

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

July 4, 1911

No. 27

## Another Day

Arthur Wallace Peach

"Another day is done," you say, with careless speech.  
Ah! think you where this little day may reach?

Into a tomb where some one is asleep  
While those who loved too late in anguish weep.

Into a heart where all is still and dark,  
Save where a ghostly hope lies white and stark.

To trembling lips that would a word recall  
Which some wild moment carelessly let fall.

Into a brain that formed a wicked deed,  
For whose deep hurt there is no balm nor meed.

Into eyes sightless that this morning knew  
Each blossom's tint, the skies' far tender blue.

These thoughts are dark — the vines that clasp a tomb?  
Still bears the day its wreaths of golden bloom.

For gentle hands of love have crowned this day  
With deeds whose beauty never fades away.

To-day, lips sang their cheery, happy song;  
And hearts have spoken hearts' deep yearning long.

And weary feet that sought the Valley Still  
Turn back once more a mission to fulfil.

"Another day is done," — ah, yes! a hundred years,  
Each moment crowned with joy or palled with tears.

Be wise, O human heart! not far away  
Beyond the sunset waits — another day!

— *Sunday School Times.*

HOMER CROY calls the house-fly the most dangerous animal in the world. Beware of it!

PRINCIPAL DALE, of one of the English schools, has an epigram that will bear study. He says, "The people of this world are divided into two classes,—those who grip life, and those who nip life." It is the "gripper" who wins; it is the "nipper" who loses.

"WHEN a St. Louis deaconess, canvassing, asked at one woman's house whether the family attended any church, she met the unexpected reply, 'That's none of your business!' A Detroit deaconess, of whom we know, receiving that answer once, said, smiling, 'But I'm not out on my own business; I'm on the Lord's business,'"

#### The Evolutionary Scrap-Book

AN important adjunct to the scrap-book is a large envelope in which to preserve your clippings until you are ready to paste them into the book. As most of those who read this article will desire to clip from the INSTRUCTOR and the *Review*, I suggest as a convenient size eight and one-half by thirteen inches. This will take in a full page of either of these periodicals. You can keep it on your study-table until some stormy day, or such time as you may feel disposed to do the pasting.

From a piece of heavy wrapping-paper, which has been ironed smooth, cut out a piece fifteen by nineteen inches, as shown in outline, leaving one-inch flaps. Fold over parts marked A, and paste down. Fold B over upon C, and then parts marked D over upon them, pasting the latter. When it is dry, it will be ready for use.

Such an envelope is also very convenient as a container for bits of loose paper you may wish to preserve for writing purposes.

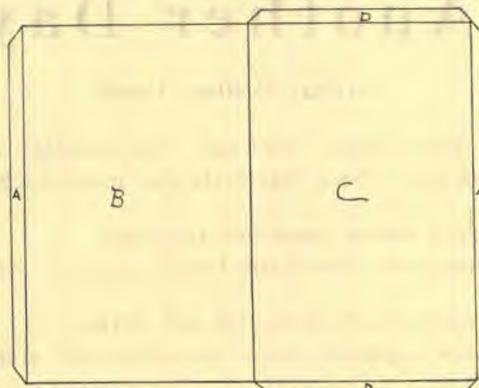
#### An Index for the Evolutionary Scrap-Book

As your scrap-book evolves, taking on larger proportions, you may experience some annoyance in finding the clippings you desire. It will take some time to make an index, but it will be very convenient to have one.

Draw a line down the center of each of the desired number of blank pages, thus making two columns. An entire page or a half page may be allowed for each of the letters of the alphabet. Prepare a liner by ruling a piece of smooth cardboard, making the lines across the page at such regular intervals as may suit your taste. Five-eighths of an inch from either edge of this liner draw a line, so that in making your entries allowance will be made for the binding. After the entries have been made with the page number after each, bind the pages in the front of your book. As you add clippings, you can index them.

D. D. FITCH.

PEOPLE don't like to say, "Mind your own business," but they will often think it unless we are careful.—*Tudor Jenks, in Christian Endeavor World.*



#### I Believe in My Job

It may not be a very important job, but it is *mine*. Furthermore, it is God's job for *me*. He has a purpose in my life with reference to his plan for the world's progress. No other person can take my place. It isn't a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end, the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the one whose name has been a household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me, true to myself, and true to God, who entrusted me with it.

#### I Believe in My Fellow Man

He may not always agree with me. I'd feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my own mind a dozen years ago. May he never lose faith in himself, because, if he does, he may lose faith in me, and that would hurt him more than the former, and it would really hurt him more than it would hurt me.

#### I Believe in My Country

I believe in it because it is made up of my fellow men—and myself. I can't go back on either of us and be true to my creed. If it isn't the best country in the world, it is partly because I am not the kind of man that I should be.

#### I Believe in My Home

It isn't a rich home. It wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which can not be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is service; its reward is love. There is no other place in all the world which fills its place, and heaven can be only a larger home, with a Father who is all-wise and patient and tender.

#### I Believe in To-Day

It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of to-day fuller and freer. There is no assurance of to-morrow. I want to make good to-day.—*Rev. Charles Stelzle.*

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 4, 1911

No. 27

## High Noon

TIME'S finger on the dial of my life  
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent day  
Leaves less than half remaining; for the dark,  
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.  
To those who burn the candle to the stick,  
The sputtering socket yields but little light.  
Long life is sadder than an early death.  
We can not count on raveled threads of age  
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use  
The warp and woof the ready present yields,  
And toil while daylight lasts. When I think  
How brief the past, the future, still more brief,  
Calls on to action, action! Not for me  
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;  
Not time for self-laudation or remorse,  
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let  
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame.  
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste  
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lips  
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,  
And keep me silent when I would condemn.  
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin

To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls  
So pity may shine through them. Looking back,  
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones  
That led the way to knowledge of the truth  
And made me value virtue. Sorrows shine  
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years  
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth,  
Out to the western sky, still bright with noon,  
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife  
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.  
Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,  
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,  
Three things I learned,—three things of precious worth,  
To guide and help me down the western slope.  
I have learned how to toil, and pray, and save,—  
To pray for courage to receive what comes,  
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;  
To toil for universal good, since thus,  
And only thus, can good come to me;  
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have  
To those who have not. This alone is gain.

—Selected.

## The San Blas Indians



LMOST every time we go into the streets of Colon or Panama City we meet there the queerest specimens of humanity we have yet seen. Their shape, dress, and manner of conduct in the street all combine to make them exceptionally peculiar and call our attention to them. They are known as the San Blas Indians, and we have been filled with an almost uncontrollable desire to see them in their homes and learn more of their strange ways; but they are exceedingly shy, and refuse all advances made by the white man. They refuse absolutely to permit the palefaces to lodge overnight in their territory; and those who visit their villages in the daytime can get only glimpses here and there of the villagers, and the women are never seen.

Of the twenty-three thousand Indians in the republic of Panama, which are divided into various tribes, the San Blas are supposed to be the largest and most important tribe, numbering about eight thousand. They occupy the territory east of the Canal Zone and principally on the north side of the isthmus.

The San Blas tribe belonged originally to the Cuna stock; and when Columbus discovered the Spanish Main, it was in possession of the greater part of what is now known as the republic of Panama, and part of Colombia. Balboa, by his conciliatory course and pleasing manners, so won the confidence of the Indians that they rendered him great assistance in his expeditions of exploration across the isthmus, and it was the daughter of a Cuna cacique that he won for a bride. Then, too, it is well known that the Cunas did their part in filling the galleons with gold that replenished the depleted treasury of Emperor Charles V, and provided the millions with which he bribed Protestant England to give Queen Mary in marriage to his Catholic son, Philip II of Spain.

But the relations of the Indians with Balboa's successors were not such as to retain their confidence, and the interim of four hundred years, from the time of colonization to the present, has been a long history of injustice, cruelty, and deception, until we cease to

marvel because this semicivilized people are afraid of the civilization of the white man, whose fire-water turns their braves into brutes, and who has ever sought to rob them of land and home, and who would make them slaves. From these our minds turn to the race in general, and we find that they have, everywhere, had much the same experiences.

Of the five divisions of the human family, the red race is by far the fewest and weakest, occupying the least space in history and having suffered the most severely from the forays of the white man. This fact appeals most pathetically to the missionary. The Negro has been abused and enslaved; but he, with remarkable fortitude, has borne the reproach and, at least numerically, has prospered under the stern hand of oppression; but the Indian is of a distinctly different type. Ethnically he has been little understood by the white man. The Indians have succumbed to death by hundreds of thousands rather than submit to the severe conditions imposed by the invaders who robbed them of their freedom, their homes, and their country.

The Indians are the true Americans, being the prehistoric inhabitants of the western hemisphere. None of the ingenious speculations as to the time they arrived in America are substantiated by facts, and it yet remains for geology and archeology to trace the primitive race of the Old World to a remoter past than has been done of the aborigines of the New. Three hundred years before European navigators sighted our shores, organized tribes of forest dwellers were in possession of the country from Bering Sea to the Strait of Magellan.

Any attempt to estimate the Indian population would be wholly conjectural. The Standard Dictionary enumerates three hundred fifteen tribes, and other authorities locate many which are not in the Standard's list.

The Indians were not, as many suppose, a race of savages. They could not be rated lower in the scale of civilization than in an advanced state of barbarism. When the French settled Canada, they found that mighty tribe of Algonkians, well organized and ingeniously providing themselves with homes in which they

were able to resist the severest Northern winters. The English, fleeing from religious persecution, found a ready asylum among the Iroquois and other nations in the proximity of the Atlantic seaboard. The Aztec confederacy left abundant evidence that they were far in advance of primitive savagery; the Inca of the west coast of South America developed a government in which there was neither poverty nor great wealth, no favoritism for the few and injustice for the masses; and over the boundless prairies of Patagonia roved a race of giants as free in their God-given rights as the air they breathed.

The red man ever proved his brotherly spirit by demonstrating his willingness to divide his broad domains with the white man, making it strangely pitiful that he should, because of this, fall a prey to European avarice.

If the discovery of the New World was the greatest geographical achievement of all time, surely time's greatest tragedy has been the practical extermination of its gentle inhabitants. The record of injustice and cruelty practised on the inoffensive natives of the western continent is without a parallel in history.

Who can estimate the debt we owe to these brothers of ours who have been grievously wronged by us? Nothing but the soothing effects of the gospel can heal the wound. Though a beginning has been made, the Indian is, nevertheless, shamefully neglected. But the time has come when we may neglect him no longer. If others fail, we dare not fail. To them the advent message must go, and that right speedily.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

### Tamil School Songs

ON the occasion of a visit by members of the India Mission committee to the Tinnevelli mission, south India, the children rendered a school reception program. Programs by the children are always interesting; and this one must indeed have been so. We have in the Mission Board office a translation of a portion of the exercises. A few extracts will show how Tamil children do it:—

There was a "welcome song,"—

"Friends let us welcome,  
Gladly let us sing a song,"—

each couplet following naming a visitor or teacher, and giving greeting, this being followed by presenting each one a garland of flowers.

There was a song of a ship in distress, typifying their condition without the message of truth:—

"Alas! the ship is tossed by storm,  
The southern winds blow boisterously,  
The waves dash the ship recklessly."

After perils from waves and rocks, help came from a friendly captain:—

"What is your village? Name your country,  
Ye children."

"India is our country; Tinnevelli is the district,  
Ye beloved captain."

"Parakasapuram is our village, sir;  
Elder James is our missionary."

There was an action song of agriculture:—

"Have the land fixed to sow,  
Moisten the land well with water."

"Fence it neatly with thorny bushes  
To protect the tract from the cattle."

"Have the plow go straight; and then  
Turn round, to make the land level."

"Sow the seeds in good season  
With a basket to scatter them well."

"Water well when the grains peep out,  
Have the weeds plucked from the tillage."

As we read it, we are to fancy men, women, and children in the fields, with the little bullock—with a hump like the camel's—pulling the same iron-tipped stick of a plow that was used in Bible times.

There was a play-song. A ring of children surrounded a boy. The ring of children represented a cage, and the boy within, a captive bird.

**CHILDREN:**  
Bird! enclosed in our cage,  
Be silent! don't screech!

**BIRD:**  
I was born to fly joyfully from tree to tree;  
Have mercy, let me free.

**CHILDREN:**  
O, beautiful bird! stay here;  
We will give you ample food.

**BIRD:**  
I don't require the produce of fields,  
But I require freedom alone.

**CHILDREN:**  
Pretty bird, let your home be with us;  
Stay with us to enliven our spirits.

**BIRD:**  
I find no joy in the golden cage,  
For I find no freedom here.

**CHILDREN:**  
We love you fondly; put away sorrow,  
Our pet, and stay with us joyfully.

**BIRD:**  
You have imprisoned me; is this your love?  
What have I to wish to stay? let me free.

**CHILDREN:**  
If so, little bird, enter the grove merrily;  
To sing again songs of joy, unsurpassed.

And then the ring opened, and the little boy ran out.

These are our first Tamil children, of whom we expect soon to see some out in the work, helping to spread the message of the Lord's soon coming through the vast Tamil-land of south India and Ceylon.

W. A. SPICER.

### Two Missionaries to Mohammedans

Raymond Lull

RAYMOND LULL was born on the island of Majorca about 1235. History bears no record of what must have been a very interesting childhood. His father was a distinguished soldier, and well-to-do; so very likely his boyhood was not attended with the privations which we usually expect to find in the stories of the youth of great men.

We shall pass quickly over his early married life and service at the court of Aragon. As seneschal of that gay, sensual court, Lull felt quite at home. His accomplishments as poet, musician, and horseman made him a very popular knight. But this kind of life was not destined to continue. God had a special mission for this gifted man and called him,—called him as definitely from his life of selfish pleasure as he called Saul of Tarsus.

One evening while occupied in the composition of a love-song, the vision appeared which was to transform his character and give him a new purpose in life. He saw the Saviour hanging upon the cruel cross. The blood was trickling down from his lacerated brow, and from his pierced hands and feet. His look, as he

met Lull's gaze, was so pleading and reproachful that the musician turned from his theme in disgust. The vision appeared again and again, however, before Raymond Lull made a full surrender to Christ.

Some writers say that he spent the next nine years of his life in a hermit's cell. The conviction came to him, and stayed, that he was to give his life to bring Moslems to Christ. He sold his property and spent the money in alms, saving only a small portion for his wife and children. Then he plunged into the study of Arabic.

His avowed purpose to overthrow Islam, made it difficult to secure a Moslem teacher, and so he bought a Saracen slave, who taught him nine years.

Then he wrote a book designed to prove to the Moslems the errors of their belief, and to convert them to Christianity. His idea was to meet the argumentative Saracens with the "weapon of Christian philosophy." His next great work was to labor for the establishment of schools for the training of missionaries. Through his influence many such schools were started. At one of these, the University of Montpellier, Lull spent several years teaching and writing. The popes of that day thought of the crusade idea as the ideal of missions, and Lull got no encouragement from them. He pressed on without their blessing, for his vision was the Christian conquest of the world.

At fifty-six years of age, Lull started out on his first missionary journey. Tunis was chosen as his field of labor. On his arrival, he called together the leading Mohammedans, and challenged them to debate. So powerfully did he present to them the merits of Christianity and overthrow their arguments that they feared his influence, and he was thrown into prison under sentence of death. Some, however, were so filled with admiration for his learning and boldness that they pleaded for his release, and he was put on board a ship which would land him outside of Moslem territory. In a short time, however, he was back again, preaching in the same country.

Next we find him laboring in the home land, and in other countries. His labors were not narrowed down to his efforts for Islam. The Jews and the Eastern churches were also given his message. One of his missionary journeys took him to Syria and Armenia.

In 1307 he visited Africa again. Landing in Bregia, in Algeria, he won some converts to Christ. Again, as at Tunis, violent hands seized him and threw him into a dungeon. Finally he was released, and once more banished from Moslem territory.

God had marvelously preserved his life, and he was an old man now (nearly eighty), but his desire to die as a missionary martyr was to be granted. The year 1314 found him in Africa again, back in Bregia, laboring secretly among a little band of converts. But this method was unsuited to his ardent nature, and after several months of retirement he appeared in the market-place and preached Christ. On the thirtieth of June, 1315, he was stoned to death by the zealous followers of the prophet.

Raymond Lull has left behind an interesting summary of his life in these words: "I had a wife and children; I was tolerably rich; I led a secular life. All these things I cheerfully resigned for the sake of promoting the common good and diffusing abroad the holy faith. I learned Arabic. I have several times gone abroad to preach the gospel to the Saracens. I have, for the faith, been cast into prison and scourged. . . . Now I am old and poor, but still I am intent on the same object." Lull is known as the greatest mis-

sionary that has ever gone into the Mohammedan world. How his heart would ache, did he know that there are millions of Moslems yet ignorant of the true faith! Will not others to-day enter upon this work, not with his methods perhaps, but with his burning love for souls and his unfaltering determination to persevere?

C. P. LILLIE.

#### Henry Martyn

Henry Martyn received his first missionary impulse while still at Cambridge, from a remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon, the university preacher, on the good accomplished by a single missionary, Carey, in India. The impression was intensified by his reading "The Life of David Brainerd," and he decided to give himself to mission work. The need of providing support for a sister led him to accept a chaplaincy under the East India Company, but his was not less a soul aflame with missionary devotion. On the passage out, he studied Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic. Arriving in India in 1806, he displayed a quenchless zeal and exerted a marvelous influence, which, taken with his brief years of service and the disappointment of his hopes of domestic joys, has caused his name to be instinctively linked with that of Brainerd. "Now let me burn out for God," he wrote two days after his arrival in Calcutta.

Soon he was far up the Ganges, at Dinapur, near Patna, with the two regiments to which he had been assigned as chaplain. In a letter to England he says: "I fag as hard here as ever we did for our degrees at Cambridge. The heat is terrible, often at ninety-eight degrees; the nights are insupportable." Yet he was engaged in translating the New Testament into Hindustani, and at the same time was preparing a book on the parables of our Lord, and a translation of the Book of Common Prayer. He held almost daily discussions with Hindus and Mohammedans, and cared for vernacular schools, which he had organized and was supporting from his own purse. In addition to all this, his duties as chaplain to the English troops and civilians were faithfully performed. In March, 1808, Martyn's Hindustani translation of the New Testament was completed. On the twelfth of the same month a new church edifice for which he had earnestly labored, was opened for divine service.

Shortly afterward came his transference to the troops at Cawnpur. Here almost the same labors as at Dinapur—for troops, civilians, children, and for a church building—were carried forward; while with Sabat, an Arab who had been baptized at Madras, Persian and Arabic versions of the New Testament were undertaken. Even an open-air assembly of beggars was conducted Sunday by Sunday during the eighteen months of Martyn's labors at Cawnpur. It bore unexpected fruit, for a young Mussulman, who with others first watched this meeting with scorn, was through it won to Christ, became a native preacher, with the name of Abdul Masih, "servant of Christ," and was instrumental in leading many to the Saviour, one being the chief physician of the rajah of Bhurtpur.

Under his intense labors, together with the effect of the climate, the health of the young chaplain began to decline, and there were admonitory signs of consumption. It was also seen, after his Persian translation of the New Testament appeared, that it would be desirable to go into Arabia and Persia, that he might more successfully solve the problem of the idiomatic rendering of the New Testament into Arabic and Persian. On the last Sabbath of September, 1810,

he took leave of his European congregation in Cawnpur. On that very day the church edifice, the erection of which he had promoted, was opened for divine service, and it continued to be the military church of Cawnpur till 1857, when it was destroyed by the mutineers. After leaving India, a year was spent at Shiraz in carrying through the fresh translation of the New Testament into Persian.

Finally, after a measure of recovery from more serious illness, this frail man of indomitable will started on a horseback journey of thirteen hundred miles to Constantinople, hoping thus to make his way back to England. Such a ride would have taxed the endurance of the strongest, and the stages of the course were traversed with brutal haste by Hassan, a Turkish attendant. What wonder that on October 6, when a fresh relay of horses was not to be had, Martyn should write: "I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God, in solitude my Company, my Friend and Comforter. O when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness?" For him the transition from pain and hardship to release and triumph was close at hand, for on Oct. 16, 1812, he reached Tocat, where he passed away, and his body was there laid to rest in the Armenian cemetery. His influence, like that of Brainerd's, is undying, and of the kind that has created many missionaries. Though permitted to give but four brief years of service to India, his name is joined imperishably with the Christian conquest of the Orient; and his versions of the New Testament in Hindustani and Persian languages, spoken by many millions of people, are enduring monuments of his scholarship and missionary devotion.—James W. Thoburn, in "*The Christian Conquest of India*."

#### Mohammedanism

MOHAMMEDANISM originated in Arabia nearly thirteen hundred years ago. Conditions there were ripe for some great movement. Many longed for freedom from Syrian oppression. Others were seeking for more truth. The Oriental church had failed in its mission, and did not prove an uplifting power in the lives of the people. Mecca then, as to-day, was the great religious center. There at the Kaaba, the great temple, was the sacred black stone which they worshiped. There were also the three hundred sixty idols, one for every day in the year. God was acknowledged, known as Allah, but he was allowed to influence their lives very little. One item concerning the days preceding Mohammed is of particular interest. Women had rights and were respected. The veil was unknown. Arabian youth were the true children of nature, growing up without much instruction, learning early to be saucy to strangers, and also to steal. As soon as the boys and girls were old enough, they were set to herding sheep and goats. When the boys became competent, they drove camels.

Among these youth in the closing part of the sixth century was a bright lad named Mohammed. He was of aristocratic parentage, but did not receive much of the family inheritance. Save for a journey to Syria, his youth was uneventful. He was employed by a rich widow to take charge of a merchandise caravan, and at the age of twenty-five he married her.

When he was forty years old, he declared himself to be a prophet. His teachings and pretensions were not very well received at first, and in 622 he was

obliged to flee for his life from Mecca to Medina. In this place success began to attend his efforts. He became a legislator and warrior. As soon as Mohammed appealed to the sword, his success was wonderful. At the time of his death, in 632, he had made himself master of all Arabia.

In 635 Persia was overcome by the armies of Mohammed's successors. Alexandria was taken in 646, Carthage in 698, and Spain was added in 711. Only the crushing defeat at the hands of Charles Martel in 732, checked their advance in this direction. Rome was obliged to ransom herself in 871. The religion of Mohammed grew and prospered. The watchword and battle-cry of the Moslem armies was, "*La-ilaha illa'llaha; Mohammedu-Rasulu-allah*" (There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet). The very frequency and impetuosity of this assertion by Moslems has persuaded millions that it is true.

"Islam means the worship of one God, as one supreme will, whose law is fate, and whose service is submission." It also means allegiance to a man. Jesus is accepted as a prophet, but many degrees lower in honor than Mohammed. His followers state that no unbeliever can be saved except through Mohammed. Mohammedanism has many great truths in common with the Christian belief. It teaches of one God, of the resurrection and the judgment, of the ministration of angels, and other doctrines dear to the Christian heart.

A good Moslem is supposed to pray five times a day, facing Mecca; he is expected to observe the month of fasting; he should be faithful in alms-giving, and ought, at least once in his life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His rule of faith is the Koran, compiled by Mohammed's successors.

It is said of Mohammed that he violated every Arab law, and did not keep those of his own making. As the conduct of Mohammed is the standard of character among his followers, the spiritual conditions prevailing in Moslem lands to-day are not surprising. Lying, stealing, and immorality are also encouraged by the Koran. Fatalism, degradation of woman, divorce, and other evils have always followed in the wake of this false religion. While Mohammedanism has some truth, it lacks much of practical godliness and abiding peace. "Mohammed teaches a God above us; Jesus Christ teaches God above us, God with us, and God in us."

#### Islam and the Advent Message

Mohammedanism has become a mighty power in the world. One seventh or more of the human race is under its sway. In India, more than sixty-two millions are followers of the prophet; in Africa there are nearly as many, and in Java, alone, there are twenty-four million Moslems. It is a missionary religion. It aims at world conquest and is meeting with wonderful success in its efforts. Mohammedans everywhere, merchants, laborers, and sailors, are missionaries. At Cairo, the educational center of Mohammedanism, thousands of students are in preparation for special missionary endeavor.

For hundreds of years the Christian church has neglected the great problem of evangelizing Islam. A little start has been made now and then, but how little has actually been done! The prospect seems at first disheartening, but there are bright, hopeful aspects to the question. We can not help but be impressed with the fact that God has been at work to prepare the way

*(Concluded on page thirteen)*

# GOOD MANNERS

## How a Boy Should Treat Girls



**G**IRLS are very human, and they love to torment a boy. Sometimes they even seem to take malicious pleasure in making him uncomfortable; and especially they love to persecute a boy who seems to take everything too seriously.

Girls are not always fair. They are often swayed by the spirit of mischief away beyond real justness; and it is as well to be frank about the matter — a girl is sometimes downright mean. When she undertakes to be mean, she can be meaner than a boy can ever think of being. So, let us confess, she can be cruel, unjust, unfair, and unkind.

And it's just because she can be so that she calls out the very best and manliest stuff that's in a boy; for the problem of living, and of living nobly, consists not in being courteous and high-minded among perfect gentlemen and ladies, but the problem comes when we must be loyal in thought and genteel in manner in the presence of people who offend and irritate us.

So I say that the very best sort of boy is the boy who will not and can not be vindictive or ugly even to spiteful and hateful girls. Anybody can treat nice girls well. The real boy is the boy who can treat disagreeable girls courteously.

But fortunately, only a few girls, and those only at times, are disposed to torment. Most girls are pleasant: just as most flowers are pleasant. A weed here and there shouldn't blind us to the roses.

Every boy ought to mingle with girls as much as he can. The more open and natural and frequent are the occasions of meeting, the more the boys are kept from being big bears, and girls from being little cats.

I remember once an old lady came to me when I was pastor of a certain city church, and informed me with some horrors that she thought some of those boys at prayer-meeting just came there to meet the girls. I tried to point out to her that boys and girls were bound to meet somewhere, and what better place than church?

Go skating with girls in winter, and picnicking in summer. Frequent social gatherings where they are. Go and call on them at their homes when opportunity offers.

You'll find them not only helpful, but agreeable, after you have worn off your awkwardness. Girls are good friends. You can talk to them of things you would not talk about with a boy, as, for instance, your secret ambitions. A girl is always interested in any boy's dreams of a career.

And you can talk of religious subjects, and other themes that pertain to your inner life, much more satisfactorily with girl friends than with boys. And their advice is generally sound, and their sympathy always warm and genuine.

More particularly may I recommend you to cultivate those that sometimes are called "old maids."

Some of the most helpful friends of my boy life were such. I fell in love with two of them, but as I was about twelve in the one instance, and fourteen in the other, and as they were aged thirty-five and forty respectively, no harm was done.

In fact, I rather think it's a good thing for a boy of twelve to fall in love with a good "old maid," too old for him possibly to marry. He is pretty sure to fall in love with somebody about that time, and the girl of thirty or so is a tremendous civilizer.

One of these girls was my school-teacher. I can truly say that she was among the most helpful influences of my early life.

A word, by the way, to the girls of thirty-five and forty: don't despise the admiration and attentions of the young boy. It's the first flower of his soul. Of course he'll get over it, and see it himself some day as foolish calf-love; but it's a vital opportunity for the right-hearted woman to set a boy straight for life, to plant deep in his nature the finest principles.

Again, boys, in your mingling with girls, keep away from the dead-line. What I mean is, that while the free mingling of the sexes, if viewed pure-mindedly and wholesomely, is one of the best things of life; on the contrary, if approached unwholesomely it is full of moral gunpowder and dynamite. There's a line therefore, and you know where it is drawn, between a girl as a soul and treating her as an animal.

Deal with every girl as you would want any boy to deal with your sister.

Keep your hands off girls. Don't be led to imitate boys who are ever catching hold of girls' arms, or taking similar liberties.

A girl with sense will not allow a boy to be thus familiar. If she hasn't any sense, it is your business to teach her that some boys have self-respect enough to let girls alone.

Of course you will not indulge in any ugly fling made about a girl in her absence. But go further. Don't listen. To allow one to say a vicious thing about a girl in her absence which he would not dare to say in her presence, or in the presence of her big brother, is to act the coward and the cad.

### Never Speak Ill of a Woman

The one thing really unforgivable in a boy is his speaking slightlyingly of any woman. Don't do it. If you can't find anything good to say of her, you can at least say nothing. If others speak ill, go away.

Don't stare at girls. No matter how attractive they may seem to you, it is annoying to them to be made the object of public attention. Let even your look treat girls with respect.

Above all other girls show politeness and consideration to your sister, if you are fortunate enough to have one. Nothing is more delightful than to see a family where there is mutual admiration and love; and nothing can be more vulgar and disgusting than

to see brother and sister sneering the one at the other, to hear them speak lightly and with ridicule of the other's looks, acts, or attainments.

One of the most delightful spots to which I go is the house of an old friend in Chicago where there are thirteen children, and they all love one another, and are proud of one another.

Particularly a boy needs to be courteous and attentive to his younger sister. The older girls are a little independent of him perhaps, but he will never quite realize how much he means to the sister beneath him in years.

You will find as you grow older, and as ties you make in middle life are broken or worn away, that, if there has ever been any real affection in the family, your sisters move nearer to your heart.

Seek the society of girls as much as possible, and more especially so if you are inclined to be bashful and sensitive. Do not allow yourself to retire like a clam into your shell. Come out and mingle with the girls, no matter how much you stumble and stutter; their gay laughs will cure you. Their antiseptic presence will drive all morbid poisons out of your thoughts. You'll be saner, sounder, healthier, and happier.

Remember also that some day you are going to meet — Her! To Her you want to bring an unspoiled body, a clean mind, an honest heart. You are going to ask a great deal from Her. Be prepared to give as much as you ask. Keep clean, keep straight. It's a great thing at the marriage altar to be able to look your bride level in the eyes.

#### A Word to the Girls

And now may I say a word, in concluding, to any girl that happens to be reading these lines?

I have been talking to boys about the respect and deference due you. Perhaps you have been saying, "That's so! That's the way girls should be treated!"

But after all, girls, the matter is very much in your hands. On the average a girl gets the treatment she deserves. If she lowers herself, she is apt to be humiliated; and if she holds up her head and keeps up her standards, she will usually be honored by the boys who happen to be in her company.

I wonder, too, if girls realize the immense moral and spiritual power they have. Boys are what you make them. You are charged with electric currents that control the most vital forces of character and of destiny. You mean to boys' more than they realize or you suspect.

When the boy has grown to manhood, participates in the active life of the world, and finds himself striving for the prizes of social, business, and political honor, nothing will stand him so much in good stead as to know how to make himself popular among the women.

Without being a "ladies' man," a fop, or a coxcomb, he ought to have the knack of making ladies think well of him. Nine tenths of the prizes men want are in women's hands. Directly or indirectly they control the honors in the game of success. The man who is distrusted by, or is an offense to, women does not usually go far.

If you are a merchant, it is they who have the last word about your patronage. If you are a politician, you will find their influence more potent than that of men. If you are a clergyman, you must be such a man as they will honor and follow, or you can not hope for a career of usefulness. And so on, through all the professions and labors of men, it is women who bestow

the crown of reward and the palm and olive-branch of victory.

Happy the boy who has learned the art of enjoying the society of girls, who knows how to appreciate women, how to love to be with them without soiling himself or them in his inmost thought! He is such a soul as is described by Tennyson:

"Faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,  
He shall not blind his soul with clay!"

—Dr. Frank Crane, in *Woman's World*.

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#### Has Any One Been Omitted?

The following touching incident and poem are given by one who labored among Moslem women in Persia:

"It was the communion day in our church, and the service proceeded as usual. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness and Christ's love to me, until the question which nobody ever notices was asked, 'Has any one been omitted in the distribution of the bread?' And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, and in all the countries where they need the Lord, but know him not, to testify that they had been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup. And they can take it from no hands but ours, yet we do not pass it on. Can Jesus make heaven so sweet and calm that we can forgive ourselves this great neglect of the millions living now, for whom the body was broken and the blood shed, just as much as for us?"

"The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken;  
Humbly my soul drew near to meet its Lord,  
To plead his sacrificial body broken,  
His blood for me outpoured,

"Confessing all my manifold transgression,  
Weeping, to cast myself before his throne,  
Praying his Spirit to take full possession,  
And seal me all his own,

"On him I laid each burden I was bearing,  
The anxious mind, of strength so oft bereft,  
The future dim, the children of my caring,  
All on his heart I left,

"How could I live, my Lord!" I cried, 'without thee?  
How for a single day this pathway trace,  
And feel no loving arm thrown round about me,  
No all-sustaining grace?

"O, show me how to thank thee, praise thee, love thee,  
For these rich gifts bestowed on sinful me,  
The rainbow hope that spans the sky above me,  
The promised rest with thee!"

"As if indeed he spoke the answer, fitted  
Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up;  
'Let any rise if they have been omitted  
When passed the bread and cup.'

"Sudden, before my inward, open vision,  
Millions of faces crowded up to view,  
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision;  
Give us your Saviour, too!'

"Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,  
Wild with despair, or dark with sin and dread,  
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,  
Hopeless, uncomforted.

"Give us,' they cry; 'your cup of consolation  
Never to our outstretching hands is passed;  
We long for the Desire of every nation,  
And O, we die so fast!

"Does he not love us, too, this gracious Master?  
'Tis from your hand alone we can receive  
The bounty of his grace; O, send it faster,  
That we may take and live!"

"Master," I said, as from a dream awaking,  
 'Is this the service thou dost show to me?  
 Dost thou to me entrust thy bread for breaking  
 To those who cry for thee?

"Dear Heart of Love, canst thou forgive the blindness  
 That let thy child sit selfish and at ease  
 By the full table of thy loving-kindness,  
 And take no thought for these?

"As thou hast loved me, let me love; returning  
 To these dark souls the grace thou givest me;  
 And O, to me impart thy deathless yearning  
 To draw the lost to thee!

"Nor let me cease to spread thy glad salvation,  
 Till thou shalt call me to partake above,  
 Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation  
 Sit at thy feast of love!"

### What Counts for Height

IT was not until I was through high school that father and I began to talk of what I should be. Father is a florist, and our home, just outside Atlanta, has been a real home to the lad of the family. It was not so far out but that I could easily make the distance to Atlanta to attend high school, but after I brought my books home from high school, father and I had quite a talk out by the door of the rose house. It had been a good year for father, and now I felt that he was waiting for me to say something. At last I broke the silence. "Well, dad, what is it to be? Here I am!" Father was bending over a sand-box, planting rose slips. He did not say anything for a minute, and then he straightened up, and said: "Now, see here, Dan, I do not believe I am going to raise a finger as to deciding what you are going to strike out for." After a pause, he continued, "I have kept at this because my father did, and — well, I like it." "Dad," I said, "as far as that is concerned, I like it. But are you sure there is not something a little higher for me?" Mother came out just then for some white roses to send to a house where a baby had died, and she heard what I said. She looked at father, and I saw him shake his head, cautioning her to let me alone. But mother is not to be kept still very easily when it comes to her boy, and she said, "If it is about what Dan is going to do, I have something to say, and it is just this: If he wants to do what he loves to do, he will be the finest florist in Georgia."

I went for the white roses, and when back, mother gave me a pretty close look. I said, "I tell father there may be something a little higher for me." "A little higher! Is it the work a man does, or the man himself, that constitutes height?" answered mother, taking the roses and returning to the house.

Father and I talked. My uncle was a lawyer, and my oldest brother was a doctor; and then I had a cousin out West who was doing well as an engineer, and he had been quite anxious that I should join him. He needed somebody, and if I built up to it, he had said he would go in shares with me. For two weeks I tried to think of myself as a doctor, or a lawyer, or as an engineer, and half a dozen other things; but every time a big rose stood before me — it seemed to protest against my turning to anything but that which I was doing.

I have had three years in an agricultural college, and this is my second year with father, and my name is added to the sign. I am well content, and feel that mother was right in what she said as to its being the man himself who counts for height in this world, rather than the work, provided the work is good, clean work. — *Young People's Weekly*.



### Nature-Teaching

NEVER a flower swung sweet to my face  
 But taught me its grace.

— *Cale Young Rice*.

### People With Keen Eyesight

THE best eyesight is possessed by those peoples whose lands are vast and barren, and where obstacles tending to shorten the sight are few. Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow at a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Africa have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out objects invisible to the ordinary eye at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized people the Norwegians have better eyesight than most, if not all others, as they more generally fulfil the necessary conditions.— *Selected*.

### The Invention of the Thermometer

IT was not until the eighteenth century that the thermometer appeared. Among those who failed in their attempts to devise a heat-and-cold measurer were the noted Halley and the great Sir Isaac Newton. These scientists endeavored to supply the needed instrument by means of tubes containing oil, spirits of wine, etc., but to no avail. It was reserved to Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, an obscure and poor man living at Dantzig, to give the world its thermometer.

Fahrenheit had failed as a merchant, and, possessing a taste for chemistry and mechanics, turned his attention to the problem of the thermometer. During his first series of experiments he used alcohol, but he soon became convinced that mercury was a more suitable substance to use in the tube.

It was about 1720, at Amsterdam, that Fahrenheit turned out the mercury thermometer that has served as a model ever since.— *Selected*.

### To Thread Needles

HERE is a useful device invented by a clever woman, which should have a place on every sewing-table. Get a block of wood two or three inches square, a double-pointed tack (like the kind used in mattings), and a small folding reading- or magnifying-glass.

Open the glass and lay the cover on top of the block of wood; let the glass project its full size over the side of the block. Then fasten in place with the tack. If a block of wood is not obtainable, use an empty spool of basting-thread size.

When you want to thread a small-sized needle, hold the needle and the thread under the glass, and you will have no trouble in getting it through the eye. When you use the machine, tip the block over near the needle, and save time and trouble there also.

These blocks are invaluable for elderly women and those too busy to bother with threading and unthreading needles continually. A good plan is to thread, before starting to sew, all the needles with their different kinds of thread and silk that you are likely to need.— *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.



### The Electron

A STRIKING description of that inconceivably minute particle, the electron, which, within a few years past, has dethroned the atom as the ultimate component of matter, was recently given by Pres. E. F. Nichols. "Its behavior," he said, "is that of an atom of negative electricity pure and simple. Its form is spherical and not spheroidal. Its size is probably less than one ten-million-millionth of an inch. When revolving briskly enough in an orbit within the atom, it gives us colored light of highest purity. When violently jostling irregularly about, it gives us white light. Without it all light would be impossible."—*Selected.*

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### The Cedars of Lebanon

VERY carefully enclosed and guarded are the two hundred remaining cedars of Lebanon, those famous trees that once clothed all the sides of the Syrian mountains. So tall and beautiful were they in comparison with the trees of Palestine that the Hebrew writers celebrated them with extraordinary praise, and from the earliest times their soft white wood was the glory of Jewish architecture. They were used in Solomon's temple, and in its successor, and also in the church that Constantine built at Jerusalem.

The surviving trees are called by the Arabs the "trees of God," and under their wide-spreading branches the clergy of the Greek Church occasionally celebrate mass.

Several of the trees in the grove are over fifteen hundred years old, and have a height of one hundred feet, and a circumference of fifty. In appearance they more resemble the aged larch or the majestic oak than the cedar that is known in America.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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### Sponge Cultivation

SPONGES are becoming scarcer and scarcer, the higher qualities bringing extraordinary prices as compared with those of a few years ago. This condition has led to the suggestion that some artificial substitute for the sponge be devised, or that sponge cultivation take on a new and better phase.

Experiments in the Mediterranean show that the cultivation of sponges may be undertaken with excellent prospects of success off the French coast, and that such cultivation need not, as it was first feared, be confined to the Tunisian shores. Sponges from the opposite shores of the Mediterranean have already been carried to France and planted on its coasts. It is expected that the sponge industry will be greatly strengthened by these methods.

Fragments of sponge transported to another locality heal in about three months, when they again begin to grow. Irregular bits soon become spherical and rapidly increase in size, adding twenty-five times their own value in the course of four or five years. The growth is, of course, slow,—especially during the first year,—mainly because of the necessity for healing the wound caused by the tearing off of the fragment from the main body for transplanting.

The character of the spongy tissue is altered by cultivation, the dark tint becoming much clearer. It has not as yet been ascertained whether there is sufficient change in this respect to alter the commercial value of the product.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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SPONGE life is spread throughout the ocean.



### Keeping at It

HEN I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence by George William Curtis that I have never forgotten, and that has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was this: 'An engine of one-catpower, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty-horse-power standing idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty-horsepower, that my life was narrow in many ways, and my opportunities were likely to be few. But one-catpower I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steadily as I could."—*Forward.*

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### The Tapestry of Lowliness

BEHIND the Greek word which is translated "lowliness" is our word "tapestry," and I think I shall not be far away from the apostle's mind when I say that he counsels us to lay our life down like a soft tapestry carpet—in kindly thoughts and gracious sympathies and helpful services, in order that the weary, bruised feet of other people may find ease and comfort on the road. For some of the ways of life are very rough and flinty, and the sharp, jagged edges of circumstances cut the feet most sorely, and "going" is for many people a matter of ceaseless pain. It is the blessed privilege of Christians to lay a soft surface on the roads, by spreading over them the graciousness of tender compassions, so stooping that other pilgrims can "walk over us," and so forget the hardships of the way.—*J. H. Jowett.*

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"GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying."

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### Seed Thoughts

EVERY human being should have a good reason for the performance of his every act of life. In all that we do we should seek to glorify our Creator, to whom we are indebted for our very existence, and whatever else of value we at any time possess.

When we are about to do something concerning which there is doubt as to its being right, we should carefully and prayerfully examine the matter in the light of God's Word before doing it, and in all such cases give God the benefit of every doubt.

Remember always that the life of Christ is the character of God manifested in human flesh, and that Christ is our pattern and guide in all things. When about to perform some act, and we are not quite sure as to whether it is right, we should ask ourselves what Jesus would do relative to the matter, were he in our place; and whatever Jesus would not do, will be unsafe for us to do. J. W. LOWE.

# • CHILDREN'S • PAGE •

## Tom Never Left the Bars Down Again



A STORY comes from a New England home of years ago, told by one of the two boys concerned, grown to manhood.

Once I saved Tom from a promised whipping for leaving down the bars when he went after the cows at milking-time, thus giving the young cattle left in the pasture a chance to get out, which they always improved. If they were at the back of the lot when Tom got the cows, he thought it unnecessary to put up the bars; it would be so short a time before the cows would be driven back.

Father cautioned and reproved him several times, and finally he threatened to whip him if it happened again. Several weeks passed, and he left the bars down again. The young cattle got into the corn, doing much damage.

The next morning father said nothing, but went about his usual work. Tom was gloomy; there was an air of depression in the house, and I was greatly troubled. I couldn't bear to have Tom whipped, nor could I blame father. At last I resolved to go and speak to him.

The sun was shining bright, and he was opening some tumbles of hay in the east meadow. I approached him slowly, for I did not feel sure of my ground, and stood still without saying a word. He looked up at me, and said, "Well, Joe, what is it?"

"I have come to you to speak about Tom; I don't want him whipped."

"I don't see how you can help it, my son. I can not have my crops destroyed in this way, and I must keep my word."

"Father, didn't you read this morning in the lesson: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: . . . and with his stripes we are healed'?"

"Yes; what a boy you are to remember, Joe!"

"Well, I will take the blows you intend to give Tom."

"I can't do that, Joe. Tom is the transgressor, not you," father answered, his face softening. Then looking at me keenly, he asked, "Did Tom send you to me?"

"No; he knows nothing of my coming."

My father stood leaning on his pitchfork, looking down on the ground. At length he said, "Go and bring Tom."

I found him on the front porch, with a sober face, trying to study.

"Come with me, Tom; father wants you."

"I know what he wants," turning a little pale. After a moment's hesitation he arose, saying, "I might as well go now and have it done with."

As we walked along, I thought it best to give him a little advice, for he generally did as occasion served him. There was no knowing beforehand what he would do.

"Now, Tom, you mustn't flare up. You must be good, and answer father's questions in a pleasant, kind way. You mustn't talk any; only answer his questions. I don't think he will be hard with you."

Father stood as I had left him. I can see him now, after the lapse of so many years, with his back to the morning sun, leaning forward a little on the handle of his fork, looking down to the ground, one hand above the other and his chin on his hands, and some hay scattered about him. He did not seem to see us. He was lost in reverie.

"Father," I ventured, timidly, "Tom is here."

He looked up at us quickly, then said: "Tom, do you remember these words in our Scripture reading this morning: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: . . . and with his stripes we are healed'?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, greatly surprised.

"What do you think these words mean?"

"That Christ suffered for us," replied Tom, his voice unsteady, and his face flushing.

"Well, Joe offers to suffer for you."

Tom turned to me with a look on his face I shall never forget, and exclaimed, "No, Joe, you shall not do that!"

Then, flinging his arms around my neck, he kissed me, and, as quick as a flash, he stepped up to father, and held out his hand, saying: "The stripes belong to me, father; I am ready."

Tears were falling down father's face, and for a moment he could not speak. Then he said: "No, Tom, I can not punish any one now. I do not think you'll ever forget this day. If you do, remember Joe's offer holds good. I love my children, and I want to do them all the good I can. But I must be obeyed, and this is one way of doing them good. You may go now."

Tom did not stir. He was evidently waiting for me, and yet, for some reason I could not explain, I hesitated. Stepping closer, I said, "Father, I want to kiss you."

He caught me in his arms, saying, "O my boy!" and kissed me. Then taking Tom, he said, "God bless you, dear Tom," and kissed him, with swimming eyes.

Then with great awe upon us, we went to the house. Tom never left the bars down again.—From "Quiet Talks on Home Ideals."

### An Instance of Answer to Prayer

I HAVE often heard my Grandmother Curtis spoken of as "one of the best women that God ever made." The secret of her power lay in her childlike confidence in her Heavenly Father. She believed that the infinite God is just as willing to help us in the petty trials and difficulties that often annoy us like swarms of gnats, and cause us worry and heartache and discouragement, as in times of great affliction.

Her life was full of care and trouble, and the hardships and privations of poverty, which sapped her physical strength, and brought her to an early grave. But, although she has been resting for nearly half a century, the bright radiance of her life of trust is still glowing in the hearts of her children and friends.

My mother, who was ten years old when grandmother died, has often told the following incident, which reveals her mother's belief in God's care for the comfort and happiness of his children:—

"It was during the civil war, and our family suffered the same extremes of poverty that so many others did in those troublous times. We lived ten miles from town, and father was gone from home with the team of mules much of the time. One day we lost mother's hair comb, and, although we made diligent search, we were unable to find it for two weeks. It is hard for you to realize what such a loss meant. There were five girls of us to be made ready for school every day, and it was impossible for mother to keep our heads clean and tidy without a comb. There was no way to get to town, and, even if there had been, there was no money with which to buy a new comb, as such articles were expensive in those days.

"One day, after we had searched everywhere, mother said, 'God knows where that comb is, and we need it, and he has promised to supply all our needs. Let us ask him to show us where it is right now.' So we kneeled, and she prayed. When we arose, she asked us to help her pull the heavy bureau out from the wall, and there was the comb, caught between the logs of the wall. She said that while she was praying, God impressed her where to look. Then we regretted that we had not thought of God sooner. Could he not have shown us the place before?"

How often we carry burdens of worry and care, while our Heavenly Father is waiting close by, and we do not give him a chance to help us until our own backs are breaking beneath the load! He says, "Be careful [anxious] for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—*Elsa Northrup.*

### The Two Sauls

THE two Bible characters that bore the name of Saul well represent the two sons in the parable, where the man said unto the first, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." He replied, "I will not;" but afterward he repented, and went. Unto the second son the man made the same request. He answered, "I go, sir," but went not. Matt. 21: 28-30.

The two persons we are considering were both of the tribe of Benjamin; and it is interesting to note the manner in which they personally speak of it. Compare 1 Sam. 9: 21 and Phil. 3: 5, 11.

Both were exemplary young men, having been reared from childhood to obey their parents, and to respect and seek the counsel of the prophets and their teachers in Israel. See 1 Sam. 9: 2, 5, 6; Phil. 3: 6; Acts 26: 4, 5.

One was tall and well-proportioned, exhibiting a commanding appearance (1 Sam. 9: 2; 10: 23, 24); the other was not prepossessing in personal appearance, because of diminutive size and physical infirmity. Gal. 4: 13-15.

The former Saul experienced a change of heart, and even prophesied among the other prophets. 1 Sam. 10: 6, 10. He was chosen and crowned the first king of ancient Israel. Verses 19-23; 11: 14, 15. When the latter Saul, through zeal for his early faith, was "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he was chosen the first apostle to modern Israel. Acts 9: 1-15. He, too, prophesied,

and in later life was generally known as the apostle Paul. Acts 13: 9.

The first, through disobedience to God and his prophet Samuel (1 Sam. 13: 13; 15: 11), became so sinful that he sought counsel through evil spirits (1 Sam. 28: 8), and became so filled with envy and jealousy that he attempted to take the life of David. See 1 Sam. 18: 11, 12, 29; 19: 1. And his course finally resulted in suicide—a step beyond which he could not expect pardon from even his Creator—God. 1 Sam. 31: 4.

The last Saul, on the contrary, gained a deep experience in the things of God (Phil. 4: 11, 12); became an ordained minister, teacher, and apostle for Christ (1 Tim. 2: 7); and because of this, the Jews and other enemies to the church, sought his life. Acts 21: 30, 31.

Ever after his conversion, whether in prison or free, he nobly defended his new-found faith. Acts, chapters 22 to 26. And at the close of his earthly career he gave this glorious testimony: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

The one stood at the head of a nation, surrounded by servants, associated with the great, and reveled in wealth and luxury. The other was driven from place to place as an impostor, and persecuted by mobs of the lower classes, by false brethren. He preached on the Sabbaths and at night, laboring by day with his own hands for his own support. He suffered great privations and hunger for the cause of Christ.

Which example would we better follow?

S. H. CARNahan.

### Sad, Is It not?

A FEW days ago it became necessary for me to go out to the new Press property just bordering the



The cartoonist of the *Chicago Saturday Blade*, to whom we are indebted for this picture, presents quite vividly the relation of the government to the trusts which are seeking to destroy competition in trade. The Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust are represented as having received a serious blow by Uncle Sam's motor-car, while others are endangered.

British Concession in the city of Shanghai. It chanced to be a festal day for the dead, and in looking over the cultivated fields, everywhere mutilated by grave

mounds, I was surprised to see little columns of smoke curling skyward from these mounds. Presently, on nearer approach, I saw a cluster of these mounds and surface tombs being attended by three young Chinese. They had a plentiful supply of paper money in the form of little silver and gold shoes. Having deposited a heap by each of the mounds and



SURFACE TOMBS FOR TEMPORARY INTERMENT

tombs, they set them on fire, and then very solemnly passed from one to the other and did obeisance to the dead.

Having arrived at the property, I found that it would be necessary to wait for some time, and looked about for a seat. A small boundary stone near a number of grave mounds alone seemed convenient. I had been resting but a few minutes when a Chinese woman, accompanied by three boys and a babe just able to toddle, appeared, the boys carrying a liberal supply of the money for the dead. They came to the cluster of mounds near which I was seated, and proceeded with the same ceremony I had just previously witnessed. Then the mother went to the head of one of the surface tombs in which the dead are first temporarily buried, and suddenly began to weep and wail in a most heart-breaking manner. It was a little girl that had died, and in her wailing the poor mother constantly repeated that she was eating bitter, eating bitter (exceeding sorrowful). For an hour or more she wept bitterly, joined at times by her babe, who could not grasp the meaning of this sorrow. And their sorrow is hopeless. They know not Christ of Calvary. The future, as the past, is filled with unappeasable deities and innumerable suffering spirits of the dead — and devils.

W. E. GILLIS.

#### “Receiver of Wrecks”

EVERY one has done enough, at one time or another in his life, to wreck himself forever. But this does not mean that he is going to be abandoned as a wreck; there is a work going on to prevent this. A letter from a Nova Scotia correspondent bears as a part of its business heading the words, “Receiver of Wrecks.” The Dominion government divides the coast line into districts, and provides for each a representative whose business it is to receive and handle, in the interests of all concerned, all wrecks and wreckage not claimed by the owners, or whose owners are unknown. Our Lord Jesus Christ, as the owner of all human wreckage, is the receiver as well; and his handling of every wreck that is committed to him is indeed in the interests of all concerned. For he does not make men over; he makes them anew. His work is never mere salvage or repair work; always “there is a new creation.” — *Sunday School Times*.



M. E. KERN . . . . . Secretary  
MATILDA ERICKSON . . . . . Corresponding Secretary

#### Society Study for Sabbath, July 22

##### Mohammedan Fields

LEADER'S NOTE.—Excellent help on this program may be obtained from the following books: “The Mohammedan World,” “Islam—a Challenge of Faith,” and “An Outline of Mission Fields.” On the “History of Mohammedanism” and “The Moslem Religion” see the article on page 6, entitled “Mohammedanism.”

##### Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

History of Mohammedanism (five-minute paper). See page 6.

The Moslem Religion (eight-minute talk).

Islam and the Advent Message (eight-minute talk).

Two Missionaries to Mohammedans (eight-minute paper on Raymond Lull and Henry Martyn). See page 4.

“Has Any One Been Omitted?” (recitation). See page 8.

#### Morning Watch: “Be Ye Holy”

RESOLVE to overcome the wicked one. True victory is gained only when the repentant sinner pledges himself to unconditional obedience to God,—only when he pledges himself to honor God in every word, every business transaction, every act of his life. Those who do this may be like the youth whom John addressed in the words: “I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.” It is possible for every youth to gain spiritual strength. Those who endeavor to increase their strength will pass through severe struggles, which will test their sincerity of purpose; but by remaining faithful, they prove that their determination to do God's will is prompted by high and holy motives. In every sense of the word such youth are able to be overcomers; for Christ overcame in their behalf. Having overcome, they are brought into alliance with divine, unfailing resources.

Young men, young women, you are a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. By your determined efforts to be true and righteous, laying your foundation secure in faith, you may be able to provoke the older and more experienced brethren and sisters to love and good works.—*Mrs. E. G. White*.

#### Mohammedanism

(Concluded from page six)

for this closing message of salvation. Present political divisions favor an advance against Mohammedanism. Under Moslem rule there is no free press, no freedom to preach Christ openly, no liberty for the convert to profess Christianity, in fact, little chance for advancement in anything. But to-day five sixths of the Moslems are under Christian governments. The Bible, in part at least, has been translated into every Moslem tongue. Of course many are unable to read it. In India, for instance, ninety-two per cent of the people can not read or write, but many would learn if they

had the chance. There is a growing demand for schools.

There are good openings for medical work, and as intelligent Mohammedans are helped physically, they will desire that the work should be carried on further among them.

Seventh-day Adventists ought to be able to bring more Moslems to Christ than any other people, because they hold several great truths in common. The Christian missionary who preaches one God, the second advent of Christ, principles of healthful living, such as abstinence from swine's flesh, and other doctrines that the Moslems believe, is on vantage-ground. Why have we done so little? What shall we do? Some one has said that the Christian's prayer ought to be the prayer that Abraham prayed, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!"

In the middle ages millions were spent to thrust the impious Moslem from the Holy Land. Thousands of the brightest, noblest men in Christendom willingly sacrificed themselves in the effort. If we, as a denomination, weak and small in numbers though we are, will become as enthusiastic in a modern crusade to carry the advent message to the Moslem world as the crusaders were to take the empty tomb of Christ from the Saracens, we shall be able by the help of God to accomplish great things for these neighbors of ours that sit in darkness to-day.

C. P. LILLIE.

#### The Cat With the "Dirty Face"

My little maid, a blossom of five years,  
Came to my study, early yester morn;  
Her pinafore was doubled, and I saw  
The outline of a body small and round —  
A cat, I guessed. My little maid looked up  
And quaintly said, as she shook back her curls:  
"See, father, here's a kitten! It was cold,  
And when I went to take my morning walk  
Down in the garden, he was cuddled up  
Beneath the branches of the lilac bush.  
He tried to run, but he was weak and tired,  
And so I brought him to the cheerful fire.  
I want to keep him. He has crisscross stripes,  
And isn't pretty; but I'll love him more  
Because he had no home, and seemed so pleased  
To feel a kind hand, and to sip some milk.  
See, how he purrs! The black fur grows all wrong  
And makes his face all dirty. But I know  
It's just the way it always was, and he  
Can't help it, though he might feel sad at times  
When people see the smudge, and pass him by  
To pet the other cats that scratch and bite —  
Though they are smooth and pretty. So I think  
I'll be as gentle with him as I know,  
Because he has that funny dirty face."  
I heard her patter down the narrow stair,  
Crooning child-ditties to the smudgy pet  
That peeped out from her folded pinafore  
With bright, shrewd eyes, despite his "dirty" face —  
A grateful, loving kitten to my tot,  
Who, like the Pharaoh's daughter in the Writ,  
Found her wee Moses, with his piteous glance,  
Beneath the lilac bush. I smiled, and thought  
How dexterous she made her childish plea.  
And then the thought stole quickly to my heart:  
Some souls, perhaps of pristine good and worth,  
Have, like the tiny cat, a "dirty" face.  
Some warp ingrained by nature at their birth.  
Men pass them by, but God, whose eyes are clear,  
Finds them alone, beneath some lilac bush,  
And gives them rest and shelter; loving them  
The kinder for the birth-born "dirty" face.  
Thus, little maid, a lesson have I learned  
From you, my five-year-old, and that wee cat  
Born with the stripes that make his "dirty" face.  
A pure, fair child — how like it is to God!  
What wisdom in its simple law of love!

— Fred Rapheal Allen.

It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,  
that's a-making the sun shine everywhere.— James  
Whitcomb Riley.



#### III — Decision of the Council

(July 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 15:13-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." Acts 15:18.

#### Questions

1. After Paul and Barnabas had told how God had worked for the Gentiles through them, who next addressed the meeting? Who was this James? Acts 15:13; note 1.

2. By what name did he refer to Peter? (See John 1:40.) What did he say Peter had told them? What agreed with Peter's experience? Verses 14, 15.

3. What did the prophecy which James quoted say of the tabernacle of David? What would the Lord do after it was fallen down? Who besides the Jewish nation did God desire should seek him? Verses 16, 17.

4. To what did the prophecy which James quoted refer? What was God's design with regard to the Gentiles? Note 2.

5. What is known unto God? Verse 18.

6. What was James's decision about the matter under dispute? Verse 19.

7. What did James suggest that they do? From what were the Gentiles asked to abstain? What was read in the synagogue every Sabbath? Verses 20, 21.

8. What did the heathen Gentiles worship? What was the custom regarding the animals brought as sacrifices? What else did they do which God had forbidden? How had the Jews been instructed? What were the Gentiles asked to do? Note 3.

9. What did it please the apostles and elders to do? Who were asked to return to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas? Verse 22.

10. How did the letter begin? To whom was greeting sent? What had they heard? What commandment had the church not given? Verses 23, 24.

11. What seemed good to them to do? How were Paul and Barnabas spoken of in the letter? What had they done for the name of Jesus? Who else were mentioned? What were Judas and Silas to do? Verses 25-27.

12. What had seemed good unto the Holy Ghost and to them? How did the letter close? Verses 28, 29.

13. When the council was dismissed, where did Paul, Barnabas, Judas, and Silas go? When they reached Antioch, what did they do? How did the church at Antioch receive the message sent them? Verses 30, 31.

14. How did Judas and Silas help the believers at Antioch? How interested in this work did Silas become? What did Paul and Barnabas do? Verses 32-35.

#### Notes

1. This James was the brother of Jesus. Gal. 1:19. He was a recognized leader in the early church. Acts 12:17; 21:18; Gal. 2:9. Josephus says that he was called "The Just," because of his upright and holy life.

2. The prophecy which James quoted referred to the fall of the Jewish nation, its captivity and restoration, and the extension of the work of God to include the Gentiles that call upon the name of the Lord.

3. The Gentiles worshiped idols, and made sacrifices to them. Their priests then sold the animals that were brought to them as offerings, and the people ate them. They also ate

the flesh of animals that had been strangled, and they drank blood, and used it in their food. The Jews had been divinely instructed with regard to the food they should use, in order to preserve their health and strength. While merely ceremonial observances were no longer to be followed, it was just as wrong for Gentiles as for Jews to partake of those things which God had declared unclean and unfit for food.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### III — Decision of the Council

(July 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 15: 13-35.

LESSON HELP: Sabbath School Worker.

PLACES: Jerusalem and Antioch.

PERSONS: The council; leading men; Paul, Barnabas, Peter, James, Judas, Barsabas, Silas.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 15: 18.

#### Questions

1. After Paul and Barnabas had spoken, who next addressed the council? Verse 13; note 1.

2. To whose speech did James refer? From what prophet did he quote? Repeat the words of the prophet. Verses 14-18; note 2.

3. What sentence did James give concerning the matter under discussion? What did he say they would write to the churches? Verses 19-21; note 3.

4. Why was it unnecessary for them to specify every detail? Verse 21.

5. What did the council decide to do? Who were sent? Verse 22.

6. What did they send by these brethren? Give the substance of the letter. Verses 23-29.

7. What did the letter say of those who had been teaching circumcision as necessary to salvation? What had been the result of their teaching? Verse 24.

8. What is said of the men by whom the letter was sent? Verse 25.

9. What authority did they give for the decision rendered? Verse 28.

10. How was the message received by the church at Antioch? Verses 30, 31.

11. How did Judas and Silas show their faithfulness as shepherds of the flock? What gift did they have? Verse 32.

12. Having delivered their message, what did these brethren do? Verse 33.

13. Who remained behind? What did they do? Verses 34, 35.

1. "James presided at the council, and his final decision was, 'Wherefore my sentence is, that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles are turned to God.' This ended the discussion. In this sentence we have a refutation of the doctrine held by the Roman Catholic Church—that Peter was the head of the church. Those who, as popes, have claimed to be his successors, have no foundation for their pretensions. Nothing in the life of Peter gives sanction to these pretended claims. If the professed successors of Peter had imitated his examples, they would have taken no authoritative position but one on an equality with that of the brethren."—"Sketches From the Life of Paul" (Mrs. E. G. White), pages 68, 69.

2. "The substance of what he [James] said was (1) that the conversion of the Gentiles, as rehearsed by Simon (Peter's Hebrew name), was an exact fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy, the particular prediction cited being taken from Amos 9: 11, 12; and (2) that, that being so, the conversion of the Gentiles manifestly had a place in the plan and purpose of God, to whom all his works are known from the beginning, so that nothing could occur by accident."—"Homiletical Commentary," page 322.

This allusion to the rebuilding of the house of David that "is fallen," as spoken by Amos, is especially interesting, showing, as it does, that the real, true house of David, or the true Israel, are those of all nations who become one with Christ by

faith. See Gal. 3: 29; Eph. 2: 11-13; Hosea 2: 23; Rom. 9: 25, 26.

3. "The council which decided this case was composed of the founders of the Jewish and Gentile Christian churches. Elders from Jerusalem, and deputies from Antioch, were present; and the most influential churches were represented. The council did not claim infallibility in their deliberations, but moved from the dictates of enlightened judgment, and with the dignity of a church established by the divine will. They saw that God himself had decided this question by favoring the Gentiles with the Holy Ghost; and it was left for them to follow the guidance of the Spirit.

"The entire body of Christians was not called to vote upon the question. The apostles and elders—men of influence and judgment—framed and issued the decree, which was thereupon generally accepted by the Christian churches. All were not pleased, however, with this decision; there was a faction of false brethren who assumed to engage in a work on their own responsibility. They indulged in murmuring and fault-finding, proposing new plans, and seeking to pull down the work of experienced men whom God had ordained to teach the doctrine of Christ. The churches had such obstacles to meet from the first, and will ever have them to the close of time."—"Sketches From the Life of Paul" (Mrs. E. G. White), pages 70, 71.

The Gentiles worshiped idols, and made sacrifices to them. Their priests then sold the animals that were brought to them as offerings, and the people ate them. They also ate the flesh of animals that had been strangled, and they drank blood, and used it in their food. The Jews had been divinely instructed with regard to the food they should use in order to preserve their health and strength. While merely ceremonial observances were no longer to be followed, it was just as wrong for Gentiles as for Jews to partake of those things which God had declared unclean and unfit for food.

#### Kept by His Associates

"WE never lost a man," said the guide to me at Niagara when a party of us were to go under the falls and through the Cave of the Winds. Yet they would have lost me that trip but for one thing. In passing over the slippery rocks and through the blinding spray the guide made us *take hold of hands*, and when I completely lost my footing the men who were with me held me up. Niagara Falls is not the only place where a man's associates can keep him from falling. —Frederick Hall.

#### Joseph—a Character Sketch

IN a well-known book we have been noticing lately the style of character attributed to Joseph, as the story refers to the time and life of our dear Saviour. Was he really dull and rather slow of understanding, this man of Nazareth,—the man chosen of God for partnership in the most important work ever entrusted to humanity, the earthly training of our Lord Christ? "A just man," so he is called in God's Word, tender and careful of wounding even the erring, not hasty in judgment, taking time to think around and above and beyond appearances. Living near to the Lord, he loved to hear his voice even in a dream; not questioning when he awoke, but obeying; daring the world's frown and his own reputation for love's sake.

When he, with Mary, once sought Jesus, sorrowing, their grief was one; and when we read that our dear Saviour was "never contented to do a poor piece of work," we know that, added to his own divine willingness, a careful training had been given by a loving earthly father. Surely, Joseph will be found among the teachers that "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," and "as the stars forever and ever."

G. McCown.

THE grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. —Chalmers.

# 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.

**Better Times**

A COMPANY of Americans was visiting the old prison at The Hague. That place of horror is now a museum, in which are gathered instruments of torture such as were used in that and similar institutions in the middle ages. The guide took them through the pestilential dungeons; he showed them the torture chambers; he pointed out that the starvation cell was placed, with fiendish ingenuity, where the odors of the kitchen must constantly ascend through the windows in the court.

He caused them to stand in the spot where men formerly were chained, with a shaven spot upon their heads, to feel the dropping of water that at intervals dripped from a tiny hole in the ceiling above, and told them how in three days men went mad, and within a week died, raving. He showed them the blocks where men were beheaded, the axes and the swords that had once run red; he exhibited thumbscrews, racks, and other devices for inflicting inhuman cruelty on human flesh.

Last of all, he showed them the wheel where men were broken with an iron bar, and the sledge that finally put a merciful end to the suffering.

As he escorted the company to the door, he said, parenthetically between his courteous farewells and thanks for gratuities, "And all these things happened in what we call 'the good old times.'"

So they did, and not a few of them were done in the name of religion.

Let it be remembered, whenever we despair of these present days of lessened zeal for dogma, that whatever loss there may have been of spiritual earnestness, we now have freedom from persecution. Let it count for compensation for many and grave reactions in this present age that at least the soul of man is free to worship God.

Good as were "the good old times" in many ways, they were very bad old times in their tyranny over the souls and cruelty toward the bodies of men.

They built great cathedrals in the good old times, but —

"Those glorious windows shone upon the black  
And hideous structure of the guillotine:  
Beside the haloed countenance of saints  
There hangs the multiple and knotted lash.  
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful,  
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived,  
And bigotry sustained. The prison cell,  
With blood-stained walls where starving men went mad,  
Lies under turrets matchless in their grace."

... How was it then that men,  
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world  
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain  
Such hellish projects for their fellow men?"

With all the sins and follies of the present age, we live in better days than those of the good old times. Our times are not without their perils, and we shall do well to guard against them.— *Youth's Companion.*

**Incapable of Being Abrogated**

A READER of the INSTRUCTOR sends the following quotation to the paper from John Ruskin on paying tithe, and says: "This quotation has all the force and positiveness of our own belief on that subject, together with a fine spiritual application. It seems of value as evincing that our doctrine of tithing, so often stigmatized as narrow, had long ago been taught by that great mind so distinguished for its fervor and breadth." Mr. Ruskin says: —

"And let us not now lose sight of this broad and unabrogated principle — I might say, incapable of being abrogated, so long as men shall receive earthly gifts from God. Of all that they have his tithe must be rendered to him, or in so far and in so much he is forgotten: of the skill and of the treasure, of the strength and of the mind, of the time and of the toil, offering must be made reverently; and if there be any difference between the Levitical and the Christian offering, it is that the latter may be just so much the wider in its range as it is less typical in its meaning, as it is thankful instead of sacrificial. There can be no excuse accepted because the Deity does not now visibly dwell in his temple; if he is invisible, it is only through our failing faith: nor any excuse because other calls are more immediate or more sacred; this ought to be done, and not the other left undone."

**The Tobacco Trust**

THE tobacco trust is only twenty-one years old; yet its career illustrates practically every application yet discovered of the principle of combination in the endeavor to crush out competition. It also illustrates the extreme extension of that principle; for it is an international trust, and we believe it was the first to undertake to partition out the trade of the entire world. The story of its successive advances and enlargements is a story of conquests, entirely comparable to the history of some ruthless military conqueror. And just as a military conqueror succeeds by finding some new way to fight, so has this belligerent corporation overcome its competitors by a new way of organizing and directing its forces.

That new way in industry and business is a parlous matter. It is the foremost problem for all our legislatures and our courts; for nobody fancies that these decisions of the Supreme Court against the tobacco and oil trusts have entirely disposed of it. A new force or principle is not destroyed by merely putting a stop to its operation along one particular line, or along two or three lines. The problem is not of a day, but of an age. How long did it take the world to conquer feudalism? We move faster, of course, than in the centuries of that struggle, and the human mind has many new resources in all its undertakings. But the oil case and the tobacco case will probably have their place in the earlier and not the later history of the struggle of modern society to adjust itself to the principle of combination.— *Harper's Weekly.*