

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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An Evening Prayer



MY King, who hast given me my life to live, and who hast made it so precious in spite of its trials, I thank thee for it, and for the promises which make it possible to struggle on and be happy. Help me to know thee more and more, to value my manhood with its powers, to rejoice in serving thee, to minister gladly to the needs of others, to keep clearly before me the vision of the life to come. So shall I be sure that my faith is real and my trust surely fixed. So shall I walk on earth as a citizen of heaven. For Christ's sake. Amen.---

Evening Star.



A BUILDING is now being erected in New York that will eclipse the Singer Building. Its site is on Broadway and Barclay Street, and it is to rise seven hundred fifty feet above the level of the street; there will be fifty-five stories including the tower floors.

THE United States Patent Office recently issued a patent bearing the number one million. This patent was given to the inventor of an improved rubber tire. Patent No. 1, issued seventy-five years ago, was for a "steam-engine designed to run on an inclined plane."

"ONCE a great emperor was riding in a chariot through a city when a little boy ran through the lines of soldiers toward the chariot. The soldiers cried, 'Stop, that is the emperor.' He answered, 'He is your emperor, but he is my father,' and so he kept on, and was taken by his father into the chariot. So the mighty God, who rules the winds, is our Father, and we are not afraid to come to him in prayer."

THE Royal Worcester Corset Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, which started fifty years ago with one employee in a single room, has grown until it now occupies one of the largest, most modern, and best-equipped plants in the country, and employs over fifteen hundred persons, who work in "great rooms as light as the day outside, so clean you might eat from the floors, and all in an atmosphere of cooperative helpfulness which is coveted by every American manufacturer."

A Thrilling Event in Missionary History

ONE of the most thrilling and uplifting events in the history of foreign missions was the death of David Livingstone, in 1873. In Blaikie's "Personal Life of David Livingstone," the wonderful story is wonderfully told:—

"The twenty-ninth of April was the last day of his travels. In the morning he directed Susi to take down the side of the hut that the kitanda might be brought along, as the door would not admit it, and he was quite unable to walk to it. Then came the crossing of a river; then progress through swamps and plashes; and when they got to anything like a dry plain, he would ever and anon beg of them to lay him down. At last they got him to Chitambo's village, in Ilala, where they had to put him under the eaves of a house during a drizzling rain, until the hut they were building should be got ready.

"Then they laid him on a rough bed in the hut, where he spent the night. Next day he lay undisturbed. He asked a few wandering questions about the country, especially about the Luapula. His people knew that the end could not be far off. Nothing occurred to attract notice during the early part of the night, but at four in the morning the boy who lay at his door called in alarm for Susi, fearing that their master was dead. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at his bedside with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident: he had passed away on the farthest of all his journeys, and without a single attendant. But he had died in the act of prayer,—prayer offered in that reverential at-

titude about which he was always so particular; commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour; and commending Africa,—his own dear Africa,—with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

"The thrill that went through the civilized world when his death and all its touching circumstances became known did more for Africa than he could have done had he completed his task, and spent years in this country following it up. The statesman felt it; it put new vigor into the despatches he wrote and the measures he devised with regard to the slave-trade. The merchant felt it, and began to plan in earnest how to traverse the continent with roads and railways and open it to commerce from shore to center. The explorer felt it, and started with high purpose on new scenes of unknown danger. The missionary felt it, — felt it a reproof of past languor and unbelief, and found himself lifted up to a higher level of faith and devotion. No parliament of philanthropy was held; but the verdict was as unanimous and as hearty as if the Christian world had met and passed the resolution, 'Livingstone's work shall not die; Africa shall live.'"

What has stirred men more than this death? And so, also, Allen Gardiner's heroic death in Tierra del Fuego, and James Chalmers's martyrdom in the South Seas, and William C. Burns's death in China have stirred men. And the blessing of God upon all the work done in his name stirs men's hearts to do more and dare more for him.

T. E. BOWEN.

Our Ultimatum

A YOUNG unknown artist desired to copy a beautiful picture that hung in a palace in Rome. He was refused permission to copy it in the palace, so he set to work to reproduce it from memory. Hour after hour he would sit before the picture until it took possession of him, and then, hurrying home, would begin to paint. Each day he spent some time gazing on the original, and each day saw some new loveliness. As he looked and toiled, his power grew. At last there stood in his studio such a wonderful copy that all who looked said, "We must see the original." This should be the ultimatum of all our Christian service, so to reproduce the Lord Jesus Christ that men will say, "We must see Jesus." Time spent gazing upon him is not lost. As we try to copy his spirit, our power grows, and we start afresh toward the ever-receding goal that lies at the feet of Jesus.—*Selected.*

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The Youth's Instructor

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A Team That Has Run Away Once



THE young driver had come back to his employer's stables, white-faced, and with a team of horses that were panting and foam-streaked.

"They ran away with me," he explained briefly to the man in charge of the stables. "It's lucky I wasn't killed."

"Too bad they got away from you," said the head stableman, running his hand over one of the still trembling horses. "You'll have to look out for them pretty carefully after this. It's always harder to hold a team that has run away once; they're likely to get away from you at any time."

To hold under control a team of high-spirited horses that has once run away is a task for a good driver, but every one of us takes up a task of the same kind every morning when we begin the day's experiences. It is not flesh-and-blood horses that we have to control with a tight rein to keep them from running away and doing all kinds of mischief; our task is to keep under control temper, tongue, and nerves, any one of which may run wild, and in a few minutes do more harm than can be set right in a month or even a year.

That moment of raging anger when all the barriers of self-control are down for the time being, when the eyes flash and the tongue utters bitter words, may not seem of very great importance as one looks back upon it the next day. But the bitter words may have caused somebody else a heartache, or may have roused an answering fit of anger, while the temper that escaped control and ran away is more likely to do it again.

Between two cousins who had been very fond of each other for years there came a dreadful day when one, in a fit of ungoverned anger, spoke words that were unjust and cruel, and that hurt the other past all hope of healing. She said only, "Anna never has controlled her temper. Now it has run away with her completely and wrecked our friendship."

A middle-aged woman had spells of what she called "the blues" (her family and some of her friends called them plain sulks), when for days at a time she refused to speak to anybody, and made those about her as uncomfortable as possible.

"What's the matter with her?" bluntly asked a new acquaintance who had discovered her in one of these spells, and the answer came wearily from a member

of the family: "O, she never tried to control her moods when she was younger, and now she can't do it! They master her completely."

Temper and tongue and nerves are good servants as long as we hold them with a firm rein, but when we let them get away from us, they are like a team of runaway horses, almost sure to do some damage before they are brought under control again, and very likely to seize the next chance of breaking away. When they do break away, they do mischief not only to others, but to ourselves as well. To have an un-

governed temper, or to be an easy prey to the blues (or the sulks), is to run the risk of losing the friendship of those we care most for, since we can not keep sweet and sunny and attractive to others unless we are masters of our own moods and tempers.

We often hear of somebody who has an "ungovernable" or an "uncontrollable" temper. It would be more honest to say an ungoverned or uncontrolled temper, for temper can be kept under control if one begins soon enough and is in earnest about it. A little extra will-power, a tight shutting of the lips, a counting to fifty if need be, will master the temper or the mood that is trying to break away from control. When it has been

mastered once, it will be more easily controlled the next time, and so, little by little, a firm and sure control will be established. The first runaway is what counts; if a firm hand on the reins prevents that, the danger grows less and less as time goes on.—*John Gordon Wright.*

Unforgotten

I CAN not tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

Old friends are far away; we seldom meet
To talk of Jesus or changes day by day,
Of pain or pleasure, triumph or defeat,
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

We are too busy even to spend thought
For days together of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read his signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps my friend just then has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness or decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right;
And so in case you need my prayer, I pray.

Friend, do the same for me. If I intrude,
Unasked, upon you on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude;
Be sure I sorely need it—therefore, pray.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

Step by Step

WE often make a great mistake by thinking that God is not guiding us at all because we can not see far in front. But he only undertakes that the steps of a good man shall be ordered by the Lord—not next year, but to-morrow; not the next mile, but the next yard; not the whole pattern, but the next stitch in the canvas: if you expect more than this, you will be disappointed and get back into the dark. But this will secure for you leading in the right way, as you will acknowledge when you review it from the hilltops of glory.—*Selected.*

"A KIND word and sympathy can often do more than the clinical thermometer and the sponge-bath."

Laziness

MRS. M. A. LOPER



THESE are those who carry with them constantly a dread of work; who meditate, scheme, and deliberately plan to evade performing the tasks which rightfully belong to them, and not to others. My young friend, if you are one of these individuals, it would be well for you to become acquainted with yourself early in life, and seek to bring about a reformation of habit.

Laziness is the offspring of selfishness and aimlessness, and has afflicted the human family ever since these characteristics of sinful nature combined to do their work. The lazy person is a burden to the world. Because he does not perform the work which he ought to perform, others overwork, and bear burdens which Providence never designed should fall to their lot.

Even in this busy day of great opportunities, the lazy person has so much time that he seems at a loss to know what to do with it. He frequently takes an invoice of his aches and pains, and usually the stock does not diminish with age. It is not his habit to feel well, and he does not seem to be acquainted with true happiness: laziness and true happiness do not associate together.

Solomon was a wise philosopher. He was a great thinker, and was not afraid of hard work. "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart even as the sand that is on the seashore." He was a diligent student of men and things. "He spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five." He could draw pen pictures as perhaps no other man has ever drawn them. His delineations of the lazy man — the sluggard, the slothful man — received at his hand the master-touch, and have withstood the criticisms of the ages. The seven sages of ancient Greece never produced their equal. Their designs are not imaginary, but are true in every detail; and their somber hues will endure until the last lazy person who will reform, has been reached. These pictures are preserved in the Gallery of Proverbs, where they are on free exhibition constantly, both day and night. These inspired character sketches should receive careful consideration; for surely laziness is a barrier to all progress, and a serious hindrance in the way of success. For as Solomon portrays it: "The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed. The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth." Prov. 26: 13-15.

A lazy person is usually a chronic grumbler. He imagines he is not receiving that which belongs to him; he is being slighted; he is not properly appreciated; the world does not recognize his worth. He is unhappy, and he thinks others are to blame for it. He would like to have money to spend for this and that, but — it means work. "The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." Prov. 13: 4. The lazy man likes to eat (nobody would rather follow eating as a profession than the lazy man) the products of well-kept orchards, gardens, and fields; but if granted the privilege to perform the arduous work of the prosperous producer — O, no! he is too tired (lazy) to think of it!

Look at this masterpiece of nearly three thousand years ago: "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing." "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. [Notice that even wise King Solomon "considered it well," and "received instruction." Can we not learn something valuable from the same source?] Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man." Prov. 20: 4; 24: 30-34.

If the lazy man is persuaded to accept a job, it is with many forebodings of unreasonable demands upon his latent energy, and he works simply for the money, and not to make himself indispensable to his employer, or to do good to humanity.

My young friend, the next time your attention is drawn to a lazy man, pause and study his character. See if your own resembles his. If so, consider the malady fatal if left to take its course, and at once apply Solomon's remedy (Prov. 6: 6-11) by making a thorough study of the tiny ant. The man who avoids work has plenty of time to experiment, but it is encouraging to know that Solomon has given us an infallible remedy whereby the laziest man in all the world may be absolutely cured of his laziness — study to imitate the tiny ant. A very great lesson may be learned sometimes from a very small object. The cure in this case all depends on following to the letter Solomon's prescription: "Consider her ways, and be wise." Be encouraged by the thought that when one afflicted with laziness has made such a thorough study of the tiny ant that he has become wise, he is cured of his malady.

The busy bee is another small object worthy of study. But all bees are not busy, some are drones. These, like the human species, selfishly appropriate the honey laboriously gathered by others, and strictly evade the task of foraging for themselves. Humanity is justly lenient, knowing that drones have as much right to live as other people. But busy bees, not being responsible, give to the drones eventually a release from life. Dead drones know not anything, and living ones know very little.

To speak of a scholarly human drone would be to employ a contradiction of terms. A wise Providence has so ordered that learning is not hereditary, nor is it ever acquired by chance. Every one who comes into possession of an education, does so as the result of personal effort. One may have left to one a fortune (or misfortune) in a financial way, but a legacy of learning — never. One may have left to one a library of excellent books, but a knowledge of their contents — never. Education can not be given away; it can not be bought nor stolen; it can not be lost. He who will not work for it will never know its blessed companionship, however highly he may estimate his own wisdom. The lazy man thinks he knows much; in fact, "the sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." Prov. 26: 16.

Laziness is a very prevalent sin. It even invades

the domain of the church, and so sometimes we see lazy church-members. But did you ever see a lazy Christian—a true follower of the great Master Worker? There may be those who have that tendency, but it must be overcome. When God really converts a human drone, he makes a worker out of him—one who goes about doing good; who does with his might whatever his hands find to do. He may be called to pass through many unpleasant experiences for the sake of Christ and the blessed gospel; but like the tireless worker, Paul, he will "count it all joy" while he cheerfully labors to benefit others, and not to please himself.

There is no place in heaven for drones. Methinks that when the gospel drama is ended; when the last soul has been saved; when the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem shall swing back upon their glittering hinges, and the good of all ages shall enter in and cast their crowns at the Master's feet,—methinks that in all that vast throng every overcomer will have been an earnest, sincere, energetic worker for God. Reader, it pays to be a worker now.

O Heart of Mine, Be Still!

O HEART of mine, be still! Cease, cease thy longing;
 God knows, he feels; there's resting by and by.
 Look up,—beyond,—the heavenly hosts are thronging
 On errands sweet in earthly ministry.
 They come! they come! Dost feel their heavenly presence
 Upon the lonely way thy feet now tread?
 Ah, sure, this is but heaven-born radiance
 That glows in sweetness round my lowly bed.

The loves of earth may fade, and joys may wither,
 Bright hopes of youth may fade and pass away,
 The grave may claim and still may hold thy treasure,
 But God is left to be thy hope and stay;
 And sometime, somewhere, thou shalt find the haven
 That thou hast longed for since thy joys have died.
 O, wait God's time! He'll take thee safe to heaven,
 And then, O then, thou shalt be satisfied!

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.

How Do You Treat the "Instructor"?

EVERY Adventist young person is more or less acquainted with the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and certainly each one can say that to know it, is to love it. It is a paper well worth its name; but how do we treat it? I asked a friend how he would treat the INSTRUCTOR, and he said he would treat it about as he did his dinner, with avidity. And you all know that old saying, "Some books are to be tasted, some to be swallowed, and others to be chewed and digested." There is no doubt whatever but that the INSTRUCTOR can be chewed and digested over and over again.

Then let us consider the results that we personally get from its perusal. Does it not cultivate a taste for the higher and purer literature? Does it not create or awaken in us an inspiration to do something worth while? Does not the reading of the tender, inspiring poetry cause us to regret and long to forget our unkind, hastily spoken words? Do not its articles on social etiquette take off some of our sharp corners? Does it not as a whole tend to draw us nearer to God, "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy"? If so, dear friends, the mission of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been accomplished. It has indeed been the "shepherd of tender youth, guiding in love and truth through devious ways."

What do some of our leading men think of the INSTRUCTOR? Says one, "It is a good paper, in fact, about the best young people's paper there is." Another says: "It is one of the best papers in the world for children, young people, and adults. It contains as

clean, inspiring, and all-round edifying literature as any periodical of the age. I have read it ever since I was a young man, and read it yet. I owe my taste for pure, clean, and instructive literature to the reading of the INSTRUCTOR in my tender years. It tends to ennoble one's ideals in life." Still another says: "Of all the youth's magazines of to-day, I think the INSTRUCTOR takes the lead. It is the best paper I know of for forming a taste for the best reading-matter. It is the exponent of the young people's movement in this closing message of the world's history. Therefore our young people ought to read it carefully in order to keep up with what other young people are doing in this work in all parts of the country. The recent series of articles, 'Glimpses Into the Chemical World,' ought to be read by every young man and woman; also the articles on the lives of great poets and heroes. They are valuable articles, and should be an inspiration to our young people of to-day.

"The *Youth's Companion*, the popular magazine with the mass of young people, is not, to my mind, to be compared with the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. While a large part of the *Youth's Companion* is more for amusement and whiling away the hours, the INSTRUCTOR improves every minute spent with it, and is intended to improve and edify one, which I can personally say it does."

So, my friends, do you think the INSTRUCTOR is worth your while? Says one, "It is too dry." Read it once and you won't think that; and does not your very statement show your need of "dry" literature? Another says, "It is too serious for me. I want to have a good time while I am here." Do you who express these sentiments stop to consider that—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea we are now afloat,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures."

If we consider and believe these words, it behooves us to study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

Then let us choose the best, the purest, the most inspiring and healthful reading-matter, that we in our youth may lay a good foundation, and acquire a decided taste for the best and purest of all things.

If we stop to consider some of the important factors in the lives of many of our great and successful men in public life, we shall see that their love for good literature has played an important part. It is said of James G. Blaine, that at the age of nine he could recite the whole of Plutarch's "Lives." Daniel Webster, the great statesman, did not have an extensive library at his command, but the books he did have he studied over and over again, until their contents were treasured in his memory. Late in life he said of that time: "In my boyhood days there were two things I dearly loved; namely, reading and playing—passions that did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over."

It is needless to speak of Abraham Lincoln, for nearly every one is acquainted with the story of his life, and how he devoured books with a relish, and through the long winter evenings would sit in the corner and read by the firelight.

Probably we are all familiar with that period in Henry Clay's life when he resolved to improve every leisure moment in the best possible manner, and

thoughtfully considered what literature he could study with the largest benefit, and selected it accordingly.

Let us follow in part the example set us by these great men, and heed the admonition given in the Inspired Word, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the *renewing of your minds.*"

Then let us resolve to read the INSTRUCTOR more carefully, and after receiving the inspiration and new courage it has in store for us, let us pass the paper on to others.

GLADYS SEELY.

Comfort

Is your heart bowed down with sorrow? are you weary here below?

Are you suffering from the anguish of a cruel, crushing blow? Always is your soul unhappy? Then, my friend, take heart and know

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

Are you fainting 'neath the burden of a world of toil and care?

Do the hours keep growing longer? is there trouble everywhere?

Are the heavens closed above you, and unanswered seems your prayer?

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

Have you bade farewell to loved ones gone before in death's cold wave?

Are you sobbing in the shadows on a freshly sodded grave? Does it seem that in the sorrow you can nevermore be brave?

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

Do the friends that are so precious, in the hour of trials sore Turn away, and treat you coldly, and forget the days of yore, Adding anguish to the sorrow that you never knew before?

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

In the night when all is silent, and the world is wrapped in sleep,

Are you suffering from an agony of sorrow, broad and deep? Is your soul with sadness laden, and your heart too full to weep?

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

Do you see the time approaching when your earthly walk will cease,

Soon to hear the mighty summons that will come, a sweet release,

Longing for the joy of heaven, and eternity of peace?

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

Ah, my friend who trusts in Jesus, sorrowing up the path to God,

In the heartache, in the anguish, in the toilsome way you plod, There was One who went before you. In the weary way he trod

You are walking in the footsteps of the Master.

HAROLD ALBERT LUKENS.

Hints on Taking Part in Prayer-Meeting

Do you find it hard to take part in the prayer-meeting? Almost every one has had the same experience. Will you benefit by a few hints, so that you may take part profitably? Do you think you *ought* to take part? Well, if it is your Christian duty, then your allegiance to your Lord demands that you do your duty, or else "die trying to do it."

Some Little Things That Are Not Little

1. Sit in the front.
2. Take part at the very first opportunity.
3. Sit with those that do take part.
4. Ask them to encourage you to take part.
5. Remember to make taking part a matter of earnest prayer.

6. Determine that you *will* take part.

Sometimes the very best thing you can do to help a meeting is to fail while trying to take part. Will you ask God for grace to fail for him, if that is best?

What Can I Do?

Sometimes people ask this question. Here are five things that you can do. Is the last too hard? Then try the easiest first. Do not stay in the "verse-reading class" long. Remember to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord:"—

1. You can read a verse of Scripture. But be sure it is on the topic.

2. You can read an appropriate selection or the verse of a hymn. Be sure you can read it intelligibly.

3. You can preface or follow the reading of a verse by some brief remark; as, "I have found this verse helpful." A very good way is to say, "This verse means"—then tell in your own words what it means. If you can make some remarks to bring out the meaning, do it.

4. You can illustrate the meaning of a verse or the topic:—

a. By some Bible incident that you can read, or better, tell.

b. By some story you have read in history, or in some book or paper.

c. By some incident that has come under your personal observation.

d. Best of all, by some personal experience.

5. You can pray.

There is nothing that helps a meeting more than prayer. We have few prayers in our meetings. It is hard to pray. Will you pray?

How shall you begin? How do the Bible prayers begin?

How shall you end? How do the Bible prayers end? What shall you put in the middle? Study the Bible prayers. Some Bible prayers suggested for study (remark how little like these prayers are the ones you hear): Matt. 6:9-13; Eph. 1:9-17; 4:14-21; Phil. 1:9-11; Col. 1:9; Heb. 13:20, 21. Absorb these petitions. It costs to pray. Will you pay the cost?

How to Speak

so that you can act your part with edification: Remember you are speaking for others to hear; therefore,—

1. Stand up to take your part.
 2. Hold up your head and speak out.
 3. Speak loud enough for all to hear, especially when you pray.
 4. Speak distinctly.
 5. Speak slowly. All beginners speak too fast. Try to go slowly.
 6. Take a good breath just before you begin to speak.
- Rev. Kinley McMillan.

—Just a cheery word or two
As you pass along;
Such an easy thing to do—
Just a smile or song.
You may comfort, soothe, or rest
Some poor, weary, aching breast,
Help him thus to do his best,
As you pass along."

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



The Passing of the Drum



FEW years ago, says *Harper's Weekly*, the French government, acting upon the recommendations embodied in a report made by a committee of generals in its army, decided that the drum must go. The report asserted that the drum was a serious encumbrance in marching; that rain im-

pairs its usefulness; that its calls could not be distinguished in time of battle; that it consumed a period of two years to turn out an efficient drummer; and that, by abandoning the use of the drum, many thousands of youth and men would be released from active service.

It is expected that such others of the European powers as still retain drum corps will follow the example of the French.

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it, and the Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South American temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, fled from the Emerald Isle before the drum-beats of Saint Patrick. The Puritans of New England used the drum as a church-bell.—*Selected.*

The Art of Ink-Making

WHEN we used to press out the red juice of the elderberries and use it for ink, we little thought that we were practising a home industry nearly as old as the pyramids, or that we were engaged in the solution of a problem that has taxed the ingenuity of science for many centuries. Ink, ancient and modern, is a trade-mark of civilization and progress. To-day the chemist is constantly experimenting with new materials for manufacturing an ink that will be as durable as the paper on which we use it. The fading of ink is one of its reprehensible characteristics. If it were not for this fault, many of the dusty, faded, old letters and manuscripts of the world would not have to be kept under air-tight glass cases to preserve their legibility. Some of the signers of the Constitution used abominably poor ink, and their names are fading away rapidly, but a few others will always be known by the quality of the ink they used. Their names are almost as clear as on the day they signed that important document.

There was no really durable ink until India ink, or Chinese ink, was made, in about the eighth century. This had a finely divided carbon for its base, and it was made in the form of cakes, which would last a long time. It was applied by brushes instead of pens, and it was not considered suitable for all purposes. In the twelfth century somebody discovered nutgall ink, and then a real improvement was started. Ink suitable for pens of all kinds was made from nutgalls or tannin, with iron sulphate and some gummy vehicle. This nutgall ink came into use at a period when many of the important literary and historical documents were written. Its durable quality is attested by the condition of many manuscripts written in Latin and Spanish away back in the twelfth century.

The ink on some of these manuscripts has retained its pristine blackness even to this day.

With the improvements of the pen and the invention of printing, ink became such an important article of commercial value that scientists took up a study of it, and chemists experimented with all sorts of combinations of raw materials. The soluble aniline dyes were then discovered, but prior to 1874 logwood, madder, orchil, and other dyestuffs entered largely into ink manufacture. The aniline dyes gave a marked impetus to the making of inks suitable for various kinds of use.—*Youth's World.*

Cholera Knocks at Our Door

THE fact that a few cases of cholera have come by ship to New York, need frighten no one who keeps clean, within and without, and exercises reasonable care as to what one eats.

The disease has existed for centuries, in one place and another; but its ancestral homestead seems to have been in Jessore, seventy-seven miles northeast of Calcutta. The people of this little town of eight thousand inhabitants had long had a fine school, in which the minds of the young were cultivated; but they were not able to teach what the cholera was, and how to prevent it. People farther west had to do that.

In 1884 Professor Koch, of Berlin, announced that he had found the whole source of the trouble. It was a tiny microbe, too small for the naked eye, but well defined through microscopes, as being of about the shape of a comma, and a very alert, enterprising little animal.

It proves to be a tough little creature, and able to live almost anywhere. It never does a human being any harm unless it gets into the body, and, for some reason, is detained there. Then it exudes a lot of poison, and the trouble begins.

If there is nothing to impede its progress, it goes along through the system, and passes away, as millions of other microbes are doing all the time. If cholera is around, your safety is assured by practising the simple arts that give the little stranger a clear path.

Here is a fact which it is well to remember, and which will illuminate the whole way of safety in the matter:—

The germ never gets into the blood-vessels, tissues, or muscles—only into the intestines.

If the intestines are kept clear and progressive, the microbe will move along with the procession, and do no harm. If the procession stops for any length of time, the microbe will stop, too, and soon begin developing the poison that kills.

Now, knowing these facts, if you would keep well, the whole question of your safety depends upon your treatment of the intestines—and the intellect.

Don't be frightened if some one else should happen to get the disease, near or far from you. In epidemics of every kind, a great many people die of pure fright. Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," lived for many years in Oriental countries, where cholera is always hovering about, and lost all fear of it. He once said:—

"More people die from bronchitis, teething, and measles, every year, than from cholera. I have helped carry into hospitals many persons afflicted with it in the streets of India. It is no more than a colossal protean stomach-ache. Simple precautions will ward it off.

"Five drops of hydrochloric acid in a cup of water

every other day, will kill the microbe. It can not live in an acidulated stomach."

He also adds that the English and American stomachs are well-nigh proof against the disease when a little care is exercised.

Having made up your mind that cholera is not a great death-dealing mystery, but a well-defined little trouble, which it is possible to prevent, take good care of the intestines, where you have found that the microbe will appear, if at all.

Boil all water and milk before using them.

Cork the bottles while hot, with cotton-wool or absorbent cotton.

Throw away all the remaining water or milk after you have used some from a bottle once open.

Avoid raw fruits, raw vegetables, and cold meats, and if you can bring yourself to it, ice-cream and candy, until after the "scare" is over. The microbe likes the taste of all these, and might stop to eat of them, and pay for his lodging in poison.

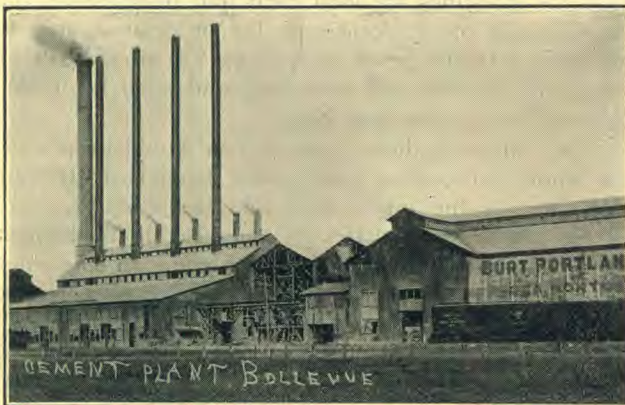
Keep the large intestine (colon) perfectly clean, by injections each day with a fountain or bulb syringe. Three or four quarts of warm water at a time is not too much. This process itself (commonly called the Wilford Hall treatment) has cured hundreds of cases of cholera even after they were in full progress.

In 1892 this treatment was used in Hamburg, where the disease had become an epidemic. Copious enemata of salt water were injected into the bowels, and within a few days the number of cases in Hamburg was reduced by one half. In the same year, large numbers were cured in Russia by this method — only using soap instead of salt.—*Will Carleton.*

Making Cement

THE Burt Cement Works, Bellevue, Michigan, have an advantage over most cement plants in that they have the necessary materials right at hand. Limestone, blue rock, and clay are required. It is not always easy to find these combined, or even adjacent, and handy for use without shipping longer or shorter distances.

Having decided to follow the process from beginning to end and learn from observation how cement is made, I went first to the quarry. Here I saw steam and gasoline drills working where the soil had been removed from the surface, sinking shafts twenty feet for blasting charges that would loosen the shelf of rock for the



shovels below. Large sticks of dynamite are used in these drill holes to blast or loosen tons of rock and earth at a single discharge.

Down twenty feet at the bottom of the quarry, where many acres of material have been removed, two large steam shovels scoop the loosened pile into cars that hold two or three tons each. A car is filled with three

shovelfuls, so large and powerful is the giant scoop, and the machinery that pushes it into the piles of rock and earth lifts and swings it to the car, at the end of its great arm, or crane. A small locomotive runs the cars to the mill, and the loads are dumped into a huge open-mouthed crusher, a car-load at a time. This monster rock-eater will chew rocks even as large as a wash-boiler, eighteen car-loads in fifty minutes, and



nothing escapes larger than a walnut, and much is a great deal smaller.

From the bin beneath, it is carried through a revolving cylindrical coarse sieve fourteen feet long and three feet in diameter, the discharging end of which is two feet lower than the receiving end, to a second and finer crusher. The sand, dirt, and clay falling out through the sieve are deposited in a bin to await their process of treatment; and the clean rock, going through the second crusher, is carried by a long set of belt-buckets to the top of the building, where it is emptied into a large bin to await its turn to pass through the driers.

These driers are twin cylinders about one hundred feet long and four feet in diameter, made of heavy boiler-iron. The feeding end is eight or ten feet higher than the discharging end, and at each end and in the middle each rests on, or lies in, a bed of wheels that will permit it easily to revolve. These cylinders are turned by massive machinery. At the lower ends are large furnaces that send their heated drafts through the cylinders to chimneys at the tower ends.

From the bin last mentioned the free rock is elevated by buckets similar to those at the crusher, to the top of the tower, and dumped into the mouths of the driers. It takes about thirty minutes for each portion of this rolling, tumbling stream to crawl down these heated cylinders, with a clatter akin to shot falling onto a bass drum, with the noise of the heavy machinery added to it.

It is now prepared for finer grinding, and is carried on a long, wide belt to another building, and lifted, by belt-buckets, to bins above, from which it is discharged into ball mills, several of which are required to do the work prepared for them.

These ball mills are large revolving cylinders made of heavy boiler-iron, and filled about half full with cast-iron balls, each weighing about fourteen pounds. These cylinders are perforated with fine holes, and are enclosed in larger stationary cylinders of lighter material, with a fine sieve fixed midway between. When filled as full as they can hold, these mills are set revolving, and are kept going until the rock is ground fine enough to allow it to be forced through the perforations and the fine sieves, so fine that nothing can escape coarser than flour.

This flour, or dust, is conveyed through screw car-

riers to another set of ball mills, and goes through another process of grinding. From these it is carried, in like manner, to large bins in another large building.

On this course of travel the dust is chemically analyzed and graded according to the amount of silica, lime, and sand it contains. I did not have the good fortune to see this process, and shall not attempt a description of it from other writers; you can get this information from some good encyclopedia. The bins which hold this heavy material have to be very strong. They are made of cement work, and are supported by large arches, which permit of sluices and runaways underneath for the emptying and carrying away of the contents of the bins. From them the raw dust is discharged through chutes in the proper proportion of elements, and conveyed to the kilns.

These kilns are large inclined revolving cylinders, similar to the "driers," but much larger and much longer. These also have sets of wheels, or beds, in which they slowly revolve, and each of the sixteen kilns, about ten feet in diameter and one hundred fifty feet long (all under one roof), is turned by very heavy machinery run by a single large dynamo for each kiln. At the lower end of each kiln is a fire-brick furnace, through which crushed coal or coal dust is blown by strong blasts, and combustion continues through the whole length of the kiln, and the smoke and waste heat escape through tall chimneys, or stacks, at the upper, or tower end. This produces a very intense heat, and the coal thus used prevents the formation of clinkers to mix with the dust and injure or ruin the cement. Into the upper ends, or mouths, of the kilns the raw dust is poured or forced. About thirty minutes is required for it to roll and tumble down the fiery throat of these monster dirt-eaters, and it is discharged a molten stream into the maws below the furnaces, from which place it is carried, in running iron buckets, to elevators in another building, and dumped by them into cooling bins. Even this is not the end of the process.

When sufficiently cool, or when the workers are ready for it, the baked dust is run through the pebble mills for its last grinding. These mills are also huge revolving cylinders, like the ball mills, only they are a little more than half full of hard stones the size of a hen's egg or a little larger. They are then filled with as much of the "cooked dust" as they will hold, and revolved until the desired grade of fineness has been obtained. When discharged from these mills, it is the finished product. It is poured from chutes or slides into sacks, loaded onto cars for shipment, or stored, awaiting orders.

The capacity of the Burt Portland Cement Works is sixteen hundred barrels a day. About two hundred men are employed to accomplish this, work being carried on night and day every day in the week; for it is not possible, it is claimed, to stop the machinery for a day or a night without great loss. They are now working on a contract that will take many months to fill, and many whole trains to carry to its destination. So general is the use of this wonderful material in building and construction, and so great the demand for it, that this mill can scarcely make a showing in the filling of orders for the vast amount needed.

As we saw what the ingenuity and perseverance of man have accomplished, and are accomplishing, we wondered why more of this skill and energy can not be used in the cause of God. Let us be as persevering in eternal things as men of the world are in temporal matters.

E. W. WEBSTER.

The Mongoose

I WAS much interested in the article published in the INSTRUCTOR of July 11, on the mongoose, having known the little animal for many years. The writer said that among other animals, sucking pigs are not disdained by them; and I can say from personal knowledge that sucking babies are not disdained by them. About four years ago a mother in Sauteurs, Grenada, British West Indies, unable to employ a servant, had occasion one afternoon to leave her baby alone at home while she went to a neighbor's house. She soon hastened home, however; for the baby, who was usually very quiet and playful, began crying fearfully. On reaching home the mother was surprised and distressed to find an infuriated mongoose wrestling with her baby, who had already been badly bitten by it. When hungry, the mongoose becomes a desperate little animal, and does not seem to fear to face even man. It does much harm to crops.

The mongoose was introduced into our island some years ago, to destroy snakes and rats, but it has proved a veritable pest. It sometimes attacks and kills snakes, but where easier means of sustenance exists, the snake goes free. Having no special love for the struggle necessary to enable it to feed on a snake, the defenseless ground-bird or other harmless animal has to be survived by the snake, which the mongoose was introduced to kill.

Keep the mongoose out of a country as long as possible is good advice. C. C. ROBERTS.

Kind of Education Wanted

ABOVE all things, education must rest upon a true religious basis. It is a very interesting fact in the history of the college life of America last year that 32,259 college men in 539 institutions of the United States and Canada attended voluntary Bible classes. That is an educational note. An education really to be worth anything to the world and the individual must have at the heart of it the great thought of service, and the great thought of service can not exist in the mind of any man except he is inspired of God with the vision of ministering to others.

I do not care whether my boy can ever find the north pole or not, but it will make a vast difference to him if he is not able to find the way of life. He who can speak six languages but does not know how to talk with God has nothing of which to boast; neither has he who possesses what people call culture but has never experienced what we call a change of heart.

An Educated Paganism

Give us anything but an educated paganism. Give us any kind of culture except the kind that boasts of its fine clothes, of the money in its pockets, of its pedigree, and of its social standing. Give us educated men and women from our schools and colleges who know how to walk to the help of a human being better than they know how to dance at a social gathering; men and women who are better acquainted with God than they are with a game of cards, and who have read the Book of life oftener than the "six best sellers" or the latest play.

The world needs educated men that have learned their best lessons in the school of righteousness; that have never graduated from this school and never will; men and women that see the needs of the world, that are going to help to lift it up out of darkness into light.—*Rev. Charles A. Sheldon.*



What a Bible Can Do



YOUNG widow, Mrs. B——, of Dublin, a Roman Catholic, very conscientious and uniform in her religious practises, but continually in unrest on account of her burden of sin, confided to her confessor her inward troubles; and after trying other expedients, he urged her to divert her mind

by going to hear a humorous and entertaining performer, at the Dublin Rotunda, even securing for her tickets for the entertainment.

Mrs. B—— mistook both the hour and the place; getting into one of the smaller halls of the great building, she chanced upon a Protestant devotional meeting instead. She could not get out without attracting much notice, and so stayed long enough to hear prayers that surprised her by their simple approach to God, and to hear a passage from the tenth chapter of Hebrews, which unfolded a new doctrine as to the forgiveness of sins, accompanied by a luminous exposition and application, and fortified by parallel references from other New Testament writings. All this was the opening of an absolutely new door of faith and hope, and left her amazed and comforted.

When the little meeting broke up, she summoned all her courage, and went to ask the speaker from what book he had been reading. Finding that the woman had never possessed a Bible, "I will lend you mine," he said. "Read the marked passages, but let me have it back in a few days: it is the most precious thing I have."

For the next few days everything else was forgotten; the light shone into her understanding; the burden long weighing on her conscience rolled away, and the peace of God filled her heart and mind.

The time had come for the Bible to be returned. Deep in study and engrossed in thought, she did not notice when some one entered her sitting-room, until her confessor stood before her. He noticed both the embarrassment in her manner and the restful calm in her eyes.

"What has happened to you?" he said. "I haven't heard how you liked the entertainment, and as I didn't see you at mass last Sunday, I thought you might be ill."

She had meant to keep the matter secret for a time, at least, but now, off her guard, she told the whole story—her mistake as to the room, the attempt to leave, the words heard, the book lent, and, last of all, the joy and peace that filled her heart.

When she glanced at his face, it was black with rage. "Give me that book!" he cried.

"It isn't mine," she answered.

"Give it to me," was the reply, "or your soul will be damned eternally: that heretic has nearly got you

into hell, and neither he nor you shall ever read the book again," and seizing it, he thrust it into his pocket and strode out of the room.

Mrs. B—— sat as if paralyzed. That awful look searched her through and through; only those born and brought up in the Church of Rome know the nameless horror which the power of the priesthood can inspire. Then she thought of the man who had lent her his Bible; his address was in it, but she could not remember it, and knew not where to write.

Days passed by, but her confessor, once so welcome a visitor but now so dreaded, did not return. After a fortnight or more Mrs. B—— ventured upon a visit to him, to make an effort, if not too late, to get back the book to restore it to its owner.

Father John's house joined a convent where the father was confessor. The door was opened by a nun, who, being asked if the priest was at home, immediately replied, with frigid manner, "Yes, Father John is at home," and, as she spoke, she half pushed the woman into a room opening off the hall. As Mrs. B—— entered, she saw there an open coffin, in which was the lifeless form of her confessor.

Before she could recover from the shock, the nun hissed into her ear these words: "He died cursing you; you gave him a Bible, and he told me to tell you that he cursed you with his last breath: now go!"

Weeks elapsed. One evening Mrs. B—— was sitting alone, pondering over the events of the previous three or four months. The joy of pardon was in her heart. She had bought a Bible for herself, and had read it daily, and the old errors in which she had been brought up, had been, one by one, renounced; but there was a sorrow which could not be comforted. How ineffably sad the brief illness and sudden death of the young priest—his last look—his last words—that terrible message!

She had been so blessed, filled with heavenly peace and joy, and he—why should not the same words have brought him a like message? It was one of those mysteries which could never be explained. "Why," she said to herself, "should a God of love do this?"

At this moment the servant ushered into the room a woman, closely veiled, who stood for a moment, irresolute. Before Mrs. B—— could speak, the other said, "You do not know me in this dress, but you will soon recognize me." She lifted her veil, and revealed the face of the nun who had delivered the message of cursing to her as they stood by the open coffin.

Mrs. B—— started back, not knowing what might happen next, but her visitor calmed her fears, adding, "I have two things to tell you, and I must be brief, for I am in haste. First, forgive me for that awful lie of mine; I have asked God's forgiveness, but I

beg also yours. Father John died blessing you with all his heart. The day before his death he charged me to tell you that he, too, had found forgiveness for his sins by that book, and that throughout eternity he would bless you for having brought him to the knowledge of his Saviour. I felt the strongest desire to read what he had read, and after his funeral I could not resist looking into the book for myself. I was fascinated, and read more and more, and I, too, have found pardon and peace in my Saviour. I have been studying the Bible for weeks, and now here it is," producing it as she spoke. "I escaped from the convent this evening, and shall cross to England to-night, but I felt that I must come here to return this Bible, and to tell you that all my life, I, too, shall bless you for having through it taught me how to get forgiveness for my sins. Good-by. God bless you! We shall meet in heaven."

A small worn Bible lay on the table before Mrs. B—. That little book—without a living voice to expound its teachings in two cases—had brought three precious ones out of darkness into light. Imagine the feelings of its owner when it was restored to him with its wonderful record.—*Missionary Review*.

A Fine Scene

Two boys were in a schoolroom alone together when some fireworks were exploded. One boy denied doing it. The other, who would not deny it, was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys were alone again, the real offender asked, "Why didn't you deny it?"

"Because there were only two of us, and one must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud: "Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might almost have heard Ben's tears drop on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles that made him wipe them before he sat down again.—*Selected*.

A Looking-Glass

THE best man that ever walked the face of the earth will be humbled and broken to pieces by a reverend study of the Word of God. The very glory of the Lord itself will crush him. It will reveal to him his own great distance from God, his sins, and his shortcomings.

Once I was selected to be the spiritual adviser of a poor condemned criminal. He had no Bible, and I carried him one. He seemed glad to get it, and promised to read it. A few days later I called to see him, and the first thing he said to me was, "I can not read that Bible." I said, "Why?" "Why," said he, "the first thing that my eyes rested on when I opened it made me miserable." I asked him what it was, and he said: "It was this, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'" Then he continued: "Do you believe that that is true?" I said, "Yes, most assuredly." "Then," he said, "I can not read it. If I have to reap what I have sown, there is no comfort for me."

It is ever so. The Bible will keep one from sin, or sin will keep one from the Bible. The two can not go together.

The Bible is represented as a divine hammer. The prophet Jeremiah, in the twenty-third chapter, twenty-ninth verse, so uses it. He says, "Is not my word . . . like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" It would be very powerful in its convicting force if it only revealed our sins, but it goes farther than that. It reveals them, and then hammers them. Many of us have felt the strokes of this divine hammer. There is no rest when we feel its strokes. Day and night we cringe and bend in our efforts to miss the blow, but it can not be done. The piercing, convicting truths of the Bible have got hold of us, and we can not escape them.

Many years ago a man committed suicide in North Carolina. In his pocket was found a note which explained the cause of his conduct. He had given testimony that caused an innocent man to be hanged. He did this to shield himself, for he was the guilty person. Many years passed by, and no one ever suspected that he was guilty, but God was hammering all the time upon his conscience. The truths of the Bible would not let him go, and he finally concluded that death would be better than such suffering.—*The Golden Age*.

"No robin but may thrill some breast,
His dawn-light gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

An All-Powerful Helper

WHAT a precious word for the weary is this: "Cast your care upon him; for he careth for you." I need hardly inform scholarly readers that this verse literally reads, "For he has you on his heart." He who piloted the patriarch through the deluge, and fed the prophet by the brook, and supplied the widow's cruse, and watched over the imprisoned apostles, and numbers the very hairs of our heads,—he has every one of us on his great, almighty heart.

What fools we are to tire ourselves out and break ourselves down while such an all-powerful Helper is close by our side! Suppose a weary traveler who is trudging up-hill were overtaken by a wagon whose owner kindly said to him: "My friend, you look tired; throw that knapsack into my wagon; it will rest you, and I will see that it is safe."

Imagine the pedestrian eying him foolishly, and blurting out the foolish reply: "I can't trust you, sir; drive along; I'll carry my own luggage."

But this is the way that tens of thousands of Christians treat God.—*Selected*.

Mission of Women

'Tis woman's to nourish affection's tree,
And its fruit, domestic bliss shall be;
'Tis hers to cultivate, with patient toil,
Each heaven-born plant in the heart's deep soil;
And fruits and flowers her toil shall greet,
Richest flavors and odors on earth that meet.

'Tis woman's to fashion the infant mind,
To kindle its thoughts, and its hopes unbind;
To guide its young wing in the earliest flight,
And lure it to worlds of unsullied light;
'To teach him to sing, in his gladsome hours,
Of a Saviour's love, with an angel's powers.

'Tis woman's to bind up the broken heart,
And soften the bleeding spirit's smart,
With the balm that in Gilead's garden grows,
With the stream that from Calvary's fountain flows;
And to light, in this world of sin and pain,
The lamp of love and of joy again.

— Selected.

The Englishman's Pronunciation of the English

If any people on the earth ought to have the right to say what is proper English pronunciation and what is proper English spelling, it would seem that this right should belong to the inhabitants of the British Isles, especially of England.

But what are the facts? The Standard Dictionary, published in America, is accepted as the standard on this side of the water, so far as any standard is accepted. As a matter of fact, there is more diversity of pronunciation in England than there is in the United States. There are more local peculiarities; and one who is acquainted with the differences can more readily distinguish the inhabitants of different parts of England than can an American the locality of Americans by their speech. But to an American they all sound "English," and doubtless an American is recognized by his speech the first sentence he utters.

Of course there are the misplaced *h's* (hi lost my 'at) and *i* for *a* (*die* for *day*, etc.) of the cockney, and other striking mispronunciations, but these are not so common as one might expect. On the other hand, there is some slight difference, possibly too fine to be distinguished by the ordinary diacritical marks of the dictionary, which characterizes the Englishman from the American before he has spoken three words. I sometimes think there is just a shade of difference in all the vowels, then I think it must be in the intonation. Of course the *ä* is more common than with us. The sound of *a* in *all* tends toward the Italian sound, and so does the short *ä*. They seldom if ever pronounce the short *ä* as flat as we do, especially as a Westerner pronounces it, and such words as *class*, *bath*, and *half*, take almost the Italian sound. But this difference in vowels is not all there is to it. There is something else which distinguishes the speech of the Englishman from that of the American, which thus far has eluded me. If one hears a cultivated American speak, he is impressed only by the purity of the language. If one hears a cultivated Englishman speak, though his speech may be faultless and may fall on the ears like sweet music, yet there is that peculiar quality I can only designate as "English;" and the uncultured, though he murders the language, has the same.

A. GREENE HORNE.

A LITTLE library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, September 16

SUGGESTIONS.—This should be an enthusiastic meeting. The reading "An Appeal for High Standards in Reading" may be gleaned from M. V. Series Nos. 2 and 13. If the letter from your conference secretary fails to reach you, drop a card. It may have been lost in the mails. Those who give the talks on the Senior and Junior Courses can obtain help in the Reading Course Leaflet for 1911-12. Fearing that some societies will not obtain all the books in time for this meeting, we have made selections from most of the books. See below. None appear from "Ministry of Healing" and "Early Writings," as every society will doubtless be supplied with these books. Devote from ten to fifteen minutes to this exercise. The educational secretary should be prepared to give all necessary information concerning the courses. If you do not understand the duties of the educational secretary, get your conference secretary to explain them fully.

Snatches From the Reading Course Books

Senior Books

"THE year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne, a young German named Ludwig Krapf, a student from the Missionary Seminary at Basel, sailed for Africa. For seven years he endured terrible privations in Abyssinia and the neighboring countries. During the last year, his wife, Rossina Krapf, accompanied him, and from that time until her death she shrank from no hardship nor danger that her husband was called upon to face. At last expelled from Abyssinia, Krapf and his wife were compelled to go southward along the coast. After a perilous voyage they landed at Mombasa, about one hundred twenty miles south of Zanzibar, and settled there. Within six months Krapf was compelled to dig two graves, and there in that strange land he laid his young wife and new-born babe. Eugene Stock says that nothing more touching has ever been written than his diary for the next seven days. 'His heart and his body wept,' and it was long before he could speak of his wife's death without tears. Yet, like Livingstone, the bitterest sorrow could not turn him aside. He wrote: 'Tell our friends at home that there is now on the East African coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world; and as the victories of the church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore.'"—*The Price of Africa.*"

"Let us learn here the worth of a single soul. 'If she lose *one piece*.' A solitary coin was worth the most painstaking search the woman could make. A single soul is worthy the labors, and toils, and sacrifices of a lifetime.

"I fear we have been magnifying the value of the crowds. We have been trying to save the people en masse. We have been losing sight of our supreme duty, yours and mine, which is to bring Christ to the individual who crosses our daily path.

"There is room in the Master's scheme for a ministry to the multitudes. The early disciples were sent out to be 'fishers of men.' Their words would naturally take color from their daily occupation. They

were fishermen. Their business was to find the feeding-ground of the finny tribe, then let down their nets, expecting to take a goodly number of fish in a single haul. We are not to ignore this plan. Pentecost was a throwing out of the gospel net, and in a day three thousand souls were taken for God. But not many of us can wield the net. Not many of us can stand before the multitudes. Yet every redeemed one is to be a soul-winner. When we look with greater care into the unfolding of our mission, we learn that the net method is the exception rather than the rule. Most of our fishing is to be done with hook and line. We are to reach the unsaved one by one."—*Edwin F. Hallenbeck, in "Passion for Men."*

"I rose from my knees, sure that God would come to deliver us. We had scarcely risen when we saw the old chief coming back through the woods; he came silently, and was going silently up into the house, when I said to him: 'Grandfather, we are glad to see you back; we thought you would be away all night.' He gave what I must call a Karen grunt, and went stolidly up the ladder. One by one they were all coming back through the dusk. Soon the fires were lighted, and the rice was cooking; but there was a strange expectancy over it all. There is never anything to fear from Karens; there is no treachery, nothing but kindness to be expected from them, especially toward their guests. . . .

"Now let me tell you what we did not know till more than two years afterward, when a messenger came from this village, asking for a teacher to be sent to them, and saying that whoever came must send word first, and they would send trusty men to meet him. Then we learned that a band of dacoits had followed us for a week. That all the Karen villages had been warned that if they harbored us, they would share our fate; that this old chief had been told that if we stayed in his village, he must either help to kill us or be killed himself; that all the men had left the village in consequence; but the old chief had been so troubled in mind that he was constrained to come back again. That the dacoits had come there, and, finding him there, had asked the reason. He had told them that he could not stay away, that many signs and auguries assured him that it would be the worse for any one who touched us, that the English would discover it, and they could not escape. He was a wise man, or soothsayer, among them, and they tried several auguries, and they were all so alarming that the men reluctantly forbore to touch us, and they went away. When Nan-Nan heard this, she came to me with such an awed face, and referring to my fears that day, she said: 'Mama, you were right, and we were wrong; but God took care of us, after all.'"—*"Miracles of Missions."*

Junior Books

"Alexander Mackay was only forty-one years of age when he was called to lay aside his life-work. When a young man, he might have turned a deaf ear to Stanley's urgent call from Central Africa, and remained in merry England, where fever is as little to be feared as are lions and rhinoceri. Had he done so, who knows but that he might have lived out a long life of twice forty-one years?

"He might have continued his work in Germany, perhaps coming to be a famous engineer or inventor. Having been offered a position with good opportunities for promotion in the service of the Imperial East

Africa Company, he might have become a prosperous business man. General Gordon had wanted him as an important officer in his army in Egypt. Had he accepted the offer, perhaps he might have ended his life as one of Great Britain's well-known commanders. Instead, he died in the prime of life—a missionary in remote Central Africa.

"Fourteen years in Africa had brought to Mr. Mackay the knottiest of problems, and hardships untold. During all this time, luxury was far from him, and often he lacked even what we regard as common comforts. No mother or sister or wife was at his side to brighten his simple home. Late and early, he toiled, oftentimes at tasks for which he had no special liking. Many of those whom he had so patiently taught, and whom he had come to love as his own brothers, he saw sent to cruel torture and death. For months at a time he lived knowing not when a wicked monarch might call for his life."—*"Uganda's White Man of Work."*

But why was the capital located so far from the center of the United States? The story is connected with the growth of our country.

"When we Americans, by the Revolutionary War, forced England to allow us to govern ourselves, we were few in number, and the most of the people lived east of the Appalachian Mountains. The lands to the westward were held by wild Indians, and deer and bears roamed through the dense forests. We then owned no land beyond the Mississippi River, and no one imagined that the United States would some day extend to the Pacific Ocean. The site of Washington City was then in almost the center of the inhabited country; so that when a location for the capital had to be chosen, this was thought the best place. Congress was then sitting in Philadelphia. It was before the days of railroads, and President Washington rode in a carriage to the village of Georgetown, which is now a part of the capital, and arranged with the farmers to sell their lands to the government. Soon after this the work of laying out the city began; but it was almost ten years before the White House was finished, and a building put up on Capitol Hill in which Congress could come together to make laws.

"The first president who lived in Washington was John Adams. He came alone to the capital, leaving his wife to follow him. In doing so, while traveling through the forest from Baltimore to Washington, she lost her way, and rode for miles without seeing a human being.

"At that time a large part of Washington stood in the woods. There were stumps in some of the chief streets, and in wet weather Pennsylvania Avenue was almost a river of mud. The Congressmen and other officials did not like the new capital. They nicknamed it the 'Wilderness City,' the 'City of Miserable Huts,' and the 'City of Streets Without Houses.' It steadily grew, however, and is now one of the finest cities of the United States."—*"North America."*

Honor Roll

THE list is growing rapidly. Certificates for one or both courses have recently been issued to the following Arkansas young people: Miss Bernice Norwood, Miss Ruby Dart, and Miss Zella Miller. From Texas the names of Joe Chesnutt, W. G. Hassenpflug, W. F. Sadau, Charles E. Grant, Maud Martin, Bessie Wis-

nell, Mrs. M. B. Cubley, Strauss Cubley, Mrs. Pearl Eastman, Florence King, Hannah Gemar, E. Virginia Martin, Oliver Estes, and J. B. McConnell have come to us. Miss Florence Gourly, Miss Eva Smouse, Miss Alma Gourly, and Master Alfred Gourly, of Iowa, have also received certificates.

Tract Talk — Try It

A TRACT put in a letter, folded with thoughtful care, And sealed with earnest longing and a short heart-spoken prayer;

Commended to the Saviour, and sent forth on its way,
His changeless loving-kindness, his faithfulness to say:
Not much to give to Jesus, easy this work for him,
But the world is growing older, and faith oft groweth dim,
And the time is passing over, and it needs that some should stand

And sow small things for Jesus, with free unsparing hand.
—Selected.

Morning Watch: Witnesses for Christ

THE thoughts given below will be helpful to those who are struggling to be true witnesses for Christ:—

“The Master himself had to be a disciple and learn by heart what he should one day teach. He knew what monotony meant, and fidelity without applause; the sight of the trader’s wealth and the rabbi’s recognition, the patience of the plow and the constraint of the yoke. How hard it must have been to work and wait in obscurity all those years after the vision that came to him when he went up to the temple and viewed the world from the portals of his Father’s house. Nazareth must have been dull enough after the brilliant city of the great King.”—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

“What happens when a person is looking into a shop-window where there is a mirror, and some one comes up behind—some one he knows? He does not look any longer at the image; he turns to look at the person whose image is reflected. Or, if he sees reflected in the mirror something very striking, he does not content himself with looking at the image; he turns and looks at the thing itself. So it is always with the persons you have to do with. If you become a mirror to Christ, your friends will detect it in a very few days; they will see appearing in you, the mirror, an image, and they will turn to look straight at the Person that you are reflecting.”—*Ram’s Horn.*

In the midst of the Boxer uprising a leading Chinese merchant came to a missionary and asked to be baptized at once. “Hadn’t you better wait till the storm of persecution has blown over?” asked the missionary. “A public confession now might endanger you.” “No,” he said, “I don’t want to wait. It is this very thing that led me to desire to be a Christian. I have seen Christians go down into the darkness of a horrible death triumphantly, and now that I know it is their religion that sustains them and enables them to do this, I want their religion at once.” He was received, and has been a faithful, efficient man ever since.

THERE are persons so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing, that you instinctively feel in their presence that they do you good, whose coming into a room is like the bringing of a lamp there.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

“GREAT things have many times been wrought by very humble, and of themselves inferior human instruments.”



XI — Paul’s Labor in Macedonia

(September 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ACTS 20: 1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: “Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.” Acts 1: 8.

Questions

1. After the uproar in Ephesus had ceased, what did Paul do? For what place did he depart? What work did he do in Macedonia? Where did he then go? How long did he remain in Greece? What caused him to abandon his plan to sail to Syria? Through what country did he pass? Acts 20: 1-3.

2. How many companions went with Paul into Asia? From what churches had these brethren come? Where did they wait for Paul? Verses 4, 5.

3. Trace Paul’s route from Ephesus till he met the brethren at Troas. Note 1.

4. What feast did Paul and Luke attend in Philippi? Where did they then go? How long were they on the journey? How long did they remain at Troas? Verse 5; note 2.

5. Upon what day of the week was their parting meeting held? What is said of the length of the meeting? What time during the first day of the week was their meeting held? Verses 7, 8.

6. Who were the visiting brethren at Troas? How did Paul regard this visit? When was the farewell meeting of this series held? Note 3.

7. What serious accident occurred while Paul was preaching? What did Paul do? How was the power of God manifested? Verses 9, 10.

8. How did the company spend the remainder of the night? What did Paul do at break of day? What effect did the miracle that had been wrought have upon the believers? Verses 11, 12.

9. While Paul was preaching, what had his companions been doing? How had Paul planned to join them? Where did they go from Assos? Verses 13, 14; note 4.

10. Where was the first stopping-place after sailing from Assos? Trace the route from Assos to Miletus. Verses 14, 15; note 5.

11. Past what city which Paul greatly desired to visit did they sail? Why did he not stop there? Verse 16.

Notes

1. A study of the epistles of Paul enables us to trace his travels with considerable exactness. After leaving Ephesus, Paul traveled north, visiting Troas, on his way to Philippi. Some time was spent in “those parts” (Acts 20: 2),—Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea,—then Paul went to Corinth in Greece. As he was planning to sail for Syria, intending to go directly to Jerusalem, he learned of the plot to kill him, changed his plans, and went back by the way he had come through Macedonia, tarrying at Philippi for the Passover feast. Troas was the appointed meeting-place of himself and other delegates to Jerusalem. Luke seems to be with Paul again, as “we” appears in the text.

2. The trip from Philippi to Troas could easily be made in two days (Acts 16: 11, 12) with a fair wind. Their progress must have been retarded by contrary winds.

3. Get all the incidents of this meeting fully in mind. Paul with a company of eight fellow laborers, including Luke, had been with the church at Troas seven days. This was Paul’s last visit to these churches (verses 37, 38), and this meeting was the last of a series which had been held at Troas during the week.

It was a night meeting. The day begins at sunset, according to Bible time. See Gen. 1:5, 8, 13; Lev. 23:32; Mark 1:21, 29-32. This meeting was held during the dark portion of the first day of the week, or on what we now call Saturday night.

4. After the Sabbath, and while Paul was preaching, his companions entered the ship, sailing the long route around the promontory to Assos. At daybreak Paul walked the nineteen miles across the peninsula to Assos, and joined the ship's company.

5. Mitylene, the ancient capital of the island of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea. Chios, an island off the coast of Asia Minor, about thirty miles long. Samos, an island about a mile from the Asia Minor coast. Trogyllium, a town in Asia Minor just opposite the island of Samos. Miletus, the former metropolis of the province of Ionia, on the seacoast, and about thirty miles south of Ephesus.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI—Paul's Labor in Macedonia

(September 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 20:1-16.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: Macedonia, Greece, Philippi, Troas, Assos, Miletus.

PERSONS: Paul, Luke, six brethren from the churches, Timotheus, Eutychus.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 1:8.

Questions

1. What region did Paul plan to visit on leaving Ephesus? Acts 20:1. Compare 2 Cor. 2:12, 13; note 1.
2. Give the brief record of his labors in Macedonia. How far did he extend his labors? Acts 20:2; note 2.
3. What mention does Paul make of his trials while laboring in this region? How was the apostle comforted in the midst of these afflictions? 2 Cor. 7:5-7.
4. How long did the apostle remain at Corinth? What caused him to alter his route on his return? Acts 20:3.
5. Who accompanied Paul on this return journey to Jerusalem? Having left Paul behind, where did they wait for him? Verses 4, 5; note 3.
6. At what time did Paul sail from Philippi? How long did it take for the voyage to Troas? Verse 6.
7. How long had it taken them to make this voyage on a former visit? Acts 16:11; note 4.
8. On what day of the week was their parting meeting held? What is said of the length of the meeting? Acts 20:7; note 5.
9. What serious accident occurred while Paul was preaching? What did Paul do and say? Verses 9, 10, 12; note 6.
10. How did the company spend the rest of the night? What did Paul do at break of day? Verse 11.
11. While Paul was preaching, what had his companions been doing? What were Paul's plans for the journey? Where were they to meet? Verse 13; note 7.
12. What was their course after they met at Assos? Verses 14, 15.
13. What place did Paul decide not to visit? Why? Verse 16; note 8.
14. What gifts was Paul bearing to the believers in Judea? 1 Cor. 16:1-4; note 8.

Notes

1. "Paul had directed Titus, on his return from Corinth, to rejoin him at Troas, and he awaited the coming of this beloved fellow laborer, hoping to receive some tidings from the Corinthian church. But week after week passed, and

Titus came not. The apostle's solicitude became almost insupportable. He says, 'My spirit found no rest, because of Titus, my brother.' He left Troas, and went to Philippi, where he met Timothy. . . .

"A deep sadness still rested upon the mind and heart of Paul because of his apprehensions concerning the Corinthian church. While at Philippi he commenced his second epistle to them; for they hung as a heavy weight upon his soul. . . .

"Paul's burden because of the Corinthians did not leave him until he reached Macedonia, where he met Titus. He states, 'Our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears. Nevertheless, God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus.' The report of this faithful messenger greatly relieved the mind of Paul. Titus assured him that the greater part of the church at Corinth had submitted to the injunctions of the apostle, and had given proof of the deepest repentance for the sins that had brought a reproach upon Christianity. . . .

"In his second epistle to the church, the apostle expressed his joy at the good work which had been wrought in them: 'Though I made you sorry with a letter, I do not repent, though I did repent'—when tortured with fear that his words would be despised, and half regretting that he had written so decidedly and severely."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White); pages 173-177.

2. "From Macedonia, perhaps from Philippi, he wrote the second epistle to the Corinthians, which he soon followed in person. From Corinth he wrote his epistle to the Romans, in order to prepare the brethren of Rome for his personal preaching. Phœbe, the deaconess, was probably the bearer of the letter. But before going to Rome he visited Jerusalem."—*Concise Cyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge*, page 715.

"In the autumn he [Paul] went to Greece and spent three months there, chiefly in Corinth, where he had much to do amid sickness and afflictions on every side, 'fightings without and fears within' (2 Cor. 4:7-11; 7:5, 6), in caring for all the churches (2 Cor. 11:28), and correcting wrong conduct (2 Cor. 12:20, 21; 13:1, 2). It was four or five years since he had left them after a stay of a year and a half."—*Peloubet's Notes*, 1909.

3. "Paul was accompanied to Corinth by a little band of fellow laborers, some of whom had been his companions during the months spent in Macedonia, and his assistants in gathering funds for the church at Jerusalem. He could rely on these brethren for sympathy and support in the present crisis."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, page 186.

4. "The passage from Philippi was hindered by contrary winds, so that five days instead of two, the usual time, were required to reach Troas. Here Paul remained seven days, and as was his custom, improved the opportunity to encourage and strengthen the believers."—*Id.*, page 196.

5. That this was an evening meeting is clear from the fact that there were "many lights in the upper chamber," and that Paul talked "till break of day."

"The labors of the early days of the week that was spent at Troas are not related to us, but concerning the last day we have a narrative which enters into details with all the minuteness of one of the gospel histories. It was the evening which succeeded the Jewish Sabbath."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 520.

"The meeting was held on what we should call Saturday evening; but we must remember that the Jewish first day began from sundown on Saturday, or the Sabbath."—*The Expositor's Bible* (Acts), Vol. II, page 393.

6. "As Jesus had once said of the young maiden who was taken by death from the society of her friends, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth,' so the apostle of Jesus received power to restore the dead to life. He went down and fell upon the body like Elisha of old, and, embracing Eutychus, said to the bystanders, 'Do not lament, for his life is in him.'"—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul*, page 521.

7. "But the time came when Paul, too, must depart. The vessel might arrive at Assos before him, and, whatever influence he might have with the seamen, he could not count on any long delay. . . .

"The discomfort of a crowded ship is unfavorable for devotion, and prayer and meditation are necessary for maintaining the religious life even of an apostle. That Saviour to whose service he was devoted had often prayed in solitude on the mountain and crossed the brook Kedron to kneel under the olives of Gethsemane. And strength and peace were surely sought and obtained by the apostle from the Redeemer as he pursued his lonely road that Sunday afternoon in spring among the oak woods and the streams of Ida."—*Id.*, pages 521, 522.

8. "That he should wish to reach Jerusalem in time for Pentecost is natural enough, for there was a peculiar fitness in offering his collection to the church at Jerusalem on that occasion. It was the harvest feast; and it brought to Jerusalem a larger number of foreign Jews than any other festival, so that the relation between Palestine and the rest of the world received then special emphasis."—*The Apostolic Age* (McGiffert), page 339.

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High-School Secret Societies and Dances

The Many Evils They Introduce — An Immediate Reform Demanded

BISHOP WILLARD F. MALLALIEU, D. D., LL. D.

[The following article, by Bishop Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, appeared in a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World*. The wise parent will seek to forearm his children by timely counsel, and the wise student will determine to keep himself free from the seductive influences of the secret society and the dance-hall connected with the school.]

It is high time to call a halt in the administration of affairs in some of our public schools.

The public schools of New England have been one of her chief glories. A good beginning was made at Plymouth. The little log hut that was built at the very top of Burial Hill served all sorts of purposes. On its flat top was a small cannon, which made it a fort. It was the place of assembly for the heads of the colony, and so it was a kind of State-house, transferred in due time to Beacon Hill. It also served as a church in which heroic souls met for the worship of God. And with all the rest, as the story goes, it was used as a schoolhouse.

It is an occasion for great satisfaction that the influence of New England in regard to public schools for all the people has spread abroad until it has now become the heritage of all the States and all the people. Here it is that the rich and poor have met together, and have laid the foundation of future usefulness and success in life.

But it seems to be the rule in this earthly life that the best things will not thrive of themselves. Constant care, unswerving vigilance, is the price that must be paid if we would see the good made permanent. No thoughtful observer has failed to see that our schools, especially our high schools, are in danger of falling away from the proud preeminence they have heretofore held.

The danger is twofold. First of all, the prevalent custom of instituting fraternities or secret societies, whether of both sexes or for each separately, is working a great and manifest harm.

Enough is definitely known as to the methods, rites, and ceremonies of the so-called initiation of new members to make it clear that to a great extent these methods are degrading to those who submit to them, and equally if not more degrading to those who apply them.

Then it must be conceded that secret societies in high schools strike a deadly blow at one of the fundamental principles of our American institutions.

If we pride ourselves justly on any one thing more than another, it is that every boy and girl starts out in life, so far as public education is concerned, with a fair chance, an equal chance for preferment and success.

If the poorest boy in the community, if the boy whose poverty compels him to wear patched garments, only has the brains and will diligently use them, he has, with the same books to study and the same teachers to guide him, a wide-open door to all that is most honorable and remunerative in the wide range of human ambitions. It is largely a question of brains and work. Brains are nature's endowment; work is the human factor in winning victories.

But when our young people in the high schools or any other schools begin to divide up into sets and cliques and societies and fraternities, the boy from the shack or shanty or the slum region, the boy that wears the patched and ancient clothing, finds himself left out; he is ostracized, and lines are drawn that will have a tendency to make him feel that he is an object of pity or scorn.

Absolutely and forever these high-school fraternities or societies ought to be abolished, every one of them, and their existence prohibited.

They are simply an outrage on the fundamental principles of our national life; they are unchristian, and quite unworthy of the times in which we live and the records of the past.

In this connection it must be obvious that the dance, so sadly prevalent in our high schools, ought not to be tolerated.

The dance is not needed for exercise; walking in the open air, head erect, every muscle of the body in motion, is a hundred times better than the dance. Besides, when one is walking, there are a thousand interesting things to be seen in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth.

The modern dance is the instigator of lust and lasciviousness. The personal contact of the two sexes in the dance is perilous to the last degree. It is utterly impossible to engage in the dance without the excitement of immoralities. Dancers are in constant danger, and great is the danger as long as human nature is what it is.

And all this applies emphatically to the young people in our high schools. Parents who wish to preserve the innocence and purity of their sons and daughters ought to forbid their participation in this degrading form of diversion or amusement.

The sad truth is that from one end of the country to the other there is a stifled cry of alarm. The religious press, and the secular press as well, hesitate to grapple with this growing and unspeakable evil. But somebody must do it. The alarm must be sounded.

One thing must be insisted upon first of all; that is, that no school buildings shall be used for the dance.

Then, no school year shall close with a dance. Then, teachers who favor the dance shall be dismissed.

Then, citizens, in fact, all decent people, shall oppose to the extent of their ability the present custom, and demand a thorough and complete reform and the elimination of the dance from all our public schools.

I LOATHE that low vice, curiosity.—Byron.