

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

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No. 21



REMBRANDT





I KEEP remembering the times when I conquered.  
— Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.

At a recent sale, Corot's painting entitled "Le Marais" sold for \$8,137.50.

THE following sentence contains every letter of the alphabet: "J. Q. Plow might vex Z. D. Burk's fancy."

A LITTLE boy in Buffalo, New York, has already sold several hundred of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. Are there not other boys who will do likewise?

"NOBODY ever constructed a sky-scraper, or organized a railroad, or built an ocean liner, or ran a theater, or developed a department store, on excuses."

MICHIGAN's greatest industry is the manufacture of automobiles. There are about one hundred sixty factories in this country, and thirty-five or forty of these are in Michigan.

THE housekeepers of America to-day make seventy per cent of all the bread, yet the remaining thirty per cent made by the makers involves a capitalization of over \$270,000,000.

"WHEN the nature-loving Thoreau was asked in a season of discomfort why he did not complain, he replied, 'What right have I to complain who have not yet ceased to wonder?'"

THE total oil production last year of the entire world was about three hundred forty million six hundred thousand barrels. A barrel to hold this oil would have to be about one thousand seven hundred fifty feet high.

WHEN men like Senator Tillman were saying that the Southern problem could not be settled "until a few thousand more niggers had been sent to hell," Booker T. Washington's memorable reply was, "I will allow no man to degrade me by making me hate him."

NEW YORK's shore line can not provide sufficient docking facilities for the large number of ships which find their way into its port. So it is proposed to extend the city out four miles into the bay by reclaiming a section of the bay four miles long and one mile wide. This so-called "hem" to New York's harbor would cost five hundred million dollars.

### Wireless Telephones on Trains

At a meeting of the Railway Club in New York, Dr. Frederick H. Millener, who has been conducting experiments in wireless telephony from moving trains on the Union Pacific Railroad, said that within a year or two that method of keeping in communication with trains will become a practical feature of the daily operation of the road. Two wireless stations will soon be established, one at Sidney, Nebraska, and the other at Cheyenne, Wyoming, which are one hundred three miles apart, and connected by a single-rail track. It is expected that communication will be kept up with trains passing between these stations by wireless telephone, thus avoiding all danger from accidents to block-signals. It has been

found that the electric waves tend to follow the direction of the rails, just as they follow streams of water. Other stations than those mentioned are to be established.

### For the Coronation

DURING the coronation ceremony four vestments are put upon the king. First comes the colobium sindonis of white linen; then the supertunica, or close pall; next the pallium, or imperial mantle, and, finally, the stole. The last-named three are of cloth-of-gold. King George V will wear the pallium worn by King George IV at his coronation. The supertunica and the stole will be made specially for him, and cloth-of-gold is now being woven for them. For the supertunica and stole about twelve yards are necessary, and the fabric is being woven, twenty-one inches wide, at Messrs. Warner's, at Braintree. The weaver turns out nine or ten inches a day. It is understood that there will not be much ornamentation on the supertunica, but the stole is likely to bear a number of devices.— *The Graphic*.

### The Band of Mercy

THE following names have been sent in for membership in the INSTRUCTOR Band of Mercy:—

Lenond Chamberlain    John Erwin Dalton  
Philip Lewis Dalton    John O. Crosby

Our membership now numbers nearly two hundred. Are there not many more of our friends who will gladly apply for membership to a band whose sole purpose is to bring to the dumb animals God has so graciously created for our service and pleasure, humane or kind treatment?

If you are in sympathy with this effort, sign your name to the following pledge, and send to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR:—

### The "Instructor" Band of Mercy Pledge

I hereby promise to treat all animals kindly, and if I must destroy them, to do it humanely. I also promise to endeavor to secure for the animals similar treatment from other people. If for any reason I am led to break this pledge, I will report the same to the "Instructor," that my name may be removed from the membership list.

Signed .....

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 23, 1911

No. 21

## Hero Missionaries

THEY have journeyed far on a stormy tide  
To the friendless shore and the strange hillside,  
Where the wild winds sigh and the darkness creeps;  
For their hearts are sad, with a world that weeps,  
And theirs is a love that never sleeps.

Where the stress is great and the battle long,  
They strengthen their faith with psalm and song;  
And if for guerdon they have defeat,  
The hymns of their angels are forever sweet,  
And they take their rest at the Master's feet.

God is the source of their secret strength;  
They trust in him and they see at length  
That morn is breaking after the night,  
And the harvest-fields are gold and white,  
While shines around them God's fadeless light.

But who shall follow where they have led?  
Who live and labor and love instead?  
O hearts of youth, earth waits for you!  
Be strong and brave, be firm and true.  
Faithfully promise, and nobly do.

—Selected.

## Closing Years of John G. Paton's Life

[When the book "Story of John G. Paton," was chosen for the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course, arrangements were made to add a chapter, bringing the story down to the hero's death. Some members of the reading circle, however, did not get the book containing this additional chapter; for their benefit it is being published here. We regret that it is late, but even now the many who have followed the wonderful life of John G. Paton with unabating interest, will be eager to get a glimpse of his closing years.—M. E.]



WHEN Mr. Paton penned the farewell found on page 440, he little dreamed that his Heavenly Father had still many years of service outlined for him. For fifteen years Mr. Paton was spared to toil in the work he had learned to love so dearly.

In his efforts to get the mission ship of which he spoke in a previous chapter, he met with opposition that would have discouraged a mere hireling. Although money for the mission ship had been raised, ten years elapsed before the boat was finally built. It was built on the Clyde, Great Britain, for \$35,000, and very fittingly named the "Daylight." When the natives caught sight of this their own gospel ship, their hearts thrilled with joy; but no one rejoiced more over the advent of the ship than John G. Paton, or felt more keenly its loss when on its fourth voyage it was wrecked off an uncharted reef in those unknown seas. It was long before he could speak without tears of the loss of this handmaid of the gospel.

In 1892 he began a two years' tour around the world, visiting important cities in the United States, Canada, and England. The purpose of this strenuous journey was partly to raise funds for missions, but chiefly to appeal to the governments to prohibit traders from bartering intoxicants, opium, firearms, and ammunition in trade with the natives; for these were neutralizing the efforts of earnest missionaries. In Mr. Paton's own words: "The sale of intoxicants, opium, firearms, and ammunition, by the traders among the New Hebrideans, had become a terrible and intolerable evil. The lives of many natives and not a few Europeans were every year sacrificed in connection therewith, while the general demoralization produced on all around was painfully notorious."

Mr. Paton received a very warm welcome on this his first visit to America. He gave many missionary lectures throughout the country, and laid the cause of intemperance in the islands before the rulers of the nation. While he was doing this, Mr. Harrison's term of office expired, and Mr. Cleveland took the

chair of chief executive of the land. Although this change necessitated some delay, both presidents expressed themselves favorably concerning Mr. Paton's appeal; but Great Britain held back, and this and other foreign relations caused hope to be deferred indefinitely.

Next Mr. Paton sailed for England, where he found an even warmer welcome than was extended to him at his previous visit nearly ten years before. Invitations to speak poured in; at one time the committee which arranged for his lectures had a mass of five hundred invitations to deal with. On this tour around the world, this aged missionary delivered about fourteen hundred addresses to audiences varying from a few hundred to several thousand. His collections for the work in the New Hebrides amounted to more than sixty thousand dollars, besides the gifts known as the "John G. Paton Fund," which came in from readers of his autobiography.

From England Mr. Paton sailed back to Australia. Shortly after his return, he took a survey of the work in the islands. In the Tonga Island nearly two thousand converts had been gleaned from among the cannibals. Thirty native teachers, with one thousand eight hundred fifty pupils, were employed on the island. Of the island where occurred John Williams's tragic death, he says: "Erromanga, where five missionaries were murdered and two of them devoured by the cannibals, is now a Christian island. There are three hundred communicants, twelve elders, forty native teachers, and one thousand seven hundred fifty attending the schools—practically the whole population." The Nguna and Epi islands had similar records; and then he says: "And so on all around the group, island after island being brought by patient, devoted, and rational expenditure of time, and affection, and all gospel influences, to the knowledge of the Christian life, and thereby to civilization;" but he continues: "There are still four or five great centers of heathenism untouched. When God sends us missionaries for these, it will only be a question of time, coupled with pains and prayer, till all the New Hebrides, in all their babel tongues, shall be heard singing the praises of redeeming love. May my blessed Saviour spare me to see the full dawn, if not the perfect noon, of that happy day!"

The year 1897 was spent in Melbourne, Australia, looking after the publication of the New Testament in the Aniwan language. He was now almost sev-



enty-three years old, but his missionary activities would have done credit to a man in the prime of life. In his diary, he says, "I had three services yesterday, with driving twenty miles between; as I go along, I am correcting proof-sheets." In 1899 he had finished the Gospel of Mark in Nogugu.

The following year he attended the Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions in New York City. One day when the program committee were looking for him and two other missionary heroes, William Ashmore and Jacob Chamberlain, they found them together praying to God for his blessing on the gathering and on his greater work in heathen lands. The journey was a strenuous one. He traveled more than four thousand miles, and delivered eight hundred and twenty addresses, yet he found some time for revising literature for the islands, and upon his return to Australia was soon ready to visit Aniwa again. Of his farewell to his beloved Aniwas, a missionary writes: "Our last glimpse of the old missionary was to see him seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, the people around him listening to his words, the shepherd once more among his flock."

But age was making inroads on the health of this indefatigable, devoted worker, and it was often with physical pain that he continued in service. In a private letter to a friend before leaving Aniwa, he wrote: "I have had weakness and trouble, with much pain, since I broke down in Canada; and though I can sit and write with difficulty, owing to the loss of memory in spelling and accuracy; and though I can do here all the work of the mission at our station, I can not visit the villages or go among the sick, as formerly, owing to an increased feebleness in my legs, and lumbago, which is painful for the last fortnight. But it is all as our Master sends it, and we submit thankfully, as all is nothing to what we deserve; and adored be our God."

With his return to Melbourne, he recovered some degree of health, and in 1904 he wrote: "I have just finished carrying through the press the Acts of the Apostles, translated by our son Fred, and am beginning to carry through the press my translation of Genesis. I hope soon to return to the islands if the Assembly will allow me, as I can be more useful now in the work there than here." In the fall he and Mrs. Paton went to the islands for a few months.

Six months later came sorrows that gripped the heart-strings of this faithful soldier of the Cross. His own words to a friend, penned May 23, 1905, best show his deep grief, and his tender solicitude for the work. He writes: "I am grieved to inform you that my dear wife died on the sixteenth of this month, after much suffering for three months, but in much patient resignation, having entrusted all to the dear Lord without any fear, while I and all of ours in Australia stood round her bed in tears, praying. . . . On the morning of her funeral, we had a sorrowful cable from Norfolk Island, informing us of the death of our son Fred's wife. . . . Two of our missionaries are ill and away from the islands, and I fear they will not be able to return, for which I am very sorry; but Jesus gives and takes away as he pleases, yet he holds all things well, though it is often heart-wringing to us, especially in our bereavement, when our dearest are laid in the grave. My heart is too full and sore to write more now. Who would have thought that Mrs. Paton, who was so active and full of church and mission work, would have been taken before me? But so God has ordered.

. . . I enter to-morrow my eighty-third year, and I fear I will not be able to continue my work long now; but his will be done."

About five months later, while a friend was taking him to one of his meetings, the horse, becoming frightened, reared and plunged. Both men were hurled out of the buggy. Mr. Paton was quite badly injured. He was hastened to a doctor, who bandaged his wounds; and after one and one-half hours' rest, despite his weakness from the loss of much blood and constant suffering from his many bruises, he met his appointment. He was assisted to the church, and leaning on the pulpit, he delivered his message of praise to God. He recovered somewhat, and continued his active life until the close of the year 1906.

On the twenty-first of December of that year, Frank Paton, a son of John G. Paton, received a cablegram from Scotland announcing the death of his father's brother James. To the reply cable of sympathy and prayer which he sent a few hours later, he added the words, "Father ill." The old year passed; the new year came. Still the weary sufferer lingered; but upon the twenty-eighth of January the Saviour called him to rest. Truly John G. Paton had lived to serve, and the record of his life is a challenge to every young person who bears the name of Christ. May the love of Christ constrain the reader of this article, as it did its hero, to untiring service for the salvation of souls.

### The World's Arena

I LOOKED out over the world's arena, and as I gazed, I saw great multitudes coming down the broad highway. There was music in the air, and every place resounded with its strains. Glories upon glories were arrayed to attract the eye. It was one gala occasion. I looked again, and saw beautifully dressed creatures luring the vast multitudes within the spacious domains. Some wavered a moment, but these envoys, gathering nearer and whispering of the laurels within, enticed them, and they entered.

As I watched, much interested, I saw one coming on past the multitude. Though it seemed every device was resorted to, though he seemed at times enthralled with the banners that were flung out, he only pushed them away; and once, as he was caught, I saw him stop, disentangle himself, and march onward. Nearer he came, alone, but on his face was a peaceful smile. He was not in gala dress, but what a light shone in his countenance! It was, indeed, a fair face. Up, up he came, up the rocky steep, winding his way carefully. Never once did he look back at that throng. He never heeded their mocking cries. As he came still nearer, I heard the words, "Salvation — eternity," and on his breast was written, "Christian;" "A Soldier of the Cross."

Again I looked at the arena. It was filled with a tumultuous crowd, all apparently joyous; no, not all joyous, for one old man with feeble steps passed out; then looking back, he cried, "Too far, I'm too old to climb! O, that I had kept onward when these limbs were strong! Now I have spent my all here, but they do not care whither I go, and I'm too old to climb — too old."

Would no one help this man so broken in spirit? — Yes, a youth was coming down the path. He shunned the widened places and took a more secluded path. As he came up to the old man, the crowd said, "Never mind them; most of them are here."



He stooped tenderly over his new-found fellow creature, saying, "Wilt thou come with me? I'll help you over the rough places. See, I'm young and sturdy; we two can go along life's road." "Too late," came the feeble words; and, turning back to the crowd, he added: "With my kind I'll stay. The heights are rocky. No, young man, pass on, I can not go."

Lo, a maiden came along and joined the youth, saying, "My feet may be bruised at times, but far better it is than being crushed under that heartless crowd." As I watched the two climb over the rugged way, hand in hand, helping each other, I knew that just beyond they would find the sun still gleaming, and I lifted my eyes to the great beyond: "Father, lead me where the Christian goes, and the few. Keep me from this great mocking scene of gaiety; for the rains will come and change this festal array. The darkness, and all that appears tinsel, will be changed, and above the narrow way, up above the clouds, lie grandeurs far exceeding this mortal array — this world's arena." ELSA MAYLO.

### Modern Reform Movements, and Our Relation to Them

WE are living in stirring times. There have been wonderful achievements in past generations, but today we are swept along by a great wave of human activity and progress. It is a day of great achievements, in commerce, in science, in education, in philanthropy.

There is a tendency to conclude that these activities are wholly due to natural causes, but the Bible student sees in them also the fulfilment of prophecy. Reform movements rise out of conditions that are no longer bearable — conditions that are foretold in the Word of God. The Bible student sees in the awakened interest in heathen lands, a preparation for the preaching of the advent message. We shall notice in this article a few of the great organizations which are working for missions, for temperance, for purity, for better Sunday observance.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, starting about thirty-seven years ago, has gained the respect of the citizens, and even the lawmaking bodies of Christian lands. Its ranks number now three hundred thousand women, in over fifty countries. Total abstinence, constitutional prohibition, juvenile courts, social purity, and rescue homes are among its main objects. The rising tide of public opinion against alcoholism is due largely to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Thirteen years ago, there was organized in Oberlin, Ohio, the Anti-Saloon League, which has driven the liquor dealers, in the majority of States, from an attitude of contempt to one of defense. Thousands of saloons have been closed, and fires of moral conviction have been kindled in the hearts of an army of conscientious citizens. Five hundred men and women are giving their entire time to the league work. Their aims are to keep up such an agitation of the temperance question as will attract attention constantly to existing evils; to displace officials who are inefficient in enforcing the law, and to educate public opinion against the liquor traffic.

Another great movement is the National Reform Association. It is working for better Sunday observance, for temperance, and for better social conditions. It advocates a national Christianity, and

favors national control of religion. Doubtless it has accomplished much good in some lines.

The Student Volunteer Movement, whose motto is, "The evangelization of the world in this generation," has increased the missionary interest among the students in nearly one thousand institutions. The movement conducts no missions of its own, but furnishes volunteers for the different missionary societies, and publishes much information on mission work.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement, which is called by some the most important missionary movement of the century, started only four years ago. A committee of twenty-five laymen was appointed to consult with all the mission board secretaries of the United States and Canada. The object was to devise a plan to carry the gospel to the entire non-Christian world in the next twenty-five years, and to provide for a commission to investigate conditions in the mission fields and report to the home churches. From the start, this movement has been remarkably successful. The delegations of business men who have visited the mission fields, have returned with positive testimony as to the value of the work being done. An aggressive campaign is being conducted in the interests of missions. The plan is to educate men in regard to mission work, to gain their confidence in the work, and to have them pledge themselves to definite obligations. It seems that the problem of enlisting the co-operation of business men is solved. Strong, ardent men are leading out in this movement; and all are watching developments with interest. Hundreds are now laboring in mission fields whose interest in missions was created by this movement.

How are we to relate ourselves to these movements? Shall we feel that because of the various temperance organizations we are relieved of responsibility in that line? How shall we look upon advocates of religious legislation? Because we have a more complete message, are we to look upon other missionary movements as waste of energy and useless expenditure?

Of all who should stand on the side of temperance, it is those who believe in the second coming of Christ. There is, perhaps, a tendency among Adventists to lay stress upon some lines of temperance and neglect to help those who are victims of the liquor habit; or to hold aloof from temperance campaigns in our own neighborhood. We should be vigilant temperance workers. We should co-operate with other movements to overthrow the liquor traffic. If the Adventist Church had more strong, tactful, temperance workers,—men and women able to lead in temperance reform,—prejudice against our beliefs would be lessened, and many ears would be receptive that are now closed to our message. Let us pray God to bless all efforts in the cause of temperance.

Many people who have been taught from infancy to consider Sunday sacred, have, in their jealous regard for the day, overlooked the great principles of liberty, and are favoring religious legislation. There is need that Religious Liberty literature be placed in their hands. The introduction of Sunday bills affords an opportunity to present Bible truth to prominent men who might not be reached otherwise. Are there not young men who will make special preparation for presenting in a forceful manner the principles of religious liberty?

When we see the Scriptures translated into heathen



languages, the gospel of salvation and forgiveness of sin through Christ preached, and heathen lives transformed into Christian lives, then the least we can do is to acknowledge that God has many agencies at work for carrying the gospel, and our business is to preach the third angel's message, not to spend our energies tearing down some other work.

C. P. LILLIE.

### The Wheat and the Tares

Across the furrowed plain  
Sprang up the growing grain,  
Beneath the sun and rain,  
Our gladdened eyes to greet.  
Fair was the harvest-field,  
And rich the promised yield,  
But to our gaze revealed  
Were tares among the wheat.

"Dear Lord," we cried in pain,  
"Why let these tares remain  
Among the blades of grain  
To mar our joy complete?  
Bid now thy servants go,  
And hurry to and fro  
To pluck the tares that grow  
Among the golden wheat."

The Master answered, "Nay;  
Both must together stay  
Until the harvest day  
Shall crown the work complete.  
The reapers then will come  
The sheaves to gather home;  
And fire will swift consume  
The tares among the wheat.

"Now close entwined they stand,  
And oft with reckless hand  
The wheat across the land  
Ye'd scatter unawares.  
Let them together grow;  
Enough for you to know  
The harvest day will show  
Some wheat among the tares."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

### The Plain Path

"Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies." Ps. 27: 11.

ALL traveling in this part of Africa, Northwest Rhodesia, except the railroad traffic, is done by following some one of the many native foot-paths. Usually the paths are quite plain, but one always needs a guide; for there are many by-paths that appear to be cut-offs, but soon lead in an entirely different direction from the one desired.

In many ways these paths are splendid object-lessons on the pathway to heaven. If one should become strong-headed and determine to take a by-path because it looked easier or shorter, and not follow the guide, he would soon find himself far from the right path and from home. He might continue on in this path till stricken by the heat and fever, or till overtaken by night and the wild beasts. Even then he might see his error and return to the right path; but it is more profitable to follow on in the plain path. Sometimes it is a rugged way and very steep; but it leads to the top of the mountain, from which one can get beautiful views of the scenes beyond, and perhaps can see one's destination. It is like Christian on the Delectable Mountains viewing the Celestial City. It is a great encouragement.

At one time we diverged a little from the main path, thinking the by-path a better way, and the mule I was riding slipped, and we both fell into the river. Then we learned that when we come to dif-

ficulties we should not try to go around them, but to follow the path right through them; for it is the best and safest way.

At another time we were overtaken by night and the rain, and before us was a hill. A by-path led around the hill, but we took the plain path up the hill, and at the top there was a large, comparatively clean village, where we were royally entertained. In the morning we went on our way rejoicing. To have followed the path around the hill would have been to miss shelter for that night; for this was the only village near at hand.

The dangers and difficulties encountered are often very real. For instance, we came to a swamp one day, and the mule mired and stopped. I dismounted, and, being lighter on my feet, succeeded in pulling him out. In these places there is but one of two things to do—go ahead or turn back in despair. The Lord has so far always helped us to go forward, and he has promised to *always* help us.

Then, again, in our travels we once came to a swamp four miles long. There was no mule to ride this time; so we simply followed the path and waded, now knee-deep, now nearly waist-deep, in a pouring rain. This we did for nearly four hours. And always there was opportunity to turn back; but then how should we get home? for we were homeward-bound. But we accomplished our God-given task. The gospel was established in suffering, and those who follow the path the Saviour trod and establish the gospel in new places, must expect to find suffering. Though we are resting at present in our quiet little home after a severe attack of the fever, we can not regret the suffering; for the reward is sure.

Dear young friends, has the Slough of Despond turned you back from following the plain path the Saviour trod to the Celestial City? Have the allurements of some by-path turned you aside? Or have you not yet started? Wherever you are in life's journey, turn with one heart and mind and enter the path of righteousness, and bring a friend along; and the promise is that "ye shall find rest unto your souls."

E. C. SILSBEE.

*Pemba, Rhodesia, S. Africa.*

### The Point of View

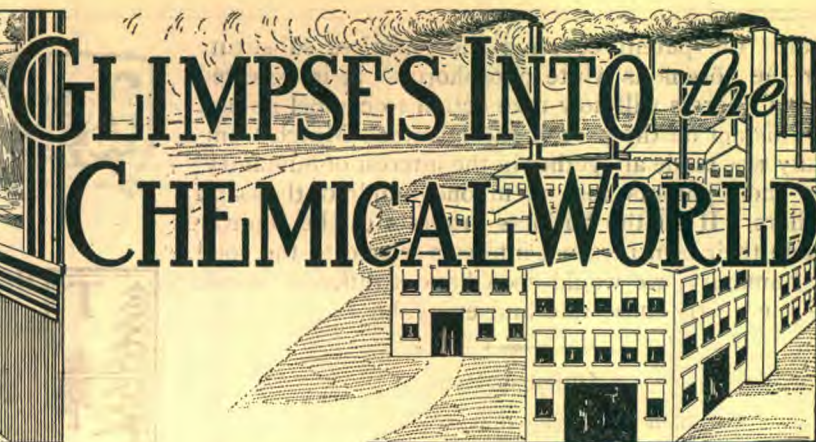
THE Eastern man looked at the driver of the stage which was to land him near the Top Notch mine, and found him an interesting specimen in many ways. "But I mustn't let him suspect I intend to use him for material," he thought.

"I suppose there are a good many queer people about here," he said with caution a moment later. "You must have a good chance to see them."

"The best there is," returned the stage-driver. "As I said to Sam Barker the other day, if one of us knew how to write stories, all we'd have to do for characters would be to take 'em from the folks that land here when the train from back East comes in."  
— *Youth's Companion*.

THERE can be no real abiding happiness without sacrifice. Our greatest joys do not result from our efforts toward self-gratification, but from a loving and spontaneous service to other lives. Joy comes, not to him who seeks it for himself, but to him who seeks it for others.— *T. W. Sylvester*.





## “The White Phosphorus Horror” — No. 16



THE foregoing heading is the title given to an article that appeared in the April *Technical World Magazine*, which described the horrible physical effects of white phosphorus upon the workmen employed in match factories that use this substance in the coating on matches.

Before giving a résumé of that article, we will note some of the characteristics of phosphorus, which is a widely diffused and somewhat abundant mineral in nature, though never found free. While Brand, a Hamburg alchemist, in 1669, was searching for the philosopher's stone, he discovered phosphorus. Most of the world's supply of this unique mineral comes from two places, one in France and one in England.

The bones, brain, and other tissues of man and the higher animals contain compounds of phosphorus that have much to do with life and intelligence. All brain-workers, therefore, “burn phosphorus.”

The chief source of obtaining phosphorus is the bones of back-boned animals; yet the bones are the parts of the body that suffer most from habitually working in an atmosphere laden with phosphorus fumes.

The leading peculiarity of phosphorus is its affinity for oxygen at a low temperature. In warm weather it takes fire spontaneously, and if finely divided, at a much lower temperature. Because of its insolubility in water and its readiness to unite with oxygen, phosphorus must be kept under water. It should never be handled out of water. Its burns heal slowly. It has the odor of garlic, is crystalline in structure, and very poisonous.

On exposure to moist air white fumes are produced, and a faint light is given off which makes the substance visible in the dark. This is evidently a slow combustion in which both light and heat are evolved in small quantities. From this property of being luminous in the dark phosphorus gets its name, meaning *light-bearer*.

The white phosphorus which we have been describing can be converted into red phosphorus by merely heating it to about 230° out of contact with the air. This new product, which is still phosphorus, is entirely different in character from the white. It is reddish brown in color, has neither taste nor odor, and is not poisonous nor phosphorescent. It does not take fire at ordinary temperatures, and is insoluble in carbon disulphide, while the white is readily soluble in this chemical. This is one of the anomalies of chemistry.

While phosphorus is used in small quantities as an ingredient in many vermin exterminators, and while its compounds, the phosphates and hypophos-

phites, are used as fertilizers and in medicine and beverages, its chief use is in the manufacture of matches. A pound of it will tip a million matches. The ends of the splints are first dipped in melted sulphur or paraffin wax, then tipped with a paste consisting of phosphorus, potassium chlorate, and glue.

In the match factories the fumes and particles of phosphorus attack the bones of the employees, especially the teeth. If the factory worker has a decayed tooth, the poison enters the cavity, setting up an inflammation which, if not quickly arrested, extends along the jaw, destroying the teeth and bones.

There is an old woman in Ohio—a former match-maker—who, as a result of phosphorus poisoning, for twenty years has had no lower jaw, but masticates her food by pressing it against her upper jaw with her thumb. Then there is George K—, of Portland, Maine, who also had his entire lower jaw removed, and for twenty-two years ate no solid food; and William J—, of Milwaukee, who lived in abject misery, with necrosis of the bones of the ear.

Dozens of cases could be quoted of strong, vigorous young men and women who have gone to work in our match factories, and in a few years have become terribly disfigured, with teeth gone, and with necrosed bone exposed.

Now, incredible though it may sound, it is an absolutely established fact that this human misery, this blasting of the lives of men, women, and children, is absolutely unnecessary, and that a harmless substitute for the white phosphorus exists and has been successfully used in this and other countries. In other words, our match manufacturers permit their work-people to run the risk of this peril by unnecessarily continuing the use of poisonous phosphorus, because the substitute costs a fraction more!

President Taft in his December (1910) message to Congress said:—

“I invite attention to the very serious injury caused to all those who are engaged in the manufacture of phosphorus matches. The diseases incident to this are frightful, and as matches can be made from other materials entirely innocuous, I believe that the injurious manufacture could be discouraged, and ought to be discouraged, by the imposition of a heavy federal tax. I recommend the adoption of this method of stamping out a very serious abuse.”

The subject of the phosphorus evil has received so much agitation of late that the Diamond Match Company, the largest manufacturer of matches in this country, has just abandoned legal patents attaching to the manufacture of one kind of match, dedicating to the free use of the people of the United



States the patent covering the harmless substitute for the poisonous white phosphorus. It is expected that Congress will now take action to compel its use.

This act on the part of the Diamond Match Company was made altogether in the interest of humanity, for their patents cost them one hundred thousand dollars. If all the business interests of the country made their own personal interests second to the good of humanity, we would soon have a different world, — one vastly more safe and enjoyable.

#### Unfailing Help

"God hath not promised skies always blue,  
Unfailing sunshine always for you.  
God hath not promised sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain;  
But God hath promised help from above,  
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

#### A Late Freeze

It is spring-time: the sun is shining bright, the grass is green, the trees are leafing out, the flowers are in bloom, and the birds are singing their sweetest carols. To-day all nature is beautiful. But on the morrow we wake up and find a cold rain falling. Before night, the rain changes to snow. A cold wind blows all night, and the next morning the grass is covered with frost, the leaves hang limp on the trees, and the flowers droop their pretty heads. The effects of this late freeze are seen throughout the summer. The fruits of autumn are blighted, and everything is the worse for it.

Thus it often is with a young person's life. A young man may be in school or college, and every one may say, "What a bright future there is before that young person!" But while he is in school, during the very time when he should be storing his mind with useful knowledge, some habit fastens itself upon him. It may be the habit of drinking or gambling, or the tobacco habit, or anything which takes his mind from his school work. His energy is spent in doing that which will work harm to him.

Evil associates may be the means of leading such young people into wrong habits. At first they may not realize they are being led into temptation by their companions, but sooner or later they will arouse to the fact that they are not what they ought to be. Then it will be almost impossible for them to quit the life they are living, and redeem the past.

When these young people leave school, and have to face the battles of life, then will be seen the effects of the "late freeze." If they have seen the evil in the course they have been taking, and have changed their habits, they may succeed in life; but the effects of their mistakes will still be seen, even as the effects of the late freeze in spring are seen all through the summer. The influence on the character can never be erased. But still worse will be the lot of the young persons who fail to overcome their wrong habits. They may have worldly success for a while, but sooner or later they will fail.

Even habits which in themselves do not seem to be so very harmful, have a similar effect. Such habits as carelessness, procrastination, wasting a few precious moments every day,—all these will grow on a young person, and some day prove his ruin.

These "late freezes" are to be guarded against, and such a character formed that no wrong habits will ever get a hold on one.

FLORENCE WHITNEY.



#### A New Almanac



THE old-fashioned almanac would say, "Try Hossdoktor's Stomach Bitters;" "Three doses of Bossquack's Incomparable Specific will make a new man of you;" and so on. But the Virginia department of public health is out with a health bulletin in the form of a real almanac, gratuitously circulated, which not only does not advertise medicine, but which, along with a calendar by months, times of the rising and setting of the sun, moon's phases, and so on, gives excellent sanitary advice to the people. There are aphorisms like this: "An open window is better than an open grave;" "Wire screens in the window keep crape from the door;" "A light overcoat is better than a heavy cold;" "Typhoid germs are small in size, but they are more expensive to keep than blooded horses." With every month's calendar you have practical and scientific advice regarding the health menaces prevalent at that particular season. This is certainly what a "medicine almanac" ought to be. The old Dominion is up to date.—*New York Mail.*

#### Studying Light-Bearing Animals

MUCH yet remains to be learned about phosphorescence in animals. Recent experiments have shown that fireflies are sensitive to sound, and a sudden noise will darken their light. Yet an electric current passed through them will render them intensely and continuously luminous.

If the luminous organs of a firefly be removed with delicate scissors, they will glow brightly for several hours afterward. Pricking the separated organs with a pin, squeezing them between thumb and finger, or plunging them into ice-water will render them more brilliant for the moment; but their light is extinguished above one hundred twenty-five degrees or below fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit.

Any sort of mechanical disturbance appears to stimulate the light-giving organs in all phosphorescent animals. Thus a luminous jelly-fish fastened to a tin plate lightens when the plate is moved, and when water in which it swims is agitated.

Sea water in warm latitudes is often brilliantly phosphorescent, so that every breaking wave-crest seems actually to burst into flame. This phenomenon is due to the presence of multitudes of minute organisms, each of which holds up a tiny torch, so to speak, to contribute to the illumination; but if the water be raised to a temperature above eighty-six degrees, the light is extinguished.—*Selected.*

So great has become the demand for whale meat in Japan that there is danger of a scarcity of whales in that part of the Pacific in a not-far-distant future. The Japanese government allows only thirty ships to operate, but the number of whales captured is unrestricted. The average Japanese now prefers whale-steak to beefsteak, the best cuts of the former retailing at twelve cents a pound.





## Two Heroes



IT was a dull, rainy afternoon about four o'clock that I met him waiting for the car at the street corner. "And so you are back in school again," I said, "and enjoying it, the boys tell me."

"Indeed I am," he answered. "Don't I look it? And I'm getting on, too. I've nearly made up what I lost last year, and I'm going to graduate with the rest of them. Then next year I'll go to business college evenings if I can't manage high school."

"How did it happen that you could go back?" I asked; for I remembered the day, a year before, when a broken-hearted boy, captain of the basketball team, and popular with every one, had told me that his father's illness made it absolutely necessary for him to leave school.

"Well," he answered, "father is some better, works two or three days a week, and he thought I might go back if I could work before and after school and Saturdays to help out a little. But you can't keep a job down there at the shop unless you work a certain number of hours a week. I couldn't get in enough hours, and thought I should have to give it all up, but then Herman came along and said he'd work Saturdays for me and make up the hours. So he is doing it every Saturday—for nothing, too. He won't take a cent. He wants me to have a chance to go to school, and says he would just as soon work as play. So I go to school, and he helps me with my lessons. Some day I'll pay him back, you'll see. He's a pretty good friend, isn't he?"

"He most certainly is," I answered.

I remembered Herman well. He is a bright, generous, fun-loving boy. I have always liked him, but had never supposed him capable of anything like this. All the way home I thought about it. They seemed like two heroes—these two boys just finishing the grammar school—one toiling hard early in the morning, after school each night, and all day Saturday to help his family, forgetting his own pleasures and desires; and the other giving up his Saturdays to work steadily and hard, with no pay except the gratitude of his chum. Surely it is of such stuff as this that heroes are made. Other boys were sorry for Edmund when he left school, sorry when his plan to return seemed about

to fail. Others *felt sorry*, but Herman was sorry enough to think over one plan after another until he had found a way to translate his sorrow into action.

It is boys like Herman the world is waiting for—boys who care about the other fellow enough to do something to help him out. I felt all that week that life was a hundred times more worth living because on Saturday those two boys would work away side by side in the shop, one giving all he earned to his mother, and the other willingly giving his time just to help.

There is nothing unwilling about Herman's sacrifice. There is no unwillingness about any truly great sacrifice. That would rob giving of all its joy. There would have been no happiness for Herman, and certainly none for Edmund, had the gift been given with regret. The best gifts are freely given.

Some people give just because they must, and sometimes you hear them say: "Well, I didn't really

want to do it, but I didn't want to refuse. I wish now I had refused." There is no virtue in that sort of forced giving. The best and most daring soldiers in any campaign of war or peace are the volunteers—those who join in the task because they want to, whose own souls tell them they ought to, and who need no one to draft them in. Any gift of money, time, or service given with regret brings only half a blessing.—*Margaret Slattery, in the Well-spring.*



"OUR MISSIONARY GARDEN IS GETTING ALONG FINE"

### A Memorable Incident

Many years ago, when living in Roxbury, Massachusetts, I started to Boston, one Saturday evening. As I came to the place where the omnibuses met I heard the sound of merriment and laughter, and thought I would see what was going on. I found a group of young men surrounding a young girl, seventeen years of age, as I

learned afterward. She was very drunk. The young men were pushing her about in the rudest manner. One would push her one way, and another the other. "Do you call it sport to push that girl about like that?" I said. Somebody said, "That's Gough." "Yes," I said, "that is my name."

They allowed me to approach the girl, who was swaying to and fro,—she could not stand still,—and was crying bitterly, uttering that wail pitiful to hear from an animal, but far more pitiful to hear from a woman. I said, "Where do you live?" It



was some time before she could or would answer me. She was so drunk she stammered badly. At last, by patience, I ascertained the name of the street and number of the house where she lived. Then I said to her, "Now, if you will trust me, if you will take my arm, I will see you safely home." She put her hands to her white face, and looked at me, and then grasped my arm as a drowning man would catch a plank. I walked with her a mile and a half. It was hard work, but at length we reached the house, and I rang the bell. The servant came to the door; I told her who I was, and said, "I found this young lady in the streets, and she says that she lives here." "O!" said the servant, and pulled the girl into the house, and shut the door.

As I went, I said to myself: "People like to talk, especially about teetotalers. I have been seen walking through the streets to-night with a drunken woman, arm in arm, and they will talk about it. Well, let them talk; I can talk too. I have a meeting to-morrow night; Mr. Grant is to preside; and at the close of my lecture I will tell the whole affair;" and so I did.

At the close of the meeting a lady and gentleman pushed up to me, holding out their hands.

"God bless you!"

"For what?"

"For bringing our daughter home last night."

"What, your daughter?"

"Yes, poor child," said the mother; "she is lying ill in bed, and we have left her to come to you and say, God bless you. O, if you had left her with those young men, what would have become of our child? or if the policeman had taken her to the station-house, she would never have lifted her head again. She was not to blame. There was a wedding at her aunt's last week. Not being very well, I thought she had better not go to the ceremony. But yesterday was a clear, cold day, and I said: 'You had better call on your aunt. You can return in the omnibus by nightfall.' She went, and when she reached the house she said, 'I am feeling very cold;' and her aunt said, 'I will give you something to make you warm, my dear,' and she gave her a glass of hot whisky punch. My daughter had never tasted liquor before. We are teetotalers, and never have a drop of the cursed thing in our house, and she did not know what it was. She drank it, and began to feel badly, and said, 'Aunt, I must go home.' 'Well, my dear,' said her aunt, 'you must take a piece of the wedding-cake to your mama, and you must drink a glass of the wine we had at the wedding;' and she poured out a glass, and the child drank it. When she came out and had reached the corner of the street, she became bewildered; she did not know what the matter was. After that she had no recollection of anything, but a dim, indefinite, confused idea of something she knew not what, till she found herself in bed with her mother bending over her."

Twenty years after that a lady came to me in Music Hall, Boston, and said, "I am a wife and mother, and a member of a Christian church, and I am that girl you helped home when drunk." There are some men and women who, for fear of establishing a precedent, can not lift a poor human soul from perdition. They want a precedent. Perish precedents! If I see a woman in trouble, and I can consistently help her out of that trouble, I never ask who she is, or how she fell into the trouble, until I have helped her out. This is my plan, and it should be yours. Help them

out first, and talk to them afterward of their wrongdoings. And when that girl, or rather that Christian wife and mother, held my hand in hers, I thanked God that I had helped a drunken girl home.—*John B. Gough.*

#### Alma Mater

THE oldest university

Was not on India's strand,  
Nor in the valley of the Nile,  
Nor on Arabia's sand;  
From time's beginning it has taught,  
And still it teaches free,  
Its learning mild to every child —  
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest school to teach the law,  
And teach it deeply, too,  
Dividing what should not be done  
From what each one should do,  
Was not in Rome nor Ispahan  
Nor by the Euxine Sea;  
It held its sway ere history's day —  
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest seminary, where  
Theology was taught,  
When love to God and reverent prayer  
And the Eternal Ought  
Were deep impressed on youthful hearts  
In pure sincerity,  
Came to the earth with Abel's birth —  
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest,—and the newest, too,—  
It still maintains its place,  
And from its classes, ever full,  
It graduates the race.  
Without its teaching, where would all  
The best of living be?  
'Twas planned by heaven this earth to leaven —  
The school of Mother's Knee.

— *Priscilla Leonard, in Youth's Companion.*

#### Trust

I HAVE closed the door on Doubt;  
I will go by what light I can find.

— *Irene P. McKeehan.*

#### "Smoking" Versus Talking

SURELY the INSTRUCTOR boys and girls will admit that smoking is a selfish and useless habit. What could be more unkind than to cause another person to unwillingly breathe an offensive odor? We maintain that they have a right to their choice in the matter; and for us to force something unpleasant upon them, would be discourteous, to say the least.

Does not this principle apply to other actions? Let us see. Father is writing an important letter, which demands his undivided attention, when in comes Clara, who is old enough to know better, but does not think, so forces him against his will to drop his line of thought and listen to her unimportant questions. Perhaps, because of this, he must read over all he has written in order to make connections. Is she less selfish than the smoker?

May is working hard on a problem and is succeeding well, when her brother, getting restless, impolitely stretches back in his chair and pours forth a volley of idle suggestions in a manner very thoughtless of others' feelings. If it was anything of importance, she would not object, but if she does not express it, she feels like saying: "O brother, don't be so selfish as to steal my time! You are as bad as a hold-up man. He forces me to give up my money and jewels, and you, against my will, force me to



take my mind from my studies and listen to your thoughtless remarks. Really, you are a thief. My time is worth more than money."

Then again, is it any more right to pollute another's mind than it is to pollute the air he breathes? Let us consider our ways and see if we are not just as guilty as the smoker. Let us ask ourselves if we are sending forth pure thoughts by our words, or creating a smudge that is offending some one who is too considerate to reprove us.

Through Timothy, Paul admonishes us to be examples "in word, in conversation," and to avoid foolish questions, because "they do gender strifes." In Eph. 4:29 we read: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers." The wise man tells us that "a fool's voice is known by multitude of words," and "when he holdeth his peace," he "is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding." "He that hath knowledge," he says, "spareth his words;" for "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." His father David understood that we would have to give an account in the judgment for every idle word, and prayed that the words of his mouth and the meditation of his heart might be acceptable in the sight of God. Have we, then, any better right to pollute the mental atmosphere of those around us with objectionable expressions than we have to pollute the air with offensive odors? If we can not refrain from saying these things, let us go so far away that no one will be caused to suffer thereby.

D. D. FITCH.

### Why He Served

"LET I do it, muvver, let I." The speaker was a child of three, and the words were spoken with all the solicitude of his devoted little heart. The mother was ill, and in the absence of the nurse from the room she was attempting to reach the ice-bag on the stand near the bed. Without a moment's hesitation, the little one had left his fascinating picture puzzle and ran to her, eager to serve. Many times during the days of illness the offer was repeated, "Let I do it, muvver." Finally the mother, fearing the effect of such anxiety on the little fellow, remonstrated, "Mother can not let her little boy help all the time; try to forget mother now, and go to your play." He threw his arms tenderly around her neck: "Robert likes to do it, muvver,—I loves oo." And that is the secret of all willing service. When the heart is filled with love, there is ever the ready response to each call to serve, "Here am I; send me."—*Clarissa L. Sedgwick.*

### "The Angelus"

"THE Angelus" was painted by Jean F. Millet in 1859. The picture represents peasants in prayer at the call of the Angelus bell, which is rung in Catholic countries three times a day, by ordinance of Pope John XXII in 1326. When completed, the picture was refused by the patron for whom it had been painted. But the artist later sold it for four hundred dollars. After passing through several hands, it was finally purchased for \$110,000 by an agent of the French government at an auction sale. The government, however, refused to ratify the purchase, so

the picture was brought to America, and publicly exhibited in various cities.

"Its progress was so triumphant and aroused such enthusiasm that on its return to Paris the picture was sold for \$150,000. This represented a gain on the original price of 37,400 per cent, in which the artist did not participate. He did, however, benefit by the increased price at which he was now able to sell his other works."

But "The Angelus" is not the only picture that



THE ANGELUS, BY MILLET

commands a high price. At the Yerkes' private collection sale at public auction in New York City, \$1,693,350 was received on the sale of pictures, four of them bringing nearly a half million dollars. "The Fisherman," by Corot, sold for \$80,500; "Going to Market," by Troyon, brought \$60,500; "Rockets and Blue Lights," by Turner, sold for \$129,000; and the "Portrait of a Woman," by Frans Hals, went for \$137,000.

England a few years ago paid \$225,000 for "Venus With the Mirror," supposed to have been painted by Velasquez. There are indications that this is not a true Velasquez painting, but is a product of the skill of the son-in-law of Velasquez.

### If He Had Failed

HAD Moses failed to go, had God  
Granted his prayer, there would have been  
For him no leadership to win;  
No pillared fire; no magic rod;  
No wonders in the land of Zin;  
No smiting of the sea; no tears  
Ecstatic shed on Sinai steep;  
No Nebo, with a God to keep  
His burial; only forty years  
Of desert watching with his sheep.

—Selected.

It is not alone the stated prayers, or seasons of prayer, that keep us from falling. It is the attitude of prayer and dependence on God at every moment that bring strength. Some very busy men have learned the secret of praying constantly. It does not hinder but helps in our work. The true Christian will come to the place where every action or word will be done or spoken after the silent prayer, "Lord, is it thy will? Will it honor thee?"



## Helps on Test of Discipleship

### Weighed in the Balance



HERE is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery by unerring law throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.—*Arnol.*

### Warnings Unheeded

The steamer "Portland" left Boston harbor in the storm of November, 1898. She left when all the signals for danger were flying; she left when the government agent at the signal-office had advised outgoing vessels to remain in port; she left when the owners of the vessel had commanded her to stay at her dock. Why she left no one has ever been able to say. Her captain must have been apprehensive, for he said to the lighthouse-keeper, "Keep your light burning bright to-night; for we may come back." But she never came back. Outside the harbor the mighty storm caught the vessel in her embrace, and tore her to pieces; and not one on board ever again saw home or friends.

A quill was picked up from the coast, which may have been from some of her passengers. The little piece of paper read: "We are on a raft; we have given up all hope; we are going down. O God, if I could only see my wife and little boy again!"

It is the saddest story of a wreck written for many a day. And the saddest part of it is that the vessel was wrecked because the captain disobeyed the orders of his superior.

How many lives have been shipwrecked for the same reason! God has a plan for every life, and his orders must be obeyed. He knows the best for us all. On the highway of the seas there are drifting about more than fifty ships known as derelicts. They have been abandoned by owners and crews, and now, with no compass by means of which they may be guided, with no pilot at the wheel to carry them into the harbor, with no captain to issue orders, and with no crew to obey them, they drift about, only a menace to other vessels that sail the seas. God forbid that any of us should become derelicts or wrecks because we have disobeyed our great Commander. "Whatever he saith unto you, do it."—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

### Secret Sins

Our train is rattling on toward the great bridge that spanned the Tay at Dundee. The last curve we have turned, and now it bursts upon us in all its beauty. In the distance, like a crystal-hung spider-web it is, so graceful in its airy flight. Smoothly onto the bridge we glide. Above is the mighty network, in all its girder grasp; before, behind, are the proud-stretched iron beams from shore to shore; below, far below, waters are churning and chafing around the pillars, as if in angry resentment at the daring intrusion into their private domain. A magnificent structure this

Tay bridge, a triumph of architectural art, the wonder of the world in scientific might and magnificence. Ah, yes; but in the midst of that splendid pile there are lurking "secret faults,"—O, just a few little blisters on a girder or two,— "secret faults;" and before the careering blast of a winter night, amid the shrill shriek from the throat of the storm fiend, that great Tay bridge, with its living load of human beings, totters and crashes in its thundering fall. Great God! it is down,— "secret faults,"—and the waters of the Tay gape that awful death-gape, and, hastily hushing the drowning gurgles, they are hurrying on, remorselessly unbroken in their flow to the sea. Alas for secret faults! There must be none in him who would stand the test of discipleship.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

### Lost Near Home

The "Royal Charter" had been around the world. A magnificent ship she was. She had touched at every important port, and was homeward-bound. She had arrived at Queenstown, and a message was received that she would touch her dock at Liverpool next morning. One of the members of my church told me he waited on the dock all night to see her come in. The lord mayor of London was there, and the lord mayor of Liverpool. Bands of musicians and thousands of people waited to give her a welcome home. But the "Royal Charter" went down in the night-time between Queenstown and Liverpool, losing almost all on board.

The wife of the first mate was a member of Dr. William M. Taylor's church in Liverpool, and he was told that he must tell her that her husband was lost. He said that he felt like an executioner when he reached the cottage where they lived. He touched the doorbell, and a bright-faced, sunny-haired little girl sprang out and said: "O Dr. Taylor, I thought it was my papa! He is coming home to-day."

"When I stepped into the house," said Dr. Taylor, "I found the breakfast table spread in the sitting-room;" and the wife of the first mate came forward and said, "Dr. Taylor, you must excuse us for having the table here and at this hour; but you know my husband is coming home to-day, and, if you will stay, it will make the day like heaven."

"I took both her hands in mine," said Dr. Taylor, "and held them for a moment, and then said, 'My poor woman, the "Royal Charter" went down last night, and your husband was lost, and can never come home again.'"

She looked at him just a moment, and then, as she drew away her hands, she shrieked out, "O my God, so near home, and yet lost!"

I have known men nearer than that. Between them and eternal life was just one word, and they would not speak it; between them and hope there was just a line, and they would not cross it. To be almost persuaded is most dangerous.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

### Death Unclouded

A lieutenant in an Iowa regiment was brought into the hospital wounded in the shoulder. At first, it was thought that he would recover, but after a few days he rapidly declined. Just before his death a lady nurse said to him, "Lieutenant, you have but a few moments to live; if you have any word to send your wife and little one in Iowa, you must



“speak it very quickly.” He looked up at her, his face shining like an angel's, and said, “Tell my wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus.”  
—Rev. G. S. Savage.

### Morning Watch Illustration: God's Promises Are Sure

ONE dark night a boat was shipwrecked on a rocky coast. One of the passengers escaped to the rocks, and began to climb up the wave-beaten cliff. But as far as he went the waves pursued him, and he was afraid that the rising tide would drown him. He was in terrible despair, when suddenly his hand touched, in the darkness, a soft, umbrella-shaped growth. He knew at once that it was the samphire, and he cried, “Thank God, I am safe!” for he knew the samphire does not grow except above the high-water mark.

God's promises are like that samphire. They grow above the reach of any destroying wave; and when we touch one of them, though in the darkest hour and the deepest peril, we may know we are safe.

This is because the promises have God back of them. They are valueless to one who does not believe in God, or does not believe they come from God. If a beggar makes out a check for a million dollars, it is so much waste paper; but if Rockefeller makes out such a check, it is as good as the gold.

The Bible is, as Spurgeon called it, a “check-book of the bank of faith.” Every one of its many and marvelous promises is signed by the Creator and Owner of the universe. Check-books are not made to adorn a table or to furnish themes for meditation; they are made to use, to get things with. Now what use are we making — what practical use — of this infinitely rich and resourceful treasury?

There isn't much to be done — just to tear out the check and on our own feet carry it to the bank. Not much, but that little must be done, or we can draw no blessing. The reason why so many lives are barren of the good which God means for them is because they expect it to fall out of the skies with no effort on their part.

Our trust must be complete. Note what happens when you take a check to the bank. You go half-way there. Do you receive half the sum the check promises to pay? — No; not a cent is yours till you go all the way, and put your check at the teller's window. So it must be with those “checks on the bank of faith,” the promises of God.

“In His hands we are safe. We falter on  
Through storm and mire;  
Above, beside, around us, there is One  
Will never tire.

“What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,  
Our lips in dust?  
God's arms shall lift us up to victory!  
In him we trust.”

— Selected.

A JAPANESE author mentions the following things as in bad taste: —

“Too much furniture in the living-room.

“Too many pens in a stand.

“Too many Buddhas in a private shrine.

“Too many rocks, trees, and herbs in a garden.

“Too many children in a house.

“Too many words when men meet.

“But too many books in a bookcase there can never be; nor too much litter in a dust-bin.”



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, June 10

#### The Way to Christ, No. 6 — The Test of Discipleship

LEADER'S NOTE.— The selections under the title “Helps on Test of Discipleship,” page 12, will be helpful to those having part in this program. The person having the paper on “Some Who Failed,” would do well to see what the Bible says of Gehazi, Ananias and Sapphira, the rich young man, and others who failed to endure the test because of covetousness, self-righteousness, and the attractions of this world. “Education,” pages 88-91, and “Christ's Object Lessons,” pages 150-163, will be helpful to the young person preparing the paper on “Peter.” If possible, spend a few moments in consecration service.

#### Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week.)

Bible study. See Bible Reading below.

“The Test of Discipleship” (reading). Extracts from “Steps to Christ,” chapter 7.

Some Who Failed (five-minute paper).

Peter (five-minute paper).

Report of work.

#### Bible Reading

1. WHEN one has experienced a true change of heart, how will this be manifested? Gal. 3:27.
2. If we have put on Christ and abide in him, how will this affect our outward life? 1 John 2:3-6.
3. Will the people we meet observe any change in us? Acts 4:13.
4. Can we be saved merely by faith, while we continue to do as we did before professing Christ? James 2:17.
5. How closely may we be associated with Christ? Rev. 3:20.
6. Will this be only occasionally? John 14:23.
7. What, then, is a true test of discipleship? John 15:4-6.
8. If Christ abides within and keeps us, will we be inclined to take the glory? John 7:18.
9. To whom will all the glory be given? Matt. 5:16.
10. Do your friends and associates say of you, “There is a true disciple of Christ”?

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 33: “Christ's Object Lessons,” Pages 284-319

#### Test Questions

1. WHAT pertinent truths did Christ set forth in the parable of the vineyard?
2. Who were represented by this vineyard? For what purpose was it planted?
3. How was it hedged? What other protection did it have?
4. What tower did God place in his vineyard? Who were the husbandmen?
5. On what condition was fruit promised?
6. How did the husbandmen fulfil their trust? What was the result?
7. Why do you think the Jewish rulers rejected Christ?



8. Explain fully how this parable applies to the church to-day.

9. Of what is the marriage feast a symbol?

10. What is the wedding-garment? How do we get it? When must it be put on? What does it mean to wear this garment?

11. When will the King examine those invited to his feast? By what rule must character be measured?

12. Note that the righteousness of Christ will not cover one cherished sin.

13. What class of Christians is represented by the man who did not wear a wedding-garment?

14. Are you wearing this robe? If not, why not?

### Junior No. 3—Lesson 33: "Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 237-254

NOTE.—Do not forget to look for the assignment next week. The next two papers will contain a special treat for our Junior readers. I am almost certain that not one of you could guess what it will be. Let us all be ready to enjoy it. Before you close this intensely interesting book, read the author's letter to the *Sunday World*, and the article from *Harper's Weekly*, found in the appendix to the third edition (pages 255-266). These are splendid articles. Do not miss them.

#### Test Questions

1. What great sorrow came to the islanders early in 1889?

2. How did Queen Victoria show that she appreciated the gifts sent from Pitcairn for her jubilee?

3. Why was Jan. 23, 1890, a memorable date? What song was composed for this occasion?

4. What missionaries came to the island in the fall of 1890? What ship brought them?

5. Tell about the school and kindergarten opened in 1893.

6. How was the *Monthly Pitcairnian* published?

7. What terrible calamity befell the people in 1893?

8. How are the names of John Buffett, Rev. G. H. Nobbs, and Thomas Rossiter connected with the history?

9. What led the Pitcairn people to adopt health reform?

10. What do you think the gospel did for Pitcairn Island?

#### Seed Thoughts

It is not necessary to be maimed in body in order to be wounded. Perhaps the greatest and most severe wounds ever sustained are those in which the feelings have been injured by cruel, hateful words.

Cruel, hateful words are sometimes more to be dreaded than the assassin's knife. A wicked tongue, or rather a tongue controlled by a wicked, vicious mind, is often capable of doing more harm than almost anything else in the world.

Mere bodily wounds are usually soon healed, and the injured part restored to its sound condition. But wounded feelings are often more difficult of restoration; and there are persons whose wounded feelings are never healed.

May we have no part in the unnecessary wounding of another's feelings. It brings no good to us, but instead is in every way to all concerned a most positive harm. Exercise the Golden Rule.

J. W. LOWE.

RELIGION, if in heavenly truths attired,  
Needs only to be seen to be admired.

— Cowper.



### X—The Gospel Preached at Antioch in Pisidia

(June 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13: 13-33.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent." Acts 13: 26.

#### Questions

1. From what place did Paul and his company sail? At what city did they land? Who departed from them at Perga? To what place did he return? Acts 13: 13.

2. To what was John Mark not accustomed? Why did he not go further with the apostles? Of what had he been thinking? What did he decide he would not do? Note 1.

3. To what place did Paul and his company then go? In what direction did they travel? How many cities called Antioch are mentioned in the Bible? Are they near together? Find these cities on the map, and trace Paul's journey from one to the other. Learn all you can about both cities. Note 2.

4. To what place in Antioch in Pisidia did the apostles go? What day was it? What did they do? Verse 14.

5. Of what did a part of the synagogue service consist? After the reading was finished, who sent word to Barnabas and Paul? What did they say? Verse 15.

6. Who then stood up to speak? How did he get the attention of the people? What did he ask them to do? Who did he say God chose for his people? How did he bring them out of Egypt? How long did he bear with them in the wilderness? Verses 16-18.

7. How many nations did God destroy before his people? What land did he give them? How was it divided among them? How long were they ruled by judges? What prophet then arose? Verses 19, 20.

8. What did the people desire? See 1 Sam. 8: 4-

9. Who did God give them as king? How long did he reign? Who was the next king? What did the Lord say of David? Verses 21-23.

9. What did the Jews never tire of hearing? What did Paul gain by rehearsing this history? What object did Paul have in repeating this story? In what kingly line was Jesus born? What did he come to do for Israel? Note 3.

10. Who began to preach before the coming of Jesus? What message did he bring to the people? What did John say concerning himself? What did he say of Christ? Verses 24, 25.

11. Whom did Paul especially address? To whom did he say salvation had been sent? Is it sent to us? See memory verse. Why did those in Jerusalem condemn Jesus? Might they have known him? Did they know the Scriptures they heard read every Sabbath? May we not hear and study them the same way? Verses 26, 27.

12. What did the Jews and rulers not find in Jesus? Yet what did they desire Pilate to do? In the death of Christ what was fulfilled? Who raised him from the dead? How long was he seen after his resurrec-



tion? Who saw him? What testimony did they bear to the people? Verses 28-31.

13. What did Paul declare that Sabbath day? What is the meaning of the word gospel?—Good news. What good news did the people hear? Repeat the words of the second psalm which Paul quoted. Verses 32, 33.

#### Notes

1. John Mark was not accustomed to hardship. The journeys made by the apostles were difficult, and he refused to go farther when his help was most needed. He thought longingly of his pleasant home and of his mother, and he decided he would not face the dangers and privations of a missionary's life.

2. Paul, Barnabas, and the other workers departed from Perga and went to Antioch in Pisidia. This city is north of Perga. There are two cities widely separated called Antioch in the Bible. Antioch in Syria is about three hundred miles from Jerusalem. In this city the disciples were first called Christians. The Antioch in Pisidia is another city in another province, or country.

3. The Jews never tired of hearing their own history, and by telling it over again Paul gained their attention and interest. Paul's purpose was to show that the Saviour was born of the descendants of King David according to the promise, and that Jesus had come to this world to save Israel from their sins.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### X—The Gospel Preached at Antioch in Pisidia

(June 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13:13-33.

PLACES: Paphos, Perga, a synagogue in Antioch in Pisidia.

PERSONS: Paul and his company, John Mark, rulers of the synagogue, the people.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 13:26.

#### Questions

1. After leaving Paphos, where did Paul and his workers go? Who left their party at this place? Acts 13:13; note 1.

2. After leaving Perga, where did they go? Where did they go on the Sabbath? Verse 14.

3. After the customary reading of the law, what invitation was given Paul and his companions? Verse 15; note 2.

4. Who accepted the invitation to speak? With what words did he open his discourse? Verse 16.

5. Of what historical fact did he first remind them? Verse 17; note 3.

6. For how many years did God feed the children of Israel in the wilderness? Verse 18 (margin).

7. How many nations were destroyed in the land of Canaan? Who divided the land by lot? Verse 19.

8. How long was Israel ruled by judges? Verse 20.

9. Who was their first king? How long did he reign? Verse 21.

10. What was said of David? Verse 22.

11. While speaking of David, whom did he introduce? Verse 23.

12. How did John the Baptist speak of Christ? Verses 24, 25.

13. To whom was the word of this salvation sent? Verse 26.

14. Why did the rulers in Jerusalem condemn Christ? What were they fulfilling in condemning him? Verse 27.

15. How did they accomplish Christ's death? Verse 28.

16. By their wicked course what were the Jews doing? After all was fulfilled, what did the disciples do for Christ? Verse 29.

17. What did Paul say of his resurrection? Verse 30.

18. Who had seen Jesus after his resurrection? Verse 31.

19. What did Paul declare? How and in what manner had God fulfilled the promise made to their fathers? Verses 32, 33.

#### Notes

1. Perga, the capital of Pamphylia, was near the river Cestrus, then navigable, and about seven miles from the Mediterranean. It was northwest of Paphos. Celebrated for its worship of Diana.

Antioch of Pisidia, a city on the central table-land of Asia Minor. The journey from Perga to Antioch was a perilous one. Some commentators think reference is made to it in 2 Cor. 11:26. It will be remembered that the Antioch from which the journey was begun was in Syria.

"Paul and his company now continued their journey, going into Perga in Pamphylia. Their way was toilsome, they encountered hardships and privations, and were beset by dangers on every side, which intimidated Mark, who was unused to hardships. As still greater difficulties were apprehended, he became disheartened, and refused to go farther, just at the time when his services were most needed. He accordingly returned to Jerusalem, and to the peace and comfort of his home. Mark did not apostatize from the faith of Christianity; but, like many young ministers, he shrank from hardships, and preferred the comfort and safety of home to the travels, labors, and dangers of the missionary field. This desertion caused Paul to judge him unfavorably and severely for a long time. He distrusted his steadiness of character and his devotion to the cause of Christ."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, page 352.

2. Synagogues were established in every foreign city where Jews were numerous. "After prayers, which were of a prescribed form, though extempore prayers were often added, a lesson from the law was followed by another from the prophets, the reader being usually designated by the ruler of the synagogue. Then came an address or sermon. Here there was large liberty, though the ruler (or rulers) of the synagogue remained in control. Any well-known rabbi, and even strangers who had some repute as teachers, might be invited to speak. (Verse 15.) This liberty was constantly made available by the Christian missionaries."—*Riddle, in Sunday School Times*.

"The synagogue was always a plain, rectangular building erected on the highest spot in the neighborhood, or having a tall pole on the roof to make it conspicuous. Unlike the scribes who desired to have 'the chief seat' (Mark 12:38, 39), Paul and Barnabas entered the synagogue and sat down with the congregation. The chief seats were around the ark or chest at one end of the building, containing the sacred rolls. Before the ark hung a veil and lamps. In front was a platform with its reading-desk or pulpit. In the congregation the men were separated from the women. During the prayers Paul and Barnabas stood with the rest with their faces toward Jerusalem."—*Tarbell*.

3. "The Jews were never tired of hearing their own history. Whenever a speaker arose in Jewish society determined to carry a specific point, he came with all the background of Jewish history, and under the influence of recollections heroic and thrilling he endeavored to carry the immediate point of the occasion. One might have expected that the Jews would have become weary of hearing their history time after time, but historians record it to their credit that they were always ready to hear the living story again."—*Joseph Parker*.

THERE are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom, and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes, people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but, wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadow always travels on before them. . . . These people never bear their own burden, but expose all their wounds to others. . . . They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies. —*Newell Dwight Hillis*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Loma Linda's Enthusiastic Campaign

THE Missionary Volunteer Society at Loma Linda, California, in co-operation with the College of Medical Evangelists of the same place, ordered *five thousand* copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. These were paid for largely by contributions solicited from the citizens of the place.

Then the young people, medical students, and some members of the faculty visited the public schools in neighboring cities and villages, gave short temperance talks to the pupils, and presented each one with a copy of the INSTRUCTOR.

This effort was appreciated by the teachers and superintendents as well as by the pupils.

## Saved From the Mob

ELDER WALTER BOND, in writing from Spain, relates the following experience of two sisters "who were working in a fanatically Catholic region in the province of Lerida:—

They came, in their work, to a village built at the summit of a high hill. They went from house to house offering for sale their tracts and papers. Soon they were followed by a woman under the influence of one of the priests, who would take her stand behind them at every door, and by gestures, if not by words, warn the villagers not to buy the tracts. This opposition was so persistent that very few publications were sold in the place.

Our sisters went over the village, however, determined not to miss any opening to sow some seeds of truth. They then started for the next town. As they passed along the road, on the way down the hill, they both became suddenly conscious of being very thirsty. They had not felt the thirst before that moment; but now it was so insistent that they stopped to look about for a place to get a drink.

Just at that moment, a man called to them from his garden down the hillside, and motioned to them to come down. They turned from the road and made their way down a rocky path to the peasant home. There the man asked them courteously if they would not like a drink from his well. Thankful for this kindly peasant hospitality, they quenched their thirst, and sat for a time resting, before going onward down another path leading them by a shorter way into the valley.

Later they learned that the special providence of God was in that sudden sense of thirst and the call from the stranger, that led them from the highway. While sitting by the peasant's well, they were entirely hidden from the road above by a high wall. At that same time a mob of ruffians, stirred up by fanaticism, were hurrying along the road, armed with stones, expecting at every turn to overtake our sisters. They followed the road for some distance, and searched in vain for the distributors of the heretical tracts. No women were visible, and yet they had but a moment before passed along the road. The superstitious villagers concluded that their visitors had been evil spirits, or else the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Our sisters knew nothing of it—hidden as they were behind the high wall—until the next day, when one of the same neigh-

borhood saw them in another town, and told them how the whole village was talking about it.

Several months afterward one of the sisters visited the village again. The people had learned that our workers had not been swallowed up that day, and now many felt that truly their deliverance was of God, and that he had hidden them behind that wall to save them.

## True Honesty

WE call people honest when they pay their debts, do not take advantage of others in deal, and carry out the conditions of their promises.

Honesty has a much broader application than when applied to deal in the capacity of business. According to Webster, it covers matters of candor, truth, sincerity, and moral rectitude in general.

The individual who practises deception in any way, by covering up his sins and faults, or withholding from others any valuable information that they ought to know, is not honest.

If any person has held to a wrong opinion and has been in error, and later has been convinced of his wrong opinion and error, but will not openly relinquish the same, he is as certainly dishonest as if he had refused to pay his debts.

J. W. LOWE.

## In His Own Image

"God created man in his own image."—Bible.

AND yet, and yet, I walked your city's pave,  
And one I saw, whom pain, not years, had bowed;  
Blanched was his face, as with uncertain steps  
He weakly moved amid the hurrying crowd.

And one was blind, her eyes had ay been closed  
To all the beauties God has given birth;  
She moved in darkness, where on either hand  
Were richly spread the dear delights of earth.

One was deformed, a man of many years,  
His once dark locks had changed to snowy white,  
Yet bent and crippled had he walked the earth  
From childhood's morn, and now 'twas almost night.

And one, a fair young girl, scarce in her teens,  
With pain's hard lesson writ upon her face,  
Drooped wearily within a cushioned easy-chair,  
Without the power to move a single pace.

And one, O God! (wast in thy image made?)  
Reeled stupidly among the passers-by,  
Sin-drenched, with bloodshot eyes and bloated form,  
Unfit to live—alas! unfit to die.

Here was another, one who ne'er had known  
The light of reason on his blighted way;  
He heeded not if storm or sunshine came,  
The pall of darkness or the golden day.

And here a baby wept, such piteous tears  
Flooded the pinched and solemn little face;  
So short the way from heaven's gate, and yet  
Already lost the glorious image trace.

Wherefore? I cried. Whence came this blight of pain?  
Whence came the briars and thorns that crowd our ways?  
Whence came the many ills to mar our peace?  
And whence the sleepless nights and weary days?

For God hath man in his own image made,  
Nor did he put within him doubts and fears;  
Nor did he will to him a single thought of pain,  
Nor any place for sadness or for tears.

Ah, sin! man's sin! thou hast the ruin wrought;  
Thy trail is seen in all the ways of life;  
To thee alone we owe these dreadful ills;  
From thee the pain, the bitterness, and strife.

Have mercy, Lord! we grope and stumble on,  
Hindered and halting, from our earliest breath;  
Help us to use the power thou dost supply,  
And get the victory o'er this sting of death.

—Emma E. C. Lane.