


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX .

November 7, 1911


No. 45

Holy Bible



"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."
Mine to cheer me when I'm sad,
None like thee to make me glad;
Precious guide to wayward feet,
Breathing hope and comfort sweet,
Breathing pardon full and free
Through the blood of Christ to me.

Gems in mines of wealth untold,
Richer far than mines of gold,
Thou dost yield to seeker there
Priceless promises so rare,
Rays divine of heavenly love
Streaming from the courts above.
Light our pathway through the gloom;
Guide us safe while traveling home.



Voice of God to heart of mine,—
Other voices not like thine,
Earthly voices, lead astray,—
Ever true, thou lead'st the way.
Through this earthly wilderness
Thou art ours to cheer and bless.
"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

Mrs. E. M. Peebles.



At the United States Bureau of Mines Laboratory there is a new set of exceedingly delicate weighing scales, which will record the weight of an eyelash. A hair less than one fourth of an inch in length tips the scale at one one-hundred-thousandth of an ounce.

"THE habit of threatening is bad every way. It does not tend to secure obedience and respect. A simple command given in gentleness and firmness, and invariably enforced, soon creates a habit of obedience without storming, or enumeration of awful penalties."

THE plan for the dissolution of the American Tobacco Company, in compliance with the decision of the United States Supreme Court decreeing it an illegal combination, provides for division of the company into four companies, no one of which, it is stated, will have a controlling influence in the tobacco business.

DR. T. GRAHAM ROGERS, medical examiner of the State Department of Labor, stated under oath at the session of the State Factory Investigating Commission in Manhattan, that he had found various disease germs in human-hair factories in New York City, from ordinary pus-producing germs to bacteria that he believed to be that of the dreaded bubonic plague. Tuberculosis, chronic gastritis, intestinal diseases, and abscesses of the stomach were some of the diseases, he said, that workers in human-hair factories were constantly exposed to. From eighty to ninety per cent of the workers are growing girls. Wearers of these hair goods, mostly puffs and rats, are liable to

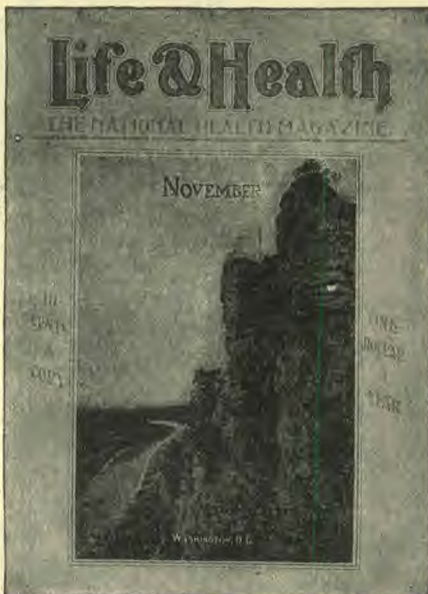
irritations of the scalp. "If a woman with a cut or abrasion on her scalp should wear one of these puffs or rats that contain germs, serious results would follow," said Dr. Rogers.

Answers to "Bible Shadows"

IN the INSTRUCTOR of September 26, Mrs. Rosser's poem entitled "Bible Shadows" appeared. Vesta Sammer, Myrtle Jenks, Eva Knuth, and Anna Ferguson were the first to send in correct references, as requested, indicating who was meant in each stanza. The following are the texts referred to in the poem: Judges 9:15, 36; 2 Kings 20:8-11; Jonah 4:5, 6; Acts 5:15.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1911

No. 45

A Modern Irish Reformer

GEO. M. BROWN



HE year 1776, in which American independence was declared, was also the year in which was born into a humble Irish home a boy who, by the providence of God, was destined to proclaim spiritual liberty to many souls.

This boy was Alexander Carson, who first opened his eyes in the little village of Artræ, County Tyrone, Ireland. County Tyrone is in the north of Ireland, and its people are descendants of Scotch immigrants, who brought with them the fervid zeal and deep religious experience of the Scotch Reformers.

Born and reared in such a home, the boy grew to manhood, receiving his education at Glasgow University, from which he was graduated at the head of a large class. He later settled as minister of the Presbyterian Church at Tubbermore, about twelve miles distant from the place of his birth.

When the banner of Protestantism was first planted in the north of Ireland, the churches were spiritual, and the lives of their members godly. Though dissenting from Roman Catholicism, which was established by law, the Protestant churches were not persecuted, and they grew rapidly in membership and influence, depending only upon the sword of the Spirit for their defense, and upon the strength of their Lord for power.

In an evil day designing statesmen, seeking to weaken their power and influence, laid a snare for them, proposing to give their ministers an annual gift from the state treasury. Most of the ministers accepted this gift from the state, and the result was exactly what the enemies of the churches wished; their spirituality declined, and their religion degenerated into mere formalism.

The churches were at this low ebb when Dr. Carson entered upon his ministry at Tubbermore. He preached the pure gospel, emphasizing the necessity of the new birth and godly living; but his members refused to heed his exhortations. He then attempted to enforce the discipline of the church, but failed in this because a majority of the clergy and members of the churches were not in sympathy with his efforts. He appealed to the synod of Ulster, of which he was a member, but found the other members either indifferent or openly opposed to his reforms.

Realizing that his efforts for reform along these lines were futile, he turned from man and man-made creeds, and with a mind quickened by the Holy Spirit, studied the Bible and sought God for light and guidance. He soon saw that the church must be made up of converted persons who had accepted the Lord Jesus Christ for themselves, and had been baptized by immersion, just as Jesus was.

To see the truth was, with Dr. Carson, to obey it and to preach it. The preaching of the truth brought

controversy and a final separation between those who followed the customs of the majority and those who obeyed the Bible teaching. Relative to the dramatic manner in which this separation was brought about, we read: "At the close of the service he descended from the pulpit; and as he passed out, one of his deacons took the large Bible from the desk, and, falling in behind his pastor, swung the Bible to his shoulder, crying, 'Let all who wish to follow the Bible come this way!'"

The house was instantly emptied; but only sixteen followed Dr. Carson and united with him in forming a church patterned after the simple form of apostolic days.

This was a trying time to this man of God, for he had no means of support for his family, the wealthy members of his former congregation having decided to "stay by the stuff," and under the leadership of a new pastor to rally to the standard of "the things that had been."

Dr. Carson's wife stood by his side, sharing his poverty and trials with a fortitude and faith seldom surpassed. Her father, a wealthy merchant, who, looking through the glasses of worldly wisdom and seeing nothing but want and possible starvation before them, came to reason with his son-in-law. Dr. Carson finally told him that he would leave the whole matter with his wife; and the anxious father immediately went to seek his daughter, setting before her in its darkest colors the prospect of the future should Dr. Carson continue his course, and as the climax to his presentation of the matter, told her that should they refuse to heed his advice to return to the church and retract their heresy, he would never give them one penny of aid, even though their children were starving for bread.

Full of faith and trust in her Heavenly Father when her earthly father cast her off, she replied: "Father, God feeds the young ravens when they cry to him, and I can not believe that while we are striving to do his will, he will let the young Carsons starve."

To those who are now giving an unpopular truth to the world, the heroism and simple faith of these followers after truth should come as an inspiration. God supplied the temporal needs of Dr. Carson and his family, and blessed his ministry to the salvation of many souls. He will do the same for us if we trust him as fully and follow the light he gives us as faithfully as they did.

Dr. Carson was an able exponent of the truth concerning baptism, and his book, "Baptism in Its Modes and Subjects," still remains an unanswerable argument for immersion as the true mode of baptism.

He died at Belfast, Aug. 24, 1844. His life closed just as the advent message began to go to the world; but though dead, he still speaks through his published

works. His devotion to truth and loyalty to the Word of God are worthy of emulation by those who are giving the last warning message to the world.

Dear reader, let us, like him, be true to right principles, have faith in God, and count no sacrifice too great for us to make in order that we may advance the cause of God.

Some Interesting Facts

ONE of the most interesting addresses delivered at the recent Southern California camp-meeting was the one given by Elder G. A. Irwin, who had just returned from a biennial conference session held at Friedensau, Germany. This conference was attended by delegates from the European and far Eastern fields, and was the largest foreign conference ever held by the denomination.

The fact that Elder Irwin was sent to Germany in 1898 to assist in the organization of the work, then just beginning, enabled him to sketch the growth during the thirteen intervening years in an especially interesting way. The work there has forged ahead, until to-day it is not only self-supporting, but the school located at Friedensau has sent out five hundred twenty-five missionaries, two hundred fifty of whom are ministers. These occupy positions of responsibility in Africa, Asia, Russia, and other needy mission fields.

At this recent session of the conference there were present twenty-five hundred delegates, representing *forty-five nationalities*; so that in every public session several persons were busy interpreting to the groups of delegates from the different countries. This increase in delegates and nationalities greatly impressed Elder Irwin, since at the first conference held there in 1898 but nine nationalities were represented.

The speaker referred to the year 1874 as the beginning of the foreign movement by our people. In that year Elder J. N. Andrews went to Europe as our first foreign missionary. At the present time almost every field has mission stations, schools, sanitariums, and publishing houses. In the report of the educational secretary, given at this recent conference, he called attention to the fact that in the year 1874, when the first school was started by Seventh-day Adventists, there were sixty-five hundred members in the world; at the present time there is about this number of students in the denominational schools gaining a Christian education, preparatory to entering Christian work.

These striking indications of growth are most encouraging features in this great movement. Elder Irwin referred also to the publishing department, and to the year 1874 as the time when what was then known as the International Tract Society was organized. Until that time little publishing had been done; in fact, a few years before every publication could have been purchased for thirty-five cents.

The recent report stated that to-day this work is keeping in operation twenty-seven publishing houses, publishing tracts, books, and periodicals in sixty-seven different languages, the cost of one copy of each of which would be more than five hundred dollars. These facts were given with a spirit of thankfulness for the wonderful way in which the hand of God has been seen in the rise and development of this work which is going speedily to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, in fulfilment of the great commission.

At the close of Elder Irwin's intensely interesting address, pledges to the amount of over eleven thousand

dollars were made for the foreign missionary work, in response to the calls for help which are coming from the great and needy fields beyond. Some of the givers made sacrifices. The people who demonstrate their sincerity by sacrifice now are the ones who will share in the glad surprises at the last. Let all go *for* God, and you will get all *from* God. Let us bring our gold for his service, our prayers for his victory, our lives as heralds of his truth, and always remember that we possess the revelation of salvation only that we may share it.

ERNEST LLOYD.

I Look to Thee

THOU art a priest forever,
An advocate with God;
Thou hast been through the waters,
Thy feet the way have trod.

In all points thou wast tempted,
My feelings thou hast known;
My trials,—thou hast known them
And walked the way alone.

I look to thee for guidance,
I seek thy loving face;
And coming to thee boldly
In time of need, find grace.

Thou art a priest forever,
Plead thou my cause for me,
For I am only weakness;
My way I can not see.

MAX HILL.

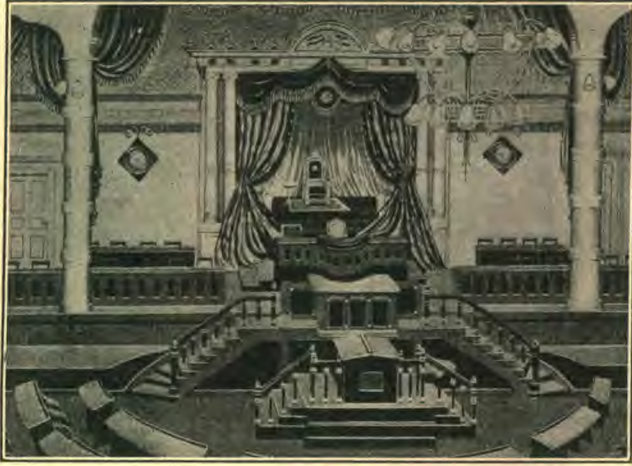
Confession of Sin, the Stability of Government

PROSPERITY in the divine life is dependent on the confession and forsaking of sin. To refuse to confess sin is to remain unpardoned and under the condemnation of the law of God. There is nothing arbitrary in this arrangement of the divine method of obtaining the forgiveness of sin, for to forgive without confession would mean the overthrow of the government of God. An incident which occurred in Chicago several years ago will make this clear:—

A Christian man with a keen interest in evangelistic work went to a revival service in a church not far from his residence. His boy, twelve years of age, remained at home that he might prepare lessons for the next day's session of school. In the morning the father discovered that five dollars had been taken from his writing-desk, and after questioning the maid, was convinced of her innocence. Did the boy remain at home last evening?—No, he went out, and remained away from home for almost two hours. A few questions to the boy, and the conviction was irresistible that he was guilty. Would he confess the wrong? This he refused to do. Will the father forgive without confession? To do so would ruin the boy and destroy home government, for the boy ever after would find it easy to yield to temptation, as no punishment was inflicted upon him for his former theft. He was confined in his room and given a meager diet, in the hope that he might be led to acknowledge his sin.

In the father's heart existed the spirit of forgiveness, but it could not be manifested without the boy's confession. Several days passed, days of anguish to the father and mother, and days of earnest supplication to God that the boy might be saved. One morning after the father had left for the office, the mother went to her room, and pleaded with God for her boy as only a mother can plead. From her knees she went to the boy, and throwing her arms around him, urged

him to confess his wrong. His reply was, "Mother, I want to; but I can not." "Let us tell it to God, then," was the suggestion of the mother. They knelt by the bedside of the boy, the arm of the mother still encircling the lad, and with tears the mother confessed to God the boy's wrong, and asked that he might be forgiven. The boy's heart broke, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, he told her that now he could confess to papa. At evening time he confessed



THE THRONE IN THE JAPANESE HOUSE OF PEERS

his wrong, and the father heart, all the time desiring to forgive, went out to the erring one. Clasp^g him to his breast, he told the boy the joy he experienced in forgiving him. The forgiveness was instantaneous with the confession. The boy was saved; the home government preserved.

The sinner must have the aid of the Holy Spirit in confessing sin; and when the transgressor is willing to receive him, he comes and confesses to God with the sinner the latter's wrong. God's heart is full of the spirit of forgiveness; he stands ready to forgive; and when he listens to the confession of the sinner, immediately God experiences joy in bestowing forgiveness and peace. Sinner friend, just ask God for the Holy Spirit; he is more willing to give him to you than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. Then receive him, and he will bring you to God with confession and repentance; and God will freely pardon all your sins, and give you peace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

God is just and the justifier of him who believes in Jesus; and he who is justified is free from condemnation, and has the right to life, eternal life. "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life." "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Believe, and you will experience the blessedness of all this.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Side-Lights on English — No. 5

Loan-Words and Cognates

THOSE Germanic tribes who came over to the island of Britain in the fifth century began borrowing words from the Latin before they left the Continent. The words *wine*, *street*, *inch*, and *mile*, for instance, were English words, one might say, before there was an English language. They continued as loan-words in the Anglian, Saxon, and Jutish dialects until these dia-

lects transformed themselves into Old, Middle, and finally Modern English.

Other Latin words were added in considerable numbers during the sixth and seventh centuries, when Christianity was introduced into England, such as *bishop*, *priest*, *creed*, and *mass*. Altogether, some three or four hundred words had been borrowed from the Latin language before William the Conqueror set his foot on English soil in 1066. But only a very few of these (including the eight given), survive in to-day's speech.

Now, between these two conquests just mentioned, the Anglo-Saxon in 449, and the Norman in 1066, there came another wave of external influence which gave lasting impression to English speech. This was a series of Scandinavian invasions in the ninth century. These Danes and Norwegians were so much like the English people in speech and custom (they were simply other Germanic tribes) that their influence on the language, though very great, was not so noticeable as that of the French after the Norman Conquest. In comparing these two periods of contact, first of Scandinavian and English, and second of Norman-French and English, it is perhaps safe to say that the former was structurally the more important, although from outward appearance alone one would judge just the contrary. As the Scandinavians settled in the north of England, it is not surprising that the speech of that region exhibits the greatest structural changes.

Up to this point, we have spoken only of the Continental makers of English, and have ignored the earliest inhabitants of Britain. Though on the ground first, these Celts have left scarcely any impress on the English language. Their being completely conquered and driven up into the Highlands, may account for the fact that only about half a dozen Celtic words are found in general speech. *Bard*, *glen*, *down* (a hill), and *dun* (a color) are good examples, the last two certainly having been borrowed at this early day. These are the people that Julius Cæsar conquered in 55 B. C., which explains how the Latin word *castra*, a camp, came to be found in their vocabulary (surviving in *Chester*, *Worcester*, *Lancaster*, and like proper names).

But the Norman Conquest did more to open up the



A JAPANESE CALLER

way for the introduction of new elements in the English vocabulary than perhaps any other event before or since. It brought English into close association with French — a Romance tongue, and a direct descendant of Latin. Although the effect of their association for two or three hundred years was, as we have seen in a

former paper, merely the discarding of the native inflection, rather than the adoption of many French locutions, still, at the end of this period, that is, in the fourteenth century, French words began to be borrowed in great numbers.

It happened in this way. English was in the way of regaining some of its former prestige and popularity, having replaced French in the law courts and schools. Therefore, in order to meet the change in fashion, the literature of the Middle English period, which had been written in French, must be translated into English. The translators were equally familiar with both languages. So, failing many times to find equivalent native words to express the thought, they adopted, almost unconsciously, French ones instead.

GURNIE K. YOUNG.

The Story of Quill Toothpicks

THE story that lies behind the beginning of the quill toothpick industry is one of much interest, as it shows how God in his goodness can overrule seeming misfortunes for our best welfare.

In the latter part of the last century there lived in Joinville le Pont, near Paris, France, a God-fearing man named Bardin, who had worked hard for many years to secure a fortune from geese. He was industrious, economical, and a good manager, but income accumulated slowly because his big heart made so many demands.

When his brother died, Bardin took care of the widow and children, bringing up the latter with all the care he bestowed on his own family. In summer he collected a company of poor children from the nearest village and camped them on his farm, spending many hours in giving them pleasure and in teaching them how to raise poultry. In winter he carried his protégés eggs and geese and feathers, and when the weather was particularly cold, he added fuel. Besides all this, he had a large family of his own, mostly daughters, and in accordance with French custom, he began at the birth of each to lay aside money for a "dot," or marriage portion. This money he never regarded as his own, but held it in sacred trust for his daughters.

Yet he ever longed for a fortune. It was his great ambition to erect on his farm a huge building, where hundreds of poor boys and girls could be accommodated for the summer, and interested in agricultural pursuits, so that they would prefer the life of the open to the hot, dusty tenements of town.

God prospered him, he thought; for by slow degrees he accumulated a flock of two million geese. From certain feathers in the wings he made pens by the billions, which he sent to London, where he received a good price. He was growing rich. Then some one invented steel pens, and the bottom dropped out of his business. New orders failed to come in; old orders were canceled; his little factory was filled with unsalable pens, and useless feathers encumbered the farm.

He had felt so secure that he had begun to build, and assumed large liabilities. All that he had must go to pay his debts, and in the days of advancing age he must begin again to save the cents.

"The Lord has not found me worthy to build his temple," was the thought that troubled him; but he bravely began to curtail expenses and plan for meeting his debts. His brother's family was now self-support-

ing, several of his daughters were married, and his courageous wife was still his comfort. He would not despair.

One day at dinner one of his daughters wedged a blackberry seed between her teeth, and was in much pain. "Hand me one of those pens!" she exclaimed; "I can get it out with that. It's all they're good for."

That was enough for Monsieur Bardin. In a week he had converted the unsalable pens into toothpicks, and was shipping them to foreign countries. He had wrested success from failure.

As late as 1909 most of the quill toothpicks used in the United States were imported from France, but in 1910 our own factories became interested in the industry, and imports have fallen off. But Monsieur Bardin has been able to realize his dream, and to "praise God for his wonderful works to the children of men."—*E. Young Wead, in Home and School.*

Study

It is probable that if boys could hump up their brains as they do their biceps, and say boastfully, "Feel of that, will you?" they would take much more kindly to mental training. But the brain is shut away in a bony case, where they can not see it nor touch it, and there is no visible sign that it grows in strength and vigor. Boys too readily think of it as something fixed and unalterable, too readily conclude that they are born either bright or dull, and will continue either bright or dull to the end of the chapter. Arguing from this premise, they are likely to decide that education is acquiring information,—mostly information which a bright man does not need in order to get along, and which a dull man can make no use of; in either case superfluous. But that is not the way to think either about the brain or about education.

The brain should be thought of as something that can be as easily developed as the biceps. It is important and advisable, of course, to have supple, strong, quickly responding muscles, which will do rapidly and easily whatever you ask of them; but they can not do their best work except under a good master, and their master is the brain. You can not even play athletic games well without a good brain. Then train your brain; keep it at hard problems until they seem no longer hard; make it quick, smooth-working, sure, capable of long effort. Take the brain that nature gave you and bring it to its highest efficiency.

Education should be thought of as a means to this end. To impart information is not its purpose. That difficult problem in arithmetic which will never have its counterpart in actual life does for the brain exactly what a difficult athletic feat does for the body. It supplies it. Education supplies mental *training*; it is to the mind what the gymnasium is to the body. Each serves the same end—development.

Imagine what the muscles of a man would be who had sat in a chair since the age of ten. If you do not want your mind to be in an analogous condition when you are a man, exercise it.—*Youth's Companion.*

"His delight
Was all in books, to read them or to write.
Women and men he strove alike to shun,
And hurried homeward when his tasks were done."

GOOD company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.—*Stephen Allen.*

"The Good Fight"

HARRIET E. BUCHHEIM

Go not weak-willed
To thy temptation's home;
Cross not its sill,
But pray till Spirit-filled,
Its lure hath faith denied.
When thus thou art fortified,
Thy sin-born heart is grown
Strong to resist its own,
Pass by those portals wide.

Let not thy soul
In idle pleasure drift;
The tale is old,
And O, the grave is cold
O'er those who struck the reef!
They would not give belief;
Who, daring fate, did shift
Life's consequences swift
Upon time's unturned leaf.

Tarry not there
At thy temptation's side;
Remorse, nor prayer,
Nor grief thy soul may bear,
Can change the die that's cast,
Unlive one hour that's past.
Thy heart's desire that lied
Had better far have died
Than thine own soul at last.

Nor yet deceive
With subtle reasonings
Thy heart, bereaved
Of that its lust conceived.
But while the time is young,
And ere thy heart is wrung,
Flee those forbidden things
That tempt imaginings,
And leave that song unsung.

Thy conscience fears;
Let not its warning fall
On heedless ears.
Through all this "vale of tears"
God sends a little voice
To guide us in our choice.
Will not thy treason mold
Some other human soul,
If thou betray the trust?

Shall all the pain
Be confined in thy breast,
And there remain?
Thou only, know the shame?
Or will its poison darts
Pierce other blameless hearts,
To satisfy thy quest.
For this poor, fleeting guest,
The joy that sin imparts?

Thou hast a foe,
Cunning and subtle; six
Millenniums ago
He wrought in Eden woe.
Long centuries have sufficed
To perfect each device
For thy downfall, to mix
Error with truth, and fix
Snares that thy feet entice.

In God's own fields
Give battle, and his sword
Of Spirit wield.
Wear his own armor; shield
Thy life with living faith,
Nor tremble at thy youth.
Let the unshaken Word
Be thy defense, and gird
Thy loins with holy truth.

Then draw thy girth;
Like David, meet thy foe;
Bring him to earth
Ere yet he knows thy worth.
Hurl from thy faithful sling
The pebble that shall bring
The burly monster low;
Lest in *thy* fall should go
An *army* sorrowing.

The Metric System

A. GREENE HORNE



AMERICANS wonder why the British continue to use an antiquated system of coinage when a decimal system is so much more convenient in every way. Continental Europeans may wonder why we continue to use miles, rods, yards, feet, and inches when we might have one unit of length, the meter, with multiples of tens, hundreds, and thousands, and fractions of tenths, hundredths, and thousandths; why we have troy weight, apothecaries', and avoirdupois, with all their complications, when all might be given in terms of the gram and its decimal multiples and factors; and several other why's: for the decimal system of weights and measures is as much simpler and as much more convenient than our systems of weights and measures as our system of coinage is simpler and more convenient than that of Great Britain.

In America we are familiar with the meter and centimeter, the kilogram and gram, only in scientific work. In Continental Europe they are used commonly for all purposes. Roads are marked by the kilometer (about $\frac{5}{8}$ mile) and the hectometer (1-10 kilometer). Railway distances are measured similarly. Even cordwood, instead of being cut into four-foot lengths as with us, is cut one meter long (39 $\frac{37}{100}$, or about $39\frac{3}{8}$ inches, a little more than a yard).

The scales weigh by the kilo (kilogram), equivalent to about 2 1-5 pounds, though some stores still use the pound. If one steps upon a nickel-in-the-slot scale and deposits his ten-pfennig nickel ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents), he has his weight indicated, not in pounds, but in kilos. One weighing 132 pounds, for instance, would tip the scales at 60 kilos.

Land is measured, not by the acre, but by the *are*, equivalent to about $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres. The are is a square surface having a side 100 meters long.

In the United States, liquids are measured by the

quart and pint, and we look upon the liter as a measure for the laboratory; but here beer, milk, and vinegar are sold by the liter.

The advantage of the metric system not only lies in the fact that the multiples are always in multiples of ten, thus doing away entirely with what we call compound numbers, but there is a certain relation between the different units. For instance, 1,000 cubic centimeters, or a cubic decimeter, the unit for solid measure, is the equivalent of the liter, the unit for liquid measure. One cubic decimeter, or one liter, of water of standard density weighs a kilogram. If we know the specific gravity of any substance, iron for instance, we can immediately know the weight of a cubic decimeter of the substance. If iron has a specific gravity of 7.3, i. e., is 7.3 times as heavy as water, a cubic decimeter of iron will weigh 7.3 kilograms. In the same way a cubic centimeter (1-1000 cubic decimeter) will weigh a gram, or 1-1000 kilogram. Again, the measure of surface, the are, is a square with a side 100 meters in length.

There are many conveniences connected with the metric system; but to adopt it as a standard for all measurements would do away with all our present scales and measures, would overturn our accounts, and would cause confusion in other ways. This consideration has probably prevented the adoption of this simpler system. In the same way, the adoption of a decimal system of money by England would involve a thorough revolution in bookkeeping and a reorganization of all accounts, would necessitate the recall of all money in circulation and its recoinage, and most of all, would not be approved by a vast majority of the people used to the old system. By contact with the United States, Canada has learned to appreciate the dollars-and-cents system, and has adopted it. Australia and other British colonies retain the pounds-shillings-and-pence system.



Some Facts About Trees



THE tallest trees in the world are the Australian eucalyptus, which attain an altitude of four hundred eighty feet. The largest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are from two hundred seventy-six to three hundred seventy-three feet in height and one hundred eight feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings it is believed certain of these trees are from two thousand to two thousand five hundred years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to exist on the island of Cos, off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old, but just how many no one has ever dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry round it, and the trunk is thirty feet in circumference.

But there are parts of trees in the form of useful timber which are even older, probably, than any on the stump. Beams in old buildings are preserved today, which are known to be over one thousand years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era are perfectly sound today, and it is known that they have been immersed in water for upward of two thousand years.

Some woods have remarkably durable properties when immersed in water. They decay rapidly on the stump, many rotting in from five to ten years; but when immersed in water they last longer than iron or steel. An effort has been made by our government to preserve woods indefinitely by treating them with oils and tar products. Already telegraph-poles and railway ties have had their average life extended from five to ten years by this process.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Sure Cure for Constipation

ONE of the common causes of the clogging of the system with impurities is constipation of the bowels; and many of the stomach disorders and other diseases with which the American people are afflicted, are due to this cause.

In my experience in handling a large number of these cases during the past twenty-five years, I have found that the following simple methods, if persistently adhered to, will conquer the most stubborn cases.

One thing that gives great relief is whole wheat, cooked for four or five hours in a double boiler. I have seen cases of over twenty years' standing, in which the laxatives had been used to no effect, respond to this treatment in a few weeks' time. Some wheat prepared in this way should be eaten at each meal.

Another effective remedy is a glass of water taken as soon as one arises in the morning. In about ten minutes another should be taken, repeating this three or four times, if possible, before breakfast. In case the water can not be taken alone, the juice of a lemon or an orange may be added.

The following is an exercise of great value: lie on the floor or some place equally firm, before the

body is clothed in the morning. Raise the limbs at right angles with the body, taking five seconds to raise and lower. Raise first one limb, then the other, then both together. Keep up this exercise for four or five minutes. This will strengthen the muscles of the abdomen, and is one of the very best of exercises.

Deep breathing is also excellent, especially if taken in the open air.

These are some of nature's simple remedies; and their continued use will give relief. It can be readily seen that they could not possibly be injurious. Of course, if the patient is in such a weakened condition that he can not follow such directions, he should see his family physician before carrying out this program.—*H. F. Rand, M. D.*

Insomnia

IN considering the subject of insomnia, it is well to treat it under two heads—major insomnia and minor insomnia.

Major insomnia, happily, is a disease that concerns few persons, and its treatment is a matter for the trained physician only. It may be associated with several organic diseases, or it may be the beginning of acute insanity. These cases, of course, are neither for home diagnosis nor for home treatment. But almost



A GLEN IN CHINA

any one, sooner or later, and for one reason or another, may be called upon to deal with minor insomnia.

In such a case, the first thing is to look for the cause. When a person who is habitually a good sleeper has a restless, tossing, wakeful night, the reason is generally not hard to find. A mistake has been made somewhere, and in most cases a dietary mistake. The last meal was too large, or too late, or it contained some substance that refused to be digested.

The insomnia of indigestion is a particularly disagreeable type, as it is allied with a nervous restlessness that not only forbids the sufferer to sleep, but makes him feel as if he would never sleep again, and keeps him turning and tossing in mind as well as in body. This is the kind that makes mountains out of mole-hills, and even darkens the thought of the coming day.

Discretion is the better part of valor in such a case. It is a waste of time to toss and try. Get up speedily and move about for a while, slowly drinking several

glasses of water. Realize early that until you have helped your stomach to the victory, you will not sleep.

On the other hand, an empty stomach may keep you awake just as obstinately as an overfull one. In this case, however, the answer is easy—a cup of hot milk sipped slowly will generally do the work.

Some people keep themselves wakeful by getting mentally excited late in the evening, and of all forms of mental excitement, anger and fear are the worst. To lie and fight your enemy in your imagination is a sad misuse of the blessed darkness.

Many people find it wise to cool their brains at the end of the day with a little light reading or soothing talk, keeping their problems and their politics for the daytime.

Some fairly good sleepers accuse themselves of insomnia simply because it bores them to lie awake, and every minute is magnified into an hour. These should learn that a little occasional wakefulness is not to be counted a tragedy.—*Youth's Companion*.

How the Telegraph Came to Be

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, founder of the American system of telegraph, was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Yale College in 1810, and then went to England and studied painting. For seventeen years he followed art as a means of livelihood; but on hearing Prof. Charles Dana lecture on electricity, and watching Benjamin Franklin's experiments with the same, the idea took fast hold of him that intelligence could be transmitted by means of the electric current. He said, "If it will go ten miles without stopping, then I can make it go around the globe."

For seven years he worked to perfect instruments for transmission so as to make a practical use of his idea. While on board ship in a passage from England to America, he devised the dot and dash alphabet. Finally, in 1844, just as he was reduced to a condition of direst poverty, borrowing for his meals and in debt for his rent, he secured an appropriation from the United States Congress, of thirty thousand dollars, and the first telegraphic line was built from Baltimore, Maryland, to Washington, D. C., and put into successful operation in that year. From the Supreme Court of the United States, in the presence of the leading men of the nation, his daughter was chosen to send the first message over the line, and the words were, "What hath God wrought!"

Though Mr. Morse passed through a stormy experience in the effort to maintain his right to the honor of founding this system, yet he was finally honored by over a dozen American and foreign scientific societies. He also received medals and insignia of honor from several European sovereigns. Once on a return from Europe, an ovation was given him at New York by many eminent men of the nation. At the close of the meeting, the chairman announced that the instrument before him was connected with every office on the continent. The following message was sent: "Greetings and thanks to the telegraphic fraternity throughout the land. Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will to men."

The same dot and dash method that was revealed to Mr. Morse in an instant on the steamer, has never been changed, but is used to-day in all the vast network of offices in America. Uniformity was necessary in order to avoid confusion and delay.

W. E. GERALD.

The Most Venomous Snake

THE most venomous of snakes is said to be the *Echis carinata* of India. It is about eighteen inches long and of a gray color. The creature is death itself, and carries in its head the secret of destroying life with the concentrated agony of all the poisons.

The *Echis carinata* is more or less common in India, being found in nearly every part of the peninsula.

Fortunately, however, for man, it is not, like the cobra, a house-frequenting snake, for its aggressive habits would make it infinitely more fatal to life than its dreaded relative.

This king of the asps does not turn to escape from man as the cobra does, nor flash into concealment like the kariat, but keeps the path against its human assailant, and, pitting its own eighteen inches of length against its enemy's bulk, challenges conflict.

A stroke of a whip will cut it in two, or a clod of earth disable it; but such is its malignity that it will invite attack by every device at its command, staking its own life on the mere chance of its adversary's coming within the little circle of its power. At most, the radius of this circle is twelve inches. Within it, at any point, lies certain death, and, on the bare hope of hand or foot trespassing within its reach, the *Echis* throws its body into a figure-of-eight coil. Then it attracts attention by rubbing its loops together, which, from the roughness of the scales, make a rustling, hissing sound, erects its head in the center, and awaits attack.

It is said that no one having once encountered this terrible reptile, can ever forget its horrifying aspect when thus aroused, its eagerly aggressive air, its restless coils, which, in constant motion one over the other and rustling ominously all the while, stealthily but surely bring it nearer and nearer to the object of its fury.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Flower-Garden Supper

AT an anniversary supper of the Christian Endeavor Society an interesting and profitable scheme of table decoration was carried out. The plan could be modified and adapted to a home gathering if desired. Miss Ella Louise Hackett gives the following description of the plan:—

Each of the seven tables was decorated with crape-paper napkins bearing the imprint of some flower, a different flower design on each table. In the absence of cut flowers there was on each table a vase of ferns, the vase being decorated with one of the flowered napkins. To carry out the flower idea still further, the aids, young girls in short dresses, wore pretty costumes made of the paper napkins neatly sewed together, of the same design used on the table at which they served. A napkin to match was made into a cap for the head; another served as an apron.

After supper, while the members were still sitting around the tables, addresses were made by seven of the ex-presidents and former prominent members of the organization. To each speaker had been given the name of one of the flowers used in decorating the tables as the subject of his or her remarks, he being expected to show how his sentiment corresponds to the principles of Christian Endeavor.

In arranging the guests at the tables the speakers were seated first, each at the table decorated with the flower upon which he was to speak; then to each of the other members was given a slip of paper on which was the name of one of the seven flowers, and he was expected to find his place in this way.

The names of the flowers used in the decorating and as themes for the different addresses were:—

1. The lily, symbolizing purity and spotlessness.
2. Orange blossoms, love and sentiment.
3. The violet, modesty, seeking not its own.
4. The forget-me-not, constancy and loyalty.
5. The daisy, humbleness.
6. The pansy, thoughtfulness, comfort.
7. The rose, fragrance.

The addresses were, of course, interspersed with music, both instrumental and vocal.



Our Darling

ALWAYS running round the room,
Bringing book or box or broom;
Calling mother in to see
Daughter busy as a bee.
Every night she waits to hear
Father's footstep coming near,
Goes to meet him with a kiss—
Healthy, rosy little Miss!
In her laughter and her play,
Just a comfort every day;
Kindling in her eyes appear
Love and mischief, hope and fear.
Martha, may thy years be fair,

Not o'ercast with grief or care;
On, thy little feet may go
Past the limits that we know.
Questing knowledge good for men,
Righting wrongs with word or pen,
Singing as the linnet sings,
Tranquil, strive for higher things.
Unaffrighted, come what may,
Venture bravely in the fray;
When defeated, start anew
(Xenophon retreated, too!).
Youth and womanhood and age—
Zeal and worth and counsel sage.

—John Cox, in *St. Nicholas*.

“Of the Same Opinion Still”



“SYMPATHY is all right sometimes,” remarked Grandmother Lewis, who enjoys recalling the events of her childhood, “but there’s as great danger in giving too much of it as there is in giving too little, and I think we should be sure that people need our pity before we force it on them.

“I remember that when my father married the second time, so many persons told me how sorry they were for me that I almost began to get sorry for myself, although, young as I was, I knew in my heart that I was fortunate in having a stepmother to look after me. An experience I had at a neighbor’s house at this time taught me to beware of gratuitous sympathy.

“I was sent to Mrs. Burt’s on an errand one afternoon, and was urged to join the family, who were sitting down to a supper of coffee, waffles, and peach sirup. It was so invitingly different from our own wholesome evening meal at home that I ate with a child’s unrestrained appetite for rich and sweet food. After I had consumed a great many more waffles and sirup than were good for me, and taken two large cups of coffee,—an unprecedented indulgence,—I left the table with difficulty, and Mrs. Burt, looking at me pityingly, said: ‘Poor little stepchild! She doesn’t get much to eat at home, I guess.’

“I felt the color rush to my face; but I couldn’t find words to protest that I had an abundance at home; and ashamed of my greed and the impression that it had made, I left with hardly a word of thanks for the feast I had had. A few days afterward, being again at Mrs. Burt’s at supper-time, I firmly declined her invitation to eat.

“‘I don’t care for anything, thank you,’ I said, when she insisted upon my having some bread and honey, at least. ‘I must go right home.’

“‘Unhappy child!’ she remarked, as I left. ‘I suppose she is afraid her stepmother will not like it if she stays.’

“I was so angry that I passed the whole evening in writing a letter to Mrs. Burt, in which I told her that we had more than enough to eat on our table, that my stepmother was too kind ever to make me fear her, and

that I didn’t want her to think I was a bit unhappy, for I was really very thankful to have a mother. I went early in the morning and slipped the note under the Burt front door, with the conviction that I was saving the family honor and reputation.

“But Mrs. Burt told several of the neighbors that she knew no child of my age could possibly have written so well-worded a letter without help, and that she thought it a shame that my stepmother was making a hypocrite of me.

“When busybodies brought the story to my stepmother, she gathered me into her arms, and half-laughing, half-crying, said, ‘It doesn’t matter what any one thinks. We know each other, don’t we, dear?’

“‘Yes,’ I answered, ‘and I never want anybody to be sorry for me again. It’s lots better to be glad about stepmothers and everything else.’

“Such was my eight-year-old philosophy, and I haven’t outgrown it.”—*Youth’s Companion*.

Tommy’s Prayer

DURING the years I was at work in the slums of southeast London, writes Philip I. Roberts, the following example of simple faith came to my knowledge. A poor little slum child of about eleven years developed a malady which demanded an immediate operation. He was taken to Guy’s Hospital, where the great doctor who examined him had to tell him that there was just a fighting chance for his life.

The seats of the operating theater, rising tier above tier like the gallery of a church, were filled with long rows of students, who had come to witness the greatest surgeon of his time use the knife. The little patient was brought in, and, during some preliminaries, placed in a cushioned chair. Looking round at the great throng of men, he said timidly to one of the assistant doctors, “Please, sir, I should be very glad if one of you gentlemen would say just a little prayer for me.”

There was a profound silence. Nobody moved, so the little slum child knelt down and said: “Dear Jesus, I’m only a poor, weak, little lad, but please, I’d like to live. So, dear Jesus, please help this kind gentleman, so that he will do his work right. Amen.” Having

said that, the boy climbed onto the table, and lay back with a smile lighting up his face.

The great surgeon stood at the head of the table fully aware that he was about to perform an operation that would test his skill to the utmost. For a moment or so, he was visibly agitated. The students exchanged significant glances. Never had they seen their chief unnerved before, and his condition now augured but ill for the life of the waif. Yet as he looked on the still moving lips of the prostrate boy, a great calm stole over the doctor. He commenced to operate, and immediately realized that the slum child's prayer was being answered. Coolness of head, steadiness of hand, and delicacy of touch, all came as they were needed. The boy's life hung on a mere thread, but the skilful surgeon did not snap it.

Next morning the surgeon stood in the ward by the bedside of his little patient. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, Tommy, Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A confident smile lighted up the boy's face as he answered, "I knew he would." Then his features clouded over, and he said: "You were very good to me, too, doctor. And I have nothing to give, nothing at all." Then a happy thought came to him; his face lighted up again, and he whispered, "But I can keep on praying to Jesus for you, can't I?" A great lump came into the doctor's throat. "That you can," he answered, huskily, "and that will be better than any sort of money, for God knows I need the prayers of one like you!"—*The Christian Herald.*

An Old Fire-Escape

A CURIOUS order was received recently by a London firm from an Indian rajah. It said: "Please send me a fire-escape suitable for use when out hunting tigers." The firm executed the order, and the "fire-escape" is now on its way to India. It is a sliding carriage escape, fitted with two telescopic ladders which will reach to a height of thirty-five feet. It is painted khaki color, so as to be inconspicuous in the jungle, and is mounted on high wheels to facilitate its transport.

The rajah will use the escape for climbing trees; and when no trees are available, he will depend solely on the contrivance for safety. It takes about thirty seconds to elevate the ladder. In a letter on instructions for its use the rajah was advised to keep it elevated all the time, when on the hunt, so as to be prepared against any surprise from the tigers.

The escape is strongly built, to withstand the onslaughts of the most savage animals. From the platform on top, the hunter is able to shoot the animals attacking him, and it is impossible for the four-footed creatures to climb it.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Disliking Housework

"My daughter showed little taste for domestic affairs," said a mother, "until I hit upon this idea. One week I do the buying, directing, and, in fact, am the mistress, while she is the maid. The next week the plan is reversed. All the money I can save in my week as mistress belongs to me, to spend without question; and the next week my daughter has the same privilege. Members of the family, however, have a right to complain if any meal or service falls below the standard; and if a complaint is sustained by a two-thirds vote, a fine of ten cents is exacted."



I Killed a Robin

I KILLED a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast and a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple-tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there;
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter, a little cry,
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him, I could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple-tree;

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Thrilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never, I can repay
The little life that I took away.

—*Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.*

A Dog That Remembered and Repaid an Act of Kindness



BICYCLE-RIDING is the principal mode of traveling employed by our workers in the West Indies. While laboring in Jamaica a few years ago, I wheeled thousands of miles, visiting the churches, companies, and isolated members.

The main roads there, without exception, are excellent, being macadamized with a soft limestone, and kept in good condition by the colonial government. Only one objection can possibly be made to them,—they are hilly; sometimes there will be a steep, hard climb for miles. But it would be impracticable to attempt to overcome that difficulty, the greater part of the island's surface being mountainous.

On one occasion I started from Kingston, to visit a church at Font Hill, forty-three miles distant. It was my first visit to that church, and the route was new to me. I left home at daylight, and for several miles followed a level road along the seashore. After about two hours, I came to a steep hill up which I had to walk, although the heat had begun to be oppressive.

Pushing a heavily loaded bicycle up a long sharp incline with the tropical sun beating fiercely upon one's head, usually has the effect of opening one's pores for a copious flow of perspiration, and the cool shade of a roadside tree looks restful and tempting.

I stopped to rest for a minute or two, and while standing leaning on my bicycle, a large brown dog sauntered up. He was long, lean, gaunt, and hungry-looking, but a mild, kindly expression shone in his eyes. He was so lean that literally all the ribs in his body could be traced by a series of well-defined ridges on his sides, while many other parts of his anatomy protruded so prominently that it looked as if there was danger of their piercing through the skin. I spoke to him kindly, and he seemed so surprised and pleased

that I gave him several friendly pats on the head, and addressed to him such kindly terms as, "old friend," "good dog," "nice dog."

In the ecstasy of his delight at my manner, he put his fore paws on my bicycle. A lunch that my wife had given me was tied on the handle bar. He sniffed the odor, and looked longingly at me. Several times he put his nose close to the parcel, and then drew back wagging his tail.

When I asked, "Are you hungry, old fellow?" he put one paw gently on the parcel, and looked me squarely in the face, his expression and motions saying as plainly as words could have done, "Yes, I am hungry; please give me some food."

I took the parcel and gave him a slice of bread; he ate as if he was almost famished. I gave him another piece flanked with a liberal cutting of bean roast. He devoured that, and licked the ground where some of it had fallen. I put the paper containing what was left on the ground; bread, cookies, and all else that was there disappeared with a rapidity that made me wonder at his masticating and digestive powers.

When he had finished eating and had thoroughly licked the paper, he came and laid his head on my knee, with an expression of gratitude that I felt well repaid me for my charity.

When I continued my journey, he followed me up the hill, at the top of which was a Chinese store, where I stopped to buy some refreshment for myself, not knowing whether there would be another opportunity to obtain food on the road. I bought a tin of condensed milk and some hard biscuits, and went into a room in the rear of the shop to eat my breakfast. The dog followed me, and ate the greater part of my purchase. When we both had finished, I mounted my wheel and started on my journey, my new dog friend running along by my side. After a run of two miles, I lost sight of him.

I reached my destination in safety; held quarterly meeting and conducted several other services, continuing my stay there for two days and nights; then I started on my return trip.

When I came to within a short distance of the store where I stopped to purchase food three days before, two medium-sized black dogs appeared in the road and disputed my right to proceed. I was running at a moderate rate of speed, and the sight of my bicycle seemed to enrage them. They growled and barked and sprang at my feet, making desperate efforts to bite me as I rode. Every overture of friendliness was met with louder growls and seemingly greater determination to tear me to pieces.

I fought them off as best I could, and thought I would bear down on the pedals, and perhaps outdistance them, but rounding a bend in the road, a hill stopped me, and I had to walk. With my back against a boulder and my bicycle before me, every limb and muscle of my body was kept in constant activity to defend myself from the furious onslaught of the vicious brutes.

Then and there I learned what an exceedingly difficult experience a person encounters who finds himself in a position where he must plan a campaign and carry on the conflict at the same time. In the midst of the struggle, I heard the bark of another dog that had been attracted to the fray by the noise my two fierce antagonists were making.

My heart sank within me as the loud yelps of what I thought was reenforcement for my enemy drew

nearer. I glanced up, and saw a large brown dog dashing down the mountain at terrific speed. Could I defend myself against three frenzied dogs at once? A prayer, "Lord, help me," was breathed, and then the newcomer bounded into the road.

There was something familiar about him, and before I could think, he sprang at my nearest antagonist, and sinking his sharp teeth into his victim's neck, he whisked him onto his back in the road while howls of pain filled the air. Dashing at the other, he fought him for a few seconds, concluding by shaking him as a terrier would a rat. Then he turned to give his first opponent a second round, but the two erstwhile confident canine champions had suddenly become panic-stricken, and with yells of terror ran down the road with a swiftness that entirely ignored all thought of the dignity of retreat.

The big brown dog was my old friend that I had fed three days before. He chased his fleeing foes for some distance, but I hardly thought he would overtake them, as their terrific cries grew more faint each second, which showed that they were losing no time in their efforts to reach some distant place of safety.

With a hurried but fervent, "Thank you, Father," I waited for my rescuer's return. He soon came, bounding, barking, and seemingly bubbling over with gladness. I threw my arm around his neck and gave him a genuine hug of gratitude, called him pet names, and patted him until he was almost wild with joy, which he manifested by barking, jumping, licking my hands, and trying to lick my face.

We walked up the hill together, and after mounting my bicycle, I rode at a speed that would permit him easily to follow.

Soon we came to the store where we had eaten together before. I had settled it in my mind that when we reached it, I would present him such a feed as he had never enjoyed before, provided the necessary materials for such a lavish spread were carried in stock by the Chinese merchant. But the best I could obtain for him was some more canned milk and hard crackers, with a tin of salmon to mix with them.

He enjoyed his dinner, left a little bit for manners, or because of the large quantity set before him. My delight at such an unexpected and complete deliverance from danger was so great I did not feel hungry.

The dog followed me for a mile or more, and then left me. I have never seen him since. But I am glad I met him. Though he was only a *dog*, he helped me, a *man* and a *minister*, in more ways than one. He impressed upon my mind, stronger than I had ever held it before, the thought that "kindness is heaven-born, a Christian qualification that should be constantly cultivated by all." It pays to be kind even to a dog.

J. H. STRICKLAND.

Harvey Station, New Brunswick.

New Members of the "Instructor" Band of Mercy

THE first six names are from Mohawk, New York:—

Olive Twitchell	Valeria Frosch
Emma Twitchell	Cora Whittaker
Josephine Folts	William Whittaker

From Yazoo City, Mississippi, is the name of M. A. Murphy.

We are glad for these seven new members; and wish that many times seven could be added before the year closes.

Loyal to Duty

ON the afternoon that the dam gave way at Austin, Pennsylvania, Kathleen Lyon, sixteen years of age, heard a long blast on the factory whistle, the signal that was to indicate the breaking of the dam. Immediately Miss Lyon, a telephone operator, connected as many wires as she could manage at one time, rang the calls on each, and cried, "Hurry to the hills!" Not until the young woman saw a near-by church spire totter and fall, and she knew that the flood was upon her, did she desert her post. Fortunately she escaped uninjured, and was later generously rewarded for her bravery by the company for which she worked.

Matches

It was in Imperial Valley, California, where things are done on a large scale. Willie was but nine years old; but we had become friends, and he was helping me do some Christian Help work. As we were driving along with our load, he told me how he, a few years before, had thought to burn up a bale of hay, and how, as a result, two hundred tons were consumed. And all this because the boy disobeyed his mother.

When Willie is older and learns the value of money, he will better appreciate what might have been done with the thousands of dollars thus wasted, and also the truth of the saying, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." Willie is not the only one who is careless in the use of matches, for in the United States alone over ten million dollars' worth of property is thus destroyed yearly; and if that were all, it might not be so bad, but each year over eight hundred persons are burned to death as a result of the careless use of matches.

D. D. FITCH.

How a Train Disaster Was Averted

A MOST remarkable instance happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Missouri, and was told in a railway paper. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday-school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. The train had not proceeded more than half-way when a thunder-storm overtook it. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downfall might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour. As the train swung around a curve, and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed the throttle and put on the brakes in an instant. "Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman, "hundreds of children on board!" "I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all." His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main line rails. The train came to a stop, and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail, and had closed the switch. "It was the act of God," said the engineer.—*Dr. J. M. Farrar, in the Christian Herald.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, November 25

LEADER'S NOTE.—No regular study has been prepared for this meeting. Doubtless each society has matters of local importance which it will be glad to have opportunity to consider.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5—Lesson 6: "The Price of Africa,"

Chapter 6

The Whole World for Jesus

The whole wide world for Jesus!
For his is its domain,
And his is the dominion
From sea to sea to reign;
To him the kings of Sheba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And isles afar their tribute
Shall render to their King.

The whole wide world for Jesus!
O church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Thy posts of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone,
Till earth, with all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

The whole wide world for Jesus!
Where Satan long hath reigned,
The Prince of Peace shall triumph,
The world shall be regained.
The realms which sat in darkness
Have seen the glorious light,
For, lo! the dawn is breaking
Along the verge of night.

The whole wide world for Jesus!
Behold! the time at hand!
His vanguard hosts are massing
Their force in every land;
Each thrill of ocean's cable,
Each breeze, fresh tidings brings
Of conquests won for Jesus,
The mighty King of kings.

The whole wide world for Jesus,—
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all Pacific's islands,
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina
And Afric's desert gloom.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Through all its fragrant zones!
Ring out again the watchword
In loftiest, gladdest tones.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
We'll wing the song with prayer,
And link the prayer with labor,
Till Christ his crown shall wear.

—Rev. Oliver Crane, D. D.

Junior No. 4—Lesson 6: "Uganda's White Man of Work," Pages 135-169

(Consult the map frequently)

1. WHAT was Mutesa's attitude toward the missionaries and religious matters in general at this time?
2. What journey did Mr. Mackay find it necessary to make? Compare with some modern journey.
3. Relate Mutesa's dream, its interpretation, and its results.

4. On Mr. Mackay's return, what effort was made to prejudice Mutesa against him?
5. From whom did Mr. Mackay receive an important letter, and why was it important?
6. What other results of their efforts did the missionaries see soon after?
7. Repeat the stories of the converted chief and wizard.
8. What terrible disease invaded Uganda? How were its victims treated?
9. Tell something of the history of Philipo Mukasa and his wife.
10. What interesting conversion took place during Mr. Mackay's absence?
11. By October, 1884, how many Waganda had been baptized? How long was this after the printing of Mr. Stanley's letter?

Morning Watch: Accept Him To-day

A CHRISTIAN woman, according to the *Sunday School Times*, was employed in a home where a loved mother lay ill. Her daughter, a girl of fifteen, had never given her heart to Christ, fearing that by so doing she might lose some of her youthful pleasures. When she grew older, she said, she would give herself to him. One day she came into the house bringing a bouquet of beautiful fresh carnations for her mother. The nurse commented upon their loveliness, and then said: "We will not take them up to mother now—they are too fresh and beautiful; we will wait a few days." The young girl was surprised, almost indignant, and sought an explanation. Said the nurse: "Is not this what you are doing to your loving Heavenly Father? Are you not by your conduct reserving for yourself the beauty and freshness of your young life, and waiting to offer him the faded blossoms from which all the lovely beauty and freshness have departed?" The girl felt the force of the illustration, and yielded her young life to the Master's service.

The following story is told of a little black boy in East Africa: The teacher in the mission had just explained the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. One of the large boys said he wanted to follow Jesus; and the little boy said the same. "Have you felt for some time that God has been calling you?" asked the teacher. "O, no! It is only to-day; but I listened right off when he called," was the sincere answer. How many of us "listened right off"?

A Remarkable Sameness

A YOUNG Christian who had just come out into the glories and freedom of the life that is in Christ, writing to a friend who was sharing the same riches with him, said of certain objections that were being made against the "extreme" position of self-crucifixion with Christ: "You have probably heard all the criticisms, because Satan's suggestions have a remarkable sameness to them; they have been so terribly effective so far that he has wisely decided not to change them much." Yes; they are the same old methods, and they continue to win the same old and terrible victories against God's children. But they need not thus win; and when Christ is the whole life, they can not.—*Sunday School Times*.



VII — Paul a Prisoner Before Felix

(November 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 24: 24 to 25: 22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6: 2.

Questions

1. Where was Paul at the time of which we are studying? By whose order? Why had Felix deferred passing sentence? Note 1.
2. After Paul had been in prison for certain days, who sent for him? Of what nationality was the wife of Felix? What did Felix and his wife desire to hear? Acts 24: 24.
3. What subjects did Paul present upon that occasion? What effect did his words have upon Felix? What reply did Felix make? In the light of the memory verse for this lesson, what mistake did Felix make? Verse 25.
4. What did Felix hope that Paul might do? What did this hope lead Felix to do? After two years who became governor in his place? Although Felix might have given Paul his liberty before he went out of office, how did he still try to please the Jews? Verses 26, 27; note 2.
5. When Festus came into the province, what city did he soon visit? What would a new ruler try to do? Acts 25: 1; note 3.
6. When Festus came to Jerusalem, who informed him immediately against Paul? What did they ask Festus to do? If he had sent for Paul, as they wished, what would they have done? Verses 2, 3; note 4.
7. What reply did Festus make to the request of the Jews? Where was he himself going very soon? What did he invite Paul's accusers to do? Verses 4, 5.
8. How long did Festus remain at Jerusalem? The day after his return to Cæsarea, what order did he give? When Paul was brought in, who stood round about him? What did they do? What was the weak part of their accusations? Verses 6, 7.
9. When Paul answered for himself, what three definite denials did he make? Verse 8. What do these denials show? Note 5.
10. In what respect was Festus like Felix? What question did Festus ask Paul? Where did Paul say he ought to be judged? To whom had he done no wrong? What did he say Festus knew? Verses 9, 10.
11. Under what condition was Paul willing to die? If the accusations of the Jews were untrue, what should no man do? To whom did he appeal his case? With whom did Festus confer? What answer did he then make? Verses 11, 12; note 6.
12. After a time who came to visit Festus? What did Festus tell the king? What did he say he had answered the chief priest concerning the custom of the Romans? Verses 13-16; note 7.
13. What did Festus say he had done when Paul's accusers came to Cæsarea? What did he say of the nature of the charges against Paul? How was the resurrection of the dead mentioned? Verses 17-19.
14. What question had Felix asked Paul? To whom

had Paul appealed? What desire did Agrippa express? Verses 20-22.

Notes

1. Paul was in Cæsarea, a prisoner by order of Felix, the governor. He was allowed many privileges, and was not subjected to the discomfort of the common prison. Felix had deferred passing sentence at his trial, saying he wished to hear further concerning the matter.
2. Joseph was left in prison two years because somebody forgot him. Gen. 40:14, 23. But Felix did not have the excuse of forgetting his prisoner. He often sent for Paul and talked with him, and the oftener because he hoped that Paul would pay him money for his freedom.
3. A new ruler would very naturally try to make himself acquainted with the desires of the people he had come to govern, and would be likely to visit those places associated with general interests. In Jerusalem, the Jewish capital, were centered the most difficult persons and questions with which he would have to deal.
4. Two years had not changed the bitter hatred of the Jews against Paul. They were still determined to have his life.
5. Paul's denials show that the "many and grievous complaints" made by the Jews against Paul, were the same charges Tertullus had spoken against him, as recorded in Acts 24:5, 6. Paul had not violated the laws of the Jews nor the Romans, in anything he had done.
6. All Roman citizens had the right of appeal to the emperor of Rome, as a safeguard against tyranny and injustice. Paul refused to go to Jerusalem to be tried by his enemies. He insisted upon being sent to Rome to have trial before the emperor. Nero was the Cæsar ruling Rome at that time.
7. King Agrippa here mentioned was Herod Agrippa II. He was the ruler of certain principalities in northern Palestine, with the title of king. His father was the Herod who had killed James and imprisoned Peter.

10. What question did Festus ask Paul? What was the object of this question? Verse 9.
11. What did Paul say as to the irregularity of such a procedure? By what statement did he show the injustice of Festus's purpose? Verse 10.
12. In what words did he show that he was willing to suffer any just punishment? By what statement did he put an end to the trial? Verse 11; note 3.
13. What did Festus then do and say? Verse 12.
14. Who came to visit Festus some time afterward? Verse 13; note 4.
15. How did Festus bring Paul's case before Agrippa? What did he say of the demand of the Jews and of his reply? Verses 14-16.
16. What surprised Festus when the case came up for trial? Verses 17, 18.
17. In what words did he state the whole of the real case of the Jews against Paul? Verse 19.
18. For what purpose did he say he was now keeping Paul? Verses 20, 21.
19. What wish did Agrippa express? When did Festus say his curiosity should be satisfied? Verse 22.

Notes

1. "Felix, who had never before listened to the truth, was deeply agitated as the Spirit of God sent conviction to his soul. Conscience, now aroused, made her voice heard. He felt that Paul's words were true. Memory went back over the guilty past. With terrible distinctness came up before him the secrets of his early life of lust and bloodshed, and the black record of his later years,—licentious, cruel, rapacious, unjust, steeped with the blood of private murders and public massacres. Never before had the truth been thus brought home to his heart. Never before had his soul been thus filled with terror. The thought that all the secrets of his career of crime were open before the eye of God, and that he must be judged according to his deeds, caused him to tremble with guilty dread."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 243.
2. "No change seems to have taken place in the outward circumstances of the apostle when Festus came to take command of the province. He was still in confinement as before. But immediately on the accession of the new governor the unsleeping hatred of the Jews made a fresh attempt upon his life, and the course of their proceedings presently changed the whole aspect of his case, and led to unexpected results."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 578.
3. "Festus was probably surprised by this termination of the proceedings, but no choice was open to him. Paul had urged his prerogative as a Roman citizen to be tried not by the Jewish but by the Roman law,—a claim which, indeed, was already admitted by the words of Festus, who only proposed to transfer him to the jurisdiction of the Sanhedrin with his own consent. He ended by availing himself of one of the most important privileges of Roman citizenship, the right of appeal. By the mere pronouncement of those potent words, 'I appeal unto Cæsar,' he instantly removed his cause from the jurisdiction of the magistrate before whom he stood, and transferred it to the supreme tribunal of the emperor at Rome."—*Id.*, pages 579, 580.
4. "King Herod Agrippa made a visit of congratulation to Governor Festus. With him came the beautiful and fascinating Bernice, who was both his sister and his illegal wife. She was also sister of Drusilla the wife of Felix, and as dissolute."—*Peloubet's Notes*, 1909.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII — Paul a Prisoner Before Felix

(November 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 24:24 to 25:22.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: Cæsarea, the prison.

PERSONS: Paul, Felix and Drusilla, Porcius Festus, the high priest, Jews from Jerusalem, Agrippa and Bernice.

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Cor. 6:2.

Questions

1. On what occasion did Paul appear before Felix the second time? Of what did Paul reason? With what result? What did Felix say to Paul? Acts 24:24, 25; note 1.
2. For what purpose did Felix continue to send for Paul? What alone seemed to stand in the way of this release? Verse 26.
3. How long was he thus unjustly kept a prisoner? Who succeeded Felix as governor? Why was Paul left in bondage? Verse 27; note 2.
4. What did Festus do soon after coming into office? How was Paul's case brought to his attention while he was at Jerusalem? Acts 25:1, 2.
5. What did the Jews request? What was their object? What did Festus reply? Verses 3, 4.
6. What did he say Paul's adversaries should do? Verse 5.
7. How soon was the opportunity given them? Verse 6.
8. What did the Jews do as soon as Festus opened court? What was lacking in their accusations? Verse 7.
9. What was Paul's reply to their charges? Verse 8.

A Happy Lesson

ONE cold morning in February we stood looking out upon a world encased in an icy armor which sparkled with unrivaled beauty in the sunshine. "Beautiful!" said one. "Yes, it is very beautiful, but it will all be gone before noon." The little restless maiden, quiet for once as she gazed upon the glory, looked up and brightly said, "Never mind. There'll be something else beautiful to-morrow."—*The Record of Christian Work*.

"THE secret of success is constancy to purpose."

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
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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.

I Go, My Lord

WHERE wilt thou have me go, my Lord?
Where in the vineyard wide?
Where do the gleaners glean for thee?
Where do thine own abide?

There will I labor day by day;
There show my task to me;
I shall not fear, though I am weak,
If I may work with thee.

MAX HILL.

Lovers of Pleasure

EVENTS connected with the series of ball games recently played in New York City indicate that our American people are fast surrendering themselves to the sport-loving spirit. "Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God" is the apostle Paul's characterization of the people of the last days. The Washington *Post* in reporting the first day's game said that at least 45,000 persons were on the grounds. "As early as five o'clock in the morning the line of people waiting for one-dollar bleacher seats began to lengthen and spread out. At that time there were possibly one thousand five hundred. An hour later there were easily three thousand. At nine o'clock, when the gates opened, Inspector McCluskey figured that there were ten thousand persons in waiting. One hundred thousand dollars, it is claimed, had to be returned to those whose orders for seats could not be filled.

"Preparations for handling the crowd began inside the stadium long before sunrise. Secretary Gray, of the New York club, was on hand before the street lamps were extinguished, and at seven o'clock five hundred ushers were admitted through a small gate in the main entrance. Then came three hundred fifty special policemen and detectives, who received instructions and were assigned to their posts.

"The caterer was there too, issuing orders to three hundred fifty venders of food and drink, seventeen bartenders, one hundred fifty score-card boys, and fifty cooks and bottle washers. Down in the caterer's dungeon twenty-five thousand sandwiches were piled up, and a ton of peanuts in paper bags looked like a mountain."

Everywhere the ball games, moving-picture shows, and the theaters secure immense audiences. But all this unwholesome excitement will pass away; for the time will come when eternal things will seem of far

greater value than the amusements that now attract the crowds; but it will then be too late for one to choose the things of infinite worth. *Now* is the time. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

Each One Can Help

THE following appeal for help, from Mrs. Ella Camp Russell, of Soonan, Korea, appeared in a recent number of the *Review and Herald*. But thinking many of our Missionary Volunteers might not see it, we reprint it in the INSTRUCTOR. Many, I am sure, will respond to this call in a simple way, but let great care be exercised in prepaying the postage, so that our missionaries will have no shortage to pay, which might rob the gift of its acceptableness:—

If those in the home land should exchange places with the foreign workers, what do you suppose they would want the ones at home to do? Having been so situated as to view this question from both sides, let me venture an answer as it appeals to me.

Here in the foreign work, we are brought face to face with conditions wholly unknown to the people at home, unless we except those working for the very poor in our large cities. It is a common circumstance in all Eastern mission fields that the people are poor, desperately poor; therefore they are hungry, cold, and dirty. The suffering of widows and orphans is pitiful.

I do not know whether or not there is a fund for supplying food, clothing, and soap; but I am sure if there were, the missionary's wife in every field would draw heavily from it. Why don't you sisters at home clear out your clothes-presses and closets, and send us out-of-date or partly worn garments? Send a few at a time by mail. [Between the United States and Japan—now including Korea—there exists a foreign parcel-post. The limitation in weight is eleven pounds. In value the package must not exceed eighty dollars. The rate of postage is twelve cents a pound or fraction thereof. In every case the postage must be prepaid.] Any sort of garment can be made over into children's clothing here. Also if some would send small pieces of cloth, such as scraps left over from gingham and calico dresses, they would go a long way toward dressing a child. Old silk waists can be sent in very small packages, and can be used to good advantage. Pictures and flower seeds might also be sent; the little children love these, and are taught beautiful lessons from them. Church-schools could find great pleasure and the blessing of God in collecting articles to be sent to foreign mission schools.

Just let me tell you about our girls' school here. These poor girls are willing to eat boiled millet three times a day,—nothing else,—in order to have money to buy books and pay tuition. Outside of school hours, they do sewing or any work they can find. They make and sell the white cotton hose which Koreans wear. These hose are made of strong cotton cloth, almost as heavy as canvas. It is sewed by hand, and they sell these hose for two and one-half cents above the cost of material. I would not make a pair for fifty cents. Poor little girls! If they were sent some good cloth, then they could make twelve and one-half cents clear on a pair.

Don't be afraid that too many will send. *You* send a yard anyway, or two or three yards,—white cotton cloth, drilling, or duck, or light canvas, strong, but not too stiff to be sewed by hand. This can be sent to the Korean Girls' School, Soonan, Korea.

And last, but not least, write once in a while to the ones in distant parts of the world. No matter if you have never met them, it will cheer them wonderfully to receive letters. Ask them questions, and by establishing a closer connection the foreign work need not be far from any door. It is the simple, common duties in service for humanity that the Saviour has taught us by precept and example. I am so glad to be where I can actually, with my own hands, "feed the hungry" and "clothe the naked." How similar were the conditions in the time of Christ to what we see here!

"TEMPERANCE TORCHLIGHTS" is an excellent book. We are using it in our State work. I carried a copy to the W. C. T. U. convention at Baltimore, and it is being used by our young people's branch of the W. C. T. U. as a reference book. I am sure this will greatly increase its sale. I love to push a good thing.—*A W. C. T. U. President.*