

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

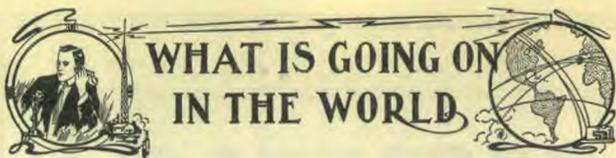
Vol. LX

April 30, 1912

No. 18



A FAVORITE OBJECTIVE POINT OF CLIMBERS IN SAXON  
SWITZERLAND



## WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

MOUNTAIN VIEW, California, is making a determined effort to rid itself of the liquor traffic. The churches and temperance organizations are directing an earnest educational campaign. The Missionary Volunteer Society of that church placed a copy of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR in every home and store in Mountain View.

THE following letter from Miss Carrie Knight, of Astoria, Oregon, gives an interesting glimpse of one worker's success with the Temperance INSTRUCTOR:—

"I sent for a good supply of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR to use between times when not busy with my Bible readers. One morning I filled my valise with them and started for Fort Stevens, to sell them among the soldiers. The conductor on the train gave me permission to sell to the passengers, so I went from seat to seat and introduced my work. I met with excellent success. My valise was empty when I returned home in the afternoon. The Baptist minister took enough to supply his congregation here in Astoria. Several men asked me, 'What kind of temperance worker are you? the smashing kind?' After explaining to them our position on this question, so they understood something of the character of my work, they said, 'Well, give me two or three of your papers. I like to help such as you.' I find it an easy and pleasant task to sell the temperance paper, and am writing this to encourage some one who may wish to make a little money and still be doing a grand, good work, and a pleasant one, too, to start out with it at once."

MISS CLARA BARTON, founder of the American Red Cross Society, died at Glen Echo, Maryland, on the thirteenth of this month. At her request, she was buried at Oxford, Massachusetts, though a movement was started in Washington, D. C., to accord to her the honors of burial in Arlington Cemetery. She was born in 1830, so was over eighty years old at the time of her death.

Miss Barton devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded during the civil war, and to the search for missing men at its close, gaining a national reputation. "She worked with the International Red Cross in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. Besides work in the Russian famine (1892) and in the Armenian massacre (1896), she performed field duties in the Spanish-American war and in the Boer war." The heroism of this earnest woman on the battlefield was second only to that of Florence Nightingale.

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#### PARTIAL CONTENTS

Frontispiece, Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, California.

God's Great Out-of-Doors, by George Wharton James.

Bournville, the Garden Village, by G. H. Heald, M. D.

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Keeping Young in Looks, by William J. Cromie.

Faulty Foot-Wear, X-ray photographs of normal and of deformed foot.

Nuts and Nut Foods, by George E. Cornforth.

Typhus and Typhoid.

"Prohibition Does Not Prohibit."

Questions and Answers.—Sour-Milk Tablets—Yeasts and Ulcers—Exercise for the Voice—Cold-Sores—Water Test—Flies and Typhoid—Tuberculosis, Human and Bovine—Ivy-Poisoning—Pimples—Hookworm Treatment—Greasy, Falling Hair.

Current Comment.—"Personal Liberty"—Contaminated Oysters—Overeating Menaces the Race—Smallpox and Vaccination, etc.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 30, 1912

No. 18

## Under the Trees

HELEN ADAIR

Under the trees, when they clap their hands,  
And fling out their banners gay,  
And sing of the bursting of prison bands,  
And rolling the stone away,  
Hope springs up, in that magic hour,  
And gladly greets Resurrection Power,  
Under the trees!

Under the trees, when they dress in white,  
And scatter a perfume rare,  
That filleth the heart with a pure delight,  
And maketh the world more fair,  
Faith slips out, in that magic hour,  
And tries to touch Resurrection Power,  
Under the trees!

Under the trees, when they hang down low,  
And humbly their fruits display,  
Their leaves reflecting the golden glow  
Of autumn and closing day,  
Joy stands by, in that magic hour,  
And gladly crowns Resurrection Power,  
Under the trees!

Under the trees, when their leaves fall fast  
To show that their task is done,  
To tell of a Sabbath of rest at last,  
Of glory at set of sun,  
Love draws nigh, in that magic hour,  
And kneels before Resurrection Power,  
Under the trees!

## Courtesy

AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE

"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."—*Shakespeare*.

**T**HE word courtesy is derived from the noun court, the residence of a prince. From the same word we get courtly, meaning elegant in manners, polite, princely. Then courtesy might be defined as courtly behavior, politeness, treat-

ing another as one would treat a prince; or being a prince, behaving toward all others as one accustomed to the manners of a court would naturally behave, princely behavior. So Peter, in writing to the church, the scattered strangers of earth, and exhorting them to "be courteous," simply reminded them of the home land, the court of heaven, and asked them,

while here in this country, to learn the manners of the court to which they were journeying.

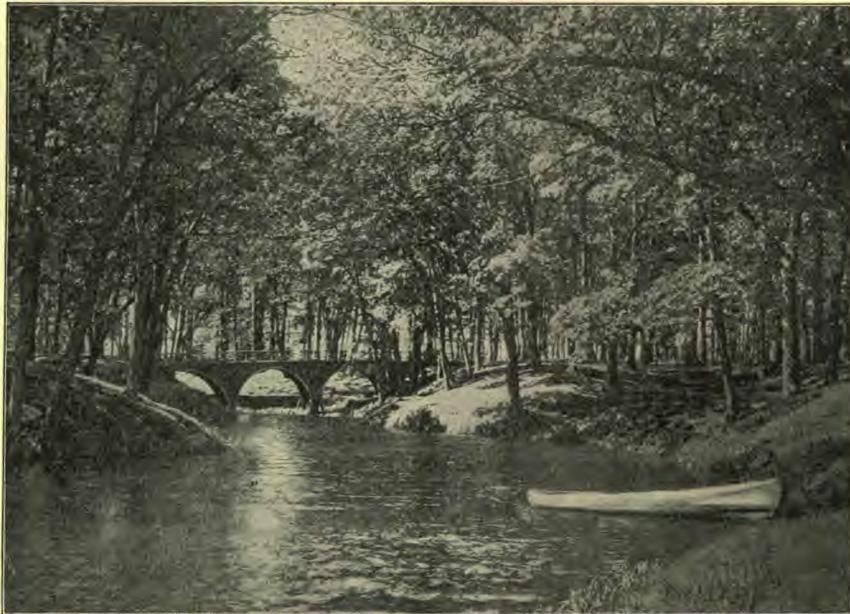
It is in the home, in the family life, that courtesy should have not only its birthplace, but its continued dwelling-place. There it writes its lessons in never-to-be-forgotten lines, and there it yields the sweetest results.

It is easy to be polite to strangers and to men or women of rank, yet the most valuable courtesy is that shown every day in the dear home circle, where each member knows all the others. These lessons are easily learned; and if practised continually, they become a second nature, a part of one's character. It is really a matter of attention and memory. Any one can cul-

tivate a charming manner who sees the beauty there is in it clearly enough to be willing to make the effort necessary to become its possessor. Because of the lasting effect of courtesy upon character, as well as its value as an asset in the world of worthy effort, it should be carefully taught and assiduously practised.

Character is formed by habits of thought woven into

life, and is individual. The little courtesies of life are the garments of character. They clothe it appropriately, and gain recognition for the individual. Courtesy is the mark, or badge, of good training; and while it is only the exterior, all must allow that men and women are judged, and accorded a place in service of any kind, to a great extent, by their appearance



"Under the trees, when they clap their hands,  
And fling out their banners gay."

and behavior. A courteous person always makes a good impression at first sight. Those who meet him are predisposed in his favor. They find his presence agreeable, are ready to listen to him, and soon are anxious to serve him. Hence, courtesy, from a business point of view, is worth its weight in gold; and though often spoken of as a little thing, the results that follow in its wake are sometimes very great, as we count great things. It is plain, then, that it is good business policy for every man or woman, in every walk of life and under all circumstances, to speak civilly and kindly to every one.

Courtesy enters into all the details of life, and can be applied to every occasion: in storm and stress, it

is even more valuable than in calm and shine; but everywhere it is necessary to the well-being and success of both speaker and hearer.

To a man, courtesy is what beauty and grace are to a woman. It opens the door of opportunity. It effects an entrance to society, business, or service. Whatever the real character of the man may be, courtesy clears the way for him at the start, and has a great deal to do with his ultimate success; while the lack of it will almost instantly create a prejudice, which may never, in spite of earnest effort, fully pass away.

Courteous treatment suits all classes of men and women. It is the best way to reach the cultured and educated, and it is the only way to deal with the ignorant and rude.

But higher than the mere idea of utility is its value as a developer of character. It is the most beautiful ornament a woman can wear, and more becoming than the most elaborate apparel or costly jewelry. It adorns a man more than the smoothest broadcloth or most immaculate necktie. By its use, even unconsciously, a kindly spirit is engendered; and the care and protection of the aged, of the cripple, of helpless childhood, and even of dumb animals, become a part of one's daily existence.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has said,—

“Just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs;”

and courtesy is just active kindness. The most heavenly grace on earthly ground is kindness; and courtesy is one of its forms of expression.

No boy nor young man who loves his mother needs to be told that courtesy to all women, everywhere, young or old, rich or poor, is obligatory on him as a man. It is a mandatory adjunct to his manhood, and should be a prime ingredient in his character.

Civility is a twin sister of good morals. The little liberties exchanged by young people which pass beyond, or fall short of, a courteous, kindly spirit, often lead to lapses that neither intended. The safe line is the clean line; and as each one observes the little rules of good form, a strong feeling of self-respect is produced which bars completely the entrance of evil.

Since these facts can not be contradicted, and since all who desire to succeed in life need the benefits to be derived from such conduct, it follows, as the light the dawn, that we must seek to form the habit of being courteous, for the best good of ourselves and of others.

The home training comes first, and often sets its seal indelibly upon the life and character. Where this training has been lacking, we find great helps in school, church associations, and good society. Many good books can be bought at moderate cost that give excellent instruction.

To the one who seeks to follow Christ, this grace of kindly courtesy is but one of the ways in which he becomes like his Master, of whom it was well said, “He was the most courteous gentleman this world ever saw.”

Expecting to be in his company, with attendant angels of various orders and ranks, throughout the ceaseless eons of eternity, one can not help thinking that this development of Christian character *here*, in all its fulness, is a path to the “Inasmuch” that leads to the “Come, ye blessed of my Father,” that we all desire to hear *there*.

“LIFE is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.”

### The Growth of Our Publishing Work

IN the month of November, 1848, while a small company of Adventists was assembled in a meeting in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in which they made the publishing of the message a subject of special prayer, Elder James White received the following message through the spirit of prophecy:—

You must begin to print a little paper, and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first. From this small beginning, it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went entirely around the world.

From the time the testimony was borne concerning the publishing work, many prayers were offered by those observing the seventh day, that the Lord would open the way for the printing of a “little paper.” The great lack was money with which to secure the publication of the first number. In the month of June, 1849, Elder White had the opportunity of mowing forty acres of timothy with a hand scythe, at seventy-five cents an acre; and thus he was able to produce the first number of the little journal.

This first number of *Present Truth*, for that was the name of the little paper, bears the date of July, 1849. Only a few tracts and pamphlets had been printed previous to this date. From that small beginning, it is interesting and inspiring to see how this branch of the work has grown. During the first six decades of its history, ending with the year 1904, the value of literature circulated amounted approximately to \$7,500,000. Beginning with the year 1905, there has been a steady forward march in the circulation of the printed page. The value of literature distributed each year during the past seven years is as follows:—

1905 .....	\$ 548,000
1906 .....	824,000
1907 .....	1,035,000
1908 .....	1,290,000
1909 .....	1,402,000
1910 .....	1,560,000
1911 .....	1,600,000
Total .....	\$8,259,000

These figures show that nearly one million dollars' worth more literature was sold during this short period than was circulated during the previous sixty years.

The literature represented by these figures is published in 69 languages, and consists of 363 bound books, 315 pamphlets, 1,200 tracts, and 123 periodicals. To obtain a copy of each of these publications would require approximately \$525. This literature is printed in 28 denominational publishing houses, located in 21 countries and islands of the world.

There are at present nearly 2,500 men and women giving their entire time to the production and distribution of literature throughout the world. Approximately 1,700 of these workers are engaged in the colporteur work, nearly half of whom are working in the United States.

Since the institution of the scholarship plan, our young people have done much in helping swell the grand totals of sales, and at the same time have been able to pay their expenses through school.

In some of the foreign fields, especially in Germany and Great Britain, since the very beginning of their publishing work, the circulation of periodicals from house to house has been a very important feature of their colporteur work. The German missionary paper *Herold der Wahrheit*, published bimonthly, has an average circulation of 70,000, the largest circulation of any paper we publish. About five years ago this feature of the work also began to develop in the United States. The first permanent records of magazine sales

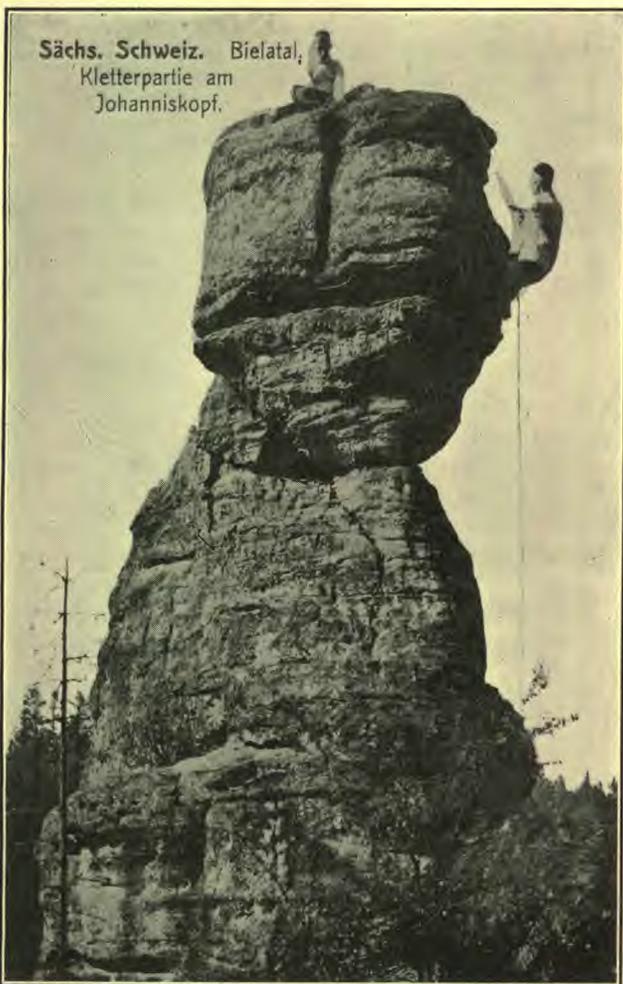
in this country began in the year 1909. The publication of these magazine sales marked a new era in the progress of our publishing work. During that year the total number of magazines sold amounted to 1,447,354. The following year the number was increased to 1,783,987, while in 1911 the totals for the year reached 1,866,363.

But the end is not yet. The Testimonies say that, "in a large degree, through our publishing houses is to be accomplished the work of that other angel who comes down from heaven with great power, and who lightens the earth with his glory." We may therefore confidently expect to see this work increase from year to year until the Master shall say, "It is finished."

N. Z. TOWN.

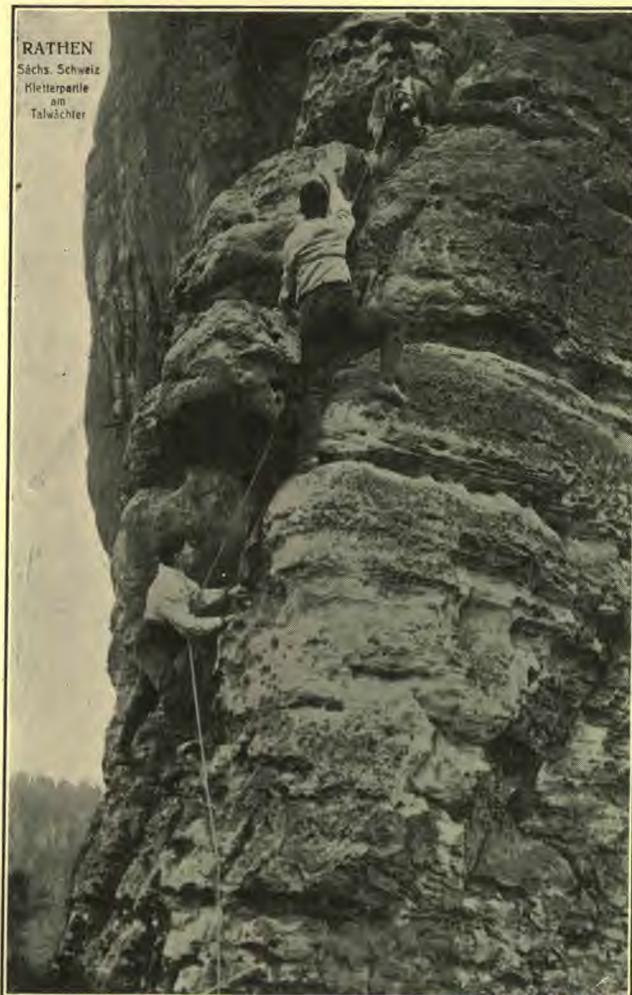
### Mountain Climbing in Saxony

THERE are large churches in Germany, but they are poorly attended. The Germans believe in Sunday, but not for church. Sunday is a holiday, an open-air day, a day for recreation and recuperation. Some go to the nearest "garden," or perhaps they have tables and chairs in an arbor in their own yards; others go to some near-by resort, where, of course, there are also chairs and tables—and some other things; and still others prefer more vigorous exercise. Perhaps no place in this country has swimming-baths to compare with those of Dresden; and during the pleasant season, these baths are well patronized on Sunday.



Sächs. Schweiz. Bielatal,  
Kletterpartie am  
Johanniskopf.

This knowledge spurs on the flagging walker with renewed energy. And between walks and stops, he does not get very tired even when he has put in a full day at climbing. Unquestionably this open-air life of the Germans, with their good nature and hearty laugh-



RATHEN  
Sächs. Schweiz  
Kletterpartie  
am  
Talwächter

ter, does much to antidote some of their more questionable customs.

There are still more ambitious athletes, the mountain climbers. These go shod in rough, heavy-soled shoes, clad in garments adapted to the purpose, and carrying knapsack, rope, and alpenstock to climb the various rocks of the Saxon "Alps," if I may so call them.

This mountain climbing is hard work. Any one inclined to question this is advised to fasten a rope to the top of some tall building and try pulling himself up. Of course the legs come into play as well as the arms, but often the arms come in for a large share of the work, as can be imagined from an inspection of one of the accompanying cuts.

It is the ambition of these climbers to reach the top of the most difficult rocks. They of course begin with scaling something comparatively easy, and as they increase in skill and courage, attempt more difficult feats. Some of these, to those who have never tried them, seem impossible of attainment. Heights are reached which seem marvelous to the uninitiated, and yet such feats become to these climbers a matter of comparative ease. One of the pictures shows an ascent up a cleft which seems comparatively easy, and another represents what is evidently a more difficult task. The one on the cover page shows climbers who have well earned their seat of honor.

These pictures were taken in the neighborhood of Rathen, which seems to be a favorite resort of the

Walking is also a favorite exercise. The rugged hills of Saxon Switzerland have paths in every direction, well marked so that the wayfarer need not stray, and he need not go long on a path till he comes to a place where he may find beer, pretzels, and Frankfurters.

mountain climbers, though there are points all through Saxon Switzerland where they try their prowess.

A. GREENE HORNE.

### What Initiative and Referendum and Recall Are

WHAT are the initiative, the referendum, and the recall? These words are in nearly everybody's mouth just now, but a pretty fair proportion of those who talk about them have a vague idea of what they mean.

These three propositions are importations from Switzerland, where the initiative and referendum have been in force for half a century, the recall not so long.

The States and cities that have adopted these Swiss innovations have varied and altered them to suit the local taste, so that a definition of the referendum as it exists in one State does not always describe the same law in another. But the fundamental principles are usually the same, and may be summed up as follows:—

1. The initiative. If a certain percentage of voters wish a certain law adopted, they can submit it to the legislature, which must, in turn, submit it to a referendum.

2. The referendum. If a certain number of voters demand an opportunity to vote upon a bill, the legislature must submit it to them, and the people decide by vote whether it shall or shall not become a law, just as in New York State they vote upon an amendment to the State constitution. The referendum can be demanded, not only on bills previously proposed by the initiative, but upon bills having their origin in the legislature itself.

3. The recall. If a certain percentage of voters demand the right to decide whether a public official shall continue to hold office or must retire to private life, the question must be submitted to the people at an election. If they vote against him, he must give up his office, whether the term for which he was elected is anywhere near its end or is just beginning.

"The initiative," says Henry James Ford, of Princeton University, in an address before the Economic Club of Boston, "means simply this, that sections of the people themselves shall have the right to initiate legislation and to solicit for it the approval of their fellow citizens. The referendum means that if the legislature passes a measure, that measure shall be referred to the people before it becomes a law."

In Oregon, the governor has no veto power over measures enacted by the people themselves.

South Dakota was the first State to adopt the initiative and referendum, and its laws on the subject are regarded as models of the kind. The South Dakota constitution originally provided that "the legislative power shall be vested in a legislature, which shall consist of a senate and a house of representatives." This was amended by adding a provision that "the people expressly reserve to themselves the right to propose measures, which measures the legislature shall enact and submit to a vote of the electors of the State, and also the right to require that any laws which the legislature may have enacted shall be submitted to a vote of the electors of the State before going into effect, except such laws as may be necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, or safety, support of the State government and its existing public institutions; provided that not more than five per centum of the qualified electors of the State shall be required to invoke either the initiative or the referendum."

When the five per cent or more of the voters wish to use the referendum on any law passed by the legislature in that State, they file a petition with the secretary of state within ninety days after the adjournment of the legislature. The law must then be submitted to the people. As will be seen from the quotation just given from the constitution, this five per cent can also propose legislation through the initiative, which they do through a petition to the legislature. That body has no choice; it must submit to a referendum the law thus proposed through the initiative. If the result of the referendum is favorable to the proposed law it goes into effect at once.

Besides this State-wide referendum, local laws and ordinances in the cities and towns of South Dakota are submitted to the vote of the communities affected by them. In San Francisco the initiative and referendum are in force, but it takes fifteen per cent of the voters to invoke the initiative.—*New York Times*.

### Some Interesting Experiences

How shall we get our literature into the hands of others? Two country girls on a dairy-farm know how. They and their mother do the work in the house, and include the teacher of the public school in their family. The girls milk night and morning, and help their father in the field when help is scarce. They enjoy the Reading Course, and send their answers in promptly, as they do their missionary reports. Besides that, they are both taking studies in the Correspondence School, and are earning good marks. I knew how full their time was, and that neither of them was extra strong, and asked them how they did so much with their papers, for last year they sold one hundred thirty papers and gave away two hundred sixty-seven. The older sister replied:—

"I can tell it in a very few words: We improved our opportunities. If some one came here on business, we could nearly always sell a paper. When we went to town, we often took some magazines to sell and some to give away. We would sell at least two or three. Sometimes papa could spare a horse for a day or two, so we would drive around the country and visit a small village; once we stayed all night with a married sister, and canvassed along the way. These trips were very successful. We mailed a good many papers to those who we thought would read them. Sometimes on Sabbath, in going to and coming from Sabbath-school, we would have papers to throw out in front of each house. We know that some of these were read, for individuals have spoken to us about how much they enjoyed them. The sum of it all is, 'Improved opportunities.'"

### What One Paper Did

"About the year 1880, in the city of London, England, as a woman was preparing to kindle a fire in the fireplace, her husband, who was sitting near her, discovered on a piece of paper with which she was about to light the fire, a word in some strange characters. He said, 'O! what is that curious-looking word? Let me see it. Do not burn that paper.' On receiving it, he found the character was a Hebrew word, and that it was in the midst of an article on the subject of the seventh-day Sabbath. He and his wife carefully read the article, comparing it with the Bible. Then they found where they could get more reading on the subject, secured the same, read it, and began the observance of the Sabbath as the result."

### A Good Example for Others

Mr. J. R. Ferren writes:—

"Since your letter came, I have received a report from one of our members in this union conference who has for several months been handling a club of one hundred *Signs* a week, sending these through the mail to persons whose names she secured. She sent a postal first, then a letter later, to each person. She now has sixty regular readers, and has had some most excellent letters of appreciation from almost all of these. She sent me extracts from more than thirty, and it would do you good to see them. In a number of instances the paper is entirely new to the people, and in others they tell of how the family is studying and discussing the Scriptures presented. This sister closes with a statement as to the blessing this work has been to her personally. She is a busy business woman, but has given this work careful attention, with the hope that some will accept the truth. She will carry on her correspondence further with the sixty who are interested, with the hope of sealing the work just as nearly as possible with each one."

### A Plan From British Columbia

Our society here in West Vancouver is taking a club of the *Signs* special, and meet together to wrap and address them in connection with the missionary meeting. We also had a few thousand bills printed to advertise a special meeting, and our bands assisted in various ways in this meeting. At the time of the great Apple Show, we bought over five thousand pages of our good tracts, and with them met the trains and distributed them to the arriving passengers. We also visited various other places where the people were assembled to see the International Apple Show. I think there will be some results from this work. The Lord has already blessed, and our hearts are encouraged.

### A Nine-Year-Old Temperance Volunteer Recruit

AMONG the rapidly increasing number of recruits to the ranks of Temperance Volunteers, is Alfred Tunnell, youngest brother of the two Tunnell boys who are charter members of the Temperance Volunteers. He is quite small, and appeared to be too little to sell papers; but he had much of the spirit of his brother who worked with a broken arm, and wanted to try it, so the leader put a uniform on him, and let him go out with the band one afternoon. This first time out he sold twenty-one papers—more than any one member of the band sold on that afternoon. So he won his rank as a member of the Volunteers, and now goes out regularly with the band. It makes him step long to keep step with the other boys; but when he gets to work, he makes the other boys hustle to keep up with him. He is full of his work. He likes it. He bubbles over with enthusiasm, and gracefully seasons it with natural, irresistible smiles, becoming modesty, and a winning confidence.

When he was in the INSTRUCTOR office one day, he was asked about what he said to the people when he offered them his papers. A copy of the INSTRUCTOR was handed him, and the following is a stenographic report of what he said:—

"Good afternoon, Madam! I am a Temperance Volunteer. [Holding the paper in left hand, right side up to the customer, exposing the front cover, and opening with the right hand as he talks] I have here the Temperance INSTRUCTOR—special Temperance

number. [Page 1, pointing to title] Here is why the liquor traffic exists in America. [Page 3, cut] Here is a Russian woman trying to stop her husband from going into a saloon. [Page 4, cut] Here is a boy standing by his father's side as he takes his evening drink. He sees his father drinking it, so he thinks it must be good, and he tries it. So he takes his first step in drinking. [Page 5, cut] Here he is lying drunk, and here [next cut] is where his mother is questioning him. He says, 'Nothing's the matter,' for fear of punishment. [Last cut on page 5] Here is



ANOTHER TEMPERANCE VOLUNTEER

where he has grown to be a man, and the doctor says he'll have to stop, but he says, 'I just *can't* stop.' [Page 6, cut] Here is a trap that is set everywhere for us boys. I am keeping out of this trap myself, and doing the best I can to keep other boys out of it. The trap looks good to boys, but if it were to tell the truth, it would say [quotes words on the sign from memory]: 'Young men wanted to enlist in the great army of drunkards, bums, tramps, criminals, lunatics, paupers, and loafers. Apply here.' [Next cut, page 6] Here is the great home crusher, crushing many homes as it goes along. [Next cut, page 6] Enough liquor has been sold in this one building to fill a basin large enough to float the 'Olympic.' [And letting the rest of the pages run through the fingers rapidly, showing cuts and contents at a mere glance, he finishes by saying enthusiastically] And it is all full of interesting articles. Only 10 cents! Will you not have a copy?"

D. W. REAVIS.

THERE is, absolutely no estimate to be put upon the amount of work a man can do when he is handed over to be broken for the Lord Jesus. Sometimes you wonder how it is possible for that man to do so much work. A man broken in the hands of Jesus Christ can feed his thousands, whereas a man held in his own hands will fail to satisfy one.—*Dr. Len G. Broughton.*

"You should not only strike while the iron is hot, but you should make it hot by striking."



### How to Tell When One Is at the Pole



THE question arises in the mind of every one who is not an expert in using measuring instruments, How do the explorers know when they are standing on the rotating point of the world? Perhaps this is a queer sensation when one is standing on the exact spot, but then no one may have located either pole with such exactness. One can, however, discover one's nearness to this interesting point by several methods: First, one can measure the height of the sun above the horizon. When one is standing on the pole, the sun circles round the observer during the whole twenty-four hours. It does not perceptibly rise or fall during the day. It just goes right round at a certain height, which varies according to the season. You can measure



SOME EXPERT SWIMMERS — THE SEALS

the sun's height above the horizon on December 14 at noon, at midnight, etc. The angle you obtain is the angle which you should obtain for your supposed position. To make sure, you remain here two or three days, so that errors of measurement can be corrected. Also, you can measure your shadow or the shadow of a pole during the whole twenty-four hours. If the length of this shadow varies by even an inch or so, you are not at the pole. It must describe a perfect circle about the center. The most exact measurements are obtained by theodolites; sextants are not so accurate.—*The Sphere*.

### The Seals Saved

PLENIPOTENTIARIES from England, Russia, Japan, and our own country signed a convention at Washington by which pelagic sealing is to be prohibited for fifteen years, and as long after as the treaty remains undenounced. This is not only a triumph for American diplomacy, which for forty years has been working, but without avail till now, to protect the seals on the high seas, but it means that one of the most beautiful and intelligent of living creatures is to be saved from imminent danger of extinction. More than that, as President Taft indicates, it forecasts the adoption of international game-laws to conserve

the products of the oceans. It was high time this convention was adopted. The fur seals have been driven from the Antarctic and their only breeding-grounds in the Arctic are now reduced to the Pribilof and Commander Islands, the former American, the latter Russian; while Japan owns a few breeding-grounds of the Kurie Archipelago. The barren Pribilof Islands, however, enshrouded in dense fogs during most of the year, and inhabited by 280 Eskimos, is the chief breeding-place of seals left. In 1882 it was estimated that 2,000,000 seals went there every May to breed. Now the herd is reduced to 185,000. This appalling reduction is purely the result of killing the females in the open seas. A few hours after arrival on the breeding-grounds each female gives birth to a pup, which she nurses for several months in the intervals of regular and frequent trips to the feeding-grounds, a few hundred miles southward. The males signal their arrival at the rookeries with furious combats for possession of the "harems," consisting of from twelve to one hundred females. Seldom can a male fight his way in before he is seven years old. The American and Russian governments have pro-

hibited the killing of the females, confining the land catch to the superfluous males. The young males, perched up on the rocky galleries surrounding the rookeries, are corralled and driven inland and there slaughtered. The Japanese and Canadian sealers, however, not being allowed on the rookeries, have kept a blockade of boats on the high seas beyond the jurisdiction of the United States and Russia, and as the females swim out in search of food, they kill them, though four out of five sink before they are captured. Moreover, for each dead female a nursing pup on shore starves to death, and an unborn one likewise perishes. The United States and Russia have now most generously agreed to put aside thirty per cent of the skins taken from the young males on shore for Japan and

Canada as a compensation for ruining the business of their sealing fleets. It would seem, therefore, that Japan, Russia, England, and the United States have all acted most fairly and generously toward one another in this notable convention.—*The Independent*.

### Marconi Makes a New Discovery in Wireless

WILLIAM MARCONI, inventor of the wireless, who recently returned from Tripoli, accidentally made a discovery while there which appears to be of great importance. Mr. Marconi says:—

During some experiments in the desert, which we took the opportunity to make, we were surprised and gratified to find that wireless messages could be sent with absolute security over the desert without the usual masts. Instead of poles, wire is laid on the sand, in the direction in which the message is to be sent. It goes and is received without any interruption, exactly the same as if the usual system were employed.

This is made possible by the fact that the sand is an absolute non-conductor, so electric waves are not disturbed in any way. The sand being dry, neither rain nor tempest can affect the waves. The advantages of this are so evident that it seems almost ridiculous to enumerate them.

Every one knows the difficulties of setting up, especially in time of war, a wireless station with masts, while in Africa a simple and small case is sufficient.

Masts in time of war constitute a grave danger because they can be seen by an enemy from a great distance. It is like saying to them, "Here we are, at such and such a distance, and our camp is near."—*Popular Mechanics*.

## The Hills o' Ca'liny—No. 5

Christy, Kith and Kin

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING



I SHOULD have liked to introduce you to Christy in a romantic setting; for there is romance about Christy. If I could have chosen, as the romancer can choose, the place and time for the introduction to my little highland heroine, it would have been on a glorious May morning, down at the spring, where the guarding oaks and poplars pay for their lives with their cooling shadows; and Christy, straight as a willow withe, and clad in a simple, straight-falling, homespun dress, her bare feet glistening wet with the early dews of morning, and her voice a-lilt like the lark's in a gladsome matin of the hills—but alas! it was not on a May morning, it was not at the spring, it was not in a homespun dress nor in bare feet, that I met Christy. It was in a soggy November twilight, it was in a slab-sided, lean-to kitchen, and it was in a cheap print dress, and with very neat shoes on her feet, that I first saw my little highland lass. And Christy was frying pork.

I was belated that night. I had gone two miles for one visit to this home to which I had been recommended; the fear of the strange was upon me, and my jaunty front was hiding a quaking heart as I stepped within the door and called for Mr. Page. The woman at the kneading-trough (for so, in memory of Israel, I call their big, oblong wooden bread bowls) replied that he was not yet home; he had gone to Asheville to take his boy to the Farm School, but he might be back at any minute.

Then I asked if I might stay overnight. There was a visible hesitation in the reply: the woman kneaded and punched her dough, and pulled a biscuit or two from the mass, shaped them, and put them into the pan; and I think she said something, but I do not know what, for I had begun to look at Christy, by the cook-stove. There was something reassuring in her attitude, something certainly I could not hear, for she was silent; something I could not well see, but something that somehow I felt. It was a welcome, conveyed, perhaps, by the honestly curious but kindly glances she directed at me, glances that seemed to say, "You are from the great, wide, wise, outside world; I should like to be your friend." She was not bold, nor was she afraid. In her the shyness of the mountain child was minimized, the courage and independence intensified. And little does Christy know how she, in her fearless friendliness, diffused comfort in the heart of one she thought so much wiser and stronger and bolder than herself.

I did not know then how much Christy reigned a queen in her father's home; but it seemed to me that somehow her sense of self-possession, and welcome, and her innocence of shame at poverty, communicated itself to her mother; for I heard at last the woman's relenting tones saying we might wait and see what Mr. Page would say. And pressing my little advantage, I got her own consent, and then a smile from Christy.

There are some children whose smiles are illuminations, sunbursts of angelic beauty. Such a one I have always to greet me when I come home: when Ronald smiles, his sober, quizzical little face is trans-

formed into all that I know of an angel's, having in it sympathetic understanding, depth of quiet humor, the fervor of abundant and catholic love. And I have seen that rare smile on the faces of other children. It is not the monopoly of good children, but it does belong always to reserved children, whose silent thoughts go wandering knight-errantly through the castles of story and the mystic forests of imagination; to them, moreover, whose spirits are warmed with the sunshine of universal brotherhood. And such was Christy's smile.

We sat that night around the open fire (for Mr. Page had quickly given his welcome to the stranger), and by its light, aided by a flaring lamp without a chimney, we talked of the coming kingdom and the truths that are preparing a people for that kingdom. That talk began, after some desultory conversation, upon my telling the children stories of the Bible. There were five of the children: Craig, a boy of fourteen summers,—and so older by two years than Christy,—a girl of nine, another boy of five, and the baby of two years.

Now I never can tell stories well to children unless they are in my arms or at my knee, and I sought to gather these to me. But they, except the oldest, were gathered about Christy, the baby in her arms, and scarcely could I at first detach them from their magnet. Their eyes went wide, however, with the wonder of the stories. And I watched their eyes. All but two pairs of them were the usual eyes of the mountain child—the Celtic blue or the Saxon gray. Christy's were brown, so dark a brown as almost to be black, a beautiful velvety black, straight-seeing, fearless, but trustful. And now that in the fitful light I could see her features better, I marked other foreign distinctions. Her lips were redder in contrast with her darker skin; her nose had an indescribably delicate aquilinity that gave her face a touch of hauteur, which, denied by her eyes, was erased only by her rare smile. She, like the others, listened to story after story with interest, but in her face I read not merely reception, but acquisition: she would use those stories afterward. Not that the children had never heard any of them; Mr. Page was a Baptist deacon, and the children all went to Sunday-school; but the Bible has ever a freshness if it comes from the story-teller's lips.

It was plain that Christy was not only queen, but almoner of the household. "Christine" she called herself, and so her mother called her. Whether this was a new-made dignity of budding womanhood, or an arrogation of babyhood, I never knew; but to the children and their father she was still "Christy." It was Christine who put supper upon the table and cleared away the dishes and superintended the after-work; it was Christine who was responsible for the baby; and it was Christy who found her father's pipe, braided her sister's hair, put away her little brother's hat and shoes, and, along with me that evening, wrestled with her older brother's arithmetic examples.

It was in respect to matters related to this last subject that I found the father voluble. And so it was everywhere: the schools were "no 'count," the teachers were incompetent either in discipline or in learning,

there was so much opposition to special tax that often the school could hold no more than four months; and though the district might tax itself for a long time, so dominated was the system by politics and its victim or tyrant, the county superintendent, that they might be cheated in the lottery of getting a teacher. But I learned to take these complaints with considerable allowance, reflecting from my own experience that the school's constituency, having a thousand eyes, often could not see with the single eye of the educator; and learning, moreover, a little of actual conditions by observation and talk with teachers. Out of my meager investigations came at last the conviction that while there is just cause for complaint about short school terms, lack of good system, and incompetence of teachers, yet the teachers, as a whole, so far from being to blame, are the only element of hope in the situation. Various ones of them I have watched at work in the little country schoolhouses; and with but one exception, I have felt they were earnest, helpful, hopeful workers, doing better than I could do under the conditions and with the knowledge they had. The teacher-body of the mountains, indeed, presents itself to me in Jacob's figure of Issachar,—“a strong ass couching down between two burdens,”—the burden on the one hand of popular criticism and their own knowledge of needed improvement, and on the other of inadequate training and poverty. The teacher who is employed for only four months in the year at twenty-five or thirty dollars a month,—what can he do to perfect his education? His year is broken into one third of teaching and two thirds of anything else. If he sacrifices himself for the sake of teaching school four months, for eight months he must find whatever offers in order to support himself, and sometimes a family. He can hold no permanent position of a clerical nature, and almost his only resource is the mountain farm. He can not afford to take a thorough normal training; or, if he does win through that, his services are in demand in more remunerative positions. So far as the public school is concerned, the prime requisite for its betterment is more money. Yet, in the comparative poverty of the country, much more per capita is devoted to school purposes than in more densely populated and wealthier communities.

This problem of the government school makes the opportunity of the private Christian school. The establishment of small self-supporting schools in these needy communities, operating under conditions like those of the people about them, and training free these children, not merely in secular knowledge but in the precious truths of the last gospel message, will be rewarded finally with manifold results of less permanent agencies.

It was nearly two years before I again reached Christy's neighborhood. Then, one day, I stopped at the Smoky Hollow schoolhouse, and waited until the close of school to talk with the two teachers, husband and wife. The recitations went on, but back in the seats, among the fifty-odd pupils, I heard my name buzzing; and no sooner was school dismissed than from the group that gathered about me, I heard one clear voice saying, “How are you, Mr. Spaulding?” I singled out the dark-haired, clear-eyed girl who had spoken. Her features were vaguely familiar to me, but I could not place her nor speak her name. Yet in the face of that cordial greeting I was ashamed to confess my forgetfulness, and I hedged distractedly. “Why, I'm glad to see you,” I said. And then some prevaricating memory told me she belonged to a fam-

ily six miles away, over in Brushy Creek Valley. “And do you come away over here to school?” I asked, to show that I was really acquainted with her. Her fine eyes clouded with a haze of disappointment. “Why, don't you know me?” she said, “I'm Christine.”

Abashed out of my self-possession before this slip of a girl, I gasped, “O, yes, indeed, I know you,” and wondered what lame explanation I might offer for the crime of forgetting,—through two crowded years,—forgetting Christine. I determined, wisely, to make none. “I'm going down to your house to-night,” I decided and at once declared.

Again came the flash of that rare smile. “We shall be glad to have you,” she said, with a simplicity yet a stateliness that would have done credit to a grand dame of France. And then, on the instant, I knew whence came those eyes, that dark waving hair, that olive skin, those fine nostrils, that delicately curving nose: she was of Huguenot blood, a reversion to type that could but faintly be traced in her mother's faded lineaments.

A few minutes afterward I overtook her and several companions on the road toward home. Her little sister and brother, with two or three other children, hung back as I slackened my pace to walk with them, but Christy stepped along by my side, with ease maintaining her part of the conversation, which the others soon eagerly joined. What did we talk of?—O, whatever the road or irresponsible association of ideas suggested; black walnuts, and stained bare legs, and school whippings, and Craig's new mule, and golden-rod, and working the road, and Michigan sleigh-rides, and all such things.

“Do you like watermelon?” asked Christy.

“Yes, indeed,” I said, with a memory of the lowland Sweetheart melons with which I had but recently been surfeited.

“We have a fine one at home, down in the spring-house,” she said. “When we get there, I'll go and cut it for you.”

“Were you saving it for something?” I asked; for I knew that fine watermelons are hard to grow in the mountains.

“I think we were saving it for you,” she said, and again the smile.

At the gate was Craig, going to milk. He, too, knew me, and smiled a welcome. “I'll go with you,” I volunteered; and we passed back down the road to the pasture bars. Two cows with scanty udders came up for the mash that awaited them. He knelt beside one, with quart cup in one hand, the other free to milk, after the custom of the land. “You take that there young Molly,” he said, “she won't kick as long as she's eating.”

Thus warned, and remembering the sarcasms of Lars at home on the subject of my slow milking, I threw away my hat, tucked my head in front of Molly's flank, and raced against fate with both hands. Short race! Molly was not in the habit of giving more than three quarts at a milking.

“You shore can milk,” said Craig, “I never done it that-a-way.” And I stood in humble pride at the subtle compliment. “How well might Lars,” I thought, “take lessons from this gentleman.” Ah, well, blind human nature will love its flatterer rather than its critic!

That night the father was away at a lodge meeting, and my evening, begun with stories for the children, was cut in two by the retirement of the mother and the younger ones. The latter half I spent with Craig

and Christy. How I enjoyed that evening! Quietly attentive, respectfully eager, they listened, and they questioned. Their school-books furnished the starting-point. Out of their reader (somebody's fifth, it seems to me) I picked one or two selections to read to them, until at last I came upon that Tennysonian lyric by Sidney Lanier, best-loved poet of the South:—

“**Song of the Chattahoochee**”

“Out of the hills of Habersham,  
Down the valleys of Hall,  
I hurry amain to reach the plain,  
Run the rapid and leap the fall,  
Split at the rock and together again,  
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,  
And flee from folly on every side,  
With a loving pain to attain the plain,  
Far from the hills of Habersham,  
Far from the valleys of Hall.

“All down the hills of Habersham,  
All through the valleys of Hall,  
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide!*  
The wilful water-weeds held me thrall,  
The laving laurel turned my tide,  
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*  
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,  
And the lithe reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*  
*Here in the hills of Habersham,*  
*Here in the valleys of Hall.”*

The wizardly beauty of the poem was enmeshing their souls, these far-away heirs of Celtic bard and Frankish troubadour; their shining eyes were fixed upon mine whenever I raised them, until the last stanza, with its lesson of unselfish service, was completed:—

“But O, not the hills of Habersham,  
And O, not the valleys of Hall  
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.  
Downward the voices of duty call,  
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main.  
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,  
And myriad flowers mortally yearn;  
And the lordly main from beyond the plain  
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Calls through the valleys of Hall.”

“Did you ever hear Sidney Lanier's ‘Ballad of the Trees and the Master’?” I asked them. “No;” and so I repeated to them that simple, beautiful, wonderful little pastoral that the angels must have whispered to the gentle poet:—

“Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent;  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to him,  
The thorn-tree had a mind to him,  
When into the woods he came.

“Out of the woods my Master went,  
And he was well content;  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo him last,  
From under the trees they drew him last,  
’Twas on a tree they slew him—last  
When out of the woods he came.”

And then we talked. O, rare is the opportunity when a boy's heart and a girl's heart are open wide as those were then! And I can but believe that God's Spirit was touching their hearts there in the corner by the rough old fireplace, and that some day the seed planted that night will spring up, and will bear its fruit.

But space, closing in, shows no mercy; for I was minded to tell you of others. Little enough have I said of Christy's kin, and nothing of kith, the great fraternity so closely tied in blood and friendship, recalling the clan of the Celt. I would have told you of Mamie, jolly, self-reliant, and capable; of the two unknown boys on Bearwallow's slopes, playing in solitude at stalking Indian or hunting bear (I could

only guess at the game, for intrusion would spoil it); of Pete, dark-browed under the frown of Forge Mountain, and hungering for a “chance”; of Richard, whose rough hands would strip fodder for three days more to get the book his indifferent or frugal father refused. And ah, how many more! The children of the mountains, joyous, happy, free, are like the children everywhere, save only, perhaps, in this, that many of them know of a world outside, great mysterious, vague, that holds a stupendous “chance”; and into all their eyes, it seems to me, has crept the yearning for that vague unknown. These are the children that I love, with the yearning, pitying love a father, chained by poverty, casts unavailingly forth to the hungry ones he can not feed. They are too many, dear Lord, for the five loaves and the two small fishes. Shall not the miracle be wrought? And among the happy ones, in thy great day, I want to see Christy; yea, not her alone, but—Christy, kith and kin.

—◆—  
**His Love**

THROUGH all the years he loved me so;  
I was not worthy of his love:  
He stooped from heaven to my heart,  
From holy heights above.  
Out of his heart the yearning came  
That sought me, though I strayed,  
And ever followed through the gloom—  
Love undismayed!

In his sweet love he stooped to kiss;  
And I—I was a wayward child!  
But he pursued o'er hills and dales  
And rocks and deserts wild.  
No matter where my feet would rove,  
That love encompassed me  
Like winds around my native earth,  
Or sands the sea.

The day grew darker, tempests raved,  
A nightmare seemed to tear my soul,  
Death seemed to hover on the blasts:  
Above the billows roll  
I heard a Voice, a whisper low,  
And yet the storm above;  
Out of despair I harkened there—  
It was his love!

I sank in his dear, loving arms  
Amid the blasts and tempest shock.  
No more I heard the dashing seas,  
Nor felt my vessel rock.  
He folded in the warm embrace,  
In his Almightyness,  
And lulled my weary heart to rest  
With Love's caress.

And all the days he keeps me so;  
As o'er the happy paths I move,  
Safe am I kept within the clasp  
Of his omniscient love.  
O Love! I dream, I sing of thee!  
And I am wholly thine,  
And thou to me art “all in all,”  
O Love divine!

B. F. M. SOURS.

*Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.*

—◆—  
**What Simple Reading Did**

AN Oxford man who was conducting a most profitable work for students in connection with the government college hotels at Allahabad, told of a Hindu student with whom he had been privately reading the Bible for over a year. He had not mentioned to the student the subject of his personal acceptance of Christianity. He had noticed, however, certain changes in the student's life. At the beginning of the second year of study, he asked his Hindu scholar what impression he had gained from his reading. He answered: “The influence I have gained is not one of thought merely; it has changed my life and my life-work.”—*Selected.*



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## Canary Watches Over Its Baby Friend

**A** FAMILY in London has a canary so tame that it is allowed complete freedom in the house. During meals it hops about the table, eating from the hands and lips of the members of the family; but when the baby of the family is asleep in its cradle, the bird takes its position somewhere on the coverlet or cradle frame. It has been known to show its disapproval of any one's touching the baby when sleeping, by pecking at the intruders. — *Popular Mechanics.*



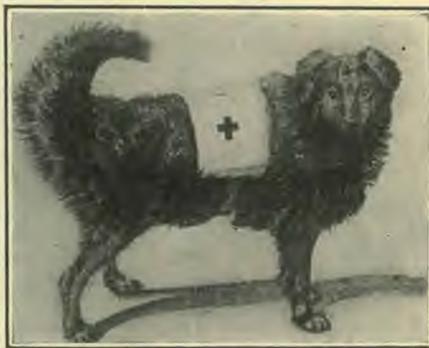
THE BABY'S GUARDIAN

## Dumb Aids of Humanity

LONDON has a number of intelligent dogs that are engaged in philanthropy. Cæsar, a fine little terrier which belonged to the late King Edward, is now an official collector for the King's Hospital Fund. The dog seeks contributions in the most distinguished social circles. He wears attached to his collar a little box, and wherever he goes, he is sure to receive a good contribution in coins.

Swinden Bruce, known by his Red Cross badge, shown in the accompanying picture, works at Swinden, where his energies are devoted to the Victoria Hospital. He wears a snow-white box strapped to his body, and on it in red letters is painted "Swinden Victoria Hospital." As a further distinction he wears a little Red Cross badge fixed between his brows. He seems to understand his work, and barks his thanks when any one gives him a contribution.

Wimbledon Nell, a handsome Newfoundland retriever, goes through a succession of tricks before offering her box for contribution. Waterloo Jack is a collector for charity, and has made himself very popular with American travelers at Waterloo Station. He takes this mission seriously, and has winning ways which often brings him shillings from cross-grained passengers. He is always on hand fifteen minutes before a train starts, and goes from car to car. If he finds a passenger absorbed in a newspaper, he gently places a paw on the person's knee, and looks up with a pair of large, pleading brown eyes. It is said that he can distinguish between the heavy flipflap of a big penny as it falls into the box and the light chink of a sixpence. For the first, he gives a nod of thanks; for the second, a grateful paw to shake.



THE RED CROSS DOG

Paddington Tim and Southampton Jack are other industrious collectors. It is estimated that these dogs in England raise nearly 15,000 pounds a year for charity. — *Young People's Weekly.*

## Runaway Bob

SOME years ago in a manufacturing town of Scotland, a young woman applied to the superintendent of a Sunday-school for a class. At his suggestion, she

gathered a class of poor boys. The superintendent told them to come to his house during the week, and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and were nicely fitted out.

The worst and most unpromising boy in the class was a lad named Bob. After two or three Sundays he was missing, and the teacher went to hunt him up. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty, but she invited him back to the school, and he came.

The superintendent gave him a second new suit, but after attending once or twice, his place was again empty. Once more she sought him out, only to find that the second suit had gone the way of the first.

"I am utterly discouraged about Bob," she said, when she reported the case to the superintendent, "and must give him up."

"Please don't do that," the superintendent answered. "I can't but hope there is something good in

Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly.

Bob did promise, and received his third new suit. He attended regularly after that, and got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering student of the Scriptures. He joined the church, was made a teacher, and studied for the ministry.

And the end of the story is that that discouraging boy—that forlorn, ragged, runaway Bob—became the Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, and by so doing opened the kingdom of heaven to the teeming millions of that vast country.—*Church of Scotland's Children's Record.*

## The Invitation

It was half past eleven when Anne Richards reached Buffalo. Her train left at five minutes of two. It was eight years since she had been in Buffalo, and it might be as many more before chance brought her that way again.

There would be time enough to run out and see Beth Murray if

only she could be sure —

She stood for a moment debating the matter. She had not seen Beth since her marriage, five years before, but every now and then she had had a letter. The letters all sounded like the old Beth of college days, and every one held an entreaty to come to see her — come at any time, with or without warning, only come!

"I'll take the chance," Anne decided. "It's now or not at all. When she understands that the whole thing was so sudden that I hadn't a moment to telegraph, she'll forgive me. Besides, there are her invitations. As if I'd care if I had nothing but bread and apples, if only one of the old crowd would drop in on me!"

Twenty minutes later she was ringing Beth's doorbell. Beth herself came to the door, and after one

amazed stare, fell upon her old schoolmate with rapturous welcome.

"O you dear thing!" she cried. "How long can you stay?"

"Till twenty-five minutes past one, precisely," Anne replied. "I'm ashamed to drop in this way, but it was my only chance, and I couldn't resist it. Just give me a glass of milk and a bit of bread, and let me sit and look at you! I want to hear all about you and Ben, and what you've been doing, and what you're going to do, and whether you've seen any of the girls—O, a thousand things!"

"Indeed you shall," Beth answered, "only excuse me just a minute first."

She ran to the back of the house, and Anne heard her hurrying about. Ten minutes passed—twelve. Once Anne called, but Beth cried that she would be back in a moment. It was several minutes more before she came. She sat down, bright-eyed and flushed of face, and began to talk eagerly, but broke off at some sound from the kitchen and disappeared once more, with another apology. Anne glanced at her watch. Half her time was gone. If Beth only wouldn't!

At quarter past one Beth called her out to the dining-room. It was an exquisite little luncheon, but Anne had to leave in the middle of it, to catch her train. Beth was almost in tears.

"I haven't seen you a bit," she cried, "and I had made my very nicest dessert for you! If I'd only known you were coming!"

"I'm so sorry, dear," Anne replied remorsefully. But in the train she looked with musing eyes out on the flying landscape. She was absorbed in the consideration of the question, "What is the truest hospitality?"—*Selected.*

#### On the Walls of the Shop

A LADY one evening went into a cake-shop in a town in Japan to buy some cakes for her children. While waiting for her purchase, she saw that the walls of the shop were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it, who told her that one day, passing by a book-shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering, she thought they were just the thing, and took some of them home, pasting them over the walls. One evening her grandson came in, and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard that she listened eagerly, and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked her if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much; so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly, and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible which were considered of no use and thrown away.—*Friend of Missions.*

"It is not the oath that makes us believe the man, but the man the oath."

"I WOULD rather be ignorant than wise in the foreboding of evil."



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, May 18

#### Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 5 — Distribution of Literature

LEADER'S NOTE.—Review the Morning Watch texts for the week. Make your Periodical Band responsible for this meeting. Plan the service to meet your own needs, and to give an impetus to your missionary work. Try to give the members a new inspiration to be faithful, that their efforts shall not lag during the summer. Inspire to thoroughness. "Missionary Idea," pages 77-87 (new edition), contains helpful suggestions. In your program you might notice the growth of our periodical work, what papers have done for others, the value of lending good books to friends for whom we should work, etc. Search the Testimonies, glean from our papers, and draw from your own and others' experiences. The two articles "Some Interesting Experiences" and "The Growth of Our Publishing Work," appearing in this INSTRUCTOR, contain valuable suggestions. Before the close of the meeting, gather reports of work done.

#### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

##### Senior No. 5 — Lesson 30: "The Miracles of Missions," Fourth Series, Chapters 9 and 10

1. LOCATE and describe in a few words the center of missionary effort of the United Brethren. Note briefly their belief, and their church government.

2. What noted reformer was connected with them? Sketch their history to modern times. What part did Count Zinzendorf act in it?

3. With what phase of Christian endeavor is the Moravian Church strongly linked? Describe the Diaspora. In 1900 what proportion of the church's membership were missionaries?

4. Locate the New Hebrides.

5. Contrast the present and the former condition of the Christians of these islands.

6. What is the missionary's method of procedure? How do God's people grow?

7. Mention several ways in which these converted natives furnish us a good example in Christian living and endeavor.

#### Notes

1. "Count Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf was born in Dresden, Saxony, May 26, 1700, and died at Herrnhut, Saxony, May 9, 1760. His father died when Zinzendorf was but a babe; and his mother left him, when a mere child, to the care of his pious grandmother. This godly woman, and an aunt who prayed with him night and morning, led him to the Saviour. To him faith was no guesswork in childhood or in manhood. At the age of four he earnestly sought God, and made this covenant: 'Be thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be thine.' . . . Communion with God, continued through life, kept him from wreck and ruin where so many in places of honor fall, and made him a powerful worker for God. . . . Neither secular studies nor university life could overthrow his devotions. Whole days were spent in fasting; entire nights devoted to prayer.

"Although desiring from childhood to enter the ministry, the count yielded to the wishes of his relatives, and became a counselor at the court of Dresden. But against their advice, and the known wishes of the king and court, he refused to attend the fashionable amusements of the city, and he held open his doors for gospel meetings."—*The Advance Guard of Missions,* by Clifford G. Howell.

2. "Over in Moravia was a young man, Christian David, a Catholic, who never saw a Bible till he was twenty years of age. Down deep in his heart he had a craving which neither prayers to the Virgin Mary nor confessions to the parish priest could satisfy. Some one who knew the remedy dared to place in his hands a copy of the Book of God. In him the living spring was unsealed, and its waters gushed forth. Soon

other souls, like him, found freedom within; and they longed for freedom without. Very earnestly David sought an asylum for them. At last he was directed to Count Zinzendorf, who, rather than enter into litigation, had given up his paternal inheritance, and purchased a tract of land where was 'a perfect wilderness, covered with bushes and trees.' On learning from David the condition of his Moravian brethren, the count promised to receive them upon his new estate. Forsaking all, as had the Pilgrims to America, they were secretly led by David to Berthelsdorf; and there, though the count was still in Dresden, a site in the woody wilderness was selected, and building begun. This was in 1722. . . . The settlement was called Herrnhut, the 'Lord's Watch,' and here the oppressed from different countries came."—*Id.*

**Junior No. 4 — Lesson 30: "North America,"**  
**Pages 248-284**

1. WHICH are the world's two greatest silver-producing countries? Where is the Ontario mine? To what might it be compared? Tell of your visit to this mine; to the mill.

2. Describe your trip from Denver to San Francisco. What did you learn about Salt Lake City? about the Mormons there? Give a brief description of the Mormon temple and tabernacle.

3. By what means is much of the land in this region made productive? Tell what you learned about the Great Salt Lake.

4. Find on your map the different places mentioned in this lesson. What is the climate of California? Name some of the things that grow there, and tell what you have learned in this lesson about each.

5. Give an idea of the size of the Vina Ranch, and explain how it is managed. For what is Calaveras County noted? Tell some interesting things about these big trees. What did you find of particular interest in Yosemite National Park? Describe the falls.

6. Give a brief account of what you observed in Los Angeles; in San Francisco. What people especially interested you here? Tell about them. Why does our government not allow Chinese laborers to come into our country now?

7. What did you see on your trip from San Francisco to Portland? Why is the climate of Oregon and Washington so warm? What story is told to show the size of the trees in the Pacific Northwest? What are some of the products and industries of this section? Tell about the salmon fishing in the Columbia River. Describe briefly your visit to Tacoma and Seattle.

**Note**

This book was written before the occurrence of the great earthquake in California on April 17, 1906. After the first shock of this earthquake was over, where before stood prosperous business centers, built of brick or stone, were ruined walls, and piles of brick and mortar,—only a half minute or less and the work of destruction was wrought. The beautiful towns of Santa Cruz, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Rosa, and others were in ruins, and San Francisco's business portion was doomed. What the earthquake did not destroy was burned by the fire, which immediately broke out. The entire business section of San Francisco and a large number of the dwelling-houses were destroyed. More than a thousand persons lost their lives, and the loss of property amounted to many, many millions of dollars. However, these cities have been rebuilt, and if we were to visit them to-day, we would probably see only little trace of this awful catastrophe.

"You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear to a talebearer, for disbelieving most of the ill reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being kind toward everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all."



**VI — Evil Angels**

(May 11)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6: 23.

**Questions**

1. What did some of the angels do in heaven?
- 2 Peter 2: 4, first part.
2. Give the name of one of the angels whom God did not spare. Isa. 14: 12. What was the meaning of his name? See margin.
3. What exalted position did Lucifer hold? Eze. 28: 14; note 1. What is said of his wisdom and beauty? Verses 3, 12. How did he use his wisdom? Verse 4; note 2.
4. What was the result of Lucifer's looking at himself? Eze. 28: 17, first part. Who made him so beautiful? Then how should he have used the gifts given him?
5. When Lucifer became proud, what did he say in his heart? Isa. 14: 13. Whom did he think to be like? Verse 14. Would he have been satisfied if made equal with God? Note 3.
6. What then took place in heaven? Rev. 12: 7, 8. What did Lucifer become? Verse 9, first part. To what place were Satan and his angels banished? Verse 9, last part; note 4.
7. What work did Satan and the evil angels then begin to do? 1 Peter 5: 8; note 5.
8. How may we overcome the evil one? James 4: 7; note 6.
9. Unto what are the evil angels now reserved? Jude 6.
10. How long will Satan and his angels be in prison before they are destroyed? Rev. 20: 1, 2, 7.
11. How will he again deceive the nations? Rev. 20: 7, 8; note 7.
12. How will they be destroyed? Rev. 20: 9, 10; Matt. 25: 41; Mal. 4: 1.
13. Will Satan and his angels ever live again? Eze. 28: 18, 19. Repeat the memory verse. Note 8.

**Notes**

1. "Sin originated with him, who, next to Christ, had been most honored of God, and who stood highest in power and glory among the inhabitants of heaven. Before his fall, Lucifer was first of the covering cherubs, holy and undefiled."—*"Great Controversy," page 493.*
2. The first sin was selfishness. Lucifer wanted praise and honor for himself. He wanted riches for himself. He obtained them for himself. He thought of himself, and not of the glory of God. His example should be a lesson to us.
3. The "stars of God," the "clouds of heaven," are the glorious angels. Job 38: 7; Dan. 7: 13. Lucifer, because of his exalted station, was known as the "day-star," or the "morning star." His glory was greater than that of the other angels. He became proud of his beauty, and wished to be equal to Jesus, to be like God. But if his desire had been granted, it would not have satisfied his selfish heart: for had he been able to do so, he would have exalted himself "above all that is called God, or that is worshiped."
4. "God, in his great mercy, bore long with Lucifer. He was not immediately degraded from his exalted station when he first indulged the spirit of discontent, nor even when he began to present his false claims before the loyal angels. Long was he retained in heaven. Again and again he was offered pardon, on condition of repentance and submission. . . . But pride forbade him to submit. He persistently defended his own course, maintained that he had no need of repentance, and fully committed himself, in the great controversy, against his Maker."—*Id., pages 495, 496.*

5. "While men are ignorant of his devices, this vigilant foe is upon their track every moment. He is intruding his presence in every department of the household, in every street of our cities, in the churches, . . . perplexing, deceiving, seducing, everywhere ruining the souls and bodies of men, women, and children, breaking up families, sowing hatred, emulation, strife, sedition, murder."—*Id.*, page 508.

6. "The power and malice of Satan and his host might justly alarm us, were it not that we may find shelter and deliverance in the superior power of our Redeemer. We carefully secure our houses with bolts and locks to protect our property and our lives from evil men; but we seldom think of the evil angels who are constantly seeking access to us, and against whose attacks we have, in our own strength, no method of defense. If permitted, they can distract our minds, disorder and torment our bodies, destroy our possessions and our lives. . . . But those who follow Christ are ever safe under his watch-care. Angels that excel in strength are sent from heaven to protect them. The wicked one can not break through the guard which God has stationed about his people."—*Id.*, page 517.

7. "While deprived of his power, and cut off from his work of deception, the prince of evil was miserable and dejected; but as the wicked dead are raised, and he sees the vast multitudes upon his side, his hopes revive, and he determines not to yield the great controversy. . . . He makes the weak strong, and inspires all with his own spirit and energy. He proposes to lead them against the camp of the saints, and to take possession of the city of God."—*Id.*, page 663.

8. "The wicked receive their recompense in the earth. . . . Some are destroyed as in a moment, while others suffer many days. All are punished 'according to their deeds.' The sins of the righteous having been transferred to Satan, he is made to suffer not only for his own rebellion, but for all the sins which he has caused God's people to commit. . . . After all have perished who fell by his deceptions, he is still to live and suffer on. In the cleansing flames the wicked are destroyed, root and branch,—Satan the root, his followers the branches."—*Id.*, page 673.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### VI—Spiritualism; Evil Angels and Their Work

(May 11)

LESSON HELP.—"Early Writings" (old edition), part 3, pages 124-128 (new edition), pages 262-266; "Great Controversy," pages 495-498; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Rom. 6: 23.

#### Questions

1. What falsehood has furnished the foundation for Spiritualism? Gen. 3: 4; note 1.
2. What does the Scripture teach concerning those who are dead? Eccl. 9: 5, 6.
3. Then by what agency must the wonders of Spiritualism be wrought? Rev. 16: 14.
4. What did Jesus say regarding the casting down of Satan? Luke 10: 18. Who were cast down with him? Rev. 12: 7-9.
5. Before his fall what position did Satan occupy in heaven? Eze. 28: 14, 15. What is said of his wisdom? Verses 3, 12; note 2.
6. In what way do fallen angels receive worship? 1 Cor. 10: 19-21.
7. What is Satan able to do? 2 Cor. 11: 14, 15; note 3.
8. What has the Spirit revealed would take place in the last days? 1 Tim. 4: 1, 2.
9. How did fallen angels seek to hinder the work of Christ? Luke 8: 27-29. Of Paul? Acts 16: 16-18; note 4.
10. Against whom are Satan and his angels especially to war? Rev. 12: 17. What is the testimony of Jesus? Rev. 19: 10.

11. Unto what are the fallen angels reserved? Jude 6; 2 Peter 2: 4.

12. What shows that they are aware of this? Matt. 8: 28, 29; Rev. 12: 12.

13. At the time of their judgment, when punishment is to be decided upon, who will take part? 1 Cor. 6: 2, 3.

14. What fate awaits the devil and his angels? Matt. 25: 41; Rev. 20: 7-9.

15. What prophecy will then have been fulfilled? Mal. 4: 1; note 5.

16. What shall not arise the second time? Nahum 1: 9.

#### Notes

1. Spiritualism: "The belief that the spirits of the dead in various ways communicate with and manifest their presence to men, usually through the agency of a person called a medium."—*Standard Dictionary*.

"The deification of the dead has held a prominent place in nearly every system of heathenism, as has also the supposed communion with the dead. The gods were believed to communicate their will to men, and also, when consulted, to give them counsel. Of this character were the famous oracles of Greece and Rome.

"The belief in communion with the dead is still held, even in professedly Christian lands. Under the name of Spiritualism, the practise of communicating with beings claiming to be the spirits of the departed, has become wide-spread. It is calculated to take hold of the sympathies of those who have laid their loved ones in the grave. Spiritual beings sometimes appear to persons in the form of their deceased friends, and relate incidents connected with their lives, and perform acts which they performed while living. In this way they lead men to believe that their dead friends are angels, hovering over them, and communicating with them. Those who thus assume to be the spirits of the departed, are regarded with a certain idolatry, and with many their word has greater weight than the Word of God."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pages 684, 685.

2. Having been created perfect in wisdom and beauty, when the evil thought entered Lucifer's heart to be like God (Isa. 14: 12-14), to be worshiped, his great wisdom was perverted to work ruin. This is further proved by his being able to deceive a host of the angels in heaven itself into the belief that his cause was just and right.

"Leaving his place in the immediate presence of God, Lucifer went forth to diffuse the spirit of discontent among the angels. . . . Since their natures were holy, he urged that the angels should obey the dictates of their own will. He sought to create sympathy for himself, by representing that God had dealt unjustly with him in bestowing supreme honor upon Christ. He claimed that in aspiring to greater power and honor he was not aiming at self-exaltation, but was seeking to secure liberty for all the inhabitants of heaven, that by this means they might attain to a higher state of existence."—*Great Controversy*, page 495.

The angels were deceived in supposing that Lucifer was aiming to attain for them a "higher state of existence." And it was upon this same point that Eve was lured into disobedience and sin. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," was Satan's word to her in Eden. And thousands through modern Spiritualism are deceived into believing the highest law they are to know is the desire of their own hearts; Christ, God's law, and the Bible being set aside as standing in the way of man's highest development.

3. "Satan has power to bring before us the appearance of forms purporting to be our relatives or friends who sleep in Jesus. It will be made to appear as if these friends were actually present; the words they uttered while here, with which we were familiar, will be spoken, and the same tone of voice that they had while living, will fall upon the ear. . . . The people of God must be prepared to withstand these spirits with the Bible truth that the dead know not anything, and that they who thus appear are the spirits of devils."—*Early Writings* (old edition), part 3, page 124.

4. Not always do the greatest deceptions come by way of opposition, but frequently by assumed sympathy. Clothed in angel robes, with subdued tones and apparent interest for the tempted and tried one, the tempter approaches with his allurements. Thus he approached Jesus in the wilderness. Souls are thus thrown off their guard, and Satan can the more surely fasten them in his deception.

5. "Satan and his angels suffered long. Satan bore not only the weight and punishment of his own sins, but also of the sins of the redeemed host, which had been placed upon him; and he must also suffer for the ruin of souls which he had caused. . . . Said the angel, 'Satan is the root, his children are the branches. They are now consumed root and branch. They have died an everlasting death. They are never to have a resurrection.'"—*Id.*, page 154.

# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - -	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	- - -	.50
CLUB RATES		
5 or more copies to one address, one year, each	- - -	\$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each	- - -	.40
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each	- - -	.20

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

## Struck an Iceberg

THE new gigantic steamer of the White Star Line, the "Titanic," struck an iceberg on the night of April 14. The "Titanic" was on its way from Southampton, England, to New York, making its first voyage. This vessel was the largest one afloat, her length exceeding that of four city blocks. If stood on end by the side of New York's highest building, it would have extended considerably more than one hundred feet farther into the air. The vessel had accommodation for 3,500 passengers, and carried a crew of 860.

On the night of the accident the "Titanic" was about five hundred miles southeast of Cape Race, Newfoundland, and carried about 1,300 passengers, 350 of whom were in the first cabin. A number of noted persons were aboard the vessel.

The "Titanic" went down before help could be given her. Several hundred passengers, mostly women and children, were saved by means of the ship's lifeboats. But the greater proportion of those on board went down with the vessel. There has been no marine disaster of recent times to compare in extent of loss of life with that of the "Titanic," except that of the "General Slocum" in 1904, when more than one thousand persons lost their lives.

## Liquor Law for District of Columbia

IN brief the proposed excise law for the District of Columbia eliminates the saloon entirely from residential sections, wipes out all within 600 feet of schools and 500 feet of churches, and puts out of business all places where liquor is sold within 1,000 feet of the navy-yard, the marine barracks, and the War College. No saloon will be permitted within 300 feet of an alley in which there are dwellings, and the saloon in the Union Station will be closed. Another important feature prohibits saloons within 150 feet of the location of another saloon.

It is required that by Nov. 1, 1914, the total number of saloons must be reduced to 300, the wholesale license increased to \$800, and the retail license to \$1,500. Saloons will be closed at 11 P. M., and not opened until 8 A. M.

Free lunches will be tabooed, the festive "growler" will disappear, and screens of all sorts, concealing those who desire to quench their thirst, must be cast into the junk heap. Upon the saloon-keeper will be

thrown the responsibility of knowing whether or not he is selling to a minor. When notice not to sell to any person is given, if liquor is sold to such person, those dependent upon him will have cause for action for the recovery of damages. It is understood the bill will come into the Senate with a favorable report from the majority of the full committee.

No license can be granted for a hotel with less than fifty rooms. No application for license shall be granted without the approval of the chief of police. Wholesale trade is restricted to sealed packages, and then in quantities of a quart or over. Before granting a license to a club, it must be shown that its membership is bona fide. No music is permitted where liquors are sold other than in hotels, and no licensee is allowed to permit the playing of billiards or pool or other games in the room where liquors are sold, or in any adjoining or communicating room.

The licensee is prohibited from furnishing intoxicating liquors to any female, or from permitting or allowing any female to enter his barroom. Drunkenness in public places is made a misdemeanor.—*Washington Post*.

## Laodicea

A STRANGER wanders in thy street,  
O Laodicea!  
With bleeding side and hands and feet  
For Laodicea,  
He speaks in accents gentle, kind:  
"O wretched, naked, poor, and blind,  
Your doors fast closed to me I find  
In Laodicea."

The dews of night are on his locks,  
O Laodicea!  
Yet at the door he stands and knocks  
In Laodicea.  
Creator of the earth and sea,  
The King of heaven's heights is he;  
Yet patiently he waits for thee,  
O Laodicea!

He can not force an entrance there,  
O Laodicea!  
He can but urge his pleading prayer  
For Laodicea:  
"How canst thou silent still abide?  
The latch is on the inner side.  
Arise! and throw thy portal wide,  
My Laodicea!"

"I bring thee blessedness untold,  
O Laodicea!  
Eye-salve and raiment, heavenly gold,  
For Laodicea.  
Rise! open now thy door and see!  
I will come in and sup with thee;  
And thou shalt sit and sup with me,  
My Laodicea."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## A Long and Costly Fight

MAN'S fight against Mississippi floods has been going on for upward of two centuries. It is hard to say what it has cost. Up to date the federal government alone has spent seventy million dollars between the mouth of the Mississippi and the mouth of the Missouri. Levees have been built, and the channel has been improved. Like all work of that nature, it has proved much more expensive than the engineers at first thought; but, judging from the damage the present flood is doing, it is a good investment.

Without it the development of commerce and industry in these big central valleys would be far behind what it is to-day. It possibly pays for itself in what it saves at such a time as this. But it will take a long time and another mint of money to complete this gigantic job.—*Washington Times*.