

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

August 27, 1912

No. 35



LUTHER EXPLAINING HIS THESES TO THE PEOPLE OF WITTENBERG

See article on page five



PRESIDENT TAFT has vetoed twenty-five measures during his administration.

LONDON and New York are soon to be connected directly by wireless telegraphy.

THE mikado of Japan, who had reigned since 1867, died on the morning of the thirteenth of July.

MORE than \$8,000,000 damage, it is estimated, was done to crops in the South last month by the army-worms.

QUITO, Ecuador, is a city without chimneys. Charcoal is the fuel used, and since it burns without smoke, no chimneys are needed.

ACCORDING to the Department of Agriculture the improper handling of eggs by the railroads entails a loss through breakage of \$45,000,000 annually.

BANANA cloth, made from the fiber of the banana stalk, is now a profitable commodity. The process of manufacture is a product of the Chinese mind.

A SEVERE earthquake shock was felt in the region of the Dardanelles on the tenth of August. One thousand persons were killed, and several thousand injured. Fire, following the earthquake, caused great loss of property.

A Boy Scout school is to be established at Silver Springs, Maryland, a village eight or ten miles from Washington. The school will be very similar to other first-class boys' boarding-schools, the difference being that the discipline will be in accordance with the scout laws' oath, and all practical scoutcraft will be included in the curriculum. Boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen will be admitted.

SECRETARY FISHER plans to allot government coal lands to cities, which, in turn, may operate them under certain regulations to supply municipal and citizens' needs.

SECRETARY of State and Mrs. Knox will attend the funeral of the emperor of Japan, which takes place on the twelfth of September. President Taft assigned Mr. Knox as a special United States representative to Japan.

FOR use in testing a cake to see if it is done before removing it from the oven, the Robinson Baking Tester Company, Old Broadway, New York, sells packages of stout sterilized straws that are sanitary and convenient. A package costs but ten cents, and the straws can be used without the prickings of conscience that accompany the use of straws snatched from the household broom.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a *disrespectful* child."

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Cover Design in Three Colors

"Columbus," "Field Mass," and "Free Speech" Number

OTHER FEATURES: "Religious Garb" (Concluded), "Guardians of Liberty," "Columbus Day," "Religious Instruction," "Independence Principles," and "Sunday Laws."

"WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE" COVER

Previous Number (40,000) Exhausted by June 28

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Cover: Washington Crossing Delaware
 Frontispiece: Photo reproduction of Declaration of Independence
 Two Double-Page Pictures: "Unveiling of Columbus Memorial" and "Catholic Field Mass on the Washington Monument Grounds"
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 The Declaration of Independence—History and Meaning
 Significance of Columbus Monument Unveiling
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 Rome Forbids Free Speech to General Miles in St. Louis
 Religious Liberty of Teachers in Philippines Restricted
 Religious Instruction in Public Schools of Oregon
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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 27, 1912

No. 35

Missionary Work Amid Difficulties in Russia

J. T. BOETTCHER

THERE is probably not another land on the earth where missionary work meets with such obstacles and hindrances as in Russia. In vain has the Lutheran Church endeavored to bring the spirit of the Reformation into Russia; outside of its own fold, little influence has been made on the people. They have their old-fashioned



TARTARS AT TROCHLADNAJA, THE HOME TOWN OF OUR LATELY IMPRISONED MINISTER

customs, which are so deeply grounded in their hearts that they consider them a part of their life. Then there are also the various nationalities, each with its own peculiarities, which one must also take into consideration. Until a short time ago, any one who baptized a Russian was punished. Although the people are not forbidden to leave the state church to join another denomination, yet all propaganda is prohibited. The priests are almost always the cause of the troubles, for they complain, saying that such and such a person is teaching a new religion. Public lectures are not allowed under any conditions.

In a new locality, we usually begin by visiting and distributing Christian literature. Even with this first attempt, we often have to meet some unpleasant experiences, and in the end imprisonment is sometimes inflicted. Just a short time ago one of our ministers in the Caucasus had an experience that I should like to relate here.

After he had visited several churches, and had sown the seed of truth wherever he went, he came to a place where we have only six members. The village is, however, very large, having three Orthodox churches and a so-called Old-believers' church; but tap-houses are to be found on every street. Almost every day fights take place in the village as a result of drink. Even while the brother was there a man was beaten to death. The priests care little about real criminals, but they show great anxiety in the welfare (?) of those who attempt to help the people to attain a better life.

The inhabitants of the village had heard that our brother was holding meetings, and very soon a great crowd gathered to hear him. They are accustomed to hear only their priests singing the prayers in the churches, and they know but little or nothing of a sermon. With the aid of a chart, the brother explained the plan of salvation. The audience was much interested. One of those present wished to begin a debate with our brother. But this was refused him, as such debates are not allowed. He questioned the brother a little, which was allowed him. But he was so put to shame that he went to the priest and asked him to come and answer this minister, for he was confusing the people. The priest sent to the police, and had the brother arrested on Sabbath, just as he had finished his sermon. I quote here from one of his letters:—

“As I spoke on Sabbath of the importance of family prayer, a policeman appeared suddenly, but God prevented him from disturbing our peace. At the end of the meeting, he informed me that I was wanted at the police station. I went to the station with him, where the deputy asked me whether I had permission to visit Adventist churches. I showed him my ministerial license. He noted down all, and then demanded my pass. He next asked me why I confused the people by teaching them to believe the Holy Scriptures. I said that I had not attempted to confuse any one, for I consider the Scriptures the teachings of Jesus, and wish that all would believe the same, and have eternal life. At the end of three days, I had to appear again, and was told that without the examining judge nothing could be done, and that he would come after six days. I was then put in prison. It was a dirty, dark room, with damp walls, and almost choking air. Two men and a woman were in the room, and were lying on boards which were affixed to the wall. They



THE HOME CHURCH OF THE BROTHER WHO WAS ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED

had been committed for counterfeiting documents.

“This was the first time I was ever arrested, and tears came to my eyes as I thought of our poor Brother Pilkewitsch, who had spent two years in prison. There

came to me the words of the apostle, that he who lives righteously must suffer persecution; and I also thought of John, who Christ said was the greatest of all men born of women, and yet he had to die in prison. I thus became more composed, and prayed my Heavenly Father that he might grant me patience.

"Three young men who, in their drunkenness, had robbed a shop and murdered the watchman, were brought into prison. As I spoke to them, they listened with attention to all I said, and answered with a deep sigh, 'We are lost.' I told them of the eternal salvation in Christ Jesus. After they had fallen asleep, I prayed to God, and then lay down, hoping to shorten the time. The clock struck two, but I could not sleep. I thought of my wife and children, and of the prayer of my little three-year-old son at the family worship, shortly before I left home, when we asked the Lord for protection. Then I got up from my board, with aching head and throbbing heart, and prayed. At last I also fell asleep. When I awoke at six o'clock, I found I had caught a bad cold from the dampness. The brethren came soon, bringing me something to eat and drink.

"I learned from them that I was to remain in prison only until the examining judge came, which meant another three days and nights in this dark room with ten other persons, who all smoked incessantly. It seemed to me I should faint. I told them of the hurtfulness of tobacco, and that I could not well stand the smoke. Some agreed with me, and stopped smoking.

"On the fourth day after my arrest, the brother in whose house I had held meetings was brought in. First the judge had to settle the case of a person who had died of drink, and also that of a man who had been beaten, and thirteen other cases. In the evening he went to Stavropol, leaving an order that we should be sent to the prison there. The next morning we were taken to the doctor, who asked us if we were healthy. We then entered a peasant's wagon, which stood in readiness. A large crowd of inquisitive people had gathered to see what would become of us. Some said nothing, others called out to the crowd, with tears in their eyes, 'Why have these innocent men been arrested?' I told them that I had done nothing against the law, and God alone knew why I was under arrest.

"After we bade farewell to the brethren who had gathered there, we drove on, accompanied by a police officer. The youthful murderers were also with us. One of them cried out incessantly, 'My youth is all over; I am lost.' I told him that there was grace for him also, if he would but repent and turn to God. Another asked me why I had no cross around my neck, as without it the devil could seduce me. I answered that the devil had already seduced them, in spite of their crosses. On the way to Stavropol we had many other conversations.

"In Stavropol we met Brother Justus on the street, who wanted to know why we were arrested, but the policeman would not allow him to speak with us. We were soon put in prison, after having had our hair cut short. I then had to undress myself and put on thick underclothes and a worn-out suit, which seemed to me to be full of vermin. We also received mattresses, pillow-cases, and towels, and were led to Cell 18, where already several prisoners sat, who greeted us with joy. I was reminded of the Saviour, how the publicans and sinners gathered around him. These men stormed us with all kinds of questions. I was enabled to tell them a good deal of the salvation in Christ. Some listened with eagerness, others despised us.

"The next morning we were led to the examining judge, accompanied by three soldiers. Although the road was very dirty, we were not allowed to go on the foot-path, for prisoners are allowed to walk only in the middle of the street. We came before the judge, and were accused, the brother for having allowed meetings to be held in his house, and I for having complained against the church, and for pressing Russians to enter our denomination, etc. I was asked what I could say in my defense, upon which I answered that I was not guilty of the accusation, and called upon my witnesses.

"The judge allowed me to return to my home, and permitted me to live there under police inspection. On the way home, I was able to hold many interesting meetings, and also received gifts for missions from outsiders."

Under these difficult conditions, the third angel's message makes its way. We are thankful to the Lord that he has found us worthy of being messengers to bring salvation to these poor souls. Soon the glad day will come when all the scattered seed will grow and bear fruit. If we were not sure that this is the Lord's work, we would rather choose another calling; but in the assurance that we are doing this for Jesus, we are also glad of the tribulations.

Riga, Russia.

Jefferson and the Declaration

RECENTLY a United States senator questioned the accuracy of the historical statement that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. It might be of interest to note that in the month of June, 1776, Robert Lee, of Virginia, introduced a resolution declaring the colonies to be free. This was followed soon after by the appointment of a committee of five—Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston—who were charged with the duty of drafting a declaration of independence in keeping with the resolution and the mind of the congress. It is stated that soon after the appointment, the committee met, and it was decided that each member of the committee should write a document, and then present the same at a subsequent meeting of the committee. Referring to this incident, the following from the "Life of Washington" by Rev. M. L. Weems, page 89, will be of interest:—

"The gentlemen appointed by congress to frame the Declaration of Independence were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Dr. Franklin, R. Sherman, and R. Livingston. On hearing their nomination to a task so high and arduous, they met; and after some conversation on the subject, parted, under the agreement that each of their number should draft his own declaration, and read it next day, in rotation, to the rest. At the fixed hour next day, they met; but who should read first was the question. Mr. Jefferson was fixed on; and, after much importunity, consented to read his form, which had the honor to give such complete satisfaction that none other was read." S. B. HORTON.

"THERE is a story of a Welsh pastor, who, when about to baptize a shoemaker, thus addressed the candidate: 'Take care, John, that you wax the threads more carefully, that you draw the seams more closely, and that all your work is done more to the glory of the Master, to whom you now dedicate your life.' That is the way religion is to show itself in our lives if we are truly and fully following Christ."

THE Printing Press and the Gospel

E. D. PALMER.



The Publication of Luther's Theses

THE day on which Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the door of the tower-church in Wittenberg, was one of the greatest days of the Reformation. This act marked the beginning

of a new era in the history of truth and liberty. The echo of his hammer, as it rang through the government fortress, of which the church was a part, was a mighty challenge to the Church of Rome.

"The propositions of Luther," says Wylie, "preached to all Christendom that God does not sell pardon, but bestows it as a free gift on the ground of the death of his Son. The 'theses,' in short, were an echo of the song sung by the angels on the plain of Bethlehem fifteen centuries before. 'On earth peace, good will toward men.'"

At Juterbock, not far from Wittenberg, the monk Tetzel had set up his market, and was selling indulgences to the poor, deluded people who flocked to him from Wittenberg and from all the surrounding country.

Luther had only a faint conception of the far-reaching influence of this bold step in publishing his theses. They were aimed directly at the false doctrines and principles of the Church of Rome, which were the foundation of Tetzel's sale of indulgences to sin. He saw this evil thing brought almost within the shadow of the university where he was teaching, and it appeared to be a direct attack upon the work of the Reformation which centered in Wittenberg. He saw professors and students of the university and his little

flock of followers in Wittenberg in danger of being ensnared. He saw the danger of the simple-hearted, honest people in his beloved Germany, and he resolved to take this bold step.

The Elector's Dream

The wide-spread influence of these theses and their importance in establishing the Reformation, are illustrated by an interesting dream of the Elector of Saxony, as recorded by Wylie in his "History of Protestantism." He says:—

"We step a moment out of the domain of history, to narrate a dream which the elector Frederick of Saxony had on the night preceding the memorable day on which Luther affixed his theses to the door of the castle-church. The elector told it the next morning to his brother, Duke John, who was then residing with him at his palace of Schweinitz, six leagues from Wittenberg.

"On the morning of the thirty-first of October, 1517, the elector said to Duke John, 'Brother, I must tell you a dream which I had last night, the meaning of which I should like much to know. It is so deeply impressed on my mind that I shall never forget it, were I to live a thousand years. For I dreamed it thrice, and each time with new circumstances.'

"Duke John: 'Is it a good or a bad dream?'



The Tower-Church in Wittenberg.

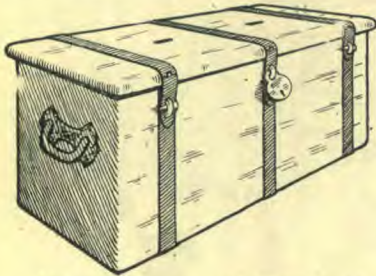


The new bronze doors of the Tower-Church, with Luther's theses engraved in the panels.

"The Elector: 'I know not; God knows.'

"Duke John: 'Don't be uneasy at it; but be so good as to tell it to me.'

"The Elector: 'Having gone to bed last night, fatigued and out of spirits, I fell asleep shortly after my prayer, and slept calmly for about two hours and a half; I then awoke, and continued awake till midnight, all sorts of thoughts passing through my mind. Among other things, I thought how I was to observe the feast of All Saints. I prayed for the poor souls



Drawn from a photograph of Tetzels money-chest taken in the Lutheran Cathedral in Magdeburg, Germany.

in purgatory; and supplicated God to guide me, my counsel, and my people according to truth. I again fell asleep, and then dreamed that Almighty God sent me a monk, who was a true son of the apostle Paul. All the saints accompanied him by order of God, in order to bear testimony before me, and to declare that he did not come to contrive any plot, but that all that he did was according to the will of God.

"They asked me to have the goodness graciously to permit him to write something on the door of the church of the castle of Wittenberg. This I granted through my chancellor. Thereupon the monk went to the church, and began to write in such large characters that I could read the writing at Schweinitz. The pen which he used was so large that its end reached as far as Rome, where it pierced the ears of a lion that was crouching there, and caused the triple crown upon the head of the Pope to shake. All the cardinals and princes, running hastily up, tried to prevent it from falling. You and I, brother, wished also to assist, and I stretched out my arm; but at this moment I awoke with my arm in the air, quite amazed, and very much enraged at the monk for not managing his pen better. I re-collected myself a little; it was only a dream.

"I was still half asleep, and once more closed my eyes. The dream returned. The lion, still annoyed by the pen, began to roar with all his might, so much so that the whole city of Rome, and all the states of the Holy Empire, ran to see what the matter was. The Pope requested them to oppose this monk, and applied particularly to me, on account of his being in my country. I again awoke, repeated the Lord's Prayer, entreated God to preserve His Holiness, and once more fell asleep.

"Then I dreamed that all the princes of the empire, and we among them, hastened to Rome, and strove, one after another, to break the pen; but the more we tried, the stiffer it became, sounding as if it

had been made of iron. We at length desisted. I then asked the monk (for I was sometimes at Rome, and sometimes at Wittenberg) where he got this pen, and why it was so strong. "The pen," replied he, "belonged to an old goose of Bohemia a hundred years old. I got it from one of my old schoolmasters. As to its strength, it is owing to the impossibility of depriving it of its pith or marrow; and I am quite astonished at it myself." Suddenly I heard a loud noise—a large number of other pens had sprung out of the long pen of the monk. I awoke a third time; it was daylight.

"So passed the morning of the thirty-first of October, 1517, in the royal castle of Schweinitz. The events of the evening at Wittenberg we have already detailed. The elector has hardly made an end of telling his dream when the monk comes with his hammer to interpret it."—*History of Protestantism*, by J. A. Wylie, Vol. I, page 263.

The Time of Publication Opportune

"The moment of the publication of Luther's theses was singularly opportune; pilgrims from all the surrounding states were then assembled at Wittenberg. Instead of buying an indulgence, they bought Luther's theses, not one, but many copies, and carried them in their wallets to their own homes. In a fortnight these propositions were circulated over all Germany. They were translated into Dutch, and read in Holland; they were rendered into Spanish, and studied in the cities and universities of the Iberian Peninsula. In a month they had made the tour of Europe. 'It seemed,' to use the words of Myconius, 'as if the angels had been carriers.' Copies were offered for sale in Jerusalem. In four short

weeks Luther's tract had become a household book, and his name a household word in all Europe.

"The theses were the one topic of conversation everywhere—in all circles, and in all sorts of places. They were discussed by the learned in the universities, and by the monks in their cells. In the market-place, in the shop, and in the tavern, men paused and talked together of the bold act and the new doctrine of the monk of Wittenberg. A copy was procured and read by Leo X in the Vatican.

"The very darkness of the age helped to extend the circulation and the knowledge of the theses. The man who kindles a bonfire on a mountaintop by day will have much to do to attract the eyes of even a single parish. He who kindles his signal amid the darkness of night will arouse a whole kingdom. This last was what Luther had done. He had lighted a great fire in the midst of the darkness of Christendom, and far and wide over distant realms was diffused the splendor of that light; and men, opening their eyes on the sud-

(Concluded on page fifteen)

SOME OF THE NINETY-FIVE THESES

"The commissaries of indulgences are in error when they say that by the papal indulgence a man is delivered from every punishment and is saved.

"Those who fancy themselves sure of salvation by indulgences will go to perdition along with those who teach them so.

"Every Christian who truly repents of his sins enjoys an entire remission, both of the penalty and of the guilt, without any need of indulgence.

"Every true Christian, whether dead or alive, participates in all the blessings of Christ or of the church, by God's gift, and without a letter of indulgence.

"The true and precious treasure of the church is the holy gospel of the glory and grace of God.

"The indulgence of the Pope can not take away the smallest daily sin, as far as regards the guilt or the offense."

The Cobbler of Hagenau

[The following poem is one of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. It will be found especially interesting as supplementary to the article on page five of this issue.]

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow
You all have heard of Hagenau,
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town
Among the green Alsatian hills,
A place of valleys, streams, and mills,
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown
With rust of centuries, still looks down
On the broad, drowsy land below,—
On shadowy forests filled with game,
And the blue river winding slow
Through meadows, where the hedges grow
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,
While yet the master singers filled
The noisy workshop and the gild
With various melodies and rhymes,
That here in Hagenau there dwelt
A cobbler,—one who loved debate,
And, arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only felt;
A man of forecast and of thrift,
And of a shrewd and careful mind
In this world's business, but inclined
Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read,
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,
For their poetic fame had spread
Even to the town of Hagenau;
And some Quick Melody of the Plow,
Or Double Harmony of the Dove,
Was always running in his head.
He kept, moreover, at his side,
Among his leathers and his tools,
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide;
With these he was much edified:
He thought them wiser than the schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,
Liked not these worldly themes to hear;
The Psalter was her book of songs;
The only music to her ear
Was that which to the church belongs,
When the loud choir on Sunday chanted,
And the two angels carved in wood,
That by the windy organ stood,
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,
And all the echoes, far and near,
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.
Outside his door, one afternoon,
This humble votary of the muse
Sat in the narrow strip of shade
By a projecting cornice made,
Mending the burgomaster's shoes,
And singing a familiar tune:—

"Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare;
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where:
But if we do well here,
We shall do well there;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!"

Thus sang the cobbler at his work;
And with his gestures marked the time,
Closing together with a jerk
Of his waxed thread the stitch and rhyme.
Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk might be
That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street,
With horns that blew, and drums that beat,
And banners flying, and the flame
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet
Voices of nuns; and as they sang,
Suddenly all the church bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of wood,
To which at times he meekly bowed.
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,
With voice and air importunate,

A boisterous herald cried aloud:
"The grace of God is at your gate!"
So onward to the church they passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,
And, wagging his sagacious head,
Unto his kneeling housewife said:
"'Tis the monk Tetzal. I have heard
The cawings of that reverend bird.
Don't let him cheat you of your gold;
Indulgence is not bought and sold."

The church of Hagenau, that night,
Was full of people, full of light;
An odor of incense filled the air,
The priest intoned, the organ groaned
Its inarticulate despair;
The candles on the altar blazed,
And full in front of it upraised
The red cross stood against the glare.
Below, upon the altar-rail
Indulgences were set to sale,
Like ballads at a country fair.
A heavy strong box, iron-bound
And carved with many a quaint device,
Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,
Tetzal the monk, with fiery glow,
Thundered upon the crowd below.
"Good people all, draw near!" he said;
"Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,
By which all sins, though unrevealed
And unrepented, are forgiven!
Count but the gain, count not the loss!
Your gold and silver are but dross,
And yet they pave the way to heaven:
I hear your mothers and your sires
Cry from their purgatorial fires,
And will ye not their ransom pay?
O senseless people! when the gate
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?
Will ye not enter in to-day?
To-morrow it will be too late;
I shall be gone upon my way.
Make haste! bring money while you may!"

The women shuddered, and turned pale;
Allured by hope or driven by fear,
With many a sob and many a tear,
All crowded to the altar-rail.
Pieces of silver and of gold
Into the tinkling strong box fell
Like pebbles dropped into a well;
And soon the ballads were all sold.
The cobbler's wife among the rest
Slipped into the capacious chest
A golden florin; then withdrew,
Hiding the paper in her breast;
And homeward through the darkness went
Comforted, quieted, content;
She did not walk, she rather flew,
A dove that settles to her nest,
When some appalling bird of prey
That scared her had been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,
The summer passed, the winter came;
Though seasons changed, yet still the same
The daily round of life went on;
The daily round of household care,
The narrow life of toil and prayer.
But in her heart the cobbler's dame
Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of paradise.
Alas! alas! Dust unto dust!
Before the winter wore away,
Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the Just!
After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with care,—
Some little trinkets and cheap rings,
A locket with her mother's hair,
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers
She wore upon her wedding-day,—
Among these memories of past hours,
That so much of the heart reveal,
Carefully kept and put away,
The letter of indulgence lay
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the priest, aggrieved and pained,
 Waited and wondered that no word
 Of mass or requiem he heard,
 As by the holy church ordained:
 Then to the magistrate complained,
 That as this woman had been dead
 A week or more, and no mass said,
 It was rank heresy, or at least
 Contempt of church; thus said the priest;
 And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
 But rather doubtful of the laws.
 The justice from his elbow-chair
 Gave him a look that seemed to say:
 "Thou standest before a magistrate,
 Therefore do not prevaricate!"
 Then asked him in a business way,
 Kindly but cold: "Is thy wife dead?"
 The cobbler meekly bowed his head:
 "She is," came struggling from his throat
 Scarce audibly. The justice wrote
 The words down in a book, and then
 Continued, as he raised his pen:
 "She is; and hath a mass been said
 For the salvation of her soul?
 Come, speak the truth! confess the whole!"
 The cobbler without pause replied:
 "Of mass or prayer there was no need;
 For at the moment when she died,
 Her soul was with the glorified!"
 And from his pocket with all speed
 He drew the priestly title-deed,
 And prayed the justice he would read.

The justice read, amused, amazed;
 And as he read, his mirth increased;
 At times his shaggy brows he raised,
 Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,
 Now archly at the angry priest.
 "From all excesses, sins, and crimes
 Thou hast committed in past times
 Thee I absolve! And furthermore,
 Purified from all earthly taints,
 To the communion of the saints
 And to the sacraments restore!
 All stains of weakness, and all trace
 Of shame and censure I efface;
 Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,
 And make thee innocent and pure,
 So that in dying, unto thee
 The gates of heaven shall open be!
 Though long thou livest, yet this grace
 Until the moment of thy death
 Unchangeable continueth!"

Then said he to the priest: "I find
 This document is duly signed
 Brother John Tetzl, his own hand.
 At all tribunals in the land
 In evidence it may be used;
 Therefore acquitted is the accused."
 Then to the cobbler turned: "My friend,
 Pray tell me, didst thou ever read
 Reynard the Fox?"—"O, yes, indeed!"
 "I thought so. Don't forget the end."

—Longfellow.

A Brave Man's Prayer

A True Story of an Adventure With Outlaws



ALT!" The command, accompanied by an imprecation, rang out sharply, menacingly. Jake Palmer and Hugh Ripatoux halted. It was the only thing they could do. "Unhitch the mules!"

Ripatoux began to unhitch his own team of six mules with trembling fingers and twitching lips. But his hurry and fright were so great that his usually quick fingers worked awkwardly. There came another imprecation, accompanied by the significant click of a revolver.

Jake Palmer had made no motion toward unhitching his team, and even with that ominous click ringing in his ears, he still hesitated. But that was Jake Palmer's way. Though scarcely more than a boy, he was already accustomed to do things with calm deliberation, and to do what he thought right without regard for consequences to himself. A bullet hissed past him, burying itself in a tree beyond.

"Unhitch!" came sternly. "I shall not ask you again."

With heightened color, occasioned by reluctance to abandon property entrusted to him, rather than fear, Palmer loosened his mules. He and Ripatoux had left the High Blue neighborhood that morning with freight for Kansas City, trusting to get through unmolested, as they had often done before. But at this time Kansas was being overrun by three separate factions, the two opposing sides, and by outlaws who professed to be friendly with either party they met, and then preyed upon both. Palmer had a strong suspicion that their present assailants were bushwhackers, and realized only too well that such opposition as he could make would not change the result in the least. Mules and horses were in great demand just now, and the men would take theirs without hesitating at such a trifle as two lives.

The twelve mules loosened and apportioned among them, the bushwhackers turned their attention to rifling

the freight of such things as they cared to take away. The rest was set on fire. At length they closed together into a more compact body, ready to depart.

"What'll we do with these fellows, Cap?" asked one of the men, nodding toward Palmer and Ripatoux; "shoot 'em?"

"No, no; take 'em along with us," he answered. "There's a body of United States soldiers down by Indian Creek. We'll ride down there, an' turn these men over for justice, sayin' we caught 'em red-handed at bushwhackin'. That'll make the soldiers feel more friendly toward us, an' will free us of any suspicion of havin' had a hand in the business ourselves. Nothin' like makin' work cut both ways."

"But won't the fellows talk?" doubtfully.

"Sure to," laconically; "folks have a way of talkin' when brought up in front of death. These will talk a lot; but it won't be for long, an' the soldiers are used to the lies that prisoners tell. Before this time to-morrow these fellows will be tried an' shot an' forgotten, an' we'll be off huntin' more mules an' booty, an' mebbe more prisoners to clear us with the soldiers—or with the other side, if we happen to meet any of 'em fust."

It did not take long to reach Indian Creek,—near where the post-office of Dallas now stands,—and Palmer and Ripatoux were turned over to the company of United States soldiers stationed there, with a report that the two men had been caught bushwhacking.

Palmer and Ripatoux tried to explain, but were cut short by the officer in charge. It did not take much evidence to convict; before the outlaws rode away, an hour later, Palmer and Ripatoux had been tried, and condemned to be shot at daylight the next morning.

Ripatoux was unnerved; and when morning came, he could eat no breakfast. Palmer made a good meal, and was apparently as calm and collected as when he drove from the High Blue neighborhood the previous morning with his train of mules.

Shortly after breakfast they were taken out to be shot. After they had been placed in position, the captain asked, "Have either of you anything to say?"

"Yes," Palmer replied, "I have."

"Go ahead, then," brusquely, "but make it short."

"I only wish to offer a few words in prayer," said Palmer calmly.

There was something impressive in the calm, earnest face of the young man as it was raised toward the sky, and involuntarily the captain removed his hat, and several of the firing party bowed their heads. Later, Ripatoux said that it was the most wonderful prayer he had ever heard. Palmer was as firm and strong as a rock, and prayed for himself, for Ripatoux, and for the soldiers as steadily and earnestly as if he were safe in his own home.

When the prayer ended, the firing party waited for the word of command from their captain, but it did not come. The captain was plainly affected, and after a few moments of indecision gave orders for the execution to be postponed. Later, he went to Palmer.

"Look here!" he said, "I don't want to kill you two men. In spite of the evidence, I believe you are innocent. I will send you out under an escort after a while; take care of yourselves if you can."

They knew what this meant, and late in the afternoon, when taken out, they slipped away from their unobservant guard, and reached home in safety.

This was more than fifty years ago. Ripatoux lived to be an old man, and this was one of his favorite stories. Palmer is still living in Missouri at this writing, a man nearly eighty years old, and is loved and respected throughout his portion of the country.—*Frank H. Sweet, in Sunday School Times.*

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

THE Reading Courses begin the first of October. The Senior Course will read the following books: "Uplift of China," 50 cents; "Patriarchs and Prophets," \$3; "The American Government," 75 cents.

The Junior Course will read "Winning the Oregon Country," 50 cents; "Pilgrim's Progress," 50 cents; "Daybreak in Korea," 60 cents.

Let each local society officer urge the other members to take up the study of these excellent books. A person can secure an education right in the home if he will only apply himself diligently. There is, in a leading university of America, an instructor who was once a railroad engineer with little learning, but who thirsted for knowledge. Day after day he sat in his engine with some good book before him. After a time he had gained sufficient information to take an examination upon the subjects which he had studied. Other subjects were taken up. He continued in his purpose until it was accomplished, and he had won. The managers of the institution were so favorably impressed with his untiring energy that he was made one of their instructors, which position he holds today with honor.

We waste enough of our spare moments to secure a good education if these moments were only improved. Scarcely a tenth of our homes have the three grand books "Patriarchs and Prophets," "Desire of Ages," and "Great Controversy," at least they are not in sight to the visitor. These books should be placed where the members of the family can have access to them. Five minutes' reading in "Patriarchs and Prophets" will furnish the mind with food for a whole day's thought and meditation.

In the above Reading Course books there is a variety of subjects, which, if carefully read, will broaden the mind and store it with valuable information.

"The Uplift of China" will take up a study of the Chinese republic, the youngest republic of the world. Its possibilities of development will be considered. This will surely prove a charming book to all, both young and old.

"The American Government" is also a timely work on the rights of the people. Why are governments instituted? Upon what principles was our nation founded that made it differ from all other nations, and after which China, as well as many others, is trying to remodel its government? Why did our government place upon its seal this inscription: "A new order of things"?

Parents who decide to make the Young People's Reading Courses a permanent "fixture" in their homes will find them "a savor of life unto life." Such books will greatly advance their children's love and interest in the world-wide message for this generation.

Let all parents, Young People's Missionary Volunteer officers, and isolated youth take up this matter at once. Shall we not earnestly determine to make this year's Reading Circle the largest and best ever conducted?

H. M. HIATT,

M. V. Sec. Southeastern Union.

A Lesson From the Birds

"O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?"
Far up in the ether answer they,
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.
He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."
"Dear little birds, he calleth me
Who calleth thee;
Would that I might as trusting be!"

—*Selected.*

In the Land of the Padishah

SOME of us have taken part in meetings in which we heard speeches and talks in various languages, and were led to exclaim, How manifold are the lands and peoples of the earth, and how wonderful the creation of God! Many of us, perhaps, seldom have the opportunity of gaining a little insight into the ever-changing life of lands outside of our own homes. Were you to come to the lands of the Levant, which consist of the Turkish territories, your heads would swim the first evening of your stay here, with the thousands of new impressions you would get from the different peoples and languages to be met.

The villages are usually simple, and do not claim much of our attention. Generally the people of a village are all of the same nationality; so there are Armenian, Greek, Turkish, Jewish, Arabian, and other localities. But in the cities the population is very mixed, and we hear so many different tongues all jabbering together, that we are reminded of the events of the first day of Pentecost. For instance, some one is trading with the *bakal* (merchant) in Greek; *hamals* (carriers), heavily laden, shout to one another in Kurdish; Albanian water-carriers and pastry sellers shout their wares in Turkish, while they converse among themselves in their mother tongue; we pass by many shops, with advertisements written outside in Jewish; Bulgarians invite us in loud voices to enter their dinner-rooms. The languages of Europe are also repre-

sented. In the custom-houses we can hear, among the babble of voices, English, French, and German, and often Russian. But the language of the land is Turkish, and almost any one can make one's self understood in that tongue. Only in the lands of Turkey, somewhat south of the Adana-Diarbekir line, is the Arabian prevalent; while in the north the people use Armenian. In transactions with the state officers, French is used, as well as Turkish.

The picture which the street traffic presents is a variegated one, and above all, the great variety in color is noticeable, as also the different costumes of the many races represented. Here an Anatolian peasant from Asia Minor pushes his way through the crowd. He is wearing wide knickerbockers, which are narrow at the bottom; he has a bright-red shawl around his body, and his fez is bound with a gold-spun cloth. Over there is a group of Arabs, with their white robes wrapped around them. They converse in loud voices, and the tones, which they pronounce with lively twistings and turnings of the mouth, make a strange impression on us. Tripolitans go by. They wear enormously wide trousers, and the low fez is provided with such a large, heavy tassel that the fez is quite crushed together. The Bulgarians wear a *bashlyk*, as do also the soldiers, who, by the way, make a very good impression in their clean greenish khaki uniforms. Some Turkish effendis, in European dress, and recognized as Turks only by their fez, are talking together, gesticulating animatedly. But in the coffee-houses, where all come together, a beneficial silence reigns.

The large mosques make also a solemn impression. Their slender minarets tower proudly above the surrounding buildings. The prodigious domes, built after the old Grecian-Christian pattern, form roofs for the enormous halls. We take off our shoes and enter. Only a few silent worshipers are present, and we watch with interest the motions of their bodies, without which the Moslem prayer is incomplete. But this prayer can not satisfy us. It is but a long repetition of forms, bows, and hand movements. These gymnastic practises were of great value to keep them fresh and strong at the time when Mohammed had to use his missionaries as soldiers. The Turks are not recognized as very strict Mohammedans. They probably do not care for the exacting practise of the necessary prayers, for many of them are of corpulent stature and comfortable and slow in their movements.

The misfortune of the whole land is the clumsiness and disinterestedness of the people. It is true, the land has other customs, and we must also honor the views of the Orientals. But if the people of the Levant do not rouse themselves, and if the monotony of their silent, uninterrupted life is not awakened by active endeavors in seeing that the youth are instructed, and that order and justice are brought into the public life, the land will continually fall backward, and will become more and more a prey for the people of Europe.

C. VOIGT.

Constantinople, Turkey.

Counsel From Herbert Kaufman

FALSE pride is a joke and not a cloak; it disgusts us, and it doesn't disguise you. There's no defense for pretense. Shams and counterfeits are rejected the moment they are inspected.

There's nothing degrading in any honorable form of labor. We do not look up to those who look down on their means of livelihood.

Hardship at the right time and in the right place is an incentive, a whip for resolution.

Need, not luxury; necessity, not security; responsibility, not ease, are spurs to speed men and women to the fore.

It isn't the type of the task, but the type of the worker that establishes character. If you're bound for the top, you will show it all the way from the bottom up.

If you lack the courage to stand for what you are, you haven't enough stamina to withstand the buffets and blows, the deprivations and disappointments, that line the long road.

You may not be responsible for your origin, but you are accountable for your actions.

You can not pursue a crooked path without leaving footprints, and, sometime in your life, some one is going to trace your course. Go straight, and you will not have to turn back.

The longest ladder was built one rung at a time.

Conscience is your only safe guide and adviser. Conceit and vanity are your two great enemies.

You can only be checked by others; you can be wrecked only by yourself.—*Woman's World.*

The Tongue Can No Man Tame

LORD, tame my tongue, and make it pure;
And teach it only to repeat
Thy promises, all safe, all sure;
To tell thy love, so strong and sweet.

Lord, tame my tongue, and make it true,
The things of good report to say;
To hold things honest up to view,
Things just and lovely, every day.

Lord, tame my tongue, and make it kind
The faults of others to conceal,
And all their virtues call to mind;
Teach it to soothe, to bless, to heal.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Queen Alexandra's Favorite Needlewoman

THE favorite needlewoman of Queen Mother Alexandra is said to be Miss Lottie Flegg, an invalid, who has worked for Her Majesty many years. The queen mother generally pays a visit to her cottage at Christmas.

"Her own words to me," said Miss Flegg, "were, 'As long as we are both alive, Lottie, you will always see me at least once a year.'"

Miss Flegg is proud of the beautiful work-basket and the silk quilt which were Her Majesty's latest gifts. "See," she said, "that is my royal corner. Everything you see—the china, the pictures, and the knickknacks—were all given me by the queen."

This invalid woman, who can not leave her room in Dersingham village, is reputed to be the finest needlewoman in the world. The queen, twenty-three years ago, discovered Lottie Flegg patiently at work in her room, saw how beautiful was the work done by her fragile white fingers, and immediately asked her to make some things. Since then Her Majesty's influence has worked miracles. American millionaires send to Miss Flegg for her marvelously fine baby clothes, and at the World's Fair, Chicago, the judges gave her the first prize for the best sewing exhibited.

The queen mother visits the needlewoman with little ceremony. Her Majesty walks to the little door, opens it without knocking, and cheerily says, "I'm coming up to see you, Lottie," and so walks up to the trim little bedroom. There her own chair is waiting for her, and she sits chatting while the invalid works.—*Christian Register.*

The Compound Pendulum and the Curves It Can Make

BOYS, do you want to make a pendulum that will draw the curves that you see in Figs. 6, 7, 8? It is as simple as can be, and furnishes no end of fun, and will teach you something of the way the wonderful, intricate curves that you see on our

national paper money are made. Get a dollar bill and observe that wonderful network of lines that forms the border. I will tell you how to make this pendulum, and just how to get the curves you see, and many others more intricate than they.

Cut a board for the base (Fig. 1) about eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide. Notch the ends to take the upright pieces, which should be about thirty-three inches long. Then before putting on the top piece, bore two gimlet holes through at D and E (Fig. 1). If you do not have a gimlet, take a big spike and drive a hole through. At C bore a three-fourths inch hole to hold the plug. The plug must fit tightly; yet make it so that you can loosen it and turn it when you desire. Through the plug bore a gimlet hole, so the string can be threaded through it.

Now get a piece of string about seven feet long, and some beeswax. Wax the string carefully. This keeps it from twisting and unraveling. Thread it through the plug and the holes D and E. Bring the two ends together as shown, and then slip them through the button B (this is shown in Fig. 3),

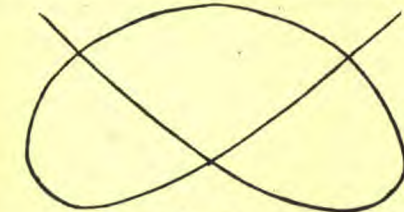


FIG. 5



FIG. 6

corners, as shown, for the string. Put in the string, and fasten it to the pendulum, as shown in Fig. 1. Let the board A swing free from the base board by about one and one-half inches.

To make the funnel, take a piece of paper about six inches square, and cut it into the shape of Fig. 4.



FIG. 4

Now bring the point C around to A, and paste the two edges together. Clip off the point B just enough so the fine sand will go through.

Put the funnel in position as shown in

Fig. 1, fill it with sand that has been sifted fine, holding your finger over the point of the funnel till you are ready to let the pendulum go, then draw the pendulum over to one corner of the base board, and let it swing. You will be surprised at the pretty figure that it gives you.



FIG. 3.

By changing the lengths AB and AC (Fig. 1) you can get almost any figure that you wish. To get the figures shown, take the following lengths for AB and AC:—

FIG.	DIST. AB inches	DIST. AC inches
5	22½	30
6	25	30
7	26¼	30
8	24½	30

But you ask what the plug C is for. When you change the position of the button B, the pendulum is lengthened or shortened, as the case may be. By turning this plug, the length of the entire pendulum may be changed at will.

Now go and see how soon you can make such a pendulum. Maybe in a little while I shall tell you how to make a machine that will draw lines almost as intricate as those shown on the dollar bill.

LYNN H. WOOD.

Indecision Destroying Life

In the tragedy of the bursting of the dam at Austin, Pennsylvania, there was one especial prophet of disaster, Henry Nelson, who kept the grocery store on Main Street. The thing he foreboded killed him and his wife in the end. Whenever he had a spare hour or two, he was likely to hitch up his horse and drive off for another look at the great white wall above the town, even if he had done the same thing but the day before. His agitation was known to every citizen of Austin.

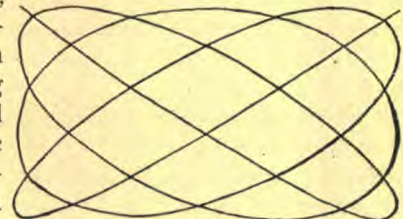


FIG. 7



FIG. 8

A resident of standing tells of going with grocer Nelson on one of his drives to the dam.

"We had come to the house of Superintendent Hamlin," he says, "and Hamlin asked us where we were going."

"Up to the dam," we answered.

"Seems to me you fellows are badly troubled about the dam," said Hamlin.

"All I've got is below it," retorted Nelson. "This man feared, but he dallied and was lost. Felix trembled, but it did not save him. Nothing saves but decision and action toward God.—The Expositor.



FIG. 2.



A Recipe

TAKE a quart of pure Good Will,
 Flavor well with Sympathy;
 Boil it on the fire till
 It is full of bubbling Glee.
 Season with a dash of Cheer,
 Mixed with Love and Tenderness:
 Cool off in an atmosphere
 That is mostly Kindliness.

Stick a dozen raisins in
 Made of grapes from Laughter's vine,
 And such fruits as you may win
 In a purely Jocund line.
 Make a batter from the cream
 Of Good Spirits running high,
 And you'll have a perfect dream
 Of a Merry Christmas pie!

— Blakeney Gray, in *December Ainslee's*.

A Blue-and-White Air-Castle

(Concluded from last week)

DICK'S letter came on time. Bertha and Nettie had walked over to the little post-office for it, and stopped at a convenient stile on the way home to rest and peruse its contents. "You read it aloud, Bertha."

Bertha, perched on the broad stile step, obediently began. It was not a very lengthy letter, yet they spent a surprisingly long time over it. Even after they had slipped it back into its envelope, Nettie drew it out and said, "But, Bertha, I don't see how we could."

Her sister replied: "I don't either — not yet. Only Dick's advice is usually good, and we'd better not decide against it till we think it over."

"My dear sister, what have we been doing but thinking it over?"

"Thirty minutes is not long enough to settle matters of national importance."

Nettie pouted, then thought better of it and sighed. "It seems to me nothing ever goes just right," she remarked pensively. "I'd counted surely on Dick's sympathy."

"Dick's sympathy is all right," responded Bertha. "Let us not tell mother a thing about this letter. Luckily there's one for her, so she won't miss ours."

Mother was not to be found in the kitchen when they reached home, nor in the dining-room, nor even in her bedroom. No glimpse of her neat sunbonnet could be caught in the poultry-yard, and the milk-house door stood shut, latched on the outside. Half alarmed, the girls finally opened the parlor door. There they came upon her, sitting idle on the hair-cloth sofa, her head leaning back against its crocheted tidi, her eyes fixed on the sampler her own mother's youthful fingers had wrought in the far-away past. She started guiltily and rose to her feet. "Are you home already, dearies?" she asked. "I wasn't looking for you so soon. No, I wasn't hiding; I was resting a bit. I'm going to work now."

"She was in there bidding those hideous things good-by!" declared Nettie to her sister when they were alone. "I saw it in her face. Bertha, you don't think she wants them to stay there!"

Bertha shook an undecided head. "It doesn't seem possible," she said. "Especially those worsted flowerers."

The two girls departed for town the next morning,

making gay promises of all sorts of surprises. "If you'll stay at home and be good, mother."

Mrs. Levering smiled in her quiet way. "I'll stay at home," she said. "As for the rest of it, I make no promises."

It seemed queer that the very next morning before the train arrived that would bring the new parlor furnishings, a despatch came summoning Mr. and Mrs. Levering from home. "It's from sister Frances," mother said, as she folded the yellow paper. "Strange how a telegram always frightens a body. I felt afraid something had happened to Dicky. No, father, nobody in trouble so far as I know. Frances just says, 'You and Richard come, sure. Party at Parson Long's to-night.' It must be a very important party that they have to send invitations ten miles by electricity. Yes, father, I guess we'd better go if the girls can spare us. Frances wouldn't have sent for us on a whim; she wants us for something or other. You girls pack my best things while we get ready. Your father will wear his good suit. That up-train comes along in less than an hour."

In spite of herself Mrs. Levering could not resist a slight feeling of anxiety as the train sped along. When had Frances ever attached so much importance to a mere social event? She was not given to frivolity.

But her fears were groundless, it seemed. Her sister's family was well, and gave the guests cordial greeting, hastening to explain that Parson Long's party was an occasion not to be lightly regarded, as it was his fiftieth wedding anniversary and all his friends were expected to participate. Some of his relatives from the South were there, and Frances had invited them all over to dinner and wanted some of Amanda's sally-lunn. "Because nobody else makes it as you do, Amanda," Frances declared. "You'll find everything ready to your hand in the north but-tery."

Between the sally-lunn and the big dinner and the great party the day passed on wings. Nor was the following one more leisurely, for sister Frances's young folks had filled it to the brim with plans and merry-makings. "We don't get Uncle Richard and Aunt Amanda here very often, so we'll make the most of them while we can," they said, and so well did they keep their word that the afternoon train pulled out of

the station while the Leverings were a good quarter-mile away.

"O, well, it doesn't matter," quoth Frances serenely. "You can go on the early morning express; it will stop if it's flagged."

In this way it came about that the travelers arrived at their home some forty-eight hours after leaving it. "I don't see a glimpse of the girls," said Mrs. Levering, scanning the premises. "I suppose they are busy in the parlor. They're pretty well taken up with that these days."

The little tremor was in her voice again, and father reached for her hand. "Yes, mother," was all he said.

The side door was locked, so they hurried around to the back porch and opened the door into the kitchen. But was it the kitchen? Wasn't it a dream or a vision? Had both lost their senses together?

Clean white oilcloth covered the ceiling and walls, whose occasional calcimining never succeeded in permanently hiding the stains of the ancient plaster. A new linoleum in blue and white squares hid the worn and splintery floor, which had required countless scrubbing to keep it up to Mrs. Levering's standard of whiteness. The kitchen table and chairs, even mother's little rocker, gleamed snowily in coats of new paint; a little white stand in the corner held the work-basket and a book or two. Scrim curtains hung from slender brass rods; a new blue-and-white teakettle sang cheerily on the shining stove, and every shelf in the pantry flaunted a covering of blue-and-white oilcloth.

Mrs. Levering grasped her husband's arm. "Richard, do you see it, too?" she asked tremblingly.

"Well, now, I just guess I do, mother," he replied, laughing heartily; then he pushed her down on the new blue denim covering of his own armchair. "Sit there, mother, and view the landscape o'er, while I go hunt those marplots," he commanded.

"They won't be hard to find," said a gay voice from the pantry door.

It was only after the excitement had somewhat subsided that Bertha asked, "Do you like it, mother?"

Mrs. Levering clasped earnest hands. "Do I like it? I've wanted it this way all my life, children. I've dreamed about it and planned for it, but I never thought I'd get it. I've even picked out the pattern of linoleum and put the white paint on the chairs. I don't see how you ever found out."

"And you never told us — why Mother Amanda Levering!"

"Why should I, dears? It's never been so I could have it, so what was the use in worrying others over my foolish air-castles? I told Dicky one day — that was years ago when he wasn't old enough to understand. I happened to see a picture of a kitchen that was just my ideal, and I showed it to Dicky and told him that was the way our kitchen should look when we got rich. I saved the picture for years, and I never knew how it came to be lost."

"Does this look anything like it?" Bertha held out a yellow piece of newspaper, with ragged edges and cracks at the folds.

"Why, it's the very same!" exclaimed Mrs. Levering. "Where did you get it?"

"Dick sent it — said he'd kept it for ages so he could copy it for you as soon as he saved money enough.

Come see the parlor, mother." Meekly she obeyed, holding father's hand to keep up her courage, and telling herself that she could afford not to care about the parlor since she had her beautiful kitchen.

"Close your eyes, both of you, till we tell you to open them. One — two — three — ready!" A fresh surprise was here, for there against the west wall stood the big old sofa, while the straight-backed chairs, the pictures, samplers, and wax fruit were all in place, even to the dear, ugly old carpet under their feet. Mother broke down and sobbed on father's shoulder.

"Dearest, why didn't you say 'no' right in the start? You oughtn't to have let us hurt you so, when we only meant love!" scolded Bertha softly.

"I tried to, children, but you wanted it so, and —"

"Aren't your wants as important as ours?" Nettie was quite emphatic in her question. — *The Young Pilgrim*.

The Parlor Carpet

THE district-school teacher, sweet and twenty, had married the farmer's son. Her hours of work were lengthened from six to sixteen, and her modest stipend, which had been at least all her own, to spend as necessity required or inclination prompted, was stopped. But she was congratulated, "for now," people said, "you will have a home."

She smiled happily in response. "Now," she thought, "my delft room will come true."

The young people were well-to-do; no labor-saving device was wanting for the men. The farm equipment was of the best. But in the house she found that the old ways prevailed; and while her wishes were not denied, they were unfulfilled, ignored; they were unimportant. Men's time meant money; hers meant only love.

The agricultural journals that phrased the bucolic mind and advertised quite eighty columns of most elaborate and expensive machinery for the ten-hour men outside the house gave her a scanty woman's page, not of expenditures for her comfort and development in taste, but of makeshifts for her economics. Even the new cream-separator meant not an advantage to her, but the withdrawal of the butter money to her husband's purse.

Moreover, the parlor carpet was yet to buy. Five years had toiled away, and the blue-and-white parlor, painted and papered by her own hands with painful care, draped, but as yet rag-rugged, waited. Braided rugs elsewhere; yes, but not in one's parlor on a prosperous farm, if only for the neighbor's pride.

She was reduced at last to artful appeal. "The Dorcas band meets here next time."

Then the man: "I'm going to town. Give me your money, and I will get the carpet."

They were not even to choose it together! She left the room without a word. She returned with the original pieces of her savings, here and there a silver dollar, hardly a paper bill in the roll, and handed them to him.

"Remember the color, Henry," she said, wistfully, "and if you can not get blue, do not get a red one, even if we wait till fall. My delft plate hangs there, you know."

He came home late, but jubilant.

A Girl's Pledge

I will station three little guards at my lips and bid them challenge every statement I make with these questions:
1. Is it kind? 2. Is it necessary? 3. Is it true? — *Girl's Companion*.

"I've got a bargain Smith couldn't sell. The color isn't good, he says, but it will wear forever. I saved five dollars on it toward the binder."

The carpet, which she had to sew, was red and green.

The Dorcas band met with them in the parlor, now carpeted for a lifetime. The young school-teacher—her successor—was present. With a shy, new interest in things domestic, she looked about.

"It must be sweet to have a home of your own," she said, with a pretty blush.—*The Craftsman*.

Why Kara Started for the Mission

WHAT mighty works might be accomplished by prayer if we all used the faith of the Indian orphan girl Kara. Fearing slavery, and worse, she appealed to a missionary—a teacher from an adjoining village—to take her home with her. The teacher said, "We have no vacant room, and no money to build more." Kara's sad look, although she was too proud to cry, appealed to the teacher, who said, "You pray to God to enable us to take you. I, too, will pray." On reaching home that night, the missionary found a letter from America containing ten dollars. With this encouragement, a messenger was sent early next morning for Kara. It was a long day's journey, but at noon he returned with Kara. The girl said simply: "Why, we both prayed to God, so I thought I might as well start." She was half-way there when the messenger met her.—*The Expositor*.

She Spoiled the Picnic

A LITTLE picnic party that promised to be a delightful affair was a failure because of the jealousy and suspicion of one girl of the party. The party had hardly reached the picnic grounds when this girl became possessed with the idea that two girls standing apart from the others and talking in low tones were talking about her. She was sure of this because she had heard the name Annie mentioned, and that was her name. The two girls protested that they were speaking of another Annie, but it took some time to lessen the injured feelings of the girl who felt so sure that she was being "talked about." Then she became indignant because she did not happen to be asked to go with several members of the party who were going a short distance away to see a little waterfall. The climax was reached when she was not chosen to help a girl who wanted three other girls to assist her in giving a little charade. Because of this slight the girl of the suspicious and jealous temperament was sulky and unhappy all day, and of course this detracted from the happiness of the others. It is in this way that some of the unwise girls of the world make mountains out of mole-hills.

Women rule the world to-day as never before, and it is therefore all the more imperative that they should keep "sweet and sound." They can never do this if they are given to making mountains out of mole-hills of life, and the girl who is petty and jealous and suspicious in her girlhood is not likely to be "sweet and sound" in the days of her womanhood. I like that term "sweet and sound" when it is applied to girlhood and womanhood, so much is comprehended in it. Set it over against the term "sour and suspicious," and see which one you like better.—*Girls' Companion*.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, September 14

Into All the World, No. 18—Europe

LEADER'S NOTE.—Use the map suggested last week. For the paper on "Hindrances" speak of state churches, restrictive laws, present restrictions, etc. This paper or talk could touch in a general way on all the countries in Europe—the reports from the field published in the *Review* from time to time will be helpful in working up this subject. The *Review* of August 15 contains two articles from Portugal. See INSTRUCTOR, any history of Europe, etc. Let the talk "The Message in Russia and Turkey" include incidents of missionary effort. See *Review*, INSTRUCTOR, and "Outline of Mission Fields." Include Ireland, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, etc., in the paper "Growth in Catholic Countries." Gather reports, and close with a prayer for the work in Europe.

Be sure to get all the things you need for the program for Sabbath, September 21, early. Order a set of the Reading Course books at once. How many of your society members will be ready to take the Standard of Attainment examination next week?

Suggestive Program

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

Hindrances (ten-minute paper).

Opening Doors (reading). See *Review* of August 22.

The Message in Russia and Turkey (ten-minute talk).

Growth in Catholic Countries. See *Review* of August 22.



X—Fruits of the Spirit; Works of the Flesh

(September 7)

MEMORY VERSE: "We should bring forth fruit unto God." Rom. 7:4.

Questions

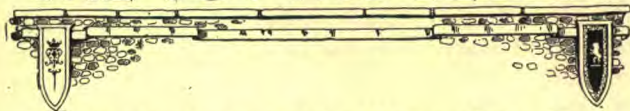
1. What are the fruits of the Spirit? Gal. 5:22, 23.
2. What are the works of the flesh? Verses 19-21.
3. What change has been wrought in the life of every Christian? Verse 24.
4. If the Christian lives in the Spirit, how should he also walk? Verse 25.
5. What fruits will appear in his life? Matt. 12:34, 35; note 1.
6. Through what divine agent has this change been wrought? Rom. 8:11; John 3:5.
7. By what is a tree known? Matt. 7:17-20.
8. How is this principle applied to our Christian life? Luke 6:43-45.
9. What is finally done with trees that do not bear good fruit? Matt. 3:10.
10. What did the Saviour do to the worthless fig-tree? Mark 11:12-14, 20, 21; note 2.
11. How only can we bear good fruit? John 15:4:5.
12. If we do not abide in the True Vine, what will be the result? Verse 6.
13. What is an appropriate prayer for all? Phil. 1:9-11.

Notes

1. From the thought of the heart to the final destiny of a soul is by a series of steps: "Sow the thought, reap the word; sow the word, reap the act; sow the act, reap the habit; sow the habit, reap the character; sow the character, reap the destiny." How careful we should be to guard every road into the heart, that no evil thought take root there! There is a promise that God will keep our hearts and minds. Phil. 4:7. Let us trust him for that.

2. The nature of a fig-tree is that the fruit appears before the leaves open, and when Jesus saw the "tree afar off having leaves," he had a right to expect fruit, but he found "nothing but leaves." This circumstance may illustrate how the Lord looks upon one who makes a show of godliness, perhaps with high-sounding words, but whose life does not bear out his profession. Our God desires us to speak the truth in our hearts.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



X—Fruits of the Spirit; Works of the Flesh

(September 7)

LESSON HELPS: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 67-69; "Steps to Christ," chapter entitled "The Test of Discipleship;" the *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "We should bring forth fruit unto God." Rom. 7:4.

Questions

1. What are the fruits of the Spirit? Gal. 5:22, 23.
2. What spiritual experience constitutes the kingdom of God within the believer? Rom. 14:17.
3. What prayer indicates the glorious privilege of the Christian? Rom. 15:13.
4. In contrast to the fruits of the Spirit, what are mentioned as works of the flesh? Gal. 5:19-21.
5. What change has been wrought in the life of every true Christian? Verse 24; 6:14.
6. How is the daily experience of such set forth? Gal. 2:20.
7. How is this blessed experience further described? John 7:37-39; 4:13, 14; note 1.
8. By what means has this change been wrought? Rom. 8:11-13; John 3:3-8.
9. How is man's wretched state by nature described? Rom. 7:14, 23.
10. How is he delivered? Rom. 8:1, 2; note 2.
11. By what is a tree known? Matt. 7:17-20.
12. What application is made of this principle to our Christian experience? Luke 6:43-45. Compare James 3:10-12.
13. What disposition is finally made of trees that do not yield good fruit? Matt. 3:8-10.
14. What did the Saviour do with the fruitless fig-tree? Mark 11:12-14, 20, 21; note 3.
15. How only can we bear good fruit? John 15:4, 5.
16. What is the blessed result of truly abiding in Christ? Verses 7, 8.
17. What is an appropriate prayer for all? Phil. 1:9-11.

Notes

1. "It is a great thing to have a well that you can carry with you; to have a well that is within you; to have a source of satisfaction, not in the things outside yourself, but in a well within and that is always within, and that is always springing up in freshness and power; to have our well of satisfaction and joy within us. We are then independent of our environment. It matters little whether we have health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, our source of joy is within and is ever springing up. . . . This fountain within is always gushing up with greatest power and fulness in the days of deepest bereavement. At such a time all earthly satisfactions fail. What satisfaction is there in money or worldly

pleasure, in the theater or the opera or the dance, in fame or power of human learning, when some loved one is taken from us? But in the hours when those that we love dearest upon earth are taken from us, then it is that the spring of joy of the indwelling Spirit of God bursts forth with fullest flow, sorrow and sighing flee away, and our own spirits are filled with peace and ecstasy. We have beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness (Isa. 61:3)."—*The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit*, pages 113, 114.

2. Three laws are here brought to view: (1) The law of God; (2) the law of sin and death in our nature; (3) the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." The attempt to keep God's holy law in our own strength results in total failure. We sink deeper and deeper into the terrible pit of sin. We are constantly dragged down by the law of sinful habits in our nature. But when we in our wretched, hopeless, helpless condition look up to Jesus, and surrender to him every purpose, desire, and affection, the Holy Spirit takes control of the life, and sets us free from the power of indwelling sin, the law of sin and death in our members, and gives us continual victory over sin. It sets the despairing captives free. The desires of the flesh may at times assert themselves, for the flesh is still there, but we "through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body." This is indeed glorious fruit of the Holy Spirit.

3. "Christ's act in cursing the tree which his own power had created, stands as a warning to all churches and to all Christians. No one can live the law of God without ministering to others. But there are many who do not live out Christ's merciful, unselfish life. Some who think themselves excellent Christians do not understand what constitutes service for God. They plan and study to please themselves. They act only in reference to self. Time is of value to them only as they can gather for themselves. In all the affairs of life this is their object. Not for others, but for themselves do they minister. God created them to live in a world where unselfish service must be performed. He designed them to help their fellow men in every possible way. But self is so large that they can not see anything else. They are not in touch with humanity. Those who thus live for self are like the fig-tree, which made every pretension, but was fruitless. They observe the forms of worship, but without repentance or faith. In profession they honor the law of God, but obedience is lacking. They say, but do not. In the sentence pronounced on the fig-tree Christ demonstrates how hateful in his eyes is this vain pretense. He declares that the open sinner is less guilty than is he who professes to serve God, but who bears no fruit to his glory."—*Desire of Ages*, page 584.

The Publication of Luther's Theses

(Concluded from page six)

den illumination that was brightening the sky, hailed the new dawn."—*Id.*, pages 266, 267.

Luther's Printing Besieged

After Luther's appearance before the Roman legate at Augsburg, in response to a summons from the Pope for him to explain his bold act in nailing the theses to the door of the tower-church in Wittenberg, Luther wrote a narrative of the Augsburg interview, preparing the same with great care for publication. At the same time, the Roman legate wrote to the elector Frederick of Saxony, giving his version of the interview. The "wise" elector, desirous of hearing both sides, sent the legate's letter to Luther, accompanied by a request that Luther should not publish his narrative at once, but withhold it for a little time. Luther decided to comply with the elector's request.

"But the eagerness of the public," says Wylie, "and the cupidity of the printers overreached his caution. The printing-house was besieged by a crowd of all ranks and ages, clamoring for copies. The sheets were handed out wet from the press, and as each sheet was produced, a dozen hands were stretched out to clutch it. The author was the last person to see his own production. In a few days the pamphlet was spread far and near. Luther had become not the doctor of Wittenberg only, but of Germany. The whole nation, not less than the youth in the university, had been drawn into the study of theology. Through the printing-press, Luther's voice reached every hearth and every individual in the fatherland."—*Id.*, page 285.

The Youth's Instructor

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"The White Man's Burden"

HAST thou a Saxon face? No fault of thine,
No virtue, too. Thy brothers nearly all
Are brown of various shades. Rare man, reflect;
Is merit in the hue? Boast not; pray God
He bleach thy soul to match thy pallid face.

—Charles S. Nutter, D. D., in the Crisis.

"She Writes Only When She Wants Something"

As the business girl, coming in from lunch, noticed the square white envelope that lay on her desk, her face brightened with pleasure. There was a quick change to amusement mingled with something else not so easily classified, as she picked it up and scanned the postmark and the handwriting.

"I wonder what Effie wants now," she said half aloud; and as her neighbor at the next desk looked up inquiringly, she explained: "I have a letter here from a friend who never writes me except when she wants something, and I was just wondering what she wants this time. I hope it's nothing very complicated, for the weather's too sultry to make it pleasant traveling around through the stores."

She glanced over the sprawling lines hastily, and her face cleared. "It's something quite easy this time," she announced in a relieved tone. "I was afraid she might be going to ask me to match a fragment of silk that she bought last year, or get her a book whose title she didn't know, or do an errand for her away out on the other side of the city. She's asked me to do every one of those things at different times."

The business girl settled down to her work more good-naturedly than she had expected when she recognized the handwriting on her letter. But if the absent friend could have heard her first comment, she might have winced a little at the description, "A friend who never writes me except when she wants something." There are many so-called friends to whom the same description might be applied by those who have been used as a convenience.

Where there is a real friendship between two persons, there is usually a willing, a glad exchange of service, each knowing the joy both of giving and of receiving. When all the giving, all the service, is on one side, it puts a strain on the friendship that is not quite fair; and when in the case of separated friends one writes only to ask favors, it is not strange if, after a time, the other comes to question the strength and value of such friendship.—Alice L. Griggs, in *Girls' Companion*.

Some Examples Worth Following

MISS MYRTLE B. HUDSON writes of a picnic arranged by one of the Missionary Volunteer Societies of the State of Washington, that may inspire some other society to similar effort.

A company of seventeen young people, including the driver, started at an early hour in the morning for an all day's drive.

"Along the route copies of the INSTRUCTOR and temperance or other literature were left at the homes. At Napa Soda Springs, a summer resort, we received a most cordial reception. The man in charge, when asked if he would allow us to place a rack for reading-matter in one of the main buildings, replied that if we would send literature he himself would see that it was placed on the tables where all could have access to it. At Yountville two of our number went to the railway station and asked if we might put up a rack for our literature. The agent asked a few questions as to the nature of the reading-matter, then gave his consent, and showed the young men where to place the rack. We reached home much refreshed after a ride of about forty-five miles.

"We may never know the good accomplished by this picnic party, but it has been a suggestion to us to remember the Lord's work during our outings for our own pleasure and recreation."

Miss Jennie R. Bates writes from Maine: "I have just sent out a letter to every W. C. T. U. in Maine,—about two hundred,—enclosing one of the new temperance leaflets that Elder Haske!! has had printed, the chapter 'The Liquor Traffic and Prohibition,' from 'Ministry of Healing.' I am getting some very encouraging replies, with orders for the leaflet."

Tetzel's Boomerang Indulgence

THERE is an interesting incident related by D'Aubigne showing how Tetzel, the great indulgence merchant, was once made the victim of his own evil work. "A Saxon nobleman, who had heard Tetzel at Leipzig, was much displeased by his falsehoods. Approaching the monk, he asked him if he had the power of pardoning sins that men have an intention of committing. 'Most assuredly,' replied Tetzel, 'I have received full powers from His Holiness for that purpose.' 'Well, then,' answered the knight, 'I am desirous of taking a slight revenge on one of my enemies, without endangering his life. I will give you ten crowns if you will give me a letter of indulgence that shall fully justify me.' Tetzel made some objections; they came, however, to an arrangement by the aid of thirty crowns. The monk quitted Leipzig shortly after. The nobleman and his attendants lay in wait for him in a wood between Juterbock and Treblin; they fell upon him, gave him a slight beating, and took away the well-stored indulgence-chest the Inquisitor was carrying with him. Tetzel made a violent outcry, and carried his complaint before the courts. But the nobleman showed the letter which Tetzel had signed himself, and which exempted him beforehand from every penalty. Duke George, whom this action had at first exceedingly exasperated, no sooner read the document than he ordered the accused to be acquitted."

LIFE is short at the longest; let it be filled up with helpfulness for others, work and sympathy for one another's misfortunes, and our arms be full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others.