

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

October 15, 1912

No. 42



CHINESE RIDING IN WHEELBARROWS TO THE FLYING-MACHINE  
EXHIBITION NEAR SHANGHAI





PERSIA has not a mile of railroad, and wagon roads only in the northern portion.

THE Russian empire has a population of 166,000,000, which is increasing at the rate of a million a year.

THE East Siberian Mission field is larger than the whole of the United States, and yet has only one ordained minister.

It is interesting to learn that there are believers in the third angel's message in every kingdom in Europe except Montenegro.

RUSSIA has promised a homestead to all settlers who will work on the new Siberian railroad. Thirty thousand have responded to this call.

COLORADO has the greatest supply of radium in the world stored in its mineral districts, says M. Henri Chagnoux, French mineralogist of Paris.

A YOUNG girl of Blue Springs, Missouri, has just completed her second year in the high school, making a total of ten years of schooling without having a tardy or absent mark.

FRIENDSHIP gardens are supplanting the autograph album. In the friendship garden each friend on his first visit to the garden plants a small plant, with a metal label bearing the name of the planter. The plants then become living reminders of the owner's various friends.

"A COUPLET from some verses found in the pocket of Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, after his death in 1652 expresses the feeling of these Puritan magistrates toward all who had any inclinations to tolerance:—

"Let men of God in court and churches watch  
O'er such as do a toleration hatch."

THE State of Washington is said to be fast becoming one vast orchard. It is estimated that *eight million* apple-, peach-, pear-, and cherry-trees were set out last year. There were orders for three million more nursery trees, which could not be filled.

"CHINA has offered the position of official adviser to the new republic to W. W. Rockhill, our ambassador to Turkey, who was ambassador to Russia before he was sent to Constantinople, and who was before that our representative in Peking. He is a diplomat, especially familiar with Chinese and other Oriental questions."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 15, 1912

No. 42

## Waiting

ARE you waiting, idly waiting,  
For your Master to return,  
While in indolence and pleasure  
His unfinished work you spurn?

Waiting, only idly waiting,  
While vast millions grope in night,  
And your candle burns but dimly  
In a land of gospel light?

Waiting with your golden treasure  
Stored so carefully away?  
Can it buy one soul's salvation  
In God's awful judgment-day?

For the "latter rain" art waiting?  
See, the showers are falling fast,  
And the gospel fields are ripening;  
Soon the harvest will be past.

Will you stand before your Master  
With no sheaves your arms to fill?  
When he comes, O, will he find you  
Waiting, idly waiting still?

He alone who sows in sorrow,  
He alone who sows in tears,  
To the harvest-feast is welcomed  
When our coming Lord appears.

—Selected.

## Allen Gardiner



APTAIN GARDINER was an officer of the English navy, who early lost his young and accomplished wife. He then consecrated himself to the missionary service, heart and soul. He spent his time and much of his private resources in visiting various parts of the world. To be a pioneer missionary to the most abandoned heathen was the great object of his life. He especially set his heart on South America, as affording a very wide and hitherto almost unoccupied field of labor for Christ. Owing, however, to the antagonism of the Romish Church, the hostility of the heathen natives, and the lack of any sympathy or support from home, he was baffled over and over again in his attempts. The place he selected was the most southerly point, separated from the mainland by the Strait of Magellan, within a small distance of the antarctic circle, the island of Tierra del Fuego.

The Rev. Robert Cust says of Gardiner: "Both nature and man were against him; the climate rendered the country most dreary and inhospitable; the sky rarely cleared; rainy squalls in summer alternated with the snow and sleet of winter; and the winds were ferocious. The people belonged to the Patagonian race, of a dark color, with long, black hair, with low foreheads, flat and thick noses, scanty clothing, wretched habitations, and were arrant thieves, cruel, and when brought to bay, furious as wild beasts; the women possessed some traces of gentleness, but were treated as slaves."

Gardiner's first attempt to land and house himself was a failure; the conduct of the natives was such that he had to retreat and return home. But he was not discouraged. He determined to have a floating home, and to keep reserve stores at the Falkland Islands. He could not collect sufficient funds to buy a suitable vessel, so he supplied himself with two decked boats. Six devoted Christian men accompanied him. The steamer "Ocean Queen" deposited boats and men, with provisions for six months. They had given up all the ties of home for Christ's sake; but they were called to make a greater sacrifice, even of their lives; for none of them was ever seen alive again.

Amid ice, snow, and storm; in small boats, unseaworthy, heavy-laden, crowded; adrift among the awful rocks of Tierra del Fuego; beaten by savage Indians from the inhospitable shores in the long nights of the rigorous black winter; forced by ferocious hurricanes

to shelter in dark caverns; their scant stock of provisions swiftly lessening day by day; their hopes of relief from Europe fast failing; life itself quickly ebbing away,—Allen Gardiner and his six brave companions, pioneers of the Patagonian Mission, bore in their bodies the death brand of the Lord Jesus Christ. Robbed and plundered by the natives; starving on mussels, limpets, and sea-fowl sometimes with difficulty caught; their fish-nets carried off by ice-fields, their guns and powder lost, even their cavern refuges invaded by raging tides, terrific high seas threatening to drown them, they clung to life for nine awful months, from January to September, 1851. But their faith in God seems never for a moment to have wavered. Famishing and perishing, their hearts still overflowed with "mutual affection and jubilant trust in the Father for life or for death." "Asleep or awake," wrote Williams, "I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell." "Should we languish and die here," wrote Gardiner on his birthday, when the winter (June) snow lay all around, "I beseech thee, O Lord, to raise up others and send forth laborers into thine harvest." His journals are radiant with sunshine of peace and joy in God. Scurvy broke out among them, and with their other sufferings helped to hasten the end. One of the strong-hearted Cornishmen died first. The failing strength of his companions was devoted to digging his grave. Six weeks more of patient waiting for rescue or death, and Erwin expired; then followed Bryant. Both were buried by the heroic Maidment. A white table-cloth had been hoisted on a prominent tree as a signal to any passing ship, but no sail appeared. On the twenty-ninth of August, Gardiner wrote farewell letters. "He has kept me in perfect peace. I trust poor Feugo will not be abandoned. If I have a wish for the good of my fellow men, it is that the Tierra del Fuego Mission might be prosecuted with vigor." Two days later, he wrote what proved to be the last entry in his diary: "Great and marvelous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, although without bodily food for three days, yet without any feeling of hunger or thirst." One more letter, Sept. 6, 1851, ending, "marvelous loving-kindnesses to me, a sinner," and then the story was done. Twenty days later, the relief expedition ran into Banner Cove; but rescue had come too late. On a large rock, a hand was found rudely sketched, and beneath it was written, "Psalm 62: 5-8."



Thus was the life seed sown. Thus by martyr blood was South America's farthest extremity and lowest race sealed, too, as Christ's possession. The rest of the story we need not tell. Surely every Christian knows its outline,—how the tragic news stirred England; how men and means were sent to recommence the lone Fuegian Mission; the struggle to gain a footing among the inhuman, sanguinary Feugians; the massacre of the first party, done to death on the open seashore; the sixteen martyrs; and the martyr's crown when even desolate Feugia was gathered into the fold of God.—*Mrs. A. E. Ellis, in "Missionary Idea."*

### A Call to Action

"Now the word of the Lord came to Jonah the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, . . . and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." Jonah 1:1, 2.

As in the days of Jonah, even so now the Lord is calling his people to arise, put on their God-given strength, and go forth to warn the great, wicked world of its impending doom.

Mankind to-day does not realize its true position. It does not comprehend that the mad race it is running is carrying it swiftly to eternal destruction. God has given to us, his chosen people, a message of warning. Shall we, as did Jonah of olden time, seek to shirk the duty? To us as young people, the call has come. What relation are we sustaining to that call? Is it because there is no especial need for haste that we are so indifferent? Is there need for haste? Look around you! On every side we see the sure signs of Christ's coming. One can scarcely read a daily paper; or, in fact, take more than the most casual note of the things which are of every-day occurrence, without being impressed that the end of all things is at hand.

In an article recently published in a leading metropolitan daily, entitled "Who Wrote the Bible?" this statement was made: "The old idea that Moses and other Bible writers received the Bible in form of dictation from God, has long been abandoned, as it would lower Moses and Isaiah, as well as the other inspired writers, to the grade of mere stenographers."

Think of man being lowered by taking dictation from the Almighty!

A few days after reading this, the writer was conversing with a Jewish rabbi, and during a discussion on Bible history, the rabbi said: "The account of creation as given in the book of Genesis, is not literally true." Is it not significant that a highly educated teacher among the people who were once the chosen of God, and to whom he gave his laws and this same history of creation through his servants by direct revelation, should say that the Word of God is not literally true? Surely the time foretold by the apostle Paul in 2 Tim. 4:3, 4, is here. He said: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." And surely this is true of the present time; and we, in spite of the original call of God to every man, and his repeated entreaties to us personally, have done in principle what Jonah literally did—gone down into the sides of the ship, and are fast asleep. The terrible storm that is raging around us seems only to lull us into deeper slumber. The things that ought to arouse our languid sensibilities to a state of the

most intense activity and alarm, are passed by without notice; or at the most, they make slight and transient impressions upon us. And now comes to us the call of the Master of the ship, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise; give my glorious message of salvation to a world dying in sin. Shall we allow this call to pass unheeded? Shall we not rather arise, and in the strength of the Lord, strive to prepare a people for his soon-coming kingdom? As it is written: "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

May the Lord soften the heart of every Christian young man and woman, and impress upon their minds the necessity of awakening to a sense of personal responsibility in this matter. And then let us all join hands, and with unbroken line stir this old earth with the last great warning message.

FLOYD HARRIS.

### The Story of the Little Brown Church in the Vale

IN 1859, in a valley near Bradford, Iowa, on the Shell Rock River, a little brown church was erected. The people living near Bradford were all willing to help build the church, but being poor, they could not give much money. They gave, however, what they could. Some gave stone, some gave lumber, and some gave time and labor; and with the help of the Congregational Church Building Society, they erected the church.

It was in a very pretty place, surrounded by tall, noble trees, which sheltered the worshipers from the heat in the summer and from the cold blasts of winter.

Dr. W. S. Pitts lived at Fredericksburg, a village near Bradford, and his work often brought him to Bradford. He was much interested in the people of the village, and always entered heartily into their plans. When he heard of their wish to build a church, he gladly helped them; and at its dedication he sang the song we all love, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," which he himself composed for the occasion.

Six years afterward, in 1865, the song was published, and since has been translated into many languages. Dr. Pitts has written many beautiful songs, but no other has become so popular nor traveled so far as this one.

ETHEL GUYTON.

### The Church in the Wild-Wood

THERE'S a church in the valley by the wild-wood,  
No lovelier place in the dale;  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale.

#### CHORUS:

Come to the church in the wild-wood,  
O come to the church in the dale!  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on the clear Sabbath morning  
To list to the clear-ringing bell!  
Its tones so sweetly are calling,  
"O come to the church in the vale!"

There, close by the church in the valley,  
Lies one that I love so well;  
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow;  
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

There, close by the side of that loved one,  
'Neath the trees where the wild flowers bloom,  
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted,  
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

—Wm. S. Pitts.

POLITENESS wins appreciation, as the sun draws flowers from the earth.



## The Yang-Tze-Kiang

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL

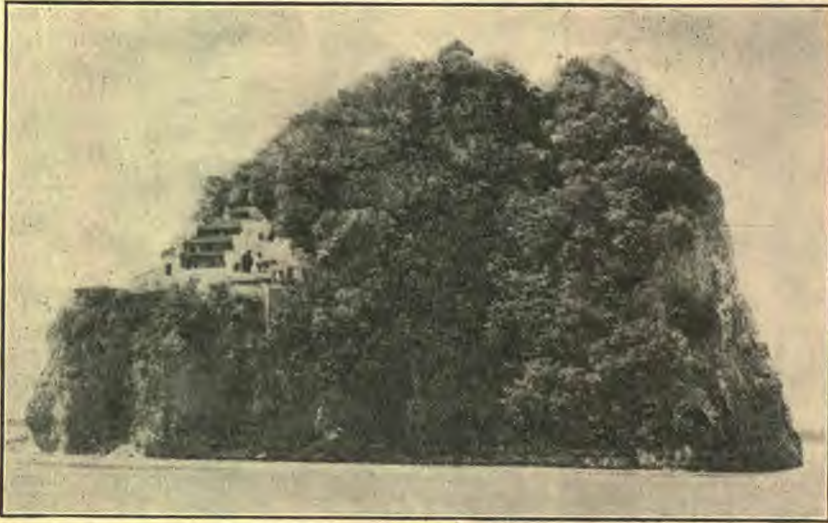


THE Yang-tze-kiang rises in the high plains of Tibet, and its length is estimated to be about three thousand miles. The Chinese have eight other names for this river, the term Yang-tze being applied by them to only about two hundred miles of its tidal water near the mouth. Next to the Amazon, it is navigable a longer distance than any other river in the world. The largest ocean-going steamers can ply in summer as far inland as Hankow,

owned by six steamship companies, make the trip from Shanghai to Hankow in about four days. Boats leave Shanghai every night in the week.

Although a great blessing to the people in its quiet moments, the Yang-tze-kiang is often treacherous. Between the months of March and August, floods are common, and then the people living along its banks suffer. Often the poor people scarcely have time to recover from the effects of a previous flood and its consequent famine before the overflowing of the Yang-

tze has again disappointed their hopes, destroyed their crops and the lives of many; while hundreds are left homeless, having lost their all. Some cities and villages spend considerable money in building up dikes, but these are seldom strong enough to give protection for any length of time, and must constantly be under repair. Sometimes earth fortifications are improvised by the farmers in time of flood, of course in the hope that the water will not rise above them. The writer will never forget the sad picture presented to view on a trip down the Yang-tze while the water was at flood-tide. Hundreds of towns had been almost completely destroyed, and left without inhabitants. As we passed one large city in the early morning, and saw



THE LITTLE ORPHAN, A ROCK IN THE YANG-TZE-KIANG RIVER

a distance of six hundred miles from the mouth of the river. Large freighters ascend as far as I-chang, four hundred miles farther, at all seasons of the year. Native boats, guided through perilous gorges and rapids, and pulled by hundreds of coolie trackers, who toil with much fortitude in the face of great difficulties, proceed with cargoes and boats as far as Soufu, about five hundred miles from I-chang. The remaining one thousand five hundred miles are said to be a succession of impassable gorges and rapids of majestic grandeur, whose sides are flanked by precipices thousands of feet high.

The scenery along this great river between Hankow and Shanghai, while largely made up of lowlands well cultivated by the ever-vigilant farmers, is interspersed with hills and even mountain ranges, which in some places assume large proportions. One of the most artistic sights we have seen along the Yang-tze is a small, rocky island, projecting out of the river to considerable height, well known to all travelers in China as Orphan Rock, or the Little Orphan. It is covered with trees and vegetation; and in a rustic, secluded spot stands the home of the only occupants,—some Buddhist priests.

The Yang-tze is indeed a mighty river. One may travel for weeks on a steamboat, penetrating deep into China's interior, without making use of any other waterway. Right in the heart of this old empire (now a republic), it seems to have been placed by a kind providence; for it is of inestimable value and use to the thousands of cities and villages situated along its banks. When you consider that until recently China has never had railroads, and now has only a few lines, you will better understand how much the people depend upon these great waterways for commerce and traveling. Scores of well-equipped river steamers,

multitudes of people grouped on the narrow dikes above referred to, the picture was pathetic beyond words to describe, as we thought how heart-rending it would be should there come a sudden rise in water. That very night what we had feared did happen, and it was estimated that at least ten thousand human beings were swept away within thirty-six hours.

But with the faculty of adapting themselves to conditions, for which the Chinese people are markedly noted, they make the most of the opportunities for fishing when floods come; and by accommodating



A BIBLE STUDY IN THE GUEST-ROOM OF THE SHANGHAI CHAPEL

themselves to a fish diet, many of the country folk are saved from starvation. The Chinese farmer seems never to become discouraged, no matter how many times his crops may be destroyed by floods; as soon as the water assuages, he sets to work with quickened pace to plant new rice-fields.



We know from God's Word that floods and famines will increase as we draw near the end; these things must be expected. But O that we had more workers to warn the thousands who go down into Christless graves! Throughout the vast area drained by this river-system (except Shanghai), there are at present only six families of foreigners to direct the publishing of the glad news of Christ's second coming. Should you not like to throw out the life-line to some one standing on the brink of perdition, or furnish the bread of life to some famishing soul? There was never a greater need nor a wider opportunity for Christian service.

*Chang-sha, Hunan, China.*

### Word From China

At the close of our general meeting, which was held in the early part of March, we opened a special series of evangelistic meetings in Shanghai, and continued them for three months. We felt much of God's Spirit in our work, and altogether more than one hundred fifty persons gave in their names for prayer and Bible studies. Of this number fifteen men and six women asked for baptism, and at the close of our meetings we baptized six of these, asking the others to wait a little longer until they understood more of the truth.

We held our baptism about three miles out of the city at a nice, quiet place, on the Whangpoo River. A grassy, sloping bank with several large trees afforded an ideal place for the guests and friends to rest, and as one after another was buried with Christ in the sacred ordinance of baptism, we all felt to thank God.

One of this number has been an evangelist in one of the Protestant denominations for over twenty years, and is a very talented man and a powerful speaker. Another is a teacher of marked ability, having taught several years in St. John's College. These two men accompanied us up here to the mountain as language teachers during the hot season on the plains, and we are improving the opportunity to give them daily studies in the special truths of our message. They are making good progress, and we believe they will develop into strong workers.

Training native workers for efficient, faithful service for their own nationality is our main work; for no matter how well we can master the language and how much we try to imitate Chinese manners, we are still foreigners to them, and they do not receive instruction from us as readily as they do from their own people.

The new Chinese government seems to be progressing very slowly, nevertheless progress is being made. A marked change is coming over the people. Old ideas and customs are being discarded as fast as the populace will permit. It is a tremendous undertaking to change four hundred million people who have for several thousand years been opposed to any kind of change. So instead of criticizing China for not making

faster progress than she is, we feel like congratulating her on what she has accomplished, and lending a hand to help her on.

*Shanghai, China.*

### Parson Havens's Victory

ONE of the most beautiful and thrilling narratives of James Havens, the original of the "Fighting Parson Magruder," who figures in Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Circuit-Rider," was related at a recent conference, by an old companion of Mr. Havens.

While still a young man, Havens was once eating his breakfast in the cabin of an old couple in a thinly settled region, when the doorway was suddenly darkened by a big and ruffianly looking man, who demanded:—

"Be ye Havens, the fighting preacher?"

"My name is Havens, and I am a preacher," said the circuit-rider.

"Well, I reckon you'd better get through your breakfast right smart, for I am going to give you a good thrashin'."

"Well," returned Havens, "I don't remember having seen you before, and if I've ever crossed your track, it was because you were up to some mischief that called for discipline."

"Hey? You pushed me over a high bank, an' I got my face scratched up. I've been lookin' for you some time, an' now I'm goin' to lam you!"

"Very well, come with me down in the hollow,"

said Havens, "and if you are determined to thrash me, I'll give you a chance. But let us get well away from this cabin, where these old people won't have to see the trouble."

The preacher started out with the ruffian down toward the woods. They went part of the way in silence, the ruffian now and then glancing at the preacher, but seeing no signs of fear in him. Presently the man said:—

"See here, Havens, you'd better go back. I'm a hard fighter, and I'll hurt you bad."

"O, no!" said the preacher; "if you want to fight, you'd better not stop on my account."

They went on, and reached the seclusion of the hollow. When they got there, the ruffian said:—

"Let's turn round, elder. I tell you, I'm a pretty mean man!"

"Well, let's sit down here a minute." Havens led the way to a log, and both sat down on it. Then, with a little talk, the preacher drew from the fellow a confession of the wild life he had led, and spoke comforting words to him. In a little while both men were on their knees, with faces bowed upon the log, and the woods resounded with prayer such as few but this pioneer exhorter could offer.

The old people back at the cabin heard it, and knew what turn the fight had taken. They came down and joined the "meeting," and before long the fighter was one of Havens's most promising converts.—*Youth's Companion.*



OUR MISSION CHAPEL, SHANGHAI, CHINA





### Praying for Others



MINISTER was praying at the bedside of a dying woman. "Wait a moment," she said, as he started to rise from his knees. "I want to pray for you." And very tenderly she prayed, with her hand upon his head.

"For ten years, ever since you became my pastor, I have offered that prayer for you every morning and every night," she told him.

The minister went away with tears in his eyes and a strange warmth in his heart. He had known that this woman was sweet-spirited and true, but he had never guessed that he had a place in her prayers day and night.

"I wonder how many of my six hundred church-members pray for me?" he asked himself. Not all of them, certainly; yet doubtless more of them prayed for him than he had dreamed. The thought was sweet and helpful to him. It gave him a vision such as came to the young man whose eyes were opened in the presence of Elisha, and who saw the mountain filled with chariots and horses of fire round about the prophet of God.

There is strength for all faithful men and women in the prayers of those who love them. Many a young man has been restrained from sin by the thought that a mother is praying for him. Many a daughter has found it easier to be faithful because she remembered the voice of her father as he prayed for his children.

Many persons when facing hard problems have taken courage when they remembered that loving hearts were cherishing the thought of them, and that loving lips were speaking their names into the ear of God. Many a care-worn man, laboring under discouragement, would take new heart if he could only know how many persons remember him in their prayers.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Yielding the Burden

IN the summer of 1878 I descended the Rigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service for the day, he unconsciously gave me a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulders. He asked for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movements, but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat

resting a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction, he again led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found I could make a double speed with double safety. Then a voice spoke inwardly: "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou indeed given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry it, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountainside, I said within myself: "And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will cast all my care upon him, for he careth for me." —From "*A Daily Thought for a Daily Endeavor*."

### One of God's Heroes

HE stood before the congregation gathered for the mid-week prayer and praise service, a missionary on furlough from Africa,—quiet, modest, yet determined in his demeanor. The thoughts of the evening were based on the visit of Peter to Cornelius, and its effect on world evangelization. Members of the assembly had prayed, and also borne testimony to the goodness of God. As the meeting was about to close, the missionary told of his burden to go back to the dark land. His comrades there were laid low with the fever, and the work of God was crippled. His furlough did not expire till three months later; but why should he remain in the home land now that he had regained his health? "No, friends; I long to return to Africa. The fever undoubtedly will attack both my wife and myself, and both of us may die, yet we long to again engage in the work of making known the truth of the gospel. We must go immediately."

This was heroism—not the kind exhibited when in the lime-light of applauding thousands, but the spirit of consecration which unnoticed gives its life a willing sacrifice for the gospel of Jesus Christ. Each generation has had heroes of the cross; and truly this generation is not without its heroes, as witnessed by the testimony and determination of the furloughed missionary.

JOHN N. QUINN.

### Why Made Thus?

A VISITOR at a school for the deaf and dumb once wrote this question on the blackboard: "Why has God made me to hear and speak, and made you deaf and dumb?" The awful sentence fell upon the little ones like a blow in the face. They sat palsied before that dreadful "why?" Finally a little girl, with trembling lips, arose. Her eyes were swimming with tears. Straight to the board she walked, and picking up the crayon, wrote with a firm hand these precious words: "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight." What a reply! It reaches up and lays hold of an eternal truth upon which the most mature believer as well as the youngest child of God may alike unshakably rest.—James H. McConkey, in "*Living Water*."

### A Vesper Prayer

THE day thou gavest me  
Has now returned to thee,  
Bearing the deeds with which I  
filled each hour.  
Lord of our deeds and days,  
I ask thee not for praise;  
I pray for power.

So much I meant to do  
When the bright day was new!  
So many hearts I longed to help  
and heal!  
Now, as the splendors die  
From out the western sky,  
I humbly kneel.

Give me the power to feel  
For hearts that I would heal;  
Give me the power to see with  
sight like thine;  
But most of all, give me  
The power to love like thee,  
O Love divine!

—Minnie Leona Upton, in *Sunday School Times*.



## The Seer

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING

I WALKED upon a beach where children played,  
A-piling mounds and digging in the sand,  
And in a while anear a group I strayed.  
Then one, a flaxen-haired and sturdy king,  
Looked up, and, heartened by a ready smile,  
Invited me, "Come, play with us awhile."  
And so they gave me place, and I my hand  
Gave to the achievements of the infant ring.

Then grew the castles and the battlements;  
Then spread the gardens and the tourney fields;  
And story grew long of priest and prince,  
Of high-born lady and of courtly squire;  
Till, bathed in romance, every sandy pile  
To think it granite did their minds beguile;  
And with the cheer the fond delusion yields,  
They planned to raise their deathless structures higher.

But I looked out upon the sea: the tide  
Had turned; the combing breakers reared  
Their crests anear; and to the lads I cried,  
"See how the waves are coming in! no more  
Can we stay here! let us get up and go  
Back to the safe ground, where no waves will flow."  
And even as I spoke, the waters neared.  
"See, see!" I cried, "we are too near the shore!"

But he, my little captain, owned no dread:  
With sturdy back bent o'er, "I do not see,"  
And then, "I do not want to see," he said;  
"You be the seer — and I — and I will build.  
But if you're tired, go off awhile and rest,  
And then come back and build; that will be best.  
To-morrow you shall tell some more to me;  
I'll have more castles with the gallants filled."

"Ah, me!" I thought, "how sad to be a seer!"  
And many a day since then have I so sighed;  
For vision men are wont to know as fear,  
While they, the sure and fearless, work amain.  
"Build with us," they say; "but if you are tired,  
Go rest, then come and use the strength acquired.  
For these our works shall to the end abide;  
Give them the measure of your brawn and brain."

And if I speak of danger: "Fear it not!"  
And if I laud the stable: "These are so!"  
And if I pray for wideness: "Hast forgot  
The sea's great beach is stretched around the land?"  
But if I would or I would not, I see!  
And I must warn, for others' sakes. For me,  
If I would see or not, I do not know;  
But, under touch of God, a seer I stand.

## Professional Distribution of University and College Graduates



THE original purpose of American colleges was mainly to train men for the ministry, but no longer is this so. Harvard, founded chiefly to educate clergymen, now gives to this profession barely two per cent of her graduates; Yale, begun under similar impulses, now contributes a meager three per cent. This and other interesting changes in the professions favored by college graduates are described in a bulletin by Bailey B. Burritt on "Professional Distribution of University and College Graduates," just issued by the United States Bureau of Education.

The decline in the numbers going into the ministry has been accompanied by a rise in the professions of teaching, law, and business. When the older colleges were established, boys who expected to be the business men of the community rarely gave much thought to higher education. That was for the "learned professions," most often, in the early days, the ministry. It is only of recent years that men with business careers ahead of them have taken advantage of college opportunities.

At Harvard the ministry yielded the leadership to law after the Revolutionary war, and law remained the dominant profession of Harvard graduates until 1880, when business took the lead. At Yale the ministry competed successfully with law until after the middle of the nineteenth century, when law took the ascendancy and kept it until 1895, being then displaced by business. At the University of Pennsylvania one fourth of the graduates used to go into the ministry; now about one fiftieth do so. Oberlin College, founded with strong denominational tendencies, shows the same story of the decline in numbers of men going into the ministry. At the University of Michigan, out of an army of over fifteen thousand graduates, only 188 have become ministers.

Aside from their contributions to the clergy, most of the universities and colleges have had favorite professions. At Columbia, Dartmouth, and Michigan, for instance, it is law; at Pennsylvania it is medicine; at Oberlin, Wisconsin, and many others, particularly the coeducational institutions, it is teaching; while a few

of the universities, Brown, for example, have shown an impartial spirit, dividing up their strength almost equally among four leading professions.

A final summary of thirty-seven representative colleges shows that teaching is now the dominant profession of college graduates, with twenty-five per cent; business takes twenty per cent; law, which took one third of all the graduates at the beginning of the nineteenth century, now claims but fifteen per cent; medicine takes between six and seven per cent, and seems to be slightly on the decline; engineering is slowly going up, but still takes only three or four per cent; while the ministry, with its present five or six per cent of the total, has reached the lowest mark for that profession in the two and one-half centuries of American college history.

### Leaves From My Note-Book

A NOBLE principle or thought, like the widow's barrel and cruse, is never dry. We draw on it for our daily life; we drink of its power in our weakness, and taste its power in our despair; . . . God's blessing is on it, and the fulness of his truth is filling it, and so it never fails. We come back to it in our next weakness and despondency, and find it thoughtful and hopeful as ever, till the famine is over; and kept alive and nurtured by its strength, we come forth to gather new harvests of great thoughts.—*Phillips Brooks*.

For many have been harmed by speech;  
Through thinking, few, or none.

—*Thomas Vaux (1520-60)*.

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before the clothing of our bodies.—*Sir Richard Steele*.

The attempted versatility of some men reminds one of the sign in an obscure London shop-window, "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject;" or of that one in Paris of a certain Monsieur Kenard who announces himself as a "public scribe, who digests accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."—*Tilly, "Masters of the Situation," page 18.*

EDMUND C. JAEGER.





### Organ Plays in Three Places at Once



AN American firm of organ builders has recently completed, in Zion City, Illinois, a pipe-organ which is even larger than the famous one in the Salt Lake City tabernacle, and which possesses many new features in its construction. This giant musical instrument is really three distinct organs, controlled, if desired, from the main console or keyboard. Two hundred feet from the choir organ, in the gallery at the entrance, is an echo organ, operated from the main keyboard during processions. The second echo organ, in the prayer-room at the other end of the tabernacle, can be played independently of the great organ or by the organist at the main console. The organist can also sit at the prayer-room organ and operate the main organ.

The main console possesses many unusual features. It is mounted to revolve so that the organist may face in any direction. The organist's work is further simplified by the adjustable visible combination tablets on the console. These enable him to produce an effect quickly without having to pull a dozen or more stops. Another new feature is the coupling of the entire pedal organ with the great organ.

A wonderful echo effect has been produced by the location of the vox humana in the prayer-room echo organ. When this repeats the melody on the vox humana of the great organ, there is a startling resemblance to a singer's voice, softened by distance. Still another innovation is the set of chimes built into the gallery echo organ, which are used as responses to the melodies of the great organ two hundred feet away.

Some idea of the size of the giant organ may be obtained from these figures: There are 5,055 speaking-pipes; the largest is twenty-two feet long, and the smallest measures but five eighths of an inch. The instrument contains 1,500 more pipes than the famous organ at Salt Lake City. The main console has four manuals, seventy stops, fifty-two couplers, fifty-four combination pistons, nine combination pedals, five swell pedals, and one crescendo. And in addition to this the prayer-room echo organ has a keyboard of its own.

Electricity is, of course, the motive power. More than 1,300 miles of wire have been used in the cables and on the magnets. It requires a ten-horsepower blower, forcing air through an eighteen-inch pipe, to keep the bellows of the organ filled. The organ is forty feet wide across the front, twenty feet deep, and thirty feet high.—*Popular Mechanics*.

THE first automobile was put upon the market by Selden, in 1879.

### The Human Body as an Electrical Machine

ONE does not fancy the human body as an electric dynamo; but if the heat and muscular energy expended by an average man of sedentary habits were converted into electrical units, he would find himself in possession of quite a valuable asset. It is proved that a man uses up about two and one-half kilowatt-hours of electrical energy in a working-day. Approximately one half of this amount is used to keep the temperature of the body constant, while the other half is expended in muscular energy.

This amount of electricity may not seem great, but when one considers the things that can be done when it is efficiently applied, the power of the human body is more clearly seen. Two and one-half kilowatt-hours of electrical energy are sufficient to maintain four twenty-five-watt tungsten lamps of twenty-candlepower each for twenty-five hours; heat an electric flat-iron for six hours; run a sewing-machine motor for one hundred hours; heat an electric toaster for four hours; heat an electric heater for two hours; heat an electric curling-iron for one hundred hours; run a large fan for thirty-two hours; or warm a chafing-dish for six hours.

All this is accomplished without voluntary effort, and merely comes in the course of the day's work, and does not represent the energy of a laboring man. It is an astounding revelation of the efficiency and endurance of the human machine.—*Popular Mechanics*.



Energy and heat developed by the average man daily, converted into electricity, could operate any one of these appliances a surprising length of time.

the gum on the backs has been eaten off by these bugs. Thus far it has been an unsolvable question how to stop this. Mr. Hitchcock has given the strictest orders that no poison of any kind tending to kill or drive away the bugs, be put in the gum. He considers it better that a part of the stamps go gumless than that any person run the risk of being poisoned from moistening the backs of stamps. Nor is any bug poison permitted to be placed near the stamps, for the same reason. Of course, every effort is made to keep down the number of the pests, but it is well known that they swarm to places where there are paper, paste, and mucilage, the dainties of which they are most fond.—*Popular Mechanics*.

### Bugs on Stamps

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK is casting about for some means to curb the voracious appetite of water-bugs for the gum on the backs of postage-stamps. Occasionally complaints are received at the Post-office Department in Washington that stamps do not stick to envelopes. The reason almost always is that the greater part, if not all, of

### A Striking Example of Devotion to Science and Humanity

IN the year 1720 the plague, which was making a desert of Europe, reached the city of Marseilles. It seemed that nothing could stay its progress. The epidemic raged for a year with a severity unparalleled in the history of scourges. Death was everywhere, and the rattling of the wheels of the death-cart was



more familiar than any other noise of the street. The physicians' meager knowledge of the disease made them of little avail, and a sort of fatalism seemed to be settling down on the profession. In one of their consultation meetings, it was finally decided that a corpse must be dissected; but death was certain to the operator.

A celebrated physician of the number, the great Dr. Guyon, arose and in a solemn, yet unmoved voice said, "I devote *myself* to the safety of my country."

The doctor left the room. The remainder of that day and the following night were spent in earnest prayer and careful thought. The times of his earthly career were about over. Most ardently he pleaded that his sins might be forgiven, and that his record be made clear; and as he looked into the face of the Christ, through faith his face lighted up with benign light.

Daybreak had come. With firm and steady tread the great doctor entered the chamber where lay the corpse of a member of his own family, who had died the preceding day. The body was dissected, the examination made, and the surgical observations carefully noted. Then placing the papers in a vase filled with vinegar, that no one else afterward handling them might contract the disease, he retired to a suitable place, and in twelve hours was dead.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

#### Canning in a Fireless Cooker

LAST summer I made a successful experiment in canning vegetables in my fireless cooker. Uncooked peas were put in cans with a little salt. The cans were then filled with water, rubber rings and tops were put on, and the tops screwed down, but not quite tight. The cans were then put in the cooker pail, and surrounded with warm water. They were boiled half an hour; then the pail was put on the hot disk in the cooker, and kept there for six hours; when taken out, the covers were tightened and the work was finished. The sweet corn and beans were managed in the same way, except that at the end of five hours they were reheated in the cooker pail, and this was returned to the disk for five hours more; in this case the rubbers were not put on till the second heating for fear of injuring them with so much heat.—*Selected.*

#### Watch for Forest Fires From Tower

THE cities and towns of Reading, Wakefield, Melrose, Stoneham, and Saugus, along with other communities of Massachusetts within a fifteen-mile radius of Bear Hill, are to be protected from danger of forest fires by the erection of a fire watch-tower upon this hill. The tower, which will be of steel, and will rise to a height of about fifty feet above the crest of the hill, will be connected with the fire stations by telephone. The watchmen stationed in the tower will be provided with powerful field-glasses.—*Selected.*

EVERY modern war-ship has ample provision for the immediate care of ordinary medical and surgical cases occurring on board during time of peace. Space is set aside in her sick-quarters for a fully equipped operating-room, a spacious general ward or sick-bay, having cots to accommodate about two and one-half per cent of her entire crew, a small isolation ward for contagious cases, a sick-bay bath-room, surgeon's examining-room, and a dispensary completely stocked with medicines and supplies.

#### State Nicknames and State Flowers

STATE	NICKNAME	FLOWER
Alabama	Cotton State	Goldenrod
Arizona		Sequoia cactus
Arkansas	Bear State	Apple blossom
California	Golden State	Poppy
Colorado	Centennial State	Columbine
Connecticut	Nutmeg State	Mountain-laurel
Delaware	Blue Hen State	Peach blossom
Florida	Peninsula State	Orange Blossom
Georgia	Cracker State	Cherokee rose
Idaho		Syringa
Illinois	Sucker State	Violet
Indiana	Hoosier State	Corn
Iowa	Hawkeye State	Wild rose
Kansas	Sunflower State	Sunflower
Kentucky	Blue-grass State	Goldenrod — not official
Louisiana	Pelican State	Magnolia
Maine	Pine-tree State	Pine-cone
Maryland	Old Line State	Goldenrod
Massachusetts	Bay State	
Michigan	Wolverene State	Apple blossom
Minnesota	Gopher State	Moccasin-flower
Mississippi	Bayou State	Magnolia
Montana	Stub Toe State	Bitterroot
Missouri		Goldenrod
Nebraska		Goldenrod
Nevada	Silver State	
New Hampshire	Granite State	
New Jersey	Jersey Blue State	Sugar-maple (tree)
New York	Empire State	Rose
North Carolina	Old North State	
North Dakota	Flicker-tail State	Goldenrod
Ohio	Buckeye State	Carnation
Oklahoma		Mistletoe
Oregon	Beaver State	Oregon grape
Pennsylvania	Keystone State	
Rhode Island	Little Rhody	Violet
South Carolina	Palmetto State	
South Dakota	Swing Cat State	Anemone
Tennessee	Volunteer or Big Bend State	Field daisy — not official
Texas	Lone Star State	Bluebonnet
Utah		Sego, or butterfly-lily
Vermont	Green Mountain State	Red clover
Virginia	The Old Dominion	
Washington	Chinook State	Rhododendron
West Virginia	The Panhandle	Rhododendron
Wisconsin	Badger State	

—*Selected.*

#### When Seeking Rest

"ALAS," cries one, "I wish I had the rest you speak of, but I can not find it, though I study hard and work much." Harken to a parable: A little bird of the air found itself in a church. It was anxious to find its way into the open air, and so it flew aloft among the great timbers of the roof, where it was half buried and almost blinded by the dust which lay thick on the beams. There were no seeds, nor fruits, nor water in that dry and thirsty height. It then made a dash at the window, glorious with many colors; but it found no way of escape. It tried again and again, and at last dropped stunned upon the pavement of the aisle. When it recovered itself a little, it did not again fly aloft, but, seeing the door open upon the level of the floor, it joyfully flew through it to the open country. You are that bird. Your pride makes you deal with high things up there in the roof. Among the lofty mysteries you are blinding yourself. There is no escape for you there, nor rest, nor even life. You seek a way through the glory of your own painted righteousness; this will be death to you if you persevere. Drop down upon the floor of honest confession and lowly penitence. Come to the ground by self-humiliation. When you get lower ideas of yourself, you will see just before you the open door, Christ Jesus. As soon as you see him, use the wings of simple faith, and you are at liberty, and no more a captive doomed to die.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## Violetta; a True Story of a Great Composer



**V**IOLETTA, with her large eyes, blue and dreamy, her rosy cheeks and golden curls, was certainly the prettiest flower in all her father's collection. Perhaps, though, he neglected her a little for his other flowers, they being less able to do without his care than a growing young girl, happy and

well. Master Anselme's third treasure was his old spinet, upon which, in the evenings, he would play the melodies of Bach, Handel, Palestrina, and Scarlatti, transforming his modes: dwelling into an enchanted palace with these divine harmonies.

Then Violetta, seated at his knee, would listen again to his stories of the masters, which she already knew by heart. Most of all she liked to hear of Haydn. When she was only eight, her father had carried her to Vienna, and there she had heard in a hall, dazzling with lights, the first presentation of the "Seasons." In her child heart she had guarded faithfully the impression of that marvelous music, and had clung to her father, who wept with joy and ecstasy.

"Believe me, my adored daughter," her father, now many years older, was always saying, "if I could but see again Haydn, my king, I should esteem myself happy enough to die."

Thus they dreamed away the days in their flowery retreat, till one spring day there appeared above the hedge another countenance. It was the face of a young man, framed in an abundance of light hair, and covered with a straw hat.

"Am I permitted to enter, charming young girl?" he asked with a smile in his great blue eyes; and without waiting for an answer, he was over the hedge with one graceful bound. Hearing the girl laughing, her father came out of the arbor, and saw the stranger. His portfolio had fallen, scattering music manuscripts in all directions, while a tame starling, perched on the man's shoulder, cried, "O misfortune! O misfortune!"

The intruder, extending his hand to Master Anselme, said: "Pardon this unceremonious entrance of a young music student perishing with hunger. All day I've tramped the woods to steal from the birds their enchanting songs; but my pet here has eaten all the provisions I carried for the wild songsters, and has driven them away. But won't you generously change my complaint into the grace before meals?"

These words won Master Anselme's heart. The student was invited into the arbor, while Violetta

hastened away to return with bread, milk, and a dish of strawberries. The young man, visibly exhausted, and his starling, ate and drank with relish; and in less than an hour they were all chatting together as the best friends in the world.

They talked of music, and of the master musicians. Finally Master Anselme spoke with joy and pride of his visit to Vienna, where he had had the happiness of shaking hands with Haydn, the king of musicians, the illustrious composer of the "Seasons." The

stranger listened with the liveliest interest, and in his turn recounted that he also had met Haydn; knew him well; in fact, had been kissed on the brow by him.

A long time they chatted thus, till the coming of night recalled them to realities, and only then, at the moment of leaving, did Master Anselme think to ask the name of his guest. "My name is Amadeus, but I will see you again. I will return often, if you will permit."

"Do come back, and I will show you my collection of music, a true treasure, I assure you," said the master, shaking hands. And Violetta added her prayers to those of her father, and Amadeus kissed her on the cheek as a brother might have done, while the tame starling cried out, "Adieu, adieu, we will come back sure."

A few days later, Amadeus again leaped the hedge. Violetta welcomed him with a cry of joy, while her father pressed the young musician to his heart, as if he were a well-beloved son. Leading the young man within, he opened an old desk, in which were arranged in groups the most beautiful works of Bach, Handel, Pergolesi, Palestrina, and other celebrated masters. Each manuscript was bound with care, and upon the back in letters of gold was the name of the composer and of his composition. The young man looked with appreciation over the music; and then crossing over to the spinet, he opened it, and let his fingers glide over the yellow keys. Then, forgetting all around him, he drew forth such marvelous melodies that father and daughter, listening with deep emotion, were lost in dreams of ineffable happiness.

A long time the three remained thus, he improvising, they listening, abandoning themselves to the charm of that divine music, till suddenly the young man stopped, seized Violetta's hand and drew her out into the garden, where they played like two children, chasing after each other, bombarding each other with





roses, and shouting their laughter, the tame starling laughing and shouting with them. Wearied of running at last, they sat down, side by side, in the arbor, and Amadeus told her of his happy infancy and of his beloved sister, the faithful companion of all his games and pastimes.

There did not pass a week during all that summer that the young student did not come thus to pass the day with his new friends, discussing music with Master Anselme, and singing with Violetta. One day Anselme asked Amadeus if he knew this new musician, Mozart, about whom all were talking. "Do I know him?—Certainly, he is a foolish young man, as careless as I am, but more serious when he is conducting the orchestra. He has a heart as simple and joyous as a child's, he loves flowers and butterflies, and above all, the birds, who teach him their most beautiful melodies."

"Ah, truly, Amadeus, you know him well. And how old is Mozart? Has he a wife and children?"

"Children, no, since as I've told you, he is young and but recently married. But he has a wife, the best person in the world, who loves him with all her heart."

Master Anselme dared not hope that his young friend would make him acquainted with this modern composer, whose glory rivaled that of the venerated musicians. Amadeus himself remained silent, absorbed by some secret thought, till rising, he left abruptly. Waving his hat, he promised to return the following day to give an account of Mozart's "Don Juan," the new opera to be presented that evening.

Violetta lowered her head, and remained thoughtful all the day; never had Amadeus left thus, forgetting the roses which she, according to custom, had gathered for him. The morrow passed without bringing the young friend, despite his promise. But at twilight, there came a rap at the window, and a well-known voice demanded entrance. Accustomed to his whims, Violetta hastened to open the window, and the young student leaped gaily into the room.

"Dear Master Anselme," he cried, his face radiant, "Mozart has done well with his opera; his 'Don Juan' was not a failure. I bring you his compliments, and something that I will show you immediately; in the meantime, accept this little souvenir from him." He put into the hand of the astonished master a music manuscript composed expressly for him; and to Violetta he gave a sheet of music framed with birds and flowers, upon which was written in great letters, "To my dear Violetta," and the name of the piece was "The Violet." The young girl, smiling with joy, stammered her thanks; her father, on the contrary, attentively read his music; then without a word, went to his desk, and gave this new piece the place of honor with Bach and Handel.

Amadeus understood this silent homage. "Dear master, you have guessed, I am Mozart, the foolish young music student to whom you have so generously opened your heart and your home. Your approbation charms me more than all the applause I received yesterday; thanks, thanks." Then detaching himself from the master's affectionate embrace, he continued, "But I did not come to you alone; I have another with me, a better surprise still for you, dear master. Can you stand it?"

Amadeus opened the door, and there appeared the smiling face of Haydn, the king Haydn in person, whom Master Anselme had so much desired to see still one more time before he died. For a moment Master Anselme believed it all a dream, then his lips

moved stammering words of thanks and of welcome, while a joy ineffable transfigured his face, as in his hands he clasped one hand of Mozart, and one of Haydn.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, Austria, Jan. 27, 1756, and died Dec. 5, 1791.

Joyful, careless, and as gay and free-hearted as a child, he was in his youth very fond of a pet starling, given him by his mother, and this bird used to be his companion on his long tramps through the woods, "trying to steal a melody from the forest birds." He and his pet were often heard singing jolly duets. Mozart could compose quicker than any copyist could follow. He was always in financial straits; but whenever he needed money, all he had to do was to sit down and write music. At the publisher's place of business music-paper was always lying ready for him; and he was always well paid for his variations, etc. At fourteen he was celebrated as a composer, and was dubbed "Sir Knight." It is said that the most skilful musicians trembled while playing before the little genius. Celebrated painters were glad to paint his portrait, so that wherever he went, his fame preceded him.

Haydn was the first to declare his confidence in Mozart. They were lifelong friends; and nothing so distressed Haydn at his departure for England as the thought of the separation from Mozart, who, with sad presentiment, said, "We shall see each other no more in this world." A year later Mozart died, and though many years passed before Haydn returned home, he was still saddened by the thought that there was no Mozart to welcome him.

In Mozart's "The Violet," we have a poem of Goethe's clothed upon by the most sympathetic investiture of tones which the imagination can conceive. The music produces a mood of simple, tender, and reverent sentiment, for it is made up of the usual chords. However, there is nothing commonplace in the quiet pathos of this sweet, fanciful conception. Nowhere can we find a purer illustration of the great principle that in art simplicity is the greatest charm.

And after all, are we not so taught by nature herself?

"A lesson in each flower,  
A story in each tree and bower,  
In every herb on which we tread  
Are written words, which, rightly read,  
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod  
To hope, to holiness, and God."

— *The Golden Age.*

### Perfection to the Finish

It is difficult to estimate the great influence upon a life of the early formed habit of doing everything to a finish, not leaving it half done, or pretty nearly done, but completely done. Nature finishes every little leaf, even to every little rib, its edges and stem, as exactly and perfectly as if it were the only leaf to be made that year. Even the flower that blooms in the mountain dell, where no human eye will ever behold it, is finished with the same perfection and exactness of form and outline, with the same completeness of beauty, as if it were made for royalty in the queen's garden. "Perfection to the finish" is the motto which every youth should adopt.— *Selected.*

"THE value of your religion depends upon how much of yourself is invested in it."



### Why He Risked His Own Life

A FARMER in North Carolina once drove with two high-mettled horses into the town. Stopping in front of one of the stores, he was about to enter when his horses took fright. He sprang in front of them, and heroically seized the reins. Maddened by strange noises, the horses dashed down the street, the man still clinging to the bridles. On they rushed, until the horses, wild with frenzy, rose on their haunches and, leaping upon the man, all came with a crash to the earth. When people came to rescue the bleeding body of the man, and found him in death's last agony, a friend, bending tenderly over him, asked:—

"Why did you sacrifice your life for horses and wagon?"

He gasped with his last breath, "Go, and look in the wagon."

They turned, and there, asleep in the straw, lay his little boy.

As they laid the mangled form of the hero in his grave, no one said, "The sacrifice is too great."—*Dr. Len G. Broughton.*

#### Up, Up

Up, my drowsing eyes!  
Up, my sinking heart!  
Up to Jesus Christ arise!  
Claim your part  
In all raptures of the skies.

Yet a little while,  
Yet a little way,  
Saints shall reap and rest and smile  
All the day.  
Up! let's trudge another mile!

—Christina Rossetti.

### Southern California Notes

RECENTLY the Volunteers raised a little more than thirty-eight dollars with which to purchase an organ for our school in Amoy, China.

Last Sabbath one of our Los Angeles Volunteer Societies enlisted twenty-one members in the Reading Course. These young people think the course is a splendid one, and that Haskin's book on "The American Government" is the "most interesting book on the subject in print."

At the close of the program on Young People's day, at the Glendale camp-meeting, a collection amounting to fifty-six dollars was taken to assist in the erection of a much-needed church building in a little town in northern Mexico.

The King's Pocket League is the name of a band whose members purpose to be always prepared with our literature to use as opportunity affords, as they come in contact with people. The "dedicated pocket" and the "dedicated space in the hand-bag" are the means of assisting thousands of our people, young and old, in a continuous seed sowing. More than three hundred have pledged themselves to this work for the coming year.

Church-school Missionary Volunteers! The church-school teachers are planning to give the time of the devotional exercises in the church-schools on Wednesday mornings to the church-school Missionary Volunteer Society, an auxiliary of the regular young people's society. This arrangement will give us a junior society in about twenty-five of our churches in this conference.

ERNEST LLOYD.



M. E. KERN  
MEADE MACGUIRE  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Field Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, November 2

#### Into 'All the World, No. 21 — South America

LEADER'S NOTE.—Have a large map. Locate all our mission stations, etc. See "Missionary Idea," new edition, page 309. For the map drill speak of interesting bits of history, physical features, products, commercial prosperity, etc. Glean from geographies and all other available sources. The article "Needs of Brazil and Our Opportunities" deals exclusively with Brazil, but the needs and opportunities of other countries in South America are similar. Those who desire can glean additional facts from other sources. For the paragraph exercise, "Voices From South America," copy and distribute the paragraphs in "Missionary Idea," new edition, pages 106-108. Have them read in order. The reading "Allen Gardiner" is also found in "Missionary Idea," new edition, page 208. Since there has been some difficulty in finding the references in this book, owing to the two editions, we print these selections this week in the INSTRUCTOR. Gather reports. Save your mission notes till next Sabbath. Close with prayer for this neglected neighbor of our enlightened land. All Missionary Volunteer Societies that have access to Robert E. Speer's address on "The Spiritual Claims of Latin America Upon the United States and Canada," should make a careful study of it for this meeting. See report of Student Volunteer Convention held at Rochester, New York, 1910. This report is in many public libraries, and, I think, in most Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. reading-rooms.

#### Suggestive Program

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

Map drill (seven-minute talk).

Needs of Brazil and Our Opportunities (reading).

See page 14.

Voices From South America (paragraph exercise).

See page 14.

Allen Gardiner (reading). See page 3.

Waiting (recitation). See page 3.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 6 — Lesson 3: "The Uplift of China," Chapter 3

NOTE.—See questions at close of chapter.

#### Junior No. 5 — Lesson 3: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapter 3

1. How was the story of the Indian seekers made known? What was its effect upon the people? upon Dr. Wilbur Fisk? How was doubt as to its truth removed?

2. Who was Jason Lee? In what way did the opportunity come to him to take up his chosen line of service? What response did he make?

3. Who accompanied him? What dangers lay in the journey before them?

4. When did they start for the West? Trace their journey to Vancouver. How did they prove themselves true missionaries while en route?

5. Near the continental divide, what experience had the company?

6. When, where, by whom, and to whom, was the first sermon preached west of the Rockies?

7. On reaching Vancouver, how did Jason Lee settle the problem of a location? Describe the site chosen. How eager was he to begin work?

8. What was the Hudson Bay Company's attitude toward missionary effort? What do you think was the reason for this?



### Needs of Brazil and Our Opportunities

BRAZIL, like other countries, has in the first place general needs. The Catholic Church is keeping the people in ignorance, and cares only for the education of the people where there are rival Protestant schools. By the many feast-days of the church, it educates the masses to idleness. The display of rich garments, possessions, and grand churches appeal to the human mind, and in various ways develop the human passions. The example of many of the priests causes the people to have a low moral standard.

Many of the educated Brazilians who despise the ways of the church and its doctrines have become atheists. The truth will appeal to the Brazilians, if proclaimed in a clear, comprehensive, logical manner. Brazil has been called a neglected country in regard to missionary operations. The work here is difficult. Converts are not so easily made as in China and some other mission fields, and after they have been made many will not endure to the end; for the spirit of unrest in the South American republics exerts its influence also over church-members. Therefore we need workers who have a deep love for souls and who have the patience of the saints. Workers who like an easy time and an easy job are not wanted in Brazil. Men who are ready to encounter the difficulties and who, as converted beings, have a love for souls in their hearts are welcome in Brazil.

Brazilians are in great need of a knowledge of health principles. All through the country much sickness is found, due to the manner of living. The Brazilian in general does not use much alcohol, but he is a strong smoker, drinks very strong coffee, and uses much meat. In the south *herba matte*, a tea made from a tree that grows in the southern part of Brazil, is used considerably. As there exists in some parts a prejudice against water treatment, it is hard to give relief to the suffering. The prejudice has been broken down to some extent in a number of large cities by foreign doctors and nurses and by translations on health topics.

Brazil is a promising field for efficient, faithful doctors and nurses who do not think they must have a well-equipped sanitarium or a well-equipped bath-room to do successful work. Those foreign doctors and nurses who are already on the ground, and who have to depend upon their own resources, have not such things to begin with, and they do excellent work. Much more could be accomplished by our doctors and nurses, who have the truths of healthful living. I know an American physician who was a Presbyterian minister in the state of Pernambuco. This man being in the first place a good minister, and in the second place an able physician, has been called far and wide by Brazilians, and has done great good. The influence of such a man counts in favor of the doctrines he teaches. There is no doubt whatever that able doctors and nurses who are good Adventists and missionaries could do much for the spreading of the third angel's message in Brazil.

Since April 5, 1911, doctors who have taken a foreign degree that has been registered by a Brazilian consul, have liberty to practise.

Brazil needs good schools. The governments of the different states employ a limited number of teachers. For instance, the state of Bahia, with almost two and one-half millions of inhabitants, had in the year 1908 only seven hundred ninety-two primary schools. It is said that on the average only twenty per cent of the inhabitants can read. Adventists, with the knowledge

of divine principles of education, can do a good work along this line also.

During the last years we have worked more for the Brazilians than for the Germans, and the Lord has blessed our efforts. In the East Brazil Mission, for instance, in less than two years one hundred nine persons have been taken into the church, and besides these a number are keeping the Sabbath. We have more calls than workers to answer the calls. There are plenty of opportunities for consecrated workers to spread the truth in Brazil. Consecrated workers are our greatest need.

JOHN LIPKE.

### Voices From South America

1. OUTSIDE the Fugian, Paraguayan, and Chile Missions, no work for Christ is to-day being done among South America's five million aborigines. One Gospel has been translated into the Quichua language, which three million of them speak. But no one is teaching them to read it, no one illustrating its good news by lip and life. Could they but read, those heathen might ponder the strange words, "Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light . . . shine."

2. Three little points of light, influencing at the outside fifty thousand heathen; four million five hundred fifty thousand still unreached. And this after eighteen centuries of gospel illumination and Christ-given command "to every creature."

3. No mission field that I ever saw or heard of seems to me so full of unique interest as this old Inca empire. There are millions of aborigines, retaining the peculiarities that characterized them before the European conquest, modified by a steady degeneration ever since that time, until this region, from being the brightest in all the western hemisphere, morally and religiously, has become the darkest and the hardest to reform. "Come over and help us."—*Dr. Thomas Wood, who has spent twenty-two years in South America.*

4. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,"—into the heart of China and the center of Africa; up the Niger, the Kongo, the Amazon; into all the world, to every creature, said our Lord, eighteen hundred years ago. And can we say, Lord, it is done? Can we say we have done our best? Can we say we have done something?—*S. L. Ginsburgh, of Brazil.*

5. Everywhere these people are sitting in darkness and the "shadow of death," living and dying without God. The Bible is an unknown book; so unknown that it is no uncommon thing to have to explain what it is.—*Mr. Ewen, in Argentina.*

6. O that a rivulet, at least, of the great current of missionary zeal displayed in England might find its way to the untouched fields of Araucania! How long shall I be left alone?—*J. R. Tyerman, first missionary to the Araucanians, in Chile.*

7. Home needs are great. Is that so? Here, where everybody labors, where every one can know if he will? Home needs are great here, where we have one ordained minister and scores of Christian workers to every eight hundred of our population? Yes, they are very great here. Think, then, what they must be where *no one* has preached Christ!

8. Practical help is needed; help such as Carey gave to India, Livingstone to Africa, Taylor to inland China. Where is South America's modern missionary apostle?

9. We do nothing else with so little zeal, self-sac-



rifice, and energy as we do the Lord's work, and no fact is more humiliating.—*S. L. Ginsburgh.*

10. As long as there are millions destitute of the Word of God and knowledge of Jesus Christ, it will be impossible for me to devote my time and energy to those who have both.—*J. H. L. Ewen.*



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### IV — Obedience

(October 26)

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, . . . whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." Ps. 32:9.

#### Questions

1. What is the standard of obedience? 1 John 3:4.
2. How is obedience regarded by the Lord? 1 Sam. 15:22.
3. What should be our motive in all that we do? Col. 3:17; note 1.
4. What promise is made to the obedient? Isa. 1:19.
5. What wonderful blessings did the Lord promise to the Israelites if obedient? Deut. 28:1-6.
6. By what parable does he show the results of obedience and disobedience? Matt. 7:24-27. To whom does he liken the obedient?
7. What result came from one man's disobedience? By whose obedience may we be made righteous? Rom. 5:17, 19; note 2.
8. Through what severe test did Abraham safely pass? Gen. 22:1-12.
9. With what rich blessings was he rewarded? Verses 16-18; 26:3-5.
10. What precious promises are given to encourage obedience? Ex. 19:5; 2 Cor. 6:17, 18.
11. What is the duty of the Christian toward his fellow men? Note 3.

#### Notes

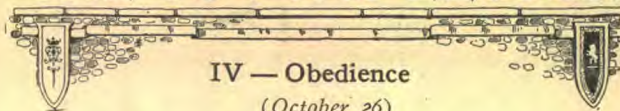
1. "The law of love being the foundation of the government of God, the happiness of all intelligent beings depends upon their perfect accord with its great principles of righteousness. God desires from all his creatures the service of love,—service that springs from an appreciation of his character. He takes no pleasure in a forced obedience; and to all he grants freedom of will, that they may render him voluntary service."

"So long as all created beings acknowledged the allegiance of love, there was perfect harmony throughout the universe of God. It was the joy of the heavenly host to fulfil the purpose of their Creator. They delighted in reflecting his glory and showing forth his praise. And while love to God was supreme, love for one another was confiding and unselfish. There was no note of discord to mar the celestial harmonies."

2. How subtly Satan approached Eve in the garden of Eden! In his subtle temptations Satan is most successful. He would guide the conversation of the youth. He lurks among the pages of popular magazines and story-papers, and in the moving-picture shows, which are but animated stories, to catch the young Christian. Some who would never read a dime novel do not hesitate to waste time in reading story-books. Thus a distaste is gradually acquired for solid reading, and the memory is weakened. The upward journey is abandoned, and the clasp on the Saviour's hand loosened. "Killed by story-reading" is the unwritten epitaph of many a once-promising Christian character.

3. "Every step of faith and obedience brings the soul into closer connection with the Light of the world, in whom there is no darkness at all. The bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness shine upon the servants of God, and they are to reflect his rays. As the stars tell us that there is a great light in heaven with whose glory they are made bright, so Christians are to make it manifest that there is a God on the throne of the universe whose character is worthy of praise and imitation. The graces of his Spirit, the purity and holiness of his character, will be manifest in his witnesses."—*"Great Controversy,"* page 476.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### IV — Obedience

(October 26)

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapter 13; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 272-283; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, . . . whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." Ps. 32:9.

#### Questions

1. How is obedience regarded by the Lord? 1 Sam. 15:32.
2. What encouraging promise is made to the obedient? Isa. 1:19.
3. What great promise was made by the Lord to ancient Israel if they would be an obedient people? Deut. 11:22-27.
4. To what does the Lord liken those who obey his words? Matt. 7:24, 25.
5. What is said concerning the blessed results of the obedience of Jesus? Rom. 5:19.
6. What is the terrible result of man's disobedience? Isa. 24:4-6.
7. In the parable of the two sons, which one did the will of his father? Matt. 21:28-31.
8. What is the moral standard of obedience? Eccl. 12:13; James 2:8-12. Compare 1 John 3:4.
9. How only can we be found obedient to the requirements of the Lord? Rom. 8:3, 4.
10. To what extent is the indwelling presence of Christ, through the Spirit, able to bring us into obedience? 2 Cor. 10:3-5.
11. What great test came to Abraham concerning his son Isaac? Gen. 22:1, 2; note 1.
12. What promise had been made concerning Isaac? Gen. 17:19.
13. What did Abraham do in response to the instruction he received? Gen. 22:3-6.
14. What did Isaac say? What was Abraham's reply? Verses 7, 8.
15. How far did Abraham go in obeying the command of God? Who spoke to him? What did the angel say? Verses 9-12; note 2.
16. What substitute was provided by the Lord? Verse 13; note 3.
17. Because of his obedience, what promise was made to Abraham? Verses 15-18. Compare Gen. 26:2-5.

#### Notes

1. At the time of this command to offer up his son as a sacrifice, Isaac was about twenty, and Abraham one hundred twenty years old.

2. "Heavenly beings were witnesses of the scene as the faith of Abraham and the submission of Isaac were tested. The trial was far more severe than that which had been brought upon Adam. Compliance with the prohibition laid upon our first parents involved no suffering; but the command to Abraham demanded the most agonizing sacrifice. All heaven beheld with wonder and admiration Abraham's unflinching obedience. All heaven applauded his fidelity. Satan's accusations were shown to be false. God declared to his servant, 'Now I know that thou fearest God [notwithstanding Satan's charges], seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.' God's covenant, confirmed to Abraham by an oath before the intelligences of other worlds, testified that obedience will be rewarded."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 155.

3. "It had been difficult even for the angels to grasp the mystery of redemption,—to comprehend that the Commander of heaven, the Son of God, must die for guilty man. When the command was given to Abraham to offer up his son, the interest of all heavenly beings was enlisted. With intense earnestness they watched each step in the fulfilment of this command."—*Ib.*



# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE  
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,  
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - -	\$1.00
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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of congress of March 3, 1879.

## A Cherished Bible Saved

AN incident illustrating the favorable result of teaching the Bible to a child is found in the life of Father Chiniquy, who was for many years a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. He later became a Protestant.

From his infancy he was taught the Scriptures by his mother. When only nine years old, he had learned by heart the story of the creation and fall of man, the deluge, the sacrifice of Isaac, the history of Moses, the plagues of Egypt, the hymn of Moses after crossing the Red Sea, the most interesting events in the life of David, several psalms, the parables of Christ, and the whole history of our Saviour as narrated by John.

He thus describes an incident in his early life:—

"One day when I was at home with my parents, the priest of the village came on a visit. . . . On this occasion he addressed my father, 'Mr. Chiniquy, is it true that you and your child read the Bible?'

"'Yes, sir,' was the quick reply, 'we do, and what is more, my little boy has learned by heart a great number of its most interesting chapters. If you will allow it, Mr. Courtois, he will give you some of them.'

"'I did not come for that purpose,' abruptly replied the priest, 'but do you know that you are forbidden by the holy Council of Trent to read the Bible, and that it is my painful duty to get the Bible from you, and burn it?'

"'Sir,' said my father, 'is that all you have to say here?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the priest.

"'Well,' added my father, 'you know the door by which you entered my house; please take the same door quickly.' The priest went out immediately.

"I felt an inexpressible joy when I saw that my Bible was safe. I ran to my father's neck, kissed him, and thanked him for his victory, and to pay him, in my childish way I jumped upon the table, and recited in my best style the fight between David and Goliath. Of course, in my mind, my father was David, and the priest of Rome was the giant whom the little stone from the brook had stricken down.

"Thou knowest, O God, that it is to that Bible read at my mother's knee I owe the knowledge of the truth to-day; that the Bible had sent to my young heart and intelligence rays of light which all the dark errors of Rome could never completely extinguish."

C. E. HOLMES.

## Riots Among Men and Boys

A RECENT newspaper contained the following news items, which are certainly indicative of the time of lawlessness and trouble to precede the closing up of the world's history:—

Police reserves were called out to-day to quell a riot of 1,500 public-school boys, who took this means of protesting against transfer of their principals. Pupils of two schools were involved, and for a short time they smashed windows, routed the janitors with showers of vegetables, and terrorized the neighborhood. The youngsters paraded the streets, and prevented the children who did not join them from entering the school buildings.

Armed with shotguns and rifles, a hundred striking miners of the Louisville and Lafayette districts appeared yesterday at the Brooks mine of the Brooks-Harrington Company, and demanded that a non-union man be delivered up to them. On being refused, they threatened to destroy the plant and kill the forty non-union miners it protected. They backed up their threats with a number of shots; but, hearing a report that a large body of deputies was approaching, the crowd dispersed.

When the time arrives that no man is safe who does not belong to a labor union; when schoolboys commit outrageous depredations merely because their principals are transferred; when members of a nation's highest legislative body fight over some disputed point, breaking their own seats in the effort to obtain fighting weapons, as was done in Austria recently, it is evident that a spirit of unrest and lawlessness is taking possession of the world.

We each need to be on guard lest this spirit find a place in our own hearts, in our schools, and in our churches, and we should pray and work to the end that the winds of strife may be held until the people of God are sealed for eternity.

## How Christ Came

RECENTLY I met a man who was an active and efficient Christian worker. During our conversation he gave me a bit of his past life. "When I was a young man," he said, "I fell into bad company, and went from bad to worse. I got into debt, and my creditors began to press me. Then I had an opportunity to steal a large sum of money, with little chance of detection. On the morning of the day I had set to take the money, I found a little card on my desk, placed there I know not how, which read, 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.' That little card troubled me all day, and I did not take the money. I became convinced that, however that card might have come to my desk, Christ had sent it to save me; and from that day to this I have worked for his cause.—W. T. McElroy.

## Written

"Do not write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can not rub it out. And did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can not rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can not rub it out. You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can not rub it out.

"All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts, are written in the book of God, and you can not rub them out. What you write on the minds of others will stay there, but what is written in God's book may and can be blotted out."