

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

June 28, 1910

No. 26

A PSALM OF THE HELPERS

HE that turneth from the road to rescue
another,

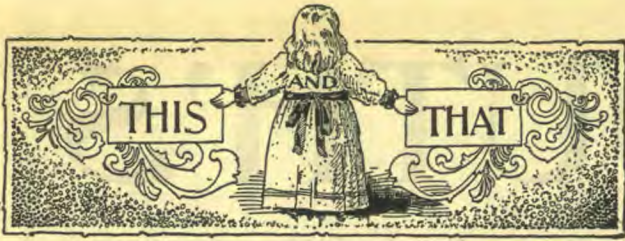
Turneth toward his goal:
He shall arrive in due time by the footpath
of mercy,
God will be his guide.

He that taketh up the burden of the faint-
ing,
Lighteneth his own load:
The Almighty will put his arms underneath
him,
He shall lean upon the Lord.

He that speaketh comfortable words to
mourners,
Healeth his own heart:
In his time of grief they will return to re-
membrance,
God will use them for balm.

He that careth for the sick and wounded,
Watcheth not alone:
There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is the Lord.

— Henry van Dyke.



If heaven sends no supplies, the fairest blossom of the garden dies.—*William Browne.*

"THE man whose mind is set firmly toward achievement does not appropriate success; *he is success.*"

"A WISE man once said, 'Every day is a little life.' Moses, in the ninetyeth psalm, asked to be taught to number, not his years, but his days. If the days are all right, the years will be full of success and joy."

WISCONSIN is making a special effort with the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. They have offered to send a trial order of ten to all who request it, to be paid for when sold, or to have the account canceled if they fail to sell them.

"I AM just home from vacation," wrote a young man to his pastor, 'and I want to offer my services right away. I am anxious to get to doing something for the Master.' That young man had struck the right key of living."

THE Missionary Volunteer Society in Glendale, California, raised money for the traveling expenses and the support of one of their number to go to the city to obtain signers against the California Sunday law. Does not this contain a suggestion for other societies?

TWENTY-TWO train loads of best steam coal, each train consisting of thirty cars, are required to supply the "Mauretania" for one voyage across the Atlantic.

DR. ROBERT KOCH died at Baden-Baden on May 27. The world owes much to Dr. Koch, who succeeded in isolating the cholera bacillus. For this work the German government awarded him twenty-five thousand dollars. He also discovered the bacillus of tuberculosis, and found the disease to be infectious. For his researches in tuberculosis he received the Nobel medicine prize of forty thousand dollars. He further discovered that the South African sleeping-sickness had its origin in the tsetse-fly. Important knowledge in regard to lockjaw, typhoid fever, erysipelas, and other diseases was given to the world by this noted investigator.

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A Fresh-Air Book

The July "Life and Health" with its delightful, inspiring, three-color cover and a grist of fresh-air articles and hot-weather suggestions comes like a cool breath of air on a stifling hot summer afternoon. The picture here gives a poor conception of the real beauty of this—

July Number of **LIFE & HEALTH**

THE NATIONAL HEALTH MAGAZINE

Hundreds Now Earning Scholarships

Ambitious boys and girls find it easy to earn their way through school by selling "LIFE AND HEALTH." Write for our special plan. Many older people make a comfortable living selling our periodicals and books.

Among the contributors are Dr. James P. Warbasse, of New York, with an article on "Outdoor Schools." George Wharton James, the famous lecturer, continues his series of stirring discussion of "The Spontaneity of God's Great Out-of-Doors." Dr. LeRoy J. Otis has an article on "Hot-Weather Suggestions," while Herbert M. Lome, well known to the readers of "Life and Health" as a writer on physical culture topics, tells how to make camping easy for the unaccustomed.

Copies may be obtained from tract societies, or from—

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No. 26

The Morality of Free Thought: Three Illustrations

Augagneur's Red Terror Campaign

RECENTLY M. Victor Augagneur, whose course in Madagascar has won for him the sobriquet of "Diocletian the Little," has left the island, probably for all time. He was the Socialist mayor of Lyons before he entered the colonial service, and is a freethinker. Under his government, Malagasy Christians have been called to go through a "red terror," which, though not so bad as the immediately preceding "black terror," when schoolhouses and churches were confiscated by the Jesuits and at least two missionaries murdered, has yet become a scandal of the first magnitude. The most important of Norwegian missions is in Madagascar, and its organ, *Norske Missions Blad*, has long been full of Augagneur's intolerance. We summarize some recent matter from it.

The initial step was to break down mission schools. First by restrictive rulings, later by direct prohibition, the whole system, with its one hundred fifty thousand pupils, has been for the time being practically destroyed. Training-schools for teachers, for doctors, for pastors, industrial schools, the schools in which ninety per cent of the native officials the French government finds so useful were educated—all have been closed. It has been strictly forbidden to teach children to read, and one hundred twenty thousand children in elementary schools have been turned loose in the jungle again. No adequate substitute in state schools has yet been arranged. In fact, in 1907, the year after the law was passed which destroyed mission schools, the state's educational budget sank sixty thousand francs.

Then followed the attack on the churches. It was forbidden to build new churches without authorization, and this has been in most cases refused, either "because there were so few Christians in the district," or without given reason. To repair a church, similar authorization is required and commonly refused, so that churches have fallen to pieces. Augagneur has indeed gone a step further and actually ordered churches torn down which had been erected without authorization before his time. As the crown of this legislation, Christians are forbidden to hold religious exercises outside of church buildings! If they gather in their houses for prayer and Bible reading, they run the risk of fine or imprisonment. The police have actually broken up such private meetings and have turned back churchgoers on the way to church. Religious exercises at burials have practically ceased, because the freethinking governor has forbidden other than the relatively few European missionaries to take charge of such services. Sunday-schools still survive, but the French republic, through its great proconsul, sees to it that little children shall not be taught to read there. The animus of the government is declared to be rather antichristian than antireligious,—at least, Moslem and heathen are favored and supported. Protestant missionaries have been publicly described

as "pirates" by high officials, and an antimissionary speech delivered by Augagneur in the French Chamber of Deputies has been distributed in anonymous form in Madagascar. The freemason and the freethinking societies of France have passed votes of confidence in Augagneur, and praised him for his "decided attitude toward Christian propaganda." When he left France last, he said that in two years he would have "rooted out all Christian weeds in the island."

Meanwhile the French Protestants who, as one of the most faithfully republican elements in France, have much influence with the government, are using every means to call a halt on freethinking intolerance, and in this they have an active supporter in the English government.

Great Scientific Theory Based on Dishonesty

A federation of German freethinkers has been organized under the name of the *Monisten-Bund*. Its leader is Professor Haeckel, of Jena, whose atheistic book, "The World Riddle," floods the English book-stalls in a sixpenny edition. In English sixpenny-circles he passes for a great thinker. Competent German estimates of him are not so favorable. Thus Professor Wundt, of Leipsic, a *savant* of the first rank, says that ("Kultur der Gegenwart," page 124) "in reading Haeckel one feels as if one were translated to a time antecedent to the discovery of logic, an era when science was as yet in its childhood." The *Monisten-Bund* has its freethinking gatherings on Sundays, celebrates two sun festivals in the year, provides freethinking speakers to officiate at marriages, baptisms (!), and funerals, and carries on certain charities which, according to *Das Freie Wort*, the Frankfurt freethinking review, "are painfully insufficiently supported."

Professor Haeckel has been in the past three years subjected to very searching criticisms on the part of the zoologist, Dr. Arnold Brass. It was clearly shown that he had falsified plates in order to prove evolutionary steps, had doctored drawings of foetuses and of ape tails. Since then he has published in his "*Das Menschen Problem*" new embryo drawings which he alleges have been copied with absolute accuracy from other investigators. But Dr. Brass shows that these, too, have been altered in very important points,—giving a series of illustrations, "before" and "after," especially of the fish-man and fish-bat embryo. Haeckel in his reply tries to throw the responsibility of his dishonesty on his draftsman. But Dr. Brass retorts: "How it is, then, that the falsifications in every case occur where they can be made to contribute proof to Haeckel's hypotheses?"

The Fool's Motto, "God Is Not"

The French government has published in English, German, Spanish, and Italian, translations of a work by M. Mater, "The Religious Policy of the French Republic." It defends the separation of church from

state and the various steps taken during the last few years to protect the republic against clerical intrigue. Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, Seignebos, Berthelot, and other distinguished Frenchmen constitute the committee under whose immediate supervision the book has been published. Its main contention is that the policy of the *bloc* has not been antireligious but anticlerical. M. Mater declares that it is as impossible to destroy man's bent toward religion as to do away with the rule of the queen bee in the hive.

But this is certainly not the opinion of an active and aggressive group in France to-day. When the present minister of labor, Viviani, declared that he was going to put out the lights of heaven forever, he was not thinking merely of the Church of Rome. Senator Havet, at the Congress of Lay Youth, expressed more definitely the program of French freethinkers. "The power of modern thought has shaken consecutively the bases of the Papacy, of Christianity, of theism. The goal of our epoch is the religious zero. We aim to purge France and the world of religion."

So they have begun with the school-books. Every reference to God or spiritual things has been censored out. M. Bonifas, in an article, "God and the School-Book" (*Foi et Vie*, Aug. 1, 1909), calls attention to some recent changes.

In an 1898 reading-book the sentence, "The beauties of nature ought to raise our thoughts to God," is changed, in 1908, to, "The beauties of nature ought to elevate our thoughts."

In 1900 the astronomer Leverrier is quoted as saying, "When one gazes on the starry heavens through the telescope, one can almost see God himself behind those scattered worlds." This is changed to, "The celebrated astronomer was wont to say, 'The sight of the heavens raises one above one's self.'"

A sentence of Seneca, "O man, God stands near you," becomes, without Seneca's permission, "O man, thy conscience is thy judge."

Alfred de Musset's, "The whole world glorifies thee; the bird in its nest sings praise to thee, and for a drop of rain thousands have blessed thee," is replaced by, "Dance, little girls, all in a circle. The woods smile at your gentle charm."

La Fontaine's, "The little fish will grow up if God gives it life, becomes, "The little fish will grow up if it is given life."

An illustration of a village church is changed to a picture of the local post-office. The story of Galileo in the Cathedral of Pisa is described under the title of Galileo in a *monument* of Pisa. A quotation from the Christian St. Augustine is doctored into one from the pagan Cicero. A citation from Voltaire declaring that God wishes children to obey their parents is thanklessly thrown out by these freethinkers who would out-Voltaire Voltaire. Finally, while the story of the widow's mite is strangely enough retained, Christ is not mentioned. Instead, "A *sage* said to his disciples."

The first illustration cited is of intolerance, the second of dishonesty. Perhaps the word stupidity would best characterize the third. For was it not the fool who said in his heart, "God is not"?

And it must be recalled that Augagneur, Haeckel, and Havet are not unimportant men in their movement, but its choicest representatives.—*Record of Christian Work*.

A BRAVE, frank, manly foe is infinitely better than a false, weak, timorous friend.—*Van Dyke*.

Ilala

As in the days when Jesus walked
This earth in man's frail form,
And taught God's love from Olive's brow,
Or midst the raging storm,

The censure of the Judas fell
Upon that act so meet,
When Mary, with the ointment, wiped
The Saviour's worthy feet;

So in this day of sordid gain,
When servants of the Lord,
In heathen lands, to untaught men,
Still seek to tell his word,

The avaricious cry is heard:
"What waste of men and means
To lavish on the dross of earth,
Who dwell mid savage scenes!"

Unworthy thought! unholy speech!
To Christian claims, a lie!
When Christ has said, "Go! feed
My sheep," shall we that voice deny?

A host of men by God inspired,
The heathen lands have trod;
And many, though unknown to man,
Are not unknown to God.

One noble name comes to my mind
Among us loved and known,
And loved indeed by those to whom
He was God's living stone.

When Africa, in deepest gloom,
Sent up her mute appeal
For men of God with love imbued,
That "open sore" to heal,

He turned his face away from friends
To seek the lowly slave;
He left behind the loved of earth,
The darkened souls to save.

At Kolenberg, though sore oppressed
With Mammon's cruel greed
By those whose wicked avarice
Belied their boasted creed,

Undaunted he the message bore;
And soon a gem for God,
Denuded of its earthly dross,
Broke from its native clod.

Not his to dwell in ample ease,
Such thoughts ne'er knew his soul;
Where "smoked the thousand village fires,"
Far inland, lay his goal.

And though on Afric's chart was seen
No path or beaten track,
With God before, and God behind,
His footsteps knew no slack.

And though that day like midnight came,
His cup of grief to fill,
"Though thou, O God, hast ta'en her,
I'll do my duty still."

Forgotten by the ones at home,
He toiled those swamps among,
Surrounded by those scenes which ne'er
Had known his native tongue.

But if his life made manifest
The glory of his task,
What great rebuke to skeptics when
He laid it down at last.

The rude straw hut of Chitambo,
Where lies his wasted form,
Is darkened by a deeper cloud
Than those of outside storm.

As dawn breaks through Ilala's shades,
Those faithful sons of Ham
Approach with solemn awe the hut
Where rests that noble man.

With reverence grave they gaze upon
That form on bended knees;
This oft familiar scene now seems
Their heavy hearts to ease.

In silence still they waited there,
Where oft the candle shone,
But little thought that from their midst
The greater light had gone.

Ah ye who scorn the heathen's claim
To share with us a part,
Think well upon that tender scene,
The love of heathen heart.

With gentle care those untaught men
The wasted form enshroud;
And through Ilala runs the word,
'Mid lamentation loud.

And then began the fun'ral march
Through forest dark and wide,
To bring that mortal clay to where
Flows deep Atlantic's tide.

No deep-toned organ swells its chords;
No choir now chants its dirge;
Far deeper are the strains of grief
That through their torn hearts surge.

No stone or marble columns here
To echo back the tread
As on the solemn cortege moves
Bearing its precious dead.

And yet no sacred minster aisle
No hallowed scene hath known
Than witnessed then this temple great,
With nature overgrown—

Not e'en Westminster's noble pile,
Which in its sacred space
Amidst the greatest of the land,
To him gave resting-place.

And still our inmost thoughts will rove,
And still our tears will start,
For though his country claims the man,
Ilala claims his heart.

F. H. LOASBY.

Seminary, Takoma Park, D. C.

The Hiding of His Power

THE heart of the prophet Habakkuk was full of intense longing that God's work might be revived, and pouring out his petition to God, there came to him a revelation of the glory of the Holy One of Israel, out of whose hands there emanated beams of glory, and in these "was the hiding of his power." When this Holy One was manifested among the children of men, how many times were his hands stretched out in blessing; blind eyes were touched, and with restored sight looked into the face of the world's Light; deaf ears were unstopped, to hear the voice of God speaking pardon and peace; paralyzed limbs responded to the divine touch, and with the buoyancy of youth entered into the service of God. In the hands of the Master was the hiding of God's power.

That last charge of the Japanese troops upon Port Arthur is graphically described by Lieutenant Sagurai, of the Japanese army. In an awful rain of hail, he and his comrades of the Twelfth Company advanced determinedly up the slope of the hill, when suddenly his captain was seen to stagger and fall. The power of the enemy had reached him, and the young lieutenant sadly closed his captain's eyes in death. "Faint and cold though I was," he said, "I felt in his girdle for the secret map, in which his commission was marked out, and finding it I arose and said, 'Comrades, I lead the Twelfth Company. Forward!'" And forward they went, and Port Arthur fell.

The Captain of the Lord's host hangs upon Calvary, with hands outstretched, giving his life that men may have power for service. He has faithfully fulfilled the commission given him by the Father, and it now behooves his followers to take their commission

from him, their power from his sacrifice, and with a shout of victory continue in the fight until the last stronghold of the enemy falls, and the standard of truth is planted firmly on the everlasting hills.

How encouraging the thought that we have reached the last stand of the enemy; the coming victory will be the final one, resulting in our entrance into the kingdom of God. Then the joy when God shall review his troops, the heroes of faith; and as he places upon each brow, not a wreath of laurel, but a crown of everlasting life, how insignificant will seem the hardships endured in the conflict with the enemy. The ears of these soldiers shall listen to the voice of Jehovah as he sings to them of the great joy he experiences in having his children around him, nevermore to leave his presence; and, led by the One of whom the sweet singer of Israel was a type, there shall roll back to the throne of God such a song of delight from the lips of the redeemed as shall stir every angel in heaven, and every creature in heaven and on the earth, and all that are in every place, will join in adoring him who made such a triumph possible. My young friend, how goes the battle? Are you gaining victories? If not, come in personal touch with the Man of Calvary, and from those hands pierced for you, power will come, enabling you always to triumph in Christ. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable Gift."

"They are coming this way!" he said,—the angel who kept the gate,—
'They enter the city here. Would you see their cohorts? Wait. Within is a great feast spread, and the air with music stirs; For the King himself shall sit this day with the banqueters.'

"The heroes of earth! For these, in their march up the aisles of palm,
I would wait; from within came forth the surge of a swelling psalm.
At thought of the nearing hosts, I shrank in awesome dread—
Chief captains and mighty men, who should pass with their martial tread.

"Then, slowly, out of the mists up the way whence I looked to see,
With glory along their crests, and light on their panoply,
The warriors, splendor-shod, with whose names Time's annals rang,
Came a band of pilgrims, worn as from years of journeying.

"Slowly, with halting steps, they come; their unsandaled feet
Are bruised by jagged stones, are scorched by the desert's heat;
Their faces are white, and lined with vigil and patient pain;
Their forms are bent and marred by the storm and the hurricane;

"But the stronger uphold the weak—and their leader upholds a cross.
Impatient, I look away down the slopes where the palm plumes toss;
Impatient, I turn to him, the angel who keeps the gate,—
'But the heroes? Where are they, for whom you bade me wait?'

"For answer, the gate swings wide, and dawn streams out on the night;
And that wayworn band pass through, their raiment white as the light.
For answer, I hear a voice from the heart of the halos say,
While the veiled angel bows: 'Earth's heroes? These are they.'"

JOHN N. QUINN.

Creates, but Does Not Repair

GOD never repairs. Christ never patches. The gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral thinking and ethical cobbling. What God does he does new—new heavens, new earth, new body, new heart: "Behold, I make all things new."—C. S. Parkhurst.

The Telepost

W. S. CHAPMAN



APRIL 1, 1845, Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse sent out the first telegraph message ever flashed over an established public wire. The government could then have purchased all the inventor's rights in his invention for \$100,000, but the

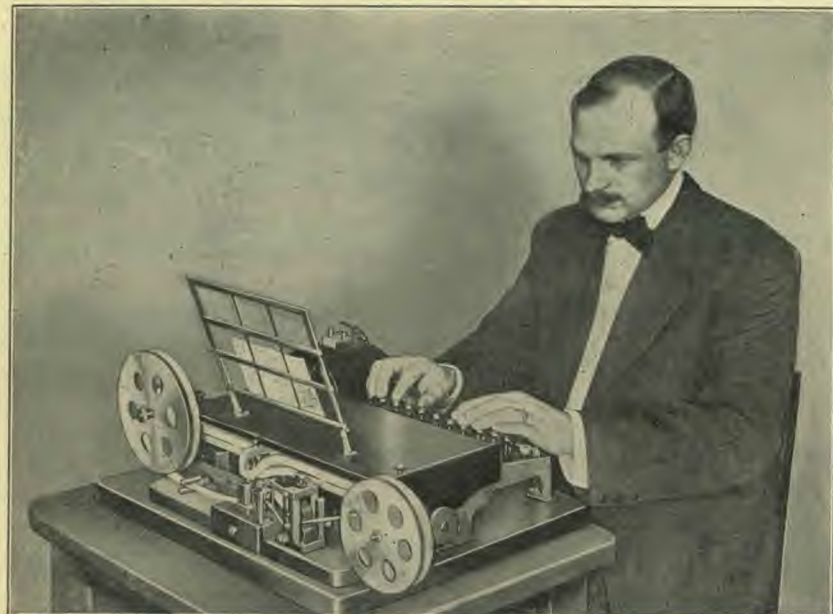
a minute, but his coworker at the receiving station may be duller of hearing, less ready of comprehension, or slow in writing, hence unable to receive over fifteen words a minute, the usual average. In such a case, and it is the prevailing one, it would be useless for the

expert to work rapidly, for the receiving operator would be constantly "breaking in" or stopping him, and asking for a repetition of words not understood. Hence it has come to be recognized as a fact that the average limit for the transmission of a message by the Morse system is fifteen words a minute. The necessity of the day, however, is for a system by which not less than one thousand words a minute can be transmitted.

What to seek for as a remedy has been a most perplexing problem. For years it has been realized that the day would surely come when the Morse system would utterly fail to meet the wants of the business world, to say nothing of the needs of the citizens.

To increase the many miles of strung wires much beyond their present number will hardly be possible or allowable; the dense masses now on giant poles, everywhere, have already become a

menace to the people and their property, especially in large cities, as well as entailing a bill of expense to the companies which is frightful to contemplate, making it necessary, apparently, for them to charge a rate for the transmission of a message which is practically prohibitive to thousands of persons. The average charge for a ten-word message over the Morse system is estimated to be 34.1 cents, while the cost is estimated at 28.5 cents. The profit, 5.6 cents, would be totally inadequate were it not for the enormous volume of business offered to the companies. The annual gross receipts of the older companies is given as \$45,255,187, with net earnings of \$9,704,255.



OPERATOR PREPARING TELEPOST MESSAGES

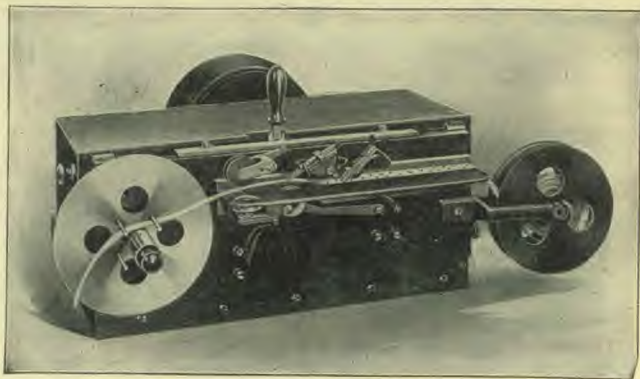
This can be done by any young woman typist

investigating committee appointed by Congress believed "its value was of too conjectural a character to warrant the expenditure upon it of so large a sum of money."

Sixty-five years have passed since then, and now, wherever in all the known world there is a village with a railroad station, there will be found the little instrument ticking away the Morse calls and answers to and from more distant points. In the United States alone the Morse system is capitalized at \$200,000,000, and it has over 27,000 operating stations; yet, although over 110,000,000 messages pass over the wires annually, so great is the necessity for a more efficient service, that, could the business be handled, and the cost to the public be adequately reduced, 300,000,000, or, no doubt, 500,000,000, messages would be offered and transmitted annually.

The old Morse system has, evidently, about reached the limit of its capacity. Gladly would the companies enlarge their holdings, and increase, to any practical number, their army of employees, if by any such means they could meet the requirements of modern business development. But that would be of no avail. The Morse hand-operated system has reached a point where, along its present lines, it is impossible to make any further advance.

In the sending of a message each word has to be "ticked" out over the wires by the operator spelling every particular letter separately, using a system of dots and dashes familiar to the public. The time so consumed in spelling out the words of a message is limited by the ability of the less efficient of the two operators at opposite ends of a line, whether it be the one who transmits or the one who receives the message. For instance, the operator sending the message may be an expert capable of sending out fifty words



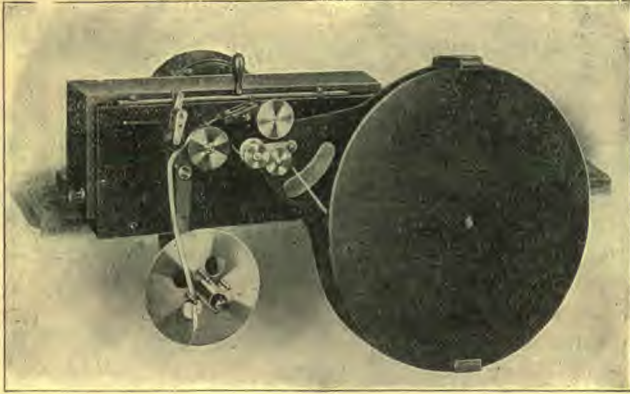
TELEPOST AUTOMATIC RAPID TRANSMITTER

Sends one thousand to two thousand words a minute over any one wire

Many years ago several of the foremost electricians became convinced that further advance in telegraphy was possible only through the introduction of automatic transmitting and receiving machinery, that is, machines wholly independent of the skill or ability of human operators. The idea once broached soon bore

fruit in practical results. Machines of more or less practical utility began to appear, mainly in England, and some of these are still in use. All, however, failed under severe tests and in times of pressure of business, or conflicting conditions in the elements. All were unreliable, some for one reason, some for another.

Among those intensely interested in the effort to perfect automatic telegraphy and its machinery, was



TELEPOST AUTOMATIC RAPID RECEIVER
One thousand to two thousand words a minute

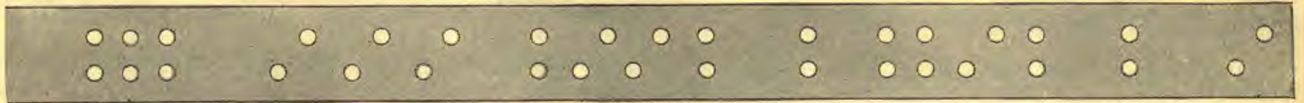
Mr. Patrick B. Delany, of South Orange, New Jersey. He and Mr. Edison began experimenting. Mr. Edison finally decided that the matter was not feasible, and withdrew; but Mr. Delany persevered, and at last, his

Because of the enormous reduction in the cost of equipment, maintenance, and operation, it is now possible to inaugurate a system of telegraphy at such a trifling cost to the public that a one-hundred-word message can be transmitted for much less than the present cost of a ten-word message over the Morse system.

A company has been chartered to do a general telegraph business through the United States, and is now in successful operation in some portions. This system will, no doubt, soon supersede all other systems. Its charge is a uniform rate of twenty-five cents irrespective of distance. For this sum it transmits and delivers by messenger an ordinary telegram containing twenty-five words; or it transmits a fifty-word message known as a "telepost," any distance, and its clerk at the receiving station writes out the message, then sends it to its destination through the mails.

In addition, for the use of business men, the company transmits what are called "teletape" messages, the charge being still the regular amount of twenty-five cents, but for one hundred words, with a charge of five cents for each additional ten words.

These messages require the use, by the business houses, of special machines, which are leased to them by the company. The machines use a tape, which is connected with a regular Morse key, and operated from a regular keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. The clerk at the business house, using the keyboard,



A PERFORATED TAPE USED BY THE BUSINESS MAN FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF A TELETAPE MESSAGE

efforts have been crowned with a brilliant success.

The great and insurmountable difficulty in transmitting high-speed messages by machinery, seemed to be because of what is termed the "static charge," or "capacity" of the circuit. "After a signal has been sent, and the circuit has been opened at the sending end, a current continues to flow from the receiving end until the accumulated static charge has been run out. This additional current leaves a record on the receiving tape, and makes the message illegible. As each signal is followed by this residual current, the spaces between the dashes and the dots on the record are filled up, the words run together." Mr. Delany

perforates the message on the tape, which is then forwarded to the transmitting office of the Telepost Company. Here it is sent through a transmitting machine, and is electrolytically recorded at the receiving office on a chemically prepared tape, then sent, by messenger, to the party to whom it is addressed. On its arrival the house clerk places the message on spools attached to an ordinary typewriter, and copies it off as it unwinds before him. A very little practise makes a typewriter expert at this work. This style of message is in part secret writing, being an enigma except to the initiated.

It will be seen from what has been presented, that



THE ELECTRO-CHEMICALLY PRINTED RECEIVING TAPE

not only overcame this opposition, but has been able to put this disturbing element to work in the recording of a message, which has, at once, brought his system and his machines to the front as the practical solution of automatic telegraph.

The possibilities connected with this invention can be partly appreciated when it is stated that but one wire is necessary; that the wire can be used for other purposes, as, for instance, telephoning, while messages are being transmitted, and that 1,000 words a minute can be sent over a wire 1,000 miles long, 8,000 words a minute having been transmitted over shorter distances.

it will soon be possible to send by telegraph lengthy messages of importance which now go by mail, generally as registered matter. The additional cost will be but a trifle, while often days in time will be saved. Many millions of messages will soon, undoubtedly, be sent annually by telepost and by teletape that otherwise would go by mail.

In the illustration, the perforated tape is the one used by the business man for transmission of a teletape message, and the other, the electro-chemically printed receiving tape.

"THE mind, like steel, is kept bright by use."

Boy a Human Storage Battery

E. G. ATLOY, a seven-year-old boy of Russian parentage, born in America and living in Houston, Texas, has been discovered to be a human storage-battery of electricity. He is red-headed, freckle-faced, and blue-eyed. A court of medical experts, electricians, and physicians has made remarkable tests.

His strange powers were accidentally discovered by a metal filling which had been put in one tooth. The boy picked up the disconnected porcelain knob that was used to connect an electric fan with an electric-light wire, and thrust it into his mouth. As the metal cap touched the metal tooth filling, the fan began to revolve, and then to buzz at full speed. A thirty-two candle-power bulb was attached to the end of the wire, and the light burned brilliantly.

When a steel thimble was put on the boy's finger, and he grasped the end of the wires in his hand, the same result was obtained. A piece of iron held in the boy's hand for a few moments becomes highly magnetized. A hammer, with an iron handle, held in his hands will attract tacks at a distance of four feet.

Placed on a glass-legged stool, any one touching him receives a distinct shock. An ordinary flat-iron held in his hands for five minutes and then passed over tenpenny nails driven into hard wood will pull them with ease.—*Sunshine Bulletin*.

Rational Physical Culture

IN ancient Greece, physical culture was prescribed as an indispensable item of the regular curriculum. At the present time, on the contrary, in spite of our boasted civilization and enlightenment, it is sadly neglected.

The experiment has been tried in various schools and colleges of adding to the curriculum a compulsory course in physical culture, and the result has invariably been a higher grade of mental work, as well as a marked increase in the bodily vigor of the students.

It may be well to make it clear that "health" and "strength" are not synonymous terms; that is to say, it is possible for a man to be a muscular giant, and yet be a chronic dyspeptic, or like the great essayist, Thomas Carlyle, who expressed himself with much bitterness when he said he was "the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach."

When the brain power is taxed at the expense of the body, the result is invariably disastrous,—perhaps a nervous breakdown, and very often a premature grave. It is the duty of every man and woman to avoid this unnatural condition of affairs, by taking sufficient exercise to maintain health.

A well-regulated system of physical culture will bring into operation every voluntary muscle. That the best results accrue when the *will power* is concentrated on the business in hand, can not be too strongly emphasized. In exercising the voluntary muscles, other organs which are not controlled by the will are indirectly influenced: the heart beats more rapidly; the skin loses its dryness, and becomes elastic; and the brain is invigorated.

Violent and spasmodic exercises are injurious, and are not calculated to produce an all-round perfection of health. The only possible way of maintaining a healthy body, other things being favorable, is to be faithful in exercising regularly, without a day's break. If this course is adopted, the result will be a pleasant surprise to many.

Space forbids a detailed outline of the exercises here. I will mention a few essential points: Breathe deeply, filling the lungs with air, and in about ten seconds gently exhale. Repeat this again and again, and contract the muscles of the chest simultaneously with each breath. Immediately after exercising, take a cold bath if you can safely; or a friction bath may take its place, which is safe and invigorating. No apparatus is needed. All that is necessary is will power and faithful application.

As far as possible, Seventh-day Adventists should be examples of physical health and strength. We should also remember that an education is of little value if physically we are nervous wrecks. Those preparing for work in foreign fields should learn to take care of their health, and thus be able to render efficient service for a much greater length of time. Missionaries have lived in India, in that uncongenial climate, anywhere from fifteen to fifty years, and kept themselves in an excellent physical condition. The secret largely lies in a balance of mental and physical activities.

Let us seek for the highest attainments spiritually, mentally, and physically, that we may be the more useful in the Master's vineyard.

L. C. CRUICKSHANKS.

The Model

THE master gave me a chisel, and said, "Before you is the marble; and remember, keep your eye on the model."

I worked day by day, and lo, the rough-hewn block of marble began to shape itself, and ever between the chiseling my eyes were upon the perfect figure before me. But as the days went by and the master, with encouraging words, came, saying, "Ah, indeed, my pupil, you will win the prize!" I looked less at the figure, and worked even faster; for so soon the prize would be mine.

But alas! after it was finished, I saw my mistake; the hasty work had marred the thing of beauty. That which had been started with great care was worthless, and no prize could I claim.

Again the master came. "Ah, you did not keep your eye on the model! You trusted to self;" and to my woeful regrets he replied, "Another trial I give you; make this one better, and remember your success depends upon keeping the model ever before you."

Even so the Father gave me a character to mold. "Work on, dear child, and keep your eye on the perfect Pattern," he said.

I worked faithfully day by day, but at last I felt so sure I would win the crown which the Father had promised, that the Pattern became more and more abandoned, and lo, when I came to him with my character, I found it all marred and disfigured by sin.

Yet to my grief-stricken soul he tenderly said: "My child, you forget to keep Christ, the perfect One, ever before you. And now I give you a spotless character. Try again, that you may at the last be sure of the crown."

GRACE L. THOMAS.

It is not enough for a youth to get sufficient education and special training to enable him to meet the ordinary demands in his career. It is the extraordinary, the unexpected, the emergency, that tests a man's caliber, his preparation, his fitness.—*Orison Swett Marden*.



THE HOME CIRCLE



Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourtous.—Mrs. E. G. White.

The Conquering Woman: a Baccalaureate Talk

WHY should a young woman, when she is married, feel that the end of her ambition is attained? Why cease to grow in mind, heart, and ability? Why should not single young women keep on in the development of their powers after school-days? Why simply seek to have a good time? Why should any girl, however poor and homeless, working in store or mill, simply work and no more—only be a machine, and, like all other machines, grow less and less the longer she works? Why use all of life to pay one's board? Why should not a young woman have a plan for the future? Why not lay up a little money? Why not have a trade or profession and some aim in life? This is the first thing with a conquering young woman; she rouses herself from a life of listless sentimental dreaming into some definite endeavor.

The Conquering Young Woman Perseveres

There will be obstacles in the way—poverty, poor opportunity or position, self-sacrifice, and, most of all, a feeling that you “can not do it,” or “it’s no use,” or “won’t pay;” but push all these things back and press on. Remember that young women with as poor opportunities as you have, have conquered. Persevere in the defensive, in the not doing, in the refusing things which seem no harm at the time, but the tendency of which is evil—the pleasures which require late evenings, late nights, yea, early mornings. You ask what harm? The majority of young men who break down and die are killed by some kind of dissipation; so the majority of young women who die are killed by the overexcitement of pleasure. What dissipation is to man, that pleasure is to woman. The conquering young woman rises above these things and preserves her strength, her youthfulness. They who would have the elasticity of youth at fifty must not waste their nervous energy before they are twenty-five. The first great battle in life is the defensive—keeping the foe out. More than one third of our young women lose their health or lose their character before they are thirty. He that endureth to the end shall be saved, applies to this life as well as to the life to come. We all drift downward, and the first victory is to overcome the natural current of our lives. It is sad to see a young man losing his firmness and his grip upon higher things and backsliding, but it is sadder to see a backsliding young woman, one out of whom the spiritual life and zeal seem to be dying, as the beauty goes from the tree at the roots of which a worm has commenced to eat.

There is also aggressive battle. The young woman must not only stand firm, but press on. This requires will power. It is the living with as little exertion as possible that withers human nature. The most our faculties need is exercise in order to grow. Be determined to be somebody; put beneath you the feeling

that because you work for a living, there is no advancement for you. It is all false. More young women who have wealth fail and are nobody, in proportion to their number, than of working girls. The character—virtue, energy, sensible intelligence, and usefulness—of those who work for wages is as high as that of the daughters of culture and of rich parents. A pure, self-reliant, ambitious young woman finds admittance into the best society—is honored and respected in any church. Everybody admires a young woman who makes something of herself. If your idea of “being somebody” is to ape the rich and imitate others, then you will be “nobody;” for no one is such a laughing-stock to everybody as the girl who affects and tries to dress like richer girls, and talks about moving in such and such society. Everybody makes fun of her, and she has not the brains to see it. There is only one woman more silly, and she is the laboring man’s wife, who puts on airs and tries to live in style as if her husband was rich. Away with such nonsense! The best society need not be the highest. The highest apples on the tree are apt to be sunburned; the lowest mildewed; the soundest, sweetest, are found in the middle. The best society in city or country is open to every bright, brave, Christian young woman.

The Conquering Young Woman Masters Her Own Nature

She does not yield to the feeling, “I was born so, and I can not help it.” The new birth is given us to overcome the evils of our natures. You are naturally quick-tempered; God will help you to conquer it. You are uncharitable; you can overcome it. God will help you. You are naturally stubborn, and you mistake it for firmness, but you can conquer it. Or you are jealous; you can master it. Or you are odd; you can rise above it. The most quick-tempered, fault-finding, fretful, and odd person you ever saw is not so in presence of those whom she reveres or fears; hence she need not be so in the presence of any one. This impulsiveness is not a sign of a strong nature, but of a weak one. You must not be surprised if people call it “ugliness.”

The Conquering Young Woman Rises Out of Herself

and leads a useful life. She chooses some line of doing good. She does not wait to be called upon, or appointed; but seeks some young, or poor, or sick, or ignorant one as the channel for the manifestation of her love to God. She conquers selfishness. She is not constantly asking the question, How can I gain this or that, or enjoy this or that or the other? but, Whom can I assist, and what can I do? Her life is not a stagnant pool, but like a singing brook, ever receiving and ever giving; and because she thus arises above self, she has the deepest, sweetest pleasure. The more she conquers, the more she can conquer. Every victory makes the next easier, as in every mastery

of a music lesson the next one is half mastered. Thus in conquering evil; every sin resisted gives more power to resist the next one. Doing good is also a thing of growth. Doing good increases the power to do good. A useful life is a constant victory.

Sweet singing is the result of conquering; beautiful painting is a conquering; a lovely disposition is a fruit of conquering—usefulness is constant conquering. Let every young woman stand firm against evil,—press on to know and be,—go out of herself in generous living, and by the grace of Christ, she shall go on conquering and to conquer, loved by men and honored of God.—*Selected.*

"A Fellow's Rights"

"I GUESS a fellow has a right to a seat on the car when he has paid for it, hasn't he?"

That was what a boy of fifteen said when he was rebuked for keeping his seat while a number of ladies and two or three men old enough to be the boy's grandfather stood.

Of course the boy had a certain right to a seat, but people who go through life contending for their absolute rights in everything, are apt to acquire a reputation for selfishness and lack of politeness and kindness that will be far from helpful. It not infrequently happens that the duty of being kind and polite far transcends one's actual right to a thing. There are some unwritten laws that are as binding as the written law, and one of these laws is that a boy should be kind and respectful to ladies and those much older than himself, even though he forfeits some of his rights. When a boy rises from his seat in a car, and politely tips his hat while offering his seat to a lady, he makes a good impression on every one in the car.

Of course a boy has a right to make a noise, but when he declares pretty blatantly that his tongue is his own, and he has a right to do as he pleases with it, it is time for some one to take him in hand long enough to impress upon him the fact that other persons have certain rights that he is in duty bound to respect. One of my neighbors has a daughter who was very ill, and the other afternoon five or six boys stopped in front of the house, and they fell to shrieking and laughing over the futile attempts of one of the boys to climb a tree when he had been "dared" to do so. Presently my neighbor came out, and said: "Boys, my daughter is very sick in the house, and I am afraid your noise troubles her. Would you mind being quiet while you are in front of the house?"

The way in which those boys instantly ceased their "racket" and went quietly up the street, was proof of the fact that they felt that there were times when a boy's right to make a noise should give way to the law of kindness that forbids us to do anything to add to the sufferings of the sick. The next morning one of these boys was coming down the street on his way to school, and he met a junk dealer driving up the street, bawling out his information in regard to the rags and bottles he was willing to buy. Suddenly the boy ran out into the road, and, with more force than courtesy, said: "Don't shriek so! There's a sick lady in this house!" The dealer in junk went on his way in silence, although he had a legal right to call out as loudly as he pleased.

I am willing to concede his full rights to every boy in the land, but when a boy comes by my house at half-past five on a summer morning dragging a stick across the palings of my front fence and whistling

shrilly at the same time, thereby arousing the whole neighborhood, I am ready to say that that boy is going beyond his rights.

Some boys acquire the reputation of being chumps because of the way in which they demand their rights on all occasions. And when a boy comes out boldly with the assertion that he has a right to do just as he pleases, he is claiming a great deal more than is coming to him. No one has a right to do exactly as he pleases, without any consideration of the rights and feelings of others, and the most selfish people on earth are those who steadily contend for this right.—*Boy's World.*

Four to One

It certainly was a pity. The four girls walking abreast, and forming a zigzag line quite across the sidewalk, after the thoughtless fashion of girls the world over, met Myrtle Lord at the corner. The four girls bowed and smiled, and Myrtle gave acknowledgment as she passed on. Then a little silence fell upon the four girls, who but a moment before had been chatting so merrily. Ione Howard broke the spell with a sigh, which the others understood and answered, just as if she had spoken.

"It is a shame," Rose Hunt declared, with a glance over her shoulder at the girl who had just passed.

"She isn't a bit like what you'd expect a missionary's daughter to be, is she?" said Alice Randall. "Miss Ophelia Gibbs thinks——"

But Beatrix interrupted, and perhaps it was just as well, for Miss Ophelia's thoughts were likely to be uncharitable ones. "It makes such a difference," Beatrix said gently, "when a girl's mother is off on the other side of the world."

Again there was a silence, and again Ione broke it, this time with a suggestion of self-reproach in her voice. "I can't get rid of the feeling that it is my fault partly. It seems as if I ought to be able to keep her from wasting her opportunities the way she has been doing. I have asked her two or three times to come to the young people's meeting, but she always has some excuse for saying no."

"If you'd ask her to a basketball game, she'd come fast enough," laughed Rose. "She loves anything athletic. She is worse than I am that way, although I'm bad enough."

Ione looked at her friend gravely. "Perhaps it would have been better to begin with the basketball," she admitted. "But I don't know anything about it myself."

"I think somebody had better begin with something," declared Beatrix, with unusual animation. "Here Myrtle's father and mother are working for the heathen off in India, and they've sent Myrtle here to be educated. And, instead, she's wasting her time at school, and growing friendly with the wrong sort of girls, and making many mistakes. It seems as if some one of us ought to be able to help her somehow."

Ione's face had brightened. "Perhaps we could help her, Beatrix, if we all tried together. You know it took four to bring that poor paralyzed man to Jesus."

"Four to one ought to be sure of winning," Rose said with a laugh, but she was as interested as the others. "What is my part to be?" she demanded.

"Why, you both like games like basketball and tennis. You can look after her in those things, and get to be friendly with her."

"I'll see if I can't help her about her lessons," said Alice, who was the best student of the four.

"And I'll ask her to dinner now and then, and try to give her a little home-feeling," declared Beatrix. "That place where she boards is dreadfully cheerless. I don't wonder she spends more time on the street than is good for her."

"And I'll keep on inviting her to the meetings," Ione said. "Some day perhaps she'll say yes, for variety's sake. Girls, I really feel as if we were going to accomplish something."

Pretty, thoughtless Myrtle Lord little guessed all that was back of Alice Randall's smiling greeting the next morning. "These algebra examples are hard, aren't they?" Alice asked, as she hung up her coat.

Myrtle shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she acknowledged frankly. "I was out last evening, and when I came in, I was too sleepy to do a thing. But if they're hard, I probably couldn't have worked them anyway," she added.

Alice glanced at the clock. "There are twenty minutes before the bell rings," she said. "I'll have time to help you a little if you'd like. After you once get hold of the principle, it doesn't take so long to do them."

A moment later a brown head and a golden one were bending over Alice's desk, and Alice was explaining the first of the examples with an earnestness which communicated itself to the girl beside her, and woke in Myrtle something more than a passing interest. But it was not till the bell rang and Myrtle had gone to her own desk that it occurred to her to wonder over Alice's offer. "She's one of the good sort that always have their lessons," reflected Myrtle, with a defiant tilt of her chin. "I don't know why she should bother about me."

But other surprises were in store for her before the day was over. Rose Hunt hailed her at recess. "Going to the gymnasium after school, Myrtle? Some of us are going to play basketball."

"O, I'd like to if there is going to be a game," Myrtle had made different arrangements for her after-school leisure, but strolling down to the railway station in company with girls whose sole idea of physical exercise was that leisurely walk, was far less attractive than what Rose offered. "You play so well," she went on with an admiring glance in Rose's direction. "I like basketball better than any other game, but I make so many mistakes."

"You haven't played so long as I have," the other said encouragingly. "Perhaps I can give you a few points. You have the making of a splendid player in you," she added, and Myrtle flushed with pleasure at the compliment.

Myrtle was invited to take supper at Beatrix's home Friday evening, and Ione was there. It was a beautiful home, not luxurious, but furnished throughout with exquisite taste, and every room had the pleasant effect of being planned for use and comfort. After the plainness of the boarding-house, which was the nearest to home of anything which Myrtle knew on this side of the Atlantic, she responded to the atmosphere of Beatrix's dainty bedroom and the living-room with its low bookcases and easy chairs, as one who is chilled responds to the grateful warmth of fire. The evening passed delightfully, and Ione walked with Myrtle to the gate. Just as they parted, Ione said, "Won't you go with us to the young people's meeting Sunday night? Beatrix and I will call for you." And Myrtle found herself agreeing to the arrangement, forgetful of the excuses which on like occasions had presented themselves so readily.

That was only the beginning. Perhaps one of the

advantages of the co-operative effort was that the quartet of workers kept up one another's hearts. One girl might have grown discouraged, but it was not likely that four would lose heart at once. If Alice had an uncomfortable report to bring in, one of the other girls had something to tell which was plainly encouraging, and so they worked and hoped together, and waited for results.

Myrtle was the last of the five to find out that anything was happening to her. It came upon her with a rush one day when she met some of the girls with whom she had been becoming intimate before the quartet took her in hand, and strolled with them along the street in the old aimless fashion. She listened with a sense of revulsion she hardly understood. The coarse slang of the street, the silly, trivial chatter, seemed tiresome after the talk of four girls whose minds were full of healthy interests, and whose speech was eloquent of good breeding.

Beatrix saw her pass the house, and sighed: "O, dear! Myrtle's gone back to walking with those girls again. I hoped she'd get over that. How discouraging everything is!" She turned away with a heavy heart. And that sense of failure lingered with her, so that she neglected to ask Myrtle to the young people's meeting the next evening, even though she knew that Ione was sick and would not be able to attend.

But as it happened, Myrtle went without an invitation. She was the first person Beatrix saw as she entered the room, and, conscience-stricken, she took a seat beside her. Myrtle recognized her friend with a little smile, and then her face settled into lines of unusual gravity. She was thinking hard.

She fumbled for her handkerchief as they began the singing of the first hymn. It was a familiar hymn to Myrtle. How often they had sung it at home, in the far-away land where she was born! She could almost hear her mother's sweet voice carrying the air, supported and strengthened by her father's deep bass. O, that dear father and mother, who had sent her away to fit herself for a useful womanhood; that father and mother who even now were thinking of her and praying for her!

The handkerchief which had been immaculate when Myrtle had started out, was a damp little ball now. Myrtle's conscience was awake. She had been wasting her time. She had proved herself unworthy of the name she bore. She had wronged the dear father and mother across the sea, and the Father in heaven, too. Sobs shook her. Distressed and sympathetic, Beatrix felt for Myrtle's hand, and held it in a warm clasp till the other girl's emotion was quieted.

They walked home in the hush of evening arm in arm, and Beatrix had a strange feeling as if somehow, within the last hour, their hearts had come in contact, and that they were closer together than ever before in their lives. But she did not know then that the co-operative effort of the long winter had been crowned with success, just when she had been tempted to lose courage, and that that very night Myrtle had heard the assurance, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."—*Harriet Lummis Smith, in Girl's Companion.*

"SURELY the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee." Isa. 60:9.



The Handy Box



GRANDMOTHER, do you know where I can find a little bit of wire?" asked Marjorie, running in from the shed, where an amateur circus was in preparation.

Grandmother went to a little closet in the room and disappeared a moment, coming out presently with the wire.

"O, yes; and Fred wanted me to ask if you had a large safety-pin." Marjorie looked a little wistful, as if she did not quite like to bother grandmother.

There was another trip made to the closet, and the safety-pin was in Marjorie's hand. "You are a pretty nice grandma," she said, over her shoulder, as she ran out.

Not very long after, Marjorie came into the kitchen again. This time she stood beside the sink, where grandmother was washing dishes, and twisted her little toes in her sandals, but seemed afraid to speak.

"Fred wants to know —" began grandmother, laughing.

"Yes'm," said Marjorie, blushing.

"If I can't find him a piece of strong string?" finished grandmother.

"O, no — it's a little brass tack!" declared Marjorie, soberly.

She was a patient, loving grandmother, and she went to the little closet again. Marjorie could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the tacks, for there were three!

"He — said —" she began slowly, and stopped.

"You ought to tell him to come and say it himself," and grandmother laughed, "but we will forgive him this time. Was it 'Thank you,' he said?"

"He feels 'Thank you' awfully, I'm sure," said Marjorie, politely, "but what he said was that if it

wasn't too much bother — well, we could use a kind of a hook thing."

Her grandmother produced a long iron hook, and Marjorie looked at her wonderingly. "Are you a fairy?" she asked, timidly. "You must have a wand, and just — make things!"

Grandmother laughed. "Come here," she said, and she opened the little dark closet, and from the shelf took a long wooden box. This she brought to the table, and when she opened it, Marjorie gave a little cry of delight. It seemed to her that there was a little of everything in it. There were bits of string, pins, colored paper, bobbins, balls, pieces of felt, and every sort of useful thing generally thrown away.

"When I knew my grandchildren were coming here to spend the summer," she said, "I began on this box, and whenever I find anything astray that would naturally be thrown out I just put it in."

"Do you want me to help save, too?" asked Marjorie, who thought the story should have a moral.

"You must start a handy box of your own when you go back, and keep it in the nursery; you don't know how many times a day you will be able to help the others out. A little darning yarn, an odd thimble, a bit of soft linen, and all the things that clutter and would be thrown away go to fill up a handy box. You can be the good fairy of the nursery."

"It is just wonderful!" said Marjorie. "If I had a little — just a little wooden box, I would begin to-day, and when I go home I can have a larger one."

Grandmother smiled, and going into her closet, brought out a smaller wooden box, just the right size. From that moment Marjorie was a collector, and her usefulness began.— *Mira Jenks Stafford, in Youth's Companion.*

Tests

If I care not for a robin,
I should little heed a lark;
If to me a starbeam's glimmer
Counts but a heavenly spark,

If the buttercup by the roadway
Holds no boon of fairy gold,
If the throng of tinkling raindrops
Sings no song my ears can hold,

Let me never sigh for wonders,—
For the nightingale afar,
For the gleaming lights of Venice,—
I who can not heed a star.

Bring me never Solomon's lilies,
Tune no music of the spheres;
I have proved my blinded glances,
I have proved my deafened ears.

—Grace Jewett Austin.

The Lesson

WHEN Sir James Anderson was a humble boy in a Scotch village, he had great longings to be a sailor, and finally his mother agreed that he might go to sea. Before he went she talked with him long and earnestly upon the temptations that would surely confront him, and asked him to promise that he would ask God's help every night and morning of his life. This promise he faithfully gave.

On his first voyage no one interfered with him. The captain, also several of the sailors, were religious. But on the second voyage things were very different. When he knelt down to pray, he was interrupted by a rough fellow who gave him a sound box on the ear, with the words, "Nothing like that is allowed here."

The lad's part was taken, however, by another seaman, who, though not religious himself, desired to see fair play. Inviting the bully on deck, he gave him a thrashing. The next night the boy thought, "Why should I make a disturbance? I'll say my prayers in bed." He had just lain down in his hammock when he was dragged out and deposited in a heap on the floor.

"Kneel down at once!" commanded his friend. "Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not saying your prayers, you young rascal?"

The experience was one that James Anderson never forgot. He often declared afterward that it taught him to stand by his principles though the heavens fell. Such an effect did it have upon his life, so disciplined did he become, that when a man was needed as captain for the "Great Eastern," the largest ship that up to that time had ever been built, he was chosen. Later he was knighted by Queen Victoria for his services.— *Young People.*



M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON Corresponding Secretary

Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

XXVI — Ancient and Modern Spiritism

SYNOPSIS.—Belief in the natural immortality of the soul leads to that great deception, Spiritism. God gave strict commands to his people anciently against practising or countenancing this evil. Christ and the apostles met these evil influences, which are the work of fallen angels, and we are assured in the Bible that they will be very active in the last days. The only safety is to know and obey God's Word.

Questions

1. Against what did the Lord warn his people in ancient times? **Lev. 19:31; 20:6.**
2. What sentence was pronounced against these ancient mediums? **Lev. 20:27.**
3. How are this and other wrong methods of seeking the unknown condemned? **Deut. 18:10-12.**
4. What notable example of consulting a spirit medium is given in the Old Testament? **1 Sam. 28:7-20.**
5. Give an illustration from the New Testament similar to the "familiar spirit" of the Old. **Acts 16:16-18.**
6. Give a similar experience from the life of Christ. What are the spirits called? **Mark 1:21-26, 32-34.**
7. By what will many be deceived in the last days? **1 Tim. 4:1.**
8. What great wonders will be wrought in the closing conflict? **Rev. 13:13, 14; 2 Thess. 2:9, 10.**
9. What is the only safe rule to follow? **Isa. 8:19, 20.**

Notes

1. "The Hebrew *'obh* means literally 'the spirit of the departed.' As certain persons professed or were supposed to harbor, or be in communion with, such spirits, they were said 'to have familiar spirits.'"—*Standard Bible Dictionary*, article, "Familiar Spirits." They were what we call to-day "mediums."
3. Passing through the fire doubtless refers to ordeal by fire. "Necromancer" is literally "one who inquires of the dead." "The whole passage is, therefore, a comprehensive denunciation of those who use magical arts as well as of those who assume to have intercourse with the departed."—*Standard Bible Dictionary*, article, "Magic and Divination."
4. The apparition seen by the witch could not have been Samuel, as some claim. As before noted this woman was engaged in a sinful business. Saul himself had before this "put away those that had familiar spirits." Now that he had forsaken God and could receive no answer from him in his appointed ways, the Lord would not have communicated with him by this means even though the spirit of Samuel (who was a righteous man) had been conscious and able to return. Then how absurd that the spirit is represented as coming out of the earth and in the form of an old man with a mantle, and complaining because of being disturbed. The spirit virtually admits being under the control of this wicked woman. The supposed Samuel in predicting the death of Saul and his sons, said they would be with him. If the soul is conscious and receives its reward at death, then the wicked Saul and his sons are in the same place as the prophet Samuel. This would mean universal salvation and make the gospel of Christ a farce. These are the results of Spiritism.
6. Satan and his fallen angels constitute an organized hierarchy of evil spirits (Eph. 6:11, 12) with the one purpose of dishonoring God and leading souls to destruction. All through the ages the devil has gained control over men by means of his first great lie. Even the majority of Christians believe the natural immortality of the soul and eternal punishment which naturally follows. They thus become an easy prey to modern Spiritism. Satan "has power to bring

before men the appearance of their departed friends. The counterfeit is perfect; the familiar look, the words, the tone, are reproduced with marvelous distinctness. Many are comforted with the assurance that their loved ones are enjoying the bliss of heaven; and without suspicion of danger, they give ear to 'seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils.'

"When they have been led to believe that the dead actually return to communicate with them, Satan causes those to appear who went into the grave unprepared. They claim to be happy in heaven, and even to occupy exalted positions there; and thus the error is widely taught, that no difference is made between the righteous and the wicked. The pretended visitants from the world of spirits sometimes utter cautions and warnings which prove to be correct. Then, as confidence is gained, they present doctrines that directly undermine faith in the Scriptures. With an appearance of deep interest in the well-being of their friends on earth, they insinuate the most dangerous errors. The fact that they state some truths, and are able at times to foretell future events, gives to their statements an appearance of reliability; and their false teachings are accepted by the multitudes as readily, and believed as implicitly, as if they were the most sacred truths of the Bible. The law of God is set aside, the Spirit of grace despised, the blood of the covenant counted an unholy thing. The spirits deny the divinity of Christ, and place even the Creator on a level with themselves. Thus under a new disguise the great rebel still carries forward his warfare against God, begun in heaven, and for nearly six thousand years continued upon the earth."—*"Great Controversy,"* page 552.

"Visitors Welcome"

NOT long ago I was passing through Niagara Falls on the train, and I saw this sign on top of a large building:—

THE HOME OF SHREDDED WHEAT

VISITORS WELCOME

That is delightful. If I had been able to leave the train for an hour, how glad I should have been to accept that invitation! I am sure the factory was bright and clean in every corner. I am sure the machinery was whirling briskly, and I have no doubt that the faces of the operatives were all smiling. I am certain that I should have gone away with a still higher regard than the high regard I have already for that interesting breakfast food, shredded wheat.

In fact, I went away with a warmer spot for shredded wheat in my heart, even without visiting its establishment. Simply realizing that I was welcome there, that the managers courted inspection, that they had the latch-string out at all times, was enough to raise the whole concern in my estimation.

And that kind of notice has the same result when it is hung out upon a life. It is not put into so many words, of course, but it may be observed quite as plainly, nevertheless. It may be read in the frank eye, in the cordial manner, in the friendly salutation, in the very apparent willingness to talk about one's own affairs and interests, without boastfulness or exaggeration, and yet with pleasure and fulness.

No one likes "close-mouthed" people, people whose severity of countenance and gruffness of manner say to every one, "You attend to your business, if you please, and I'll attend to mine." After all, the Christian likes to think of himself and others as brothers, members of one big family; and each likes to know what the others are doing. It is not idle curiosity, it is good-fellowship.

And, moreover, when a fellow evidently does not try to hide anything, it is proof that there is nothing in his life that *ought* to be hidden. His shredded wheat is wheat, and not baled hay.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

THERE is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Dickens*.



II — The Widow's Mites; A Voice From Heaven

(July 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Mark 12: 41-44; Luke 21: 1-4; John 12: 20-36.

MEMORY VERSE: "God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9: 7.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus was in the court of the temple where chests were placed to receive the offerings of the people. He watched them as they brought their gifts and saw how they gave. He could read the motive that caused them to bring offerings to the Lord. "And many that were rich cast in much.

2. "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing," or less than half a cent. Her coins were the smallest in use. Many rich people proudly gave large sums, but this poor, timid woman loved God, and wished to give what she had to his cause. She quickly dropped her mites into the chest and hurried away to escape being seen, but Jesus saw it all, and understood.

3. "And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Jesus spoke truly when he said, "She hath cast in more than they all." As others have read the story of her unselfish love, they have been led by it to bring large gifts which amount to much more than all the rich men gave that day. God's blessing has multiplied the mites into millions.

4. It is the love with which we bring our offerings, more than the amount we give, that makes them of value to God. Even pennies and other small gifts which are brought because we love Jesus, are precious in his sight.

5. At this great feast many came to Jerusalem from other countries. "And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast: the same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew: and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus."

6. In these Greeks Jesus saw some who would be saved by the sacrifice he was about to make. He knew that eternal life could come to men only by his death, and he said, "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." A grain of wheat dies in the ground, but it springs up and bears fruit. So the death of Christ produced much fruit for the kingdom of God. All who would bring forth fruit for Jesus must die to selfishness and sin.

7. "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." When one lives for self alone, he is like a grain of wheat which is eaten and produces no fruit. There is no increase, no growth. Those who love and serve self destroy themselves, and bring no fruit

to God. "If any man serve me," said Jesus, "let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor." Those who follow the example of Jesus in living to bless and help others will be honored of God.

8. Jesus knew he must soon die. He said, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour."

9. Then he gave up his will to God and said, "Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again. The people therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered: others said, An angel spake to him. Jesus answered and said, This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes. Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, signifying what death he should die."

10. The love of Jesus draws all men, but some refuse to be drawn to him. They want their own way, and will not submit their will to God as Jesus did. It is dangerous to reject the counsel of God and the pleadings of his Spirit, for it leads us into darkness and death.

11. "Then Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light. These things spake Jesus, and departed, and did hide himself from them."

Questions

1. To what place did the people bring their offerings of money? What was Jesus watching at this time? What could he read? How did the rich people give?

2. Who came with the others to make an offering? How much did she give? How much was her gift worth? Why did the rich give as much as they did? Why did the poor widow bring any offering at all? In what way did she give? Who saw and understood it all?

3. Whom did Jesus call to him? What did he say about the widow's gift? What did he say of the other offerings? Then how much was the widow's mite worth to him? How could this be true? How has her gift increased since that time? Why?

4. What is it that God prizes most when we bring our gifts to him? Which are most precious of all?

5. Who came to this great feast at Jerusalem? Who are specially mentioned? To which of the disciples did these Greeks come? What did they say? To whom did Philip pass on their request? How did Jesus hear of it?

6. What did Jesus see in these Greeks? In what way only could eternal life be given to men? What did he say? By what illustration did he teach this truth? Tell how his death is like that of wheat that is sown. What must we do if we would bear fruit for Jesus?

7. What did he say of those who love this life more than eternal life? What did he say of those who are willing to lose their lives for his sake? When we live for ourselves alone, what are we like? Whose unselfish example should we follow? Where will the Lord's servants delight to be? Will they wish to go

anywhere that Jesus would not go? What will the Father do for those who follow the example of his Son?

8. Why did Jesus feel troubled at this time? What questions did he ask? What answer did his own heart give?

9. As he submitted his will to God, what did he say? What was heard when Jesus had thus prayed? When had God spoken to him from heaven before? What did the people say when they heard the voice? What did Jesus say concerning it? Who did he say was judged and cast out? How does Jesus draw all men to himself?

10. Who will not be drawn to Jesus? Why? Why is it dangerous to reject his pleading?

11. What did Jesus say we should do while we have the light? What did he say of those who walk in darkness? After Jesus had spoken these things what did he do?

into the treasury? Out of what had the widow put in her offering? How much did she put in? Mark 12:44.

13. What does it mean, then, to give the "widow's two mites"?

Christ's Approaching Death

14. What request did certain Greeks attending the feast at Jerusalem make of Philip? How was their request treated? John 12:20-22. See "Desire of Ages," chapter 68.

15. For what event did Jesus seek to prepare his disciples? Verses 27-33.

16. What important instruction did he give them regarding our life? Verses 24-26; note 5.

17. In view of his soon leaving them, what admonition did Jesus give the disciples? Verses 35, 36.

Notes

1. Let it be noticed that Jesus saw all the gifts, and comprehended their value as money was at that time counted. He beheld the "much" cast in by the "many" who were "rich." He also saw the little cast in by the poor. He saw infinitely more than all this. He accurately balanced the gift with the circumstances of the giver. The value in his sight was not altogether measured by the amount cast in. Jesus looked into the hearts of the givers, and beheld the motive prompting the gift. This "how" the givers gave above all else made the offering either of little value or precious in the eyes of the Master. The many rich cast in a little of their surplus. The destitute widow put in "out of her deficiency, all as much as she had . . . the whole of her living."—*Rotherham*.

2. "'Two mites.' The word translated *mite* denotes a small coin made of brass—the smallest in use among the Jews. The precise value can not now be easily estimated. It was much less than any coin we have, as the *farthing* was less than an English farthing. It was in value about three mills and a half, or one third of a cent."—*Barnes's Notes*, Vol. I, page 437.

3. "Many of the rich brought large sums, which they presented with great ostentation. Jesus looked upon them sadly, but made no comment on their liberal offerings. Presently his countenance lighted as he saw a poor widow approach hesitatingly, as though fearful of being observed. As the rich and haughty swept by, to deposit their offerings, she shrank back as if hardly daring to venture farther. And yet she longed to do something, little though it might be, for the cause she loved. She looked at the gift in her hand. It was very small in comparison with the gifts of those around her, yet it was her all. Watching her opportunity, she hurriedly threw in her two mites, and turned to hasten away. But in doing this she caught the eye of Jesus, which was fastened earnestly upon her.

"The Saviour called his disciples to him, and bade them mark the widow's poverty. Then his words of commendation fell upon her ear: 'Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all.' Tears of joy filled her eyes as she felt that her act was understood and appreciated. . . . Jesus understood her motive."—*Desire of Ages*, pages 614, 615.

4. "It was a costly sacrifice that the Lord of heaven made. Divine benevolence was stirred to its unfathomable depths; it was impossible for God to give more [as was also true of the poor widow in our lesson]. He 'so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Why is our gratitude so limited? It is only as a ripple on the surface, compared with the great tide of love that flows to us from the Father."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, pages 59, 60.

5. "As the disciples bore the message of the Greeks to Jesus and awaited his answer, he seemed to be in a deep study, and answered them: 'The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The request of the Greeks to see Jesus brought the future before him. . . . Jesus regarded these Greeks as representatives of the Gentiles at large. In them he discerned the first-fruits of an abundant harvest, when all nations, tongues, and people upon the face of the earth should hear the glad tidings of salvation through Christ. He saw that the gathering of the Gentiles was to follow his approaching death."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, pages 74, 75.

This same principle holds good in our dedication of property to the cause of God. We can not *give it and keep it* at the same time. That which is placed upon the altar is expected to be consumed. But, like the kernel of wheat, it perishes only to bring forth an abundant harvest later. That which dies, multiplies, and so is saved; that which is preserved, abides alone, and in the end is lost.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II — The Widow's Mites; Tithing; the Coming Agony

(July 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Mark 12:41-44; John 12:20-36.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Luke 21:1-4.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 67, 68; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Cor. 9:7.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus one day sit while teaching at the temple? What especially attracted his attention? What is said of many who cast in offerings? Mark 12:41; note 1.

2. Among those presenting their gifts, who came with an offering? How much money did she give? Verse 42; note 2.

3. When Jesus saw this poor widow cast in her two mites, what did he do? What did he say concerning her gift? Verse 43; note 3.

Faithfulness in Tithes and Offerings

4. In presenting offerings to God, what should lie back of every gift? For God to accept it, what must not be the motive or purpose? Why? 2 Cor. 9:7 (A. R. V.).

5. What is God able to do for every giver whose purpose is like that of the poor widow? Verse 8; Prov. 11:24, 25.

6. What trait of character does God especially abhor? Isa. 57:17; Eph. 5:3.

7. What commandment of God does a covetous person break? Col. 3:6.

8. What should the men chosen for leaders hate? Ex. 18:21.

9. What does God require of every one? Mal. 3:8-10.

10. Is there danger of the promised blessing being withheld, should the gifts be withheld through covetousness? John 7:11-13.

11. How has God given in our behalf? Rom. 8:32; note 4.

12. Out of what did Jesus say the rich had cast

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Charity

Who visits at the fireside of the poor
Has found the way that leads to heaven's door.
—Selected.

Stopping Just Short of the End

A MAN spent a large sum in drilling in an oil-field, hoping to find the valuable fluid. Growing discouraged, he gave it up and sold out for a mere trifle. The new owner had worked the drill only a short time, when he found a rich well. The first owner lost all for want of greater earnestness. It is often so in praying; men pray for a time and then faint just when the answer is about to be given. Greater earnestness would get many more answers to prayer.—*The Christian Age*.

The Faith That Holds On

READ how a laboring man, shut up in the ill-fated mine at Cherry, Illinois, had a faith that would not be denied: When death was staring them in the face, with half of the miners either dead or dying right before their eyes, William Cleland, one of the miners and a devout Christian, encouraged the others as follows: "Keep up your hearts, lads. God is with us. Don't despair. Others have been shut off from the light of day as we are, and in God's good time came out alive. So will we. The Lord is with us, even here, and great is his mercy."

When the rescuers went down, a week after the accident, the first sound that came out of the depths to cheer them was the air of a religious hymn. In a little pause, one of them said, "Listen, boys." Then, like an echo from far away, came the sound of a voice singing. They strained their ears, and presently they caught the words of the well-known hymn:—

"Abide with me!
Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens;
Lord, with me abide!"

The sound died out, and the miners were wiping their eyes, not realizing its significance for the moment, when one of them cried: "That's Bill Cleland. I know his voice." And it proved to be Cleland, who had kept hope alive in the men by his brave Christian spirit.—*The Christian Herald*.

He Is Coming!

He is coming! he is coming!
List the angels' glad refrain.
Yes, our blessed Saviour's coming,
And on earth fore'er shall reign.

He is coming! sound the message,—
Sound the tidings loud and clear;
He is coming! he is coming!
And the day is drawing near!

Yes, our blessed Lord is coming
In his matchless robes of white,
And with all the shining angels,
Clothed with glory, power, and might.

O the Saviour's matchless love!
Spread the news to every nation;
"Whosoever will, may come,"—
This his blessed invitation.

ARTHUR FOX.

Canada's Antistrike Law

FRIENDLY settlements of labor disputes involving 57,000 workmen and effecting a saving in wages alone of more than \$3,500,000 are evidence that the Canadian industrial disputes act works. The act provides that it shall be illegal for employees of a public utility or a mine to strike, or for the employers to order a lockout, until the issue involved shall have been investigated by a board, on which each of the disputant bodies shall have a representative, and which shall be headed by an impartial third. Should the board fail to effect an amicable settlement, it at once makes a public report, in which the issues are made known in plain language. After that, they may strike if they wish. In those stubborn cases where an agreement is difficult to reach, public opinion is relied upon to compel an equitable settlement. In this respect the Canadian law differs from the compulsory arbitration of New Zealand, where the findings of the arbiters are enforceable at law. Without this compulsory feature, however, the Canadian method works admirably, for in seventy-four of the eighty cases thus far, or ninety-five per cent, the working men were agreeable to accepting the findings of the board, and did not strike afterward, though at perfect liberty to do so. At present the act applies only to industries in the nature of public utilities,—railways, telegraphs, telephones, mines, etc.,—but so popular has it become with both labor and capital, that it is now proposed to extend it to other industries.

How long shall we have to wait before our own country grapples the strike evil and adopts some such method of dealing with it? Under a law similar to the Canadian act the great Philadelphia street-car strike would have been practically impossible. After eight weary weeks of riot and bloodshed it was at last called off, leaving the traction company and the strikers just where they were before it began, instead of having settled any real issue between the two. But the strike did accomplish certain definite things. It served to embitter the feeling of each class toward the other, it put a great city and its environs to needless inconvenience, it fomented a general spirit of lawlessness, it resulted in injuries to hundreds of people and death to scores. In addition to this the traction strikers lost in wages \$450,000, the sympathetic strikers in the textile and other trades \$2,200,000, the Rapid Transit Company \$2,000,000, and other employers and business men generally \$12,000,000—a pretty costly experience in both human lives and in money. Could we ask for a more convincing plea for an antistrike law than the record which this eight weeks' strike presents?—*Leslie's Weekly*.