

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

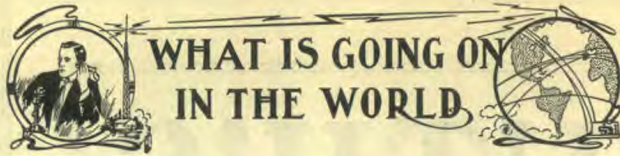
June 11, 1912

No. 24



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON ON LAKE GENEVA

Francois de Bonnavard, the hero of Byron's poem "The Prisoner of Chillon," was a Genevan prelate and politician. He was a conspicuous opponent of Charles, duke of Savoy, who endeavored to obtain control of Geneva. He was arrested in 1530 and confined in the castle of Chillon by the duke. He spent years in a subterranean dungeon, below the level of the waters of Lake Geneva. "One day a bird sang at the prison window the sweetest song he had ever heard. It resurrected his heart of stone. It created a yearning for a look over the land which was free to the bird. So the prisoner dug footholds in the plaster of the wall and climbed to the window above. He looked out and saw the mountain unchanged. He saw the snow of a thousand years, and learned patience. That look put new life into him, and gave him a vision that lasted him to the end. From that sight he obtained rest, strength, solace." Bonnavard was released in 1536, on the capture of Chillon by the Bernese. See poem on page 7.



THE school board of Philadelphia has taken action to abolish all high-school fraternities.

THE latest articles to be manufactured from paper are policemen's clubs and automobile tires.

THE builder of the Washington Monument, Washington, D. C., died on May 17, at eighty-eight years of age.

THE national convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union is to be held at Portland, Oregon, from October 19 to 25.

MR. THEODORE L. WEED, a young man thirty-five years of age, has recently been made director of the forty-five thousand postal banks already established or being planned for.

CLASSES for stammering children have been started in Boston, and already one hundred fifty are enrolled. The director claims that he can cure the most obstinate case in from five to ten lessons.

FRIDAY, June 14, 1912, will be the 135th anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the flag of our country. The public recognition of Flag day as a national anniversary is each year becoming more and more general.

NOT a single vessel flying the stars and stripes entered the port of London last year. That fact rests on Congress, which refuses to allow American merchants to buy a ship where they can buy it cheapest, and then carry the flag.

THE announcement of the summer school to be held at Berrien Springs, Michigan, by the Emmanuel Missionary College, is out, and will be sent on application to all who plan to attend the summer school, which convenes from June 12 to July 23.

THE drift of ice from the north to the south has not been so great for seventy-five years as it has been this spring. This fact indicates that while the temperate zone had an extremely severe winter, the north polar regions experienced a very mild one. The fact of this was to loosen immense bodies of ice from the glaciers, and send them into a warmer atmosphere.

THE Southern Baptists have made the decision to raise one million dollars for mission work in commemoration of the centenary of Adoniram Judson, the pioneer Baptist missionary, who sailed from America to India in 1812. One fourth of this is to be known as the Judson fund, and is to be used in building missionary homes, churches, and hospitals in foreign fields.

THE War Department is spending over \$10,000 a day in furnishing food for the flood victims in the South, an average of 160,000 persons being fed daily; all this in addition to the outlay of the Quartermaster's Department for forage, tents, and the hire of boats for rescue work, which amounts to \$277,179. The devastation and loss to the people living in proximity to the raging torrent is incalculable.

BLACK emmer is a grain resembling our barley, but is a relative of the wheat. It has lately been introduced into this country from Russia. It is a strictly winter grain, will stand severe cold, and requires but little moisture. Prof. B. C. Buffum, of Worland, Wyoming, is making the experiment on this new grain.

ONE of our minister students said: "I have been a Methodist missionary in India for seventeen years. I never had any reason to doubt the reality of my Christian experience. Since becoming a Seventh-day Adventist, and coming to the Foreign Mission Seminary, I find that I do not have to give up one bit of my Christian experience. On the other hand, as a Methodist I could not be a real *Bible* Christian, but now I can."

TO-DAY twenty thousand deaf persons are listening through the acousticon to church services. "The dictograph or acousticon is nothing more nor less than a hypersensitive telephone. When used by the deaf, a vulcanized rubber transmitter is pinned on the clothing, or even hidden beneath it, with wires leading to a light watch-case receiver and a dry-cell battery so small it can be readily carried in the vest pocket. This constitutes an outfit that enables the wearer, however deaf, to hear ordinary conversation." It has been installed in churches to enable persons of defective hearing to understand the sermon.

The Heart of a Queen

QUEEN VICTORIA was once visiting one of the large cities of England, where a choir of three or four thousand boys and girls was gathered on a great wooden platform to sing a song of welcome. The next morning after the queen had returned to her palace, she ordered a telegram sent to the mayor of the city. It had no reference to the civic formalities or public functions of her visit, but was: "The queen wishes to know, Did the children all get home safely?" No more momentous question can be asked by monarch, by nation, or by parents: Will the children reach home safely? — *W. N. Hartshorn.*

The Happier Way

WE may yield to doubt and misgiving
If we look too far ahead;
Yet why such fears?
For the coming years
Are to us a book unread.

If we open our hearts to the present,
To our work in hand to-day,
With a will for the strife,
And joy of life,
'Tis the happier, truer way.

— *Eugene C. Dolson, in Young People's Weekly.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
The Way (poetry)	3
More Personal Evangelism	3
How Missionary Volunteers Helped a Korean Girl	3
Perfection in Singing	5
The Temperance Volunteers	5
Sabbath-Keeping an Honor, Not a Reproach	6
The Bat Put to Public Service	9
Heart of Love	11
Protestantism, Romanism, and Religious Liberty	13
Some One at Work	16
SELECTED ARTICLES	
Hewing Agag to Pieces	4
The Prisoner of Chillon (poetry)	7
Reindeer Beef	9
Waste of Wood	9
How to Slide Down a Rope	10
Suggestions Gathered Here and There	10
Priceless Jip (poetry)	11
Dust on His Knees	12
The Veterans Applauded	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 11, 1912

No. 24

The Way

CHAS. E. E. SANBORN

I AM the Way, said Jesus,
The Truth, the Light, the All:
He says he will relieve us
If on him we call.

How faithful is our Saviour
To keep his promise true!
We can, by our behavior,
Prove what his love can do.

Our faith must be enduring
In One we can not see,
No matter how alluring
The path of sin may be.

The devil robes in splendor
To tempt the sons of God;
Stand firmly a defender
Of paths that Jesus trod.

O let us, then, be careful
To lead a life of love,
Be happy, kind, and prayerful,
Like Christ our Lord above.

And when he comes in glory
To take his people home,
We'll sing the old, old story
Of love, and love alone.

More Personal Evangelism

ERNEST LLOYD



THE other day I came across an article entitled "Tracts as Soul-Winners." It told a most interesting story of a tract that reached the hands of the godly Richard Baxter. He was led to Christ by it. He afterward wrote "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," and that book aroused Philip Doddridge to come to the Saviour. Wilberforce was converted through Doddridge's book "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;" and then Wilberforce himself wrote "Practical Christianity," a copy of which fell into the hands of Thomas Chalmers, who became a convert and a great worker for humanity. These results, thus united in a chain, all came through one tract.

A great believer in tracts was Dr. Marshman, of India, a vast number of whose natives came to Christ by these silent messengers. When a boy, J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary to the Chinese, was brought to Christ by a tract; and as a consequence, multitudes in China are blessed in the gospel to-day. The saintly George Mueller, of England, with all his many activities, did not forget the printed page. During his lifetime he distributed over a million and a half Bibles and Testaments, besides circulating millions upon millions of books and tracts; and vast numbers of people are on their way to the kingdom as the result.

The bountiful sower will reap bountifully. Results are sure to follow the liberal and continuous seed-sowing. There is no one thing that I regard as more vitally important to the growth and efficiency of the missionary society as an organization of the church, than a steady, organized effort in personal evangelism with present truth literature. It is safe to say that the printed page is the only means of reaching the majority of the people with the message, and every member of the church can have a splendid time in helping in this work.

Reader, pledge yourself to this personal service. Get others to enter it. If all were engaged, as all should be, in daily witnessing for the Master, in conversation or with the printed page, the spiritual life of our people would be so stimulated and quickened that the entire church would quickly feel the throb

of new spiritual energy. The work requires tact; but good sense, guided by enthusiastic love for Christ and for those whom he came to save, would make this united and earnest effort wondrously effective in forwarding the message.

We need more of that first fine enthusiasm which characterized the early history of our movement. And we need the divine fire to keep it ablaze.

We read that the word of God was proclaimed by Paul. Our chief business as Christ's disciples is to proclaim his love and his truth. Are we faithful to the trust?

"I sent my love to you every day!" said a little girl, indignantly, to a sick friend who was beginning to be convalescent, and felt hurt because no word of remembrance had come to her. "They just took it and kept it all themselves." The childish way of looking at it sets in strong light the meaning of an undelivered message. Christ sends his love, his truth, to men, with each returning day,—sends it by us. Do we deliver it? or do we take it and keep it all ourselves? What does he think of us as messengers?

How Missionary Volunteers Helped a Korean Girl

THE little girl shown in the picture on the next page, whose name is Tong Tan Sin, is a student in our girls' school here at Soonan. She is twelve years old, and with her mother has been keeping the Sabbath for three and one-half years. The mother, being a Christian, wanted her daughter to go to school, instead of being sold for a wife, as the heathen girls are. But the father, an ancestor-worshiper and very poor, was anxious to sell his girl. It cost much to keep her, and the money received for her would help to buy food for the rest of the family. The older brother who had a good deal to say about the marriage of his sister, would come in and angrily exclaim, "Poor! nothing to eat for supper! If she would marry, it would be well. What good will she be if she studies and grows up to be a big girl?"

As the days went by, one thing after another was sold for food. Because of the mother's opposition, the selling of the daughter had been delayed; but things were getting serious, and unless something hap-

pened, it looked as if little Tong Tan Sin must go next. Just at this time one of the Korean teachers visited the home, and seeing that something must be done at once to save Tong Tan Sin, he succeeded in sending her to Soonan. As the family would thus be rid of her support, they let her go. The mother, of course, was happy, for this was just her wish for her daughter.

When Tong Tan Sin came to Soonan she had nothing but a few pieces of clothes, and nearly all of these were dirty and ragged. She had no bed, no money, not even a comb, so was entirely dependent upon some one. About six cents a day would be required to buy her food; and twenty-two yards of cloth a yard wide were needed to make her a suit of clothes.

He who cares for his children was caring for little Tong Tan Sin. At just this time Missionary Volunteer Societies began thinking about girls in Korea, and besides other things, sent to the mission school five dollars and some cloth. So there was money for food and goods for clothing. From this cloth two suits of clothes were made. The one Tong Tan Sin has on in the picture is her Sabbath dress, and is all white, even the stockings. (The Koreans dress in white.)

And this is how it came about that little Tong Tan Sin was not sold for a child wife as hundreds and thousands of little girls are, but instead is going to school every day. She is in the fourth grade, and is a good student. She loves to study the Bible, and is now preparing for baptism. She says she wants to be a missionary.

If you could visit our school some day, Tong Tan Sin would herself thank you for helping her, for she is very grateful. I hope the Missionary Volunteers will remember to pray for this little girl, and also for all other Korean girls, who, except for the influence of the gospel, are destined to be sold for wives and slaves, and to live lives of hardship and ignorance.

MAY SCOTT.

Soonan, Korea.

Hewing Agag to Pieces

AFTER one of those prolonged periods of prayer which were the habit of his life, General Gordon would sometimes come out of his tent, and when asked what he had been doing, would say that he had been hewing Agag to pieces. That often seemed to him the best description of the kind of work he had been obliged to do in his prayer. Many times he fairly faced the situation of prayer as one in which the main work

before him was the ruthless putting out of existence of evil things which were in his own spirit. And when his prayer was manifestly needed in that direction, he did not flinch at it, but accepted it and went to work to hew Agag to pieces.

It is good for us to remind ourselves that sometimes our prayer ought to take this stern and unbeautiful form. It is natural enough perhaps that we should like our prayer to be a rapture or an immediate refreshment. We would naturally desire that, if possible,

it might always be a seemly and beautiful passage in our experience, which would very quickly restore our souls and minister to our growth. But there is little real chance for beauty to grow up in our souls so long as there still exists this Agag of mean desires and evil influences and sordid aims right there in our very hearts, as truly as he was ever present in the neighborhood of Israel to spoil and defile and counteract every good effort and right purpose among them.

General Gordon treated prayer as real work, not an ecstasy. It did not surprise him that in it he sometimes had to confront facts that looked worse in prayer than they did anywhere else. And our prayer ought to have this sterner and manlier note of facing down and setting before ourselves, and before God, and calling by their worst names some of the dreadful facts of our own souls.

True prayer is a work of destruction. We ought not to rise from it without reason to feel that in it God has helped us to smite something evil. Who does not know what it is to be filled with spites and jealousies and envies and suspicions? But we like to dwell on them and prolong them by reasoning them out. We like to correct them by analysis and by reading. We like to quiet them without quite destroying them. And nothing can ever give us peace except doing them to death.

We can make them plausible and allow them to continue in us by calling them the inevitable accompaniments of growth, or a falling up-hill, and all that sort of thing; or we can reflect comfortably on the meanness and injustice we meet with, and "ask for the death of our enemies." But on the other hand, we can do as Gordon did, make a clean breast of "the plague of our own heart," and not leave the matter until we have hewed to pieces and disabled utterly some of those tempers and tendencies that are constantly undoing us, and then gradually taking on a look of harmlessness until they undo us again.

We need more anger, more indignation, more enmity, more intolerance, toward the evil in ourselves.



TONG TAN SIN, OF SOONAN, KOREA

We hate, but in wrong directions. We fear, but we are not afraid of the most dreadful thing. Hewing to pieces is sometimes the only way to describe the violence that is needed to deal with our hatefulness, our vanity, our indolence. There is a place in worship for the swing of splendid liturgies that uplift the soul, but there is also a place in prayer for the swing of the ax and the short and sharp and summary doing away with evil things that we have tolerated far too long. Our mistake is in supposing that after years of Christian life we do not need such drastic measures.

There is a beauty in growth, in the well-ordered advance and gradual refining of our affections; but there is also a beauty in destruction. Christ came that he might destroy the works of the devil. There is scarcely a life that would not shine out fairer and more beautiful as the result of destroying something in it. There is not a personal atmosphere that would not be clearer and sweeter for the passing through it of one of those storms that is generated when, with earnestness, we carry our evil into God's presence, and face it through with him.—*Sunday School Times*.

Perfection in Singing

IN the future state, there will be no missionaries, no social workers, no Bible workers, no physicians. Those occupations which seem most representative of the Spirit of Christ, not being needed, will not be in evidence there. There will be no sick to need doctors, no poor to need social workers, no unsaved to need Bible workers, no heathen to need missionaries. Heaven will doubtless be filled with people who have been most forward here in such benevolent works; for James says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow," and it is to those who have visited the sick and the friendless that Jesus says, "Come, ye blessed." Because there will be none there to need it, the work which best fits one for the future life will be missing there.

In just what way these valuable traits, developed along Christian lines, will find play in the future state we know not; but we do know that at least one of earth's occupations will be carried over into heaven. Or shall I rather say that one of heaven's occupations was graciously left the fallen sons of man? I refer to the use of the voice and instruments for the production of music.

There will be harpers; and doubtless the word is used in a generic sense, meaning a great variety of instruments making perfect harmony. There will be singers, great innumerable choruses singing such music as we have never dreamed of.

But one of the songs, at least, only the redeemed can sing; for only they can have a realization of the full meaning of this song. If we are now saved from sin, ought we not, in a sense, even now sing the songs of the redeemed a little higher and a little more understandingly than the angels?—not, of course, as these songs will be sung when mortality is swallowed up in life. Again and again we are urged to sing praises to God. Are not these admonitions to direct our attention to the great spiritual blessings which will come to one who sings with the spirit and the understanding?

It would seem that every Christian who appreciates the significance of sacred song, and realizes that it has a molding effect upon the mind, would voice the sentiments of the song "How Can I Keep From Singing?"

G. H. HEALD.

The Temperance Volunteers

THE list of Volunteers is increasing; but it ought to grow faster. We now have twenty-four members, including two girls who are at work. A number of bags and badges are ready for those who wish to enlist. These are neatly printed, and sell for thirty cents.

The schools will soon be closed, and the boys will have ample time to sell thousands of these papers.

Boys are good workers, and they are willing to work. They are simply waiting for some one to organize them into a band, and then to direct them in the work. Will not some one in every church organize these would-be workers into a Temperance Volunteer band? The good to the boys and to the community by a summer's work with the INSTRUCTOR, can not be estimated. One of the Takoma Park pioneer Volunteers was asked by his father, who is to spend considerable of the summer in travel, which he would rather do, go with him or stay at Takoma. The boy replied seriously, "Papa, I should just love to go with you, but I feel that I ought to stay here and see that canvassing through," referring to the Temperance INSTRUCTOR campaign.

If all our boys throughout the country would arouse to this work, as they will if some one will take an



THEY ARE STILL AT WORK

active interest in them, a great work can be done.

Our list of Volunteers at present is as follows:—

Takoma Park

Hamlet Loftfield
Virgil Sorenson
Phillips Tunnell
Lester Tunnell
Dewey Smith
Robert Coker
Stanley Anderson
Herbert Davis
Alfred Tunnell
Elden Ford
Willie Bowen
Neville Staughton
Leslie Jack

Washington, D. C.
George Oliver

New York

Warren Marden

California

Henry Adams
George Whitney

Kansas

William Gladden
Clinton Gladden
Ralph Gladden

Maine

Ronald E. Thurlow

Wisconsin

C. P. Sorenson

Sabbath-Keeping an Honor, Not a Reproach

CLARENCE POTTERTON

[The following article was presented as a paper at the young people's society in St. Helena, California, by the writer, a youth of seventeen years.]



IN the Bible we read, "Blessed are they that do his commandments." According to this statement, obedience to the divine commands brings certain rights, or privileges. This principle of granting rights to the obedient, is recognized even by those who look at matters from merely a worldly point of view. Every one knows that it is those who obey the laws of the land who have freedom. In this world the obedient are the honored ones; and those who obey have certain cherished rights, including "liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is the disobedient who are confined in prisons, and are thus debarred from many of the pleasures of life.

The same happy results follow obedience to the laws of health. Liberty of body and of mind is granted not to the one bound about by habits of drink, tobacco using, and other injurious indulgences, but to the one who eats and drinks and lives in obedience to nature's laws. He who restrains appetite for harmful things is no longer a servant, but a master. And masters are always more honored than servants. Thus, from many viewpoints, it may be seen that obedience is the opposite of slavery, and brings liberty and honor.

The fifth commandment of the decalogue requires that honor be given our earthly parents. Obedience to this divine precept results in increased liberty; for what parent does not grant greater privileges to an obedient child than to one who is disobedient? In this connection, let us also observe that if obedience to parents brings honor to them, it certainly brings honor to those who obey. Even the world recognizes this, and looks with disapprobation on a disobedient child.

But how about keeping holy the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath of the Lord our God? In this age of irreverence for God's law, when many have no respect for religion, can a young man feel that it is an honor to him to remain true to his vows as a Sabbath-keeper? When the world points at him the finger of scorn as on the Sabbath day he goes to and from church and refuses to enter into companionship with those who fear not God, can he know for a surety that Sabbath-keeping is indeed an honor, and not a reproach?

Let us examine some statements made in the prophecy of Isaiah on this question. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath," the Lord declares through his servant, "from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt *honor him*, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob." This scripture brings plainly to view not only the honor we may render our Creator by honoring his law, but also the honor he will bestow upon us as a reward of obedience.

Many centuries ago, a certain king wished to honor one of his subjects, and so he asked, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" The answer was: Put on him the king's royal apparel, and let him ride on the king's horse, with

a royal crown on his head. The king's most noble prince was to bring him through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Esther 6:6-9.

Before we, as faithful Sabbath-keepers, are permitted to ride upon the high places of the earth, we, like Mordecai, shall be given a change of raiment. Let us trace the story in Bible language. The prophet Isaiah declares, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Isa. 61:10. The Lord says: "I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." Isa. 58:14. And John the revelator declares: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14. Listen again to Isaiah: "Ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the Ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory ye shall boast yourselves." Isa. 61:6. "And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." Isa. 62:2, 3.

These promises of honor to those who are obedient to the divine requirements, far exceed anything that King Ahasuerus proposed to bestow upon the man whom he delighted to honor. Should we, as Seventh-day Adventist youth, be ashamed of anything that will bring such glorious results? If we are, we have our Saviour's words that he will be ashamed of us when he shall come in his glory. Luke 9:26. The apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, wrote: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation." Rom. 1:16. The law and the gospel are inseparable. Both are from Christ. We can not be ashamed of the one, and not of the other. In view of this, may we never feel ashamed to honor our Lord by keeping holy his rest day.

In the story of God's dealings with his obedient children in the days of Queen Esther, there is brought out a principle that we should never lose sight of. Haman thought he was the one to be honored. Are we striving to keep the Sabbath for the sake of the honor attached to Sabbath-keeping? If so, we shall be as bitterly disappointed as was Haman. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Haman's efforts to please the king were not inspired by heartfelt love. Love for God and reverence for his law are the basis of all acceptable obedience. John, the disciple of love, has written: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God."

The psalmist has summed up very clearly the experience of those who have chosen to travel the royal road to honor, through obedience to the divine precepts. "I will walk at liberty," he vows; "for I seek thy precepts. I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed. And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved. My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes." Ps. 119:45-48.

The Prisoner of Chillon

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred— forbidden fare:
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one:
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray;
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I can not count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together, yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To harken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do,—and did my best,—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy,—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him his dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.
Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day,
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand,—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine; it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer;
They coldly laughed, and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untried
A spirit natural or inspired,—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swol'n convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed

Of sin delirious with its dread;
 But these were horrors — this was woe
 Unmixed with such — but sure and slow:
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sank away
 As a departing rainbow's ray;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur, not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence — lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listened, but I could not hear;
 I called, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I called, and thought I heard a sound —
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rushed to him: I found him not;
 I only stirred in this black spot,
 I only lived, I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath,—
 My brothers,—both had ceased to breathe:
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew:
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling—none:
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
 It was not night, it was not day;
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness without a place;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 And then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track;
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me!
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from paradise;

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was: my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same,
 They were not changed, like me, in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high, their wide, long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
 A small green isle, it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing.

Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled, and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
 Had almost need of such a rest.
 It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last men came to set me free;
 I asked not why, and recked not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be;
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus when they appeared at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come

(Concluded on page fifteen)



The Bat Put to Public Service



AN ANTONIO, Texas, is especially troubled with mosquitoes, the great breeders of malaria. Various methods of exterminating this insect pest have been tried; but still the mosquito and the malaria thrive. Dr. Charles R. Campbell, one of the city's health authorities, conceived the idea of taking advantage of the bat, whose fondness for the mosquito as an article of diet is well known. Dr. Campbell has constructed two "bat roosts," one of which furnishes sleeping quarters to ten thousand bats. Mr. Robert Franklin, in an article in the May number of the *Technical World Magazine*, gives the following description of the roosts and of their effectiveness:—

The question which naturally suggests itself off-hand is, On what plan or pattern should a dormitory for bats be constructed? And, again, when once it is built, how are the little winged mammals to be induced to take up their residence in the quarters so kindly provided for them?

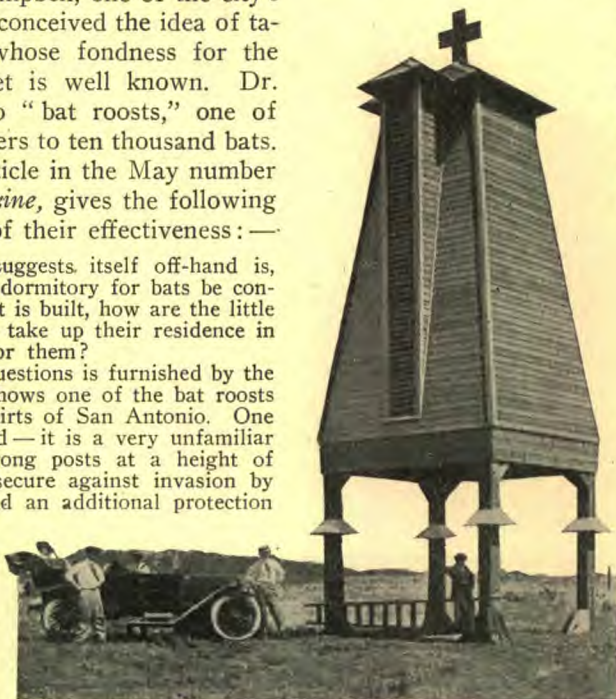
An answer to the first of these questions is furnished by the accompanying photograph, which shows one of the bat roosts built by Dr. Campbell in the outskirts of San Antonio. One notices that—as might be expected—it is a very unfamiliar type of structure. Upheld by strong posts at a height of ten feet above the ground, it is secure against invasion by predatory animals of any kind, and an additional protection against cats is afforded by inverted pans of sheet iron with saw edges surrounding the four supporting posts.

There are no windows, but opportunity of entrance is afforded to the bats by a series of horizontal openings so arranged as to resemble the slats of an ordinary window-shutter. The whole building is thirty feet high, the upper twenty feet being the enclosed portion, and the slatted arrangement runs up each of two sides for a distance of sixteen feet.

Inasmuch as the slats are turned downward at a sharp angle, and only enough space is left between them to admit a bat, the interior is quite dark—an absolute essential, inasmuch as bats do their sleeping in the daytime, and require for the purpose a dark place. Thus it is that they sometimes make themselves a nuisance by frequenting lofts in houses.

A bat's wings are modified hands, of huge size relatively. When the animal goes to sleep, he hangs head downward by his thumbs—that is to say, by two hooks which correspond to our thumb-nails. Hence it is necessary to provide, inside of the structure here described, a series of perches so arranged that bats, thousands on thousands of them, can hang in serried ranks, row on row and tier above tier. Thus accommodated, it is obvious that immense numbers of them can find sleeping room in a space twenty feet high and ten feet square at the bottom. At the top, however, the roost is only five feet square, because its sides slant.

It will be noticed that the roosts help the bats, and thereby encourage their multiplication, in two ways: First, by providing them with suitable living quarters, which under ordinary circumstances they do not easily find; and second, by protecting them against cats and other enemies. Mosquitoes fly only at night, and hence for their destruction the bats are especially valuable.



A BAT ROOST OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



Technical World

EMPEROR PENGUINS

These dignified birds are found in great colonies in the antarctic.

Reindeer Beef

OVER 18,000 pounds of reindeer meat was shipped last fall from Nome, Alaska, to Seattle, where it sold readily at from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents a pound. Mr. William T. Lopp, who has charge of the government reindeer service in Alaska, predicts that reindeer meat will sometime be a common article of diet in this country. It is said that in flavor it resembles both mutton and beef, and is more agreeable than either. Since reindeer thrive on barren wastes, they can be raised far more cheaply than cattle. In northern and western Alaska there are 400,000 square miles of treeless regions, unfit for farming, that would afford abundant pasturage for 10,000,000 animals. Reindeer were introduced into Alaska by the United States government twenty-three years ago. There are now 33,000 animals in the territory. If the present rate of increase continues, there may be 2,000,000 reindeer in Alaska in less than twenty-five years.—*Youth's Companion*.

Waste of Wood

A MASSACHUSETTS manufacturer of brushes recently made a discovery in Maine which supplied him with material exactly suited to his purpose. He went to the Pine Tree State to buy wood for the backs of hair-brushes and the handles of shaving-brushes, and chanced to visit the yards of a spool-maker who was using white birch. The spool man took the white part of the wood only, and was throwing away the red hearts. Thousands of cords had been burned or dumped into the lake. The red hearts were exactly what the brush-maker wanted, and at little more than the expense of freight he supplied his factory.

This is typical of the trend of manufacturing. Waste of wood is still great, but it is decreasing. What one factory can not use, another turns to profit. Formerly mills threw away half the forest-tops left in the woods; sawdust was dumped into streams, thus polluting them and destroying fish; slabs were burned in perpetual bonfires; and defective logs and low-grade lumber were abandoned as not worth moving.

This policy does not prevail generally now. Some mills have put in machinery to work up their own by-products; others sell their waste to manufacturers who can use it, as is the case cited in Maine. The prop-

"High above Hate I dwell;
O storms, farewell!"

erties and uses of woods are now the subjects of careful investigation, and the problem of turning to account the odds and ends and the by-products is brought more to the front than formerly.—*Raymond Thompson.*

How to Slide Down a Rope

SLIDING down a rope is not so simple as it seems. Few boys know how to do it properly. If you try to descend by letting the rope slide through your hands, the friction will burn the palms so that you will have to let go after a few feet. If you try to lower your weight



from one handhold to another, you are sure to become tired, and will be forced to drop. You can not slide with the rope between your knees, for the swaying of your body will jerk the rope out of the clutch of your knees, and then you are likely to fall.

The easiest and safest method you can employ is that used by firemen and sailors. Standing upright, throw out your right leg and give it a turn around the rope. Next put the rope in the crook of your right elbow and clasp it tightly, not in your hand, but in your arm. In that way you can slide to safety without the slightest trouble. The rope does not touch any part of the body that is not protected by clothing, and your speed can be regulated by either straightening or cramping your leg. Once learned, this method of sliding down a rope may prove in an emergency the means of saving your life or the lives of other persons.—*Youth's Companion.*

Peeps and Their Foster-Mother

ONE incubator and one kind and intelligent terrier dog are the chief factors in the remarkable success that has come to a Phoenixville (Pennsylvania) man in his efforts as an amateur chicken breeder. The



Technical World

dog carefully and tenderly mothers the little chickens upon their leaving the incubator, and no hen could perform this task with greater success than has this dog, Madge.—*Technical World.*

A BILL has already been introduced in the Senate requiring vessels carrying passengers to be equipped with two skilled wireless telegraph operators, instead of one, that there may be a person on duty at all hours of the day or night while the vessel is in transit; the apparatus to be capable of transmitting and receiving messages over a distance of at least one hundred miles, day or night.

Blind Boy Scouts

It seems odd to talk of blind Boy Scouts, but the sightless Scouts actually exist, and are making rapid progress toward proficiency. They drill at the Lighthouse, 118 East Fifty-ninth St., Manhattan, and are soon to appear in public in regular Scout uniform. It is difficult to realize when watching these boys at drill that they are blind. They go through the exercises with all the confidence and snap of boys who can see, and seem little handicapped by the absence of sight. They are learning to tie knots by feeling the hands of a boy who ties the knots to show them how it is done. They have a means of communication of their own by tapping wood in the Morse code, and they march without any sign of groping by following the lead of a boy who can see.

These blind boys come nearer to the ideal of Gen. Baden Powell, who founded the Scouts, than any of the others, for there can be no reproach against them that they are formed for warlike purposes. These blind Boy Scouts are organized for the purpose intended by the founder of the order—to build up boy character and make manly men of the boys of to-day.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Suggestions Gathered Here and There

To remove the dust from rubber-plants and palms, and to give a gloss to the leaves, wipe each leaf with a cloth dipped in milk. Pour the remaining milk around the roots of the plant to nourish it.

To keep insects from choice seeds, saturate a cloth with spirits of turpentine and place it in the bottom of a fruit-jar. Put in the seeds, and cover with another cloth wet with turpentine; then put on the lid. At planting time your seeds will be free from weevils and other insects, and in perfect condition.

As the spot on your silk frock was made by ice-cream, you should sponge it carefully with clear warm water to dissolve the sugar, then use naphtha or ether for the grease. Have a soft pad of absorbent cotton under the spot, and rub with the naphtha in an ever-widening circle, so that no mark will be left. Use just enough of the chemical to dampen the silk, not to wet it thoroughly.

Save every one of the immense hat-bags in which hats are bought. They will fill many a long-felt want. Delicate, crushable waists will keep clean twice as long if enclosed in bags. The bag being so large, the waist may be stuffed slightly with tissue-paper to avoid crushing. The bags are also nice to hold summer garments when packing them away for winter, or vice versa. A dozen other uses will be found for them.

Can rubbers placed on the ice will prevent dishes from slipping and spilling contents.

Save your picture post-cards, and when preparing them to be sent to the hospitals or orphan asylums, paste two together, back to back, thus concealing the address and message, and also giving the sick babies two pictures to look at instead of one.

Red pepper is effective in ridding a house of rats or mice. Find the runway, or hole, from which the rodents come, and fill it with old newspaper, in the folds of which put plenty of red pepper. Living in an old building infested with rats, life was a burden to me until this device was used. It cleared them out at the first application. Folds of the pepper-filled paper were worked into the crevices where the floors had settled, and balls were pushed into the holes that the rats came out of.



Priceless Jip

ALL night long the folks on the farm
Had searched for the little child
Who had strayed the afternoon before,
And the mother's grief was wild.
Neighbors in vain searched wood and dell,
The roads, barns, haystacks, even the well.

The pedler's wagon was brilliant red,
And yellow its four wheels glowed;
It was hung with brooms and shiny tins,
And rag sacks were its load,
Drawn by gray horses at easy jog,
While under it trotted a little brown dog.

"Whoa!" cried the pedler. "What's wrong here?"
The mother wept as her arms she tossed.
The neighbors answered, "She thinks he's dead —
Her two-year-old little boy is lost."
"Get me his shoes," said the pedler man.
"You can not find him? Here's one who can."

"Come here, Jip! Smell these shoes, and see
If you can find him. I'll bet he can!"
Jip smelled the shoes, then nosed the ground,
Then out the gate to the meadow ran,
And after the dog the pedler flew,
And after him neighbors, and mother, too.

Jip's sharp nose to the trail he kept,
Up hill, down hollow where grass was deep,
He knew by the scent where the feet had led,
And barked when he found him, fast asleep,
Tear-stained, hungry, and frightened, too,
At the barking and shouting and hullabaloo.

Baby close in glad arms was clasped,
Fed and kissed, while his mother smiled.
"A hundred dollars," the father said,
"I'll give for the dog that found my child!"
The pedler patted the little brown head.
"Money won't buy little Jip," he said.

—Mary Bailey, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Heart of Love

BENJAMIN KEECH

HEART OF LOVE was a little boy with blue eyes, golden hair, and pink cheeks. He was a good little boy; and, what is perhaps more to the point, he was a Christian boy. He came into the world with a first-class disposition, and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be called Heart of Love. This was after his friends had named him Arthur, but that doesn't matter. From the very first, in answer to prayer, Heart of Love was a disciple of the One who blessed little children.

Heart of Love had a sweet, clear, true voice, which he was encouraged to use. His mother, happy woman, was never quite so peacefully contented as when she could hear her little son go singing through the house, or piping some sweet melody at his play in the yard. He made it a practise to whistle one hymn when he trudged down to the corner grocery, and to whistle another when he trudged back.

Every one was fond of hearing the little fellow sing. And Heart of Love was usually obliging. One day, when he was but five years old, his father said he thought they'd better go and see a man who was sick. So they went, and when Heart of Love was invited to sing something, he stood up bravely by the sufferer's bedside and began to carol "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus."

This was Heart of Love's favorite hymn; and before he had finished the second stanza, he was astonished to see that large man suddenly throw up his hands to his face and begin to sob.

It was shortly after this that Heart of Love, with others, was sent to jail to sing to the prisoners. He always sang a solo, and he soon grew accustomed to seeing people break down and weep. Sometimes he wanted to cry himself, he was so sweetly happy.

The third time little Heart of Love visited the jail, the people he was with took some tracts along to give to the prisoners. But there were three or four discouraged-looking fellows behind the bars who wouldn't take any. However, when father suggested, "You try them, son," and Heart of Love had sweetly tried, the men not only took the tracts, but read them. After that, it was Heart of Love's weekly duty to dis-

tribute tracts and religious periodicals among "his" prisoners.

In his play, too, Heart of Love was a little Christian. He did everything with all his might and unto the glory of God. Did a weaker playmate or a right cause need a champion, Heart of Love was usually on hand peacefully to settle matters. So many nice things were said about him in his presence that a relative expressed a fear that he might become vain. But Heart of Love was a sane little soul, and his parents were too sensible to let him become spoiled.

His work of distributing tracts and periodicals at the jail and hospital led him to sell on the streets and elsewhere, copies of a religious magazine called the *Life Boat*, just as he had seen the Salvation Army ladies do with their *War Cry*. He loved this work more than he could say; and it won scores of friends to add to the long list that he already possessed. Chiefest of these was Miss Berry.

Miss Berry was a suspicious spinster who moved next door to Heart of Love when he was five years old. One day when the little lad was gazing admiringly through the fence at Miss Berry's flowers, that lady came hastily to the door and exclaimed: "Go right away, little boy! You mustn't touch one of those flowers. They're mine."

Heart of Love was wounded; but he did not reply, and after giving Miss Berry one reproachful look, walked slowly away.

Ten minutes later he returned, went sturdily up to Miss Berry's door, and rang the bell.

"Here's a tract I thought maybe you'd like," he said, "and would you like to have me sing for you?"

Miss Berry's lips, which were drawn into a severe line when she appeared, suddenly began to twitch humorously at the corner. And, throwing the door wide open, she said, pleasantly: "Yes; come right in. I'll be glad to have you."

Heart of Love sang his second favorite, which was "Throw Out the Life-Line." And right there he began to suspect that there must be something wrong with his singing. For before he had finished the chorus, Miss Berry commenced to weep over it. And when he got through, she tightly folded Heart of

Love in her lean, hungry arms, and wept over him. "Little darling!" she sobbed, kissing him longingly. "O, if I'd only——" Then she broke off and kissed him again. After that she went out and gathered a big bunch of heartsease, which she presented to Heart of Love. "Come again, any time you want to," she said, happily.

It was largely due to Heart of Love's efforts that Miss Berry began to go to church. She went with him and his parents, and soon grew interested. Within a year she found herself a popular officer in the Christian Endeavor Society; and her work by no means ended there. All the crankiness and hard-heartedness that had been bothering her were melted away by little Heart of Love.

Heart of Love's intuition was of the very best; he generally knew when to approach a person. One morning, going down to the corner grocery, he met a nice-looking young man who was smoking a cigarette. However, Heart of Love felt drawn to him, and perhaps unconsciously he saw a chance to do some missionary work. So with his feet planted firmly, though wide apart, in the middle of the sidewalk, and his hands crammed into his reefer pockets, where he carried his tracts, he inquired in a courtéous, but clear, fearless little voice:—

"Are you a Christian, Mister?"

After the first moment of surprise had passed, that funny young man threw back his head and laughed. "Why, no," he said; "I don't believe I am."

"Then you'd better be," said Heart of Love, as he handed the young man a tract, on which his mother had written:—

"If not, why not?"

"You are either lost or saved. Which shall it be?"

"Any one can doubt, but *you'd* better get on the right side, and believe."

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

"Also Gal. 6:7."

"Think of the good you can do if you become a Christian."

"And think of spending eternity in heaven."

The next time Heart of Love met this young man, Raymond Carter, he was smoking another cigarette. But he seemed quite ashamed of it.

Heart of Love went straight up to him and slipped a little, confiding hand into that of Raymond.

"I'll give you another tract if you'll throw that cigarette away and never, never smoke another," he said.

Raymond Carter was a somewhat lonely, neglected young man. And more than anything else he valued human kindness and sympathy. So, at the touch of those little, friendly fingers, he made a resolve.

"All right," he said, tossing his cigarette into the street, "it's a bargain. I've been reading and thinking some since you held me up the other day, and I guess I'll be a Christian. I've always rather wanted to be one."

"Will you come to church with me, and to jail and mission service and Christian Endeavor?" chattered Heart of Love, breathlessly.

"Yes," said Raymond Carter, giving Heart of Love's hand a brotherly squeeze. "I've always thought I should like to do such work. But nobody ever asked me."

It was true. From the time he had stopped going

to Sunday-school, no one had invited him to a religious gathering or spoken to him about the better life. But with a little Heart of Love to assist him over the rough places, he joyfully started his new work, and in time won the best kind of success.

Heart of Love's parents experienced the deep joy of seeing their little son—always Heart of Love to them—advancing into noble Christian manhood with no evil habits to spoil his life. But they were only reaping as they had sown, and deeply thankful, they praised God for his goodness.

When he was but nine, Heart of Love found himself unanimously elected vice-president of the junior society of his church. And when he was but nineteen, he found himself conducting an open-air meeting on a street corner in one of the largest cities in the United States.

He has consecrated his life to the best of all work. And there ought to be more young men willing to help win fallen humanity back to God.

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it!

—Edgar A. Guest.

Dust on His Knees

A MINISTER leaving a house where he had been praying, noticed dust on his knees. He brushed it away; but it was nothing to be ashamed of. A man seeking work at a place of business was summarily refused, as he could produce no credentials or recommendations. As he sadly left the place, one of the proprietors noticed dust on his knees. He inquired the cause of it, and the man confessed that before he started out in search of work he had gone before God on his knees, asking that his guiding and directing hand might be upon him. The proprietor was not a religious man, but he remembered that he had once had an employee who was accustomed to have dust on his knees. He decided to hire the stranger without further credentials, and found him through many years a faithful servant.

When a man comes from his chamber in the morning with dust on his knees, when a man leaves his vestry for his pulpit with the same mark, it is nothing to be ashamed of. It is a mark of power, it is a sign of high privilege, the privilege of going to the throne of grace; it is a mark of faithful service. It is a token that he who bears it has access to One who is higher than the highest, and mightier than the mightiest.—*Epworth Herald*.

One-Word Story

THE one-word story can be the funniest indoor game imaginable if the players have plenty of imagination and native wit.

They sit in a circle, and one begins a story by saying just one word. His neighbor gives the second word, and this continues round and round the circle. A player who can not supply a word, or who uses a word that does not make sense, must leave the circle.

The keenest part of the game comes when only two or three are left. The one who survives, after all the others have failed, wins.—*Selected*.



MATILDA ERICKSON
M. E. KERN

Corresponding Secretary
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, June 29

Religious Liberty

LEADER'S NOTE.—Let the reading be given by three persons. Do not forget the individual reports. The drill on the Morning Watch texts might precede the opening hymn.

Program

Opening hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 319.

Scripture reading: Dan. 6: 1-23.

Prayer.

Hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 505.

Reading: Protestantism, Romanism, and Religious Liberty.

Collection.

Hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 541.

Benediction.

Protestantism, Romanism, and Religious Liberty

IN the fifteenth chapter of Revelation is brought to view a company of people standing on the sea of glass who have gained a great and varied victory. They voice their triumph in the "song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Moses' song of victory (Exodus 15) followed a thrilling experience with Pharaoh's host, who was determined to exterminate God's people because of their allegiance to the Lord. Satan was the master mind who instigated the plot. The same power is to attempt the same thing against the last church, as is brought to view in Rev. 12: 17. But deliverance will come to Israel, as aforetime; hence, "the song of Moses."

The "song of the Lamb" will be the voicing of the triumph over sin by the power of him who said, in the closing days of his life on earth, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

This triumphant people have heard and have heeded the threefold message of Rev. 14: 6-12, and have the characteristics set forth in verse 12: "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Thus it is to be seen that the people who live to see the Lord come will enjoy soul liberty because they have conquered sin under any and all circumstances. How earnest, therefore, should be our endeavor to secure, as well as to enjoy, that religious liberty.

The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century revolted against the Roman Catholic system in the matter of soul salvation, as well as in that of the separation of church and state.

"In Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, page 402, under the heading, "God's Word to Be Supreme," the following appears:—

The principle we are to uphold at this time is the same that was maintained by the adherents of the gospel in the great Reformation. . . . The banner of truth and religious liberty which these Reformers held aloft, has in this last conflict been committed to us. The responsibility for this great gift rests with those whom God has blessed with a knowledge of his Word. We are to receive God's Word as supreme authority.

The reason Seventh-day Adventists feel it incumbent upon them to present the principles of religious

liberty to the world is that the Protestant churches in the main are not upholding this banner of truth and religious liberty which the Reformers held aloft. Referring to this fact, Volume V, page 716, says:—

While the Protestant world is by her attitude making concessions to Rome, let us arouse to comprehend the situation, and view the contest before us in its true bearings. Let the watchmen now lift up their voices, and give the message which is present truth for this time. Let us show the people where we are in prophetic history, and seek to arouse the spirit of true Protestantism, awaking the world to a sense of the value of the privileges of religious liberty so long enjoyed.

Impending Perils

Concerning the preservation of this country's institutions, General Lafayette, who did so much in behalf of the liberties fought for by our forefathers, wrote to a Dutch Reformed minister, in 1824, saying, among other things:—

It is my opinion that if the liberties of this country—the United States of America—are destroyed, it will be by the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Jesuit priesthood, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty.

The Roman Catholic Church is boldly setting out upon its plan to capture this country and make America Catholic. The New York *Sun*, in its issue of July 11, 1892, in an article entitled "The Papacy and Nationality; Pope Leo and the United States," by a correspondent in Rome, referring to the aims of the Papacy, makes these statements:—

America feels the urgent need of this work of internal fusion. Formed of a mosaic of races and nationalities, she wants to be a nation, a collective being, one strong and united. What the church has done in the past for others, she will do for the United States.

Pope Leo XIII's encyclical issued in 1885, speaks thus:—

All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live; they must penetrate everywhere possible in the administration of civil affairs; must constantly exert the utmost vigilance and energy to prevent the usages of liberty from going beyond the limits fixed by God's law. All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the constitutions of the states, and legislation, to be modeled by the principles of the true church.

Cardinal Farley, in a mass-meeting at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Oct. 9, 1910, said:—

The country looks to the Catholic Church for its defense and its reformation. This is our ambition: to make this country what God wishes it to be. On you, men, by the example you set, rests the burden to convert this country.

Important Incidents of Recent Occurrence

With the dawn of the current year, three archbishops located in America were elevated to the cardinalate,—Mgr. Falconio, of Washington; Mgr. Farley, of New York; and Mgr. O'Connell, of Boston. Since the return of Cardinals Farley and O'Connell to this country, the question of their place and precedence in public functions has been raised, especially in the light of the incident in Boston during a Hibernian celebration, when Governor Foss refused to connect with the program, on account of the demand made that Cardinal O'Connell should precede him in a speech at the banquet table. Cardinal O'Connell's reason for demanding that he be next to the President of the United States in such functions was that he was to be considered a "prince of the blood," and was not henceforth to be on the same level with an ordinary prelate of the Roman Catholic Church. It is to be hoped that the American people will not permit a return to the "old order of things," against which the founders of America fought.

Considerable notice has been given of late to the

question of Catholic teachers' wearing a religious garb in the Indian schools conducted by the government. Commissioner Valentine, of the Indian Affairs Bureau, issued an order last February prohibiting the wearing of a religious garb in the schools, which was suspended by order of the President, who instructed the Secretary of the Interior to give a hearing to all parties concerned. In accordance therewith, Secretary Fisher granted the Protestant clergy of Washington and the Catholic representatives a hearing at his office on April 9. Speeches were made by the Protestant ministers present, and by the superintendent of Catholic Indian schools and his attorney. The matter is still in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior, and many are awaiting with keen interest the final outcome of this question.

How very fitting it would be for the people of the United States on July 4 to call to mind the work of a patriotic ancestry, who, realizing the sad havoc made of sacred rights in Europe under the old order of things, that is, under the state dominated by the church, proposed for this and future generations the "new order of things." If America is to remain the land of the free and the home of the brave, due attention to the principles of church-and-state separation must be given. This thought is aptly suggested in the constitution of Arizona, one of the last States to be admitted into the Union. In Section 1, Bill of Rights, we read: "A frequent recurrence to fundamental principles is essential to the security of individual rights and the perpetuity of free government."

S. B. HORTON.

Fire Breaks Kept Clear by Goats.

IN order to keep weeds from destroying the usefulness of the fire breaks in California forest reserves, goats are being pastured free of charge by the government, in order to keep down the growth of weeds and brush. Goats will perform this service while picking up a living, thus saving the forest service thousands of dollars every year, which would otherwise go to gangs of men armed with hoes and other weed exterminators. Such small growth is a serious menace in case of forest fires, as during the dry season they will carry the flames right across the barrier designed to check them, and then no one knows what will happen.

At least two thousand goats can be used on one forest reserve alone in California; and as the experiment has proved successful where tried, it will no doubt be adopted on other reserves in the near future. The cost of forming these clear spaces along the ridges is considerable, as a space fifty feet wide or so must be cleared of brush and trees, the width of the fire break depending upon the height of the forest thereabout.—*Technical World*.

MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT, at a banquet in Dayton, told of an obstinate old Daytonian who, looking up one still afternoon at the Wright biplanes circling smoothly and steadily through the air, said:—

"When people first told me about this here flyin', I called 'em liars. Then, when I read about it in the papers, I said it was a fake."

The old man watched the biplanes moving in great curves like lazy birds, shook his head thoughtfully, and said, "I ain't what you mout call convinced yet nurther."



XII — Tithes and Offerings

(June 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "The tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." Lev. 27:32.

Questions

1. How did Satan use the wisdom God gave him? For whom did he obtain riches? How did he use them? Eze. 28:4, 5; note 1.
2. What grace did Jesus manifest? 2 Cor. 8:9. How great was his poverty for our sakes? Matt. 8:20. When he died, who paid for his grave and burial? Matt. 27:57-60; note 2.
3. What did the love of God lead him to do? John 3:16. What costly gift did Jesus make because he loved the world? Gal. 1:4. What command has he given us? How are we to give? Luke 6:38.
4. What declaration is made concerning those who will be rich? 1 Tim. 6:9; note 3.
5. What is the love of money said to be? When one covets riches, what is the result? Verse 10; note 4.
6. What parable did Jesus speak to warn against the sin of covetousness? Luke 12:16-19. What does God call those who lay up riches for themselves? Verse 20, first part. How much can we take away when we leave this world? 1 Tim. 6:7. With what should we be content? Verse 8. How may the riches of this world be saved so the owners can have them again? Luke 12:33; note 5.
7. What sin is committed by those who are covetous? Mal. 3:8. What other name do we give to robbers? What is said of thieves and covetous persons? 1 Cor. 6:10. Which is the greater sin, to steal from God or men? Can one steal unless one first covets? Which of the commandments are broken by one who robs God?
8. What would result if all paid their tithes into the treasury of the Lord? Mal. 3:10. What will the Lord do for those who do this? Verse 11.
9. What is said of the liberal soul? Prov. 11:25. Are we liberal with the Lord when we simply give him the tithe? How does he treat us every day? Ps. 68:19. How can we show that we appreciate his great goodness toward us? Ps. 96:8.

Notes

1. It is said of Satan, under the name of the prince of Tyrus, that he got riches, gold, and silver for himself. His riches he hoarded in his own treasure-house. He wanted everything for himself.
2. "To live for self is to perish. Covetousness, the desire of benefit for self's sake, cuts the soul off from life. It is the spirit of Satan to get, to draw to self. It is the spirit of Christ to give, to sacrifice self for the good of others."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 259.
3. Those who "will" be rich use dishonest means to obtain wealth. They wrong others to enrich themselves. They rob God of that which is his alone. They covet that which is not their own. They love money more than they love God. They do not give to the poor nor to God. Because of their selfishness they lose eternal life.
4. One may love gold even though he possesses but little of it. It is not money itself, but the love of it that is the "root of all evil." That root is selfishness, and from it springs every form of sin. Money may be a great blessing when used for others and for God.
5. "By the parable of the foolish rich man, Christ showed the folly of those who make the world their all. This man had received everything from God. The sun had been permitted to shine upon his land; for its rays fall on the just and on the unjust. The showers of heaven descend on the evil and on the good. The Lord had caused vegetation to

flourish, and the fields to bring forth abundantly. The rich man was in perplexity as to what he should do with his produce. . . . This man's aims were no higher than those of the beasts that perish. He lived as if there were no God, no heaven, no future life; as if everything he possessed were his own, and he owed nothing to God or man."—*Id.*, pages 256-258.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII — Tithes and Offerings

(June 22)

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 525-529; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Lev. 27: 32.

Questions

1. Into what do those fall who choose to be rich? What is said of the love of money? What exhortation is given the man of God? 1 Tim. 6: 9-11 (see American Revised Version). Note 1.

2. How much money is brought into the world at birth? How much can be carried out? With what should we be content? Verses 7, 8.

3. How does Heaven value contentment with godliness? Verse 6.

4. What searching question must every one sooner or later face who selfishly lays up treasure for himself on earth? Luke 12: 20, 21.

5. How much of man's time does God claim as his own? How much of his property? Ex. 20: 8-11; Lev. 27: 30.

6. What offense is charged against the one who appropriates God's tithe to himself? Mal. 3: 8, 9.

7. What command is transgressed in each case? Ex. 20: 17 (the first four words). Note 2.

8. Why is covetousness so offensive to God? Eph. 5: 5; Rom. 8: 32; note 3.

9. Were all the tithe brought in, what would be the result? Mal. 3: 10; note 4.

10. When means is selfishly withheld from the work of God by his people, how does God sometimes arouse them? Haggai 1: 9; note 5.

VOWS

11. At Bethel what sacred vow did Jacob make to God? Gen 28: 20-22; note 6.

12. How did David regard his vows of consecration or duty? Ps. 61: 5; 66: 13, 14.

13. Should the payment of a vow be put off? What is more preferable than failure to pay? Eccl. 5: 4-6.

14. Upon whom does God command special blessings? Isa. 32: 8; Prov. 11: 25.

Notes

1. The love of money has its root in covetousness. Covetousness underlies all evil. It was Lucifer's coveting the place occupied by God that led him into sin. He coveted the worship, the honor, the power belonging to the Creator. Those who will be rich, those who bend every power of their being to acquire the possession of money, fall into hurtful lusts which drown men in perdition. This is an age of the world when this one thing has well-nigh become the overmastering ambition. Colossal fortunes are amassed only to become a curse to the possessor, to drag the soul down to perdition. From all this God seeks to deliver his children.

2. It is plain that before one can take for himself God's holy time, the seventh day, he must covet it. It is equally clear that this same commandment is also broken, as well as the eighth, before one can place with his own stuff God's part, the tenth, made holy by his reservation for a sacred use. Says the deceiver: "Go, make the possessors of lands and money drunk with the cares of this life. Present the world before them in its most attractive light, that they may lay up their treasure here, and fix their affections on earthly

things. We must do our utmost to prevent those who labor in God's cause from obtaining means to use against us. Keep the money in our own ranks. The more means they obtain, the more they will injure our kingdom by taking from us our subjects. Make them care more for money than for the building up of Christ's kingdom and the spread of the truths we hate, and we need not fear their influence; for we know that every selfish, covetous person will fall under our power, and will be separated finally from God's people."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in 1911 Week of Prayer Readings*.

3. "It was a costly sacrifice that the Lord of heaven made. Divine benevolence was stirred to its unfathomable depths; it was impossible for God to give more. . . . Why is our gratitude so limited? It is only as a ripple on the surface, compared with the great tide of love that flows to us from the Father."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, pages 59, 60.*

4. "If our churches will take their stand upon the Lord's Word, and be faithful in paying their tithe into his treasury, more laborers will be encouraged to take up ministerial work. More men would give themselves to the ministry were they not told of the depleted treasury. There should be an abundant supply in the Lord's treasury, and there would be if selfish hearts and hands had not withheld the tithes, or made use of them to support other lines of work."—*Id.*, page 249.

5. "There are many who urge that they can not do more for God's cause than they now do; but they do not give according to their ability. The Lord sometimes opens the eyes blinded by selfishness by simply reducing their income to the amount they are willing to give. Horses are found dead in the field or stable, houses or barns are destroyed by fire, or crops fail. In many cases God tests man with blessings, and if unfaithfulness is manifested in rendering to him tithes and offerings, his blessing is withdrawn."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, page 484.

6. A vow or pledge to give the Lord certain things, made at times of spiritual refreshing when the Holy Spirit moves the heart to benevolence, God holds very sacred indeed. It can not ruthlessly be set aside, nor later counted as a light matter, without great peril to the soul.

"Jacob made his vow while refreshed by the dews of grace, and invigorated by the presence and assurance of God. After the divine glory had passed away, he had temptations, like men in our time; but he was faithful to his vow, and would not harbor thoughts as to the possibility of being released from the pledge which he had made. He might have reasoned much as men do now, that this revelation was only a dream, that he was unduly excited when he made his vow, and that therefore it need not be kept; but he did not.

"Long years intervened before Jacob dared to return to his own country; but when he did, he faithfully discharged his debt to his Master. He had become a wealthy man, and a very large amount of property passed from his possession to the treasury of the Lord.

"Many in our day fail where Jacob made a success. Those to whom God has given the greatest amount have the strongest inclination to retain what they have, because they must give a sum proportionate to their property. Jacob gave the tenth of all that he had, and then reckoned the use of the tenth, and gave the Lord the benefit of that which he had used for his own interest during the time he was in a heathen land, and could not pay his vow. This was a large amount, but he did not hesitate; that which he had vowed to God he did not regard as his, but as the Lord's."—*Id.*, pages 466, 467.

The Prisoner of Chillon

(Concluded from page eight)

To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

—Byron.

THE cardinals of character are the four requisites: truth, kindness of heart, honor, right feeling. It does not follow that because a man has polish he has real culture. A man who has a noble character will perform noble actions. He may know nothing about manners, but he will make no mistake. Be the man, and you will know how to act. Character is native ability; manners mean discipline. We must not neglect the discipline, but we must first have character.—*Dr. A. C. Schumacher.*

The Youth's Instructor

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At the Other End of Prayer

A WATER famine was threatened in Hakodate, Japan. Miss Dickerson, of the Methodist Episcopal Girls' School, saw the water-supply growing less daily, and in one of the fall months appealed to the board in New York for help. There was no money on hand, and nothing was done. Miss Dickerson inquired the cost of putting down an artesian well, but found the expense too great to be undertaken. On the evening of December 31, when the water was almost exhausted, the teachers and the older pupils met to pray for water, though they had no idea how their prayer was to be answered. Two days later a letter was received in the New York office which ran something like this: "Philadelphia, January 1. It is six o'clock in the morning of New-year's day. All the other members of the family are asleep, but I was wakened with a strange impression that some one, somewhere, is in need of money which the Lord wants me to supply." Enclosed was a check for an amount which just covered the cost of the artesian well and the piping of the water into the school buildings.—*Mrs. W. P. Eveland.*

Some One at Work

MR. M. E. ELLIS, of the Nebraska Conference, through the generosity of the churches of his conference, is mailing a complimentary copy of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR to the eight thousand public-school teachers of the State. He has also supplied all the W. C. T. U. presidents of the State with copies.

Mr. Ellis is already laying plans for a much larger work with the 1913 annual. He says: "The year 1913 will be a year when the temperance question will be a more lively issue than it is this year, and we hope to have our plans all perfected by the first of the year, so that we can use such a large number of the papers that it will surprise you. I know very well from the way the papers go when a little intelligent planning is put behind them, that we have never yet touched with more than the tips of our fingers the possibilities of these temperance annuals."

We believe Mr. Ellis is right. If all our workers could get a vision of the work that might be accomplished with these annuals, and would see that the vision materializes, great good would be accomplished. We believe the Temperance Volunteer idea for our boys was heaven-born. If so, under enthusiastic, con-

secrated leadership they can be organized into an army of workers in the temperance cause that will result in inestimable good to the Volunteers themselves and to the people whom they serve. Let us encourage the Temperance Volunteers.

The Veterans Applauded

IT is said that at the close of the civil war the returning Union army passed triumphantly through the streets of Washington. Vast crowds gathered to do honor to the victors. Company after company passed in "spick-and-span" new uniforms with shining bayonets. They marched magnificently, for they were fresh, having seen little service. There was little applause. But presently came the old veterans, dusty and tired and worn, a sorry spectacle in comparison. It was then that the vast throng of grateful people made the avenue ring with shouts of applause. These were the real heroes. What if their uniforms were not clean and new? What if they were a little lame, and did not keep step so well as others? They had done something for their country and won a magnificent victory. That was enough. That put them beyond the range of criticism in matters of small moment.

Start out and dare something for your Lord, friend; you, too, will sometimes make mistakes and do lame service when you aimed to do it aright. But you will then know what it is to fail in reaching your high aims, and will yourself be more charitable toward those who are bearing the brunt of the toil, and in the name of all justice should be spared the unkind criticism of those who are making no blunders because they are making no efforts.—*Service.*

Government Appoints White Slave Traffic Commissioner

THE bill indorsed by the Attorney-General asking of Congress an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars to aid the Department of Justice in suppressing the white slave traffic, is needed at the present time. Attorney-General Wickersham has appointed Stanley W. Finch, chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, a special commissioner to suppress this traffic. Mr. Finch will begin a vigorous campaign in every State in the Union for the extermination of the vice. By a systematic and comprehensive plan of investigation, by prosecution, and by placing agents in every State in the Union, he will cooperate with societies and individuals interested in wiping out the traffic. About six hundred special officers will be employed in this active campaign. A vigorous investigation of conditions in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia has already been started.—*Margaret Dye Ellis, in Union Signal.*

Living Thoughts

LET the mind of the Master be master of your mind. If money is a burden to you, cast your burden on the Lord.

The robe of self-righteousness is far too thin a garment to wear in this cold world.

God will accept a broken heart, but he must have all the pieces.

We are not really fit to live until we are prepared to die.

If you can not get to the top of the tree yourself, don't shake your neighbor down.—*Ernest Pettifor.*