

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

October 22, 1912

No. 43

When Victory Comes

Max Hill

Some day the song of victory will ring
Throughout the universe with glad acclaim,
When Jesus comes with power as Lord and king,
And all the mighty angels shout his name;
When every knee shall bow, and tongue confess
As Lord of all the Man of Calvary,
Who came and lived a life of righteousness,
And died the fallen race from sin to free;
Then every saint will sing the victor's song;
One note will rise from that unnumbered throng.

Glad, happy day, when sorrow shall be past,
And crying nevermore be known to man,
And those are first who once were counted last,
And their glad eyes and undimmed vision scan
The lovely face of Him who, all in all,
Rules all the universe in majesty!
Then will the saints in adoration fall
Before the King with heavenly melody;
Then will they sing, as only they know how,
The same glad victor's song they're learning now.

Each passing day your gift of service bring;
By faith the promises of God take hold,
And learn to-day the song the saved shall sing
When they are gathered safe within the fold.
O tarry not for more convenient day,
But trust in him whose love alone can save!
From shoals of doubt and sin, O turn away,
And anchor safe, ere comes the whelming wave!
In that great day when God shall try all men,
The song of victory, O shout it then!

WE now have fifty-one more workers outside the United States than in this country.

IN Cleveland the school dental inspector found ninety-seven per cent of the mouths of the children faulty.

LEDGERS discovered at Palos, Spain, indicate that the voyage of Columbus which resulted in the discovery of America cost \$7,500.

OVER seven thousand cities in this country, with a population of at least four thousand, maintain manual training departments in their public schools.

THE daily consumption of water per capita for Greater New York is less than for any other city in the United States with a population over six hundred thousand. This is due to the effort to prevent waste.

DR. GASTON ODIN, of Paris, has announced that he has discovered the microbe of cancer, and found a serum that will show the presence of the cancer germ in the blood, whether it acts as a sure preventive or cure or not.

EIGHTY barrels of beer, sixty kegs of whisky and gin, sixty cases of bottled whisky, and about a dozen cases of wine were poured into the sewers in Birmingham, Alabama, recently. They were confiscated goods from the prohibition era.

A YOUNG man who has been deaf for twenty years is having his hearing strengthened by the phonograph. The loud, shrill notes of a cornet solo reproduced by the phonograph seemed to awaken his sleeping nerves. Systematic drill and treatment by use of the phonograph are expected to secure to him a much more normal hearing.

Wipe Your Eye-Glasses

A WELL-KNOWN oculist said recently:—

"Can't girls be persuaded to take better care of their glasses? I have many college girls coming to me. They are as fresh as a rose and neat as a pin, but seven times out of ten their glasses are in a disgraceful condition. Vanity alone should make them more careful. Glasses at best are not becoming; and when clouded and neglected, make a bad matter worse. Of course, it is very bad for their eyes to wear glasses in such a state. Tell them to wash their glasses each night of their lives in warm water and soap, and dry on an old soft bit of linen."—*Selected.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

	PAGE
When Victory Comes (poetry)	1
The Book and Other Books	3
How I Earned a Scholarship	4
Fifteen Books a Year	4
In Troublous Days	4
Educational and Medical Work in South America	5
The Book Work in South America	5
The Deaf to Hear	7
Personal Work With Literature	8
The Waterfall	10
October in Oregon (poetry)	11

SELECTED ARTICLES

Love and Loyalty (poetry)	3
The "Rain-Maker"	6
Boys' Gardens	7
Stir Us to Prayer (poetry)	9
The Ministry of Encouragement	9
The Story of a Pledged Word	10
The Only Safe Way	11
His Diary	11
The Worn Dime	16
Songs in the Night	16



Cover Design in Three Colors

EARN YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION

By sending two subscriptions at \$1.00 each, you may earn your own yearly subscription. Send \$2.00 for 50 copies; sell 20 to get your money back; then sell or give away the others.

PRICES

\$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy; 5 to 40 copies, 5 cents each; 50 or more copies, 4 cents each.

"Get Well," "Questions," and "Mothers'" Number

OTHER FEATURES: "Nerves," "Healthful Cookery," "Theaters," "Cancer," "Liquor," and "Infant Feeding."

BEAUTIFUL "DUTCH WINDMILL" COVER

September Edition Exhausted by August 31

PARTIAL OCTOBER CONTENTS

Aids to Health Restoration
What to do for Exhausted Nerves
Milk as a Health Food
Simple Methods of Infant Feeding
Are Theaters Innocent?
Federal Children's Bureau
Mothers' Congress
Poison in Soda-Water
Why I Am Against Liquor
Stimulants and Narcotics
Alcohol and Efficiency
Is Cancer Preventable?
There Shall Be No Grade Crossings
Treatment of Intestinal Disorders
Newspapers and Patent Medicines
City Christian Help Work
Many Other Important Articles and Items

Questions and Answers (11 questions answered).—In this new and popular department the editor replies to questions asked by subscribers. Subscribe now. Send \$3.00 for five years; \$2.00 for 3 years; \$1.00 for one year. Single bound volumes, 1908-11, half leather, each, post-paid, \$1.75.

ORDER THROUGH OUR NEAREST AGENCY

If you don't know the address of our Agency, ask "Life and Health," Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 22, 1912

No. 43

Love and Loyalty

THOU hast not asked me, Lord,
To first of all love thee,
But simply to believe the Word
That tells thy love to me.

THOU dost not bid me feel
An ardent love for thee,
And fear affection is not real
That does not burn in me;

BUT thou hast said, "My friend
Is he who keeps my word."
This I can do even to the end:
I can be faithful, Lord.

THEN will the loyal heart
Find its reward above;
For, when I see thee as thou art,
I can not help but love.

— Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

The Book and Other Books

MATILDA ERICKSON



THE Bible is a wonderful book. We do not half appreciate it. Before the scribes of Babylon and Assyria dipped their quills into the inkhorn, the shepherd of Midian wrote the words of God to Job. Yes, the Bible is "as old as the hills," yet as fresh as the morning dew. Its influence has ever flowed and still flows through the realms of literature, enriching and purifying all along its way. Wherever unadulterated truth is found, wherever untainted beauty is revealed, there the Bible has wielded its influence.

Ever since Satan's triumphal entry into Eden, two great powers have been struggling for supremacy. In this controversy all have taken sides. As with men, so with books. They have ever placed their influence on the side of truth, or have joined the rebel forces. There is no exception, I think, to the rule that the literature which has stood on the side of truth, which has appealed to the noblest impulses and tended to better mankind, has been written by men and women who have obeyed and revered the precepts of God's Word. Again, wherever the Bible has been suppressed, and writers have ignored its principles, there has passed into circulation literature which tended to subjugate man to his human passions.

All good literature is deeply indebted to the Bible for its valuable contents. Read Ruskin, and in the atmosphere of truth and beauty feel the quickening of the nobler motives. No life not inspired by the energy of God's Word could produce such literature; and Ruskin himself, speaking of his Bible study, says, "To that discipline I owe the best part of my taste in literature; and once knowing the Bible, it was impossible for me to write formal or superficial English." In line with Ruskin stand Milton, Thomas a Kempis, Wordsworth, and many other famous writers.

At all times the attitude of national writers toward the Bible has determined whether the literature of the nation should be a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. Two centuries will serve the evidence. Study the literature of France about the time of the Revolution. Its very beauty is but a garb for the sinful passions of men. Its strength is weakness. It stimulates selfish ambition. Across the border line, Germany is writing. Much of her literature seems like a rock chipped from the great Gibraltar of truth.

Why this gulf of difference between two nations lying side by side?—About three centuries before, Germany had been struggling with the great Protestant

Reformation. That controversy had placed the Bible upon the peasant's hearth in Germany; and Germany had accepted the Bible as the infallible word of God. The nation's social fabric was renovated. The veins of her literature, through which had flowed the cold streams of humanism, now throbbed with the warm current of animating truth.

France refused to accept the Reformation. She rejected the Bible. Her vaulting ambition hurried her on to the inevitable. She rushed into the dark night of the Reign of Terror. The cord of faith in God snapped, and the morals of the people dropped to the ground. Anarchy held sway. The seething discontent brought the terrible explosion of the Revolution, in which human life was recklessly wasted. For three and a half years desperate efforts were made to destroy the Bible and all its teachings. During this time France was flooded with writings from her leading men. These writings corrupted the minds of the people, and thrust them deeper in the mire of sensuality and crime. But we do not wonder; for the men from whose pens the writings came had rejected God's Word, and were struggling to annihilate its principles. One historian says that the writings of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Rousseau, and others, endeavored to disseminate principles subversive of both natural and revealed religion.

The moral strength of all literature comes from the Bible, and that Book is always the writer's best friend, the reader's choicest companion. Its wide range of subjects in itself constitutes a library. "In its pages are found history the most ancient, biography the truest to life. . . . It contains philosophy the most profound, poetry the sweetest and most sublime, the most impassionate and most pathetic. Immeasurably superior in value to the productions of any human author are the Bible writings." How could Patrick Henry more effectively have aroused the people than by the terse Bible selections he crammed into his speech? Read Bryan's "Cross of Gold," which ranks among the world's famous orations, and see how fully it is studded with gems from the Sacred Book.

The noblest of men whose lives have flowed through the arteries of world-wide literature, esteem the Bible as the Book of books. Says Moulton, "The agnostic can not deny that if every particle of authority be taken from the Bible, it will still remain one of the world's greatest literatures, second to none." Another adds, "Take from our writings all Biblical connections, expunge the Bible from our literature, and you

leave a colorless garment." Inquire of Goethe, and he answers, "It is belief in the Bible that has served as the guide in my literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive of interest. And thus for all that is best and noblest in literature we must turn to those who had faith in God's Holy Word, and had a living connection with him who is the source of all truth and wisdom." Many others speak in equally estimable terms of this wonderful Book of books.

Looking back over the battle-field of the great democratic past, where the smoke of strife has cleared away, there the Bible stands forth the conqueror. Foes have arisen and fallen; friends have come and gone; but to-day in the struggling present that Book still reigns as the king of books. Wherever it goes, it enriches and ennobles. Its influence can not be measured by the human mind. The untarnished gold in other books is ore from the Bible's inexhaustible mine; the sweetest drafts in other writings are but sips from the clear, refreshing stream of which David sang. Young friends, the Bible is a remarkable book; it is the one book without whose counsel we can not truly live, without whose promises we should not dare to die. Then let us love it more, read it oftener, and obey it implicitly.

How I Earned a Scholarship

THE Lord has truly blessed the young people in the canvassing work this past summer. I am thankful for the success he has given me while working with magazines in Chicago. Perhaps some of my experiences will be of interest to the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

On July 24 I began work in the business section of that great city. I felt a little fearful, but the first day I disposed of one hundred copies of the *Signs of the Times*, at ten cents each.

While the Progressive party was having its convention in the city, the delegates stayed at the Congress Hotel. The manager of the hotel gave me permission to canvass in the lobby during the convention; and I did well there, selling over one hundred copies each day.

One evening, while canvassing on the street, I met a man who said he could not take a magazine, but asked me to remember him in my prayers. I told him that I would. Some time afterward I canvassed him again. He again asked me to pray for him, and said that he realized he needed the Lord's help. I do not know this man's needs, but there is One who does, and I am remembering him at the throne of grace.

While canvassing in an office building one day, I met a doctor who wanted to subscribe for the *Signs of the Times*. He said he had read some numbers of the magazine, and wanted it to come regularly. There was a Baptist minister in the office with him, who, on looking the paper over, bought a copy.

We can not know the good that may be done by these magazines, but I trust that some will find their Saviour as a result of my summer's work.

I earned a scholarship in four weeks. There are others who do much better than that, but I am thankful to the Lord for the success he gave me. Having no school privileges except as I earn my way, I am grateful for what the canvassing work has been to me. May many more of the young people who do not have the privilege of attending our schools make an opening for themselves by spending their vacation months in the canvassing field.

ADA E. ACHOR.

Fifteen Books a Year

WHILE waiting for my train one evening, I was reading from "Ministry of Healing;" and I gained so many helpful and beautiful thoughts from its contents that I wondered how many such good books one could read during the year by making use of a few of those spare moments that so easily, and often unconsciously, slip by us.

By carefully watching from the rising of the morning until retiring time, I believe we each could collect sixty of these golden minutes; and by bringing each of these into captivity, the sequel would be as follows:—

At the rate of one-half page a minute, which is a low estimate considering the size of the pages, besides devoting one third of the hour, or twenty minutes, to the study of God's Word, and also completing the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course assigned for the year, we could carefully read the following books, and have about one hour left:—

	PAGES
"Ministry of Healing"	516
"Christian Education"	320
"Great Controversy"	700
"Early Writings"	295
"Desire of Ages"	835
"Acts of the Apostles"	602
"Daniel and the Revelation"	870
"Coming King"	320
"Great Second Advent Movement"	473
"His Glorious Appearing"	123
"Advance Guard of Missions"	346
"Heralds of the Morning"	419
Total	5,819
Missionary Volunteer Reading Course	1,373
Twenty-minute Bible study at same rate ..	3,650

Grand Total 10,842

This would mean a knowledge of all our leading denominational books gained in one year during our spare moments.

B. F. WILLIAMS,

Field Secretary, North Michigan.

In Troublous Days

Do you hold principles that distinguish you from the majority of your fellow men, principles the belief of which will render it imperative for you at some time or other to stand alone, the object of the crowd's derision, its taunts, its sneers? If so, these principles must not be grounded on the shifting sands of a wavering character. They must have a foundation on the very bed-rock. They must be buttressed and strengthened with every moral excellence, every virtue. Built with the most solid masonry, the most exacting workmanship, they will still retain their place as laws of your being though billows roll and tempests rage. Then, and then only, can you expect them to weather the rough storms that surely will beat around such isolated fortresses.

"If it [the character] lacks this foundation, if some flaw exists in its masonry, some neglect in your workmanship, then in time of stress and trouble, when humanity surges in fury against all that dare rear their forms above the common level, woe betide your towers. Reeling, toppling, down they must go; and, with them, you, victim of your own defective building; while over all rushes the destroying flood, shrieking, howling, seeking new sacrifice to its god of fury."

H. STOUT.

Educational and Medical Work in South America

W. A. SPICER

Educational Work



THE first university in the New World was founded in Lima, Peru. But the Catholic idea has ever been, not enlightenment for the masses, but education for the classes; so the people were left in ignorance. Now the liberal forces are working earnestly for popular education.

More than one Seventh-day Adventist believer said to me in South America: "When this truth came to me, I could not read; but I can read now." The advent message itself is an educational agency. All who receive the "blessed hope" receive an inspiration to study and to learn. "I can almost read! I can almost read!" shouted an old Indian in our mission station, high in the Andes, on the shores of the famous Lake Titicaca. Elder and Sister F. A. Stahl had helped him to learn the letters, and now he had seen how the first two letters of the Bible go together to make the word in. As he saw the little word, he fairly danced for joy that he could almost read. All his life had been spent under the influence of the priest; but neither he nor his fellows had ever learned to read. Our mission has been among them but a little time, and now there is a school in the mountain valley, and the youth and some of the older believers are learning to read the Word of God. The arrival of the message has brought about an educational revival among these children of the Incas.

But the center of our educational work in South America is the college in the province of Entre Rios, Argentina. On the prairie, about thirteen miles from the river-port town of Diamante, our first South American school has grown into strength, and is sending out young people, teachers, colporteurs, and evangelists, to work in the Spanish tongue. The school lacks much. Two or three teachers must sometimes hear classes at the same time in the chapel; one recitation-room is the hallway, by the stairs. But last year the school enrolment was one hundred twenty, and earnest young people are studying with eyes upon the fields. Prof. W. C. John is principal, and Elder W. W. Wheeler, an experienced school man, has been called from Ecuador to take the Bible department. Now Prof. and Mrs. H. U. Stevens, of Union College, are just reaching the field, Professor Stevens being called to the principalship. Over the Andes, in Pua, southern Chile, is an intermediate Spanish school, in charge of Elder George W. Casebeer.

In Brazil, where Portuguese is the language, there is a church-school in Porto Alegre, state of Rio Grande du Sul, one in the state of Santa Catharina, and one in the city of Curityba, state of Parana. No general school is yet established in the Brazilian Union, greatly as it is needed for the training of young men and women who would gladly go into the work. Distances are vast, and railways few. To make boat connections and get from one state to another, may take as long as to go from New York to Europe. But the Brazilian brethren are bound to have a union industrial school as soon as means and the right location can be secured.

Medical Missionary Work

Our one sanitarium in South America has grown up alongside the school in Entre Rios. Dr. R. H.

Habenicht went to Argentina ten years ago. He was allowed to practise only where no other physician was; so he began out on the plains, near the school, where some of our German-Russian farmers lived. From far and near calls came for help, and patients were brought to his door in farm wagons from points many leagues distant. A sanitarium building was a necessity, and so it grew slowly, until now there is a building that accommodates twenty-five or more patients, and a nurses' training-school in busy operation. Dr. G. B. Replogle is assistant physician, and Miss Lillian Voris matron. Two years ago there was a strong effort in some quarters to secure a law to close the institution; for patients were coming from surrounding cities to this retreat on the rolling pampas. But a grateful public, people who had been cured and their friends, set up a most active agitation that could not be resisted, and our sanitarium is still prospering. People riding past on the railway often ask what those buildings are standing high on the knoll across the prairie, and the railway porters tell the strangers about the *Sanatorio Adventista* and its work for the people of the region.

In the work among the Indians of Lake Titicaca the medical dispensary has been a large factor. The sick are brought long distances for help, and many have been healed, and lives have been saved. This has won many hearts to listen to the truth. One wild region where the fierce and fanatical Indians formerly planned a march on the mission to destroy the workers is now asking when our missionaries will come to establish an out-station.

The South American brethren are making use of the work of nurses in the city centers. Nurses have pioneered the way in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and made many friends. Now evangelistic work is being conducted. Three nurses plan to support a fourth sister in the Bible work. The South American Union Committee has just called for two more nurses for Montevideo, one for Bolivia, and one for Chile.

The Book Work in South America

CANVASSING has been the pioneer work in South America, the same as in many of our foreign fields. The first work of this kind was done by several enterprising canvassers who came from the States about eighteen years ago, at which time they sold many copies of "Patriarchs" and "Great Controversy" among the Germans of Brazil and Argentina, as well as to the French and Scandinavians of the last-named republic. Two years later, Brethren Davis and Bishop came to sell our literature on the west coast, doing excellent work in the republics of Peru, Ecuador, and Chile. From that time, the book work has been maintained by the different conference and mission presidents, using the native help obtainable, and working with books and periodicals which meanwhile had come out in the Spanish language.

A Revival

At the last General Conference special efforts were made to strengthen the forces in South America, and the writer had the privilege of joining the little band
(Continued on page twelve)



The "Rain-Maker"



THE title of "rain-maker," by which Charles Mallory Hatfield is popularly known along the Pacific slope, he modestly disclaims. "I do not say that I can make rain," he explains. "That would be absurd. My claim borne out by over ten years' successful demonstration, is that I can create conditions that will attract to a given spot the moisture already in the air, and condense it to the point of precipitation. It would perhaps be nearer the mark to call me an inducer of rain."

Interest in Hatfield was first aroused in 1903, when the persistent dry weather in the region about Los Angeles brought him quite suddenly into the public eye. For years he had been studying the subject of droughts, and quietly experimenting with the problem of attracting moisture through artificial means. These experiments were known only to his immediate acquaintances, and when a quiet young man, not long in his twenties, came suddenly forward and offered to break the drought, astonishment and skepticism ran riot. Even the newspapers looked upon it as a huge joke. The young scientist stuck to his guns, however, till finally a group of Los Angeles merchants decided to take up his offer. They entered into a contract with him by which, if he brought rain within a stated number of days, they would pay him a stated sum in return; no rain, no pay.

He built his tower and began work Feb. 2, 1904. By February 9 the inch for which he had contracted had fallen, and .64 inch besides.

The same conditions threatened the following year. Storms that flooded the districts north and south of Southern California, passed this region by with mere scattering showers. Once more Hatfield offered to break the drought, and this time his offer was taken up in haste. The contract entered into was on a larger scale, Hatfield offering to bring a fall of eighteen inches for the season, or six inches in excess of the seasonal average of Los Angeles for the ten years previous. Exactly 19.19 inches fell in the time covered by the contract. The papers stopped joking, and began to take Hatfield in earnest.

Letters came to him from semiarid regions up and down the coast, asking him to come and see what he could do for them; and since that time, he has been kept busy filling contracts for various communities. The very nature of his contracts advertised him far and wide, for "No rain, no pay," is still his unvarying rule.

One contract even took him up into the Klondike region in the summer of 1906, when the Dominion government and some British mine owners promised him a bonus of ten thousand dollars if he could bring enough rain during June and July to enable the mines to go on with their summer clean-up. Heavy rains followed Hatfield's experiments there.

In March, 1912, the ranchers and business men of the Hemet valley, California, offered him four thousand dollars if he would break the most persistent drought known in this region in years. For the past eleven months the total precipitation had been something less than two inches. The most discouraging feature of the drought was the fact that day after day the clouds would mass up across the sky, sometimes hanging so low that it seemed as if one could smell the rain; yet toward night the wind would veer suddenly and blow hot and dry from the desert, scattering the storm before our hopeful eyes. It seemed as if some spell were binding the heavens. "Just the conditions under which I can work most successfully," was Mr. Hatfield's comment.

The first week in March we got a good rain from a storm that swept right down the Pacific slope, 1.94 inches in all. Los Angeles recorded 2.56 inches for the same storm. But while it was still raining down there, a wind blew over from the desert into our valley, and, as so many times before, we saw the clouds begin to scatter. The scoffers who had been jeering at wasting four



MR. HATFIELD PREPARED TO INDUCE RAIN

thousand dollars on Mr. Hatfield when the rain was coming anyway, grew less aggressive. Some said it was no use expecting any more at this time of year.

Meanwhile Mr. Hatfield quietly went on building his towers, and on the evening of the fifth began operations. "I'll have that rain back here soon," he said, with a quiet little smile.

And he did. It began raining again on the seventh, and kept on raining with scarcely two days' intermission through March and the most of April. The Hemet valley, heretofore content to lag behind Los Angeles by an average of 2.64 inches in the seasonal rainfall, now caught up and finally crept ahead, until by the end of April we could make this surprising and satisfactory comparison: Hemet, 11.79 inches; Los Angeles, 11.46. Yet on the night that Mr. Hatfield had begun operations, the rainfall in Los Angeles had amounted to almost double the Hemet rainfall.

Even more satisfactory was the thought that now the crops were assured; and the Hemet Water Company's reservoir a few miles back in the mountains, which the drought had brought to a low ebb, had now risen over fifteen feet in six weeks, so that all danger of a water shortage was past. These are some of the reasons why many have faith in Hatfield.

In carrying on these operations, he erects two towers consisting of stout frames from twenty to twenty-five feet high, with large box-like rooms at the top enclosed

with a black waterproof material. Here he keeps a number of metal trays filled with powerful chemicals, which, he explains, evaporate and act as powerful attraction to the moisture in the air. The secret of the chemicals used is, of course, his own, though he is glad to explain the nature of the reaction. "Often," he says, "there is enough moisture in the air to produce abundant rains if only conditions were such as to attract them toward the earth. I have studied the conditions governing rainfall since I was a boy at school, and under the best conditions,— years of residence in this semiarid country. There is no magic in my method."— *M. A. Wilson, in Technical World Magazine.*

The Deaf to Hear

INQUIRIES have been made in regard to the acousticon, about which a news item appeared in the INSTRUCTOR some months ago. This is a new instrument for aiding those with impaired hearing to take an easier and more profitable part in life's work. At the health exhibit of the Fifteenth International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, held at Washington, D. C., one of the managers of the exhibit wore an acousticon. When asked in regard to its merit, he said it was a great help to him.

These instruments are electrical, being merely sensitive microphones. They are manufactured by the General Acoustic Company, the largest manufacturers in the world of instruments for the deaf. The company claims to have 70,000 persons in the United States using their instruments.

The smallest and lightest instrument the company manufactures is the auris, weighing only seven ounces. The price of this instrument is twenty dollars.

The newest and most serviceable instrument is the new "sound regulator" acousticon. This instrument costs sixty, seventy-five, and eighty-five dollars, and can be readily adjusted to one's special and varying needs.

Any one interested to examine the acousticon, can find agents at the following addresses:—

General Acoustic Company

1116 Blake Bldg., 59 Temple Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

901 Sharp Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

1514 Keenan Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

630 Granite Bldg., Rochester, New York.

635 Century Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri.

255 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

715 Second Ave., Seattle, Washington.

718 Wilson Bldg., Dallas, Texas.

1507 First National Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

204 Majestic Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

645 Omaha National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska.

1008 Commonwealth Bldg., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

554 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, California.

402-3 Evans Bldg., Washington, D. C.

408 Sibley St., St. Paul, Minnesota.

468 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

London Works and Office, 193 Regent St., St. George House, London, W., England.

6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris, France.

106 Mathewson St., Providence, Rhode Island.

IN European countries children attending private schools or being educated at home are obliged to pass, at the end of the course, a state examination identical with that prescribed for children in the public schools.

Boys' Gardens

A FEW years ago, Mr. Patterson, head of the National Cash Register Company, called together for a conference with him, the "bad boys" of the neighborhood, who were giving it an unenviable reputation through their depredations,— broken factory windows, petty thieving, and the pitched battles between their rival "gangs."

Having studied the situation for some time, he reached the conclusion that these lawless lads were not



A ROW OF THE BOY GARDENERS

really bad at heart, but simply needed to have their energies turned into constructive rather than destructive channels. He proposed to set aside a tract of land for them, to be divided into small gardens, which the boys might have for their own.

At first the boys were skeptical and suspicious of his motives. They asked, "What do we get out of it?" "Well," the president of the company replied, "you will get out of it all that you put into it. Could anything be more fair?" So he unfolded to them his plan how they might learn to raise vegetables, instead of "Cain," to the benefit, rather than the discomfort of the community in which they lived.

The company provides the ground, seeds, tools, and a gardener. The boys tend the gardens allotted to them, under the supervision of the gardener. All the produce they raise they may have for the use of their families, or they may sell it, retaining the profits.

Thirty prizes, amounting to one hundred dollars, are awarded each year to the boys obtaining the best results from their gardens; that is, for the largest amount of produce, the best appearance, condition of tools, regular attendance, deportment, and the accuracy and order of the account-books they are required to keep. The prizes are distributed at the end of the season at a banquet, to which not only the prize winners, but all the boys having gardens, are invited. Recently the boy gardeners incorporated under the name of the Boys' Garden Company. They have their own officers and board of directors, and conduct their affairs with very little outside assistance.



COUNTING THEIR MONEY

Rules for the Gardens

1. The morning hours of work are from 6:30 to 7:30, and the evening hours from 4:00 to 5:15. If any boy wishes to work overtime, he must stop when the rest do, report to the head gardener, and get permission to continue.
2. Be prompt.
3. Every boy must stay in his own garden.
4. Boys must clean tools after using them, and hang them in place.
5. The use of bad language is strictly forbidden.

6. Boys must see that their shoes are clean before entering the garden-house.

7. During working hours, attend strictly to business.

8. Be orderly and obedient to the head gardener.

9. When absent from the gardens, bring an excuse to the head gardener.

10. Be polite and courteous to strangers who visit the gardens, and give them any information you can about the work.

Any boy who has completed a two years' course in gardening is given a diploma, which serves as a recommendation for him if, at some future time, he wishes to find employment with the company. Many boys who have worked in these gardens are now serving apprenticeships in the factory, and many others, having completed their apprentice work, have gone forth into the world as journeymen, thus proving Mr. Patterson's belief in the possibilities of "bad boys."—*Selected.*

Seats That Become Life-Rafts

BUOYANT deck seats which are easily converted into rafts of a seaworthy character are being installed on a transatlantic line of steamers. These convertible seats are made by an English firm. To quickly convert the seat into a raft, the person sitting upon it has but to raise the front portion until it is level with the bottom of the seat. At this point it automatically locks itself, and is ready to be floated either side up. Each seat is fastened to the deck by hooks and light lashings. The hooks are loosened and the lashings undone by the raising of the front of the seat.

Each of the benches is nine feet long, and is supported on four separate metal air-tanks. When it is converted into a raft, it is capable of bearing the weight of half a dozen persons. Should no one happen to be using the seat when the boat sinks, the rising water on the deck would lift it, unfasten the hooks and lashings, and let it float off free, so that any swimmer might make use of it.—*Selected.*

Flies at Speed of Three Hundred Miles an Hour

THE frigate-bird has been known to fly between widely separated points at a speed of three hundred miles an hour, according to the *Maritime Review*. The largest of these birds, with a weight of only eight pounds, are credited with wing spans of up to sixteen feet, a proportionately greater spread than has yet been employed in any aeroplane. When this highest speed of bird flight is equaled by the aeroplane, it will require only six hours to fly across the Atlantic Ocean by the shortest courses, from Ireland to Newfoundland, or from Liberia to Brazil. It is probable, however, that such speeds are attained even by the birds only with the aid of favoring winds.—*Selected.*

New York City's Milk Supply

To produce the 2,500,000 quarts of milk used daily by New York, 350,000 cows, located upon 44,000 dairies, are required. This amount means the handling of 639,000,000 quarts of milk annually.

This milk comes from six States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Eleven different railroads transport this milk from 1,100 creameries. There are 5,500 wagons and 14,000 stores engaged in dispensing the milk, and 127,000 men required daily in handling it.



Personal Work With Literature

HERE are many of God's children who, like Naaman of old, are willing to do some great thing, but not quite willing to do the simple thing. There are many who are waiting for some large opportunity for service who are not buying up the small opportunities at hand. There are those trying to reach the multitude who are losing sight of the individual.

One of the members of our young people's committee—an active Pocket Leaguer—tells of the experiences which recently came to him as he embraced the little (?) opportunities incident to traveling:—

"I enjoyed some good experiences. I took along several fresh copies of the *Signs*, *Watchman*, and *Life and Health* magazines, and had no difficulty in finding persons on the train who were glad to read them. One woman with whom I became acquainted is the niece of General Logan. She read the papers and seemed interested. I secured her address.

"After leaving New Orleans, I noticed an intelligent-looking, portly man sitting opposite me, who apparently had nothing to do. I carefully approached him with the *Signs*, asking him to read the article on 'Present Conditions in China.' He soon finished it, and then turned through the magazine, stopping at the article entitled 'Is Our Ship of State Unsinkable?' After reading it through with evident interest, he came over and sat down with me. He was an officer in the United States army, and talked freely and intelligently on present-day conditions. He said to me, 'The article on China is good, but here is a living issue eclipsing that.'

"After he left, the train became somewhat crowded. I saw a young man about twenty-two looking for a seat, and beckoned him to sit beside me. I noticed at once not a surface odor of tobacco, but a deep, saturated odor of nicotine. He was a fine-looking young man, neatly dressed, and of winning personality. He got up after we had chatted only a little while, and went to the smoker. He came back, and after another chat returned to the smoker. This kept up for some time. My sympathy and interest were more than ordinarily aroused, and I asked the Lord to lead me in trying to help him. I can not say how the conversation drifted naturally and easily to the subject I wanted to talk about, but he freely told me the story of a slave who wanted to be free, of repeated attempts to quit, and of a mother who was very anxious about him. His heart was already in a bad condition, and he was smoking an average of thirty cents' worth of tobacco a day. It was my privilege to be with him fifteen hours, and I tried to instruct and encourage him. Later I learned that he was private secretary to the president of the road over which we were traveling. Well, that dear boy made a clean sweep of it, gave me his package of tobacco and box of cigarettes, and I flung them from the car-window. I

took his and his mother's addresses, and am writing each of them. Will you not join me in praying the Lord to liberate this young man from all the bondage of Satan?"

We all need a vision of man's lost condition, and that love of Jesus for the lost which will constrain us to be instant in season and out of season to win them.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Los Angeles, California.

The Ministry of Encouragement

NOTHING is more worth while in this world than encouragement. No commission is more divine than the encourager's. In no other way can we do more good than by going about speaking words of cheer. In Westmeal, near Antwerp, there is a convent of Trappist monks who represent a strangely perverted conception of Christianity. There are thirty-six monks who live there together, under the vow of perpetual silence. They dress in rough sackcloth, with ropes about their waists, their heads shaven, and their beards undressed. They live on bread, sour milk, and vegetables; sleep on hard boards; and spend their days in frigid and solemn silence. If a visitor speaks to one of these monks, the monk draws his cowl closer about his head, and moves away. Each day he walks in the garden, and looks into a grave opened and ready for the one of the company who is first to die.

This, it is claimed, is a high ideal of Christian living. This order of monks suppose that they are illustrating in a lofty way the holiness and beauty of Christianity. But it is not such living that the New Testament teaches. Jesus Christ did not live such a life. He did not walk about in silence. He was the sunniest of men. He was ready to give cheer to all he met. He taught his followers to let their light shine on the world's darkness. He would have us hide within our hearts our cares and sufferings, and give out only blessing and gladness.

Yet there always have been those who pervert the teachings of Christ in this matter of cheerful living, and make their religious life dreary and disheartening. Instead of being helpers of the faith and joy of others, they are hinderers. Instead of making others stronger for struggle, for burden-bearing, and for duty, they make it harder for them to do their part. It is reported that during the siege of Ladysmith a civilian was arrested, tried by court martial, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for being a discourager. The man would go along the picket-line, saying disheartening words to the men on duty. He struck no blow

for the enemy. He was not disloyal to the country. But he was a discourager. The fortunes of the town and its brave garrison were trembling in the balance. Instead of heartening the men on whom the defense depended and making them braver and stronger, he put faintness into their hearts and made them less courageous. The court martial adjudged it a crime to speak disheartening words at such a time. And the court martial was right.

There are men in every community who are continually doing the same thing. They go about everywhere as discouragers. Happy is the church which has not one or more such members on its roll. They are good people, godly and upright, perhaps active in many ways; but they never see the hopeful side of the church's life. If you talk to them of something that is encouraging, growing enthusiastic in your narration, they will come in with their dismal "but," and dampen your ardor with questions or suppositions meant to discount your hopefulness and quench the flame of your enthusiasm.

They are never known to say a word of hearty, unqualified approval of anything. There is always some fly in the ointment. The minister is a faithful man, but if he would only preach more thus and thus, he would do greater good. Then he is not as faithful a pastor as he might be. The church seems to be prospering. There are many additions to it from time to time. The financial reports are good. But—there is something not altogether satisfactory. So it is with everything in the church life.

These people never imagine that they are disloyal to their spiritual home. They would do nothing to hurt the church. They think they are among its most faithful and useful members. But all the while they are making it harder for

every other member they speak to to continue loyal and earnest. They are lessening the pastor's influence and robbing him of power. They are putting discouragement into the heart of every one they meet. Such members are real enemies of Christ. If an ecclesiastical court martial could inflict upon them some sort of punishment which would cure them of their grievous fault, it would be a blessing to many people, and the church would have reason to rejoice and thank God. —"Upper Currents," by J. R. Miller, D. D.

Most joyfully will I confirm with my blood that truth which I have written and preached. You may silence my voice, but a hundred years from now a voice shall be heard which you can not silence.—*John Huss.*

Stir Us to Prayer

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord! I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world;
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;
Stir till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord! till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till thy compelling "must" drives me to pray;
Till thy constraining love reaches to the poles,
Far north and south, in burning, deep desire;
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord! till prayer is pain,
Till prayer is joy, till prayer turns into praise;
Stir me till heart and will and mind, yea, all
Is wholly thine to use through all the days;
Stir, till I learn to pray exceedingly;
Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord! Thy heart was stirred
By love's intensest fire, till thou didst give
Thine only Son, thy best-beloved One,
E'en to the dreadful cross, that I might live;
Stir me to give myself so back to thee
That thou canst give thyself again through me.

Stir me, O, stir me! for I can see
Thy glorious triumph day begins to break;
The dawn already gilds the eastern sky.
O church of Christ, arise, awake, awake!
O, stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day!
For night is past — our King is on his way.

—Selected.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Story of a Pledged Word



IN 1877 a tribe of Indians attacked a little frontier settlement on White Bird Creek, in western Idaho. A settler named James Manuel was warned in time to catch his horses, put his wife and baby on one, while he and his little girl, Maggie, a child of eight, mounted the other.

They were overtaken after going a few miles, and fired upon. The parents and baby were killed, and Maggie was wounded, and fell from the horse. The little girl rolled down the hillside, and hid herself in the tall grass.

She lay for three days among the willows, beside a stream to which she had crept. She had been shot through the arm with an arrow, and the shaft was still in the wound. On the third day Patrick Brice, an Irish miner, passed by, and, hearing the sound of moaning, soon found the child, who in her terror mistook him for an Indian, and attempted to escape. Weak from her wounds, and exhausted from hunger, she reeled a few steps and fell.

The miner lifted her tenderly, and carried her back to her home, now only a heap of smoldering ashes. A few chickens remained, which had escaped the sight of the Indians. Brice killed one of these, and roasted it over the fire. He fed the child and himself, and then set about devising means to take her fifty miles over the rough mountain trail to Mount Idaho, the nearest settlement. An old chair-back made a comfortable seat for the child, whom he fastened on with some straps from the harness.

As the moon rose, he put his burden on his back, and set out up the winding trail. All night he trudged along, stopping only at a spring to bathe her wounds and allay her feverish thirst.

At sunrise he hid in a dense clump of bushes. Several times bands of Indians passed near without discovering them. As Pat at length caught sight of the little town in the distance, he was congratulating himself that he should reach it in safety, when his heart sank at the sight of fifty mounted Indians charging down upon him.

Brice spread his arms in the peace sign. When they were close, the chief, Mox Mox, rode ahead and spoke to him. Brice could speak a little of the Indian tongue. "What do you want?" he asked.

"We want you," the chief replied.

"Well, here I am. Come and get me," Brice said.

"Throw down that revolver," was the command.

To hesitate was to court death. Brice threw the weapon in front of him. An Indian dismounted and greedily secured it.

"Now," said Mox Mox, "we are going to kill you."

"You can kill me, if you wish; but, for God's sake, spare this child."

"No, we will not only kill you, but the girl as well."

"Then," replied Brice, "if you must kill me, shoot me right here."

As he said this, he tore open his rough shirt, and displayed a blood-red cross tattooed upon his breast.

The Indians fell back in amazement. They were not Christian Indians, but they had reverence for the emblem of Christianity, and dared not shoot. A gleam of hope came to Brice.

"If you will allow me to take this child into Mount Idaho, where she can be cared for, I will return to your camp, wherever it is, and give myself up. You can then do with me as you will. *By this cross I swear it.*"

The Indians consulted together, then Mox Mox said:—

"All right. You go, but if you do not come

back in two sleeps, we will ride into Mount Idaho, and when we ride out, there will be no white person alive."

Brice went on his journey. He delivered his charge into kind hands, rested for a day, and then deliberately walked back into the Indian camp. "Here I am," he said. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Do with you?" the chief replied. "Why, nothing. We do not want you. We are not making war on people who do not make war on us. It is the long knives we are fighting. Eat, sleep, then go your way."

Brice went back to his mine, without dreaming that his act was anything out of the common. He lived to an old age, and died a few years ago.

Little Maggie grew to womanhood and married. She lived on the Camas Prairie, in northern Idaho, happy, save for the dark shadow cast upon her life that spring day.—*Century Magazine.*

Rub or Rust

If something hard you have to do, smile, boys; do not complain.

The brightest steel is that that's rubbed again and yet again.

The silver coin in velvet case soon tarnishes, alack; Instead of shining as it might, it turns a dingy black. The rails o'er which no heavy loads pass daily to and fro,

From polished brightness quick begin unsightly rust to show.

The boy who never meets hard things will never understand

How much of strength and manly power there is at his command;

So don't complain if you're obliged, as everybody must,

To rub against hard things in life. It's better than to rust.

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

The Waterfall

It was midsummer at the mountain farm. Far in the blue, silver cloudlets floated; snowy peaks gleamed aloft; the tranquil lake below shone dazzling as some

wondrous jewel; and, near at hand, the waterfall, a splash of white amid the surrounding verdure, filled all the glen with its melodious roar.

Little Harold was very happy. His grandfather had been telling him tales of the long ago; but now the aged man sat silent, listening to the voice of the waterfall. Its snowy whiteness he had not gazed upon in many a year; for he was blind. Harold threw stones into the brooklet; chased the gaudy butterflies; watched the drowsy bees; and, ever and anon, shouted until the cliffs resounded, and the eagle, soaring above, cast on him an inquiring eye. But even a midsummer day can not last forever. The shadows slowly lengthened, the brightness departed from the lake, and Harold's mother called from the cottage door.

"Come, grandfather," said Harold; and taking the aged man's tremulous hand, he guided the faltering footsteps down the winding path. That night Harold lay long awake listening to the sound of the waterfall.

Autumn came; and the boy, in the chill evenings, from the kitchen window watched the waterfall until the light of day had gone. On nights when the moonbeams bathed crag and peak in soft splendor, he watched until the radiance, creeping downward, filled all the valley. Then as the waterfall shone white through the wavering pines, he clapped his hands for joy.

One morning when Harold awoke, he ran to the window. There was a strange silence in the little glen. The sun's first beams were falling on the waterfall, lighting it up with a marvelous brilliancy. But there was no motion about it; the waterfall was in the grasp of the frost king. The unwonted stillness filled the child with awe. Only the week before the voice of the storm-wind had drowned out the roar of the waterfall, but the boy did not remember anything like this.

"The waterfall is dead," he cried.

"No," said his mother, "it is just sleeping."

By and by Harold trudged out through the snow with his grandfather to get a nearer view of the waterfall.

"O, if you could only see how beautiful it is!" exclaimed the boy.

The air was chill, and they did not linger long. Soon the short winter's day was nearing its close. The glory of the sunset was upon the waterfall, and Harold thought that it shone with a splendor not of earth.

At last it grew dark, and Harold read from his primer to his grandfather, puzzling much over the longer words. Presently it was bedtime.

"Good night, and pleasant dreams," said Harold.

Another summer came. The sky was blue, the bees hummed, the birds sang, and the waterfall roared as of old. Again the boy played about while the grandfather sat by. The boy looked long at the rushing water.

"What does it say, grandfather?" he asked. But his grandfather made no reply.

"His hearing is getting worse of late," thought Harold.

The snows of another winter lay on the ground. The frosty light fell upon the silent waterfall. The frosty light fell also upon a new-made mound; for the old man walked on earth no more. From the window Harold looked forth with tear-dimmed eyes. He knew now the message of the waterfall. Thinking of his grandfather, he softly murmured, "He, too, shall awake."

J. FRED SANTEE.

Hammond, Oregon.

October in Oregon

IN the glorious golden sunshine
High above, each snow-peak glows;
Like a thread of shining silver,
Fair Willamette onward flows.
Klamath's lakes like gems are gleaming;
Brown are Wasco's upland plains;
Every hill is robed in splendor;
Autumn's here, and beauty reigns.
Autumn spreads her royal mantle
O'er the silver-crowned Cascades,
O'er Wallowa's highland valleys,
O'er the Callapooia glades.
Gently beat the ocean surges
'Neath the filmy purple haze;
Sea and land alike are dreaming
Through these calm October days.

J. FRED SANTEE.

Fined en Route

IN Russia the cigarette is everywhere. Even in banks the clerks smoke all day long, and so they do in all government offices. Yet smoking in non-smoking carriages on Russian railways is apparently attended with some perils. Some little time back a traveler upon lighting a cigarette, was requested by a fellow passenger to throw it away. This he declined to do. "Very well," was the retort, "I am a judge, and my jurisdiction extends over the district through which we are traveling." Then he called on another passenger for formal evidence, and inflicted a fine of ten rubles. This the offender had to pay before being allowed to leave the train.—*Selected.*

The Only Safe Way

THREE Indians once became converts to the temperance cause, although previously given to much drink. Some white men formed the resolution of trying their Indian sincerity. They placed a canteen of whisky in the Indians' path, and hid themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red men.

The first saw the flask in the pathway, and with an ugly "Ugh!" made a high step and passed on.

The second laughed, saying, "Me know you," and walked around the flask.

The last one drew his tomahawk and dashed the canteen to pieces, saying, "Ugh! You conquer me, now I conquer you."

There are three ways in which sin may be treated; the only safe way is its destruction. A flask untouched by you but left unbroken may be the ruin of another life.—*Ridge Revilo.*

His Diary

IN a German city there died recently, at the age of seventy-five, a very methodical man. He began keeping a diary when he was eighteen. He kept it up for fifty-seven years. Is life worth living? One asks that question after seeing some patient reader's analysis of this man's records. In fifty-two years this "natural man" smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he received 43,619 as presents. For the remaining 585,096 he had paid out \$10,433. In fifty-two years he had drunk, according to his own figures, 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,081 glasses of spirits, for which he had spent \$5,350. The diary closes with the words, "I have tried all things. I have seen many. I have accomplished nothing." That sounds like the preacher in Ecclesiastes, but not a bit like St. Paul, who at about the same age wrote: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." What a pitiful thing life is if it be not found in the way of righteousness.—*The Advance.*

The Book Work in South America

(Continued from page five)

of canvassers in the Neglected Continent. At that time mostly small books were sold. But, believing that our principal works could be sold to the people upon the order plan, we began to teach the same system that had been followed so successfully in the States and in Europe. That year about ten students from the Diamante school enlisted in the work, on the new plan, and during that vacation we sold off our entire stock of "Coming King." This experience made us more certain to venture with "Patriarchs" and "Home and Health," of which we already have sold several thousand copies, being enabled to place these books in the homes of many leading merchants, teachers, bankers, lawyers, senators, and governors. Undoubtedly, this literature will yield a favorable influence for the truth, in time, and a door has been opened for the message which we could not have entered in any other way.

Our Progress

Not only have we had good success in our sales, reaching in 1911 the sum of \$31,000, or a gain of \$12,500 over the preceding year, but we have also been enabled to strengthen our work and forces. Three years ago we had only two state agents and a dozen canvassers. To-day there are five directors in the book work, and we expect to increase the number of colporteurs to forty-five this summer.

The canvassing work is also a most helpful factor in our schools. In Argentina the scholarship plan was introduced from the very first, and last year five students earned their way through school by selling our literature. Many of the students as well as the teachers look forward to this work as the best way of spending vacation.

The Present Outlook

While we are most thankful to our kind Heavenly Father for his manifold blessings, we are also sure that we should press forward more earnestly than ever. Many cities and mining-camps have not been entered as yet, also many beautiful districts devoted to agriculture, cattle raising, and vineyards. Buenos Aires, the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, and Montevideo, one of the largest seaports in the western hemisphere, have already been touched with our literature. At present, Bolivia and Uruguay are without a single canvasser. All these are splendid and promising fields for foreign workers.

Since the last union conference in March we have had courses of training for the canvassers in Chile and Peru. The Paraguay mission has gained beyond all expectation during the last six months, having now five energetic workers. In a few months we expect to have a worker with our literature in Patagonia, and in Punta Arenas. The General Conference is also increasing our resources. With the new year, we shall have "Daniel and the Revelation" and "Practical Guide" in Spanish, and thus our progress is all the more assured.

South America is soon to realize a great change for the better. A new railroad line is being planned between Argentina and Chile, placing Bolivia within a four days' trip from Buenos Aires. In Peru will be new railways, making it easier for the canvasser to reach the interior, and in Bolivia the traveling expenses will soon be reduced to one half of what they

(Concluded on page fourteen)



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, November 9

Into All the World, No. 22 — Our Work in South America

LEADER'S NOTE.— Use the map suggested in last week's notes. The topic "Beginnings and Developments of Our Work" should be a general talk, speaking of the early efforts and briefly of all our workers, if possible. For help on all the talks suggested, see INSTRUCTOR, "Outline of Mission Fields," "Missionary Idea," and back numbers of the *Review and Herald*. The INSTRUCTOR contains no special help on "Our Work Among the Indians;" but Elder Spicer's article, and reports which have appeared in the *Review*, supply sufficient material. Every mission field has many calls, but among the special ones that have come from South America recently is a call for gospel tents. Some of our young people are helping buy a few of those needed. The one who gleans the news from our papers should give the talk on "News From the Field." Close this meeting with earnest sentence prayers for the Neglected Continent and its missionaries. Gather reports of work done.

Suggestive Program

- Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).
- Beginnings and Developments of Our Work (fifteen-minute talk).
- Our Work Among the Indians (five-minute talk).
- The Book Work (five-minute talk).
- Our Educational Work (five-minute talk).
- Medical Missionary Work (five-minute talk).
- Special Needs (five-minute talk).
- News From the Field (three-minute talk).

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 4: "The Uplift of China," Chapter 4

NOTE.— See questions at close of chapter.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 4: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapter 4

1. NAME the two missionaries who next set out for the Oregon country. How far did they travel together? Why did they separate?
2. What was Marcus Whitman's object in making the trip? What convinced him of the Indians' desire for the Book?
3. Give an account of the enlistment of Dr. and Mrs. Spalding for Oregon.
4. Of how many did this next missionary party for the West consist? When did they start? Describe their journey up to the fourth of July.
5. How did they celebrate the fourth of July that year?
6. Describe their welcome by the trappers and Indians. In whom did the interest center? Why?
7. Upon receiving word of the company's approach, what preparations did the Indians make? How did they receive the newcomers? What word did Dr. Whitman now have from Dr. Parker?
8. Where did the missionaries go? Why? State where the Whitmans located; the Spaldings and Mr. Gray. How many mission stations were now in the Oregon country?
9. How long were the workers en route? How long would it take us to travel the distance?

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending June 30, 1912

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meet'gs	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
ATLANTIC UNION																				
Greater New York	4	87	34	77	13	1	1873	396	18	16	..	53	265	34	..	\$6.50	\$12.16	2
Maine	4	47	..	10	2	17	699	279	..	3	1908	40.00	6.31	..
Massachusetts	5	176	..	43	73	37	37	1	270	959	41	9	..	1033	137	65	2	27.75	47.72	2
New York	7	140	11	103	41	109	7	..	570	537	104	26	..	4776	139	59	21	3.48	99.38	..
N. New England	6	90	40	40	23	57	10	18	339	185	44	62	..	*1025	54	77	..	.50	43.53	..
S. New England	4	41	..	21	13	40	6	1	13	137	19	20	8	94	4	28	..	1.55	6.35	..
W. New York	5	46	..	58	19	230	67	2	91	258	10	11	..	1960	27	17	44	13.00	11.43	..
CENTRAL UNION																				
Colorado	8	85	..	103	19	62	14	2	438	745	2	56	*256	*1624	162	252	50	6.34	5.18	..
East Kansas	12	164	..	183	56	321	46	14	481	1082	6	14	1250	1382	176	22	6	21.40	23.25	16
N. Missouri	4	76	2	3	2	15	239	1	2174	1185	..	10	..	825	8	8	2	1.00	11.09	..
S. Missouri	3	69	3	240	98	151	14	3	51	285	24	15	..	1431	134	43	1	4.76	13.40	..
St. Louis Mission	1	25	..	11	9	155	96	14	251	164	16	25	10	200	70	63	..	10.00	5.70	..
W. Colorado	3	91	30	58	13	113	4	14	10	624	..	22	..	293	43	38	17	.40	.75	6
West Kansas	12	241	6	39	6	117	72	28	1045	832	10	8	3019	78	60	13	64	97.93	5.17	5
COLUMBIA UNION																				
Chesapeake	6	130	..	59	19	256	116	5	243	1314	26	78	233	5604	101	152	7	3.39	3.90	..
Dist. of Columbia	2	45	..	107	84	394	116	..	671	1977	7	17	190	4239	189	202	..	12.74	2.96	1
E. Pennsylvania	6	122	..	140	71	452	135	1	3454	1419	121	36	3131	3222	228	224	..	13.35	18.81	3
New Jersey	7	71	..	27	15	155	42	33	340	785	315	32	*22	*2775	249	49	..	3.15	22.35	2
Ohio	12	235	..	107	25	49	16	1	672	1130	131	33	5899	1417	87	70	12	27.96	3.96	4
Virginia	2	24	..	6	4	56	8	..	200	23	30	5	..	45	..	41
W. Pennsylvania	3	42	..	33	16	228	28	..	820	162	1	6	..	*735	260	34	..	84	11.21	..
LAKE UNION																				
East Michigan	6	67	..	25	16	26	..	1	26	785	..	4	..	915	50	22	12	1.95	130.55	8
Indiana	8	129	25	38	17	56	12	4	258	538	123	45	6	440	60	62	13	33.00	22.28	13
N. Illinois	11	279	6	231	93	512	215	16	936	1029	240	84	8827	3743	450	455	..	67.83	106.05	3
N. Michigan	6	105	19	59	47	38	15	10	28	698	2	25	..	607	106	55	..	2.13	6.80	..
S. Illinois	9	113	9	130	52	537	90	30	421	1283	56	20	244	1324	93	121	2	18.87	9.43	..
W. Michigan	18	308	16	176	31	782	273	40	922	2765	630	39	..	*3129	204	82	9	38.63	69.21	..
Wisconsin	10	146	4	56	23	173	58	4	750	808	125	16	6	218	249	63	9	7.54	9.12	4
NORTHERN UNION																				
Iowa	16	243	6	50	22	144	132	28	549	576	8	3	*10	*3958	151	60	..	23.00	12.18	4
Minnesota	7	155	50	141	72	128	63	52	791	538	92	29	..	*1245	70	51	..	117.65	216.85	56
North Dakota	7	226	11	53	20	28	30	6	62	434	94	..	2	2436	4	6.75	2.11	12
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																				
Montana	1	3	3	54	16	6	22	1077	..	11	..	40	226	52	50	2.05	..	1
S. Oregon	4	128	4	167	83	808	144	22	183	2011	125	90	57	2658	48	93	8	22.62	42.49	..
W. Oregon	11	222	..	50	20	258	50	10	297	2390	24	827	5200	1889	116	66	84.05	..
PACIFIC UNION																				
Arizona	1	38	..	9	1	37	9	..	47	836	11	19	..	2812	54	18	..	4.20	3.75	..
California	9	540	..	145	48	128	43	35	367	2616	22	65	1451	*9354	335	129	3	55.45	163.96	2
Central California	4	133	..	38	7	49	5	38	151	3269	..	29	*12	*4821	8	20	..	.25	22.12	2
N. Cal.-Nevada	2	5	1	17	1	2	600	1000	5	153	..	3	..	10.36	1.04	..
S. California	28	800	..	325	129	1027	550	57	1755	22958	54	197	549	16266	1167	1379	76	92.21	247.41	..
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																				
Cumberland	4	87	10	7	4	28	65	60	10	4	50	41	19	7.98	.50	..
Florida	1	25	..	15	5	27	6	120	..	5	..	14	..	6	..	1.00	12.25	3
Georgia	6	98	17	105	71	812	246	26	4640	746	146	53	2	5099	255	166	..	85.70	69.24	..
North Carolina	4	41	..	19	11	26	1	..	426	253	..	3	..	11	21	12	2.18	10
South Carolina	3	54	..	17	6	178	8	4	117	428	9	13	9	782	25	51	..	1.00	2.74	..
SOUTHERN UNION																				
Alabama	1	7	..	8	5	34	8	..	261	50	*900	30	15	..	.65
Louisiana	3	37	3	211	94	175	20	4	140	2654	15	33	..	9324	312	101	..	3.17	18.56	..
Mississippi	1	21	21	275	165	28	10	..	392	290	..	4	..	*1263	50	44
S. Union Mission	4	63	..	18	21	86	62	1	211	122	33	25	..	48	35	46	4	.75	1.00	..
Tennessee River	5	111	..	13	12	29	12	..	44	293	201	8	*26	..	7	2	..	1.35	1.10	..
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																				
Arkansas	5	79	16	44	17	32	24	3	191	1091	11	26	..	1043	149	96	..	12.96	14.89	..
New Mexico	3	35	2	54	20	114	33	24	152	678	9	15	..	203	145	64	20	12.09	5.50	1
† Oklahoma	16	450	5	115	36	161	60	..	533	1898	24	18	10	*6983	1021	447	..	3.30	13.55	23
South Texas	3	49	..	28	4	28	8	..	161	80	8	7	..	757	8	14	2.65	..
West Texas	3	90	..	32	15	10	2	1	275	978	19	20	..	1673	125	10	15.01	..
CANADIAN UNION																				
Maritime	1	41	..	20	13	40	22	35	270	420	5	3	..	94	30	5.00	11.13	7
Ontario	3	50	4	7	7	21	16	8	376	300	24	21	..	2022	5	8.50	1.50	5
WEST CANADIAN UNION																				
British Columbia	6	86	4	88	29	96	87	..	1394	1153	590	84	2062	7223	384	38	..	2.30	28.84	..
†† AUSTRALASIAN UNION																				
New South Wales	27	671	101	222	112	1044	115	20	1621	4364	10	83	*835	*19473	1754	24	..	201.92	17.95	..
New Zealand	8	124	..	151	64	146	12	11	886	1420	8	32	*93	*7638	127	28	..	133.37	13.08	..
Queensland	7	152	39	72	45	210	80	45	1595	953	230	42	*323	*5688	39	3	..	95.78	10.11	2
South Australia	9	209	15	42	19	601	72	29	1491	33602	190	232	1557	*38131	109	41	..	21.42	6.08	10
Victoria-Tasmania	22	439	75	142	47	575	42	15	4220	9198	231	109	*760	*26992	1200	19	..	410.59	36.34	..
West Australia	12	195	3	63	12	100	6	13	1091	1631	37	266	..	*4474	542	8	..	43.50	.97	..
Norfolk Is. Mission	1	20	175	103	299	..	23	..	*843	34

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending June 30, 1912 (Concluded)

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
BRITISH UNION																				
District Conf.	4	69	..	84	32	77	2	..	944	1121	1	5	..	40	294	14	..	\$2.02	\$2.44	4
North England	3	24	..	40	12	19	13	..	264	126	12	12	*160	*481	65	8	..	1.79	1.20	..
South England	3	31	..	8	6	49	13	..	396	177	..	2	12	*577	52	9	..	.43	1.22	6
Welsh	2	24	..	40	13	9	8	..	304	80	..	18	..	*1816	4	86
WEST INDIAN UNION																				
Br. Guiana Mission	1	38	..	9	9	484	206	..	37	81	4	11	..	30	264	2
Honduras	3	39	..	11	10	19	3	91	4	385	36	42	..	37.85	8.80	1
Jamaica	9	198	..	36	18	155	56	21	2598	143	78	96	368	626	594	84	50	4.89	6.68	..
South Caribbean	6	151	..	159	86	630	533	23	423	478	27	95	668	14881	1487	249	2	1.49	2.87	..
West Caribbean	5	146	..	37	9	79	56	19	822	156	125	66	685	70	2	31	..	12.50	25.67	5
MISCELLANEOUS																				
Bermuda	1	24	..	13	5	5	265	2	15	..	*46	8	35	..	2.92
Philippine Islands	1	20	8	1	5	15	..	1	1	5	1.00	..
Portuguese Miss.	1	12	..	1	..	9	10	..	3	41	1	3	..	64
Totals	471	9602	557	5385	2361	14207	4735	807	49233	125920	4596	3460	60928	248513	15047	6063	503	1916.75	1838.06	223

* Pages of tracts. † For two quarters. †† Quarter ending March 31, 1912. MATILDA ERICKSON, Cor. Sec. Gen. Conf. M. V. Dept.

The Book Work in South America

(Concluded from page twelve)

were. In religious sentiment, this field is also awakening, fanaticism giving way to ideas of progress. A few months ago the authorities of La Paz made a law forbidding the carrying of saints and religious processions in the streets of the capital. Our laborers are gaining the favor of the influential people, and the work is much easier there now than it was two years ago. While the commercial world is turning its attention to South America as never before, to take advantage of the new opportunities offered by the finishing of the Panama Canal, I trust that we, as the bearers of the last message of God to this people, may be alert to enter the doors which the blessed Master is opening for us. Surely, he has great blessings in store for us. Through the canvassing work many many souls be gathered for the kingdom of God from among the strongholds of Catholicism in South America, is my prayer.

MAXIMO TRUMMER,

Union Conference Missionary Secretary.

MRS. SAXBY, of Louisiana, writes in regard to their camp-meeting:—

"We gave a very simple program one evening, the papers being prepared and read by the young people themselves, and the ministers entering into the discussions. The subjects of the papers were as follows: 'Why We Maintain a Young People's Organization;' 'Open Doors for Service;' 'What the Standard of Attainment Will Do for Us;' 'The Value of the Morning Watch;' 'Why I Pursue the Reading Course.' Then we had a symposium on 'What the Young People's Society Has Done for Me.' As the last item, I had prepared some extracts from that little pamphlet 'Marrying Unbelievers,' which the young people presented in an interesting manner, and the discussion led by Elders Parmele and Maxwell made it the most interesting and profitable part of the whole program."

NEARLY one fourth of the boys and girls who enter the American public schools reach the high school. This, too, when the work of the high school of to-day is almost as advanced as that of the college of a few years ago.



V — Value of Trials

(November 2)

MEMORY VERSE: "Our affliction . . . worketh for us . . . while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18.

Questions

1. What did Jesus say his disciples should have in this world? How are we to meet it? Why should we be of good cheer? John 16: 33.
2. In what may we rejoice when suffering? What will help us to be patient? Rom. 12: 12; Ps. 103: 13; Rom. 8: 18; note 1.
3. Why does the Lord permit afflictions? Rev. 3: 19; Heb. 12: 6.
4. What does the wise man say about the Lord's correction? Prov. 3: 11, 12.
5. What will trials do for us? Rom. 8: 28; note 2.
6. To what refuge should they send us? Hosea 5: 15; note 3.
7. What did Paul suffer? 2 Cor. 11: 23-28.
8. How did he speak of trials? How long did he say these things endure? What do they work for us? 2 Cor. 4: 17; note 4.
9. How long will the promised glories endure? Verse 18.
10. What will tribulations enable us to do for others? 2 Cor. 1: 4, 5.
11. When passing through trouble, what comfort have we? Isa. 41: 10; 2 Tim. 2: 12; note 5.

Notes

1. Earnest prayer prevails with God. He may not always take away the burden, but he will give us strength to bear it (Ps. 55: 22), whether it be a physical infirmity, the ridicule of our associates, or any other trial. In the one hundred twenty-fifth psalm David bears a beautiful testimony of the Lord's protection.
2. If a tree is shielded from every wind and storm, it attains little strength. If a child is permitted to bear no burden, it gains no power to meet trials. Hardy trees and men of endurance—those worth while—are the ones who have gained strength by meeting life's struggles. Our Heavenly Father does not willingly afflict. Every storm is tempered by his love,

and is for our own good, to make us grow strong, to refine away the dross (Mal. 3:3), to keep us in the way (Ps. 119:67), to make us patient (Rom. 5:3), to make us fruitful (2 Cor. 8:2; Heb. 12:11; 1 Peter 1:17). Through suffering we grow strong.

3. In 1 Chronicles is a remarkable biography. In a long catalogue of names, comprising three hundred sixty-three verses, Jabez is the only one of whom any special mention is made. His history begins abruptly and ends quickly, all in two verses—seventy-two words. But how noble the account! His name means sorrow, because he was born in sorrow, but he "called on the God of Israel, saying, O that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested."

4. How small in eternity will seem the trials that now seem all-absorbing! Even here on earth the bitterness of the sting of grief is soon outlived by the child. But when heaven's glory bursts upon us,—those glories of which "it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him,"—and we unite with the redeemed in the song of praise, then indeed will all afflictions seem light.

5. He who gave his life for our salvation will not forsake us in the hour of trial. Though our pathway be through mingled light and shade, joy and sorrow, glory and gloom, there is one to aid and guide us, the one who is the central figure in the plan of redemption, the Lord Jesus Christ. We stand between the cross and the throne. By looking backward to his sufferings, we see his love for us, and in the light of them our own seem lighter, easier to bear. By looking forward to his glory, its beams will radiate a light upon our pathway, which will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

V — Value of Trials

(November 2)

LESSON HELPS: "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, pages 84-89; "Acts of the Apostles," pages 467, 468, 529-538; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "Our affliction . . . worketh for us . . . while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." 2 Cor. 4:17, 18.

Questions

1. What did the Saviour warn the disciples that they would encounter in the world? What exhortation is given? John 16:32, 33.

2. What examples of such trials are recorded? Heb. 11:36-39; note 1.

3. How are we to relate ourselves to trials? Rom. 12:12. Compare Heb. 10:32-34.

4. What example is left us in this matter? 1 Peter 2:21-23.

5. To whom is salvation promised? James 1:12; Rev. 2:10.

6. What exhortation is given to those who are chastened? Why? What promise is given to those who endure? Heb. 12:5-7; note 2.

7. How is patience, or steadfastness, developed? Rom. 5:1-3; James 1:2, 3; note 3.

8. What value does the apostle place on the trying, or proving, of our faith? 1 Peter 1:6, 7; note 4.

9. In the chastening of Job, what was seen? James 5:11.

10. What testimony did Job bear on this point after his great affliction? Job 40:3-5; 42:1-6.

11. What instruction is given concerning the value of afflictions? Ps. 119:67, 71; note 5.

12. What does the Lord minister to us when afflicted? Why? 2 Cor. 1:3-5.

13. What did Jesus leave with his children when he left the world? John 14:27. Compare Ps. 85:8.

14. On whom should we cast our burdens? 1 Peter 5:7; Isa. 53:4, 5.

15. What promise did the Lord make concerning his presence with us? Matt. 28:19, 20; Heb. 13:5.

16. State some promises we should remember when experiencing trials. Deut. 33:27; Isa. 41:10; Rom. 8:28.

Notes

1. "Workers were raised up who ably defended the faith once delivered to the saints. History bears record to the fortitude and heroism of these men. Like the apostles, many of them fell at their post, but the building of the temple went steadily forward. The workmen were slain, but the work advanced. The Waldenses, John Wyclif, Huss and Jerome, Martin Luther and Zwingli, Cranmer, Latimer, and Knox, the Huguenots, John and Charles Wesley, and a host of others brought to the foundation material that will endure throughout eternity. And in later years those who have so nobly endeavored to promote the circulation of God's Word, and those who by their service in heathen lands have prepared the way for the proclamation of the last great message,—these also have helped to rear the structure."—"Acts of the Apostles," page 598.

2. "Trial is part of the education given in the school of Christ, to purify God's children from the dross of earthliness. It is because God is leading his children that trying experiences come to them. Trials and obstacles are his chosen methods of discipline, and his appointed conditions of success. He who reads the hearts of men knows their weaknesses better than they themselves can know them. He sees that some have qualifications which, if rightly directed, could be used in the advancement of his work. In his providence he brings these souls into different positions and varied circumstances, that they may discover the defects that are concealed from their own knowledge. He gives them opportunity to overcome these defects, and to fit themselves for service. Often he permits the fires of affliction to burn, that they may be purified."—*Id.*, page 524.

3. "Not in freedom from trial, but in the midst of it, is Christian character developed. Exposure to rebuffs and opposition leads the follower of Christ to greater watchfulness, and more earnest prayer to the mighty Helper. Severe trial endured by the grace of God develops patience, vigilance, fortitude, and a deep and abiding trust in God. It is the triumph of the Christian faith that it enables its follower to suffer and be strong; to submit, and thus to conquer; to be killed all the day long, and yet to live; to bear the cross, and thus to win the crown of glory."—*Id.*, pages 467, 468.

4. "Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are the better for beating; grapes come not to the proof till they come to the press; spices smell sweetest when pounded; young trees root the faster for shaking; vines are the better for bleeding; gold looks the brighter for scouring; glowworms glisten best in the dark; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; pomander becomes most fragrant for chasing; the palm-tree proves the better for pressing; camomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it. Such is the condition of all God's children; they are the most triumphant when most tempted, most glorious when most afflicted, most in the favor of God when least in man's; as their conflicts, so their conquests; as their tribulations, so their triumphs."—*Spencer*.

5. "It is the broken rock that sends forth streams of living water through the wilderness. It is the broken ground that opens its bosom for the reception of the incorruptible seed which springs up, and which brings forth fruit abundantly. It is the broken cloud that discharges itself in showers that usher in the spring, and cheer the thirsty ground. It is the broken alabaster wherewith the poor penitent anoints the feet of the Saviour, and which fills the whole house with the odor of the precious spikenard. It is the broken body, which the nails of the cross and the spear of a mortal enemy have pierced, that furnishes the blood that cleanses the soul from all sin. It is the broken veil that opens into the holiest of all, and gives to the believing soul bright glimpses into the glory that is yet to be revealed. It is the broken grave that announces the reality of the resurrection, and proclaims to the unbelieving disciple that the Saviour is risen indeed. It is the broken corn that is separated from the chaff, and laid up in the garner of the husbandman, or changed into the bread of life. And it was the broken berries which the millstones of the olive-press crushed, that gave forth the precious oil which filled the dark tabernacle with the radiance of a clear and tranquilizing light."—*Dr. J. Hamilton*.

THE rising national spirit of Chile is indicated by a movement on the part of the National Education Association of that country to emphasize in the school histories the distinguishing characteristics of Chilean history, and of the constitution of the republic as compared with other nations, particularly those of North America and Europe.

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
SIX MONTHS	- - -	.50
CLUB RATES		
5 or more copies to one address, one year, each	- - -	\$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each	- - -	.40
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each	- - -	.20

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.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
— Young.

Penikese Hospital for Lepers

PENIKESE HOSPITAL, for the care and treatment of lepers, is situated on Penikese Island, one of the Elizabeth group, comprising about one hundred acres of land, and lying fourteen miles off the port of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Five patients were transferred to this hospital when it was opened on Nov. 17, 1905. Since that date fourteen patients have been received; one of the original cases has died of a complication of diseases; and two of the newer cases have been deported, leaving sixteen inmates at the present time.

The Worn Dime

THE afternoon session of the conference was just over. Two ministers, whose ways led them to the same part of the city, left the church together, and began to talk over the happenings of the day as they waited on the street corner for their car.

When it came, they found seats side by side, and continued their earnest conversation. The conductor came through the car, and one of the ministers handed him a ten-cent piece to pay both fares. The man looked at the coin carefully, turned it over and looked at the other side, and then said:—

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for another dime."

"What is the matter with that one?" asked the minister, a little embarrassed at having his money returned. "It isn't counterfeit, is it?"

"I guess not," replied the conductor, "but it's worn down so thin and smooth that I can't tell what it is. The company wouldn't take it from me, I'm sure."

So the minister found another ten-cent piece, a bright, new one this time, and took back the worn one. Then he turned to his friend, and said:—

"I wonder if there is not a lesson for you and me in this little incident? Isn't there danger that our methods of presenting the truth may become so outworn and flat by unending repetition that the message itself may grow thin and almost meaningless to our people? Isn't it necessary to fuse it again in the heat of positive conviction, and remind it, as it were, in order that the inscription and superscription may be read and clearly understood by men? The gospel is good

for every age and every man. It is only when it is interpreted in ways that are stale and perfunctory that men are doubtful or skeptical. When it is presented in terms fresh and vital, they embrace it gladly."—*Youth's Companion*.

Songs in the Night

WE can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work, when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleansed their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on a top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music, for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! O that we could put songs under our burdens! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house; teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

Where Women Govern

FROISAY, a small town half-way between Paris and Amiens, in France, is said to be the only civilized community in which the municipal affairs are entirely in the hands of women. The mayor is a woman, and so is the superintendent of the railway station, the switch-tender, the mail-carrier, and the town marshal.

Mme. Leseboro is the telegraph messenger, and Mme. Druhou-Marchardin is the "drummer," whose duty it is to announce each proclamation of the mayor. Mme. Druhou-Marchardin has held her post for over twenty years, while the letter-carrier has plodded the rounds in all sorts of weather for over ten years.

The little town is said to be prosperous and well-governed. Of course, there are men in the place, but they are in the minority, and gracefully defer to the will of the majority. Up to the present, it is said that the male inhabitants of Froisay have had no cause to complain of the way the affairs of the municipality are conducted.—*Young People's Weekly*.

The Inventor of Volapuk

VOLAPUK (pronounced vo'la-pük', meaning "world-speech"), the first international language to gain wide acceptance, was invented by Johann Martin Schleyer, who has just died in Switzerland, at the age of seventy-four. He was a German Catholic priest, and published his first prospectus of Volapuk in 1879, having conceived the idea of an international language during a restless night. He was a learned linguist, being familiar with more than fifty languages, and able to converse in some twenty of them. He himself translated the Volapuk grammar into thirty-five languages. Though this artificial language has been largely supplanted by Esperanto, it did much to pave the way for the latter language.—*Christian Endeavor World*.