

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

October 1, 1912

No. 40

The Man That's Satisfied

I would not be the man that's satisfied
With his position in the world to-day;
I should not wish to know that I had tried
The last time to climb higher on life's way.
If Fate should grant to-day each wish of mine,
'Twould be a loss; for then I should not know,
Throughout the coming years, the joy divine
That comes with each attainment as I go.

I would not have great riches come to me
Without my having mingled in the strife;
I would not be a king, if 'twere to be
The last of my attainments in this life.
To be in touch with toilers day by day
Is to enjoy a fellowship denied
To kings. There's joy in honest toil, I say —
I would not be the man that's satisfied.

— Charles H. Meiers.

ARTIFICIAL silk from wood fiber is a commercial success in several European countries.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH announces that the Salvation Army is to place a staff of fifty officers in China to organize the Army's operations in the Middle Kingdom.

THE first Sabbath in October the offering in all the churches is to be devoted to carrying forward the work of God among the colored people of this country.

ONE day in each school year, by order of the minister of public instruction of Hungary, is to be known as Antialcohol day. Special scientific instruction on the evils of alcohol is to be given on that day.

AN old stage-driver used to boast that he had never hurt a passenger, nor a horse. He affirmed that he always held the reins, and that any horse could run away if it were only permitted to get the start. "But," said he, "I never let the horses get the start! that's the whole secret." One may feel he can control a habit; but it is safer not to risk a habit's getting a possible start. It is better to hold the reins, and, like the stage-driver, never let the horses get out of hand.

DR. P. L. ALDEN, of Hammondsport, New York, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, paid a professional visit in a hydro aeroplane. The doctor received a hurry call to go to Urbana, where an eleven-year-old boy had fallen from the third-story balcony of a building, and had sustained serious injuries. The doctor called up aviator Robinson, who promptly agreed to make the flight with him. Ten minutes later, having flown above Lake Keuka, the machine glided down to the water, and ran up on the beach in front of the house in which the boy was lying.

THE leading hotels and office buildings of Philadelphia and New York have given orders for the removal of mirrors from the walls of elevators, as the desire for "priming" on the part of passengers delays the work of operators.

A FISHING-LINE eight miles long, worth two thousand dollars, and one that will catch two thousand five hundred fish at a time, is an actual fact. Massachusetts furnishes such lines—codfish lines. Sometimes these lines are furnished with nearly five thousand hooks.

SOME claim that recent scientific experiments show that a person sleeps more soundly and more refreshingly if he sleeps with his head toward the north magnetic pole than if he assumes any other position. Serious harm, at least, is not likely to result from putting the matter to a test.

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AGAINST
APOSTASY

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of the Holy Scriptures**

Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. — The Sixth Article of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the Church of England.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 1, 1912

No. 40

Gifts From Green Gardens

C. BURNHAM MADDOCK

O, THE red, red rose is the lovers' flower,
With its green, but thorny stem!
Shaken to death in a summer shower,
We will give the rose to them.
The winged bee swoons
In the golden noons,
When it drops to rest
On its fragrant breast.
Blow, wind from the south, and its heart unclose!
The lovers shall have the sweet red rose.

The purple heartsease shall be mother's flower,
For the touch of its velvet leaves
Has a charm that reminds us of mother's power
To comfort the heart that grieves.
It freely blooms
In glow or glooms,
'Neath dust and heat,
Or flying sleet.
Leave balsam and pink to nod in the breeze,
Bring mother the purple and gold heartsease.

The brown mignonette shall be friendship's flower;
We scarcely note its bloom
Until, in a dark and rainy hour,
It offers a rare perfume.
The seed we've sown
By the gray door-stone,
Yields a sweet surprise
For our tired eyes.
So, friend in adversity, tried and true,
The brown mignonette shall be for you.

And myrtle, the meek and lowly flower,
We'll leave for the sacred dead,
Spreading its green where the tall shafts tower,
And over the unmarked bed.
Though scarcely seen
'Mong the dense, deep green,
Pale stars within,
To the violet kin,
They mutely teach us a humble trust,
To look toward the sky, and away from the dust.

In Perfect Peace



THE word peace runs through all the Bible. We find it far back in the Old Testament, in the benediction used by the priests, "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Here peace is offered as the gift of God, a blessing dropped from heaven into trusting hearts.

In Job, in the words of Eliphaz the Temanite, we have the exhortation, "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." According to this word, the way to find peace is by getting acquainted with God. It is because we do not know him that we are not at rest. In the Psalms are many words about peace. For example: "The mountains shall bring peace to the people." The mountains take the storms which beat in fury about their tall peaks. Down at the mountain's base, however, the sweet valley lies in quietness, meanwhile sheltered and in peace. So it is that Christ met the storms, which exhausted their fury upon him, while those who trust in him nestle in security in the shelter of his love.

We have a beautiful illustration of this in two of the psalms which stand side by side. The twenty-second is called the psalm of the cross. It tells the story of the crucifixion. Its first words, certainly, were used by the Redeemer when he was passing through his dying agony. The psalm is full of the experiences of Calvary. The storms are sweeping fiercely about the mountain's brow. Then how quietly and beautifully the twenty-third psalm nestles in the shadow of the twenty-second, like a quiet vale at the mountain's foot! It shows us a picture of perfect peace. We see the shepherd leading his flock beside the still waters, and making them lie down in the green pastures. Even in the deep valley there is no gloom; for the shepherd walks with his sheep, and quiets all their fears. This sweet shepherd psalm could come nowhere but after the psalm of the cross.

Prophets and Apostles Write of Peace

The prophets also tell us much about peace. In Isaiah, especially, the word occurs again and again. The Messiah is foretold as the Prince of Peace. Far-

ther on, we come again under the shadow of the cross, and read that "the chastisement of our peace was upon him." The security and eternity of our peace are pledged in a wonderful promise, which runs: "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed; but my loving-kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith Jehovah that hath mercy on thee." One hundred seventy-five times does the word occur in the Old Testament.

But it is in the New Testament that the wonderfulness of the meaning of peace is disclosed. On every page the word shines. The angels sang at the Redeemer's birth, "On earth peace." At the close of his ministry, Jesus said to his friends, "In me ye may have peace." Eighty times the word appears in the New Testament. St. Paul alone, the great homeless, persecuted apostle, uses the word more than forty times.

The Artist's Picture of Peace

An artist sought to portray peace. He put on his canvas a sea, swept by storms, filled with wrecks, a scene of terror and danger. In the midst of the sea he painted a great rock, and high up in the rock a cleft, with herbage and flowers, in the midst of which he showed a dove sitting quietly on her nest. "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace. In the world ye have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." We have the same picture of peace in the hymn,—the rock, the cleft, the soul's hiding-place,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee."

Wells in Castles

The Christian's peace is not found in a place where there is no trouble; it is something which enters the heart and makes it independent of all outside conditions. In the ruins of many old English castles a well is down deep among the foundations. Thus water was provided for use in the castle in time of siege. The enemy might cut off the streams which ordinarily supplied the people in the castle with water. They might shut the gates, so that no one could go out to bring



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, LONDON

in water from any stream or spring outside. But the defenders within the walls cared not for any siege while the well in the foundation gave its copious supply of pure, fresh water. So it is with the Christian in whose heart the peace of God dwells. He is not dependent upon outside conditions and circumstances; for he carries in himself the secret of his joy, hope, peace, and strength.

A beautiful story is told of Rudyard Kipling during a serious illness a few years since. The trained nurse was sitting at his bedside on one of the anxious nights when the sick man's condition was most critical. She was watching him intently, and noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking he wished to say something to her. She heard him whisper very softly the words of the old familiar prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The nurse, realizing that her patient did not require her services and that he was praying, said in apology for having intruded upon him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling; I thought you wanted something." "I do," faintly replied the sick man; "I want my Heavenly Father. He only can care for me now." In his great weakness there was nothing that human help could do, and he turned to God and crept into his bosom, seeking the blessing and the care which none but God can give. That is what we need to do in every time of danger, of trial, of sorrow, when the gentlest human love can do nothing,—creep into our Heavenly Father's bosom, saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." That is the way to peace. Earth has no shelter in which it can be found, but in God the feeblest may find it.—*J. R. Miller, in "In Perfect Peace."*

London Sights

If one goes down on the Thames embankment,—the street that borders the north shore of the Thames,—he will see near the water's edge one of those remarkable monolithic, or single-stone, monuments, of which the counterpart appears in Central Park, New York City. Cleopatra's Needle, as it is called, is perhaps nearly twice as old as Cleopatra. It was brought to London from Egypt with much difficulty, being lost in the Bay of Biscay, and afterward recovered. It does not appear to be as much worn by the sand as the similar stone in Central Park.

On the embankment, or near one of the parks of

London, England, where there are many passers-by, one may see a street artist, who, with colored crayons, makes excellent pictures on the cement sidewalk, for which he accepts gratuities from the passers-by. These street artists always have a crowd of interested spectators while they are drawing pictures.

There are a number of features of the London buses which appear strange the first time they are seen. They are double-decked, appearing to be almost top-heavy. They have very steep narrow stairs, and are plastered over with advertisements. Another feature which seems strange to an American is that the charge is according to distance. During pleasant weather, the tops of the buses are in great demand by tourists who choose this method of seeing the great city. The buses travel much faster than one would imagine from reading of them.

At half-past ten every day in the year there is at St. James's Palace the ceremony of "changing the guards." Doubtless this ceremony has been celebrated in the same way from time immemorial, and perhaps no man, not even the king, would have the hardihood to suggest such a thing as a change in this routine. We who know only the ways of a young country, with hardly any venerable traditions, can not realize to what extent such traditions bind future generations.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

Character Building

A YOUNG man bought a suit of clothes at a price that seemed to him a great bargain, but holes began to appear in an incredibly short time. They looked to be good when purchased. What was the matter?—Ah! they were made of shoddy material.

We were looking at a house a short time ago. It looked well to a casual observer, but upon careful examination, the work was found to be all shoddy. "Just a shell tacked together," was the disgusted comment.

The world is full of shoddy articles. An inexperienced person who ventures to act upon his own judgment in the purchase of goods, is likely to find that he has been imposed upon.

And, worse than all else, we find shoddy boys and girls. Their outward appearance may be quite pleasing, but one soon sees that they have put shoddy material into their character building. They have no real strength of character, no thoroughness, no reliability. An old man once said of such a boy, "He is not a boy that you can tie to."

What is the matter with these young peo-



A LONDON BUS



THE STREET ARTIST

ple?—In many cases the fault is with their reading. They have fed the mind upon light, frothy, *shoddy* material, and is it any wonder that they have a shoddy character? "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he;" and the thoughts are largely governed by what one reads.

Some one has written, "A man is known by the books he reads," and it is just as true of boys and girls. A business man once said that, when employing a boy, he always tried to find out the kind of books he read; then he seldom made a mistake in his estimate of the boy.

Would you have a strong, reliable character? Then read the lives of men who have accomplished something, who have made the world better by their lives. Read experiences of missionaries, and thus learn about the people of other lands and their needs. Become acquainted with the different countries of the world by reading books of travel, thus traveling with those who have had the privilege of traveling.

No one needs to be without excellent reading; for although the world is flooded with cheap, worthless literature, there is also an abundance of that which is well worth reading.

Do not waste your time and precious brain power upon "water soup," as a public speaker denominated the class of books and papers often found in Sunday-school libraries,—those stories which are not obviously bad, but which do not add any strength to the character. Remember that you are now building for your whole future career, and also for eternity, and put into your building the strongest and best material obtainable. Youth will never come back to you; and if it is not spent in such a way as to bring to you the best returns, you will bitterly mourn the loss when it is too late.

The Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference has so great a desire to help our young people in this work of character building that it devotes much time each year to the work of selecting the best books for the young people's Reading Courses. Senior Course No. 6 and Junior Course No. 5 both begin in October. There is no doubt that all who have been reading these courses in the past will be ready to begin again this fall; for they have learned to love and appreciate the books offered. But how many new ones will join the ranks of this delightful Spare Minute Circle?

You may say that you have no time. These Reading Courses are intended for the busy people, for those who are learning to gather up the "gold-dust of time." The minutes that usually are wasted because "there will not be time to begin anything," can be turned to valuable account by having your book at hand, and by firmly determining to improve the time. In running an elevator, in riding back and forth on the cars, in waiting for meals or for errands, and in any walk of life whatever, those who look for them will find spare minutes that can be made more valuable than money.

Begin now, my dear young friends, to hoard up this gold-dust of time. Send your name at once to the Missionary Volunteer secretary of your conference, get the books, and be ready to begin in October. You will be glad all your life if you form the valuable habit of improving the spare moments, and of reading good books.

CARRIE R. MOON.

Yours Is the Kingdom of Heaven

YOURS is the kingdom of heaven,—
Keep thinking about it;
Jesus the promise has given;
How dare you e'er doubt it?

Yours is the kingdom of heaven;
O hasten to take it!
Claim all the treasure it offers,
And never forsake it.

Yours is the kingdom of heaven,
A kingdom of glory;
Up, for the lost ones must know it;
O tell the glad story!

MAX HILL.

How Can We Get the Most From Our Reading This Year?

OCTOBER 1 has come. Thousands of young people are pressing into the Reading Course circle. The United States and Canada lead in numbers, but young people from other countries are also present. We are glad to welcome many new friends, and to greet again those who have been an inspiration to us during the pioneer years of the Reading Course work. It is almost time to begin; but before we open our books, let us think for a moment how we can best use this opportunity.

Charles Lamb once said, "I wish to ask grace before reading even more than before dinner." This habit will help us to get the most from our reading, and will, also, I believe, guide us to the best books. The manner of reading is quite as important as the fact that we read. Goethe said, "I have been fifty years trying to read books, and I have not learned yet." Then the ability to read well and effectively must be cultivated, must be studied.

Rapid reading is not necessarily a sign of culture, nor even of knowledge. Most of us must read slowly and thoughtfully, and then we may perhaps overlook the vital part of a book. But get it we should, even if a second reading is required. And this main part should be made our own. As Beecher said of his reading, it was "like the rain-drops, which, pattering down on the lake, became the lake itself." Thus does every good reader absorb the author's thoughts, making them a part of his own thinking, and therefore a part of himself.

A person who reads properly is made responsive to the inspiration and purposes gained through his reading. If he reads even good books carelessly, hastily, or purposelessly, he either fails to gain inspiration for better or fuller living; or else allows the inspiration to be speedily dissipated.

Read, then, with the object or purpose of making *practical* use of what you read. Why spend time reading if one is not better equipped by it in some way for life's work? Talk about what you read, and make it a point to use some incident or fact in the next letter you write. In order to make your reading of the greatest possible benefit, it is well to make notes of helpful points as you proceed through book or paper. These can be filed for reference, or be used as the basis of a thoughtful review, which is always a good way of saying good-by to a worthy book.

We feel certain you will enjoy the course this year. And now may you indeed get from these good books all that they are waiting to give you.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

"GENIUS is nine tenths hard work."

Bible Readings

Their Value and Use

ONE of the most interesting methods of studying and teaching the Bible is by means of Bible readings.

A Bible reading consists of a series of questions asked concerning a certain subject, with answers from the Bible.

There is nothing like a question to arouse thought and awaken interest. God knows this, and so in the Bible we find many questions asked. Note the following:—

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Job 38: 4, 7.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8: 4.

"What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?" Ps. 34: 12.

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" Ps. 15: 1.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" Ps. 24: 3.

"Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Isa. 33: 14.

"The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant. . . . But who may abide the day of his coming? and

who shall stand when he appeareth?" Mal. 3: 1, 2.

"Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" Matt. 16: 13.

"But whom say ye that I am?" Verse 15.

"While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? . . . If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?" Matt. 22: 41-45.

"Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" Mark 4: 40.

The Bible is full of questions; but it is just as full of answers. God does not excite within us a desire to know something, and make no provision for supplying the knowledge we desire.

From earliest childhood God puts within every soul an inquiring mind, a desire to learn, a reaching out after knowledge. A child with a bright, active mind, is a bundle of interrogation-points. He wants to know about everything he sees or hears. By actual count, one of my boys when only three and one-half years old, asked no fewer than seven hundred eighty-three questions in a single day. Among these questions were the following: "What did God get up onto to make the sky?" "What is the color of the clouds inside?"

God has not made us to mock us; nor has he put within us a thirst for knowledge, and then left us without the means of obtaining it. The Bible is the greatest text-book in the world, the greatest storehouse of knowledge within the reach of man. To this we may come with all our questions concerning life and death, doctrine and duty, the past, the present, and the future, this world and the next, and find intelligent and satisfactory answers.

To prepare a good Bible reading requires skill and a knowledge of the Bible itself; and to give a Bible reading well after it has been prepared also requires thought, tact, and a Spirit-filled mind.

W. A. COLCORD.

Washington, D. C.

If I Were in High School

A CONTRIBUTOR, who is the father of a boy just entering the high school, has had several talks with his son about his plans for the year. "These talks have set me to thinking," he writes; "and sometimes I plan what I should do if, like him, I were to have a chance this fall to go to the high school." Here are some of the things that the father regards as important:—

Do not try to see how *much* you can study, but how *hard*. Learn concentration; much of the time a boy thinks he is working when he is only getting ready to work, or simply holding a book in his hand while his thoughts are wool-gathering.

Learn to do your work yourself. "Did you fellows get the tenth problem?" you may hear some high-school boy ask a group of his classmates, and then you will see him copy in his book the information that is offered him. In real life we must work things out for ourselves.

If you are ever called upon to make a speech, do your best. Every man at one time or another must speak in public, and correct speech is largely a matter of practise. The high-school

course offers a great many chances for practise.

Learn to play some athletic game well. There are not many things that bring more real pleasure and profit than clean, healthful, outdoor athletic exercise. It adds to the number of your friends, increases your physical powers, and develops your mental alertness. And later in life, when the tendency grows to sit at the desk or to stick to business to the neglect of physical health, the old habit draws you out into the open air, banishes indigestion, and renews your youth.

Cultivate as fully as possible your friendship for other boys. All normal, healthy boys enjoy the companionship of girls, but you are likely to get the greatest good from the daily rough-and-tumble contact with boys of your own age.

Keep up your studies, but also take part in general school activities. Get as well acquainted as possible with your teachers. Above all things, stick persistently to some one subject, and try to learn it more than passably well.—*Youth's Companion*.

Just Keep On Keepin' On

THERE ain't no use in growlin'
And grumblin' all the time,
When music's ringing everywhere,
And everything's a rhyme.
Just keep on smilin' cheerfully,
If hope is nearly gone;
And bristle up and grit your teeth,
And keep on keepin' on.

—The Morning Star.

I BESEECH you to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words: *Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.*—Horace Mann.

The Tally

It isn't the job we intend to do,
Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the ledger sheet;
It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills;
It is easy enough to plan;
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.

—Richard Lord.

Word From Honolulu

"ARE these boys worth saving?" This question is frequently asked of mission workers. Souls in every quarter of the globe are worth saving; for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son for this very purpose, and Christ gave himself that *all* men might have a chance to be saved.

Sometimes little incidents occur which show the mettle of the boys who frequent our missions, and one is always glad to read them, as they give one courage, and help one to renew one's devotion to the Master's cause. Such an incident happened here in the island the other day:—

I have been holding tent-meetings on some of the plantations of the island of Oahu, and am now in Waipahu. Henry Lam, a Chinese boy who for several years has been in mission work in China, has been helping me. He plays the organ, violin, or cornet, or leads in the singing, as occasion requires. He

also distributes reading-matter, and canvasses for "Coming King" and our periodicals.

Yen Chin, another Chinese boy who is a graduate nurse from the St. Helena Sanitarium, frequently comes in to help in the meetings by playing the organ or guitar, and singing. Both of these boys have good voices, and are a great help to me in the meetings. Another boy by the name of Adam Da

Silva, a Portuguese, has been with us a part of the time, and has proved himself to be quite a good canvasser for our periodicals.

One day after some exercise, it was proposed that we all have a swim in the river; but as there were only three bathing-suits, I told the boys that I would look on while they swam. The boys were soon in the water. Adam waded out carefully, as he could not swim; but the Chinese boys plunged into the deep water head first, like frogs into a pond, and both proved to be good swimmers.

After sporting in the water for some time, they proposed a race, which they swam in fine style, showing that Kahanamoku is not the only swimmer that the islands have produced, although he may beat the world in this aquatic sport. After a short time they made ready for another race, and were about to start when I saw that Adam had also tried to swim, and had got out in deep water, and was struggling to get back where he could once more touch the bottom, but was making no headway. The bank from which he started was quite precipitous, and the first stroke he made had sent him where the water was over his head. I saw that he was giving up, and that he would immediately go down, so I called to the boys to go and help him, for he was drowning. Immediately another race began, and I doubt if they ever swam faster than they did for the drowning boy. This time they both won, for they seemed to get to him at the same moment, just as his head was disappearing under the

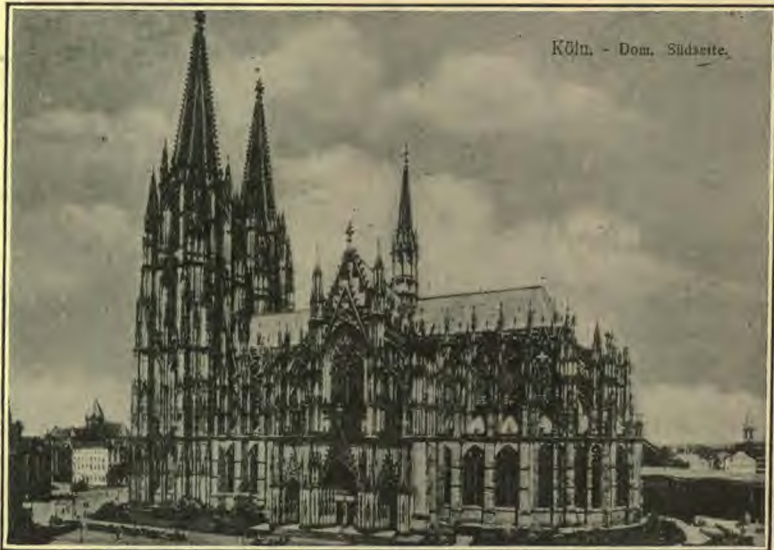
water. Yen Chin seized hold of him from above, and tried to pull him to the surface, while Henry, having seen him going down, grabbed him by the leg, and, he himself standing on the bottom of the river with the water two feet above his head, lifted the boy's head and shoulders out of the water and pushed him toward the shore; then coming up and getting a breath of air, he again pushed him toward the land, and soon the two boys had him safe on terra firma, both having won the noblest prize the earth contains, a human life.

Now, these two boys are bright Chinese lads. Yen Chin, a graduate nurse from one of our principal sanitariums, is a zealous young man, and capable of doing much good among his people. Has not our conference need of him in China to save some life there? Henry Lam has already spent several years in missionary work in China, and during the rebellion was a Red Cross worker among the wounded in the hospitals and on the battle-field, where several times he had miracu-

lous escapes from flying bullets. He will soon start for Loma Linda, where he hopes to work his way through school, as he has only about enough money to pay his transportation.

I ask not, "Is this boy worth saving?" but, "Is this boy worth educating?" If so, is there not some brother or sister with means who will help him a little in his efforts to prepare himself for

greater usefulness in the Master's cause in the now great republic of China? C. D. M. WILLIAMS.



THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, GERMANY

Brought in Pa's Prayers

SICKNESS came to the family of a poorly paid pastor of a rural church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house, and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household, there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer's boy was seen, wrapped comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yes, brought pa's prayers; and they're out in the wagon. If you will help me, we'll get them in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, meat, corn-meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and delicacies for the sick ones. The prayer-meeting was adjourned in short order.—*Missionary.*

WHATEVER you are, don't be sneaky and mean. An open-hearted, frank boy is one of earth's chief attractions, while few persons love a boy who does mean, underhand things.



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."

For the Girls I Know



WHEN Margaret went up to bed last night, she stood for a moment self-absorbed in the middle of the room. Then she exclaimed aloud: "O, I wish all the girls could have heard!" Then, as the suggestion flashed upon her, she cried joyfully: "I know what I'll do; I'll write it down just as they said it." The next moment, with her pad in her lap and with her sharp pencil, she began to write the following:—

"This afternoon the sewing circle met here, and when I came in after school, I peeped in the front parlor door, and the women were such a pretty, busy sight that I stood to look, and then one of them, a dear, beautiful, old lady, said: 'If I were a girl again, I should be more thoughtful of my mother. Not until I had girls of my own to work for did I begin to realize what my mother had done for me.'

"Then another woman, middle aged, with a sharp, worried face, spoke quickly: 'If I were a girl again, I should learn to do something to support myself. Here I am forty-two, as you all know, and I couldn't earn my breakfast unless I went out and did housework. Nobody cares for an unskilled and untrained workwoman, and that's what I am. It's a blessing to me that I don't have to earn my breakfast.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' said a woman with a sweet voice, 'I should never leave my Sabbath-school. You can't think how I envy the girls who have grown up in Sabbath-school as if it were a home, and they are as much at home as I am among my children. I've been out of Sabbath-school thirty years, and it is a loss that can never be made up to me.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' a placid-looking woman said, 'I should never give up studying. I should never allow myself to lose the habit of learning things. Why, it is even hard for me now to learn a long Bible verse. I must choose a short one, or humbly write it on a slip of paper to look at the last minute.'

"'And if I were a girl again,' spoke up a lady with a quick tongue, 'I should never allow myself to speak of anybody's faults—no, not anybody's! You can't think how much you get to see faults if you let your mind run on them.'

"Then a lady in the corner spoke sadly: 'If I could be a girl again, I'd begin by not being ashamed to be a Christian. I should take a stand, and stand. You who have never failed can not think how it helps to have people know what to expect of you. By shilly-shally work you don't know what to expect yourself.'

"I began to go through the two rooms, and every woman had something encouraging or discouraging to say about her own girlhood. 'If I could be a girl again,' came from somebody, 'I should make myself write letters. To-day when I write one of my awkward letters (and I never write a letter if any one else will do it for me), I regret that I hated to write letters,

and would never learn to make it easy. I always feel that I have lost something when I hear people who have letter friends. My sister writes the happiest letters to twenty invalids. She is doing a cup-of-cold-water work in a way that I never can.'

"'And I,' said a little woman, 'should learn to sew. I am as awkward with a needle as if it were a hoe, and my needle makes about as good work as a hoe would.' Everybody laughed.

"Then such a pretty woman said: 'If I were a girl again, I think I should rather be a homely girl. I was pretty, and people told me so, and I was spoiled. I loved admiration better than bread and butter, and twice I lost promotion in school for having company and going to parties. Not but that a pretty girl can have good sense, though.'

"'If I were a girl again,' said an intellectual-looking woman, 'I should not give up everything for study. I should be a womanly and housewifely girl, as well as a student, and if I had one taste that dominated all others, I should not let all the others run to waste. I was deep in mathematics when I could not spell in my own language as correctly as a girl of twelve, and my penmanship was disgraceful.'

"'And I should try to make friends,' remarked a silent-looking woman. 'I forgot when I was a girl I should need friends when I was older; and when I see women with their school friendships keeping them young, it makes my lonely heart ache.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' said somebody whose face I couldn't see, 'I should read only the best books.'

"'I should study and read the Bible more,' some one said in reply. 'I should take it as real and alive, and meant for me, and should grow up on it.'

"Then a rather young woman said sweetly: 'If I could be a girl again, I shouldn't grow so fast. I should stay as fresh and young as I could, not live ahead of my age, but just as a girl flower, and bloom as God gave sunshine and rain.'—*Selected.*

Two Suggestions

For the Invalid

A GREAT convenience for an invalid who is compelled to lie down much of the time is a wall-pocket. Make this with pockets of different sizes and shapes. It may be fastened on the wall near the couch, or, as I have seen one, to the end of a dresser within reach. It can hold writing materials, crochet materials, or anything that the invalid needs to help pass the time.

To Sew Braid on a Skirt

I have found an excellent way to sew braid on a skirt of thin material so that the stitches will not show on the right side. I rip a place in the hem large enough to admit a strip of cardboard two inches wide by three or four inches long. This I slip along as I sew on the braid.—*Woman's World.*



The Horns of Deer



HE growth and annual shedding of the horns of the deer is a very curious and interesting phenomenon, and has for centuries claimed a peculiar interest to students of natural history. The growth of the antlers is one of the most astonishing instances of the production of huge quantities of bony



ANTLERED DEER

tissue in the shortest time known to osteologists, and is to be credited to the wisdom of the Creator in adapting the bodies of animals to the needs of their environments. A mature stag's horn, weighing about twenty-four pounds, is produced in ten weeks. One instance is cited of a stag in Transylvania where the whole immense mass of true bone, weighing seventy-four pounds, was produced in the same period of time.

The horns are borne by the frontal bone, and generally begin to appear toward the end of spring at the beginning of the pairing season. When the mating season is over, the horns loosen and at last fall off, to appear each succeeding spring, larger and heavier, until the animal has attained its full growth. This latter fact is true at least of all deer inhabiting the temperate climates. An observer, Professor Forsyth, feels satisfied that the deer of India do not shed their horns annually.

It may be noted here that except in the reindeer the antlers are common only to the males.

During the growth of the antlers the external carotid arteries (the large arteries supplying the head) are considerably enlarged for the purpose of carrying the immense quantities of blood to nourish the rapidly growing bone tissue. These vessels freely branch in the soft young horn, making it extremely vascular, so that a slight injury or even a mere prick will cause a flow of blood. Therefore nature has provided the growing appendage with a very sensitive, nervous system in order that the animal may sense the protection necessary to insure the horn against hemorrhage. The horn is further protected by a delicate hairy covering, or integument, known as the velvet. It is amply provided with blood-vessels.

When the growth is completed, the substance of the

horn becomes dense, and a ring of growing osseous tubercles at the base of the horn constricts the arteries and cuts off further nourishment. The velvet then dries and comes off in shreds, the latter process being much shortened by the animal's habit of rubbing his horns against the branches of trees.

It was the growth of a deer's antlers that awakened in the mind of John Hunter (1728-1794) a singularly fruitful physiological question. What would happen if the blood supply of the antler on one side should be shut off by tying a cord about the corresponding carotid artery? Experiment showed that the antler lost its warmth and ceased to grow; but this check to growth was for but a short time. After a time the horn warmed again and grew. Whence came the blood supply for the antler's growth? Examination showed that the cord tied about the artery was still secure. Then it was that Hunter discovered that the blood supply came through neighboring arteries that had grown distended, and the fact of the collateral circulation was revealed. The resourceful and practical mind of the famous surgeon found an important application of this discovery to human pathology. Previous to this, no one had dared to treat aneurism (a sac formed by the dilatation of the walls of an artery and filled with blood) by ligation, for fear of causing gangrene. But the existence of a collateral circulation held out a prospect of keeping the part alive despite the ligation, or tying off, of an important artery; and from that time until this, surgeons have made use of this important discovery to the saving of thousands of lives.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Marine Searchlights

ALTHOUGH the searchlight was primarily introduced to meet naval requirements, it is not unknown in the mercantile marine. At least, one is provided for in the equipment of every up-to-date liner, and no ship is allowed to pass through the Suez Canal without one of a particular type; if the vessel has not one of her own, she must borrow one from the canal authorities. No steam-yacht would be considered complete if there was no searchlight in its electric equipment. The



ALBATROSS EGGS

steamers which navigate the large rivers of South America, Africa, and the great inland lakes of North America, find a searchlight invaluable.—*Selected.*

Egg Gathering With Wheelbarrows

EGG gathering on Laysan Island, a small rock in the Pacific not far from the Hawaii group, is a strenuous task, not in the seeking, but in keeping up with the

egg producers and carting the eggs away. Millions of wild sea-fowl, principally the albatross, make this island their home, and the eggs of this bird are collected in wheelbarrows, and loaded in trucks for transportation to the shipping point. About half a million albatross eggs are sold to the natives of Honolulu alone every season.—*Popular Mechanics.*

A New Kind of Book

MR. EDISON has invented an extraordinary kind of book as a substitute for the present paper book. It is only two inches thick, and contains 40,000 pages.

The pages are made of nickel, and are one twenty-thousandths of an inch thick. Nickel of this thinness is tougher and more flexible than ordinary book paper, and it readily absorbs printer's ink. The covers are made of thin steel.

The metal book weighs about a pound, and with its 40,000 pages costs about a dollar and a quarter.—*Boys' World.*

Cupping and Leeching

WITH the advent of new kinds of leeches in our modern civilization comes the passing of the leech, once used widely in barber shops, by doctors, and also as a method of making a few Frenchmen rich. Forty years ago in Paris there were ten wholesale dealers in leeches, each of whom sold from three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand monthly. Now there is only one dealer there, and he sells about one hundred thousand a month at \$1.20 a hundred. In this country the practise of using the little animals to suck out bad blood around a black eye and for similar purposes, has nearly died out. Only in small places can you find the barber shop with the once familiar sign, "Cupping and Leeching."—*Selected.*

An Antarctic Hunger

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON spoke at a meeting on behalf of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society soon after he came back from his antarctic expedition. The report in the *Sunday-School Chronicle* says:—

"At this time last year, he and his comrades were on the homeward march from their 'farthest south' journey, and he read the entry made in his diary for the same day last year. It contained the passage, 'Very hungry. Dreaming of food all night; thinking of food all day.' 'This entry might have been made on many other days,' said Sir Ernest. They had then been hungry for three months, and during that time they had a full meal only on Christmas day, the effect of which lasted for merely half an hour. Not one morsel of food was allowed to escape, and if one man dropped a crumb when eating, and did not notice it,—the latter being a rare occurrence,—it was pointed out to him, and he would wet the tip of his finger, pick up the crumb, and eat it. 'I think I am entitled to say,' said Sir Ernest, 'that I know what it is to be hungry. When we came back, we said that we would never see a person flattening his nose against a cook-shop window without giving him something. We have great sympathy with every one who is hungry, and always do our best to help him. That is why I want to plead the cause of these waifs and strays. There is no more heart-breaking sight than that of a hungry, miserable, homeless little child.'"—*W. R. Clark.*

Sitting Up Straight

GROWN people and children alike are inclined to fall into the very bad habit of sliding down into a chair, and sitting for hours with the spine bent almost in a half-circle. That this is injurious, thousands of persons who indulge in it never so much as dream; but that it is the cause of many serious ills, those who have investigated the subject are well aware. The continual strain upon one side of the spinal column, with the corresponding compressions on the other, gives rise to nervous difficulties and affections of the brain. Dizziness, nausea, and blind spells are not infrequently the result of this practise. While the strictly upright position is undoubtedly the most healthful, it seems rather hard work to persuade the young and indolent to maintain it.

Lazy persons and those who love luxury have a habit of "slumping," so to speak, into their chairs, and remaining in a semi-recumbent position, with the spine as nearly telescoped as may be. That portion of the human anatomy generally known as the backbone was intended to be worn in an upright position, and the constant pressure of the sections of the vertebrae upon one another is productive of various ills.—*Selected.*

The Moving Sidewalk

NEW YORK is the first city in the world to adopt the moving platform as an essential part of its transit system. The public service commission of New York City has laid out a route for this novel method of transportation. under Thirty-fourth Street, from Second Avenue to Ninth Avenue. This is one of the busiest parts of the city. In a space of one mile the route crosses seven north-and-south rapid-transit lines and ten street-car lines. The moving platform is by no means an experiment. Visitors to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 will recall the one that occupied the long pier on the lake front, and that carried 2,700,000 persons without an accident. The moving platform usually consists of three continuous lines of platforms of rubber-covered steel plates. The first line runs at a speed of three miles an hour, the second at six miles, and the third at nine miles an hour. The first two platforms are called stepping platforms, and the third, which is considerably wider, is provided with transverse seats. The great advantage of the moving platform is its enormous capacity, which is far greater than that of any other form of transit, and makes it an ideal system for operation where traffic is greatly congested.—*Youth's Companion.*



A convenient way to carry an umbrella.

TAKE care of all your physical forces,—nervous, muscular, bone, brain. For all of them you must be brought to judgment.



The Narrow Way

WOULDEST thou expect to walk with ease
Where once our Saviour trod?
Where thorns and briars bruised the feet
Of Christ, the Son of God?

Should we look for an easy life,
And may we e'er be lax
To meet what our dear Saviour's soul
Did to the utmost tax?

Can we see Jesus on the cross
Atoning for our sin,
And then go out into the world,
Its pleasures yet to win?

O come and walk the narrow way;
Avoid the paths of sin;
And God will give a sweeter life
Of joy and peace within.

IDA REESE KURZ.

"Man, I Know It"

A SCOTCHMAN was trying to lead a disolute comrade to a better life. "Do you believe He could save *me*?" questioned the prodigal. "*Man, I know it*," replied the Scotchman, "and come around the corner with me and I will prove it." And taking him to a little church where the prayer-meeting was being held, it *was* proved, and the young man went out rejoicing. Every child of God should have this note of certainty in his words. There is an attractive, winning eloquence in the voice of one who *believes* what he is talking about.—*Selected*.

Only the Best

I WAS recently much impressed by this motto, which I saw in a great establishment, "Where only the best is good enough." What a life-motto this would be! How it would revolutionize civilization if every one were to adopt it and use it; to resolve that, whatever they did, only the best they could do would be good enough, would satisfy them!

Adopt it as yours. Hang it up in your bedroom, in your office or place of business, put it into your pocket-book, weave it into the texture of everything you do, and your life-work will be what every one's should be—a masterpiece.—*Orison Swett Marden*.

The Marks of a Man

SOME twenty-five boys were asked to name the "marks of a man." Almost without exception they named first, Honesty. A little questioning developed expressions like these by way of explanation: "A fellow who can always be trusted;" "Truth in words and in what you do;" "That which makes you depend on a fellow." It was evident they had no use for humbug or hypocrisy, for either cheating yourself or the other fellow. They felt that at the base of that great word, honor, lay that fundamental word, honesty.

Another element which was almost universal in their characteristics of manliness was courage. They meant

more than the courage of the bulldog, too. Rockwood Hoar gave one of the best definitions of courage when he said, "Dare to seem as good as you really are." It is the coward who dares not show his colors, who is not true to his convictions, and has not the grit to make them known. Some one defined a hypocrite as a boy who tries to be a grandmother in his religion, and the definition is all right. Boys ought to be natural, real boys in their religion as well as on the ball-field. But there is another kind of hypocrite. It is the fellow who tries to seem tougher and more wicked than he really is.

Among other marks of a man are chivalry, kindness, unselfishness, courtesy,—all flowers of the selfsame plant, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Manliness is never selfish. Until one has learned this first principle of good manners as well as good conduct, he can not begin to be a man.

Above all, a manly man is clean. Not only has he clean hands, which handle clean dollars, but he has a clean tongue, which never even repeats a questionable story. He must have a clean heart not only to see God, but to see the best ideals for man.

Conscience and character are the two marks that distinguish man from the brute, and really show him to be made in the image of God. Long centuries ago a Greek historian wrote, "Human creatures are plentiful: men are scarce."—*The Wellspring*.

Faithfulness to Duty

IN a great battle the commanding officer, leading his men in an assault, came upon the body of his own son, lying on the field. His impulse was to stop and give way to his grief, but he dared not do it. His duty was with his command. The issue of the battle depended upon him. So, falling upon the beloved form, he pressed a hot kiss on the dead lips, and then went on with his men, braver and stronger for his grief. We should never let life's tasks drop out of our hands for sorrow, not even for an hour. Our work must be finished before the end of the day, and we have not a moment to lose. When we come to render our account, grief will not excuse us for failure in duty, for tasks omitted, or for life's work unfinished.

Besides, in no other way can the divine comfort come to us with such fulness, such sweetness, such strengthening power, as when our hearts and hands are busy in duties and tasks for others. This is the only truly wholesome way to live at any time. The last thing for one in bereavement, seeking comfort, is to be idle. Then the grief feeds upon the life itself, and wastes and wears it out. But when in our sorrow we turn away from self to ministries of love for others, our hearts find comfort. Thus, and thus only, can we learn to live without one who has been everything to us in the past.—*The Upper Currents*.

A Hint to Teachers

"WILLIAM is a problem," the teacher had been told. The first few days she studied him. When he handed in some written work one afternoon, she detained him as she opened the paper and glanced at it. Then she looked at him, saying: "William, you get the finest curve in your 'C'; you make that letter perfectly. I wonder if we can't bring all your work up to the standard of this letter." This was a new thought to the boy, and his response was instant and untiring.—*Blanche Coonley Blessing*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Hat and a School



JIMMIE's feet were planted solidly in the middle of the walk, his brown fists were thrust deep into his pockets, his forehead wore three deep puckers, as of one who was considering a weighty matter, and his brown eyes were intently studying something inside the plate-glass window. The tide of passers-by had to separate and pass on either side of him. But they did it with a smile at the serious face under the mop of bronze curls. It was such an unusual sight to see a small boy staring so earnestly at the hats in a millinery window.

"Going to buy you a new bonnet, son?" one smiling man inquired. But Jimmie deigned no answer.

Suddenly he started for the door, and walked straight to the millinery department. His mind was made up, and with Jimmie his mind and his body worked simultaneously. "I'll take that one," he announced, pointing with one hand to the most gorgeous hat in the window. The other hand was still thrust deep in his pocket, grasping a small, but fat pocketbook.

The milliner regarded him with uncertainty. "Yes," she said, taking down the hat and looking at the cost mark on it. "That hat is fifteen dollars."

Jimmie wilted. The look of assurance melted from his face. "I guess I won't take it," he said in a meek voice, very different from his important tone of a moment before. He looked around vaguely. "You haven't got any that cost two dollars and eighty-five cents, have you?" he asked presently.

She showed him a neat black hat, trimmed with black silk. "This one is three dollars, but I will let you have it for two eighty-five."

"I don't want that one." He shook his head decidedly.

She showed him three or four others trimmed with cheap flowers. He picked out one with big red roses and bright red ribbon. The fat little pocketbook was pulled out and yielded up a great supply of pennies and nickels and dimes, with a few quarters. Jimmie grew confidential for a moment after he had passed them over, and received the hat in a paper bag. "I picked that one out because it has red on it. My sister is very particular about things matching. Once she sent to five different stores to match some silk. I asked her what it was 'to match,' and she said 'to be of the same color,' that it wouldn't look right if it wasn't. That is why I was so particular about the hat. You see, she has the prettiest red hair you ever saw. But

folks are always saying, 'You can't wear that with your hair.' So I thought I had better be sure that the hat matched." He smiled engagingly, tucked the bag under his arm, and was gone before the milliner could make any comment on this disconcerting line of reasoning.

Jimmie sped away home. "Now she'll get that school, all right!" He gave the paper bag a little squeeze. "She said she ought to have a new hat when she asked the superintendent for it, because he said something about 'harmony' and 'influencing the ideals of the pupils.' I don't remember what it was. Only I know she thought her hat didn't do it, whatever it was. I think it is because her old hat has green on it, and that doesn't match. So I guess this hat is all right. And I don't really need that little steam-engine of Will Hartley's." Suddenly he began to whistle very loudly. He did not want to think about that little steam-engine. Jimmie loved machinery, and already knew a good deal about it. An engine had a perfect fascination for him. He had spent whole half-days watching Will run his toy one; and ever since Will said he could have it for three dollars, he had saved up every penny that he could get hold of. He had almost forgotten what candy tasted like, and he had planned ten different things that he could run with that little engine. But what was a steam-engine compared to his sister Marian!

In some way, Jimmie had got a fixed idea that Marian's getting the school depended upon her having a new hat. One of the primary teachers had resigned, and the board had left the filling of the vacancy to the superintendent. Now, Superintendent Norton laid great stress on the fact that a primary teacher influences the children by her dress and manner as well as by her teaching ability. Some remark that Marian had made in this connection about the last year's hat that she still wore, had caught Jimmie's attention and was responsible for his idea. The new hat was safe under his arm now, and there was no doubt in his mind but that he had saved the day.

Arrived at home, he walked into the kitchen where Marian was getting dinner, and plumped the bag down in her lap on top of the cabbage in the chopping-bowl, then watched with shining eyes to see her open it.

Marian looked at the boy before she looked inside the bag. She saw the look in his eyes. Then she opened the bag. Marian would not have been Marian if, in the light of that look, she had seen an ugly, cheap hat there; if her mind's eye had seen the impossible red roses and ribbon against her copper-red hair. What she did see was the evidence of the love



and self-sacrifice of her small brother; for she knew about the steam-engine, and a flash of intuition had told her the rest. Jimmie found nothing lacking in her appreciation. It was not until his joyous, "Now, the superintendent will give you that school, all right, won't he?" that the practical situation was brought vividly before her.

"In his last lecture before the teachers, Superintendent Norton said that a teacher should no more allow a lack of harmony in color to be set before the pupils' eyes than she would write an ungrammatical expression on the board for them to copy," she remembered with a whimsical smile. Then her face sobered. The thought flashed through her mind with intensity. "O, I must have that school!" She looked again at Jimmie's shining eyes, and her mind was made up.

"Marian Wilson! Have you lost your mind? Where in the world did you get such a looking thing as that hat?" her sister Eleanor demanded that afternoon when Marian came down ready to go and put in her application for the school.

Marian shook her head warningly at her. "Don't let Jimmie hear you." Then she explained.

"But you don't think of wearing it! You are crazy. You know perfectly well that Superintendent Norton never would give that primary school to any one who would wear a hat like that. And I don't blame him, either. With hair like yours, too!"

The tears were very near the surface, but Marian was seeing Jimmie's eyes when he brought the hat, and she held her ground. "I know all that," she confessed, "but I should rather lose the school than have my small brother lose his faith in my understanding him."

Eleanor sniffed contemptuously. "Well, you will certainly have the pleasure of losing that school if you wear that hat. You do exasperate me so. You had better cultivate that small brother's eye for color."

Marian smiled, though her lips were quivering a little. "I certainly shall have to," she admitted; "but not at the expense of his heart," she added stoutly.

"Why can't you stop at Madge's and put your old hat on? I'll run down there with it," Eleanor suggested hopefully.

But Marian shook her head. "I promised Jimmie he could go with me."

Eleanor turned and left the room, too thoroughly out of patience to say another word. Marian called Jimmie, and they started.

It was only kind hearts added to good breeding that kept Superintendent Norton and his wife from exchanging amused glances over that hat on the heavy masses of beautiful copper-red hair when Marian and Jimmie arrived for the interview. But they seemed perfectly unconscious of the combination, so that presently Marian herself forgot about it and talked easily. But Jimmie could not take his admiring eyes off it.

"I will let you know my decision on Friday," Superintendent Norton said when Marian rose to go. When the door had closed behind her and Jimmie, he looked at his wife, and they both smiled. "I suppose I might as well have given her my answer now as to have kept her waiting," he said. "For of course we couldn't have the wearer of a hat like that among our teachers. It is out of the question."

"I believe there is some mystery there. She did not look like a girl who would wear a hat like that from choice," Mrs. Norton declared. "And did you ever see such beautiful hair?"

Marian's hopes were high. She knew that her preparation for the work and her recommendations had been satisfactory, and really she had forgotten about the hat. The work, as Superintendent Norton had sketched it, was exactly what she wanted, and felt that she could do best. She would like to do it just for the sake of the work itself, and then, they needed the salary so much, too. As they went down the street, she had no telepathic premonition that her fate had already been decided.

Thursday evening when Superintendent Norton returned home, his wife met him with a face brimful of something important that she was in haste to tell him. "You haven't notified the applicants for that vacancy yet, have you, Philip?" she inquired, almost before he had closed the door behind him.

"No; I was to let them know to-morrow."

"Philip, you must give the place to Miss Wilson." She spoke with a conviction that brought a smile to the superintendent's face.

"In spite of the hat?"

"On account of the hat," Mrs. Norton said firmly. "I was sure there was some mystery about that hat. To-day I was in the millinery department at Strong's, and I want to tell you what the milliner told me." There followed the story of Jimmie's buying the hat. "Now, don't you see? That was the hat, and she wore it for that little fellow's sake. Didn't you notice how he watched her with adoring eyes? We simply can not afford to miss the chance of getting a teacher who can bring that look to a child's face. Everything else that she wore was in perfect taste, and her ideas on teaching were excellent."

The next day, when the notification of Marian's appointment came, every one in the family was excited, except Jimmie. When Marian called him and announced the news with a happy ring in her voice, he barely looked up from his whittling on one of the fans of a windmill he was making, to say, "Why, of course." He carefully fitted the fan in its place. That windmill was expected to furnish the power that would not be furnished by the little steam-engine now. "I knew that hat would get the school for her," he reflected.

Marian's mind was not so full of the school but that her eyes lingered a moment on the windmill. She remembered with satisfaction that Jimmie's birthday was in the next week after the day on which she would draw her first month's salary.—*Mabel Way, in Young People.*

Colportage

THE word *colporteur* comes from the Latin *collum*, meaning "neck," and *portare*, "to carry," and originated at the time the Protestants in Switzerland went into France carrying packs suspended from their necks, in the midst of which were hidden Bibles. At a convenient season or opportune moment the packs were opened, and the Scriptures read to individuals or to small groups. The *colporteurs* may be called a company of lay preachers. The need of this line of service is more keenly felt than ever before, by those who are faithfully studying the conditions of the unreached and unsaved.—*Selected.*

BE careless where you place things when done with them, and you will spend half your life hunting for them.—*Will Carleton.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, October 19

Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 10 — Bible Readings

LEADER'S NOTE.—Make those who have charge of this line of your society work responsible for this program. They know where the weak places are that need strengthening. They know many of the opportunities waiting to be seized by your society. If possible, have some experienced Bible worker tell how to give Bible readings. Get from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary and others incidents showing the value of this kind of missionary work. Usually, persons brought into the truth through Bible study are firmly established. This subject naturally leads up to the subject of personal Bible study. Unless we are Bible students, we can not do this work, and one never knows when a Bible reading will be needed in any line of missionary work. Show how work with papers makes opportunities for giving Bible readings. This paper contains an excellent article by W. A. Colcord. Be sure to make good use of its many helpful suggestions. The Bible number of the INSTRUCTOR, dated July 18, 1911, will be useful in making up this program.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 1: "The Uplift of China," Chapter 1

Notes

1. Use the questions at the close of the chapter, as suggested on page 21.
2. Mongolia was proclaimed independent Dec. 28, 1911. At the same time Turkestan was cut off from China. Both passed under the influence of Russia, which nation will be able at any time to annex them.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 1: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapter 1

1. WHAT was included in the Oregon country? How and when was attention directed to it?
2. What longing had its Indian inhabitants? How did they seek to satisfy it?
3. Relate the story of the coming of the first boat; of the second.
4. Describe the first great event that led to the winning of the Oregon country.
5. Give an account of the second event of importance in opening it up.
6. Tell of the meeting with the Nez Percé.
7. How was the first settlement made? What expedition reached the country next? What company followed it, and when?
8. What treatment did the Indians receive at the hands of the traders?

NOTE.—"Northwest passage: a passage by sea between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans along the north coast of America, long sought for by navigators."—*Webster's Dictionary*.

Said About the Bible

Tributes of Great and Wise Men to the Book of Books

My own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull.—*Horace Bushnell*.

The Bible is a window in this prison-world, through which we may look into eternity.—*Timothy Dwight*.

A loving trust in the Author of the Bible is the best preparation for a wise study of the Bible.—*H. Clay Trumbull*.

The Bible is the most thought-suggesting book in the world. No other deals with such grand themes.—*Herrick Johnson*.

If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.

The best evidence of the Bible's being the word of God is to be found between its covers. It proves itself.—*Charles Hodge*.

The sacred Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—*Flavel*.

Take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

Only a slight acquaintance with the Bible shows that nothing is there revealed to us which can not be transmuted into life.—*H. G. Weston*.

The reason why we find so many dark places in the Bible is, for the most part, because there are so many dark places in our hearts.—*A. Tholuck*.

What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloys?—*Robert Hall*.

The English Bible,—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.—*T. B. Macaulay*.

If there be anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.—*Daniel Webster*.

Whatever I have done in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.—*Ruskin*.

The Bible is God's chart for you to steer by, to keep you from the bottom of the sea, and to show you where the harbor is, and how to reach it without running on rocks or bars.—*H. W. Beecher*.

I am heartily glad to witness your veneration for a Book which, to say nothing of its holiness or authority, contains more specimens of genius and taste than any other volume in existence.—*W. S. Landor*.

Many books in my library are now behind and beneath me. They were good in their way once, and so were the clothes I wore when I was ten years old; but I have outgrown them. Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed, or can fail, to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? Amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the marketplace, where every thought of every soul seems to be set on the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there, too, even there, the still, small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may fly away and be at rest.—*William E. Gladstone*.

Bible Facts

THE Bible holds the distinction of being the first printed book, and the King James, or Authorized, Version of the Bible is to-day the best-selling book in the world. Such a book can not be said to be out of date.

The first book printed from movable metal types was the Latin Bible in the year 1455.

The King James, or Authorized, Version of the Bible was printed in 1611 by Robert Barker.

The Cambridge University Press—the earliest of existing presses to produce a Bible—issued the King James, or Authorized, Version first in 1629.

The first Bible issued in this country was printed in the Indian language in 1663 by John Eliot.

The first English Bible printed in this country was published in 1782.

The first Bible printed in New York City was in 1792. George Washington owned a copy.

The first pocket reference Bible was printed by Bagster in 1812.

The first Bible in flexible binding was bound by Bagster in 1816.

The first Bible printed on India paper was published by Bagster in 1828.

In 1865 Bagster bound the first Bibles with yapp and divinity circuit edges.—*Selected.*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II — The High Calling of the Believer

(October 12)

MEMORY VERSE: "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." 1 Thess. 4:7.

Questions

1. Why do some men love darkness rather than light? John 3:19.
2. What separates them from the life of God? Eph. 4:18.
3. How may one in this unhappy condition find peace and assurance? Eph. 2:13, 14.
4. How may we become children of the light? John 12:35, 36; note 1.
5. Why may we rest in security? Isa. 32:17, 18; 1 Peter 3:14.
6. What should our conversation be? 1 Peter 3:10; Phil. 1:27. Why? 1 Thess. 4:7; note 2.
7. To what are we to be dead? Rom. 6:11, 12.
8. How may we be justified, or freed from sin? Rom. 3:24, 28; note 3.
9. What becomes of our sins? Isa. 43:25; Ps. 103:12.
10. To whom should we witness of these things? Luke 24:47, 48; note 4.
11. In working for the salvation of sinners, what do we become? 2 Cor. 5:20; note 5.

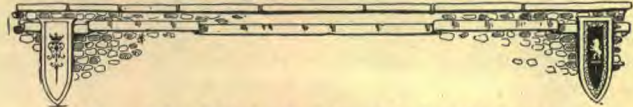
Notes

1. "In the matchless gift of his Son, God has encircled the whole world with an atmosphere of grace, as real as the air which circulates around the globe. All who choose to breathe this life-giving atmosphere will live, and grow up to the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus."
2. "As the flower turns to the sun, that the bright beams may aid in perfecting its beauty and symmetry, so should we turn to the Sun of Righteousness, that heaven's light may shine upon us, that our character may be developed in the likeness of Christ." See John 15:4, 5.
3. The believer in Christ is accepted before the heavenly angels, and is declared justified, through the beloved Son of God. Where he is, there his people shall be. These are his own wonderful words: "I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."
4. "The effort to bless others will react in blessings upon ourselves. This was the purpose of God in giving us a part to act in the plan of redemption. He has granted men the privilege of becoming partakers of the divine nature, and, in

their turn, of diffusing blessings to their fellow men. This is the highest honor, the greatest joy, that it is possible for God to bestow upon men. Those who thus become participants in labors of love are brought nearest to their Creator."

5. "God might have committed the message of the gospel, and all the work of loving ministry, to the heavenly angels. He might have employed other means for accomplishing his purpose. But in his infinite love he chose to make us co-workers with himself, with Christ and the angels, that we might share the blessing, the joy, the spiritual uplifting, which results from this unselfish ministry."—"Steps to Christ," pages 83, 84.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



II — The High Calling of the Believer

(October 12)

LESSON HELPS: "Steps to Christ," chapter entitled "Growing Up Into Christ;" *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." 1 Thess. 4:7.

Questions

1. What is the condition of the unconverted? Eph. 4:17-19. What do they love? Why? John 3:19.
2. What further description is given regarding their condition? Eph. 2:11, 12.
3. Through Christ what change is effected? Verse 13; note 1.
4. From what has the Christian been delivered? Col. 1:12, 13. Compare Matt. 4:16.
5. What admonition is given to those who have thus been brought out of darkness? John 12:35, 36.
6. What is said of their citizenship? Phil. 3:20. Compare American Revised Version.
7. Unto what are we called? 1 Peter 5:10. Compare 2 Thess. 2:13.
8. Unto what fellowship are we called? 1 Cor. 1:9; Phil. 3:10.
9. With whom are we heirs? To what extent? Rom. 8:17. Compare John 17:24.
10. What standard of spiritual experience is set before us? 1 Peter 1:15, 16.
11. Unto what are we to be crucified? Gal. 6:14.
12. By what are we justified? Rom. 3:20-22; Acts 13:39.
13. To what important work are we as Christians called? Luke 24:45-48; Acts 1:8.
14. What high position do believers occupy? 2 Cor. 5:20.
15. What command is given to all Christians? Matt. 5:14-16; note 2.

Notes

1. "The plan for our redemption was not an after-thought, a plan formulated after the fall of Adam. . . . From the beginning, God and Christ knew of the apostasy of Satan, and of the fall of man through the deceptive power of the apostate. God did not ordain that sin should exist, but he foresaw its existence, and made provision to meet the terrible emergency."
- "Before the foundations of the earth were laid, the Father and the Son had united in a covenant to redeem man if he should be overcome by Satan. They had clasped their hands in a solemn pledge that Christ should become the surety for the human race."—"Desire of Ages," pages 20, 834.
2. "God might have committed the message of the gospel, and all the work of loving ministry, to the heavenly angels. He might have employed other means for accomplishing his purpose. But in his infinite love he chose to make us co-workers with himself, with Christ and the angels, that we might share the blessing, the joy, the spiritual uplifting, which results from this unselfish ministry."—"Steps to Christ," pages 83, 84.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Prayer

LORD, I would thy scholar be;
What I know not, teach thou me.

Let me not, with listless mind,
Miss the thought thy love designed;

Lose in idle, languorous hours
The leading of the heavenly powers;

Or, in my wilful choice of ill,
Benumb my powers of thinking still.

What I would and dare not do,
Let me face, and lead me through.

Write thy wisdom in my heart,
Thou most loving! thou who art

Life and light, and way and end,
Teacher, comforter, and friend.

—Selected.

One of the Blank Squares Filled Already

THERE'S a little boy in Takoma Park who began some weeks ago to work for his Ingathering offering. He started out one day dressed in a clean white suit, with note-book and pencil in hand, to take orders for home-made pen-wipers and stove holders. His businesslike, earnest manner made it easy for people to give him their orders. Then after a few days he delivered his goods, taking in the sum of six dollars as the result of a few hours' faithful work. All the children of the family were equally interested in this project, for they wanted to raise enough money to send a Korean child to school; so the girls helped to make the things while their little brother acted as salesman.

I wonder how many others are working to the same end. We want to fill every blank space in that large diagram that appeared in the Harvest Ingathering number of the INSTRUCTOR with boys and girls, and with men and women, who are permitted to attend some of our mission schools as the result of our Ingathering offering.

Last year our Ingathering gifts displaced one hundred eighty idols, and substituted crosses for them. This meant the raising of nine hundred dollars for missions by the children of our Sabbath-schools.

We expect to do much better than that this year. Let every boy and girl think up some practicable way of earning nickels and dimes, and then work this plan until the dollars materialize. You will be happy in doing it, and will bring joy and benefit to many of our dusky friends across the waters.

Will you not write a personal letter to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, telling what you are doing to raise money for the Harvest Ingathering service? The Sabbath-schools and church-schools often work together in planning for this service and offering.

The secret of getting a large offering is to begin early, and work late. The thousands of boys and girls throughout our land can accomplish wonders in the few weeks to come if they set about this work with their usual energy and earnestness. Will not all do it?

Grasping the Opportunity

A YOUNG man entered the office of a noted railway man one day, says the *American Journal of Clinical Medicine*.

"Mr. H—," he said, "I have come to you for work; I am hungry."

"Why are you out of work?"

"Because I am a stranger in this city. I have walked the streets for two weeks, begging at every counting-room for something to do, until it seems to me I can go no farther."

"M-m-m! At every counting-room, eh? And you really want work?"

"I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning. I haven't a penny, and I must have work or starve."

"Young man," said the millionaire, "here are three cents. Go to a bakery and buy three rolls and eat them. Then stand on the sidewalk until you see a load of coal. Follow that load and get the job of putting it into the cellar of the person who has bought it. You can charge half a dollar for your work. That's good advice, and it is worth thousands of dollars to you if you will follow it and be taught the lesson it is meant to teach."

The young man followed the advice, and did not disappoint the judgment of his patron, who points with pride to his right-hand man as a once-hungry beggar.

Answered Prayer

ELDER J. P. HENDERSON writes of a woman fifty-nine years old who began to keep the Sabbath. She had never had the opportunity of learning how to read, and had spent her life in toil and comparative poverty. She daily sought the house of a neighbor, in order to have some one read the Bible to her. But the neighbor did not always have time to spend with her, and she made up her mind that she would learn to read. Seeking the primers of her little grandchild, she tried to learn, but could not. She got out the family Bible, but she could not make out a word. Clasp ing it to her bosom, she fell on her knees, imploring help from God. In the night she again prayed with tears and great earnestness. Long after midnight she arose once more, and opened the Bible. She could read! Sentence after sentence, chapter after chapter, and page after page she read. A few hours afterward found her in Sabbath-school. The inexpressible joy that lighted her countenance will never be effaced from memory. "I have read thirty-seven chapters in my Bible," she exclaimed in ecstasy, to the astonishment of every one present. . . . She covenanted with God to read it one hour every day; and for fear she might not fulfil her promise, she often arose before the dawn of day and spent the hour, and sometimes hours, absorbed in its pages.