

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

June 18, 1912

No. 25

## The "Outward Bound"

Far from the land their childhood knew,  
Its circling hills, and forests old,  
Fields where they plucked the violet blue,  
Or sought the rainbow's pot of gold;

Far from the household hearth, whose fires  
Glow still on many a dearest face,  
The earth that holds their sleeping sires  
Close wrapped within its soft embrace,—

They pass the dim horizon-bars,  
Beyond the sea their pathway lies,  
To roam beneath the unknown stars  
That glitter cold in stranger skies;

To miss the dear familiar speech  
That friendship spoke and worship sung,  
The message that they fain would teach,  
To stammer in an alien tongue.

Yet are they exiles,— those whose feet  
Upon the mountains beautiful,  
Haste on their heavenly errands fleet;  
Whose eager lips to ears long dull,

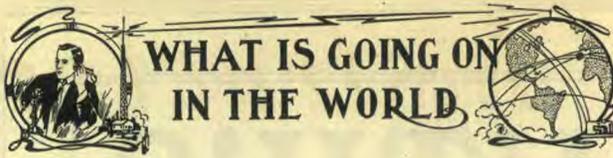
Glad tidings of salvation bring;  
To warring natures publish peace,  
Bear comfort to the sorrowing,  
And oil of joy for heaviness?

Not so! No human bounds confine  
The souls that own a heavenly birth,  
And, through the Fatherhood divine,  
Claim kinship sweet with all the earth.

Though we may miss their forms beloved,  
Remembrance views them near and fair,  
Nor can we feel them far removed,  
Whom still we clasp in faith and prayer.

God guide them, then, where'er they go,  
The outward-bound, heroic band,  
And fill their sails with airs that blow  
Off heaven's eternal fatherland.

— Selected.



THE Hawaiian Islands boast of five railway lines, but the longest of them has only seventy miles of right of way.

By a unanimous vote the House of Representatives has authorized the coinage of a three-cent piece and a half-cent piece.

THE Springfield (Massachusetts) church has placed in the homes of the people of their city nearly one thousand copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR.

WILBUR WRIGHT, who with his brother Orville, was the first man to navigate the air in a machine heavier than air, died at Dayton, Ohio, on May 30, 1912, of typhoid fever.

It has been reported from St. Petersburg that the Russian government proposes to build, during the next five years, four battle-ships, at a cost of no less than \$20,000,000 each.

BEAR-GRASS has been found a good substitute for wood in making paper. An acre of bear-grass makes nearly as much paper as an acre of Maine spruce-trees, and the grass grows annually. El Paso, Texas, is to have a paper-mill that will use bear-grass.

### Help Us!

If letters could come from every State, addressed to Hon. Ben Johnson, member of Congress, chairman of House District of Columbia Committee, urging the passage of the Excise Bill for the District of Columbia, Senate Bill 5461, at this session, it would help in securing the passage of this necessary measure.

### The Medical Evangelist

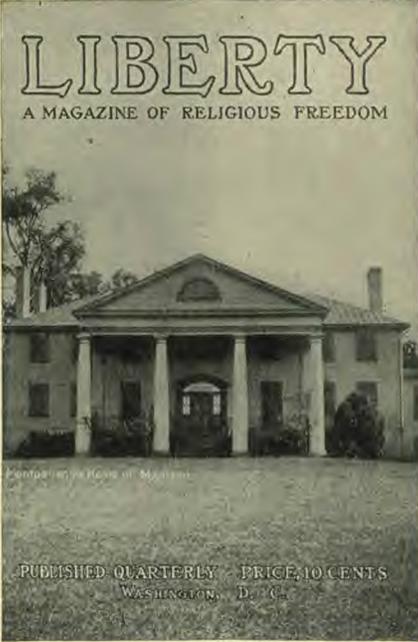
THE April number of the *Medical Evangelist* gives an account of the medical council that was held at Loma Linda a short time ago in connection with the annual constituency and board meeting. It contains valuable papers and discussions by the various physicians who were in attendance. This may be continued in the May number, together with other interesting and valuable matter.

The editors hope to begin in the June number a historical sketch of our medical missionary work from its inception. This will be furnished by Mrs. E. G. White and W. C. White, from the writings of J. N. Andrews and Joseph Bates, and by others who are active in fostering medical missionary work among us as a denomination. This series of articles will be found only in the *Medical Evangelist*.

The yearly subscription price of this magazine is fifty cents. Address the Medical Evangelist, Loma Linda, California.

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
The Need of an International Language .....	3
Character Building .....	3
Purity of Language as an Index .....	5
Quotations From My Commonplace Book .....	6
The Little Lad's Answer (poetry) .....	10
Heroes in the South Seas .....	12
Seed Thoughts .....	16
The Path (poetry) .....	16
<b>SELECTED ARTICLES</b>	
The "Outward Bound" (poetry) .....	1
Cast Thy Burden on the Lord (poetry) .....	3
Two Lessons From a Parable .....	4
The Girl Who Is "So Sensitive" .....	7
Progeny of One Fly Number Billions in Year .....	8
The Wonders of the World .....	8
Origin of Colors in Yellowstone Park .....	9
A Wandering Boy and a White Ribbon .....	10
A Judge's Patience Rewarded .....	11
Syndicalism .....	16



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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 18, 1912

No. 25

## Cast Thy Burden on the Lord

CHRISTIAN, when thy way seems darkest  
And thine eyes with tears are dim,  
Straight to God, thy Father, hastening,  
Tell thy sorrows unto him.  
Not to human ear confiding  
Thy sad tale of grief or care,  
But before thy Father, hastening,  
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee  
When the fierce, wild storm has burst,  
But God only can console thee  
When it breaks upon thee first.  
Go with words or tears or silence,  
Only lay them at his feet.  
Thou shalt prove how great his pity,  
And his tenderness how sweet.

Though his wise and loving purpose  
Clearly now thou mayst not see,  
Still believe, with faith unshaken,  
All shall work for good to thee.  
Therefore, when thy way seems darkest,  
And thine eyes with tears are dim,  
Straight to God, thy Father, hastening,  
Tell thy sorrows unto him.

— Selected.

## The Need of an International Language

G. H. HEALD



SINCE the time of the great confusion, man has had to grapple with a severe handicap — diversity of tongues. In earlier ages, when nations did not communicate with one another so freely as now, when travel and commerce were somewhat limited, when often neighboring tribes had nothing to do with one another except to war, there was not so much inconvenience felt because of diverse languages; but in these days of extensive travel and unprecedented commercial venture involving all countries, these days of steamers, railways, telegraphs, and wireless, and of international congresses on all sorts of subjects, the multiplicity of languages becomes year by year more burdensome.

One has only to attend an international congress where papers are read in several languages, and where few of the members can understand all of them, to understand what an inconvenience it is to have so many languages. How exasperating it is to hear some very important paper read in an unknown or unfamiliar tongue! and it does not mend matters much to have some one attempt to translate it impromptu.

But how simply the whole matter might be remedied if every one would but study English! It is such a simple language, and we know it so well! This is a captivating suggestion to us who speak English, and it might be carried out if there were not a few objections: First, the Germans object. They say English is a barbarous language, with many inconsistencies and an impossible spelling. They would never consent to English as a universal language. The French would immediately join them in this objection, for no one would protest more strongly than the French against the proposal to adopt English as a universal language. There you have it. English is exceedingly difficult of acquirement to a foreigner; and then if one national language is to be chosen as the international speech, both Germany and France would present strong claims for the honor. French has, in fact, been the international language of diplomacy in Europe, as German has been in a measure the international language of science. Nearly every person in court or diplomatic circles speaks French. A large proportion of the scientific books and periodicals are in German. Even American physicians who have written something which they desire to come before all scientists, are likely to publish it in some German periodical. So these two nations — to speak of no others — would

not think of adopting English as a universal language.

And of course the English-speaking peoples, on whose language the sun never sets, whose language may be called the international commercial tongue, would not consent that French or German or any other language should be made international.

To each and all of the national languages there are objections so serious that none of them could be adopted as a universal language. The fact is that the adoption of any national language as a world language would give to one nation an advantage over all others that the others could not brook.

This has suggested the formation of an international auxiliary language different from the national languages, with the purpose that by means of it each individual in the world shall need to learn only his own native tongue and the international language, and then all can speak with one another.

In another article we will tell how this project of an international auxiliary language is being perfected.

### Character Building

NOTHING is of greater value or importance than the building of character. God is no respecter of persons, but he does respect character. All have opportunity to form good characters. The Bible is the guide-book pointing out the good and the true. It is a wonderful thought that God takes fallible man, made out of the dust, and by molding and fashioning, through varied experiences, hard at times to endure, he makes of that lump of clay one that can not be valued by the weighing out of fine gold or silver. "I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." Isa. 13:12. This worth is the worth of sterling character, and character is developed by trials and temptations. A boy or girl is worth what he or she is able to resist in an hour of temptation, at a time when apparently it would be very desirable to do wrong, when it requires a struggle and self-sacrifice to do right. No one is obliged to do wrong because those about him do wrong. God patiently works with human clay, developing the individuality of each one who will follow him until it reflects his own image,— his likeness of character, true, unselfish, noble, and pure.

An illustration of the power of the Word of God in transforming the heart, even of one brought up in a heathen land, so that instead of rendering evil for evil,

the natural impulse, an enemy is treated kindly, came to my notice recently. A Japanese student, after reading his Bible for eighteen months, wrote the following incident in a composition he read before the literary society of his school. He said:—

"You may ask, 'Is it possible for a man in a business [the composition was printed uncorrected as written by the student] of to-day, and yet love his God and his fellow men as himself?' For this question Bishop Brooks answers: 'It belongs to Christ in men to show how a man, as he becomes a greater Christian, shall purify and lift the business that he does, and make it the worthy occupation of the Son of God.' This is a gospel to us. I am sorry that we lost lately a living example of this gospel in Mr. Kobayashi Tomijiro, who was well known by Lion Hamigaki. He was a true Christian and yet a successful business man. I will tell you one of his noble anecdotes. When people began to welcome Lion tooth-powder, a man forged the Lion tooth-powder bag and sold his bad powder. The forger was thrown into prison. When Mr. Kobayashi was told that forger's family fell in the great distress because of poverty, his sympathy moved toward his enemy, and gave a sum of money

to the family every month without the knowledge of the family. All the family of forger was much obliged and thanked the unknown philanthropist. About three years past, one day a boy was caught by the forger's wife while he was throwing a bag of money into her house as usual, and pressed to tell the name of her benefactor. When the wife learned that

Mr. Kobayashi was the very man who gave the money, she wept, and let her husband know about the matter. Forger's heart was melted and repented his sin from the depth of his heart. The first visit of the forger when he was discharged from the prison was to Mr. Kobayashi. Mr. Kobayashi thanked God for the repentance of the forger, and helped his enemy for many years."

True character develops its worth in the end. It may not be brilliant, neither always applauded, but in time it wins out. And he who develops it in us so shapes events that somewhere, sometime, a crisis comes where only those who possess it can pass the test. Daniel and his three companions are worthy examples of this. Like some other things, character is "not transferable." Each must develop it for himself. If in the day of final test a lamp is found to be going out, no one can give of his oil to replenish it. Each must then stand upon his own character, developed during the golden opportunities of his lifetime.

Opportunity is still offered for developing a character such as Jesus can approve. "A good name [one's name represents one's character] is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Prov. 22:1. "A good name is better than precious ointment." Eccl. 7:1. "Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not." "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." T. E. BOWEN.

### Two Lessons From a Parable

"THEY all slumbered and slept." A gentleman relates that he was once traveling in a stage on the Pacific Coast. In the middle of the night the stage stopped to take in another traveler. The two men were alone in the stage, and the newcomer seemed to be a very friendly man, who was willing to while away the time in pleasant conversation. The other traveler would not respond, but turned over and went to sleep. At daylight the stage stopped before a mountain tavern. The stranger left at this place. As he got out of the stage, he wished his companion a pleasant journey in a most cheerful way, and handed him his card. The traveler shoved the card into his pocket; he was still drowsy, and he slept until he reached his destination. Later in the day he came across that card in his pocket. Then he knew that he had in his determination to be comfortable, lost the opportunity of hearing some good stories from a man whom he had often longed to see and converse with. The name on the card was Bret Harte. But the traveler had slept away his opportunity.

The door was shut. The opened door of opportunity often closes swiftly if we are not ready to enter. There

### A Worthy Aim

"To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to eliminate errors; to see both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for the love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognize no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection—these are thoughts worthy of the most ambitious."

was a clerk who was trusted one day with the combination of the office safe, the numbers which must follow one after the other when the handle is turned before the lock will open. The clerk's head was full of a game of ball he was to play that evening, and no sooner had he heard the numbers than he forgot them. "What did it matter? The head clerk

knew." But the head clerk died in the night, and next morning the poor clerk could not open the safe. The business of the great firm waited. The makers of the safe were sent for, and opened it at last, but the clerk lost his place because he forgot.—*Selected.*

### The Reprimand

At the sound of Mr. Troy's bell Eleanor Graves vanished into his private office. Ten minutes later she came out, with a deep flush on her face and tears in her eyes.

"He lectured me on the spelling of a couple of words and a mistake in a date," she complained to Jim Forbes. "Anybody's liable to misspell a word or two in typing, and I know I took the date down exactly as he gave it to me."

Jim looked uncomfortable. "I wouldn't mind," he said, awkwardly. "We all have to take it some time or other. Besides," he glanced hesitatingly at the pretty, indignant face, "I suppose the boss thinks we ought not to make mistakes."

"As if I wanted to," Eleanor retorted, stiffly.

But she worked more carefully the next week, for her pride was touched. Then, with restored confidence, came renewed carelessness, and an error crept into one of the reports she was copying. The error was slight, but it brought her a sharp reprimand from Mr. Troy. It was the second time, he reminded her, that she had made that blunder.

At the reproof the girl's face flushed painfully and then paled.

"If my work isn't satisfactory, you would better find some one who can do it better," she said.

Whirling around in his swivel chair, Mr. Troy looked at her. He had really never noticed his latest stenographer before, but now his keen eyes saw many things that showed that she came from a home where she had been petted and cared for.

"How long have you been at work?" he asked.

"This is my first position," Eleanor answered.

Mr. Troy nodded. "I understand. Now, Miss Graves, let me tell you something. You have many of the qualities of a good business woman; you are punctual, you are not afraid of work, you are fairly accurate. I have an idea that you take pride in turning out a good piece of work. But you must learn to stand criticism and profit by it. We must all take it sometime — every one of us. A weakling goes under. A strong man or woman learns to value it, to make every bit of it count. That is what I hope you will do."

Eleanor braced herself to meet his eyes.

"If you'll let me, I'll try again," she said.— *Youth's Companion.*

Purity of Language as an Index

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Matt. 12:34, last clause. This text at once goes to the very foundation of my subject. From these words it will be readily comprehended that the mouth which speaks pure language must draw from an abundance of purity in the heart. Thus, by deduction, we conclude, first, that purity of language is an index of a pure heart.

One prerequisite of purity of language must therefore be a pure heart, but this is not the sole requirement. Impurity of language may be the result of ignorance, of thoughtlessness or carelessness, or of environment — associations. In this enlightened age, ignorance is rarely excusable. Thoughtlessness and carelessness are the most flagrant of all excuses; they indicate too little energy to try to remember correct usage; to speak even more plainly, they indicate mental laziness. The influence of one's environment — of associations — can be overcome by studious effort.

Purity of language means more than purity of subject-matter. It includes correct forms of expression, as taught in grammar, and the use of proper words.

Why need one be particular about speaking accurately? Of what real benefit is correct speaking to the ordinary young man or woman? In the first place, let us not be content to class ourselves among the ordinary; let us strive to be, in accomplishments, somewhat above the ordinary, though avoiding a feeling of superiority. In the second place, let us cultivate accuracy in speaking, for the help that it will be in forming the habit of accuracy in every detail of life. The individual who may ever be depended upon for accuracy is valuable in the world to-day.

In considering the question, What benefit is to be derived from cultivating the art of speaking? let Lord Chesterfield, of whom it has been said that his "letters are masterpieces of good taste, good writing, and good sense," answer: —

A man who speaks and writes with elegance and grace, who makes choice of good words, . . . will persuade better,

and succeed more easily in obtaining what he wishes, than a man who does not explain himself clearly, speaks his language ill, or makes use of low and vulgar expressions, and who has neither grace nor elegance in anything that he says.

The first thing you should attend to is, to speak whatever language you speak, in its greatest purity, and according to the rules of grammar; for we must never offend against grammar, nor make use of words which are not really words. This is not all; for not to speak ill is not sufficient; we must speak well; and the best method of attaining to that is to read the best authors with attention.

Another writer gives the following excellent advice as to how we may cultivate purity of language: —

As to language, the English of the Bible is the purest and best English that there is in the world. There are in the Bible more pure English words, and better English words, than in any other book in the English language. Then, whoever would become acquainted with the purest and best English must study the English of the Bible.

In the English of the Bible there is more said in fewer words than in any other writing in the world. This directness and forcefulness, this true weightiness, is the characteristic of the language of the Bible above that of all other writings. And the person whose vocabulary is composed most fully of the words, the phraseology, and the forthrightness of the Bible, will be the most direct and forcible speaker or writer, will be able to say most in the fewest words.

We may, therefore, expect to find in the Book of books some terse statements upon the value of language in estimating the character of the speaker. Solomon says: "Excellent speech becometh not a fool: much less do lying lips a prince." "He that hath knowledge spareth his words: and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit."

"The heart of the righteous studieth to answer: but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things."

These statements of the wise man teach that evil words, impure language, come from the wicked or foolish, while careful words, pure language, are from the wise, the righteous. Our second conclusion, therefore, is that purity of language is an index of righteousness.

"In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise." "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness." "The lips of the wise disperse knowledge: but the heart of the foolish doeth not so." "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself." Prov. 10:19; 15:2, 7; Eccl. 10:12.

In the first of these verses is presented the folly, the wickedness, of continually speaking: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." In Mal. 2:17 we read: "Ye have wearied the Lord with your words." It is extremely difficult to refrain from evil-speaking, from saying things that ought not to be said, if one is constantly talking. Those who do the most talking generally say less that is worthy of being told than those who spare their words. As a little girl once said, when questioned by her mother as to what had been said by a visitor who made an address to the Sunday-school, "He talked, and he talked, and he didn't say anything."

Our third conclusion is now reached; namely, that purity of language is an index of wisdom. In the first chapter of James we read: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." This leads to a fourth conclusion, that purity of language is an index of a pure religion.

What effect does purity of language have upon our future? In 1 Peter 3:10 we find the answer: "For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." Again, in Matt. 12:36, 37, we read: "But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

The importance of exercising great care in the choice of words under all the varied circumstances of life can not be too strongly impressed upon any mind. To quote from "Education," pages 234-237:—

With this study [that of language], to a great degree, is bound up life's weal or woe.

The chief requisite of language is that it be pure and kind and true,—“the outward expression of an inward grace.” God says: “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.” And if such are the thoughts, such will be the expression. . . . The habit of backbiting, gossip, ungenerous criticism, . . . reveals a lack of culture and refinement and of true goodness of heart; it unfits one both for the society of the truly cultured and refined in this world and for association with the holy ones of heaven.

We think with horror of the cannibal who feasts on the still warm and trembling flesh of his victim; but are the results of even this practise more terrible than are the agony and ruin caused by misrepresenting motive, blackening reputation, dissecting character? Let the children, and the youth as well, learn what God says about these things: “Death and life are in the power of the tongue.”

In Scripture, backbiters are classed with “haters of God,” with “inventors of evil things,” with those who are “without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful,” “full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity.” It is “the judgment of God that they which commit such things are worthy of death.” He whom God accounts a citizen of Zion is he that “speaketh the truth in his heart;” “that backbiteth not with his tongue,” “nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.”

From these verses and quotations, we may justly conclude that impurity of language leads to eternal destruction, whereas purity of language brings a future eternal life of happiness.

R. C. SPOHR.

College of Medical Evangelists

A VERY attractive announcement of the College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda, California, has just come to our desk. It would seem from the catalogue that this college offers many advantages to those of our young men who wish to take a medical course.

The location of the college is ideal, and the work offered is in certain respects superior to that of most medical schools.

Address W. A. Ruble, president of the college, for catalogue.

“In order to increase in learning get some learning to increase.”

Quotations From My Commonplace Book

“A RECIPE for trouble: Take nothing and stir it a little.”

“Don't grumble because roses have thorns, but be thankful that thorns have roses.”

Every misery that I miss is a new mercy.—*Izaak Walton, in "The Complete Angler."*

It is with youth as with plants, from the first-fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.—*Demophilus.*

“The use of travel is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.”

If it be criminal to tempt a man to falsehood, what shall be said of leading a nation to their ruin?—*John Watson, D. D., in "The Life of the Master."*

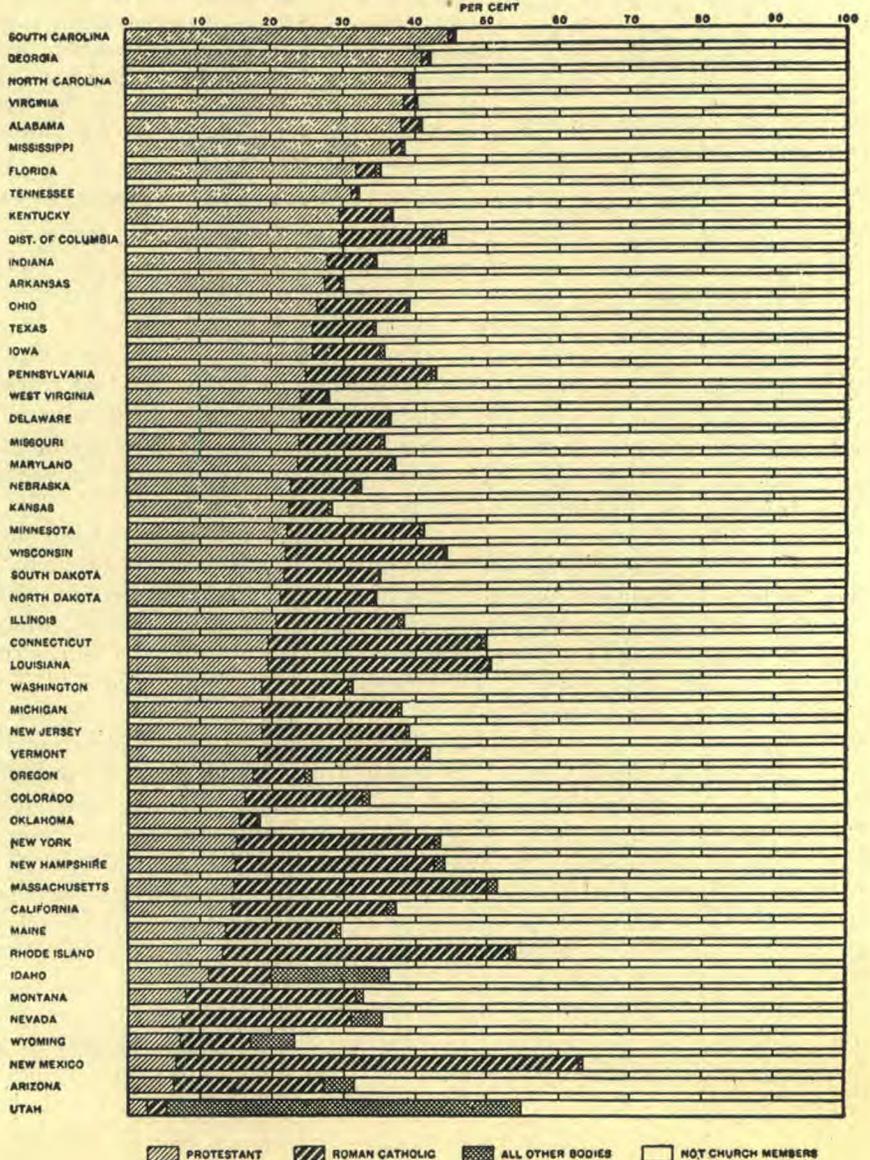
If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you would better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.—*Carlyle.*

The value of a hitching-post is in the fact that you can find it exactly where you leave it. A principle is something to “tie to” because it does not change.—*Josiah Strong, in "The Times and Young Men."*

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

RELIGIOUS CENSUS CHART

Showing proportion of the population reported as Protestant, Roman Catholic and “all other” church members, and proportion not reported as church members, for each state and territory. Published by the United States Census Bureau.





# THE HOME CIRCLE



"You must live each day at your very best:  
The work of the world is done by few;  
God asks that a part be done by you."

## The Girl Who Is "So Sensitive"



ONE of my friends who has started two or three boys out in the world for themselves tells me that when they left the home nest, he always said to them:—

"Now, my boy, you must be prepared to take some hard knocks, and

you will never succeed in life if you are oversensitive. The supersensitive person is sure to be very unhappy."

Now that advice is just as good for the girl beginning life for herself as it is for the boy. I have known girls who seemed to think it something of a virtue to be "so sensitive." Utter indifference which has become actual callousness is about as bad as supersensitiveness, but there is a happy medium. She who discovers it and governs her life accordingly is fortunate. It goes almost without saying that the oversensitive person is always very self-conscious, and that she is sure to magnify every supposed slight and every disagreeable remark directed toward her. The oversensitive person never has the grace of manner or speech of the person who is calmly indifferent to a thousand and one little trifles that give the oversensitive person so much concern. I know a girl who was always talking about how "dreadfully sensitive" she was, and one day she said to an elderly relative noted for her frankness of speech:—

"O Aunt Julia, I am *so* sensitive! I don't think that there ever was one quite so horribly sensitive as I am! I do wish I could overcome it in some way!"

"You can," said Aunt Julia, calmly.

"How? Do tell me!" said the "so sensitive" girl.

"By simply having common sense," was the somewhat disconcerting but truly wise reply.

I know of no remedy better for the oversensitive person than this same common sense. What is common sense anyhow?—It is another name for wise judgment and giving to everything its right proportion. It is something that does away with the extreme nervousness that the oversensitive person is sure to be afflicted with. The girl with an abundance of common sense never makes mountains out of mole-hills, and the trifles that so disturb the oversensitive girl give the common-sense girl little trouble. I remember that I once heard a mother say that she dreaded the time when her daughter Anna would have to go out into the world and work for her own support because the "poor child" was "so extremely sensitive." It was imperatively necessary that Anna should earn her own support, and the girl who must do this can not afford to be oversensitive. The best of em-

ployers have their bad days when they are apt to speak a little abruptly, and are less kind and considerate than on other days. They truly do not "mean anything" by this lack of their usual courtesy. I once had a servant girl who met all the unpleasant experiences of life with these four little words: "Well, let it pass."

Now one can not ignore all the trials of life in this easy-going sort of way, but there are many to which the supersensitive girl should say, "Let it pass."

She should say this because it isn't worth while to worry and fret over the matter. It does not pay to be too sensitive to every external influence. I once heard a girl spoken of as a "human sensitive-plant," and I felt very sorry for her, although I had never seen

her. I have met a few of these "human sensitive-plants," and none of them were happy, nor did any of them make others happy. I remember that one of these girls had hair slightly tinged with red, and the least reference to red hair seemed to give her actual pain. This was one of the cases in which common sense should have come to the rescue. Often the remarks about red hair had no reference

to her. But let any one say "red hair" and she was almost tearful. It sometimes seemed to me that when this girl went out into company, she did so with her ears keyed up sharply with the intention of listening to discover if any one said anything about red hair. I sat by her once when a very clever public reader read a selection in which there was a reference to "red hair," and this girl's pleasure in that entertainment was over for that evening. I know other girls with red hair who would never have given the reference to "red hair" a moment's thought. They had common sense.

One great trouble with the "so sensitive" girl is that her mind is centered on herself altogether too much. It is simply this overconcern for one's self that often produces the sensitiveness that robs one of so much of the pleasure of life. One can get into a state of mind where he fancies that people who are not giving him the least thought are "making fun of him." The oversensitive girl will often take many things to herself that were never intended for her, and she will be likely to exaggerate into grave offenses many things that other girls would regard as nothing but little pleasantries.—*Girls' Companion*.

HEALTH is the greatest of all possessions, and it is a maxim with me that a healthy cobbler is a better man than a sick king.—*Bickerstaff*.

### While Yet 'Tis Dark!

WHILE yet 'twas dark, the little birds,  
Sensing that dawn was nigh,  
Broke in a jubilation of song,  
Sweetly proclaiming that ere long  
The sun would sail on high.

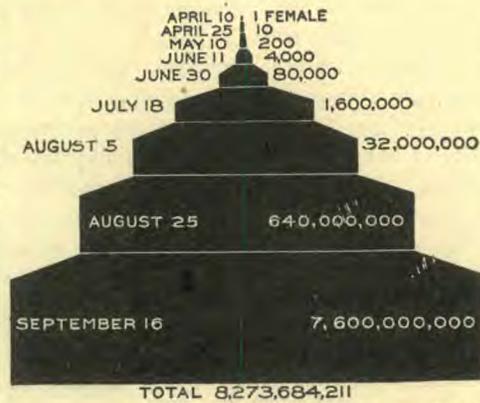
While yet 'tis dark, O Lord, may I,  
Spirit-assured of right,  
Lift up my praises unto thee,  
And, looking through the shadows, see  
The dawning of the light.  
—*Susie M. Best, in the Ladies' World.*

### Progeny of One Fly Number Billions in Year

**T**HE accompanying illustration does not show a newly discovered tomb of Egyptian kings, nor even a monument, but a chart designed by Dr. A. L. Murray, an official of the health department of Washington, D. C., to show the number of flies which may descend from one female fly in a single season.

The chart shows that from one female fly in a single season, 8,273,684,211 flies may descend, or enough to extend completely around the earth at the equator, with a surplus of five hundred miles.

Dr. Murray's method of making the chart was as follows: He started with one fly on April 10. This is the usual time the fly makes its appearance in Washington. Although the average fly lays 120 eggs at one time, the health official, taking into account the weather conditions, estimated that only 10 flies would develop. On the hypothesis that five of these are females, he allows for the laying of 600 eggs, from which at least 200 flies should develop. One hundred of this generation are counted as females. From the total estimated number of 12,000 eggs for this generation, he believes 4,000 insects should be developed. Through the following generations Dr. Murray allows a proportionate increase of the number of eggs which should hatch and develop, excepting in the last, which, falling practically at the end of the summer, is not expected to produce so great a proportion of fully developed flies.—*Popular Mechanics*.



Number of Flies Descended in One Season from Single Female. The Rate of Increase is Smaller at Beginning and End of Season

by Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus. The tomb was small, but most elaborate,—a dream in marble, gold and silver, and precious stones, fit for a dead deity, but dedicated to the memory of a commonplace man. The creation was too exquisite, too precious, to last. The barbarians overran the country, and the tomb became one of the things that were. Halicarnassus is remembered now only because it was the birthplace of Euterpe, mother of Themistocles. She made one remark to the Athenians that is deathless: "Yes, I am an alien, but my son is Themistocles!" Only great people can render a location unforgettable.

The Colossus of Rhodes was a statue ninety feet high representing Helios, the sun-god, the national deity of the Rhodians. This great statue of bronze, made in separate parts and riveted together, bestrode the narrow entrance to the harbor. It was set up about 280 B. C., and in the age of Cæsar was but a memory. It, however, supplied Cassius with a good simile.

The statue of Zeus by Phidias was of marble, inlaid with gold, ivory, and ebony. This statue was supposed to have been modeled from one made in the time of Homer, when the poet sat for the artist's model. It was fifty-two feet high, and colossal in proportions. The Romans tore it from its pedestal, and carried it away piecemeal. In 1492 A. D., Michael Angelo made his famous statue of Moses, inspired by ac-

counts of the work of Phidias in his statue of Zeus.

Pharos was a rocky island on the Egyptian coast. Alexander connected this island with the mainland, and at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria built a magnificent lighthouse—the first maritime lighthouse erected.

The temple of Diana was built at Ephesus, 650 B. C. The worship of Diana—otherwise the goddess of nature—was the recognized religion of the Ephesians. In its early conception it was a beautiful religion. But religions grown great and powerful lose their original virtues. Read history. In the time of Paul, the temple of Diana was falling into decay, and the material was being used for houses and barns by any one who cared to appropriate it. Pliny says that the temple was one hundred twenty years in building.

These seven wonders of the world were things of pride and pomp, constructed to glorify and amuse the few. Slave labor entered into their construction; and discord, death, and misery for the many were the result of the proud plans of their making.

### The Seven Modern Wonders

To-day, if we were asked to make a list of the seven wonders of the world, we would name the things that contribute to human happiness and add to our well-being,—things that make the world better in its day and generation. "The world has made greater headway," says Anatole France, "in the last twenty years than it did in the two thousand years preceding."

If I were now asked to name the seven wonders of the world, I would say they are the telephone, the trolley-car, the incandescent lamp, the steel-frame skyscraper, the automobile, the Hoe rotary press, and the typewriter. These things minister to all the people. They influence the lives of every sane and efficient

## The Wonders of the World

### The Seven Ancient Wonders

ALEXANDER made a list of the seven wonders of the world, and it was his proud boast that all these were his personal possessions. He did not produce these seven wonders—he simply took them over, or what was left of them.

Alexander's seven wonders of the world were the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zeus by Phidias, the lighthouse on the island of Pharos, and the temple of Diana. All these seven wonders are dust, living but in hearsay, save the pyramids alone.

The pyramids were erected about 3750 B. C. When Moses led the children of Israel out of captivity, these pyramids were already old. They were built for tombs and for monuments to the memory of certain great men. But the irony of things is manifest when we consider that, although the tombs remain, there is no authentic record as to whose memory they were erected to perpetuate.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were built about 550 B. C. by Nebuchadnezzar, for the gratification of his queen. She was from the mountains, and the Babylonian plain seemed dreary to her. The declining days of Nebuchadnezzar, when he became a vegetarian, are familiar to all. His gardens were a plaything. They endured but a decade, and then the worms and the weeds had their way.

The tomb of Mausolus was erected at Halicarnassus

person. They serve us daily. Unlike the seven wonders of Alexander, none are for the exclusive few. All represent inventions, not merely individual things. They can never die, because they represent ideas that are self-duplicating. The principles they stand for sprang from the brains of individuals, but now these principles are the priceless heritage of the living world. Men may die and turn to dust, but the record of their dreams once made tangible, remains. — *The Fra.*

### Origin of Colors in Yellowstone Park

THAT the harmonious and brilliant tints in the geysers and hot-spring pools are due mainly to plant life is one of the interesting statements made in a publication entitled "The Geological History of Yellowstone National Park," just issued by the Department of the Interior. Algæ flourish equally well in the waters of all geyser basins and on the terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs. Wherever these boiling waters cool to the temperature of 185° algal growths appear, and by the lowering of the temperature on exposure to air still more highly organized forms gradually come in. It is said that at about 140° the conditions are favorable for the rapid growth of several species. The development of plant life at such excessive temperatures and on a scale of such magnitude seems a marvelous thing. Nowhere else can this be seen so well as in the Yellowstone Park.

As the water in shallow pools chills rapidly, corresponding changes in color follow. No life exists in the center, where the water is boiling. On the outer edge certain colors prevail, and in the cooler overflow channels still other colors predominate. In a geyser basin, the first evidence of vegetation in an overflow stream consists of creamy white filamentary threads passing into light-flesh tints and then to deep salmon. With distance from the source of heat, the predominating colors pass from bright orange to yellow, yellowish green, and emerald, and in the still cooler waters various shades of brown.

The marvelous colors in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone are mainly due to mineral matter, the pigments being derived from the lavas. Along the base of the canyon thermal and solfataric agencies have been at work through long ages, slowly but steadily decomposing the rhyolite rock that forms the walls. Upon the buttressed walls and sculptured amphitheaters tints of green and yellow are intermingled with red, the colors being blended with singularly harmonious effects. From the roaring, turbulent river at the bottom to the somber green forests at the top, the abrupt walls seem aglow with color.

This publication contains an account of the geologic forces that have caused the wonderful natural features that have made the Yellowstone famous throughout the world. It is illustrated by photographs of some of the principal features of the park, and is written in non-technical language so that it may be readily understood by persons without scientific training.

FACE your deficiencies and acknowledge them, but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our own life, or in the life of another. — *Helen Keller.*

BE honest to the very core. Never trifle. Never dawdle. Never sham. — *Beardslee.*



### A Little Incident



URING my school-days I used to sit with about fifty other boys in a large room for part of the day to study," said a man who had, since entering the world of work, made wonderful progress. "Almost every day a certain official came to the study hall to get boys for important errands. Since this became such a regular proceeding, I watched him to see what boys he selected, and then I studied those boys to learn why they were the favored ones. When I found that he chose these boys because they were considered very trustworthy, dependable, and always willing, I, too, cultivated these qualities. It took a long time to establish a reputation for these things, but I persevered, and finally was rewarded with one of the important commissions from the office. That was a proud day for me, and the memory of it has been very pleasant to me to this day.

"People call me successful," said he; "let me tell you, boys, that one simple little incident in my life taught me a lesson worth more than all I got from the books. I learned to prize a reputation for being reliable, punctual, and ready to render a service." — *John B. Steinert, in Boys' World.*

### In a Saloon

A MISSIONARY of a Bible society entered a saloon in Chicago one day, where he found about a dozen boys and young men drinking and playing pool. He tried to sell them a Bible. The saloon-keeper laughed. "This is not a church," he said, "and it is not necessary to make Christians in a saloon. There are plenty of churches in Chicago for that." The faithful missionary was not discouraged; he went on trying to induce the men to buy. But none of them would listen to him. Finally he picked out one of the youngest of the boys and gave him a copy of the New Testament. Even this, however, apparently failed of any effect, for the lad looked at it carelessly, and then gave it to a still younger boy, his brother, who was watching him play pool.

It looked like a dead failure, that visit to the saloon. But it had a sequel. The younger brother took the Testament home, and read it to his father and mother. The father became interested, and soon promised his wife to give up drinking and bad language. Father and son went on reading together, and the mother was only too glad to have them do it, as it changed the home into a new place. Before long father and boy became Christians, and the missionary, going on his rounds through that neighborhood, found the harvest of his faithful sowing in the saloon that day.

"It is not necessary to make Christians in a saloon." Does not this true incident show that Christians can be made anywhere by steady, undiscouraged work for Christ? — *Barbara Griffiths, in Forward.*



## The Little Lad's Answer

ARTHUR V. FOX

OUR little lad came in one day  
 With dusty shoes and weary feet.  
 His playtime had been hard and long  
 Out in the summer's noontide heat.  
 "I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung  
 His torn straw hat up in the hall,  
 While in the corner by the door  
 He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his aunty said,  
 "This little lad always comes here,  
 When there are many other homes  
 As nice as this, and quite as near."

He stood a moment deep in thought,  
 Then, with the love-light in his eye,  
 He pointed where his mother sat,  
 And said: "Here she lives; that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;  
 Her mother-heart was very glad.  
 A true, sweet answer he had given,  
 That thoughtful, loving little lad.  
 And well I know that hosts of lads  
 Are just as loving, true, and dear,  
 That they would answer as did he,  
 "'Tis home for mother's living here."

## A Wandering Boy and a White Ribbon

### A True Story



"I'M getting discouraged in this work," said Mrs. Ward, as with her co-worker, Mrs. Hall, she mounted the steep stairway of the county jail. "We have been making the visits for two long years, and the results are a disagreeable duty conscientiously performed, and little else, so far as I can see."

"Remember we are to sow, even though others reap, my friend. We can at least brighten these wretched lives by furnishing them a break in the monotony of prison life, and distributing good reading-matter. But here we are at the door, and half my flowers shattered by pulling up those narrow stairs."

They were admitted by the jailer to the hall, on either side of which were the cells for the more desperate criminals. During the day, the hall was used as a sitting-room by those not confined to the cells. Two of the prisoners, a blear-eyed man of middle age, and a youth of eighteen, sat on the floor by the window, playing cards. They continued their game while the visitors distributed the papers, magazines, and flowers. To a sick man they had brought fruit; to another, who had requested it on a previous visit, a Bible. When Mrs. Hall drew near the card-players, they laid aside their deck, and stood in respectful silence.

"I wrote to your wife, as you requested, Mr. Moore," she said to the older man, "and the sheriff and jailer have given me permission to give you her answer. You'll see that she is willing to forgive all, and wants you to come back when your sentence is served."

The man stammered his thanks, and held out his hand for the letter and a paper.

"There's something on prohibition in that paper I want you to read," continued the woman. "It is by a man who fell to the lowest depths from drink, and reformed. He's a true man now."

The dark-haired boy's lip curled, and he laughed harshly. "You read of such in papers, but in real life Satan never lets loose his grip," he said.

"He does when the Lord comes into a life. Read that article. What do you prefer to read, my boy?"

"Yellow-back screechers. But if you haven't anything spicy, any old thing will do. I'm not in a position to be particular, so I'll have to be content with one of your goody-goody Sunday-school tear-wringers." The woman looked up in hurt surprise. In all her years of work among prisoners, this was the first instance in which her offering, whether desired or not, had been criticized or ridiculed.

Through the boy's brown eyes shone a mocking devil, but his trembling lips betrayed something more: behind his bravado and show of hardness was a heart. Mrs. Hall resolved to reach it.

"Why were you ever permitted to poison your mind with vile literature, young man?" she asked, indignantly. "What kind of bringing up did you have?"

The boy flushed. "I—didn't mean—well, my parents are all right. They are not to blame. I naturally fancy something exciting."

"Doesn't your mother know—isn't she heart-broken because you are here?"

"She doesn't know. I don't want her to know."

"She knows she has a wandering boy, and is perhaps blaming herself for your having taken to drink."

"How do you know I drink? I was brought here yesterday."

"I know from what I read in your face. Though a mere boy, you have dissipated for years. You have made hearts ache, but you can make them glad. Let me help you face about the other way and begin a new life, my boy."

"Don't waste your time on me, Madam. It's as useless as trying to melt a rock. I'm beyond pardon or reclaim."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. That's the Lord's promise."

"It isn't for me."

"It is if you will claim it. 'Whosoever will, let him come.' Who's left out?"

The boy was silent. Without another word, Mrs. Hall opened her Bible and read the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. When the gracious invitation was finished and she said, "Let us pray," every man in the jail reverently bent his head. Kneeling on the soiled floor,

Mrs. Hall offered an earnest prayer for the prisoners, with an especial plea for the young boy. Her petition was followed by one from Mrs. Ward. Rising from their knees, the two women joined in singing, "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood." It was followed by a short exhortation from Mrs. Hall for all to seek that cleansing blood. As she turned to go, the boy stepped forward and touched the tiny white ribbon bow on her dress.

"Mother wore one once ——"

"Doesn't she wear it now?"

"No; she took it off when ——" His voice choked with unshed tears.

"We are coming to the jail every day this week, and you can tell me all about it," said Mrs. Hall, cheerfully. "You must accept the gracious invitation."

He shook his head. "Nothing can save me. It is too late!"

"With God all things are possible."

"That boy is worth our while," said Mrs. Hall, as the two descended the stairs.

"He seems terribly hardened for one so young," replied Mrs. Ward.

"That's Tom Rucker, the most daring desperado in the State," said the jailer. "He was brought here to await his trial for attempting to shoot the sheriff who was trying to arrest him. When he's drunk, he is a terror, and he's rarely ever sober when he's out of jail."

"Where are his parents?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Somewhere in Tennessee. I don't think they have been able to keep track of him for several years. If you white ribboners can do anything to reform that boy, you'll save the State a large sum, for he's of the variety of lawbreakers that's expensive."

"May we come back to-morrow?"

"Yes, and any other day you wish."

During the next week there were many visits to the jail. Tom Rucker received the two women with varying moods. Sometimes he jested and laughed at their earnest talk, and at other times he seemed touched. He refused to see a minister of the gospel, but talked freely with the rescue workers in regard to his soul's salvation. One morning they found him confined to his bed with fever. The following day it was pronounced a malignant form of typhoid.

The boy's eyes opened wearily upon new scenes, a snowy bed, a cool, airy room, and a sweet-faced woman bending over him.

"Don't try to talk. You're too weak. But you're going to get well, and begin over," murmured Mrs. Hall, soothingly.

"Where am I?"

"In the hospital. You're not going to be tried. The prosecution has been withdrawn, and you're free. What is it? Write to your mother! O, so gladly, my boy!"

"Write her," the weak voice whispered, "I made the surrender in jail. I've begun over."

Ten years passed. As a delegate to the W. C. T. U. State convention, in the growing city of B——, Mrs. Hall was entertained by Reverend Thomas Rucker and his charming wife.

"I'm proud of you, my boy," the good woman said, after Mr. Rucker had delivered a most eloquent address of welcome to visitors in behalf of his denomination. "I rejoice to know that I helped you, as you say, to start over in life. But what touched your

heart, my son, and caused you to listen to a plain, practical woman in preference to learned and eloquent preachers?"

Again he touched the ribbon badge. "Mother wore one when I was a child. She laid it aside when — I disgraced her, but — she has lived to wear it again, and to rejoice in what it did for her wandering boy." — *Union Signal*.

### A Judge's Patience Rewarded

JUDGE LINDSEY, of Denver, Colorado, who won fame as the "children's judge," simply will not believe in bad children. And here is one of the best stories to prove that point:—

It was that of a thirteen-year-old boy who was brought into the juvenile court on a charge of truancy. Tim was a bright-looking lad, and the judge expected that his kindly admonition would bear immediate results; but he was disappointed, for at the end of the fortnight, when Tim was ordered to bring his teacher's report in accordance with the system organized by Judge Lindsey, he presented a sad record of almost continuous absence from school.

"You must do better than this," said the judge.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, but at the next report there was no improvement. "Tim will stay out of school to work," wrote the teacher.

"Tim," said Judge Lindsey, looking across the table where he always sits with cozy informality among the boys brought into his court, "don't you know that if your mother were living, she'd want you to go to school? Your aunt is good to you and gives you a home, and you don't have to work. Now's the time when you ought to be studying. You can work when you are a man."

"My father's a man, and he don't work!" blurted out Tim. "He went off and left mother an' me. I guess that's what killed her." The boy gulped down a sob, and the judge said, gently, "Your mother wished you to be a good man, and you must begin by obeying the law and going to school."

Tim's report still continued to show absences from school, and to one report the teacher added her opinion that it was hopeless to try to keep him at his studies. Still the judge was not discouraged, and he spoke again to the boy, urging him to mend his ways, and was answered only by an almost sullen stolidity of expression which did not seem to promise well. But at the end of the next two weeks Tim appeared with a happy face and a much-improved report card.

He pulled a soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket, and handed it to the judge. "I'm goin' to remember all the things you told me, and I'm goin' to school regular, now I got that done," he said, with some pride. Judge Lindsey examined the paper, which proved to be a receipted bill, and found that, little by little, Tim had paid fifty dollars for a headstone at his mother's grave.

"My boy, is that what you've been doing all these months?"

"I wanted her to have a monument, Judge." Tim furtively wiped away the moisture in his eyes. "She's done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now." — *George Bleekman, in Bombay Guardian*.

A FRIEND is the only one who has a latch-key to the side door of the heart.— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*.



MATILDA ERICKSON  
M. E. KERN

Corresponding Secretary  
Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, July 6 Into All the World, No. 13 — Heroes in the South Seas

**LEADER'S NOTE.**—Introduce your program on heroes of the South Seas by reading Isa. 52:7. You should have a most thrilling meeting. The heroes brought before us in this program merit careful study. It is probable that every society will have access to books containing all the information needed for these biographies, so no special help will be given. See INSTRUCTOR for brief paragraphs. Make good use of all available helps. Assign parts early, and urge that no pains be spared in getting up the best possible biographies. Insist on all biographies' coming within the allotted time. A large map should be on the wall. One drawn roughly on paper, locating islands mentioned, will serve the purpose nicely. It will be rather difficult to locate some of the islands. Aitutaki, Atiu, Rarotonga, Mangaia, and Raiatea lie approximately 150° E. longitude and 15° S. latitude, the Samoan group a little farther west, Rotuma a short distance northwest of the Fiji Islands, and the New Hebrides and New Caledonia a little to the southwest. Erromango lies about 170° W. and 18° S. Nukapu is one of the Santa Cruz group, about 8° north of Erromango. The Carolines are just north of the equator, about 150° W. Ponape is 160° W. and 8° N. The Mortlock Islands are a little to the southwest, and Ruk Island is probably the same as Rug Island, lying less than 10° west of Ponape. The spelling of several of these island names varies. For the symposium have a two-minute talk on each of the following missionaries: Coan, Calvert, Selwyn, Obookiah, Logan, and Hunt. Have those giving the talks seated near the front, that no time be unnecessarily lost in going to and from other parts of the room. These biographies in the symposium, and that of Patteson, have been adapted from the books, "Into All the World," by Amos R. Wells, and "Miracles of Missions," by A. T. Pierson. Gather the reports before the meeting closes.

#### Suggestive Program

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

John Williams (eight-minute paper).

Samuel Marsden (five-minute paper).

John Coleridge Patteson (five-minute paper).

John G. Paton (eight-minute talk).

Symposium. See note.

The "Outward Bound" (recitation). See first page.

#### Heroes in the South Seas

##### John Williams

IN the early part of this century the Spirit of God reached with his saving power the heart of a youth in an English home. By and by a call from the same Spirit brought him into the ministry of reconciliation, and now voices came whispering in his ear of the degradation and miseries of millions of heathen in the far-distant East. Nor was he disobedient to the heavenly vision. For many long years [1816-39] we see him going like an angel of mercy to and fro from island to island in those far-off seas, and meeting almost everywhere with pentecostal success among the idolatrous, dark-skinned islanders in Aitutaki, in Atiu, in Rarotonga, in Mangaia, in Raiatea, in Samoa. By and by he said to his soul, "Go to! I must to Erromango, for thither the Spirit bids me!"

Accordingly on the fourth of November, 1839, accompanied by a Mr. James Harris, he began what he designated "his great voyage." On the previous day, his last Sabbath on Samoa, he preached at Upulo a farewell discourse from Acts 20:36-38, dwelling more

particularly on the words, "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." The scene is described as deeply affecting. Mrs. Williams, having, apparently, some presentiment that the text was to receive an early fulfilment, is said to have remonstrated with her husband, on parting, against landing at Erromango. On the sixteenth of November he wrote to a friend: "I have just heard dear Captain Morgan say that we are sixty miles off the Hebrides, so we shall be there early to-morrow morning. This evening we are to have a special prayer-meeting. O, how much depends on the efforts of to-morrow! Will the savages receive us, or not? Perhaps at this moment you or some other kind friend may be wrestling with God for us. I am all anxiety, but desire prudence and faithfulness in the management of the attempt to impart the gospel to these benighted people, and leave the event with God. I have brought twelve missionaries with me. Two have settled at a beautiful island called Rotuma; the ten I have are for the New Hebrides and New Caledonia. The approaching week is to me the most important of my life. This is a memorable day,—a day which will be transmitted to posterity,—and the record of events which have this day transpired will exist after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion, and the results of this day will be —"

These were probably the last words penned by Williams; they were entered in his journal, it is believed, on the Monday night before his death. On reaching Dillon's Bay, on the south side of the island, the whale-boat was lowered, when Captain Morgan took in Williams, Harris, a Mr. Cunningham, and four others. Some natives in a canoe along the shore were spoken to and invited to come into the boat. The invitation was declined, notwithstanding that presents were made to them. Beads afterward thrown to natives on the beach were eagerly picked up. Other presents followed. Harris inquired of Williams if he had any objections to his going on shore. His reply was, "No; not any." He accordingly waded in, and after a little was followed by Williams and Cunningham. The sequel will best be told in Captain Morgan's own words in his letter to the secretary of the London Missionary Society.

"All three," the captain writes, "walked up the beach. After they had walked about a hundred yards, they turned to the right alongside the bush, and I lost sight of them. Mr. Harris was the farthest off. I then went on shore, supposing we had found favor in the eyes of the people. I stopped to see the boat anchored safely, and then walked up the beach toward the spot where the others had proceeded; but before I had gone a hundred yards, the boat's crew called out to me to run to the boat. I looked around and saw Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham running, Mr. Cunningham toward the boat, and Mr. Williams straight for the sea, with one native close behind him. I got into the boat, and by this time two natives were close behind me. Mr. Williams succeeded in reaching the water, but, the beach being stony and steep, he fell backward, and the native struck him with a club, and often repeated the blow. A short time after, another native came up and struck him, and very soon another came up and pierced several arrows into his body. I pulled alongside the brig and made all sail, perceiving with the glass that the natives had left the body on the beach. I also ordered a gun to be fired, loaded

with powder only, thinking to frighten the natives, so that I might get the body. The natives, however, made their appearance and dragged the body out of sight. Thus died," Captain Morgan wrote, "a great and good man, like a soldier standing at his post." A similar fate befell Harris.

Some years ago word came from the same blood-stained Erromango that a monument had just been erected there to the memory of John Williams, and that the man who laid the corner-stone of that monument was the son of the murderous savage that dealt the martyr the deadly blow.—*W. P. Breed, in "Missionary Enterprise."*

#### Samuel Marsden

the hero of Christian missions in New Zealand, was born in Hertfordshire, England, July 28, 1764. His cradle was rocked in a peasant's humble cottage, but his parents were earnest Christians, and Marsden grew to manhood surrounded by those influences which give one priceless discipline and best prepare the character to meet life's storms.

When but a young man, he determined to devote his life to the ministry, and entering St. John's College, took the orders of the English Church in 1793. He sailed for Australia in the autumn of the same year, having been appointed chaplain of the penal colony at Parramatta, New South Wales. There he spent twenty-one years in faithful service, gaining a practical working knowledge of human nature, and an earnest zeal for the evangelization of the world. But Marsden felt that he had not yet found his life-work, and we find him looking out over the horizon of his present for some clear indication of the divine purpose as to the next step in the path of duty.

One day while returning from Sydney, he found on the ship a brown-skinned Maori, who, having been enticed to work his way to England, had then been robbed and left in a forlorn condition. Marsden took the man to his home, and kept him for about six months. That experience was the Macedonian call. Five years later Samuel Marsden boarded a vessel bound for New Zealand. His heart was full of inspiration to spend itself for God; his faith, simple and implicit, rested unshaken on the Rock of Ages.

The Maoris at first gave but little heed to the heavenly message brought them, but after sixteen years of weary waiting, the first-fruits of an abundant harvest were gathered.

Forty-five years of untiring ministry brought this hero of the cross to his well-earned rest, and he sleeps in the land of his chosen sojourn, until "the day break, and the shadows flee away." LORA CLEMENT.

#### John Coleridge Patteson

was the son of an honored English judge, and a descendant of Coleridge the poet. He was naturally devout, a Bible reader from infancy. They called him once in the nursery, and he begged for a few minutes, just to "finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years."

He had grit, and once he bore in silence for three weeks a broken collar-bone because he "did not like to make a fuss." He resigned his cricket captaincy at Eton because certain boys at the annual dinner insisted on singing objectionable songs, and would not return till promises of amendment were made.

Appealing in England for help in his work in New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn said, "We need men who can stand alone, like heaven-descended priests of the most high God, in the midst of the lonely wilderness." At

his call came "Coley" Patteson, who learned the Maori on the way, and preached intelligently to the natives the first Sunday after his arrival. He taught from 1855 to 1860, and was then made first bishop of the Melanesian Islands, and head of St. Andrew's College, New Zealand. "His musical voice, his holy face, his gentle manner," exercised a wonderful influence over even the dullest. On one island, when would-be murderers surrounded him, Patteson fell upon his knees in prayer. Their hands were restrained, and in kindness they conducted him to his ship.

White slave-hunters used the name of Patteson to decoy their victims, telling them the bishop was on board their ship. To deceive the natives more fully, the kidnappers painted their boat like the bishop's. Five natives had just been stolen from Nukapu when, Sept. 20, 1871, Bishop Patteson landed there. A death-blow was dealt him, and five wounds were inflicted on his body, one for each of the five missing men. This deed was not sanctioned by all on the island. Some of the perpetrators were driven away, and the one who gave the first blow was shot by the natives who deplored his deed.

#### Titus Coan

a Connecticut farmer's boy, after an experience in school-teaching, decided in his early manhood for the missionary calling. His first undertaking was a hazardous expedition, under the American Board, to Patagonia, South America, in 1834. He was captured by the savages, but fortunately escaped. In December of the same year he set sail for the Sandwich Islands, and reached Honolulu after a voyage of six months around Cape Horn. At the end of three months the young missionary preached his first sermon in the native language. Before the close of the year, he had made on foot and by canoe the circuit of Hawaii, three hundred miles. The fruit of his faithful and unweary labors began to appear in large abundance in 1836. Great numbers flocked around him. They would keep him till midnight preaching to them, and would crowd the house again at cockcrowning. The villages begged for him. "I preached in three of them before breakfast," he records. "When the meeting closed at one village, most of the people ran on to the next." The utmost care was taken to prove the people's sincerity before baptizing any of them. Nevertheless, before 1870, Mr. Coan had himself baptized and received into the church 11,960 persons. On the first Sabbath of July, 1838, occurred one of the happiest events since Pentecost, the baptism at one time by Mr. Coan of 1,705 tested converts. All the remainder of Mr. Coan's life was given to Hawaii. In 1882, when he was nearly eighty-two years old, he was stricken with paralysis during a revival, into which he was throwing all his splendid enthusiasm, and thus he passed away upon the battle-field.

#### James Calvert

a Yorkshire lad, who had recently completed his apprenticeship as printer and bookbinder, accompanied John Hunt to Fiji in 1838. He labored there nobly for eighteen years, winning the "Africaner of the Fijis," King Thakombau, who chose the Christian name of Ebenezer. In 1885 a jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two years of age, left England to attend it. Referring to this visit, he said that in 1835 when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885 there was not an avowed heathen in all the inhabited islands.

#### George Augustus Selwyn

was the first bishop of New Zealand. During the six months' voyage out, the young bishop learned navigation so thoroughly that a ship's captain once said it almost made him a Christian to see the bishop bring his schooner into harbor. He also learned Maori so that he could preach in the native language the first Sunday after his arrival. He landed in May, 1842, his first act being to kneel in prayer upon the beach. For twenty-six years Selwyn labored in the South Seas. His cathedral was "a mean wooden structure painted white." He early established a training-school for native preachers. Over the Maoris, just emerged from cannibalism, he won a powerful ascendancy. He took long and arduous journeys among the islands, bringing back natives for instruction. When, in 1868, Selwyn reluctantly became bishop of Lichfield, in England, he left seven bishops in the South Seas where he had taken up the work unaided.

#### Henry Obookiah

a dark-skinned boy, in 1809 was found weeping on the doorsteps of Yale College. He had drifted from the Sandwich Islands. He was longing for an education, and to see the true religion carried to his native land. His pathetic story led to the missionary effort for Hawaii, which began Oct. 23, 1819.

#### Robert William Logan

was an Ohio boy. After serving in the civil war, he went through medical school, and in 1874 became a missionary of the American Board to the Caroline Islands. The new converts on Ponape, eager themselves to undertake mission work, had sent three men and their wives to introduce Christianity into the Mortlock Islands to the west. They had succeeded marvelously, and five thousand had become Christians. Mr. Logan set himself to further this work with instruction and translation. On a hot, lonely island he was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs. After long waiting, his noble wife placed him upon a little trading vessel, beneath an awning on the deck, and sat by the side of her uncomplaining husband all the long way to New Zealand. He lived, and returned to the island of Ruk, where Moses, a magnificent native, had begun a remarkable work, in the development of which Logan spent his strength till in 1887 he passed away, saying on his death-bed, "It is God's work, and it is worth all it costs." For several years his heroic wife all alone kept up the work in that difficult and isolated field.

#### John Hunt

a Wesleyan farmer of Lincolnshire, went to Fiji in 1838. At that time the moral aspect of those hundred islands was as hideous as their material aspect was lovely. He soon found that the half of the inhuman cruelty of this people had never been told him. And yet he went to Somosomo, whose people were the worst of all. Not one Christian among a hundred would have counseled Hunt to attempt work among such incarnate monsters, when the king himself forbade his subjects under pain of death to profess the new faith, and when any readiness to confess Christ seemed to be selfish, due to mere greed of gain in cutlery and firearms. Captain Wilkes, of the American navy, in 1840, witnessed the trials of the missionaries in their seemingly hopeless work, and besought them at least to let him carry them to a more promising field; but John Hunt had heard a divine voice, "Fear not, for I have much people in these islands;" and he stayed.

He went on his circuit of one hundred miles a month, telling Christ's story, forming schools to train converts for teachers, "turning care into prayer," and working hard on his Fiji New Testament. Three years at Somosomo sufficed so to change the horrid life about him that at least a bloodless war was waged, and a great feast held for weeks without one human sacrifice; and this last with no direct interference of the missionary. The last six years of John Hunt's short career of ten were spent at Viwa, near Mbau, the head-center of Fijian power.

In a letter from Brother Leslie Spicer we find the following paragraph:—

"Our Hamburg Young People's Society had a farewell meeting a few days ago for some brethren leaving for Africa. The collection amounted to \$16, and was donated to Africa."

Brother B. L. Howe, Missionary Volunteer secretary of Western Washington, in speaking for the society programs for 1912, says:—

"It seems providential that, while we have our Sabbath-school lessons on doctrinal points, we have a series of studies for the young people, largely devoted to the study of missions, 'A Message and a Mission.' The two naturally go together. It is safe to take the lessons as they come to us. The work will win out anyway, for the Lord's hand is in it. Let us present a united front, and stand as one for the finishing of the 'advent message in this generation.'"



### XIII — Review

(June 29)

#### Questions

1. NAME some of the subjects we have studied this quarter. Tell how sin came into our world. What came upon man because of sin? What did Jesus come to give? What kind of bodies have we now? Repeat two texts that teach we are not immortal.

2. Give the memory verse found in Eccl. 9:5. Quote one text that shows what man's condition is in death. Give proof that the dead do not know what their friends on earth are doing. Give one reason why you know the righteous are not in heaven.

3. What was the memory verse in the lesson on the judgment? What service on earth was a type of the investigative judgment? How will the judgment be conducted? When will the wicked be judged?

4. How will the dead be made alive? At what time will the righteous come from their graves? How many resurrections will there be? Give proof. Repeat the memory verse found in John 5:28, 29.

5. What work is given to the heavenly angels? Quote the memory verse found in Ps. 91:11. Relate two instances where angels have delivered God's children.

6. Who was the first sinner? How did Lucifer become Satan? Who united with him in rebellion? To what place were he and his followers banished? What has been their work since the world was created? When and how will they be punished? Repeat the memory verse in Rom. 6:23.

7. What must we do to be saved? How do we become converted? Repeat the memory verse in 1 John 1:9.

8. Why should we be baptized? Repeat a verse that commands this duty. What should take place before baptism? Repeat the memory verse in Acts 2:38. How was Jesus baptized? Why can sprinkling not take the place of baptism? After we are baptized, how will we show that we are dead to the world?

9. What ordinance did Jesus give before his death? What is the object of the ordinance of feet-washing? What did he say we ought to do? Repeat the memory verse in John 13:17. How was the Lord's Supper instituted? What is it intended to keep in memory?

10. Repeat the memory verse in 1 Cor. 10:31. How can we eat to the glory of God? What harmful habits should we avoid?

11. How did Jesus treat those who did not believe in him? What rule has he given? How were the three Hebrew children treated when they would not obey the king's decree? How did the Lord show he approved of their conduct? Tell the story of Daniel's persecution and deliverance. Does the Lord always deliver his people from death? Give one example where he did not. Repeat the memory verse in Acts 5:29.

12. What did Satan do with his riches? What did Jesus do with his? What is the root of all evil? Why? How much of what we have does the Lord claim as his? If we use it for ourselves, what do we become? Repeat the memory verse in Lev. 27:32.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### XIII — Review

(June 29)

#### Questions

1. SHOW that man was not created with an immortal soul. Having lost his life through disobedience, how only could he obtain immortality?

2. Because of sin, what has passed upon all men? Prove that the Son of God arose from the dead. What bearing has this upon the death and life of his saints?

3. How did Paul speak of the judgment? Who compose the heavenly judgment court? What are used as the judgment proceeds? By what is every case decided? Who will execute the judgment determined upon?

4. How many resurrections are there? Who are raised in the first resurrection? Who in the second? How many years intervene between them? In connection with what event are the righteous raised? What has made the resurrection possible?

5. By whom were the angels brought into existence? Describe their work and their power. What will be the work of the holy angels at the time of Christ's second coming and the resurrection of the righteous?

6. With whom did sin originate? What became of those who sinned in heaven? Cite texts which prove that the dead do not appear to living friends and loved ones. Where do fallen angels meet their doom?

7. What change did Jesus say must take place in order to be saved? Who alone can change the heart? Then what can be said of this same individual?

8. Why was Jesus baptized? In following the Lord by baptism into death, what is necessary on the part of the believer? What should precede burial? What power belongs to the believer as he comes forth from his watery grave?

9. In serving others, whose example are we following? State the real lesson conveyed in the ordinance of feet-washing. What double significance attaches to the memorial presented by the Lord in the broken bread and wine?

10. In how many things should the Christian be temperate? Name three things mentioned by the Saviour which his people in the last generation must guard against. Why is strong drink a curse? Prov. 23:29-35.

11. To whom belongs all power? When the commands of earthly powers conflict with the commandments of God, what is the duty of the Christian? To whom must every one give an account of himself? Describe the nature of Christ's kingdom and reign. Heb. 1:8, 9.

12. What prompts the selfish love of money? What is of more value than all the wealth of the world? Why does God hate covetousness? What would be the result if all the tithes were brought into the treasury? Describe the nature of vows unto God.

### "The Greatest Blunder of My Life"

THE following are a few of the "blunders" written down by five hundred men. The selections are taken from the *Crerar Library*:—

- "Reading worthless books."
- "Did not stick to my trade."
- "Did not stick to anything."
- "Did not take care of money."
- "Beating some one out of money."
- "Not saving money when I was young."
- "Careless about my religious duties."
- "Refused a steady position with a good firm."
- "The greatest blunder of my life was gambling."
- "Was to fool away my time when I was at school."
- "Thinking that my boss could not do without me."
- "Would not harken to the advice of older people."
- "Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work."
- "My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke."
- "The greatest blunder of my life was not accepting Christ, and thereby avoiding many sorrows caused by serving Satan."

### The "Bit More" Store

WHEN I was a boy, I always patronized the little candy store that stood in the middle of the square, and was owned by an Irishman with a heart bubbling over with generosity. I used to watch the "sour balls" and "mints" and "clear toys" drop down into the sack, and then when the balance was well down on the side of my two-cent purchase, he would drop in a "bit more." All the boys knew the place as the "bit more" store. It is this "bit more" quality that counts in friendship, social and business life, and in fact in everything we do. Giving the "bit more" develops the generous soul.—*The Expositor*.

"To tell a lie is like the cut of a saber; the wound may heal, but the scar will remain."

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Love Never Reckons

A FEW years ago, after preaching in a country village one week-evening, I was accompanied part of my way home by a member of the congregation who was in a humble social position. In the course of our conversation he referred to his wife, who had been a semiinvalid for years. I said to him, "You must have paid something in doctors' bills during these years." Without realizing the great and beautiful answer he was giving, he remarked: "Yes, I suppose I have; but I can't tell you how much. You see, *love never reckons*."—*Rev. J. H. Jackson.*

## New Bags and Badges

THE first bags and badges that were mailed to prospective Temperance Volunteers were printed by hand, and were not so neat and pleasing in appearance as those that are now being sent out. These later ones were printed at the Review and Herald on one of the job presses. They are very attractive, and can be had for thirty cents. Boys, send for a Volunteer outfit, and sell thousands of papers this summer.

Our band of Volunteers here at Takoma Park is making itself very useful to the Sanitarium in distributing advertising matter for that institution. Its members have learned how to work, and they are eager to help whenever possible.

## "Syndicalism"

THIS term designates a new movement among the laboring classes. It is a movement that aims at such an organization of the working men of the world as will enable them to wield the weapon of a general strike, which it is said "would stop every wheel, throw aside every tool, and put out every furnace in the land."

It is described by some as a joint experiment of trade-unionism and socialism. "There has been," says a London (England) journal, "a certain dissatisfaction with the results of the older trade-unionism, and it was fancied that the strike weapon could be refurbished and made to achieve wonderful success if it were tried on a larger scale than had ever previously been attempted." If we are to have strikes on a larger scale than has ever been known before, the world's industrial outlook is not flattering, to say the least.—*The June Watchman.*

## Two Interesting Plants

THERE is the habit of cheerfulness, which the garden catalogues and practical experience alike would describe something after this fashion: "A bright and seasonable flower, responding quickly to culture, and needing little care when once thoroughly established; grows best in a light, friable soil, and looks well anywhere, but especially when set against a dark, even somber, background; not merely ornamental, it bears an inconspicuous, but pleasing and plentiful fruit called Good Will." After such an unstinted commendation, one would expect to find the thing as universal as purslane and as popular as a holiday.

Near at hand in the garden of the spirit, and near to neighborliness in spirit, is one other simple flower of the personal life which needs at least to be named. It is the habit of praise. Criticism grows much easier and quicker. True praise is "a shy and somewhat precarious little plant till it gets acclimated to local conditions, then it grows steadily and evenly, and can be allowed considerable freedom, as it very seldom runs too wild. It is a useful little perennial, and always leaves the soil in better condition than it finds it."—*Sunday School Times.*

## Seed Thoughts

IDLENESS and idle words are among the leading be-setting sins to which the people of this world are addicted.

Very many are in the habit of letting time pass away without making an effort to improve the opportunities that it affords for usefulness.

Still worse, many are spending valuable time in jesting or other conversation that can in no sense elevate, but instead degrades all who take part in the same, or come under its evil influence.

Spend your time in acquiring knowledge and being truly useful, and you will never have occasion to regret it. Time spent in idle talk and gossiping is worse than thrown away, and is sinful.

A wise man will seek to acquire knowledge, and use it for the accomplishment of good to others; but a thriftless and indifferent man will be satisfied to remain in a condition of ignorance and uselessness.

A humble man is seldom made proud and bombastic by office or promotion; but the man who is given to self-exaltation is almost invariably spoiled by either.

A prudent man will seek to know at all times what to say, and what not to say; but an imprudent and impulsive man will speak out rashly whatever comes into his mind.

J. W. LOWE.

## The Path

THE way is growing brighter,  
The pathway seems more clear,  
The burden is growing lighter,  
Since Christ himself is near.

E'en though the way is marred with sin,  
And weak and sinful though we be,  
Yet Christ, the King, doth live  
To set the sinner free.

He all my sin hath taken,  
And cleansed me with his blood;  
He hath not me forsaken,  
But saved me through his love.

Lord, make the pathway lighter  
While now to thee I pray;  
The way is growing brighter,  
Yes, brighter every day.

GRACE SILSBEE.