

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

June 27, 1911

No. 26

## IF

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting, too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And — which is more — you'll be a man, my son.

— Rudyard Kipling, in the *American Magazine*.





EAGLES made war upon two aviators flying in the Paris-Madrid race.

ELDER W. A. WESTWORTH says that thirty-two companies of Sabbath-keepers have been raised up in China simply through the reading of our literature.

THE deepest marble quarry in the world is at West Rutland, Vermont. The workmen are operating stone-cutting machines between three and four hundred feet below the surface of the earth.

THE winner of the annual De Forest prize in the recent oratorical contest at Yale University is Yun Hsiang Tsao, of Shanghai, China. The subject of his oration was "The Yale Spirit." He excelled in thought and delivery.

THE "safe and sane Fourth" has promised to give a quiet as well as a safe celebration; but an ingenious inventor has produced an instrument which makes a noise like that of a gun, but is absolutely harmless. Its popularity is assured.

UNDER the present administration the postal deficit has, through wise management, been entirely eliminated, and the department placed on a paying basis. Thus the service has saved \$17,000,000, besides improving and extending its facilities. The people are now calling for one-cent postage on letters, a generous parcels post, and an extension of the postal banking system.

LITTLE Janet Fawcett, of Alexandria, Virginia, recently sold an old American stamp, which her grandmother sent her as a Christmas present, for three thousand dollars. This is said to be the highest price ever paid in America for an American stamp. This stamp was one of the few of the provincial issue, printed by the postmaster of Alexandria in 1847, before the days of the national postage-stamp system.

"THE Chinese have organized a national anti-opium society with headquarters in Peking. One of the active leaders is the Hon. Lin Bing Chang, a prominent member of the National Assembly. He is a grandson of the famous Commissioner Lin, whose action in seizing opium in Canton, mixing it with quicklime and throwing it into the sea, brought on the opium war with the English in 1842."

AN adaptation of the Marconi wireless system which will make it possible to telephone from passenger trains running at high speed appears to have been successfully worked out in England. The invention promises to create a beneficial revolution in railway traffic by making a train the safest as well as the most comfortable means of traveling. As soon as the railophone comes into general use, a collision between two trains will be practically impossible.

DR. GEORGE MERRILL, head curator of geology in the National Museum, has just been sent to the petrified forest of Arizona, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, to select certain areas of the reservation from which schools, colleges, and scientific institutions may collect specimens under permits from the Interior Department. The petrified forest is a government reservation of eighty square miles, containing fossilized trees and wood of great scientific interest.

ON July 19, there will be an elaborate celebration in San Francisco of the breaking ground for the Panama-California Exposition.

PIERRE VEDRINE, a French aviator, made a successful flight from Paris to Madrid. He was in the air twelve hours and eighteen minutes. As the distance between the two cities is seven hundred twenty-one miles, his average speed was over sixty miles an hour. The Paris-Madrid express requires more than twice the time of the aviator to make the trip. The aviator received for this trip \$30,000, in two prizes.

"THE decision of the Supreme Court against the Standard Oil Company is extremely long, but its main purport can be stated briefly. The company is held to have been so operated, indeed to have been so organized, as to exercise an unreasonable restraint upon trade, to have stifled competition, to have become and to have acted as a monopoly. Consequently, it has come within the prohibition of the Sherman anti-trust law, and must be dissolved. The court orders its dissolution."

### Medical College of Evangelists

IF you want to know more of the Medical College of Evangelists located at Loma Linda, California, write for the 1911-12 calendar; also send five cents for the June number of the *Medical Evangelist*. This number consists of a symposium of speeches made by members of the board of the college on the occasion of their last session at Loma Linda, March 31 to April 6, 1911, together with remarks by physicians and others regarding the work of the college.

### What It Costs to Secure a President

THE *American Advance* gives the following table as an authentic account of the expenditures incurred in the presidential campaigns from 1860-1904:—

YEAR	REP. CANDIDATE	DEM. CANDIDATE	REP. NAT'L COM.	DEM. NAT'L COM.
1860	Lincoln	Douglas	\$ 100,000	\$ 50,000
1864	Lincoln	McClellan	125,000	50,000
1868	Grant	Seymour	150,000	75,000
1872	Grant	Greeley	250,000	50,000
1876	Hayes	Tilden	950,000	900,000
1880	Garfield	Hancock	1,100,000	355,000
1884	Blaine	Cleveland	1,300,000	1,400,000
1888	Harrison	Cleveland	1,350,000	855,000
1892	Harrison	Cleveland	1,850,000	2,350,000
1896	McKinley	Bryan	16,500,000	675,000
1900	McKinley	Bryan	9,500,000	425,000
1904	Roosevelt	Parker	3,500,000	1,250,000

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 27, 1911

No. 26

## Leave Me Not

ELIZABETH ROSSER

WHEN my life is in its morning,  
Cloudless and serene the sky;  
To the ear all life is music,  
All is beauty to the eye;  
When my heart is all unshadowed,  
Free from sorrowing my lot,—  
To a life of thoughtless pleasure  
Leave me not, O, leave me not!

In the heat and glare of noontide,  
Burdened with a thousand cares;  
When I find the pathway studded  
With the tempter's gins and snares;  
When the world with all its fever  
Thrusts itself on every thought,  
To a life of fret and worry  
I beseech thee, leave me not.

When the darkness closes round me,  
Fades away life's feeble light,  
Of all earthly friends forsaken,  
Naught before me but the night;  
When I close my eyes in slumber,  
Joys, love, hope, and all forgot,—  
In the grave to sleep forever  
Risen Saviour, leave me not.

And when I shall come to judgment,  
Stand before thy Father's throne,—  
I can not endure the trial  
If thou leave me there alone.  
So, before that dread tribunal  
When to judgment I am brought,  
O my interceding Saviour,  
I entreat thee, leave me not.

## Extracts From a Missionary's Diary—No. 2

W. J. TANNER



SEPTEMBER 21.—Received a letter to-day from Sœur de Rougemont urging me to come and look after the new Sabbath-keepers at Port de Paix, and saying she does not feel able to give the instruction that some of the younger believers need, being new in the faith herself.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.—About midday I learned of a fifty-ton sloop that is expected to leave this evening for Saint Louis du Nord, and that from there I can reach Port de Paix without much difficulty. I therefore engaged passage, and was told to be aboard by six o'clock. As usual, I had trouble with my passport. Indeed, I was not able to get it, owing to the fact that General Jean-Gillo was in the country. I shall try to make out with my American passport.

I came aboard at six as ordered, and have not found conditions here to be exactly what one would call "nice." The boat is extremely dirty, has no cabin, is loaded with rum, and sprawling over the deck are the members of the crew and my fellow passengers, about twenty in number, all of whom belong to the colored peasant class. The only available seat that I can find is a rum barrel that every one else rejected, and upon which I am sitting and wondering how I am going to get through the next thirty-six hours.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.—We did not leave the Cape until this morning, after all. The captain came aboard at seven last evening, and after making sure that his passengers were all safe, with no possible means of getting away from the boat, he coolly left us and slept ashore. I remained on my rum-barrel seat until about eleven o'clock, when fatigue and sleepiness forced me to lie down on a narrow strip of unwashed deck near the hatchway, where, with a piece of sail-cloth for a pillow, and no covering but the starry heavens above me, I soon fell asleep. My slumbers were twice disturbed during the night: first, I found the lower extremities of a colored fellow passenger thrown across my body at right angles, and as the said passenger was a profound sleeper, I had some difficulty in securing proper respect for my rights. Then at four o'clock the tardy captain came aboard and aroused the crew

and everybody else, with his orders to make sail and get underway.

As the place where I had lain was wanted as a passageway for those who should have to pass fore and aft, I had to resume my uncomfortable perch on the rum barrel at this early hour. From nine until two we had a dead calm. It would be hard to describe my feelings during this time. It seemed as if I had never felt such intense heat before, and, between this and the disagreeable odor of the bilge-water in the hold, and the sickening fumes from the rum barrels, I think my missionary ardor was somewhat strained for a few hours. I can not say that I was exactly seasick, but I was truly sick of the sea, and confess here in the privacy of my diary that several times I found myself resolving that I would never, never travel again under such circumstances if I could help it.

The calm was followed, however, by a fresh north-east breeze that brought cheer to our hearts, and hastened the boat on to Au Borgne, where the most of the passengers and some of the cargo were put ashore. On being told by the captain that he would not leave before sundown, I went ashore to stretch myself, and while strolling about the town was accosted by the commandant, who demanded my passport. Upon telling him that I had none, I was put under arrest and led to the governor. To this pompous official I explained how I had been unable to obtain my Haitien passport through no fault of my own, and then I showed him my American passport, which, of course, he was unable to read. I think, though, that the coat of arms and the big red United States seal impressed him, for he ordered an officer to see that I went aboard my boat immediately.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 25.—We did not leave Au Borgne until this morning at daybreak. The captain seems to have again concluded that *he* could sleep more comfortably ashore than aboard his cabinless barge. It rained once during the night, but a sailor covered me up with an old sail, and so I did not get wet. Once, too, in the darkness some one sat down on my head, a circumstance that I suppose will have to go to make up my list of missionary experiences.



We arrived at Saint Louis at ten in the morning, and about noon I embarked on another sloop for Port de Paix, where I arrived too late for any Sabbath meetings. The reception I received was none the less cordial, however, and I must say that I am glad I came.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4.—I expect to leave Port de Paix for home to-morrow, on the "Atlas" steamer. The Lord has richly blessed in all the meetings of the past week, and the appreciation these poor people have shown has been so warm and sincere that I feel that it has amply repaid me for all the hardships I underwent to get here; and I will say that, if it were necessary, I would be ready to travel another day and a half on a little sloop, sitting on a rum barrel, if I could have as encouraging results as the past few days have afforded me.

### The Mexican Market

IN Mexican towns one of the first sights that greets the eye (and, it might be added, the nose) is the markets. One has said it was impossible to "do it justice in description; it must be seen, heard, felt, and even smelled to be understood." Nevertheless, I shall attempt its description.

All vegetables and fruits are sold here and not in stores, as in the United States. So, of necessity one must make an occasional visit to the market. A large shed has been

erected for the accommodation of the venders. Each has his stall in which to display his wares.

These people bring their goods early in the morning, and sometimes stay overnight so as to be able to make the first sales in the morning. Some have burros to carry their belongings, while others carry great loads of vegetables on their backs.

All manner of things are arrayed for sale: bananas of three or four varieties; pineapples, peanuts, tomatoes, and native fruits. I counted twenty-five varieties of beans, besides lentils and peas. These are the main articles of diet of the native son. They harvest the potatoes before they are full grown and so not many are larger than marbles.

The bread used most extensively is a biscuit, or *bolillo*. These are piled in large, shallow baskets, whose owner sits beside it calling out his prices in competition with a neighbor who possesses a voice just as loud.

Pineapples are sold for ten cents or so, gold; bananas, for one cent; and so it is with all their wares. By dividing their original price in half, one can purchase things very reasonably. An American is usually asked from two to four prices for everything.

A very important division of the market is that devoted to flesh. On seeing these one finds a feeling in one's heart of pity and loathing for the people who use the meat, and who know so little about, and seem to care less, what they eat. When an animal is slaugh-

tered, the only parts that escape burial in some one's stomach are the hoofs, horns, and some of the bones.

The flesh is kept hanging in the stalls until it acquires an odor peculiarly its own. I saw a heap of sheep heads lying in a corner. They were cooked and ready to be eaten. A dog was peacefully reclining by their side, while, within easy reach, overhead hung the carcass of another animal.

The restaurants in the market are interesting. The stoves are made of tin cans. A large earthenware bowl is placed over each stove, in which the beans are cooked. The foods include all manner of mixtures. Chili is put in everything, it is said, but coffee.

These places are on the cafeteria plan. One sees what one orders, but that gives little satisfaction. A laborer sits on a box if one can be found; if not, the earth always being near, he sits on that. For a few cents he can get a good meal. Another plan is that of selling tortillas and meat. If the person is desirous of any special kind, he may have it; but if not, he gets the usual kind. All parts of the animal usually considered as refuse are eaten in this manner. The odor of the frying carrion generally gives one a poor opinion of the market.

All this serves to show Mexico's great need of a gospel that will purify body as well as soul. To us whose privilege it is to understand health principles, these customs are repulsive. However, they are here to be met. I think Mexico in many respects is like Palestine was when Jesus was there.

He knows the Mexican people, and will enable his followers to give them the gospel.

HENRY F. BROWN.



THE MARKET RESTAURANT

### The Passing of President Diaz

[Diaz, like most men who have been long before the public eye, is recognized as not being perfect, though he is universally accorded credit for having done much for Mexico. He might have done more; and doubtless he should have refrained from doing many things that he did do. But we would not, because of these facts, fail to give due credit to him for his long and, in many respects, effective service. The following article from Elder Reaser is therefore opportune.]

WITH the resignation of Porfirio Diaz from the presidency of the republic of Mexico, one of the most notable public characters of recent times passed into private life, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

Probably no man now living has spent a life fuller of romance than he. He was born in extreme poverty, of half-Spanish, half-Indian parentage, and left fatherless at twelve years of age. While assisting his widowed mother in the support of the family, he became a shoemaker and gunsmith, obtained an education, and later became, in turn, lawyer, statesman, general, and president of the republic, which he had helped to rescue from Spanish and from French domination.

In forming a just estimate of the merits of his forty years or more of public service, at least three things must be taken into account: First, the mold in which he was cast from infancy by heredity and by environment; second, the race of people with whom he had



to deal,—their predominant Indian blood, and the blighting influence of the Catholic Church, which had degraded and morally enslaved them for three centuries; and, third, the political, industrial, and educational conditions in which he found Mexico when he came into power, as compared with the advancement made in these same things at the date of his retirement from office.

To write up these matters in detail would form a volume of thousands of pages. Space will permit only a few general statements.

As to the mold in which Diaz was cast, his native blood, combined with self-reliance induced by being thrown upon the world in early childhood, gave him strong will-power to surmount all obstacles, while his environment from the dawn of intelligence educated him to the idea of dealing with crime that evaded punishment by the civil courts, by military power; and that, though procedure in the civil courts should fail to bring criminals to justice, it was for the best interests of all the peace-loving people that crime should not go unpunished.

As to the people over whom he was destined to rule. The leadership of Spanish outlaws over the predominating Indian blood of the country, had produced a system of brigandage, which overran Mexico, perhaps without a parallel in any other land in recent times. The mountainous nature of the country, the lack of railways and a telegraph system, combined to make such a deplorable state of affairs possible. The result of this was a constant reign of terror. The destructive influence of the papal church left the masses of the people without education, and without any high sense of morality, or true ideas of citizenship; for bandits, murderers, thieves, gamblers, in fact, those persistently guilty of the entire category of crime, could be members of the Catholic Church and be recipients of its supposed benefits.

As to political conditions, in forming judgment of the Diaz administration, it is well to recall that during a period of fifty-nine years before he came into power, Mexico was ruled by fifty-two separate rulers,—an average of almost one for each year,—which fact does not indicate a commendable stability of government. "Only those who seriously knew the country in the old days can at all conceive of the change from the Mexico of a generation back to the Mexico of to-day." "Nowhere was travel more unsafe. By every country road, even into the very heart of cities, the bandits robbed and murdered."

During the Diaz administration, it is said by those well prepared to judge, that the reformation under his rule was "the wonder of the nineteenth century," and that life, property, and human rights became "more secure than in the United States."

The Diaz policy in dealing with brigands was this: When he came into power, he lacked a brave, well-drilled constabulary to maintain peace. In this state of affairs he issued a proclamation to all ladrones, or brigands, to the effect that, if they would come in

and join the national police, he would provide them with firearms, uniforms, and horses, and pay them good salaries. A large number being bandits more from education than from choice, availed themselves of this offer. A second proclamation was issued, extending the offer to others who were still living from the fruits of brigandage. This second proclamation had a time limit and a penalty clause attached, which declared that those who refused to come in would forfeit their lives, if they still persisted in following brigandage.

This unique plan provided the Diaz government with the bravest and most expert mounted police that it was possible to secure, and out of it has grown, in a single generation, Mexico's honored constabulary, popularly known as the *rurales*. These were employed to execute swift punishment on those who still persisted in perpetuating "the reign of terror."

Whenever there were repeated robberies in any locality, the decision of the Diaz military court would



MEXICAN WOMAN MAKING "TORTILLERA"

always despatch the *rurales* thither to suppress them. This suppression was, per force of circumstances, an execution, without trial, of those known either to be guilty or to be in secret connivance with the actual robbers and murderers; for it was the same problem to punish the guilty by procedure in the civil courts as that with which Italy has had to deal in her dreaded Camorra, or black hand society,—it was impossible to find witnesses who dared to testify against the brigands.

While Diaz is criticized for maintaining a military tribunal in time of peace, yet, security of life and property being the paramount benefits to be derived from government, when state and county (or *distrito*) courts were futile to give protection to these, can he be justly criticized for the maintenance of his military court?

To show the wholesome effect of the Diaz policy on one point, a single instance will suffice. The writer has an acquaintance who for years was paymaster of a railway construction company that built a line through a portion of the country (from Guadalajara to Colima) which was so notorious for brigands before the Diaz administration that no foreigner was permitted to travel between these two cities without an escort of fifty soldiers. In making the regular trips to pay the men engaged in construction work, this gen-



tleman would load from twenty-two thousand to sixty-five thousand dollars upon the backs of donkeys, and with only his burro drivers as escort, make the trip, requiring several days' time, and was never molested.

The rigorous policy of the early administration of Diaz was somewhat relaxed later, and there was a corresponding increase of crime.

Some one will be inclined to ask, "What about the reported slavery conditions in Mexico?" Suffice it to say, that while doubtless the peon or working class in general and certain local tribes of Indians in particular have suffered wrongs and abuses, yet it is manifestly impossible for one man or one administration to correct all wrongs or all abuses inflicted by capital. Many of the so-called slaves were considered by the government officials as outlaw Indians, and then, too, with the peon class, their improvidence, combined with utter disregard of moral obligation to pay indebtedness incurred by the advance of food from their employers, seemed to demand a system of compulsory labor to satisfy their obligations.

The United States, just closing the one hundred thirty-fifth year of its national existence, has as its greatest problem, ever increasing in magnitude, the adjustment of the vital conflict between labor and capital, which, always smoldering, frequently breaks out in strikes, characterized by dynamiting and the mob spirit, which often approach the magnitude of civil wars.

Undoubtedly Diaz has been unwisely influenced by capitalists, some of whom were attached to his cabinet, in order to have the benefit of their talent in managing the national finances. Personally Diaz bears the reputation among his own people of being kind and generous to the poor.

It is doubtless true that up to the last election he desired to continue in office. He constantly asserted that his only reason was the good of his country. Although his motive may be questioned, yet the continued peace and material progress of the republic under his administration, brought greater good to Mexico than it had enjoyed in all its previous history. Doubtless Diaz was a dictator, but better a dictator who preserves peace and religious liberty than the long reign of insecurity and religious persecution before Mexico had her Diaz.

While it may be true that, on account of lifelong education and fixity of ideas incident to advanced years, Diaz, the aged, could not adapt himself to conditions which should prevail in a true republican form of government, yet he always insisted that it was his ardent desire to see such a government set in operation as the people themselves were ready to use without abusing it.

Diaz must always be honored by Protestants for giving to them as full rights and as perfect protection as to Catholics.

If Madero is duly elected to the presidency, can he fulfil the promise made to his soldiers of "good times, good wages, and the ballot in the hands of all"? And if not, will there be contentment under his administration?

Protestants fear that their freedom will be greatly restricted if the ballot is placed in the hands of the priest-ruled masses.

In weighing the Diaz administration, it is amply worth our attention to observe that whereas in the beginning, he found his country in a very crude and chaotic condition, when he retired from office after thirty-two years of service, in addition to the ad-

vancement already noted, the following conditions obtained: There were nearly seventeen thousand schools, maintained at government expense, besides many private schools and colleges. Primary education was compulsory. In the city of Mexico the federal government maintains the following institutions: An academy of fine arts, a school of civil engineering, a school of medicine, a law school, an academy of commerce, an academy of arts and trades, a conservatory of music, a military college, a school of mines, two normal schools, schools for deaf, dumb, and blind. In addition to these the various states maintain numerous schools. There are seventy-two public libraries in the country. The National Library at the capital contains 265,000 volumes.

The republic has over seven thousand miles of railway. It has woolen, cotton, and sugar mills; electric, street-cars, telegraph and telephone systems, and many other modern industries. It has banks which have proved to be much more stable and secure than the average banking institutions in the United States. The only banks that have failed in Mexico of late were operated by citizens of the United States. While the writer has no desire to extol Diaz, or, where he is at fault, to exonerate him, yet from the fact that, with his forced resignation, popular opinion, always fluctuating, may overlook the benefits of his service to his country, and unfairly denounce him, these lines are written.

It is not beyond the limit of possibility that the people of Mexico may yet take a backward look and appreciate the service of one of her greatest sons—Porfirio Diaz. At any rate, we who have a special message to proclaim to the world, should have a due sense of gratitude that the threefold message has had free access to all parts of the Mexican republic during his administration.

Let us express the hope that the next administration will be as favorable for the advancement of our work as has been the one on which the curtain dropped with the resignation of General Diaz.

G. W. REASER.

### Jesus, the Divine One

JESUS lived a sinless life. There was "no fault in him," no moral defect, no spot of blame, no "freckle of the flesh." He was good incarnated, the race's moral climax, its one God-touched man, the "crystal in Christ." In integrity of soul he stands solitary and alone. History affords no compeer. There have been other great men, but the most transcendent among them were sometimes strangely weak. None lived unblemished. The taint of sin is about the garments of all. The marks of the tumultuous passions of the flesh are upon them all.

But here is one who lived and died without the taint of wrong, one against whose moral worth no rumor, tattled even by an enemy, can be found.

And yet he knew temptation, knew it in all its corrupting power, its fascinating wiles; knew it even as the troubled, passion-strained souls of mortals have never known it; knew it in the solitudes of the wilderness, in the streets of the city, on the mountain-top, and in the market-place; knew it in the silent watches of the night, in that mysterious struggle in Gethsemane; knew it in trial and scourge; knew it on all the pathway from manger-birth to Calvary-exit.

And through it all he kept his moral integrity, and lived and died without sin; lived and died sinless



and blameless, not by divine exemption, as men have sometimes thought, but by his own moral decision, through the well-set purpose of his own inflexible soul, because his personality was greater than his environment. Where we creep back maimed and wounded, and sometimes spiritually dead, he returned with the light of triumph in his eyes and a look of exalted beauty upon his face. His antagonism to temptation was so intense and pauseless that for him there was no "fatal moment." He taught the race a new truth, the great triumphant fact that there can be temptation with integrity, and provocation without sin.

#### Summary

And so we have him, a Galilean carpenter;  
Not a physician, but the master of all human ills;  
Not a lawyer, but the expounder of the elemental principles of all law;  
Not an author, but the inspirer of the living literature of the world;  
Not an orator, but the interpreter of the universal human heart;  
Not a poet or musician, but the soul and inspiration of all song and of all music;  
Not an artist, but the unfailing light of the great masters, old and new;  
Not an architect, but the soul transformer and character-builder of all time;

Not a statesman, but the state and institution founder of the race.

And, more wonderful than all, a man *blameless and unscarred by sin or taint of wrong.*

#### Conclusion

Before a mind like that, in the presence of such amazing intellectual powers and a character so faultless, I am awed and humbled into humility.

Face to face with this lowly born but transcendent and omniscient Jew, I find in him enough of the marvelous and inexplicable to convince me of itself of his superhumanness and divinity.

And when I contemplate the admitted facts of his wondrous life; his death on the cross at three and thirty; the effects of his brief ministry and the results of his work, so vast, so far-reaching, and so abiding; and consider his all-pervasive and omniscient personality, my exultant soul slips its agnostic bonds, leaps the shrinking chasm of its doubt, breaks through every hindering quibble, falls at his nail-pierced feet, and in glad recognition cries out its joy, "My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!"

He was not a man. He is Deity itself, God made manifest.—*Hon. Frank Hanley, Ex-Governor of Indiana, in Christian Endeavor World.*

"A BRAVE man may fail, but can not yield."

## The Apostles' Boldness

"When they beheld the boldness of Peter and John. . . they marveled."—Acts 4: 13.



WE have accomplished something when we make the world wonder. To break up its frigid indifference, to shake it out of its customary drowsiness, to startle it into an open-eyed surprise, is to begin a ministry which may issue in fruitful worship. Wonder may occasion curiosity, curiosity is frequently the mother of reverence, reverence is the secret of devotion. When we have elicited men's wonder, we have taken the first step in making them pray. What was it which excited the world's wonder? "When they beheld the *boldness* of Peter and John." That is a very wealthy word, a word not suggestive of any one particular element, but of a whole treasury of spiritual content. It means presence of mind. It means freedom of speech. It means outspokenness almost to the point of bluntness. The men whom the world was contemplating, had nothing about them of the panic-stricken. Their words were not stammered in fearful uncertainty. They did not indulge in weak and mincing ambiguities. They did not hide the strength of their testimony in the courtier's finesse. The outlines of their character and confession were not dim and broken, like the lineaments of some hazy moor; they stood out, clear and decisive, like the carved sky-line of a mountain range, or like the rocky headlands of a bold and well-defined coast. "When they beheld the *boldness*, . . . they marveled."

This boldness was a phenomenon. They could not fit it into any of the current explanations. It was clear that it was not the product of the schools. It was not the fruit of culture. They "perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men." "Unlearned!" Yes, that was most evident. Even their dress gave evidence of their illiteracy. They lacked

the academic gown. They did not wear the imposing robe of the scribe. Why, even in their very attire, the contrast between them and the rabbi was something like the contrast between a Cromer fisherman and an Oxford don! "Unlearned!" Certainly; their accent betrayed them. The roughness of the provincial dialect still clung to their untutored tongues. They lacked the gloss and finish of the schools. "Unlearned!" Certainly, the very subjects and emphases of rabbinical learning found no place in their speech. But more than "unlearned," they were "ignorant" men. The original word which lies behind this term "ignorant" is our English word idiots. I do not say that it has the intensity of meaning which attaches to the word to-day, but even in that earlier day it had acquired the trend which has landed it in its present application. "Ignorant," as here employed, means a silly person, a mere layman as opposed to a ranked official, a quack as compared with a skilled physician. They could not fit these men anywhere into the hierarchy of official teachers, and so they relegated them to the ranks of the unrecognized, the mere quacks, and labeled them "unlearned and ignorant men." And yet here the men stood, with fine spiritual serenity, with an unshaken strength of assurance, with a firm definiteness of thought, with an unwonted precision of speech, and a magnificent irresistibility of life.—*J. H. Jowett, in the "Transfigured Church."*

#### One Little Hour

ONE little hour for watching with the Master,  
Eternal years to walk with him in white;  
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,  
Eternal years to reign with him in light.  
Then, souls, be brave, and watch until the morrow.  
Awake! arise! your lamps of purpose trim;  
Your Saviour speaks across the night of sorrow;  
Can ye not watch one little hour with him?

—*Jessie H. Brown.*





### Thy Choice

A FEW short years, which pass like weaver's shuttle,  
Of seeking pleasure in a world of pain;  
A few dear friends, whose love gives satisfaction;  
A few adventures with a little gain;

A little gold, a diamond, and a ruby;  
A house men call a mansion, and a store  
Of earthly treasure other men may covet,—  
Is *this* man's portion? Is there nothing more?

A son of God, the soul of man can never  
With earth's most precious gifts be satisfied.  
He reaches out for something far beyond him,  
Something eternal, which will e'er abide.

'Tis God himself for which the soul is longing.  
'Tis freedom from himself man craves for so;  
'Tis righteousness of heart and things eternal;  
'Tis freedom from sin bondage here below.

Be wise, O soul of mine, thine is the choosing.  
Whether eternal treasure thine shall be  
Or things of earth which perish with the using,  
Thy choice endures to all eternity.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

### Friendly Words



THE heavy door flew back, striking with great force a frail little woman with a heavy basket on her arm. A cry of surprise and pain escaped her lips. She tried to adjust her hat; but the moment she raised her arm, she grew very white and sat down on the tiled floor. The girls hurrying from the elevator found her there. Her wrist was broken. She could hardly bear the news when they told her.

"It isn't the pain," she said, "I could bear that. It is my work. How can I do it! Sweeping and washing can't be done with one hand. There are three grandchildren, all little ones. Their mother died last summer." She covered her face for a moment and cried, then added pathetically, "Ye see, I'm not as young as I used to be, and the door is pretty heavy. I thought he saw me, and he'd probably hold it open for me, but he never once looked behind him."

Then the physician came, and the girls helped the old lady into his machine that he might take her home—home to the three little children dependent upon her; home, with her means of support gone for some weeks at least; home to the pain and suffering which she must endure in the night as she worried about food, coal, and clothing. Old and needing protection and love, she was left without either, and her heavy burdens made heavier because a stalwart young man "never once looked behind him."

"He never does look behind him," said one of the girls as the machine drove away. "He just rushes through a door with never a thought of any other person in all the world."

The fact that the young man could rush through the door without a glance behind revealed something of his past as well as his present. If he had been the

true gentleman his appearance would at first lead one to suppose him, he would have almost unconsciously glanced behind as he rushed through the door. But his act revealed the customary thoughtlessness. "Habit told tales on him."

I saw a young man of his type last Sunday afternoon. He sat in the comfortable Morris chair in the living-room while his mother's sister, nearly seventy years old and lame, sat on the edge of the couch. Her feet did not reach the floor, and there was nothing against which she could lean. She looked exceedingly uncomfortable. But it never occurred to him to give her the chair. His mother often suggests to him the courteous thing he ought to do, and then he does it, rather reluctantly. But *he* does not think about it because one thing fills his mind, one object blinds his eye—*himself*. He is so large that all else is hidden. When he is twenty-five, he will be the type of man who, because of neatness of dress and general look of prosperity, is sometimes called a gentleman but who is really sadly lacking in the real qualities of a gentleman. He will be the type of man who elbows his way through a crowd, caring nothing for those pushed aside if he may but board the trolley he desires. People must get out of his way! He does not mean to be boorish in manner, but he simply can not think of others.

He rushes through the door of the great office building; "never once looking behind" where he has left the trembling little old woman, with her broken wrist and her heavy burden.

How different he was from that young Irishman who stood on the sidewalk of the crowded street with his chum one afternoon! As he was about to cross the street, standing near he saw a frightened old lady with her arms full of parcels. Once or twice she tried to get courage to cross, but each time stepped hurriedly back to the curb. Then the young Irishman spoke. "Here," he said, "gimme yer bundles. There! That's it. Now across wid ye. I'm right beside ye!" and he hurried her in safety to the other side, placed the parcels in her arms and said good-by. His chum following behind, said as he joined him, "Was that yer mither, Jim?"

"Sure, it was," he answered. "Ivery auld woman afraid ter cross the street is me mither."

He was a gentleman. He was, in spite of many things that were lacking. He had room in his world for some one besides himself. He often "looked behind;" his eyes were quick to see distress. He was made of that stuff of which the knights of King Arthur were made.

It is possible for that spirit to be in the heart of every fine, strong young man. It will make him a real gentleman and people will recognize him as such, both when he is most carefully dressed, when he uses good English and is charming in manner, and when he is simply clad, speaks in English not perfect, and is awkward in manner.

The most interesting thing about the young man in the office building who "never once looked behind him," is that he told me the story himself. "I shall never get over it," he said. "It was a lesson to me; perhaps it may be to some other young fellow."

Two whole weeks passed before he knew what he had done, then one of the girls in the office who had seen the accident told him about it.

"Something ought to be done for the poor thing," she said. "I have no way of helping her, but the doctor tells me that things are pretty hard. Her



money is going fast, she suffers dreadfully, one of the children is sick, and she worries constantly for fear she will lose her work."

"I did not know how to answer her," he said. "It seemed dreadful to me that my carelessness had caused all this suffering. Next morning I got the doctor to take me down. Help was certainly needed; and to make a long story short, I gave it, the best I could. In three months she was well and a friend found her easier work. She is getting on well, but I 'look behind' now," he said, smiling, "and I hold the door open, too. There are a few other things I'm learning to do. Perhaps I'll be the *real thing* after a while."

I am sure he will be. I love to think of the thousands of boys who are learning what "the real thing" is.

After all, the real gentleman and the truly courteous woman are those who think of self *last*. That is hard to do, but those who have learned to do it are admired and loved wherever they are.—*Margaret Slatery, in the Wellspring.*

### When We Won't Hear

MISS SLATTERY at Northfield, told of hearing an older sister calling to the little sister, who had her hands over her ears. The older girl called louder and louder. Finally the little girl shouted: "Don't call any louder, I can't hear you anyway." Is not this the way we often treat God? We make up our minds we will not obey, no matter how long and how loud he may call us.—*Sunday School Times.*

### When Really Surrendered

A PERSONAL friend asked Wendell Phillips not long before his death, "Mr. Phillips, did you ever consecrate yourself to God?" "Yes," he answered, "when I was a boy, fourteen years of age, in the old church at the North End, I heard Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, 'You belong to God,' and I went home after that service, threw myself on the floor in my room, with locked doors, and prayed, 'O God, I belong to thee; take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no temptation over me; whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.' From that day to this it has been so."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

### The Easy Chair

A WOMAN in humble circumstances, the mother of four children, was suddenly bereft of her husband. She took up her burden with calmness and patience, toiling early and late that her children might obtain an education. A friend said to her one day, "Do you never get tired or discouraged?" "O, yes!" was the reply, "quite often, but when I think I can go no farther, or do no more, I go and rest in my easy chair." "Easy chair?" said her friend, looking around the bare room. "Yes," said the woman, "would you like to see it? Come with me." She led her into a small, scantily furnished bedroom, and, taking her by the hand, knelt by the bedside, and the toil-worn, burdened woman prayed as if she were face to face with God. Rising, she said, "Now I feel rested, and am ready for work again. Prayer is my easy chair." There is no home so low or humble, no life so bare or destitute, but can have the easy chair of prayer.—*Record of Christian Work.*



### The Neighborly Stars

I HAVE not studied much on stars,  
Know nothing of the Dipper's ways;  
Am ignorant of things on Mars,  
Or whether life on Saturn pays.

Old Jupiter I know by sight;  
And brilliant Madam Venus, too,  
I recognize when in the night  
Her beauty looms up in the blue.

But Ursa Major, he may be,  
For ought I know or care,  
A very bright and heavenly  
Sort of celestial Teddy-bear.

But they know *me* when I pass by,  
At least that's what I like to think;  
For every time they catch my eye,  
There isn't one that doesn't wink.

CARLYLE SMITH.

### This Year's Pest

THE seventeen-year locusts are with us, though they are still in the grub state. They will do great damage before they finish with us, but in our hour of trial let us reflect how much better off we are than our South American rivals, the Argentinos, and be reconciled. Argentine "hoppers" have been known to hold up railway traffic; one writer says that when they are in motion, they cast a thick shadow. Thousands of dollars are spent annually in the battle against them, and they are driven by beaters into trenches, where they are buried, somewhat as rabbits are driven by the Australian beaters. They are not only a pest, but they are an unwholesome food for poultry, to whose eggs they impart a disagreeably fishy taste. And the Argentinos must cope with their hoppers every year—not once in seventeen.—*The Independent.*

### Summer Care of House Plants

If house plants are put outdoors during the summer, where they can get fresh air and have the rain, they will be in much better condition in the fall to withstand the trying conditions of house culture than if they are kept indoors all summer. This rule applies to palms, ferns, and rubber plants, as well as to geraniums and coleuses.

House plants must not be put out in the blazing sun, however, for that would burn the leaves and make unsightly brown spots; leaves of house-grown plants are too tender for such treatment. The best place is in the back yard where the sun shines, but they should be placed under a screen. The most useful screen is one made from laths, nailed to a frame in such a way that the spaces between them are of the same width as the laths.

If such a place is not available, put the plants where they will be shaded from the midday sun, but where they can get the early morning and late afternoon sun, when it is not strong and is not likely to cause injury.

Bury the pots to the rims in the soil or in coal ashes. This will prevent the evaporation of water through the sides of the pots, and enable you to keep an even moisture in the soil without frequent watering. Unless you bury the pots—or "plunge" them, as it is called—you will need on very hot days to water



twice; but if you bury them, you will never need to water more than once a day, and sometimes, if the weather is right, you need not water for two or three days together.

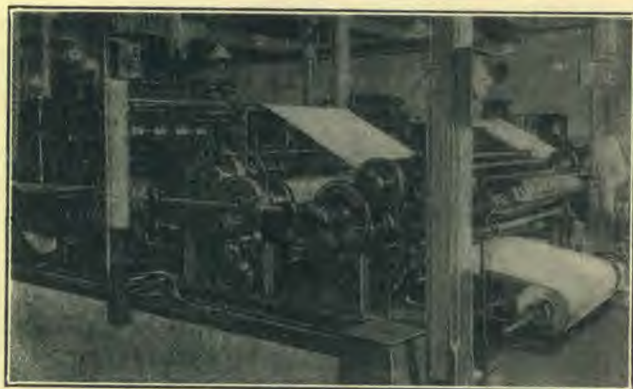
Turn the pots round once a week to prevent the plants from rooting into the soil.

If there is not space outdoors to sink the pots, and the piazza is more or less shaded, plunge the pots of the palms and other decorative plants into porch boxes, filling the spaces between the pots with good soil. To make the porch boxes more attractive, sow seeds of nasturtiums or morning-glories; or, if the porch is heavily shaded, use pansies or trailing periwinkle.

When the plants are outdoors, syringe the leaves frequently with water to remove any dust that may collect, so that the breathing pores will not become obstructed.—*Selected.*

### Print Four Million Postal Cards a Day

THE latest, and certainly one of the most interesting, additions to Uncle Sam's category of automatic marvels is found in two monster presses costing \$36,000,



PRESS WHICH TURNS OUT POSTAL CARDS BY  
THE MILLION

recently installed at the Government Printing-Office at Washington, for printing postal cards. These presses were designed and constructed for this work, and rank as the fastest presses of the kind in the world. Each is capable of turning out 2,200,000 complete postal cards in an eight-hour working day, and under ordinary operating conditions they average 1,800,000 cards a day,—the two presses now turning out between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 cards a day,—six days a week, this output being required to keep pace with the correspondence of the American people.

Under the old conditions, all postal cards were printed on flatbed presses, and afterward the sheets were cut up into individual cards on a separate machine. With the new cylinder presses, the cards are printed at the rate of ninety-six to each revolution of the press, and the cutting, trimming, and counting of the cards is included in the work performed, thus reducing the labor cost about fifty per cent. Within six months the government expects to have in operation a supplementary machine which will apportion the postal cards in packages, a work which now requires the services of a dozen young women.

The special paper for the cards is fed to the presses in the form of rolls, each weighing 1,200 pounds and containing material for 225,000 cards. Postal cards turned out by the new presses are put up in packages containing 10,000 cards each. A surplus stock of 70,000,000 postal cards is kept on hand at all times in a reserve vault.—*Popular Mechanics.*

### Great Responsibility

FIVE young Americans sailed recently to undertake in the Old World the solution of a problem of the first order—the reorganization of the fiscal system of the ancient but newly awakened Persian empire, with the object of placing it on a self-sufficient and independent basis financially. The men are W. M. Shuster, F. S. Cairns, Charles I. McCaskey, Ralph W. Hills, and Bruce C. Dickey. They have all gained their experience in United States government positions and in the commercial world of America, and they were chosen by the Persian authorities only after a most careful consideration of their abilities.

The United States has, on a number of occasions, sent experts to other countries to assist with counsel and advice in the solution of difficult problems of finance and administration, and almost invariably they have given eminent satisfaction to the countries employing them.—*Young People's Weekly.*

### The Heart's Need

"A FRIEND in need," my neighbor said to me,  
"A friend indeed is what I mean to be:  
In time of trouble I'll come to you,  
And in the hour of need you'll find me true."

I thought a bit, and took him by the hand.  
"My friend," said I, "you do not understand  
The inner meaning of that simple rhyme;  
A friend is what the heart needs all the time."

—*Henry van Dyke.*

### New York and Colorado Connected by Telephone

THE largest telephone circuit in the world is between New York City and Denver, Colorado, a distance of two thousand thirty miles. The circuit represents an investment of more than two million dollars.

"Scientific wonders reach their climax in the new line. With the two circuits of four copper wires, it is possible not only to carry on four telephone conversations at the same time between the two cities named, but as many as seventy-two telegraph messages may be sent over the circuit simultaneously with the conversations.

"The cost of using the line is somewhat expensive. For the first three minutes of conversation between Denver and New York the charge will be \$11.25, and \$3.75 for each additional minute. It is expected that within the next sixteen months the through circuits will be completed to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and it will then be possible to talk from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, at a cost of about twenty-five dollars for the first three minutes of conversation."



STUDENTS AT SOUTH LANCASTER ACADEMY THIS  
YEAR FROM MAINE





## It Doesn't Matter

R. W. MUNSON

How oft we hear some laddie say,  
"Don't care! it doesn't matter!"  
As on he rushes in his play,  
With endless noise and clatter.

And when he somewhat older grows,  
And has to go to school,  
He takes it very jauntily  
When master calls him, "Fool!"

For lessons are a "jolly task,"  
Which he thinks only patter;  
And never shall they trouble him,  
Because it doesn't matter.

His boots are dirty, hair unkempt:  
He looks a very ratter;  
His clothes are baggy, never fit,  
But then, it doesn't matter.

He's older now, and gone to work;  
He wants to be a hatter;  
But far too glibly he can say,  
"O well! it doesn't matter."

A costly silk has just been spoiled  
By careless work and batter;  
So now his master's caning him—  
Because "it doesn't matter."

He's lost his job in one short week;  
He's hungry, though not fatter.  
But then, you know, it must be right—  
He says, "It doesn't matter."

He's tried his hand at many trades;  
His knowledge is but smatter;  
And so he finds when it's too late  
That really it does matter.

His parents weep, and think of him  
As clad in rags and tatter,  
And break their very hearts for grief  
Because it didn't matter.

He's dead and gone, there's one stick  
less;  
He's neither "late" nor latter;  
He fills a nameless, weed-grown grave:  
Men say, "It doesn't matter."

Then learn in youth to concentrate,  
And don't be one who scatters.  
Be thorough, careful, tidy, neat,  
For very much it matters.  
*Batavia, Java.*

## The Blind Girl



FIFTEEN minutes ahead of time," muttered Lois, frowning as she glanced out the car window at the big clock they were passing.  
"Our clock must have been fast. Pshaw, there's so much I could have done in those fifteen minutes at home! The office won't be open yet. I'll just have to put in the extra time somehow."

With a deeply exasperated look she picked up one of the letters which lay in her lap; but, even while she scanned the thin, closely written pages, her expression did not brighten. In fact; the two little perpendicular lines which cut through her forehead only deepened, and other discontented lines made themselves visible about her mouth.

With a sigh she finished the foreign-looking letter and picked up another one. This, too, was closely written, in a girlish hand. It consumed many sheets and looked most inviting, but it failed to bring any light into Lois's face.

She turned and looked out the window, but her eyes took in none of the scenes in the street as the car sped rapidly on its way.

"Different from any of the other girls," she was thinking discontentedly. "There's Blanche traveling in Europe with her aunt, seeing all those glorious sights; and there's Rhoda at college learning something worth while and fitting herself to take some kind of distinguished place in the world, besides having all that fun; while here I am going down early in the morning day after day, whether I feel like it or not, to spend my days in a stuffy office, shut in from all the fun that other girls have——"

Lois had reached that stage of self-pity where a tear actually trickled down her rosy cheek and fell on the thin, foreign-looking letter in her lap. She brushed her cheek hastily, and moved up to make room for a girl who had just entered.

Engrossed in her own troubles, Lois scarcely thought of the girl who sat down rather hesitatingly beside her, but one quick glance showed that she looked ill. Her face was white and thin, but Lois, absorbed in her own

affairs as she was, could not help wondering at the radiant light which seemed to transfuse the white face. It puzzled her.

Picking up the letter from her chum at college, Lois read again of the merry times Rhoda was having. She was still reading when the conductor called out, "Sixteenth Street."

Jumping up and dropping the letter into her bag, she prepared to leave the car. The pale girl beside her rose also, in the same hesitating way that Lois had noticed when she came into the car. Lois saw then that she had a heavy suit case and that she staggered a little under its weight.

"Let me help you," she said quickly, picking up the suit case and taking hold of the girl's arm as she stepped from the car.

"Thank you," said the girl gratefully, turning her pale, sweet face toward Lois.

They made their way to the street corner. Lois noticed how strangely, almost confidently, the girl clung to her arm.

"Are you ill?" she asked. Then, as the truth flashed upon her, she exclaimed, "You are blind!"

"Yes," smiled the other, "I am glad people don't always know it by looking at me. That's one of my blessings, I say."

Lois looked into the large bright-blue eyes which appeared to see, but which on close scrutiny revealed their impotency.

"Do you see anything of a short, stout woman in a brown suit?" asked the girl.

Lois's eyes quickly scanned the street.

"No, I do not," she answered.

A shade of anxiety crossed the face of the blind girl.

"I expected my mother to meet me here. Something must have delayed her. I can't get along very well by myself. I shall have to stand here and wait for her. She'll be sure to come or to send some one, for she knew I was coming in on this car."

"I can wait with you for a few minutes," volunteered Lois, glad now that her clock had been wrong and that she had the fifteen minutes to give to the blind girl.



"O, will you? How kind you are!" The look of relief which crossed her face more than repaid Lois.

"I am living out at the school for the blind, and am going home to stay over Sunday," she explained to Lois. "They put me on the car there and mother always meets me at this corner, so I don't have to go by myself."

"Have you always been blind?" asked Lois.

"Yes," smiled the other, "all my life. I know I miss a great deal, but I have so much to be thankful for that I feel as if I never should complain. It is such a privilege to be at the school for the blind. You'd be surprised to know all the things we learn and all the things we do—almost as much as folks who can see," she added proudly.

"I'm learning to cane chairs, and you know people earn quite a good living at that. Perhaps even I can earn money some day, and then mother and I can have a home somewhere. I would be the happiest girl in the world if I could only earn money and help mother, and we could have our home," she said earnestly. "Mother has to work so hard now and she has only one room, but we are very happy when I go home for over Sunday. It is so good to be together. Have you a mother?"

"Yes," answered Lois, with a quick thought of gratitude for the cozy home where mother was so happy and where Lois was able to give her so many pleasures and do so much for her out of the money she earned. She was thankful, only—she had forgotten.

"Tell me about yourself. You know I can't see people, and so when I make new friends,—somehow I feel that you are a friend,—I always want them to tell me about themselves."

Lois gave a slightly embarrassed laugh, and replied:—

"I don't know how I can describe myself very well; I'm a girl about your age, I should judge, and I work all day in an office —"

"O!" The blind girl's face took on an expression of rapt awe. "Do you? How grand it must be to be able to go back and forth all by yourself every day and work, and be earning lots of money and feel that you are of some use in the world. O, I can't help envying girls who can go out in the world and accomplish something—but maybe I can, too, after a while," she added hopefully.

Lois felt another thrill of thankfulness. She realized as never before what a blessing it was to be able "to go back and forth and work."

"And to think you can see everything," murmured the blind girl. "Now do you mind telling me just how it looks here? When I am out with mother she always describes the places we are passing, and then I imagine I can see."

As graphically as she could, Lois described the busy street corner where they stood, the tall office buildings, the attractive store windows, the passing throng.

They were interrupted by a breathless little woman

who ran up to them and took the blind girl in her arms.

"Dear!" she said, "did you think I wasn't coming? The cars were blocked and I couldn't get here before."

The blind girl's face shone with gladness as she put her arm around the little woman's shoulders. "This is my mother," she said, turning to Lois.

"It is just another evidence of God's care," said the little woman softly to Lois. "He always sends us just the person we need at the right moment. And you were here to take care of my little blind girl. I do thank you."

"O, it was nothing!" protested Lois.

"You will be my friend, won't you?" asked the blind girl. "Won't you come out to the school to see me some time? My name is Elizabeth Blythe, but every one calls me Betty. Do come out and see me some afternoon, and I'll take you over the school and show you all the things we do."

"Yes, I will," answered Lois. "And now I must go. I am very glad I met you, and you have done me more good than I could have done you."

She shook hands with the girl and her mother, and hurried off in the direction of the office.

The little lines on her forehead had disappeared, the discontented marks about her mouth were no longer visible. It seemed as if she had caught some of the radiance from the blind girl's face.

All day long in the office her employer and her fellow workers wondered what had made such a change in Miss Morris. She had been so discontented and grumpy of late that it had almost affected her reputation for efficiency, but now she was happy, smiling, eager, and obliging. Her work was done in an earnest, faithful way as if she enjoyed it. They all rejoiced in the change.

To herself Lois was saying, as she went happily about her work for the day, and at night as she turned her steps toward the cozy home where the dear mother was waiting for her: "It was I who was blind, and now my eyes have been opened. How thankful I am that I met that girl!"—*Anne Guilbert Mahon, in the Wellspring.*



I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—*Dickens.*

### Dog Gives Life for Child

ON West Main Street a mongrel dog gave a remarkable exhibition of canine intelligence and heroism by sacrificing his own life to save Jennie Schwartz, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Schwartz.

The child was playing in the road in front of her home, and the dog, said to belong to Charles Murdock, a road-house keeper, was resting on the sidewalk, watching her. Suddenly a big automobile approached at high speed. The chauffeur did not see the girl playing in the roadway, but the dog seemed to realize instantly the danger to his little playmate, and dashing at her, with his nose he shoved her out of the track of the oncoming car. He was just in time to save her life,



but not his own, for the off wheel of the machine passed over his body, crushing out his life instantly.

The sagacity of the dog in pushing the child out of danger, instead of tugging at her skirts, impressed the onlookers as remarkable.

Little Jennie, who escaped without a scratch, ran to her mother, exclaiming, "Doggie pushed me and was tilled by toot toot." Mrs. Schwartz took the dog's body from the roadway later in the afternoon and helped Jennie bury him on the shore of Patchogue Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz said they would mark the spot with a memorial to the dog that gave his life to save their child.—*New York Herald*.

### Loose-Leaf Note-Books

THE advantage of a loose-leaf note-book is that you do not have to carry around an unnecessary supply of blank paper. You can remove any sheet that may have upon it notes or information that has become antiquated, or, if you do not wish to carry the entire book, you can take out such page or pages as you desire and again replace them. You can reclassify your pages at will. These are a few of the many advantages found in a loose-leaf note-book, such as can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

Most good stationers in large cities carry Irving Pitts Students' note-books, which may be purchased for prices varying from forty-five cents and up. Style No. 9085 is  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, has board cover,



is bound with black cloth, contains two patent rings and eighty sheets of ruled paper. The latter can be replenished at the rate of ten cents for each filler, or eighty sheets.

The leather covers are more durable, consequently more expensive. Stiff index sheets that will fit any of their styles can be purchased at a nominal price.

If the expense of these books is beyond the reach of any of the readers desiring to follow this method, a very good substitute may be provided by punching two holes inside of such paper as you wish to use and fastening them together with patent rings, which can be purchased for five cents each in the stationery stores of our large cities.

If the above-mentioned supplies can not be readily obtained, address the writer at Glendale, Cal., adding eight cents for postage on cover and filler or five cents for filler only.

D. D. FITCH.

I FIND it is impossible to avoid offending guilty men; for there is no way of avoiding it but by our silence or their patience; and silent we can not be, because of God's commands, and patient they can not be, because of their guilt.—*Martin Luther*.

To acknowledge you were wrong yesterday was but to let the world know that you are wiser to-day than you were then.—*Lord Mansfield*.



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, July 15

#### Missionary Volunteer Methods, No. 11 — Educational Phase of Missionary Volunteer Work

LEADER'S NOTE.—The paper on the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses should bring out what these courses mean to the young people. It would be well for the member having the topic on Standard of Attainment to secure a list of old examination questions, and read some of them to give a clearer idea of what is meant. These may be obtained by dropping a card to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C. The time for the next Standard of Attainment examination is September. How many in your society will take the test? The five-minute paper on "How Do You Treat Your Friend?" should be an appeal for more careful reading of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. The INSTRUCTOR for February 7 contained an excellent article on this paper. "Why, What, How, and When?" should be an eight-minute paper on reading. Let "Why" be merely a brief introduction. Mention our own publications among the books and papers that should be read. No. 2 of Missionary Volunteer series gives a list of books worth reading. Suggest definite methods, and test them; show that note-books are needful. Emphasize the use of spare moments. If you have no Educational secretary, be prepared to elect one at this meeting. "Christ's Object Lessons," page 334, contains a good thought on to-day's program. The following resolution was passed at the last General Conference:—

"Recognizing the importance of our youth being thoroughly grounded in the truths of the Scriptures, and in the history and principles of the advent movement; and recognizing the necessity of our young people storing their minds with valuable information,—

"Resolved, That we heartily approve of the Standard of Attainment, Missionary Volunteer Reading Course, the preparation and selection of suitable literature for the young, and other educational features of the Missionary Volunteer work."

#### Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses (short paper). See M. V. Series, No. 29.

Standard of Attainment. See M. V. Series, No. 21.

How Do You Treat Your Friend? (five-minute paper).

Why, What, How, and When? (eight-minute paper).

Report of work.

#### Morning Watch Illustration: Works Can Not Save

"I handled a queer five-dollar bill the other day. It had done a heap of good,—paid the widow's rent, bought food for the hungry, squared up three or four accounts, made a church treasurer happy when he found it on the plate, and made the sexton happier when his back salary was paid by it; but in due course of time it came back to the bank whose name it bore, and lo! the teller threw it out. 'What's wrong?' asked the depositor. 'Counterfeit,' said the teller. All its good deeds had not made it pass the bank where its real character was discovered."

#### Books Young People Should Read

"Florence Nightingale: the Wounded Soldier's Friend,"  
by Eliza F. Pollard

IN a certain city it is said that a company of Crimean war veterans gathered at a banquet. Slips of paper were distributed, and each man was asked to name the person whom he considered the hero of the war. Without an exception, they wrote the name of Florence Nightingale. The story of this consecrated nurse, who left her beautiful English home to minister to the suffering soldiers at Scutari, is told in a simple,



earnest way. The soldiers in the hospital called her "the lady with the lamp." One said, "To see her pass was happiness. She would speak to one, nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again content." A goodly number of illustrations lend to the attractiveness of this book of one hundred sixty pages. Do you long to serve your fellow men? Then learn how another served. It will help you. Price, in cloth, sixty cents. Order from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

**"The Price of Africa," by S. Earl Taylor**

From the beginning of this Christian era the Dark Continent has been a battle-ground. Many heroes of the cross of Christ have there sacrificed their lives upon the altar of service, but yet the full price of Africa's redemption has not been paid. The author of this little book has purposed, by the lives of Livingstone, Good, Mackay, and Cox, to show how great is the cost of evangelizing this continent, and also to illustrate, to some extent, the results of consecrated missionary efforts. The four biographies are comparatively brief and comprehensive. Test questions follow each chapter, and there are a few illustrations. The book contains two hundred twenty-five pages. Price, in cloth, fifty cents. Order from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

**"Uganda's White Man of Work," by Sophia Lyon Fahs**

For centuries Africa has been the scene of thrilling adventure, perilous labor, and heroic life sacrifice. The story of Alexander Mackay and his work in the Dark Continent will ever be of interest. He was known as "the missionary mechanic." For fourteen years he lived practically alone among the natives, working earnestly for their conversion. Many whom he had patiently taught and learned to love were sent to cruel torture and death. Very often his own life was in danger. The account of Stanley's visit to this lonely missionary is very interesting. Many excellent illustrations help to make this book attractive, and its twelve chapters are well worth reading. The price in cloth binding is fifty cents; in paper, thirty-five. Order from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

**Wasting the Lavished Love**

IN the little town where I was born, on the banks of the Severn, there was a man who worked in the iron works; he worked as few men work. He had a boy, his only child. His ambition for the boy was that he should become a doctor. That boy received the hard-earned money of his father for his medical training. How that father economized! How he impoverished himself that his lad might become a doctor! Then it came out that the boy was wasting his father's money, and year after year there was the same story,—he was plucked. I remember how I resented it. I knew how that man had toiled; I knew the longing of his heart, and there in that home was the tragedy of disappointed hope; the man spending all his strength that the lad might become what he wanted him to be, and the lad failing ignominiously to fulfil his father's desire. What a tragedy! But there is a greater tragedy than that,—when the love of our Father, lavished upon us, is wasted! when we are unresponsive to his touch, unsubmitive to his will!—*J. Gregory Mantle.*

DAY by day are you busy and even painstaking in the attempt to weave and work out a righteousness of your own? Leave that loom. Your vows and promises are gossamer threads, ever snapping in your hands and breaking at each throw of the shuttle. The "fine linen" that robes the saints, the only raiment meet for thy soul and approved of God, was woven on the cross, and dyed there with color more enduring than Tyrian purple, in the blood of the Son of God.—*Thomas Guthrie.*

"THE whole-hearted religion is always a happy one."



**II — First Missionary Journey Ended; Return to Antioch; the Council at Jerusalem**

(July 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 14:24 to 15:12.

MEMORY VERSE: "We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved." Acts 15:11.

**Questions**

1. After organizing churches in Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch, through what province did Paul and his company journey? In what place did they next preach the word of God? Where did they then go? Acts 14:24, 25; note 1.

2. What former experience at Antioch in Syria is mentioned? Verse 26; Acts 13:1-3.

3. What did Paul and Barnabas do when they came to Antioch? What did they rehearse to the church? How long did they remain there? Verses 27, 28.

4. Who came to Antioch while Paul and Barnabas were still there? What did these brethren teach?—The observance of the ceremonial law. What ancient leader did they mention as one who should then be followed? Acts 15:1.

5. What does Paul call these men from Judea? How necessary did they consider the observance of the ceremonial law? Note 2.

6. Among whom was the gospel rapidly spreading? How would the Jewish believers soon be outnumbered? What did the Jews think the Gentiles should observe? What did the dispute threaten to do? Note 3.

7. After Paul and Barnabas had discussed the matter with the men from Judea, what was decided upon? Who brought them upon their way? Through what places did they pass? What caused the believers to rejoice? Verses 2, 3.

8. How had the gospel been carried to Phenice and Samaria? Note 4.

9. When the brethren from Antioch reached Jerusalem, who received them? What did they declare? What law did certain of the Pharisees say should be kept? Verses 4, 5.

10. Who came together to consider the matter? After much discussion, who addressed the meeting? What did Peter remind them that God had chosen him to do? Verses 6, 7; note 5.

11. What did Peter say that God knew? What did God give to the Gentiles while Peter was preaching to them? How had he put no difference between Jew and Gentile? Verses 8, 9; Acts 10:44-48.

12. What did Peter say they were trying to do? Acts 15:10.

13. What had God shown? What, then, would not be right to do? Note 6.

14. How did Peter say all were to be saved? Verse 11.

15. After hearing Peter, to whom did the people listen? What did Barnabas and Paul declare? Verse 12.

**Notes**

1. Trace the return journey on the map, starting at Derbe, from thence to Lystra, the place where Paul was stoned, distant but a few hours' journey. From here the apostles went back to Iconium, and recrossed the uplands to Antioch in



Pisidia. Starting south, they journeyed to Perga, on the river Cestrus, their former landing-place. They then went to Attalia, about sixteen miles southwest of Perga, a port where they could more quickly obtain a sailing-vessel. From thence they "sailed to Antioch" in Syria, almost straight across the northeastern arm of the Mediterranean.

2. These men from Judea, whom Paul calls "false brethren" (Gal. 2:4), did not merely urge the continuance of certain ceremonies as being wise or prudent, or best, but they said that except ye observe these, "ye can not be saved."

3. The Christian church was rapidly growing among the Gentiles. It must have been evident that the converts among the Gentiles would soon far exceed the number of Jewish converts. The Jews felt that the Gentiles accepting the faith, must observe Jewish laws and ceremonies, else the peculiarities of the Jews, which kept them distinct from all other people, would disappear from among those who accepted the gospel. The difference that had arisen threatened to divide the church.

4. The gospel had been preached to the Jews in Phenicia (Phenice) by believers scattered from Jerusalem after the death of Stephen. Acts 11:19. Philip had carried the gospel to Samaria. Acts 8:5.

5. Peter referred to his experience in teaching the gospel to Cornelius and his household. Acts 10.

6. God had shown that he accepted the Gentiles, and Peter thought it would not be right for the Jews to compel them to do things that the Lord had not commanded them to do.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### II—First Missionary Journey Ended; Return to Antioch; the Council at Jerusalem

(July 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 14:24 to 15:12.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: Pamphylia; Antioch; Phenice; Samaria; and Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Paul and Barnabas; the church at Antioch; false teachers from Judea; the council.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 15:11.

#### Questions

1. After laboring in Pisidia, to what place did Paul and his company come? Acts 14:24.

2. What cities in Pamphylia are mentioned as the scene of their labors? What did they preach at these places? Verse 25.

3. For what place did they embark at Attalia? What testimony is given concerning the faithfulness of their labors? Verse 26; note 1.

4. When they arrived at Antioch, what did they do? What is said concerning their stay at this place? Verses 27, 28.

5. Who came to Antioch while Paul and Barnabas were there? From what place did they come? What did they teach? Acts 15:1; note 2.

6. How did Paul and Barnabas regard their teaching? What did the brethren finally decide to do? Verse 2; note 3.

7. What is said of the journey to Jerusalem? Verse 3.

8. On meeting with the church at Jerusalem, what did the apostles do? Verse 4.

9. Who offered objections? What did they say was necessary? Verse 5; note 4.

10. What did the apostles and elders therefore do? Verse 6.

11. What was the nature of the meeting at first? Who finally spoke? To what did Peter refer? Verse 7. See Acts 10.

12. What did he say God had given the believing Gentiles? Verse 8.

13. How does God regard all? How is the heart purified? Verse 9.

14. What question did Peter put to the assembly? Verse 10; note 5.

15. What did Peter give as the only way of salvation? Verse 11.

16. Who then spoke to the assembly? What did they declare? Verse 12.

#### Notes

1. We are here brought in our study to the end of Paul's first missionary journey. Barnabas accompanied him on this tour. "They had been absent, as Ramsay calculates, above two years, leaving Antioch in spring and returning in the third summer or autumn following."—*Dictionary of the Bible* (Hastings), page 705.

2. "No age, however, of Christianity, not even the earliest, has been without its difficulties, controversies, and corruptions. The presence of Judas among the apostles, and that of Ananias and Sapphira among the first disciples, were proofs of the power which moral evil possesses to combine itself with the holiest works. The misunderstanding of 'the Grecians and Hebrews' in the days of Stephen, the suspicion of the apostles when Paul came from Damascus to Jerusalem, the secession of Mark at the beginning of the first missionary journey, were symptoms of the prejudice, ignorance, and infirmity in the midst of which the gospel was to win its way in the hearts of men. And the arrival of the apostles at Antioch at the close of their journey was presently followed by a troubled controversy which involved the most momentous consequences to all future ages of the church, and which led to that visit to Jerusalem which, next after his conversion, is perhaps the most important passage in Paul's life."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 177.

3. "The matter resulted in much discussion and want of harmony in the church, until finally the church at Antioch, apprehending that a division among them would occur from any further discussion of the question, decided to send Paul and Barnabas, together with some responsible men of Antioch, to Jerusalem, to lay the matter before the apostles and elders. There they were to meet delegates from the different churches, and those who had come to attend the approaching annual festivals. Meanwhile all controversy was to cease until a final decision should be made by the responsible men of the church. This decision was then to be universally accepted by the various churches throughout the country."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 63.

4. "Some of the 'false brethren' (for such is the name which Paul gives to the Judaizers) went down 'from Judea' to Antioch. The course they adopted, in the first instance, was not that of open antagonism to Paul, but rather of clandestine intrigue. They came as 'spies' into an enemy's camp, creeping in 'unawares,' that they might ascertain how far the Jewish law had been relaxed by the Christians at Antioch, their purpose being to bring the whole church, if possible, under the 'bondage' of the Jewish yoke. . . . They did not merely recommend or enjoin, for prudential reasons, the continuance of certain ceremonies in themselves indifferent, but they said, 'Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye can not be saved.' Such a doctrine must have been instantly opposed by Paul with his utmost energy. He was always ready to go to the extreme verge of charitable concession when the question was one of peace and mutual understanding; but when the very foundations of Christianity were in danger of being undermined, when the very continuance of 'the truth of the gospel' was in jeopardy, it was impossible that he should 'give place by subjection,' even 'for an hour.'"—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 183.

5. "This yoke was not the law of ten commandments, as those who oppose the binding claim of the law assert; but Peter referred to the law of ceremonies, which was made null and void by the crucifixion of Christ. This address of Peter brought the assembly to a point where they could listen with reason to Paul and Barnabas, who related their experience in working among the Gentiles. 'Then all the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul, declaring what miracles and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them.'"—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 68.

#### Insincerity

WHO dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

—Pope.

"It may be that God makes some things purely for ornament, but a Christian does not come under that head. A Christian who is not useful is an impossibility."



# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - \$1.00  
SIX MONTHS - .50

## CLUB RATES

5 or more copies to one address, one year, each - \$.75  
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each - .40  
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each - .20

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HAVE more than thou showest,  
SPEAK less than thou knowest,  
LEND less than thou ownest.

—Shakespeare.

## A Woman Astronomer

MRS. WILLIAMINA PATON FLEMING, curator of astronomical records in Harvard observatory, died on May 21. Compelled by straitened circumstances to do copying for the observatory, she became interested in astronomy, and gradually developed remarkable skill. She has had for many years the entire charge of the great astronomical photographic library of more than two hundred thousand plates, and in the course of examining these she has discovered nine new stars and many variable stars. Besides her nine new stars, only six were discovered during the last quarter-century. Mrs. Fleming is the only woman ever given an official position in connection with Harvard University.—*Selected.*

## An Experience in Tithe-Paying

ONE of the leading business men of Dallas, Texas, attended the recent Southern Baptist convention held at Jacksonville, Florida. At one of the meetings this man was asked to tell his experience in paying tithe.

Very modestly, the gentleman related his experience. The *Golden Age* gives the following account of the incident:—

Beginning with seven hundred dollars, sixteen years ago, he took God into partnership with him, promising to give faithfully to God and his work one tenth of everything he made. Soon he began to give an eighth, then a sixth, then a fifth, then a fourth, and now he owns twenty stores.

"If a man says he can not know just how to get at the tenth, if it were coming your way you would get at the tenth," said the speaker. This brought laughter and enthusiastic "amens" from the audience.

When the Texan's simple, earnest story had been modestly told, Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the Baptist Temple in Dallas, arose, and said: "I must tell it for God's glory. That man is one of my deacons. I have had the privilege of watching the growth of his business and his holy joy through most of these years. Last Christmas he came to me, and whispered: 'Pastor, my operating capital has reached a hundred thousand dollars, and now I have determined to give all the income of my twenty stores, above an actual living, to my Redeemer and his kingdom. Every week I'll confer with you about where the money will do most good.'"

As these words were uttered, the great convention sprang to their feet and sang, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow." Tears were in many eyes, and many on the crowded stage pressed forward and grasped the hand of the modest man who sat in happy tears, with bowed head.

It was the greatest spiritual hour of the convention.

## Famous New York Writer Dead

DR. A. T. PIERSON, editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, and author of many books, died June 3, 1911, at the age of seventy-four years.

Dr. Pierson was born in Brooklyn, New York. After being graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in 1860, he married in the same year. His wife and six children survive him. Every member of the family has done missionary work. Of his daughters, Mrs. Frederick Curtis has served in Korea. Miss Laura W. Pierson among the Virginia mountaineers, and Mrs. Thomas Evans in settlement work in Philadelphia. Dr. Leonard D. Pierson is managing editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*. Dr. F. B. Pierson, once a foreign missionary, is now a physician in Waterbury, Conn.

## The Way of Peace

WEARY soul, are you longing for peace? Is there a struggle going on within your breast, of which, perhaps, no one knows, for the mastery over some besetment that robs you of your peace of mind,—a real soul rest for which the human heart craves?

Peace is not found in one having his own way. In the paths of evil there is no peace. Of those whose "feet run to evil," whose "thoughts are thoughts of iniquity," the Word of God says, "The way of peace have they not known." "The wicked," the Lord says, "are like a troubled sea, when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Isa. 57:20, 21.

Then it is not in the paths of sinful pleasure that peace is found. Real joy can not dwell in a heart filled with hatred and envy. It may be just *one* person toward whom the heart harbors these wicked feelings. One such instance is enough to spoil the peace which should be the natural inheritance of every Christian.

We all know how our peace is despoiled; but the most important question is, How can it be restored when lost?

Its restoration is as simple as the losing of it. It must be confessed that it may not be quite so easy to obtain it as to lose it. In a word, it is in first confessing your sins to God, and immediately following this, confessing your fault to the one you have wronged. It should be fully understood that peace is lost by *our* doing another a wrong, instead of by another wronging us. Let us humbly confess the wrong, and peace will fill our hearts as the ray of sunshine lights up a darkened room thrown open to receive it. The struggle comes in actually owning our fault and asking forgiveness. This done, the victory is won.

Why carry along as a valuable thing that grudge against some brother? Throw it down. It is not becoming to you, a Christian, to be seen hugging such an ugly thing. Away with it! But there is no way to get rid of it only by *true confession*. Night and day it is with you, until, perchance, it has become an unbearable burden. O fellow pilgrim, Jesus knows all about it! He alone can fully remove the awful load. So he says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Blessed assurance! Why not do it? Christ Jesus, being the Creator, will not only remove the heavy burden of sin, but will create peace in your soul,—a peace that flows like a river. The world can not give it, for the way of peace it knows not. But Jesus can. Let him do it.

T. E. BOWEN.