths care is taken not to injure any of the limbs attached. All but one of these are twined around the trunk as ornaments. The remaining limb is bent to the shape of a handle. The limbs are fastened to the trunk piece, when bent into position, by using fine wire brads to render the fastening invisible. The inside of the tankard is sometimes painted, though often left in the natural state, and the rims gilded or stained with some wood stain. The whole is then varnished with an alcohol varnish. W. S. CHAPMAN.



The Little Things

FROM waste paper alone one railroad last year realized five thousand dollars. Pins, pens, nails, old brooms, bottles, tin cans, and worn-out machinery of all sorts are gathered up along the route by all the railway companies and turned into money. Even the ashes are sold or utilized for improving the roadbed.

These things seem small to command the attention of a rich railway company. But it must be remembered that the railway company is rich largely because it looks after the little things.

The railway scrap-heap of the country last year reached the value of one million two hundred fifty thousand dollars — a most respectable sum of money, notwithstanding it came from picked-up pins and paper, old nails, and old brooms.

Waste forms one of the most vital questions in eco-

nomics, not alone for railroads and big manufacturing plants, but for every household.

It is impossible, of course, for any very great sum to be realized in the saving of waste in a household. And yet the usual waste of any home is relatively far greater than that of a railroad.

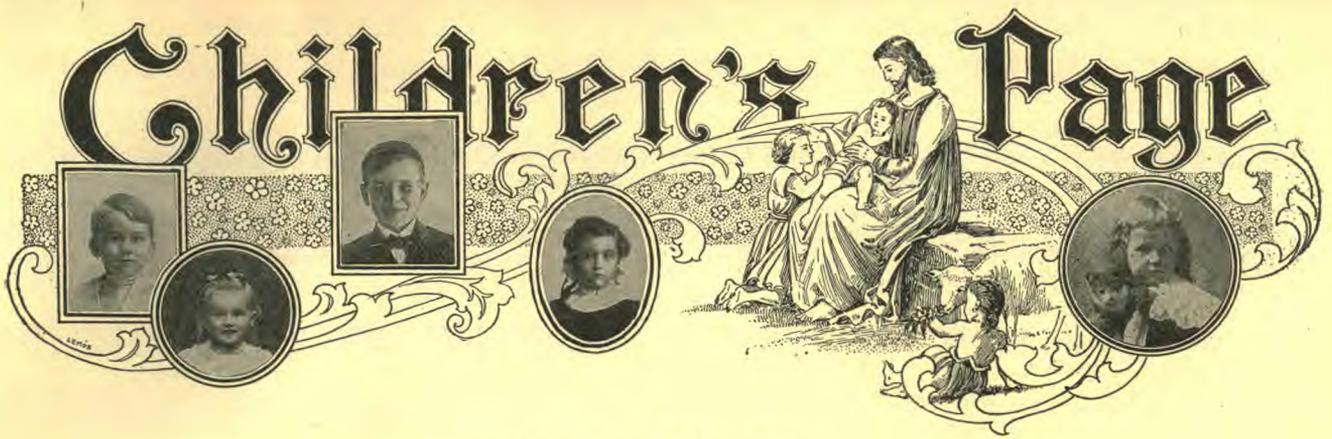
We think it mean and miserly to look after the little things. And for that reason, more than for any other, human life is cursed with poverty and pauperism.

There is less meanness in a poor man's saving a penny than in a rich man's saving a million.— *Youth's Evangelist*.

Foolscap

"EVERY one who handles paper recognizes foolscap as a sheet thirteen by sixteen inches. This is used as a standard size all the world over, officially and commercially. It will therefore be interesting to know where and how this word originated. After the execution of Charles I, Cromwell and his staff, in organizing the Commonwealth, made all possible efforts to remove everything which had anything to do with the old monarchy. The paper in official use up to that time had as a water-mark the king's crown; and when Cromwell was asked what should be put in the place of this crown, to show his dislike for everything concerning royalty, he directed a fool's cap to be put in place of the crown. This was done, and when Charles II ascended the throne of England, it was at first forgotten to replace the cap by something else, and then, too late, the king was afraid to do anything to recall things dangerous to touch, and so it was neglected, and the fool's cap may be seen as a watermark on nearly all British official papers."





The Boy Who Wins

Nor the one who says, "I can't,"
Nor the one who says, "Don't care,"
Nor the boy who shirks his work,
Nor the one who plays unfair.

But the one who says, "I can,"
And the one who says, "I will,"—
He shall be the splendid man,
He the chair of trust will fill.

— Selected.

My Cats

THERE is an old proverb which says, "Every man's crow is the blackest," which is only another way of saying that we are all very apt to stick to our own opinion. My cats are the prettiest, most playful, affectionate, knowing cats that ever do pretty much as they please, command everybody to open and shut doors for them, and occupy everybody's favorite chairs as soon as chances offer. Having said this, I will stick to it.



CLAW SHEATHED
CLAW UNSHEATHED

Their parents, with many times great before parents, came from far-off Persia. Persian cats have long, fine, silky hair. Handsome ruffs of it grow around the necks, and their tails are bushy, like those of a fox. The Angora cat, which comes from Angora, in Turkey, is very much like the Persian cat. A common short-haired cat, though there are many very fine ones, and I mean them no disrespect, looks very ordinary alongside of these Persian aristocrats.

They purr — did you ever try to find out how a cat purrs? Place a cat on a table alongside of you, stroke it gently, scratch its head with one hand while the other rests on its chest and feels its breathing. If it is a good-natured cat, it will begin to purr. You will hear it, and the hand that is resting upon the cat will feel the regular tremble of it. You will notice that this purr goes on all the while, whether the cat is breathing in or out. You will notice, too, that the cat has its mouth shut, and is breathing entirely through its nose. The cat, of its own accord, started its vocal cords (the apparatus that it uses when it mews) to vibrating (shaking). These cords lie along and near the sound-making parts of the cat's throat, and make the purring noise. It can start and stop this vibrating whenever it feels like doing so. With it, it expresses love, comfort, happiness, content. The cat that purrs does not have to say one word; we know what it means. Purrs and snores are not made in the same way.

Lions, tigers, jaguars, leopards, panthers, cougars, lynxes, and others are big members of the cat family. This family, under the larger name of *felidae*, is called the feline race.

It may make you feel a little bad to be told that

the cat family in its make-up of muscles, bones, and everything which goes to make an animal strong, active, flexible, stands at the very top of all animal life, and very far ahead of us who have a pretty good opinion of ourselves.

The foot of a cat is a wonder in structure. Take pussy's paw in your hand, stroke it gently. Pleased with your attentions, it will spread its toes quite wide apart. You will feel that the bottoms of them are padded, so that it can walk without making any noise. You will not feel its claws. My cats have tufts of hair standing downward between their toes to make their tread still softer. Take a piece of thin white lawn or mosquito-netting, or anything you can see through, dangle it before your cat. It will throw its very sharp claws out of the sheaths of skin which hold them in when walking (that they may not catch on the grass or carpet), and will hook them into whatever you hold. Look close, through the cloth, and you will see how beautifully the claws are thrown out and downward, how the sheaths stretch; see how the claws are drawn upward and backward when they let go. This claw, which is possessed by the cat family only (civets have claws which are half retractile),

is called a retractile claw, because it retracts, or draws back. The cat steals softly onto its prey with its padded feet, springs onto it, throws out and down its sharp claws, and holds on. We all know how a cat scratches.

It makes but little difference where a cat falls from or how short the fall, it will light on its feet. How it does this is too long to tell here.



SECTION OF CAT'S TONGUE
MAGNIFIED

A cat's whiskers are of great use to it. In the wild state all cats hunt their food, usually at night. To steal upon mice, rabbits, or birds, a cat has to move quietly. As it moves, head first and often in the dark, its whiskers, which, when the cat pleases, stick out farther than its body, on each side, strike grass, bushes, twigs, and tell the cat how to avoid shaking them and making noise.

The tongue of a cat is covered with small, horny hooks, turned backward. Licking long in one place will wear the skin of the hand through. A lion's

tongue would tear the flesh. These horny hooks are to use in tearing all the flesh clear of the bones. Nature allows no waste.

When a cat is in a dim light, the pupils of its eyes are large and round, so that they will admit all the light possible. When it is in the light, the pupils are narrowed to a slit; all the light is not needed.

My cats talk cat talk to each other and to me. I understand very much that they say, and they understand very much that I say. Your cats are quite as accomplished. Why not? If we live with French, German, or Italian people, who speak a different language from our English, do we not learn to understand them? Do they not learn to understand us?

Montaigne, a great French writer, more than three hundred years ago wrote: "When I play with my cat, how do I know whether she does not make a pastime of me, just as I do of her?"

It is not wise for us to think we are the only animals that think and reason. My cats think in the cat language, reason catwise in cat language, speak in cat language. We should not expect them to reason in our language, nor reason to suit our methods. They reason to suit a cat.

Two of my cats, Ursa and Leo, are devoted sisters. They had kittens, three each, on the same day. Ursa made a cradle of my waste-paper basket. Leo chose a pretty, but old, summer hat in the third story. Ursa gave me no peace until I brought Leo's kittens to my library. Leo went out for a walk. Ursa was taking care of her own little ones when she heard Leo's kittens cry. She ran to them, purred over them, took each one tenderly in her mouth, and carried the three to her basket. Then she curled up, contented, with the six babies. When Leo returned, Ursa plainly told her that she was taking care of them. Both cats were happy; they cuddled in the basket together. After that Ursa and Leo took turns in caring for them. We call them the co-operative mothers.—*Charles McIlvaine, in the Sunday School Times.*

Ten Ways to Help Mother

Do you ever help mother? How many ways to help her can you think of? Would you like to know some others besides the ways you now know, or would you rather not know any more? You may think there are too many already. Below you will find ten ways to help mother. Here they are:—

1. Keep the caps and hats hung up where they belong, no matter whose cap, or where you find it. Just put it where you know it ought to be.

2. Keep the papers folded right side out and piled nicely together on the library table. It takes mother a good many minutes a day to do just that.

3. Get into the habit of remembering where you see things. This will help not only mother, but everybody in the house.

4. See how many times a day you can "save steps" for her by running errands. It is what little feet were made for, partly.

5. Laugh twenty times every day. It will help make others laugh.

6. Like things she does for you. Tell her how nice they are.

7. Whisper in her ear sometimes. Whisper this, "I love you."

8. Watch for chances to do things she has spoken about. Don't wait for her to ask you. It is such fun to surprise people!

9. Notice when she is sick or tired or has the headache, and go about the house on tiptoe.

10. Don't tell her you are going to be this kind of boy or girl — have the fun of seeing her find it out. — *Selected.*

There Is Your Place

"JUST where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place;
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face:
God placed you here for a purpose,
Whate'er it be:
Think he has chosen you for it,
Work loyally."

The Weaver-Birds

THESE birds are found only in India and Africa, and are named from the inimitable construction of the nests. Some of them are pendent from the twigs of tall trees whose branches overhang a stream, and are shaped like an inverted bottle or chemical retort,



NEST OF SOCIABLE WEAVER-BIRD

with a long tube for the entrance, made of fibers so loosely put together that a reptile would drop off into the water. Others similarly suspended are pyramidal in shape, and divided into two chambers — the outer, perhaps, for the use of the

male, and the inner for the eggs of the female.

The sociable weaver-bird is polygamous. A colony of two or three hundred construct in a tree a huge sloping roof, impervious to rain. Beneath this, side by side, the females make their nests, three or four inches in diameter, weaving them to the roof. When completed, the lower surface of the umbrella-like structure appears perforated by small openings, like the cells of a beehive, all the birds living together in perfect harmony.—*Steele's Zoology.*

A Music Turner

AMONG recent patented devices is an ingenious apparatus for turning the leaves of music, designed by a Pennsylvania man. It can be used in connection with any of the ordinary music stands generally employed for the purpose.

Attached to the frame is a receptacle containing the operating mechanism. Extending from the receptacle are six or more rods, which are bent at right angles, and end in fingers. The latter, when in position, rest on each successive page of the music. Depending from the operating mechanism is a rubber tube and bulb, the latter resting on the ground close to the musician's foot.

When the musician has reached the end of the page, and desires to continue on the next, he presses the bulb with his foot, and the first page of music is turned over. On each successive page he does the same, each finger in turn forcing the next page over.—*Round Table.*

"No man's head aches while he comforts another."

The Chief of Sinners Forgiven

OVER half a century ago there wandered through the highlands of Scotland, in summer's heat and winter's cold, a most wretched and forlorn creature. She once had a home and loving friends; but impelled by evil, she broke loose from all restraint, and fell into disgrace. She became an outcast, and the terror of even those in whose company she had first gone astray. Her friends gave up all hope, and strove to bury her memory. After a few years the miserable woman forsook the abodes of men, and lived far up among the heath-clad hills, and was seen only occasionally by some shepherd boy, running swiftly over the hills with a lamb or sheep across her shoulders; and after this a smoke rising above the low fire would show where she was roasting the victim she had slain.

"Muckle Bess" had never possessed any womanly grace or beauty. She was tall, stalwart, and masculine in appearance and voice, and now that she dressed only in the clothes she could steal from the lines and barns, and lived almost without shelter from sun or storm, she was most forbidding in her appearance. It is little wonder that when the farmers' wives saw her, they were terror stricken. By her bitterness, dishonesty, and profaneness, she had wholly separated herself from her kind. Her hand was against every man, and every man's hand against her.

When "Muckle Bess" was past middle life, there was a great awakening in the Highlands. The people gathered from many parishes to hear the preaching of the godly young men whose lips had been touched with fire from God's altar, and who brought a living message from him to the people. On a certain occasion, several congregations had gathered on the hillside in front of a "church," which could not hold a quarter of them. They were seated in groups of many hundreds, with a minister to address each company. Suddenly one of these groups was startled as if by an electric shock. "Muckle Bess," in all the grotesqueness of her poverty, stood like a giant before them. The women trembled, and the men looked scornfully at her, as if to say, "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" All thought she had come to cavil and disturb; and many a strong arm was held ready to put her away should she attempt it. But there she stood, her wild eyes firmly fixed, listening as if for life.

At length a merciful woman moved and made room for her on the greensward, and beckoned her. Bess forgot herself, and called out, in bitterness of spirit, "What ha' I to do wi' ye, honest Cressy Irving? I am no worthy to sit on the same ground wi' ye: it wad pollute ye all, gude wives and mothers. What is the glorious gospel that the noble laddie is preaching to ye — what is it to me? I ha' sinned away the day o' grace, and e'en the all-powerful blood has na power to cleanse me!"

Here the silence of death reigned over the company; and no one disturbed the woman in her anguish. She now ceased speaking to the people, and raising her weather-beaten face to heaven, she stretched forth her brawny hands, and cried, in tones of agony: "O thou God o' my fathers! O thou God o' bonnie Scotland that has been steeped in blood for thy name's sake, look on me, a wretched sinner who has scorned thee and defied thee! O, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the livin' God!" Then, exhausted by her emotion, she fell fainting to the earth; and pitiful women, who had before fled at her approach,

now ministered to her; and great fear fell on the people. Then the minister preached Christ as the only way of access to the Father, and set him forth in all his glory as mediator. He dwelt on Christ's compassion and tenderness, till all, even the poor outcast, were melted to tears. At length Bess cried out, in this most informal service: "Hear me, ye people of God! hear me, ye angels above! Hear me, ye powers of evil! while I avow afore ye all, that I will e'en tak' him at his word, and leave it there!"

From that time forward Bess went from farmhouse to cottage, from field to pasture, telling in deep solemnity what God was able to do for the chief of sinners. And she told "the story" with streaming eyes; indeed, she was always weeping; and once, when reminded that God had called his children to peace and joy, she said: "Aye, aye, that's here within the breast; but how can I ever forget that I crucified the Lord o' glory, and put him to an open shame? There is na time nor way to redeem the past. Let me wash his feet wi' my tears!" Bess lives to prove the genuineness of her repentance.—*A. J. Gordon.*

My Woodland Friends

As I go singing all alone

Down woodland paths, so green and cool,
That end through flickering sun and shade,
By rushing brook or silent pool,

The tall trees seem to bend their tops,

The pine-cones tumble at my feet,

The nodding ferns stand quietly,

As though they wished my song to greet.

And in some dim and shadowy cove,

The wild lobelia, flaming red,

Stands listening on its slender stem,

Or waves a welcome from its bed.

The squirrel peeps from out the leaves,

The sun comes stealing through to see

Who dares to hush the wild bird's song

And saunter by so carelessly.

So as I wander all alone

Through dusky paths that bend and wind,

I move amid a company

Of wildwood friends, most dear and kind.

—*Gertrude Crownfield, in St. Nicholas.*

Struck Dead for Blasphemy

NADAB and Abihu belong to the class of blasphemers who, either by tongue or act, burlesque religion and drag holy things into the mire of mockery. In British Burma a company of native Christians were assembled on the banks of a lake to witness the baptism of converts from the heathen faith. A father and son who had bitterly opposed the gospel interrupted the service by blasphemous outcries and lascivious demonstrations. The father then began to caricature the ceremony, pronouncing the baptismal formula, and coupling the name of the Trinity with most horrible blasphemies, so that the services stopped. A native evangelist arose, and turning to the father, said: "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, . . . wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" As he spoke, the Holy Spirit seemed to fall upon the assembly. The disturbers, smitten with terror, ran up the hillside. Suddenly they fell prostrate to the earth. The Christians lifted them up and bore them to the village. The father was found to be dead, and though the son afterward recovered consciousness, the stroke proved fatal. Surely this was a direct judgment of God against the sin of blasphemy.—*A. J. Gordon.*



M. E. KERN
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The Civil War and the Reconstruction Period

IT is generally conceded that the war between the States, occurring between 1861 and 1865, commonly known as the Civil War, was the most critical test of a nation's endurance that has ever fallen to the lot of any country. The progress made in accepting the results of the war by all concerned has brought the United States in the arena of world powers, second to none in advantage and influence.

While we are far enough removed from that epoch to treat the issues of the Civil War and the "reconstruction period" dispassionately, still it is not our purpose to add another chapter to either side of that controversy. In this article, which is one of a series, the writer will give only some suggestive facts, and hopes to say nothing but what will contribute to the healing of the breach which was made in the American family nearly half a century ago.

The Civil War

A variety of opinions exist concerning the cause which provoked the war. A uniquely expressed reason for that unfortunate event is given by a well-known orator; namely, "the failure of the Puritan and the Cavalier to keep house together." A careful study of United States history, however, from the days of President Andrew Jackson and even before, shows that the integrity of the Union had been a disturbing factor in national politics for several decades antedating the war. In the judgment of many the question of slavery was incidental rather than primary. As a matter of fact, the vital issue was really a constitutional lawsuit, which, owing to the nature of the case, had but one court of final appeal; namely, the court of war. Attorney Henry Peck Fry, of the Chattanooga bar, says: "The paramount issue bringing on the war between the States was the constitutional question, whether or not sovereign States, having entered into a compact for mutual protection and government, had the right to withdraw from the Union, and establish a new government. The Southern States maintained that they had that right. The United States government denied that right. Issue was joined, and the Southern States lost the decision of the greatest constitutional lawsuit ever tried in the court of war."

The illustrious Lincoln understood this to be the issue. In his first inaugural address, delivered after South Carolina had actually seceded, he declared: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists. I believe I have no right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Congress, moreover, in July, 1861, adopted a resolution, which President Lincoln signed, declaring that the war was not waged for the purpose of "overthrowing or interfering with the rights of established institutions" of the Southern States, "but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the nation with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States

unimpaired." In 1862, Mr. Lincoln declared: "In my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is best for all."

Of course, Mr. Lincoln desired and worked for the abolition of slavery, but he hoped to see it brought about in a way least offensive and most advantageous to all concerned. But it will be noted that until the proclamation of emancipation was signed, Jan. 1, 1863, the success of the Union cause remained in the balance. We feel warranted, therefore, in concluding that as slavery was an institution that proved a curse both to the North and to the South, its removal from the body politic was of providential interposition. The Civil War was cruel, as all wars usually are. In the language of another: "God has made man a free moral agent, whether white or black. The institution of slavery does away with this, and permits man to exercise over his fellow man a power which God has never granted him, and which belongs alone to God."

The Hon. Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, Ga., in a speech delivered in 1886, referred to his own father as one who had given his life for the "lost cause" of the South; and in this connection Mr. Grady declared: "Speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life, was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of the battle in his almighty hands, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of war."

A prominent Southern writer, commenting on the abolition of slavery, is constrained by the weight of evidence to admit that "slavery was abolished in the providence of God."

The Reconstruction Period

The problem of reconstruction was both a political and a social one. A solution to the following difficult questions had to be found:—

1. Should the freed negro, who had no knowledge of how to use his freedom, be placed at once on a political and social equality with his late master, or should the adjustment of status be left in the hands of those who had recently waged war against the nation?

2. Should each State be left to organize and administer its own internal affairs, or should the federal government intervene to secure uniformity and equality of rights to all classes until order should be fully restored?

Had the magnanimous Lincoln lived, doubtless these complex problems would have been solved without provoking a great degree of sectional jealousy and bitterness between the North and the South. But five days after Lee surrendered to Grant, Lincoln was assassinated, and in his death the South lost her best friend.

Six weeks later President Johnson proclaimed amnesty to participants in the late rebellion. He then entered upon a policy of reconstruction by appointing provisional governors for the Southern States. But this left the power in the hands of the whites, and made no provision for the freedmen. So Congress now took up the problem, determined not to readmit the seceded States into the Union until satisfied that permanent justice would be administered to all classes.

It first passed the Civil Rights bill, which placed

the freedmen under national instead of only local protection. This bill afterward became the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and no State came back into the Union until it had ratified the same.

Because of strong opposition to this amendment, Congress took another step in the work of reconstruction, by dividing the South into five military districts, each presided over by a military officer. Under his direction each State was to adopt a constitution insuring the ballot to whites and blacks alike, and to ratify the Fourteenth Amendment. By this method most of the States were restored to their former relations with the national government.

This was not entirely accomplished, however, until the South had suffered severely and unjustly from the corruption and maladministration brought in by the "carpet-baggers," or political leaders who came in from other States. These men took advantage of the situation created by the congressional policy of keeping out of office the more influential whites because of their having taken part in the war, and obtained for themselves position and power through their influence over the less intelligent whites and the negroes. Their sordid and unscrupulous administration probably did as much as any other one thing to generate and inflame that sectional feeling which unfortunately prevailed for so many years.

Early in Grant's administration the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted, conferring upon the negro the full right of suffrage. But this did not correct the distressed condition in the South, for the negroes had been quick to learn from the "carpet-baggers" the vices of politics, and were remarkably clever in appropriating every possible personal advantage from the holding of office. Through excesses of this nature, State debts were increased two- to fourfold within a few years. The better class of whites resented keenly the passing of the reins of government from intelligent whites to ignorant ex-slaves, and determined to put an end to the negro rule at any cost. Where the negroes were in the minority, the balance of power was easily held by the whites. In other places the lawless methods of the Ku-Klux-Klan, a secret, oath-bound order, terrorized the superstitious negro, spreading such anarchy and violence in various sections that the better classes of the Southern people themselves united to re-establish order.

From this point on, by certain repressive measures, by careful guarding of the elections, and by the co-operation of the more intelligent classes in the South, the national government succeeded in maintaining a good degree of political justice, until State self-government was fully established.

Among the many evils which have followed in the wake of sin, and which will doubtless always remain in this unconverted world, are race pride and race prejudice. These exist not only among the white and the colored people of our land, but also among other races, nations, and peoples, as was illustrated in the recent experiences in California, where antipathy to the Japanese was a prominent factor. From the sociological point of view, the race question was necessarily more intensified where the races are more evenly divided numerically, as appears to be the case in the Southern States. Some comparative figures of population will be of interest at this point. The New England and the Western States contain 12.8 per cent of our total population. In these States only one

per cent of the population is colored. Negroes constitute 58.5 per cent of the population of Mississippi; 58.4, of South Carolina; 47.1, of Louisiana; 46.7, of Georgia; while in Massachusetts the negro percentage of population is 1.1; New York, 1.4; Illinois, 1.8; and Michigan, 1.

These are figures from the Census Bulletin No. 8, 1904, and are given here to show that matters affecting the interests and welfare of white and colored people in their relation as fellow inhabitants are of greater and more testing consequence in the Southern States than elsewhere in the Union. For this reason our sympathies should go out to both white and colored people in the Southland in so far as the duty of pointing the way to Jesus is placed within our hands.

The scourge of war brought devastation and discouraging experiences to the once prosperous Southland. But by the pluck and valor of the sons of that section, encouraged by their Northern brethren, a greater and better-organized nation has been made possible. There is now, in fact, no dividing line between the North and the South. An illustration of this sentiment is to be found in the concluding part of an address delivered in New York City, Jan. 11, 1904, by Dr. Walter B. Hill, late chancellor of the Georgia University:—

"In conclusion, permit me to express my estimate of the patriotic work as well as of the educational work of these boards. Some months ago a party of surveyors was sent out to retrace the famous Mason and Dixon's line and to locate the stones which mark that famous boundary. The surveyors found, according to press reports, that the good people along the way, supposing justly that the landmarks had served their purpose, had regarded the stones as belonging to any one who might care to use them. Some of these stones had been built into the foundations of homes along the way; others had been worked into the pillars of schoolhouses, while some had been used for corner-stones of churches. Thus, the very emblems and landmarks of a line of division that was once traced in blood and fratricidal strife had been built into the home-life and imbedded into the education and consecrated by the religion of a reunited country."

A fitting close to this article perhaps would be to call attention to a sentiment chiseled in the pedestal supporting a monument to Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the Vanderbilt University grounds in Nashville, Tennessee. It was written by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in a letter dated Dec. 2, 1875, and reads thus: "If Vanderbilt University shall, through its influence, contribute to strengthen the ties which should exist between all sections of our common country, I shall feel that it has accomplished one of the objects that led me to take an interest in it." Have we not reason to believe that the promulgating of this sentiment in such a public way is representative of the present attitude of our fellow citizens in the South? In the spirit of the Master, we should recognize conditions wherever we are, and pray the Lord of the vineyard to fit us for that character of ambassadorship which will lead to him those of all lands, kindreds, tongues, and peoples.

SANFORD B. HORTON.

My Faith

It is my faith that truth to-day
Holds strong and firm as yesterday:
Yea, that forever it will stay
The test supreme—'tis God's great way.

— Crusader Monthly.



VI—The Sermon on the Mount (Continued); Giving of Alms; Prayer

(August 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 1-18.

PARALLEL TEXT: Luke 11: 1-4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen." Matt. 6: 9-13.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus warned his disciples against doing any religious act to gain the praise of men. He said: "Take heed that ye do not your alms [or righteousness] before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

2. "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

3. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." At the sacrifice on Mount Carmel the priests of Baal repeated over and over all day, "O Baal, hear us," and received no answer. Elijah's prayer was very short, but it brought fire from heaven. Jesus teaches us, "Be not ye therefore like unto them [the heathen]: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him."

4. "And it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." As they listened to the earnest, fervent prayers of Jesus, his disciples knew he prayed differently from any one they had ever before heard, and this was the reason his disciples asked him to teach them how to pray.

5. Then Jesus said, "After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

6. The Saviour knew it is hard to forgive one who has wronged us, so he explained how necessary it is for us to do so, by saying: "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

7. The Jews fasted often, and made themselves appear mournful and wretched so that all might know they were fasting, and think them very holy. But Jesus said: "Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." In giving of alms, in praying, in fasting, nothing should be done to attract attention or win praise to self.

Questions

1. Against what did Jesus warn his disciples? What did he say they should take heed not to do? What did he mean by "alms"? What did the hypocrites do when they gave alms? What is a hypocrite? Why did they do this? When were they rewarded for what they gave? How should we give alms? Why should we give in this way? Matt. 6: 1-4.

2. Whom should we not be like when we pray? How do hypocrites love to pray? Why do they pray in such public places? When are they rewarded? Where should we pray? To whom should we pray? Who will see us as we pray in this manner? How will such prayers be rewarded? Verses 5, 6.

3. What should we not use when praying? Who offer their prayers that way? Give an example of vain repetition in prayer. 1 Kings 18: 26. Why do the heathen use repetition? Why should our prayers be different from the prayers of those who worship false gods? Matt. 6: 7, 8.

4. What request did one of the disciples make in a certain place? What had Jesus just ceased doing? Why was this request made? Luke 11: 1.

5. What does Jesus teach us we may call God in prayer? In this model prayer what is said of the name of our Father in heaven? What is said of the kingdom of God? What is said of the will of God on earth? Where is his will now done? For what daily need should we pray? How are we to ask for forgiveness? From what should we ask to be kept? From what should we pray to be delivered? What belongs to our Father in heaven? With what word should prayer close? What is the meaning of "Amen"? — May it be so. Repeat the Lord's prayer. Is repeating these words praying? What is prayer? Matt. 6: 9-13.

6. What part of the Lord's prayer is the hardest for us to offer sincerely? If we forgive those who do us wrong, what will the Lord do for us? If we do not forgive, then for what do we ask when we repeat this prayer? Verses 14, 15.

7. What did hypocrites do when fasting? Why? When are they rewarded? What did Jesus say we should do when we fast? Why? How will those who truly fast be rewarded? In our giving, praying, and fasting, what should we not do? Verses 16-18.

—◆—◆—◆—
"THE battle of our life is brief,—
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI — The Sermon on the Mount (Continued); Giving of Alms; Prayer

(August 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 1-18.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Luke 11: 1-13.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 31;
"Mount of Blessing," pages 122-198.

MEMORY VERSE: The Lord's prayer. Matt. 6: 9-13.

Questions

Giving of Alms

1. What should not be our purpose in giving alms? Why? Matt. 6: 1.
2. What policy in giving of alms is forbidden? What is the only reward of such giving? Verse 2.
3. How should alms be given? What will be the reward of such giving? Verses 3, 4.

Prayer

4. What is said concerning the prayer of hypocrites? What do such prayers bring? Verse 5. See Luke 18: 11.
5. What admonition is given concerning secret prayer? What reward is promised? Matt. 6: 6; note 1.
6. What should we avoid in praying? Why? Verses 7, 8; note 2.

The Lord's Prayer

7. What comprehensive, model prayer has our Lord given us? Verses 9-13.
8. How is the tender relationship of God to his people expressed? Verse 9.
9. What are we bidden to pray concerning his kingdom and his will? Verse 10.
10. For what are we to ask daily? Verse 11.
11. To what extent are we to ask forgiveness for our sins? Verse 12; note 3.
12. What is promised to the merciful and forgiving? Verse 14.
13. What is said concerning those who are not forgiving? Verse 15.
14. When we fast, what course should we avoid? Verse 16.
15. What is said to those who fast? Whose approval should we seek? What is said concerning the reward? Verses 17, 18; note 4.

Notes

1. "In the secret place of prayer, where no eye but God's can see, no ear but his can hear, we may pour out our most hidden desires and longings to the Father of infinite pity; and in the hush and silence of the soul, that voice which never fails to answer the cry of human need, will speak to our hearts."—*"Mount of Blessing," page 123.*
2. Study well the instruction of our Saviour, and the prayers recorded in the Scripture. This passage does not forbid public prayer; for our Lord prayed in public, as did his servants. Public prayers should on all ordinary occasions be short. Let the long prayers be in secret. Come to God with humility, with a sense of utter unworthiness, and of his holiness and mercy. Thank him for his goodness. Praise him for his love and mercy. Ask in simple faith as you need, but always according to his will. Do not often

repeat the name or titles of Deity, nor speak to the great God as you would to your human neighbor. Holy reverence becomes the Christian; and this is fitting to the most implicit faith.

3. There is a story of a knight who went to an aged pastor to ask his blessing before he went to avenge himself of his enemy. The pastor said, "Son, on one condition I bestow my blessing; kneel and pray with all your heart our Lord's prayer after me." The knight did so until he came to the petition for forgiveness, and paused. The good man bade him continue. The knight said he could not. "Then," said the aged man, "I can not bestow my blessing." Again and again the old man repeated the prayer, and the knight followed him until he came to that petition. Finally, the words broke his heart, and he followed the prayer clear through. "Now, my son," said his counselor, "I will bless thee on thy mission." "I have none," replied the knight; "I have no enemy to avenge."

4. "Anoint thine head, and wash thy face,—these were forbidden in the Jewish canon on days of fasting and humiliation; and hypocrites availed themselves of this ordinance, that they might appear to fast. Our Lord, therefore, cautions us against this; as if he had said, Affect nothing; dress in any ordinary manner, and let the whole of thy deportment prove that thou desirest to recommend thy soul to God, and not thy face to men."—*Clarke.*

Poison in the Book

ONE day a gentleman in India took from his library shelf a book. As he did so, he felt a little pain at the end of his finger like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been left in the book as a book-mark, and began reading. Soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he was dead. It was not a pin, but a small deadly serpent, which had housed itself in the leaves of the book. If the tiny, green, deadly snake of India were the only one that nestled among books, we could guard against it, but it is not. There are thousands of poisonous snake thoughts in books of the present time. They are so artfully coiled, and so snugly concealed, that their presence is unknown, their sting unfelt, till the "book is finished" and laid down. Multitudes have exclaimed after the poison had begun its work, "O if I had never read that book!"—*The Expositor.*

True Thoughts

"TALK much, err much."

"Years know more than books."

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

God's love to us "has been as a shower; the return but a dewdrop, and that dewdrop stained with sin."

"Existence is one long-drawn sigh after repose. That is nowhere else to be found but through the blood of Christ. The world's peace is all well, so long as prosperity lasts—so long as the stream runs smooth, and the sky is clear; but when the cataract is at hand, or the storm is gathering, where is it?—It is gone. The peace of the believer is deep, calm, lasting—everlasting. The words of Jesus are so many rills contributing to make the believer's peace flow as a river."

The Youth's Instructor

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Washington's Sane and Safe Fourth

WASHINGTON, D. C., and Cleveland, Ohio, had a quiet celebration of the "glorious Fourth." Neither of these cities allowed the sale or use of any fireworks within the city limits. A number of other cities, Chicago, Omaha, Los Angeles, and Toledo, made great effort to avoid the usual fatalities, and their efforts were rewarded. The country's dead numbered fifteen, and the list of wounded three hundred twenty-eight, instead of fifty-six dead and many hundred wounded at the same hour on the previous Fourth.

Washington, D. C., gave an official celebration under the auspices of the joint committee of the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce. Music, addresses, day and evening displays of fireworks, and a floral-flag automobile parade formed the interesting features of the program.

Surely every one who regards human life and physical well-being will welcome this new order of things—a quiet, sensible, and prudent expression of patriotic feeling.

An Advocate of a Juror's Liberty

THE trial of a man by a jury of his peers was esteemed by the fathers of our country as the completest safeguard that could be devised against the miscarriage of justice, and the method adopted of locking these men from outside influences, after ascertaining that they were ignorant of the case, was thought to be the very sheet-anchor of a citizen's rights and the guaranty that law and equity should have free course.

The result, as the years have rolled on, has not been all that could be desired. Stark ignorance is not always a guaranty of impartiality. Neither with the multiplication of news sheets is it very easily obtainable. In view of this, the requirement of no knowledge of the case on trial has been modified to shut out from the jury those having formed positive convictions; but a judge in a New York murder trial has gone still further and permitted the jurymen to go to their homes each night unguarded, declaring that he sees no reason why a jury should be improperly influenced more than a judge. Men have sought by every means to escape jury duty which might keep them close prisoners for weeks, and if the judge's theory is carried out, men of standing will be more willing to serve on juries, and the standard of intelligence and character will be perceptibly raised.—*Young People*.

Progress in Cuba

WITH the beginning of the present fiscal year the republic of Cuba established a Bureau of Information, President Gomez appointing Leon J. Canova, an American newspaper man who has resided in Cuba eleven years and has a wide acquaintance with the island, as its director.

Persons wishing information of any nature concerning Cuba can obtain the same, free of charge, by writing to Leon J. Canova, U. and I. Bureau (Utility and Information Bureau), Department of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor, Havana, Cuba.

The Greatest Singer Introduced

MR. P. T. BARNUM advertised that he would introduce before the American public the greatest singer ever heard on this side of the water. The one he was to introduce was Jenny Lind. On the night of the concert in New York, Jenny Lind appeared before an immense audience. When she came out to sing, some snickered at her appearance, for she was young and not remarkably prepossessing. The whole audience began to laugh, and the poor girl was completely stage-struck, and beginning to cry, she left the stage. Mr. Barnum at once stepped out on the stage. His face was flushed with anger, and he said that if any man was not satisfied that he was to produce what he claimed he would, his money was waiting for him at the box office, and that any one could leave at once. Not a person stirred. Then Mr. Barnum brought out the timid Jenny Lind, and placed himself behind her. With this big six-footer supporting her, she felt her confidence return, and she completely thrilled that great audience with the beauty of her singing.

Behind us stands Jesus Christ to encourage and help any one of us. We should never be afraid what others say or do not say when we are doing right and have Jesus our Saviour with us. If God is for us, who is against us?—*The Wellspring*.

Rainy-Day Churchgoers

"WELL, this looks like no church to-day!" commented the last straggler in to breakfast, looking significantly toward the rain-splashed windows. "A dreary morning, if ever I saw one!"

A tall, fine-looking woman across the table looked up quizzically. She was the principal of a girls' school, and was used to such "young" speeches. However, these were not her "girls," but only vacation house-mates, so she did not speak the thought, whatever it was, that made her lift her face so quickly. But the first speaker had seen it, and spoke out impulsively.

"Why, you are dressed for church! You don't mean to say that you are going to church such a day as this? There won't be fifty persons in the house!"

"That's just why I am going!" was the quiet answer. "On pleasant days I might not be missed. On such a Sunday morning every one counts."

The household did not rise up in a body and don waterproofs and stormy-day suits in answer to that sentiment. Only one or two did so, influenced by the power of example. But the principle had been enunciated; the true word had been spoken. The thought had been suggested that churchgoing has its duty-side as well as that of privilege. One's place has a right to be filled. There is an appointment to be kept. The time of all times to keep it is when others will be likely to fail.—*The Wellspring*.