

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

August 1, 1911

No. 31

## God's Word a Lamp

Lord, thy Word abideth,  
and our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth,  
light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,  
then thy Word doth cheer us:  
Word of consolation,  
message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us  
and dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
and our way protecteth.

— *W. H. Baker.*





"DON'T put your wish-bone where your back-bone ought to be."

GLASGOW, Scotland, permits its blind citizens to ride on the street-cars without charge.

DURING 1910 there were 202,436 foreigners who returned to the home land from this country.

CHICAGO'S loss from fire the last Fourth was less than from any previous Fourth for forty years.

DURING 1910, 24,270 immigrants were rejected by our government. Since 1820 there have been 27,894,293 aliens admitted to this country.

"It is a rare girl," says E. W. Howe, "who is good to her father after she passes eighteen or twenty." Let all the INSTRUCTOR girls, then, be among the rare girls.

THE toothpick industry is being driven into the background. Toothpicks have been worth as high as thirty-eight dollars a case; but now they sell at wholesale for eight dollars a case.

WHEN Porfirio Diaz was president of Mexico, he was asked what in his estimation are the two qualities most essential to one's success in life. Without hesitation he replied, "Perseverance and self-control. They will carry a man a long way."

THE former president of Venezuela, Cipriano Castro, landed in disguise on July 5 at Castilletas, Colombia, about twenty miles from Venezuela. He has already begun to assemble soldiers, preparatory to making an attack on Venezuela.

"UNITED STATES Senator Lafayette Young, of Iowa, at the age of sixty-three is a regularly enrolled student at Drake University at Des Moines. He is a 'special,' and when at home, attends classes twice a week. The line of study which holds his close attention is astronomy."

A HUGE turtle, measuring nearly five feet across its back, and weighing three hundred seventeen pounds, was captured recently in the Choptank River, Maryland. Seventeen thousand barnacles, it is estimated, were found on its shell. It is believed to be four hundred years old, and will provide soup for one hundred persons.

"A STUDY of the alumni list has been made by the *Cornell Era*, and it finds that of those who have achieved distinction one hundred one out of one hundred seventy were what are called 'grinds' while in the university. That is no more than was to be expected. Diligence added to natural ability will always tell."

IN Trinidad the young people's societies are using the lessons which appear weekly in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and their secretary writes that they are enjoying the studies. We quote the following from a recent letter: "Within the past six months, among other work done by our societies, such as writing missionary letters, holding Bible readings and cottage meetings, over 35,000 pages of literature have been sold and given away, and more than 400 books."

## Walla Walla College

WALLA WALLA COLLEGE is not only one of our oldest but also one of our best-known educational institutions. It is doing an excellent work for our young people of the Northwest in affording them the opportunity of a Christian education and training.

### Industrial Pursuits

Including the beautifully shaded campus, there are sixty acres of fertile land, specially adapted to gardening and fruit-growing and abundantly watered by the college artesian well. The dairy consists of twelve excellent Jersey cows. Broom-making, carpentry, trunk-making, dressmaking, domestic science, mechanical engineering, baking, and printing are taught. The college runs a grocery and supply store, and the laundry has excellent quarters in the new powerhouse.

### Intellectual Interests

The standard of scholarship is high. The intellectual atmosphere favors cheerfulness, earnest, honest endeavor, and success. The following courses are offered: academic, collegiate, Biblical, normal, medical preparatory, business, shorthand, and German. Upon completion of a course, appropriate diplomas or degrees are granted.

### Religious Considerations

The spiritual interests are considered of prime importance. The Bible is given an honored place. Suitable religious exercises are carried on, and the development of Christian character is fostered with solicitation. Due stress is placed upon the importance of "eternal values."

### The Present Need

Our work never stood in greater need of consecrated, trained, and highly educated laborers. It demands and deserves the very best talent with the very best training. Elder A. G. Daniells recently said: "The demand for able workers is so great and pressing that it is really painful. It is necessary that we hasten the preparation and training of this class of workers."

Walla Walla College is "our school," as one student said, and this is one good reason why it is dear to us.

The year-book for the current season is full of good things about the college. Send for a copy. Address the undersigned at College Place, Washington.

E. C. KELLOGG, *President.*

## Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
Walla Walla College .....	2
How England Crowns Her Sovereign .....	3
The Death of John the Baptist .....	4
The Christian and His Pen .....	5
Experiences on a Liner .....	7
I Will Tell the Truth if They Hang Me for It .....	10
Overcoming Difficulties .....	13
Does Our Message Stir Us? .....	16
What Effort Accomplished .....	16
SELECTED ARTICLES	
The Lord's Prayer (poetry) .....	3
Serving With the Master .....	6
God's Pictures .....	9
Good Morning (poetry) .....	9
Read if You Want to Know .....	10
As Regular as a Clock (poetry) .....	11
A Real Eulogy .....	11
How Audrey Went to School .....	11
First Aid to the Slovenly .....	12
A Song of the Panama Canal (poetry) .....	12



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 1, 1911

No. 31

## The Lord's Prayer

[The following beautiful composition was found on the battle-field during the war. It was written by a wounded comrade who never lived to get home.]

THOU to the mercy-seat our souls doth gather  
To do our duty unto thee, *Our Father*,  
To whom all praises, all honor should be given;  
For thou art the great God, *Who art in heaven*,  
Thou, by thy wisdom, rul'st the world's whole fame  
Forever; therefore, *Hallowed be thy name*.  
Let nevermore delay divide us from  
Thy glorious face, but let *Thy kingdom come*;  
Let thy commands opposed be by none,  
But thy good pleasure and *Thy will be done*;  
And let our promptness to obey be even  
The very same *On earth as 'tis in heaven*;  
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray  
Thou wouldst be pleased to *Give us this day*  
The food of life wherewith our souls are fed,  
Sufficient raiment, and *Our daily bread*;  
With every needful thing do thou relieve us,  
And of thy mercy, pity, *And forgive us*

All our misdeeds, for him whom thou didst please  
To make an offering for *Our trespasses*,  
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe,  
That thou wilt pardon us *As we forgive*,  
Yet that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us.  
To pardon all *Those who trespass against us*;  
And though, sometimes, thou find'st we have forgot  
This love for thee, yet help, *And lead us not*  
Through soul or body's want to desperation,  
Nor let earth's gain drive us *Into temptation*;  
Let not the soul of any true believer  
Fall in the time of trial, *But deliver*,  
Yea, save us from the malice of the devil,  
And both in life and death, keep *Us from evil*.  
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee from whom  
This may be had, *For thine is the kingdom*;  
This world is of thy works, its wondrous story,  
To thee belongs, *The power and the glory*.  
And all thy wondrous works have ended never,  
But will remain forever and *Forever*.  
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,  
And thus would say eternally, *Amen*.

## How England Crowns Her Sovereigns

A. GREENE HORNE

[The following article, as you will observe, was written by the author of the series "Experiences on a Liner," the first of which appears in this paper. This article would naturally follow the conclusion of that series; but as there was a delay in beginning these, we print this article at once, lest interest in the coronation be dissipated by coming events.]



NE not on the ground can form only a faint conception of the enthusiasm manifested by the British people in connection with the coronation of a sovereign. George V has been king by right for about a year, and one might imagine that a coronation event taking place so long after the transfer of sovereignty would be a tame affair; but perhaps there is no event which more effectually stirs the patriotism of British subjects. The Briton regards himself rather as a subject of the crown, than as a citizen of the nation, and this regard deepens at coronation time.

To us in America it would seem strange to see a couple begin life together as man and wife, and a year later have the wedding ceremony at the church. The ceremony, under such circumstances, would seem to be without significance. It would appear odd to have a president elected and carry on the duties of his office for a year before his inauguration. I fear the inauguration at the end of a year would be a tame affair. But there is wisdom in the delay of the coronation ceremonies. The king does not take the crown for a brief period, but for life. The gloom overspreading the nation because of the death of a loved monarch would make a poor background for coronation festivities, and, in fact, public festivities of any kind would not be becoming. Moreover, the delay of several months permits the perfection of arrangements, the gathering of war-vessels, the mobilization of soldiers, and the presence at the coronation of representatives from India and all the colonies. At the coronation the entire British empire, which knows no sunset, is represented.

A time was chosen, evidently when it was thought the weather would be favorable; though we were as-

sured by an English woman, while on the steamer coming across the Atlantic, that "the weather always favors royalty." I suppose to this simple mind, the clouds could not commit such a breach of etiquette as to drop water on the royal procession! We who have lived in Washington have no such sublime faith regarding inaugural weather. Previously to the coronation, the weather had been fine for weeks—almost a drought, in fact; but a few days before the eventful day there was a change, and the weather forecasters were not very optimistic. During the coronation procession there were two or three brief but vigorous showers, necessitating the use of umbrellas, and causing the stands to appear, as expressed in one newspaper, like a crop of mushrooms.

As an evidence of the extent of its preparations made for the coronation, it may be stated that Westminster Abbey, which is usually open to the public, has been closed for three months in preparation for the great event. The line of the procession, the city generally, and, in fact, all England were decorated for the event. Some of the decorations were most costly and beautiful. Grand stands were erected along the line of march at every conceivable place, and in some inconceivable places. Some shops (stores) were cleared out to make room for seats. In some cases grand stands were erected on the tops of buildings. Near the Buckingham Palace, the royal residence, a grand stand was erected on the roof of a six-story building. These seats sold for three guineas (about \$15.75) and upward. Near the Abbey, seats were held at twenty guineas each (more than one hundred dollars), and in Picadilly two bay windows were held at two hundred guineas. The sale of seats was somewhat disappointing, and toward the end there was a slump in prices, when some lost quite heavily on grandstand investments.

Careful preparation was made to avoid a crush. On all the streets crossing the line of the procession heavy barriers with gates were erected, with the intention of



closing the gates when the line of the procession was comfortably filled with people. It was expected that there would be a terrific crush, and that the gates would be closed very early in the morning. Trains were run from the suburbs after midnight, and all night the streets were well thronged, some people remaining up all night, or lying on a newspaper for a snatch of sleep. But the crowds were not so great as was expected, and in many places the gates were not shut. To preserve order along the line of march, rows of soldiers were stationed, and also the police; but there was little or no disorder. Perhaps one thing that prevented a large crowd was the knowledge that the gates were there, to be closed at an early hour, and the warnings of the newspapers to remain away and avoid danger of accident. These precautions and warnings made it more comfortable for those who were courageous enough to venture within the enclosure at an early hour.

The coronation procession was in three sections, at some distance apart. The sight of the king and queen in the last section made the British blood effervesce all along the line, and often the view of the royal personages was obstructed by the hats and caps held aloft, which must have been much to the disgust of those in the rear who had come hundreds of miles to obtain a view of their sovereigns. The royal procession passed from Buckingham Palace to Westminster in about an hour. The ceremonies at the Abbey began at eleven and continued about three hours. The procession then returned to the royal palace. For six minutes in the afternoon the crowned king and queen stood on the balcony in front of the palace, in view of four thousand loyal subjects, who probably would willingly have sacrificed years of their lives for this view. Some of the papers describe this as the supreme moment in the lives of these persons. Here is an emotion, an instinct, if I may so call it, which we Americans can not fully understand. Not that we do not feel deep respect for these personages who stand for the greatest empire on this earth, but respect and curiosity are far removed from loyalty.

At ten o'clock in the evening at a given signal three thousand bonfires burst forth in all parts of the island. Friday there was a second royal procession, not entering the Abbey, but traversing a much longer distance than the procession of the previous day; and many who failed to see the coronation procession were permitted to see the crowned monarchs pass. On Saturday there was a naval review at Spithead. There were twenty-six miles of war-vessels, having a combined displacement of more than a million tons, flying seventeen admirals' flags. The flower of the greatest world navy thus celebrated the coronation.

As an illustration of the truth that Yankees are not the only ones who "get there" by sheer push, we have the assurance that on the afternoon of the coronation, moving pictures of the procession were shown at one of the theaters, the photographers climbing buildings after taking their views, in order to get out of the crowd. This news item had the simple heading, "Quick Work."

### The Death of John the Baptist

WHEN Herod the tetrarch, son of Herod the Great, heard of the wonderful works that Jesus was doing, his guilty conscience made him think that this must be John the Baptist risen from the dead. Why did he

think so? What had he known of John the Baptist? King though he was, he had been reprovved by John for his sinful life. He had married his brother's wife, in the lifetime of both his brother and his own rightful wife, and lived with her in adultery.

John the Baptist, the bold and faithful servant of God, had told him this was wrong; and Herod had put him in prison for it. Herod himself was angry; but Herodias, the wicked woman with whom he was living, was, as it seems, yet more enraged against John. Nothing would satisfy her but his death. She had her wish in the end; for, though the king was at first afraid to put John to death, on account of the multitude, who believed in him, yet, rather than break his rash and foolish oath made to a dancing-girl, he had him beheaded in the prison. Thus this wicked woman had her revenge, and the king himself got rid of a troublesome man, who told him of his sins and made him uneasy.

But though he got rid of the man, did he get rid of the uneasy thoughts? — Far from it. His thoughts were probably more uneasy than ever. Some time had passed since this murder, for murder it was, and yet we find that as soon as Herod heard of the wonderful works of Jesus his mind reverted to John the Baptist. Though he had killed him, yet his conscience testified that he was a good man, and had spoken the truth; and he thought, in his superstitious fear, that John had risen from the dead and was going about again.

His conscience troubled him. His thoughts were not happy thoughts, though his troublesome reprover was gone. True, he no longer heard John speak; but his words still rankled in his heart, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." And now another uneasy thought was added: he had killed this good man; the guilt of his blood rested on him; he was a murderer, as well as an adulterer. How could he be happy? He could not flee from his own thoughts; he could not kill them.

Ah, those who do wrong forget this! They may succeed in overcoming all hindrances, and get what they wished for, and even conceal their sin from men. But they can not forget. They can not lose the thought of what they have done. They have a secret buried within them, which goes far to poison all their pleasure. If they do forget for a time, many things bring their sin to their remembrance and fill them with fear. They can not flee from themselves. They can not stifle that inward voice which God has put within them.

Herod had promised, and promised with an oath, to give the girl whatever she asked for. It was plainly both wrong and foolish to make such a promise. But having made it, was he required to keep it? — Certainly he was not. A man is never bound by a wicked promise or oath. A promise which he had no right to make ought not to be kept. An oath to do a wicked thing is binding on no one. It is one sin to make it; it would be another sin to keep it.

"The king was sorry." People are sometimes led by a promise, or even by very earnest persuasion or entreaty, to do what they are sorry to do, because they doubt whether it is right. In this way one of a weak, yielding disposition is often prevailed on by one of a stronger character. But this can never be right.

If one feels sorry and reluctant, because conscience whispers that a thing is wrong, let all persuasion be resisted: *let it not be done.* ARTHUR V. FOX.



# The Christian and His Pen

MATILDA ERICKSON



COLLEGE professor once said that he would rather be able to write good letters than any other kind of composition. Letter-writing is an accomplishment for which every young Christian should strive. It is doubtful that a biography can be found which does not evidence the power of letters

to mold the lives of men and women. Among the most widely circulated literature to-day is a small collection written more than eighteen hundred years ago. "How strange and odd it would have seemed to the educated Romans of the middle of the first century," says Tolstoi, "had any one told them that the obscure, confused, and often unintelligible letters addressed by a wandering Jew to his friends and pupils, would have a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand times more readers, more circulation, and more influence over people than all the poems, odes, elegies, and elegant epistles of the authors of that age! And yet that is what has happened." God used those letters in his Bible to the world, and to-day we can find no stronger argument for missionary correspondence than the epistles of Paul in the New Testament.

## Value of Letter-Writing

"I felt quite encouraged the other day by a letter which came from a young woman who is preparing to become a medical missionary. She said that at a certain time a year or two ago, when she was attending a worldly school, it was the influence of my letters that kept her from giving up the truth." Thus wrote a Missionary Volunteer secretary. Henry Clay Trumbull, like numerous others, was led to Christ through a letter received from a young friend who had been converted.

Here is an experience related by another: "It was the letters sent back to the home country from the son who had gone West and found the truth there, that finally inspired a timid, sheltered woman, his widowed mother, to leave her home, cross the sea with six little children, and weather the early West that she might learn more of the new light. She came, she saw, she accepted, reared her family in the love of the truth and lives to see her children and children's children in various parts of the world carrying the message she learned to love — and, under God, it was the missionary home letters of the boy that did it!"

Often missionary letters are not answered, but that does not prove that the efforts have been useless. Do not forget that God in his promise says, "My word shall not return unto me void." One of our workers once faithfully sent papers and letters to a thoughtless girl who cared little for things of a religious nature, but finally this girl accepted the truth, and soon after that, correspondence ceased. Not long ago that worker received another letter, from which we cull these paragraphs:—

"Fourteen years have passed since last I heard from you, and even longer since you found my name (I never knew how or where) and began writing to me. It proved an introduction to my Saviour, who is so precious to me, and a revelation of a truth so beautiful. Although a cross for me to accept it, yet after a struggle I yielded, not only myself, but my dear mother, and grandmother who was then eighty years

old. While I was studying the reading you sent me, I would send it on to a young man in whom I was interested. I knew him to be a devout boy and a church worker. Fearing that he might throw the literature aside, I copied an entire tract on the Sabbath, in the middle of a letter, so I was sure he would read it.

"He accepted the truth under more difficulties than I had done, and we were married. We have been in some part of the work ever since. My husband was very successful in the canvassing work, then in the city as a Bible worker, and last winter he was ordained to the ministry.

"Your letters certainly reached me at just the right time. I was in my nineteenth year, and at the point of turning one way or the other, and you wrote in a way that attracted my girlish mind and caused me to think."

Truly there is a great field open to the missionary correspondent. He can work at any distance, at any time, and in the most thorough manner. He may ponder every word. His stammering tongue does not annoy his one-soul audience. Then see the letter in the hand of the reader. In many ways it is better than a talk. It can be read any time and referred to again and again. Do you not think this kind of missionary work is worth while? Even if the worker in the incident just related had never learned the results of her efforts, would it not have been worth while?

"I know my hand may never reap its sowing,

And yet some other may;

And I may never even see it growing,

So short my day.

Still must I sow — though I go forth with weeping,

I can not, dare not stay;

God grant a harvest, though I may be sleeping

Under the shadows gray."

## To Whom Shall We Write?

A good sympathetic letter filled with Christian cheer never comes amiss; for as the poet says: "The eyes that sparkle with laughter oft battle to keep back the tears." Even John the Baptist, shut away in a lonely cell, needed to be cheered and comforted by the Master's message. That friend in India, that lonely missionary in Africa, that old lady in the hospital, and that boy who so recently lost his mother, all need the warmth and encouragement of a Christian letter. Do not forget that aged friend, that young Christian who has no Seventh-day Adventist associates, nor the relatives not yet in the truth. A young people's society in Wisconsin wrote a friendly letter to their congressman protesting against the enactment of Sunday legislation; and the leader of that society received a very satisfactory reply. This suggests still another kind of missionary letters.

Since missionary correspondence is personal work at long range, it is well to remember that the same rules of propriety apply in the former as in the latter. Let young men write to young men, and young women to those of their own sex. To disregard this rule often leads to sentimentalism, and not only are good results lost, but the young people are liable to be injured by the experience.

## "But I Can Not Do It"

There is great work before the Christian's pen. Then why does the missionary correspondence band



have so few faithful members? Most young people are loaded down with the excuses: "I can not do it, for I haven't time," or "I don't know how."

You have heard of J. R. Miller, an editor, a pastor of one of the largest churches in Philadelphia, and the author of forty or more intensely practical devotional books; but did you know that this busy man finds time to write missionary letters? It is said that he has formed the habit of writing at least one letter each day to some one who needs comfort or encouragement or sympathy. "Every Sunday evening, after the day's work is done, he pauses before going to rest, and makes a list of those of his people by whom a letter would be welcomed. The names of the sick, the bereaved, the joyful, the strugglers, of whom he has learned that day make the list quite long; but a fitting note is at once penned to each one." "O the good we all might do, while the days are going by."

And now you who say that you do not know how, read the suggestions given to the young people in the Australasian Union by one of the workers there:—

"But you say, 'I can not write or spell very well.' Then begin to work with the common people. The principal thing in writing is to write so that it can be read and understood. The dictionary will help you in the matter of spelling, and you want to learn how to spell for your own sake. There is a great army of people who can not write or spell very well, either, and you can ask the Lord, if he sees best, to send you the addresses of just the ones he would have you write to, those who can not write and spell any better than you can. You may be able to reach them, when some beautiful writer and faultless speller would fail, for they would not feel so free to correspond with him.

"While going about your regular work consider what you will write to these people. Think what kind of letter you would like to get under similar circumstances, all the while seeking wisdom from the unfailing source. Never write a letter without asking God to direct you to say just what he would have said to the particular individual to whom you are writing. Do not try to copy any one else, but be natural. Write naturally, not in a studied style, but begin as you will be able to continue. Be courteous, but be earnest and be brief.

"Do not become discouraged though your work appears to be of no avail, but try again. There were ten lepers cleansed, but where are the nine? is a question unanswered. Do your duty by all, and leave the 'nine' or the 'ninety and nine' with Him who judges righteously. If you should be the instrument in God's hands of saving one, though having warned a thousand, you would be amply repaid for all your efforts."

There can be no general rule for writing missionary letters; but you'll be quite safe if your letter is filled with a love for souls and throbs with the interest of a true friend. It is well to keep the names of your correspondents and add them to your prayer list. Perhaps the only practical rule about letter-writing is "do it now." It is because we put so many things off for a more convenient season that we find time for so few. There is another rule, however, that we should never forget: "Be patient and persevering." "There is no difficulty," said a man of experience, not long ago, "in finding members in every church who will talk about work, suggest work, and even start work; but there is a plentiful lack of people who just work and keep on working. The need of every church

to-day is young people in its membership who will just work and keep on working."

Are you doing all you can to supply this need? to persuade others to do the same? Let no member in your society belong to the talkers, the starters, the spasmodic workers, or the shirkers. Every Missionary Volunteer may be a *successful correspondent*, for the only absolute requirement is unreserved consecration to the work of winning souls. It is the overflowing life that is the enriching life, whether it flows out through the pen or the voice or the actions. To the faithful missionary correspondent God promises the pen of the learned that he may know how to write a word in season to him that is weary. Let this be the Missionary Volunteer correspondent's prayer:—

"Be present at this table, Lord,  
Be here, by my whole heart adored;  
Each letter bless, and let it be  
A little messenger for thee."

### Serving With the Master

#### Why the Yoke Is Easy

MARK GUY PEARSE tells this incident: "I had finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said, 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something.' 'Well, my friend,' I said, 'may I not still have it?' 'Do you know why his yoke is light, sir?' 'Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose.' 'No, sir,' he explained, shaking his head; 'I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said. [I had referred to the Greek word; but how much better it was to know the real thing!] Father's yoke was always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock alongside of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder. That is why the yoke is easy, and the burden is light; because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder.'"

#### Using All Our Resources

They were not considering the power of the Lord. A gentleman and his little son went out to work in a garden. The boy was told to throw a pile of stones into a ditch. After a while he called out, "There's one I can't lift. I've tried with all my might, and I can't lift it." "No, my boy, you haven't tried with all your might, for I am here as a part of your might, and you didn't ask me to help you." If we are working for God, we are not only responsible for what we can do in our own strength, but for what we can do in his. —*The Record of Christian Work.*

#### Flower Seeds in the Straw

It is said that when Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, returned to his native land with those wonderful works of art which have made his name immortal, chiseled in Italy with patient toil and glowing inspiration, the servants who unpacked the marbles scattered upon the ground the straw which was wrapped around them. The next summer flowers from the gardens of Rome were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen from the seeds thus borne and planted by accident. While pursuing his glorious purpose, and leaving magnificent results in breathing marble, the artist was, at

(Concluded on page thirteen)



# EXPERIENCES ON A LINER



BY A. GREENE HORNE



ETERMINED not to be cumbered with baggage, or with luggage, as we afterward learned to call it, wife and I had squeezed our traveling necessities into two suit-cases and one small satchel, with a steamer rug in a shawl-strap. Carrying these four packages, we boarded a cross-town car, and were soon at the North River piers.

Entering the portal of the White Star pier, we were shown to an elevator, labeled "Elevator for First- and Second-Class Passengers." An elevator to-board the vessel! Thus after trying in our minds to picture the immensity of a twenty-three-thousand-ton vessel, we were brought to realize something of its size. Being landed above, we were soon down the long pier to the sign-board, "Entrance for Second-Class Passengers," and under the escort of a porter, who took charge of our baggage, we crossed the gangway, and entering the companionway, we went down, down, down, three flights of stairs. Up in an elevator we had been taken, only to descend within the "huge ribs" of this steel "leviathan," the "Baltic." We now followed a narrow passageway until we reached stateroom number 214, which was to be our home for the next eight or nine days.

What a tiny room for the occupation of two persons! On one side there were two berths, one above the other. The entire stateroom was less than six feet wide, about eight feet long, and seven feet high, but crossed above by beams not more than six feet from the floor. The room was furnished with lavatory, mirror, towels, hooks for hanging clothing, and a chair hinged to the side wall, which could be let down out of the way when not in use. Beneath the ceiling was a rack holding two life belts, which we were informed were to be put on in case of ——— Well, let us not think about it. Running the length of the passageway ceiling was a rectangular tube with openings at intervals, from which flowed a constant supply of fresh air. Somehow, perhaps because of an experience with a small coasting vessel, I had supposed that the berths were on deck, so to be down below was a disappointment; but I soon assured myself that the ventilation was good, and that there was some advantage in the fact that in the center of the boat the rocking would be much less than on the upper deck. There are always compensations in life. It is a fact that with every good there is some ill; it is no less a fact that with every ill there is some good. If we are looking for the good, we obtain much more

enjoyment from life than if we are looking for the evil.

Some of the staterooms have port-holes opening out to the water, and in fair weather these are left open, giving direct ventilation from the outside; but our room has absolutely no ventilation except through the door. But the door is so arranged that it can be fastened open about six inches, or it can be fastened back against the berths, thus affording very fair ventilation. Here again there is a compensation. We prefer our two-berth room with its seclusion, nearer the center of the vessel with little rolling, to the four-berthed rooms at the side of the vessel. From our door we can look down the side aisle, to a port-hole through which we have a view of the water. After all, we shall spend a large part of our time on deck, providing the weather and our health permit.

Looking around the room, we note that it is lighted with electricity, and is furnished with an electric call-bell, which, we are informed, will be answered by the room steward in case we ring.

After disposing of our baggage under the lower berth, we returned to the deck to watch the passengers come aboard. The steamer was scheduled to sail at 11 A. M., but we went aboard at 9, the earliest that passengers were received; for as we did not "know the ropes," to use a sailor's expression, we thought it safer to allow ourselves an abundance of time; and as we saw the rush later, and noted that some passengers had trouble in obtaining their baggage, or lost it altogether, we were glad we made the early start.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the gangplanks were raised, the hawsers were cast off, and as the steamer began slowly to back into the North River and then to turn the prow toward the sea, the passengers crowding to the side of the vessel nearest the pier, exchanged farewell signals with the friends left behind. As we slowly steamed down the river, we could see the mass of handkerchiefs waving on the pier until it faded in the distance.

But our interest was soon centered on the sky-line — the silhouette on the sky formed by the tall "skyscrapers" of the "down-town" district of the second largest city in the world: and it was with somewhat of a feeling of awe that we gazed upon the small section which is the controlling center of the commerce and the manufactures of a very considerable portion of the earth.

Learning that mail would be closed at noon to be taken off at Sandy Hook, many wrote parting words



to friends, and to these missives were affixed, of course, some of Uncle Sam's stamps, the last we shall be privileged to use for some time.

The next transaction of interest was the securing of places at the dining-tables. Each passenger is given a seat which he is to occupy for meals during the entire voyage. Where a number of persons are traveling together, it is arranged, as far as possible, for them to sit together at the table. As the second-cabin tables accommodate only about one half of the passengers at a time, there is a "first sitting" and a "second sitting," passengers being given their choice of sitting as far as this is possible. The first sitting breakfast at 7:15 A. M., lunch at 12 M., and dine at 5 P. M. The second sitting breakfast at 8 A. M., lunch at 1 P. M., and dine at 6 P. M. We chose seats at the second table, facing the port-holes, and had our first luncheon at 1 P. M.

Though it was cloudy, the water was quiet, and everybody was happy; but we were told that this was a usual occurrence the first day, and that there would probably be several missing at breakfast the next morning.

Shortly after lunch we saw passengers coming up from the dining-room, or "saloon," as it is called, with mail. An inquiry elicited the information that it was mail sent to passengers in care of the steamship company; and to our surprise we found mail awaiting us, but it was too late to send answers to it until our arrival in Queenstown, Ireland, which would make a delay of two weeks.

Having disposed of luncheon, and seen the last of land for a week, we interested ourselves in the general arrangement of the vessel. The fore part is reserved for first-cabin passengers, who have access to the main deck, the second deck, and the upper, or hurricane-deck.

The second-cabin passengers have the portion of the vessel just back of the two funnels, or smoke-stacks, and have access to the main deck and the second deck, but not to the third, or hurricane-deck. The upper deck of this part, known as the "boat deck," is not accessible to passengers, but forms a shelter under which the steamer chairs are arranged on the "Marconi deck," just below, where the wireless instruments are located.

At the back part of the vessel—the stern—are the third-class passengers, who can not go above the main deck. First-, second-, and third-class passengers each have a covered and an uncovered deck. On the main deck between the second-class and third-class passengers is a canvas partition, which also acts as a wind-shield for the third-class. This is perforated at intervals with holes, through which the passengers may communicate.

We now began to realize that we had finally come to a time for relaxation. Cares we had left behind. The busy housewife who had never known what it was to feel that her work was done, who always took a rest, if she took any, with the feeling that she would "have to make it up afterward," now had nothing to do but to eat and sleep. The man who had been in the habit of taking his work to bed with him, and after a troubled sleep, to awake with it on his mind, slept like a child, and forgot that he had any cares.

And this is perhaps the place to state that an ocean voyage may be the very best treatment for certain nervous troubles, especially those caused mainly by overwork and worry. It is true, however, that some, even on a comparatively smooth voyage, will have an attack of that mysterious disorder, seasickness, and may, because of this, be utterly wretched throughout

the trip. But usually all symptoms cease on arrival at land, and the patient is no worse for the experience, except the memory.

Just why some, with the most careful attention to dietetics and hygiene, may be afflicted with seasickness; while others, who perhaps pay no regard to hygiene, escape, is a mystery. As with other diseases, there is a great variation in susceptibility to seasickness. Some on the first voyage will not be sick in the heaviest storm; others are sick as soon as the boat leaves the pier, or perhaps as soon as they set foot on the boat, no matter how often they go to sea; and there are all degrees of susceptibility between these extremes. The average person will probably not be sick in fair weather, but may in a heavy sea.

With my limited experience, I have a theory as to susceptibility, based, partly, on the observations of DuBois on disease in general, and especially on nervous diseases; namely, that the mind has much to do with the sickness. That is not to say that it is imaginary; the disease is real enough, but one who fears he will be sick, or who is very susceptible when others are sick, will likely be affected.

I know that merely to suggest to a susceptible person on the boat that I am getting dizzy or light-headed, is enough to bring on symptoms of nausea in that person; or to suggest that the horizon is rising or falling, or that the boat is rocking, may have the same effect.

Many of us have had an experience with a certain food, say turnips, in which some mishap caused the loss of our dinner, and ever afterward the sight or the smell of turnips was enough to take away the appetite and to invite an attack of retching, or at least the feeling that we would have an attack if we did not change our environment. Well, one who has been very sick on board ship has a similar experience. The slightest rolling, the old familiar smell, or anything reminding him of the former experience, may precipitate an attack.

For these reasons I am prepared to understand why one who is cautious, who hardly dares to touch any food, and who is half expecting to be sick, succumbs, while one who eats heartily just as he would on land, and who exercises freely, taking vigorous walks every day, may escape. I seem to be one of those who escape, or I would not be writing this article; for one who is seasick is not likely to attempt writing.

When we were well out of sight of land, after having looked over the vessel, or at least over the part to which we second-class passengers have access, I began observations of the sea. The first day the water was as smooth as glass, and the horizon was a perfect circle. The next day there was a fresh breeze, the sea was choppy, and the horizon had a saw-tooth appearance. I was much surprised at this, for I did not suppose that at a distance of eight or ten miles these comparatively small waves would be perceptible; but noticing carefully, I could see that these saw-teeth were constantly changing in shape.

We are on one of the large wide steamers not built especially for speed, but for comfort, and it rides with remarkable steadiness in smooth water; but in such a sea as we have this morning (we are southeast of Labrador and directly east of New York), there is just enough roll and toss to make susceptible passengers very uncomfortable, and some have to take to their berths. The varying aspects of the sea, the changes in the color of the water, the cresting waves, with their whitecaps and dashing spray, all furnish an interesting



study for hours to one who is making the trip for the first time, or who is a lover of nature.

But this does not furnish sufficient diversion for most of the passengers. For the first day, there is the usual formality of land. After that the "ice breaks," as it were, and formality is cast aside. I have often remarked to myself or to others, "Everything goes at sea." Here restraint is to a certain extent thrown off, and those who on land are held back by convention feel at liberty to act more freely. That is not to say one who has the instincts of a gentleman or a lady acts in anything but a becoming manner; but those whose behavior on land is only held in check (when in public) by the fear of censure, here feel more free to display their real nature. So while there is with all a certain dropping of formality, there is somewhat of a social grading, and those who desire to be boisterous form a company by themselves; they are by no means in the majority.

On the third-class deck there are various musical instruments, such as a guitar, an accordion, a concertina, and a "fiddle." I can not dignify the last by the name of violin, for the music — if that is what to call it — is of the jiggety-jiggety type, best known as fiddlin'. To the strains of this instrument or of the accordion, one section of the third deck was a good share of the time given up to dancing, as we could see by peering through the holes in the canvas. Once the orchestra played on the second-cabin deck, and there was a dance. There are a number of games, such as quoits, shuffle, and the like, on the rear uncovered deck, which engage a number of the second-cabin passengers. Some of the young ladies skip rope, some play hop-scotch, and many walk up and down the decks, for exercise. There are a number of swings, which are well patronized by the children. Twice a day, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., concerts are given in the saloon. We Americans must learn that as soon as we leave America, saloon ceases to mean "barroom." The word saloon is from the French *salon*, which means a parlor. The saloon on the vessel is the dining-room; but when not used for meals, the tables are cleared, and the room is used as a sitting-room. There is a piano at one side, which any one may use. On Sunday in this room there is regularly held the Church-of-England service, led by the purser. Last Sunday was Whit-Sunday, and there were two services on the boat — the Church-of-England service in the saloon, and a Roman Catholic service in the library.

(To be continued)

### God's Pictures

MR. A—— came to this little country town, and, opening a law office, spent his days in practise, his nights in study. He lived much by himself, and would answer no questions about his former life. His neighbor, a great artist, felt, as he saw Mr. A—— walking with his head down, in a listless attitude, a strong desire to know him, to understand him, to help him. Once in conversation with the artist, Mr. A—— admitted that he had made a great mistake in his life and had lost courage. The artist thought upon it, and, shutting himself into his studio, worked for months, putting the best of his talent upon the canvas before him. When the picture was finished, he pleased and astonished Mr. A—— by calling him in to view the new picture. "My masterpiece," he said; "I shall never paint a better one." When the curtain was drawn aside, Mr. A—— saw himself on the canvas,

and yet not he, for the man in the picture faced the world straight, shoulders thrown back, head erect, ambition, desire, and hope in the attitude and expression. The artist waited breathlessly. At last Mr. A—— spoke. "He thinks I am that? He sees that in me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said Mr. A——, "I will be that," and he left the studio with hope and confidence in every step. God paints the picture of your life and mine, and gives us frequent glimpses of what through him we may be, while he waits hard by for that answer: "Yes, I will be that." — *Selected.*

### Good Morning

Good morning, Brother Sunshine;  
Good morning, Sister Song,  
I beg your humble pardon  
If you've waited very long.  
I thought I heard you rapping;  
To shut you out were sin,  
My heart is standing open;  
Won't you  
walk  
right  
in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;  
Good morning, Sister Smile,  
They told me you were coming,  
So I waited on a while.  
I'm lonesome here without you;  
A weary while it's been.  
My heart is standing open;  
Won't you  
walk  
right  
in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness;  
Good morning, Sister Cheer,  
I heard you were out calling,  
So I waited for you here.  
Some way I keep forgetting  
I have to toil and spin  
When you are my companions;  
Won't you  
walk  
right  
in?

— J. W. Foley.

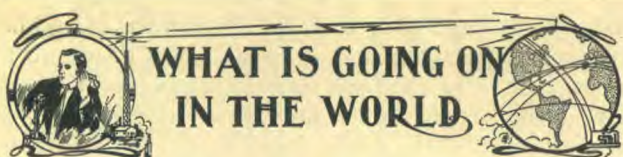
### The Mistake of a Student

A YOUNG man who had just received his diploma from a famous university declared to a friend that he was proud to think he could look the world in the face with the consciousness that he had made his own way and was under obligation to no one. He did not stop to think of the ancestors from whom he had received his heritage of intellect, of the home training he had received, of the fact that the college was heavily endowed so that he had paid in tuition only a fraction of the cost of the instruction, of the friendly interest of his instructors which led them to do more for him than a strict interpretation of their duties required, of the constant stimulus to do better work received from classmates who were doing their best, of the health and mental vigor which God gave him — of a thousand and one things without which he could not have received his equipment for life. — *Selected.*

### A Sincere Confession

THE old shepherd who offered a prayer in a Welsh revival meeting put it exactly right when he lamented his backslidings in these words: "Lord, I got among the thorns and briars, and was scratched and torn and bleeding; but, Lord, it is only fair to say that it was not on thy ground; I had wandered out of thy pasture." — *The Epworth Herald.*





### Read if You Want to Know

*What caused the great Mexican insurrection?*

The Mexican insurrection was a political revolt against the government of President Diaz, who had used tyrannical methods of maintaining himself in office, the Maderists charged. At the last election Diaz had forced his own reelection.

*In what States can women vote?*

Five States now have full woman suffrage: Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Washington. In various others women can vote at school or other special elections.

*How do postmasters get their appointments?*

Our post-offices are divided into four classes, according to the amount of business they do. Postmasters of the first three classes are appointed by the President, while fourth-class postmasters, in small offices, are appointed by the Post-Office Department, usually on advice of the Congressman from the district.

*Who was Cecil Rhodes?*

Cecil Rhodes was an Englishman who took a large part in the development of South Africa, and who, when he died, in 1902, left ten million dollars as a fund to pay for a number of scholarships at Oxford University, for American and other students.

*Who is governor-general of Canada?*

Earl Grey is governor-general of Canada.

*Give names of justices of Supreme Court who have died during President Taft's administration, and their successors.*

Chief Justice Fuller died, and Justice White was appointed to his place. Justices Hughes, Lurton, Lamar, and VanDevanter were appointed to succeed Justices Brewer, Peckham, Moody, deceased, and Justice White.

*Name President Taft's cabinet.*

Philander Knox, Secretary of State.

Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War.

Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury.

W. L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior.

George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy.

James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture.

Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General.

Geo. P. Wickersham, Attorney-General.

Chas. Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

*How are the Philippines and Porto Rico governed?*

The Philippines are ruled by a commission of nine men, three of whom are Filipinos, headed by a governor, and all appointed by the President. There are also thirty-nine appointed provincial governors, and an island assembly, elected by the people, to legislate on local matters, subject to the will of Congress. Porto Rico has a governor, who, with an executive council appointed by the President and a house of delegates elected by the people, legislates under the supervision of Congress. Both the Philippines and Porto Rico have a delegate sent to Washington to advise Congress about their affairs, but these delegates have no voting power.

*What are the postage rates on letters sent to England, Germany, Mexico, Canada, and the Philippine Islands.*

Letters sent to all countries in the Postal Union cost five cents for the first ounce and three for each additional ounce, with the exception that the domestic rate of two cents applies, by special treaties, to mail for Great Britain, Germany, Canada, Canal Zone, Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Mexico, Hawaii, etc.—*The Pathfinder.*

### "I Will Tell the Truth if They Hang Me for It"

THESE were the words recently uttered by an invincible Indian youth, a young man who was assaulted by drunken ruffians in the discharge of his sworn duty. "These men were more than probably prompted to their murderous attempt by white drink-sellers. In self-defense, this young Indian fired into the darkness and killed one of his assailants, a notorious criminal.

Ordinarily, such a mischance would not have provoked prosecution. But the circumstances were peculiar. A booze-selling Indian official owed his exposure to Cruz and his associates. Consequently, if his sinister influence avails, this Indian must die as an unwilling sacrifice to position and reputation of his over-seer.



JUAN CRUZ

Not content with dictating the policies of political parties, controlling appointments and throttling free government, the liquor traffic feeds upon murder. Not with impunity could any nation lay the weight of injustice upon a Roman citizen, no matter how lowly his life. And yet two thousand years of progress finds America quiescent while this traffic holds the lives of our greatest and best, our simple and poor, in the hollow of its hand. Fresh from the murder of a Carmack, it reaches for the life of a humble Indian boy.

"It was but a few days ago that the attorneys were going over the case with Juan through interpreters. In one small and immaterial detail his version did not tally exactly with that of other witnesses. An attorney made a casual remark that it would be easier for the defense if Juan's story did not unnecessarily contradict that of the other witnesses in immaterial details. It was a casual remark, but the interpreter repeated it to the boy. The face of the Indian Sir Galahad lighted up, and, like a shot, came back the retort, 'I will tell the truth if they hang me for it.'"

The world has need of such youth, whatever the race to which they belong. And we are glad to say that Juan Cruz, through the work and influence of noble men and women, has been acquitted. We wish him many years of service in the cause he has already heroically defended.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## "As Regular as a Clock"

WHEN things go just a certain way,  
As steady as can be,  
They're "regular as a clock," we say;  
Now that's what puzzles me.

A clock's not regular at all;  
I know this for a fact—  
So don't depend upon it when  
You want to be exact.

Now our clock, why, it's just as sure,  
When I am having fun,  
And bedtime hour is drawing near,  
To break into a run!

And through the night it gallops on,  
Until, to my surprise,  
It's morning, and I know that I  
Have hardly closed my eyes.

Then when I go to see the boys,—  
I often wonder why,—  
The hours go by so very fast,  
They seem to fairly fly.

But then, sometimes, when I'm in school,  
It's just the other way;  
The old clock goes so slow, so slow,  
It seems the longest day!

And when it's near vacation time,  
That is the worst of all;  
It's slower than the slowest snail;  
It scarcely seems to crawl!

A clock's not "regular" at all;  
I know this for a fact—  
So don't depend upon it when  
You want to be exact.

—H. H. Pierson, in *St. Nicholas*.

## A Real Eulogy



IT was a low house on a side street, small and weather-browned, with a little shop alongside. The shutters were fast closed this day; so, for the matter of that, were all the more pretentious places of business in the village. Only the relatives and a few

of the nearest neighbors formed the procession out of the white gate, but the great church, two blocks away, was crowded to the doors.

The pastor was away, and a visiting clergyman officiated. He spoke feelingly of death as the common lot of all, of the glorious hope of immortality, and of the ripened sheaf, gathered by the reaper's sickle for the garner of God.

"It was what I call a cold sermon for a man like Uncle John," one woman said, when the services were over. "Of course, the minister's a stranger, though, and didn't know him as we did."

What the rest knew came to light later. Five hundred people—men, women, and little children—passed up the aisle for a last look at the calm, peaceful face. There was none of the perfunctory curiosity sometimes observed on such occasions, and only a few dry eyes.

"He use' to give me candy most every time he come round!" wailed a tiny tot, and the mother carried her away, stilling her cries.

"I didn't feel able to come, but I just couldn't stay home," a care-worn woman said in a hushed voice. "He's run a cart through our place I don't know how long, and he always had a good word and a smile for everybody. I couldn't tell the times he's cheered me up, when the work in the house would go wrong, and I'd get cross and out of sorts. I tell you we shall miss his face next summer."

Out in the vestibule, where conversation was less constrained, a portly business man had just said that "Uncle John was as honest as the day."

"Mind the time, Jane, he came back half the length of the route to straighten up the miscount he'd made on the eggs?" interjected a bluff old farmer. "I was provoked at him. A little thing like that might have waited till next trip."

"I've never forgotten how he stopped the cart on Duff's Hill once, and hoisted me out of the mud," a young man put in. "Both hind wheels had gone

down clean to the hub, and the rain was just pouring. A thing like that used to stir me up more than it does now, but he made me ashamed of myself, going round so quiet like, the water just dripping off him. It has come back to me lots of times since, when I've been tempted to lose my temper over something."

The next speaker was hardly more than a boy. "There are folks it gives a fellow the cold shivers to see in church, but Uncle John wasn't a mite different, only mebbe he didn't laugh so much. I guess he could have brought anything he did week-days right through the doors here, and nobody would have thought it was out of place."

And so Uncle John's eulogy was pronounced, although not from the pulpit. It was something more than a passing word, heard to-day, to-morrow forgotten. It was one of the fragrant memories which sweeten life, quicken our faith in humanity, and make Christianity more real and vital.—*Youth's Companion*.

## How Audrey Went to School

AUDREY PARKE did not start to school when she was six years old, for the schoolhouse was three miles from her home, but her mother taught her every day.

When she was seven, Mrs. Parke said, "Audrey must go to school this year," but the question of how she should get there came up again.

"I can go on Prince, of course," said Audrey, as if that settled the matter. Prince was her Shetland pony, and she spent much time each day riding him about the farm.

"You could not do that, for there is no place to keep Prince at the schoolhouse; and besides the older boys would ride him at noon," objected Mr. Parke.

"We might train Prince to take Audrey to school in the morning, then come home, and go back for her in the afternoon," suggested Mrs. Parke.

Mr. Parke shook his head doubtfully. "I do not believe Prince would do it, but we can give him a week's training and see."

On Monday morning, Audrey rode Prince to school, and her father went along to bring him home. In the afternoon he brought the pony back to the schoolhouse again. This was done every day for the first week



of school; then the second Monday morning Audrey went alone. When she reached the schoolhouse, she dismounted and threw the bridle over the saddle-horn and said, "Home, Prince." The pony trotted off obediently.

"Prince will come home all right," Mr. Parke remarked as the pony turned in at the gate, "but he may not go back to the schoolhouse alone; we shall wait and see."

At three o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Parke saddled and bridled Prince, and started him down the road toward the schoolhouse. When Audrey came out from school at four o'clock, Prince was patiently waiting for her.

"I told you, father, that Prince would learn to go home alone and then come back for me, and he has proved it," she said as she stopped at her own gate, where her father and mother were waiting for her.

So Prince carried Audrey to and from school until she was ready to go to the high school in the city, and every evening he had a lump of sugar as a reward for his day's work.—*Sarah N. McCrery, in Sunday School Times.*

### Stop and Weigh

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M——'s shop. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand. "Mr. M——," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home, they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John. "John," said Mr. M——, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?" "No sir," was the ready reply. "You lie, you villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance. "Now look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis." "O, you gave them to me, did you?" "Yes, sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time. "Well now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter. Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.—*Evangelist.*

### First Aid to the Slovenly

As middle-aged Mr. Blank walked down the street to get his morning paper, he unconsciously provided a sort of object-lesson to the young people who passed him on their way to school. He was an amiable and well-intentioned man. He had no vicious habits. He was guilty of no recognized faults of character or disposition. He was a respectable and peaceable citizen.

But even before his hair had become streaked with gray, it was understood by the neighbors that Mr. Blank was not a successful man. He had held several positions, but now for several months had been unemployed. There appeared to be no call for such service as he was capable of rendering. It seemed strange that, with his fair ability, more than average education, and unquestioned integrity, he should be so hopelessly shelved.

If a good fairy could have whispered in Mr. Blank's ear, he would have given him some helpful advice. He would have said, "Mr. Blank, stand up straight."

The man was slouching along with his shoulders rounded and his chest contracted. The fairy would have whispered again, "Mr. Blank, you should brush and press your clothes." There were spots on the lapels of his coat; his trousers bagged at the knees; moreover, his collar was soiled and his cravat awry. A third time the fairy would have whispered, "Mr. Blank, a polish on your shoes would help your appearance amazingly." His footwear had not known a blacking brush for many a day.

Do these recommendations seem of trivial importance to us? Listen to the genial autocrat of the breakfast table: "Looks are the first letters of introduction we present to the public. It is our looks that, in the first place, make them willing to know something more of us, or that render them anxious to know as little of us as possible." Perhaps we have presented one secret of Mr. Blank's ill success, and gained, what is better, a hint as to one way of avoiding a like fate.—*Frank B. McAllister, in the Wellspring.*

### Forbearance Promotes Friendship

He who covers up a transgression seeks love;  
He who harps on a matter alienates his friend.

Hatred stirs up strifes,  
But love hides all transgressions.

—Solomon.

### To See the Beauty

It is said that there is a bust of our Lord in a Roman Catholic chapel on the Continent, before which a stool is placed that the beholder may kneel and look. To the one who is standing up the bust has no beauty. It is essential to kneel in order to see the glory and beauty of the countenance. So, as long as we stand in self-satisfaction, we see no beauty in Christ, but the moment there is humbling of soul before God on account of sin, then we behold a worth of excellence we did not see before in Christ.—*Sabbath Reading.*

### A Song of the Panama Canal

SAYS New York to Yokohama,  
To Calcutta and Bombay,  
To Peking, Manila, Bangkok,  
Sydney, Shanghai, Mandalay:  
"I am building you a channel  
Safe and easy—I'm the boss!  
It's a short and simple journey.  
Come and see me: *cut across!*"

This the call of San Francisco  
To Berlin and Liverpool,  
To Vienna, Cairo, London,  
Naples, Paris, and Stamboul:  
"I am making you a roadway,  
It's a modern, mighty foss;  
And the distance now is—nothing.  
Come and see me: *cut across!*"

Uncle Sam says to the nations,  
Nations big and nations small:  
"I am keeping open house now,  
And invite you to a call.  
For the world is growing narrow,  
And an ocean's but a toss,  
When our ships can pierce an isthmus.  
Come and see me: *cut across!*"

And the nations sing in chorus,  
Sing a song of happy peace:  
"Now we are so close together,  
It is time that wars should cease.  
Fighting is a wretched business;  
Loss, and loss, and only loss.  
Let us live as friends and neighbors—  
Visit often,—*cut across!*"  
—*Amos R. Wells, in Youth's Companion.*



### Serving With the Master

(Concluded from page six)

the same time and unconsciously, scattering other beautiful things in his path to give cheer and gladness. So Christ's lowly workers unconsciously bless the world.—Dr. Miller, "Glimpses Through Life's Windows."

### He Helped Another

One of the magazines recently told the story of the way a young man gave himself. He was poor, but he had a great desire to get an education and to become a lawyer. He saved money enough by hard work and close economy to carry him through college in a plain way. In his first year he made a friend, a fellow student, a young man, brilliant, and noble as well, who had all the money he needed. The two were roommates, and became close personal friends in spite of their difference in position. During the first summer vacation, the father of the well-to-do boy died, leaving his son no money, however, to continue his course. This son wrote to his friend, telling him he could not return to college, that he must abandon his dream of obtaining an education, and go to work. The friend answered in this way: "You have fine capacity, and will make a useful man if you have an education. I have found out that I would make only a fourth-rate lawyer at best. It will be far better for you to be educated than for me. I have money enough saved to carry one person through college. You must take my money and complete your course. I enclose a draft for the amount. I will drop out of sight altogether and lose myself. Do not try to find me—it will be of no use. Do not refuse the money—you never can return it to me.—*Sunday School Times*.

### Saved to Serve

It is related of Moody that a man rose in one of his meetings, and gave his experience. "I have been for five years on the mount of transfiguration." "How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?" was the sharp question that came from Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply. "Have you led any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't know that I have," answered the man. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "we don't want that kind of mountain-top experience. When a man gets so high that he can't reach down and save poor sinners, there is something wrong."—*Christian Herald*.

### Whose Rights Are First?

"The rights of God"—who thinks of them? You can get any number of mass-meetings to discuss the rights of men; but God—has he no rights? Lacordaire, when preaching in Lyons Cathedral, once broke off in the middle of a sentence, and passionately exclaimed, "O Christ, poor Christ, who thinks of thee? All may obtain a hearing, be the subject never so trivial; but thy pleading voice remains unheard, and thy rights utterly disregarded."—*Divine Life*.

### Where the Blossoms Were?

The story is told of a woman who had a rare rose-bush. She watched and worked over it for weeks, but saw no results of her labor. One day she found a crevice in the wall near the bush, and running through the crevice was a tiny shoot of her rose-bush. She went to the other side of the wall, and there she found her roses blooming in all their splendid beauty. Some of us have to work on year after year, seeing no results of our labor. To such comes this message: "Work on. Be not discouraged. Your work is blooming on the other side of the wall."—*Selected*.



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

## Society Study for Sabbath, August 19

### Missionary Correspondence

**SUGGESTIONS:** This is a study of the great opportunity of doing world-wide personal work. The only limitation is ourselves, our time, and our means. Pray, plan, and work to make this meeting a means of causing every one who is present to realize more fully the great possibilities in this work, to sense its importance, and to resolve to be faithful in seizing this opportunity. This may be an opportune time to drop a word in reference to general correspondence. Every letter should be written with the prayer that it may in some way be helpful to the reader. Letters that rake together all the garbage of slander and gossip found in the neighborhood would better be mailed in the fire; but this does not exclude news items. For the paper on Paul, get help from the Bible, Sabbath-school lessons, etc. Let the topic "How to Write Missionary Letters" be illustrated by sample letters. These should be carefully prepared. Have three or four brief samples—perhaps one to an isolated young person, one to a missionary, and one to a person to whom papers are being sent. You may be able to make some use in your program of the article "The Christian and His Pen," page 5. You will find splendid help in "Missionary Idea," pages 108-117.

Have some names on hand for correspondence and as far as possible see that each society member corresponds with at least one person. It is most desirable that young people correspond with their own sex.

The following resolution was passed at the last General Conference:—

"Realizing the value of personal missionary correspondence,—

"We recommend, That our secretaries select from their consecrated young people those who have ability to write Christian missionary letters, and have them correspond with isolated young people whom the secretary may select."

Do not forget to order copies of the campaign number of *Christian Education*.

### Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Paul as a Missionary Correspondent (five-minute paper).

The Value of Letter-Writing (five-minute paper).

To Whom Shall We Write (five-minute paper)?

How to Write Missionary Letters.

Report of correspondence committee.

### Overcoming Difficulties

[This society has only seven members. The five oldest members hold among them three Standard of Attainment certificates and seven Reading Course certificates. Every member of the society is a Reading Course member.—M. E.]

WE have a well-established young people's society here, which has been organized for several years, and in which all our young people take an active interest. We had some difficulties, however, in the way of establishing our society, and perhaps an account of how we overcame them may be of some help to other companies.

In the first place, you must follow the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." We tried and failed, tried and failed, and tried again, before we finally succeeded in getting our society permanently organized.

The great difficulty which stood in our way was the fact that most of our young people lived several miles out in the country. They could not come to the church to attend meetings any day but Sabbath. On Sabbath there was the Sabbath-school, with meeting following. Where could time be found for the young



people's meeting? They could not return to their homes and come back for another meeting. One time after another was suggested, and some of the suggestions were tried, but no plan seemed to work until finally it was decided to give the young people three quarters of an hour immediately before the Sabbath-school in which to hold their meetings. In this way, the young people living in the country could attend the young people's meeting.

It made a long meeting, having the young people's meeting, Sabbath-school, and afternoon meeting all together. All the members of a certain family came with one team. This made it necessary that the older people should come early also, if the young people were privileged to attend their meeting. At first that looked like quite an undertaking to the parents, but they promised to come some of the time. It was not long, however, until the last family in which there were young people was coming regularly every Sabbath in time for young people's meeting, and now no one thinks of staying away any more than he would from Sabbath-school or church service.

NORA M. KEENE.

Glenwood, Iowa.

### Morning Watch: Our God

THE following is told in the *Expositor*: "A friend of mine said to a life-saver at Newport, Rhode Island, 'How can you tell when any one is in need of help when there are thousands of bathers on the beach and in the water making a hubbub of noises?' To which he answered, 'No matter how great the noise and confusion, there has never been a single time when I could not distinguish the cry of distress above it all. I can always tell it.' And that is exactly like God. In the midst of the babel and confusion, he never fails to hear the soul that cries out to him for help amid the breakers and storms of life."

### Gleanings From Letters

MRS. D. E. WELLMAN, of Jamaica, writes: "We are starting the envelope plan of doing aggressive work. In the envelope we place one of a series of twenty-six Bible studies. They are the leaflets of the Family Bible Teacher series. With each reading we place a tract which supplements the subject of the reading; these we lend for a week, and replace with others as long as those receiving them are interested to read or study."

O. L. Denslow, of Western Washington, says: "Last Friday and Sabbath I visited the young people's society at the Tacoma church. I found them busily engaged in missionary work, distributing tracts, papers, mailing them, etc.; but they were in need of tracts, and had used up about all the papers they could get in the church. I took this matter up with the church the next day, and they raised the money to purchase a five-dollar tract package for the society, and also made up a club of fifty copies of the *Gospel Sentinel* to be used by the young people in their missionary work. In all, this amounted to twenty dollars' worth of literature which the church gave to the young people. This was very encouraging to them, and I believe will prove a blessing to the church as a whole. The young people's society of Seattle will give five dollars a month to the support of a native worker in China.



## VII — Paul Preaching at Athens

(August 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17:16-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Acts 17:25.

### Questions

1. Where did Paul go from Berea? For what was the city of Athens famed? By what darkness was it enshrouded? What were to be seen in every direction? With what was the city filled? Of what did the Athenians boast? Why was their religion of no value? To whom was one altar dedicated? What did the great men of the city like to do? Note 1.

2. For whom was Paul waiting in Athens? What stirred his spirit? To whom did he talk every day? Where did he meet these persons? Acts 17:16, 17.

3. Who met him one day? What did some of these mockingly say? What did still others say? What did Paul preach unto them? Verse 18.

4. Who were the philosophers of the Epicureans? What did the Stoics believe? Note 2.

5. Where did they take Paul? What did they ask him? What did they say Paul had brought to them? How did the people of Athens spend their time? Verses 19-21, margin.

6. What had Paul's learning and eloquence enabled him to do? What did the Athenians determine? How did they regard Mars Hill? What had long been held there? How were the judges seated? What could be seen from that place? Note 3.

7. As Paul stood up on Mars Hill, what did he say to his hearers? What had he seen as he passed by? What did he say of this unknown God? What did he say of God's creative work? Of what is he Lord? In what does he not dwell? Verses 22-24.

8. How did Paul say God was not worshiped? What does he give to all men? Whom hath the Lord made of one blood? How did he refer to God's control? Verses 25, 26; note 4.

9. How did Paul speak of the Lord's desire for all men? What did he say of the Lord's nearness to each one? How dependent are we upon the Lord? What reference did he make to their own writers? Verses 27, 28.

10. As we are the offspring, or children, of God, what ought we not to think about him? Verse 29.

11. What must have deepened the impression made by these words? Note 5.

12. What had God overlooked in the past? What message had he now sent to them? What day has he appointed? By whom is the world to be judged? How has God given assurance of this? Verses 30, 31.

13. When Paul spoke about the resurrection, what did the people do and say? What did Paul then do? Who are mentioned as believers? Verses 32-34.

### Notes

1. Driven from Berea, Paul came to Athens, in Greece. The city of Athens was famed for its architecture and art, and for the education and intelligence of its people. But the darkness of heathenism enshrouded all. Statues of gods and deified heroes of history and poetry were to be seen in every direction. The city was filled with altars and idols, and there were costly temples and sanctuaries on every hand. The Athenians boasted of their religion; but it was of no value,



because they knew nothing of the true God. It did not satisfy the needs of their soul; and one altar in the city was dedicated "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." The great men of the place delighted to engage in discussion, that they might display their wisdom and oratory.

2. "Philosophers of the Epicureans" were disciples of Epicurus, a famous teacher. They believed that the true object in life should be to obtain pleasure, enjoyment, the indulgence of the senses and appetite.

The Stoics were indifferent alike to pain and pleasure. They condemned the worship of images, and believed that the many heathen gods were partial developments of the great "world-god." They believed that Deity and man alike were subjects of fate.

3. Paul's learning and eloquence had held the attention and commanded the respect of the Athenians. So they determined to give him a better opportunity to speak to them. Therefore they took him to Mars Hill, the most sacred spot in all Athens. Here a solemn court of justice had long been held, to decide difficult questions. The judges sat in the open air, upon seats hewn out in the rock, on a platform which was ascended by a flight of stone steps from the valley below. At a little distance was a temple of the gods; and the sanctuaries, statues, and altars of the city were in full view. Here, away from the city's noise and tumult, Paul could be heard without interruption. Around him were gathered poets, artists, and philosophers.

4. "Neither is worshiped with men's hands" is doubtless a reference to the custom of presenting to idols costly offerings, and food and drink.

5. The impression made by the statement that we ought not to think that God is "like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device," must have been deepened by the fact that Paul stood almost beneath the shade of the bronze statue of Minerva, armed with spear, shield, and helmet, as the champion god of Athens.

11. What is the wisdom of this world called when the knowledge of God is lacking? What does God nevertheless command all men to do? Verse 30. Compare 1 Cor. 1: 19-25; 3: 19; Rom. 1: 21-23.

12. In view of what solemn fact did the apostle appeal to the Athenians to turn to God? How will God judge the world? By whom? Acts 17: 31. Compare chapter 24: 25; 2 Tim. 4: 1, 2.

13. Is there a definite time set for the judgment? Acts 17: 31. Compare Rev. 14: 6, 7; note 6.

14. What was the attitude of the philosophers to the teaching of Paul? Verse 32.

15. What did Paul do? Whom did he leave behind as believers? Verses 33, 34.

### Notes

1. Driven from Berea, Paul came to Athens, in Greece. The city of Athens was famed for its architecture and art, and for the education and intelligence of its people. But the darkness of heathenism enshrouded all. Statues of gods and deified heroes of history and poetry were to be seen in every direction. The city was filled with altars and idols, and there were costly temples and sanctuaries on every hand. The Athenians boasted of their religion; but it was of no value, because they knew nothing of the true God. It did not satisfy the needs of their soul; and one altar in the city was dedicated "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." The great men of the place delighted to engage in discussion, that they might display their wisdom and oratory.

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The Stoics were indifferent alike to pain and pleasure. They condemned the worship of images, and believed that the many heathen gods were partial developments of the great "world-god." They believed that Deity and man alike were subjects of fate.

2. "The great men of the city seemed hungry for subjects of discussion, in which they would have opportunity to display their wisdom and oratory. While waiting for Silas and Timothy to meet him, Paul was not idle. He disputed in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him." The great men of Athens were not long in finding out this singular teacher, who presented to the people doctrines so new and strange.—"Sketches from the Life of Paul" (Mrs. E. G. White), page 91.

3. The Areopagus "was a famous meeting-place in Athens, and gave its name to the great council of the city which met there. It was situated west of the Acropolis and on a ridge of reddish limestone rock sloping downward on the west, but abrupt on the east, north, and south. A short flight of sixteen steps cut in the rock led to the quadrangle on the top, about twenty-four paces north and south and sixty paces east and west. There were benches cut in the stone on three sides of this square place, which was rudely divided into two or three smaller compartments. From this point the apostle could see the temple of Theseus on the north, the Acropolis on the east, with the great Parthenon, and the statues, temples, and altars on every side of him. The Areopagus refers to the place rather than to the court held there."—*Abbreviated from "People's Commentary" (Rice), "Acts," pages 225, 226.*

4. Instead of the word "superstitious," the Revised Version gives "religious" in the margin. "Conybeare and Howson" so translates the text, and in a foot-note adds: "The mis-translation of this verse in the Authorized Version is much to be regretted, because it entirely destroys the graceful courtesy of St. Paul's opening address, and represents him as beginning his speech by offending his audience."

5. The relation of Jehovah to all things, as Creator, and his exalted character and holiness, should engage the thought of those who profess to worship him far more than it does; thus leading to a worship that is "in spirit and in truth." The object of the Sabbath institution is to inculcate the highest ideals of our Maker, and to foster reverence for him. The great truth preached to the Athenians is a primary truth in the "everlasting gospel" now, as it always has been. Rev. 14: 6, 7.

6. This appeal to men everywhere to repent is now more solemn than in the past, in view of the fact that the judgment "is come." The tendency of men is to lapse into recklessness, and to abandon themselves to sin. See Eccl. 8: 11. So the gospel herald must urge upon the world the great restraining truth that judgment is certain. This is one office of the Holy Spirit. 2 Cor. 5: 10; John 16: 7, 8.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### VII—Paul Preaching at Athens

(August 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17: 16-34.

LESSON HELP: The Sabbath School Worker.

PLACES: Athens; the market; Mars Hill.

PERSONS: Paul; the Greek philosophers.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 17: 25.

#### Questions

1. While Paul waited at Athens for the arrival of Silas and Timothy, what attracted his attention? How did these sights of heathen idolatry affect him? Acts 17: 16; note 1.

2. What did he therefore do? Verse 17.

3. Whose attention was attracted by his zealous labors from day to day? How did these philosophers regard him? In what light did they view his teaching? Verse 18; note 2.

4. To what place did they take him? Why? Verse 19; note 3.

5. What reason did these people give for asking about the new doctrine? In what way did they spend their time? Verses 20, 21.

6. How did Paul begin his discourse on Mars Hill? What did he say he had come to disclose? Verses 22, 23; note 4.

7. In unfolding the true God to them, what great fundamental truth did he set forth? What did he say of God's dwelling-place? Verse 24; note 5.

8. How can he not be worshiped? Why? Verse 25.

9. What has he made? Where has he placed men to dwell? What has God appointed? Why has he done this? Verses 26, 27.

10. How near is the Lord to us? In what way did Paul show the foolishness of idol-worship? Verses 28, 29. Compare Isa. 45: 20, 21; 40: 18-26.



# 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.

"BECAUSE the Master is not here, with his own hand, to-day, To feed the hungry multitudes who throng life's busy way, He gives the task to you and me; he bids us hear their cry; He says that if we turn from them, we also pass him by."

## Does Our Message Stir Us?

"YEARS ago, when the Southern Baptist Convention was in session in Raleigh, North Carolina," says Dr. Broughton, "there was a great discussion going on all over the country about the resurrection of the dead, the skeptics vowing their disbelief. Richard Fuller was to preach the convention sermon, Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, from the pulpit of the First Baptist church of that city. Of course, it was a great occasion from the view-point of the great crowd packed and thronged and jammed in the building. It was a great occasion, too, because this great crowd was a thoroughly representative one, most being ministers or representative men of the churches. It was a great opportunity because of the atmosphere of criticism against the vital doctrine of the resurrection.

"Richard Fuller, that matchless orator of his day, paced the floor of his room, as I have heard Dr. Thos. E. Skinner, the pastor of the church, say. He paced the floor of his room for three hours, sometimes rattling the door-knob and asking Dr. Skinner if it were not time to preach. His heart was beating and throbbing like the heart of a race-horse, until Dr. Skinner had actually to hold him back from entering the pulpit.

"When the time finally came, he walked out and forgot to announce the hymns. He was so lost in his theme that he plunged into his subject immediately. He used for his text the story of the resurrection of Lazarus. I have heard hundreds of men—old men, who were present at that time—describe that scene; how, when Richard Fuller finished, he was half-way down the center aisle of the church, feeling about with his eyes shut, picturing Lazarus as he first began to come from the grave, and then as he arose and stood upon his feet and looked again out upon the world that he had so recently left. I suppose, in all the history of the South, no greater sermon was ever preached than that. It almost forever settled the question that was uppermost at that time concerning the resurrection of the dead."

It is only a sense of the supreme importance of his message that gives the speaker vigor, singleness of

purpose, clearness of thought, and forceful expression. Do we as Missionary Volunteers, as Christian workers in the church and in the Sabbath-school, have that earnestness in our work that can not fail to attract and convince? Are we not held responsible for our apathy?

Everywhere there are signs that point to the soon-coming King. Shall we forbear to sound the glad tidings? Shall we continue to give the message so half-heartedly that few will believe it? Let us arouse to more earnest work.

## Death in Pleasures

DID you ever read of the bee in the fable, that found a pot of honey ready made, and thought it would be fine to save all the trouble of flying about the meadows and gathering its sweet stores, little by little, out of the cups of the flowers, and began to sip out of the dish? Then it went in and reveled in the sweets; but when it began to get tired and cloyed, it found, poor bee! that its wings were all clogged and would not open, nor could it drag its body out of the mass. So it died, buried in pleasures. There are many persons, like this bee, that find death in their pleasures. —Dr. Edmond.

## The Graduate

THE graduate will find it desirable to forget some things he has learned, but there are many things that he can not learn too well,—that push is far better than "pull," that the established order has some commendable things about it, that honesty is the best policy, that most men are good fellows when you know them, that money is an unsatisfactory standard of values, that service is the highest expression of worship, that growth must not be allowed to cease, and that a clean and kindly life is the one fitting expression of gratitude to the Giver of life and all its numberless opportunities.—Selected.

## What Effort Accomplished

ONE young woman who was not very successful in disposing of last year's Temperance INSTRUCTOR, decided not to make any attempt to extend the circulation of this year's number. But her father having ordered fifty copies, she was finally encouraged to make an attempt. She visited one of her old Sunday-school teachers, who now has charge of the Sunday-school work in her church, and presented the paper. On introducing her work, the lady gave her no opportunity to canvass her, but said, "I have been looking over the paper the W. C. T. U. ordered last year, and was wishing I could get some more this year for our Temperance Rally day. I will take one and talk it over with the W. C. T. U., and I think we shall give you an order for one hundred fifty copies." After a few days an order for this number of copies was sent, though the funds in the W. C. T. U. treasury were low.

The lady later reported that the young people enjoyed the paper very much, and that the pastor of her church said he had taken most of his sermon from it, and that it was the best temperance paper he had ever seen. The young woman was encouraged to hope that she could easily get an order for two hundred next year.