

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## THRIFT

Thrift is the latest born of all the virtues, the daughter of prudence.

She had no share in the primitive life of our early progenitors; for they lived near to nature, and nature is ever extravagant.

Her sisters are temperance and self-control; and while she is still young, she must depend upon them for support.

Yet she is very strong and powerful, and soon we shall all be obliged to depend on her.

Thrift is the plainest of the virtues. She is not lovable, because she demands too much.

But though she may let us suffer to-day, she is certain to provide for to-morrow.

She looks forward a long, long way, and safeguards children yet to be.

She lays her heaviest burdens on the young; and those who do not know her in their youth may fail to win her sternly conditioned prizes.

She is none too generous; but she has no quarrel with generosity. She merely conserves what the other virtues will spend.

She is enamored of health, and presides over the continent heart and mind, the reserved energies.

She will be honored of all nations in the days that are to come.

Verily she is the latest born and the plainest of all the virtues; but she shall bear two beautiful children, whose names are security and peace.—

*Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.*





It is desirable to be at peace and in favor with all men, but we can not safely sacrifice in any particular our duty to God, to gain this peace and favor.

A COMPANY of tourists was recently ascending Mt. Asama-Yama, about ninety miles from Tokio, Japan, when the volcano suddenly burst into violent eruption. It is said that thirty persons were killed by the lava flow.

A BALLOONIST, while circling over Atlantic City recently, fell through the skylight of the dining-room of one of the great hotels, and considerably startled the guests who were at dinner, as well as seriously injuring himself.

THE Postmaster-General recommends the adoption of a basis of payment to the railways carrying mail according to the actual space occupied by the mails while en route. He says such a readjustment would save the government \$9,000,000 annually.

A WOMAN'S eye was recently pierced by a hat pin worn by another passing her on the street. Every woman should be generous enough to make sure before leaving her home that her hat pin is so adjusted that such an accident would be impossible.

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, of New York City, has started out to check the crime wave by placing the ban on every bill-board in the city that depicts pistol play of any description. An effort is also being made to prevent newspapers from giving detailed accounts of crime.

"RECENTLY Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan gave to the emperor of Germany an original letter from Martin Luther to Emperor Charles V. The emperor was so pleased that he conferred upon Mr. Morgan the grand cross of the Red Eagle, which is the second highest order of knighthood."

### Reckless Lawmaking

THE present special session of Congress has seen the introduction of 10,000 new federal bills, and it is estimated that before the session closes over 44,000 bills will have been introduced. The rapidity of the rate of growth is as astonishing as the grand total. In the Fifty-sixth Congress there were but 21,000 bills introduced, so that in ten years the number has more than doubled. The addition to this of the lawmaking work done in the States makes an astounding result. A federal official has estimated that in the forty-six States during the session of 1906-07 and 1907-08 there were no less than 22,917 laws created. It is further stated that in all probability the proposals for legislation were ten times as great. This would make a total of nearly a quarter of a million bills introduced into our various legislative bodies within two years. Of this vast mass of suggested legislation and actual legislation the general public can possibly take interest in some five to ten measures a year. Hardly any one could name at the end of a session five bills that have been enacted into law, and very few are cognizant of the passage of more than twenty bills during the year. Is it any wonder that in this deluge undesirable laws

slip through, that our courts are continually congested interpreting their meanings, or that the people lose their respect for an authority that they can not possibly understand?—*New York Weekly Witness.*

### Russian Intolerance

THE refusal of the holy Russian synod to allow the Baptists to erect a college and seminary in the empire, and the further news that "the prefect of Moscow has ordered the police to exercise special vigilance over the attempts of sectarians (the Baptists) to inveigle Orthodox Russians from the state church," shed some light on the narrow intolerance which pervades that medieval empire. A country that forbids educational institutions lest they undermine the state church, and establishes a harassing espionage to dog the footsteps of ministers of another faith, has little confidence in the soundness of its own doctrines, and puts itself a century behind present civilization. This same country almost daily insults the dignity of the United States of America by insolently refusing to honor passports issued to American citizens in the name of our proud and puissant government, yet we keep up the pretense of maintaining a treaty of amity and commerce with it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### Maple-Sugar and Tapioca

BLANCHE and Harry, aged five and six, respectively, were very fond of maple-sugar.

Blanche, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, asked her mother how it was made.

The mother explained how maple-trees were tapped, and the sugar made from the sap.

The explanation was not convincing to Blanche, however, and she asked her brother if he believed it.

Harry, who never doubted anything his mother said, immediately replied: "Why, of course; you tap maple-trees and get maple-sugar just the same as you tap an oak-tree and get tapioca."—*The Linnean.*

### A Well-Spent Day

TAKE a dash of water cold  
And a little leaven of prayer,  
A little bit of sunshine gold  
Dissolved in the morning air;  
Add to your meal some merriment  
And a thought for kith and kin;  
And then, as a prime ingredient,  
A plenty of work thrown in;  
But spice it all with the essence of love  
And a little whiff of play;  
Let a wise old Book and a glance above  
Complete a well-spent day.

—*Selected.*

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

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No. 36

## The Spirit's Promptings

THE Spirit said, "Write," and I wrote  
A letter consoling and kind;  
I sent it regretfully forth,  
But, borne on the wings of the wind,  
It reached a sad home, and it gladdened a soul,  
And helped it to patient control.

The Spirit said, "Speak," and I spoke —  
'Twas only a comforting word;  
The face of the listener grew bright,  
The heart's inner feelings seemed stirred;  
All painful anxiety melted away —  
My word was the sunlight's bright ray.

The Spirit said, "Sing," and I sang —  
My voice seemed so weak, as I thought;  
The words in the song were so sweet,  
My singing I counted for naught;  
But the weary one listened, enraptured to hear,  
And whispered, "The angels seem near."

The Spirit said, "Play," and I played —  
'Twas only a simple refrain;  
No classical music so grand —  
A ballad exceedingly plain;  
The listener remarked, with her face all aglow,  
"My love played that song long ago."

The Spirit said, "Work." My small acts  
Seemed drops in the ocean of work;  
So little accomplished had I,  
Yet 'twas not my duty to shirk;  
But the small service done lightened labor for some,  
And helped them in duties to come.

The Spirit said, "Give," and I gave —  
It seemed but the poor widow's mite;  
I wished in my heart it were more,  
Regretting my income was slight,  
But it helped on life's journey a brother forlorn,  
And hastened his night into morn.

— Edith M. Russell.

## The Secret of Progress

MATILDA ERICKSON



O every young man and woman God whispers, "Higher than the highest human thought can reach is my ideal for you." Each day is a round in the ladder that leads up to that ideal, and by his grace you may climb. You may not be privileged to equip with a college education, but just where you are you may begin to prepare.

It was in his log-cabin home that Lincoln began to prepare for the White House. "O," said he, as he was wandering about the backwoods of Indiana, "I'll study and get ready, and then maybe a chance will come!" Often he spent his evenings working arithmetic problems on an old shovel, with no better light than the flames that played in the fireplace. While working in a store, he mastered the common branches, and, later, when at work as a surveyor, he studied law. Madam de Genlis composed several of her books while waiting for the princess to whom she gave daily lessons. Some of Burns's best poems were composed while he was working on the farm. Galileo was a surgeon, but during his spare moments he gave the world some of its greatest discoveries.

Look within the ranks of our own denomination. Elder J. N. Andrews had neither time nor means to take a regular course in school, but he made a princely investment of his spare moments; by extraordinary application, he acquired a knowledge of several languages. He became an efficient worker in the home land, and in 1874 sailed as our pioneer missionary to foreign fields. His "History of the Sabbath" is among our most valuable books, and is a powerful argument for what a young person with perseverance can do. The struggles of Elders James White and Uriah Smith, and others, are equally inspiring. Generally speaking, the men and women who are filling responsible positions to-day are men and women who know how to use spare time. Truly "he who hoards and turns to account all odd minutes, half-hours, unexpected holidays, gaps between time, and chasms

of waiting for unpunctual persons, achieves results that astonish those who have not learned the secret."

### Reading and Character

Your future will largely be determined by the books you read. Your daily reading is either helping or hindering you in your effort to succeed. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were men who fed mentally upon such books as the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." Morrison, Carey, Henry Martyn, and others have confessed that it was the books they read that influenced them to go to heathen lands. Sixty per cent of the people in our denomination accepted the truth through reading. Two students in one of our schools, after reading the "Life of Livingstone," found burning in their hearts a desire to work in Africa. A converted infidel says that the reading of five chapters in "Heralds of the Morning" dissuaded him from taking his life, and brought to him the peace of the gospel. Robert E. Speer, a leader in foreign missionary effort, when a youth in college, read a certain book by Bushnell, which, by suggesting a line of thought regarding Christian evidences, anchored him in his Christian experience.

On the other hand, reading has also done much harm, for the mind assumes the level of the thoughts upon which it dwells. Two young boys had been reading some Jesse James stories, and as a direct result they attempted to rob a bank in Jesse James style. Franklin and Lincoln, when young men, unfortunately read some books which nearly robbed them of their high aspirations. Garfield, shortly before his death, confessed that he still had to battle with the evil influence of a book he read when a lad.

"The best romance," says Ruskin, "becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called to act." The following counsel to another is a danger-signal for all: "One of the



greatest reasons why you have so little disposition to draw nearer to God by prayer is that you have unfitted yourself for this sacred work by reading fascinating stories, which have excited the imagination and aroused unholy passions."

Let us repeat, Your future will be deeply colored by your reading. "Lean Christians," says one, "own Bibles, but feed on newspapers." The carpenter, in order to build a good, substantial house, must have well-seasoned timber; so, dear friend, every young man and woman who would possess a strong intellect and a pure heart must not only abstain from bad literature, but must read that which is good.

#### A Good Investment

Since books do exert so great an influence over the reader, every wise young man or woman will shun all books not worth while, and seize upon the good. To help these young people in selecting and mastering the best books, the Missionary Volunteer Department has for the past four years conducted Reading Courses through the INSTRUCTOR. Hundreds of busy people have found that the books in either course can be read during spare moments. For this reason the Reading Course membership is quite generally known as the Spare Minute Circle. It will be worth your while to join this Spare Minute Circle. It is composed of ambitious young men and women everywhere who are determined to make the most of the spare moments that come their way. Most of these young people are busy. Some are students; others are young people who for various reasons can not leave home; but realizing that "our first duty toward God and our fellow beings is that of self-development," the young people in the Spare Minute Circle are determined to climb.

Here are some reasons why you should join: The books to be read in that circle this year are excellent; young people's workers have selected them after much thought and study; we should cherish an acquaintance with good books just as we treasure the friendship of persons we highly esteem; the reading of good books will make us better workers for the Master, better friends for our associates, and better companions for ourselves.

Here is also an opportunity to do personal work for young people in other churches. Some of these young people have been persuaded in the past to read the books in the courses. The results have been gratifying.

Then the reading in the courses will be thorough and systematic. There will be a regular assignment; and the weekly test questions in the INSTRUCTOR will insure thoroughness. Chasing through books is liable to make one a mental dyspeptic, but careful reading strengthens the mind.

You are busy, but do not say that you have no spare moments. Even into the busiest lives some spare moments are cast. Matthew Arnold says, "The plea that we have no time for culture will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously into our present use of time."

Do not fail to join the Spare Minute Circle. "Thrift of time," said Gladstone, "will repay you with usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings."

#### So Walk

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Col. 2:6.

How did you receive the Lord Jesus? It was by faith, was it not? You came to that place where you realized that you were a sinner; you were lost, actually lost. In some way you heard of how the Lord Jesus left heaven to come down here and seek just such lost sinners as you found yourself to be. Right there you met the Lord. You *knew* that for his own sake he forgave your great debt of sin and shame. He healed your broken heart as you fixed your love upon him. He sent into your soul that blessed evidence that you were accepted as a child of God. Peace took the place of that terrible unrest, and confidence that of fear, and you were happy in him.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him;" that is, continue every day in this same attitude, maintain this same relationship, and yours will never be a backslider's experience. It is because of the grace of Christ that you are not to-day as vile a sinner as the day Jesus reached down his loving hand and lifted you out of that horrible pit. Apart from Jesus, your heart is no better to-day than then. You have no more in which to trust to-day apart from him than on that day you counted yourself the chiefest of sinners. Your need for Christ Jesus the Lord is as great to-day as the day you began to walk with him. You can no more trust in your own virtue, your own strength, your own capabilities to-day, even though you may have known the Lord two, five, twenty, or even fifty years, than when you first accepted him as your Saviour.

Then keep on walking as you began. By faith take hold of that one strong arm, that right hand of "My righteousness," with which the Lord promises to uphold you. Don't be afraid to tell him you are a sinner redeemed; for this is to be the song over yonder through all eternity. It is only *sinners* who *count themselves good*. The righteous know they are not good, and it is because they possess this humble spirit, and at the same time continue looking to Jesus, that God saves them.

T. E. BOWEN.

#### Progress of the Message Among Catholics

CATHOLICISM had its beginning at Rome, about the sixth century. From there it spread all over southwestern Europe, and, upon the discovery of the New World, pushed into this territory, until it had practically monopolized the whole of South America, Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies.

The beginning of our work in the Catholic countries dates back to the beginning of our missionary work outside of the United States. In 1874 Elder J. N. Andrews was sent to Switzerland, where he found a company of Sabbath-keepers. These had been raised up by a converted Polish Catholic priest who had accepted the truth in this country, and later returned to Europe. The field consisting of the eight nations of southwestern Europe was organized into the Central European Field, and in 1902 came to be known as the Latin Union Conference.

In 1875 Elder D. T. Bourdeau made France his field of labor. The work centered at Basel, Switzerland. Here a printing establishment was started in 1876, and a French *Signs of the Times* was printed. Because of Sunday-law restrictions, it was thought best to make a change, and so the building was turned

"COMPASSION for the least of God's creatures begets sympathy for the higher forms of creation."



into a sanitarium, and in 1904 the printing work was started again at Gland, Switzerland, on Lake Geneva. To-day there are located at this place a sanitarium, food factory, the Latin Union Training-school, and a large publishing-house.

From Brother C. E. Rentfro, of Portugal, comes this word concerning the question of the relation of church and state in that republic:—

"We can not hold public meetings after sundown without a license from the authorities. This may be changed later on. The officials have been very kind to us. It is a question just what church organizations, as such, will be permitted. But I am sure God's work must go forward. Pray that he may help us in this needy land."

Brethren Walter and Frank Bond are doing good work in Spain, and Brother Brown, who recently went there from Mexico to take up the book work, reports most excellent success.

Next let us turn our attention to the West Indian Union. This conference was organized in 1906, and comprises all the West Indian Islands, Central America, British Guiana, Colombia, and Venezuela. The first Sabbath-keepers in this field, so far as we know, were in Haiti. From a report by Elder W. J. Tanner the following is taken:—

"It was about thirty-one years ago that Elder Loughborough and some of his colaborers sent a quantity of tracts and papers from Southampton to Haiti. . . . Among others to receive this literature was Henry Williams, who, although a Catholic from childhood, was then beginning to turn away from the Church of Rome. The reading of this literature persuaded Brother Williams that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and accordingly he and his companion have kept it from that day to this."

Into British Guiana next the message went. This came about also through literature sent on a boat to Georgetown, and scattered in the harbor. A black man chanced to pick up some of the papers, and took them to his wife, who could read. After studying them, she began to keep the Sabbath. By her a paper was sent to a sister in Barbados who also accepted the truth. From this small beginning, and through the faithful labors of workers sent to the field, this union conference has a membership of about four thousand. The Watchman Publishing Association, operating from the Canal Zone, and the West Indian Training-school, located at Riversdale, Jamaica, are doing excellent work.

In 1891 the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries entered South America. In 1893 work was begun in Mexico. New workers have been sent and new enterprises started from time to time, until at present there are in South America two union conferences, five conferences, and nine mission fields, with seventy-two organized churches, and a total membership of nearly three thousand. In the South American Union a monthly missionary paper and a quarterly magazine are published in the Spanish language, also a union church paper. A missionary training-school is in operation in Argentina, with an average attendance of about one hundred. Several young people have already gone from this school into the work. A sanitarium is also being operated near the school. This institution accommodates about thirty-five patients, and is filled to overflowing almost continually.

An intermediate school is also being conducted in Chile. In Brazil a small, well-equipped printing-plant has been established, where a Portuguese monthly

magazine is published, also a German church paper, and several small books have been issued in the Portuguese language. In Mexico a monthly Spanish paper is published on their own press. The membership in this field is about one hundred ten.

In all these Latin fields, our canvassers have had remarkable success in selling our large subscription books. The best record made during the past two years was in those fields. While circumstances are so favorable for the sale of our literature, our brethren in these countries are especially anxious to secure more workers to carry the truth in the printed form to the people. The outlook for all phases of our work in these lands is most encouraging.

E. GERTRUDE JOHNSTON.

#### A Recommendation

WHEN work is harassing  
And driving you mad,  
And not enough patience  
And strength to be had,  
I'll give you a medicine  
Fairly sublime:  
Just get a bottle of  
"Oneatime."

Take "Oneatime," brother,  
Soon you will find  
Quiet serenity  
Filling your mind;  
Heaps of accomplishment  
Swiftly will climb,  
Moved by the magic of  
"Oneatime."

— Amos R. Wells.

#### Side-Lights on English — No. 2

##### As to Family

THOSE readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR who have studied a foreign language will understand at once what is meant by the term inflection. To define it very briefly, it is "the changes undergone by words to express the relations of case, gender, person, and number." As you know, it consists largely in declining nouns and pronouns, conjugating verbs, and comparing adjectives and adverbs. Not all languages are of this inflectional kind. The Chinese, for instance, has no such thing as inflection.

If one were to make a list of inflectional languages, he would include Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, and a number of others. Coming to English, he might decide either for or against adding it to the list. If his knowledge of the English language extends no farther back than, say, one or two centuries, it is very possible he might reject it without hesitation; but if he knows anything at all about Old English, he would certainly include it with the rest, for early English — known as Anglo-Saxon — was a regularly inflected language. That there are so few evidences of it in present-day speech merely shows that ours is a living tongue, and that it has had a history. There is no period more interesting in the whole life of the English language than the one in which occurred this remarkable lopping off of word-endings. More will be said of this phenomenon in another paper. It is mentioned here simply to show that English must be reckoned as one of the inflected idioms.

In this matter of inflection, then, we find something that is common to a number of languages. All such vernaculars, taken together, are variously known as the Arian, Indo-European, or Indo-Germanic group, or family, in which are found all the important languages



of Europe and many of Asia. The languages spoken by the peoples of Turkey, Finland, Lapland, and Hungary are the only European languages not of this group. There is no parent Indo-European language spoken to-day, and no one is absolutely sure that there ever was. The several vernaculars that comprise this group are seen to possess certain points of similarity, and that is enough for their classification under the general head. How they came to have these likenesses can be explained only by theorizing, and happily it does not make any great difference with our purpose, which is a practical one.

As was just intimated, inflection is not the only thing that goes to bind these languages together in a sort of kinship. A most striking point is the presence of the same word in the vocabularies of sometimes a large number of these related tongues. The word "thou" is a good illustration. What in English is *thou*, in Icelandic is *thu*, in High German *du*, in Gothic, *thu*, in Lithuanic *tu*, in Slavonic *tu*, in Celtic *tu*, in Latin *tu*, in Greek *su*, and in Persian *tum*. The words that can thus be traced through the Indo-European languages are found among the pronouns, the names of numbers, and words expressing familiar relationship. These are not loan words, which result from inter-borrowings among the languages; they are cognates (literally, born together).

Having seen, then, what are the distinctive characteristics of Indo-European languages, it remains to determine just what relation English bears to all the other members of the group. Perhaps a rough classification will aid us here:—

1. Indo-Iranian (including the languages of India and Persia).
2. Armenian.
3. Greek.
4. Italic (including Latin, together with its descendants, French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, known as the Romance tongues).
5. Celtic (including Welsh, Highland Scotch, and the early languages of Gaul and Britain).
6. Balto-Slavonic (including Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, etc.).
7. Teutonic, or Germanic. The last division, the one in which our greatest interest lies, must again be subdivided into three branches:—
  - (a) East Germanic (Gothic).
  - (b) Scandinavian (including Swedish, etc.).
  - (c) West Germanic (including German, English, Flemish, etc.).

We have now traced the English language to its beginning, and can see just where it stands with reference to other languages of Europe and Asia which are more or less familiar to us, through one of the three mediums of foreign acquaintance—reading, actual study, and travel.

The Indo-European languages—among which is our mother tongue—are different from all the other languages and dialects of the world, first, by the peculiarity of inflection, and, second, by the fact that certain words are common property.

GURNIE K. YOUNG.

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"THANK God for the man who is cheerful  
In spite of life's troubles, I say;  
Who sings of a brighter to-morrow,  
Because of the clouds of to-day.  
His life is a beautiful sermon,  
And this is the lesson to me,—  
Meet trials with smiles, and they vanish;  
Face cares with a song, and they flee."

### "He's Coming To-Morrow!"

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand!"

My soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Is it true? The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire, is it almost over? Is the day at hand?

Again: "And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Coming!—the Son of man really coming into this world again, with power and great glory?

Will this really ever happen? Will this solid, commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash, and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see him coming?

So our minister preached, in a solemn sermon; and for moments at times I felt a thrill of reality. But, as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbor, Mr. Stockton, whispered to me not to forget the meeting of the bank directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaite poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Thursday; and my wife, as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Pennymen. "So absurd," she said, "when her income can not be half what ours is! and I never think of sending to Paris for my things. I should look on it as morally wrong."

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon! so solemn! I wonder that all are not drawn to hear our rector. What could be more powerful than such discourses! My dear, by the way, *don't* forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were all so on my mind that I was thinking of them every now and then in the church, and that was *so* wrong of me!"

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our lives were unreal. We go to church, and the things we hear are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! For instance, if we are looking for *that* coming, we ought to feel and live differently from what we do. Do we really believe what we hear in church? or is it a dream?" "I do not believe," said my wife earnestly,—she is a good woman, my wife,—*"yes, I do believe, but it is just as you say. O dear! I feel as if I am very worldly. I have so many things to think of;"* and she sighed.

So did I; for I knew that I, too, was very worldly. After a pause, I said, "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas, and it should be authoritatively announced that he would be here to-morrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there would be some embarrassment on the part of our great men, legislators, and chief councilors in anticipation of a personal interview. Fancy a meeting of the city council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Perhaps," said I, "he would refuse all offers of the rich and great. Perhaps our fashionable churches would plead for his presence in vain; he would not be in palaces." "O," said my wife, earnestly, "if I thought that our money separates us from him, I would give it all—yes, *all*—might I only see him." She spoke from the bottom of her heart, and for a moment her face was glorified.

"You *will* see him some day," said I; "and the money that we are willing to give up at a word from him will not keep him from us."

That evening the thoughts of the waking hours mir-



roared themselves in a dream. I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange, vague sense of *something* just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mysterious voices. There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stood at the corners of the streets, and discussed an impending something with suppressed voices.

I heard one say, "*Really* coming? What! to-morrow?" And the others said, "Yes, to-morrow. On Christmas day he will be here."

It was night. The stars were glittering down with a keen and frosty light; the shops glistened in their Christmas array; but the same sense of hushed expectancy prevailed everywhere. There seemed to be nothing doing, and each person looked wistfully upon his neighbor, as if to say, "Have you heard?"

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel-form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous, phosphorous radiance of light, purer than any on earth,—a light of a quality so different from that of the street lamps that my celestial attendant seemed to move in a sphere alone.

Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said: "Tell me, is it really true? Is Christ coming?"

"*He is*," said the angel. "To-morrow he will be here!"

"What joy!" I cried.

"Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many in this city it is only terror! Come with me."

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlor of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of *virtu*—everything that money could buy—were heaped together; and yet the man himself seemed to me to have been neither elevated nor refined by the confluence of all these treasures. He seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow, and spoke:—

"I don't know, wife, how *you* feel; but *I* don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything *I* know anything about."

"O John!" said the woman, turning toward him with a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you say so!"

"Why, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish he would put it off! What does he want of me? I'd be willing to make over,—well, three millions to found a hospital, if he'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'd give three millions—to buy off from to-morrow."

"Is he not our best friend?"

"Best friend!" said the man, with a look half fright, half anger. "Mary, you don't know what you are talking about! You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it: I can't see into them. In fact, I *hate* them." She cast on him a look of pity. "*Can not* I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he added, pointing to the papers; "here is what stands for millions! To-night it is mine, and to-morrow it will be all so much waste paper; and then what have I

left? Do you think I can rejoice? I'd give half, yes, *the whole*, not to have him come these hundred years." She stretched out her hand toward him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see?" said the angel to me solemnly. "To-morrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the sun; and he will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him,—not because Christ hates *him*, but because *he* hates Christ."

Again the scene changed. We stood together in a little low attic, lighted by one small lamp. How poor it was!—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner, where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things! the air was so frosty that their breaths congealed upon the bedclothes, as they talked in soft, baby voices. "When mother comes, she will bring us some supper," said they. "But I'm so cold," said the little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a fire when she came in, if that man would pay her." "What a bad man he is!" said the oldest boy; "he never pays mother if he can help it."

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in, laden with packages.

She laid all down, and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Joy! Joy, children! O, joy! joy! Christ is coming! He will be here to-morrow."

Every little bird in the nest was up, and the little arms around the mother's neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus. He had been their mother's only friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not he was coming.

"O mother, will he take us? He will, won't he?"

"Yes, my little ones," she said, softly, smiling to herself: "he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

Suddenly, again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was present. We stood in a lonely room, where a woman was sitting with her head bowed forward upon her hands. Alone, forsaken, slandered, she was in bitterness of spirit. Hard, cruel tongues had spoken her name with vile assertions, and a thoughtless world had believed. There had been a babble of accusations, and a crowd to rejoice in iniquity, and a few to pity. She thought herself alone, and she spoke, "'Judge me, O Lord! for I have walked in mine integrity.' I am a monster unto many; but thou art my strong refuge."

In a moment the angel touched her. "My sister," he said, "be of good cheer; Christ will be here *to-morrow*."

She started up, with her hands clasped, her eyes bright, her whole form dilated as she seemed to look into the heavens, and said, with rapture:—

"Come, Lord, and judge me; for thou knowest me altogether. Come, Son of man; in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded. O, for the judgment-seat of Christ!"

Again, I stood in a brilliant room, full of luxuries. Three or four fair women were standing pensively talking with one another. Their apartment was strewn with jewelry, laces, silks, velvets, and every fanciful elegance of fashion; but they looked troubled.

"This seems to me really awful," said one, with a suppressed sigh. "What troubles me is, I know so little about it."

"Yes," said another, "and it puts a stop to every-

(Concluded on page eight)





### The Air Famine



THERE are a great many different kinds of famine, but of them all, the air famine is the worst—and most of the world does not realize that it even exists.

It is all the more blamable because it arises from no lack of material to wipe it out, but from lack of power or disposition to use it.

There are forty thousand persons suffering in the advanced stage of consumption, *at large* in the city of New York alone, to say nothing of those who are slowly dying indoors. This is not a guess, but a *count*, made by responsible organizations. It is safe to believe that there are ten thousand more in bed.

If fifty thousand persons were dying from want of food, how soon and quickly the required material would be rushed to them! Very few people ever die from lack of food. It takes little real nourishment, and that very simple, to keep the human body alive.

Nobody ever thinks of dying from want of water, except sometimes on a desert. Reservoirs and aqueducts, both large and small, natural and artificial, abound everywhere. Nobody *will* die from want of water; he will hunt the world over and under for it.

But thousands are dying from the air famine. The God-given essential is all around them, all above them, all beneath them, but not enough within them. Walls bar it out; clothes bar it out; improper food bars it out; public halls, "crowded to suffocation," bar it out.

The shelters of the world are growing more and more oppressive; the enclosures are becoming thicker and thicker; everything tends more and more toward asphyxiation. Even the outdoor air in cities is tainted with all sorts of gases and other impurities.

A healthy body must have a certain amount of oxygen day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second. How many bodies get it?

Is it any wonder that we die many long years before we should or need to? Is it a puzzle to know why the poor men and women die by thousands before they have reached their prime? Need it be hard to realize and believe that a rich man eats a hearty dinner, and dies before midnight of acute indigestion? They were all starved for want of oxygen.

What is it that cities need?—Pipes conducting fresh and pure air into every dwelling-house, every shop, every audience-room, and every hospital; huge engines forcing this heaven-given fluid throughout the whole municipality; the good, pure air, as easy to get as gas or water; facilities for the citizen to fill his room with it in a moment, by turning the faucet.

This would cost money. But what does a hospital cost? What will seven thousand persons applying for rooms and beds in which to die, cost, at last?

The streets and parks furnish air, but not pure air, or anything that approaches it. It is laden with foul breaths, decaying vegetation, and putrid animal matter.

Give every dwelling-place and every working-place a full supply of the best air obtainable, and you can stamp out the white plague—and never in any other way.—*Will Carleton.*

### Bathing

IN endeavoring to build up a good constitution, or to keep in condition one that is already good, the question of bathing habits is of prime importance. Health may be lost or found, as they are foolish or wise.

Like most matters of personal hygiene, bathing resolves itself on examination into a matter of plain common sense, and above all, a recognition of the truth that what agrees with one individual may kill another. It may be accepted as an axiom at the start, that every one—young or old, rich or poor, sick or well—needs a daily bath at least; but it does not follow that a feeble or aged person needs the same sort of bath as the vigorous young college athlete.

When one is ill in bed, one's daily bath is attended to by a nurse or such other person as may be in charge, and is naturally tempered to the needs of the case, generally taking the form of a sponge-bath. This form of bath is well adapted not only to the sick, but also to the very old or very feeble, because it accomplishes its object without undue fatigue or exposure. But when the question becomes one of the regular bath for the well.

There is no doubt that, when it can be taken, a courageous cold plunge each morning on getting out of bed is the best thing.

"When it can be taken" refers entirely to physical effects. It can always be taken if it is followed by a quick reaction. Never mind how little you like the stepping in and the plunging under; gasping and shuddering will do you no harm if, on stepping out, the brisk use of a rough towel is immediately followed by a delicious sense of revival and well-being.

Many persons maintain that they can not react after a cold bath, who are perhaps honest, but quite mistaken. They have never done it properly. They hang about and wander around and "shiver on the brink" until all the warmth of the bed has been dissipated and their vitality lowered.

Let the bath follow as quickly as possible the stepping out of bed; let the rubbing process be rapid and hard enough to redden the skin; follow that with a few deep, slow breaths and a minute or two of resistant exercise, and you will start your day with a brisk circulation of the blood and a sense of well-being that will last you all day.

One word more: A cold bath does not necessarily mean an icy bath, although there are many healthy persons who take it that way. Most persons, however, do wisely to experiment until they strike just the degree of cold from which they react most quickly. Reaction is the whole thing—proof, goal, and reward.—*Youth's Companion.*

### "He's Coming To-Morrow"

(Concluded from page seven)

thing! Of what use will all these things be to-morrow?"

There was a poor seamstress present, who now spoke. "We shall be ever with the Lord," she said.

"I'm sure I don't know what that can mean," said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder; "it seems rather fearful."

"Well," said the other, "it seems so sudden when one never dreamed of any such thing—to change all at once from this to that other life."

"It is enough to be with him," said the poor woman. "O, I have so longed for it!"—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in McClure's Magazine.*





### Judge Took the Mule's Word



THE originator of a widely known probation system, Judge William J. Pollard, of a St. Louis police court, had a unique way of dealing out justice to minor offenders. A driver had been brought before Judge Pollard, charged with cruelty to animals. He had been driving a galled mule, but he had an expert witness in a veterinarian who testified that the sore on the mule's back did not pain the animal in the least.

The judge listened attentively to the long technical opinion, and then demanded to know the mule's whereabouts. He was informed that it was harnessed to a wagon which stood on the street in front of the courthouse. The judge then ordered that the court be adjourned for five minutes.

He took his cane, and proceeding to the street, went up to the mule, and with the end of his cane gently touched the sore spot on the animal's back. The mule promptly tried to kick the dashboard off the wagon. Once again the judge touched the sore spot with his cane, and the mule responded as before.

Judge Pollard returned to the bench. The prisoner was called before him.

"With all due respect to the expert testimony you have introduced in your behalf to show that the mule's back does not pain him, I will fine you fifty dollars," announced the judge. "I asked the mule if the sore spot hurt him, and he said it did."—*Boston Herald*.

### Blackbird Musicians

ONE April, while studying bird voices in a wood near a breezy upland village in Banffshire, I was startled by a whistler, producing again and again part of the opening phrase (six notes) of the fine English song, "Should He Upbraid?"

No professional clarinet player could have rendered the phrase with closer attention to quality of tone and to exactness of time and pitch. At first I thought it had been whistled by a plowman who was working in a neighboring field. Other blackbirds in the same woods whistled the phrase, but no one interpreted it so well as the bird I first heard.

Two summers ago a blackbird that patrolled a small beat in the gardens to the south of Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, whistled a part (over a dozen notes) of a five-finger exercise for the piano, which he had without doubt picked up from some player in one of the neighboring houses. Some years ago, in the month of June, I attended a concert in the Luxembourg Gardens, which may be considered the central point of the Latin Quartier in Paris.

The performers were a band of the Garde Republicaine (the finest band in the world), and the program they submitted consisted wholly of extracts from Beethoven's works. While the adagio of the "Sonate Pathetique" was being played, a blackbird sitting high up in a tree near the band stand accompanied the instruments, and stopped when they did.

He sang during the whole movement—beautiful, leisurely snatches of melody. His notes seemed like an instrument added to the band, and quite equaled in quality any of the wood winds. The way in which his extempore melody fitted in with Beethoven's composition was perfectly marvelous.

All through that summer the heat in Paris was terrific. Often every day I had occasion to pass along a torpid old street in the Latin Quartier, near which I lived, the street of the Four Winds—a narrow thoroughfare lined with high white-painted houses, above which could be seen a mere ribbon of dark blue sky.

In this street a cobbler, an ex-bugler in a cuirassier regiment, had his booth. About the booth hung a large wicker cage in which was a blackbird with a tremendous voice—a "hundred-throated" bird, to borrow the adjective with which Tennyson qualifies the nightingale.

The ex-bugler had taught his merle (the French word for a blackbird) a cavalry call, and many times a day the street reverberated with the blood-stirring sounds. One hot day in July an old abbe stopped in front of the cobbler's stall and began to mop his crimson face. "Monsieur," he said to the cobbler, "accept my congratulations; your merle is the most eloquent preacher in Paris, for his notes are a battle-call to the strong and a sursum corda [lift up your hearts] to the despairing."—*The Scotchman*.

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"It is not the work, but the worry,  
That makes the world grow old;  
That numbers the years of its children  
Ere half their story is told;  
That weakens their faith in heaven,  
And the wisdom of God's great plan.  
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,  
That breaks the heart of man."

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### The Bird Council

THE saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," is not always true; for this morning, as I was strolling about among the trees in a near-by wood, I saw a flock of robins and blackbirds indiscriminately perched here and there in a great tree, evidently in council as to what should be done should the intruder return, for just before I reached the spot where the convention was holding forth, a sparrow-hawk, with his skirts very much bedrabbled, flew from the wet weeds just ahead of me, and started off. The members of the convention arose as one man and gave chase. Mr. Hawk was soon treed, for he could not endure the blows that came thick and fast; and, besides, his feathers were becoming very much disarranged, so that flying was a rather fruitless piece of work.

I have seen this same species of hawk swoop down and clinch a small blackbird and fly away with him in triumph; but this hawk was completely brought to terms this morning and forced to beg for mercy, which he did in a good strong voice; for after he had lighted and the birds had viewed the situation from all points, they began dashing at him from this side and from that side until poor Mr. Hawk well-nigh slipped from his perch as he dodged them. Finally he left his perch and took a bee-line for other and quieter parts. The other birds returned one at a time, each apparently with a happy smile and with a song of victory.

C. M. FRENCH.





### Thoughtlessness

THEY say the world is round, and yet  
I often think it square,  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there;  
But one sad truth in life I've found  
While journeying east and west,  
The only folks we really wound  
Are those we love the best.  
We flatter those we scarcely know,  
We please the fleeting guest,  
And deal full many a thoughtless blow  
To those we love the best.

—Selected.

### Quong



EVERY Chinese servant is in common parlance a "boy," but a delightful little Chinese boy, who really was one, is still unforgotten in the family who employed him forty years ago.

His name was Quong. He was shorter than the nine-year-old daughter of the house, yet he displayed a dignified assurance, in face of their amazement, that he was fully competent for the household tasks for which they had expected to hire a man. To convince him of his inadequacy, they granted him a few days' trial, at the end of which they liked him too well to let him go.

"He says that he is ten," his employer, Mrs. Leighton, wrote of him, "but his face is perfectly infantile, and he is a baby, too, in his plays. He rolls and tumbles about like a young dog or kitten. If it rains, he seems like a wild duck, he is so pleased with it; and then when the sun comes out, he looks at me with such a radiant face, saying, 'O, nice sun, nice!' that I feel ready to forgive him everything we ever have to blame him for."

Yet after he had had his first afternoon out, this babyish little personage, being asked where he had spent his time, explained quite simply and as a matter of course that he went every Sunday to see a smaller boy he had charge of, who was too young to work, and whom he was therefore sending to school; but that next year he should tell him, "No work, no eat;" and if he did not do something to support himself, he would not give him clothes any more.

He took his responsibilities in the house with equal seriousness, and felt himself distinctly the man of the house when the master was away or returned late. Once when he did so, he found Quong, after every one else had gone to bed, with his round, black head on the kitchen table, fast asleep; he had tried to sit up on guard over the premises, and had nodded at his self-appointed post.

The child regularly paid out nearly a quarter of his wages as a kind of burial fee, and was horrified at a suggestion that he was so young this was scarcely necessary. To leave off was not to be thought of, he declared, for then, if he died, he would have "no hole to get into," and there would be no apples thrown away at his funeral.

When the family removed to another city, arrangements were made for him to accompany them; but at the last moment a very gruff and ill-tempered older

brother appeared and forbade. Since he had never either supported the child or been kind to him, they advised Quong to disregard the command; but he said, mournfully, that it would never do for a little Chinese boy to disobey a father or an older brother.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Martha's Victory

"Now, boys and girls, as we start out on a new school year, I wish each member of this grade to give special attention to details, particularly details in the matter of order. You all know that whenever an article gets out of its place, it becomes dirt or rubbish.

"Since the beginning of your school course, eight years ago, this matter of order and cleanliness has been constantly presented to you. You have been urged to keep your desks clean and always ready for use.

"Now, I think that question should have been decided by each member of this grade by this time. A grammar-school pupil should be able to look after the details of his personal belongings without the aid of the teacher; he should always have his pencils sharpened before the time to use them, he should not have his books bulging with surplus paper; his eraser should be at his finger-tips at all times; his blackboard space should be clean from corner to corner; not a hazy suggestion of yesterday's work in a cloudy background should interfere with to-day's efforts.

"The fact is, boys and girls, I intend marking with unusual severity that point on your records this term, and, moreover, I do not intend reminding you of these matters as you have been daily reminded up to this time in the lower grades. I have learned from a lifetime association with boys and girls that once you determine to do a certain thing and make an honest effort to that end, it is bound to be accomplished.

"Your success or failure in life may hang by this one thread, who knows?" said Miss Bevard, as she proceeded to arrange the books on her desk ready for distribution by the monitors, who stepped at that moment to the front.

"Miss Bevard is certainly a crank," whispered Mary Geary as Miss Bevard stepped into the hall to speak to the lower-grade teacher. "Just look at her own desk — not an atom of dust to be seen, not a dog-eared book, not an ink stain. Her pen and blotter are in the exact spot on the desk where they have been since I entered the baby school; her dozen pencils sharpened and ready for use at any moment; her erasers and bands ready in the Japanese box at the right of the inkstand. The busts of Washington and Lincoln are exactly the same distance from the opposite ends of the table. The vase with its spray of sweet peas is in the middle of the space between them. The waste-basket, with every crevice where a particle of dust might slip through carefully pasted shut with art paper, is exactly in the middle of the space beneath the desk. A perfect crank, one can see as one looks at that desk!

"But I'll just tell you here, Martha O'Connel, it'll not be Mary Geary that wastes her time in school keeping her desk looking like Miss Bevard's. What's



the difference, I say, how your desk looks if you get all your lessons out? Anyhow, I took the highest average last year in the seventh grade, and I'm going to take it this year whether my desk is in order or not. I have my living to earn when I finish my education, and I intend trying to teach school if I can manage to get through the grades. If I can get a little experience, I'll soon be ready to ask for a school here in the city where I can help my widowed mother."

"You're not the only one, Mary Geary," said Martha O'Connel, "in this school who must earn her living. I don't even have a mother to inspire me. I'm working for my board and clothes until I get through school. Of course, I can hardly expect to teach, as that will require special training that I can't get. Besides, I stand third in the class. That makes a difference. But I intend keeping my desk as near like Miss Bevard's as I can,—everything clean and in order from the first to the very last day of school. If I can not manage complex sentences and cube root as skilfully as you can, this one thing I can do and I intend to do it."

Miss Bevard reentered the room at this moment, and the conversation between the two girls was brought to an abrupt close.

Miss Bevard marked the order point of the pupils of the eighth grade, as she promised, with great severity, as she did all the other grades. Mary Geary's order mark was her lowest one for the first month, and Martha O'Connel's was higher than her arithmetic, grammar, or history.

"I'll keep that mark up," said Martha, as she carried her card home for her cousin's signature. "It makes me feel like holding my head up to see a hundred at last on my report."

The second, third, and fourth months of school passed so quickly that Christmas holidays were at hand before the members of the eighth grade realized that they had really settled down to work.

In the months that followed the vacation, Miss Bevard never referred to the matter of order, but closely observed the condition of each pupil's desk and black-board space every day. At the end of the term she gave each pupil his monthly records.

One morning, during the last week of school, the principal of the Lincoln school called on Miss Bevard before the doors had been opened for the pupils.

"Miss Bevard," she said, "I must select an assistant for the primary department of the teacher-training school. This year she is to be chosen from this school. I have consulted the high-school teacher, and there is none who wish to take the teachers' course. Have you any that might fill the bill? The pupils continue their studies in the Lincoln school and assist me in handling the children an hour each day, besides helping with the reports. When they have been graduated, they act as my assistants for two years at a small salary; after that they get the first vacancy in the teaching force. A fine opening for a girl."

As the principal waited for Miss Bevard to reply, she walked to the back of the room and sat down in the seat of Martha O'Connel. Not an ink stain nor a scratch marred the top of the desk. Not a dog-eared book was seen on the shelf beneath; not a pencil rolled to the floor as she jarred the bench in sitting down; not a speck of dust nor a scrap of paper fluttered in the air.

"Yes," said Miss Bevard, "now that I think it over, Mary Geary told me that she wanted to take the teachers' course."

"Does Mary sit in this seat?" asked the principal of the Lincoln school.

"No," replied Miss Bevard, "she sits across the aisle."

The seat across the aisle was scratched and ink-stained. A few books, filled with fluttering examination papers, were lying on the top. A number of soiled handkerchiefs peeped through the iron latticework at the end. A few pencil shavings fell to the floor as Miss Bevard walked to the rear of the room. A number of blunt pencils, a notched ruler, and several dirty erasers lay in the pencil grooves beside the books.

"And who sits in this seat?" continued the principal.

"Martha O'Connel," replied Miss Bevard.

"Does she wish to take the teachers' course?" asked the principal.

"Yes, but she stands only third in the branches," replied Miss Bevard.

"That won't interfere," said the principal, "I would be greatly helped in my work to have a desk kept in such perfect order and so immaculately clean in my schoolroom. Every child that sees this desk is helped mentally. You may send Martha O'Connel to my office. A girl who can keep her desk in this condition for a whole term is worth encouraging. There is mind and will-power in the owner of this desk, as the future will no doubt show. She must be my assistant next year."—*Margaret Baird, in Our Young People.*

### On the Narrow Ledge

A COMPANY of hunters were eating their lunch up in the Scotch highlands when one of them spied, on the face of a great precipice opposite, a sheep on a narrow ledge of rock. He pointed it out to the rest, and one of the guides explained that the sheep had been tempted by the sight of green grass to jump down to some ledge a foot or two from the top of the cliff. Soon, having eaten all the grass there, and unable to get back, there was nothing else for it to do but scramble down to some lower ledge; it would finish what might be there, and would have to jump to some ledge yet lower.

"Now it has got to the last," said he, looking through the field-glass and seeing that below it was the steep cliff without a break for two hundred feet.

"What will happen to it now?" asked the others, eagerly. "O, now it will be lost! The eagles will see it and swoop down upon it, and, maddened with fright and hunger, it will leap over the cliff and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below."

Is it not just like that that a soul goes astray? A man is tempted to partake of the pleasures that are on the ledge just a little lower than the high table-land of moral life on which he has lived. Do some of you not know what it means? It is only a little way down, so you think, to that show of pleasure or seeming gain, attractive as the show of green grass was to the sheep; you expected to go right back, but it is easier to go down to the next ledge than it is to get back, and so down you go, like King Saul and like the lost sheep. Time passes away, and your heart becomes harder and more indifferent than you had thought possible.

Do not despair, even though you are on the last ledge. The Good Shepherd is hunting for you. He has left the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and has come out over the bleak mountains of sin seeking for you. If you will heed his voice, he will lift you again to the highlands of peace and joy.—*Rev. W. B. Gray.*





THE Lemon Hill Association of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is an association of people who have joined themselves together in the service of Christ to do some actual work for helping persons less fortunate than themselves. This association makes a specialty of

giving a summer outing to thousands of women and children who would otherwise have no such recreation. Many children become members of Lemon Hill League, and sign the accompanying pledge. Every life directed by this pledge must add to the world's nobility.



A FEW OF THE MANY BENEFITED BY THE LEMON HILL ASSOCIATION





M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

## Society Study for Sabbath, September 23

### Missions — Catholic Countries

**LEADER'S NOTE.**—The two articles entitled "Lands Under the Sway of Rome, and Their Needs," and "Progress of the Message Among Catholics," contain helpful suggestions for those who have a part in this program. The select reading, giving the experience of one of our workers in Spain, will be found under the title "Delivered From a Fanatical Mob," in the *Review* of April 27, 1911. Use maps if possible. Excellent help will also be found in "The Gospel in Latin Lands," "Protestant Missions in South America," and "An Outline of Mission Fields." Remember that thorough preparation is the secret of success, and assign all parts at least two weeks in advance.

#### Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Lands Under the Sway of Rome, and Their Needs — Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Mexico, Central America and the West Indies, and South America (three-minute talk on each topic). See below.

Progress of the Message Among Catholics (ten-minute talk). See page 4.

Experiences of Workers (select reading). See *Review* of April 27, 1911.

Report of work.

### Lands Under the Sway of Rome, and Their Needs

ITALY is the headquarters of the largest church in the world. Its fair land is dotted with cathedrals and religious institutions, and yet to-day, as her historian says, "The one thing that Italy needs is to know the love of God, and to enjoy the blessings of a truly Christian civilization, freed from ignorance and superstition, and the still more disastrous influence of infidelity and indifference to all religion." "The people have largely broken away from the ancient church, and few have found anchorage elsewhere." The Roman Catholic faith is still the state religion, but since 1870, when the Pope was dispossessed of the last of his temporal dominion, Protestant denominations have enjoyed considerable liberty.

FRANCE.—At the very beginning of their existence as a nation, the French were brought into alliance with the Catholic Church. From the days of Clovis until recent years Catholicism was the prevailing religion. Cathedrals and monasteries sapped the resources of the state, and the heavy taxes oppressed the people. Discontent with this state of affairs culminated, in 1907, in a proclamation issued by the government, declaring the separation of church and state. This, of course, took away the state support from all religious orders. The Catholic churches for the most part absolutely refused to recognize this decree. Thereupon the republic took over as its own all their property. Services may be held, but this is granted only on sufferance and at the pleasure of the state. The priests have lost their hold upon the people, and it is a stern fact that the French nation is gradually drifting away from its religious moorings. One writer says: "Catholicism has lost its material domination, the secular arm. It no longer leads the state, and has no longer any place in

the state. It has lost the masses. Its temples in a thousand places are deserted." "The churchless are, however, far from indifferent to religious problems, and any able religious speaker will find hearers outside the church more easily than in America."

SPAIN has been making determined efforts to free herself from the shackles of the Roman Church. The decree issued by Premier Canalejas, amending the constitution and authorizing non-Catholic religious societies to display their insignia for public worship, "raised such a storm about the ears of the Spanish cabinet that one would think they were proposing to deny the right of the Catholic Church to exist." Yet it is said that the Spanish government pays for the support of the Roman Catholic clergy, out of the general revenues of the nation, about eight million dollars annually, besides large indirect contributions. Thousands of the Portuguese monks and nuns, expelled from their own country in the recent revolution, have taken refuge in Spain. It is stated that the Spanish orders in the various provinces "are strengthening the convents and monasteries with iron doors and shutters, and are laying in stores of arms and ammunition." However, the government is standing firm in its struggle for liberty of conscience in priest-ridden Spain, and since the powers at the Vatican refuse to yield, a rupture of friendly relations between the two seems inevitable.

PORTUGAL ranks territorially as the eleventh power in the world. Her religious history has been much like that of her sister, Spain. Ignorance, superstition, and the horrors of the Inquisition held sway for centuries. But gradually the light of freedom has broken through these dark clouds, and with the birth of the republic came the decree by the provisional government for the separation of church and state. From five to six thousand monks and nuns have been expelled from the country. The Jesuit monastery in Lisbon was looted, and everything of value destroyed. This action has been described as an "expression of the popular hatred of the priesthood, especially the Jesuits, which was the animating cause of the revolution far more than hostility to the monarchy."

AUSTRIA is of special interest to all Protestants, for it was here that John Huss first read Wyclif's Bible, and, because he believed that the common people needed its words of life, translated it into his native tongue. Several Protestant missionary societies are working in Austria, but Catholicism still prevails.

MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, AND WEST INDIES.—To these countries so near our own, the Spanish conquerors brought their religion as well as their government, and for nearly three centuries the Jesuits were supreme, and the Inquisition was honored and revered. A large share of all real estate came into the hands of a corrupt clergy, and it is said that one half of the city of Mexico consisted of churches and convents. This state of affairs was remedied in Mexico by the revolution of 1867. At the end of this war Porfirio Diaz seized the reins of government. While in some respects his rule was tyrannical, yet it greatly added to the wealth and prosperity of the country. Railroads were built, the telegraph came into use, one of the finest school systems in the world was established, and internal improvements of many kinds were fostered. The recent revolution has brought changes, but the influence of the Roman Church is still very marked. Much prejudice exists against Protestants in many sections, and more than sixty missionaries have sacrificed their lives in an effort to carry the gospel to this republic.

One writer states of the Central American people



that "the educated and ruling classes have largely lost faith in all religion," but a large majority of the masses are professed Roman Catholics. The five little republics which compose this "land bridge between North and South America" are "sometimes confederated, sometimes independent, and frequently at war with one another, or distracted and dislocated by internal strife." In physical characteristics, climate, and population Central America differs but little from its neighbors to the north and south.

It was in the West Indies that the slave-trade had its origin, and the importation of coolies to the islands has left its curse. Patient and heroic bands of workers early planted the gospel seed in this miry soil, but slave-traders and the priests have made the work exceedingly difficult.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—The South American republics have a population of approximately forty million, and this is being rapidly augmented by thousands of immigrants which are pouring in from southern Europe. Spanish is the official language, but in the interior are large numbers of Indians who speak only their native tongue. Roman Catholicism is the prevailing religion. This was forced upon the aborigines by the point of the sword, and maintained by the fires of the Inquisition.

At the edge of the city of Rio de Janeiro there is a rocky hillock which is used as a shrine of the Virgin. Three hundred sixty-five steps have been cut in the hard, gray granite of which the hill is composed. The steps are hollowed, worn smooth, and stained red with the blood of hundreds of devotees who annually ascend on their naked knees to worship the image of Mary at the top.

But the lives and teachings of the priests repel the students, and lead them to question the genuineness of religion, and even the existence of God. Thousands among the thinking classes are breaking away from the Church of Rome, and becoming atheists and agnostics. Robert E. Speer declares that to-day "the people of South America are a people practically without any real religion." They may or may not have a nominal connection with the Roman Church, but they despise the priests so manifestly in certain sections that some of these prelates have asked the Pope to allow them to lay aside their clerical garb and wear laymen's clothing. Cut into the stone walls of an old Jesuit church in Cuzco are the words, "Come unto Mary, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and she will give you rest." Multitudes of our neighbors to the south of us have responded to this invitation, but to-day their burdens are heavier, and they long for that peace and rest which come only through the knowledge of a risen Saviour. "The Neglected Continent," our neighbor, has opened wide the door of opportunity to Christian missions.

Such is the condition where the influence of the Roman Church prevails, but there are large sections where not even this influence has reached. "If you start away to the north and go right down to the south of the continent, you can travel in heathen lands among people who do not know God. The tropical part of the continent of South America is the greatest unexplored region at the present known on the earth. It contains, as far as we know, three hundred distinct Indian nations, speaking three hundred distinct languages, and numbering some millions, all in the darkest heathenism."

Surely if need constitutes a call, and if the opportunity for service constitutes an obligation upon the Protestant world, then the lands under the sway of Rome have a very strong claim upon us. **M. E.**



## XII — Paul's Farewell Meeting With the Elders at Ephesus

(September 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 20:17-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts 20:35.

### Questions

1. On arriving at Miletus, what did Paul learn? For whom did he at once send? What was the distance between Miletus and Ephesus? Why did Paul so earnestly desire to see the elders of this church? Acts 20:17; note 1.

2. When the elders of the church at Ephesus came, of what did Paul speak? How did he say that he had served the Lord? How many trials and temptations came to him? Verses 18, 19.

3. What did he not keep back from the brethren? How had he taught them? What had he testified to both Jews and Greeks? Verses 20, 21.

4. In what condition of mind did Paul go up to Jerusalem? What did he not know? What witness did he have of the Holy Spirit? Verses 22, 23, margin.

5. How did these things affect Paul? What work did he hold dearer than his own life? In what spirit did he desire to finish his work? Who had called him to the ministry? Briefly stated, what message had he been called to preach? Verse 24.

6. From what ancient custom did Paul frequently draw illustrations? Cite some of these references. What lesson did he draw from the ancient foot-races in his talk to the Ephesian elders? Note 2.

7. For how long a time was he now parting from these brethren? What did he call upon them to record, or witness? What did he give as his reason for saying this? What scripture was probably in his mind as he declared himself "pure from the blood of all men"? Verses 25-27; Eze. 3:18, 19.

8. To whom were the elders to take heed? Who had made them overseers? What were they to do for the church? By whom was the church purchased? What was the price paid? Acts 20:28.

9. What would occur after his departure? What would men in the church try to do? How did he refer to previous warnings he had given them? Verses 29-31.

10. To whom did he now commend them? What did he say the Word of God was able to do for them? Verse 32.

11. How had Paul obeyed the tenth commandment? By whom had he been supported? What example of kindness had he taught them by word and by deed? What words of Jesus should we remember? Verses 33-35.

12. When Paul had thus spoken to them, what did he do? Describe the parting. For what did they sorrow most of all? How far did they accompany Paul? Verses 36-38.

### Notes

1. Arriving at Miletus, Paul learned that the ship would be detained there a short time. He at once sent for the elders of the church at Ephesus to come to him. The distance was but thirty miles, and the apostle hoped to have a few hours with these brethren upon whom the welfare of the church so largely depended.

2. "Finish my course." Paul frequently draws his figures



of speech from the popular athletic games. See 1 Cor. 9:24; Phil. 3:14; 2 Tim. 4:8. In his talk to the Ephesian elders, Paul tells them of his desire to finish his "course." In the foot-race courses held in the cities of Greece, the judge sat at the goal, reward in hand, and plainly in view of the runners as they stood at the starting-point. As they ran, the runners kept their eyes on the reward. So Paul would have his hearers mindful at all times, as he was, of the object for which they were striving.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XII — Paul's Farewell Meeting With the Elders at Ephesus

(September 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 20:17-38.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 20:35.

#### Questions

1. While the ship was detained at Miletus, for whom did Paul send? Acts 20:17.
2. When they had come, of what did he remind them? What could he say of his service to the Lord? Verses 18, 19.
3. How faithful had he been in his ministry? Where had he taught? Verse 20.
4. What foundation truths of the gospel had he made prominent? Verse 21.
5. How only can the sinner be justified from sin? Rom. 3:20, 27, 28; Gal. 3:11.
6. What is the only way for sinners to secure pardon and peace? Rom. 3:25, 26; Acts 4:12; Rom. 5:1; note 1.
7. As Paul looked forward to his visit at Jerusalem, what did he anticipate? What assurance had he of this? Acts 20:22, 23.
8. How did this prospect affect him? How did he hold his life? What was the sole object of his life? Verse 24. Compare 2 Tim. 4:6-8; Rom. 1:13, 15.
9. What did he say about their meeting again? Acts 20:25; note 2.
10. From what did he say he was clear? Why? Verses 26, 27; note 3.
11. What exhortation did Paul give the elders? How is the church designated? What relation do the elders sustain to it? What are they to do? Verse 28.
12. Of what danger did Paul warn them? Verses 29, 30.
13. What admonition did he repeat? What did he ask them to remember? To what did he commend them? Verses 31, 32.
14. What did Paul say of his own unselfishness? How had he labored? Verses 33, 34.
15. What had he showed them? What words of Jesus are to be remembered? Verse 35.
16. Describe the parting scene. Verses 36-38; note 4.

#### Notes

1. "Paul had ever exalted the divine law. He had presented before the people their great sin in transgressing its precepts, and their duty to repent of such transgression. He had showed them that there was in law no power to save them from the penalty of disobedience. While they should repent of their sins, and humble themselves before God, whose holy law they had broken and whose just wrath they had thus incurred, they must exercise faith in the blood of Christ as their only ground of pardon. . . . By repentance and faith they might be free from the condemnation of sin, and through the grace of Christ be enabled henceforth to render obedience to the law of God."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 199.

2. Acts 20:22-25. "Paul had not designed to bear this testimony; but while he was speaking, the spirit of inspiration

came upon him, confirming his former fears that this would be his last meeting with his Ephesian brethren. He therefore left with them his counsel and admonition as his will and testament, to be carried out by them when they should see him no more."—*Id.*, pages 199, 200.

3. "Could ministers of the gospel constantly bear in mind that they are dealing with the purchase of the blood of Christ, they would have a deeper sense of the solemn importance of their work. They are to take heed unto themselves and to the flock. Their own example must illustrate and enforce their instructions. Those who teach others the way of life should be careful to give no occasion for the truth to be evil spoken of. As representatives of Christ, they are to maintain the honor of his name. By their devotion, their purity of life, their godly conversation; they should prove themselves worthy of their calling. By right example they may exert an influence which words alone could not have, to encourage faith and holiness, fervent love, devotion, and integrity among those for whom they labor."—*Id.*, pages 200, 201.

4. "They were gathered together—probably in some solitary spot upon the shore—to listen to his address. This little company formed a singular contrast with the crowds which used to assemble at the times of public amusement in the theater of Miletus. But that vast theater is now a silent ruin, while the words spoken by a care-worn traveler to a few despised strangers are still living as they were that day, to teach lessons for all time and to make known eternal truths to all who will hear them, while they reveal to us, as though they were merely human words, all the tenderness and the affection of Paul, the individual speaker."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 526.

"Sadly the disciples followed him to the ship, their hearts filled with anxiety, both for his future and for their own. The apostle's tears flowed freely as he parted from these brethren, and after he had embarked, there came to him from the shore the sound of weeping. With heavy hearts the elders turned homeward, knowing that they could expect no further help from him who had felt so deep an interest and labored with so great zeal for them and for the church under their care."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, pages 202, 203.

#### What Makes the Difference?

TRAVELERS in the Holy Land, coming to the famous Sea of Galilee, are wonderfully surprised to find growing on its shores the most beautiful flowers that are to be found in all Palestine; but coming on down the famous Jordan River to the Dead Sea, a very remarkable contrast is noticeable, the shores of this sea being absolutely barren and lined with nothing but crusted salt. The Sea of Galilee gives up all the waters that flow into it, while the Dead Sea retains all the waters which reach its shores. These two seas may well be likened to two classes of human lives. The life into which flow many blessings, and which gives them out again to others, may be likened to the Sea of Galilee, on whose shores grow the beautiful flowers; while the life retaining all that comes to it, but giving out nothing to others, may be likened to the Dead Sea, whose shores are barren and desolate. How are we to hope to give out to others that which will benefit and brighten and ennoble, if we do not assimilate that which will benefit and improve and enrich the mind? How are we to be helpful, in the broadest and best sense, to those around us unless we are able to give them something out of the storehouse of the mind which will benefit and improve?—*Selected*.

#### Belated Hospitality

"A MINISTER had traveled some distance to preach in a small town, and at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him to dinner, but the congregation gradually dispersed and left him standing alone. Finally, he stepped up to a gentleman, and said: 'Brother, will you go home to dinner with me to-day?' 'Where do you live?' asked the gentleman. 'About eighteen miles from here,' was the unexpected reply. 'No, but you must dine with me,' answered the gentleman, with a flushed face; which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted."



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## Maine's Responsibility; Our Responsibility

THE *Christian Endeavor World*, in speaking of the campaign now waging in Maine, says:—

The present temperance campaign in Maine is national and not merely local in its importance. If Maine annuls its famous prohibition laws, the cause of temperance will receive a blow everywhere. It will henceforth be more difficult for any State to rid itself of the saloon curse. But if Maine stands firm, and upholds this law which has won for it so great honor in the eyes of the Christian world, the event will encourage all righteous forces in the United States and all over the world.

A noble history imposes obligations. We rightly look to pioneers for continued leadership. When John B. Gough, after arousing the country by his wonderful temperance lectures, fell under the fiendish temptations put in his way by the liquor men, it was more than Gough that fell for a time; it was the great cause of temperance and purity. Will Maine repeat that sad experience of John B. Gough?

We do not believe it will. Over and over Maine has asserted its determination to keep its sons and daughters free from the allurements of the open saloon. The present struggle is more severe than any of the past; for the liquor power is making a fight for nation-wide influence, and knows that it is. The fight will require every ounce of manly blood in the grand old commonwealth. We believe that it will have it, and that the right will win.

It is true that this campaign is national, and not merely local. It is therefore equally true that the responsibility to fight for the right is not local, but national. Let us all, then, engage earnestly in this campaign. Let our *prayers* and our *means*, and where possible, our *personal effort*, be used in winning for this pioneer prohibition State the right to continue, as heretofore, protecting its sons and daughters from the open saloon.

## Cultivating a Distaste for Praise

PRaise is a good thing to give and a poor thing to desire. There are men whose principle of action is never to refuse a favor if it is possible to grant it; and never to ask a favor under any circumstances at all. The same rule holds good in the matter of praise. Often we can hearten a discouraged man by a word of praise, or lead one who has done well to do vastly better by a warm and cordial word of appreciation. In dealing with people as they are and in such a world as ours, praise fills a large place. But it ought to be the ambition of every man to get beyond the point where praise is necessary for him, to become so clear and steadfast in his principles, so firm and efficient in his performance of duty, so sure in his own conscience, that to him praise is distasteful.

To be desirous of praise is a sign of weakness. Some men are consumed with this desire, or are com-

pletely dependent upon expressed appreciation for moral sustenance in their work. They subscribe to news-clipping agencies to see what the papers say about them. They fish for expressions of opinion about their performances. They like to overhear commendatory conversation about their achievements or utterances. With some the weakness becomes positive vanity. With others it retains a more amiable form, making its possessor dependent upon praise for his own peace of mind and happiness in work. Unless he knows that other people are pleased with him and speak well of him, he is cast down and uncertain as to his efficiency and success.

Now, our Lord would not have us press his word of warning on this subject to untrue exaggeration. "Wo unto you," said he, "when all men shall speak well of you." But he himself rejoiced in Simon Peter's great confession, which was a noble speaking well of Jesus. He gathered about him a group of men whose life mission was to be to speak well of him, and he recognized the supreme beauty of friendship-love, with its perfect regard and confidence. Jesus would not approve the spirit of the martyrdom-seeker, who makes himself unpleasant to every one, and then rejoices in his unpopularity as a proof of his loyalty to the gospel. The men who were loyal to the gospel in Paul's day were men whose praise was in all the churches. And Paul himself coveted the good will of all men.

But Paul declared that it was a small matter to him, after all, what men thought of him. Each man was to stand or fall to his own Master. Paul stood to his. "With me," said he, "it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment." And he expected others to live not as in the view of men, but as unto God. Servants were to do their work, not with a view of pleasing men, but with an eye single to God.

The Bible idea throughout is the idea of fidelity to the call of God, of simple conscientiousness in duty. Even when a man has done this, he is an unprofitable servant. And yet this is the least and the most that he can do. Doing it is all the reward that any man ever needs. It is as Fielding says:—

"When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough; I've done my duty, and I've done no more."

Even in the best service the doer of it knows that there is imperfection enough, and shrinks from any laudation for that which he knows, even if there were no imperfection in it, is only what he ought to have done.

One of the most characteristic stories of William Carey tells us that "among those who visited him in his last illness was Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary. On one of the last occasions on which he saw him—if not the very last—he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, 'Pray.' Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said good-by. As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name; and, turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped by, accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity, 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak of Dr. Carey's Saviour.' Mr. Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot."

We are to be men and women who see and praise the best in others, who wish no praise for ourselves, who have no use for medals, and whose eyes are ever and only to the Lord we serve.—*Sunday School Times*.