

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

September 26, 1911

No. 39



"GENERAL GRANT"—ONE OF THE GIANT REDWOOD TREES OF CALIFORNIA



NINETY-FOUR million dollars annually will be saved to the railroads of this country by the decrease in the force of men employed. During the last year 81,890 men were laid off.

MANOEL DE ARRIAGA was recently elected to the presidency of the new republic, Portugal. The new executive is seventy years of age, and is universally esteemed. He belongs to a poor but noble family of the Azores.

MEXICO is still in a turbulent condition. The acting president, Señor De la Barra, is making heroic effort to restore order, but without conspicuous success. General Bernardo Reyes, when about to address a political meeting in the capital recently, was stoned and robbed. Forty-three persons were wounded during that day's disorder.

"IN Bath, England, one sees in the old Roman bath, which has been renovated since being discovered, brick walls treated with cement by the Romans, in perhaps the year 167 A. D., as sound to-day as ever, and like a solid stone; incidentally, too, lead pipe, and a sewer made according to the most approved form of to-day. The durable materials used by the Romans for the structures that have withstood wear and time, we are now coming to employ."

"DEPENDABLE" is a desirable adjective. 'Depend' means to hang from. If you put a nail in the wall, and it goes merely through the plaster, the mirror or the picture hung from it is likely to fall and be broken. The nail is not dependable. But if, instead of going through plaster only, it goes into the firm wood, it will hold. So character, to be dependable, needs to be firmly clinched in truth. A dependable person may be relied on to hold, to be true to a trust reposed."

AFTER all,
There are only three things
That are really worth while:
To be good, to do good,
And always to smile.

—"Sunshine" Hawks.

Save the Gold-Dust

DEAR young friends, what are you doing with your spare minutes? Are they going to waste, or are you treasuring them up as carefully as the miner does his little pile of gold?

"Knowledge is power." Napoleon said: "Show me the man that reads good books, and I will show you the man that moves the world."

Many young men and women have gained a good education while carrying on their regular daily work, just by making use of their spare minutes. The man or woman of power is the one who has stored the mind with a reserve force of useful information, and who has learned how to use this knowledge at a moment's notice.

Many instances might be related of those who have become intellectually rich simply by gathering up the "gold-dust of time"—the spare minutes. They are too valuable to waste in idleness or in worthless reading.

For the purpose of helping young people to select and master the best books, the Missionary Volunteer Department has, for the past four years, conducted

Reading Courses through the INSTRUCTOR. Hundreds of busy persons have found that the books in either course can be read during spare minutes. For this reason the membership is generally known as the "Spare Minute Circle." It will be abundantly worth your while to join this circle. All its members are busy persons, but they have learned how to save the "gold-dust," and they are finding it a valuable investment. Send in your name for enrolment.

CARRIE R. MOON.

Study at Home

"There's a Way"

RECENTLY a student in our Correspondence School, a teacher himself, summed up in a letter to a friend what seemed to him the advantages of study by correspondence, as follows:—

As far as I have studied, I believe correspondence study is not without some practical advantages. More opportunity is given to master each lesson thoroughly. There are no classes to keep up with. All the time that is necessary to prepare any lesson may be given to it. The test questions bring out every point, and it is impossible to lose a single point in that way. Often the time allotted to class study is too short, and much that is important has to be neglected. Then, too, the written preparation affords opportunity for the observance of the rules of grammar and spelling. More deliberate thought can be given to the answering of every question.

The lessons come as fast as one wishes to prepare them. In fact several lessons are sent out ahead so that there need be no delay in the work. All points that are not clear may be mentioned when the lesson is sent in, and a reply is made on the lesson sheet, which is returned when corrected.

This school has its third annual opening on October 2. A calendar of full information is sent on request. Address Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C.

The World's Bibles

THE following are given as the ten bibles of the world:—

- Old Testament of the Hebrews.
- New Testament of the Christians.
- Veda of the Hindus.
- Zend-Avesta of the Parsis.
- Tripitaka, the "Triple Basket," of the Buddhists (three volumes).
- Tao-teh-king, the "Path of Virtue," of the Taoists of China.
- Adi Granth of the Sikhs.
- Koran of the Mohammedans.

Do your best and never shirk; patient be, and willing;
That's the only way to work, then your niche you're filling!
—Antony E. Anderson.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
Oldest Vegetation on Earth	3
Side-Lights on English—No. 3	4
Enthusiasm in Our Missionary Work	5
Animal Life of Cuba	8
Kindness to Animals Repaid	8
Bible Shadows (poetry)	9
God Will Hear (poetry)	11
Albert's Photograph	12
Overcoming Sin	12
Come (poetry)	16
Food Riots in Paris	16
SELECTED ARTICLES	
Will You Not Pray More?	6
Pets and Penalties	7
Mosquitoes	7
More Apples Wanted	7
Memoir of John Kapitein	9
A Mother's Guidance	11
Unselfishness and Reward	11

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1911

No. 39

Oldest Vegetation on Earth

MRS. M. A. LOPER



THE groves were God's first temples," is a familiar quotation to many who perhaps have little conception of the probable dimensions of the first forest trees that graced the earth. It is a source of gratification that a few specimens of tree growth are to be found to-day so massive in construction and so imposing in appearance as to afford a more satisfactory understanding of the nature of the great pillars of "God's first temples." The "big trees" of California are specimens of vegetable growth such as are seen in no other part of the world at the present time. They are found on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, and in only a few localities. Their appearance is grand beyond description. They afford healthful food for the imagination, while at the same time they are monuments of the Creator's handiwork,—monuments which in an especial way teach one to "look through nature up to nature's God." The magnificent columnar trunks stand perpendicularly, and are limbless to a great height, the lower limbs having fallen from time to time. The trunks are covered with a very peculiar bark, which is cinnamon brown in color, and is so soft as to be employed in the manufacture of souvenir pincushions.

The *Sequoia gigantea* (named in honor of the Cherokee chief Sequoiah) is a species of pine, bearing a cone only about two inches in length, but very symmetrical and pretty. Associated with these trees are other pines, firs, etc. They are said to be "the largest and oldest of growing things on the earth;" and it seems that no one would venture to question this statement. "Fully grown trees average a height of 275 feet, and a diameter of 25 feet. One of the most gigantic, cut down with great difficulty in 1853, was 302 feet in height and 96 feet in circumference; and after the bark was removed (which was itself nearly 18 inches thick), the diameter of the solid wood in the stump was 25 feet, six feet from the ground. This stump was used as a dancing-floor, holding forty or more persons." In massiveness these trees have no equal in the world, although the eucalyptus of Australia is said to reach a greater height. Some of the *Sequoia gigantea* are estimated to reach over 350 feet. It has been cleverly remarked that one makes several attempts to see the top of one of these trees before one's hopes are realized. The sensation is that of bending the head back

at a right angle, and at the same time attempting to focus the vision on the top of a certain tree whose height is surprisingly far extended.

The big trees, as they are familiarly known, are exceptionally free from disease. It is said that the American naturalist, Muir, "never saw a big tree that had died a natural death." Their age is lost in the mist of antiquity, but it has been reckoned that some of them are thousands of years old. And really when one stands in their majestic presence, and contrasts these gigantic growths with the familiar dwarfs of tree vegetation which commonly receive the venerable title "old," one can easily imagine that they belong to the first vegetation after the flood—four thousand years ago.

It is surely to be deplored that lumbermen and the fire king have wrought such havoc among these grand old monuments of a bygone age. So many of these giants of the forest have fallen a prey to their onslaughts, that the beauty and grandeur of nature have been sadly marred. These ponderous trees in falling are apt to become broken, and being of such mammoth proportions, dynamite has been used to split them, so that a great waste of wood has been the result. How much better to have permitted them to remain as they were, magnificent natural monuments, than to destroy



THE "CENTENNIAL STUMP"

them in this ruthless manner. Fire has damaged many of the trees still standing. Fortunately, the United States government has made certain reservations by which some of the big trees are now being preserved from further inroads of the lumber industry, and they are also being given special fire protection.

The General Grant National Park, including parts of Fresno and Tulare counties, California, has some grand, old specimens of *Sequoia gigantea*. The "General Grant" itself (a picture of a small section of which is on the first page) is of huge dimensions. Near it stands the "General Washington" and the "Lady Washington," stately companion trees; while not far distant the "General Lee" stands, apparently guarding "The Dead Monarch" of the forest. The last named is an interesting ruin, which has lain on the ground for years, evidently having fallen a victim of a forest fire. It has been burned through the entire center, and much of the exterior, also, is missing. A large portion of the top of the tree has been broken off, but the trunk which remains measures about 125 feet or more, and it is possible for a man on horse-

back to ride through this natural tunnel from end to end. Many names of visitors are to be found on this ruin, upon which also the disintegrating forces of nature are slowly, but surely, leaving their impress. No inscription tells the story of its mystic birth or the details of its tragic death. Its history as a living monarch is enshrouded in mystery. It lies to-day a forcible reminder of the limitations of man's knowledge, while mutely eloquent in honor of Him who knows all things, and who has created all things by his power.

The "Wawona," in the Mariposa Grove, is widely known because of a square cut made through its base, sufficiently large for vehicles to pass through.

About a mile from General Grant Park stands the famous "Centennial Stump," from which, it is said, a piece was cut and sent to Philadelphia to grace the Centennial Exposition of 1876. This stump measures not far from 90 feet in circumference, and is almost wholly bereft of bark. A party of tourists recently visited this stump, bringing with them over the rough mountain trail a span of horses hitched to a light wagon—a feat which was accomplished with no small difficulty. Arriving at the place of destination, the crowning success lay in getting the horses and wagon onto the top of the stump. I shall not attempt to explain all the details as to how this was finally accomplished. You may lead a horse to a stump, but you can't make him climb—until he sees fit. And it was demonstrated beyond all doubt that in getting a wagon onto a stump, it is necessary to overcome the force of gravity. But courage and perseverance came boldly to the front on this occasion, and the atmosphere seemed to be pervaded with a Napoleon-like spirit which might have been interpreted to mean: There shall be no stump. Several old maxims might have found an application, such as, "In union there is strength;" "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," etc. The accompanying unique picture shows how well the party succeeded in their efforts. The mammoth roots in the foreground evidently belong to the famous stump.

In the grand old mountains one seems especially "near to nature's heart." Here, far removed from the noisy hum of the business world, one has an unusual opportunity to contemplate the wonderful works of creation. And, as Milton has said,—

"In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God."

As the gentle summer wind sweeps over the flexible keys of the great organ of the mountain forest, one hears sublime strains of enchanting music—the music of the pines. It is truly blessed to have one's own heart so attuned to nature's praise of the great Creator, as to be in perfect harmony with the song which nature sings.

Side-Lights on English—No. 3

Our Lost Inflections

OLD English, or, to use a variant term, Anglo-Saxon, is so different from the English in use to-day that at first sight it seems like a foreign language. And, in fact, that is just the attitude a person must assume toward it who attempts to read any of the old literature in the original, as, let us say, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. He must learn a whole system of declensions for nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, as well as a rather elaborate mode of conjugation for verbs. There is no better way, perhaps, to give a

really concrete idea of just what this early English was like than to quote a specimen of it. The following is the first part of the Lord's prayer in the Anglo-Saxon of about 1000 A. D.:—

"Faeder ure, thu the eart on heofenum; si thin nama gehalgod; to—becume thin rice; geweorðe thin willa on eorðan, swa swa on heofenum."

This is the kind of language our ancestors were using before a Norman-French army came over and conquered England in 1066. It would take a volume in itself adequately to describe the structure of Anglo-Saxon. It can be barely touched upon here.

We find no less than five sets of endings for nouns, among which *a*, *e*, *o*, *u*, *an*, *as*, *ena*, *es*, and *um* are to be found. These five types are, of course, strictly end inflections. But besides these there was still another type which differed from the others in that its inflection was *internal*. This consisted in changing, not a word ending, but the vowel in the word proper. A modern example of internal reflection is *goose*, *geese*.

But gradually some of these inflections fell into disuse, while others came to do double work. So by the end of the Old English period, that is to say about 1100 A. D., only two declensions had survived. These were the ones which formed the plural in *as* and *an*.

A word must be said about verbs as well. There were two principal kinds, the weak, or regular, and the strong, or irregular. Those known as weak were conjugated by means of endings, as we conjugate our regular verbs to-day (e. g., *kill*, *killed*, *killed*); while in the case of the strong verbs that same device of mutation, or change of vowel, was resorted to (cf., our irregular verb *sing*, *sang*, *sung*).

About the most momentous event in the whole history of the language was the Norman conquest. And strange to say, its influence upon the speech was not a direct influence. It did not result in a fusion or "mixture" of two languages, as so many persist in believing. What it did do was to introduce a new language into England, or rather, it placed in power a people who spoke a different language. This was, of course, the language spoken in the north of France, whence the invaders came.

Before the Norman conquest there had been a really good Anglo-Saxon literature. But now with the influential classes all speaking French, the old homely native speech was looked upon with much less favor. No literature of any importance was written in English for about three hundred years, which is a period as long as that from Shakespeare to the present. All this time the common people went right on conversing in their native tongue, little affected by what the upper classes were doing. And just this employing of English in a colloquial rather than a literary way, accounts in large part for the leveling and finally the loss of the Old English inflections.

This leveling process can be observed in both nouns and verbs. In the nouns, practically all of those old Anglo-Saxon endings once so distinct, in both spelling and pronunciation, had, by the time Chaucer came to write, become merged into such colorless syllables as can be represented by *e*, while the strong, or irregular verbs had, many of them, become weak, or irregular. Children will often say *knowed* and *catched* for *knew* and *caught*, and that is just the way the Old English yeomen transformed hundreds of irregular verbs into regular ones during this fallow period.

For a long time no one could have told whether *es* (*s*) or *en* (*n*) — the *as* and *an* of earlier days — was to come into general use as the sign of the plural.

The forms *cyen* and *shoon* used to be found as well as *eyes* and *shoes*. But now oxen, plural of ox, is the single survival of a declension that once embraced half the nouns in the language.

In order to note the leveled inflections of the Middle English period, compare with the Anglo-Saxon specimen given on the preceding page, the same passage as it is printed in Wyclif's translation, toward the end of the fourteenth century:—

"Oure fadir that art in hevenes, halwil be thi name; thi kyngdom cumme to; be thi wille don as in heven and in erthe."

It naturally would be supposed that such a revolution in language structure as the loss of inflectional suffixes would surely produce some appreciable results. And it is a true surmising. Once the relation, one to another, of words in a sentence was indicated largely by the inflectional endings. Now it is shown rather by the order of the words, and by the use of conjunctions and prepositions.

The genius of the English language consists in its conjunctions and prepositions; and where French, for instance, runs more to point and piquancy of style, English tends to be copious and full. It is easy to be diffuse in English; it is hard to be epigrammatic.

GURNIE K. YOUNG.

Enthusiasm in Our Missionary Work

DR. A. T. PIERSON, late editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, is recognized to have been a power almost unequaled in his work for foreign missions. Certain convictions which he had, and principles upon which he built, are those we can well afford to make ours in our missionary endeavors in connection with the third angel's message.

Of him Robert E. Speer, writing in the *Missionary Review*, says:—

"He early perceived that an English gospel can not save England or a single Englishman, that the only gospel which is adequate to every local need is the universal gospel, and that the sooner and the more fully we offer it to every creature, the richer and more massive will be its appeal and its ministry to each creature. A gospel which is as busy saving China as it is in saving Scotland will the sooner and more effectively save both. He saw this, and his evangelistic message, which was ever fresh and effective, was indissolubly bound to his missionary message. And conversely, he realized that the gospel which is to be able to cross wide seas and make an impact on heathen lands, must have an enormous momentum which can only be given to it at home, and which must be given to it here, if it is not to arrive with spent vitality.

"In the second place, Dr. Pierson was one of the first to bring back into the missionary idea the conception of immediacy. The early church felt the pressure of this conception in full power. It was looking and hoping for the second coming of Christ, and that great expectation filled it with the earnestness and eagerness and intensity which came from its conviction that its enterprise was practicable, and that it might and must make ready for the coming of the Son of man. Dr. Pierson held in this regard the apostolic expectation. He did not fix the time of our Lord's return, just as the New Testament writers

did not, but he knew that the Christian's proper attitude, if he is to be faithful to his Lord, is the attitude of vigilant preparedness. . . .

"The Crisis of Missions' was the book in which Dr. Pierson put his appeal—crisp, sharp, arousing. Hundreds of present-day advocates of missions got their first inspiration from that book. Some mission boards distributed it gratuitously to all ministers of their denominations who would promise to preach sermons on it. There are many situations which are called 'crises' which turn out very ordinary, and there are situations carelessly passed over by the church which are real crises; but the world conditions which were beginning when Dr. Pierson wrote this little book, and the new missionary call which was presented to the church, did truly constitute a crisis, and this trumpet blast helped as much as any single influence to awaken the church to realize the significance of the new day.

"A third great missionary service rendered by Dr. Pierson was his part in the creation of a new type of missionary apologetic [proofs in defense of Christianity]. He was one of a little group, of which no one accomplished more than he, which produced a new sort of missionary literature. This new type laid as much emphasis as the old upon Scripture principles and the general grounds of appeal, but it was marked by a *tingle*, a *warmth*, a *penetration*, an imagination which were new, and it was filled with incident and anecdote and fact. It ranged the whole world of life and all literature for its material, and it fused all the material into a red and contagious glow."

"In work with his pen Dr. Pierson probably did more than any other one person to popularize missionary information and appeal."

Lessons for Our Missionary Volunteers

1. The gospel to the world before work is closed.
2. The fact that we believe and know Christ's coming is very near, should give energy and unbounded enthusiasm to our missionary work.
3. In these days when God is giving us evidence on every hand that even the smallest effort in bringing the truth to others is effective, let us warm our testimonies and appeals, and make them "tingle" and penetrate with "incident," "anecdote," and "fact" which will inspire those who hear, and encourage all in enthusiastic missionary service.

J. R. FERREN,

Missionary Sec. Pacific Union Conf.

Reminders

THERE is a vast difference between doing a thing, and merely talking about doing it and expecting to do it.

The individual who actually does things, spends little time in expecting to do, but enters immediately upon the work to be done.

One great reason why many accomplish so little is because their expectations are nearly always followed by procrastinations. Their intentions are good, but these good intentions too often remain unexecuted.

If all the good intentions of men and women had been carried out for the betterment of humanity, how much better might have been the world's condition to-day!

It is the actual doer of good deeds, not the visionary intender, that has been of real value to the world and a blessing to humanity.

J. W. LOWE.

Will You Not Pray More?

Open Up the Avenues



MAN'S best life is dependent upon uninterrupted communion with its source—God. He who neglects regular prayer and Bible study is like a town whose telegraph- and telephone-wires are down, and whose railroads and other means of communication are cut off. A disused Bible is a wire down. Neglected prayer is a blockade on the main highway. The hurry and rush of secular life that preclude daily intercourse with God, are a Chinese wall of exclusion from God. Open up the avenues of communication.

On Your Knees

"I remember some years ago," wrote a great Scotchman, "climbing Weisshorn, above the Zermatt Valley, with two guides. There had been a series of severe storm, and ours was the first ascent for some weeks; consequently, we had a great deal of step cutting to do. We had left the cabin at two in the morning, and it was nearly nine before we reached the summit, which consisted, as on so many peaks of the Alps, of splintered rocks protruding from the snow. My leading guide stood aside to let me be first on the top. And I, with the long labor of the climb over, and exhilarated by the thought of the great view awaiting me, but forgetful of the high gale that was blowing on the other side of the rocks, sprang eagerly up them, and stood erect to see the view. The guide pulled me down. 'On your knees, sir; you are not safe there, except on your knees.'"

Neither are we safe anywhere in the world, unless we spend much time on our knees. We are told that Jesus "kneeled down, and prayed." If he found it profitable to wait upon his Heavenly Father, how much more should we spend time before him!—*Selected.*

"On the Same Terms"

Prof. Johann Albrecht Bengel was a teacher in the seminary in Denkendorf, Germany, in the eighteenth century. "He united profound reverence for the Bible with an acuteness which let nothing escape him." The seminary students used to wonder at the great intellectuality, the great humility and Christliness, which blended their beauty in him.

One night one of them, eager to learn the secret of his holy life, slipped up into the professor's apartments while he was lecturing in the city, and hid himself behind the heavy curtains in the deep recess of the old-fashioned window. Quite awhile he waited, until he grew tired, and thought of how weary his teacher must be with his long day's work in the classroom and the city. At length he heard the step in the hall, and waited breathlessly to learn the coveted secret. The man came in, changed his shoes for slippers, and, sitting down at the study table, opened the well-thumbed German Bible, and began reading leisurely page after page. A half-hour he read, three quarters of an hour, an hour, and more yet. Then leaning his head down on his hands for a few minutes in silence, he said in the simplest, most familiar way: "Well, Lord Jesus, we're on the same old terms. Good night."

Live like that. Begin the day with a bit of time alone, a good-morning talk with Him. And as the day goes on in its busy round, sometimes put out your hand to him and under your breath say, "Let's keep

on good terms, Lord Jesus." And then when evening comes, go off alone with him for a quiet look into his face and a good-night talk, and say, with reverent familiarity: "Good night, Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms, you and I; good night." Ah! such a life will be fairly fragrant with the presence of God.—*Epworth Herald.*

The Greatest Sin

Prayer is the greatest force that we can wield. It is the greatest talent which God has given us. He has given it to every person. There is a democracy in this matter. We may differ among ourselves as to our wealth, as to our social position, as to our educational equipment, as to our native ability, as to our inherited characteristics; but in this matter of exercising the greatest force that is at work in the world today, we are on the same footing. It is possible for the most obscure person, if his heart is right toward God, to exercise as much power for the evangelization of this world as it is for those who stand in the most prominent positions. Therefore, is not the greatest sin which we can commit the sin of omitting prayer? Think of the blessing that we are withholding, not only from ourselves, but also from our colleges, from our missionaries, from the distant mission fields. What right have we to leave unappropriated or unapplied the greatest force which God has ordained for the salvation and transformation of men, and for the inauguration and energizing of Christian movements? May the wish of Spurgeon be ours,—the wish that there might be five hundred Elijahs, each one upon his Mt. Carmel, making incessant mention of the mission cause in prayer. Then that little cloud, which is a little larger than a man's hand, would spread and spread until it darkened the heavens, and the windows above would open, and the showers would come down upon this thirsty earth.—*John R. Mott.*

Secret Prayer

Go, when the morning shineth;
Go, when the noon is bright;
Go, when the day declineth;
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling;
Fling earthly care away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis here denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should haply thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent pleading
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach the throne of glory,
Where is mercy, truth, and love.

O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare;
The power that He has given us
To pour out souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gives thee all.

—*Selected.*



Pets and Penalties

IT is always with fear and trembling that one strikes the note of warning against the dangers that menace through the family pet; but now and then it has to be done, and all the more because of the fact that the dearer the pet, the greater the danger. It is hard to prove to persons who adore their cats, that this lovable, hugable, kissable animal can be, and often is, a carrier of the worst kind of disease germs. They say, "Why *our* cat is the daintiest, cleanest thing in the world. She washes herself *all the time*"—and it is quite true she does, only unfortunately she has no knowledge of the germ theory; and those fastidious passes of hers over the surface of her fur, although very satisfying to her own sense of cleanliness, have no effect whatever on the microbes she may be unconsciously harboring.

The germs of nearly all the epidemic and local diseases flourish upon the family cat, although the animal itself may not be subject. In some cases it can both spread the disease and have it itself; diphtheria is a case in point. The thick fur, so tempting to stroke, can hold the germs of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, or smallpox. Besides these and many others, ringworm and tape-worm can be spread in this way, as well as other forms of skin disorders.

It is dreadful to reflect how often a convalescing child is given the family cat to keep it company in its exile from its playmates, and then, when the animal is turned loose in the house without being boiled first, people are quite astonished that the influenza should spread throughout the entire family—after all their care.—*Youth's Companion*.

Mosquitoes

So much has been written and said in the past ten or twelve years about mosquitoes and their malign agency in the spread of certain diseases, that it seems that there is little left to be said. That would be true if people only received all that was told them and acted upon the knowledge so acquired. But although we know how to exterminate mosquitoes, or at least to diminish materially their numbers, it is only recently and here and there, that any steps have been taken to fight them, and this in spite of the enormous discomfort and misery they cause, to say nothing of their pernicious activity in perpetuating malaria.

There are many varieties of mosquitoes, but only three kinds that concern us in this country very deeply. These varieties are distinguished as belonging to the genera *Culex*, *Anopheles*, and *Stegomyia*.

The first named includes the ordinary biting mosquito of temperate climates. It is suspected, and with some good reason, of spreading dengue, or "break-bone" fever, a distressing disease occurring in epidemics in the Southern States.

The mosquitoes of the second class are the greatest enemy man has among the gnats, for they convey the germs of malaria, and it is probable that without them

this disease would cease to exist. The third genus embraces the yellow fever mosquitoes. By destroying them in large numbers, and preventing the survivors from biting persons sick with yellow fever, this disease has been driven out of Havana, Panama, and Rio de Janeiro. The mosquitoes exist, however, in great numbers in the southern part of our country; and so long as they do, and so long as yellow fever exists in the coast towns of Mexico and Central America, just so long are we liable to recurrences of epidemics of the disease in places bordering on the Gulf of Mexico.

Mosquitoes lay their eggs in stagnant water, so their extermination is theoretically easy—do away with mud-holes, swamps, and stagnant pools. Practically, however, the affair is not so simple, for it involves the drainage of swamps, the stocking of ponds with the fish which feed on mosquito eggs, the clearing away of weeds and bushes from the borders of ponds and streams, the screening of cisterns and tanks, the covering with a film of oil the pools which can not be drained, and many other troublesome measures. The reward, however, is great, as some communities in which a mosquito campaign has been waged, know to their joy. Fortunately, mosquitoes do not travel far; and a public-spirited community which has rid itself of the mosquito pest has little to apprehend from its lazy neighbor a few miles away.—*Youth's Companion*.

To September

A TENDER mist weaves graceful lines
Where meadows silent lie;
A purplish haze the hill entwines,
And mingles with the sky.

A fluffy cloud or so, floats o'er
The sky so bluely clear;
Sweet month! we almost love thee more
Than the remaining year!

—Agnes M. Choate.

More Apples Wanted

APPLES is a spicy topic at this time of the year. One of the best authorities on the subject tells us that there are not apples enough grown, even in the best years, to meet the increasing export demand, and then go around among the boys and girls of the United States. Every country home-owner should plant this fall at least ten apple-trees, and then he should consider them as special pets, taking care of his trees on scientific principles; that is, he should feed them well, trim them well, spray them thoroughly, thin his fruit wisely, pick it carefully, and barrel it honestly. In the apple belt of the States our population must be about fifty-five millions, for this belt reaches all the way from Canada down into the Gulf States. We should like to see an enthusiasm awakened that would plant an apple-tree for every unit of these millions. Nothing will pay better nor pay faster, if the orchard or even the single tree is dealt fairly by. Each tree at eight years of age should yield ten dollars' worth of fruit annually. At twelve years of age the same tree, if not smashed with ladders, or allowed to run to suckers, will bring the family double that amount of fruit. Orchards are plentiful which yield eight barrels of well-graded fruit to the tree, worth between thirty and forty dollars in any good market. Here is the easiest, the choicest, and the most wholesome of all crops, a specially Yankee fruit, for nowhere else in the world does the apple thrive as it does in America. Let us have an apple craze.—*The Independent*.



A Dog That Swam Guard

SHEP was a black-and-tan Scotch collie. One day he went with the family and some friends to the little stream just below our camp-grounds. The children were going bathing, and Shep was very fond of the water. So he swam back and forth in the stream just at the edge of the swift current, and would not allow the children to get into the swift water.

This was commented on by the older persons, but a skeptical lad said it was not so. Then, to show he was right, he went out to the swift water and tried to get past Shep. This he could not do. Shep, however, in his efforts to keep the lad back, got into the swift current and was swept down the stream; but he soon returned and took his old station, where he continued to swim guard over the children as before.—*Selected.*

Animal Life of Cuba

THERE are estimated to be two hundred varieties of birds on the island of Cuba, and among them is the bob-white. These birds are quite numerous, but I have never known one to be killed by either an American or a Cuban, though the Cubans are great flesh-eaters. I can not say that the bob-white is non-destructive, for these birds preyed quite heavily upon my peas, beans, and tomatoes last winter; but perhaps they repaid the damage by destroying crickets, which are very frequently a nuisance in young gardens.

The only other birds I have seen here with which I was acquainted in the States are the mocking-bird, the bee-martin, the meadow-lark, the red-headed woodpecker, and the blackbird. The latter grow so tame that they come to the kitchen door in search of food.

There is a great variety of small birds. Many of them are very beautiful, but they are timid, and to see them to advantage one must go back among the hills. The mocking-bird is the best singer here.

As to wild animals, I have yet learned of but two. One very much resembles the common rat, but grows to be as large as a small coon. There is nothing that preys upon poultry. Deer are quite numerous in the mountains, and the Cubans kill many during the hunting season. It seems strange never to see a rabbit or squirrel.

There are no poisonous reptiles, it is said, in Cuba, and thus far I have not seen any. There are sev-

eral kinds of snakes, all of which are harmless, although some of them eat eggs and small chickens. The largest is the naja, which attains a length of ten feet, and is marked very much like the rattlesnake.

Of the poisonous insects, we have the centipede, which is very scarce; the tarantula; and the stinging scorpion, the sting of which, though not fatal, is very painful. Altogether, I think we have less annoyance from reptiles here than in the States.

L. W. FELTER.

Kindness to Animals Repaid

IN the eastern part of Alberta lives a man whose name is very likely Christian, though the neighbors call him Chris. Time has not dealt kindly with him, for a severe sickness has robbed him of the free use of speech, so he is hard to understand.

For this and other reasons, Chris settled on a homestead, his only companion being a cow which he called Bess. Chris and Bess are good friends. After a hard day's work in the field, Bess supplies him with an abundance of fresh, sweet milk, for which she in return receives kind treatment and good care.

One day Chris was working in the field, removing large rocks to clear the way for the breaking-plow. While digging around one weighing a ton, it slid down onto him, crushing his legs and pinning him to the ground. Loud and long he cried for help, but no one heard him, as neighbors were over a mile away; and he soon realized that he was in this terrible condition all alone. Did I say alone? No, Bess was there, and she heard him and came to him. But Bess was only a cow and could not remove the stone. However, she did what she could; she could low, and low she did, going all around the field, until the neighbors heard her and came to see what the matter was. Coming to her, they heard Chris. With shovels and spades they set him free.

Bess receives, if possible, kinder treatment than ever before.

J. H. SCHMIDT.



THIS BOY WAS NOT A MEMBER OF
THE BAND OF MERCY

The Big Dog's Standard

A BIG dog once taught Professor Dager a lesson. He had taken long walks through the country, and this dog had gone with him, and easily jumped from bank to bank of a deep gully they crossed; but on this particular day the dog refused to cross in this way. Instead, he ran a quarter of a mile to a spot where he could go down to a path, then up on the other side, and back to Professor Dager. What do you suppose was the reason for this? There was a little dog with him this time, and he knew that if he jumped across, the little dog would try it and fall in. So he took the trouble to go that long way around for the sake of his small companion. Lesson: Willingly sacrifice one's own comfort for others.—*Teachers' Guide.*



Bible Shadows

[The name of the one who sends in the first correct list of persons referred to in the following poem will be given in the INSTRUCTOR.]

ONE to the stately cedars said,
"Am I your king indeed?
Then in my shadow come and hide,
And trust me in your need."

One said, "Behold! an army comes —
A host I can not count."
Another answered, "Thou but seest
The shadows of the mount."

That one might know the Lord had heard,
And healed him of disease,
The shadow on the dial cast
Went backward ten degrees.

Outside a city's eastern wall
One sat displeased and sad,
Distressed that God was merciful:
A shadow made him glad.

The sick were laid along the street,
That they at least might lie
Beneath the healing influence of
A shadow passing by.

And one there is, through storm and calm
And all that life may bring,
Bids us to come and trust beneath
The shadow of his wing.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Memoir of John Kapitein

A Converted African Chief Who Was Killed by a Lion



JOHN KAPITEIN, the subject of the following narrative, was captain of a clan of Corannas, in South Africa, and traced the line of his ancestors to that remote period when they held possession of the country about Capetown. Through various causes, some of the progenitors of the Hottentot and the Coranna tribes retired from the seashore, and one part took the route up the Orange River with their captain, whose name was Cara, from whom all the various clans of this tribe were subsequently denominated Corannas, and from whom John Kapitein was not a very distant descendant.

From the Orange River they moved farther into the interior, until they settled on the banks of what is called the Hart River. When John Kapitein was quite a youth, missionaries of the London Missionary Society endeavored to found a station among his father's clan, and supported among them for years a native teacher or assistant. At this time young John attended the school for instruction; but before he became properly acquainted with the alphabet, the whole tribe was obliged to flee from its residence by the invasion of an enemy, and was scattered over the country; consequently, the teacher was left without people, and this favorable opportunity of instructing men came to an end. However, it is worthy of remark, and a matter of encouragement, that the labor already bestowed was not in vain. The seed sown did not die; it lay concealed in many a heart, and needed only

to be watered by the means of grace, and warmed by the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, to cause it to bring forth fruit to God's glory.

Among those who never totally lost these early impressions, was the subject of this narrative; but being surrounded with darkness the most gross, he fell into many vices. Yet his former impressions were not totally erased; conscience was not completely seared as with a hot iron, but strove to do its office. He afterward often said that he was a miserable man, for he knew there was a judgment to come.

His father having died, the government of the people devolved upon him. He remained in a state of comparative ignorance as to his soul's salvation until the year 1831, when the place of his residence was visited by a missionary who resided in another part of South Africa. The Word of God was then made the means of awakening several to a knowledge of their sinful state, among which number was John. He was led to seek the Lord with "full purpose of heart," until he was brought to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." In his name, and through faith in his blood, John found salvation, and was enabled to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Many others "witnessed a good confession." They had prayer-meetings established among themselves, and meetings for spiritual conversation, from which John never absented himself, except in cases of indisposition. With joy does the missionary remember the period when the woods and the valleys resounded with the prayers of these sincere worshippers of the God of Israel.

John now became very earnest in his entreaties for a missionary to reside among his people. In 1833 Mr. Jenkins was appointed to establish a station among the Corannas, but the part where they resided was so barren that it was unfit for a mission station. John therefore started, with his missionary and his people, in quest of a better country. After traveling far and seeking diligently, the country which they now occupy was found. It highly gratified him, and he said, "Now I can sit still, and hear the Word of God."

Not being content to eat his spiritual morsel alone, he made every preparation for the purchase of a tract of country for himself and his people, and hastened to remove those who had stayed behind in the old barren country. After an absence of three months, he returned with a large party. Still, he had to contend with many difficulties from his people, in the midst of which he showed a remarkable degree of Christian fortitude and perseverance.

In the absence of the missionary to Graham's Town, John, at the solicitation of some of his people, left the station and removed a short distance from it. In the month of June, 1834, he, with his people, started off on a hunting expedition, to procure some elands, the flesh of which is used by them for food, and the skin for shoe soles, also for barter. As they were traveling one day at a considerable distance from the mission station, they came just before sunset to some

old cattle-folds, which they thought was a suitable place to unpack their oxen and tarry for the night.

Upon reaching the place they saw an enormous lion, which they determined to despatch, knowing that if he were to remain there during the night unmolested, their lives would be in danger; and as it was nearly dark, and in a strange country, they knew not when they should get such a favorable spot as the present for a sleeping-place.

Accordingly, John and a number of his people, armed with guns, mounted their horses, and approached the animal. John, who was always noted for more than ordinary courage, dismounted, and gave the reins of his bridle to his brother Jacob, who with the others sat still on their horses. He fired at the lion, but missed him; immediately the animal made a bound toward him. His brother Jacob, seeing that, said, "Spring upon your horse; he is coming on." Before John could get fairly mounted, the lion sprang upon the horse, fastening his left paw on the thigh of the docile animal, and his right paw on the saddle. Immediately the horse gave a tremendous kick, and extricated himself from the hold of the lion, but precipitated John to the ground. The lion seized John's powder-horn, which according to native custom, was buckled around the loins, and attempted to grasp John's head, but he defended himself with his left arm, the sinews and arteries of which were bitten through by the tremendous grasp of the lion; his hat lay in one place, and his gun in another.

Jacob could afford no assistance, for his horse ran away with him at the sight of the animal; the other part of the company made off, being intimidated at the first approach of the lion; and had it not been for the conduct of an intrepid youth, who ran to John's assistance, and on whose approach the lion left, he would in all probabilities have been torn to pieces on the spot.

As soon as he was a little recovered, he expressed his conviction that he had received a death-wound. He much lamented having left the station, and spoke of his determination to return, if spared, and to cleave more closely to the Word of life. No medical aid was near; he had to subsist wholly on animal food; and being exposed to a very severe frost, with his wounds, a mortification took place which ended his earthly career. The report of the accident was not brought to any of the mission stations until too late for help to be afforded. He was not permitted to see his family, for whom he had an unusual attachment; but died and was buried in the wilderness.

A pious uncle of his, being one of the company, frequently interrogated him as to the state of his soul at the approach of death, and his answers were most satisfactory. The same uncle states that "from the time of the accident to that of his death, he gave himself wholly to prayer." His firm and constant reliance was on the blood of the atonement; and his last words were, "All is peace; all is peace; all is peace."

John Kapitein was about thirty-three years of age, active and brave and of a kind disposition. After he had tasted the pardoning love of God, its effects were seen in his conduct; he was affectionate to his missionary, conscientious in regard to the Sabbath, opposed to everything immoral, regular in family prayer; he was constant in devotional exercises, and was never absent from the public means of grace, except through illness.

Thus lived and thus died John Kapitein, a converted

Coranna, the fruit of missionary labor, and a crown of rejoicing to the friends of missions.

The ways of Providence are always wise, but they are frequently to us very mysterious. John Kapitein was one whose life appeared in every respect most consistent; he was a renewed man, being an honor to Christianity among a heathen people; he was a chief, having great influence over a large tribe, and exerting his influence in favor of Christianity; he was young, and in the ordinary course of events, might have been expected to live many years,—a stay to the mission, an example to his people, and a blessing to that part of Africa in which he resided. But God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and it becomes us to bow with submissive resignation to the counsels of his wisdom.

It is encouraging to be acquainted with such instances of missionary success as that now recorded. The ending of John's life was indeed afflictive; but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. Many African hunters have shared a similar fate; they are unavoidably exposed to great danger; but how few have been able to say, when expiring in consequence of their wounds, "All is peace; all is peace"! This is the triumph of Christianity.

This narrative illustrates the character of the people and the nature of the country visited by missionaries. The desultory habits of a tribe of hunters are very unfavorable to Christian instruction and conversion to God; and yet, with these disadvantages, the gospel has prevailed. It is suited to the Jew and to the Greek, the barbarian and the Scythian, the bond and the free. However unfavorable the mode of life of any people may be, the gospel can reach them; and it is the duty of the Christian church to send it. At the same time, our sympathies and prayers should follow those who go as our representatives to heathen tribes. Let us not forget their difficulties, trials, discouragements, and dangers. Let them have our prayers and our support; and let us labor for the increase of their number, until every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue shall have heard the gospel; and the Son shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.—*Selected.*

Why Not Afraid?

THE wife of a naval officer was sitting in the cabin near him during a dreadful storm. She was filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, and was so surprised at her husband's serenity that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible for you to be so calm in such a terrible storm?" Rising from his chair, he drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed: "Are you not afraid of that sword?" She instantly answered, "No." "Why?" asked the officer. "Because I know it is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember I know whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in his grasp, and the waters in the hollow of his hands."—*The Expositor.*

"THE path of the righteous man, instead of lying in the same direction with that of the sinful, usually lies in the opposite direction; and it is sometimes necessary that he tread this path alone."

THOSE who bring sunshine into the lives of others, can not keep it from themselves.—*J. M. Barrie.*



A Mother's Guidance

A STORY is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore, they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it, and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices, and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept, he surrendered himself to God, and asked him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."—*Selected.*

Unselfishness and the Reward

At a summer resort recently, first as an onlooker and later more intimately (for I was privileged to become one of her friends), I found the key-note of one girl's popularity. In the group in which I first beheld her, she was noticeably different from others only by her extremely plain clothes and homely visage. I found my eyes reverting to her, not that she radiated that indescribable quality, personal magnetism, but that such deference should be paid her by the clique of which she seemed the center. "Surely," I speculated, "she must be some one of distinction."

Suddenly she separated herself from the group on the lawn after many protestations on their part, and came up on the hotel porch. Not ten feet away sat an eighty-year-old man, not one of the saintly, lovable kind that draws youth through reverence or pity, but a veritable old hypochondriac.

"Mr. H—," the girl addressed him, "I'm ready to play that game with you."

For two hours she played game after game of checkers, letting him win, but so tactfully he never suspected. Later she came out and introduced herself to me and several others of the newcomers. In the two weeks that followed, I learned to know much of

her and her friends. In her special circle, though she didn't confine herself to them alone, and with the others in the hotel, she was always the one in demand. When there weren't boys enough to go round, she always managed that the other girls were supplied, and she tagged on to some married couple, much to the discomfort of the disposed-of boys and much to the joy of the married folks.

This girl was homely. She wore plain clothes. She had no parlor accomplishments, and she worked the year through in an office with only two weeks in the summer for vacation. But she had to a supreme degree the beautiful qualities of generosity, tact, and unselfishness.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Sin's Inflammability

ONE Fourth of July—I shall never forget it—I dropped a little gasoline on the cellar floor. Some time afterward I thought the best way to get rid of it would be to set it on fire. I put a match to the place where I had spilled the liquid, and in a flash a space ten feet in diameter was ablaze, and a disastrous fire was narrowly averted. In my absence the volatile fluid had spread rapidly. Sin, no matter how small at the beginning, will spread and spread until, with all our scheming, we are not able to keep the knowledge of it within ourselves.—*David S. Fry.*

God Will Hear

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seeds of truth,
Yearning for the souls of sinners,
Dedicating self and youth,
Shall as surely reap the harvest
As the sower in the field,
And within the heavenly garner
Find at last the precious yield.¹

He that prayeth, importuning
Tirelessly for souls unsaved,
Trusting God, may claim the promise²
Which his love in mercy gave.
Though the mountains rise before him,
Human reason bids him faint,
Faith unlocks the doors of heaven;
God will hear his waiting saints.

He that doeth simple duties
In the Saviour's precious name,
In each humble task rejoicing,
Shall not find his labor vain.
All his ways shall be directed,³
For there's nothing small to heaven,
And a wider sphere of action
To the faithful shall be given.⁴

¹ Ps. 126:6; Gal. 6:9. ² 1 John 5:14-16. ³ Prov. 3:6; Col. 3:17. ⁴ Matt. 24:45-47.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BUCHHEIM.

Sin Exposed

"TAKE these beans," said father, handing me a bucket containing about a half gallon, "and go drop them, one in a hill, where Charles is planting corn, above the mill. You may go fishing when you are through." Just the thing I wanted—to go fishing.

I started off one bean in a hill, but the amount in my bucket seemed to go down so slowly. I did not want to be dishonest, but I began to drop two or three every few hills, thinking that would be considered accidental. Somehow I kept increasing the number, until I dropped small handfuls.

The beans soon gave out, and off to the river I went. The fish bit all right, and so did the gnats. The latter spoiled the pleasure of fishing, so to the house I went long before night.

I think father knew what I had done, but he said nothing.

I dreaded the time when the beans would come up. I hoped to be able secretly to destroy them. But to destroy them without detection was impossible.

At last the dreaded day came. Father asked me to walk with him over to the field above the mill, and see how the corn and beans were looking. As we walked through the field, father would say every few steps, "Your beans have come up well." At length he stopped and stood still where the beans were the thickest. I could stand it no longer, and burst into tears. Father stepped up, put his arm around me, and we knelt together. What a prayer father prayed! —R. S. Satterfield.

God's Care in Japan

A JAPANESE police officer had two little daughters who were extremely timid. One evening after the servants had gone out, he wished to have a message delivered at a house about a quarter of a mile away. He could not leave to deliver it himself, and was much disturbed because he could find no one to carry it. He was greatly surprised when the little girls offered to take it; but, thinking it would do them good to conquer their timidity, allowed them to go. They set out fearlessly, hand in hand. When they returned, their father looked at them curiously, and asked, "Were you not afraid?" "O, no!" they replied; "at the mission school the teacher said God would take care of us whenever we asked him; so before we started, we went up-stairs and asked him not to let any one hurt us, and then we just trusted him, and there was nothing to be afraid of." The father decided that a religion that could make his little girls so brave was worth knowing about; and, as a result of his inquiries, he became an earnest Christian.—*Selected.*

"Albert's Photograph"

"PAPA, Willie Morris has had his photograph taken. I do want to have mine. Please let me. Wouldn't you and mama like to have one of me, papa?" eagerly coaxed Albert one evening, as he ran to the door to meet his father.

"But I have many photographs of you, Albert; in fact, every day I take one with me to town. I take a different one each time. Sometimes it is a very nice one, sometimes it is very ugly, but the photographs are all very much like my little boy."

"O papa! are you making fun? Why, I never had my photograph taken," said Albert, his eyes staring wide with surprise.

"Ah, yes, you have; for I take one of you though you don't know it, every morning when I go to town," said his father, as he hung his hat on the peg in the hall; then sitting down in a chair, he drew the perplexed little boy to him. "This morning, when I started from home to go to my work, I took a photograph of you, and put it in my pocket. I took it, not with a camera, but with my eyes, and the pocket I put it in was not in my coat, but I put it in the pocket called memory, which I carry in my head, and I have kept that photograph there all day."

"Shall I tell you what the photograph I have carried about with me all day was like—the one I took this morning of my little boy?" asked the father, softly, as he drew him closer to his knee.

"Please do, papa," Albert whispered, very low.

"It was a dark, ugly photograph. There was a frown on his brow, and an angry light in his eyes, and his mouth was shut up very tight indeed, so tight that he could not open it to say 'good-by' to father, and all because he wasn't allowed to go out to the garden to play ball before breakfast when it was raining; so he let father go away with a very ugly photograph of Albert to look at all day, instead of the bright, pleasant one he might have had."

Albert's head hung so low it seemed as if he never could look up again.

"I don't know what kind of photograph mother took of you when you were going to school. I hope it was nicer than mine; and I know she wants a nicer one left with her every day while you are at school, just as badly as I want one to take to town. Will my boy try not to give us ugly ones any more?"

Albert looked up now and flung his arms around his father's neck, and though there were tear-drops just beginning to roll down his rosy cheeks, father thought it was a sweet, pleasant "photograph" indeed which whispered, "I'll try, papa."

ARTHUR V. FOX.

Overcoming Sin

By nature the heart of man is wicked; the wages of sin is death; and the overcoming of sin is life eternal; therefore, our chief business in this life should be the gaining of victory over sin. Not for a moment can we afford to neglect this all-important work. Day by day and moment by moment we must watch and pray that we yield not to the tempter's wiles.

We are living in an age when Satan and his helpers are busily engaged in tempting and overcoming the youth who have a desire to enter the eternal home. In every way possible he seeks to draw the mind from the source of all power which enables weak humanity to resist sin.

Although the temptation is fierce and strong, through the grace of God it is possible to gain the victory just as often as we are tempted. Defeat should never find an entrance into the Christian's experience. The promise is given, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Why be defeated, cast down, when it is our privilege to cry to God and get deliverance, and assert our moral independence of Satan's rule? Why make the serious mistake, when we stand face to face with the enemy, of forgetting God, our helper, and yielding to the tempter's enticements? Our Father is just as able to give us the victory over the temptation as he is to help us out of the pit and set our feet once more upon higher ground after being defeated.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Shall we not believe the promise, and sing the song of victory from this time forth?

In order to gain the victory over sin it must be met at the point of contact. Just when the temptation confronts us, at the very moment that sin invites us to indulgence, at that particular moment let us cry to God for deliverance, and by his power gain the mastery over the evil thing. F. A. ZAPPE.

Suggestions Gathered Here and There

FLATIRON VERSUS PINS.—Take a hot iron and smooth over your tissue-paper pattern on the cloth to be cut. It will cling to the goods, doing away with the use of pins.

WHEN CLEANING SPOTS.—Take the garment that is to be cleaned, and if there are spots on it, run a thread around them so as to be able to find them easily after the garment is wet and the spots are not apparent.

TO WATER A HANGING PLANT.—Place a small funnel in the center of the basket, leaving the cup part above the soil, but hidden by the foliage. Fill this with water daily. The water will soak into the soil gradually and will not run through onto the floor below, spoiling carpets and waxed floors.

TO MEND ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULBS.—Electric bulbs can be easily mended if only one and sometimes two wires are broken. Attach the bulb to a drop light, turn on the electricity and place the bulb between you and the light. Then gently shake back and forth; the motion will cause the wires to meet, and the current will weld them together.

TO SEAL JELLY GLASSES.—When making jelly, shave the paraffin and put a few shavings into each glass before pouring in hot jelly. As the latter cools, the paraffin, which is melted, rises to the top, forcing all the air out. When cold, the glasses are sealed with a thin sheet of wax, and are air-tight. This is a more economical and practical way than the old way, and once tried will always be used.

TO KEEP BUTTER HARD WITHOUT ICE.—It is not absolutely necessary to keep butter on ice to keep it hard in hot weather. Procure a clean, new flower-pot, and soak in cold water half an hour. Put your butter on a plate in a rather high pile, and turn the flower-pot over it. Cover with a clean cloth thoroughly wet, and put in the coolest place you have. A larger quantity of butter may be kept by using a very large-size flower-pot. Keep the cloth always wet. Milk and eggs may be kept in the same way if desired.

A HARD-WOOD FLOOR POLISHER.—A device for polishing hard-wood floors may easily be made at home. Procure a wooden box, stretch several thicknesses of flannel or carpet over the bottom and well up onto the sides, where it should be smoothly tacked. On two sides of the box nail stout strips of wood about a yard long, and join them at the upper end by a shorter cross-piece (so that the handle will resemble that of a baby carriage). Now place two or four paving-bricks (according to the size of your box) inside the box, and the floor polisher is complete and ready for use.

TO TEST BUTTER AT HOME.—A simple household test which distinguishes between genuine butter on the one hand and renovated butter and oleomargarine on the other, is commonly known as the spoon test. It may be conducted in the kitchen as follows: Place in a tablespoon a piece of butter the size of an ordinary chestnut, heat over a flame, stirring (with a match) until melted, then boil briskly. Oleomargarine and renovated butter boil noisily, sputtering more or less like a mixture of grease and water when boiled, and produce little or no foam. Genuine butter boils quietly and produces an abundance of foam. If the reader desires to test further, and distinguish oleomargarine from renovated butter, he should send for and read carefully Farmers' Bulletin No. 131, United States Department of Agriculture.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Study for Sabbath, October 14

The Privilege of Prayer

LEADER'S NOTE.—Strive to impress all with the fact that prayer is an absolute necessity to the Christian, as well as a privilege. Be sure that the Bible reading is well given, and that no part of the program drags.

To guide in making selections from "Steps to Christ," this plan might be used: Find answers in the chapter on "The Privilege of Prayer" to these statements often heard from the lips of the inexperienced: "I do not feel that the Lord hears my prayers." "My prayers are never answered." "I am afraid to pray." "I have no opportunity to pray." "The Lord knows my heart, and I do not need to pray." "I ask in his name, but do not receive."

Find also brief statements explaining the following points: The relation of faith to prayer. The effect of prayer upon the one who prays. The strength in secret prayer for overcoming sin. The value of prayer in bringing us into harmony with God. The effect of our prayers when we cling to known sin. Our attitude toward others affects our prayers. The necessity of perseverance in prayer. The power of prevailing prayer. Why not let two individuals give this exercise as a responsive reading? Let one read the statements, the other the answers.

For the paper on Elijah, see James 5:17, 18; "Education," page 151; "Desire of Ages," general index. "Old Testament Characters," by Cunningham Geikie, contains a good biography. Elijah's life should teach us the importance of prayer. Ask all who are grateful for the privilege of prayer to express their gratitude, and give some reason for it.

Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Bible reading.

The Privilege of Prayer (responsive reading).

Secret Prayer (recitation). See page six.

Elijah (eight-minute paper).

Will You Not Pray More? (reading). See page six.

Why I Am Grateful for the Privilege of Prayer (symposium).

The Privilege of Prayer

1. How does the Lord regard the prayer of his children? Prov. 15:8.
2. What did Jesus teach regarding prayer? Luke 18:1.
3. Was this his practise? Matt. 14:23; Luke 9:28; Heb. 5:7.
4. What are some of the objects of prayer? Luke 21:36; Matt. 9:38; 5:44.
5. What are some of the conditions in order to have our prayers answered? Matt. 7:7; Heb. 11:6; Prov. 28:9.
6. How often should we pray? 1 Thess. 5:17; Ps. 55:17.
7. Give an instance where prayer was prompted by wrong motives, and the result. Matt. 23:14.
8. What lesson may we learn from Christ's experience in prayer? Luke 3:21; 9:29.
9. What should always be a part of our prayers? Phil. 4:6.
10. Will you not be more faithful in prayer, both in secret and in public, so that your life may be more fruitful and a greater inspiration to others?

Morning Watch: A Surrendered Life

ON Nov. 7, 1907, a Mexican engineer, by the name of J. Garcia, was at the throttle attached to a loaded train at Nacosari, a small mining town in the state of Sonora. Among the cars were several loaded with dynamite, and while the train was standing in the station, fire broke out in a box car. It rapidly approached the cars of dynamite. There was no way of checking it, and the explosion of those cars would wipe the village off the map, and probably destroy every person in it. Other employees forsook the scene, calling on every one to escape. Not so Garcia. Coolly remaining in his cab, he opened the throttle, and set the train in motion. Slowly he drew it out on the line, away from the village. Presently there was a frightful detonation. The train was blown to atoms, the engine reduced to scrap-iron. No trace of the brave engineer was afterward found. He gave his life to save others.—*Christian Advocate*.

Gleanings From Letters

The young people's society in Lexington, Kentucky, is supporting a native teacher in Africa.

The Missionary Volunteers in the Northern Union Conference are raising about \$850 for West Africa,—\$200 for repairing the old mission house, \$100 to pipe up the spring-water at the Waterloo station, and \$550 to build a new house for the mission at Waterloo. The young people are lifting this burden cheerfully and energetically.

Miss Lydia Stickle, secretary of the British Columbia Conference, says: "One society bought bedding for Sister Gillis, at Shanghai, China, to furnish a bed for traveling ministers. The bedding cost \$15. Another society is supporting a colored student in one of our schools in the South."

The secretary of the West Michigan Conference adds the following to her report: "Several temperance rallies were held. Twenty-four missionary treatments were reported. Of the ninety-five meetings reported, twenty were public meetings held by college students."

Miss Nellie D. Plugh, of the Northern Illinois Conference, reports: "One society is helping to support the Boys' School in Amoy, China, and an organ has been sent to the Bethel Girls' School, Canton, China."

Mrs. R. W. McMahan, of Indiana, says: "The Indianapolis Missionary Volunteers sent fifteen subscriptions of *Liberty* to the young people's societies of other churches in the city. One young woman not of our faith gave \$25 to the Gold Coast Mission."

In Eastern Pennsylvania nineteen young people are studying for the Standard of Attainment certificate.

The West Kansas young people disposed of 2,290 copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR during the quarter ending March 30, 1911.

Elder I. D. Richardson, who has charge of the Missionary Volunteer work in West Virginia, writes: "I notice in the canvassers' report for week ending June 23, that eight of our West Virginia young people worked 22 days, or 177 hours, selling \$105.30 worth of books, besides delivering \$315.50 worth. I might say that the senior members are nearly all in the work somewhere. I know of only two above the age of fifteen who are not actively engaged in the work, and they are preparing for it. Our juniors need help, and as soon as our tent effort closes here in Elm Grove, I shall take up correspondence with them."



I—Paul's Third Missionary Journey Concluded; Miletus to Jerusalem

(October 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Acts 21: 13.

Questions

1. Locate Miletus. Who were traveling with Paul? Where were they going? How had Paul improved the waiting time at Miletus? What had made the parting from his friends so sad? Note 1.

2. Name the two islands at which the ship touched after leaving Miletus. Where is Patara? Why did Paul's company change ships there? Why did Paul wish to hasten on his journey? Where was the ship to unload its cargo? Acts 21: 1-3; note 2.

3. Whom did Paul find at Tyre? How long did he remain there? What warning was given him there? Verse 4. What warning had before been given him? Acts 20: 22, 23.

4. Describe the parting scene at Tyre. Acts 21: 5, 6.

5. Leaving Tyre, what was the next stopping place? How long did Paul's company remain there? Verse 7; note 3.

6. At what place did Paul's company arrive the next day? How far from Jerusalem is Cæsarea? At whose house did they stay while at Cæsarea? Verse 8; note 4.

7. In what connection is Philip's name first mentioned in the Acts? What other prominent name is in that list? What became of him? What is said of Paul in connection with Stephen and Philip at that time? What was it that drew Philip and Paul so closely together now? What other incidents are recorded in the life of Philip? What glimpse is given us of Philip's faithful family life? Verse 9; note 5.

8. While Paul was at the home of Philip, who came to Cæsarea? What did Agabus do? What did he say the Holy Spirit had revealed to him? What did Paul's traveling companions and his friends at Cæsarea then do? Verses 10-12.

9. How did Paul's friends understand the prophecy of Agabus? What could the Jews not lawfully do? What power would they influence? What example have we had of this method of executing the death penalty? How did Agabus make his message emphatic? Cite similar instances. Note 6.

10. Repeat Paul's answer to his friends when they urged him not to go to Jerusalem. Verse 13.

11. Why was Paul so determined to follow out his plan of going to Jerusalem? Note 7.

12. When Paul could not be persuaded to give up going to Jerusalem, what did the brethren say? After some days what did they do? Verses 14, 15; note 8.

13. Who went with Paul's company from Cæsarea? At whose home were Paul and his friends to stay while in Jerusalem? How were they received when they arrived there? Verses 16, 17.

Notes

1. Miletus was a town on the Ægean seacoast, thirty miles south of Ephesus. Paul and a company of eight fellow

laborers, including Luke, were hastening to Jerusalem for the feast of Pentecost. The boat had anchored long enough at Miletus for the elders of the church at Ephesus to meet Paul, and for a farewell service. And now the ship was ready to sail from Miletus. Paul's time had been well used; now the last word of encouragement and warning had been given, the last farewell spoken. The minds of Paul and his companions must have been full of that meeting at Miletus and of the scene by the sea, as they again took up their journey.

2. They touched at two islands, Coos and Rhodes, before they reached Patara, a seaport on the southern coast of Lycia, in Asia Minor. Their ship's cargo was to be unloaded at Tyre, so it sailed in a straight course to Syria, not even stopping at the large island of Cyprus, but leaving it on their left hand.

3. Carmel, on the Bay of Acre, north of the jutting headland of Carmel, was the old town.

4. Caesarea was on the coast of Palestine south of Mt. Carmel, about fifty miles from Jerusalem.

5. We find in Acts 6:5 the name of Philip associated with that of Stephen in the list of the seven deacons who were set apart to aid in the gospel work. Stephen was stoned, and Saul was "consenting unto his death," and helped to carry on the persecution that drove Philip from Jerusalem. And now Saul himself, facing danger for the same faith, is entertained by Philip. Other incidents in Philip's life are recorded in Acts 8:5-40. We have a glimpse of the faithful family life of Philip in the mention of his daughters.

6. Paul's friends well understood the prophecy of Agabus to mean that a strong effort would be made to put him to death. The Jews themselves could not lawfully put any one to death. They could only accuse, and then influence the Roman government to carry out the penalty. The crucifixion of Christ was an example of this. Agabus had doubtless heard that Paul was at Caesarea, and had come from Judea on purpose to bring him this special message. Agabus made the message more emphatic by acting it out before them, taking Paul's girdle and binding his own hands and feet. This was the way that many of the Old Testament prophets gave their warnings. See Isaiah 20 and Ezekiel 4.

7. Paul's firmness was not due to stubbornness. He was sure that God had a work for him to do at Jerusalem, and he would do it even though he lost his life. Paul felt that he was moving in obedience to the will of God.

8. Verse 15 does not mean that they rode in carriages, but that they prepared for the journey,—packed up their things, got their baggage in order.

on the seashore? Having taken leave of one another, what did each company do? Verses 5, 6.

5. What was the next place at which the apostles stopped? How long did they remain? Verse 7.

6. To what place did they go the following day? With whom did they lodge? Who was this Philip? What is said of his family? Verses 8, 9; note 3.

7. How long did Paul and his companions remain at Philip's house? Who came down from Jerusalem? Verse 10.

8. What did Agabus do? What did he say his action signified? Verse 11; note 4.

9. On hearing his message, what did Paul's companions and friends do? Verse 12.

10. How did Paul express his devotion to Christ? Verse 13; note 5.

11. What caused the brethren to cease their appeals? What did they say? Verse 14.

12. After this what did they proceed to do? Verse 15.

13. Who accompanied them to Jerusalem? Verse 16.

14. How were they received when they arrived at Jerusalem? Verse 17; note 6.

Notes

1. Coos was a small island in the Grecian Archipelago about forty miles south of Miletus. It was celebrated for its manufactures of silk, ointments, wines, etc. Rhodes was also an island in the Grecian Archipelago. On this island was a city of the same name, which was principally distinguished for its brazen colossus one hundred feet high. The colossus stood astride the mouth of the harbor, and was so high that vessels could pass beneath. It stood for fifty-six years, and had been destroyed by an earthquake 244 B. C., long before Paul's visit. It was reckoned as one of the seven wonders of the world.

2. "The Holy Spirit had revealed to these brethren something of the dangers which awaited Paul at Jerusalem, and they endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. But the same Spirit which had warned him of afflictions, bonds, and imprisonment, still urged him forward, a willing captive."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 203.

Tyre was about three hundred fifty miles from Patara. It was one of the greatest and most famous cities of the ancient world. Hiram, king of Tyre, aided Solomon in building the temple, B. C. 1000. 1 Kings 9.

3. "Philip, the evangelist, was bound to Paul by ties of the deepest sympathy. A man of clear discernment and sterling integrity, Philip had been the first to break away from the bondage of Jewish prejudice, and thus had helped to prepare the way for the apostle's work. It was Philip who preached the gospel to the Samaritans; it was Philip who had the courage to baptize the Ethiopian eunuch."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, page 204.

4. It was common for the prophets to perform actions which were emblematic of the events which they predicted. The design was to make the prediction more forcible and impressive by representing it to the eye. Thus, Jeremiah was directed to bury his girdle by the Euphrates, to denote the approaching captivity of the Jews. Jer. 13:4. He was directed to make bands and yokes, and to put them around his neck, as a sign to Edom and Moab. Jer. 27:2, 3.

5. "The apostle was deeply moved by the entreaties of his beloved brethren. To human judgment he had sufficient reason to relinquish his plan as unwise. But he felt that he was moving in obedience to the will of God, and he could not be deterred by the voice of friends, or even the warning of the prophet. He would not swerve from the path of duty to the right hand nor to the left. He must follow Christ, if need be, to prison and to death. His tears fell not for himself, but in sympathy for his brethren, upon whom his determination had brought so great sorrow."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, page 205.

6. "This was Paul's last visit to Jerusalem. The school of Gamaliel, the synagogue of the Libertines, the house where the high priest had given him his commission to Damascus, the spot where the reddened grass had drunk the blood of Stephen, must have stirred painful memories. But never had he trodden the streets of the holy city with so deep a sadness as when he entered it now, avoiding notice as much as possible, in the little caravan of Caesarean pilgrims and Gentile converts. He was going to a city where friends were few, and where well-nigh every one of the myriads among whom he moved was an actual or potential enemy."—F. W. Farrar, quoted in Tarbell's *Teachers' Guide*, 1909, page 328.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



I—Paul's Third Missionary Journey Concluded; Miletus to Jerusalem

(October 7)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—In this quarter's lessons are narrated the arrest of Paul at Jerusalem, the various scenes of his trial, his appeal to Caesar, and his journey to Rome. Nearly one quarter of the book of Acts is devoted by Luke to these events. Paul's undaunted courage and willing sacrifice for Christ, and his noble defenses made on different occasions before his persecutors, are sublime, and should stir our hearts to renewed zeal and consecration, and deepen our determination to greater faithfulness in the work of God committed to our hands.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21:1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: Acts 21:13.

Questions

1. Where did we leave Paul at the close of last quarter's lessons? Toward what city was he traveling? Why did he wish to go there?

2. Describe Paul's course from Miletus. What important places were passed between Miletus and Tyre? Acts 21:1-3; note 1.

3. Whom did Paul find at Tyre? How long did he and his companions tarry there? What counsel was given by the brethren at Tyre? Verse 4; note 2.

4. Upon his leaving Tyre, what proof did the church give of their devotion to Paul? How far did the people go with him? What scene was enacted

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - \$1.00

SIX MONTHS - - - .50

CLUB RATES

5 or more copies to one address, one year, each - - \$.75

5 or more copies to one address, six months, each - - .40

5 or more copies to one address, three months, each - .20

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Come

Ho, every one that thirsteth,
Come to the living stream,
And satisfy your longing soul
Where silver fountains gleam.

Come, weary, faint, and hungry:
Before you now is spread
A rich supply for all your needs,
Receive the living Bread.

Why do you linger longer?
Come while 'tis called to-day.
Here's milk and honey without price;
O, do not turn away!

Why feed on husks that perish?
Enter the open door.
Thy Saviour stands with outstretched hands;
Eat, drink, and want no more.

MAY WAKEHAM.

Food Riots in Paris

A HUNGRY mass of humanity laboring under a sense of injustice is one of the most formidable of foes to the peace and safety of a community. The following note from the *Independent* shows the distressing condition existing now in France, which is but a slight precursor of the terrible scenes of the time of trouble, fast breaking upon the world:—

The general and continued rise in the cost of food in France has upset the smaller family budgets, and the women, finding it impossible longer to make both ends meet, have resorted to force in order to bring down prices to reasonable figures. The movement started in northeastern France last week, and spread rapidly through the towns near the Belgian border, such as Lille, Cambrai, Valenciennes, Lens, St. Quentin, and Dunkirk, while on the opposite side of France, the Breton housewives have adopted similar measures. The women go to market in mass, bearing placards with the prices they are willing to pay. Visiting one dealer after another, they present this ultimatum, and if one refuses to come to terms, they force him to close his shop, or else they loot it. These mobs range in number from two hundred in the smaller places to two thousand in the larger, and are very difficult to control. Two squadrons of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, sent to the disturbed district to re-enforce the police, found it difficult to restore order. No one has yet been killed, but in several instances butchers and bakers caught on the streets have been badly beaten. Many of the dealers have signed the scale, but others, asserting that it is impossible to sell cheaper and make a living profit, have put up their shutters. Consequently, it is impossible to buy dairy products, meat, and vegetables in some places. Where the farmers have refused to send their produce into town under these circumstances, the mobs have extended their raids into the country, ravaging fields and sacking dairies. The demonstrations are assuming an anarchistic character, partly due to the participation of hoodlums and partly through the influence of the Central Confederation of Labor, the center of syndicalism. The red flag is conspicuous in the proces-

sions, and the "International" is the favorite song. As in this country, various explanations are given for the advance in prices, the tariff and the trusts being commonly charged with it. The prevalence of the foot-and-mouth disease among cattle has made the meat market short. The government refuses to diminish the tariff on foreign meats and dairy products, but proposes to put on the free list, mutton and vegetables from the French colonies of Algeria and Madagascar. The octroi, or tax imposed on all produce entering a town, is an important factor in the problem.

Killed by the Crowd

AT Norton, Kansas, recently, a professional aviator, and a reliable one, too, was giving exhibitions at the county fair. His engine was working badly, and he knew it was unsafe to attempt a flight, for he had just escaped from a fall of forty feet. But the curious, unthinking, unfeeling crowd jeered at him, called him a faker, and insisted on his flying. At last he yielded, being unwilling to be thought a coward or an impostor. At the height of one hundred feet the engine of his machine failed him completely, and he fell to his death before the crowd and in the presence of his wife and children.

Inexpressibly sad does it seem that a strong young man should be goaded to an untimely death by the jeers of a curious, pleasure-bent crowd of people.

But many persons have surrendered not only their lives, but their hope of eternal life to the jeers of their comrades. Jeers and taunts never come from the large-hearted, the generous, the noble; so they are unworthy of being heeded by the noble-spirited, manly youth, whether he meets them on the aviation field, or in the struggle for right and truth.

Seed Thoughts

THERE is only one true standard of character for all human beings; and that standard is the law of God as vested in the ten commandments and exemplified in the life of Christ.

There is not one standard of character for women and another for men. All are alike to render an account of the acts of their lives to God, and are to be judged alike by the law of God alone.

Whatever of conduct that is wrong for a woman is equally wrong for a man; and a woman should not be severely censured for her wrong act, and the same offense in a man looked upon as a trivial affair.

In the beginning man was made in the image of his Creator, and it is his duty at all times to manifest the character of his Creator in his every act of life.

It may be impossible for man in this present state of existence to arrive at absolute perfection of character, but he should constantly strive toward its accomplishment.

To participate in that which tends only to degrade and place one on a lower plane of life should be considered far beneath the patronage of him who was created in the image of God.

Every human being should be constantly growing into, and advancing in, whatever is good and pure and noble. Anything which tends to degrade or cheapen the moral character should be most repulsive to him who was created in the likeness of his Creator.

J. W. LOWE.

"SOMETHING to learn and something to forget;
Hold fast the good and seek the better yet;
Press on, and prove the pilgrim hope of youth—
That creeds are mile-stones on the road to truth."