

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 12

There Is Black in the Blue of the Sky

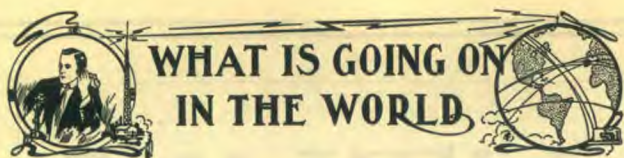
An artist one day at his easel stood,
And sketched, with a pencil free,
The gold of the meadow, the green of the wood,
And the purple and gray of the sea.
A child looked over, a little way back,
And questioned the artist, "Why
Do you mix with your color a touch of black,
When you paint the blue in the sky?"

"Only because I see it, my child;
I am painting the sky as it is;"
And he softly said to himself, and smiled,
"It is one of earth's mysteries;
Not the lily itself wears a perfect white,
Nor the red rose an unmixed dye;
There is light in shadows, and shadow in light,
And black in the blue of the sky."

There are films over nature everywhere,
To soothe and refresh our sight,
For mortal eyes were not made to bear
The dazzle of shadeless light.
Our consolation and our complaint,
Awaking both smile and sigh.
There are human faults in the holiest saint;
There is black in the blue of the sky.

But we've read from the leaves of an old-fashioned Book
Of One in the glory unseen,
Whose gaze the poor seraphim dare not brook,
Before whom the heavens are unclean;
And the hope of the Christian is in the thought
Of a truth and a love so high
That possible evil sullies them not;
No black in the blue of their sky.

— Lucy Larcom.



A FULL course in aviation may now be obtained for one hundred sixty dollars.

THE House has voted an appropriation of three million dollars for fortifying the Panama Canal.

SABBATH, April 1, an offering will be taken up in all the churches for the care of aged and orphans.

A COMPANY with large capital and extensive plantations has been formed for growing cotton in Korea.

A TERRIER saved the lives of seven persons recently in Buffalo, New York, by awakening them in time to save them from the flames which were sweeping through the house in which they lived.

CHARLES D. HILLES, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed to act as secretary to the President in place of Charles D. Norton, who voluntarily resigned the secretaryship that he might accept the vice-presidency of the First National Bank of New York.

IN one of our large Western cities, horrible brutalities in connection with the white-slave trade have been revealed by the police force. A den where twenty-five or thirty white schoolgirls, all under thirteen years of age, have been lured by offers of candy and toys, has been discovered. The girls were threatened with death if they should reveal their wretched treatment.

A Beautiful Morning

I STARTED out the other morning to walk about a mile to the train by which I come to my duties in New York. It was in a beautiful suburban town with rolling hills, and the glint of Long Island Sound flashing in the sunlight in the distance. It seemed glorious just to live. I made up my mind to leave a cheerful greeting with each man I met. The following was my experience:—

A man of large wealth was coming out of his beautiful residence. I called out to him, "What a magnificent morning it is, is it not?" He replied, "Yes, pretty fair, but yesterday was a horrible day."

The next greeting was to a man sitting on his veranda taking his morning smoke. He was a man of assured income, fine home, and every advantage in life. I greeted him with much the same words, calling attention to the splendid morning. He replied, "Yes, pretty good, but it is a weather-breeder; we shall not have good weather long."

The next one I saluted was a gentleman walking along the street, taking a leisurely smoke. "What a splendid morning!" I said as we passed. He removed his pipe from his mouth, and stared me out of counte-

nance, without a word of response. We had not met in our dress suits at some social function, and I therefore had no right to remark upon the beauty of the weather to him.

Soon there came into my view a working man. He was perhaps fifty-five years old, bent, wrinkled, worn with the hard toil of a lifetime. He looked just a little hungry as he approached me. I risked the morning greeting, however, saying to him, "What a beautiful morning we have!"

"Sure, sir," he said, "it is a beautiful morning. I have been thanking God ever since I left home for the beautiful day he is givin' us."

Which life was valuable? Which life was Christian? If hardships and privations and numerous trials come to one, the sunshine and the bright sky and the hills and the tossing waters may also bring cheer and satisfaction.—*The Congregationalist*.

A Lincoln Lesson for Congregations

THE illustration by which President Lincoln showed the evil of faultfinding, applies with far greater force when used with reference to eternal interests. "Sup-

pose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. Would you shake the rope while he was passing over it, or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin, stoop a little more,' or, 'Go a little faster'?—No, I am sure you would not. You would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over.

Now, the government is in the same situation, and is carrying across a stormy ocean an immense weight. Untold treasures are in its hands. It is doing the best it can. Don't badger it; keep silence, and it will get you safely over." They who watch for souls must give account, and are often crushed with a sense of responsibility, without the added burden of criticism from captious faultfinders. Don't find fault with your minister. Cheer him.—*The Expositor*.

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The Youth's Instructor

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Forty Years of Freedom

[The following article on the Negro recently appeared in the *Christian Endeavor World*. It was written by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Ph. D., one of the leaders of his race in America. He was graduated from Fisk and Harvard universities, the latter giving him the degree of doctor of philosophy.]



IN 1859, there were four million five hundred thousand persons of Negro descent in the United States; and of these, four million were slaves. These slaves could be bought and sold, could move from place to place only by permission, were forbidden to learn to read and write, and legally could neither hold property nor marry. Ninety-five per cent of them were totally illiterate, and only one adult in six was a nominal Christian.

The proportion of slaves among Negroes fifty years ago was steadily increasing, and the South was passing laws to enslave free Negroes. The half-million free blacks were about equally divided between North and South. Those in the South were a wretched, broken-spirited lot, slaves in all but name.

The two hundred twenty-five thousand Negroes in the North were the leaven of the whole black lump, and were making a desperate struggle for survival. They aided in the antislavery movement, had a few newspapers, and produced leaders like Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman. They planned and carried through a systematic migration to Canada, where several prosperous settlements sprang up. They supported schools in many cities, founded the catering business in Philadelphia, and repeatedly held conventions appealing for justice.

For the most part their appeals fell on dead ears, although Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and John Brown came to their aid. The battle in 1859 was, despite all effort, going sorely against the black man. He was harried by mobs in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. He was forced to live in the worst slums and alleys. He was either excluded entirely from the public schools, or was furnished with cheap and poor substitutes. In three hundred years only twenty Negroes had received a college training.

Everywhere, save in parts of New England and partially in New York, he was entirely disfranchised and largely without civil rights. The Fugitive Slave act of 1850 was proving a bonanza for kidnappers, and in 1857 the Supreme Court had declared that the Negroes were not citizens, and that they had always been considered as having "no rights which a white man was bound to respect."

At the Lowest Ebb

It was at this nadir of the black man's fortunes in America, in October, 1859, that the flash-light of John Brown's raid illuminated the desperate situation. The conscience of the nation had reached a moral impasse on slavery, having decided it at once morally wrong and legally right, and being consequently unwilling to attack it and unable to leave it alone. Beneath all their hesitation lay long and deep-seated contempt for the Negro.

Here John Brown came forward with two revolutionary ideas: (1) That a wrong ought to be attacked even if it involved lawbreaking; and (2) that the Negro would fight for his freedom. His desperate raid at Harper's Ferry was called treason to his country and foolish faith in the Negro. Yet two years later the whole North was fighting slavery, and 200,000 Negroes were helping.

And Now

Such was the situation in 1859. Fifty years later, in 1909, the 4,500,000 Negro Americans have increased 126 per cent, to 10,000,000. Legal slavery has been abolished, leaving but vestiges in debt peonage and the convict-lease system. The freedmen and their sons have—

1. Earned a living as free laborers.
2. Shared in the responsibilities of government.
3. Developed a vast internal organization of their race.
4. Aspired to spiritual self-expression.

The Negro was freed and turned loose as a penniless, landless, naked, ignorant laborer. Ninety-nine per cent of the race were field hands and servants of the lowest class. To-day fifty per cent are farm laborers and servants; more than half of these are working as efficient modern workmen under a wage contract.

Above these have arisen 750,000 farmers, 70,000 teamsters, 55,000 railway hands, 36,000 miners, 33,000 sawmill employees, 28,000 porters, 21,000 teachers, 21,000 carpenters, 20,000 barbers, 20,000 nurses, 15,000 clergymen, 14,000 masons, 24,000 dressmakers and seamstresses, 10,000 engineers and firemen, 10,000 blacksmiths, 2,500 physicians, and, above all, 2,000,000 mistresses of independent homes, and 3,000,000 children in school.

Fifty years ago these people were not only practically penniless, but were themselves assessed as "real estate." In 1909 they owned nearly 500,000 homes, and among these about 250,000 farms, or more than one fifth of those they cultivate, with 15,000,000 acres of farm land, worth about \$200,000,000. As owners and renters of farms, they control 40,000,000 acres, worth more than \$500,000,000, with a gross income of \$250,000,000.

Negroes to-day conduct every seventh farm in the land, and raise every sixteenth dollar's worth of crops. They have accumulated at least \$600,000,000 worth of property in a half-century, starting with almost nothing.

To-day the Negro is a recognized part of the American government; he holds 8,352 offices in the executive civil service of the nation, besides furnishing four regiments in the army, and a large number of sailors. In the State and municipal civil service he holds at least 10,000 other offices, and he furnishes 70,000 of the 900,000 votes that rule the great States of the North and West.

In these same years the Negro has relearned the lost art of organization. Slavery was the absolute denial of initiative and responsibility. To-day Negroes

have 35,000 church edifices, worth \$56,000,000, and with nearly 4,000,000 members. They themselves raise \$7,500,000 a year for these churches.

Negro Schools

There are 200 private schools and colleges managed and almost entirely supported by Negroes, and other public and private Negro schools have received in forty years \$45,000,000 of Negroes' money in taxes and donations. Five millions a year is raised by Negro secret and beneficial societies, which hold at least \$6,000,000 in real estate. Negroes support, wholly or in part, more than 60 old folks' homes and orphanages, 30 hospitals, and 500 cemeteries. Their organized commercial life is extending rapidly, and includes all branches of the smaller kinds of retail business and forty banks.

Above and beyond this material growth has gone the spiritual uplift of a great human race. From contempt and amusement they have passed to the pity and perplexity of their neighbors, while within their own souls they have arisen from apathy and timid complaint to open protest and more and more manly self-assertion. Where nine tenths of them could not read or write in 1859, to-day two thirds can; they have 200 papers and periodicals, and their voice and expression are compelling attention.

This, then, is the transformation of the Negro in America in fifty years: From slavery to freedom; from 4,000,000 to 10,000,000; from denial of citizenship to enfranchisement; from being owned chattels to ownership of \$600,000,000 in property; from unorganized irresponsibility to organized group life; from being spoken for to speaking; from contemptuous forgetfulness on the part of their neighbors to uneasy fear and dawning respect; and from inarticulate complaint to self-expression and dawning consciousness of manhood.

Joses, Brother of Jesus

[The author of the following poem, Harry H. Kemp, is known as the "tramp poet." He has, however, written some very fine poems.]

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day,
With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy clod,
But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like a lark,
with God.

Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,
And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his brother, could.
"Why stays he not in the workshop," he often used to complain,
"Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their stain?
Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's trade,
While hammers are busily sounding, and there is a gain to be made?"

Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and rule,
And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave or a fool;
For he never walked with the prophets in God's great garden
of bliss;
And of all the mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks,
was this:
To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him day by day,
But never to catch the vision which glorified his clay.

— *The Independent.*

ONLY a starved soul sees the worst side of people. If we find ourselves constantly noting the unworthiness of people we meet, we may well take alarm — not over their condition, but over our own. We need to remember that "the ability to recognize nobleness in others indicates a measure of nobleness in one's self;" and if there seems to be very little nobleness in the world, it is a bad symptom of our own condition.— *Selected.*

From Washington, D. C., to Bolivia, South America

[The following is a personal letter, but it contains so much of general interest to our young people that we feel sure Miss Barr will pardon us for passing it on to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. Miss Barr attended the Foreign Mission Seminary last year, and in the spring accompanied Mrs. F. A. Stahl on her return from Washington to Bolivia. This letter gives an interesting and instructive account of their journey.— T. E. BOWEN.]

AFTER some delay I have at last found time to write to you about our trip and my work here. Neither Mrs. Stahl nor I was seasick, so we enjoyed every day of our journey, which was full of interest from the time we left Washington until we reached La Paz. As you know, we left New York on Sabbath afternoon, and the first land sighted was Cuba, the following Wednesday. The old Santiago harbor brought to mind many of the Spanish-American war scenes.

Thursday morning we reached Kingston; and a passenger on the ship, who had lived in Kingston, very kindly took us to Brother W. E. Baxter's home. We spent a pleasant day there. In the forenoon we visited the market, which was full of curious beads, baskets, native fruits, and many things I had never before seen. Near by was the city plaza, where we saw grand old banyan trees. After visiting some stores and the beach, we returned and enjoyed a delicious dinner, which Sister Baxter had prepared, consisting of tropical dishes, among which I especially enjoyed the breadfruit and mangoes.

In the afternoon we went to Hope Gardens, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The air was full of fragrance from tropical flowers, and the trees and shrubbery were beautiful. From a large bed of orchids a generous bunch had been gathered and sent to Queen Alexandra at the time of the death of King Edward.

In the forenoon we also visited the church and church-school buildings, which are very comfortable and neat. The next morning at seven we left the beautiful harbor of Kingston, one of the five most attractive harbors of the world. As a small boat came to take off the pilot, it capsized, and three men were thrown into the water. For a few moments there was great excitement, until the life-boat was lowered, and they were rescued.

We left there on Friday morning, reached Colon on Sunday, at seven o'clock, and had two hours for visiting. The President was passing through the city that morning, the streets were decorated, and there was a parade. The front streets were quite respectable, but the back streets were terrible, mildew, foul odors, and dirt everywhere. I could scarcely breathe. I never saw such poor excuses for clothes, some of them nothing but rags tied around the body. The number of children impressed one; I really believe they could be counted by thousands. They swarm the streets like flies.

We hunted up our people, and had a pleasant time with Brother and Sister Goodrich and others, until train time. We were two hours crossing the Isthmus, and enjoyed seeing the canal excavations. At Panama City we were rushed through the mud and rain to another train, which took us to the boat, so we saw little of that city. Our steamer anchored outside the harbor to await the list of cargo. The evening scene was one that would have made a beautiful painting, with the golden sunset, tropical island spots, and the city of Panama, with its background of hills and trees.

As we left, the scene changed, and more desolate places I never saw; not a blade of grass was to be seen, nothing but sand-banks and barren hills,— a fit

object-lesson of what the heart would become without the rain of the Holy Spirit.

I was interested in the loading of the cargo down the coast. It consists chiefly of rice, sugar, and cattle. As there are not many good ports, most of it is loaded from small boats. At Pita cattle were taken on by way of Callao for Lima, a distance of five days, and all the way they had nothing to eat. The men are very cruel to them, breaking their tails, and making their sides bleed with nails driven in sticks. One poor cow had her tail broken so many times that there were no more places to break. The men had a cruel look, and were dressed in rags. They were barefooted, and had old sacks tied on for clothes. Occasionally, the cook on the ship would throw them a piece of meat, and it would fall in the dirt, but they would pick it up and eat it, each taking a bite. Those who are surrounded with abundance in America can not realize what real poverty is.

At Callao it took five days to load and unload the cargo, so we had time to visit in Lima with Brother and Sister Maxson and Sister Allen. Brother Allen had just gone away, and Brother and Sister Willson had left that morning for the mountains.

Lima is a very interesting place. The market is one of the largest in the world. The senate chamber is in one of the old temples of the Inquisition. There are fifty-three senators; when they vote, they press a button which turns on a red light when the vote is "no," and a white light when it is "yes." Formerly when they voted, there was a figure of Christ, which would bow its head when the vote was "yes," and turn it when it was "no." Their former president, Mr. Pardo, was assassinated while entering the senate, by one of his guards, who, becoming jealous because he had not been promoted, took his revenge in this way. There are chairs in this building two hundred years old.

In the cathedral we saw the supposed bones of Pizarro, although a scientist who has been there says they are not; for Pizarro was killed with a sword, and these are the bones of one who had his neck broken.

I was much impressed with the sad look of those who came to worship; no joy is in their faces, and often they are in tears. The altars are impressive, especially one of Christ on the cross. One can almost feel the suffering as one looks upon the pierced side and bleeding hands and feet. There is much solid silver and gold trimming on the altars. The confessional pews have two seats, one on each side, and the confessor confesses through a tin window to the priest. The cathedral was at one time surrounded with marble, but the Spaniards have dug it almost all up. The candles are about three feet high, and there is a book three hundred years old for the mass; also a grand pipe-organ. The first stone for the cathedral was laid by Pizarro in 1625. Old relics are always of interest to me, so I enjoyed seeing these.

The museum was so full of interest that I could have spent a week there, and I can not begin to tell in one letter of all the interesting things. There are Inca relics, and much of the woven work and crockery from the periods before the Incas. There are old combs, beads, mummies, images, crosses, paintings, embroidery, beautiful garments from the genteel families of Spain, old vases, and almost everything of which one can think. The paintings are beautiful. One is of Alfonsa Ugarte, who snatched the flag of Peru to save it from disgrace, and leaped from a precipice on

his horse. The picture portrays the scene just as he leaps, and is almost as real as life. There is also one of an Indian woman, who is being stabbed by a Chilean. It made me shudder to look at it, it seemed so real. Also another picture of Atualpa, just before Pizarro took his life, his wives standing by, pleading for him. It makes one realize the terrible injustice done to the Indians. They are certainly a downtrodden race, and I long to do something for them.

After leaving the museum, we went to the zoological gardens. There are very few animals here, for most of them were taken by the Chileans during the war. We visited a hospital here, which is quite modern. The operating-rooms and instruments looked very much like those of our sanitariums.

We went to several plazas, where many bloody scenes had taken place during the Inquisition. I expected to see a river when I went to the Rimac, but found only a small stream. It never rains in Lima, and the dust hangs from the trees in cords. On the way from Callao to Lima we saw several mounds made by the old mound-builders.

One evening we went to the mission service, and Brother Maxson spoke in Spanish. His text was from Revelation 14, on the light of the third angel's message, and how the little lights here and there will soon light the whole world. It seemed good to sing in the Spanish language.

(To be concluded)

Suggestions From "Correct English"

"The world needs not so much to be informed as to be reminded."

Do you say, "I shall *try and* come," instead of, "I shall *try to* come"?

RULE.—*Try*, like *endeavor*, requires the infinitive to complete its meaning.

Drill

I shall *try to* attend the meeting. (Not *try and*.)

Shall you *try to* be there? (Not *try and*.)

Try to come if possible. (Not *try and*.)

I wish that he would *try to* do better. (Not *try and*.)

Shall you *try to* go? (Not *try and*.)

I shall certainly *try to* go. (Not *try and*.)

I wish that you would *try to* go. (Not *try and*.)

I wish that he would *try to* go. (Not *try and*.)

I wish that she would *try to* go. (Not *try and*.)

Do you say, "You always *ought* to arrange your hair that way," instead of, "You *should* always arrange your hair that way"?

RULE.—Use *should* to express propriety; *ought*, to express duty, or moral obligation.

Drill

I know that I *should* not be so careless. (Propriety.)

Children *ought* to obey their parents. (Duty.)

You *ought* not to treat your sister so unkindly. (Duty.)

You *should* call on your friends more frequently. (Propriety.)

You *ought* to assist your parents. (Duty.)

Do you say, "If I *was* in the wrong, I should apologize," instead of, "If I *were* in the wrong, I should apologize"?

RULE.—"If I *was*" (he, she, or it was) is correct when the words "and I (he, she, or it) was" can be supplemented. "If I *were*" (he, she, or it were), when the words "but I am not" (or he, she, or it is not) can be supplemented.

If I *was* in the wrong (and I *was*, or you say that I *was*), why, I apologize.

If he *was* in the wrong (and it is evident that he *was*), he has atoned for his misdemeanor.

If she *was* in the wrong (and I assume that she *was*), she will apologize.

If I *were* in the wrong (but I *am not*), I should apologize.

If he *were* in the wrong (but he *is not*), he would apologize.

If she *were* in the wrong (but she *is not*), she would apologize.

When the meaning is, "but I *was not*," *had been* (not *were*) is required; thus:—

If I *had been* in the wrong (but I *was not*), I *should have* apologized. (Note that *should have* apologized is the correct tense form in this sentence.)

How Much More

Luke 11:13

FOR we are evil; He is always good.

Our children stretch their hands to us for aid;

We answer them according to our mood,

Ourselves oftentimes discouraged and dismayed.

But he, our Father, has no varying mood;

We ask for bounties from his boundless store;

He answers as an earthly parent should,

But how much more!

And we are weak; but he is always strong.

Our helpless children clamor to be fed;

Because we know not always right from wrong,

Ofttimes we give them flinty stones for bread.

But he, our Father, nothing knows of wrong,

And all we need is in his boundless store;

He gives not only that for which we long,

But how much more!

And we are foolish; he is always wise.

Our children come for counsel for the day,

And we, because that sin hath veiled our eyes,

Speak words that lead the little feet astray.

But he, our Father, sees with holy eyes;

We plead for wisdom from his boundless store;

He answers as an earthly parent tries,

But how much more!

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

The Church's Lost Opportunities

COMING down on the train near Chattanooga one day, I noticed a man and woman seated in a Pullman car facing each other. In the woman's lap was a little boy who looked very sick. The man kept walking to and fro, getting water for his wife and child. I sat there and watched them, and finally said: "Is there anything I can do? Your child seems to be sick." The mother said, "Yes; very sick."

"Well, I am a sort of ex-doctor; is there anything I can do?"

"You are a doctor?"

"Yes, sort of one."

"Well, I wish you would see if you can do anything for him."

I looked at him and saw that he was very sick. I took the husband aside, and said, "Your child is very sick; I do not know if you know it, but I want to tell you that it is hardly probable he will live until the train gets to Chattanooga."

He was heart-broken. He said, "Isn't there anything we can do?" I said, "I will go and see if I can find a doctor." I could not find one, and as I came back I saw that the child was dead, and his mother did not know it. I broke the news to her, and then took the husband aside, and said, "Are you traveling a long distance?" He said, "Yes, I am going to Texas."

"Have you any spare money?"

"No, just enough to get us home. I do not know what I am going to do."

Thinking to comfort him, I said, "Don't you give yourself one bit of trouble about that. Wait here and I will go around and see what I can do." As I spoke to the different people on the train about it, I came to a man who said, "I want to go and see him." He went, and after a while came to me and said, "You needn't bother about that." I said, "Why?" "That man is a member of the Knights of Pythias," he answered, "and I will see that things are arranged." The Knights of Pythias knocked me out of my business, and I almost felt hurt about it.

I got to thinking about it, and said, "Yes, here are the Knights of Pythias; God bless them, and God wake up the old sleeping church. Why is it that the church of Jesus Christ turns work like this over to the Knights of Pythias or other fraternal organizations?" I believe to-day that the church of Jesus is sleeping over its greatest opportunity. We are not happy, very few of us are; we don't know the first letter of happiness, and we are not happy because we are not living in obedience to the law of Christ, which is the law of burden-bearing. That is a thing that we shun and turn over to other people rather than to seek after it. We are too busy looking after our own interests to stoop to our brother's load, and our spirits shrink and die, and we find that we have lost the capacity for happiness. If we obey the law of love, which is the law of God, we find ourselves looking out upon a lovelier and a happier world.—*Dr. L. G. Broughton, in Golden Age.*

A Sound Bank Closed Up

A SAVINGS-BANK in Maine was closed the other day on the order of the State bank examiner. The institution was entirely sound. There was no lack of confidence in its officers. The bank had been paying dividends regularly. Why, then, was it closed?

Because it had not been growing. It had merely been standing still. Indeed, relatively to the banks around it, this bank had been retrograding. It had lost in deposits, when the amount was not stationary. Its dividend was half a cent less than that of other banks. On the whole, it was felt that this bank, under the conditions of strong competition that obtained, was not strong enough to do business safely; and therefore it was closed.

I thought, when I read of the procedure, "Lucky for some men I know that there are no character examiners, armed with similar power to close up a life!" For many a life, while stanchly honest, while commanding people's confidence, and, in a mild way, their liking, is standing still while the world of lives whirls by it. Such a life is not laying in new stores of information or giving out increasing dividends of helpfulness. It drones along, takes up work at nine, closes at three, and sends a daily report to the clearing-house; but the clearing-house balance is always against it.

On second thought, I suppose there is just such an Examiner of Lives. And his decisions are always just.—*Caleb Cobweb.*

THE possibility of crossing the Mediterranean in an aeroplane from Marseilles to Algiers, a distance of about five hundred miles, is being seriously considered in France. The flight would not be sustained but would include a landing on one of the Balearic Islands, which are about midway.



Gleanings From "Popular Mechanics"

New Insulating Bricks Float



NEW insulating lining-brick, designed for use where absolute freedom from dampness is necessary, is so waterproofed and burned that forty-five per cent of the volume is confined air. Its specific gravity is only 0.90, although its ultimate strength in comparison is claimed to be 750 pounds to the square inch. The bricks float in water, and are claimed to be moisture-proof.

Solidified Gasoline for Automobiles

A chemist of Birmingham, England, according to reports sent by the United States consul in that city, has invented a means of converting gasoline into a stiff white jelly, in which condition it can be used as fuel for automobiles. The conversion is effected by adding one and three-fourths per cent of soapstone and alcohol. The inventor claims an economy of thirty per cent for the jelly, as compared to gasoline in its natural state, also that more solidified gasoline than liquid gasoline can be carried in the same space. A block or cube of solidified gasoline, when being vaporized either in a hot pipe or in the ordinary way, does not cause liquefaction of the mass, the heat simply causing a slow formation of vapor, which is consumed in the engine.

Beehive Used as Chicken Incubator

Finding that the temperature in a beehive was exactly the same as that required for hatching eggs, an American living in Rome conceived the idea of letting his bees do the hatching. He built a rectangular frame, provided it with a linen bottom, placed twenty eggs, protected by a perforated cover spread over and around them, in the box, and placed the whole in the highest section of the hive. In course of time, eighteen of the eggs were successfully hatched, without in any way preventing the bees from following their normal pursuits. Repeated experiments proved that a dozen eggs at a time can be successfully hatched in this manner, and that in the course of a season one hive could produce more than eighty chickens.

To Restrict Carrying of Matches

Congress has been asked to enact national legislation to prohibit the transportation of white and yellow phosphorous matches in the United States. These are types of the variety commonly referred to as parlor matches. A penalty of one thousand dollars' fine and imprisonment for three years, or either, is attached to the proposed law.

Electric Meters Installed on Porches

The manager of an electric-light plant in a small city has had the majority of residence meters installed outside, usually on the rear porches, but sometimes on the front. They are placed where rain and snow will not interfere with them, and are practically moisture-proof, having protecting glass covers. The advisability of outside meters was impressed upon this manager through his own experience in reading meters. The time spent in cleaning his feet, waiting for the door to be opened, passing through the house, and possibly climbing to the attic, he considers absolutely un-

necessary, to say nothing of the second calls required when the first finds no one at home.

Habit-Forming Agents

THE United States Department of Agriculture through its Bureau of Chemistry has given much time to a study of the "habit-forming agents" that have been upon the market in this country.

This research work has included a study of soothing sirups; colic cures; medicated soft drinks; asthma, catarrh, cold, and cough remedies; consumption cures; headache mixtures; epilepsy remedies; tobacco-habit cures; and drug-addiction treatments.

The chief active agents of soothing sirups are known to be opium, morphine, heroin, codeine, chloroform, and chloral hydrate. In the Farmers' Bulletin 393, which can be obtained on application to the Department of Agriculture, thirteen of the well-known soothing sirups are listed as containing one or more of these drugs in harmful quantities. One imported sirup contained so much cocaine hydrochloric that its importation has been prohibited by the government.

An extended list of harmful cough remedies containing chloroform and morphine is given by the government. The headache remedies so widely advertised, and so widely used by suffering women, are responsible for far worse conditions than they offer to cure. "These remedies," says the department, "in general simply benumb or stupefy the senses, but do not remove the cause of the trouble."

The tobacco habit is bad, but the so-called tobacco cure is worse. Some of these "cures" analyzed by the government were found to contain cocaine and cocaine derivatives. The only purpose in their sale, it is evident, was to create the drug habit, so as to bring in a continuous stream of coin to the promoter. Beware of the so-called cures; but be quick to take advantage of the help offered by the Great Physician to every man in bondage to any health- and soul-destroying habit. It is a safe and sure remedy.

How can the sale of these habit-forming agents be minimized or eradicated? Dr. Kebler, the chief of the division of drugs, gives the following suggestions, which every one interested in the temperance cause should endeavor to act upon:—

Educate the public through the press and by pamphlets, lectures, etc.

Enact laws forbidding the sale of all pernicious habit-forming drugs, such as cocaine, morphine, opium, heroin, etc., and their derivatives and preparations, at retail, except on prescriptions of physicians, dentists, or veterinarians.

Require a permanent record to be kept, subject to state and federal inspection at all times, of all transactions in such drugs, whether wholesale, retail, or through the use of prescriptions.

Enact laws forbidding the handling of any of these products except by manufacturers, wholesale and retail druggists, and others legally qualified.

The State boards of health, or other governing bodies, should be empowered to withdraw the licenses of physicians who prescribe, or druggists who sell, these articles for other than legitimate medicinal purposes.

A federal law should be enacted forbidding the shipment in interstate commerce of habit-forming drugs or preparations containing them, except through the customary channels of trade, and then only when complete records of all transactions are kept.

"THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility."

Real Views of the Liquor Traffic

THE following pathetic pictures are brief sketches from the report of M. J. White, secretary of the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children:—

RAGS, broken furniture, and filth of all kinds littered the premises. Empty bottles were found in plenty, but no food. A battered ten-pound lard pail had recently arrived from the corner, filled with steam beer. Mrs. T— reclined on a dirty bed, stupid with drink, while her husband was in but little better condition. Huddled in a mass of old rags were found two little boys and a little girl, all of tender years.

WHEN in her cups, this woman was of violent temper, and many was the beating she bestowed upon her child, without excuse or justification. One day in a fit of rage the drink-crazed mother poured a kettle of hot water on the little girl, scalding her back in a shocking manner. This wound was still fresh, as were numerous black-and-blue marks upon her body and limbs, when the child told of the miserable life she was leading. Maud was sent to relatives in a distant city soon after being taken from her mother, and she grew to be a beautiful and good woman. Her education was carefully attended to, and after her nineteenth birthday she wrote:—

"MY DEAR GUARDIAN AND FRIEND: I am now married and happy; but my happiness is not so all-absorbing but that I think of you and what you did for me in taking me from my mother and never letting me go back to her again. For this I am grateful, but more for your many letters of good advice, showing me that through all these years you have been interested in my welfare. My prayer is that every child who is not treated right at home will find as faithful a friend and protector as you have been to me."

WILLIAM O'D— had been drinking again. To be more correct, he had resumed a debauch, after eighteen hours' sleep, that he began six weeks before. Returning from the groggery, where he had spent his last cent, and where his credit was exhausted, the man was in a vicious mood. Mrs. O'D— sat in an adjoining room trying to quiet the wailing of her sick infant, less than a year old. Near by, her four-year-old boy was crying with cold and hunger. These sounds of distress first annoyed and then enraged the father, who, in drunken fury, struck his wife a terrific blow in the face because she could not keep them quiet, as he wanted to sleep. The woman knew from experience that the blow would be followed by others, and she fled into the street for safety. O'D—, thwarted in venting his rage upon the woman, turned his attention to the infant, which he seized by its clothing and violently hurled into the air. The child flew almost to the ceiling, and when it fell, it struck on the edge of the bed. The mother, who witnessed the outrage from the street, rushed in to rescue her offspring. The inhuman father was arrested and imprisoned for cruelty to his child. The latter, with its mother, was taken to the hospital, where it was found that its little leg had been badly fractured. The woman, too, was a mass of bruises from head to foot, and the two sufferers were under treatment for nearly two months in the hospital.

A YOUNG woman with her hair streaming down her shoulders sat upon the edge of what once was a bed, and stupidly rubbed her bloodshot eyes and blinked at the dim light of a tallow candle carried by the officers. On a pallet of ancient rags slept four little children. They had "tumbled in" just as they left the street, not even having taken the trouble to remove their shoes. "Mrs. McL—, you have been drinking again," remarked Mr. Newhall. The woman replied with an oath that it was nobody's business if she had. She would not answer as to where her husband could be found. An inspection of the premises failed to bring any food to light, but several empty liquor bottles indicated where the money had gone. In a low groggery near by, the man was found. He was very drunk, but in a muddled speech he acknowledged that the whole of his week's earnings, fifteen dollars, had been spent by himself and wife for drink in less than twenty-four hours.

IN the southern part of the city stands two large buildings. The windows are iron-barred. The doors are of solid steel. Each structure is surrounded by a high whitewashed fence, and a lane divides the premises. These structures are branches 2 and 3 of the county jail. The one on the north is occupied by male prisoners, and the one on the south by female culprits. In the first is John J. L—, and across the way his wife is a prisoner. Down the valley to the east stands a large building surrounded by trees, shrubs, and flowers, among which little children romp and play. This is Mount St. Joseph's Infant Orphan Asylum. In this institution are the five little children of the prisoners mentioned. Just beyond, over the hill from the orphanage, was once the home of L— and his family. Drink caused the breaking up of the home, the imprisonment of the parents, and the consignment of the children to the charitable institution.

YOU have tried to take my kids away from me— now take the brats and to h— with you and them, too!" This startling speech was made to the secretary by Mrs. Mary H— as she stood in the office door with her two pretty little ones by her side. The three were soaked to the skin; for it was raining in torrents, and the children were crying. They were hungry as well as wet. Mrs. H— was drunk when she gave utterance to this unnatural speech. In fact, intoxication in its various stages was her normal condition. Her husband, Peter, was frequently in the same state of inebriety. The pair had often been evicted from their homes for non-payment of rent, and this society had made frequent appeals to them to lead better lives. Several times the parents had been haled into the police court for drunken and disorderly conduct; but the drink habit was too strongly fastened upon them. They went the downward pace at a rapid rate, and from "a fine-looking, healthy couple," the verdict at the time of their marriage, they had become "a pitiful pair of soaks," the comment of the police judge who last passed judgment upon them.

ANOTHER worker for the child cites the following incidents that came under her own observation:—

A woman was found drunk at the funeral of her own husband, having spent the insurance money on drink. Another was intoxicated at the burial of her child, and, while in this state, let another, two years old, fall out of her lap against the red-hot bars of the grate. Again, a father and mother made themselves drunk for a week with the insurance money paid on the death of a child, which remained during that time unburied and uncoffined, while the rest of the children were starving. Yet no punishment was awarded the parents, and the child had to be eventually buried by the parish. An incalculable amount of child misery is due to the neglect and cruelty of drinking parents.

THE foregoing pictures of real life can be duplicated annually hundreds if not thousands of times in every city of our land. And almost every hamlet and rural community can present some such pathetic picture of the devastating work of alcohol. And yet, wonder, O heavens! O earth! men will still vote for the continuation of the hellish traffic that is responsible for all these wrecked lives and abused children!

For the Care of Drunkards

A WRITER in *Harper's Weekly*, speaking of a bill that has passed the New York Assembly for the better treatment of inebriates, says:—

At present the public provision for the handling of drunkards is wasteful and inefficient. Drunkards are sick people who have lost their power of self-control to an extent that makes them more or less helpless, and a nuisance to society. When they are curable, they ought to be put in the way of being cured, at their own cost if they have means, at the public cost if they have not. They are imperfectly responsible, and while they do not ordinarily require as much oversight as insane people, they do require treatment and looking after.

A board of inebriety has been appointed by the mayor of New York for the purpose of purchasing a site for a hospital and industrial colony "for the cure and treatment of inebriates" within or without the city of New York. This board will also have "general charge of drunkenness in New York, and the means to deal with it with intelligence. Provision is made in the bill for keeping track of persons arrested for intoxication, and for the reform of those who need reforming, and for the inspection and release of those who do not. Any male person who is not safe in the presence of liquor may, on his own application or otherwise, be committed by a court of record to the charge of this board for not less than one year nor more than three years."

Other cities are adopting a similar solution of the inebriate problem. This measure "not only brings drunkenness home to the drinker, which is excellent, but it provides help for him, and relief for his friends and relatives, who, as matters now stand, are powerless to handle him unless they have the means to pay for his cure in a private sanitarium."

In the battle of life the cigarette boy is as much handicapped as a man with bricks around his neck in a swimming race.— *Dr. David Paulson.*

Thoughts on Consecration

Consecration a Continuous Process



SURRENDERED life is never achieved by a single act of surrender. Enlistment does not make a good soldier. Taking the oath of allegiance does not make a good citizen. These things are necessary and very important beginnings; but they are only beginnings, and if they are mistakenly substituted for what must follow, they merely mark the beginning of failure, and emphasize the failure. We commit ourselves to Christ, giving ourselves up to his mastery in sincere and complete surrender, pledge ourselves wholly to him, and then we think that the transaction is finished. It is only begun. The very fact that we were sincere and unconditional in giving ourselves to this allegiance offers a temptation to settle back, and ease up from the tremendous compulsion that Christ would now have us feel to maintain the surrender. Every time we deliberately tolerate an act or a word or a thought that is in any sense second best, we are just so far repudiating the surrender and dedication of life we had made. The surrendered life consists only in a never-ending, vigilantly maintained struggle; it is a continuous march toward a goal that is never reached in this world. That is what makes it so gloriously worth while. It is a victorious life here and at its goal.—*Sunday School Times.*

Making No Progress

Two intoxicated Scotchmen, a few years ago, got into a boat to start to their island home. Each took an oar, and after casting off the head-line began to row. They rowed and rowed and rowed. They were not in a condition to discover the curious and eccentric motion of the boat. After they had rowed an hour or so, one of them said, "It seems to me, Sandy, that we're a long time getting off from land." And they actually spent a whole night in rowing before they discovered that the stern-line had not been cast off. There are a great many Christians who row and row, but they keep bounding back, and they do not know what the matter is, till finally they discover that they have not cast off the stern-line,—they have not cut loose from the things that are behind, and so they can not reach unto the things that are before.—*Sunday School Times.*

Consecration, the Price of Faith

The Rev. John McDowell told at Northfield last summer of an express-train which started out from Chicago for the Pacific Coast. On board was the president of the road. As they rushed along in the

darkness of the night, the train was wrecked. The president of the road hurried to the front. The engineer was pinned beneath the engine. As the president stood looking at the prostrate form, he saw his lips move, and, leaning down, he heard the dying man say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." "Jim," said the president, "I would be willing to give my life with all that I have for such a faith as that." "Mr. President," said Jim, "that is just what it costs."—*Selected.*

Prayer That Made a Bishop

WHEN Frank W. Warne, bishop of the Methodist Church, was about fourteen years of age, he was given some special work one evening by his father. It happened that just then some boys came to play; and instead of doing what he was told, Frank went off to play with them. A little later he met his father, who inquired, "Have you done what I told you?" The boy answered, "Yes." The father knew that he had told an untruth, but said nothing. The boy felt rather badly about it, but nevertheless soon fell asleep, on going to bed, and slept soundly.

Next afternoon his mother said to him, "Your father slept none last night." Frank knew that his father was well, and said, "Why didn't he sleep?" His mother said, "He spent the whole night praying for you."

That last sentence was like a bell ringing in Frank Warne's ears, and like an arrow in his heart. He was convicted of sin, and knew no rest until he knew it in the consciousness of pardoned sin.

Bishop Warne attributed his decision to become a Christian to that night in which his father kept vigil all night, praying for his boy who had proved untrue; and he said, "I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for that night of prayer." Surely there is in that sentence from a distinguished and noble public man a good suggestion for many anxious Christian parents.—*L. A. Banks, in the Christian Herald.*

The King's Pocket League

A WORKABLE PLAN IN PERSONAL EVANGELISM
WITH PRESENT TRUTH LITERATURE

"Every member a working member"—"Working as we go."

"Follow Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."

Mark 1:17; John 12:26.

(See Prov. 11:30; Dan. 12:3; Jas. 5:19, 20.)

I BELIEVE that Jesus' supreme desire is to win all men back to his Father. Experience shows that most of those who return are won through the individual efforts of his witnesses. Luke 19:10; 24:45-48.

As the purpose of Jesus in redeeming me included my becoming a personal witness for him, in order that I may co-operate with him in carrying out his plans, I will endeavor from this day, in conversation and with the printed pages that I am pledged to carry, to bring him and his special messages for this time to the attention of individuals as I have opportunity; and I will ask God to open the way for such individual effort. This purpose includes the dedication of a pocket (or space) in which to carry the pages of truth. See Matt. 28:19, 20; 1 Peter 2:9, 10; Phil. 2:12-16; Rev. 22:17.

Signed

Date

Additional copies can be had by addressing the Southern California Tract Society, 1018 Broadway Central Building, Los Angeles.

The Guide of Life

THOUGH far the way of life may lead,
Through darkest hours of woe and need,
The child of earth is not alone
Who makes the Word of God his own.

Though poor humanity is weak,
And prone the wilful way to seek,
Though tempter come to lure to sin,
"Tis written," will the victory win.

MAX HILL.



The Looking-Glass People

BE careful, sonny, and don't work too hard," laughed Uncle Jim as he came through the front hall, and found Billy sitting on the floor before the big mirror, with a cloth in his hand. "Did mother ask you to clean that mirror, or to sit on the floor and look at it?"

Billy did not say anything. He dipped the cloth into the pail of water, then he rubbed the damp cloth on a cake of scouring soap, and began putting it on the mirror, a little dab at a time, with a long sigh between each dab.

"I guess it would make you tired," he said at last, "if you had to put this stuff all over this whole great big looking-glass and let it dry, and then rub every single bit of it off." Billy stopped working altogether and looked at the glass. He gave a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of his boots.

"Every single Friday morning I have to do this," he said plaintively.

"Every Friday morning!" exclaimed Uncle Jim. "Why, isn't it funny that you never met Mr. and Mrs. Looking-glass? I know you've never seen them, or you would just look forward to Friday morning."

Billy began to look interested.

"See here!" Uncle Jim took the cloth from Billy. "How much will you give me if I introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Looking-glass?" He was rubbing the cloth on the scouring soap as he spoke, and in another moment he was covering the big mirror with long, swift strokes. In a very little while it was entirely covered with the white paste.

He waited a few moments for the paste to dry, and then he wrapped a soft, dry cloth loosely about his hand and started. Billy was fascinated, as Uncle Jim began to draw just as if the mirror were a slate and Uncle Jim's finger the pencil.

"It's a man!" Billy cried excitedly. "O, that must be Mr. Looking-glass! My, what funny eyes!"

"And here is Mrs. Looking-glass!" announced Uncle Jim. He made a few more swift strokes, and there was chubby Mrs. Looking-glass, with a smile that reached from one side of her face to the other.

"O, how funny! Let me make some buttons on her dress," pleaded Billy.

"All right!" and Uncle Jim gave him the cloth. "Trim them up all you want to, but don't let the scouring wind strike them."

"What's that?" questioned Billy.

"Do you really want to know? Well, then, look."

He took the cloth from Billy's hand. "Look out, people, it's beginning to blow. Here comes the scouring wind."

One stroke across the top of the mirror, and their heads were gone; another, and they had no shoulders; a few more dashes, and the Looking-glass people were gone. A clean, shining mirror was all that remained.

"Never mind; I'll make them come back next Friday morning," laughed Billy; "and I'm going to make little boy Looking-glass too, and a Looking-glass dog."
— Annie Louise Berray, in *Sunday School Times*.

The Boy We Like

THE boy we like has a merry, open face, fresh and ruddy with the combined effects of healthful exercise and soap and water. Although not at all pedantic, he always looks neat, takes care of his clothes, and does not consider it fun to use his hat for a football. He prefers a brisk walk or a football match to moping over the fire on a winter afternoon; and if there is skating to be had, he does not think it an "awful nuisance" to take his sisters; and he gallantly puts on their skates for them. He is fond of reading, but does not mind putting his book aside when necessary to join in a juvenile game with the younger members of the household. He is a painstaking pupil, and is quite as earnest on the playground and baseball field, where, although he is excellent at the "bat," he is always ready to take his share of "fielding."

Though he has only an ordinary voice, he cheerfully joins the others around the piano or organ, "chiming in," as he expresses it, in hymns on Sabbath evenings.

Of course he is his "mother's pet," but that is not his fault, and he does not encroach upon her kindness toward him for selfish ends. He likes good, hearty, not foolish fun, and never frightens nor teases his sisters by throwing spiders or frogs at them. He is kind to animals, and is gentle with little children. He never minds holding the baby; in fact, he rather likes it, and that uncrowned king is generally very good with him. He does wrong things sometimes, but is speedily sorry, and quickly asks forgiveness. He is as ready to forgive as to be forgiven an injury.

He makes boats and other things, and is particularly handy in repairing a broken latch, or fixing shelves. His great difficulty is getting up in the morning.

On Sabbaths he sits attentively in his seat, does not look at his watch (a present from his mother) on an



average of once a minute, nor eat sweets, nor read the hymn-book during a sermon. The boy we like is human, and has his faults, but these he tries to overcome.

He has a bright, happy faith in the power and love of his Saviour and Master. He tries earnestly to follow him, and endeavors to fulfil his behests in his daily pursuits and pleasures. The boy we like is a good boy. His life is happy and useful, and is a foretaste of that still larger life that lies before him in his years of manhood.

ARTHUR V. FOX.

How a Hustling Boy of Fourteen Made Five Hundred Dollars

WHEN one reads that a schoolboy of fourteen years started out one day last spring with a cash capital of fourteen dollars, and had five hundred ahead in the late autumn, one would like to know just how he did it. This is the story in full: The boy's name is Jewett, and he lives in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Last spring he began operations with two acres of ground as a starter in the business of market gardening and produce dealing. He spent every hour he could get out of school working the land until school closed in June, and then he pulled off his jacket for a big and hard summer's work. He raised and peddled fruit and vegetables and ran a poultry yard.

The land had been tilled for market gardening before, so there was little to do in the way of preparation for his crops. He planted one acre entirely to potatoes, and he planted those potatoes himself. He hired a man to hoe the potatoes and help him some on the other acre of land in the middle of the season, when "business was rushing." He says that he did not work less than fourteen hours a day all summer, and there were days when he worked more than this. He was on the way to market many mornings at four o'clock, and he admits that it was too much for a fellow to keep up all the year through.

Finding that he could readily dispose of more vegetables than he could grow on his own land, he began to buy vegetables from the neighboring farmers, and before the summer was over, he was sending to Boston for fruit and vegetables to peddle in Newburyport and in other towns. Regarding this, he says: "I began by ordering a few bushels of produce, and after a while was ordering four or five times as much. I would not do it again another year if I could help it. I would raise my own stuff. The middlemen, whether you are buying or selling, don't want to give you anything. Selling on commission isn't any more satisfactory; the commission merchant usually gives you the commission and keeps the rest himself. Tomatoes, for instance, that were two dollars a bushel I used to get forty cents for. Next year I will raise enough, and buy enough from the farmers, to avoid the middlemen."

Young Jewett made a good part of his five hundred dollars on berries, for which there is a constant demand. He bought all the blueberries he could in or around his home, and his grandfather went to Boston and disposed of a lot for him, while the boy himself peddled berries in Newburyport. During the berry season he was often up at three o'clock in the morning, and his work was not done until nine or ten at night. His grandfather was a great help, and on one big day they sold, in Boston and Newburyport, berries to the value of \$182, but of course this was not net profit. He sold forty dollars' worth of vegetables in one day.

The achievements of the boy are all the more remarkable because of the fact that right in the middle of the season he ran a rusty nail into his foot, and was partly crippled by it for some time. He had to hobble around while at work, but he kept at it just the same. He says that his experiment with hens was not nearly so successful as was his experiment with vegetables. It costs a good deal for food to keep hens in good condition, and it takes time to care for them, and the boy began to discover that he had undertaken a little too much for one boy to carry through successfully.

One reason this boy was so successful was that he liked the work he was doing. He says that he is much interested in farming, and he means to attend an agricultural college when he is through with the high school. Some boys would not like the work of peddling from door to door, but this youthful farmer said he did not mind that in the least. It was quite as honorable an occupation as selling things over a counter, and he was supplying the people with things they needed. He closed his business in the fall with five hundred dollars' profit, and the determination to go into the market-gardening business still more extensively next year. He says that it is no kind of business for a lazy boy to engage in. It involves a lot of hard work, with the certainty of a fair degree of reward if the business is carefully managed.—*The Boys' World*.

A Modern Prodigal

A YOUNG widow had been left with one small son and about ten thousand dollars. In time she remarried. Her husband cherished the son as tenderly as the two who were born later. The boy received a good education and business training; but as he approached manhood, he refused to be restrained, and on his twenty-first birthday demanded the fortune his father had left him.

The stepfather advised the young man not to withdraw it. He offered to make him a junior partner in his own business if he would remain at home; but the young man insisted, and the older man made an accounting on a most generous scale.

He said: "When I married your mother, I told her that the money left her by your father should be invested for you, and that I would take care of her. I have done so. The business in which I invested the money has prospered in these nearly twenty years, and your ten thousand dollars is now fifty thousand. Unless you have some definite plan for the use of it, I should advise you not to withdraw it all."

It was nearly five times what the young man expected, but he demanded it all, and it was paid. He left home, and wasted his substance in riotous living.

After a time a friend wrote to the stepfather, saying that the young man was doing badly, and nearly out of money. The stepfather replied that the time had not come for him to interfere. And so the young man went his way, and a number of years went by.

But the inevitable end came. The money was gone, and the young man's hopes were gone. And then he wrote home for money to return.

The stepfather sent the money, and met the young man at the train. He was in shabby clothing, and looked forlorn enough. The stepfather said, "Your mother is very anxious to see you, and we will send word of your safe arrival, and that you will be at the house in an hour or two." Then he took the young

man to the barber's, where he had a bath and a shave, and then to a clothing-store, where he was suitably attired. When he entered the home, he was well dressed, and no longer a prodigal in appearance.

Each attempt on his part to bring the conversation to a point where he could tell the story of wrongdoing was skilfully turned aside. He was shown a room in the new and larger house where the family then lived. It was ready for him, and in it were some of his old furnishings. But by no word was he reminded of his sins.

After a day or two the stepfather said to him, "Your two brothers are now my partners, but there is room in the business for all four of us."

The young man had come home with a bitter heart, ready to steel himself against the reproaches he knew he deserved, ready to resent any advertised act of kindness or attempt at his deeper humiliation; but for this kindness he was totally unprepared, and he could no longer be restrained. He broke down and wept. The words of gratitude and sorrow poured forth, and he promised to be faithful.

The years have gone by, and the partnership still continues. The three sons are still with the father, and it seems as if it had always been so. Those who know the story say that if any difference can be discerned among the three sons, it is only in this,—that the returned prodigal is still, after years at home, the most faithful of the faithful three. For he loved much, because he had been forgiven freely and without reproach.—*Selected.*

"Almost, but Lost!"

If a soldier proves traitor to his country, he is shot; he is not given any chance in which to redeem himself. When a man is called into service, he must obey, or suffer punishment, perhaps death.

Are we traitors to God? Are we refusing to hear that still, small voice? If so, why? If God should cut us off, as does the army the traitor, we would be lost; but he gives us a chance to redeem ourselves.

O, we should praise him for his wonderful plan of redemption! We, as young people, should speedily prepare ourselves for God's great harvest-field, so that when called into service, we may be ready to do the work he has for us to do. The fight is on. Who is on the Lord's side? We who have tasted the joy and sweet peace that come through forgiveness of sin, should not forget that there are some still in the dark dungeon of doubt.

Some may say:—

"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

But when we stop to think that the investigative judgment is now going on, and our names may be brought up at any time, we should think seriously, so that it may not be said of us:—

"Almost persuaded; harvest is past;
Almost persuaded; doom comes at last!
'Almost' can not avail;
'Almost' is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
'Almost,—but lost!'"

EARL SAPP.

"EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we can not give conduct."

THE CHILDREN'S COOKING CLASS

CONDUCTED BY D. D. FITCH

Vegetables — No. 17



IT will be impossible in these short lessons to take up an exhaustive study of this class of foods. We will therefore consider only a few of the vegetables most commonly used.

Potatoes

In our former lessons we learned that the system requires six or seven parts of the heat- and energy-producing elements, or the carbohydrates, to one of the tissue-building, or protein elements. The potato is largely composed of starch, a carbohydrate element; so when we eat much of it, we should also partake of some other food that will help to balance the proportion of these elements. Good Graham bread contains these elements in the proper proportion, so if we were to eat Graham bread and potatoes, we would still have a one-sided dietary. If, however, we combine some of the legumes with our bread and potatoes, we shall have a well-proportioned meal. Below we give a few figures that will show how this is worked out:—

	Protein	Carbohydrates
Entire-wheat flour	11	72
Potatoes	2	15
Beans	12	59
	25	25 146 nearly 6 times

You will observe that there is four times as much of the carbohydrates in the beans as in the potatoes, but that there is six times as much of the protein in the bean as in the potato, which brings the proportion out about right. If we combine with our present threefold bill of fare some cabbage, onions, or turnips (it matters little which we use as far as the change in food elements is concerned, as all of them contain very little nourishment, being largely composed of woody matter, therefore serving principally to give bulk), we shall have a good dietary. As much nourishment is lost by removing a thick peeling, be careful to remove only a thin one. The potatoes should first be well washed, then pared. Whether you steam or boil them, the water should be hot before putting the potatoes on to cook, and should be kept boiling until they are done, otherwise they may become water-soaked. If you run a sharp knife into them, and they fall off by their own weight, they are usually done. Should you desire to serve them plain boiled, pour off the water, and allow them to stand covered for a few minutes. If you wish to mash them, add salt, and butter if desired, and with a potato masher break up all lumps; then add hot milk, a little at a time, until they are of the proper consistency. Beat them until they are snowy white.

If it is desired to serve potatoes in cream gravy, the gravy may be made while they are cooking. They should then be cut to the desired size, if it has not been done before cooking. If the latter is done, they will boil or steam quicker.

STEWED POTATOES.—The potatoes should be cut in cubes, and stewed in a small amount of water. When done, pour off part of the water, and thicken the remainder with braided flour. Season and serve.

The directions given for the preparation of Irish potatoes, will apply in most cases to sweet potatoes.

Justifying God

"God, having a knowledge of the future, knew that Lucifer would rebel, knew that disastrous consequences would result, that the world would be deluged with blood and filled with misery — why, then, did he create him?"

The foregoing question was asked by one present at a Bible reading being conducted by a member of the INSTRUCTOR family; and as it is one which is repeatedly raised, the answer given may be of interest to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

God knew that Lucifer would sin; this is admitted. Knowing the fearful consequences which would result, he refrains from creating him. This would be an acknowledgment on the part of God that a condition could exist which he would be unable satisfactorily to meet; it would be an acknowledgment of weakness on the part of God, and would be a denial of his omnipotence. Though he filled the universe with beings loyal to his government, yet there would exist constantly the thought of weakness, of inability to triumph, to carry out a purpose. No condition can exist which God can not meet, and out of which he can not bring glory to himself and everlasting happiness and safety to his creatures. In the gift of Jesus Christ, a gift made before the foundation of the world, God made provision to conquer sin, and save those who wished to remain loyal; or who, having transgressed, determined to return to their allegiance to God.

When it is admitted that men are moral beings, then sin becomes a possibility, as moral beings are amenable to law. Without law, government is impossible; and without the power of choice, law is impossible. Who thinks of enacting laws by which to govern horses, sheep, cattle? Eliminate law, and you place man on a level with the beasts of the field; eliminate law, and the result is tyranny, anarchy. God governs by love; love persuades, entreats, makes use of every force other than compulsion. The freedom of the human will is so dear to God that he emptied heaven in the gift of Jesus Christ in order to save men, — save them without destroying the right of the creature to decide for himself whether he will serve God or reject him.

Imagine this world teeming with animal life in its diversified forms, and then think of an angel possessed with intelligence equal to that of a human being, visiting it. Would he not feel that there was a great lack in the earth, that God evidently had omitted something? What is lacking? — That which causes the difference between animals and men — intelligence, will, morality. This is the solution to the question of sin. While God is not the author of sin, his character, his government, make it possible. Where sin abounds, grace does much more abound. God is carrying out his eternal purpose; and when it is revealed in its fulness, "every knee shall bow," and "every tongue confess" the justice of the Almighty. He remains just while justifying all who believe in Jesus. With intensity the universe is watching the development of God's purpose; and when sin is eliminated from this world, the exceeding sinfulness of sin will have been revealed, making its repetition an impossibility. God will then have the loyal, willing service of all his creatures, without the slightest danger of the germ of rebellion taking root anywhere. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," place the will on God's side, come in personal touch with him, and you will know the joy of service, of deliverance from the bondage of sin.

JOHN N. QUINN.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, April 8

Way to Christ, No. 4 — Consecration

LEADER'S NOTE.—Do not omit a short consecration service at the close of this meeting. Twelve or fifteen can testify in five minutes. The short article "Thoughts on Consecration," on page nine of this paper, may be helpful in making up the program.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Bible Reading. See reading below.

"Consecration" (reading). See "Steps to Christ," chapter 5.

Esther, Heroic Consecration to the Cause of God (five-minute paper). See Esther.

Samson — Splendid Talents, Lacking Consecration (five-minute talk). See "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapter 54.

Samuel — a Long and Consecrated Life (five-minute paper). See "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapter 55.

Report of work.

Consecration service.

Bible Reading

1. When Paul had seen the vision that led to his repentance, what was his first question? Acts 9:3-6.
2. How did he afterward express his complete surrender to Christ? Phil. 3:8.
3. Why does God require us to yield up all to him, and esteem him above all else? 2 Cor. 5:21; note.
4. After the surrender is made, will it seem like a great cross? 2 Cor. 5:17.
5. How complete a surrender does the Lord require? Mark 10:17-21; Matt. 10:37-39.
6. What examples have we of those who were converted and at once showed the true spirit of consecration? Luke 19:8, 9; Acts 2:41-47.
7. When the life is truly consecrated, who only will appear? Gal. 2:20.
8. Will you not insure your eternal success and happiness by saying, "Lord, I consecrate my life and my all to thee to-day"?

Note

Christ gave up all heaven and its glory, and was made sin for us, so that we, by giving up all our sinful life, might make the great exchange, and be clothed with his righteousness.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 24: "Story of John G. Paton," Chapters 84-91

Test Questions

1. WHAT evidences of prosperity did Paton find in the church on his return?
2. Why did they meet for early morning prayer?
3. How may we keep close to our Saviour?
4. What made it necessary for Paton to go again to Australia?
5. How did he raise money for the ship?
6. What countries did he tour in this interest?

7. How many mission ships had been built for the work in the islands?
8. How much did the last one cost?
9. To what work does Paton state that his life was consecrated?
10. For what purposes did he take his two-year tour around the world?
11. How many addresses were given on this journey?
12. What fund was started?
13. How were Paton's last years spent?
14. What good news comes to us from Tanna?

—♦—

Junior No. 3 — Lesson 24: "Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 13-31

NOTE.—Do not fail to read the introduction to this very interesting little book.

—♦—

Test Questions

1. For what purpose did the "Bounty" sail for the South Sea islands? What country was especially interested in the enterprise?
2. Why did the crew stop at Tahiti?
3. What happened to Captain Bligh? Why?
4. Who was Fletcher Christian?
5. Who were on the "Bounty" when it landed at Pitcairn Island?
6. Why was the island called Pitcairn? How large is it?
7. Why was the "Bounty" destroyed?
8. What hindered the people from enjoying their new home?

—♦—

The Morning Watch Illustration

Faith

"FAITH is the victory." We have repeated that over and over in song. Do we really believe that it is? This week, as we study texts on faith, let us ask ourselves if we really have as much faith in God as the Romans had in their armies. "When the Carthaginians were investing Rome, the spot outside the walls on which stood the tent of Hannibal, the dread invader, was up for sale at auction in the Forum. After a brisk competition, it was knocked down to a citizen, who bid for it a large sum of money. He and the other bidders had faith in the triumph of their armies, although the foe was thundering at the gates. Such faith ought every Christian to have in Jesus Christ, who has assured us in every possible way that he will lead us to certain victory."

The best way to prepare for a special test of faith is to live daily the life of trust. This is the way J. H. Jowett, D. D., puts it:—

I must engage in the practise of trusting God in every passing moment of my life. What is this that is nearest to me? What is this duty? What is this task? What is this immediate trouble? Just here and now let me trust in God. Let me turn this present moment into happy confidence, and in this very season let me hold communion with my God. Let me fill the present with holy faith, and the changes that will surely come I shall not fear to see. In my trifles I can prepare for emergencies. Along a commonplace road I can get ready for the hill. In the green pastures and by the still waters I can prepare myself for the valley of the shadow. For when I reach the hill, the shadow, the emergency, I shall be God-possessed: He will dwell in me. Put your trust in the Lord and you will live well in the immediate present; live well in the immediate present and the emergency will not affright you.

—♦—

A GERMAN musician has devised a machine he calls a "kromarograph," which, it is claimed, records each note sounded on a piano, and thus serves the purpose of a typewriter, or "music-writer," for the composer.



I — The Gospel Sent to Ethiopia

(April 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 8: 26-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8: 37.

Questions

1. Who spoke to Philip while he was in Samaria? Where was he told to go? What road was he to travel? What kind of country did he pass through on his way? Acts 8: 26; note 1.
2. What prompt response did Philip make to the command? What noted man had visited Jerusalem at that time? Who was queen of the Ethiopians? Of what did this man have charge? Where was he while Philip was on his way to Gaza? How did he travel? What did he do while riding along? Verses 27, 28.
3. Describe the chariot in which prominent officials were accustomed to ride? What custom was common in that country? Note 2.
4. Where was Ethiopia? Of what country does it now form a part? What title was given to all Ethiopian queens? How did the eunuch regard the Scriptures? Why did he visit Jerusalem? From whom did he not receive help? To whom were his desires known? Who was sent to instruct him? Note 3.
5. Who directed Philip at this time? What was he told to do? How did Philip obey? What did he hear as he came near the chariot? What question did he ask? What reply was given him? What did the treasurer ask Philip to do? Verses 29-31.
6. Where is the prophecy found which the treasurer was reading? Isa. 53: 7. To what is Jesus compared in this scripture? How was this prophecy fulfilled? In the Saviour's humiliation, what was taken from him?—Judgment, or justice, was denied him. Acts 8: 32, 33.
7. After reading the text, what questions did the Ethiopian ask? What did Philip proceed to do? What did Philip teach the Ethiopian? How were his words received? Verses 34, 35; note 4.
8. To what did Philip and the Ethiopian come as they went on their way? What did the Ethiopian say? What was Philip's reply? What did the Ethiopian then say? What command did he give? Who went down into the water? What then took place? What may we learn from this experience concerning the mode of baptism? Verses 36-38.
9. After the baptism, what did Philip and the Ethiopian do? How was Philip taken from that place? How did the Ethiopian feel as he went on his way? Verse 39.
10. What treasure did he carry back with him to Ethiopia? What was the result of his labors? Note 5.
11. Where was Philip found after this? Where did Philip then preach? Verse 40.
12. What name is given this city in the Old Testament? Where was it situated? Note 6.
13. What may we learn from this story of Philip and the Ethiopian? What commendable traits of character were manifested by the Ethiopian? Note 7.

Notes

1. "Which is desert"—not necessarily a sandy, rocky place, destitute of all vegetation. It is more probably a region of only small springs or brooks, and but few, if any, villages in which Philip could preach. He was to turn from the thickly populated Samaria to a "way,"—a caravan route with its occasional travelers.

2. "The chariot of so important an official would be richly ornamented with carved wood, ivory, precious metals, and fine leather. Though mules, and even oxen, sometimes drew chariots in time of peace, horses were more desirable, and the chariot of the queen's treasurer was probably drawn by a fine pair, while the coverings which protected them from the numerous tropical insects were richly embroidered. Though war chariots had no seats, those used for traveling were provided with at least one seat, and usually a stool for the driver. Such chariots sometimes accommodated four or five persons."—*Bible Study Union Lessons*.

Educated Orientals often read while traveling, and aloud, and in a slightly raised voice. So Philip, running to join the Ethiopian, probably knew the subject of the reading before he reached the chariot.

3. Ethiopia was a country south of Egypt, and is now a part of northern Abyssinia. Candace was a title given to all Ethiopian queens, as the name Pharaoh was given to the kings of Egypt. This officer of the queen believed the Scriptures, but did not understand this prophecy. He went to Jerusalem to worship the true God, and to obtain knowledge for which he longed. He received little or no help from the priests and scribes; but God knew his desires, and sent Philip to instruct him.

4. Philip taught the Ethiopian that Jesus came to this world to live and die for sinners; that if he would be saved he must repent of sin, have faith in Jesus as his Saviour, and be baptized. The queen's officer gladly received the gospel as taught him by Philip.

5. The Ethiopian carried home a greater treasure than all the riches of the queen—a knowledge of Jesus as revealed in the Scriptures and by experience in his own heart. Tradition states that he evangelized the people of Queen Candace. However that may be, it is hardly possible that he could fail to win converts to the faith which he had so eagerly accepted.

6. Azotus is the same as Ashdod in the Old Testament, which was a chief city of the Philistines on the seacoast, about half-way between Joppa and Gaza.

7. From this lesson we learn that God knows and cares when even one wishes to know his truth and to do his will. He called Philip from Samaria to Gaza to labor for a single man. Philip's prompt obedience enabled God to use him as he wished. We may also learn a lesson of promptness from the queen's treasurer. He did not wait till he arrived in his own country to accept Jesus and confess that he was his Saviour. Nor did he delay to be baptized when he knew that was his duty.

what scripture did he take for his text? Verse 35; note 3.

9. While listening to Philip, what duty was made plain to the eunuch? What request did he make? Verse 36.

10. What was Philip's reply? What confession did the eunuch make? Verse 37.

11. Describe the baptismal service. Verse 38.

12. Of what is baptism a memorial? Of what is it a pledge? Rom. 6:3-5.

13. What occurred after the baptism? In what spirit did the eunuch go on his way? Acts 8:39.

14. Where did Philip continue his work? Verse 40; note 4.

Notes

1. Gaza, earlier called Azzah, was the most southern city in Palestine, about fifty miles southwest of Jerusalem, on the shore route between Palestine and Egypt. It was a very ancient city, and throughout Bible times was generally held by the Philistines. See Judges 16:21-30.

"The epithet desert, as applied to the region between Jerusalem and Gaza, did not necessarily mean that it was all sand and bare rock. Sections might be suitable for olive trees and grain crops, but there were no large springs or brooks for irrigators and the nourishment of flocks and herds; therefore there could be few or no villages in which the evangelist could preach. It seemed an unreasonable command, and one that involved a waste of time, but 'he arose and went.'"

2. The name Ethiopia (Hebrew, *Kush*, country of burnt faces) is doubtless here used to refer to a kingdom south of Egypt, including part of modern Nubia and the Egyptian Sudan. It was governed by queens, whose dynastic name was Candace. The inhabitants were dark-skinned, but were probably not Negroes.

3. A careful study of Acts 8:26-35 reveals the secret of successful missionary work. Notwithstanding the fact that the Lord sent Philip into a desert to wait by the roadside, he obeyed at once. If he had delayed one day, or even a few hours, he would have missed meeting the Ethiopian. When Philip saw the chariot, again the Spirit said, "Go." If Philip had delayed, the chariot would soon have passed, but he *ran*, and thus joined the chariot. Philip met the man where he was. He did not introduce a new subject, but was familiar enough with the Scriptures to preach the full gospel message, including baptism, from the verses the eunuch was reading.

4. Azotus, the ancient Ashdod, was about fifteen miles north of Gaza, and near the coast. It was the seat of the worship of Dagon. See 1 Sam. 5:1-9. Caesarea, on the coast, was about seventy miles northwest of Jerusalem, and about the same distance north of Azotus. Unlike Gaza and Azotus, it was then a modern city, built by Herod the Great about twenty-two years before the birth of Christ.

Criticizing Love

ABOUT once in a thousand cases a word of personal criticism may properly be spoken by one human being to another. The remaining times, the criticism will probably do more harm than good. But there is one rule against criticism which we may safely set down as final, and without an exception even once in a thousand times. "*Don't criticize what love does,*" is the rule, as Mr. S. D. Gordon gives it. When we know that any action has been prompted by love, then, it matters not how mistaken or wrong we may think the action, let us seal our lips against a syllable in criticism of the person whose love has been expressed. No wound hurts more than that of being condemned for an unselfish effort to help others. Criticism then is cruelty. The historic illustration of this is Judas's criticism of Mary, when she lavished the costly ointment on Jesus. Every-day life teems with other instances of this refined cruelty: fathers and mothers criticizing their children, children their parents, brothers and sisters, teachers and pupils, friends and fellow workers, all sharply condemning each others' actions of love. We revolt at the thought; but let us watch ourselves and others for a day, and see.—*Sunday School Times*.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I—The Gospel Sent to Ethiopia

(April 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 8:26-40.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 8:37.

Questions

1. Where was Philip commanded to go? Acts 8:26; note 1.

2. Whom did he find traveling the desert road? What was the Ethiopian doing? Verses 27, 28; note 2.

3. What second command was given to Philip? Verse 29.

4. How quickly did he obey? How did he introduce himself to the eunuch? Verse 30.

5. What reply did the eunuch make? What request did he make of Philip? Verse 31.

6. What scripture was the eunuch reading? Verses 32, 33.

7. What questions did he ask Philip when he had finished reading? Verse 34.

8. What was the subject of Philip's sermon, and

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Here and Hereafter

HEREAFTER lies with God—enough!
Our path begins from here.

—Edward C. Lefroy.

The King's Pocket League

IN the early days of our work, the very fact that one had espoused this last gospel message constituted one a member of "The King's Pocket League," even though at that time there existed no organization by that name. But all felt impelled, constrained from within, to have a part in the distribution of our literature, and marvelous results for good have followed this work. Some have never relaxed their efforts in this direction; but for those who have, is it not time for them to renew their diligence? The signing of "The King's Pocket League" pledge may be of help in this endeavor. The pledge given on page nine is one used by the Southern California Conference, where two hundred Volunteers have signed it. Other conferences and societies are adopting the plan; so that now there are many enthusiastic members of "The King's Pocket League." We believe many more will enroll as faithful, active workers. The pledge permits of no other kind.

Need for Quick Action

I AM in receipt of a letter from Mrs. T. E. Patterson, president of the Georgia W. C. T. U., in which she gives information in regard to the storm-centers of prohibition this year. She says that the liquor men are centering their efforts on the prohibition States, in the hope of repealing prohibitory laws.

They have just put Alabama back in the local-option class; have succeeded in bringing about re-submission in Maine; are doing all possible to discredit Tennessee's law; tried for re-submission in West Virginia, but were snowed under in the house by a vote of seventy-six to nine, and as badly in the senate; they organized Georgia, beginning last July, county by county, for the repeal of the State law in 1912, but now hope to accomplish it in June of this year. They are making a hard fight in Kansas. The Kansas City *Star* quoted Mr. J. J. Heim, the brewer, as saying, "Kansas is going wet, and the brewers are going to make it so."

Mrs. Patterson says the liquor men are putting up their hardest fight in Maine, that being the oldest prohibition State, and the home of the national W. C. T. U. president. They are also putting forth special efforts in Georgia, because it led the South in pro-

hibition, and has had such phenomenal prosperity under the prohibition law; and for the additional reason that Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, one of the greatest women speakers on the continent, and a most powerful enemy of the liquor traffic, has constantly held Georgia up as an example. They are making a strong effort in North Carolina, because it is the home of Governor Glenn, who has done so much to proclaim the benefits of prohibition.

Mrs. Patterson says, further:—

I can not wish for your Temperance issue of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR better than to say I hope it will be as good as the last. It was the finest issue of any temperance paper I have ever seen. I enjoyed it, and was greatly instructed by it, and we used copies of it at our State convention in our literature exhibit there.

Surely now is the time for us to multiply many fold our activity in the temperance campaign. The enemy by his untiring vigilance will get back all that has been gained if we do not fully awake to the situation. Shall we allow him the vantage-ground? or shall we as one man arouse to duty, and flood the country with our temperance literature? Surely we will, in the strength of God, do the latter.

M. E. KERN.

A Glimpse at China's Trouble

W. D. BOSTICK, a missionary in the famine-stricken province of Anhwei, China, says:—

Truly one must see it, in order to have a true conception of the horrors of a famine. I thought some weeks ago that I had seen pitiful things; but as the days drag along, there are many things to see which appeal to the very depths of one's pity and sympathy. Men who I know are hard, faithful workers, are idle now, with starvation staring them in the face, and discouragement and despair already written on their countenances. The best barrowman I have ever employed, is now one of this class.

Among those to whom I have been able to give work at low wages is a splendid-looking young man, who has some eight mu of land, thus being considered a well-to-do farmer. He and his wife had fled from his home in pursuit of a means of livelihood. They had got where their all was spent, and were trying to sell their first-born and only child when he found that he could get this work to do. The child is only eight months old. This farmer and the barrowman mentioned are only two of the multitude around here.

Three days ago one of our Christians came to tell me that in less than a three minutes' walk of my door, there was a young man crouched down by the roadside, with not a thread of clothing on him, while the snow was falling upon him and the wind blowing against him.

But most pitiful of all to me is the way the people are having to do about their children. It is a common thing now to see a wheelbarrow or some article of domestic use on the street with a straw stuck up on it. This straw is the announcement that the article is for sale. Now there are children to be seen in the street with this same sign attached to them.

Seed Thoughts

WHEN you are tempted to condemn another for some wrong act that he has committed, be sure that you are not guilty of the same wrong act, or something else equally as bad.

He that is not without sin can not consistently condemn another for wrong-doing. In that very act he really condemns himself.

Human beings have no right to condemn one another. God alone has the right to condemn; for he is sinless, and the Judge of all.

We are very apt to misjudge others, not being able to determine their exact motives. God knows our every thought, and the motive that prompts it.

J. W. LOWE.