

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Keep Step With the Master

Keep step with the Master whatever betide;
Though dark be your pathway, keep close to
your Guide.

While foes are alluring and danger is near,
When walking with Jesus you've nothing to
fear.

Keep step with the Master wherever you go;
Through darkness and shadow the way he
will show,
The light of his presence your path will il-
lume,
And make all the desert a garden of bloom.

Keep step with the Master, nor halt by the
way;

Whate'er he commands you, haste to obey!
Arise at his bidding, press on in his might:
While walking with Jesus, you're sure to be
right.

— *Selected.*

As a song-bird is shut up in a dark place to learn a new song which it could not have learned in the light, so in our withdrawal into the shadow we are to be taught some new sweet song in the night, which we may sing ever after in the ears of sad and weary ones. And no price is too great to pay for the privilege of learning to sing even a single note which will bless the world. No sorrow is too great to endure if it reveals to us some new beauty in Christ, or brings out in us some new feature of Christlikeness.—*The Upper Currents.*

Learning the Books of the Old Testament

VARIOUS plans have been devised for aiding one in learning the books of the Bible. Perhaps the following rhymed list of Old Testament books, copied from "Good Times at Home," may help some in getting the order of books fixed in mind:—

"The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land;
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah know.
Esther the beauteous mourner shows;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then,
With Lamentations, takes his pen.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls.
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament."

G. B. CASE.

GEN. WILLIAM BOOTH, leader of the Salvation Army, died on the twentieth of August, in London. His body lay in state in Congress Hall for several days, where thousands of persons went to view the remains of the dead soldier of the cross.

Why "Cops"?

WHEN policemen are referred to as "cops" or "coppers," it is a very legitimate and historical appellation. The first uniformed police force succeeded the old night-watch, and the patrolmen wore large shields of copper. They were burnished until they could be seen shining like a beacon in the reflected rays of the sun, and even at night scintillated in the light of the torches. In that time the police were known as "coppers." Pert young America found that too long, and "cop" was the result.—*Selected.*

How She Knew

A COMPANY of young people were being asked how they knew when they experienced religion. Different ones gave different answers. Finally a little Scotch girl said, "I knew, because I wanted to sweep under the rugs."
MRS. M. MORSE.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 38

The West Indies

B. E. CONNERLY



FEW countries have experienced a national life so checkered as, and we doubt if any have had a career more romantic than, the little island countries that compose the West Indian archipelago. In our brief sketch of the political and religious conditions of these islands, we must turn the dial that has marked off the centuries back four centuries, and present a picture of this sea full of mountaintops at the time when they were brought within the bounds of civilization; and we shall note some of the vicissitudes of the people, both of weal and of woe, since they have been reckoned among the world's sisterhood of commonwealths.

Topographically, the West Indies are most charmingly situated in the world's summer land, where gentle breezes fan away old Sol's too ardent smiles; where verdant hills and valleys await only the touch of the sower to yield their bounties of grain and fruit for the comfort of man; and graceful palms, beautiful fruit-trees, and the sweetest of flowers spring forth, without man's touch, to lend beauty to the landscape.

The beginning of civilization in these islands is more than an episode of history, and the story of colonization and development is thrilling with interest. Their remarkable discovery is told by every historian, and the little drama at Madrid which initiated the crowning achievement of the race is known by every schoolboy. The courage of that dauntless Genoese mariner and the beneficence of the queen Isabella are immortalized in all the world. Columbus was no fanatical adventurer; his mission was more than "a call of the wild" or the "mood of the age;" his was a passion to demonstrate a theory founded on reason and scientific facts. Though ridiculed by gentry and nobility, and often reduced to want, Columbus stood, intellectually, without a peer. He was the inspiring genius of his generation, and willing to sacrifice all in laying the foundation for the world's progress. Behold our island hero ready to go where no other would dare to venture; making a road through unknown seas, where it was supposed that Neptune's nymphs and hobgoblins sought to lure brave "salts" to destruction. Who but Columbus could, for days and weeks and months, have pushed "westward, westward, ever westward," till the threatenings of the panic-stricken crew compelled him to veer the prows of the little dreibund to windward, where soon the vigilant watcher on the bridge was rewarded by a view of land,—the land of which we write?

The first settlement was made by Columbus himself near the present site of Monte Cristo, on the north coast of Santo Domingo; the second was at Santiago, Cuba, in 1511. Spain at that time began to take a lively interest in the New World, and following the successful voyage of Columbus, scores of adventurers and explorers were sent out.

At that time the infamous Inquisition was raging in Spain; and this circumstance helped to make colo-

nization easier, and the salubrious climate, the fertile soil, and the congeniality of the inoffensive natives the more inviting. For more than a hundred years the colonists prospered, but at the end of that time hostilities between Spain and Great Britain gave organized bands of pirates and buccaneers the coveted opportunity, and for the next century the colonists suffered the plundering of their cities and the devastation of their fields by these robbers who infested the seas.

Next came the long and bloody series of the wars of secession, which gained for some of these countries their independence. Haiti, the Black Republic, taking advantage of the French Revolution, was the first to withdraw from the mother country. The French army was driven out in 1803. Santo Domingo, Little Spain, where the remains of Columbus rest, declared her freedom in 1804. Jamaica, the Isle of Springs, was conquered by forces sent out by Oliver Cromwell in 1655, having been in the possession of the Spanish 161 years. Barbados, Little England, was taken possession of in the name of James I in 1605, and has since belonged to the British. Trinidad remained in the possession of the Spanish until 1802, when it was ceded to England. Porto Rico was ceded to the United States in 1898; and Cuba gained her independence in 1908.

But many of these Latins proved themselves badly prepared for autonomy. So accustomed had they become to pillage, war, and devastation, that, having vanquished the forces of the mother countries, they began to make war upon one another; and from that time to this the Latin-American revolutions have continued to destroy domestic tranquillity, impede academic progress, and ruin industrial development.

Among the historical characters born in the Antilles we might mention Josephine, wife of Napoleon I (1763-1814), the most beloved empress of France, who was born in Martinique; Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804), one of America's greatest patriots and statesmen, was born in Nevis; Toussaint Louverture (1743-1803), the Bonaparte of Santo Domingo, and the liberator of Haiti, was one of the greatest Negroes the race has ever produced; and Alexander Dumas, who the Encyclopedia Britannica says was "the most remarkable character of the nineteenth century," was the son of a black woman of Santo Domingo. We could mention others, especially those noble patriots who fought so long for Cuba's freedom, but space forbids.

The West Indians, especially those of Spanish extraction, are natural politicians, this taste doubtless having been developed from centuries of misrule, and a civil régime which did no man justice. They have been influenced and coerced by military chieftains who have ravished the confidence of the people, and by broken promises have provoked a distrust and enmity that knows no remedy. War and its attendant evils have followed. Lack of sanitation has caused disease to become, not epidemic, but endemic, till the race has

become weakened and physically deteriorated. Our hope is that changed conditions may speedily produce good results, and that our islands may soon present for the study of the traveling public more than a beautiful topography and configuration, more than flowery valleys and vine-embossed hills. Here lie mighty resources to be developed, and a strangely cosmopolitan people whose diverse interests must be molded into that which concerns the common weal.

We do not find much to recommend in the religion of the subjects of our narrative. The practise of a ritualism imposed by a hierarchy from beyond the seas has ministered not to the common good, but to the common ill. All of their ideas of theology and conscience of morality, imported from Rome, have produced little to the credit of Romanism. But, we are glad to note, ethical conditions have not been left entirely in the hands of the Roman Church. The state church of Great Britain has done much for the inhabitants of the West Indies, and in 1732 Count Zinzendorf espoused the cause of this people by sending them Moravian missionaries. Then followed representatives of the other evangelistic denominations and Bible societies, until to-day the people of all the islands have the blessed privilege of knowing the truth of the gospel; and those who obey are sharers of its blessings.

Shorthand,—Past, Present, and Future

It is quite generally supposed that shorthand is an invention of comparatively modern times. This is a mistake, however, as there is abundant evidence that it was in use even before the time of Christ. Tiro, Cicero's secretary, was the first shorthand writer of whom we have any definite record. It is claimed by some that he was the original inventor of shorthand; and perhaps that is how a beginner or a novice in any line of work came to be known as a tyro. Tiro's fame as a shorthand writer was at its height during the famous trial of Catiline, 63 B. C.

Perhaps the reader has sometimes wondered if the people of ancient times were ever guilty of making exaggerated statements. To show that exaggeration was far from being a lost art at that time, I quote what is said to have been written by Ausonius, a Latin poet of the fourth century, in honor of an expert shorthand writer of his time, as follows: "Come, O famous reporter, prepare the tablets on which you express, with simple dots, whole speeches as rapidly as others would trace one single word. I dictate volumes, and my pronunciation is as rapid as hail; yet your ear misses nothing, and the pages are not filled. Your hand, of which the movement is scarcely perceptible, flies over the waxy surface; and, although my tongue runs over long phrases, you fix my ideas on your tablets long before they are worded. I wish I could think as rapidly as you write! Tell me, then, since you precede my imagination, tell me who has betrayed me. Who has revealed to you what I was meditating? How is it that what my mouth has not yet expressed has arrived at your ears?"

It is also interesting to note from the above that the stenographers of those times did not have note-books, pens, and ink, but were obliged to write on wax tablets.

The records show that shorthand became a lost art during the eleventh century, and remained so until 1588, when Dr. Timothy Bright published the first system of modern times, under the title of "Char-

acterie, the Art of Short, Swift, and Secret Writing." His system was hard to learn and hard to remember, however; because he used arbitrary characters for about five hundred frequent words.

Two years later, or in 1590, was published another very impracticable system, called brachygraphy. The author wrote as follows concerning it: "Brachygraphy, or the art of writing as fast as a man speaketh, may in appearance seem difficult; but it is in fact very easy, the shortness whereof is attained by memory, the swiftness by practise, and the sweetness by industry."

During the next two hundred fifty years about two hundred systems were published, besides many others which never reached the printers. None of these, however, proved a very great improvement over the ones already mentioned.

It was not until 1837-40 that Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, invented and published a system under the title of "Stenographic Sound-hand," which was the forerunner of our present-day standard systems. In 1847 it was introduced into this country, where, having been improved in a number of respects, it is now recognized as one of the leading systems.

Practically all the systems up to 1750 were what are known as A B C systems. Then, however, some began to get the idea of writing by sound instead of using brief signs for the letters of the alphabet. But Isaac Pitman was the first to invent a really practical phonographic system; and the alphabet of his system, as revised in 1840, has remained almost unchanged to this day, though a large number of abbreviating principles have been added.

There is at the present time a movement on foot to standardize reporting shorthand. However, the progress in this direction is not very encouraging, and many claim that it can never be accomplished.

The mastery of shorthand affords an excellent mental discipline, and one which can be secured in no other study. The learning of rules and word signs trains the memory; the necessity of writing so that the matter can be read later requires carefulness in small details, such as making the outlines symmetrical, — half length, full length, and double length, some straight and some curved, some light and some heavy, vertical, horizontal, and slanted, and adding large and small hooks, large and small loops, and large and small circles, some on one side of the stroke and some on the other. It also develops ability to concentrate the attention; for to write at the rate of only one hundred fifty words a minute requires the hearing and indicating on paper of about seven hundred fifty sounds each minute, or twelve and one half each second; and each one of these sounds requires a separate mental and physical operation. No wonder reporting is one of the most difficult and exacting of the professions. No wonder experts are paid from ten to thirty dollars a day, and some of them even more. It differs from the other professions, however, in that one may begin to practise it, to a limited extent, within a comparatively short time, — varying according to the ability of the student and the amount of time given to the study, — and may earn a good living while making his way up the ladder to the higher rounds of the profession. It is a growing profession, and one in which there is plenty of "room at the top." There are said to be over three hundred thousand stenographers in this country to-day, compared with less than one thousand sixty years ago. It is estimated that there are at least

(Concluded on page fifteen)

From Skagway, Alaska, to Seattle by Boat

OLIVE HENTON HILLERY



It was a perfect day,—perfect as only an Alaskan June day can be. At the wharf lay the stanch old liner "Cottage City," while the deck was crowded with those ready to depart on the boat, and with their friends who had come for the last good-bys. At last the freight was loaded, and the three short whistles announcing that it was time to go, were heard. A man passed around the boat beating a gong, warning all to go ashore who did not intend going to the States.

It was ten o'clock, just getting dusk, when we left the wharf at Skagway, June 4. At 11:20 we tied up at the Columbia Cannery to load some fish. At five o'clock the next morning we reached Haines Mission. The government had just finished a fine military camp there, known as Fort William H. Seward.

Funter's Bay Cannery was our next stop, where we stayed several hours. The help employed in this cannery are Chinese, Indians doing the fishing. The fish had not begun to run yet, so they were improving the time by making cans. Large sheets of tin are run under huge knives, which cut strips the length around and width of a salmon can. The man at the next table puts the strips into piles of eight each. A large roller bends them around so they fit on iron spools the size of a finished can. While on these

spools they are soldered down the side, and the bottom is fitted on. A long trough just the width of the can carries them past a small furnace. Sticks of solder are held in such a position that as the cans pass the fire the solder melts, and fastens the end of the can on. In leaving the trough, they fall into immense wicker baskets, which, when full, are drawn up to the second story by a rope and pulley, and stacked up in piles until the fish are ready to can.

At Killisnoo between thirty and forty barrels of herring-oil were put aboard our boat. Like Sitka, Killisnoo is an old Russian town. We were shown through the Greek Catholic church, and called on old "Chief Jake." He brought out his old dancing and warrior's costumes to show us. The walls of his hut were covered with pictures of saints, madonnas, the Christ-child, and camera snap shots of himself, probably taken by tourists and presented to him. Indians were once very superstitious about being photographed, but white men have hired and bribed them until now they come to the photograph gallery dressed in silks and satins as do the white people.

Two little Indian girls sat on the wharf by their mother. I asked them to come over in the sunshine

so I could take a "shot" at them. The mother overheard, and said, "Yes, if you give ten cents." When a boat calls at the wharf, the Indians come down along the main streets with baskets, bead work, and trinkets to sell. Two pretty half-breed girls sat on the wharf with their rugs of curios spread out before them. I opened my camera to have a picture; but when they saw what I intended doing, one got up and ran up the wharf; but the camera was too quick for the other.

At 1:30 June 6, we reached that old town famous in Russian history, Sitka. Here we visited Lovers' Lane, a beautiful, shady, winding road; crossed Indian River on the suspension-bridge; saw the immense totem-poles, and the Greek Catholic church. We were disappointed in not being able to hear the chiming bells in the church tower, but they ring only on Sunday. We climbed the hill to the site of the old Baranoff Castle. I found a hand-made nail which had been in the original castle. The building has been remodeled of late

years, and is now occupied by a private family.

Our visit to the Greek church was very interesting. One of the churchmen went with us, and kindly explained everything and answered all our questions. The main room occupies almost the whole building. The roof is supported by pillars in various places about the room. Near the center front is a small round platform one step high, around

which the worshipers kneel, there being no seats in the room. At the front end of the room is a narrow platform, from which folding doors open into the room where the priests' robes are kept. The guide brought out the robes, and allowed us to examine them, explaining on what occasion each is used. Over the folding doors is a large painting of the Last Supper of our Lord. A painting of a madonna and child set with jewels, and with threads of gold and silver woven in the raised robes around the figures, is valued at forty thousand dollars. The guide very kindly allowed me to photograph that one.

At Juneau we made only a short stop, going on to Douglas Island and Treadwell mines, the largest in the world. The men are hoisting from the lowest level, seventeen hundred feet.

A little farther on we called at Wrangell, situated at the entrance to Wrangell Narrows, one of the most treacherous passes along this route. This day the water was very smooth, and we arrived at the right time, so we could go through without delay. If the boats are delayed by storms or otherwise, they sometimes have to wait several hours for the tide, on account of the narrow passage and hidden rocks.



AN ALASKAN GLACIER

Dixon Entrance made up for the smooth passes. Nearly every person on board was sick. Some did not leave their rooms the rest of the voyage. A tiny green can hangs on the side of each berth. This seemed to claim the whole attention of my two roommates. As for myself I could not see anything interesting in my green can, so I sat on deck and watched the passengers disappear one by one,—going below to see if the baby was still asleep, or if a roommate was ready for a game of cards, or a walk on deck. The good old ship was being so rolled by the waves that the dish-rails had to be put around the edge of the table to keep the soup and other delicacies from coming into the passengers' laps. On the morning of the last day the sun came up clear and bright, and the water was as smooth as a mill-pond. Every one was up early, packing valises, strapping bundles, and rushing to the deck to watch for the first sight of Seattle.

Electron, Washington.

A Pathetic Incident

ONE of our missionaries in the Pacific islands, Elder J. M. Cole, gives the following graphic description of an experience he with other missionaries had on one of their journeys, as they were waiting for a steamer to take them to their next landing-place. Mr. Cole writes:—

"We saw men and women (Fijians and Indians) hurrying to reach the wharf, where was a small steamer and a large number of people. We hurried, fearing that we were too late, but found it was not the steamer we wanted. Upon another boat towed by this little steamer were perhaps forty or fifty Fijians and Indians, men and women, some young, some old. Standing on the wharf and on the bank of the river were upward of four hundred Fijians and Indians, with a few white persons. They were all crying, those on boat as well as those on the shore. It was no common cry. They were howling and wringing their hands in agony. Their cry is still in my ears. I never saw such distress pictured on the faces of men and women before in all my experience. Read Zeph. 1:14 and Jer. 25:34, and you may catch a faint idea of the awful scene.

"But what was it all about? you ask. The people on that boat having been found to have the dread disease of leprosy upon them, the government doctor had to pronounce them unclean, and forbid them to go among the people. These poor unfortunates had been shut up for a time in the lepers' hospital, and the day had come when there must be a final separation from home and loved ones. Parents, husbands, wives, and children were there for the last time to say good-by. They were to be taken to a distant island to pine the rest of their lives away among others nearly rotten with the same disease. Some were bowed down with sorrow. Some were holding out their hands to their loved ones as if saying, 'O, help me! Don't let me go!' I noticed an old Indian, his face the picture of misery, looking at a woman ashore, no doubt his wife. His sorrow was great, and she was nearly wild. I did not know who suffered the more. One fine-looking Fijian stood still, not saying a word, only waving her handkerchief to her loved ones, while the big tears rolled down her face.

"While the doctor was giving instruction to the officers, a few ran out into the water to kiss their friends once more; yes, kiss those who had the leprosy. The people were beside themselves with grief. Some of them did not know what they were doing.

"I asked myself, 'How should you feel if one of your loved ones was snatched away from you like that, to live a living death, alone and uncared for by loving hands, among a strange people upon a lone spot, never to see or hear, only by report, from them again?' It touched my heart. I looked behind and saw my fellow missionaries also weeping.

"When the doctor said, 'Pull out and away,' and the little steamer towed away its living freight, the howl arose still louder, until one could not hear one's self speak. Some of the younger friends ran down the bank of the river to say another farewell. The older ones were so paralyzed with grief that they could not move. From many of these poor ones the last spark of happiness was gone. An Indian woman ran into the river to hear that last good-by from her husband, and would have been drowned had not a friendly Fijian rushed into the river and rescued her. Others fell down because of their great sorrow, and had to be helped away. It is impossible for me to describe what happened that morning. It can not be told in words. It made us all quite sick for a time.

"While we still stood there, the doctor came down and requested all who had walked where the lepers walked, or had taken hold of their hands, to return at once to the hospital and wash their hands and feet in water prepared for them. They all answered, 'Yes, sir, we will.'

"Leprosy is an incurable disease. It is only the divine, creative power of God that can heal that loathsome malady. Did it ever occur to you that we are all touched with the leprosy of sin? Rom. 3:23. The smallest spot on us will result in destruction. James 1:15. But bless the Lord, a fountain is opened where we can step in and be cleansed, if we wish to be clean. If not, there will a time come when the unclean will be unclean still, and a separation must follow. Then will be heard that word 'Depart,' and following that there will be 'weeping and gnashing of teeth.' 'The mighty man shall cry there bitterly.'

"As we walked away from the scene on the river bank, how grateful we were that God's people will be 'hid' from that 'weeping' time!

"We are well acquainted with a lady missionary who dressed a finger a few times for a native Fijian. On being asked, 'Is your finger better?' he said, 'O, no; it will never be better, for it is leprosy.' Our missionaries are in the midst of this all the time. Remember them in prayer, that Mark 16:18 may be fulfilled to our island missionaries."

Seed Thoughts

EDUCATE! Educate!! Educate!!! God has declared in his Word that his people perish for want of knowledge.

But we need to be educated in the truth alone. It is better to remain in ignorance than to be instructed in error.

We need to be educated in the Holy Scriptures that we may be established in a knowledge of right principles.

We need to be educated in true science that we may put it to practical use in the various walks of life.

We need a knowledge of literature that we may be able to speak and write correctly and effectively.

Talents are great blessings, but we need to be educated to know how to use these talents to the best advantage in the accomplishment of good to others.

J. W. LOWE.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Boarding-Houses and Flats



RESTAURANTS and hotels are multiplying. It is an omen of evil. An American minister said: "Men will fight for their homes, but who ever heard of anybody's fighting for a boarding-house?" Apartment-houses are rising high and rapidly in all our large cities; yes, and in the smaller towns, too.

What monstrosities they are! Think of living day and night in the twenty-fifth story, three hundred feet from the ground! Such a place is neither sane nor sanitary. The great ones of earth have been the men and women who walked on the ground. Access to the soil is the divine right of every individual. In our wrestlings with the enemies of life we get new strength whenever our feet touch the ground. In other days every family had a little vegetable garden in which were raised good food, good health, and good morals. Out of the vegetable garden many things come besides the vegetables. There is a fellowship with God in planting seeds and culturing growing things to maturity that never can be found in a withered market stall. There are many reasons why so many of the leaders of the world's life came from the farms.

What is called light housekeeping is almost as great an evil as boarding. In flats this is about the only kind of housekeeping that is possible. The old joys of real living are gone. The world has had its epochal ages. There was the stone age, the bronze age, and so on. We are now come to the tin-can age. We go to the store and buy our food in cans. "Just add hot water and serve."

"When dinner-time comes and baby is cross,
How happy is mother to know
That fine baked beans and tomato sauce
Are prepared in a minute or so."

We get our food in cans, and nobody learns how to make the things our parents used to make. Manufacture was once included among the domestic arts. It is so no longer. Our mothers were artists. Now these things are made by artisans. They bless not those who make nor those who eat them. It is no longer necessary to bother about learning to play the piano or to sing. We can buy our piano music by the yard, and the phonograph furnishes our grand opera fresh from the store daily.

The greatest loss in the passing of the old-fashioned home is seen in the decay of hospitality. An uncle of my father's often invited the entire congregation of the country church to which he belonged to his house for dinner after the service. If some of our congregations continue to dwindle as they have been doing, we may yet be able to have them to dinner in flats. An association met with a certain country church in Ohio. A wealthy farmer who belonged to the church told the pastor that he would entertain one hundred of the delegates at his home. Now we pay the expenses of one delegate at a boarding-house! Bishop Vincent tells how his father stood at the front

gate looking down the road after a minister who was driving away after having spent the night as a guest in the Vincent home. Tears ran down the face of the father. When his son asked the cause, the elder Vincent said: "I was just thinking what a privilege it has been to have a man like that in our home." Hospitality is the very atmosphere of the Christian home. The old Lyman Beecher home in Connecticut was a shrine to the god of hospitality. Into its wide halls and ample rooms came the good, the great, in a steady stream. The children were personally and intimately acquainted with the great Americans of their time. Why did all the Beechers achieve distinction? — Largely because of the guests in that hospitable home. But alas! that sort of thing is not possible now that we either board or do light housekeeping in a string of cabooses called a flat.— *W. Quay Rosselle, D. D., Ph. D., in Service.*

The Ink Stains

"Now just my trunk tags, and I'm done," Bernice said, with a sigh half of regret, half of happiness. It had been a wonderful month in Del Haven's beautiful home; yet, after all, there is no joy quite like that of going back to your own. Already she could hear Marigold's shrieks of joy, and see the color rise in Bob's shy face. Perhaps it was the thought of it all that made her hand a bit unsteady as she wrote her tags. At any rate, a second later she was staring in consternation at two ink spots on the beautiful rug.

For a moment she sat petrified; then she ran for cold water, and began to work anxiously. She could not confess this to Del; the stains must come out.

They did, partly. But two grayish smears still remained after half an hour of work. Almost involuntarily at the sound of a step in the hall, she sprang, and turned out her lights. She could not see anybody to-night — perhaps in the morning, when it had dried.

There was little sleep for Bernice that night; it seemed as if morning would never come; at the earliest light she crept out of bed to look at the stains. They were still there. And then Bernice's fight began.

It left her worn and white — and defeated. She *could* not speak of it. Perhaps, after all, nobody would notice; they were small stains. Beneath all the cowardly reasoning was the hope that whoever discovered them would think that they had been there a long time.

It was Mrs. Haven who found them, an hour after her guest left. Mrs. Haven was a careful housekeeper, conscientiously just, but not to be imposed upon. She called Jenny, the pretty little chambermaid. Jenny, frightened and bewildered, denied all knowledge of the stains, but Jenny had not always told the truth. Mrs. Haven's eyes were full of sorrow, for she had given the girl many chances, and had tried hard to help her. But it was useless, evidently. A week later Jenny left, sullen and hopeless. Bernice, in the merry crowd at home, had almost forgotten.— *Youth's Companion.*

Spiritualism Analyzed in the Bible Laboratory—No. 4

The True Faith Versus Seducing Spirits

C. E. HOLMES



AUL says that he is a "good minister of Jesus Christ" who sounds the warning of God's Spirit "that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." 1 Tim. 4:6, 1. It is very evident from this text that there will be persons who will give themselves to the work of propagating doctrines that have been communicated to them through the agency of spirits. These messages will be of a nature to deceive. Christ himself called the attention of the church to the fact that "there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." Matt. 24:24. Do the teachings of Spiritualism contradict the revelation of God's Word? A writer has summed up the different negations of spirit mediums, which conclusively demonstrate that the revelations of the spirits are out of harmony with the Word of God. Space will permit only the bare statements, with a few exceptions. The spirits, through their media, deny,—

1. The inspiration of the Scriptures.
2. That the Scriptures are a sufficient rule of faith and practise.
3. The existence of sin.
4. The miraculous birth of Christ.
5. The literal resurrection of Christ's body from the tomb.
6. The personal second coming of Christ.
7. The doctrine of a general resurrection.
8. The personality of God. Bacon's spirit said, "I have never found one spirit who can explain what the principle God is."—*"Spiritualism," Vol. II, page 238.*
9. The existence of Adam and Eve. "This first man and this first woman are but a fiction, an allegory."—*Celestial Telegraph, Vol. I, page 78.*
10. The sacrifice and atonement of Christ. "Nothing can be more inconsistent with the religion inculcated by my spirit friends, than the idea of atonement for sin by faith in any religion, true or false." "Since my sister's translation to the spheres, she has risen from the fifth to the sixth sphere. It has been alleged by her that her ascent was retarded by her belief in the atonement."—*Dr. Hare, in "Spiritualism," Vol. I, pages 214, 229.*

Spiritualism a Barnacle on the Church

Spiritualism "has announced itself as a new religious dispensation, as the successor of the Christian dispensation, just as the latter was the successor of the Mosaic. Its representatives declare that under this latest economy the spirits of the departed are the ordinary ministers between God and man, and that it is their vocation to disclose to him a new revelation and a new system of morals. . . .

"From the countless alleged communications from the invisible world received since 1849, no ray of light has been thrown on the vexed problems which have for ages troubled mankind. We know no more of God, of the soul, of redemption, of destiny, than we did before. There has been much chattering on the part of garrulous phantoms, and the vanity of thousands on the earth has been gratified by the attentions bestowed on them by the shades of Shakespeare.

Goethe, Wordsworth, Byron, Condorcet, and other eminent persons, who, had they been alive, would never have been drawn to converse with those ladies and gentlemen who now represent themselves as the recipients of their confidences. But from all this imaginary correspondence the world has derived no nobler beliefs and no purer morals than are contained in the gospel of God's Son. Spiritism, whatever else it does, has never illuminated. There is no light in it. As a religion it is a religion without a message."—*George C. Lorimer, in "Christianity in the Nineteenth Century," pages 385-387.*

A Challenge

One investigator, after numerous "sittings," sent forth this challenge, which we pass on to those interested in Spiritualism:—

"No Spiritualist can prove the identity of the spirits communicating. No Spiritualist can prove that he is not grossly deceived. No Spiritualist can successfully deny that personating demons are playing upon his credulity, and are leading him, by false teachings and plausible deception, into ruinous error. I challenge one and all of them to show by adequate evidence that they are not deceived by evil spirits."—*Gordon, in the "Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism," page 120.*

Summary

All power comes from God. He has promised to all protection, peace, wisdom, and eternal life for the asking. We know that all things work together for good to them that love him. He has counseled us not to worry about the future. Then why should we leave this storehouse of rich rewards to tamper with a power that has been condemned by the Lord?

Of what value is a power that can lift a person up for a time only to drop him down again, compared with that power that lifts one out of sin, to live forever in heavenly places? Who would wish to exchange the hand that was nailed to the cross for a hand floating around the head of a medium? Let us cling to God and his Word.

Takoma Park, D. C.

Work With a Will

THERE is a very old story, so old that many have forgotten it. But it carries a good Labor day lesson for us all. It is of a man who took passage in a stage-coach. There were first-, second-, and third-class passengers. But when he looked into the coach, he saw all the passengers sitting together without distinction. He could not understand it till by and by they came to a hill, and the coach stopped, and the driver called out, "First-class passengers keep their seats; second-class passengers get out and walk; third-class passengers get out and push."

Now, in the church we have no room for first-class passengers—people who think that salvation means an easy ride all the way to heaven. We have no room for second-class passengers—people who are carried most of the time, and who, when they must work out their own salvation, go trudging on, giving never a thought to helping their fellows along. All church-members ought to be third-class passengers—people who, whenever there is need, are ready to dismount and push all together, and push with a will.—*The Expositor.*

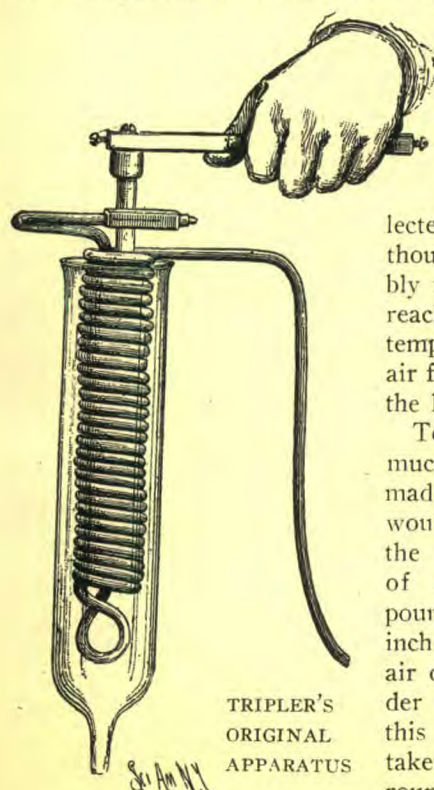


Liquid Air



In the year 1890 Charles Tripler began experimenting with compressed air in the city of New York. In allowing it to escape from a nozzle one day, he saw that like other gases under high pressure it expanded as it came from the nozzle, and this sudden expansion cooled the surrounding atmosphere. He then let it expand into another pipe, and found this pipe became so cold that he could not hold it. From this he conceived the idea that possibly he could get the size of the nozzle and the pressure just right to reduce air from a gaseous state to a liquid one.

Air is a gas the same as steam. If, by any means whatsoever, we reduce the temperature of steam below 212° F. at the ordinary atmospheric pressure, we get water. If we wish to convert water into steam, all we do is to raise the temperature of that water to 212° , and upon the addition of a little more heat at this temperature, a vapor rises that we call steam. Now this is directly analogous to air. If, by any means whatsoever, we can reduce the temperature of air to 312° below zero, it will change its form and no longer be a gas, but will become a fluid and run like water. The problem has always been to get something that would produce that low temperature. When Mr. Tripler saw that upon



TRIPLER'S
ORIGINAL
APPARATUS

the sudden expansion of air under a very high pressure the surrounding pipe was so cooled that frost collected on its surface, he thought he had possibly found a method of reaching a low enough temperature to reduce air from the gaseous to the liquid state.

To cool the air as much as possible, he made an engine that would compress it to the enormous amount of two thousand pounds to a square inch. Of course the air developed heat under this pressure, but this extra heat was taken care of by surrounding the tank con-

taining it with pipes filled with cold water. Then he took a peculiarly constructed valve that enabled part of the air at this pressure to escape through a small orifice into a tube surrounding a pipe through which the remainder passed. As it came from this nozzle and expanded, it cooled the inner pipe so rapidly and so greatly that the air there contained became liquid. Upon opening the end of this inner pipe, the air flowed out like water flowing from a hydrant. As it flowed out into the containing vessel, white vapor,



Hopkins's Chemistry

EXPERIMENTS SHOWING PROPERTIES OF LIQUID AIR

1. Magnetism of oxygen. 2. Steel burning in liquid oxygen. 3. Frozen sheet iron.
4. Explosion of confined liquid air. 5. Burning paper. 6. Explosion of sponge. 7. Freezing rubber ball. 8. Double walled vacuum bulb. 9. Boiling liquid air.

cold to the touch, rose to the top and fell over the sides. It was the air vaporizing. The liquid was poured out on the table, but it did not wet the board. Rather, it quickly vanished, leaving the board perfectly dry. Pouring a little into the hand, it burned like a hot iron. It was bluish in appearance, gradually turning to a colorless fluid as it was exposed to the air of the room.

Three Hundred Twelve Degrees Below Zero!

We are unable to comprehend what such a temperature means. The difference between it and the coldest day we have known is greater than the difference between ice and the hottest steam. Mercury placed in liquid air becomes as hard as a rock in less time than it takes to write it. The experiment may be performed of putting mercury in a paper tube, and after sinking a thumb-screw in each end of the tube, covering it all with liquid air. In about half a minute the mercury is solid, and the screws may be used to secure the bar of frozen mercury to weights. Mercury an inch in diameter, frozen in this way, will easily hold up a man's weight.

Many other interesting experiments may be performed with this wonderful liquid. Place some of it in a teakettle, and place the latter on ice. The air will boil vigorously. Why? — Because the difference between the temperature of the air and of the ice is greater than that of water and of the hottest stove

you can imagine. Water dropped on a red-hot stove bobs around in exactly the same manner that a drop of liquid air does when put upon a piece of ice.

One gallon of liquid air contains one hundred cubic feet of air at the ordinary pressure. So the air in the liquid form is really under an enormous pressure, being reduced during the process of liquifying to about one seven hundred forty-sixth of its original volume. As it expands, this pressure of course exerts itself in different ways. Put a teaspoonful of the liquid in a bottle, and cork it tightly. You will barely have time to put the cork in before out it comes with a loud report. This may be repeated several times before the air is exhausted. The air in expanding exerts a powerful pressure on the sides of the bottle, and the cork is the first to give way.

Liquid air is kept in a bottle of peculiar construction called a Dewar flask — after the name of the man who invented it. It is made after the style of the modern caloric bottles manufactured for the preservation of hot or cold substances. It is like two bottles, one inside the other, with the space between a perfect vacuum. No heat can be transmitted through this vacuum, so the loss of the liquid contained in one of these bottles is very small. The mouth of this Dewar flask is wide, and is always left open. Liquid air can not be kept in a closed bottle, so there is some small loss due to this open mouth, but it amounts to only about ten per cent a day.

By means of the compression and expansion of air, Mr. Tripler gave the world what it has been years waiting to find; namely, a method for getting very low temperatures. And yet with all the cold that it possesses, it is not so cold as is the space intervening between us and the sun which gives us our light and heat. A marvelous world we are living in! The more we study about the wonders in it, the more anxious we become to go to the higher school that God is preparing for his children; for there we can have a more intimate acquaintanceship with these wonders, and have the blessed Creator unravel the mysteries surrounding them. May we all be there when he explains them to his redeemed people.

LYNN H. WOOD.

Most Southerly Industry

PUBLIC attention has recently been directed to Macquarie Island, owing to the fact that the Mawson antarctic expedition, on its way south, established a wireless telegraph station there, so that the island is now in daily communication with Hobart, Tasmania.

It was hoped that this station would be able to relay messages to a wireless station at Adelie Land, the base of the expedition on the antarctic continent, but this plan has proved impracticable. It is said that magnetic disturbances, due to the proximity of the south magnetic pole, make communication between these two points impossible. However, the Macquarie Island station has proved of value to shipping in Australian waters by giving timely notice of storms.

Macquarie Island, which belongs to Tasmania, is about 750 miles southeast of Hobart, and is, therefore, a half-way point for expeditions proceeding to the antarctic on the Australian side. It was visited by the expeditions of Scott and Shackleton, as well as by Dr. Mawson's party. The island is about twenty-two miles long by five broad, and has a rugged coast line, rising sheer out of the water to a height of 1,500 feet in places.

According to a recent consular report, this island has been leased by the Tasmanian government to Joseph Hatch, who has established there the lucrative business of catching penguins for their oil; probably the most southerly industry of the world, except certain fisheries. It is said that there are 80,000,000 penguins on the island. The oil is obtained by boiling the carcasses in digesters capable of dealing with 800 birds at a time. The product is barreled, and sold to binder-twine makers in Australia and New Zealand.

The chief obstacle to the success of this enterprise is the fact that the island has no harbor. Vessels have to lie about half a mile offshore, and all material is conveyed to and fro on rafts made of casks. Several ships have been wrecked in attempting to visit the island.—*Scientific American*.

Go Forward

Go work to-day in my vineyard,
We hear the Master say,
For the fields are white to harvest;
Go, scatter the seed away.
Go, take the message I gave you,
"The kingdom of God is here!"
Go, sound it abroad to the nations;
Go, publish it far and near.

Go forth, and seek ye the lost ones,
The sheep that stray from my fold;
Go, bring them into my bosom;
Go, gather them, young and old.
Go, bind up the broken-hearted;
Go, comfort the mourning one;
Go, bearing a word of solace
To souls that are sad and lone.

Go, publish abroad to the captives
My gospel of liberty;
Go, open the mind's dark dungeon,
And bid the oppressed go free.
Go, heal the sick and the suffering;
Go, offer balm for their woe.
Have I not sent you to witness?
Arise, take my message, and go.

Say not, "O Lord, I'm not worthy!"
Go forward in "this your might."
Yea, go, imbued with my Spirit,
And bearing my torch of light.
Go, flash out among the people
What precious truth you hold;
Go, saying you've found the jewel,
The pearl of price untold.

Faint not, nor grow utterly weary,
Though difficult be the way;
When clouds and darkness oppress you,
Come unto me and pray.
Come, rest awhile in my presence,
And tell me of your need;
Come, when you are heavy-laden,
And find in me help indeed.

Is any burden too grievous,
Too heavy for me to bear?
Have I not tasted your sorrows?
Can I not your trials share?
And do not the heavenly watchers
Stand ready to succor and aid?
Take courage, then, O my beloved,
Trust me, and be not afraid.

Think not ye are empty-handed;
Lean not on the arm of man.
Remember, the One who sends you
The heaven metes with a span.
His coffers are hid in the ocean;
His treasures, what eye may see?
Who counteth the wealth of his riches?
O, have ye no faith in me?

Fear not, little flock, but take courage;
Your Master is sure to provide.
Go, labor again in my vineyard,
And keep very close to my side.
Go forward, uphold one another
With firm and true-hearted love.
My harvest so shall ye gather,
And reap my reward above.

—Frieda Elfers.



Whistle and Hoe

THERE'S a boy just over the garden fence,
Who is whistling all through the livelong day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear;
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know;
For his whistling sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that you hoe;
For if you are idle, the briars will spread;
And whistling alone to the end of the row,
May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

—Selected.

In the Path of Kindness



HERE did not seem to be a thing Charlotte could do to earn the necessary funds for completing the high-school course. It did seem hard to drop out at the close of the junior year, but unless something unexpected came up to enable her to earn the greater share of her expenses for the senior year, it would have to be given up.

"I can't let mother work as she has been doing the past three years to keep a strong girl like me in school; and the last year is so expensive, too. If only I could work through vacation, it would help so much!" Charlotte said to her friend Rose, as they were discussing ways and means the day following commencement.

"There isn't a way I can think of," sighed Rose, "only clerking, and you've tried at all the stores. You shouldn't like an agency of some kind, should you? Mrs. Read says she does well selling spices and perfumes and things for some firm in the city. She takes orders for them, and sends them in every month, then delivers the goods when they come."

Charlotte laughed a little ruefully. "I'm afraid I shouldn't like that very well," she said, "although I should be glad to do it if I could earn enough at it. But that makes me think, mother said this morning that Aunt Read was down with rheumatism again. I think I'll take some of Uncle Tom's new remedy over to her. If you're going out to Sylvia's, Rose, I'll walk as far as Monroe Street with you."

Charlotte found her old friend unable to leave her chair. "I shouldn't mind the suffering so much," she said patiently, "though it's bad enough, if it wasn't for stopping my work and disappointing my customers. The goods they ordered should have been delivered yesterday."

"Couldn't I deliver them for you, auntie?" Charlotte asked. "There isn't any school now."

"My dear child, that would be too much for you, I'm afraid. There's quite a satchelful."

"Not a bit of it; just look at that arm!" And Charlotte held out her strong round arm. "I should love to do it for you, Aunt Read. It isn't very often I get a chance to help you; I am always so busy in school-time."

And so it came about that Charlotte started early the following morning with the heavy satchel and a box besides. One of the first stops she made was at a large boarding-house, where she left a number of the heavier bottles and jars. The landlady came to the door as she was leaving.

"I didn't know Mrs. Read had any one in the work with her," she said; "I thought she carried it on quite alone."

"She is alone in it," Charlotte said quickly. "I'm only delivering the things for her to-day because she is sick."

"O, I see," said the woman. "I thought perhaps you were one of the schoolgirls who like to work at something during vacation to earn spending money."

"That's just what I want to do," said Charlotte eagerly, "although I'm not doing this for pay. That would take too much of Aunt Read's profit."

"I've been looking for work, but haven't found anything yet. I'm going to keep on looking, though, for if I don't get work through vacation, I can't go back to school in September."

"What should you like to do?" asked the landlady with kindly interest.

"I should like best to work at bookkeeping," Charlotte answered promptly. "I like mathematics and could do that better than anything else. But I must be going if I am to get these things delivered before noon;" and with a smiling "Good morning!" she was off.

Mr. Graham, president of the First State Savings-



MEMORY TEXT

bank, had been a resident of Mrs. Leslie's house for some time. It happened that he was in the parlor when Charlotte took her departure, and through the open windows overheard all that was said.

"I like the way that girl says things—and does things," he said reflectively. "I'm glad I happened to be late starting to the office this morning."

A few minutes later he was questioning Mrs. Leslie, who could give him no further information than the address of Mrs. Read, to whom she had given her order for spices. Having found Mrs. Read, it was easy to find Charlotte's home, and that same evening she was surprised by an offer of a position in the bank for the summer.

"I happened to overhear your talk with Mrs. Leslie this morning," Mr. Graham said, in explanation of his offer. "Our second bookkeeper leaves next week to be away for the summer, and we have been looking for some time for the right sort of girl to fill her place. I feel sure you will do."

There was no doubt in Charlotte's mind but that she would at least try to fulfil his expectation, and after a satisfactory arrangement regarding salary, Mr. Graham said, "We shall expect you, then, Monday morning;" and lifting his hat with a pleasant "Good evening!" he was gone.

Charlotte looked at her mother, too dazed and happy to speak for a moment; then she broke out, "Only think, mother, how I have looked and looked for work without success, and then at a time when I wasn't thinking about it, it came!"

"And you found it right in the path of kindness, dear. If you had not been helping Aunt Read, Mr. Graham might never have known of your wish for work, nor you of his need."—*Florence Nightingale Munn, in Girls' Companion.*

The Story of a Trillium

THE friend from whom the story came lives in the heart of the dusty city. Therefore I was surprised to find on her table one morning a solitary trillium. Its delicate petals gleamed as fresh and fair from the small water cup that held its fragile stem as if it had not been borne many miles from its quiet birthplace. On the table, beside the little cup of water, lay the remains of another trillium, crushed and withered.

"Where did you find the lovely stranger?" I asked, touching a snowy petal with my finger-tip. "It is a far cry from this dusty street to the nooks where trilliums grow."

My friend motioned me to a seat. I saw what I once heard called "a telling" in her face.

"I really believe," she said, "that God sent that flower and its poor dead little mate to be his messengers to me. A really wonderful thing came to pass through them."

"Tell me all about it," I urged. My friend is one of those blessed persons who go about with eyes and ears continually expectant. She really watches for "signals from heaven," as she calls them. It is not those who are forever intent on their own gettings and goings who find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"Well, here it is: I was fairly rushing along Main Street yesterday. It was bargain day, and I thought I had to have a bargain. All the city seemed to be of the same mood, for I could scarcely make my way through the crowd.

"I was thinking of things far from fields and flowers, when a spot of light at my feet caught my eyes and halted me. There on the stone pavement lay those two flowers as you see them now, one unharmed, one crushed and spoiled.

"I used to live in the country, and when spring came, we watched and waited for the wild flowers. We knew every nook where they grew. The trillium was scarce, and happy was the child who found the first blossom and bore it home.

"At the risk of being pushed over by the crowd, I picked up the flowers, and walking slowly along was a child again, my sunbonnet hanging down my back, a little basket of moist mosses on my arm, and the first trillium of the spring-time reposing in state on the green pillow.

"Then, by what flash of association I know not, save to feel sure it was all of God, I found myself thinking about a girl, one of the clerks in Merton's department store.

"She is a girl I have several times bought notions of, a thin, pale-faced, haggard creature. The last time I was in the store, she awoke my sympathy to such a degree that I almost forgot what I wanted to buy. I *ought* to have forgotten.

"But there I was, on the busiest corner of Main Street, holding a wild flower in my hand and seeing this girl's face. I stood still beside a shop-window for a moment to catch the drift of it all, if there was any drift, and then a Voice spoke in my heart. It said: 'She is my flower, too, you know. You will take my trillium home and give it a cup of cold water. What about my other flower?'

"I knew there was but one answer to make.

"Straight to Merton's I went. She was there. I bought some notions and made excuse to speak with her. I was none too soon. She would not have been there the next day. She was ill in body, anxious, unhappy, poor. She was on the eve of doing some reckless thing. Now she is —"

"Up-stairs in your best chamber," I ventured, "and you are ministering to body and soul."

"How could you guess so well? We shall send her to the country by and by. No, it will not cost much,—not nearly so much as the silk waist I was thinking about before I found the trilliums.

"Give the story a wider hearing. Tell God's people to keep their eyes open for his flowers, the precious souls that are in danger of being trodden under foot of sin and selfishness."

I looked long into the trillium's heart. By the loving care of a passer-by, it was living out the God-meant measure of its sweet life in a cup of water. No water could revive the crushed mate beside the cup.

We stole up-stairs and looked upon the sleeping girl. It was her first safe, sweet rest since she had left her country home. As I stood there, it seemed a simple yet a sublime thing to hold to dying lips a cup of living water.—*Ada Melwinne Shaw, in Sunday School Times.*

Earning an Education

OSCAR BLOCK, who was graduated in civil engineering from Washington University, paid his way through school with the money he earned from the sale of newspapers. The former "newsie" will practise his profession in St. Louis, Missouri. For many years he sold papers daily at Cupples Station, and saved his earnings. In the meantime he pursued his high-school studies. He is twenty-two years old, and ranked among the highest in the 1910 class.—*The Expositor.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, October 5

Into All the World, No. 19—Our Work in the West Indian Union

LEADER'S NOTE.—Review Morning Watch texts of the week. Our workers in the West Indies have provided us with excellent articles for this program. Let all make good use of them.

On a blackboard or a sheet of paper draw a large outline map showing the location and extent of the West Indian Union. Make good use of this map in giving the talks on the field. See "Missionary Idea," new edition, page 301. For the historical sketch see INSTRUCTOR, your geography, etc. Bring into this talk not only the political history, but also the early missionary efforts of the Moravians. For the talk on the Caribbean conferences, see the article entitled, "Conferences of the West Indian Union" in *Review* of September 12. Trace briefly the development of our work. The talk on "Mission Fields" should be on our work in the six mission fields belonging to the West Indian Union. For these two talks see INSTRUCTOR, "Outline of Mission Fields," "Missionary Idea," and back numbers of the *Review*. "News From the Mission Fields" is gleanings from current papers. Close the meeting with prayer for the work and workers in the West Indian Union. Gather reports.

Suggestive Program

The West Indies: Historical Sketch (ten-minute talk).
See INSTRUCTOR.

Caribbean Conferences (fifteen-minute talk). See *Review* of September 12.

Mission Fields (Twelve-minute talk). See INSTRUCTOR.

News From the Mission Fields (three-minute talk).
Gleanings from current papers.

A Place Reserved for You

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: This afternoon we are extending to you a personal invitation to join our Spare Minute Circle for the coming year. A seat has been reserved for you, and we wish you to occupy it. Will you accept? Our circle is large. Thousands of young people press into it every year, and it is growing larger and larger. Usually those who have once joined the circle and remained in it long enough to get slightly acquainted, are among the first to press in when the doors are thrown open in the early days of October. Thousands of young people, many of them so busy on farms, in factories, and offices that they have but very few spare moments, are pressing into this circle, and striving in this and other ways to obtain greater efficiency and more power as soul-winners.

Even in the lives of busy people, some spare moments are found. What are you doing with yours? Will you not be one of the host of young people who will form the Spare Minute Circle around the world? It will be a blessing to yourself, and then you will be setting a good example before your associates, in improving those little fragments of time called spare moments. The circle will read some very good books, and you know that this will be worth while. Here are a few guide-posts that point out the path to success for Missionary Volunteer Reading Course members:—

1. Enroll. Send your name, with your address, to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. If

you do not have your secretary's address, send to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., and it will be forwarded to the proper person. (If your society has an educational secretary, she will send your name.)

2. Send for the books used in the course. If you can not buy all at one time, buy them in the order they come in the course. Be sure to have each one on time.

3. Arrange to have the use of the INSTRUCTOR every week, and make use of the test questions in it.

4. Plan to devote fifteen or twenty minutes to your Reading Course book every day. Often spare moments are lost for lack of definite planning. John Quincy Adams, we are told, never closed his eyes in sleep until his work for the next day had been outlined.

5. Keep your book in a place where occasional glimpses will remind you of your resolution. Also keep a dictionary handy, and use it faithfully when you meet a word you do not know.

6. Should you fail to do your daily reading, make it up at once. Be determined that you will keep up and not lag.

7. When the written review questions appear in the INSTRUCTOR, answer them promptly, and send your answers to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Although you may use your book in answering the questions, the written work is of great value to you. "Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact one." We should possess both qualifications.

Do these seven things, and you will be entitled to a Reading Course certificate next spring, and more than that, you will have sown in the soil of your life seeds that are bound to yield good fruit.

The courses for 1912-13 begin in the INSTRUCTOR of October 1. We heartily recommend these courses to you. The books, selected by a large committee of workers, are among the very best published. The workers chose those books which they believe to contain valuable information for you, and to be particularly useful in helping you to equip for more efficient service.

Remember October 1. That is the date set for our Reading Course banquet to begin. Do not forget that no one can fill the place reserved for you; and we should be sorry not to have you with us in that large circle of ambitious young people.

Yours for progress,

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

Mission Fields of the West Indian Union

OUR missions in this conference are widely separated. Although the countries themselves are comparatively small, yet owing to the great expanse of water dividing the territory, it is over two thousand miles from one end of the field to the other. We have six missions in the West Indian Union, and in the following paragraphs we have endeavored to give a brief review of the beginning and the development of the work of the third angel in these fields.

British Guiana

The truth was first carried to British Guiana by our periodicals. William J. Boynton requested a sea-captain to carry a roll of papers to Georgetown and distribute them. The captain consented to do so, and on reaching Georgetown threw the bundle of papers on the wharf, with the words, "I have fulfilled my promise." A few days later a woman living near the wharf visited an old man who was sick, and on his table

found a copy of the *Signs of the Times*, which he had carried home from the wharf. With great eagerness she read the paper, with the result that she soon began to keep the Sabbath. Others soon followed her example.

These new believers began correspondence with the International Tract Society in America, and a colporteur was sent to them. In the *Review* of Dec. 2, 1886, he reported the first Sabbath meeting held in that field. The next year the hearts of the believers were made glad by the arrival of Elder G. G. Rupert and Brother G. A. King. They remained only three months, yet Brother King sold eight hundred dollars' worth of books, and Elder Rupert had the blessed privilege of baptizing thirty persons.

Closely associated with the history of the Guianas is the story of the Moravian missionaries. It is said that for years their graves were as numerous as their converts, and that as soon as one succumbed to the climate, another volunteer filled the vacancy.

We were made sad by the death of Elder O. E. Davis, but the Lord has raised up another volunteer to carry forward the work his fallen servant was doing so faithfully. Elder E. C. Boger is now in charge of the mission, and the Lord is giving him success in this difficult field.

Porto Rico

While the message was gaining a foothold in the English-speaking countries, the Spanish fields lay practically neglected. But in 1901 Elder A. M. Fischer and wife entered Porto Rico, the first possession of the United States in the Caribbean. They had nearly learned the language when Elder Fischer died from fever. His wife stuck to her post until Elder B. E. Connerly and wife were sent to carry forward the work.

The brethren in Porto Rico have demonstrated that literature can be sold in Spanish-speaking fields. Their little paper *El Centinela* has a circulation of between two thousand and three thousand copies each issue. From Porto Rico the little band of workers has been reaching a helping hand over to Santo Domingo.

The greater part of the work done in this field has been accomplished by canvassing, and the book and paper sales have been very large. Elder William Steele is the superintendent of the mission at present. We have thirty believers in this field waiting for the glorious appearing of our Lord.

Cuba

In the year 1905 Elder E. W. Snyder and wife entered Cuba, where over 2,000,000 persons wait to hear the message. Brother I. E. Moore and wife had worked there as self-supporting nurses for a year or two.

A little later Brethren O. Wolcott and C. Kinsman located a school at Santa Lucia. Several American families have located in the island as self-supporting missionaries. We also have a school at San Claudio, taught by Sister Ida Carnahan.

Elder Snyder is contemplating leaving the island soon, and so at the last session of the West Indian Union Conference Executive Committee meeting, Elder G. W. Brown was appointed as superintendent of the Cuban Mission.

At the same meeting several actions were taken which we hope will do much to hasten the work in this field. It was voted to ask for six canvassers and one paper worker for Cuba. Brother George Sandborn, who is now canvassing there, was appointed field agent

for the island. We hope that the message of the third angel will find a response in the hearts of many in this fair island. Let us pray for the workers there.

Haiti

Haiti was entered the same year as Cuba. Henry Williams and wife, Jamaicans, had been there for more than fifteen years calling for help. In 1904 a young teacher, Michel Nord Isaac, accepted the Sabbath and began to teach it with effect.

When at last Elder W. J. Tanner arrived in 1905, he found a harvest awaiting him. Before he could learn the French, the people came flocking to him, and he had to teach them through an interpreter. In a short time fifty were keeping the Sabbath. Church building lots were secured, but owing to lack of funds, the Haitian brethren have been able to erect only three buildings up to the present time.

In the spring of 1911 Elder Tanner was compelled to return to America, owing to the failing health of his wife. This left the mission without a superintendent. The early part of this year it was thought that a man had been secured to take charge of the work there, and his transportation had been arranged for; but just at the last moment he was taken seriously ill, and was advised by physicians that it would be unsafe for him to enter a tropical field. We trust that the hearts of the believers in Haiti may soon be made glad by the arrival of a minister to superintend the work there. Since Elder Tanner left the field, the work has been carried on by Brother Isaac, now a licensed minister, and Brother Arioste Pean, both of these brethren being natives of Haiti.

As a result of the work done in Haiti, more than one hundred fifty persons are obeying the third angel's message.

East Caribbean Mission

This mission is composed of the Virgin Islands, and all the islands between this group and the island of Santa Lucia. The Lord works in a mysterious way. In the year 1888 a Mrs. Roskrige, from one of these islands, visited London, and there heard and accepted the message of the third angel. The following year she returned to her little island home with the light burning so brightly in her soul that she was not long in bringing together enough persons to organize a Sabbath-school.

From that time to the present Antigua has been a center for the work in the northern portion of this field. Elder D. E. Wellman and wife went there in 1901, and remained four years. During this time a church building was erected, and more than ninety believers were added to the faith. The headquarters of the East Caribbean Mission are located on the island of St. Thomas. In the southern part of this mission is located the island of Dominica. Elders S. A. and D. E. Wellman labored here for a number of years. Elder Philip Giddings has labored here for several years, and a strong church has been organized and a place of worship built. Elder Giddings has also labored in the French island of Guadeloupe. Among other islands that have been entered are St. Kitts, Nevis, St. Croix, and Tortola. There are nearly three hundred believers rejoicing in the truth in this island mission.

Venezuela

The Venezuelan Mission is the last one organized in this union. It has the largest land area of any of our missions, having 364,000 square miles. The population is about 3,000,000, and the country is entirely

Catholic, Protestant missionaries having been able to do very little because of the bitter opposition of the Roman priests.

Elder F. G. Lane and wife arrived in this field Aug. 1, 1910. Necessarily, much of Elder Lane's time has been spent in acquiring the language. However, we are glad to report that he has been able to organize a church of seventeen believers in Caracas, the capital. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest that he may send more laborers into the harvest. E. C. WOOD.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII — Review

(September 28)

Questions

1. WHY should we study the Scriptures? How are we kept from sin? How were all things made? John 5:39; 2 Tim. 2:15; Ps. 119:11; 33:6-9.
2. Relate some incidents in the life of Jesus concerning prayer. Repeat the prayer Christ taught his disciples. Luke 6:12; 5:16; Matt. 14:23; 6:9-13.
3. In what condition must we be for the Lord to answer our prayers? Give two examples of persons who had a set time to pray. Give two examples of marked answers to prayer. 2 Chron. 7:14; Ps. 55:17; Dan. 6:10, 13.
4. Whose prayer is said to avail much? James 5:16.
5. What is faith? How necessary is faith? How only can we understand the Word of God? Heb. 11:1, 6, 3.
6. What is man's condition by nature? How only can a sinner be justified? What is sin? How may we give our sins to Jesus? Rom. 3:10, 23; 1 John 3:4; 1:9.
7. Who is the prince of this world? What promise is made to the captives of Satan? What power was given Christ's disciples when he sent them out? What report did the seventy give on their return? John 12:31; 14:30; Isa. 49:24, 25; Luke 9:1; 10:17.
8. Who did Christ promise should come to his disciples after he went away? Describe what took place on the day of Pentecost. John 14:16, 17, 26; Acts 2:2-4.
9. How willing is the Lord to give the Holy Spirit? When the Holy Spirit comes to us, what will it do? For what should we earnestly pray at this time? Luke 19:13; Acts 1:8; Eph. 3:16; Zech. 10:1.
10. Name the fruits of the Spirit. What are the works of the flesh? What change has been wrought in the life of every true Christian? What divine agent has worked this change? Gal. 5:22, 23, 19, 21, 24; Rom. 8:11; John 3:5.
11. Where are the special gifts of the Spirit placed? Name some of them. How long will they continue? 1 Cor. 12:28, 8-10; 13:8, 10.
12. Since man sinned, how has God communicated with him? In what ways is a prophet shown what the Lord wants him to know? How did the prophets of old speak? Against what kind of prophets are we warned? How may we tell the true from the false? 2 Chron. 36:15, 16; Heb. 1:1, 12; Num. 12:6; Dan. 2:19; 7:1; 2 Peter 1:20, 21; Matt. 24:24.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII — Review

(September 28)

Questions

1. WHAT statement is made concerning the study of the Scriptures? By what does the believer live? How are we kept from sin? How were all things made? Cite an example of the power of Jesus' words when on earth. What is the result of rejecting the Word of God?
2. Quote a text in which we are exhorted to pray. Relate incidents in the life of Jesus concerning prayer.
3. What are the conditions of prevailing prayer? Cite examples of set times to pray. Give an example of secret prayer. Give a promise made to those who pray when in trouble or distress. Give examples of deliverance in answer to earnest prayer.
4. Whose prayers alone are effectual? Give an example. Relate the story of the invasion of Sennacherib and the deliverance of Jerusalem.
5. How only can the Word of God be understood? How are the promises of God's Word made real to us? Relate briefly the story of Gideon's victory of faith. Give other examples of the power of believing.
6. What is man's condition by nature? How alone can the sinner be justified? How did Abraham obtain righteousness?
7. Give an encouraging promise made to those in captivity to sin. Give two examples of healing in answer to faith. What invitation has Jesus extended to the weary?
8. With what promise did Jesus encourage his disciples in the upper room? What is the meaning of the word comforter? Relate the experience of Pentecost. What progress did the church make after Pentecost?
9. What did Jesus say about the new birth? To whom has the Lord promised to give his Holy Spirit? What is evidence of the work of the Spirit in the heart? How will this work affect the life? Give some examples of this work on the heart.
10. Name some of the fruits of the Spirit. What are the works of the flesh? In what way is a change wrought in the life? Give an illustration of the sad result of not bearing fruit.
11. Name the gifts of the Spirit. Where are the gifts placed? How long will they continue?
12. In what different ways does the Lord communicate with man? How does the Lord communicate through a prophet? What caution is given the church? Why? How may a true prophet, or teacher, be distinguished from a false one? Give instances of the exercise of the prophetic gift in the early church. Cite a text showing that the gift of prophecy will be exercised in the church of the last days. What promise is made to those who believe the words of a true prophet?

Shorthand,— Past, Present, and Future

(Concluded from page four)

three hundred employed in our own denominational offices. If the knowledge of shorthand and typewriting should be instantly struck out of existence, there would be a revolution in the business world almost beyond the limits of the imagination. B. P. FOOTE,

Instructor in Shorthand, Mt. Vernon College.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Gospel of Labor

THIS is the gospel of labor,—ring it, ye bells of the kirk,—The Lord of love came down from above, to live with the men who work.

This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil: Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—Dr. Henry van Dyke.

Asleep on Duty

ONE of the Washington dailies recently had a cartoon picturing a number of the congressmen. A corpulent member was represented as one who sleeps in his seat in Congress, but stays awake at the big ball games. This does not sound well for one upon whom has been placed the heavy responsibility of representing the interests of his particular State, as well as those of the national government. But far worse is it for us who are called to represent the kingdom of grace to sleep when eternal issues are at stake, and be intensely awake to secular amusements and commercial transactions.

Paying Debts

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once wrote this letter to a man to whom he was lending money:—

"I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors; I do not pretend to give such a sum; I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you can not fail of getting into some kind of business that will in time enable you to pay off your debts.

"In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with another opportunity. I hope it may then go through many hands, before it meets with a knave to stop its progress."

Snobbishness or Sensitiveness

ENVY poisons too many friendships. Two girls seem the closest of friends as long as their circumstances are fairly equal; but when one grows more prosperous and can dress better and spend more freely in all sorts of little ways, there begins to be coolness between them. Outsiders are apt to blame the richer girl. "She has grown snobbish," they say. No doubt that is true sometimes. But sometimes it is true that the poorer girl is envious and sensitive and suspicious, on the lookout for slights where none are meant, and becomes almost impossible to get on with.

My niece Kitty says that every summer, when they

come back to the little village where they lived all the year round before her father went into business for himself, she has to go much more than half-way—"O, three quarters, at least, Aunt Ellen!"—with the other girls. They all seem to be expecting her to hold aloof, and are all on their guard to prevent her snubbing them, though she has not the slightest idea of it. It takes a month, every time, she says, to make them believe that she really is just the same girl, except, of course, the two or three with whom she has been keeping up a correspondence.—*The Wellspring*.

Gush

IN a Massachusetts city in a certain Sunday-school there is a men's class numbering one hundred forty. One Sunday recently they had just been singing quite lustily, "There are weary souls who perish, while the days are going by." At the close of the song the superintendent of the school informed the class that there were seven classes of boys without teachers, and asked for recruits from their ranks. Not a man would consent to undertake the service. That is the reason why some strong men on the outside of the church do not believe the men in some churches care very much for the Christian job. And they are right.—*The Expositor*.

A Significant Letter

THE following letter, written to a Swedish missionary in China by one of the Chinese governors, appeared in a recent issue of the *Sunday School Times*. The governor wrote as follows:—

TO PASTOR AND MRS. RYDEN: You know that the struggle for freedom in China, as in America in 1776, has ended happily. I have been named local governor by General Li at Wuchang, and have called at your place to visit you. I was sorry to hear that you had gone to Shanghai. It is for our sakes that you have suffered. You will, however, be glad to hear that your property is unharmed. I write now personally to bid you welcome here again. I have been a Christian for many years, and love the church and the missionaries. You are doing a weighty, a magnificent work for China. Now that she is a republic with freedom of conscience, we need you more than ever. True are the words of the Lord Jesus, "Ye are the salt of the earth: . . . ye are the light of the world." But when the salt and the light are as far from us as Shanghai, we begin to notice the odor of decay again and see darkness settling down. Therefore a second time, welcome again to Sha-shi.

"All Right!"

"MAY I come over now, Mrs. G.?" asked little Charlotte of a near neighbor who had two interesting little people of whom Charlotte was very fond. "Not now, dear," said Mrs. G. "All right," called out Charlotte in a clear, cheery voice. There was no note of ill feeling, not even of disappointment, in the child's voice. It revealed a happy disposition and a feeling of confidence in Mrs. G., knowing that she would not deny her little friend a visit without a good reason for doing so.

"All right!" Those are magic words, and just as interesting when spoken by the adult as by the child. When habitually uttered in spirit, if not in words, by one in face of perplexity, trial, or disappointment, they marvelously sweeten and brighten one's own life and that of all with whom one is associated. Why shouldn't they be the charmed words of every believer's life? We know that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that "he hath done all things well." Then let us as Christians take these words as our talisman, and learn to think them quickly when confronted with unpleasant or trying experiences.