

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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The Sins That Spoil



YOU need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well. Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle-shafts, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences as the numberless petty faults which we are all the while committing.—

Henry Ward Beecher.



THE Smithsonian Institution has recently sent out an expedition to Alberta and British Columbia, Canada, for the purpose of collecting natural history specimens for the National Museum.

THE emperor of Germany, in order to stimulate the girls of the middle classes among his subjects to learn trades, has had his daughter learn millinery. The princess really enjoys the work.

THE Chinese government has demanded of Mexico an indemnity of \$6,000,000 for the massacre of three hundred three Chinese subjects and the destruction of Chinese property at Torreon when that city was evacuated by the federal troops. Official investigations show that fearful atrocities were committed.

A Lesson From the Koran

THE Mohammedans, who believe many beautiful things about angels, have in one chapter of their Koran the story how Gabriel, as he waited by the gates of gold, was sent by God to earth to do two things. One was to prevent King Solomon from the sin of forgetting the hour of prayer in exultation over his royal steeds, the other to help a little yellow ant on the slope of Ararat, which had grown weary in getting food for its nest, and which would otherwise perish in the rain. To Gabriel the one behest seemed just as kingly as the other, seeing that God had ordered it.—*Tarbell.*

A Home Club

A GIRL who was invited to take dinner with a friend on a certain evening, surprised her by declining. "It's the night for our club," she explained, and the friend who had the curiosity to inquire a little further, was very much surprised to find that the club membership was confined to that one family. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters were all included, but no one else.

Once a week the club met, and each of the members took some part. The musical daughter played the selection she knew best. One of the boys gave an exhibition of sleight of hand, which called forth tumultuous applause from the admiring audience; the five-year-old sang the song he had learned at kindergarten; and so it went on, up to the heads of the household. Each member gave of his best to the general entertainment, and nothing in the week was looked forward to with more interest than was the meeting of that Home Club.

Some of you home fairies, especially those who are without near neighbors, may be glad to act on this idea in your own homes. With father and mother and the boys the question of membership is settled. Vary the program as much as you like. Draw out the gifts of each one. The brother whose gay whistle makes music in the barns and fields, may be rather embarrassed at first over attempting a solo in the Home Club, while you play his accompaniment. Mother may laugh at you at first, as you coax her to put some experience of her girlhood into writing, but if you win, and mother makes her first appearance as an author, the chances are that she will be astonished herself to find out how well she can do.

Too many of us wait for strangers to discover the talents in our homes. Let us not make that mistake. A successful home club not only provides interest for many an otherwise empty evening, but helps to bring to notice and develop many a gift that is in danger of being overlooked.—*Girls' Companion.*

A Christian Virtue

ON the Kansas prairie a farmer took a claim and put up a small, rough cabin for his family. But sickness soon came upon him, and all winter long he suffered. In the spring he died. What would become of his wife and her three little children? After the doctor's bill was paid, she had no money left with which to pay for help, and she had no relatives to whom she could appeal for aid. Unless a crop was raised, she could not hold her claim.

One morning she looked out of her window and saw her fields alive with men and boys and teams. From near and far they had come, and soon they were busily at work with their plows and harrows and corn-planters. When night came, eighty acres were planted with corn, and with a promise that they would come again and harvest her crop, the tired workers drove merrily away.

After the sugar-cane harvest on the island of Formosa the stubble-fields were set on fire, as was the custom, to prepare them for another planting. The fire spread and attacked the houses of the only two Christians in all that section. Their owners were away, and one of the houses burned to the ground. The other Chinamen rejoiced, and said that this misfortune had come because the Christians had left the religion of their fathers and no longer offered sacrifice to their ancestors. One day they saw, with astonishment, a great troop of men coming, bringing with them bamboo poles, wood, bricks, and tools. They laid their things down by the ruined house, and began to build another. What could this mean? The Christian Chinese in a neighboring village had learned of the misfortune of their fellow Christian, and had come to "help him bear his burdens." In a few days the house was ready. The heathen Chinamen had never seen a deed like that before, they said, and they could not understand it.

In civilized America and in heathen China the spirit of Christian service is the same as that of Dorcas of Joppa. The true follower of Jesus is full of good works.—*Selected.*

"WHEN you hear of good in people, tell it;
When you hear a tale of evil, quell it.
Let the goodness have the light,
Put the evil out of sight,
Make the world we live in bright,
Like to heaven above."

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No. 30

MUSIC

MAX HILL



MUSIC! What does the word bring to mind? What pictures does it recall? What chords of memory does it touch? Barren must be the life of one who does not love music; narrow and unnatural the soul that takes no pleasure in the poetry of sound in nature, in the charm of the human voice,

in the soothing strain of the sweet-toned violin or the soul-moving melody of the grand organ!

From the day when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" at the prospect of a new world to be created, music has had its place in the world. Inspired of Heaven, men have sung God's praise, accompanying the words with instrumental melody to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord." Early in the history of the world is the record of Jubal: "He was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." The gift of music was in him, to be developed, we know not to what extent, and passed on to his posterity, even to us who dwell in earth's closing days.

But what is music? and what has it accomplished? Where shall we find it used? and with what result? Look to history. Israel's captive children crossed over the Red Sea in safety, with Pharaoh's host lost in the flood of waters; and Moses, the man of God, wrote a song for the ransomed ones to sing. What a glorious use of music was that! But yesterday slaves in Egypt; to-day, free, and singing the song of victory!

In the days of the judges, Barak marched with his ten thousand warriors from Mount Tabor to destroy the army of Sisera, and a wonderful victory was won for Israel. Then Deborah joined with Barak in commemorating the victory in song.

As a boy with his sheep, as an attendant at the royal court, as a fugitive from the envious Saul; hunted to the rocky caves of the mountains, betrayed by seeming friends, hampered by want and hunger, by perils in camp and abroad; as a warrior, as a king, David found solace in his harp. Always his harp and his songs brought cheer to him and his companions. And in the day when he learned that Jonathan, his dearest friend, lay dead in Mount Gilboa, David wrote a song of lamentation for him. Only in music could he find solace; only in music could he find a medium to express his sorrow and the love he bore his former faithful friend at court.

Listen at the prison where Paul and Silas, bruised and bleeding, with their feet in the stocks, are suffering for the gospel's sake. Music there?—Yes, in psalms they join their voices in praise; stocks are forgotten, stripes, though bleeding, cease to pain them. Heaven comes so near that the earth trembles, prison doors fly open, chains part asunder! Victory follows the psalm of praise!

In times of stress and trial, in times of sorrow, in times of victory, we find that the mind of man turns naturally to song. As in sacred history, so in secular. Recall the effect of the thrilling songs of the Athenian poet Tyrtæus when Sparta pressed so hard for the

downfall of Messenia and the leadership of early Greece. From times most ancient we read of the war-songs which soldiers sang in camp and battle line. What power was in the songs the Scotch patriots sang as they flung themselves against the invading conquerors! What wonder that they died for their country! They sang of home and love and victory till they could know no defeat but death. When France was torn with dissension of war and revolution, "La Marseillaise" was written—born, more properly. Instantly the fiery lines were taken up and sung by citizen and soldier. Everywhere they sang their hatred of tyrants, their love of their land, their purpose to fight—to die, if need be—for the precious boon of liberty. Men left their shops and their farms to sing the song on the battle-field as they fought for the liberty the song extolled. And the song still lives, however questionable the liberty it helped them gain.

Francis Scott Key, detained on a British man-of-war off from Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, during the war of 1812, watched through the smoke of battle for the beautiful flag of his own loved country, and in the stress of the waiting and the uncertainty, he composed "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is not the poetry that stirs us, nor is it the music, for neither is particularly good, but the spirit in it brings us to our feet when the band strikes up the air. Why?—O, because it is the music of a great crisis, it moves us!

Do you ever think of the civil war without hearing, actually hearing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "John Brown's Body," "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," and "Battle Hymn of the Republic"? Do you know why?—Probably not; but to the "boys in blue," whose ranks are now so thin, there comes a misty vision when these songs are sung; they recall the days when those songs were lived, when they cheered the soldiers by the camp fire, when they led them to victory, when they soothed them in defeat. For that is the power of music.

If this is true of the songs that lead in the wars men wage with men, what shall we say of the greater warfare with sin? Is the Christian soldier moved and cheered by the voice of song? Who will think of denying it? Books have been written to record the triumphs of song in the work of the gospel. In mission lands, with the first translation of the Bible goes the hymn-book, to be almost equally treasured. What would be the history of the powerful evangelists without their singers and their music?

Take one song, "There Were Ninety and Nine," and tell me what Moody could have done without it. The words from the pen of an unknown woman, the music composed by Sankey himself—why, the mention of Moody and Sankey always recalls that immortal song. While on one of their tours in England, Mr. Sankey purchased a religious paper as they entered a train one day. In an obscure corner of the paper he found the poem, "The Ninety and Nine." Instantly recognizing its beauty of poetry and sentiment, he exclaimed to Mr. Moody, "I have found

the hymn I have been looking for for many years!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Moody.

"'The Ninety and Nine,' about the lost sheep," he replied.

Mr. Moody was reading a letter at the time, and while he asked Mr. Sankey to read the poem to him, he really did not pay any attention to it. But Mr. Sankey made him a mental promise that he should hear from it again, and clipping it from the paper, he placed it in his scrap-book.

In Edinburgh Mr. Moody preached on the Good Shepherd, and as his custom was, called upon Mr. Sankey for a solo on the subject. There was a pause; for once he was at a loss for a song. Suddenly the little poem flashed into his mind. But there was no music for it! The audience waited; something must be done; so, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, he placed the little scrap on his organ. Striking a full chord, he began. Though the audience did not suspect it, he was feeling his way through the stanza, step by step. What if he could not recall the air for the other stanzas? The thought almost overwhelmed him, but keeping on, he sang through the first stanza, the second, the third, on through all five. The audience was spellbound. Mr. Moody was delighted. "Where did you get that song?" he exclaimed.

"O," said Mr. Sankey, with the air of one who has gained a good point, "that is the hymn I read to you on the train the other day."

And that song has been sung all over the world, to the delight of thousands, and to the salvation of many.

One striking fact is that in all great reform movements, song has been a strong factor. From the days of Luther to the present, the progress of reform has been assisted and commemorated in song. Luther wrote many hymns, as did his colaborers, and these have been sung the world over, in palace and cottage, in hall and dungeon. That grand old song, "*Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott*," has been the battle song, as well as the cradle song, of German Christians for centuries.

Zinzendorf wrote hymns; and we sing them still. Think how many numbers in our books of to-day bear the name of Wesley. And modern times furnish scores of hymn writers. Do we realize that the blind poet, Fanny Crosby, has written five thousand hymns? Of course not all have been so great as "Rescue the Perishing," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," "Near the Cross," "Stand Like the Brave," and "My Saviour First of All," but there is scarcely a hymn-book in the land to-day which would not lack many fine hymns had she never lived.

It is out of the question even to mention all the writers of hymns and sacred music. And it is equally impossible to tell the influence of many of these songs. We think of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," by Ray Palmer; "Sweet By and By," by S. F. Bennett; "Moment by Moment," by Major Whittle; "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder, I'll Be There," by Prof. James B. Black, a song that is sung wherever the United States flag floats, at almost every roll-call of the United States army, both at home and in the Philippines. We remember "Onward, Christian Soldiers," by Sabine Baring-Gould; "The Sands of Time Are Sinking," by Mrs. Cousin; and—but there is no end; and not a word has been said of Isaac Watts, the father of hymn-writing in the English language, and author of many of our greatest hymns.

Who has not been affected to tears by such songs of

surrender and devotion as "Just as I Am," "The Cleansing Stream," "Asleep in Jesus," and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again"?

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge in a San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning crowd of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened. Some still hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing,—

"Last night I lay asleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night—it had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there,"—

the song went on. The judge had paused and made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was waiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell. Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax,—

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna forevermore."

In an ecstasy the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. Every man was touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song did more good than punishment could have accomplished.

But there is another side to the music question. Never was a good thing given to the world, but the enemy of souls must needs pervert or counterfeit it; and music has not escaped. While the anthems of the church lift up the souls of worshipers to God, Satan employs the entrancing strains of music to lure to ruin the souls of men and women. From the vilest dens of wickedness comes the sweetest of music. But listen, is there not a difference? Are those the pure, sweet tones of worship? Do they lead to higher thoughts, to prayer and praise?—Ah, no! they lead to forgetfulness. They lead to compromise with sin, to vice, to ruin. And the songs sung in those dark spots of earth—what are they?—Not the pure songs of childhood and home and heaven. No, such songs would not fit the light music; and the light music is not a fitting garb for the songs of Zion. Heaven's songs are not sung there; they are not wanted there.

But consider, if heaven's songs are too pure and sacred to be sung in dens of vice, can heaven's citizens afford to sing the world's songs in their parlors? What shall be the character of the songs upon our pianos? What are the titles of the records for our phonographs? What kind of music do we play for our friends? And especially what do we sing and play upon the Sabbath? Many songs that it might be right and proper to sing lose their charm when the

(Concluded on page seven)

"The Stranger Within Thy Gates"

A Story From Fact



OME years ago, in a town in the West, a new teacher was added to those employed in the public school. She was a pale, silent, sad-eyed girl, of whom no one knew anything except that she was a faithful teacher. She boarded herself in a distant part of the town. Her one school dress, a gray flannel, was old and thin, but it was kept scrupulously clean and darned.

"She has only one collar and white apron," said a pupil, scornfully, "and she washes them out on Saturdays."

"No wonder she coughs," said another, "wearing that little, pinched walking-jacket and straw hat."

"She looks as if she lived on tea and bread one week, and bread and tea the next," said rich Lulu Armitage. "Where does her salary go? Perhaps she has to hire some one to keep still about her history, or perhaps she is paying a lawyer to get some disgraced relative out of trouble."

"It's very peculiar, to say the least," chimed in another. "We can't take her into our set until we know more about her."

Young Mrs. Allen, who usually decided the social status of newcomers, said: "She has a good face; I pride myself on being a judge of character, and I despise such gossip about her. But the truth is she is a sort of social betwixt and between, and I can't see where she can be placed properly."

So the new teacher remained unplaced, and, as she did not seek companionship herself, she went on her way home alone. She never remained in the library to chat with the other teachers. "Perhaps she would, if we had asked her," they said afterward.

She sat in a back seat in the church, and slipped quietly out as soon as service was over. Perhaps she would not have hurried so had those in the same pew kindly detained her. They, too, thought of this afterward. The minister noticed her one day, and asked who she was, and was told: "O, that's the queer new school-teacher, Miss Mansfield; she boards herself, does all her housekeeping in one room, and washes on Saturdays; so she will hardly expect you to call on her." The minister also wished afterward that he had asked some one besides Mrs. Allen about her.

The pupils of the new teacher soon began to reflect in their conduct the partly expressed suspicion regarding her. They grew saucy and neglectful of lessons, and some of the bolder ones went to the principal with complaints. He reproved them mildly, and reminded Miss Mansfield rather severely that she must "maintain a good standard of discipline, or her work would not be successful."

One Friday Miss Mansfield did not come to school as usual. A substitute was provided for the day, and again on Monday, when Miss Mansfield did not come.

"I noticed that she had a severe cold last Thursday," said the principal; "suppose she expected to be here, and then found that she was not able, and had no way of sending me word. She will doubtless be in her place in the morning."

One of the teachers said: "If I thought she was really ill, I would go to see her; but she does live so far out, and I don't know exactly where the house is. I guess she'll be here all right to-morrow, in that everlasting black straw turban."

Tuesday morning came, bitterly cold, but the thin figure of Miss Mansfield was not seen struggling along in the wind toward the school building. The principal dismissed Miss Mansfield's room for the day, and sent the substitute teacher and a high-school girl to find out the reason for her continued absence. The family owning the house where she rented a room was away. The house itself was in a large yard of trees, and stood at some distance from others. The young ladies went, as they had been told, to the "north wing, the room opening on the porch," and knocked. Getting no response, they pushed open the door. In the dim light of the room, with drawn curtains, they saw Miss Mansfield, half sitting on the bed-lounge, with her little old jacket on over a faded wrapper. She had a school record-book in her hand, and examination papers were scattered about. There was no fire, no carpet on the floor, no furniture except two chairs and a little table, besides the bed-lounge, on which were school-books and a Bible, a plate of biscuits and a cup and saucer. All these surroundings the visitors took in at a glance, and hurried to the bed, shocked and full of pity.

But "the new teacher" did not need the pity now. She did not feel the cold desolation of the room. There was a smile on the poor pinched face, and the dark eyes had lost their feverish, anxious expression, as they seemed now to be looking upward upon unseen things. A pencil had fallen from her hand. She had left a few lines, feebly traced: "I feel strangely to-night. My head swims, and I can not think. If anything should happen to me, please send my month's salary to my mother at this address." The name of an out-of-the-way little country place was given. On the open page of her Bible was pinned a poem, clipped from a newspaper:—

"If I should die to-night, the eyes that chill me with averted
glance
Would look upon me pityingly, perchance,
And soften in a kindly way;
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?"

"O keep not your kindness for my cold, dead brow!
My path is lonely—let me feel your kindness now.
Think kindly of me—I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;

"For friendship and love I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The sympathy for which I long to-day,
To give some brightness to my weary way."

The room was soon filled with tearful, conscience-stricken neighbors. The physician said, "Death from cold and lack of proper nourishment, causing collapse or complete exhaustion." The nearest neighbor said, "She froze and starved to death—and I living within a stone's throw!"

They found that her salary had been sent home every month to a bedridden father and mother and a feeble sister, to keep them out of the poorhouse, and to pay back bills for medicines.

The town where this happened is no less charitable or social than others; the teachers and the church people are no less kind. They sent a sum of money to the poor parents, and the papers spoke of the "many mementoes in memory of Miss Mansfield, whose sudden and sad death has cast a gloom over the whole community." Many kind-hearted people said, "If we had only known about her in time!"

Said the teacher who related this story to me: "To think that I kept still when people talked about her! I used to see that they had no ground for it, but because some of the prominent ladies slighted her, I never said a word in her favor. It makes me feel as if I had helped to kill her by my cowardly silence. As the minister said, 'We saw her a stranger, and we took her not in.' Now it is too late."— *The Congregationalist*.

Can Our Young People Give Bible Readings?

WE young people are the children of God as much as older ones, and every one of us must be a worker together with God. Christ, as the child Jesus, gave Bible readings by attending gatherings of the chief men in the temple, and asking them questions that opened to their minds light upon those things which they studied. He was about his Father's business, and his life is an example to us; therefore we must be about our Father's business and give this last warning to a perishing world. Men are now deciding their eternal destiny, and must be aroused to realize the solemnity of the time, for soon probation will be ended.

Christ said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and one of them is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." This demands a teaching of the Bible by many means, one of which is through Bible readings. He also said, "Ye are the light of the world." Let your light shine! How?—By letting the world read the Bible through you. This is an excellent kind of Bible reading, and will lead people to desire a fuller knowledge of the power of the Word we possess.

The spirit of prophecy says the youth are to work for the youth, and this experience will qualify them to become consecrated workers in a larger sphere.

A part of the Christian armor is the "sword of the Spirit," which is the Word of God, and we must be able to use it to the best advantage in our warfare. Therefore, the apostle says: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." While the angels hold the four winds, we are to work with all our capabilities, and the exercise of these will increase our faith and power until we shall attain to the full stature of men and women in Christ Jesus.

Thus we see that there are some conditions to be complied with before this work can be properly carried on. The first is that we get an experience that we can tell to others in a convincing way, backing it up with the Word, and showing that the same work may be done for every soul who will forsake sin.

This implies a knowledge of the Word; hence it is necessary that we study earnestly, especially as we see Satan's hand in the efforts made to counteract the work done by the Spirit of God. Satan will not sit idly by and see the work of Christ advance; so ours must be a constant battle, but one of love, for Christ desires us to love others as he has loved us. When this mind is in us, we can not be restrained from making use of every opportunity that presents itself to us for teaching the word and telling of his great love.

The giving of Bible readings is putting into actual practise, by precept and example, the lessons we learn in the Word, from day to day and from Sabbath to Sabbath. Theories may be good, but they can never be proved so until put into actual practise. So with our young people in church, Sabbath-school, and Mis-

sionary Volunteer societies; if the lessons they learn are not used, they will be of service to no one.

Giving a Bible reading does not always require a large audience, nor one or two hours' time. Sometimes a Bible reading of six or seven verses will count for more in results than a longer one, which might have a tendency to confuse; or even one verse spoken in season may save a soul. But with the guiding of the Holy Spirit, we never can fail, for the Lord says, in Isa. 55: 10, 11, that "as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." When we are consecrated fully to the Lord, we shall be his mouthpiece, and his promise will be made certain.

M. A. HOLLISTER.

Out of Touch With Your Lord

ONLY a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given relief,
For her heart ached sore the while,
But weary and cheerless, she went away,
Because as it happened that very day,
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered, "Speak,"
But the worker passed onward unblessed and weak,
Whom you were meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion, and love anew,
Because when the message came to you,
You were out of touch with the Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note,
To a friend in a distant land:
The Spirit said, "Write," but then you had planned
Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and wo—
You were out of touch with the Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song,
That the Spirit said, "Sing to-night;
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right,"
But you thought, "Mid this motley throng,
I care not to sing of the city of God;"
And the heart that your words might have reached, grew
cold—
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
But O! can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,
Of the hours that were frittered away?
The Master's command is, "Abide in me;"
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If out of touch with the Lord.

—Selected.

Prayer That Counts

THERE are many remarkable preservations in missionary history that attest God's readiness to answer prayer, and his ability to care for his people. One of these, which is similar in many respects to the experience of Hezekiah with Sennacherib, is told by Dr. Alonzo Bunker, for many years a missionary to the Karens of Burma. A company of fierce Breecks made a raid on a Christian village and carried off some captives, saying: "Now we shall see if the God of these Christians is as powerful as they claim. If he can not deliver these captives, then we will go and take more." Dr. Bunker and the Karen Christians heard their threat and took it to God in earnest prayer. Then he

sent to the Breecks his "ultimatum," saying: "Deliver those captives, or we will turn the matter over into the hands of our God, and he will deal with you." One of the Karen preachers was sent with fourteen other Christians to go, unarmed, for the captives. When they reached the Breeck village, they stopped, took out their hymn-books and sang. Then the preacher read a portion of Scripture, and offered prayer to God. The villagers were astounded, and with very little parley brought out the captive Christians, and said to the company, "Take them and be gone." It was afterward learned that the brother and the wife of the chief had been filled with fear, and had so strongly urged the return of the captives that the chief at last consented.

Sennacherib and his host depended on heathen deities and on the strength of their armies to win their conquests. Heathen rulers and religious leaders are not the only ones who make the same mistake to-day. In Christian lands godless leaders still defy God and his church; they boast of their ability to accomplish their plans by the might of armies, of politics, of commerce, of money, of science. Even in the church, leaders are tempted to depend on the power of money, of organization, of worldly wisdom, or numbers.

The prayer that counts is prayer to the one true God,—the prayer of faith, of submission to his will,—the prayer that knows and feels the need as God knows and feels it,—the prayer that is coupled with readiness to make any sacrifice and to cooperate in every way to accomplish the result for God's glory.—
Delavan Leonard Pierson.

Music

(Concluded from page four)

Lord puts a new song into our mouths, as he did for David, the sweet singer of Israel.

O, once I sang an idle song!
I learned it from the idle throng,—
The idle throng that had no heart
To choose the good, the better part.

That song so foolish pleased me then,
Just as it pleased the idle men
That surged about me day by day,
All drifting in the careless way.

But once there came a strange, new thing
Into my life—I could not sing
The foolish, idle song again
That pleased the ears of idle men.

For in my life came Christ my King,
And he has taught my lips to sing
A better song, a song of praise,
And gone are all the idle lays.

No more the foolish songs of earth,
For I have learned the greater worth
Of heaven's songs so grand and new,
Salvation's song so pure and true.

Not that we must sing only sacred songs. I can see how there can be songs that are not classed as sacred, which would be entirely proper for Christians to sing; there are many pure, sweet children's songs, home songs, real love songs, patriotic songs, that we may sing, and do sing; but, honestly, I do not know how to excuse some of the songs that we hear in Christian homes, especially on the phonograph. If ever divine wisdom helped a man produce a marvelous machine, it was when Edison perfected the phonograph; but if ever Satan used a wonderful invention to the limit in the destruction of the morals of men, he has done it with the phonograph.

And this is not barring the phonograph from our homes. I know a home where there is what I call a converted phonograph. There is a good collection of records, vocal and instrumental, sacred and "otherwise;" but the "otherwise" records have their own time. Many a Sabbath have I spent in that home, but never have I heard a secular song on the Sabbath. Those and the instrumental music are all put away with the daily paper and the week-day books and tools; in their stead are the grand, sweet hymns of the gospel. But I do not know of many such, I must confess. In all that collection there is not a vulgar or sacrilegious song or story; and not a cheap ragtime relic of barbarism ever goes on the machine. The result?—That is simple; the members of that family love good music, and further develop that love by listening to only good music. When they play for company, they never have to hide certain pieces because there happens to be a minister or other devoted Christian present. All they have is good, wholesome, clean, and uplifting.

And this brings up another matter. It is, I believe, possible to overdo the singing of good songs. Think how many songs are but prayers in verse and melody. Think, too, of the times when you have heard those devotional, prayerful songs sung in a way that must have been positively painful to angel listeners, profane in the ears of the One to whom they were addressed. By this very thing we mock God in song in a way that we would scorn to do in any other manner. Often—probably always—we do this thoughtlessly; but thoughtlessness itself is sin. When we gather to enjoy a song service, especially if it be on the Sabbath, shall we not remember that we must not make common one form of the worship of God? Let us remember that the words we sing, as well as the words we speak ordinarily, are written in heaven. If a mistake is made in some sacred song, and we make light of it, the record is there, and some day we shall meet that record as we shall that of every other word of our lives.

Before the San Francisco earthquake laid low the beautiful chapel of the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, California, I often went there on Sabbath afternoons to listen to the pipe organ. The great pillars and alcoves seemed built especially to hold and echo the music, and I always sat with almost a chill of nervous tension as I listened.

Soft, far-away notes rivaling the sweetest-throated bird or croon of human voice, floating through the aisles and passages of the beautiful chapel, entrance the ear, and hold one in tremulous expectancy. Then, rising in pitch, and almost imperceptibly increasing in volume, the larger pipes give forth the deeper melody, till the tones swell into great, reverberating billows of sound that sweep through the massive edifice in magnificent volumes. Tumultuously it rises, higher and higher, and stronger and deeper, till the great pipes sound forth their fullest, most glorious tones, fairly reveling in the ecstasy of inspiring harmony; and then, as the splendid chords spend their force, they gradually die away, echoing and reechoing, till faintly and far-away come the last sweet tones from the dim loft.

What a glorious gift is music! What a precious gift! Let us treasure it, and with it beautify and make happy the lives of those about us, and thereby lift our own lives higher and ever higher, till some day soon we shall join our voices with the angel choir of heaven, and take up that wonderful song of the experience of the redeemed host, the song of Moses and the Lamb:—

"Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;
Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."



The Secretary-Bird



ONE of the most interesting birds, in both appearance and habits, is the secretary-bird from the dry and open parts of central and southern Africa. The male is fully four feet high, the greater part of that height "being contributed by his neck and legs." The general color is ashy-gray; the breast is white; the wings, thighs, and abdomen are black. The middle tail-feathers nearly reach the ground, and on each side of the head are two long black tufts, which give the bird its popular name of secretary, because, in the days when quill pens were used writers were in the habit of carrying them stuck over their ears.

The bird's food consists of snakes, rats, lizards, and other living animals, which it kills with its feet, and swallows whole, unless too big, when the beak tears them to pieces. When ready to kill, the bird lifts either leg as may be convenient, and brings down the foot in a terrific blow like that of a great hammer, usually striking the victim on the head. If one blow fails to kill the prey, the bird follows it with others in rapid succession.



When the dead animal is too large to be swallowed whole, the bird, seizing the head in his beak, holds the body down under his foot and stretches and pulls it until its flexibility pleases him, when he swallows it, generally head first.

Secretary-birds are usually found in pairs, each pair "having a certain hunting-ground which they defend fiercely against intrusion by their neighbors." The nests are very large. They are built of sticks, and are generally placed in a dense thicket or in a small tree. The two eggs are bluish white.—*St. Nicholas*.

The "Spanish Windlass"

If the "trick" of the "Spanish windlass" had been known to Robinson Crusoe, he would have found it easy enough to move his big canoe down to the water. But even if a boy is not planning to be cast away on a desert island, he will find that this device, often used by lumbermen for pulling on a rope, is worth remembering.

The only apparatus needed is two stout sticks; even two broomsticks are strong enough to pull to the limit of the strength of a rather large rope. One end of the rope being tied to the boat, log, or other object to be moved, and the other end being made fast to something stationary, one of the sticks is held upright against the rope, with one end resting firmly on the ground.

The first stick should be held by the left hand on the near side of the rope. The other stick, held in the

right hand, is next thrust down on the far side of the rope and brought against the near side of the first stick; then, by pulling and bearing downward, brought to the position shown in Fig. 1. By continuing to swing the second stick, it is easy to wind the rope on the first stick, as shown in Fig. 2.

The stick which serves as the windlass—the first

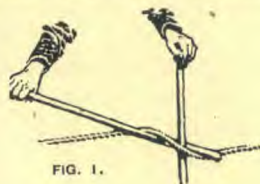


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

one—will move toward the stationary object half as fast as the movable object at the other end of the rope, and must be held approximately upright, so that the two parts of the rope will wind as closely together as may be. If these are not allowed to run apart, the tilting strain on the windlass will be comparatively slight.

Of course two can work the device much more easily than one, but one alone can do very effective work with it. The object can not be moved any great distance at one operation, but if, after the windlass is wound full, you unwind the rope, take up the slack, and repeat the operation, then the possible distance becomes unlimited.—*Youth's Companion*.

Connecticut Cats

A CAT in Connecticut, finding that she could not live peaceably with dogs and other cats, took her kittens in her teeth, one at a time, and scratched her way up the bark of a big elm in the front yard, and, eighteen feet from the ground, stowed them in a hole that was two feet deep, with an opening just large enough for her to crawl through. There she enjoyed life with her family. When she was off calling at night, she knew that the kittens were safe. She was in the hole until a heavy rain-storm came, and the tree leaked. In the height of the storm she crawled out with a kitten in her mouth, and transferred it to the house cellar. With great difficulty she carried all the kittens to the cellar.

Another cat disliked the confinement incurred in watching four kittens all day, and she placed them under a motherly hen, which was trying to hatch a porcelain egg in a nest, two feet away, on the same haymow. The hen clucked, lifted her wings, and welcomed the litter. The cat went off to while away the day, returning at night, and taking back her offspring. Each morning thereafter the kittens were put off on the hen, the cat strolled away, and the hen entertained them by clucking to them until the cat came back at night. They answered to both the clucking of the hen and the specific maternal call. The hen sat on the kittens for about two weeks, and then they ran away, leaving her disconsolate.—*Selected*.

"FOR past centuries, and at present in Japan, camphor has been obtained from a tree, 'Cinnamomum camphora,' by steaming chips of the wood and subliming the product, thereby destroying the tree; but in parts of Malaya and East Africa the industry has been revolutionized. Instead of taking the camphor from the wood, it is extracted from the leaves, the latter being regularly harvested without destroying the trees."



New Members

A NUMBER of additional names have been received for membership in the INSTRUCTOR Band of Mercy. They are as follows:—

Florence E. Hall	Marie Limchin
Hilda E. Nelson	Matilda Limchin
Blanche Churches	Flora Limchin
I. Coke	Michael Limchin
Learon James	Mrs. O. L. Robinson
Blanch M. Spence	O. L. Robinson
Gladys Lewis	Constantia Spence
Favon Role James	Nellie Connerly
David Sincleare	Ina Connerly
Elitur Perry	Edmund Jonas
Matilda Brown	Mrs. H. C. Goodrich
Etta James	Miss Myldse Goodrich
Edward N. Anderson	Max Small
Cleaford Samuel	Violet Jones
Hilda McLean	Mrs. A. T. Haines
Ruth Rebecca Thompson	Mrs. N. Thorton
Emlin Agatha Harvey	E. Harvey
Mrs. Virginia Perry	B. Hamilton
Edward T. Herring	C. Perry
E. Z. Goldson	M. Anderson
George N. Lawson	G. Stanley
Wm. N. Graham	Charles P. Harvey
M. Hope	James Coke
Hugh W. Hall	Jeremiah Campbell
Madge Haines	Thos. M. James
Lafonza Jonas	Arthur Bowen
Edward Limchin	John Skeete
Oliver Herron	John J. Waite
Clarritta Bourne	Thomas Spence
Catherine Wright	Eviline Earle
Carrie May	Christiana Graham
Mrs. W. O. Beacher	Elizabeth Graham
	Mrs. Jordan

All of the foregoing names, except the first three, were sent in by Mrs. Haines, of Jamaica, West Indies.

Mrs. Haines had pledge cards printed, and had secured about one hundred signatures; but her list was burned in the Colon fire. As these were obtained at a special meeting, many of them could not be duplicated.

This enthusiastic worker writes that many of the children have thus been encouraged to give kinder treatment to animals. She will continue her work in behalf of the Band of Mercy, and we hope others will follow her example.

Dehorning Cattle

WE wish every farmer in the land could read what we are writing. It would, so far as farmers are humane and wise, save a vast amount of suffering and no little money. Leaving out of the account the whole question of cruelty in the dehorning process and the reasons assigned for depriving the cattle of these weapons of attack and defense, admitting the greater docility of the individual animal and the herd when

hornless, why wait till dehorning must be done by methods that cause pain and involve expense?

In Ireland for a long time, if we remember rightly, the requirement has been enforced by law, that the growth of the horn be stopped in the calf. This is the simple operation: Take the calf at any time under two weeks of age, better under one week, with a little water moisten the slight bunches on the head where the horns are to grow, then rub these spots with a pencil of nitrate of silver, not breaking the skin, but just irritating it till it becomes red. The calf will scarcely mind the sensation, though it may shake its head occasionally for a few minutes. It will never develop any horns.

I have tried this experiment personally on a large number of calves, seen them drink immediately after it as if nothing had happened, and watched them grow up hornless cattle. Any one who has witnessed the dehorning of mature animals can not imagine a farmer or a dairyman ever permitting his young stock to be neglected till it becomes necessary to subject them to such an ordeal, when at no expense and in so painless a way the development of the horn may be stopped at its very beginning.—*Francis H. Rowley.*

When the Cattle Talk

Do you ever stop to wonder
What the cattle talk about
When alone within the stable,
And it's dark and still without?
First a neigh from patient Nancy,
Softly pawing in her stall,
Answered by a moo from Molly,
Slowly munching within call.

Do you think that Nancy's asking
If the meadow grass is fine?
Or is Molly softly telling
Of the green and shady pine
Where she rested at the noontide,
Free from gnats and pestering flies?
Or is Nancy just complaining
How the blinders flap her eyes?

Then is Duke, the setter, trying
To get in a word between,
As he barks and growls at random
From beneath the hay machine?
Or in monologue is kitty
Just rehearsing what she'd do
If a little mouse ran by her,
Or a bird above her flew?

What a fund of information
From our tongue-tied friends we'd gain,
Were our ears attuned to language
They address to us in vain.
For if Nancy, Duke, and Molly,
And the frisky old barn cat
Could converse in human language,
We'd have quite a pleasant chat.

—*Helen M. Richardson, in Our Dumb Animals.*

An Ostrich-Herding Dog

A PORT ELIZABETH correspondent writes:—

When visiting my brother's farm at Bayville, South Africa, a short while ago, I was much interested in finding that since my last visit he had adopted a collie for the purpose of collecting and moving his ostriches from camp to camp. Miss Collie is very young, and is known by the appellation of "Pups."

As old Sol dipped in the west, we rode down to a camp near the river to watch Pups collect her troop of birds and bring them home. I regret not having had my camera when she was at work. It was a pretty sight. She handled one hundred fifty birds with delightful tact and consummate skill, bring-

ing them out of a large camp, down a lane, into the night camp, or kraal, in an extraordinarily short time. The change in the behavior of these birds since I last saw them being driven was very marked. They moved the whole while with a dignity, confidence, and assurance—with a freedom from foolery and panic that appeared to me quite a new experience. Here, thought I, is a study in animal magnetism to delight the very pedant of psychology.

Once I remember watching six men trying to collect about one hundred of these birds in a camp that was not very large. It took the drivers an uncommonly long time to get the troop into anything like shape. Then, just as they seemed to have successfully "mobbed" the birds, a dozen pugnacious rascals would rush off, chase one another round the camp, kicking one another with the concentrated force of a team of government mules. Tired of that game, they became more serious. The leading pugilist turned to and deliberately "stuck up" all the drivers, each of whom stood with nothing between him and a ferocious and highly dangerous enemy but a slender forked stick called a "tack," measuring about eight feet in length. I could not help contrasting in my mind this wild goose chase with the discipline and order now reigning under the influence and management of little Miss Collie: six men to one hundred birds—chaos; one little dog to one hundred fifty birds—perfect order.

In the night camp we wanted to inspect some of the high-class birds whose feathers appeared very promising. One young gentleman objected to our scrutiny, and made off with long strides toward the end of the camp. In a moment a little black and white body was seen hurtling over the ground, and, with an admirably judged detour, Pups headed off her quarry. He stopped in astonishment, and stamped with annoyance; but, nevertheless, he turned, and finally walked back with an air of offended dignity to undergo the outrage of a criticism of his handsome plumage.—*London Graphic*.

"Modern Improvements" for Horses

PEOPLE are learning to think more about the comfort of their animals; the movement is growing because it is found that it "pays," for a horse or cow well cared for will give twice the return of one that is neglected. During the recent hot spells many horses all over the country were killed by the heat, and the total loss from this source each summer is very heavy. Much of it could be saved by proper care. In some cities not only frequent watering-troughs are being established, but shower-baths are being installed in connection with them. A driver can turn a cock and give his horses a quick bath, thus cooling and cleaning them off, and the horses enjoy the fun immensely.—*The Pathfinder*.



SOMEBODY did a golden deed,
Proving himself a friend in need;
Somebody sang a cheerful song,
Brightening the skies the whole day long;
Somebody made a loving gift,
Cheerfully tried a load to lift;
Somebody fought a valiant fight,
Bravely he lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

—John R. Clements.

A Frontier Hero

I THINK it was about the summer of 1901 that I had the pleasure of visiting in an excellent German home near Osage City, Oklahoma. As we entered the house, a large black Newfoundland dog followed. His beauty caught my eye, and I made some remark about him; and that led to this story, told by the old German lady. I shall not attempt to imitate her speech, though I assure you that her fine German accent and saintly old face, as she related the incident, added not a little to its fascinating charm:—

"In the early days of the settlement of Kansas," said the good old matron, "we settled in the southern part of the State. We owned a bigger and stronger dog then than the one you just saw go out of the house. We had only one child then—Charlie. He was a little over two. Our work team was a yoke of oxen, and one of them was inclined to be ugly. Well, that dog—Bruno was his name—had taken up with the baby from the very first time he ever saw it. Bruno was just about a year old when Charlie was born; and as soon as the baby was able to crawl and later to run about, Bruno was always with him. I don't believe he ever let that child get out of his sight when he was out of doors. Well, one day when father was working away from home, I went out at noon to water the oxen. Charlie had followed me out into the yard, though I did not know it. He had on a red dress, which I think drew the attention of the ox; and with a snort the animal charged. My first impression was that he was rushing at me, but the instant I fixed my eyes upon him, I knew better; and turning quickly in the direction of his terrible eyes, I saw Charlie. When he reached the end of the picket rope, it snapped like twine. I was so frightened that to this day I do not know what I did; it always seems to me when I try to recall that awful moment, that I was trying to run to my child, but could not move. As usual, Bruno was near the child. He, too, saw what had happened, and what was about to happen. With the noble instinct of his breed (he was a cross between mastiff and Newfoundland), he sprang in front of the unsuspecting child. I can see him to-day, his great muscles standing out in knots upon his shoulders, his powerful crouching limbs tense for the oncoming struggle, his white teeth shining, and his flaming, fearless eyes fixed upon the infuriated charging beast. Before the maddened ox had reached him, with one mighty bound Bruno met him, and seizing him by the nose, he crouched to the ground and held him fast until I had caught my child up in my arms and run into the house. I was so weak with fright that I could not stand, but sank down upon the floor and cried for sheer joy.

"When father came home that night, of course that was the first thing I had to tell him. He had always thought a great deal of Bruno, and was always very fond of the baby; but I think he had never before thought so much of Bruno or loved his baby so fondly as he did that night as he listened to my story. And when I had finished, he took Charlie in his arms again, and kissed him half a dozen times; and then he went to the door and opened it and called big Bruno in, and sat down on the floor beside him, and put his arm around his neck and patted him on the big brave head, and for half an hour talked to him and tried to make him understand that he appreciated what he had done."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

"If we can't get what we like,
Let's try to like what we can get."



A South African Experience

WHILE laboring at Worcester, Cape Colony. I recently had a call from a little village named Bredasdorp (also in the Colony) to come and baptize a candidate. Worcester lies one hundred nine miles to the north of Cape Town, and to reach Bredasdorp I had to travel by train almost down to the Cape, then get onto another track called the Caledon line.

Caledon is some eighty miles from Cape Town, and there the railway terminates, while Bredasdorp stretches some sixty miles farther to the south coast, which distance I had planned to cover with my bicycle.

Arriving at Caledon on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, I lost no time in inquiring about the road; and after getting a repairing outfit and making arrangements with a passenger-cart device to bring on my portmanteau, I continued my journey. The road was difficult, and very much resembled a switchback railway. It was up-hill and down-hill about all the way. I crossed some streams, and passed some fine Dutch farms on the way; and when the sun set, I had covered about half my journey.

Just about that time I reached a beautiful farm, the name of which, when translated into English, would mean Buttermilk River. A river was running through it, but unlike its name, its contents were of a dark, muddy nature. I called on the farmer and asked for some supper and a place to sleep, as darkness was now settling down, and I was tired and hungry. He said he had a visitor, and had no room for me in his house, but if I wished to do so, I could sleep in a building some two hundred yards away. All I found in this place for accommodation was a large sack half filled with everlasting flowers. As I sat meditating over the situation, some one brought me some food, a candle, and the remains of what appeared to have once been a blanket. When I thought upon my Saviour's hard lot when in this world, I felt thankful for these mercies, such as they were; and after making myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, I was soon lost to all around me.

At five o'clock I awoke refreshed and strengthened for the rest of my journey, and after I had mended a punctured tire, and had written a note to the farmer, expressing my appreciation of his kindness, I rode off.

At seven o'clock I reached a little village called Napier. As I was about to pass a house, I saw a woman carrying some milk. I appealed to her, and for a few pence she gave me a breakfast of warm goat's milk and brown bread; it was good.

In a few minutes I set off once more, and by nine o'clock I reached my destination. Bredasdorp is situated high up against a mountain, and can be seen for a long distance, reminding one of the Saviour's words of what his followers should be like,—a city set on a hill, which can not be hid.

I was welcomed by Brother Hartnick, who has been living the truth here alone for some time, and who had been instrumental in leading the candidate about to be baptized, into the truth.

On the morning after my arrival the three of us went by wagon to a little seaside village some twelve miles distant, where we encamped for a few days.

This place has a Dutch name meaning "wagon house rock," so named after a very large rock underneath which the waves, by their perpetual movements, have washed out a large cave, resembling, when the tide recedes, a large wagon house.

While camping here, I had ample time to instruct the candidate, and to learn further particulars concerning him; and Sabbath morning, after fully satisfying myself about the case, I led him down to the sea and there buried him with his Lord, to rise in newness of life.

Although the attendance was the smallest of any service of its kind I ever attended, I know that Jesus and holy angels witnessed the scene.

In the afternoon we enjoyed the ordinance of the Lord's house together, when we had another blessed occasion. These lonely brethren enjoyed my visit, as they seldom see the face of a minister. After spending a few days with them, I returned home, covering the sixty miles to Caledon in seven hours.

D. C. THEUNISSEN.

Side-Lights on Missionary Work

IN the Arizona desert there is a well fifty-five miles from any other water. Scattered all around, within fifteen or twenty miles of it, are bones of men and their horses that might have reached it had it been possible to know, on that featureless plain, where to find it. As close as five miles stand two wagons, each with skeletons of its party huddled around it. And at the very gateway of the enclosure a prospector was found one morning, lost and dead. Finally an owner erected a lighthouse. He planted a tall cottonwood pole and strung a lantern upon it, and that has been kept always lighted. We shiver to think that former owners could have been willing to neglect this,—to rescue perishing fellow men by so simple a means. But are you and I doing worse than that? Are we leaving our fellows in a more dreadful danger, neglecting to hold out to them the light of salvation?—*Epworth Herald*.

Are We True to the Message?

"I sent my love to you every day!" said a little girl, indignantly, to a sick friend who was beginning to be convalescent, and felt hurt because no word of remembrance had come to her. "They just took it and kept it all themselves." The childish way of looking at it, sets in strong light the meaning of an undelivered message. Christ sends his love to men with each returning day—sends it by us. Do we deliver it? or do we take it and keep it all ourselves? What does he think of us as messengers?—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Looking Confidently Ahead

On the banks of Kuruman, in the density of African heathenism, Robert and Mary Moffat toiled on for ten years without a single convert. Four hundred miles beyond the frontier of civilization, alone in the midst of savages, their faith never faltered. At a time when there was "no glimmer of the dawn," a letter was received from a friend in far-off England, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The significant answer of Mary Moffat was: "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." It came three years later, the day before the first converts were baptized. That faith was "assurance of things hoped."—*Selected*.



How Ailsie Saved the Bible



IT was in the year 1555, when Queen Mary sat upon the English throne with her Spanish husband at her side, and filled the land with trouble because of her terrible persecution of the people of Protestant faith. In the west of England was a little village called Harrant. At one end of the hamlet, standing apart from the few dwellings scattered along either side of its single street, was the blacksmith's shop, with his small house just back of it, and a tiny garden in the rear.

The smith's wife was dead, but his bonny blue-eyed little daughter kept his house. When lonely, she pushed aside a panel in the end of the shop, crept in and stayed with him, unless the sound of voices or hoof-beats on the road drove her away, for she was a shy child.

One day when she had stolen in, her father was standing behind the door. He had a spike in his large hand, with which he touched the side of the great black beam in the corner. Suddenly a block of wood fell forward, disclosing a small opening. Into this he thrust a dark, leather-bound book, and quickly but carefully fitted the chip into its place, so that no sign of the hidden space remained.

Seeing his daughter, he started and said, sternly, "Ailsie, my child; how dare you spy upon your father?"

"O father, I am not spying!" and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Of course you were not. I was wrong to say so, child!" said the smith, remorsefully. "But you saw what I did?"

"You put the Holy Book into the beam, father. It is a fine hiding-place, too; for surely neither priest nor soldier will be able to find the precious volume there."

"I would you knew not its place of concealment, for the knowledge may get you into danger. You must never betray it. When Parson Stowe went away to foreign lands, he gave me the Sacred Word and told me to keep it as my life; for, by the queen's orders, all Bibles have been gathered up and burned, and we are forbidden to read from its holy pages. This is the only one between here and the sea; and it is more precious than the crown jewels. You are fifteen, Ailsie, and old enough to understand, so I have told you all."

"You need not fear, father," said Ailsie firmly; "I will not tell." But the rosy cheeks grew pale as she remembered all that her promise might mean.

Now there was a certain priest that came sometimes to Harrant to preach to the villagers. But being all

Protestants, they would neither listen to him nor pay their tithes. He was very angry at their behavior, and spied about until he became sure that there was a Bible among them; and he knew that it was in the blacksmith's possession, for he was the only man in the village that could read.

After trying in vain to see the Holy Book, he went to the nearest town and lodged information against the village with the officers there; and one day when the smith chanced to be away from home, an officer and six men marched into Harrant.

They called upon the cottagers to surrender their Bible; but one and all declared they had none. Then the soldiers searched every dwelling, and threatened to burn them, every one, unless the Book was found.

But this did not suit the priest at all. He would get fewer tithes than ever if the village was destroyed. So he told the soldiers to let the rest of the villagers

alone, for the Bible was in the blacksmith's possession. It was getting late, and the soldiers were in a great hurry to be gone; so they resolved to burn the two small buildings, and thus destroy the Book quickly and surely.

It was growing dark when Ailsie saw a bright light against the sky, and sprang to her feet. Her father's house was on fire. The sight made the child a heroine. Forgetting all about her danger, she only remembered she must save the Bible at any cost.

Swift as an arrow, she flew homeward. The soldiers were intent upon piling straw around the burning building, and did not see the little figure that darted in between the house and the shop, whose thatched roofs were well ablaze. Breathless and determined, she pushed aside the panel and stumbled through the blinding smoke. The

hungry flames scorched her dress and hair and burned and blistered her hands and face before she secured what she sought. But bravely she fought her way till she reached the Bible; then, seizing it, she fled out into the open air.

No one had noticed her in the darkness, and she crept safely into the little garden, and sank down, choked and suffering, among the vines.

But she felt that the Bible was in danger even now. She slipped off her woolen petticoat and wrapped it around the volume; then, digging with her little burned hands in the soft soil, she buried it under an immense cabbage. Then she crawled along upon her hands and knees to the spring at the foot of the garden, where her father found her an hour later, half unconscious with pain and fright. The grateful father never ceased while he lived to praise his little



Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent.
—Byron.

daughter for her brave deed of that terrible day.

The Bible always remained in the family, and years and years after, Ailsie's great granddaughter carried it with her when she followed her Puritan husband across the seas to the lonely coast of New England.

— *The Witness*.

For Younger Pupils

ONCE a man was put in prison in England for a deed which another man had done. While there he heard a sermon, which led to his conversion. He determined that all his children, too, should become Christians, and he gave them each a Bible. One of his sons is now the famous evangelist known as "Gipsy Smith." "I used to get down under a hedge in a corner of the field, or under a tree anywhere," he says, "and hold my first Bible open before me, very often the wrong way up; but it was the Bible, and I believed it. I prayed beside that Bible,—a little nomad, without school or any one to help me,—'Lord Jesus, I can not read this book, but I want its spirit in my heart;' and that prayer was answered long before I could read a letter."— *Martha Tarbell*.

Hoppy and Floppy

NEXT door there lives a little boy,
With cheeks just like a poppy;
I do not know his truly name,
And so I call him Hoppy.
When mother calls him from his play,
He hops up in a minute;
If she has work for him to do,
He's eager to begin it.

If there's an errand to be run,
He hurries off to do it.
If there's a hard thing to be done,
He hops his way right through it.
There also lives a little girl,
In this same house with Hoppy,
And her name, too, I do not know,
But I have dubbed her Floppy.

Does mother call, straightway she flops
Down on a chair or sofa,
Or creeps into a hiding-place
Just like a little gopher.
At sight of work, she flops right down
Wherever she is standing;
"All tired out!" and only moves
At mother's stern commanding.

Now which of these two children
Would you youngsters like to copy?
If you live in my neighborhood,
I hope it won't be Floppy!

— *Pauline Frances Camp*.

FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.— *Emerson*.

THE pupils of a certain school were asked to write original compositions on "kings." The prize was carried off by the youth who handed in the following: "The most powerful king on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; one of the worst kings, Smo-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slickest, Win-king; the noisiest, Tal-king."— *The King's Own*.



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, August 12

The Work and the Life

LEADER'S NOTE.—Review the Morning Watch texts as usual. For help on the paper on Matthew see "Desire of Ages," chapter 28. M. V. Leaflet No. 23, or "Education," pages 262-271, contains excellent help on this week's program. You can also make good use of "Serving With the Master," in the INSTRUCTOR of August 1. Spend at least ten minutes in a consecration service.

August 26 is Educational day. The program will be based on the Campaign number of *Christian Education*: 1-4 copies, 10 cents each; 5-40 copies, 5 cents each; 50 or more, 4 cents each. Address Christian Education, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C. Will not every young person in your church take a copy? Secure your copies at once? Then plan a program that will inspire all who hear it to adopt the motto on the cover of this excellent paper, "I'll Find a Way, or Make It."

Program

Bible reading.

The Work and the Life (reading). See "Steps to Christ," chapter 9.

Matthew (five-minute paper).

Out of Touch With Your Lord (recitation). See page 6.

Report of work done.

The Work and the Life

1. What does Peter say Christ left us? 1 Peter 2: 21.
2. What was his great purpose in life? Matt. 28: 20; Luke 19: 10.
3. Will we, if truly converted, manifest the same spirit? 1 John 3: 16.
4. What great privilege has God given us? 2 Cor. 5: 18-20.
5. Can we remain idle if we really have the spirit of Christ? Matt. 4: 19.
6. What scripture shows that we are to begin at home and work out as far as we can reach? Acts 1: 8.
7. Are some excused for lack of ability? Matt. 25: 14, 15.
8. How shall we know what to do? Matt. 11: 29; 1 John 2: 27.
9. What assurance have we of Christ's help? Matt. 28: 20.
10. Will you not determine to-day to spend the short time remaining before the Saviour comes in earnest service for him?

Morning Watch: Searching the Scriptures

THE Bible is the Book of books. Once a trader, passing a converted cannibal who was reading the Bible, said: "That book is out of date in my country." "If it had been out of date here," was the reply, "you would have been eaten long ago." So it is, although we may not realize it, the protection we enjoy in civilized lands, we enjoy because of the influence of the Bible. But it is its influence over the individual that most concerns us. "No other book is so potent to elevate the thoughts, to give vigor to the faculties, as the broad, ennobling truths of the Bible. If God's Word were studied as it should be, men would have a breadth of mind, a nobility of char-

acter, and a stability of purpose that is rarely seen in these times."

Dan B. Brummitt gives the following valuable suggestions on Bible study:—

Compare scripture with scripture.

Glean from the marginal readings.

Be willing to let the Bible mean what it wants to mean.

Keep in mind the purpose of the particular book you are reading.

Cultivate spiritual sympathy with the Bible, for it is a spiritual book.

Give the golden moments of the early morning to the study of the Bible.

Give careful attention to the connection of the passage you are reading.

In reading Moses, Elijah, David, any Bible character, "put yourself in his place."

He who reads the Bible, studies it, loves it, and obeys it, will share its immortality.

The Bible in the heart is a protection against evil, a restrainer of sin, and a source of spiritual energy.

The people who can quote Scripture accurately are not numerous. Is it carelessness, or ignorance, or lack of capacity?

The life that is too busy to afford time for Bible reading and study is planning for an abundance of leisure when it will be too late.

Remember that every part of the Bible has historical connection with some period of ancient civilization, and read it with a full recognition of that fact.

One book of the Bible thoroughly studied is worth a dozen books superficially read; and each book studied will whet the desire for, and strengthen the habit of, studying the other books with similar care.

Who should read the Word?—The young, to know how to live; the old, to know how to die; the ignorant, for wisdom; the learned, for humility; the rich, for warning; the poor, for enrichment. It is the book for all sorts and conditions of men.

Gleanings From Letters

THE Missionary Volunteer Society in San Francisco is raising \$205 on the \$300,000 Fund. Let other societies follow this good example.

Seven patients in the Ohio State Sanatorium are using the Morning Watch Calendar, and several are reading our literature with interest.

Minnesota in 1909 used 150 Morning Watch Calendars; in 1910 that conference used 500; and in 1911, 800 were circulated in that field.

Young people in Southern California are raising twenty dollars for Brother Temple's work in Alaska.

The Young People's Society in Hamburg, Germany, is conducting six Sunday-schools.

The Missionary Volunteer work is growing in Western Washington. A recent letter received from O. L. Denslow contains the following interesting item: "The young people of the Seattle church have started a fund to procure a young people's library, and have already purchased some books, and ordered others that have not yet come. The most of the money for this purpose was obtained by selling the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR, and donating the six cents' profit to this fund."



VI—The Gospel Preached at Thessalonica and Berea

(August 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17: 1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." John 5: 39.

Questions

1. After leaving Philippi, where did Paul and Silas go? Trace route on the map. Acts 17: 1; note 1.

2. What did Paul do at Thessalonica? What did Paul teach concerning Christ? Verses 2, 3.

3. What Old Testament prophecies did Paul explain? Of whose life and works did he speak? What else did he teach about Jesus? Whom did he prove him to be? By whom had his coming been foretold? How would the religious services and ceremonies of the Jews become valueless? Note 2.

4. What was the result of Paul's preaching? What classes believed? How were the Jews affected who believed not? What did they do? To whose house did they go? For what purpose? Verses 4, 5.

5. When they could not find the apostles, what did they do? What did they say to the rulers? Of what did they accuse Jason? What did they say they taught contrary to the law? Verses 6, 7.

6. What did the accusation against the apostles really mean? Against whom had the same charge once been made? Note 3.

7. How did these things affect the people and the rulers? Of whom did they take security? Then what did they do? Verses 8, 9; note 4.

8. When and where did the brethren send Paul and Silas? What work did Paul at once begin at Berea? How was the word received there? What effort did the people make to understand the truth? What was the result of this daily searching of the Scriptures? Verses 10-12; note 5.

9. What did the Jews at Thessalonica hear? How was the work at Berea interrupted? What did the brethren do with Paul? Who remained at Berea? Verses 13, 14.

10. To what place did they take Paul? What word did he send back to Silas and Timothy? Verse 15.

Notes

1. Leaving Philippi, the most northern point reached on this trip, Paul and his companions traveled southwest for about thirty-three miles to Amphipolis, near the shore of the Ægean Sea, then thirty miles farther to Apollonia. These were cities of little importance, and the missionary company hastened on to Thessalonica, on the Macedonian coast about one hundred miles from Philippi.

2. Paul explained the Old Testament prophecies concerning the Messiah who was to come. Then he spoke of the life of Jesus here on earth, of the works that he did, of his suffering and death, of his resurrection and ascension. He clearly proved that this Jesus was the Messiah whose coming had been foretold by Moses and the prophets. Since their religious service and ceremonies pointed forward to the Saviour, these would now be valueless if they rejected Jesus. Thus Paul preached to the Thessalonians.

3. When the apostles were accused of saying that there was "another king, one Jesus," it was a charge of treason against the Roman government. The same charge was made against Jesus before Pilate.

4. The security taken was doubtless a sum of money, or property which Jason and other Christians must forfeit, if Paul and Silas caused any further trouble.

5. Berea was an inland town about fifty miles southwest of Thessalonica.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI—The Gospel Preached at Thessalonica and Berea

(August 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17: 1-15.

PLACES: Thessalonica, Berea, Athens.

TIME: A. D. 52.

PERSONS: Paul; Silas; Timothy; Jason; the mob; Gentile believers.

MEMORY VERSE: John 5: 39.

Questions

1. What important Macedonian city was next visited by the missionary company? Acts 17: 1; note 1.
2. What indicates that Luke did not accompany Paul and Silas from Philippi? Compare Acts 17: 1 and 16: 10-13, 16, 17; note 2.
3. What custom had Paul which he here followed? Out of what did he reason? Verse 2.
4. What did he affirm from the Scriptures? Verse 3; note 3.
5. State the results which followed the preaching concerning Christ in this city. Verse 4.
6. In writing his first epistle to this church how does Paul speak of his manner of labor among them? 1 Thess. 1: 5; 2: 3-9, 13.
7. What shows that the church raised up at this place was largely composed of converts from the Gentiles? 1 Thess. 1: 9; 2: 14.
8. What did the unbelieving Jews do? What charge did the mob lay against them? What did the rulers do with Jason and the other brethren? Acts 17: 5-9.
9. To what place were Paul and Silas sent by the brethren? What did they do on arriving at Berea? Verse 10.
10. How did the Berean Jews show their unprejudiced state of mind? Verse 11.
11. What was the result of this investigation? Verse 12.
12. What promise is made to those who will search the Scriptures with a sincere purpose? John 7: 17; 8: 32.
13. How was the work hindered at Berea? Acts 17: 13.
14. What precaution was taken in behalf of Paul? Who was left to further establish the believers? Verse 14; note 4.
15. To what place was Paul brought? On arriving at Athens, what special message did he send back to Silas and Timothy? Verse 15.

Notes

1. Thessalonica was "a maritime city of Macedonia; originally named Therma, and situated on the Thermaic Gulf, now a gulf of Salonica. The city rose in importance with the decay of Greek nationality. Cassander, the son of Antipater, rebuilt and enlarged it, and named it after his wife Thessalonica, the sister of Alexander the Great, whose name commemorated in Greek a victory over the Thessalonians which her father (Philip I) obtained on the day when he heard of her birth. . . . The name, ever since, under very slight modifications, has been continuous, and the city has never ceased to be eminent. It is now known as *Saloniki* or *Salonica*, and is still the most important town of European Turkey, next after Constantinople."—"Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," art. "Thessalonica."

2. "Timotheus seems to have rejoined Paul and Silas, if not at Thessalonica, at least at Berea (Acts 17: 14). But we do not see Luke again in the apostle's company till the third missionary journey and the second visit to Macedonia (Acts 20: 4-6). At this exact point of separation we observe that he drops the style of an eye-witness and resumes that of a historian until the second time of meeting, after which he writes as an eye-witness till the arrival at Rome and the very close of the Acts. To explain and justify the remark here made, we need only ask the reader to contrast the detailed narrative of events at Philippi with the more general account of what happened at Thessalonica."—"Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul" (Conybeare and Howson), page 262.

3. The question at that time, which preeminently involved man's eternal destiny, was whether the One who had attracted so much attention in Galilee was indeed the Messiah foretold by the holy prophets. To make clear to the people that the man of Nazareth was indeed the Christ was the first effort of the apostles.

4. "The result [of Paul's work in Berea] was that many Jews believed, as well as Greeks—men and women of the more respectable classes. They [the apostles] must have spent some weeks of calm among these open-minded Bereans. . . . But it would have been too much to hope that all should be thus open to conviction, and the news was soon unfavorably reported to the synagogue at Thessalonica. The hated name of Paul acted like a spark on their inflammable rage, and they instantly despatched emissaries to stir up storms among the mob of Berea. . . . It was impossible to face this persistent and organized outburst of hatred which was now pursuing him from city to city. And since it was clear that Paul, and not Silas, was the main object of persecution, it was arranged that, while Paul made good his escape, Silas and Timothy . . . should stay to set in order all that was wanting, and water the good seed which had begun to spring."—Farrar's "Life of St. Paul," pages 293, 294.

Tributaries

"Wo unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!" Luke 6: 26.

THERE was once a river, fed by beautiful mountain streams. Its waters were clear as crystal, and artists came to paint it, and poets sang its praises. But the river was fond of receiving tribute as it went on its way through the world. A great muddy pond offered it a gift, and it took the gift,—a mass of dirty water that destroyed all the transparency of the lovely stream. Farther on, a filthy town along its banks made proffer of a present, and the foolish river was flattered into acceptance. It received to itself, therefore, a burden of impurities that made its waters bad-smelling and unhealthful. So it went on, until the river became a byword for foulness and ugliness. "Alas!" it cried, as it strove to wash its slimy current in the great, clean ocean, "how silly I was to accept tribute from everybody!"

For the acceptance of praise means more than the acknowledgment of blame. Blame is a physician, who departs with the disease; but praise is a friend who abides. If you shake hands with every man, before long your hands will be soiled, and sooner or later you will have the smallpox. More poisons enter lives through flattery than through calumny.

Yet how we shrink from blame, scrutinize it with hate, fight against it in terror! And how greedily we welcome praise,—praise from any source, so it be approval! Let me transfer that welcome to blame, for it may be medicinal; and that scrutiny to praise. Let me suspect men's applause, and entertain it coldly in my heart. Let me assure myself that no praise is safe for me but God's "Well done!" and even that is not deserved.—"Nutshell Musings," by Amos R. Wells.

THE fool maintains an error with the assurance of a man who can never be mistaken: the sensible man defends a truth with the circumspection of a man who may be mistaken.—De Bruix.

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The Outlook

WHEN, in life's house, life's cares are vexing thee,
Look through its windows on eternity.

—Frederic G. Scott.

Eager Hearers of the Word

A MISSIONARY in Canada once looked up from his desk where he was writing, to see his room filled with Indians. They had entered so quietly that he had not heard them coming. He asked them whence they came. "We came a distance of fourteen nights," they answered, for they reckoned distance by the number of nights on the way. "We have the Great Book, which we can read, but we can not understand." He asked them what missionary had taught them to read, and they replied that they had never seen a missionary. They lived in the Hudson Bay region, hundreds of miles away from the nearest station, but their hunting-grounds adjoined those of Christian Indians, and from them they had heard about the Great Book. "They read and explained it to us," said these men, "and last winter we all learned to read, every one in our village." The missionary could scarcely believe that they had learned to read without a white teacher, but when he opened the book, which they had obtained from an agent of the Hudson Bay Company, he found their words were true; they could read easily and correctly. Like the Ethiopian treasurer, they wanted a guide, and they had traveled a distance of fourteen nights over the snow to find one.

From a medical mission in India two men were sent home cured. Before they went, they begged for a copy of the Gospels, which had been read to them at the hospital. They could not read, to be sure, but they had thought of a way by which they could have it read to them. "When the cloth merchant comes to buy our webs," they said, "we will gather the villagers, and put the book into his hand, and say, 'Read us this book, then we will talk business;' and when the tax-gatherer comes, we will say, 'Read us this book, and then we will settle our taxes.'"

They received the coveted book, and went their way. Three years afterward Dr. Chamberlain, who was at the head of the medical mission, in the course of his travels came at sunrise one morning upon the village where these two men lived. News of his com-

ing had reached them, and he found the whole population gathered under their council-tree awaiting him. His two former patients came to greet him, and to tell him that through the reading of the book every one in the village was ready to give up his idols if only some one would come and teach them. As they spoke, they handed him their largest idol, and said to the image: "Be off with you, we have found a better God. Jesus is now our Saviour."

With these Indians in the Hudson Bay region and these Telugus of India, contrast the millions of boys and girls in the United States and in England who do not have to learn to read or to get some one to read to them this Great Book, and who do not have to journey hundreds of miles over the snow or wait for years for some one to come to them in order to have the book explained, and who yet do not appreciate their opportunities and are not eager to know the book and to make its teachings the guide of their conduct.—*Martha Tarbell.*

In Training for Greater Service

"So interesting are great events and great deeds that we are apt to despise the realm of little things. I strongly believe that the kingdom of Lilliput is more important than that of Brobdingnag; for attention to small duties is the only path to great achievement." With these words Dr. Howard Kelly begins a long article in the *Youth's Companion*, in which he gives the history of how the cause of the spread of yellow fever was discovered. Dr. Walter Reed became a surgeon in the United States army, and spent the first eighteen years of his medical life in remote places on the Western frontier, where he had neither facilities nor time for scientific work, but he never lost his great ambition to accomplish something which would relieve human suffering. In 1900 yellow fever broke out among the American soldiers at Havana, and Dr. Reed was placed at the head of a government commission to investigate the disease. He found that a certain species of mosquito carries the disease from one to another, and by exterminating these little pests he overcame the scourge. But in his devotion to his work, Dr. Reed undermined his own health, and had not strength to survive a surgical operation which he underwent after his return to this country. "The result of Dr. Reed's life was a great achievement," says Dr. Kelly, "but the lesson of his life lies in the little things of every-day occurrence. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might, although for nearly twenty years he expended all his energies and his brilliant abilities on the trivial services which most of us despise. His life on the frontier was the most arduous and least distinguished that an American physician can lead, but it was the training acquired in that hard school that taught him a self-reliance and a power of resource without which he would never have accomplished the great service when the moment for it came."

What Is Genius?

TALENT convinces; genius but excites.
That tasks the reason, this the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the minion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind.

—Johnson.