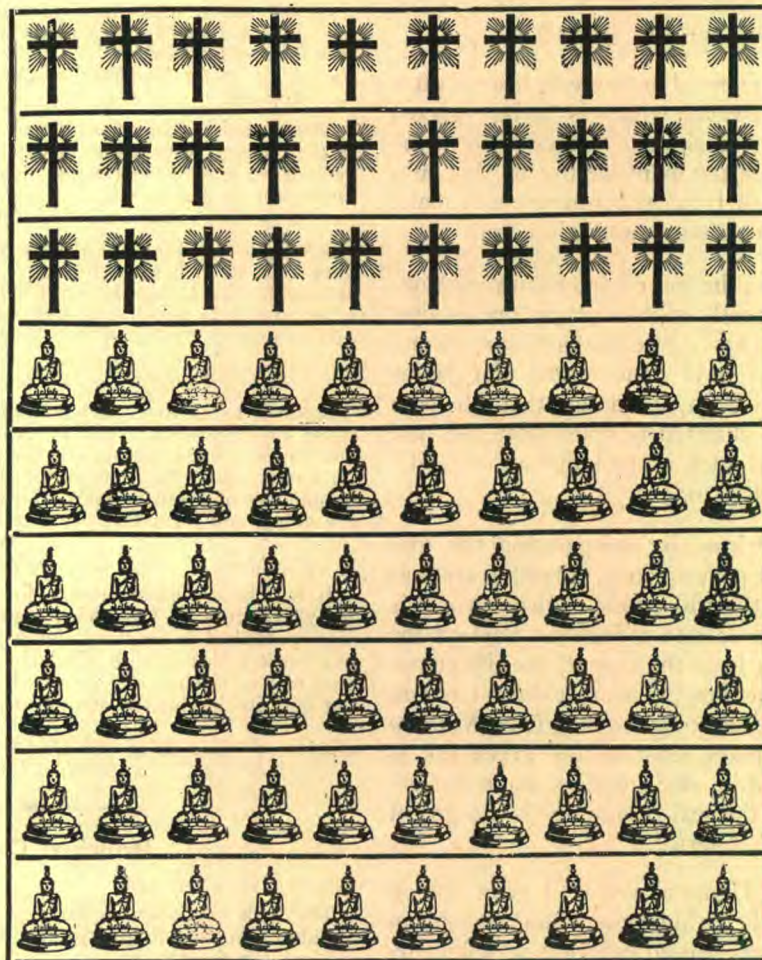


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

November 14, 1911

No. 46



Missionary Herald

THIRTY IDOLS GONE

EACH five dollars received for missions from the Ingathering services held by the children of the church removed one idol from the accompanying diagram, and placed in its stead a cross. The following schools are responsible for the change that has been made: Glenwood, Iowa, \$5; Western Colorado camp-meeting, \$22.61; Logansport, Indiana, \$12; St. Helena, California, \$55; Bay City, Michigan, \$8.80; College Place, Washington, \$31.14; Elgin, Illinois, \$15.



It costs approximately two million dollars a day to support our government.

WOMAN suffrage captured the sixth State of the nation when California's men recently voted in favor of giving the franchise to women.

DR. CHARLES SPURGEON said that the reason the lions couldn't eat Daniel was because he was half grit and half back-bone, two characteristics that come from habitually trusting God and obeying his Word.

MARCH 7, Luther Burbank's birthday, has been set aside by California as Arbor day, making it a legal holiday. It is said that Mr. Burbank's potato has added to the annual agricultural productivity of the country \$17,000,000.

A RAILROAD company plans to install several moving-picture machines on trains engaged in the transcontinental service, to relieve the monotony of the long cross-country journey, and at the same time instruct the passengers in the wonders and resources of the country through which they are passing.

AN English pottery expert has perfected, he claims, a new construction material, which is merely glazed slabs of pure porcelain or china. A factory is to be built on the Thames for the manufacture of this substance, which, if used in tropical countries, will make houses resist damp, heat, disease, and white ants.

LITTLE Gerald Enoch, the son of one of our missionaries in India, died recently with a prayer on his lips. Though not quite six years of age, his last words were, "Forgive me all that I have done wrong, for Jesus' sake. Amen." And we do not doubt that He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God," heard and answered that prayer.

THE *Scientific American*, in enumerating the materials that make up our paper money, furnishes another illustration of the fact that the whole civilized world is rapidly being transformed into a family. Part of the paper fiber is linen rags from the *Orient*; the silk comes from *China* or *Italy*; the blue ink is made from *German* or *Canadian* cobalt; the black ink is made from *Niagara Falls* acetylene-gas smoke; most of the green ink is green color mixed in white zinc sulphite, made in *Germany*; the red color in the seal is obtained in a pigment imported from *Central America*.

BISHOP TUCKER, of Uganda, says: "I gave out on Sunday that the Gospels of Matthew would be sold on Monday morning. I was roused before it was light by the roar of voices. . . . Close to my house is a slight shed used for the cows to stand in during the heat of the day. This was barricaded, keeping the people outside. But barricades were useless—in came the door, and we thought the whole place would fall. In ten minutes all the hundred Gospels were sold." After breakfast the missionary discovered a box containing 800 books, which were sold as fast as the others. "And," he concludes, "I should think a thousand or more people were waiting about, each with shells to buy a book, but we had none to sell." Do we prize the Bible as much?

The Boy's Motto

A BOY walked into a merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a catechism by the merchant, he was asked: "Well, my lad, what is your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," he replied; "same as you have on your door—'Push.'"

He was engaged.—*Selected.*

Why?

WHY, girls, do you persist in sitting with crossed knees in public? If you are tempted to excuse yourself in assuming this position, just look down a row of young women who are occupying the first row of seats in a hall or lecture-room and see what a presentable (?) appearance they make as half of them sit with knees crossed and underskirts in full view.

"God's Two Books

Or Plain Facts About Evolution, Geology, and the Bible"

By George McCready Price, Professor of Geology and Physics, College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda, California, author of "Illogical Geology," etc.

It is valuable for the excellent portraits of distinguished men.

DAVID STARR JORDAN,

President of Leland Stanford University.

I have read it with much interest, and must try to see your "Illogical Geology." . . . You certainly bring out a number of very interesting points.

PROF. JAMES ORR,

Author of "The Problems of the Old Testament," Glasgow, Scotland.

The book is a cogent argument against evolution in so far as that theory rests upon geology. But does it not rest upon geology so greatly that when geology is destroyed, its very foundation is destroyed?

FRANKLIN JOHNSON,

Professor of Ecclesiastical History, University of Chicago.

Many thanks for Mr. Price's striking book. Naturally I have read it with great interest. . . . I have never seen any answer to Sir Henry Howorth's "Mammoth," nor do I see what answer is possible, and the same seems to me to be the case as regards Professor Price's argument.

PROF. A. H. SAYCE,

Oxford University, England.

It seems to me that you have rendered a noble service to the cause of evangelical truth in demonstrating that the fundamental idea of Darwinism and the prevailing notion of geology no longer suffice to account for the origin of species or the chronology of fossil remains. I rejoice in the good work you are doing, and I am sure every believer in the Book also does.

WILLIAM G. MOOREHEAD,

President of Xenia Theological Seminary, Xenia, Ohio.

It will be a perfect armory for use in meeting attacks on Holy Scripture by false science and false criticism. I wish it were published in England, for we have no book quite like it, — a book which is both scholarly and popular, fitted to influence men of science, and yet cast in a form that should make it not only intelligible but attractive to ordinary readers.

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON,

Author of "The Bible and Modern Criticism," "Daniel in the Critics' Den," etc., London, England.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1911

No. 46

The Hills O' Ca'liny—No. 1

The Land of the Sky

A. W. SPAULDING



THOSE beautiful October days when I trudged the winding roads and climbed the steep ascents to carry the Book to villa and to hovel,—ah, how they troop along my glad memory with their delightful warmth and haze and color! The woods in their colors, in places how gorgeous; in broad landscapes how restful to the eye! The trees, released from their summer's campaign, were hastening to doff their uniforms of green, and to trick themselves out in all the brightness of civilian dress, as suited each fancy. Hastiest of all, the sourwood appeared in vivid red, then the aristocratic poplars in their yellow green; the sturdy hickories followed with a brighter yellow, and the maples came hard after with all their mingled colors. And lastly the oaks, as though reluctant to part company with their comrades, the pines, slowly splashed themselves with color, all shades of red and brown dashing themselves upon the green. The mountainside glowed at last in brightness, like a great picture of God hung up against the sky. Slowly it faded as the days went on; but in memory it lives still.

But the sky! The sky can never be forgotten. Long ago this country was christened by a writer who had caught some of its glory, "The Land of the Sky." And surely, if anywhere, then here, may be heeded Ruskin's words: "The sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust."

Blue as with the dust of the amethysts of heaven, the great dome, when clear, is our purest earnest of the coming kingdom. There is nothing that so carries the soul away as to lie upon the back and gaze far, far, and farther into the depths of the blue sky. The great expanse seems to deepen, to open before the eye like the sea at Pi-hahiroth before the sweeping wind of God; the imagination is carried away with the vast infinitude of space; we seem to be already winging our flight of eternity to uncounted worlds. A keen delight steals over the soul, a delight incomparable, in my mind, with any other sensation than that sense of God's nearness when through Jesus he forgives our sins.

Then over the mountains there climb up great masses of billowy white clouds. What is there in white masses that so attracts the artist within us? When I was a boy, the thick, up-piled soap-suds in the wash-tub had a fascination for me; and I used to gaze longingly at the pictures in the geography of heaps of white cotton-boll with grinning black piccaninnies sporting about in it. A flock of sheep on a green hillside holds our eyes longer than a mottled herd. The sea is never so glo-

rious as when the green billows are capped with white crests. And the death of winter is sanctified, beautified, by the mantle of snow that drapes itself over the ugliness of naked nature.

But when the eye leaps from earth to sky, to behold the clouds, it is as looking from beauty to glory. One finds himself involuntarily wondering, as the thunderheads roll up, how on such slender bases the great domes can be reared. They gather; they roll; they multiply; they change from a hundred formations to a thousand; they lose their whiteness; they darken; they blacken; they mutter and thunder; and the storm bursts over the land.

But what serene, sweet mornings with the sprinkled cirrus coaxing away the blackness of night from the face of the sky. How the light cloud wisps are touched into rose with the early beams of the sun from behind the mountains. How the colors mingle as the age-old miracle is worked by the climbing sovereign,—purple and white, rose and gold; pedestal and pinnacle glowing and fading, until the heart goes out in the prayer,—

"Clothe me in the rose tints of thy sky,
Upon morning summits laid.
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through thy shuttles of light and shade."

It is not the heavens alone that seem to make appropriate the title, the Land of the Sky. These pastured hills, these forest-covered mountains, are, it seems to me, more like the mountains of heaven than any others earth affords. No jagged, precipitous cliffs are they, but rounded, gently swelling slopes. True, in some places they become steep, and here and there reveal an outcropping ledge, but there is not much of this.

Stand with me on the pinnacle of Couch Mountain, just behind our home. We have climbed twelve hundred feet to reach it; and now there spreads out below us the great French Broad Valley, with its tributaries, bounded by great ranges of mountains famous in legend and story: the Blue Ridge, the Pisgah Range, the Swannanoas, and the Big Craggies; far to the right mighty Mt. Mitchell; and in the distant northwest, behind the Nantahalas, the sky-line of the Great Smokies. And scarce a cliff to be seen, but instead, the graceful, rounded outlines of the hills of the Land of the Sky. Forest, pasture, and field succeed one another, with here and there a glimpse of blue water. The words of the sixty-fifth psalm come to mind:—

"The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing."

Do you remember the Delectable Mountains, where the pilgrims refreshed themselves after their sad plight in Doubting Castle, and where they saw afar the towers

of the Celestial City? Do you remember the shepherds, who took them about from point to point, to show them the beauties of the place, and to point them on their way? Well, these are the Delectable Mountains. And the shepherds who were so kind,—they live here too. Let us go along the winding roads till we meet them.

For the roads all wind here; there are no straight roads. In the days when the fathers began to make good roads, and learned that they must have easy grades, they began to curve their lines around the hills; and so fixed has the habit become now that even where there might be a straight road, through the flat woods, by preference it winds. Do not deceive yourselves by its apparent direction, and try a short cut to reach the other extreme of the curve: as soon as it is out of your sight, it will hitch itself around the other way, purposely to leave you stranded a mile from the path.

But though the roads are crooked, they lead to the dwellings of the shepherds. "Howdy, brother! Stay with us overnight." And as the days wax chill, and you find it uncomfortable to sleep in the woods, the invitation is welcome indeed. Around a roaring fire in the great rock fireplace, we sit with a homespun, homely, home-loving group, and lead on, with the aid of the Book, to the story of our pilgrimage, our ardent hopes of the Celestial City, yea, of our Saviour so soon to come. Good talk, I warrant you, will you find. If the shepherds are rustic, they are not uncultured, if mayhap, gentle pilgrim, you are wise to recognize their culture. Gracious and courteous, interested but respectful, they entertain you right royally.

But come; for supper is ready, and smoking hot it comes upon the table. "What, you eat no bacon? Try this venison, or these chicken croquettes"—and I had thought them fried mush balls, till in my innocence I tasted one, and then I thought it fish! "No," says the mother, "I don't believe in coffee myself; it's bad for the liver. But surely you drink something at meals? Really, you'll starve." And the table groans with more than our meager table knows: hominy and corn bread, and sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, and preserved peaches and hot apple sauce, and hot biscuit—"Have a *hot* biscuit; those by you are growing cold." And so I take another hot biscuit, break it open and lay it on my plate to cool, while I surreptitiously sequester a cool one from the near-by plate.

I am living all this over (and how much more!) with my good friends up on Brushy Creek; would I might mention their names in memory of grace. But everywhere we meet them; and we go on our way the next morning with a glow in our hearts that surely none but the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains could inspire.

How the little cascades tumble down from the mountains! This is a land of springs, of flowing waters. You need never thirst here. And so easy is it to find springs that the inhabitants have grown shiftless thereby. Dig a well up on a hill, when there is a spring in the gulch?—No; build down by the spring. We note this everywhere, that the little houses are down in the hollows, where they can reach the springs; and the big houses of the people who come in for health or rest or pleasure, are built up on the hills, where they can see the sky.

Across the road there run the tiny streams at every little interval. And on the thirsty days how refresh-

ing! Only, as we stoop to catch the sparkling waters, there will cross the mind a sudden spasm of fear, the suspicion that up somewhere on the branch there may be a cabin and a pigsty, for of course the pigs must get to water. Once in a while, some kind soul has fashioned from a wayside spring a drinking-trough, with a clear stream piped into it; and to this unknown benefactor I always feel like pouring out a libation as I repeat Scott's lines,—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sibyl Gray,
Who built this cross and well."

As I come out from under the apple-trees morning by morning, on my way to the barn, the dawn lifts its pure face over the eastern mountains. Always I feel lifted above the things of earth by that sudden tableau. No burst of music from cathedral organ, no chant of choral voices, can work the wonders wrought in the soul by that morning view. To come out from under the apple-trees on the straight path, to lift the eyes to the sky, it is like coming to the brow of a cliff and stretching new-found wings—the wings of morning—in flight over the world beneath. The strength-girt hills, the sky in soft raiment, the mystery of the mists, the steadfast majesty of the forests, the tinkle of the rock-hampered waters in the brook, all are caught and blended in a great thanksgiving, a mighty benediction. Constantly with us here is the spirit of the hills that inspired Lucy Larcom in her "Prayer on the Mountain:"—

"Gird me with the strength of thy steadfast hills,
The speed of thy streams give me.
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for thee.
Let me be thy voice, or thy silent power,
As the cataract, or the peak,—
An eternal thought, in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

"Clothe me in the rose tints of thy skies,
Upon morning summits laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through thy shuttles of light and shade;
Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome thy twilight and thy night
And wait for thy dawn anew.

"Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under the clank of its icy chain;
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hilltops, in mist and rain;
Lift me up from the clod, let me breathe thy breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me;
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
In the life that I share with thee."

Side-Lights on English—No. 6

Loan-Words and Cognates

WHEN the fashion of wholesale borrowing from French had got well under way, a new force, the Renaissance, or revival of classical learning, made itself felt. This contrasted with the French period in being one of *conscious* borrowing. Pagan authors were eagerly read, and as many classical words made over into English as the language would hold. It has been estimated that one fourth of the entire Latin vocabulary has been taken over into the English language. It is very true that much of this Latin element, rather than being taken directly from the ancient tongue, comes second hand through French and other European vernaculars. It is often impossible to say which is which, and it makes little practical difference, since the original source is the same. And these words,

it should be noted, are generally the significant words of the sentence — those that give the essential tone or quality.

With the enlargement of science, Greek, as a source of technical terms, has come into remarkable play. This is true not only in English, but in the languages of civilized countries generally. Such words as *photograph*, *telephone*, and *stereotype* will suggest to the reader many others of like nature.

As sources of English loan-words, Greek and Latin, of course, stand first. No other Germanic language has so much of the classical element in its vocabulary as ours. At the same time it can be said that nearly every language of earth has contributed something to the enrichment of our speech. Note the following as illustrative of this extensive borrowing:—

Russian: *knout*, *steppe*.

Malay: *gingham*, *ketchup*.

Chinese: *tea*, *ginseng*.

Polynesian: *taboo*, *tattoo*.

American Indian: *tobacco*, *potato*, *toboggan*.

Turkish: *coffee*, *horde*.

Persian: *bazar*, *caravan*.

Native Australian: *boomerang*, *kangaroo*.

Such words as *sketch*, *landscape*, and *casel* suggest that the Dutch were painters; while *piano*, *oboe*, *staccato*, *tremulo*, *finale*, *opera*, and *prima donna* brand the Italians as leaders in music.

Only a very few words have been borrowed from German; yet there are numerous English words strikingly similar to German words of practically the same meaning. Examples: *Brod*, bread; *Vater*, father; *Haus*, house; *Kalb*, calf; *Buch*, book; and *Weif*, wife. What is the explanation here? Simply that these are not loan-words, as many people suppose, but cognates.

A parallel case is to be seen in the vocabularies of the Romance languages, where hundreds upon hundreds of words are of this cognate sort. As a type, take the word for *mother*: French, *mère*; Spanish, *madre*; Portuguese, *mai*; and Italian, *madre*. All these originated at approximately the same time from Latin *mater*.

GURNE K. YOUNG.

Love for the Dollar

AMERICANS have an unenviable name in Europe on account of their rush after the dollar. Money considerations are supposed to take precedence of everything else. Ask what an American is *worth*, and the meaning is always understood. What is the value of his assets in dollars and cents? He may be "worth" a million dollars, when as a character benefiting his race he may be absolutely worthless. A man in America is likely to be measured largely by the amount of money at his command.

But it may be questioned whether this grasping after money is altogether an American characteristic. There is the same money hunger here, though the ambition is more moderate, and a penny or "thripence" or sixpence may satisfy, perhaps in some cases even a ha'penny (pronounced hay'p'ny), equivalent to our cent.

But rest assured that no one here expects to do a favor, even to directing you to the right street, without a tip. It's the custom, and it's expected. Perhaps nothing is said if you "forget," but you will always find the offer accepted with thanks when you tender a tip, just as though you had paid for a paper of pins or some other article. No one feels insulted

to be offered a tip; and in many hotels, restaurants, and the like, the employees are paid a small salary on the supposition that they will get part of their salary out of the tips. One regrets that the custom is being introduced into America, for it savors of snobbishness on one side, and lackeyism on the other. It degrades the receiver of the tip; and if it is given in order to receive special favors not given to others, it degrades the giver; and in any case, it is an insult to the proprietor, insinuating that he does not pay his servants a sufficient wage. It should be frowned down by every one who believes in the dignity of labor and the respectability of the laborer.

Here certain institutions, notably the Lyon's restaurants, of which there are more than one hundred in London,—you see them everywhere,—forbid their employees to receive gratuities, and request customers not to offer to tip the waiters. One can eat in one of these restaurants and pay the amount the bill of fare calls for, without feeling that he is looked upon by the waiter as a sneak-thief or a "mean fellow."

Some of the government buildings have plain notices requesting visitors not to fee the employees, and yet these men will say, when you put down your umbrella, "You may pay what you like." It seems so established by heredity and easy habit that it is second nature. Yet when a man receives from me a gratuity for doing what he receives a salary to do, I can not help thinking less of him; and it is difficult to understand why he does not despise himself; but such is custom. "Whatever is right." Whatever every one does is right to do.

The police are forbidden to receive gratuities, but they are not always above doing it. I admire the London police. They have scarcely an equal in efficiency anywhere, but they have the national failing, or at least some have. A policeman, being asked the direction to a certain place, volunteered to show the way. The inquirers thought they could find it with a start in the right direction, but he kept along at their side until at last they were convinced that he was hoping for a tip, so one of them pulled out a sixpence and handed it to him. He turned with a queer expression, and in a stage whisper said, "We never take tips; thank you;" and the money went into his pocket. The temptation was too great, the national characteristic too strong.

It is distinctly stated, we were glad to note, at the royal palace at Windsor, where guests are freely admitted to all but a few of the rooms, that there are no fees, and visitors are requested not to tip the attendants. This seems particularly appropriate; for visitors to the palace are for the time the king's guests. To receive a tip is a discourtesy to the guest. To offer a tip is an insinuation that the host—the king—does not pay his servants liberally enough!

We are glad to note that certain hotels and employers are attempting to do away with the tipping system. They should have our hearty support.

A. GREENE HORNE.

"I AM only one, but I am one. I can not do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do; and what I ought to do, by the grace of God I will do."

SIMPLICITY and plainness are the soul of elegance.—*Dickens*.

A Letter From Papua

FRANK CHANEY

[The following article is an extract from a letter written by Brother Chaney, of Port Moresby, Papua, to his mother and sisters a number of months ago. But the contents will be new to many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.]



ABOUT eight o'clock in the morning, on the ninth of February, we sighted the lofty Owen Stanley Mountain range and its lower foot-hills lying to the northeast of Port Moresby. It was somewhat cloudy, but at this early hour we caught several glimpses of Mount Victoria, the highest peak of the range (13,150 feet), about sixty miles northeast of Port Moresby. As we were over forty miles from Port Moresby, the mountain was over one hundred miles from us. When we came nearer, the clouds became thicker, so that we did not get the best view of it.

Shortly after dinner we arrived at the government wharf, where we were met by Solomon (a native Rarotongan) and three of the New Guinea Mission boys.

While the boat was being made fast to the wharf, a dozen or more Papuan boys were kept busy diving for money which the passengers threw into the water. As far as I could observe, they secured every piece thrown in. Their mouths served as pockets. Upon inquiry, I found that one of the boys, about twelve years of age, had received about thirty-three cents. On the wharf was gathered a motley crowd of almost naked men and a few women.

As a rule the New Guinea girl from ten years old and upward wears a skirt (called *nogi*, *rami*) extending from the waist to below the knees, made of fiber, grass, or palm leaves, and in many cases dyed various colors. The uncovered part of the body is richly tattooed. The men do not so generally practise tattooing, but are very fond of ornaments. In early childhood the lower lobe of the ear is bored, and gradually thicker pieces of wood are driven through the opening, and heavy objects attached until in some cases the lobe reaches almost to the shoulder. Into this hole various objects of adornment are thrust, and it also seems to serve as a pocket. Another favorite ornament is a piece of shell or bone thrust through the septum between the nostrils, and stretching out on either side of the nose. The armlet is also worn, being put on the upper arm in early boyhood. It is never removed nor enlarged, and as the boy grows, a deep indentation in the flesh of the arm is formed by it. I saw some men with the flesh of the arm standing one-half inch or more above the armlet. If it had been on my arm, it would have caused me intense pain, but I presume in their case no pain is caused, it being a gradual process.

Perhaps the most striking feature to the newcomer is their peculiar head-gear. They wear no hats, but their fuzzy mops, with the aid of clay, lime, and coconut oil, are made to assume many fantastic shapes. I am told, and my own observation bears witness, that this portion of their anatomy is thickly inhabited. One day I observed one man searching another man's head, and upon capturing the prey, he carried it to his mouth, swallowing it with seeming satisfaction. A Papuan will eat anything from human flesh to the vilest insect, or in other words, anything that a pig will eat. How degraded men become when separated

from God! Many of those I saw that first day on the wharf had skin diseases, though such diseases are not so common here as in many of the South Sea islands. The most common skin disease is ringworm. Some were completely covered with this.

The general mass of the people are not very dark, being copper-colored instead of black, though some strong-looking men who were pointed out to me as being from the Fly River district were quite dark.

The description I have given you thus far of the Papuan is not a pleasing one, but I would not have you get the impression that I find in him no redeeming qualities,—far from it! Underneath his dusky skin is a soul susceptible to the all-pervading influence of the Holy Spirit. During my week's acquaintance with the young men of our mission, I have been favorably impressed with their willingness to work, their good nature, and their general behavior. These boys come from a district about eighty miles inland, where no mission work has ever been done. Brother Carr was the first missionary they ever saw.

Our inland station is about thirty-seven miles from Port Moresby. There we have one hundred fifty acres of land, upon which is now growing eight acres of para-rubber trees, between which are planted bananas, pineapples, yams, taro, corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and other tropical vegetables and fruits. Four additional acres are planted with the same. The present mission house is a native-built structure, but in a few months we hope to begin the construction of a better and more substantial house.

I should have stated that besides Bennie, our Fijian teacher, and Solomon, our Rarotongan teacher, Brother Carr has eighteen inland boys working for him, and there are several others who are anxious to "sign on." The expression sign on has reference to the agreement entered into between the planter or other contractor and the native, and is made before a government magistrate. The offer to serve on the part of the native must be voluntary, not forced, but having once entered into contract, he must not break it, under penalty. At the present time, we hear of many plantations that are having great difficulty in securing native labor.

While Brother Carr was in Australia, Bennie took a trip inland to some villages near the homes of our boys. Upon approaching one village, he came to a garden in which he found only two old men working. When they learned who he was, through his interpreters, they began to call out to others, and soon about a dozen men were about him. They explained that they took him to be a government recruiting officer, and as they did not wish to be recruited, they hid. However, a number of the young men were anxious to return with Bennie to Bisiatabu and sign on there. A short time ago Bennie asked one of our boys why they came to us, but did not want to work on other plantations. In reply he gave three reasons: First, here they do not have to work in the rain; second, when sick, they are kindly cared for and treated; and third, they are taught about the true God.

In the part of New Guinea known as the Lizard's Tail, that is, the portion east of the 146° meridian and south of the 8° parallel of latitude, the natives

have become in a degree subject to the government. And though an occasional tribal war is carried on, a white man is comparatively safe anywhere. Four years before our mission was established, an inland tribe made a raid on the tribe near our mission, killing sixteen of them. Last year one hundred thirty miles east of here, a tribal war resulted in the death of twenty natives. The region to the northwest of the Gulf of Papua has been but little explored, and the natives there are treacherous cannibals.

The great Fly River, thirty miles wide at its mouth, whose outflow of water is greater by far than any European river, has been navigated six hundred miles from its mouth, yet its source is still unknown, and almost nothing is known of the country lying on either side of its banks. The same may be said of the other large rivers flowing into the Gulf of Papua. It was on an island in the north of the Gulf of Papua, near the mouth of the Turama River, that the Rev. James Chalmers was murdered April 7, 1901, by the natives.

About the first of the present year the Hon. Stanforth Smith, acting governor of Papua, left Port Moresby on an exploring trip in the region I have just mentioned. His party ran out of provisions, and his secretary returned for more. In the meanwhile provisions had been sent, passing the secretary on the way. Since then nothing has been heard of either the governor or the provisions, and as he is now about three weeks overdue, considerable anxiety is felt concerning him and his party.

I must now tell you briefly about my own movements since coming here. After getting our things through the customs, we went to our temporary mission house, about one mile from the wharf. Our boat brought about five thousand feet of timber and a ton of iron for the Port Moresby Mission house. This we hoped to get loaded into a punt on Friday, and then pole it about two miles around the beach to a point near our mission property. But the harbor was too rough to attempt this, and it was not until Monday evening that we succeeded in loading the punt. Just as we finished, a *guba* (sharp squall or wind) came up, and though we had not loosed from the wharf, we had some fears that the boat would be swamped, being heavily laden. The wind ceased after a time, but it was thought best for Solomon, Bennie, two natives boys, and myself to sleep on the wharf and take turns keeping watch. About 3:30 A. M. the harbor was considerably calmer, so I sent for Brother Carr, and about 4 A. M. we started. The slight breeze blowing assisted us for a time, so that we arrived at our destination about 7:30 A. M. After breakfast the boys unloaded, and after dinner and a swim in the ocean, we started on our return trip. A strong breeze had arisen, and going directly against the wind as we rounded the point, we made but little headway with our poles, and two boys in the water near the shore. A little farther on, the wind blew us toward the shore, and it required the utmost effort of four of us to keep off the rocks. After about a mile of this, the wind was more favorable, and late in the evening we reached the wharf in safety, a tired and sleepy crew.

After our swim just before starting, I did not take the trouble to put on my trousers, as the sun was behind clouds, but worked in my bathing suit and shoes. The next day I discovered that my legs from half-way between my thigh and knee to my ankles were sunburned. I did not pay much attention to it that day (Tuesday), but on Wednesday they were so

badly swollen, especially the calves of my legs, ankles, and feet, that I decided to keep quiet and give them treatment. They have gradually improved, and I am now able to be about again. After this I shall have more respect for the tropical sun, even if its face is hidden by clouds.

A Hidden Fountain

FROM the side of yonder mountain,
Hidden by a woody glen,
Bubbles up a cooling fountain,
Just to bless the lives of men.

Eye of man has seen it never,
And perchance it never will;
But a tiny rill forever
Trickles slowly down the hill.

And this stream is ever growing,
Aided by a hundred rills;
Toward the haunts of men 'tis flowing,
Down the valleys, 'mongst the hills.

Farmers' children with their prattle
Play and wade among the rocks;
Here the herdboys drive the cattle,
Hither leads the weary flocks.

By a village soon we find it
Giving power to the mill;
Yet it needs none to remind it
That its course is onward still.

Rushing onward to the ocean,
Passing forest, plain, and town;
Cities, with their great commotion,
Send their ships a-sailing down.

Soon this stream is lost forever
From the sight of mortal eye;
Yet its work will cease, O, never!
For 'tis guided from on high.

Thus a human life, though hidden,
May a fount of blessing be,
If content to do as bidden,
Which will flow eternally.

LENA P. MEAD.

Measuring a Hair's Breadth

A HAIR's breadth has been measured—it is exactly seventeen ten-thousandths of an inch. For the purpose of such fine and delicate measurement, an expert has produced what is known as the micrometer caliper. Its use is apparent when we consider that there are mechanical operations requiring the most delicate of measurements, and a hair's breadth makes for success or failure in the operation of certain machinery.

For example, close calculation of this kind must be done in constructing the doors of bank vaults, where every part must fit with the finest degree of accuracy. The same is true in the making of various sorts of laboratory apparatus.

The micrometer caliper is also used in estimating the expansion and contraction of metals. This is a matter of vast importance in the construction of a hundred forms of mechanical devices. In a recent test of machinery constructed for naval purposes, an error of one thousandth of an inch in the diameter of finished castings, due to a mismeasurement of the contracting element in castings, rendered the entire costly material useless.—*Young People's Weekly*.

He who is plentifully provided from within, needs but little from without.—*Goethe*.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

Social Life

MEADE MAC GUIRE



A QUESTION of great importance to the young people is that of the social life. The great majority of the temptations which have drawn so many of our young people away in the past, has come from the desire for society or amusement. How successfully to meet the social needs of the youth and avoid the temptations and dangers is a problem that has been given careful and prayerful study.

Though the outlook has often seemed discouraging, I believe we have been quietly but surely approaching its solution. It is not to be accomplished by dealing directly with the social question, but is a matter of education. By patiently and perseveringly presenting before the young people in an attractive manner the principles which must govern all their social relations, the tide is being turned. This takes time; but as the impressions deepen, the young people are being swayed less and less by impulse, and are bringing themselves under discipline, and are feeling the new power which comes from living by principle. There are four points I wish to touch briefly in this article:—

The Home

Every one should understand that under ideal conditions the social question is one of the home rather than the individual young people, or the society. Where the parents love God and have the interests of the children at heart, they are the ones who should lead out in the planning for the society of their children. They should guard carefully the associates and playmates of the youth. They should take such a loving and active interest in all that interests the children, that of their own choice the children will make the home the center of all their social life. And if there are children in any church who have no such home, then some large-hearted father and mother in Israel should open their doors and make such a home for all who need it.

Social Gatherings

Many of our young people have already learned the folly of wasting precious evenings in parties for pleasure. They have learned by experience that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and that there is infinitely more happiness in reaping a harvest of golden grain than of wild oats. "Wild oats" does not necessarily mean immorality, dissipation, and vice, but applies equally to wasted hours, wasted health, and slighted opportunities. The question is, How can we have a social gathering and a good time and yet eliminate all the objectionable things? First, by having such gatherings at home; second, by carefully and prayerfully planning ahead,—surprise parties are often planned by the devil; third, by patiently and perseveringly striving to maintain a spirit of refinement and culture, and frowning upon any approach to boisterous hilarity and lack of proper restraint; fourth, by being determined that the social gathering shall be not merely harmless, but helpful and inspiring in a practical, definite way.

Recreation

We often wonder that a false theory can gain such a strong hold that it is almost universally accepted by men as the truth. As an illustration of this, until

recently nearly the whole civilized world thought that meat-eating was quite essential to physical strength and vigor. We now know that this is utterly untrue.

Reluctant as we have been to admit it, this is quite parallel to the question of amusements. How familiar it sounds to hear some one say, "O, well, the young people *must have amusement*." But that young men and women must spend hours that add up into days and weeks in idle amusement, the kind that brings no useful returns to them or any one else, is as absurd as that they must eat flesh to make them strong. The most pleasurable recreation to strong, vigorous men and women is found in a change of employment which adds something helpful or useful to their own lives and to others. This would not necessarily debar picnics in woods and fields, swimming, boating, riding, and such recreations. But it would certainly dispense with those amusements which have no definite aim but to "kill time" or gratify the selfish and unsanctified inclinations of the natural heart, without being definitely helpful, physically, mentally, or spiritually.

Religion

In the whole question of social life, the one supreme consideration is loyalty to the Master. We dare not forget for a single hour that only a handbreadth of time remains of all eternity in which a human being may cooperate with God for the eternal salvation of a perishing soul. The time will come when a pure, elevated religious atmosphere will pervade every social gathering of our young people, and all who are truly converted will rejoice to have it so. Let us go forward, remembering that "we can not go forward without leaving some things behind."

Associations and Amusements

"BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Ps. 1:1.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." Prov. 21:17.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

Every association we form, however limited, exerts some influence upon us. The extent to which we yield to that influence will be determined by the degree of intimacy, the constancy of the intercourse, and our love and veneration for the one with whom we associate. Thus by acquaintance and association with Christ, we may become like him, the one faultless example.—"*Testimonies for the Church*," Vol. V, pages 222, 223.

The true followers of Christ will not choose intimate friendship with those whose characters have serious defects, and whose example as a whole it would not be safe to follow, while it is their privilege to associate with persons who observe a conscientious regard for duty in business and in religion.—*Id.*, Vol. III, page 24.

If we place ourselves among associates whose influence has a tendency to make us forgetful of the high claims the Lord has upon us, we invite temptation, and become too weak in moral power to resist it.

We come to partake of the spirit and cherish the ideas of our associates, and to place sacred and eternal things lower than the ideas of our friends. We are, in short, leavened just as the enemy of all righteousness designed we should be.—*Id.*, Vol. V, page 543.

There is a distinction between recreation and amusement. Recreation, when true to its name, re-creation, tends to strengthen and build up. Calling us aside from our ordinary cares and occupations, it affords refreshment for mind and body, and thus enables us to return with new vigor to the earnest work of life. Amusement, on the other hand, is sought for the sake of pleasure, and is often carried to excess; it absorbs the energies that are required for useful work, and thus proves a hindrance to life's true success.—“*Education*,” page 207.

Many youth receive the impression that their early life is not designed for caretaking, but to be frittered away in idle sport, in jesting, in joking, and in foolish indulgences. While engaged in folly and indulgence of the senses, some think of nothing but the momentary gratification connected with it. Their desire for amusement, their love for society and for chatting and laughing, increases by indulgence, and they lose all relish for the sober realities of life, and home duties seem uninteresting. There is not enough change to meet their minds, and they become restless, peevish, and irritable.—“*Testimonies for the Church*,” Vol. III, page 222.

This lifetime is too short to be squandered in vain and trifling diversion, in unprofitable visiting, in needless dressing for display, or in exciting amusements. We can not afford to squander the time given us of God in which to bless others, and in which to lay up for ourselves a treasure in heaven. We have none too much time for the discharge of necessary duties. We should give time to the culture of our own hearts and minds, in order that we may be qualified for our life-work.—*Id.*, page 146.

Let several families in a city or village unite and leave the occupations which have taxed them physically and mentally, and make an excursion into the country, to the side of a fine lake, or to a nice grove, where the scenery of nature is beautiful.—*Id.*, Vol. I, page 514.

There is danger in amusement that is sought merely for self-gratification.—“*Christ's Object Lessons*,” page 53.

Those who believe the important truths that we profess, should act out their faith. There is too much seeking after amusements and things to take the attention in this world; the mind is left to run too much upon dress, and the tongue is engaged too often in light and trifling conversation, which gives the lie to our profession, for our conversation is not in heaven, whence we look for the Saviour.—“*Early Writings*,” Supplement, page 25.

Gatherings for social intercourse may be made in the highest degree profitable and instructive, when those who meet together have the love of God glowing in their hearts, when they meet to exchange thoughts in regard to the Word of God, or to consider methods for advancing his work and doing good to their fellow men. When nothing is said or done to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, but it is regarded as a welcome guest, then God is honored, and those who meet together will be refreshed and strengthened.—*Special Testimony*.

If you truly belong to Christ, you will have opportunities for witnessing for him. You will be invited to

attend places of amusement, and then it will be that you will have an opportunity to testify for your Lord. If you are true to Christ, you will not try to form excuses for your non-attendance, but will plainly and modestly declare that you are a child of God, and that your principles would not allow you to be in a place, even for one occasion, where you could not invite the presence of your Lord.—*Youth's Instructor*, May 4, 1893.

Many gatherings have been presented to me. I have seen the gaiety, the display in dress, the personal adornment. All want to be thought brilliant, and give themselves up to hilarity, foolish jesting, cheap, coarse flattery, and uproarious laughter. The eyes sparkle, the cheek is flushed, conscience sleeps. With eating, and drinking, and merrymaking they do their best to forget God. The scene of pleasure is their paradise. And heaven is looking on, seeing and hearing all.

The once earnest Christian who enters into these sports is on the down grade. He has left the region pervaded by the vital atmosphere of heaven, and has plunged into an atmosphere of mist and fog. It may be some humble believer is induced to join in these sports. But if he maintains his connection with Christ, he can not in heart participate in the exciting scene. . . . Young men and young women who have tried to be Bible Christians are persuaded to join the party, and they are drawn into the ring. They did not prayerfully consult the divine standard, to learn what Christ had said in regard to the fruit to be borne on the Christian tree. They do not discern that these entertainments are really Satan's banquet, prepared to keep souls from accepting the call to the marriage supper of the Lamb. . . . They become confused as to what is right for them as Christians to do. They do not want to be thought singular, and naturally incline to follow the example of others. Thus they come under the influence of those who have never had the divine touch on heart and mind.

In these exciting gatherings, carried away by the glamour and passion of human influence, youth that have been carefully instructed to obey the law of God, are led to form attachments for those whose education has been a mistake, and whose religious experience has been a fraud. They sell themselves to a lifelong bondage. As long as they live, they must be hampered by their union with a cheap, superficial character, one who lives for display, but who has not the precious inward adorning, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.—*Special Testimony*.

Card-playing, betting, gambling, horse-racing, and theatrical performances are all of his [Satan's] own invention, and he has led men to carry forward these amusements as zealously as though they were winning for themselves the precious boon of eternal life.—*Review*, March 31, 1896.

Our Juniors

It is in youth that religion can make her most powerful appeal and do the most for the growing soul. The sixteen million children of our country, with their plastic minds, furnish a most promising field for missionary effort to-day. Realizing this, Edward Liegh Pell said, in the fervor of his soul, that he “would rather plant in the heart of a child one living truth that will multiply through the ages than scatter

before a great audience a thousand brilliant concerts that will flash like sparks for an instant, and like sparks disappear forever."

With nothing less than a whole-hearted fervor, we must wrestle with the problem of giving these youth the gospel. We ought to accept the challenge the Lord has thrown out to us, and with heart and hand and voice work till every unshepherded boy and girl in America has heard the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ. These children are as hungry for God as they are for knowledge, love, and friendship; and it is only our backwardness and negligence that keep thousands of them out of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. O, the joy that is waiting to fill hearts that will respond to the call of God to tell of Christ to the children of our dooryards!

"Thank God for bairns' prayers," said John Chalmers. "I like best the prayers of the children." This grand old missionary hero of New Guinea knew that praying youth would grow to be praying adults, and that the prayers of "bairns" were prayers that went straight up to the throne of God, and brought showers of blessing down from the storehouse of heaven.

Be assured, fellow Missionary Volunteers, there is no work more important than this work for our Juniors. If you wish to be of some real service to God, do something for the children. Through the spirit of prophecy the Lord says it is the work that is to lie nearest to the hearts of our church-members, and that he is looking on to see who is doing the work he desires to have done for the children and youth.

A work of such magnitude and import presupposes well-defined and clear-cut plans and aptly directed work. We would not have you think that spasmodic efforts will bring success, nor that you can get the best results without studying the problems. Only cheap success comes without endeavor. "My son," said a Chicago merchant to his boy, "there is always room at the top, but the elevators are not running; you will have to climb the stairs."

"The point of contact" with Juniors is easily found. Youth holds a wonderful admiration for the real and wonderful; and in the annals of missions will be found the very material to satisfy this appetite for the heroic. The long list of noble young men, among them such as Duff and Mackay and Chalmers, who, because of the stories of missions heard in childhood, decided to go to foreign fields, is a powerful argument for pleading that our societies do something to interest our Juniors in the missionary enterprise.

Let me assure you that nothing will be more effective in arousing enthusiasm than a meeting in which you have provided for some itinerant missionary to tell of the triumphs of the cross in the far-off and strange corners of heathendom. It would pay any society to arrange to get such a speaker from quite a distance. You can not afford to let the missionary feature die out of your meetings, especially in these twentieth-century days when every tendency is toward the pursuit of commercial interests and away from missions. Plan for at least one such meeting where the living man of God can come to you with the news fresh from the field. Make it a big meeting, and you will have the audience without fail, and people will realize that the Missionary Volunteer meetings are not mere pastimes.

You should also correspond with men in the field, and secure a good library filled with books written as briskly and illustrated as well as the most interesting tales told by the novelist. The best books are the only

kind you can afford to buy, for it is disastrous ever to let a child see a dull missionary book or magazine. The inspiration gained from such books as the lives of Paton and Carey makes them of immense value. To stimulate and hasten the appetite of every Junior for these books, some one who has an appetite for story-telling might learn to tell the stories of most significance. Then tell the children that these are the kind that are in the books.

A bulletin-board in the vestry of your church will help immensely. Get the whole Sabbath-school enlisted in the collection of interesting items to post on the board. Some one will discover that most instructive and beautiful pictures are to be found in the magazines illustrating the peoples and customs of foreign countries. Let these pictures be nicely mounted and posted on the board from week to week, together with your Missionary Volunteer program.

If your church is sufficiently large, you might further extend your curators' work to the hunting up and securing of articles for a missionary museum. Post-cards, relics, clothing of native peoples, and things of like nature will make the missionary museum an educator of no mean value.

All these suggestions are for the meeting, but much of the best work for the Juniors must be done outside the meeting-house. If you can invite a boy to take luncheon with you, or can mend a girl's doll, you will have done more to win that child to God and to your confidence than you could have done by a dozen "meeting talks." Never let us forget that a child is filled with the sense of life's reality, and that he can best be reached by natural service. He continually is asking, "Is your religion real?" and he will believe it divested of all affectation and unreality only when he sees you making good your profession in tangible ways. The boys who lived in the alley near Tomkin's Square Mission in New York City all threw stones at the windows until the missionary's wife hit upon the happy expedient of giving all the lads a feast of cake. No more stones were thrown after that. They liked the lady inside. One young man in one of our societies in a Western State makes it his business to take the boys on tramps to the hills, to have little outings with them, and a story-telling time now and then, and finds it an excellent means of enlisting them in church work. He also sees that any of the lads, if sick, gets treatment for his ailment, thus showing his interest in the boys in a genuinely helpful way. It needs not to be said that he has the cooperation of the parents and the good will of all his youthful comrades.

Some of our Volunteers will find an excellent field of service in the Sabbath-school. If any have the spirit of on-leading and a happy constructive temperament, with an understanding of children, their work is to help in the Sabbath-school. We must not let our Juniors suffer the torture of sitting under the instruction of stupid, dull, and uninteresting teachers any longer, for teachers of this class are driving hundreds of youth out of our churches. We must look to our young people to study the problems of childhood and of teaching, and expect them to come forward to fill the crying need that comes from every church for real teachers who can teach to win.

My concluding word shall be for thoroughness in whatever is undertaken for the Juniors. "It is better," says Washington Gladden, "to say, This thing I *do*, than to say, These forty things I dabble at." "Go after two wolves," says a Russian proverb, "and you will not catch even one." EDMUND JAEGER.



Lost

WHERE can he be? Where is my baby?" repeated mama as she searched the yard, looking behind every lilac- and rose-bush as well as around the buildings. Twice she had been through the house, looking in every room and behind every door. Little birdling had left his nest under the maple-tree, and such a clever nest it was.

Where could he be? Papa suggested that he must be asleep in some quiet corner, and tried to comfort mama; but careful search proved all the safe places to be empty. It was not only distressing but truly puzzling. Surely baby had not been kidnapped!

Papa had bought a nice load of sand and placed it under the large maple-tree near the window. Mama could look out often and see baby digging in the sand with his spoon, filling his little pail, and then building mountains, or holding it tight in his chubby little hand, while the tighter he held it the faster it would pour out between his fingers; then he would open his big blue eyes wide to find his hand so empty. A smooth board kept the sand within bounds, and papa had added strands of wire, thus making a fence higher than baby's head to keep him from going beyond the limits.

He was called mama's little prisoner. It was such a comfort to know that he was safe and happy, and not to have to chase after him every few minutes while she was busy with her work. The wires let the fresh air in freely, and there were no slivers of wood to hurt tender baby fingers. The sand seemed to afford never-ending amusement, and mama tried not to leave him in his cage so long that he would weary of it.

But little Hubert was almost two years old, and he was learning what mama called "new tricks," and one of them was to climb. He often stood up on the board to get his head above the wires, and once mama had come out just as a fat little leg was swinging over the top wire. It was easy to see that the young climber had got entirely over this time; but the gates were all closed, and where could he be?

The soft green grass gave no trail that even an

Indian could follow. Once or twice papa went out into the street and looked in every direction just because he could not think of any other place to look. The windmill room and the wood-shed had been searched as carefully as the house, and there were no open places for him to fall into. He was gone as completely as if he had "taken wings and flown away," said papa.

We will leave them all looking for baby a few minutes, and follow him ourselves. First a cat came along, and baby dropped his sand and called to pussy. Then as he stood at the side of his cage, hands and feet began climbing, and over and down he went.

Proud of the feat, he wanted to tell mama, and started toward the easy steps of the kitchen door. But before he reached them, a little bird flew down to pick up crumbs. He thought he would catch it for his mama. Birdie hopped along just in front of him, but he could not quite get his hands on it, and all at once up and away it flew. Hubert had stopped right by something—a place for his hands and for his feet—like his wires, only bigger and of wood, and the steps were much farther apart. But he fitted in



TAKEN UNAWARES BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER

someway, for each round of the ladder was a temptation to him, and each step gained was a victory. It seemed as natural for him to go *up* as it was for the little sprouts from the seeds in the ground to be pushing upward to find God's beautiful sunlight. He stopped often to see what was by him, for it was all new and strange to him, but he did not look down for that was old and left behind.

Where was he going? He didn't know, in fact it did not concern him at all. Up, up, and up he climbed. He could see the roof of the house, and of many houses, and the *tops* of the big trees. He could look down and see the big branches waving. They looked so much prettier than from his sand pile.

But every one on the street seemed to have small horses to-day, and little wagons too, and was it men or boys driving them? All looked so small, for at last baby Hubert had climbed to the top of the high

windmill ladder. He was so much interested in the tops of things, and the new sights far away, that not once did he look down to see where he had come from. But both little hands held on to the top round, and sturdy little feet kept their places, while not a thought of fear or danger entered his mind. It was a strange new world to baby boy.

All this time papa and mama had been looking diligently in every possible and improbable place, and asking God to keep their baby safe and give him into their arms again.

They had been joined by a neighbor or two, and it was decided that they must have help, and the town must be searched for the missing child. "Where can my baby be?" cried mama. And again a most earnest prayer went to the Lord, asking him to care for her lost boy. As she prayed to the God of heaven, she turned her eyes upward toward the one sure place to find help and comfort. Joy and terror struggled for supremacy as she beheld her baby alone at the top of the high windmill.

It was decided that not a call nor a sound must draw his attention downward or to his frightful position. Papa could not trust his two hundred pounds on the high ladder, so he telephoned to the "windmill man," who was only three blocks away. He came at once, and was soon going up the ladder at double-quick time. Mama and papa scarcely breathed as they watched him nearing the baby. At last a strong arm encircled the baby, his head hung over the man's shoulder, and the descent was made more leisurely. "Thank God," said papa as he reached up and grasped the chubby little bunch of a boy and gave him such a big hug it hurt, and then he kissed him as he placed him in mama's arms.

She cried and laughed and cried again, and covered his little red face with kisses. He wondered why mama cried, but he was tired and sleepy, and rested his head on her shoulder and was soon fast asleep—the baby that was lost in the air.

LENA E. WILLIAMS.

Snow Drop: a True Story

"JANE, come see what I have for you," called father one evening. It had been a cold, snowy day, and little Jane had been playing in the house, trying to have fun with her dollies and toys. She was tired now, and when her father called, she ran to the kitchen, for she knew he had been out feeding the horses and cows and sheep. O! what was it he had wrapped up in his coat?

With a jolly laugh father said, "See the pet I have brought you," and he drew out the dearest, whitest, wee baby lamb! Jane took it in her arms, and it cuddled right down with a little contented sound.

Mother came to see what it was, and said, "You'll have to take care of it, little girl, and keep it warm, and feed it."

Of course she would, said Jane; and when bedtime came, she carried it up-stairs, and put it in a basket beside her bed for the night.

About ten o'clock, when Jane was fast asleep, the little lamb woke up very hungry, and said, "Ma-aa, ma-aa." Jane woke up with a start. Yes, it was the lamb crying.

What should she do? "It wants milk," thought Jane, "and I shall have to get it." She knew that in the big pantry there were shining buckets of milk; and down the dark stairs she crept, found the milk, and

brought it up to the crying little animal. But the lamb was too little to lap it up.

By this time mother had awakened, and come in to find out what the trouble was. She smiled when she found what Jane was trying to do, and suggested, "We'd better get a bottle, dear, and then heat the milk, and put it in that; then the baby lamb can suck it out."

Sure enough, little Snow Drop, as Jane had named her pet, took the bottle-milk very nicely, then curled up and slept until morning.

After that Jane and Snow Drop were always together. The baby lamb soon learned to follow her around the house and grounds like a dog, and every night it would lie down beside Jane's bed for the night, and was always awake and ready for play the moment Jane opened her eyes.

Toward spring Snow Drop was no longer a snow-drop, but more like a large snow-bank. She had grown and grown, and every day father kept saying, "I'll have to take Snow Drop out to the flock." Then Jane would cry, and beg to keep her a little longer.

But one day Snow Drop was naughty. The dinner-table was all set, and a great big dish of celery was on the table, with the salt dishes. When Jane came into the dining-room, Snow Drop was standing in the middle of the table eating the celery and licking up the salt. Jane shoved her down, scolding her soundly; then naughty Snow Drop lowered her head, and butted Jane out of the room.

And that day Snow Drop joined the flock in the pasture.—*Aline Van Orden, in Sunday School Times.*

The Bible

It would be hard to overestimate the influence of the Bible not only on the Western but on the Eastern world. It has been a great force religiously, morally, and politically.

Its vivid portrayal of the customs of ancient peoples, its forcible illustrations of the rise and fall of empires, its truthful delineation of human passions as found in king and slave, its naked revelations of the human mind in its highest and in its lowest aspirations, its sane and wholesome morals flowing like refreshing streams through the parched deserts of human greed, its exhibition to the very raw of human degradation, its presentation of pastoral purity in poetry of the loftiest order, and its noble ethical ideals, all contribute to make it the paramount and incomparable volume.

The Bible has upset empires, created saints, seers, rulers, poets, and prelates. It has bred wars, blown hot coals between individuals and peoples, kindled the cruel fires of persecution and the holy fires of love, caused some men and women to cower in caves of terror, and others to rise to godlike heights.

It has been the inspirer of morals, eloquence, art, poetry, politics, law, medicine, sanitation and hygiene. It is the Book of books and the begetter of books.

It is centuries old, yet the perfect frankness of its writers is such that it ever will remain a storehouse of helpfulness to human nature. Far from being a musty tome from the dusty shelves of the past, it is still a living book. Its day has just begun. It will yet point the way to the brotherhood of the human race.—*Boston Sunday Globe.*

"How poor are they who have only money to give!"

The Best Office Boy

To succeed in being the best possible in any line of endeavor is an achievement of no small proportions. George Wallace, of Chicago, has won the distinction of being the best office boy in the employ of the city, according to the statement of R. A. Widdowson, secretary of the Civil Service Commission. It will be interesting to others to learn what the qualifications are.

"A model office boy," says Mr. Widdowson, "must be willing to work for five dollars a week. He must be on time in the morning, and be willing to remain at his post of duty until closing time. He must be quiet, obedient, respectful, and polite. He knows his place and does not presume. He doesn't ask to get off in the afternoon; he doesn't ask foolish questions, and doesn't smoke.

"George Wallace fills all these requirements, and more. He is ambitious, too, and is going to night-school to fit himself for a position as a civil engineer."

It would seem that any boy ought to be able to meet such demands, but strange to say, Mr. Widdowson asserts that there is not another one among the 20,000 employees of the city, who according to the civil service report, fills the requirements so faithfully as young Wallace. Other employers in Chicago constantly complain about the difficulty of securing really good office boys, even in the face of excellent positions higher up for those who make fine records.—*Young People's Weekly*.

A Real Inheritance

"He showed me a city." In the mind of John there could be no doubt of the reality of the new earth, with its rivers, its fields, its city. "He showed me," he declares. The angel did not explain the scene; it was not a dream, it was a vision—"he showed me." "A city" the angel showed him, with streets and houses and people; people who walked and talked; who drank of the waters of the pure river, and ate of the tree of life; who recognized time and space, for they came to the city to worship, and they came at regular times, "from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another." To this inheritance "that fadeth not away" every child of earth is called.

MAX HILL.

Would Have Given His Pillow

CHILDISH sympathy is very beautiful. A lad of four or five years was one day reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to these words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and with a child's unrestrained gust of feeling, he said to his mother, "I am sure, mama, if I had been there I would have given Jesus my pillow." The blessed Son of man should have the best we have.—*Selected*.

Good Rules

KEEP on the safe side. Be sure rather than sorry. Do not give yourself the benefit of every doubt. Be lenient to others' faults, but strict regarding your own. If there is an act which in your mind is doubtful or questionable in its character, take the course of wisdom and of prudence. It would be a terrible thing to be mistaken in the final day. It is better to be sure here than to be sorry at the judgment-seat of Christ.—*Selected*.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, December 2

Missionary Volunteer Methods, No. 18—Social Life of Missionary Volunteers and Work for Juniors

LEADER'S NOTE.—You have two very important themes for this lesson. Select some one of mature judgment whose heart is young to talk on Social Life; and for Junior work choose an individual, if possible, who has had some experience in working for children.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).

Social Life (ten-minute talk). See page 8.

Symposium (quotations on "Associations and Amusements"). See page 8.

Sociability a Christian Duty (five-minute talk).

Missionary Volunteers and Other Young People (five-minute talk).

Our Juniors (ten-minute talk). See page 9.

Junior Work (see General Conference Resolutions in the Search-Light").

Report of work.

Morning Watch: The Blessed Hope

A YOUTH at one of the large iron works in Sheffield was some time ago accidentally thrown on a red-hot armor-plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow workmen, it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all of one side was burned to the bone. His workmates cried out, "Send for the doctor;" but the poor suffering youth cried:—

"Never mind sending for a doctor; is there any one here who can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I'm dying without God. Who can help me?"

Although there were three hundred men around him, there was no one who could tell him the way to salvation. After twenty minutes of untold agony, he died as he had lived. The man who saw this accident and heard the cries of the dying youth was a wretched backslider, and when I asked him how he felt about the matter, he said:—

"I have heard the cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed my lips."

Ethan Allen, the New England infidel, was called to his dying daughter's side. "Papa," she said, "I am going to die. Mama says there is a Christ and a hereafter, if I trust him. You say there is no hereafter. I am dying, papa, and must make my last decision now. Whom shall I believe? Shall I accept mama's Christ or your infidelity?" The great soldier's frame shook with emotion. He had just finished his famous book called "Reason, the Only Oracle of Man;" but this hour of supreme test revealed the utter worthlessness of his theories. There was but one thing to do. He composed himself, and said, "My darling, you would better die in your mother's faith, and not in my unbelief."

Let us live in that faith, with our eyes ever riveted upon the "blessed hope."

M. E.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5 — Lesson 7: "Passion for Men,"

Pages 11-71

1. WHAT does the author of "Passion for Men" think should be the greatest desire in every heart? How does he prove his statement from the Bible?
2. What lessons in Christian service do you find in the experiences of Palissy? Rowland Hill? Brainerd?
3. Give the words of Mr. Beecher and Matthew Henry regarding soul-winning.
4. How do you account for John Vassar's success as a personal worker?
5. How does the author say the church has been interpreting the little word "go" in Luke 14:23?
6. Explain how it may be said that the two words "come" and "go" contain the essence of the Christian life.
7. From what does Mr. Hallenbeck say we must go out before we can become successful soul-winners?
8. How does the author explain the phrase "go into the highways and hedges"?
9. What is the compelling power in Christian service?
10. What parable is used to show the value of each individual?
11. Prove that the Master was a personal worker. Show how the early disciples worked, and wherein their success lay.
12. Mention three characteristics of every revival. How can you help to bring a revival into your community?

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 7: "Uganda's White Man of Work," Pages 170-218

1. WHAT significant name did the natives bestow upon Mr. Mackay? Why had he made this feature of his teaching so prominent?
2. Describe the clearing and planting of the new farm. What were some of the products?
3. What other improvements aroused the interest of the natives?
4. Describe the preparation for the funeral of Queen Namasole and the ceremonies attending it.
5. How did this funeral furnish Mr. Mackay with an opportunity again to plead with Mutesa to accept Christ?
6. How did the news of Mutesa's death affect the missionaries?
7. Mention some of the customs connected with the death of a king.
8. Who was chosen to succeed Mutesa? What can you say of his character?
9. What disquieting rumors reached the king, and how was he led to look upon the missionaries with disfavor?
10. What attack was made upon Mr. Mackay and his associates?
11. Tell the story of the three boy heroes.

MR. McNABBER had just told his pastor that he was planning a trip to the Holy Land.

"And while I'm there," he continued, "I'll read the ten commandments aloud from the top of Mt. Sinai."

"McNabber," replied the minister gravely, "take my advice, bide at home an' keep them."



VIII — Paul Before Agrippa

(November 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 25:23 to 26:23.

MEMORY VERSE: "For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Matt. 10:20.

Questions

1. Where was Paul still kept? What had Festus granted him? To whom had Paul appealed? What was now necessary? Who was visiting Festus? What did Agrippa desire? Note 1.
2. How did Agrippa and Bernice come to the place of hearing the next day? What other people came also? When all had gathered, what did Festus command? Acts 25:23.
3. When Paul was brought in, what did Festus say the Jews had done? Notwithstanding all the charges the Jews made, what had he himself found? What had he determined to do? Verses 24, 25.
4. Of what did Festus say he was uncertain? What did he seem to hope that Agrippa might furnish? What did Festus say seemed unreasonable? Verses 26, 27.
5. Describe the scene in the judgment hall, as Paul was brought before Agrippa? What other noted event had once taken place there? Note 2.
6. After the introductory speech of Festus, what did Agrippa say to Paul? What did Paul do? How did he begin his speech? What did he know concerning Agrippa? How did he beseech the king to hear him? Acts 26:1-3.
7. What did Paul say the Jews knew? Of what could they testify if they would? Verses 4, 5.
8. For what did Paul say he was to be judged? Who had made the promise? To whom was it made? What was the promise? What question did Paul ask Agrippa? Verses 6-8; note 3.
9. Referring to his title before his conversion, what did Paul say he had thought? What did he say he once did in Jerusalem? From whom had he received authority? How zealous had he been in this work? Verses 9-11.
10. What did he tell Agrippa concerning his journey to Damascus? What had he heard on the way? What had the voice said? Verses 12-14.
11. What question had Paul asked? What reply did he receive? For what purpose had Jesus appeared to Paul in this way? Verses 15, 16.
12. To whom was Paul to be sent? What was he to do for the Gentiles? From what was he to turn them? From whose power were they to be freed? What were the Gentiles to receive from God? Verses 17, 18.
13. To what was Paul not disobedient? To whom had the Spirit led him to preach? What was his message? Verses 19, 20.
14. Because of his message, and because he had obeyed the Lord in preaching to the Gentiles, what had the Jews done? Who had been Paul's helper? What had he continued to do even to that day? To whom did he refer in whom the Jews believed? What had Moses said concerning Christ? Verses 21-23.
15. When had Paul before this time reviewed his early life? In the former instance, when had the Jews

interrupted? What was he now permitted to do? How many times is this story told in the Acts? Note 4.

Notes

1. Paul was still in prison at Cæsarea. Festus, the new governor, had granted him a trial, and Paul had appealed to Cæsar, thus making it necessary to send him to Rome. King Agrippa, visiting Festus, had been told of Paul's case, and expressed a desire to see and hear him.

2. The scene presented in Acts 25: 23-27 is a most interesting one. Agrippa and Bernice appeared in all the display and splendor of royalty. The highest military officers, in gleaming armor, and the city authorities in robes of office, must have made an imposing spectacle. Paul, possibly chained to a soldier, in simple Jewish dress stood before the company. Authorities say that the assemblage met in the same palace hall where eighteen years before the father of the present king Agrippa was called a god, and came to his tragic end on account of his pride. See Acts 12: 19-23.

3. The promise to which Paul referred was the promise of a resurrection from the dead. That was the end, or aim, of all the zealous worship of the children of Israel. Paul said that the Jews had accused him of crime because he had the same hope that they themselves have in the resurrection. Paul must have felt much freedom in presenting this to Agrippa who was a Jew.

4. As in the address two years before upon the castle stairs (chapter 22), Paul reviewed his early life and the details of his conversion, setting forth his call to the Gentiles. In the former instance the Jews would not listen when he spoke of the Gentiles. This time he is permitted to tell what God had commanded him to do. Most of his hearers were Gentiles. For the third time in the Acts the story of Paul's conversion is related.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VIII—Paul Before Agrippa

(November 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 25: 23 to 26: 23.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 10: 30.

GENERAL NOTE.—In this lesson we begin a study of the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts. This chapter "is one of the twenty-six chapters of the Bible which Ruskin's mother had him commit to memory, whereby, as Ruskin says, she established his soul in righteousness. It is well worth being learned by heart, for it contains the finest address in the Acts, the best account we have of the great apostle's relation to his mission; and in its dignity, sincerity, skill, and persuasiveness it proves the power of the gospel to turn 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' It is called Paul's *apologia pro vita sua*, his defense of his life, but the apostle is not pleading in fear for his life; he shows, indeed, that he has done nothing worthy of death, but he does so in defending Christianity as being, not contrary to earlier divine revelation, but a fulfilment of that revelation, a culmination of all past promises."—*Tarbell's Teachers' Guide*, 1909.

Questions

1. What is said of the assembly before whom Paul appealed on this occasion? Acts 25: 23; note 1.
2. How did Festus introduce Paul to them? What had the Jews declared? What had he himself found? Verses 24, 25.
3. What did Festus, therefore, wish to gain by the present examination before those dignitaries? Verses 26, 27.
4. What permission was given Paul? By whom? Whom did Paul address? How did Paul regard this privilege? Why? Acts 26: 1-3; note 2.
5. At what point did Paul begin his narrative? What did he say concerning his manner of life from his youth up? By whom could this be proved? For what did he say he was now judged? Verses 4-6.
6. What did he say was the relation of the twelve tribes to this promise? By whom, however, was he accused on account of that same hope? Verse 7.

7. What question did he propound to Agrippa? Verse 8.

8. What did Paul say he himself had thought? Verse 9.

9. What did he do to the saints in Jerusalem? How did he stand related to their death? Verse 10.

10. How vigorously did he carry on persecution? How did he feel toward them? How did he show his enmity? Verse 11.

11. What further shows that it was not because he had been prejudiced in favor of Christianity that he accepted it? Verse 12.

12. What details does the apostle again relate of his experience on the way to Damascus? Verses 13-15. How many times has the story of Paul's conversion been told?

13. From this narrative what do we learn was the work for which the Lord chose Paul? Verse 16.

14. What did Jesus say he would do for Paul? To whom had he been sent? For what purpose? What was he to bring to the Gentiles? Verses 17, 18.

15. What did he do on receiving this vision from heaven? Verse 19.

16. In what successive fields did he say he had labored? What did he instruct all to do? Verse 20.

17. For what cause had the Jews sought to kill him? By what means had he been able to continue preaching so long? To what class of people had he testified? To what had he confined his testimony? Verses 21, 22.

18. What had Moses and the prophets said should come? What had they said Christ would do through the resurrection from the dead? Verse 23.

Notes

1. "In all the pomp and splendor of royalty, Agrippa and Bernice went to the audience-room attended by a train of followers in the costly apparel of Eastern display. Proudly the haughty ruler with his beautiful sister swept through the assembly, and seated himself by the procurator's side. At his command, Paul still manacled as a prisoner, was led in, and the king gazed with cold curiosity upon him, now bowed and pale from sickness, long imprisonment, and continual anxiety.

"What a contrast was there presented! Agrippa and Bernice were destitute of the traits of character which God esteems. They were transgressors of his law, corrupt in heart and life. God and angels abhorred their course of sin. But because they possessed, in a limited degree, power and position, they were the favorites of the world. That aged prisoner, standing chained to his soldier guard, presented nothing imposing or attractive in his dress or appearance, that the world should pay him homage. Yet this man, apparently without friends or wealth or position, had an escort that worldlings could not see. Angels of heaven were his attendants. Had the glory of one of those shining messengers flashed forth, the pomp and pride of royalty would have paled before it; king and courtiers would have been stricken to the earth, as were the Roman guards at the sepulcher of Christ."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, Mrs. E. G. White, pages 253, 254.

2. "Stretching forth his manacled right hand, he [Paul] said: 'I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.'

"Did the mind of Agrippa at these words revert to the past history of his family, and their fruitless efforts against him whom Paul was preaching? Did he think of his great-grandfather Herod, and the massacre of the innocent children of Bethlehem? of his great-uncle Antipas, and the murder of John the Baptist? of his own father, Agrippa I, and the martyrdom of the apostle James? Did he see in the disasters which speedily befell these kings an evidence of their crimes against his servants? Did the pomp and display of that day remind Agrippa of the time when his own father, a more powerful monarch than he, stood in that same city, attired in glittering robes, while the people shouted that he was a god? Had he forgotten how, even before the admiring shouts had died away, vengeance, swift and terrible, had befallen the vainglorious king? Something of all this flitted across Agrippa's memory; but his vanity was flattered by the brilliant scene before him, and pride and self-importance banished all nobler thoughts."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), pages 255, 256.

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Little Sight

How little do they see what *is*, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which *seems*.

—Southey.

Montreal's Library

MONTREAL has never had a public library, though it has a population of 500,000 persons. The reason for this is because the Catholic archbishop would not consent unless the church had control of the selection of the books.

The plan now is to include works prohibited by the Catholic Church, but to have them kept in a separate section. A Catholic must present a permit signed by the archbishop in order to draw a book from this section.

Plan for Victory Instead of Defeat

ULYSSES S. GRANT once dismissed a general from commanding because he was always considering the possibilities of defeat, and planning a safe retreat. The intrepid general knew that constant fear of, and planning for, defeat would so weaken the general's nerve and power of resistance, that when the conflict became serious, his thought and effort would be divided, and so defeat would inevitably follow.

Thus it is in spiritual living. Expected defeat usually materializes. The Christian is admonished rather to pray for victory, expect victory, and plan for victory, letting defeat take care of itself.

A New Idea

ALL persons are more or less inclined to regard what they learned in school as absolute truth. But late researches have disproved much of what was once held to be fact. And so it will ever be. Perhaps in no realm of thought should one take one's mental food "with a little grain of salt" more than in one's scientific studies.

In science as in religion one is seeking to understand the ways of Him who made the world and all things therein, him who is omnipotent and omniscient.

In religion God has seen fit to reveal to us his plan and his thought toward mankind, but he has not disclosed the mysteries of the natural world; so it is not strange that finite man, in his effort to solve the plan of God in the natural world, should be compelled to con-

fess his short-sightedness and inability. It is to be expected that many of his "guesses" would have to give way to future revealings.

A recent number of *Current Literature*, in its Science and Discovery department, had an article entitled "Absurdity of the Prevalent Conception of a Solid." This article presented the theory of *compressible atoms*, instead of the theory taught in the schools of to-day, that all changes in volume are due to changes in the extent of the empty space between the molecules. The brilliant American chemist, Theodore W. Richards, recently urged before the Chemical Society in London that there are no such empty spaces between the atoms in solids and liquids. He holds that atoms are compressible, contiguous, and elastic throughout their substance.

Mr. Richards says of his view:—

"Clearly there is nothing impossible or obviously contradictory to experimental knowledge in the notion that atoms are compressible; indeed, the old idea of small, hard particles far apart is really more arbitrary and hypothetical than the new conception. The obvious simplicity of the latter is rather in its favor. . . . A gas may very properly be imagined with moving particles far apart; but what could give the rigidity of steel to such an unstable structure? The most reasonable conclusion from all evidence taken together seems to be that the interstices between atoms in solids and liquids must usually be small even in proportion to the size of the atoms themselves, if, indeed, there are any interstices at all."

Our Duty to Our Neighbors

SUPPOSE, to use Mr. H. C. Mabie's illustration, a poor widow and six children were living in poverty and disease and ignorance. Suppose that you alone knew of an abundance of gold, left in a vault unknown to the family, sufficient for the supply of their needs, the education of their children, etc., and suppose you knew that the widow has the key by which she can unlock these hidden treasures; and that you left them, year after year, to live and die in poverty and disease and ignorance, because it was not convenient for you to go and tell them the good news. What would mankind think of you? Surely the unevangelized people of the earth are living in poverty and disease and ignorance and sin. Surely the Christians of the world can reach them, if it is really important that we do so. If Christ had died for them, and if they are possible heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, they have potential riches for time and eternity of infinite worth. Moreover, we can tell these suffering nations and races where to find and how to apply the key which will open to them this divine storehouse. What shall we say in the day of judgment, if, like the priest and the Levite, we pass by on the other side, and leave heathen humanity unhelped by the wayside? —Bishop J. W. Bashford, in "*God's Missionary Plan for the World*."

"How to live on less than seventeen cents a day is the problem that has been engaging the attention of a number of students and medical men in Copenhagen. They have established a 'scientific boarding-house,' where good, wholesome food may be obtained at a monthly price of \$4.60." The details of their menu would be acceptable among American students.