

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

December 5, 1911

No. 49



A GROUP OF SEA-SHELLS, THE CENTER ONE BEING THE PEARLY NAUTILUS





THE earliest use of the slot-machine, it is said, was in the Egyptian temples. They were then used to enable the worshiper to sprinkle himself with holy water.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING seems to be almost as perilous as aviation. One hundred fifteen persons were killed in the Alps during the season just closed. All but two of them were accompanied by guides.

It is reported that the Red Cross Society is to change the color of its cross from red to green. Military organizations will still wear the red cross in time of war, but the green cross will be worn by physicians and nurses.

IN the Thames mud, on the site of the new county hall, near Westminster Bridge, there have been found embedded the remains of a Roman boat, which measure sixty-two feet by nineteen feet, and weigh thirty tons. No other specimen of a Roman galley is known to exist.

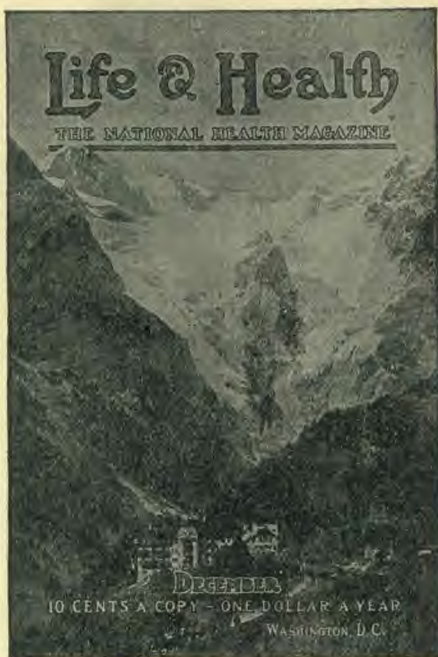
THE Madero government has made peace with the Yaqui Indians, agreeing to bring back the exiles from Yucatan, to give land to all of them, to pay them for making needed irrigating ditches, and to remit taxes for thirty years. With these privileges, there ought to be no occasion for them to renew marauding expeditions against the neighboring towns.

ONE of the most interesting safety devices to protect firemen in their efforts to save human life in burning buildings is a helmet which can be connected with a line of hose in such a manner that the fireman is surrounded by a falling curtain of water. It was brought out recently by a German inventor.

ADVISED by the biologist of the University of Copenhagen, the Danish government has placed a row of fifty electric lights along a submarine cable extending from the coast of Funen to the island of Fano, to prevent the migration into the sea of eels that inhabit the inner waters, the escape of which is a great loss to fishermen. Eels migrate only during the hours of darkness, and accordingly the lights are turned on as soon as night approaches, thus interposing a wall of illuminated water that the eels are afraid to pass. A similar plan has been used in Italy to retain eels in shallow water.

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short common-sense talk on "the breath of life," on burning the "midnight oil."

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### A FEW ARTICLES

**OUT-OF-DOORS IN WINTER**, by Mary Alden Carver. (Five illustrations.) "There is too much of an inclination to seal up the doors and windows when cold weather comes, and sit huddled about a comfortable fire."

**HOW TWO MOTHERS CARED FOR THEIR BABIES: WHY ONE SUCCEEDED AND THE OTHER FAILED**, by Lauretta Kress, M. D., of the Loma Linda (Cal.) Sanitarium staff. (Three illustrations.)

**THE OPIUM AND MORPHIN VICE**, by D. H. Kress, M. D., of the Loma Linda (Cal.) Sanitarium. (Illustrated.) The facts concerning this terrible slave-making habit; the use of opium in patent medicines; and how to successfully abandon the use of the drug.

**WHAT AND WHAT NOT TO EAT**, by R. S. Ingersoll, M. D., M. R. C. S. (England). (Illustrated.) What are proper food combinations? Is it safe to say, "O, I can eat anything"? How to avoid sour stomach and a cross disposition.

**VENTILATION, EXERCISE, AND SLEEP**, by G. H. Heald, M. D. A

the man who is "too busy" or "too dead tired" to take exercise,



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 5, 1911

No. 49

## God Remembers

If I forget,  
Yet God remembers! If these hands of mine  
Cease from their clinging, yet the hands divine  
Hold me so firmly that I can not fall;  
And if sometimes I am too tired to call  
For him to help me, then he reads the prayer  
Unspoken in my heart, and lifts my care.

I dare not fear, since certainly I know  
That I am in God's keeping, shielded so  
From all that else would harm, and in the hour  
Of stern temptation strengthened by his power;  
I tread no path in life to him unknown;  
I lift no burden, bear no pain, alone;  
My soul a calm, sure hiding-place has found;  
The everlasting arms my life surround.

—Selected.

## The Hills O' Ca'liny—No. 3

(Concluded)

A. W. SPAULDING



At last I was at the head of the valley, had come to the last human habitation, was entering the wild, wide-stretching domain of Vanderbilt. Up under the shoulder of Pisgah he has a hunting-lodge, a massive log structure, where perhaps once in a year or two he comes with a party to shoot, or shoot at, the deer and bear with which his hundred-thousand-acre preserve is stocked, or at the wolves and catamounts that have warily invaded the wide waste.

A few rangers he has, who people the woods more scantily than the Cherokees of old, too few, indeed, wholly to prevent the depredations of poachers. Everywhere up under the brows of Pisgah, I was offered venison at breakfast, dinner, and supper, the fortunate possessors of which averred that the deer were always coming down out of Vanderbilt's lands—such a nuisance! When they got to eating their corn, of course they had to shoot them!

For two or three miles I had been warned not to attempt to reach the Lodge that night. Yes, there were keepers there, but it was too far.

"How far?"

"Well, right smart."

"Five or six miles?"

"Reckon so."

"Any one could make that before dark."

"Well, don't reckon."

A mile or two farther on, however, the distance had lengthened in the report of another to eight or nine miles. Finally at half past three o'clock, I came to the last house. The old man was a little grumpy, and I think he didn't wish to keep me overnight, suspecting something not quite orthodox about my Book.

Yes, he said, I could make it before dark, he thought. It was seven miles. Go up the road to Yellow Gap, take the trail there to the right, and follow it to the Lodge. Plain way!

I went up to Yellow Gap; I took the trail to the right; I entered upon the plain way. The trail was fairly plain. It had been well made, and the incline was seldom steep. The falling leaves had carpeted it thickly, but the depression where it had been dug or trodden against the hills was sufficient to mark it more plainly than many another trail I have followed.

On and on it went; in and out it wound. Around the shoulder of a hill, going a little up; along the inner margin of a gloomy amphitheater, ascending a little higher; around another shoulder, skirting another

amphitheater, coming out upon a dipping ridge or gap between two knobs; then again the hills, the amphitheaters, two or three times repeated, and again the gap; until certain expectation began to make of it a curious double-faced monotony. And ever the sun sank lower, the shadows grew more pronounced, the gloom of the gulches deeper.

I fell to noting the leaves that carpeted the trail, bright or dull or withered, mostly oak and maple. If there were any others, they were lost in the multitudes of these dominant races of the forest. If I paused for a moment to listen, almost surely the only sound was the soft, still dropping of the leaves, sounding like the muffled pattering of rain. So still! And the words of a book came back to me: "When every earthly sound is hushed, the silence of the soul makes more distinct the voice of God." The mighty hills, the towering trees, the flickering sunbeams through the foliage, the glimpses of far blue sky, the infinite hush,—all these speak eloquently, though with blurred accent from their crushed tracings, to my sin-dulled heart. And even the falling leaves, have they not a message? O falling, faded, withered leaves, you were once the words of God! now, alas! almost silenced in the deadening fogs of sin. Hasten the day when again whatever the hand or the breath of God has touched may be read as an open book of familiar characters!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, a weary way! The seven miles were gone; they stretched into ten. And the trail wound on and on, around and around, still rising, still leading, but never ending. The sun sank lower and lower. The trail beneath the trees was dark, though the sunset lingered, a red splendor, for an hour. Then it paled to saffron, to purple; and in place of the day-ruler, blazed out at last the evening star. Warily I kept along the trail, now in complete darkness except for the starlight. I felt with my feet the slight depression that marked the path, and for two hours in the darkness plodded on through the forest. My eyes were staring wide for light, and sometimes I fancied they caught a gleam; my ears were straining for other sounds than those that came, the hoot of owls and the far-off howl of a wolf, and several times I stopped in vain to verify my impression of a human voice. Once I passed the mouth of a cave, and almost decided to creep in and wait for day; but the thought that the Lodge *must* be near by now decided me, and on I went.

At last, O joy! from out of the waste of nature I



came upon the works of man, a fence and a gate. Where there is a gate, there must be a habitation, and I went joyfully through and cast about for the house. But the most that I could find was a sign-board a few steps beyond. I went up to it and in the light of brilliant Venus I strained my eyes to read it. I read it. Mockingly it said, "Good Enough Trail."

Far be it from me to quarrel with the genial sign-board. The trail, indeed, like the old-time religion, might be good enough for me, if only I could keep it. But what I longed for was not so much a better trail as to know where any trail had an end. It seemed, indeed, to have ended there. It was in one of the familiar gaps between two knobs; and seek as I would, casting about here and there over the ground beyond the sign-board, my feet could not find any well-defined trail. Small wonder! the next day I discovered that at this point, within the fence, the cattle had so trodden over the little glade through which the trail ran that there was no trail.

After half an hour of fruitless search in the dark, I gave it up, and crept into a laurel clump to try to sleep. But on the night of the first of December, five thousand feet high, and protected only by a thin rain coat, I could sleep little. I warmed the ground where I lay, and shivered alternately on either side as I turned. At length, when the moon came up, two hours later, I rose with it, and again essayed to find the trail. Even then I could not; but going up the hill in the supposedly right direction, I found, a quarter of a mile beyond, a trail defining itself enough to warrant trial, and along it I ventured, again winding and winding, but on rougher, rock-strewn ground.

At last came my reward. Stark and forbidding in the pale moonlight, the log walls of the Lodge rose high on a great ledge across the valley. It was just midnight when I came to the coveted destination. Entering through the gates, I went up the drive, which led through an archway between two parts of the building. I did not know where the keepers might be living, but I thought I might discover if I made enough noise. Just as I was passing under the archway, the expected happened. My footsteps woke up one of the inmates; there came out a dog named Nero.

Now it is bad enough to face Nero in the pages of history, when Nero is dead, and plainly in the wrong; but it is worse to face Nero in the flesh, when one is a trespasser, and Nero is clearly in the right. I spoke to the dog, and I spoke for his keeper, but the one would not heed nor the other hear; and at last before the advancing Nero I retired, and resigned myself to the remainder of a sleepless night.

At first I ensconced myself beside a log, covering up like the babes in the woods with leaves. But the wind searched me out, and I soon arose, and striking another trail went out upon a long ridge. After a while, discovering a rock, I sprang down behind it to be sheltered from the wind. So far I had been careful not to light a fire; for the forest floor was like tinder, and numerous posters along the trail had warned, among other things, against "setting out fires," under penalty of law. But now the cold beginning to be numbing, I cautiously built a little fire against the rock, a fire which gave me much vigil and a little comfort, until the day dawned.

I hailed the first gray streaks in the east, and stretched my stiffened limbs in a brisk walk upon the heights. The sunrise, though not so grand as I had expected, was not without its beauty. A long streak of a cloud thrust its lance-like point downward toward the sun which answered in its own characteristic way,

setting the point on fire and burning its way slowly along the cloud's white length, swiftly running from red to smoky yellow, to white ash. Then, low down, burned up suddenly a fiery red arch, like the mouth of a great furnace, growing ever greater. Out of this there grew up a smaller yellow circle, and out of that still lower a blazing white one, three disks in one, each of which in turn I took for the sun. At last the sun was up, gazing down upon the white sea of mists below. And December had dawned. I turned again toward the Lodge, to seek a breakfast.

It was a royal breakfast that greeted me, too bountiful, indeed, for my needs. The ranger, Davis, had already gone out to look after his traps (two of which, hidden in the trail, I unwittingly sprang with my heel later in the day), but his wife welcomed me. Seldom for six months in the year did she see another face than her husband's and her child's, so not only the visitor but the Book was welcome there. A lonely life, and not without its dangers! Poor woman! I saw her again just a few days ago, in the county court-room, clad in deep mourning. She was there to attend the trial of the murderer of her husband, shot from ambush for interfering with a poacher—his life for the life of the deer.

About ten o'clock that morning I stood upon the top of Mount Pisgah. The day was warm, so that I had labored with discarded coat up the last stage of the trail. Upon the rounded bald top of three or four acres I stood, and surveyed in every direction a sea of mountains, with valleys and plains farther away. Far off, in three different directions, could be seen the cities of the plain. It was an inspiring sight, one that drew the thoughts to the vastness of the land and the busy activity of the men therein. Yet here, far up in the clear, crisp atmosphere, away from all human sounds, and out of sight of every moving thing save the soaring vultures, there was an isolation, a celibacy of thought and feeling, that made to seem of kin only that last scene "on Nebo's lonely mountain." I opened my Bible and read again the last three chapters of Deuteronomy; and with the echo in my heart of that matchless benediction, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," I prayed for the speedy evangelization of all the land that lay before me.

The path to Pisgah had been traced.

### "No Gratuities"

IN some of the most popular of London restaurants, all owned by one large company, there are notices stating that waiters are not allowed to accept gratuities, and that patrons are requested not to offer them. We have been informed, however, by one restaurant keeper who found it necessary to allow the tipping system in order to obtain waiters, that these proprietors, though professedly discountenancing the tipping system, virtually wink at it.

We went to the Continent with the understanding that tipping is an established system there, and that hotel employees depend for their pay very largely on this source, and so we were prepared to calculate upon this as a regular part of our expenses.

But at The Hague we met with a surprise. At the Pomona, a vegetarian restaurant, and a very excellent one, by the way, we left on our plate a gratuity of a little more than ten per cent of the bill. The next day our waiter (a different one from the day before) returned to us the gratuity left on the previous day,



and not being able to explain herself in English, she pointed to a line in small type in English at the bottom of the printed bill, which said, "Waiters who accept gratuities will be discharged."

It is evident that this restaurant is run for the establishment of the principle of right. From what we saw of the waiters, we gather that they are completely in harmony with the no-tipping system. The employees did not understand sufficient English, and we could not speak sufficient Dutch to enable us to express our appreciation of their principles.

We regret that the London vegetarian restaurants do not all find it practicable to banish tipping.

Some may wonder why we did not express our disapproval of the tipping system by refusing to recognize it. All we can say is that with a custom so universal, such a position would be misunderstood as parsimonious, and would accomplish no good.

A reform can come only by a combination of travelers saying they will patronize only such places as cut out the tipping system. So far as we are in a position to do so, we throw our patronage to institutions which prohibit gratuities.

IMA SEMPLETON.

### Artistic Picture-Framing

#### How Any One Can Do It at Home

THE work is so simple that you will need only nails and hammer, a glue-pot, a fine-toothed saw, and a miter-box. If you lack any of these things, it will probably be the miter-box. A good wooden one can be bought for a quarter. In case you elect to make one, you must take three boards and nail them together in the form of a trough. Remember that the box is useless if the angles are not absolutely exact. Measure off straight lines across, and saw through the sides, and also two lines that will cut at right angles. A carpenter will saw these lines for you, making them accurate.

Wooden picture-frames are usually of one of two kinds. They may be made from natural wood with the bark on, or from manufactured mill-stock molding.

The former material may be found anywhere in the woods. Cut the sticks the right length to suit the picture to be framed; then put them into the miter-box, and cut the ends off in proper shape by running the saw through the diagonal line. The ends will thus fit together exactly, forming perfect squares. Heat your pot of glue, and stick the ends together; then run a thin wire nail through each corner to reenforce the glue.

The mill-stock molding is simply the molding made out of hard or soft wood for interior house-finish. It comes in all sizes and widths, and can be picked up at any mill for a few cents a yard. If there is no mill in your neighborhood, you can probably get left-overs from some carpenter or contractor who is finishing a new building. Gather up as many as you can of these long and short pieces.

These mill-stock frames can be painted or finished in the natural wood. If the wood is white pine or poplar, and therefore lacks beauty of grain, it is best finished by painting the frame, and then adding a coat of black, white, or colored enamel. This will keep its glossy quality for a long time if it is applied over a coat of paint.

If the wood is ash, oak, maple, Carolina pine, or any other wood of a beautiful grain, finish it in the natural color, or use a good stain in preference to paint. After applying the stain to the frame, rub it down with raw linseed-oil, if you desire a dull or flat finish, or use shellac if you wish a polish.—*Katharine Keife.*

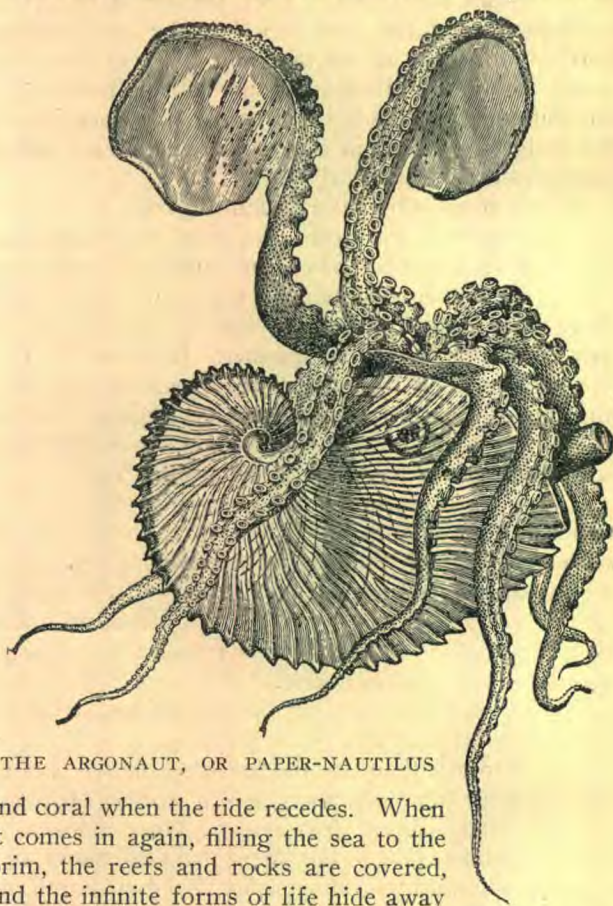


### The Pearly Nautilus



THE sea possesses a wonderful charm for those living near it. Its ever-changing surface fills the day with delight. In the early morning its broad expanse is as smooth as a mirror. With the rising breeze it dimples into a thousand tiny waves, which soon become flashing whitecaps that roll and toss themselves onto the sandy beach, or fling themselves against the rocks. And beneath that wonderful surface lie great mysteries of creation,—strange forms of plants and animals, many of which are little known to man.

The tropical seas washing the southern shores of New Guinea are filled with coral reefs and islets. These are so near to the top of the water that they lie brown and bare, covered with seaweed and rocks



THE ARGONAUT, OR PAPER-NAUTILUS

and coral when the tide recedes. When it comes in again, filling the sea to the brim, the reefs and rocks are covered, and the infinite forms of life hide away in the crevices, or move about on the bottom of the sea.

At certain times in each month the tides slip silently out, far out, and then one can find rare shells. It is a bit uncanny wading around in the pools of water, and seeing the ugly bêche-de-mer, the bristling sea-porcupines, the horrid water-snakes, but curiosity leads one on.

A few days ago when the tide was very low, our native boy brought a nautilus-shell, among other curiosities, up from the beach. These are not usually found on this shore, but out on the reef, about three miles distant. Shells like this were found and admired two thousand years ago, by the peoples who lived on the great Mediterranean's sunny shores. The Greek



scholar and scientist Aristotle classified the nautilus in the same class as do modern naturalists the Cephalopoda of Mollusca. But from the time of Aristotle, 350 B. C., until Mynheer Rumph, the great Dutch naturalist, wrote of the wonders he found in the sun-kissed waters of Amboyna in 1750, nothing further was learned about the mysterious little cephalopod. Although many empty shells were found in the Mediterranean and other tropical seas, the living inhabitants had never been seen.

It lives far out in the open sea, and by drawing in the tentacles and upsetting its shell, it is able to sink rapidly into the ocean's depths when alarmed. And so for these two thousand years, vague and incorrect ideas were held of the nautilus.

But Rumph learned much of its structure and habits, making drawings of the curious muscular creature, with the head emerged into its foot, which gives it its class name of Cephalopoda. Rumph had all his scientific pains for nothing, his brethren in Europe for many years quite discrediting what he had written about the nautilus. Now, however, since some have been caught alive near New Hebrides, it is found that, in the main, his description was scientifically accurate.

Specimens have been obtained and carefully studied by European naturalists. They are found to have a muscular body; the fore foot has the head merged into it, and grows up on each side of it, so as to surround the mouth. Its margins are split up into numerous muscular processes, or "arms." The back part of the body is enclosed in a muscular mantle-sac, which secretes the famous pearly shell.

As this interesting little creature grows, it slips forward in the shell, and closes up a small chamber behind it. It does this time after time until it attains full size. In a broken shell which I picked up on the beach there were fifteen chambers, but in a complete one there might be twice that number. Just how the nautilus loosens itself from its beautiful pearl-walled home, and moves forward into the ever-enlarging chamber, is an interesting process involved in obscurity. This and other habits have yet to be studied into.

If one looks carefully at a nautilus-shell, he will notice a tiny, smooth-edged hole in the center of the *septum*. Through this central open space there trails a long, threadlike organ from the body of the nautilus to the very innermost, first-formed chamber. This slender pedicle is another feature peculiar to the pearly nautilus, found nowhere else.

The vacated chambers are filled with air, or with a gas very much like air. This gas has a larger proportion of nitrogen than has the ordinary air we breathe, and these air-filled chambers help it to float on top of the sea. It has been observed that large numbers of these creatures come to the surface and sail about after a storm, when it is becoming calm. The head is put out, the surrounding arms rest upon the water, and the shell is underneath. They seem to remain only a short time thus sailing about, and then sink into the sea.

The pearly nautilus, or *Nautilus Pompilius*, was for a long time confounded with the paper-nautilus, or argonaut; but they differ greatly from each other in structure and habits, though both belong to the cuttlefish family. The ancients believed that the argonaut stretched up its two long, webbed, dorsal arms, and used them for sails. Our modern naturalists, with their strong predilection for truth rather than poetry, say that it is never seen in this position.

Of the argonauts it is only the female that has a shell, the male being shell-less. The shell is not organ-

ically connected with the little animal which lives in it. If one takes a clam out of its shell, he must cut it loose, but he need not do that with an argonaut. One could easily remove it from its pretty one-chambered shell, because it is not *grown* to it. For this reason there waged a many-a-long-year dispute as to whether the argonaut owned its home or whether it picked up a tenantless shell and took possession. It is now known that the broad, dorsal arms secrete the shell, and these arms enclose it, so that it is held close to the animal. The apex is used as a receptacle for the clustered eggs.

I made the acquaintance of an intelligent American gentleman, when in Papua, who for years was engaged in pearling in the South Seas. He himself was a diver, and is deeply versed in the lore of the sea. He told me that in all the years he had lived on the ocean, he had but twice seen the living nautilus; once his boats ran across a rather large school of them; at another time four were seen, but it was impossible to get any, as they sank so quickly.

BERTHA S. CHANEY.

### Thrift

GOVERNMENT investigation has recently been disclosing some facts about the so-called "Kindling-Wood Trust." To the social philosopher there is something grotesque and amusing in the mere fact that any such organization as a kindling-wood trust can exist. It seems at first sight incredible that men in different States, and in different parts of the same State, by purchasing the edgings and other waste that sawmills formerly threw away, and by sawing this waste into four-inch lengths and tying it into little bundles, could create a sufficient demand for it to control the market. Yet that is exactly what they have done.

Their achievement suggests some reflections on thrift. Bundled kindling-wood is sold at the rate of three bunches for five cents, and many families order three bunches daily of their grocer as regularly as they order milk or bread. It would be an enlightening experience for these families to untie the three little bundles, place the pieces in a square pile, measure the number of cubic inches, and see what they are paying for their wood by the cord.

One of the Western railroads lately issued a circular urging its clerks and trainmen to exercise greater care in the use of supplies. "A two-cent stamp wasted means that this road must haul one ton of freight a mile and a half. A spike lost or thrown away compels the road to haul a ton of freight two miles."

Here lies the secret of thrift: the ability to translate expenditures into terms of work. When we realize that every dollar we spend is a contract to work a certain length of time *for some one else*, we shall spend more wisely.

Thrift is commonly regarded as meanness and as slavery to the material and the sordid. It is just the contrary. It is the only door to liberty. It buys freedom and leisure. It opens life to travel, study, reading, the contemplation of art; the enjoyment of music, and the ability to give—to everything, in brief, that is highest and best.—*Youth's Companion*.

DATE-RAISING is being carried on with much success in Arizona. It is said that four thousand five hundred pounds of dates can be produced per acre, while the market price ranges from thirty-five to fifty cents a pound, and sometimes even a dollar a pound for the fancy grades.



## An Interesting Look at China

[The following article is a brief synopsis of an inspiring talk given at the Foreign Mission Seminary, October 28, by Elder I. H. Evans.]



HE prophet Isaiah says: "Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim." This statement was made seven hundred years before Christ; but only in the last century have men been able to understand the promise. To-day there is no question but that there will be a large number of Chinese in the kingdom of God. I believe the Lord had an object in specifying that this company came from Sinim; it is a prophecy that there will be a great ingathering of that people before probation closes. Why should God especially mention China, of all the nations of the world, and specify with a definite message that these come from Sinim, if he did not intend to do a wonderful work with that people? There surely will be a mighty harvest of souls from the land of Sinim.

Everybody is interested in China. That country is attracting the attention of statesmen, writers, and those interested in international progress, to a greater degree than any other nation. The population of China is 450,000,000, the country being densely inhabited. Its people are capable of organization, capable of doing anything that man has ever done, provided they have equal opportunity and conditions.

They are a people of great intelligence. If you were out in the country, far away from city life, and should meet a thousand men pacing along the road, you would have to say that you had never seen, outside of America, a people that looked superior in intelligence. They have strong features, keen eyes, are great judges of human nature, and are the brightest and kindest of all peoples I have met in my travels, when their conditions are measured with the environment and the opportunities that they have had.

The Chinese are an industrious people. They labor early and late. They are at their work long before we begin ours in the morning, and long after we have closed our labors at night. Just across from where I roomed in Shanghai is a large silk-factory where the silk is taken from the cocoon. Here the employees begin work in the morning at four or five o'clock. In that building there are two hundred fifty women and girls. They stop for about twenty minutes at noon to eat rice, and then work until seven at night. These women and girls do as delicate, hard, and exacting work as is possible for women to do.

The Chinese place great value on education. They are an intellectual people. I know of no other people that have such profound respect for literary attainments as do the Chinese. They look with wonder upon the educated man. Americans respect wealth; but the Chinese love education more than money. The man who is educated holds the highest position in town and in city, and is the most esteemed by his countrymen. Wealth does not count, but education does. It is a pity that there are no free schools in China. Nowhere in that country is it possible for the poor to obtain an education. Only occasionally is a man able to give his son a college or a university education in a foreign land. The Chinese have good memories, astonishing memories. When it comes to using the reason in mathematics, in physics, and in the harder branches of study, they can not stand first; for they

have never trained themselves in that direction. Their whole training has been literary, the memory of words, memorizing what ancient sages taught.

As a race, they are restless and very much dissatisfied with the existing conditions of things in their country. I have never been in a land where the people were so quiet, orderly, democratic, and well behaved, and yet had so little respect for those in authority. They fear officials, but they do not respect them. For a long time China has desired a change in the dynasty of the country, and her present effort to secure this gives promise of success. You will ask what effect such a change will have upon our work and people in China. We do not know; but one thing is sure, China will never go backward again. Her face is set on attaining Western ideals, and she is going to move in that direction until she has made marked progress.

Our work is located in the very center of this rebellion. In the provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, and at Shanghai our missionary stations are operating with a greater force of workers than elsewhere in China. Hankow is a city of about two million people, about six hundred miles up the river from Shanghai, being four days' ride on the boat. This city is larger than Philadelphia, and almost as large as Chicago; it is the Chicago of China. A year ago we had no worker in Hankow, we had done no work in that city, and had no Sabbath-keepers there; but last spring when I was there, we had forty-five Sabbath-keepers, and two chapels, in which about one hundred assembled for worship. We had two splendid Sabbath-schools. Out of this band of people there had come to us four excellent workers, two of them are the brightest young men that have ever accepted the message in China. I never listened to one who showed more ability on the platform, who had a better delivery, than one of these young men; and I am told that the other one is superior to him. These forty-five Sabbath-keepers are the result of the labors of these two men for about six months.

It is not difficult to get the Chinese to keep the Sabbath. Other missionaries have prepared the way by getting the people to believe the Bible. When the Catholics went into China years ago, they taught and published in all their literature that Sunday was the seventh day of the week, and they taught the people to keep Sunday. But when we show them that Sunday is not the seventh day, they readily accept the true Sabbath, as they see that they have been deceived. Most of the people accept the truth through the reading of our literature, and what we need to-day is a man to devote his time to the periodical work. In apportioning the population of China to our workers, each one would have an audience of 20,000,000. It is evident, then, that the great majority must be reached through our literature, instead of through the ministrations of the living preacher.

Everywhere there is a spirit of investigation, of study, a desire to receive instruction; and when convinced that they are keeping the wrong day, those who believe the Bible and are Christians are ready to change.

All through China there is an awakening that is wonderful. One can hardly believe what God is doing for the people of this land. Those dear natives give up everything for Christ. They are superstitious and believe in devils of all kinds; but if they have the Word of God lived and preached among them, many are sure to be brought into the kingdom.



## Views in and Around London

A. GREENE HORNE

**T**HERE is nothing in London like the elevated tracks of New York and Chicago, but the passengers are "elevated," nevertheless, by means of double-decked omnibuses and cars. The two-horse bus has been an institution of London streets for a long period, but it is now largely replaced by motor-buses, two of which are shown cross-

violent wind-storm. I passed by shortly after the storm, and saw one of the largest trees down, and workmen digging around the roots. After a number of days' work, they had the tree again planted, and safely guyed, the limbs lopped off, and the wounds painted. An old tree in the center of the city was too valuable to lose. It must be noted that there is no foliage left on the tree. All the foliage shown in the picture belongs to trees in the background.

During the strike, we took a trip down Billingsgate, the fish-market of London, perhaps better known as the headquarters of one type of English. Among others, the street cleaners had struck, and one would not have blamed his nose if it had also gone on a strike while in that street. The congestion and the filth can not be adequately described. In the distance is the Monument, from which one may, if he is willing to pay "thrippence" and climb the long flight of stairs, obtain an excellent view of the city. One naturally recalls the Washington Monument, much taller, where one may ride up on an elevator, or "lift," as it is called here, free of charge.

In "Caterham on the Hill"

about two miles from the sanitarium, stands the quaint cottage, thatched roof and sides, shown in the picture. Most of the houses in this vicinity are modern, and it



Replanted tree in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

A double-decked street-car, very popular in London.

Markings of chimney left on end of building for convenience of next builder.

Omnibuses crossing London Bridge.

ing London Bridge. One notices at first sight how completely the upper part of buses and cars is covered with disfiguring signs. The large number in front of the bus indicates the route, and can be distinguished before the bus is near enough to read the names of the points passed by the bus.

The street-cars, which are used in the suburbs rather than in the center of London, are propelled by electricity, and are reversible. Buses have stairs only at the back, but the cars have seats at both ends. Some of the cars are roofed above, and some are open, like the buses. It will be noticed that the second story of the car is longer, and capable of holding more passengers, than the lower floor. The upper story of the cars, and especially of the buses, is very popular with tourists during pleasant weather.

A most prominent feature in an English house is the fireplace. No room is considered desirable unless it has a fireplace. One of the most interesting views of London is obtained from a suburban railway, whence the forest of chimneys and chimney-pots is bewildering. The accompanying illustration shows a London building where the position of the various chimneys and

fireplaces is indicated on the end.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, a park almost in the center of London, great havoc was wrought by a



An English thatched cottage.



St. John's chapel, Tower of London, one of the finest examples of Norman architecture.

is difficult to obtain views of the older type of country dwellings.

### Your Soul and the Heathen

THERE was a time when I had no care nor concern for the heathen; that was the time when I had no care nor concern for my own soul. When by the grace of God, I was led to care for my own soul, then it was I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet, on my bended knees, I then said to God: "O Lord, thou knowest that silver and gold to give to this cause I have none; what I have I give unto thee. I offer myself; wilt thou accept the gift?"—*Alexander Duff, D. D.*



## Notes From One Issue of a Daily Paper



GENERAL BERNARDO REYES, of Mexico, was arrested at San Antonio, Texas, November 18, by United States Marshal Eugene Holte, on the charge of preparing means for a military expedition to be carried on from the United States against the Republic of Mexico, with which the United States is at peace. Such a conspiracy is contrary to law.

ONE hundred thousand railroad employees of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford and the Boston and Maine railroads in an effort to solve the problem of the high cost of living, have formed a \$50,000 co-operative society, for the purpose of establishing a chain of stores along these railroads, and at points along the electric lines controlled by them.

EIGHTEEN men were killed in an explosion, which occurred November 18, in the Bottom Creek mine of Vivian, West Virginia. A party of engineers were making a survey of the mine at the time of the explosion. Four of this party were rescued alive, but all were injured.

WILLIAM J. CALHOUN, United States Minister to China, recently issued peremptory orders to all Americans in the interior to flee with all possible haste, and to establish temporary residences at treaty ports.

"STUDENTS STORM CITY" was the heading of an article describing the outrageous actions of the students of two rival universities. The Virginia-Georgetown game of ball was the occasion for the celebration. The description given by the reporter follows:—

There were frequent clashes between the adherents of the two universities, but few were serious. Practically the entire police force from the First precinct was crowded into the few down-town blocks, and made strenuous efforts to maintain a semblance of order. But they had orders to make no arrests except for serious breaches of the peace, and as a result but a half score students were arrested. Charges of disorderly conduct were lodged against a few.

College yells and college songs were heard on every street corner, and theaters and cafés that usually are models of propriety were forced to throw their rules to the winds, and permit almost everything the crowds wanted to try. All of the larger cafés were filled to overflowing during the evening, many women and girls mingling with the students. Several others were forced to close earlier than usual for fear that damage might be done.

So far as the undergraduate bodies of the colleges were concerned, the Columbia Theater was the center of attraction.

The manager of the theater gave orders that the play be continued no matter what the interruptions might be. Often the players were unable to hear themselves talk because of the din of singing and yelling in the auditorium of the house. The members of the company apparently took the actions of the students in good spirit.

The principal members of the company, with the exception of Miss Glaser, were obliged to pay more attention to flying wads of paper and other light missiles than to their lines. Every time Miss Glaser left the stage the students threw things at the other actors until she returned. Several of the men fared particularly badly. Several times the show had to be momentarily stopped while ambitious students made speeches. The sounds that came from the body of the theater were as varied as weird.

It was a wild night, with every indication that there will be many gallons of ice-water imbibed this morning, and many dark tastes in many student mouths.

In another column of the same paper was the following account of another student demonstration, which occurred at New Haven, Connecticut, on the same day:—

Angered by the sudden stopping of the performance at the Hyperion Theater, in this city, to-night, a part of the audience, made up chiefly of Yale students, took revenge by ripping up the chairs and other furnishings, breaking the stage footlights, and doing other damage inside and outside of the theater.

Seats were pulled from their fastenings and many of them

thrown on the stage. Stage hands partly quelled the disturbance by turning the hose on the disturbers.

The water from the hose spoiled many handsome gowns worn by women in the audience, who fled for the exits. In the wild rush to escape many were crushed, and several women fainted, but none was seriously hurt.

Sympathizers with the students gathered in front of Vanderbilt dormitory, across the street from the theater, after their ejection, and began a fusillade of sticks and stones, some of which crashed through the windows of the theater and some business houses in the vicinity. The men arrested were rushed to police headquarters and locked up.

In an address to the customs appraisers recently assembled in New York City from all parts of the United States, Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh made the startling accusation that there is not an honest line of importations coming into this country.

JAMES DUNLOP SMITH, former president of the Radio-Telephone Company, and of the Fiscal Agency Company, a selling agency of the Radio concern, was arrested to-day on the charge of using the mails to defraud. The alleged fraud involves, it is charged, fraudulent sales of Radio-Telephone Company stock of at least \$1,000,000, and perhaps more.

EUROPEAN robbers looted three sealed vans, containing India and China mails. The emptied bags represented the heaviest mails of the year, including packages of jewelry for use at the durbar, and Christmas presents for the Far East. The booty is estimated at \$600,000.

ADDITIONAL suffering has been inflicted upon the unfortunate inhabitants of Tripoli by the elements. American Consul Wood cabled to the State Department yesterday afternoon that very severe storms have inundated the whole city of Tripoli, which is almost surrounded by water and is now accessible by only one gate.

To safeguard the health of the 65,000 inhabitants of Alaska, the Treasury Department is about to assign a surgeon of the Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service to the Territory. He will supervise quarantine stations, and enforce regulations against the introduction and spread of diseases.

THE recent Virginia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South warned Methodists to see that the Bible is not eliminated from the public schools in Virginia.

ENGLAND has thirty-one war-ships along the coast of China ready to protect the interests of the British empire, leading all other nations in the number of craft on the China coast. France, the United States, and Germany are close behind, France maintaining twenty war-ships on the station; the United States, nineteen; and Germany, fourteen. Japan, China's ancient enemy, maintains a fleet of fourteen war-ships there. Russia has eleven vessels on the China station. Austria and Italy each have one cruiser on the scene, and Portugal, one cruiser and one gunboat.

THE effort of our government to secure relief for its Jewish citizens traveling in Russia has been neutralized by the Russian duma.

THE foreign trade of Porto Rico, was fifteen per cent greater than in the fiscal year 1910, and four times as much as in 1901.

THE Venezuelan consul received cable advices recently from Caracas informing him that former President Castro, at the head of a considerable body of revolutionists, has met with a disastrous defeat near San Cristobal.





## Prospector in African Jungle Has Most Remarkable Experience With a Man-Eater



IN the winter of 1897 I was resting my donkeys at Tuli, in southern Rhodesia, having reached there after an uneventful journey through the northern Transvaal. Hearing that an old friend of mine, Gray by name, was prospecting on the Ipargi River, about twelve

miles distant, I determined to move my caravan out where he was encamped.

Before I left Tuli, the police stationed there warned me to be very careful, as there were many lions, and they had been doing a great deal of damage.

I started early in the morning, so as to give myself plenty of time to make a good, strong camp in which to place the donkeys. We reached the river a little after midday, and, telling the youngest native to keep the donkeys grazing close to the wagon, I, with the other two boys, started to chop down bush, and soon had a good *scherm* in which to place the donkeys, and a smaller one around the wagon. Both the natives and myself were rather tired after our work, as, besides cutting brush, we had collected a large heap of firewood. I determined to keep a fire going all night so as to avoid running any risks. We all slept sound, and, save for hearing a wolf howling in the distance, we were not disturbed.

No one at Tuli seemed to know exactly where Gray was, except that he was on the Ipargi, to the north of the old coach road to Victoria; and so, after an early breakfast, I started up the river to see if I could find any traces of him. As the bush was very thick, I decided to leave my pony behind, and take one of the boys with me, carrying a spare haversack with some lunch. He would also come in handy to carry a buck, were I lucky enough to get one.

I started off with my shotgun, but before we had gone any distance, I sent the boy back with it, and told him to bring my Martini. It was bad country to pass through, with big belts of reeds along the waterside, and bush reaching right down to the reeds. After a time the bush got thinner, however, and we came across open spaces. I did not want to lose sight of the river, but the thick reeds seemed to offer excellent cover for a lion, so I kept about fifty yards away.

We proceeded for about two hours, seeing nothing in the shape of game. Coming out of the bush to the edge of a clearing, I stopped to have a good look around, when my boy called attention to a black object near the other side of the open space. Through the glasses I made out that it was a big bull, feeding quite unconcernedly. He was decidedly too far away for me to risk a shot, being nearly a thousand yards off. Luckily, the wind was in our favor; so, telling my boy to stay where he was, I edged down toward the river, intending to skirt the reeds and take advantage

of some small bushes here and there, and thus gradually creep on till within range. I got on well, sometimes crawling, at other times bending very low, and stopping at each bush to make sure the animal had not winded me. I thought that five hundred yards was near enough, even for such a poor shot as myself. I was soon within six hundred yards and determined that at the next stop I would shoot the bull.

All of a sudden he started cutting most wonderful capers, as such creatures do when startled, jumping up in the air, and snorting like a railway engine. I could see that it was not my approach that had scared him, as he edged closer to me in his antics, and was now standing gazing at the reeds in the direction in which I was heading. The bull was now barely four hundred yards away, within easy range, so I watched to see what was exciting him.

I had not long to wait. Out from the reeds, close where the bull had first been standing, came an animal, carrying in its mouth what appeared to me to be a tree. This was enough for the bull; he threw up his tail and dashed away. I was too much interested in the new arrival to think of shooting the bull, so he made good his escape. Meanwhile, the strange animal, carrying in its mouth what appeared to me to be its burden, it let out a terrific roar, then picked the thing up again, and once more drew nearer.

I could now see it quite clearly, and to my horror, saw it was a lioness carrying a man, seemingly wrapped in a blanket, for I could see a part of it dragging. I was perplexed. I was sorely tempted to shoot the brute, but if I fired and only wounded her, she would immediately maul the poor fellow she was carrying, and for all I knew he might still be alive. I decided that I would not risk it, so I stopped where I was, with the lioness getting closer at every step. It was no time for smiling, and I could not help wondering what my boy was doing; he was probably back underneath the wagon by this time.

Well, the lioness came slowly along till she was within a hundred yards of me, when she stopped, laid the man down, and roared. The noise was tremendous; it seemed fairly to shake the earth, and it made me feel decidedly nervous, for I thought she was calling her mate. She was now, as I have said, about one hundred yards from me, but I was between her and the river. I could not see that the man she was carrying was white; all I could see of the poor fellow was his hand, and what I had thought was a blanket turned out to be a cavalry cloak. Had I been an expert marksman, I would have fired and killed the beast, but I feared that I should only wound her, in which case the man would suffer.

All this time I was lying full length, raising my head a few inches now and then to watch. I could see her sniffing at him, and presently she started to



dig with her fore paws like a cat, excavating a little trench. Next she picked up the man and laid him in the hollow.

"She means to bury him," I thought. There was some more sniffing, while I watched with straining eyes. Then she started to cover him up, raking the sand over him with one paw. Every now and then she would stop and sniff at the poor fellow again. I was impatient, wishing she would move off so that I could get at the unfortunate fellow, for I had an odd feeling that he was still alive. She finished at last, with the man fairly well covered except his boots and hands, which were stretched out.

The lioness now moved off about five yards; then turned and came back, stepping very lightly, like an enormous cat. She had another sniff which apparently satisfied her, for she went off again, this time a little farther, but only to repeat the process. I could see her object now. She evidently had her cubs somewhere near, and was going to bring them to dinner, but wished to protect her prize meanwhile.

The brute's next journey took her about fifty yards from me, so I determined to fire, hoping to get in another cartridge in case of a miss. So, just when she turned to come back for another look at her prey, I pulled the trigger. I aimed just behind the shoulder, hoping to kill her with one shot. The moment I fired, out of the corner of my eye I saw the fellow in the overcoat roll over, rise to his feet, and stagger toward me. Again turning my attention to the lioness, I could see she was hit, for she was sitting on her haunches, roaring like ten lions in one. I slipped in another cartridge, and was about to finish her, when the poor fellow in the overcoat reached me and literally fell on top of me. He was in a fearful state, covered all over with blood.

I was horribly afraid, while I struggled to free myself, that the wounded lioness would have both of us, for the man would not let go of me, but clung on convulsively, crying, "My God! My God!" Fortunately for both of us, however, he collapsed, and I was able to shake him off and kill the lioness. It was an easy job; my first shot had caught her back-bone, and she was helpless. I gave her one more through the head, and killed her.

I now went to the poor fellow and carried him through the reeds to the water's edge, where, after some time, he revived. To my surprise, when I had washed the blood from his face, I recognized him as my friend Gray. He was still suffering from the shock, and all he could do was to cry weakly, "My God! My God!" and then break down.

He was not hurt so much as I had thought; his arm was badly bitten, and his face was bruised where it had struck against stumps and stones while he was being carried. What had saved him was the thick military overcoat; the lioness had such a good grip on it that his body, with the exception of his back, which was greatly bruised by her teeth, was not much the worse.

I now helped him to get to the place where I had left my boy, as there were some trees there, and I thought that if a second lion came along, Gray would feel safer up a tree. Fortunately the boy had not deserted me. Pointing to a fair-sized tree, he said he had watched the whole performance from it. He could not believe that Gray was alive, but stared at him, saying, "Tagati! Tagati!" (Magic! Magic!)

I wanted to send him back for the pony to take Gray home, but could not get him to move; he said

he would be eaten by the lioness's mate. I thought it quite probable, but did not tell him so. So there we were, nearly five miles from the wagon, and one of us utterly helpless. However, with two boughs and our belts, we rigged up a rough sort of stretcher, and eventually reached the wagon after a tedious journey. From there I immediately sent in to Tuli for some one to come and help me to patch up Gray's shoulder, for with the shock and the loss of blood, he was nearly out of his head. A policeman came out just before sundown, and between us we made sure that all the wounds were thoroughly cleaned. It was not till morning that Gray was able to give us an account of his adventure. Apparently he had been suffering from ague, and that eventful morning had taken a rug and a big cloak and lay down in the sun on a flat rock about twenty yards from his wagon, trying to get some warmth into his chilled blood. He must have dozed off, for the next thing he remembered he was lying alongside the rock, with a bad pain in his shoulder, and a lioness standing over him. He could hear his boys at the wagon shouting, and hoped that perhaps they would scare the brute off a little so that he could make a bolt for it. The lioness, however, took no notice of the noise, and, after smelling him all over, started to drag him along by the shoulder. The pain was terrible, but he did his best not to scream; although he could not help groaning now and then. Eventually the lioness, finding the dragging process too slow, seized him by the middle, and that way made better progress. When the burying stage arrived, Gray thought it was his last chance, and determined, when the lioness had gone some distance, to make a sprint for the river and get into one of the pools of water. The most awful moment, he said, was when the lioness had covered him up and kept coming back and smelling him. That absolutely unnerved him; he was unable to see the direction she took, and her repeated withdrawals and returns nearly drove him frantic. When he heard my shot, he told me, he could not realize he was saved until he staggered to me; every second he expected to hear the lioness behind him, or to feel her paw striking him down.

The boys at Gray's wagon, after seeing him disappear, had made their way to the nearest Kafir kraal, and from there a message came to Tuli reporting Gray's death. While the matter was being debated, my boy arrived with the news of his safety.

I went back to the scene of the incident two days later, but the jackals and wolves had not left much lioness for me to skin. Two of the police and I hunted around to see if we could find any sign of her cubs or of the male lion, but found no trace of them.

I had had enough of the Ipargi River; so after taking Gray into Tuli, I started on my trip along the old road from Tuli to the Mangrue Pass. As this road had not been used since 1893, I had all sorts of troubles and adventures, but none so startling as when I watched a lioness officiating as undertaker.

Gray got over his wounds very soon, thanks to a good constitution; and when I last heard of him, a few years ago, he was still at his old work of prospecting. I do not think, however, that he takes sun-baths on flat rocks any more.—*Wide World*.

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"WHAT we truly and earnestly aspire to, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for a moment realizes itself."





M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

## Society Study for Sabbath, December 23

### The Macedonian Call

**LEADER'S NOTE.**—When "Searchlight" was published, we did not know about the Harvest Ingathering number of the *Signs*. It is an excellent paper, and none of us have read too often the Macedonian call that comes to us through its pages. The paper supplies just what we need for our meeting for December 23, and we are glad that our young people can base one of their programs on its contents.

Can you not have a roll-call in which every member present will respond by naming two missionaries and the countries to which they went? Insist that one missionary be from our own church; for example: Moffat, Africa; J. L. Shaw, India. To avoid repetition we suggest that the fifteen-minute talk "Come Over and Help Us" be drawn from the following articles: "A Year in West Africa," "China's Need of the Word of God," "Our Work and Opportunity," "An Indian Queen's Request," "In Populous Java," "A Cry for Help From Heathen Lips," and "A Medical Evangelist Among the Aymaras of Peru;" that the testimony readings consist of selections from these articles: "No More the Death's-Head," "An Active Family," "How One Heathen Woman Found the Lord," "Why Did You Not Come Sooner?" and "Out of Buddhism;" and that the brief mission facts symposium be based upon these articles: "Developing Mission Industries (Nyassaland)," "On the Gold Coast," "Pegging Out New Stations," "Our First Abyssinian Station," "Woman's Work in Japan," "On the Caspian," "Roughing It in Bolivia," "English School Work in Guatemala," "On the Isthmus," "A Bible Institute for Women," "A Baptism in the Brook Cherith," "Mohammedan Village Schools (India)," "Among Seamen, in the Great Ports." The entire symposium should not occupy more than fifteen minutes. We also suggest that the poem "Almost—but Lost" be substituted for "Is It Nothing to You?" Remember all helps referred to will be found in the Harvest Ingathering number of the *Signs*.

Make this the best missionary program of the year. Strive to have all parts thoroughly prepared. Often a short program does more good than a long one. Remember Eliot's motto, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything."

Very probably you are well supplied with copies of this Harvest Ingathering number of the *Signs*, but if not, you should get some at once from your tract society.

### Members of the Reading Courses

ONCE again the week of prayer has come, and that is why you find no reading-course assignments in this paper. The world will not welcome this week of prayer, nor miss it when it is gone. No, the world is too busy. Intensity is ruling her domain, and crushing the life out of her people. Everywhere there is a mad rush for something. Men and women, thoughtlessly or selfishly jostling one another, are panting in the wild race for pleasure, for wealth, or for fame.

Where are the Davids who plead for clean lives and heavenly aspirations? Where are the Daniels who will risk life itself for faithfulness in prayer? Where are the men and women who have the burden of souls that burned in the heart of John Knox when he cried, "Give me Scotland or I die"?

Few take time to consider the true purpose of life. Little thought is given to the development of the genuine elements of manhood and womanhood. The truly valuable things of life are lost sight of in the dust and confusion of the daily bustle. And now stop to think a moment. Do you know that, rushing headlong in this maddening race, are thousands of professed Christians? They have clung to the world a bit, and now they are being drawn into this well-nigh irresistible current that is hurrying on to certain destruction.

The solemn thing for us individually, dear reader,

is that you and I are face to face with this terrible danger of clinging to the world and forgetting God. If we fail to give up the world entirely and to yield to God unreservedly, we, too, will be drawn into this maelstrom and carried on to the sinner's doom. We can not afford to do this. Every day we need to get away alone with God, that we may there talk with him, and read his Word. We need to spread before him the blank sheet for the day, that he may write there his program for us to carry out. Then we need this personal interview with him that we may obtain power for all that the day may bring to us. Daniel knew the absolute necessity of these personal interviews with God. All the king and courtiers asked was that he stop praying for thirty days; but Daniel knew he could no more live thirty days without praying than he could without breathing,—each would mean death,—and he did not try it.

No, we can not live without prayer, for prayer is the breath of spiritual life. So as this special call to pray comes, let us heed it. Lay your reading-course books on the shelf. Omit all daily routine so far as possible. Be a Daniel. Attend the prayer-meetings, and find much time for secret prayer and Bible study. Remember that to be men and women of power we must be men and women of much prayer. M. E.

### Secretaries of Missionary Volunteer Societies

DEAR COWORKER: This afternoon I am writing to you, upon whom we must depend for the world-wide summary. Each one of you is responsible for some part of this general report. Many of you have done splendidly in passing in good full reports, and your enthusiastic faithfulness has been an inspiration to us and to many others. But where are our good loyal secretaries in the societies that have failed to report?

Will you not ponder for a few moments a question that seems to stare at me from every corner of my desk? I have just spent a few moments with the long columns of the summary, and since then the ever-present question has been, "Did I do my best?" We rejoice very much over the good reports and regret deeply the absent ones; but after all, the question for each one of us is, "Did I do my best?" That question was on the lips of a certain brave young man. From the shore he heard the cry of distress. A ship with forty on board was going down into the angry waters of Lake Michigan. Casting his coat on the sands, he plunged through the foamy billows. Back he swam again and again until he had saved seventeen persons. Then the heroic young rescuer dropped unconscious on the beach. In this effort to save others he contracted a severe fever, and during the long weeks of delirium that followed, the one question on his lips was, "Did I do my best?"

Will not every society secretary face this question, and answer it conscientiously? I hope it is not you, but there are some society secretaries who think their office of very little importance. All they see in the office is to read the weekly minutes and care for the few missionary reports that may straggle in. Dear secretary, if that is all you see in your trust, get alone with God, wrestle in prayer until you get a vision of the work committed to your care. Then ask yourself again: "Did I do my best" in getting in reports regularly from every member, in securing a good attendance, in doing personal work, in building up the society generally?

(Concluded on page fifteen)



Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending June 30, 1911

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Pages of Tracts Sold	Pages of Tracts Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
Atlantic Union																				
Maine	3	37	..	7	1	153	10	1	331	317	4	10	..	4119	49	16	..	....	\$ 4.11	..
Massachusetts	6	147	..	59	24	54	26	3	326	834	62	15	2312	4047	49	41	1	8.36	17.27	..
New York	6	97	..	66	19	34	..	9	128	1088	3	8	8	430	274	13	..	3.85	7.42	..
S. New England	2	15	..	2	..	1	..	..	10	111	..	5	..	896	2	4	3	....	3.44	..
Western New York	4	54	3	64	32	696	74	19	391	604	6	32	2233	2484	124	68	3	69.00	70.49	2
Central Union																				
West Colorado	4	74	7	30	1	69	2	4	7	355	1	5	200	573	56	14	..	3.50	14.38	..
West Kansas	15	268	..	30	8	93	46	12	309	6452	11	11	..	2351	152	133	19	43.68	10.14	1
Columbia Union																				
Chesapeake	4	110	..	24	6	304	13	..	120	253	14	10	..	1477	553	308	..	4.30	1.41	..
District of Columbia	1	49	..	47	12	14	11	..	27	1361	..	8	..	2152	5	4	..	....	....	..
East. Pennsylvania	7	125	2	38	17	104	10	1	1170	796	53	49	1100	2787	174	76	..	10.35	2.11	3
New Jersey	6	78	2	11	7	28	7	7	397	436	11	25	38	519	147	32	..	....	45.83	1
Ohio	11	224	2	58	14	73	51	16	706	546	1	14	2	8720	54	61	4	12.90	15.81	2
West Pennsylvania	2	57	..	44	19	292	36	5	1296	473	71	26	6028	1018	1566	136	..	4.45	10.55	..
Lake Union																				
East Michigan	6	113	..	9	1	5	7	434	230	1	5	..	..	188	2	42	..	1.75	6.66	..
Indiana	11	178	12	62	21	248	47	10	1886	1081	6	36	88	6032	76	41	19	11.30	15.34	4
Northern Illinois	6	124	..	80	31	240	48	9	192	249	23	26	..	1096	65	155	1	4.03	35.01	1
North Michigan	7	104	..	72	56	187	136	20	30	251	4	25	..	2853	135	168	21	3.00	16.76	1
Southern Illinois	14	234	7	294	153	2988	211	19	341	2058	42	76	125	29634	250	167	2	21.86	45.46	..
West Michigan	12	240	..	47	19	96	44	..	632	1482	46	104	291	19080	115	31	2	....	23.32	..
Northern Union																				
Iowa	10	155	90	31	13	129	74	1	504	442	11	4	7	3770	47	22	..	12.25	3.70	..
Minnesota	5	74	63	188	92	274	65	182	98	640	17	12	470	6069	196	42	..	105.63	.80	25
North Dakota	4	125	18	130	15	22	2	2	189	90	..	..	..	1858	..	..	5	33.19	6.05	54
North Pacific Union																				
Southern Idaho	3	53	1	43	12	42	5	3	195	404	4	21	..	1254	12	15	..	36.15	6.27	..
Southern Oregon	6	172	1	117	44	364	66	30	349	1380	24	230	..	18551	110	34	34	4.06	6.92	5
Pacific Union																				
California	14	341	..	83	29	163	29	39	604	2203	32	34	151	4073	195	189	..	77.21	41.22	9
Central California	3	73	..	4	2	16	..	..	57	1253	27	10	889	4893	12	15	2	4.80	19.03	4
N. California-Nevada	3	61	..	55	18	29	10	..	711	366	114	173	1725	....	53	30	..	125.40	16.25	4
Southeastern Union																				
Cumberland	3	71	8	58	11	94	10	2	26	194	..	11	8	35	51	44	4	14.27	1.93	..
Southern Union																				
Alabama	1	11	..	58	34	350	213	3	1006	255	102	33	..	5294	26	11	..	....	9.50	..
Louisiana	5	36	2	19	3	1	10	..	865	745	39	1	..	1261	123	1	12	.36	5.08	1
Mississippi	1	40	40	9	4	10	..	3	870	..	..	3	197	....	38	11	8	....	....	1
S. Union Mission	3	53	..	34	24	102	110	..	148	65	56	29	22	17	160	72	..	1.25	.15	1
Tennessee River	1	36	4	..	..	35	7	..	83	1242	..	117	..	....	7	..	..	1.55	3.00	..
Southwestern Union																				
Arkansas	8	111	23	46	51	111	66	14	878	2518	42	39	100	29534	211	87	..	.90	8.10	..
Oklahoma	20	300	..	35	20	15	5	..	20	650	10	5	76	1640	50	70	..	12.60	.92	20
Sw. Union Mission	1	16	..	4	2	5	..	7	10	..	2	..	10	....	..	3	..	....	1.56	..
Texas	6	413	..	135	75	170	28	25	518	1536	70	70	40	1215	395	62	..	3.05	74.23	..
West Texas	3	..	..	44	13	36	31	7	137	262	..	11	..	5121	26	3	..	.96	18.74	8
Canadian Union																				
Ontario	5	61	5	9	4	377	158	10	900	884	..	12	960	16662	12	37	..	....	23.86	3
Newfoundland	1	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	7	..	..	....	..	..	..	....	7.00	..
West Canadian Union																				
Alberta	1	25	..	54	7	11	1	37	3032	588	1	..	720	503	7	3	53	.70	.25	..
British Columbia	3	56	..	65	13	416	62	13	3122	712	24	12	107	12234	173	30	..	1.25	11.90	..
Australasian Union																				
New South Wales	25	647	91	313	33	509	107	8	1536	2935	3	68	2060	13630	1052	35	..	235.08	3.36	1
New Zealand	9	154	16	85	41	159	32	117	1277	2293	26	44	322	12276	49	19	..	140.52	25.97	2
Queensland	7	141	12	82	49	137	49	34	2548	1522	44	47	1687	11341	152	10	..	72.65	....	..
South Australia	10	215	15	62	18	581	63	30	1378	26410	185	259	22967	34523	264	172	..	49.88	3.58	6
Victoria-Tasmania	20	422	57	196	67	917	41	47	4509	8565	48	66	4842	24263	1045	7	..	385.95	9.84	..
West Australia	11	170	3	8	4	90	18	11	1378	1797	6	36	12	3582	169	8	..	56.92	4.67	..
Cook Islands	1	6	..	39	20	93	8	8	..	257	5	3	..	45	1	33	..	1.87	....	..
Society Islands	1	24	14	7	3	2	..	..	2	114	..	..	..	....	..	2	..	1.84	.87	..
Miscellaneous																				
Bermuda Islands	1	15	..	6	9	6	5	..	6	607	..	7	15	2293	4	15	..	3.19	....	..
Portugal	1	12	..	8	1	50	18	..	..	99	..	6	..	830	..	..	..	....	....	..
Totals	331	6133	504	3073	1172	10995	2072	1202	35505	79786	1262	1848	49812	307223	8341	2592	193	\$1598.93	\$660.26	162

MATILDA ERICKSON, Cor. Sec. M. V. Dept.

It is a most royal thing to labor.—*Alexander the Great.*

Know what thou canst work at, and work at it like Hercules.—*Carlyle.*

The workless people are the worthless people.—*William C. Gannett.*

Each day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.—*Sawater.*





## XI — Preaching the Gospel in Rome

(December 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 28:7-31.

MEMORY VERSE: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John 6:47.

### Questions

1. Where was Paul going? Who were with him? When the ship was wrecked, where did they take refuge? How were they received by the people? Note 1.

2. What noted man was living in that part of the island where the shipwrecked passengers took refuge? How did he treat the strangers? Who was sick in his home? What did Paul do for him? Acts 28:7, 8.

3. When the father of the governor had been healed, what did others also do? How did these people show their gratitude? Verses 9, 10.

4. How long did the ship's company remain at Melita? In what ship did they leave the island? Where was their first landing-place? Verses 11, 12; note 2.

5. Trace the route of the vessel northward. Verse 13; note 3.

6. Whom did Paul find at Puteoli? What did these brethren invite Paul and his associates to do? How long did they remain there? When the church at Rome heard of Paul's coming, what did some of the members do? How did Paul feel when he saw them? Verses 14, 15; note 4.

7. Upon arriving at Rome, to whom did the centurion, so long in charge of the prisoners from Cæsarea, deliver them? What favor was shown to Paul? What guard did he have? Verse 16; note 5.

8. After three days for whom did Paul send? When the chief Jews of the city came to his house, what did Paul say to them? To whom had he been delivered? When Roman officials examined him what would they have done? Why had Paul appealed to Cæsar? In doing so, whom did he not desire to accuse? Verses 17-19.

9. Why had Paul called the leading Jews together? What did he say was the real cause of his being bound? What was the "hope of Israel"? Verse 20; note 6.

10. When Paul had stated the case, how did the leading Jews reply? What did they desire to hear? What did they say of those who believed in Jesus? Verses 21, 22.

11. How did they arrange to hear Paul? Concerning what did he testify? How long did they study together? What was the result? Verses 23, 24.

12. When they could not agree, what did the Jews do? Before they left Paul, what words did he repeat from the prophecy of Isaiah? Who had quoted this scripture before, and to whom did he apply it? Verses 25, 26; Matt. 13:14, 15.

13. What did this scripture say of the heart of this people? of their ears? of their eyes? If their eyes and ears and heart had been open to the truth, what would have been the result? Would not God have been glad to heal them of sin-sickness? Acts 28:27. See Eze. 18:30-32.

14. What were Paul's closing words to the Jews? What did the Jews do as they went away? How long did Paul remain in his hired house at Rome? How did he spend his time? What desire and what promise were thus fulfilled? Verses 28-31; Acts 19:21; 23:11.

15. With what event does the book of Acts close? When his trial was finally held, what was the verdict? What did Paul then do? What crime did the Jews try to fasten upon Paul? Where was he seized? To what place was he taken? Under what circumstances was his last letter written? To whom was it written? Why was Paul's execution private? What date is generally given for that event? Repeat Paul's words in 2 Tim. 4:7, 8; also the memory verse. Note 7.

### Notes

1. Paul and a company of prisoners in charge of a Roman centurion were sailing from Cæsarea to Rome. The ship was wrecked and the ship's passengers took refuge upon the island of Melita, where they were kindly treated by the people living on the island.

2. The shipwrecked company embarked in the spring in another ship from Alexandria, in Egypt, bearing the sign of *Castor and Pollux*, or *The Twin Brothers*. Instead of the name being painted on the vessel, there were carved figure-heads of the twins, probably placed on the prow of the ship. The use of such signs was common in those days when many of the people were unable to read. The first landing-place of the ship was Syracuse, in Sicily.

3. Leaving Syracuse the vessel sailed northward to Rhegium, a city on the extreme southwest coast of Italy. The next landing was at Puteoli, on the Bay of Naples, a special port of Rome, though one hundred fifty miles away. This was the end of the voyage.

4. From Puteoli they marched thirty-three miles before they reached the famous Appian Way, the great military road leading from Rome to southern Italy. At Appii Forum, the Market of Appius, about forty-three miles from Rome, a delegation of brethren met Paul and at the Three Taverns, thirty miles from Rome, another company met him.

5. Paul was allowed to hire a house or a lodging in the city. He was fastened by a light chain to the wrist of a soldier. He was permitted to invite friends to his house, but not allowed to go about freely.

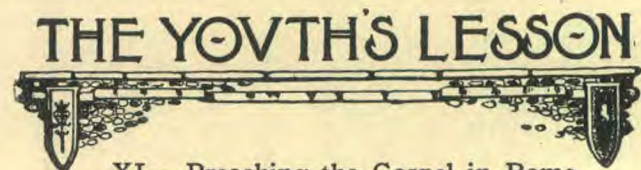
6. The Jews rested their hopes in the expected Messiah. Paul's message to them was that he had actually come.

7. Luke closes the book of Acts abruptly, with the two years of Paul's imprisonment. From the writings of Mrs. E. G. White, we glean the following information:—

At Paul's examination the charges against him were not sustained, and, contrary to the general expectation, Nero declared the prisoner guiltless. Paul's fetters were struck off, and he was free. He left Rome, and again visited the churches, seeking to establish a firmer union between the Greek and Eastern believers. The Jews fastened upon Paul the crime of instigating the burning of Rome, and at the house of a disciple in Troas, he was seized and hurried to Rome and placed in a loathsome dungeon. Paul's last letter, the second epistle to Timothy, was written in this cell. Fearing the extent of Paul's influence, his persecutors had him beheaded privately.

Commentators give the date of his death about 66 A. D.

Read Paul's own comment upon his life in the closing part of his last letter. 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.



## XI — Preaching the Gospel in Rome

(December 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 28:7-31.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: Melita Island; the Mediterranean Sea; the Appian Way; Rome.

PERSONS: Paul; the soldiers; prisoners and crew; the brethren at Rome; the captain of the guard.

MEMORY VERSE: John 6:47.

GENERAL NOTE.—In this lesson "we are about to trace the apostle's footsteps along that road which was at once the oldest and most frequented in Italy, and which was called, in



comparison with all others, the 'queen of roads.' We are no longer following the narrow line of compact pavement across Macedonian plains and mountains or through the varied scenery in the interior of Asia Minor, but we are on the most crowded approach to the metropolis of the world."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 621.

#### Questions

1. Who was the chief man of the island of Melita? How did he treat Paul's company? Acts 28:7.
2. How was Paul able to reward him? What did this lead others to do? Verses 8, 9.
3. How did the people show their appreciation? Verse 10.
4. How long a time did those who were shipwrecked remain on the island? In what ship did they sail? Verse 11.
5. Where was their first landing-place? From there what was their course to the mainland of Italy? Verses 12, 13; note 1.
6. Whom did they find on landing in Italy? How long did they remain with them? Verse 14; note 2.
7. When the brethren in Rome heard of Paul's coming, what did they do? How far did they go? What effect did the sight of these brethren coming to meet them have upon Paul? Verse 15; note 3.
8. What was done with the prisoners on their arrival in Rome? What special privilege was granted to Paul? Verse 16; note 4.
9. What did he do after three days? What statement did he make to the Jews as to his conduct? What had the Romans not found? Verses 17, 18; note 5.
10. Notwithstanding all that the Jews had done to him, what did Paul say? What did he say was the cause of his present bondage? Verses 19, 20; note 6.
11. What did the Jews say they had not heard? What did they desire? What was the only thing they knew of the sect to which Paul belonged? Verses 21, 22.
12. What did they therefore do? What did Paul do when they came to him? How long did he continue his teaching? Verse 23.
13. What was the result? Verse 24.
14. What did Paul say to them before they departed? Verse 25.
15. From which prophet did he quote? Repeat the words. Verses 26, 27. Where are they found?
16. Of what did Paul assure the Jews? Verse 28.
17. What did the Jews do as they left Paul? Verse 29.
18. How long did Paul remain at Rome this time? Under what circumstances? Verse 30.
19. How did he employ the time? How free was he to do this? Verse 31.

#### Notes

1. "In Puteoli, the principal part of southern Italy, where one of the first temples for the worship of Augustus was erected, Paul and his companions were refreshed by the presence of Christian brethren, at whose solicitation they remained a week. Evidently Julius had respect for the wishes of his prisoner; and, indeed, after the experience of the past winter he may well have felt that, excepting in the political sense, he was dependent upon Paul rather than Paul upon him. In any case, he was willing to grant him special favors, as is proved by the visit in Puteoli."—*Student's Life of Paul* (Gilbert), pages 210, 211.

2. "Forty-three miles from Rome was the Market of Appius, and ten miles farther on another station, called the Three Taverns. Rome, the capital of the empire, is on the Tiber about fifteen miles from its mouth. At this time its population numbered 1,600,000."—*Tarbell's "Teachers' Guide,"* 1909.

3. "The travelers reach Appii Forum, forty miles from Rome. As they make their way through the crowds that throng the great thoroughfare, the gray-haired old man, chained with a group of hardened-looking criminals, receives many a glance of scorn, and is made the subject of many a rude, mocking jest. Not one of all he meets bestows upon him a look of pity or sympathy. He meekly wears his chain, and silently, slowly pursues his way.

"Suddenly a cry of joy is heard, and a man springs out from the passing throng and falls upon the prisoner's neck, embracing him with tears and rejoicing, as a son would welcome a long-absent father. Again and again is the scene repeated. With eyes made keen by loving expectation, many discern in the chained captive the one who spoke to them the words of life at Corinth, at Philippi, or at Ephesus.

"The whole company is brought to a standstill, as warm-hearted disciples eagerly flock around their father in the gospel. The soldiers are impatient of delay, yet they have not the heart to interrupt this happy meeting; for they, too, have learned to respect and esteem their prisoner. In that worn, pain-stricken face, the disciples see the image of Christ reflected. They assure Paul that they have not forgotten him nor ceased to love him; that they are indebted to him for the joyful hope which animates their lives, and gives them peace toward God. In the ardor of their love they would bear him upon their shoulders the whole way to the city, could they but have the privilege."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), pages 273, 274.

4. "Luke, his fellow traveler, remained with him during his bondage; Timotheus, his beloved son in the faith, ministered to him at Rome, as he had done in Asia, in Macedonia, and in Achaia. Tychicus, who had formerly borne him company from Corinth to Ephesus, is now at hand to carry his letters to the shores which they had visited together. But there are two names among his Roman companions which excite a peculiar interest, though from opposite reasons—the names of Demas and of Mark. The latter, when last we heard of him, was the unhappy cause of the separation of Barnabas and Paul. He was rejected by Paul as unworthy to attend him, because he had previously abandoned the work of the gospel out of timidity or indolence. It is delightful to find him now ministering obediently to the very apostle who had then repudiated his services; still more, to know that he persevered in this fidelity even to the end, and was sent for by Paul to cheer his dying hours. Demas, on the other hand, is now a faithful 'fellow laborer' of the apostle, but in a few years we shall find that he had 'forsaken' him, 'having loved this present world.' Perhaps we may be allowed to hope that as the fault of Demas was the same with that of Mark, so the repentance of Mark may have been paralleled by that of Demas."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), pages 639, 640.

5. "The Jews who had been banished from Rome some years previous, had been tacitly permitted to return, so that large numbers were now to be found there. To these, first of all, Paul determined to present the facts concerning himself and his work, before his enemies should have opportunity to embitter them against him. Three days after his arrival at Rome, therefore, he called together their leading men, and in a simple, direct manner stated the reasons why he had come to Rome as a prisoner."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, page 275.

6. "He said nothing of the abuse which he had suffered at the hands of the Jews, or of their repeated plots to assassinate him. His words were marked with caution and kindness. He was not seeking to win personal attention or sympathy, but to defend the truth and to maintain the honor of the gospel."—*Id.*, page 275.

#### Secretaries of Missionary Volunteer Societies

(Concluded from page twelve)

Yes, you may have duties, but the one that relates most directly to the summary is the one of which we are now speaking. You are the society reporter. What would you think of a newspaper reporter who made no efforts to bring in reports? Why, he would lose his position inside of twenty-four hours. He must make a *business* of gathering reports if he would succeed, and so must the society secretary. If merchants did their work as some Christians do God's, they would fail in business. Every duty that comes for us to do, is God's test preparatory for some other place. Every office is full of small duties, and remember that one of the greatest things in life is to do the little things well and faithfully.

Let your motto this quarter be: "Reports from every member. Our quarterly report in on time; and the best ever sent."

We are praying for you, for we know your work is often hard. May God indeed bless you and give you success.

Yours for more efficient service,

MATILDA ERICKSON.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Stunned by the Under-Rumblings

THAT the United States will face grave perils in the future unless the morals of the people undergo a complete change is the belief of Evangelist Fred B. Smith, national Y. M. C. A. leader, and the executive head of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in the United States and Canada. Mr. Smith said:—

The country must have a renaissance in morals. All we have to do, is to continue ten years more in the growth of certain disturbing elements, such as we have had in the last ten years, and we are going to face grave peril. We are not going to be in danger of permanent peril, but we will have some bad scenes.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement did not come to this country any too early. If ever there was a country on God's earth that needed religion, our country needs religion to-night. I am perfectly stunned to know the under-rumblings in this country.

## Why the Chinese Revolt

PROF. ALBERT ROSS, of the University of Wisconsin, had an interesting article in a recent number of the *Independent* on why the Chinese revolt, a part of which follows. Professor Ross at one time dined in a gorgeous native restaurant in Peking with five intelligent Chinese, who were all foreign-educated. They had been in government service only a few months. In reply to Professor Ross's question How they liked it? they threw up their hands in despair. They were eager to be of service to their country, but found it impossible to introduce any reform methods, as the Manchus blocked the way.

The Manchu dynasty, which took possession of China in 1644, has not proved progressive. It has selfishly profited by its conquest, but has not sought to profit the millions of Chinese under its rule.

The Manchus, who came from Manchuria, are not a cultured people, and, according to Professor Ross, when they climbed into the saddle of empire, they were on a level with the Afghans of to-day. Professor Ross says further:—

A Manchu directing the new education of China is as out of place as a Goth presiding over the schools of Athens in the fourth century. It is the brilliant Chinese, not the Manchus, who travel and study abroad; yet when they return, they are balked by the huge pervasive Manchu machine.

Sometimes high Manchu officials are totally illiterate, and I heard of one Manchu "literary chancellor" who could not even read the examination essays submitted for provincial honors; so he piled them on top of his bed canopy, poked them with his cane as he lay smoking, and the thirteen that slid off first were declared winners.

"What is the use," said one [of the five dining with Pro-

fessor Ross], "of my studying the gathering of statistics in the various countries and reporting a plan for the coming imperial census, when my chief is an ignorant Manchu who will light his fire with it?" "How can I put any heart into working out a reform for the post-office," said the London man, "after I realize that my recommendations are not even read?" "We now see," said another, disgustedly, "that the government gives us posts and salaries in order to keep us educated men under surveillance here at Peking where we can neither reach nor influence the people. 'Reform' is all for show, and the one absorbing thought of our rulers is to keep their graft."

One of the directors of the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway—a purely Chinese line—told me their chief trouble in building the road was the harassing "inspections," which obliged them to bribe the officials in order to go on with the work. Moreover, Peking forced upon the company a large, unneeded, foreign loan which would have been expended by government men without the stockholders knowing how much stuck to the fingers of the officials. So, instead of using the money for building the road, the company loaned it out in small amounts at a high rate of interest, and will repay it as soon as the terms of the loan permit.

Reform is in the air in China, but there are two brands of reform: that of the Manchu rulers and that of the leaders of the people. By reform the government means the suppression of weakening vices, like opium-smoking and gambling, the building of railroads, the establishing of a trained police, the strengthening of army and navy, and the opening of new sources of government revenue. But among the patriots reform means universal education, industrial training, an improved agriculture, sanitation, a free press, a humane penal system, the expenditure of taxes for the benefit of the people, accounting for public money and the responsibility of government to the chosen representatives of the people.

When, forty-four years ago, Japan faced about, her emperor led the way. Spectacled doctors of philosophy headed government bureaus, and enjoyed the immense advantage of putting through their reforms in education or sanitation or agriculture or forestry with the prestige of the oldest reigning dynasty on the globe. But in China the government does not take the lead in westernization. In zeal for progress the solid enlightened class, the natural leaders of the people, are far ahead of their rulers, and too often they find the government a barrier in their path. Not long ago a queue-cutting movement, starting at Hongkong, spread among the people. But the stupid government, which had obliged its soldiers and its foreign representatives to cut their queues, recalled that in the old days the Manchu conquerors had forced the queue upon the Chinese as a badge of submission. Accordingly they construed the unauthorized cutting of the queue as a kind of treason. Many of the best elements of the nation are leagued to expel the Manchu parasites. Even a successful revolution, that did not promptly replace in every district the crumbling Manchu rule with an efficient government of its own, would work more harm to China than good.

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ASPIRATION carries one half the way to one's desire.  
—Elizabeth Gibson.