

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

September 19, 1911

No. 38

Go Where the Master Bids

x x

"Thinkest thou, dear one, that He who doth
stand

To praise and to serve Me at my right hand,
Would bid thee go hide or go use his gift?
Is there any bank like the bank of heaven?
Is there any wisdom like that of heaven
Which into the meal you sift?"

O Master, forgive me! Accept and keep:
My bit of gold shall no longer sleep,
No longer be kept, selfish love to feed.
Love's gift on the errand of love, go forth
Where the Master bids thee,—east, west,
south, or north!
And thus break the bread of need.

— *Selecta.*



NOTHING will be mended by complaints.—*Johnson.*

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

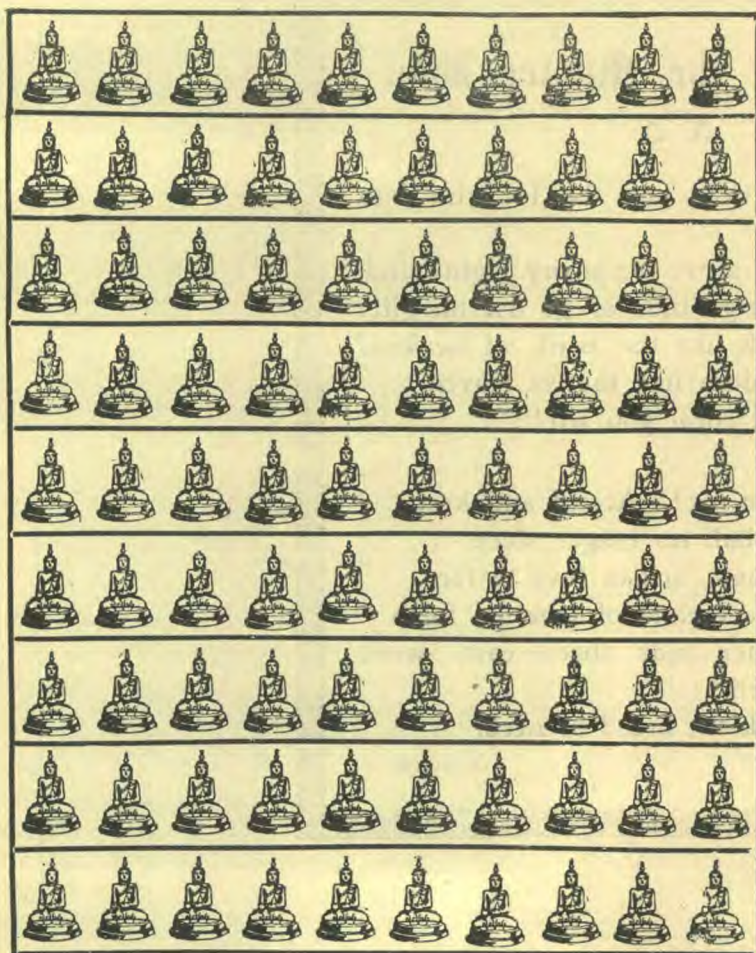
TRUE goodness from within must come;
And deeds, to be refined,
Their outer grace must borrow from
Politeness of the mind.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

THE University of California owns a plantation of Spanish cork-oak. On the older trees there is already a good growth of young bark. It is predicted that the cultivation of the cork-tree will prove of great commercial importance to California.

MEMBERS of the English House of Commons have never been paid for their legislative services. On August 14 of the present year, a bill was passed granting each a salary of two thousand dollars a year for future service.

SEVEN hundred thousand persons have died this year in India alone from the plague. Prof. Eli Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has gone to China to study the plague. The world looks to him to find some remedy for this usually fatal disease.



THE IDOL OR THE CROSS

EACH five dollars received for missions from the Ingathering services will remove one idol from the accompanying diagram, and place in its stead a cross. Let the money be sent to its proper place, but let every church report direct to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR the amount of money raised at the Ingathering service. It would be well for the one who has charge of the program to see that such a report is sent in. If every idol is removed, four hundred fifty dollars will have been given. The children in our churches can easily raise this amount.

Announcement for 1911-12

THE Emmanuel Missionary College presents an announcement for 1911-12 in the form of an ordinary calendar. But even this condensed form gives the essential facts, and omits the many unessentials that find a place in many school announcements. From it one learns the name of the college, its location, its character, the date of opening of each term, the pay-day of each month, the courses of study offered, and the ideals placed before students. Timely counsel is given in the prophecy, "This year is the best time you will ever have to go to school. Every year that you wait you will feel less inclined to go, and the difficulties will become greater." It is well to act upon this prophecy, for without doubt it is a reliable one.

Study at Home

"There's a Way"

THE Fireside Correspondence School announces its third annual opening on Monday, Oct. 2, 1911. The past year we had two hundred eleven students on our roll. We are prepared to do better service this year than heretofore. Several new studies have been added, and we can now give instruction in twenty-four subjects. I wish it were possible to express here the satisfying results of study by correspondence. Young people, teachers, workers, you will miss much if you fail to register for one or two studies at our new opening. Send for our calendar of full information, and call the attention of your friends to this notice. Address the school at Takoma Park, D. C., or—

W. E. HOWELL, *Principal.*

Band of Mercy

THE following names have been sent in from Sacramento, California, for membership in the INSTRUCTOR Band of Mercy:—

Mrs. F. DeWitt Gauterau
Willa N. Culp
Grace E. Peterson
Virginia Shephard
Ermina Hadley
Edith Baxter
Arty Russell

We are glad to welcome these friends, and we hope every church will send in a list of names. There surely can be no reason why every boy and girl that attends our Sabbath-schools should not sign the Band of Mercy pledge.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 19, 1911

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The Wonders of God's Word



THE translation and diffusion of God's Book must be estimated by its whole effect on the life of a people. Not only does it elevate individual converts and the moral character of a community, but it lifts their language to a new dignity, ennobling it as a vehicle of communication between man and man, and as a mold of popular literature.

Tribes have been brought to light by exploration in the heart of Africa or inland China, Patagonia or Alaska, South America or the isles of the sea, whom centuries of ignorance and superstition had degraded to the level of beasts. With no written language, the spoken language is both the matrix and the cast of the life they live, the counterpart of their thought and habit.

The words of a people are but their spoken works, and express the aims they live for, the lusts they live in, and the means they live by. The language of a people is, therefore, at once the mirror and the mold of those who speak it. It has an ethical value as an index of habit; for in speech indecencies, immoralities, and inhumanities find reflection and revelation.

To give God's Word to such tribes, therefore, puts beneath their whole life a lever such as Archimedes imagined wherewith to move the world. It is providing for their character and inner selves a new power.

They, like Kepler, learn to "think God's thoughts after God," to love him and love what he loves and as he loves; and their language expands to meet these new conditions. Its limited vocabulary is enlarged, and new words are engrafted into it, to express and convey new ideas, or old words are invested with new meaning. And so, during this mission century, many barbarous forms of speech, wrought over, have become God's silver trumpet of witness, or, as Dr. Cust says, the "golden censer" for prayer and praise. God has made the speech of depraved tribes of men, that had been used for vile and low ends, a chosen vessel to receive and convey the message of grace. No words can express the infinite gain when a debased language is so transfigured as to be capable of communicating Scriptural and spiritual conceptions of sin and guilt, repentance and faith, pardon and purity, patience, humility, love, and above all, the holiness of God.

The triumphs of the Word of God stand, therefore, conspicuous. Considered in itself, as God's messenger and missionary belonging to no sect, having its own unique character and fitness for a world-wide mission, it has shown itself a living Book by its power to give life. Could its secret history be written, and that of the millions it has reached with its saving truths, it would astonish us. Now and then some pathetic fact comes to light which indicates some of the riches of this unwritten history; but the full truth can never be known until the hidden things are brought to light. The Bible tells no story and writes no history of its own travels, experiences, and successes. Its kingdom comes without observation, for its work is done so quietly

and secretly as to escape general notice. A few known instances may serve as hints of this work of God's mute messenger.

In Spain, for example, a little Protestant child, dying in a public hospital, gave to her nurse, a "sister of charity," her only treasure, a New Testament. During the few days following, a man who kept the Bible depot found women stealing in after nightfall to buy copies of the Word — so soon had the seed begun to take root.

In an assembly of rude gold-diggers, resting at noon, a new "hand" had made his first appearance with a motherless boy, whose pockets, mischievously searched by the miners, revealed a dead mother's last legacy — a Testament. In mere sport one of the men began to read aloud. Was it an accident that he turned at random to the story of Jesus walking on the sea, then to the parable of the good Samaritan, and then, as the wind blew over leaf after leaf, the Book opened to that most pathetic of all tales — the crucifixion? The loud laughter and profane oaths had already been hushed, but as he came to the "Remember me" of the penitent thief, and the answering "To-day" of the Lord, the Book fell from the hands of the reader, amid a silence broken only by sobs, until from a hoarse voice back in the throng there came the words: —

"Will no one pray? Can no fellow remember a prayer?"

The little lad bent down to pick up his Book, but he was caught up by strong arms and bidden to pray. He could say no prayer but that which his infant lips had learned at a mother's knee, but every head was bared and bowed. The Book had once more won a hearing, and from a rough crowd of godless men.

The Book can do more than command an audience. It has often, unaided by man, won a soul to God; and in some cases disciples, won to Christ by reading the Bible, have found out one another and formed little congregations, when as yet no missionary had found them.

A native evangelist, visiting a village near Calcutta, discovered a band of young men meeting stately for Bible study and worship, and reading the Word openly before the neighbors. The leader of the band had been to Calcutta, and had there been induced to read God's Book. Hence the movement had grown on his return.

A copy of one Gospel in the vernacular, found in the pocket of some cast-off clothes, had been similarly used to convert men. Again, a missionary met a man who begged to be allowed to buy of him a Bible, and from him he learned how, eleven years before, a blacksmith had bought a copy, and for all these years had been reading with two companions, accepting Brahmanic rage and opposition as the price of their freedom. They had not yet met with one Christian. This man who wished for a Bible himself had only heard the Scriptures read by others, yet he was well acquainted with the New Testament. When the worn-out Book, which had been thus searched for eleven years by these heathen men, was brought to

the missionary carefully wrapped in a cloth, he confesses to have touched it with a reverential awe.

Sir Charles Atchison has testified from personal knowledge that in India no book is more studied than the Christian Bible. Peshab Chunder Mozamdar, leader of advanced Brahmans, publicly advised native students at Lahore to read it as the "best book they could read." The wealthiest Moslem in Islamabad, Kashmir, possesses the Word of God, and in southern India a juvenile society was formed in a college for Scripture study. In Japan the Scripture union numbered ten thousand members ten years ago, and they met in over eight hundred places for regular study. A French pastor found a group of two hundred, whose only nucleus was a copy of God's Word bought from a colporteur eleven years before—and so in Spain and Mexico and South America. Moffat found a Bechuana woman whose unselfish ministries to the missionary awakened surprise; but when she pulled out of the folds of her dress a Dutch Testament, which her child had brought back from a Christian school at Capetown, and said, "That is what keeps the oil burning in me," he understood it all.

No wonder Erasmus pleaded for a translation which weavers might repeat at their looms and farmers sing at their plows!

"China's Millions" tells the story of Chu and an old Bible-seller from Chau-kia-keo. While he and the colporteur were speaking, a violent man came along, and, seeing the "foreign devil's" books, scattered his Bibles broadcast, the colporteur fleeing for his life. Mr. Chu picked up an armful of the books to return them to the poor old man, but he was gone. So he took the books home and read them, and became much interested. Some time after, the violent man, who was a terror to the whole city, wrote a book about the foreigners, and asked Mr. Chu to paint some pictures to illustrate it. The pictures, he said, must represent the foreigners taking out the eyes of the natives, and causing them to fall down wells, etc. But Mr. Chu had been reading the books, and was afraid to do it.

He soon learned to love his Book and believe in God. He did not, however, know anything about the Sabbath or about worship until, traveling north of the Yellow River, he came in contact with some missionaries, from whom he learned a great deal. On returning to his home, he fell in with another man who had heard the gospel in other parts, and the two became quite friendly. They conducted worship in Mr. Chu's house every Sunday, and invited the neighbors to attend. For years this little congregation has continued to meet in a city which was considered almost impregnable.

Mr. Chu is a fine, warm-hearted, strong character. One would think from the way he speaks of his little gathering that he had been a pastor all his days. This is the tenor of his conversation concerning the little band he has gathered around him: "This one is a bit cold, he was so earnest at first. This one is coming on nicely, he has not been with us very long. This other is passing through a time of trouble, and we are praying much for him. Another is suffering much persecution just now, but he is holding firm," and so on.

The Rev. Mr. Graham, of Tokushima, has given an account of a Japanese Christian, Tosaburo Oshima, baptizd in 1898, in his seventy-second year.

This case is remarkable for the esteem in which this old man held the Word of God. When, in old age, failing sight threatened to deprive him of the

privilege of reading the precious Book, he actually set about making with his own hands a copy of the New Testament in characters large enough for his own use. He began with Matthew in 1890, and, by great labor, in three or four years carried the work to completion. It embraces twenty volumes, an imposing library, "eloquent in its story of devotion to the Saviour, in whom he learned to trust after more than threescore and ten years in heathen darkness." The body of the text is in black ink, and the headings of chapters in red, to assist the eye. Frequently the Chinese and Japanese characters are introduced side by side, to aid in grasping the meaning. When he has no intimation beforehand of the subject of the sermon, he carries all the volumes to the service, and when the chapter is announced, searches out the needed portion, finds the place, and follows the public reading of the Scriptures. His character is held in highest esteem, even those who speak harshly of others always referring to him in terms of appreciative praise.

The Earl of Harrowby, president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in May, 1890, called attention to a still wider influence of the Word of God,—the change of tone as to religious matters in France, Italy, and Spain. On the one hand there is an alienation of the people from the existing churches and the priesthood, on the other hand a strange willingness not only to read, but to buy the Word of God; bitterness against ecclesiasticism and clericalism, with an irreligious type of education, and yet an increased sale of the holy Book. A newspaper in Italy printed the New Testament in sections for its readers; and Henri Lasserre, a Frenchman, himself translated the Gospel narratives in the language of his own people, and with the approbation of the Roman authorities!

It is a great honor to have taken any part in aiding these triumphs of the Word. It is full glory enough for one man that his epitaph records how "he translated the whole Bible into a language the very name of which was previously unknown;" how "he had found all the tribes savage pagans, and left them decent Christians." To have borne any part in such a work is an honor which is its own reward. Godly women have lent a hand in translating, revising, and correcting proofs, as did the second Mrs. Carey, who nobly aided her great husband. Native converts, themselves a short time before rescued out of the horrible pit and miry clay of superstition and ignorance, iniquity and idolatry, have made it possible for the missionaries to issue proper translations, and have, in some cases, become independent translators of languages totally unknown before, but discovered in their own exploring tours among surrounding tribes.

The advance of the Word of God especially strikes us in reviewing the last century. Its divine Author has singularly helped on its wide-spread victories, multiplying sevenfold its available translations, supplying it to all the leading nations of the world, and to all those of secondary rank, in their own tongue; in many cases giving it to a people who had previously no written language, laying as a basis of all their literature His own corner-stone.

Results grow greatly in grandeur when we consider how God has provided for the multiplication of copies of his Word, and at so low a price as to be universally within reach, harnessing to the chariot-press his great steeds—steam and electricity—so that with lightning speed the Word may be reproduced for man's use.—*A. T. Pierson, D. D.*

The City of London



SIDE from its historic spots, its structures of great architectural interest, its numerous galleries, libraries, and museums, which one can never exhaust, and, in fact, can never do justice to, the world metropolis is a city of infinite charm. One never tires of its busy streets with brilliant shops, hurrying motors, buses, and other vehicles,



and the ebb and flow of its immense tide of humanity. If one for a time seeks relief from the rush and jam, the crooked, narrow side streets, with their quaint buildings, afford a marked contrast; and again there are the open spaces of green, dotted here and there, varying in size from the little squares of perhaps an acre to the great parks where one can walk for several miles in a nearly straight line and hardly realize that one is in the midst of a large city.

A person soon feels at home in London. The city seems to stand with arms outstretched, and to say to all humanity, "Come; I can care for you."

One never sees all of London, with its seven thousand miles of streets and its one hundred twenty square miles of houses — more than three townships, or five hundred quarter-section farms!

The part of London familiar or partly familiar to the average visitor, is compressed within an area of ten square miles, and he does not by any means see all of that. Old London, proper, has an area of about one square mile. Outside of this central London are the great outlying districts, many times as great in area, but not more interesting. It is the old historic London, the central London, the congested London, if you will, that attracts the sightseer.

The writer has always chosen the solitude of the country in preference to the noise and grime and bustle of the city; but here he finds daily and repeated delight in walking the busy thoroughfares, mingling with the crowds, and studying humanity under high pressure — not the pressure of a feverish rush as in New York, but the pressure of mere numbers.

Then, if walking proves to be slow or tiresome, there are many ways to get about. There is the time-honored bus, with its upper deck, very popular with tourists and sightseers, and the more modern

motor-bus, larger and swifter, but noisier. There are the underground tubes,—

"Underground to everywhere,
Quickest route and cheapest fare."

Recently the buses have adopted a jingle,—

"Open air to everywhere."

There are advantages of ventilation and sightseeing, but not in speed, in favor of the bus.

If a person is lost in London (not at all likely after he has been there a few hours — a surprising thing when one considers the size of the city and the crookedness of the streets), a tube station affords a ready means to get back. There are a number of underground lines, but they transfer from one to another at their points of intersection, and at each station is a carefully made tube map. The tubes are noisy, and the odor is not always like that of a flower garden, but in summer they are cool and in winter warm, and they cover the ground rapidly. One not particular as to expense, and desiring to go some distance, will summon a "taxi," and be motored rapidly to one's destination.

Considering the congestion of the streets, it is surprising that the motors can run as rapidly as they do and not have numerous accidents. My judgment is that they attain a greater speed than is allowed in some smaller and less congested cities.

A London Department Store

We had heard regarding London shops, that they do not exhibit their goods as in America, and that if a person asks to look at an article, he is expected to buy. If this was once the custom of London store-keepers, it is not so now.

One finds as fine displays as anywhere in America, and there is no more importunity to buy what one does not want.

There is, in fact, one large department store on



Oxford Street, which, for a spirit of accommodation and hospitality, can not be excelled anywhere. We had read of Selfridge's, for they maintain a daily "editorial" column in the *Evening Standard* and other daily papers, commenting on topics of current interest, but, of course, ending up with something regarding the store. We were curious to see what an

English department store is like. We saw what we usually see in a department store—an assortment of everything one might desire, and more too, attractively displayed. On the top floor we found a restaurant, and also a large hall which was being used by the publishers of the *Daily Mail* to demonstrate paper-bag cookery. The demonstration was attracting large crowds.

On making a purchase, we learned from the back of the sales slip a few additional facts: Selfridge's maintains lounging- and writing-rooms where they invite Americans, Canadians, French, and other foreigners to come and rest or write, etc., whether they desire to buy or not. The rooms are thrown open entirely free to purchasers and to non-purchasers. Visitors are encouraged to examine goods whether they desire to buy or not, the salesmen being forbidden to urge visitors to buy. It surprised us, and we thought, "Surely the English have come up fully to the Americans in the matter of rendering their stores attractive." But we have since been told that Selfridge's is an American store, that its owners once worked in Marshall Field's.

The lessons taught by such an establishment as Selfridge's have not been entirely wasted. A spirit of accommodation is a most excellent characteristic, even from a business view-point.

A. G. H.

Theater-Going Students

THE Twentieth Century Club of Boston is made up of leading business and professional men, not narrow fanatics, but hard-headed business men. It is the most widely influential club in the city. The drama committee of this club has been making a study of the amusement situation, and has brought in a severe indictment of the entire situation; and this is the conclusion:—

"The fact that a large proportion of the entertainments in even the first-class theaters are of a strikingly vulgar character indicates that the theater—potentially a tremendous educative force—has, under present conditions, so degenerated that it is actively exercising an equally tremendous and wide-spread influence in lowering public standards of morality, and decreasing the average efficiency of the individual citizen."

I think I can remember students in my own university who spent nearly every night at the playhouses during the winter term. I have not followed their careers since, but I know it is safe to say no one could subject his mind to the influence of the things that at least two thirds of the time were played, without tremendously robbing one's mind of its finest quality. It is an awful handicap to put on the effort of the mind in its accumulation, its digestion of truth, its judgment of duty, and its measurement of true values. No student could possibly live through such conditions and come out unharmed. It is also a sad fact that many college students go through college without reading two good books a year.

The same would be true of vast quantities of cheap books, cheap entertainments, cheap music, cheap pictures, cheap art, cheap literature, cheap anything, which, taken by many students in large quantities, cheapen the whole man, and constitute one reason why some students leave college no better intellectually than when they came. They have managed to pass the examinations and get through college; but for all of the good they have got out of it, they might almost as well

have opened the front door of this chapel building, walked through the hall, gone out of the back door, and called it going through college.

One can not get an education without being willing to pay for it, and pay for it in the highest terms. Be willing to cut out of the program everything that is useless, and keep nothing that is debasing, nothing that is below the standard, nothing that lowers the moral or intellectual tone.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Mademoiselle's Way

"I KNOW I am wicked," Louise Carey wrote her favorite aunt, "but I can't help it. There's only one thing in the world worse than keeping a boarding-house, and that would be to have to give up Longacres. But think of having all sorts of people here in these rooms, using the things that belonged to your grandmother and great-grandmother! I'd take in washing sooner. Understand, I'm not claiming any pity. I expect to be scolded, and I hope you'll do your duty by me. If only I could stop thinking about next summer in my sleep! I dream of summer boarders every night. There's one comfort—the reality *can't* be worse than the anticipation."

Her aunt's reply was prompt and characteristic:

"Yes, it's very bad of you, but I haven't time to scold now, because I am getting ready to sail for Paris—six weeks—principally business. I've engaged passage for you, too—I know your capacity for enjoying picture-galleries. Shall expect you the twelfth."

It was so exactly like Aunt Rebecca—to give a trip abroad as casually as if it were an invitation to a luncheon. Louise drew a long breath of delight, and consigned the boarder-nightmare to the depths of the sea for two glorious months.

The trip was a fine one, and Paris greeted them with clear skies; but the welcome of the weather was nothing compared to the welcome of Mademoiselle Monet, at whose *pension* Mrs. Carrington always stayed when she was in Paris. Mademoiselle was waiting at the door; there were flowers in their rooms; chocolate was sent up to them in fifteen minutes; and the dinner, two hours later, was a fête, with the guests in gala dress.

Up in their own rooms that night, Louise looked at her aunt with puzzled eyes.

"Are you her dearest friend?" she asked.

"No, merely one of scores of passing guests," Mrs. Carrington replied. "It is mademoiselle's way."

As the days passed, other ways of mademoiselle became evident. Every night she shook hands with each guest, and wished her a good sleep; every morning a knock at the door and a morning greeting; the never-forgotten fresh "posy" in their rooms; the unfailing interest in her guests' plans each day; and her eagerness to make pleasures for them.

"Aunt Rebecca," Louise asked at the end of a week, "is it always like this? Why, it isn't a boarding-house—it's the loveliest home I ever was in! Aunt Rebecca! Do you mean that this—showing me this—was your 'business' over here?"

Aunt Rebecca only smiled.—*Youth's Companion*.

O, do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Birthday Reflections

MRS. S. M. SPICER

Thoughts at Thirteen

(Put into verse a few years later)

THIRTEEN to-day! — my natal day —
Long wished for, welcome thy return!
How *slowly* rolls the year away,
To bring this joyful day again.

What pleasures pure, without alloy,
So full of all that earth can give!
O happy heart! O world of joy!
How sweet a thing it is to live!

The blushing morn invites me forth
This lovely, fairy world to view,—
The laughing sky above my head,
Beneath my feet the sparkling dew.

The bright green fields around me smile,
Ten thousand flowers in bloom appear,
And merry warblers in the wild
Pour forth sweet music on my ear.

The *long*, bright hours pass slowly on,
Unsullied by a thought of care;
The flowers of joy all thornless bloom,
Ne'er moistened by a dewy tear.

With this *fair world* my happy home,
And kindred hearts to warmly glow,
My ravished soul, what wouldst thou more,
To make thy cup of bliss o'erflow?

Naught *now*; but down the silent stream,
On which my boat so smoothly glides,
Far in the distance I have seen
A fairy isle float on the tide.

'Tis spanned above with rainbow bright,
Elysian fields its shores appear;
And O, how fair its radiant light
Beams on the dimpled waters near!

When I but reach that distant goal,
Superior bliss I sure shall know;
Thus oft I dream of that fair land,
The *future*, with its rainbow glow.

Though *now* they tell me childhood's days
Will surely pass away too soon;
Still, while I pluck the buds of spring,
I can but long for summer's bloom.

Thoughts at Eighteen

(1845)

Another summer brightly dawns,
And bids my heart enjoy its mirth;
The forest shades and sunny lawns
Call forth the joyous ones of earth.
The birds in every forest tree
Invite with sweetest melody.

Art thou, my heart, as glad and gay
To welcome sweet and smiling June
On this returning natal day
As in thy childhood's earlier bloom?
Does thy heart *now* warmer glow
Another year is past to know?

Is all thy past *now* fondly linked
With coming years more blissful still?
Wouldst *still* the future hasten on,
To bring to thee its golden fill?
Feelst *now* a longing for the time
That adds another year to thine?

Ah, no! the ecstasy has flown
That kindled childhood's thoughtless eye;
A sadly deepening thrill is known
As each successive year rolls by.
Though *once* I smiled, it now is meet
With tearful eyes this day to greet.

Too true, I feel that youth's fair morn
Is fading, passing, all too soon;
And O, what charms, before unseen,
On its retreating hours now bloom!
Fain would I stay the wheels of time,
And hold those hours *forever* mine.

I fear the chilling breath of age;
I dread its darkening shades of care,
Its pallid cheek, its furrowed brow,
Its sorrow-whitened, first gray hair.
Life's journey, thus so fair begun,
O, would I *ever* might be young!

Reflections at Thirty-Five

(1862)

And can it be *another* year
So soon has wheeled its rapid flight,
And brought *another birthday* here?
Am I now *really* thirty-five?
Is this life's noonday? Has its sun
Its longest course now half-way run?

Already life's meridian past;
Not noonday vigor warms these veins,
The vital tide is ebbing fast;
Swift speed the days that yet remain.
The stricken spirit e'en to-day
Would fling this dying world away.

How short the span of life appears!
How swiftly flows Time's swelling tide!
And O, the varying lights and shades
That o'er its rippling surface glide!
My bark now urged, with restless motion,
How soon 'twill sink in death's dark ocean!

I now look back with serious gaze,
And view the past, a changeful page,
Prefaced with infancy's bright days,
While many a shade now intervenes.
Clouds and sunshine blending ever,
Weave life's web so strange together.

Life once was all a picture fair,
Of sunny skies and blooming flowers;
No anxious thought intruded there,
To interrupt those golden hours;
But later years the lesson give,
'Tis sure a solemn thing to live.

This mortal being ne'er was given
For thoughtless gaiety alone;
The holy image pure of Heaven
Bespeaks a higher destiny;
Noble deeds and noble aims
Alone can meet our Maker's claims.

And, life prolonged, how shall I meet
Its varied, oft-repeated calls?
Will every day, with toil replete,
Still prove me faithful, true in all?
Grant, Heaven, the needed grace instil
Life's holy mission to fulfil.

Thoughts at Eighty-Four

(1911)

Threescore and ten, the allotted span
For the sin-shadowed life of fallen man;
Yea, 'tis long-suffering mercy spares so long
The thankless, thoughtless, in life's throng.
But what can I say this natal day,
When eighty-four years have passed away?
Sure, only long-suffering mercy could spare
And crown my life with such loving care.
And long-suffering mercy spared the rod
When forbidden paths my feet have trod.

How short grow the years, as life hastens on!
So few seem the hours at setting of sun!
Life rushing so fast down the steep of time!
The grave seems so near these feet of mine!
But faith sees beyond to the heavenly shore,
Where shadows of time shall darken no more;
Where the saved in glad reunion meet,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.
God grant life's bark may land at last
On that heavenly shore when time is past.

Towser's Failing

"My poor dog is tired out," said Mary, as the wagon drove into the yard, and Towser, covered with the dust of the road, dropped lolling and panting upon the grass.

"It isn't the journey he had to take that's tired him," said her father. "He's used himself up by zigzagging from one side of the road to the other, and tending to everything that didn't concern him. He couldn't pass a gate without running through it to see what was on the other side, nor see a hen anywhere along the road without feeling called on to chase her. Every

dog that barked started him to barking, and everything that moved took him out of the way to find out what it was, and where it was going. No wonder he's tired."

But you'll find plenty of human beings that are traveling their lives through in just the same way. They are not satisfied with the road marked out for them, but watch their neighbors' comings and goings, and take charge of no end of things they can't help or hinder. They are like old Towser; it wears them out. If they'd follow straight after the Master, and not invent any extra cares for themselves, the road wouldn't be nearly so long nor so hard.—*Selected.*

Nine Ways to Study the Bible

REGULARLY. So far as possible, every day and at the same time each day.

PRAYERFULLY. It is God's Word, and God is its best interpreter.

STUDIOUSLY. Do not skip the obscure places. Master them.

SYMPATHETICALLY. The Bible is a closed book to the unfriendly reader. "Seeing, he does not understand."

INTELLIGENTLY. Bring your knowledge of related subjects to bear. Do not confuse the Saul of the Old Testament with the Saul of the New, for example.

SYSTEMATICALLY. Get the whole book's teaching on the great doctrines and the great lives. To illustrate, the Bible is the best text-book on faith, entire sanctification, and the life of Christ.

FRANKLY. Let the Bible overcome your prejudices. Do not befog mind and soul by "private interpretations."

BELIEVINGLY. It will "prove" itself, if you read it in good faith.

OBEDIENTLY. Bible study without Bible living is a mockery. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."—*Selected.*

Bible Readings

In the past this has seemed like a difficult line of work for the young people, but we are now witnessing the development of an army of young people who are strong in faith, earnest in prayer, ambitious in the work of winning souls to Jesus, and fearless and undaunted in meeting the enemy.

"We are nearing the close of this earth's history; soon we shall stand before the great white throne. Soon your time for work will be forever past. Watch for opportunities to speak a word in season to those with whom you come in contact. Do not wait to become acquainted before you offer them the priceless treasure of truth. Go to work, and ways will open before you."

"The plan of holding Bible readings was a heaven-born idea. Workers may thus be developed who will become mighty men of God."

"The Lord calls for pastors, teachers, and evangelists. From door to door they are to proclaim the message of salvation."

To-day young men and women, without experience, but with living faith and the passion for souls, are going from house to house, asking the privilege of studying the Bible with the people. They are more often gladly welcomed than refused, and precious souls are being won to Christ and the truth, who will shine as bright stars in the workers' crowns.

"And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

Recently a young woman of our acquaintance was laid away in the silent tomb to await the resurrection morning. She had reconsecrated her life to God and united with the church several months before her last illness. As death drew near, she felt no fear, and her faith in Jesus and hope in the coming resurrection were unwavering, but she expressed one last sorrowful regret in the words, "I am trusting in Jesus, and if it is his will, I am ready to die; but I am so sorry that I shall not have more stars in my crown."

Each day we are doing work for eternity. When probation is ended, and in the light of eternal realities we look back over our lives, shall we feel with inexpressible regret that we have been occupied with trifling things to the neglect of the highest of all considerations? or shall we be able to say, with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"? MEADE MACGUIRE.

Girls, Can You Do It?

MAKE a dress skirt so that it won't drag on the floor in one place and be two inches too short in another?

Bake bread, the eating of which will be a pleasure to any one?

Take a halter and march up to old Bill down in the pasture in such a way that he will not say to himself, "She doesn't know a single thing about catching horses"?

Coax mother off into the sitting-room and then do all the morning work up as neat as a pin, with a song on your lips and in your heart all the time?

Figure up the interest on the note father has been puzzling over, and do it right without looking up the arithmetic?

Put on a big sunbonnet and tramp away across the field with a pitcher of cold water for the men at work there?

Turn the grindstone for Will when everybody else is busy?

Rest the men at noon a few minutes by a bit of song to your own accompaniment on the piano?

Refrain from slangy, dubious expressions yourself, and discourage such language in others?

Keep sweet all day long, when things drag and it seems to you as if a big black cloud were between you and the sunshine?

If you can do all these things, and the thousand and one other things that come to the farmer girl to do, and through it all be good and kind and tender and true, you are right in your place. Everybody will love you, and wish that all the girls were like you.—*E. L. Vincent.*

Don't Forget Others

"WHEN you go out in the morning,
To begin the work of the day,
Don't neglect the little chances
You will find along your way;
For in lifting another's burden,
And speaking a word of cheer,
You will find your own cares lighter
And easier far to bear."



What We Owe to Insects — Cochineal

IN Mexico a tiny insect of brilliant scarlet feasts on the cactus. This is the cochineal-bug, and it requires seventy thousand of these to make a pound. The males are of little account. To be sure, each cochineal gentleman has a pair of wings, while his wife goes through life minus this handy means of locomotion. Madam Cochineal is twice as large as her husband, and the females outnumber the males two hundred to one.

The life of the tiny red bug is brief, and may be counted by hours. Her last act is always the laying of many dozens of eggs, which she covers with her dead body to protect them from the fierce rays of the tropical sun.

The cochineal industry is a thousand years old. For a long time after it was introduced into Europe, every one supposed that the red mite was a bud or seed of the cactus on which it lived. At the time the Spaniards discovered Mexico, the industry was in its palmy days, the scarlet atoms more precious than gold. Indeed, a pound of the wonderful dye produced by them was worth many times its weight in the yellow metal. The cochineal-bug and the nopal plant (a species of cactus on which it feeds) were introduced into southern Spain and Algiers, where they were successfully propagated for three hundred years.

One day a German chemist of an investigative mind discovered that he could produce a dye quite as brilliant as cochineal, much cheaper and in unlimited quantities, from coal-tar. This was a death-blow to the industry, which for hundreds of years had made men rich in both the New World and the Old.— *Junior Christian Endeavor World*.

From Beets to Sugar

ABOUT the middle of July, when the sugar-beets are ready to harvest, the men employed in the sugar factories begin to put all the machinery in good condition for the season's run, which lasts from three to five months.

The farmers that live near the factories haul their beets in large wagons to the beet sheds. Those living farther away ship theirs in cars. The cars and wagons are run up above the beet sheds, and their sides let down, the beets falling into large bins. Underneath these bins is a flume, in which is running water. From two to four men feed the beets into this flume, which carries them to the main building. There they are washed in a large vat. This vat has a revolving shaft with long arms, which help to scrape the mud from the beets. They are then carried by an elevator up to an automatic scale, which weighs and dumps them into the slicer, where they are cut into long shreds called cossettes, by knives revolving in the bottom.

As the beets are sliced, the shreds slide under the knives into a long chute leading to the battery, which consists of a circle of fourteen iron cells, each holding about four tons of cossettes. After the cells are filled

and closed, water is forced through, which extracts the sugar content. When needed, steam is applied to dissolve the sugar. The water, after passing through the series of filled cells, becomes a dark color and is called juice, which is drawn off into a measuring tank.

The refuse from which the sugar has been extracted is now called pulp. This is dumped from each cell in rotation, and the cell again filled with fresh cossettes. The pulp is floated in a flume to an elevator that removes it to the drying-house, where it is dried and sacked for use as cattle-feed.

From the measuring tank the juice is run over to the first set of carbonation tanks, where it is treated with milk or lime. After the lime is put in, carbon dioxid gas is turned into the juice, which seems to cook it, making it foamy. It is cooked for about one-half hour and is then filtered. It passes into another tank, where it is pumped by a powerful steam-pump, which forces it through filter-presses fitted with canvas. This allows the juice to pass through, and retains the lime and other impurities. After it has gone through these filters, it goes to the second set of carbonation tanks, where a smaller per cent of lime is used. After this process is completed, it is again filtered. It is then pumped to the sulphur tanks, where it is treated with sulphur fumes. From there



THE AVIATOR EXCEEDS THE SPEED OF BIRD, MAN, HORSE, LOCOMOTIVE, AND AUTOMOBILE

it goes through a set of mechanical filters. It is now ready for the evaporators, where it is boiled by steam in a vacuum until it is reduced to a thick sirup. It is then returned to the sulphur tanks, and after leaving them is passed through another set of filters, when it is ready for the vacuum pans, where it is boiled till it forms sugar grains. When a "strike," or pan full of boiled sirup, is ready, it is dumped into a large mixer, from which portions are drawn into the centrifugal machines, or separators, which, spinning very rapidly, remove the molasses and leave the white sugar.

This molasses that is whirled off is pumped up to the vacuum pans, and is boiled until it grains. It is then emptied into a cylindrical crystallizer that has a screw which stirs the thick sirup for about a week. It is then dumped into another mixer, and is drawn off into a different set of centrifugals, where it is whirled until all the waste molasses is removed. This molasses is pumped into a large storage reservoir to be disposed of to farmers as cattle-feed.

After the molasses is removed from the sirup, there is left a brown sugar, which, after being melted and mixed with fresh beet juice, repeats its journey through the factory.

The white sugar is conveyed to the granulator or "drier," where it is dried. From there it is carried to an immense bin, where the sugar flows into sacks, and is weighed by an automatic scale. The sacks are then sewed up, and removed to the storehouse, where they remain ready to be sold.

DONALD L. MACRAE.

The Oil-Tree

IN China there grows a tree that is one of the most useful in the world; in fact, the Chinese would scarcely know what to do if something should destroy all the oil-trees in the Celestial Empire.

The tung- or oil-tree, is very beautiful with its vivid green leaves and its pink-white flowers. The seeds are poisonous, and it is from them that the oil is extracted.

The chief use of this oil is in the calking and painting of boats. Oil gives the boats a glossy appearance, and preserves the wood for a long time. Its effects are not so lasting as one might wish, inasmuch as the boats have to be oiled twice a month. Hot oil is applied to the under part of a boat, while on the other parts it is put on cold in several thin coats.

The oil of the tung-tree is also used in varnishes, paints, and in waterproofing umbrellas and paper. In some of the poor districts it is used for illuminating purposes.—*Walter K. Putney.*

A Natural Incubator

AN ingenious rancher in the neighborhood of Mecca, California, has made use of a flowing well on his desert homestead, which has an unvarying temperature of 103° F. As he was in the poultry business in a small way, he decided to test the incubating possibilities of his well by suspending a bucket in it with a sitting of eggs, fifteen in number. Every day he would turn the eggs over to equalize the temperature, and on the twenty-first day his patience was rewarded, when he heard the sound of little chicks peeping in the bucket, and found that all the eggs had hatched.

A little sand was put in the bottom of the incubator before placing the eggs in it, and then it was simply set in the cement box built around the well, so that it was two-thirds submerged, allowing the warm water to circulate about it.

Although later attempts did not make the perfect score of the first test, ninety-six out of one hundred hatched.—*Popular Mechanics.*

A Letter From China

WE are just getting settled in our new house, the second, I think, built from the Three Hundred Thousand Dollar Fund. We desire to thank our Heavenly Father and our friends for this comfortable place which they have provided for us. I pray that the time may soon come when all our missionaries will have one as desirable.

We are making Wai Chow the center of our work for the hakka-speaking Chinese. They number about ten millions, and are scattered in several provinces in southeast China. I might add that as yet there are but two workers with their wives, for these ten millions of scattered people.

The first year, as it was impossible to secure any suitable place to live in here, I was obliged to remain in Canton and Macau until money came with which to build. To study one dialect, while living among people who speak another, I found to be very difficult. I heard nothing but Cantonese day after day until it became easier to speak Cantonese than hakka.

The money arrived, and Brother J. P. Anderson's (my coworker's) house was built first. He had waited years longer than I. When his was completed, four months ago, we moved here into part of his house until ours could be built. We came on a large flat-bottomed boat towed by a steam-launch. It took us

three days, as the river was low. Our household goods I put on a small boat in charge of my teacher, and they were seven days in coming, as most of the way the boat was pulled along the shore by a rope fastened to the mast.

Shortly after we arrived, money came with which to build, and we were happy. Living in an inland city is quite different from living in the port cities. There is almost nothing of a foreign nature. We engaged Canton workmen, but bought our lumber, brick, sand, and lime here. The workmen, the tools they used, and their methods of work were different from anything we had ever seen. I was surprised and amused at the varied uses made of bamboo.

The Chinese never begin to build a house or any other building without first erecting a mat shed over the place upon which they wish to build, large enough to cover the completed structure. This is mostly made of bamboo poles fastened at each joint with strips of bamboo and covered with palm leaves. The sides are covered down part way with pieces of matting woven entirely from bamboo. This mat shed keeps out the rain, and also serves as scaffolding. I have been told that at one of our large world fairs the Chinese received first place as scaffold builders.

All our lumber was sawed out of logs here on the place. Even the flooring was sawed and matched here. Whenever the carpenters wanted a piece of lumber, the lumberman would have his workmen bring a log and saw it out. The lumberman himself, as also the head contractor, never did any work. The workmen wore only trousers, and they were rolled above their knees. They hardly looked like masons and carpenters.

Sand was carried in baskets made of nothing but bamboo. The pole with which they carried these baskets was a piece of bamboo, and most of the ropes used — large and small — were made of bamboo. The sand was sifted through a sieve made by weaving thin strips of bamboo across a large piece, bent in a circle, with a piece of bamboo for a handle.

The water was carried in wooden baskets, but the carrying-pole was of bamboo. The Chinese carry burdens on both ends of a pole across their shoulders. The handles of the hoes they used for mixing the mortar, were, of course, bamboo. The little mortar buckets all had bamboo hoops.

On the boat that brought our brick up the river, was a bamboo mat covering to keep out the rain. The sail was woven bamboo, and so was the rope used to hoist it. The boatman used long bamboo poles to push and steer with. Women carried the brick in bamboo racks — twenty bricks to the burden — from the river's edge to the house.

The braces used for tightening the carpenters' saws were made of bamboo, and in many places a bamboo peg is made to take the place of a nail. When the men wished to fasten two narrow boards together so they would appear as one wide board, small holes were drilled in both sides, bamboo pegs put in, and the boards hammered tight together. This made one solid board.

A white paper made of bamboo is used in plaster instead of hair. Bamboo is made into rakes, joss-sticks, brooms, fans, lanterns, pig and hen baskets, money safes, chairs, table frames, pens, chop-sticks, fences, fish-poles, paint-brushes, fuel, back-scratchers, watch-springs, and the young sprouts serve as food.

S. A. NAGEL.

The Forester and the Robber

SOME years ago there was a forester, named Grimez, who lived in a lonely place in the thick woods of the Silesian Mountains in Prussia. His family consisted of his wife, his mother, and his little daughter, about seven years of age. His wife and mother were good Christian women, but he himself was not a Christian. He did not even believe the Bible, and often used to ridicule his wife for her prayers, and what he called her "foolish trust in God."

On a dark and stormy evening in autumn the wind whistled mournfully through the trees of the forest. The two women and the little child sat around the fire in their house. The forester had not yet come home from the neighboring town to which he had gone in the morning. The family were beginning to feel very anxious about him. They had good cause to feel so. It seemed that a band of robbers had been infesting that part of the forest of late, and had made it very unsafe. This forester was the officer of the king of Prussia, and his duty was to take care of the forest. After long efforts he had succeeded in capturing all this band of robbers except their leader, who was a very strong, cunning, and wicked man, and had sworn to have revenge on the forester and his family for breaking up his band. The women of that lonely family knew this. No wonder they felt anxious as they sat around the fire on that stormy evening. They could think and talk of nothing else but the dangers that surrounded them and the absent head of their family.

At last the grandmother said it would do no good to go on talking so and giving way to their fears; it would be much better to seek comfort from God's Word, and ask the protection of him without whose notice not even a sparrow can fall to the ground.

The wife brought out the family Bible, and read aloud from it the seventy-first psalm. These are some of the words that she read, and they were wonderfully appropriate to their circumstances: "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion. . . . Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort; . . . for thou

art my rock and my fortress. Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man."

When the psalm was finished, she read an evening hymn in keeping with the psalm. After singing this, they knelt down together in prayer. They told God about their fears, and asked him to protect them, as well as the absent loved one. They prayed for the poor and sick of the parish; for all evil-doers, and especially for the wicked robber in their neighborhood, that the Lord would have mercy upon him and change his heart and turn him from his evil ways.

After this their fears were gone, and they felt calm and comfortable. They had hardly finished their prayers, when they heard the well-known footsteps of him they were looking for approaching the house. He was brought home in safety. They were all very glad for this; for while they had been so uneasy about him, he had been feeling very much the same about them, fearing the robber might come

and kill them while he was away. So he, too, felt very happy to find his family safe and well.

Before they went up-stairs to bed, the forester's wife told him how anxious they had felt about him during the evening, and how they had prayed to God to take care of him and of themselves. He smiled, as he had often done before, and said that she was a foolish woman to think that there was any use in praying. For his part he preferred to trust to his good weapons and to his faithful dogs. Then he examined the doors and windows to see that they were fastened; he loaded his firearms and unchained his dogs, and thought he could lie down to sleep without any cause for fear.

An hour or so later when the family were fast asleep, a desperate-looking man crept out from under the settle or old wooden bench that stood there. It was the robber of whom they were so much afraid. He had managed to steal into the house about sundown when nobody saw him, and hide under the settle. There he had heard all that had been

said. He had come in to have his revenge by murdering the whole family in their sleep, and now there



"In Fleet Street, London, a dog and a parrot come out into the street in the cool of the evening to play together. The parrot usually gives the invitation for the fun to begin, and then these remarkable playmates begin a series of friendly gambols in which each seeks to assert supremacy over the other. In the illustration, the parrot is on its back but is far from bested, beak and claws being in readiness for any move the dog may make."



"This bear has been a roller-skater for some time, is quite proficient in the art, and looks less awkward on wheels than the average man just learning to skate."

was nothing to prevent his carrying out his purpose. Ah, yes, but there was! He went softly and silently to the table and laid down on it a large sharp knife he had brought with him, and picked up the Bible which the forester's wife had read from at their evening worship, which lay there open at the seventy-first psalm. The words of the psalm had had a wonderful effect upon him. He tried to read them over again in the feeble light of the moon, but it was too dark to see them, so he shut up the book. Then he stood by the table hesitating, thinking what he had better do. Two or three times he picked up the knife, and resolved to have his revenge by plunging it into the bosoms of the sleepers up-stairs, but each time he laid it down again. He thought of the words of that wonderful psalm, and he was afraid to do it. He left the knife on the table, but took the Bible, and opening the window crept out so cautiously that even the watch-dogs, which had fallen asleep, neither saw nor heard him. Then he jumped over the hedge and disappeared in the dark shadows of the wood.

When the forester and his family came down the next morning and found the window open, and a great sharp knife lying on the table, and the Bible gone, they were, of course, very much surprised. The open window showed that some one had been in the house; the great knife showed that his object had been murder, while the missing Bible seemed to show that somehow it had been the means of saving them. The whole house was searched, but nothing was missing except the Bible. It was a mystery that no one could explain. The pious wife thanked God for their protection. Even her unbelieving husband could not help seeing that it was neither his dogs nor his guns that had saved him. He stopped laughing at his wife, and began to think there was something in religion after all.

After that night the robber was never seen nor heard of in that forest. Some time after this the French and the Prussians were fighting against each other; among those who fell, was our brave captain, the forester. His men thought he was killed, and left him for dead on the field. A fisherman came up cautiously to see if a little hut of his on the shore had been destroyed by the army, and hearing the groans of the wounded man, he rowed his boat to land. Finding the Prussian officer lying in blood, he called his companions, and they carried the wounded man to the boat and rowed him to the opposite shore of the lake, about two miles distant. They landed in the neighborhood of several cottages. Into one of these the wounded man was carried, and the fisherman and his wife dressed his wounds and nursed him with tender care. The fisherman wrote to the captain's family, and his wife and daughter came to nurse him and be with him. The fisherman and his wife gave them the use of their cottage, and they stayed with one of their neighbors until the soldier had recovered.

As he lay on the sick-bed, he thought of the wonderful way in which God had protected himself and his family from the robber on that memorable night. He thought of the way he had been taken care of when left for dead on the battle-field. He saw God's hand in it all, and being led to pray earnestly, he became a Christian.

When well enough to go home, he thanked the kind fisherman for all that he had done for him, and wished to pay for the trouble he had caused him; but the fisherman would take nothing. When pressed, he said that he was much more indebted to the for-

ester and his wife than they were to him, and that he had a great treasure of theirs which he had once taken away, and now wished to restore. Then he went to a closet and brought out a Bible. As soon as the forester's wife saw it, she recognized it as their dear old family Bible which had disappeared so strangely on that never-to-be-forgotten night. She caught it eagerly to her bosom, and then the fisherman told them the following story:—

"I see you don't recognize me," looking at the forester, "but I am the robber that caused such trouble in your neighborhood till you caught my companions and had them put in prison. I was very angry with you for this, and swore to have revenge. I crept into your house about dark one evening, intending to murder you and all your family while you were asleep. All the evening I lay under the settle in your sitting-room, waiting for the hour when I could carry out my purpose. Against my will I was obliged to hear the seventy-first psalm read aloud by your wife. It had a wonderful effect on me. When I heard her prayer, I was more affected. It seemed as if an unseen hand was laid upon me to keep me from doing what I had come to do. I felt that I could not do it. All my desire was to get that wonderful Book and read it. For weeks I kept it hid in the woods near your home. The Bible was my companion; and as I read it, I saw what a great sinner I was, and what a great Saviour there is in Jesus. That same Saviour who pardoned the thief on the cross had mercy on me and received me into his kingdom. Then I left that part of the country, and found employment with a fisherman in this neighborhood. As God had made a new man of me, I wished to begin a new life, and my excellent wife is helping me to serve God. We have all we want for this world, and are blessed with a hope for the next, and all this I owe to the Bible I found in your house that evening. You, forester, trusted to your guns and dogs; they could not have helped you any. Nothing but God's Word saved you. It was only that which kept me from plunging my knife into your bosom. It was that which protected you then; it is that which has saved you from the battle-field now. Don't thank me, but thank the merciful God who made use of his blessed Word to save both you and me."—*Selected.*

An Afternoon on the Lawn

It was one of those pleasant afternoons when there is just breeze enough to make one feel comfortable in the shade. Sabbath dinner was over, and one by one the Newby family had retreated to a favorite nook on the lawn. Mrs. Newby made herself comfortable in the hammock, and Mr. Newby sat near by in an old rocker that had long since lost the paint from its back. Ethel and Fred found seats on the grass, and took turns reading aloud.

"That was a good meeting," said Mrs. Newby, as Ethel finished reading the report of their State camp-meeting. "It hardly seems possible that two weeks have passed since we were there."

"What about that Reading Course so many of the young people were interested in?" asked Mr. Newby. "Is that not something you could take this winter, Ethel?" He was anxious that his children should prepare for service. Ethel was now seventeen, and Fred nineteen. In a few weeks Fred would be in college, but Mrs. Newby's health was poor, and for that year

Ethel must give up all thoughts of leaving home.

"Yes, father," answered Ethel, "I've already decided to take it. Fred and I talked it all over after coming home from camp-meeting. I don't remember the names of the books now, but I know two of them are on missions, and —"

"Once at young people's meeting," began Fred as his sister hesitated, "they spoke of how so many busy people managed to get an education and do other things in their spare moments. I was really surprised. Let me see," and he reached for the coat on the lawn, drew from an inside pocket a small note-book, and began to read: "Charles Frost, a Vermont shoemaker, resolved to study one hour a day, and he became one of the most noted mathematicians in the United States. A great chancellor of France wrote a valuable book in odd moments. Grote wrote his 'History of Greece' during the hours of leisure snatched from his work as a banker. Mr. Burney learned Italian and French on horseback. Matthew Hale wrote his 'Contemplations' while traveling as a circuit judge. Gladstone always carried a book in his pocket that he might read it during spare moments. Harriet Beecher Stowe was a busy housekeeper when she wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"Here's something else good enough to pass on!" exclaimed Ethel, who was looking over her brother's shoulder. "Just let me read it. 'Good books elevate the character, purify the taste, take the attractiveness out of low pleasures, and lift us upon a higher plane of thinking and living. If we habitually read books that are elevating in tone, pure in style, sound in reasoning, and keen in insight, our minds develop the same characteristics. If, on the contrary, we read weak or vicious books, our minds contract the faults and vices of the books. We can not escape the influence of what we read any more than we can escape the influence of the air we breathe.'"

"They spoke at the meeting," said Fred, soberly, "of boys who had become very wicked through reading evil books, and of others whom good books had influenced to become missionaries and great men."

"I never think of the influence of reading," and Mrs. Newby sat erect in her earnestness, "but that I think of the many young girls who might be far more useful had they not frittered away their time reading novels. No entertainment is cheaper than good reading, nor is any pleasure more lasting. So I am glad you are going to take the Reading Course, Ethel. Be an example to others in employing wisely those valuable fragments of time called spare moments. What about the other young people in our church? There are Harry and Martin, they could surely take it; John and Edith I presume would think it pretty hard to squeeze in the reading of about — see, you said about twenty pages a week, didn't you? Still, I think they could find the time somehow if they once became really interested. We ought to do all we can to get our young people to join this Spare Minute Circle."

"I've talked to Edith about it, mother, but she said she started last year, and didn't think she got much from it, so stopped. She says there are so many other things she wants to do that she can't keep up with the assignments," said Ethel.

"Perhaps if you invite her to read with you occasionally," suggested her father, "she would stick to it. Of course we can always find plenty to do, but we should choose the best things. We pass this way only once, you know, and 'the spring-time of life comes

(Concluded on next page)



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, October 7

Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings

LEADER'S NOTE.— Make this meeting an inspiration to more faithful Bible study, and to more diligence in giving Bible readings. For "The Bible Essential in Gospel Service" much help may be obtained from the excellent article by the late Dr. Pierson entitled "The Wonders of God's Word," on page three. This subject will bear much research. Notice how the Bible, in four hundred languages, has gone into the regions beyond. Twenty-five years ago Robert Ingersoll called the Bible an exploded book, said that its sales were falling off rapidly, and that in ten years it would not be read. But to-day it is the most popular book in the world. During 1909 the American Bible Society issued more than 1,500,000, and another society 5,000,000 copies. The total number of English Bibles put out in one year was about 10,000,000. If possible, get a few experiences from some Bible worker for the paper "How Bible Readings Bring People Into the Truth." A Bible worker will also be able to give help on the paper dealing with benefits received in this work. Nothing will fix facts in our mind as will an attempt to give them to others. "He who knows, knows not till others know that he knows." If possible, have a model family Bible reading given before the society. Let the report of your Bible reading committee include plans for future work, as well as the record of work done. Make some use in your program of the article entitled "Bible Readings," page eight. The Bible number of the INSTRUCTOR, July 18, may be of service in this program.

Suggestive Program

- Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).
- The Bible Essential in Gospel Service (eight-minute paper).
- How Bible Readings Bring People Into the Truth (five-minute paper).
- Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings (short talk or model reading).
- Report.

Morning Watch Thoughts: Loving One Another

EDWARD EVERETT HALE said, on his eightieth birthday: "I never had but one enemy; and last week, when I was trying to think of his name, I found I had forgotten who he was."

An angry sea-captain who was once appealed to by John Wesley to forgive his man servant whom he had caught pilfering, responded, "I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," was the striking retort, "that you never sin."

It is said that General Lee, while going to Richmond one day, was seated at the end farthest from the door of the car. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately arose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said: "No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." The effect was remarkable.

"When you are good to others," said Franklin, "you are best to yourself."

"We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that around us stand,
And the touch of the hand that is here?"

"Don't look for the flaws as you pass through life;
And even when you find them,
It's wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtues behind them."

An Afternoon on the Lawn

(Concluded from preceding page)

twice to none.' It has been said that 'lost wealth may be regained by industry and economy, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance and medicine, but lost time is gone forever.'

"Yes, indeed," sighed Mrs. Newby, adjusting her pillow a bit, "I think God, too, counts the moments precious, for he never gives us more than one at a time—just one."

"Yes, spare moments," continued Mr. Newby, "are indeed precious, and nothing reveals the character more than the use a young man or woman makes of them. The youth who go to ruin usually do so after supper. Burke once said of a certain man, 'He has nothing to prevent but too much idleness,' so I think it is well to plan definitely how to use one's spare moments. Often aimless reading is worse than no reading at all, but good, purposeful reading is one of the best ways of using bits of time so often wasted."

While her father and mother were talking, Ethel had quietly disappeared. Now she came from the house, hastily turning the leaves of her note-book. "You reminded me, papa," she said, "of something I copied about Elder J. N. Andrews. Here it is. He could not take a college course, but in his spare time he mastered Greek, French, Italian, Hebrew, and Latin. He surely must have known how to use the moments."

"Well, Ethel," said Fred as he stretched full length on the soft green grass, "you see how many of the girls you can get to take the Reading Course, and I'll try my skill in drafting the boys before I go away. I'll want to be doing some reading during the school year, and might as well take the Reading Course as to spend my time on other books, so I'm with you in the Spare Minute Circle, sister."

"It's time for our sunset worship now," and Mr. Newby opened his Bible. All joined in singing "Safely Through Another Week," and then as the sun sank behind the western hills, they separated to go about their evening duties.

Are there not more homes like this one? Are there not more young people who, like Ethel and Fred, will decide to take one of the Reading Courses for this year, and then persuade others to join our Spare Minute Circle?

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Good News From Our Friends

MRS. D. E. WELLMAN, Missionary Volunteer secretary of Jamaica, writes: "The Kingston young people's society rendered a program Sunday evening, June 4. It was much appreciated, and \$118.30 was donated. We have these programs two or three times a year. The work is beneficial for the young people, and the contributions help liquidate the church debt. This special effort will provide new seats for our church. They are greatly needed. We are looking forward to the time when we shall be free, and these special efforts can be made in behalf of the foreign mission work."

The Missionary Volunteer Society in Portland, Maine, has raised \$14.50 for a rug for the rostrum in the new church there, and also \$20 on an organ for the church.



XIV — Review

(September 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 14: 1 to 20: 38.

MEMORY VERSE: Review memory verses for the quarter.

Questions

1. At what city did Paul and Barnabas remain for a long time? Who believed the truth they taught? What attempt was made to take the lives of the apostles? How did they escape? Acts 14: 1-7.

2. What miracle did Paul perform at Lystra? What did this cause the people to think and do? Whom did Paul teach them to worship? What trouble was caused by Jews from Antioch and Iconium visiting Lystra? Acts 14: 8-20.

3. How did Paul seek to strengthen the churches? After completing his work with the churches, where did Paul and his company return? Acts 14: 21-28. Memory verse, Acts 14: 23.

4. What law did certain of the Jews urge as being binding upon the Gentiles? Acts 15: 1, 5. Where was a council held to decide this matter? Who were the speakers? What was the decision? How was the decision carried to the churches? Acts 15: 6-31. Memory verses, Acts 15: 11, 18.

5. By whom were Paul and Barnabas accompanied on their return to Antioch? Who sailed to Cyprus? Where did Paul and Silas go? Acts 15: 32-41.

6. What godly young man joined Paul at Lystra? Describe their journey to Troas. Whom did Paul see in a vision? What did the apostles at once do? At what cities did they stop? Acts 16: 1-11.

7. In Philippi where did the apostles preach? Who believed and was baptized? Acts 16: 12-15. Memory verse, Mark 16: 15.

8. What caused Paul and Silas to be imprisoned at Philippi? How were they delivered? Who believed and were baptized? What was done with the apostles? Acts 16: 16-40. Memory verse, Acts 16: 31.

9. Relate Paul's experience at Thessalonica and Berea. Acts 17: 1-14. Memory verse, John 5: 39.

10. What class of people did Paul meet in Athens? What unusual inscription did Paul find upon one of the altars in the city? What truth did Paul dwell upon particularly in preaching to the Athenians? How was his message received? Acts 17: 16-34. Memory verse, Acts 17: 25.

11. How long did Paul remain at Corinth? How did he spend his time? What opposition did he meet? Acts 18: 1-18. Memory verse, Acts 18: 9, 10.

12. Describe Paul's experiences at Ephesus. How were seven men punished who tried to counterfeit the miracles he did? What did these things cause many persons to do? Acts 19: 1-20. Memory verse, Acts 19: 17.

13. What trouble arose at Ephesus? What did the people cry for about two hours? How was the tumult finally stopped? Acts 19: 23-41. Memory verse, Ex. 20: 3.

14. Where did Paul then go? What miracle did he perform at Troas? From Troas where did he walk? To what place did he then sail? Acts 20: 1-16. Memory verse, Acts 1: 8.

15. For whom did he send while at Miletus? Describe this meeting. Against what did he warn these brethren? What did he seek to do? To whom did he commend them? What did he say the word of grace was able to do for them? What did he say about the weak? What words of the Lord Jesus did he tell them to remember? Describe the parting scene. Acts 20: 16-38. Memory verse, Acts 20: 35.

16. What spirit should prompt us in all our gifts to the Lord? Memory verse, 2 Cor. 9: 7.

14. What was the result of Paul's work in Ephesus? In what school did he teach? How was his work hindered? What books were destroyed? What is said of their value? Acts 19: 1-20.

15. What did Demetrius do? What ensued? How did the town clerk quiet the uproar? Acts 19: 21-41.

16. From Ephesus where did Paul go? Who accompanied him? What is said of the voyage to Troas? Acts 20: 1-6.

17. What wonderful miracle was performed through Paul at Troas? To what point did he journey on foot? Acts 20: 7-14.

18. What meeting was held at Miletus? What did Paul say of his own work? What warning and admonition did he give? Describe his farewell meeting with these brethren. Acts 20: 17-35.



XIV — Review

(September 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 14: 1 to 20: 38.

Questions

1. Name the principal events occurring in connection with the labors of Paul and his fellow workers at Iconium and Lystra. What truth did Paul make prominent while at Lystra? Locate these places on the map. What case of healing at Iconium is recorded? What was done by the apostles at Derbe? Where did they go from this place? Acts 14: 1-23.

2. In what places in Pamphylia did the apostles labor? What places did they visit on their return to Antioch? Acts 14: 24-28.

3. Why was it necessary for the apostles to go to Jerusalem? Whom did they meet there? What had the false teachers been teaching? Acts 15: 1-5.

4. Who addressed the council? Who presided at the council? What was his sentence? How was the decision of the council received by the churches? By what prophets was it confirmed? Acts 15: 6-32.

5. From what place did Paul begin his second missionary journey? Who accompanied him? Why did he separate from Barnabas? What other worker joined them early in the journey? Acts 15: 33 to 16: 5.

6. Why did Paul go to Macedonia? How was he especially directed in his movements? Who joined him at Troas? How was the work introduced into Philippi? Acts 16: 6-15.

7. What caused Paul and Silas to be imprisoned at Philippi? Relate the story of the conversion of the jailer. Acts 16: 16-40.

8. Where did the apostles go from Philippi? How were they received at Thessalonica? What were some of the results of their work? Under what circumstances did they leave? Acts 17: 1-9.

9. What did the people of Berea do? How were many of them affected by the gospel? In what is their example a lesson to us? Acts 17: 10-14.

10. To what important city did Paul then go? State the conditions he found in Athens. Give a brief synopsis of Paul's address on Mars Hill. Acts 17: 15-34.

11. When Paul left Athens, what important city did he visit? With whom did Paul abide while there? How long did he remain? What trouble occurred while Gallio was deputy? Acts 18: 1-17.

12. Trace Paul's second missionary journey from Corinth to its close. Acts 18: 18-22.

13. Relate briefly what is stated concerning Apollos and his work. Acts 18: 24-28.

Reading the Book for Himself

THE dogma that God's Book is so profound that none but the learned is able with safety to read it, was cleverly refuted by a sharp-witted Irishman who divined that the priest's motive in keeping the Bible from him was that the priest might continue to maintain his own "balance of power." The incident follows:—

One day the priest caught one of his parishioners reading the good Book, whereupon he took him to task for this grave offense against the decrees of the church.

"The Bible," said the priest, "is for the priests, and not for the likes o' you."

"Ah! but, sir," came the answer, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children,' an' sure the priests have no children."

"But, Michael, you can not understand the Bible. It is not o' you to understand it, my man."

"Ah! very well, your riverence, if I can not understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I can understand does me a heap o' good."

"Very well, Mike," said the priest, "you must go to church, and the church will teach you; the church will give you the milk of the word."

"And where does the church get it from but out of the Bible? Ah! your riverence, I would rather keep the cow myself."

T. E. BOWEN.

A Story of Lincoln

ON one occasion, some ten years before the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Senator Douglas made a speech in Springfield. A friend of mine attended this gathering, and at the end of the speech the announcement was made, which even in that day had come to be expected, that one week later Mr. Lincoln would reply to the speech.

The teller of this story went on to say that the next morning, as he swept out the store in which he was employed, Mr. Lincoln came by. Always interested in boys, he stopped to have some conversation with the young fellow just growing up in business, and after this topic had been exhausted, the young man said:—

"Mr. Lincoln, I heard the announcement made last night that you were going to reply to Mr. Douglas. Why, Mr. Lincoln, you can't reply to Mr. Douglas. That was the finest speech I ever heard, and Mr. Douglas is the greatest man in the United States."

"My boy," said Mr. Lincoln, "you are mistaken. That was not a great speech, and Mr. Douglas is not a great man; and the reason why these things are so is that in that speech Mr. Douglas said three things which were not true, and he knew that they were not true when he stated them."—*Dr. Henry S. Pritchett.*

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The White Carnation

BREATHE, O white carnation, fragrant thoughts of motherhood;
 Thrill our ears
 With love's holy memories, till the sweet and tender mood
 Melts in tears;
 For our hearts are yearning,
 And our thoughts are burning,
 For the mother-love that blessed us in the other years.

Mothers, you have known life's cares and sorrows, pains and fears,
 But to-day
 We would bring you love's sweet tribute, won from weary years
 Gone for aye;
 And with hearts o'erflowing,
 With deeds of your sowing,
 We acclaim your virtues, and would kiss away your tears.

GEORGE E. TACK.

When Universal Peace Is Due

MR. WOODROW WILSON, governor of New Jersey, delivered an address at Denver, Colorado, on the occasion of the tercentenary celebration of the translation of the Bible into the English language, on the subject "The Bible and Progress." The address was a strong word for the world's Book of books. His significant remarks on the great peace cry of the present time are of especial interest. He said:—

"A man has found himself when he has found his relation to the rest of the universe, and here is the Book in which those relations are set forth. And so when you see a man going along the highways of life with his gaze lifted above the road, lifted to the sloping ways in front of him, then be careful of that man, and get out of his way. He knows the kingdom for which he is bound. He has seen the revelation of himself and of his relations to mankind. He has seen the revelations of his relation to God, his Maker, and therefore he has seen his responsibility in the world. This is the revelation of life and peace. I do not know that peace lies in constant accommodation. I was once asked if I would take part in a great peace conference, and I said: 'Yes, if I may speak in favor of war,'—not the war which we seek to avoid, not the senseless and useless and passionate shedding of human blood, but the only war that brings peace, the war with human passions and the war with human wrong,—the war which is that untiring and unending process of reform from which no man can refrain and get peace.

"No man can sit down and withhold his hands from the warfare against wrong and get peace out of his acquiescence. The most solid and satisfying peace is that which comes from this constant spiritual warfare; and there are times in the history of nations when they must take up the crude instruments of bloodshed in order to vindicate spiritual conceptions. For liberty is a spiritual conception, and when men take up arms to set other men free, there is something sacred and holy in the warfare. I will not cry 'Peace' so long as there is sin and wrong in the world. And this great Book does not teach any doctrine of peace so long as there is sin to be combated and overcome in one's own heart and in the great moving force of human society."

Mr. Wilson's entire address is being circulated in pamphlet form by Mr. Frank P. Stockbridge, of 42 Broadway, New York City. Any one can procure a copy free by addressing Mr. Stockbridge.

All Honest Work Is Honorable

THE president of Dartmouth College once said: "In my own college there is an old rule, dating back to the very beginning of its life, that any student who 'speaks diminutively of work' shall do the work of which he speaks. I wish that it were possible to enforce this rule as applied to brains as well as to hands; for until we can insure in our colleges and universities a profound respect for work, we can not be sure that the man whom we send out among the toiling masses will take his place honestly among them, or even that he will play the gentleman."

A fireman on the New York Central was advanced to the position of engineer. He ran his engine during the day, and studied at night till he fitted himself for college. He entered Union College and attended what lectures and recitations he could, at the same time running an engine several hours daily. He kept up with the work of his class. On the day of his graduation, he left his engine after his usual run, washed up, put on cap and gown, and delivered his thesis; then, leaving at home his diploma, cap, and gown, and putting on his working shirt, he mounted his engine and made another run. That man is Professor Morris, who is now at the head of the mechanical department of Cornell University.

George MacDonald says: "He who works not has not yet discovered what God made him for, and is a false note in the orchestra of the universe."—*Selected*.

Lettres de Cachet

LETTRES de cachet was the name given in France to warrants sealed with the king's seal ordering persons to be thrown into prison or exiled. They first came into use about 1670, and shortly became one of the popular terrors of France. It is said that no less than 9,000 lettres de cachet were issued during the reign of Louis XIV, and 80,000 during the reign of Louis XV. In many cases these terrible documents were secretly sold and used as a source of illicit revenue. They were frequently signed in blank, and the holder of one of these royal terrors could write in the name of any person against whom he happened to have a grudge. On Nov. 1, 1789, the national assembly abolished this iniquitous privilege of issuing lettres de cachet.—*Selected*.