

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

July 16, 1912

No. 29



THE MILITARY SCHOOL OF GUATEMALA





THE true solace for all private troubles is to lose yourself in your work.

A PEACEMAKER in a contentious neighborhood is as oil poured upon the troubled sea; but a talebearer is as oil added to a fire that has already been kindled.

A PROMINENT revivalist came to the Washington Sanitarium, and found the truth while he was regaining his health. He expressed his great joy in the truth in these words: "O this beautiful hill on which the Sanitarium and Seminary stand! How I thank God that I ever found it!"

THE big premiums of life go to skill, and skill is the first-born of the ideal. Skill is the child of passion—carried with patience, borne with pain, and suckled into stature through many toilsome days. The great man is strong; the great man is skilled: not flawless,—always human,—but strong and skilled.—*Richard Wightman.*

"DR. KARL VON RUCK, of Asheville, N. C., has discovered a serum that he declares will give immunity from tuberculosis. He asserts that his experiments, in the course of which he has vaccinated three hundred thirty-nine children, including many that were already tuberculous, show that the vaccine is absolutely safe, uniform, powerful, swift, and simple, and that it cures tuberculosis in a latent stage, and makes the subject immune from further ravages of the disease."

Attention!

THOSE who have relatives and friends residing in Chicago and its vicinity are earnestly requested to urge them to attend a series of gospel meetings that are being conducted in a commodious canvas pavilion located on the corner of Ontario and Laurel Streets, Austin, Chicago, Illinois. These services will be continued every evening at 7:45, except Saturday, until August 20. There will also be a service every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

The subjects presented at these meetings are the same as those advocated by this paper. Please write at once to your friends, that they may obtain the benefit to be derived from these meetings.

The tent can easily be reached by taking the west-bound street-cars on Lake Avenue, Chicago Avenue, and Madison Street, or the elevated road, Oak Park line.

K. C. RUSSELL.

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THE
PROTESTANT
MAGAZINE

ADVOCATING
PRIMITIVE
CHRISTIANITY

PROTESTING
AGAINST
APOSTASY

A
Fulfilled Prophecy

THE day is not distant, and it may be very near, when we shall all have to fight the battle of the Reformation over again.—*Sir Robert Peel, of England, about 1840.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 16, 1912

No. 29

The Exhibits of the British Museum

G. H. HEALD, M. D.



THE exhibits of the British Museum consist of inscriptions, sculptures, implements, weapons, and household articles, used by ancient nations, including the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Greeks, Phenicians, and Romans, all of whom are connected with the Bible narrative. Then there are immense exhibits of semicivilized or savage man, gathered from various parts of the earth. It may give some idea of the extent of these exhibits when



MODEL OF PARTHENON, IN BRITISH MUSEUM

This temple was at one time used as a powder-magazine, and was wrecked by the guns of the enemy. The famous Elgin marbles once stood in what we might call the gable end, the horse's head to the right.

it is known that there is a series of about thirty-five guide-books to the museum, which together cost about ten dollars in addition to the guides for the coins, which cost about seven dollars.

These guide-books are well worth the price charged for them. For instance, the "Guide to the Antiquities of the Stone Age" is a book of about one hundred fifty pages with one hundred sixty-one illustrations, and sells for one shilling (twenty-five cents).

It would carry this article beyond reasonable limits to make even a brief reference to all the rooms; so I shall content myself with referring to some of the more important or more interesting.

The Ephesus room contains remains of Greek sculptures brought from the Ephesian temple of Diana, which was built about 330 B. C., and which was doubtless seen by Paul, as it was standing when he was in Ephesus. It will be remembered that he was nearly mobbed at one time by the silversmiths and others, who cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." It is interesting to think that these stones, here in the British Museum, were witnesses of that uproar.

The Elgin room contains the marbles brought to England by Lord Elgin in 1801-03, from the Par-

thenon, where they would certainly have been much more badly damaged had they been allowed to remain. The Parthenon was the temple of the Greek goddess Athene, or Minerva, which was built B. C. 447-438. There is in the Elgin room a fine model of the temple itself, showing the relation of the acropolis on which stood the Parthenon, and Mars Hill, where Paul preached.

In the Egyptian galleries are a series of sculptures going far back thousands of years into the past, sculptures that reach way back of the time of the Israelites. An interesting statue is that of Rameses II, the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel.

At the end of the gallery is the famous Rosetta stone, containing a decree in hieroglyphics, in modern Egyptian and in Greek. It was this stone that, through the Greek, led to the discovery of the method of deciphering the hieroglyphics, and thus opened up vast treasures of ancient Egyptian history.

In the Assyrian galleries there are sculptures from palaces of Sennacherib, Ashurbanipal, mentioned in the Bible, and others. Most interesting are the rounded clay tablets which constituted the books of this people. The letters were made in the clay while it was soft, after which the clay was baked. The writing on these tablets, now that the secret of deciphering them has been learned, is just as legible as it was thousands of years ago. Some of these tablets give the Assyrian account of the creation and the flood.

The Egyptian rooms contain a long series of mummies from the earliest to the latest times. These are variously wrapped and ornamented. The Egyptians believed that the soul would return to inhabit the same body it had in life, hence the care to preserve the bodies by embalming. In the third Egyptian room are mummy animals, especially cats,—for these also had souls,—and writing implements, tools, weapons, seeds, foods, taken from the tombs.



ELGIN MARBLES, NOW IN BRITISH MUSEUM

This group has been placed as it is supposed to have stood on the pediment of the Parthenon. Fragmentary as it is, this work of Phidias is the despair of later sculptors.

In the fourth room are shown some bricks which are known to have been made when the Israelites were in Egypt. It is interesting to note that the children in these far-off times had dolls and toys very much like those our children have.

And this is only a small part of the exhibits. There is an American room showing the antiquities from

North and South America and the West Indies; a series of rooms representing various religions,—Christianity, Brahmanism, Buddhism, etc.; vase rooms showing the rise and fall of the vase-making art; a room showing the games, toilet, kitchen, bath, scales, art, coins, in fact, bringing before us the daily life of the Greeks and Romans.

In addition there are rooms containing bronzes, gold ornaments, terra-cotta figures, prehistoric antiquities of the stone, bronze, and early iron age, and others.

Recently a guide has been employed to conduct visitors through the gallery daily at 12 noon and 3 P.M. On each trip the guide occupies an hour, calling attention to the most important and significant features of the exhibit, and helping the visitor to obtain an intelligent idea of the exhibit. On one trip he visits one series of rooms; on the next he takes some other. His aim is to give a general knowledge of the museum in a week. One who attends these lectures and afterward goes over the ground in order to fix the points in the memory, will obtain in a week an excellent knowledge of the main features of the museum.

The Spirit of Tuskegee

ALL the world knows of Tuskegee; but its fame varies from (for instance) such a racy and inaccurate estimate as the local train-boy gave me, to the esteem in which it is held by the greatest and most thoughtful of the world's educators and statesmen. One needs personal contact if one would form a correct idea. That personal contact we three—the pastor, the professor, and I—were on our way to get. The spirit of Tuskegee met us at Chehaw, a station five miles away, in the person of an institute officer in khaki, who courteously welcomed us, took charge of our luggage, and conducted us, with a number of others bound like ourselves for the conference, into a special car that went out to the school grounds.

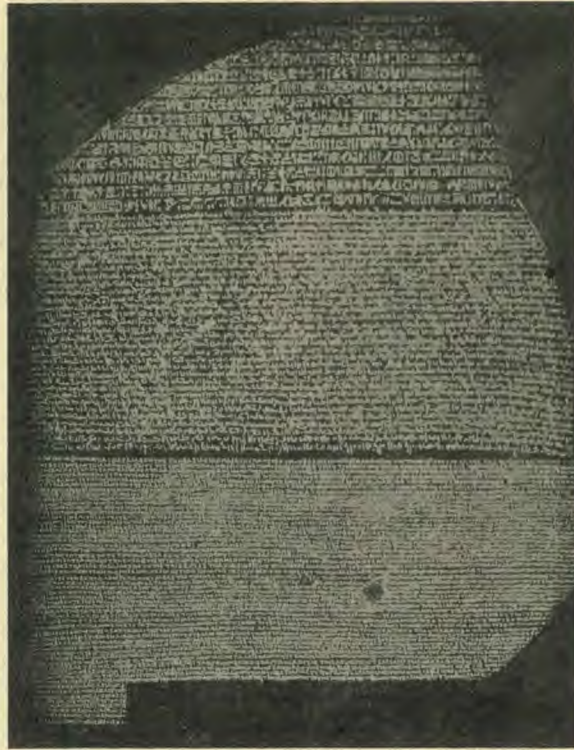
Not fifteen minutes after our arrival, we were settled in a pleasant room which had been vacated for us by a little girl from Tennessee, as we learned from her grammar-school certificate and her photograph on the wall. It was in Douglass Hall that we, with all the one hundred fifty delegates and visitors to this conference, saw thus again the spirit of Tuskegee. The girls had vacated for us their rooms on the ground floor, and perhaps the second floor. They themselves, I suppose, were crowded together into other rooms; their trunks, certainly, were crowded out into the halls. And when, through the course of helping hands, hearty voices, welcoming smiles, and delicate attentions, we three found ourselves at home in the plain, neat room of the girl from Tennessee, the pastor drew a long breath. "This is kindness reduced to science," he said.

In a few moments we were waited upon by an official and two guides, who conducted us to the parade-grounds, where the men students were gathering, at the sound of the bugle, for military evolutions just before dinner. Tuskegee Institute is under military government. Its students are all in uniform,—the boys in military suits and caps, the girls in neat dresses of blue percale. Every hour is regulated by strict program; failure to be prompt, neat, obedient, receives its due penalty. For instance, every boy must be upon parade-ground in time for inspection and the march before dinner; penalty for tardiness, loss of dinner. The student in class is given ten minutes, the student at work twenty minutes, to appear in uniform for dinner. The boys in the shops, however, or at least some of them, have their dinners brought there to them.

We fell in one morning, immediately after parade and inspection, with one of the officers, who has the duty of inspecting the boys' dormitories. I asked him what, in his view, were the advantages of the military system in such a school. I had innocently supposed I might be putting an unfamiliar question; but from the promptness with which the captain counted off from his fingers the advantages, I surmised it was the thousand-and-first time he had answered the query. Briefly, (1) obedience; (2) physical culture; (3) strict supervision; (4) cooperation. He invited us to accompany him on his round that morning, which, for the time our program permitted, we gladly did.

The boys, three and four in a room, have each the care of his own bed, and the common duties are appor-

tioned among them. Any speck or spot, any badly made bed, any clothes out of place, any ill-kept stand or wet floor, gets a paper slip,—“Bed,” “Floor,” or “See me,”—which means at twelve o'clock in the office; and the boy must hunt the inspector, not the inspector the boy. But the rooms were marvels of neatness. We were present at a favorable time for observing, however, it being near the close of the school year. The captain declared that at the beginning of the year, except for the sustaining grace of Christianity, some of the new boys would be the death of him. Inexcusable delinquencies are punished, according to their degree or nature, in one of two ways,—first, by the disgrace of having the culprit's name read before the school; second, by the giving of demerits, one hundred of which require the expulsion of the student from the school. It is not hard to get one hundred demerits. For example, one who without good excuse stays away from Sunday-school may be given for that offense twenty to thirty demerits. Three or four such experiences suffice to cause a separation; in the face of one hundred demerits the officer



THE ROSETTA STONE, NOW IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

The upper inscription is in the priestly hieroglyphics, the second in the language of the common people of Egypt, the third in Greek. By comparing the three the clue was obtained which led to the deciphering of the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments and temples.



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR BUILDINGS AT TUSKEGEE

has no discretion; he must expel. The only recourse the student has is appeal to the principal; and I judged that past experience has been such as not to lead to an appeal of the ordinary case.

In the evening, student-officers are in charge of the dormitories, with powers equal, in their province, to those of the principal himself. A student-officer, in his inspection of rooms, may order a boy to get up and change his underclothes for a nightshirt, or to put his clothes in order, or to take a bath; and if he refuses—the guard-house.

Observation compels the conviction that whatever disadvantage the system may have, it makes students alert, prompt, respectful, well poised in body and doubtless in mind.

In the shops I was impressed with the earnestness with which the students went at their work. In only one room did I see any indication of dawdling while the instructor was occupied with visitors; and that exception made not more than two per cent in the room. Tuskegee students have caught a purpose, and purpose has become a habit. Here again, in the industries, we marked that unobtrusive courtesy, kindness, helpfulness, that had been manifest from our first introduction to the institution. If the instructor happened not to be at hand when we entered the department, the first student working therein was ready, with quiet self-possession, to give us intelligent explanation of the work going on. I am sure that the evident pleasure of students in giving information was no mere assumption; the genuine metal rang.

Not information alone, but service, was ready and waiting. The professor fell sick while there. Being used to doctoring himself, and also to taking the advice of friends, he employed emetics and hot-water bags, and sleep, but relief was only intermittent. When the authorities, in the person of the matron, learned of the case, they gently insisted on sending him to the hospital. The hospital, like all other parts of Tuskegee Institute, is a well-equipped institution, with a physician-in-chief, an interne, a head nurse, and

many undergraduates. Sometime, perhaps, if you ask him, the professor will tell you of his experiences that night, some of which were amusing, and all instructive. The main point is that the next day, when the pastor and I started through the hospital on an inspection tour, we were joined by the professor, healed and in a good frame of mind. And the authorities professed to have their complete reward in the pleasure it afforded them to make him well.

Volumes have been written to tell about Tuskegee, and in this short sketch I can not even make mention of the many kindnesses shown us. The director of their extension work took half a day to drive with us out into the country to visit two rural schools; another took us in a carriage over the great farm; the head and the student-teachers of the Children's House, Tuskegee's practise school, were eager to serve us; the little "demonstration supper" served in Dorothy Hall by the students of the cooking class was a model of preparation and service; the student-guides were always ready, never weary, never impatient; while, on our part, everywhere and to every one, poured forth our incessant stream of questions. I should like to tell of the great dining-room, with its perfect order and decorum from the chanting of grace to the close of the meal. I should like to convey, if I could, some impression of the admirable work of the choir and of the Tuskegee band. I should like to say something particular about each industry and those engaged in it. I should like to tell of these, not because others have failed to tell of them, but because they, each in some degree, are factors in the interpretation of the spirit of Tuskegee.

The spirit of Tuskegee is the spirit of service. It is more than that: it is the spirit of pleasure in service. An expression of obligation on the part of a visitor is met with the statement, "Tuskegee belongs to the world. We are indebted to the public; it is but our duty, as it is our pleasure, to offer this service." This lesson Tuskegee men and women seem to have learned well.

And it is evident, not alone from reason, but from observation, that what they have learned they have learned from their great founder, Booker T. Washington. It is curious to observe the great student body, sixteen hundred strong, in chapel watch every motion and every expression of their principal. A speaker is occupying the floor; but one eye of every auditor is upon Dr. Washington. Do the corners of his mouth begin to curve upward into that inimitable smile, there is applause. Does he nearly frown, disapproval becomes apparent. Does he look thoughtful, serious consideration is deepened. Well it is that such leadership is sane and simple. Above all things, simplicity marks the man. All earnest men are simple.

But the great test of the spirit of Tuskegee is not to be found within the institution, where the swaddling-bands are yet strong. It is out in the great field of the world, where the rigor of competition, the harshness of self-serving, meet the benevolence of the ideal. Is the spirit of unselfish service being deeply enough engrafted to stand the trial of the work-a-day world? Is the incentive of personal gain, in money, or position, or influence, those incentives so natural to every unregenerate heart and to every worldly philosophy,—is this incentive being supplanted there by the unselfish love of the good of others? Only so will the spirit that has built Tuskegee be sustained and extended. The answer is to be found, not at Tuskegee, but out in the world where the men and the women of Tuskegee go. A. W. SPAULDING.

Spiritualism Analyzed in the Bible Laboratory—No. 1

SPIRITUALISM is with us. It has a long train of adherents. It lays claim to antiquity, and asserts that its numerous revelations are communications from the spirits of departed friends and relatives. It is commanding an extraordinary amount of consideration, because it presents a large field of investigation in the realm of the supernatural. Phenomena are being demonstrated which are beyond the power of human beings to perform.

Because of the affinity of the human mind for the dark and mysterious, and the failure often of the spirits to respond readily to the summons of their consorts, a large amount of fraud and deception has been practised by many of those claiming to be in league with the spirits of the dead. In fact, so much trickery has been foisted upon the public that for many years scientific men in general refused to spend their time with it, and passed by on the other side.

But "thousands of people were claiming that they had seen tables tipped and levitated, that they were daily receiving messages from friends who had died. Ghosts were part of the tradition of every nation on earth. Scores of respectable men and women, contrary to their expectation and better judgment, admitted the reception of telepathic messages. Here were facts that science in the opinion of its leaders, could no longer ignore."—"Are the Dead Alive?" page 2.

When scientific men at last began to investigate spiritistic phenomena, they found themselves face to face with an intelligent power to which hitherto they had been strangers. "There are now in all the world but one or two scientists of the first rank who deny the actual probability of the future life; while a large proportion claim that this life has been actually proved by the occurring phenomena of Spiritualism."—"Id., page 5. Being unable to explain these phenomena upon

scientific grounds, and ignoring the explanation given in the Word of God, they are in danger of falling into a snare which may prove their ruin.

Thus the so-called religion, Spiritualism, stretches out its hands, beckoning us to enter its fold, where are to be found hundreds of thousands of persons of every walk of life, with the prospect of coming into communication with those who have passed away in death.

Shall we go?—No. We have no desire to join hands with the spirits belonging to that cult. We believe that in battling against Spiritualism we "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places." Eph. 6:12, margin. In clear and unmistakable language the Holy Scriptures of God have warned all against this deception of the evil one; and we wish to set forth some of the solemn admonitions and wise counsel of his Word.

Spiritualism Defined

"The basic fact of Spiritualism is the belief that certain phenomena, occurring in a way that renders them impossible to be the result of human action, are produced by an intelligent, though invisible, agency; that the intelligent communication is identical with certain deceased persons; hence, that the agency is human, spiritual, and actually proceeds from the disembodied souls of mortals."—*Banner of Light (Spiritualist paper)*, Dec. 28, 1861.

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

Mrs. Leonora Piper, the "most famous of all spirit-writing mediums, and never detected in fraud," and who "has been the means of converting to Spiritualism many of the most prominent English and American investigators," was controlled by "the spirit of a French physician named Phinuit." Other spirits at various times—Pelham, Moses, Rector, Imperator, and Doctor—have sent messages through her.

Eusapia Paladino, the "most famous of living 'physical' mediums," is controlled by the spirit of "John King."

Messages are continually coming to Spiritualist mediums from the supposed spirits of Johann Kepler, who died in 1630; Prof. William James, Wm. T. Stead, and other personages too numerous to mention.

C. E. HOLMES.

Seed Thoughts

WHATEVER you set out to do, execute it with all your might, and with the determination of turning out a first-class job.

Never feel satisfied with putting forth medium effort, or doing just fairly well; but aim to reach the highest merit in whatever line of work you are engaged.

There are plenty of people who half do things,—many more than are needed,—but real experts are scarce along every line, and for this reason are always in good demand.

Absolute perfection is the end toward which we should strive, not only in the building of character, but in all the undertakings of life. Remember where perfection is not reached imperfection exists.

J. W. LOWE.

The Bird With the Broken Wing

THE ORIGINAL SONG

"I WALKED through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its sweet old strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

"I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart;
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

"But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared so high again."

ADDENDUM

But thanks to the lowly Saviour,
That is only half the truth;
For the heart of him that loves me
Will cancel the sins of youth;
And the pinion that once was broken
Can be divinely mended, and then
The bird with the stronger pinion
Will soar just as high again.

For is it not clearly stated,
Where sin did so greatly abound,
That grace would be superabundant,
And strength in his fulness be found?
So the bird with the broken pinion
May more than recover all,
And because of God's infinite mercy,
Soar higher because of the fall.

The broken wing has found healing,
Its power to soar is complete;
And the bird in its new-found gladness —
Its song is more tender and sweet.
So the life that sin had stricken
May be healed by infinite love,
And the spirit once broken and helpless
Soar to higher heights above.

— J. M. Pike, in the *Way of Faith*.

Evolution of Our Summer Cottage

WALTER S. MEAD



FOR fifty years and more it had been the farm repair-shop where all the carpenter work was done, and where father put in wintry days making sap-buckets for the spring sugaring.

We had moved, in a covered wagon, from Ohio to a farm in the central part of Michigan in what were almost the early days. What if one wagon did hold all our possessions? and what if one span of horses was the only motive power? and what if some had to walk while the mother and some of the younger children rode? It was all a training in sturdiness and perseverance. But back to our shop.

It was built in the days when timber was plentiful and good, and when men built with rather more honesty of purpose than is common to-day. The frame was of hewn and squared ten-inch timbers. The beams supporting the upper floor were squared six-inch timbers. The building itself was about sixteen by twenty-four feet, and had an up-stairs which was three feet high at the eaves and eight feet at the ridge.

How it actually came about was this way: The children had grown up and scattered, and the farm was to be divided, and the estate settled up. Our share of the fifty-nine acres was to be one fifth of three fifths of the whole; and this was two and one-half miles from a town of five hundred. Frankly, we did not want any such amount of land in any such place. The idea came to us, Could we not get the old shop and two acres for our share, and then remodel the building into a more or less rustic summer cottage? The cost must be small, because we do not clip coupons; ours comes every Monday in a small yellow envelope — yes, it doesn't take a large envelope. At least we shall examine the old shop again to be sure of the possibilities.

A few hours by train, with two changes, and we met the cousin who had kindly ceased plowing long enough to drive down to the station for us. Examination showed that we would need a foundation, a chimney, some windows and doors, new siding, — it

had always been simply boarded up, — and a roof; there was a frame there. But it appealed to us as being a workable plan even for our limited financial means.

A few dollars paid for having the building leveled and a simple concrete foundation put under it. In our own ingenuity, in spite of our rather awkward methods at carpentry, we put in some more window- and door-frames where we needed them. On the side toward the road and toward the best view we put a long, low window, which will do excellent service in the absence of a front porch.

We wanted to add something of the craftsman style, and so made our roof eight inches wider on the ends, and a foot wider on the eaves. Support for the extra width was had by using plain brackets made of two-by-fours, which we nailed securely to the house. These brackets, we found upon siding up the house, lent a surprising and pleasing Swiss air to the general appearance.

In our inexperience and lack of caution, we took off both sides of the old roof the same day; and that night came perhaps the worst storm of the year, — wind in terrific gusts and rain in a deluge. Remember that we were living in the house while the building operations were progressing. Possibly that night was not just like a storm at sea, but we felt that almost all the elements of a real storm were present.

However, as the morning brings sunshine, so later contemplation of the state of affairs revealed that the inside of that dirty old shop had received such a wonderful washing as it probably never would have received otherwise, which was indeed a blessing. Our soaked clothing was the merest detail — it would dry out.

In tearing off the roof, we found many of the old hand-made shingles to be practically as good as they were fifty years ago when they were put on. In fact, we saved a few for inside decorative work. The new roof of shingles, which had been stained green, was a long step toward making the house begin to look cozy and neat.

Next we went to the siding; and I must mention that in our roofing and siding we used building paper liberally, believing that it would make the house very much warmer in case we should ever wish to use it in cold weather. At least, with windows on all four sides of the building, we thought ventilation was sufficiently provided for; hence the desire to prevent unlimited and uncontrollable ventilation.

One thing we did do. In all our construction we used such plainness and frankness that the squirrels and mice and birds could find no habitations where they might annoy us and still be beyond our reach. In all the corners and crevices there are only two sides to the house—inside and outside. When the vermin are outside, we are content; and when they are inside, they will be in plain view and within easy reach. Certainly I like squirrels and birds and bees and almost the whole list of outdoor life, but I do not enjoy having the squirrels use my roof for storing their share of the nuts from the hickory-tree which overhangs the eaves; yet they seem to feel perfectly justified in gnawing a hole right through the roof when such seems to suit their purpose. But I have them now. There are no sheltered crevices and convenient pigeonholes in which to make nests. And the mice the same; they will have to go down cellar—and there is none.

The water-supply? What could be nicer than to have such a spring as ours within a few yards of one's house?

The inside plans and finishing? Why, of course I have said nothing of that because it is reserved for next summer. All this winter we shall be planning and scheming for the inside of that cottage, and then next summer we shall work out as many of the plans as our time and inclination will allow. Certainly, it may be rather unconventional, but one side of the living-room is to have a carpenter's work-bench as a permanent fixture, and our floor is not so fine but that we shall feel at perfect ease in strewing it with shavings and chips while we are evolving some new piece of furniture or some further scheme of decoration.

It may be next summer will not be long enough in which to complete all our plans, but one definite plan for that season is to add an angle at one end, where we shall build an inviting fireplace of the stones which can be gathered in the surrounding fields. It worries us not in the least that we are neither carpenter nor stone-mason. We are building for ourselves; and if we are pleased with either the occupation or the result, what matter if we do not carry a union card? and what matter if we do violate some of the traditions of the trade?

O, you ask the cost? Well, if it had been much, it would never have been at all. The time we put on it does not count, because it was our vacation, and we merely prefer hammering to fishing. As for materials, one hundred dollars easily covers the expense this summer; and next summer it will amount to about what we would spend for liquid refreshment and a few trips to some summer resort if we remained at home in the town. So now, is our cottage an expense or an investment?

I Am Free

"COMPLETE atonement Christ has made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er his people owed;
Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

"I'll Find a Way, or Make It"

WE are all quite familiar with the above quotation from one of earth's courageous sons. The power of enthusiasm that sent forth from his heart those words when obstacles stared him in the face on every side is not foreign to others who have climbed high on fame's ladder because of their accomplishments. It is said that when Edison found, during his early tests with the incandescent light, that his lamps which had burned well for a month had suddenly gone out, and read in the morning the judgment of a scientist that his electric bulb was a good toy but a poor tool, he said: "I will make a statue of that professor, and illumine him with electric lamps, and make his ignorance memorable."

Then locking himself in his den with his instruments, Edison worked for five successive days and nights without sleep, and proved the value of his electric bulb.

That is the spirit that makes great men. Hard work, coupled with intense enthusiasm and a spirit that will not be downed, makes all things possible. Why are we so often prone to forget this?

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

The Singer's Alms

(An incident in the life of the great tenor Mario)

In Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman leading a fair child
Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce where the singer stood was filled;
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity, woven in a song.

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him; naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

—The Congregationalist.

Walking on Water

ONE night while in a meeting, Dr. Torrey received a note from the question box to this effect:—

"If you are as great as you pretend to be, can you walk on water?" And scrawled across the note was, "Now don't you dodge this."

Dr. Torrey read the question, "Can you walk on water?" and replied, "Yes, my friend, a great deal better than I can on whisky."—Selected.

GOD has given his church the contract for lighting the whole earth.—A. J. Haysmer.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS is love in action."



Bird-Guessing Contest

1. A FLASH of sky on wing. Bluebird.
2. O, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
Thy note from household clocks is heard,
And children's ears rejoice. Cuckoo.
3. King of the water, as the air,
He dives and finds his prey. Kingfisher.
4. Thy plaintive cry announces punishment,
And warns the luckless boy for whom 'tis sent.
Whippoorwill.
5. You introduce yourself throughout your song,
And tell the world your brief, old-fashioned name. Phoebe.
6. "Bob White" you call
Along the marshy coast.
Speak not so loud
Or you will be on toast. Quail.
7. Cooing 'neath barn rafters,
Pouting, sometimes, too;
Rippling like child laughter
All the winter through. Pigeon.
8. An English emigrant, bird of the street,
So common that some like thee not at all;
Yet in the Holy Bible we are told
The Father careth if but one should fall. Sparrow.
9. Red-breasted harbinger of spring,
We wait in hope to hear thee sing. Robin.
10. At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice. Oriole.

— Selected.

Electric Sterilizing



AN apparatus that sterilizes milk by electric light has been invented in Holland. It contains a mercury-vapor lamp, so arranged that a thin stream of milk may be made to flow over the surface of it. The ultraviolet rays from the light quickly destroy all bacteria in the milk. Demonstrations were first made with water containing various kinds of bacteria. The water was purified in a few minutes, with but slight increase of temperature. If this method of sterilizing milk without heating proves to be practical, it will have a wide field of usefulness.—*Youth's Companion*.

Artificial Wood

MANY a large building in Germany is floored with a material that is obviously not cement, because it is not hard enough, nor linoleum, because it is not quite soft enough despite its elasticity. Ask an architect what that curious material is, and you will be told that it is pressed sawdust mixed with magnesium chloride. Wood is too expensive in Germany to be burned under a boiler—the American method of utilizing most sawmill waste. Hence the sawdust floor. We in the United States have not been blind to this new use of what was once a waste; for the German manufacturer will tell you that the American, too, is beginning to mix his sawdust with magnesium chloride. Like most German industries, however small, the process of making a flooring from sawdust is conducted on strictly scientific principles. Something more than a haphazard mixture of sawdust and magnesium chloride is required. The

chloride absorbs water very readily. It is what the chemist calls hygroscopic. Unless some scientific method is adopted to effect the mixture, a perpetually damp floor will be the result. Accordingly, the manufacturers have employed chemists to solve that problem for them. It is the business of the chemist to ascertain the correct proportions of the mixture. The usual process is to add the sawdust in the right quantity to a cement-like mass composed of a solution of magnesium chloride to which powdered magnesia is added. Sometimes the manufacturer delivers tiles of this composition, and sometimes he mixes the composition on the spot, works it in the form of a plastic mass, and allows it to set. The cost is rarely greater than two dollars a square yard. The effect of linoleum and parquet flooring is obtained by adding coloring matter. Even wainscoting, stair coverings, and roofing tiles are thus made. One manufacturer supplies the raw material itself and the formula for mixing it, so that you can lay your own floor, and exercise your own ingenuity and good taste. Some of these artificial wood floorings and wainscots are made from bottle corks. Perhaps that explains why the waiters in every German hotel have developed a squirrel-like faculty of treasuring cork stoppers.—*Scientific American*.

A Sure Cure for Constipation

ONE of the common causes of the clogging of the system with impurities is constipation of the bowels; and many of the stomach disorders and other diseases with which the American people are afflicted are due to this cause.

In my experience in handling a large number of these cases during the past twenty-five years, I have found that the following simple methods, if persistently adhered to, will conquer the most stubborn cases:—

One thing that gives great relief is whole wheat, cooked four or five hours in a double boiler. I have seen cases of over twenty years' standing, in which laxatives had been used to no effect, respond to this treatment in a few weeks' time. Some wheat prepared in this way should be eaten at each meal.

Another effective remedy is a glass of water taken as soon as one arises in the morning. In about ten minutes another should be taken, repeating this three or four times, if possible, before breakfast. In case the water can not be taken alone, the juice of a lemon or an orange may be added.

The following is an exercise of great value: Lie on the floor or some place equally firm, before the body is clothed in the morning. Raise the limbs at right angles with the body, taking five seconds to raise and lower. Raise first one limb and then the other, then both together. Keep up this exercise for four or five minutes. This will strengthen the muscles of the abdomen, and is one of the very best exercises.

Deep breathing is also excellent, especially if taken in the open air.

These are some of nature's simple remedies; and their continued use will give relief. It can be readily seen that they could not possibly be injurious. Of course, if the patient is in such a weakened condition that he can not follow such directions, he should see his family physician before carrying out this program.—*H. F. Rand, M. D., in the Shield*.

"WHATEVER you dislike in another person be sure to correct in yourself."

Important Resolutions

FOR thirty-six years the annual sessions of the National Conference of Charities and Correction have been held, chiefly in Northern cities. For this reason, distinctly social problems have been somewhat neglected in these assemblies. Recently, Gov. Ben W. Hooper, of Tennessee, called a Southern Sociological Congress, which met at Nashville, Tennessee, May 7-10. Delegates officially representing sixteen different States were in attendance. The congress was a success.

The temperance question was not on the program for discussion, but the subject was so forced to the front in all the discussions that the congress was impelled to take definite action. This seems to have been the first time that any definite action on the temperance question has been taken by any national gathering of this character. Below is given the text of the resolutions adopted on the subject of temperance:—

We recognize the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be the greatest menace to happy, prosperous homes, and to clean, honorable civic life, and the principal cause of crime, disease, poverty, and degradation; a constant, stubborn barrier to honest, industrious, frugal, law-abiding citizenship, creating physical and moral conditions which beggar description; and that whatever further reform work may engage the interests of the Southern Sociological Congress, whether it be the question of child labor, or of delinquent and neglected children, the prevention of crime or prison reform, the prevention of insanity or the proper care of the insane, the better housing of the poor or the prevention and cure of tuberculosis; or whatever work we have undertaken for the betterment of humanity, the need for such work is rendered the more imperative because of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Throughout the Southern States determined opposition to this traffic has resulted in the enactment of laws by which five entire States and approximately ninety per cent of the territory of the remaining States of our Southland now forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Under the present federal law the States are powerless to prevent the importation of intoxicating liquors from other States, even when consigned to notorious violators of law, and for the avowed purpose of sale contrary to the laws of the State. Under our system of government, a citizen of one State should not be given privileges and opportunities under the protection of interstate commerce which the people have wisely denied to their own citizenship within the State. Therefore, in view of all these things,—

Be it resolved, That the churches of every name and creed, and all temperance organizations, and all right-thinking people everywhere, should emphasize the necessity for individual abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, and the careful training of the young in the principles of abstinence;

That, in view of the fact that the liquor traffic, being essentially lawless in itself, has produced a general state of lawlessness, which is proving to be a menace to our civilization, we urge all our officers to regard well their oath and to administer the law without fear or favor; and that we redouble our efforts to unite all well-disposed people and all friends of sobriety, and press with even greater vigor the effort to strengthen our legislation and more perfectly to enforce existing laws;

That it is unjust to States having prohibited the liquor traffic, in whole or in part, for the federal government to permit people in other States to ship into these States alcoholic liquors intended to be used in violation of their laws; and we call upon Congress to pass promptly the Kenyon-Sheppard Bill, which will permit the States to enforce their own laws by preventing the introduction of liquors from other States into their territory for unlawful purposes.

We insist that the present situation is both anomalous and intolerable. The fact that outside and irresponsible citizens of other States should, under the guise and protection of interstate commerce, have the power to furnish the bootlegger and the blind tiger with their supplies of liquors by means of which they carry on their unlawful traffic, is repugnant to every sentiment of justice and of fair dealing between the federal government, under its delegated power, and the States, under their inherent power of police. We insist that no political issue transcends this in importance, going directly as it does to that relationship of equity and comity, which should be established and maintained between them under our dual system of government.

We therefore urge senators and representatives in Congress both to support with their influence and votes the pending bill above named, and vigorously to oppose the efforts of the liquor interests of the country to delay and defeat it.

(Signed) H. B. Garre, Chairman;
Minnie Kerr Gilbert, Secretary.

Learning by Doing

At the Seminary we have the only reasonable way of learning to be ministers; that is, by actually being ministers. Every member of the pastoral training class has experience in speaking before outside audiences, as well as before our own people. We learn to preach by preaching.

R. T. FARLEY.

"At vesper tide
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
'Since none I've wronged in deed or word to-day,
From whom should I crave pardon? Master, say.'
A voice replied:
'From the sad child whose joy thou hast not planned,
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not stand,
The rose that died for water from thy hand.'"

Libraries in the Navy

THE Navy Department spends every year \$30,000 for libraries for its ships. Each ship's library includes 300 books, mostly technical, and more or less expensive on that account. A crew's library is usually made up of about 500 books on fiction and of character suitable for entertainment.

About one third of the books are replaced each year. The changes are made upon recommendation of those in charge of the ships, but it has developed that this is not a satisfactory method, as much depends upon the points of view on literature possessed by the responsible persons. So it is proposed to standardize the libraries by making the changes in Washington, applying them generally to all ships. It is further held that this plan would work for economy, effecting a saving of, from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.—*Boston Advertiser*.

The Dish of Strawberries

THE other day I happened to take dinner with a dear old lady in her own home. As we sat down to the table, I noticed by her plate a dish of fresh ripe strawberries,—the only dish of the kind on the table; for the strawberry season is just beginning here in California, the first of May.

The meal progressed as usual until near the close, when some one called her attention to the strawberries, which she had not eaten.

"Yes," she said, "they are very nice, but I don't see that the rest of you have any. I don't want to enjoy such a special dish all to myself."

It was explained to her that the others had another dessert that was just as nice and just as much liked as the berries; but with the remark that she didn't care to eat anything the rest did not have, she quietly set the dish aside.

The lesson of that simple act impressed itself upon me so forcibly that I wanted to write it out for you,—a lesson of unselfishness, of hospitality, of love, of care for others; and that, too, in the years when it is usual for one to become more and more self-centered, for this woman is in her eighty-fifth year.

It is only by lifelong discipline in unselfishness and hospitality that one can act so sweet a part in the closing years of life.

MARY A. STEWARD.



His Favorite Uncle



JOHN GRAHAM had come to expect that his brother Harper's visits would be flying ones. Years before, when they were young, he had protested: "What's two days! You don't have time to scarcely sense that you're in the country, and you and I have just got acquainted by that time so we can begin to talk."

He had listened tolerantly to Harper's explanation regarding the exactions of business. "Wait till I've made my pile," the city man had said, "and then I'll spend every summer on the farm, and you'll have a hard time to get any work done." The "pile" had been made long ago, but success had not brought freedom. The gray-haired, portly man who sat chatting with his brother on the porch that spring morning had even less time to call his own than the beginner had claimed twenty-five years before.

John Graham, answering questions of his brother regarding some boyhood friends, checked himself in the midst of a sentence, and fixed his gaze on a vehicle, just coming into view over the brow of the hill. Then a sudden twinkle lighted his eyes, as keen and blue as a boy's.

"Here comes Clifford, bright and early. I kind of reckoned he'd be along to shake hands with his favorite uncle."

The other brother stroked his chin reflectively. "I don't know why Clifford should be particularly fond of me. I've seen little enough of him, and you, I'm sure, have a thousand times as much claim on his gratitude. You've been a real uncle to him, and sometimes — sometimes I think I haven't been a real anything to any one."

"You've been a real brother to me, Harper." The voice of the older man showed a little concern, and with characteristic dread of anything approaching sentiment, he hastily changed the subject. "As far as Clifford goes, he's young yet. Just now the loaves and fishes look mighty big to him, but he'll learn better. Clifford thinks a lot about the main chance, but the trouble is he hasn't found out what the main chance really is. He'll learn, though."

When Harper Graham shook hands with his nephew, a little later, he did not feel his brother's certainty that Clifford would learn the lesson of such evident importance. Clifford was a well-dressed young man, too well dressed, indeed, for the only son of a hard-working farmer. His hands were surprisingly soft, his uncle thought. His smile was insinuating.

"Uncle Harper, it's good to see you. I could hardly wait to get my breakfast eaten before I had the man hitch up."

"You're looking well, Clifford." Harper Graham's tone was dry. His long training in judging men enabled him to estimate correctly the form of his nephew's greeting. He watched the young fellow as he

turned toward the occupant of the adjoining chair. "Hello, Uncle John," Clifford said carelessly. An indefinable change in manner indicated that he considered cordiality no longer worth while.

"Hello, Clifford." The old man's tone was placid. "You're looking better than when I saw you last." He smiled upon him kindly. "Pretty wabbly and weak-kneed you were then. Don't you remember?" "Naturally after a run of typhoid fever," Clifford returned curtly, "one doesn't feel athletic."

"Typhoid fever!" It was time for Mr. Harper Graham to put in a word. "Why, you were over that a year ago!"

"Just about a year," John agreed placidly. "He was a sick boy, too. His mother's as good a nurse as there is in the county, but she was all worn out. I used to help her nights when he was at the worst of it."

But Clifford had detected the critical thought back of his uncle's exclamation. "I've happened to be away when Uncle John's been over home," he said carelessly. He racked his brain for a sufficient excuse for failing to present himself at his uncle's home in a year's time, but none came. After all, Uncle Harper must see how it was. He must understand that a nice old farmer, like Uncle John, did not bear comparison with a man like himself. And however misleading that brusque manner of his might be, he could not, in the nature of the case, fail to be flattered by evidences of preference on the part of his discriminating nephew.

Clifford spent the morning and stayed to dinner. He showed a most praiseworthy inclination to sacrifice his own interests to make things pleasant for his dear Uncle Harper. He suggested plans for driving and sails, till Harper Graham suggested dryly, "Couldn't think of imposing on your kindness to such an extent, Clifford. I realize that a young man's time is worth something in these days of competition."

"I don't know how I could use my time to better advantage than in being with you." Clifford's light-blue eyes blinked spasmodically in his effort to express intense feeling. "It isn't likely you realize, Uncle Harper, what an inspiration you are to me. When I see what you've done with your life, it makes me feel as if I might hope for something better and bigger than the narrow existence that satisfies these good people."

Clifford was rather proud of that little speech. It set his uncle and himself apart from the prosaic country folk from whom both sprang, while at the same time it gave the older man the credit for the younger's aspirations. Mentally Clifford designated it as "neat." Harper Graham looked him over.

"I don't know as I've done such wonders with my life as you're kind enough to think, Clifford. But some day the eyes of the people about here will be opened to the fact that your uncle John is a rich man."

A growing sense of irritation with his nephew caused Mr. Graham to make an excuse for absenting himself from the room at this minute, and Clifford was left to himself. He was a literal-minded young man, and if he had suspected any of his acquaintances of using the term "riches" in a figurative sense, it would not have occurred to him to credit Uncle Harper with such flights of imagination.

Sitting on the porch, he reasoned the matter out to his own satisfaction. "I see how it is. Uncle John has been handing his surplus over to Uncle Harper to invest for him, and he's struck it rich. Who'd have thought that the old fox would have been sly enough to keep it to himself this way?"

Clifford felt a profound sense of gratitude to his uncle Harper for what he mentally denominated his "tip." It would be a little wearing to lay himself out to win Uncle John's affection, but he could stand it, under the circumstances. "As long as he hasn't any children himself," reflected Clifford, "I'm bound to come into all he's got, if only I play my cards right."

Very much to John Graham's surprise, after his brother Harper's return to the city, he found himself suddenly promoted to the post of "favorite uncle." For a year Clifford had been able to get along without seeing him at all. Now he was considerate attention personified. He professed almost disconcerting readiness to do his uncle any number of favors. He manifested an unusual and unnecessary interest in his health.

Honest John Graham puzzled himself not a little over the matter. He wanted to be fair to his sister's son. His kindness of heart did battle for a time with his native common sense. "Maybe I've misjudged the boy," he told himself with painstaking hopefulness; but at the bottom of his heart he knew better. Make-believe affection, however voluble its expression, however ardent its service, never rings quite true.

John Graham at last made up his mind to put the matter to the test. He was uncomfortable under the attentions his nephew lavished on him. The impression that there must be a mistake somewhere grew stronger continually.

One evening when Clifford had made one of his protracted calls, and remained to supper, Uncle John broached the subject. "There haven't been any children in this home since Harper and I were boys," he said. "But after I'm gone, there'll be little folks running through the rooms, children's voices making music up-stairs and down-stairs. I like to think of it when I sit here of an evening." He studied his nephew's face with keen eyes as he went on. "I've left my farm to that Children's Aid Society in the city. They intend to use the house for keeping as many boys as it will hold, with land enough to teach them something about farming. And they will sell the rest of the land to help pay for its keeping up."

There was a pause. Eagerly Clifford waited further disclosures. What did he care as to his uncle's disposal of the old farm? But what about the wealth to which Uncle Harper had made reference? "A rich man," he had said, and the phrase meant a very different thing in Harper Graham's vocabulary from what it meant to the country community which was John Graham's home.

"Going to leave them any more, Uncle John?" His voice was not natural. The words seemed to say themselves. He had a feeling that he *must* know.

His uncle looked at him with tranquil eyes. "More!

Why to tell the truth, boy, there isn't much more to leave anybody. The few hundred dollars in the savings-bank I may need myself before I get through."

Clifford stared at him, his mind in strange confusion. No one had ever been insane enough even mentally to accuse John Graham of falsehood. "But you're rich," he burst out, and then he would have given all he possessed to have recalled the words.

John Graham smiled placidly. "I'm not likely to see the inside of the poorhouse, if that's what you mean by being rich."

"It isn't."

The older man looked hard at the younger. Clifford's perturbed face both confirmed his suspicions and aroused his sympathies. "Who gave you the idea that I was rich, boy?" he asked gently.

"Why Uncle Harper — Uncle Harper —" Clifford stammeringly repeated the name, his customary diplomacy quite deserting him. But an amused smile overspread Uncle John's features.

"Told you I was rich, did he? Well, I guess he must have meant another kind of riches. If a man has tried to do the right thing, and help other folks out for sixty years or so, your uncle Harper thinks he's got something put away up above. But if I'm worth anything, Cliff, besides the old farm, it's in heavenly riches, that's sure."

Clifford got to his feet. Disappointment, the realization that he had, as he phrased it, made a fool of himself, turned his face to a livid mask. His uncle's eyes were still upon him, and without seeming to notice the change, John Graham continued, "And by the way, Clifford, about to-morrow —"

The young man interrupted him, his voice curt and harsh. "I've happened to remember that I've an engagement for to-morrow. I'll have to ask you to excuse me."

"We'll look for you over to dinner some day this week," remarked John Graham, addressing his nephew's back. But the back gave no sign of having heard the invitation. Clifford was mumbling incoherent words, cursing himself fiercely for having been so easily taken in. Heavenly riches! And it was for those he had waited on Uncle John's whims for three months.

Left to himself, John Graham's smile was a sad one. "Poor Cliff!" He shook his head. "I was afraid it was something of that sort. After all, the best make-believe doesn't ring true, no more than a quarter of lead. Folks have got to feel things themselves, to make others feel them." — *Harriet Lummis Smith, in Young People's Weekly.*

The Mowing Field

QUEEN ANNE has spread her laces
On the edge of the mowing field.

"You mustn't come in!" the farmer says,
While his men their long knives wield;
"You are fine and dandy, beyond a doubt;
But you and your tribe will please keep out."

Like wide-eyed, longing children,
They are peeping over and through —
The blue-eyed grass and the buttercups,
And the weeds that are flowers, too;
It's a fine, strong fence, both high and wide,
That will keep them safe on the other side.

The oxeye daisies daring, —
They are peeping over the wall!
"Off with their heads!" the farmer says;
"I have often warned them all."
And each golden head, with its frilly cap,
Lies limp and still in the meadow's lap.

— *Anna Burnham Bryant, in the Wellspring.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, August 3

Into All the World, No. 15 — Africa

LEADER'S NOTE.—For the map drill prepare a good large map for the wall. Make some reference to the map on page eleven of "Daybreak in the Dark Continent." This book was in the Reading Course three years ago, and doubtless some one in every society has a copy. Mention briefly the physical features, etc. See geography, the book just referred to, etc. For the paper "Why Africa Needs the Gospel," see "Daybreak in the Dark Continent," chapter 3. See last chapter of book "Price of Africa," for the talk on "Price of Africa." This book was in last year's Senior Course. Helps will be found in the two books mentioned above, and in the INSTRUCTOR for Jan. 10, 1911, on the "Life of Robert Moffat." These same books will furnish matter for "Life of Livingstone," so will almost any general book on missions. Gather missionary reports. Ask all to come next week prepared to answer to the roll-call with one sentence each of information concerning our work in Africa.

Since there have been many excellent articles concerning our work in Africa in the *Review and Herald* during the past months of the present year, we shall deviate slightly from the plan outlined in the leaflet containing the society programs in brief for 1912; and let the societies draw most of their material for the program on our work in Africa from the *Review*. (It would be well for every society to keep in the society library a file of the *Review and Herald* as well as of the INSTRUCTOR. If you have none, get access to a family file in your church.) Articles containing helps on "Our Work on the Gold Coast" will be found in the *Review* of February 1 and 15, March 7, and May 2 and 16. Helps on "Our Work in East Africa" will be found in the *Review* for February 22 and 29, March 7 and 14, and May 23. The *Review* of February 29 has an excellent article on the school work in Africa. Help for "Our Work in South Africa" will be found in the *Review* of January 25, February 1, 8, and 22, March 7 and 14, April 18 and 25. Look through papers of more recent dates for help on all these topics. These references, together with the "Outline of Mission Fields" will enable all to present good papers on these topics. Let individuals preparing these parts of the program note these references and make good use of the articles to which they refer. A few helps will appear in the INSTRUCTOR for next week.

Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).
Map drill (five-minute talk).
Why Africa Needs the Gospel (five-minute paper).
A Plea for Africa (recitation). See page 14.
Price of Africa (five-minute talk).
Life of Robert Moffat (seven-minute paper).
Life of Livingstone (seven-minute paper).

Some Good Reasons

THIS morning I had a serious talk with myself about several things. One thing was the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. I started the course last fall, and thought I should have completed it before this; so I felt a bit discouraged and have looked hard to find a good excuse for not doing the reading as I had planned. But being honest with myself, I know that I have wasted enough time to read all the books, and I also know that by careful planning it will be altogether possible for me still to do the reading before October. Somehow, I can not get away from a story I read the other day about a dog sitting on a sand-bur. The creature was unwilling to exert itself to get off, so it sat there and howled because it was hurt. It always hurts to leave undone the good one has resolved to do; and I admit that it makes me feel uncomfortable

to think that I have not finished the course I started. However I shall not complain that I lack time, but be up and doing until the work is done.

I have looked myself squarely in the eye and said, "You will never amount to anything until you learn to persevere." There are plenty who will start a good thing, but it is sticking that counts. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." If I begin by breaking the promises I make to myself, I will soon fail to keep those I make to others, and the world will label me "unreliable."

Then, too, I know that the reading in the course is worth while. After all, my life is something like a grocery box,—not worth much when empty,—and I should put into it something that will be valuable to the world. The Reading Course is a good thing to press into one of the unfilled corners. I know that the reading will strengthen my desire for good literature, and that will be a safeguard against many temptations.

I must not forget that somebody is being influenced by me. I shall not be like the clock on the street corner that caused travelers to miss trains, sent children late to school, and threw business men a half-hour behind time; and all because it stopped. If I stop, I may cause others to fail. "I know I can finish the course by reading some each day, so I am determined to persevere until the work is done, saying with Grant, "I will fight it out along this line if it takes all summer."

A. M. V.

A Missionary Volunteer Thermometer

212 degrees, boiling. Very enthusiastic. A member of the society. Attends regularly. Always on time. Helps on programs. Is active in doing missionary work. Reports faithfully. Takes part in social and

prayer meetings. Gives to missions. Observes the Morning Watch daily. Studies the Bible. Takes the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. Is or will become a member of Attainment. Works unceasingly for others. Never grows cold, but warms those around. Strives to live a consistent Christian life, and is an inspiration to all.

90 degrees, warm. A member in fairly good standing. Attends meetings quite regularly. Often late. Sometimes inattentive. Does some missionary work. Occasionally reports. Takes part in social and prayer services when in good spirits. Gets discouraged easily. Condition and influence are dangerous.

55 degrees, cold. Goes to meeting occasionally. Usually late. Belongs to the society. Seldom takes part. Does no other missionary work. Never reports. Criticizes freely. Often restless in meeting. Has just enough religion to be miserable, but not enough to keep happy. Condition is very precarious.

32 degrees, freezing. Goes to meeting once in a while. Usually late. Does not belong to the society. Does no missionary work. Clings to known sins. Is dying fast.

0 degrees, zero. Does no missionary work. Never goes to meeting. Is dead. What is your temperature?

Look at the engine speeding along the



track. It is the great burden-bearer of the commercial world. But shut off the steam, and it becomes useless to man. Every Missionary Volunteer Society should be a powerful engine for speeding to the world the last message of mercy. But it takes steam to move the engine, and there can be no steam if the water falls one degree short of boiling. Even one member, if unfaithful, may cause the society thermometer to drop. Then see to it that your Christian experience always registers 212°. Keep the flame hot and the water boiling. Never let your fuel supply run low. You will find some of the fuel you need, stored away in the chamber of secret prayer, some among the books of the Bible, and some must be gleaned from the field of Christian service.

M. E.

A Plea for Africa

(A plea of a missionary on furlough)

"LET me go back! I am homesick
For the land of my love and toil,
Though I thrill at the sight of my native hills,
The touch of my native soil.
Thank God for the dear home country,
Unconquered and free and grand!
But the African dark, dark shores for me,
And the shores of the promised land.

"My brain is dazed and wearied
With the home land's stress and strife,
With the race for money and place and power,
And the whirl of the nation's life.
Let me go back! Such pleasures
And pains are not for me;
But O, for a share in the harvest home
Of the field beyond the sea!

"For there are my chosen people,
And there is my place to fill,
To spend the last of my life and strength
In doing my Master's will.
Let me go back! 'Tis nothing
To suffer and do and dare,
For the Lord has faithfully kept his word;
He is with me always there!"

A Good Example

[The following extract from a letter written by a society leader to his conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, is brimful of good suggestions for other Missionary Volunteers. Do not fail to read it.]

As a part of our organization we have a temperance committee, of which Dr. Fullmer is chairman. This committee met a week ago and began the preparation of the temperance program.

I am sure that you will be glad to learn of the excellent experiences our members are having in the house-to-house work on Sabbath afternoons an hour before the meeting. We use nearly two hundred tracts each Sabbath; besides this, we have subscribed for a club of fifteen *Signs*.

We have been giving two dollars a month to the hospital work; but because of our additional expenses for the *Signs* and the tracts, I suggested to the society a few Sabbaths ago that it might be well to give less to the hospital. In five minutes after my statement, enough money had been subscribed to pay our regular hospital appropriation for four months in advance, with no debt left on the society. The young people are taking a more active part in the programs; and altogether the Lord is greatly blessing our work.

CHARLES E. NIXON,

Leader of Carr Street Society, Los Angeles,
California.

THE first duty of popular self-government is individual self-control.—*Elihu Root*.



IV — Answers to Prayer

(July 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Ps. 34:17.

Questions

1. What has the Lord promised to do for those who call upon him in trouble? Ps. 50:15; 107:4-6.
2. What does the apostle James say of the prayers of the righteous? James 5:16.
3. What incident does he mention that shows the power of prayer? Verses 17, 18.
4. To what was Elijah [Elias] subject? Verse 17; note 1.
5. How soon did Daniel once receive an answer to his prayer? Dan. 9:21-23.
6. At another time how promptly was his prayer heard? Dan 10:11, 12.
7. How earnest had Daniel been in his prayers? Dan. 9:3; 10:2, 3.
8. What did Daniel do besides praying earnestly? Dan. 9:3; 10:3.
9. What directions does the Saviour give in regard to fasting? Matt. 6:16-18; note 2.
10. What took place when the early disciples prayed in time of persecution? Acts 4:31.
11. When Peter was cast into prison, what did the church do? Acts 12:5.
12. What did the Lord do for Peter in answer to the prayers of the church? Verses 6-10.
13. What wonderful thing took place at the Philipian jail when Paul and Silas prayed? Acts 16:25, 26.
14. For what purpose were all these things given to us in writing? Rom. 15:4; 1 Cor. 10:11.
15. May not we be assured that God will answer sincere prayer at this time as truly as he did in ancient days? Note 3.

Notes

1. The statement that "Elijah was a man subject to like passions" is encouraging. We sometimes feel that those men through whom God worked so marvelously in olden times must have been of a higher order of beings than the people of our day. Every Christian is a child of the King; and the angels in heaven and the King on his throne bow to listen when that child speaks, and all heaven unites to bring about an answer to that child's petition.

2. "The fasting which the Word of God enjoins is something more than form. It does not consist merely in refusing food, in wearing sackcloth, in sprinkling ashes upon the head. He who fasts in real sorrow for sin will never court display. The object of the fast which God calls upon us to keep, is not to afflict the body for the sin of the soul, but to aid us in perceiving the grievous character of sin, in humbling the heart before God, and receiving his pardoning grace. His command to Israel was, 'Render your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God.'—"Mount of Blessing," page 119.

3. "Our Heavenly Father waits to bestow upon us the fullness of his blessing. It is our privilege to drink largely at the fountain of boundless love. What a wonder it is that we pray so little! God is ready and willing to hear the sincere prayer of the humblest of his children, and yet there is much manifest reluctance on our part to make known our wants to God. What can the angels of heaven think of poor helpless human beings, who are subject to temptation, when God's heart of infinite love yearns toward them, ready to give them more than they can ask or think, and yet they pray so little, and have so little faith? . . . The darkness of the evil one encloses those who neglect to pray. The whispered temptations of the enemy entice them to sin."—"Steps to Christ," pages 107, 108.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — Answers to Prayer

(July 27)

LESSON HELPS: *The Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 34: 17.

Questions

1. For what purpose were the things written which happened aforetime? Rom. 15: 4; 1 Cor. 10: 11.
2. What assurance is given to those who call upon the Lord in trouble? Ps. 50: 15; 107: 4-6; note 1.
3. What is said of the prayer of the righteous? James 5: 16.
4. For what did Elijah pray? With what result? Verses 17, 18.
5. On a certain occasion how earnestly did Daniel seek God? Dan. 10: 1-3.
6. When the angel came to him, what did he say about how soon Daniel's prayers were heard? Verses 11, 12.
7. Why was not his prayer answered more speedily? Verse 13.
8. What did Sennacherib, king of Assyria, once send against Jerusalem? Who was in command? Isa. 36: 1, 2; note 2.
9. What insolent message did the king send by the hand of Rabshakeh? Verses 13-20; note 3.
10. How did his words affect those who heard them? Verses 21, 22.
11. What did Hezekiah do? Isa. 37: 1; note 4.
12. What message did he send to Isaiah the prophet? Verses 2-5; note 5.
13. What comforting message came to him through Isaiah? Verses 6, 7.
14. What further blasphemous message did the king send Hezekiah by the hand of Rabshakeh? Verses 8-13.
15. What did Hezekiah do with the letter? Verse 14.
16. What prayer did he offer? Verses 15-20; note 6.
17. What further message in answer to the prayer of Hezekiah came through the prophet Isaiah concerning King Sennacherib and his army? Verses 21-28.
18. What did the Lord say he would do? Verses 29-32.
19. What deliverance did the Lord promise to Jerusalem? Verses 33, 34.
20. Who did he say would defend the city? How was deliverance brought? Verses 35, 36.
21. What befell Sennacherib? Verses 37, 38.
22. Under all circumstances what promise may the righteous claim? Ps. 34: 17.

Notes

1. "We never need to distrust God. The just Judge repulses no one who comes to him in contrition. He has more pleasure in his church, struggling with temptations here below, than in the imposing host of angels that surround his throne. Not one sincere prayer is lost. Amid the anthems of the celestial choir, God hears the cries of the weakest human being."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Signs of the Times, Sept. 15, 1898.*

2. The story of the invasion of Sennacherib, his defiance of God, and the miraculous destruction of his army, contains one of the most wonderful deliverances of God's people in answer to prayer recorded in the Bible. No effort is made in the lesson to cover every detail; the one object being to strengthen faith in God by getting before our minds how, in answer to the prayer of his servant, the Lord sent deliverance to his people. We, too, are engaged in a warfare. Foes within and enemies without at times threaten the overthrow of the cause and work of God; but now, as in the days of Hezekiah,

God will not leave his people, but in answer to their earnest petitions will send help.

3. "Having utterly overthrown Merodach-baladan, Sennacherib turned fiercely upon his rebellious provinces in the west. Sidon at once surrendered before his impetuous onset. All Syria was terrorized and submitted. The allies from Egypt, marching northward, were defeated. Ekron fell, and its chief men were impaled on stakes. Turning then against his chief enemy, Sennacherib captured in swift succession forty-six of the fortified cities of Judah. He was rapidly approaching Jerusalem. Signs of the Assyrian advance were given in the sky, and night after night the watchers on Mount Zion, seeing the glare in the west, must have speculated which of the cities of Judah was being burned. Clouds of smoke across the heavens, from prairie and forest fires, told how war, even if it passed, would leave a trail of famine; and men thought with breaking hearts of the villages and fields, heritage of the tribes of old, that were now bare to the foot and the fire of the foreigner. Then came touch of the enemy, the appearance of armed bands, vistas down Jerusalem's favorite valleys of chariots, squadrons of horsemen emerging upon the plateaux to north and west of the city, heavy siege-towers and swarms of men innumerable."—*George Adam Smith, quoted in Peloubet's Notes, 1905, page 195.*

4. "Terrified at Sennacherib's approach, Hezekiah had raised the enormous tribute to three hundred talents of silver (about \$600,000, equal in purchasing value to six million dollars to-day). He stripped the temple of its gold, and sent it to the Assyrian monarch, whose headquarters were at Lachish, about thirty-four miles southwest of Jerusalem. The tribute was accepted, but the invaders pressed on."—*Ib.*

5. We should not fail to note that when Israel was involved in a terrible crisis, Hezekiah sent to the prophet of God to inquire if he had any instruction for them. And the Lord had not forgotten his people; he sent them a message of hope.

6. What a splendid example is here presented before us by Hezekiah. He took the threatening letter of the king, and "spread it before the Lord." When in trouble and almost overwhelmed with difficulty, we, too, can obtain help by bringing it to the Lord, and earnestly seeking him for help.

Dr. Wu Ting Fang and the Cigarette

It is believed that the coming of Dr. Wu Ting Fang to Washington as the representative of the new republic will help give a great impetus to the Anti-Cigarette Movement, as Dr. Wu is a leader of a well-organized Chinese movement to check the cigarette evil. China's sending missionaries to the United States is something of a change. The Chinese situation on the cigarette question is desperate. The same methods are used there that are crowding the cigarette upon America. Regarding these business methods, the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says:—

"The constant campaigning of a large crew of experienced men in all parts of the country for the popular brands of cigarettes is undoubtedly responsible for the rapidly increasing demand. Backed up by persistent, well-directed advertising, it is small wonder that the cigarette production increases by leaps and bounds."

An issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* (March 25, 1912) is an example of the methods of advertising. Even an "all-wool clothes" advertisement shows the up-to-date young man with a cigarette. In this one issue fourteen columns, by actual count, of advertising space is given tobacco or some advertisement in which a smoker appears.

Insidious advertising of the most up-to-date style on blotters is found everywhere in hotels, and many other devices are being adopted.—*The Boy Magazine.*

IF I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead in every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir John Herschel.*

HE that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house.—*Solomon.*

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Three Words of Strength

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! though clouds environ round
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! where'er thy bark is driven,—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus 'grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, faith, and love,—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Frederick Schiller.

The Hundred-Point Man

THE other day I wrote to a banker friend, inquiring as to the responsibility of a certain person. The answer came back thus: "He is a hundred-point man in everything and anything he undertakes." I read the telegram, and then pinned it up over my desk where I could see it. That night it sort of stuck in my memory. I dreamed of it.

The next day I showed the message to a fellow I know pretty well, and said, "I'd rather have that said of me than be called a great this or that."

Oliver Wendell Holmes has left on record the statement that you could not throw a stone on Boston Common without caroming on three poets, two essayists, and a playwright. Quite true! But hundred-point men are not so plentiful. A hundred-point man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers, without being "fresh;" who is considerate toward servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous. Hundred-point men may vary much in ability, but this is always true: They are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motor-men, clerks, cashiers, engineers, or presidents of railroads.

The hundred-point man is himself. He is more

interested in doing his work than in what people say about it. He does not consider the gallery. He acts his thought, and thinks little of the act.

I never knew a hundred-point man who was not one brought up from early youth to make himself useful, and to economize in the matter of time and money.

Necessity is ballast. Ballast is a necessity, too, for that matter.

The hundred-point man is one who does not spend money until he earns it; who pays his way; who knows that nothing is ever given for nothing; who keeps his digits off other people's property. When he does not know what to say—why, he says nothing; and when he does not know what to do, he does not do it.—*Ambition.*

A College Girl of Eighty

MRS. A. D. WINSHIP, of the University of Wisconsin, in Racine, is no doubt the oldest "college girl" in America, if not in the world; for she is eighty years of age. She became a student at the University of Ohio when she was seventy-eight years old, and expects to receive her diploma from the University of Wisconsin in two more years. Her interest in life and in the world in general is as great as that of a woman with most of the years of her life before her. She is like Madame de Sevigne, who said: "I could never bear the saying, 'I am too old to learn.' I could much sooner pardon one for saying, 'I am too young.' Youth is in itself so amiable that were the soul as perfect as the body, we could not forbear adoring it; but when youth is past, it is then we ought to think of improvements, and endeavor to supply the loss of personal charms by the graces and perfections of the mind." Mrs. Winship has no other object than that of improving her mind as a college student, and she is deriving much pleasure from her belated college days.—*J. L. Harbour.*

The Desire to Be "Genteel"

It is amusing to see how often the desire to be "genteel" in speech is a pitfall to the uninformed. There are persons who think it a mark of refinement to say it has been "proven," instead of it has been "proved," and to use "gotten" in place of "got." The latest fad seems to be the use of "may" where "can" should be used. "Canning" the "may's" in the manuscripts that come to him is a task that every careful editor has to perform. "Why do you always use 'whilst' in place of 'while'?" asked the city editor of a new reporter. "Because I think it is a nicer word." "All right," said the editor. "I think you'd better work in the janitorial department for a whilst."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Negro in Philadelphia

THERE are more Negroes in Philadelphia and its vicinity than in any other city in the world. The first convention of free Negroes ever held was in Philadelphia in 1831. The oldest Negro publishing house in the world is the African Methodist Episcopal Book Concern in Philadelphia. Philadelphia's Negro population supports only two saloons operated by Negroes. Philadelphia has two Negro hospitals with training-schools and ambulance service. A Negro who can scarcely write his name has built nearly seventy-five houses in that city.—*Charles Fred White.*