

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Courtesy of The Empress, India

THE RATH JATRA OR CAR FESTIVAL OF JAGANNATH

See page four



A SWISS exploring party under Dr. de Quervain last month accomplished the feat of crossing Greenland from west to east. The march over the icy wastes of the interior occupied three months' time. This is the first time Greenland has been crossed.

PLANS have been perfected in Louisville, Kentucky, for the establishment of an undenominational church for children, all services to be conducted with a special view to adaptation to the child mind. Children's songs will be sung, and the choir will be composed exclusively of children. Sermons will be taken from incidents in the life of Christ, and will be illustrated.

IN Colorado the liquor men are working under the deceptive title "The Colorado Business Men's Home Rule League." They are disseminating, through such newspapers as they can control, and in other ways, false statements about the attitude of prominent men regarding the liquor traffic and specious arguments against State-wide prohibition.

THE prefect of the department of the Rhone, in France, has forbidden the use of hat-pins with unprotected ends. Ladies or others wearing the ordinary weapon will be forbidden access to tram-cars, public vehicles, assembly-halls, and all places of amusement. The hat-pin as worn at present in this country is as dangerous as an automobile in the hands of a callow college youth.

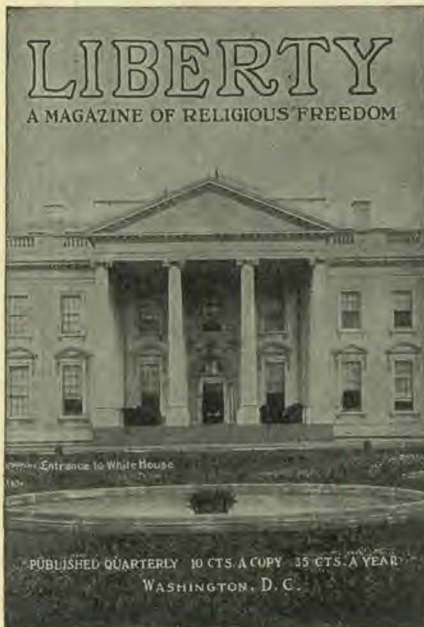
IN northeast Alberta some forty thousand Austrians have settled on the land, and the number is constantly growing. They are ignorant and sordid, but hard-working. The children are quickly naturalized and are bright in school, especially in mathematics and languages. The Canadian Methodists have eight workers among these people, three being Austrians. They find the people naturally religious and responsive to Christian teaching. A paper has been started in Ruthenian as an evangelistic agency.

ACCORDING to figures made up recently, Columbia University, New York, is the largest American university in point of students attending the lectures and classes, the total enrolment being 7,938. California, the second college on the list, has 2,000 less students than Columbia. Harvard comes third, with 5,674; and then come in order of size Cornell, 5,609; Michigan, 5,452; Chicago, 5,390; Pennsylvania, 5,220; and Wisconsin, 5,015.

A PARCEL-POST convention was concluded recently between the United States and the Dominican Republic. The agreement, which will become effective as soon as the President approves it, provides a parcel rate of twelve cents a pound, with a weight limit of eleven pounds. The United States has parcel-post agreements with forty-five foreign countries, and Postmaster-General Hitchcock is negotiating with four others for the expansion of the service.

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The Youth's Instructor

Important Cities of the Lower and Middle Yangtze—No. 2

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL



LEAVING Shanghai and traveling up the Yangtze one hundred sixty-eight miles, the first stop made by the large steamers is at Chinkiang, a prosperous treaty port and commercial center of one hundred sixty-eight thousand inhabitants. It owes its importance to its position at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Yangtze. The Chinese suburb (between the English Concession and the city) is lighted by electricity. One of the chief places of interest to visitors is an old Buddhist monastery with several hundred monks still carrying out the régime of former ages. In Chinkiang are silk filatures, an albumen factory, and a flour-mill. It exports rice, cattle, groundnuts, beans, and peas. Seventh-day Adventists have never done any work in this place.

The next city of importance located along the Yangtze is Nanking, a city with a population of three hundred fifty thousand, two hundred five miles from Shanghai. Nanking was formerly the capital of the empire under the first emperors of the Ming dynasty, and the tombs of these monarchs are still to be seen outside the east gate. Surrounded on all sides except the west by hills, and protected on that side by forts on small hills that command the river, it is both easy of access to trade and capable of defense. The walls enclosing Nanking have a circumference of twenty-four miles, thus making the area of the city greater than Peking, the northern capital. Nanking, however, is inhabited only in the southern and western portions, while the rest of the land is given up to cultivation. Some of the things to be seen of interest to visitors are the government palace, a military school, an arsenal, and an observatory; also the Nanking University, a missionary school. This is not a great commercial port, although cotton cloth, and satin and velvet ribbons, are manufactured to some extent. Nanking is located at the terminal of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, while on the opposite bank of the river is the terminal of the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad. There is also a city railroad of some six miles in length. This city will be remembered as the capital of the provisional government established by President Sun Yat-Sen during the transition from empire to republic about nine

months ago. With the election of Yuan Shi-Kai as president, the government resumed at Peking.

A beginning has been made in this city by our workers, and two foreign families are now regularly stationed here. Nanking has been selected as the best location for the China Union Training-school for workers, and it has accordingly been arranged that the school shall be removed from Chowkiakow, Honan, where it has been carried on for the last two years, to open in rented quarters for the coming year in Nanking, while land is being purchased and proper buildings erected for permanent quarters. The school will probably call two additional families of foreigners to locate in Nanking.

Wuhu, with its one hundred thirty-seven thousand inhabitants, is the next important city on the Yangtze. It is a treaty port, and exports rice, cotton, and tea. It also forms a distributing market for many other articles throughout the southern Anhwei region. There are a few industries, such as a flour-mill and an egg factory. In this place the Catholics have a strong work, and their imposing buildings, commanding the best sites in the city, are always among the first things to attract the notice of visitors. There are a great many professional beggars in Wuhu. Whole families of them in small boats, in wash-tubs, or attracting attention in any

way they can devise, fill the air with their deafening entreaties for help as long as the steamer remains in port. We have no foreign workers to enter this important city, and to our knowledge no sermon on the third angel's message has ever yet been preached there.

The capital city of Anhwei province is Nanking, it being the next stop made by steamers. This city is beautifully located, and has a certain commercial importance. It has a military academy and a provincial mint. The suburbs extend on both sides along the Yangtze. Seventh-day Adventists have not opened work in this city of forty thousand inhabitants.

Kiukiang, with a population of thirty-six thousand, has considerable commerce in tea, which it exports principally to Hankow and Shanghai. There are two fine granite quays along the river front. To the rear of the city are the Lu-shan Mountains, which attain a height of four thousand feet, and on the summit of

Raptures!

THE hillsides worship God!
Sumac and goldenrod,
And all the passing hosts that on before
In long procession come
Beyond the winter's tomb,
Speak adoration from the earthy clod.

The wild birds on the wing
Alight and thrill and sing
As at creation, in the far away,
All holy, heaven-voiced,
The sons of God rejoiced,
And morning-stars sang in the joy of the day.

And so, around the world,
The sails of joy unfurled
Sweep in perpetual sunrise, glad and fair;
And past the sunset bars,
The glory, and the stars,
We hear the happy angels harping there.

O Son of God, whose crown
And whose eternal throne
Thrill every heart with immortality!
We joy in thee always,
Beyond our power of praise,
For thou hast turned the tides of gladness free.

B. F. M. SOURS.

Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

one of these mountains is located one of the greatest summer resorts that China has to offer foreigners. The annual census of visitors during July and August is upward of one thousand two hundred foreigners.

The porcelain of Kiangsi province, in which Kiukiang is located, has obtained world-wide celebrity, and was in great demand because of its brilliant colors, its exquisite finish, and its quaint designs. But in 1850 the Taiping rebels destroyed the five hundred kilns of the principal manufacturing city, Kingteh, and only one hundred sixty have since been rebuilt. Moreover, the porcelain ware of recent times is said to be of an inferior grade, though the finest is still despatched to Peking for the use of the royalty, and a small amount is exported to Europe and America. The remainder is sent in large quantities to Kiukiang and other marts to be sold at a low price throughout the country, although it possesses the practical qualities of hardness, solidity, and usefulness. Street vendors are always on hand at the wharf to offer porcelain wares to the travelers passing through Kiukiang by boat. This is another important place that has received only a few calls from some of our colporteurs.

Changsha, Hunan, China.

Missionary Boldness

IN order to live a Christian life in this time one needs a certain amount of boldness. In other words, it takes grit to withstand the snares and delusions of Satan. A person who becomes easily discouraged will not make a good soldier for Christ. Study the life of Joshua the son of Nun. Here we have one example of what characterizes a good soldier. Jehovah, in charging Joshua prior to their crossing Jordan, tells him to "be strong and very courageous. . . . Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed." Joshua 1:7-9, A. R. V. God does not have any use for persons who become "affrighted" and "dismayed." How, then, may we obtain this boldness? The true source of boldness is prayer. How did the disciples get the courage to tell the people things that they did not want to hear? It was when they were filled with the Holy Spirit that they found words to utter. Their boldness grew by defending right against wrong, by standing with Christ against Satan. They did not depend upon themselves and in their own strength. It was only when they received that "power from on high" that they were able to do the work that Jesus had left for them to do.

Well, then, you may ask, Is it really necessary to possess this boldness? Let me direct your thoughts for a moment to the great line of men and women who have given their lives for the advancement of God's work in the earth. Do you suppose that John G. Paton was without courage and boldness when he looked in that crowd of savages with their guns leveled at him, and quietly told them that they could shoot him if they wished, that he would not run away, for his Jehovah God had sent him to teach them the gospel? Do you think that Robert Moffat was afraid to go to the corral of Africaner, for whose head the government had offered a large bounty, and win that lion of savage fury to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world? It was because Carey had this missionary boldness that he was enabled to overcome the opposition of the churches in England, and of the merchants in India who said they "would rather have a band of devils in India than a band of missionaries," and to open India to the gospel. And what shall I

say more? for space would fail me to tell of Livingstone, Morrison, and Williams, of Chalmers, Titus Coan, and Taylor also, who through boldness subdued cannibals, taught righteousness, saw miracles of grace, stopped the riot of disease, and with their heroic successors, of whom, as of the ancient saints, the world was not worthy, brought continents and islands to Christian civilization, and by the gospel of salvation won peoples, tribes, and nations to the Prince of Peace.

Jesus says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16:33); therefore the world shall not overcome you while ye abide in me. It is a world which I have conquered, over which I have the mastery; because I have overcome, you also shall overcome if you believe in me. Let us take courage.

EMILE W. TONJES.

Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies.

The Car Festival of Jagannath

[The following article by Miss K. Gregory, of India, consists largely of selected extracts from an article that appeared in *The Englishman*, a Calcutta paper, under the headings, "New Gods for Old," "Special Year at Puri," "Half a Million Pilgrims," "To Be Conveyed in Freight-Trains."]

IN Puri one can even get new gods for old. But it is not every day that the old gods are changed for new. As every one who is acquainted with Hindu mythology is aware, the temple of Jagannath (the Lord of the Universe) at Puri contains three deities: Jagannath himself, who is believed to be the Krishna of another part of India; his elder brother, Balarama, and his sister, Subhadra. Jagannath reigns supreme in the temple, and once a year during the Hindu month of Asarh the idol is carried in procession on his mammoth car to a small temple about a mile distant from the more famous temple of the god. The car is pulled by the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who come together on the occasion at Puri from all parts of India. After eight days' stay at the temple, which is supposed to mark the site of Jagannath's aunt's house, the god is once more taken back to his permanent abode, which no European has ever been allowed to defile by his shadow. . . . One thousand two hundred priests minister to the god's needs, which consist of offering fifty-six kinds of food with the necessary pomp and ceremony. The other two gods occupy a secondary place, needless to say, to the "Lord of the Universe," who sits enthroned in the temple on a marble pedestal supported by one hundred thousand stone gods, or salagramas. In the middle of the group of gods is Subhadra, the sister of the other two.

The Temple's Origin

The temple owes its origin to a legend which relates how a bone of Krishna of Bruidabau found its way there, and how a rajah (king) of Puri enshrined it in a piece of wood to be an object of adoration for generation after generation of Hindus. It is also related that one of these rajahs of Puri renounced Hinduism, becoming a Moslem, and burning the idol, but not before the sacred bone had been secretly carried away by the worshippers, and hidden in the temple near Chilka Lake. After the death of the Moslem king, the bone was taken back to the larger temple. It is not known whether it is to celebrate the saving of the sacred bone from the Moslem rajah, or whether it is merely a custom whose origin is lost in legendary lore, but

(Concluded on page thirteen)

When Luxuries Are Denied

SHE was a business girl with a fondness for luxuries; and as her dress skirt swung aside for a moment, the other girls caught a glimpse of an unusually pretty messaline silk petticoat. There were some laughing comments on the extravagance of wearing such clothes to the office, and then the matter was dropped and apparently forgotten.

There was one girl, however, who did not forget the glimpse she had caught of the pretty messaline petticoat, with its sheen of changing colors, and for days afterward she carried a little feeling of discontent be-



THE LITTLE GIRL STANDING BY THE MOTHER WAS CARRIED AWAY BY THE BEAR

cause such dainty luxuries were out of the question for her. Her father's salary was a modest one, and there were younger children at home to be fed and clothed and sent to school. It was no use for her even to think of pumps and silk stockings, such as some of the other girls wore, or of lingerie shirt-waists with insertion of fine lace and embroidery, or of bracelets, or necklaces, or willow plumes. There were times when it seemed to her very hard that these luxuries should be denied her when other girls who earned no more than she did could have them.

In her dissatisfaction she overlooked two facts. She was more suitably dressed for a business office than most of the girls whose finery she admired, and there were not the unexpected contrasts in her clothes that were apparent among the other girls. The stenographer who had the lovely silk petticoat was wearing a last year's straw hat, sunburnt and dingy, and trimmed with ribbon and flowers that were far from fresh. The girl whose long willow plume was the envy of her companions had reason to hide her feet, for her shoes were rusty and the heels were badly run over. The girl with the natty pumps and the silk stockings had silk gloves, too, but they were beginning to wear at the finger-tips and had not been mended. The skirt above the trim footwear sagged at the sides, and was spotted along the hem. Not one of these girls was really well dressed, for each mingled new and old, fine and shabby, trim and untidy, in startling contrast, and the result was neither good nor pleasing.

The girl who, because her help was needed at home, was denied the dainty belongings that she admired, dressed simply, but always neatly. Her plain skirt was never frayed nor spotted around the bottom; her shoes, though perhaps not of the latest cut, were kept well polished, and there were no missing buttons nor rusty laces to mark her as untidy. The most of her

shirt-waists were plain, but they were always well laundered, and her simple neckwear was always fresh. It was seldom that she wore silk gloves to the office, as those were saved for best; but during the warm weather she wore inexpensive wash gloves, which she washed every night or every other night, and which she mended carefully when holes began to show in the finger-tips. Her hat was a simple but jaunty sailor, very becoming to the wholesome face beneath. She was never overdressed, as some of the other girls often were, and everything she wore was in perfect accord with the rest of her costume.

She did not know that many whom she passed on the street, glanced at her a second time with pleasure, attracted by her fresh, wholesome face and the neatness and simplicity of her dress. She did not hear the older woman who said one day to her companion, "What a relief to see a business girl who looks *businesslike!* I should like to tell her how attractive she appears in that simple suit and hat, without the frills and feathers that so many girls pile on." Many are making the same comment on the business girl who is simply and suitably dressed; and the girl whose slender income will not allow silk stockings or silk petticoats, lingerie shirt-waists, willow plumes, or other luxuries of dress dear to girlish hearts, need not feel that she is cast hopelessly into the shade by the companions who can afford such things. Neatness and careful attention to little details lie easily within her power, and in her enforced simplicity she may be not only more suitably dressed, but actually better dressed, according to accepted standards, than those whom she is half inclined to envy.—*Josephine F. Preston, in Young People's Weekly.*

Wonderful Deliverance of a Child From a Bear

MANY will remember an incident in their life when they were rescued from danger of death in a wonderful way, but perhaps only a few recognize their Heavenly Father's kind care over them. Yet it is a Bible truth that the angels of God encamp around the children of men. Says Paul: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall



THE HOME OF THE LITTLE GIRL. MOUNT LEBANON IN THE DISTANCE

be heirs of salvation?" In a special manner little children are watched over by heavenly angels. Our blessed Lord himself said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 18: 10.

About the middle of last July a native family in Beit Mary, Mount Lebanon, some three hours' distance from Beirut, experienced the truth of these words when their youngest child was returned to them in a marvelous way after a greedy bear had snatched the little girl, and carried her off to feed its young ones. The father is the keeper of a little inn just at the border of the village in a somewhat secluded place facing the gorge between the mountains. According to the native custom, the family all sleep on the floor of the one-room hut. One night after midnight the father was suddenly aroused by the noise caused by a beast that had entered the open room. The lantern was still burning, and as he looked he saw a large bear snatch his little girl who was lying nearest the door, and run off with her. In a moment the father alarmed the neighborhood, and started off with lantern and gun. Fortunately he had kept a trap set for some days in a narrow path, and the bear happened to catch its foot in this trap while rushing off with its prey. In the struggle for its own life it dropped the child, but could not free itself because the trap was fastened by a rope. The father found the baby lying at some distance from the beast uninjured, which is due to the following circumstance: According to the native custom, the children sleep on the floor on a mat, but before retiring a flannel belt is tied around the body of the little ones lest they take cold at night. It was by this belt that the bear caught the child, and had a good grip to carry her off without injury to the body.

The beast was wounded but not killed. The father received five dollars for it from a band in Beirut, who intended to train it as a dancing-bear. The parents, with their other children, were very happy to see their bright little girl restored to them in such a marvelous way.

W. C. ISING.

Steadiness

A SKY-SCRAPER was being erected in New York City. The structure had reached a height of twenty stories. In hoisting the steel beams and columns that formed its interior skeleton, it was necessary for a certain man poised on a narrow beam at one hundred fifty feet in the air, to hold a guide-rope which kept the new beam from striking the placed ones. This man, one afternoon, failed to hold his guide-rope still, and the upgoing beam struck the skeleton work, demolished part of the building, and killed three men.

The following day a young fellow took the place of the man who had to direct the guide-rope. The foreman placing him in charge of the work, said to him:—"The only important thing about your position is to be steady."

The word steadiness applies to more things than the holding of a guide-rope on a sky-scraper. Steadiness means when you are in the worst of situations, to be able to keep your head clear; to face your difficulty, and to do your daily work with a smile and a kindly greeting or hand-shake to any one you meet. Steadiness means constant refusal to surrender to any obstacle in your way. Steadiness works every hour of the day except those required for natural recreation and sleep.

Steadiness does not work by fits and starts; steadiness does not blow hot one moment and cold the next. Steadiness always sees success ahead, sees the pathway open into meadows where there is always peace and contentment.

To make it plainer, steadiness is loyalty to the

thoughts that you have formed in your own mind as to what your course of action should be. You have figured out yourself and with your God what is your duty to yourself and those about you. To fulfil these duties may involve many sacrifices on your own part; being steady is what enables you to make these sacrifices without ceasing in your labor.

Steadiness is the brother of every human who is willing to try to do his full duty, no matter how humble the task, every moment of the day.

Unsteadiness has its foundation resting upon quicksand—the quicksand of disloyalty, of quitting when one should stick, of forgetting a duty, and in so doing, forgetting God.—*The Boys' World*.

He Leadeth Me

IN pastures green?—Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows lie,—

Out of sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright

Only for this: I know he holds my hand.
And so, alike in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters?—No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie—what matter? he is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where he leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

—Selected.

A Prayer for Young Men

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst take upon thee our manhood, being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin: we beseech thee to regard thy love, and to gird with the armor of light, all young men everywhere. We give thee thanks for these choice vessels of thy grace, who in the days of their youth have witnessed a good confession before the world; and who, being wise unto salvation, have turned many to righteousness. We pray for all young men that are sorely tempted, for all that wander in unbelief, for all that are discouraged by reason of the sins of their youth, for all that maintain their loyalty to Christ through much tribulation. We beseech thee to make thy servants valiant for righteousness, to confirm them in the faith of the gospel, and to give them the victory that overcomes the world. O Father of light and Fountain of all knowledge, bless, we beseech thee, all schools, universities, and places of learning, and grant that the light of truth may shine with growing brightness on all young men, so that wisdom and knowledge may be the stability of our times; through him who is the way, the truth, and the life, thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Jubilee Convention of North American Y. M. C. Associations, 1901.*

GOOD MANNERS

Civility Worth While



AT the close of the civil war a civilian from the North was appointed to a position of trust in a Southern city. One afternoon a man called to ask for a permit to leave the Federal lines drawn about the district.

The official was tired and cross after a vexing day, and worried by many demands upon his thought and time. Without inquiring into the merits of the case, he refused the request curtly, and when the visitor would have expostulated, cut short the interview by pointing to the door.

Within an hour the stranger returned in company with the general in command of the city and surrounding territory. The intruder upon the under-official's time and patience was his superior's intimate friend, and the paper the subaltern had refused to look at was an order from his chief, requesting that every civility be shown to the bearer of the note. When the discomfited man, in an effort to excuse himself, stammered that he had no idea to whom he was speaking, he was silenced by his superior with a sharp reminder that one of the duties of his office was civility to every applicant.

Nor did this official's punishment end with the reprimand. Ten years later he was seeking to establish himself in his profession in a Northern city. He was advised to secure the good-will of the most influential citizen in the place, and for that purpose was taken by a friend to the great man's house.

He had not recognized the name of this citizen when he heard it, nor did he recall where he had seen the face that darkened and stiffened when he was introduced. With an enigmatic smile, the host bowed ceremoniously, but seemed not to see his visitor's half-extended hand.

"Dr. Blank and I have met before," he said, "when he was provost marshal in A., during the reconstruction period. The circumstances of the interview fixed his name and personality in my memory. As it is quite possible that he had many similar experiences, the incident may have slipped from his mind. When I remind him that I paid my second call in company with my friend, General W., he may recall the interview."

Of course the call was very brief; the mystified acquaintance who had brought the meeting about yielded to the evident desire of the physician to take a speedy departure.

He heard the story subsequently from his fellow citizen, and was not slow to spread it, together with the reason he gave for declining to forward the interests of the would-be settler in his town: "I will do nothing to introduce into the houses of my friends a man capable of gross abuse of the duties and obligations of his office and of brutal incivility to a stranger."

A discourteous act committed ten years before had found its way home to the ex-official. He had sowed as he had reaped. It was the operation of a natural law.

This is not a moral treatise, nor have I time and space to speak with proper emphasis of the higher motives that should constrain us to obey the admonition that the apostle Peter addressed to the churches of Asia: "Be pitiful, be courteous."

Each of us owes it to his better self to practise constantly the gentlest of virtues; to put himself in the "other fellow's" place, and to treat him as he himself would wish to be treated in return.

That obligation is violated by a forbidding demeanor, a surly word, and disregard of the amenities that distinguish the gentleman from the boor.—*Marion Harland, in Youth's Companion.*

Politeness a Business Asset

"POLITENESS is a business asset at the command of every girl who must earn her own living," says Anna Steese Richardson, in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

"She may not be as expert with the typewriter, the sewing-machine, or the drafting tools as her fellow worker, but she can always hold her own when it comes to courtesy. She may not be able to wear as smart tailored suits and blouses as the girl at the next desk, but she can be just as polite or more so. She may lack the strong personality which is such a factor in scoring business success; but if she will cultivate politeness, the much-coveted personality will develop.

"You can say 'Good morning' to the elevator starter or the elevator operator in a way that will make him say to a chum after you pass: 'There goes a lady, a real lady.'

"You can say 'Good morning' to the little red-headed office boy who puts down your 'time' in a way that will make him say to the little cash-girl or messenger with whom he is always scrapping: 'Say, if you were like her, I'd marry you some day.'

"You can say 'Good morning' to your employer in a way that will make him realize that you are a credit to his establishment; a womanly girl, not a human machine whose sole office is to turn out so many circulars a day.

"As you go through the day's work, you can say 'Good morning' and 'Thank you' and 'Please' to the fresh young bookkeeper, to the tired young file clerk, to the irritable caller, to the man in search of a job, in the same simple, unaffected, sincere way, until politeness becomes a habit, the drudgery of earning your own living is transformed into the joy of independence, and those among whom you work look for your coming with pleasure, which, after all, is one of the rewards of living. We all love appreciation, and politeness wins appreciation as the sun draws flowers from the earth."—*Selected.*

IF some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have not so many perils of vanity to contend with.



Beware of Poison Plants

APPLE time — hazel-nut time — time for autumn leaves! But let all wanderers in the woods and fields, when collecting their trophies, look out for poison-ivy. As gay a scarlet in the fall as any other forest beauty, it will tempt you and lure you with its color; so will its cousin poison-sumac. But deny them! Forswear them! Have no traffic with these lovely malefactors, for "there is no health in them." Unless you want your skin poisoned and blistered, itching and smarting, for several days as a souvenir of a pleasant walk in the woods, keep away from poison-ivy.

But it is not always so easy to recognize, being often confounded with the perfectly harmless Virginia creeper, sometimes called woodbine. Similarly, poison-sumac may be mistaken for the many other sumacs, which are not in the least troublesome. But there are simple ways of knowing the dangerous plants from the harmful ones,—several, indeed, though remembering a few of them will generally be a sufficient safeguard. The easiest way to remember poison-ivy as distinguished from Virginia creeper is that it has three leaves, while Virginia creeper has five. Poison- or swamp-sumac grows in swamps and other moist places, and along wet roadsides,—it likes to get its feet wet. The harmless sumacs always grow on dry ground. Both poison plants have white berries in the fall. But here are other differences, in tabulated form, for those who care to know the points of each more thoroughly:—

Poison-Ivy

Three leaves, or properly, alternate leaves with three leaflets.
Stem hairy, even in dry or dead plant.
White or dun-colored berries in fall, remaining till late winter.
Flowers greenish-yellow.
Margin of leaf entire, but variously notched.
Climbs by means of rootlets given off from the creeping stem.

Virginia Creeper (Harmless)

Five leaves, arranged in a whorl.
Smooth stem.
Bluish-black berries.
Flowers greenish, but inconspicuous.
Margin serrate.
Has tendrils with discs at tips for prehension.

Poison-Sumac

Green flowers.
Leaves made up of fewer leaflets than the other, seven to thirteen.
Grows in moist places or swamps.
White berries, in small, slender clusters from axils of leaves.
Bark gray.
Leaf-stalk red even in summer.

Harmless Sumac

Yellowish-green flowers.
Many leaflets.
Grows on dry ground.
Red berries, in close bunches at end of branches.
Bark brownish.
Leaf-stalk green.

In the far West there grows what is known as poison-oak, or yeraa. It is the same thing as the poison-ivy shrub of States farther East, except that its leaves resemble those of the Western oak-tree. This kind is distinguished by the name *Rhus diversiloba*, but an ivy by any other name will hurt as much.

Whenever you come from a tramp in the woods, wash the hands and face vigorously with soap and water, just on general principles. You *may* have come in contact with poison-ivy or poison-sumac. Water alone would be of no benefit, but the poisonous oil is dissolved in the alkali of the soap. Alcohol, too, is a good thing to use for this purpose.

Suppose that you have been in the woods and have actually come in contact with one of the two poison plants. (No other plant in North America is poisonous to the touch as a rule, though a few will unpleasantly affect some persons.) The trouble will not manifest itself for several hours, perhaps even for a few days. Then the face will swell, almost closing the eyes, a purplish-red rash will break out, the skin surrounding the eruptions being very red. It will itch and smart most painfully. The head will ache and become dizzy, and the eyes will pain. First, scrub the poisoned spots well with soap and hot water, or wash with alcohol, washing this off again carefully so that the alcohol may not carry the infection any farther. The poisoned sur-



POISON-IVY

face will not increase of itself, but only by contact with the poisonous oil. Now for the cure. This is a fifty- or seventy-five-per-cent solution of alcohol in which is dissolved all the powdered sugar of lead (lead acetate) it will take up. Spread this paste on the poisoned surface, changing it several times during a few days, each time washing off carefully with alcohol. This solution is deadly if taken internally. The annoyance, even with treatment, will continue from a few days to two weeks, and has been known to be even more protracted. The sugar of lead treatment is advised by most authorities; but Mr. Norman Taylor, of the Prospect Botanical Gardens, Brooklyn, believes that alcohol or anything that cuts and eliminates the oil will be efficacious.

Nurses recommend that the clothing, dishes, and towels used by the person under treatment be disinfected, in order to protect others. Immune persons, by the way, who may themselves experience no trouble, may carry the poison to others, like carriers in other diseases; even if an immune, therefore, has been exposed to ivy-poisoning, he should be public-spirited enough to wash well his hands and face, and even his garments, with soap and water.

Strangely enough, poison-ivy taken into the mouth affects neither the mouth nor the stomach. The theory is that the saliva acts on the poison to neutralize it. Two boys wanted to settle this matter for themselves, so they chewed up some ivy leaves, and rubbed them on their arms and faces. Violent cases of genuine ivy-poisoning developed, but there was no disturbance in either mouths or stomachs. The experiment probably proved to be sufficient punishment for the young investigators.

It is possible to get rid of poison-ivy along main-traveled roads and near dwellings, but it spreads so rapidly that it is well-nigh impossible to keep it within bounds. However, the leaf-scars of poison-sumac are very distinct, betraying it easily in winter, when it could readily be rooted out. It is also of slower growth than the ivy.

To kill poison-ivy plants, dissolve sodium arsenate in water in the proportion of two pounds to ten gallons. The bulletin of the State Board of Agriculture, Massachusetts, recommends that the water be hot. This solution will kill grass, but will not injure any tree on which the ivy may be growing.

Important Things About the Poison Plants

1. Poison-ivy has three leaves, Virginia creeper five.
2. Poison-sumac grows in wet places, other sumacs in dry places.
3. Both poison plants have white berries.
4. Wash hands and face with soap and water after every trip to the woods.
5. If poisoned, use paste of fifty-per-cent-alcohol solution with sugar of lead.
6. To kill out plants, plow large areas; use sodium arsenate on smaller ones, and burn stumps, using precautions in handling.
7. It is not on record that any one has ever died of ivy-poisoning.
8. Animals and some people are not affected.—*Janet Priest.*

The Brightening of the Rainbow

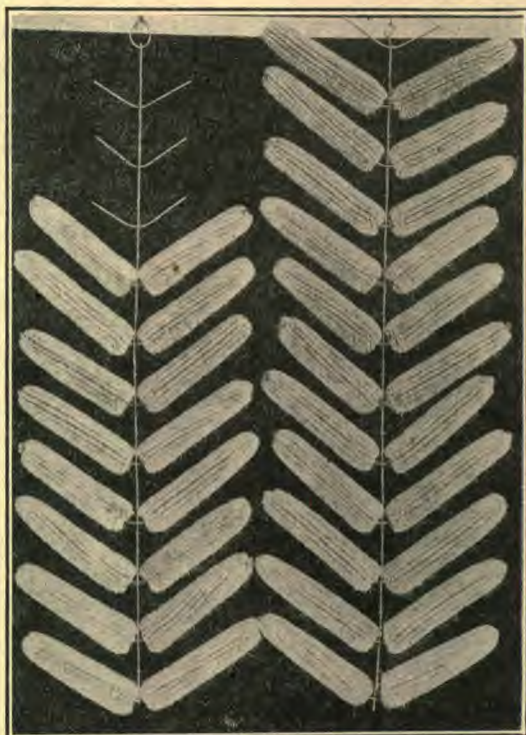
NEVER was a more beautiful thing than the rainbow. When does it come? When but after the old earth has been swept by a storm? Black, lonely, storm-swept day, but sundown brings enough to pay for it all. The clouds lift for a moment. From the lower edge glints the sunshine. Wonder of wonders! Quickly God hangs out his bow of promise, and the heart leaps with joy and gladness.

But how is it done? What really gives us the rainbow? Listen! Out of the west shoots a pencil of light. No sign of a rainbow here; just one long, straight beam of light. But it strikes the rain-drop, and like a flash it is torn into the glorious colors we love so well. Giving up self, separation, yielding, is what did it. As long as the sunbeam held fast together, no violet, no purple, no red, nor green came to our view. Giving is the secret of the rainbow's brightness.

What makes the life beautiful? Learn the secret of the rainbow, and you will see. Giving, sacrifice, putting down all that is mean and selfish, conquering everything that would draw the soul into itself, and dwarf and make it narrow. You never saw a man or woman who was making the world a better place to live in that was not giving his or her life to be broken and used for others.

"But that means the altar," do you say? Never say it! Never even think it! Say, rather, it means letting God have the life to do with as he sees best. It means pure, loving, joyful service. It means all the glory of the rainbow, instead of the one, lonely ray of sunlight. It means that God has touched the life and made it all-glorious — glorious for time and for eternity.

It was a drop of rain that shattered the sunbeam. It may be a tear that will strike your life and bring out its real beauty. Will you say, "I can not have it so"? Say, rather, "I would have it so, Father, if it seemeth best to thee."—*Edgar L. Vincent, in the Wellspring.*



RACK MADE FROM WOVEN-WIRE FENCING

Storing the Seed Ears

As fast as the seed ears are gathered, they should be stored in a place where there is a good current of air that will dry them out quickly until they are "bone dry." There are two dangers in curing seed-corn — heating and freezing.

If the freshly gathered ears are allowed to stay in a pile or sack for a few hours, they may become sufficiently heated either to kill the germ outright or to weaken the corn so that even if it grows, the resulting crop will be light; ears stored in a barrel or in a bin are likely to heat.

The ears should be taken directly from the field as soon as a sack is gathered, and stored in such away that no two ears will touch each other.

There are many satisfactory devices for storing the seed ears to prevent heating, and to allow a free circulation of air around them. In arranging to store seed-corn figure on sixteen good ears being required for each acre, and save twice this number for safety.

Spikes may be driven in a board two by four, an ear placed on each spike, and the board hung by a wire to a rafter in such a way that mice can not get to it.

Ten or twelve ears may be suspended from rafter or ceiling by a double string of binding twine. Take a piece of binding twine about fifteen feet long, and double it. Double again, and lay a seed ear at the point where the doubling comes, spreading the two pieces of twine so that they will easily support the ear. Pass the strings that are held in one hand through the loop in the other hand, and draw tightly around the ear. Lay in a second ear and cross the strings again. Continue this weaving back and forth until you have ten or twelve ears strung out together, each securely fastened by the weaving without tying a knot. Hang the string to a nail or wire so that mice can not get it.—*Otwell's Farmer Boy.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Untalented Girl



IT seems too bad that such a girl as Beth should be simply buried alive in a little town like this! Why, with such talents as she has, it does seem as if she ought to be making herself felt in the world!"

Beth's friend Alice spoke with girlish enthusiasm and unbounded, loyal admiration. "Just think of her music, to begin with. Dear me! wouldn't I feel too happy for words if I could play and sing as she does? You'd think that was talent enough for one girl's share, but that isn't half what she has. Her essays at school were so fine we always said she had a future before her in that way,—some-time she'd be making herself famous as a writer. And, as if that wasn't enough, what must she do but have a real marked talent for sketching and painting, too! Why, Aunt Minnie, when our class went to the zoo, and we tried drawing some of the animals from life, hers were so far ahead of ours,—well, you wouldn't look at ours in the same day with hers. She's really the brightest girl I know."

"She's a remarkably gifted girl, I haven't a doubt," smiled Aunt Minnie; "but I know another girl who isn't excelled by anybody, in one way at least, and that is a generous feeling for her friends. I believe you are as proud of her talents as if they were every one your own."

"I'm so clumsy and commonplace beside her!" Alice snuggled up a little closer to her aunt. "I haven't a talent in the world; positively I haven't."

"Allie, Allie!" It was her brother Gordon calling in stentorian tones through the hall.

"O, Gordon dear, don't wake mama!" Alice went toward him hurriedly. "I just persuaded her to lie down for a little while; she was up so much in the night with Benny. But I don't believe you've wakened her," she added reassuringly.

"Say, Alice!" Gordon's voice was dropped now to a stage whisper, which gradually waxed louder and more emphatic as he proceeded. Alice rose to shut the door, but so quietly that he hardly noticed the motion. "Do you know, I can't get anybody to play the tunes for us for Thursday night,—those glees, you know, we thought we'd have at our entertainment. It does seem as if folks ought to help us out when we've worked so hard to get it up, but we've asked everybody we know who's any good at music, and they all have an excuse ready. So I told the boys I guess I could count on you, at a pinch."

And Alice carefully suppressed a smile, Gordon spoke so ingeniously and with so little notion of the unconscious slight offered her musical powers.

"Why, of course you can, Gordon," she said. "I'll do the best I can, anyway. Let's see; how much time is there before you boys give your entertainment? Just a week?"

"Yes! you see, we thought we could surely get somebody else, or we'd have given you more time. I expect you'll have to do some practising, won't you, seeing you can't read much at sight, if that's what you call it?"

Aunt Minnie's arm rested with involuntary tenderness on her "untalented" niece's shoulders, as she looked into the sweet, self-forgetful face.

"O, and say, Alice!" Gordon went on eagerly, "we find it's going to cost us like everything to get our printing done. I don't see how we're going to have a cent left for posters. It will swallow up all the profits like everything to get the tickets printed and that ad. in the paper. We thought Beth Anderson would probably help us out. I tell you she knows how to make beauty posters! But she wasn't any more ready to bother with them than she was with the music. I suppose she thinks it isn't worth while to put herself out for such an affair as we're getting up, but she might do it, seeing her own brother's so interested. He'd been bragging

about what a lot of talent she had, and she refused as coolly as you please. 'Really had not time!' Well, all the artistic girls we know didn't have time to bother with it. I told the fellows perhaps you'd try to get up something for us. Do you suppose you could, Allie, even if it isn't anything very fine and fancy?"

"Well, I'll do my best, Gordon, if you'll give me some idea of what you want. You know drawing is not my strong point. In fact, I'm afraid I haven't any strong points. It's funny, but that is just what I was saying to auntie before you came in."

Gordon looked at her with a sudden accession of personal, brotherly interest. "Well, I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I'd rather take my chances with you than any girl I know. A fellow always knows where to find you, and that's—that's—"

He did not finish his sentence. He was rummaging among his pockets for some paper he wanted to show Alice, some boyish outline of what his notions were for the poster.

But Aunt Minnie took up his unfinished sentence. "That is as beautiful a talent in itself as a girl can



LITTLE JACK HAVING HIS PICTURE TAKEN

have, and as rare a one," she said. "And it makes the possessor of it a most delightful person to live with."

"Why, auntie!" said Alice. But a little pink flush of pleasure rose in her face as it bent over Gordon's outline.—*The Girls' Companion*.

Praying for Wind

It is said that when Hudson Taylor was going to China to found the China Inland Mission, he went on a sailing vessel. When they were somewhere in the Strait of Malacca there was a tap at his stateroom door one morning, and upon his invitation to "Come in" the door opened and admitted the captain. He said:—

"Mr. Taylor, we have no wind, but have a strong current, and we are being borne on an island where the people are heathen."

"Well," replied Hudson Taylor, "I really do not know what I can do for you. I do not know a point of navigation."

"No," answered the captain, "but I am told that God answers your prayers."

"He does," replied Hudson Taylor.

"Then I wish you would pray for wind. It is our only chance."

"Well, I will, provided you will get the sails unfurled."

"That would be foolish, and I do not wish to be the laughing-stock of my men."

"Very well, I am not going to pray for wind if you are not ready to receive it."

"Well, then, I will, but there is no sign of it anywhere."

Three quarters of an hour had not elapsed before another knock came at Dr. Taylor's door, and the captain entered. The missionary was on his knees, but the captain said abruptly,—

"I want to know what you are doing, Mr. Taylor."

"I am praying for wind."

"Well, I wish you would stop. We have more wind than we know what to do with."

Some of our scientists will say that is not at all scientific. They will insist that it is not in accord with natural laws. Never mind, it is in accord with spiritual laws.—*Record of Christian Work*.

Esther's Birthday Surprise

"I CAN do just as I please all day long," sang Esther to herself, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, as she watched the carriage go down the driveway.

"It's better than having a party, doing just as you want to do for a whole day. I'm glad mama had to go to town to-day. Firstly,"—she stopped skipping and held up one finger,— "I won't wipe dishes. And I won't make my bed,"—up went another finger,— "and I won't wash my hands before lunch, and — and — and I won't take baby for a ride. O, I wish every day was my birthday! I'm going into the kitchen now, and watch Jane wipe my dishes."

Jane was not even washing the dishes. She was sitting by the stove holding a flannel cloth against her face. She looked up at Esther, and tried to smile.

"It's a happy birthday I'm wishin' ye, honey," she said. "Sure, an' yer a good girl not to be grievin' because ye couldn't have a party. Run on and play."

"Play! You poor old Jane! You've got neuralgia

again. I'm going to wash the dishes!" exclaimed Esther, and she set to work at her self-appointed task.

It was a tired and happy little girl who ran down the walk that night to meet her mother.

"And did you do just as you pleased all day, dearie?" her mother inquired.

"Yes," laughed Esther, "but I pleased to work. I've helped Jane all day; and the funny part of it is I had more fun than if I had done what I intended to."

"I thought so," answered her mother with a laugh, as she kissed the bright little face. "I thought there was that kind of surprise waiting for you."—*Selected*.

Answered?

WHEN Harry Wade went to the city, it was understood that Jack Miller, his closest friend, should follow as soon as the chance offered. Meanwhile, Harry agreed to "keep him posted;" and although a rattle-brained sort of fellow, who won his way by personal charm rather than any great capacity for business, he did write regularly.

Harry's letters were much like his talk—glancing inconsequently over a hundred subjects. But Jack admired and enjoyed them, wished he could write as entertainingly, and painstakingly told Harry about everybody and everything that happened to be mentioned in his old companion's breezy epistles.

It never entered Jack's head that there was any defect in Harry, either as correspondent or friend. The boy in the city was always expressing the wish that they might be together again, and prophesying that they soon would be. Finally it began to look as if the dream might come true. Jack had a hint of what promised to be a desirable opportunity, and asked Harry to look up certain matters concerning it. The lad at home was surprised at the way his father took the news.

"That will be the end of it, as far as he is concerned," Mr. Miller predicted.

"You just wait and see if it is!" Jack retorted. "Just wait till Tuesday night. Harry always writes on Monday night, no matter what's going on, and when he writes, he will tell me all about it."

His father smiled, and said no more. Promptly on time, Harry's letter came. It was as bright and gay and friendly as ever, but there was not a word about the matter Jack had mentioned.

"You got your answer?" Mr. Miller asked. Jack thought a minute.

"I got a letter, an interesting letter. I can't quite call it an answer," he said. "It wasn't because Harry didn't want to take the trouble, I know," he added, loyally. "Maybe he'd forgotten what I wrote about, and he didn't stop to read over my letter before he wrote to me."

"Exactly," Mr. Miller said, nodding. "That's one of the boy's weaknesses. His father says that the only way they can make sure of getting information on any particular point is to tell him to write as soon as he hears from them. It's annoying, that forgetfulness of his, and it's unbusinesslike. See that you do not fall into the habit."

Jack Miller thinks he never will. He has had the exasperation of receiving letters that are not answers; and now before he starts to reply to a letter, he carefully reads it over, that he may be sure of missing nothing that, although it may seem a trifle to him, may be to his correspondent a matter of the highest importance.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Car Festival of Jagannath

(Concluded from page four)

the gods in the great temple at Puri are changed every twelve years by rotation.

This year the festival of Jagannath falls on the sixteenth of July; and as it is the wooden god Jagannath that will be changed, this makes a red-letter day in the history of the temple. Pilgrims from all parts of the country will assemble at Puri to witness a ceremony that takes place only once in thirty-six years.

It is computed that no less than five or six hundred thousand pilgrims will be in Puri on that day when Jagannath will be taken in his world-famed car to his aunt's house, followed by Balarama and Subhadra in cars. Before the procession starts, however, the old god will be taken down from the pedestal and a new one installed in its place. The old god will then be taken to the Baitruni River, about ten to twelve miles from the temple, and buried with all pomp. The *pandas*, or priests, of the temple will reap a harvest in offerings. As a matter of fact, one of these *pandas* alone is making arrangements to house no less than one hundred thousand pilgrims in Puri.

Railway Arrangements

It is not only the *pandas*, however, who are at the present moment exercised over the details of the arrangements for the festival. The Bengal-Nagpur Railway is concerned about providing the means of transport for the pilgrims; and only when one takes into account the fact that dealing with the pilgrim traffic to Puri means providing railway facilities for the exodus of a population more than one third of the population of Calcutta within a week, can the enormous pressure of work entailed on every one connected with the railway be estimated accurately.

The Nuakalebar ceremony, as the renewal of gods is known at Puri, necessitates elaborate arrangements for the pilgrim traffic. The Bengal-Nagpur Railway has been borrowing third-class carriages from all the railways in India, and in spite of that it has been found necessary to use freight-cars for conveying pilgrims to the sacred city.

Seven Hundred Cooks

When the pilgrims reach Puri, the responsibility of the railway ceases. The *pandas* and the government then take the pilgrims under their wings. It is the *pandas*, however, who profit by the religious zeal of the pilgrims; for it is they who make housing arrangements for the faithful at a sum ranging from two to eight rupees a week each. No less than seven hundred cooks are engaged in the temple to prepare rice, dal, curry, and sweetmeats for the *mahaprasad*, or the offering to Jagannath, which is afterward apportioned, for a consideration of course, to the pilgrims in the Ananda Bazaar in the temple. The cooked rice which is left over in the bazaar is not thrown away, but dried in the sun and made into *khoirchoor*, and again offered for sale to the pilgrims. It may be mentioned that the eatables sold in the bazaar acquire a religious virtue by the fact of being an offering to the "Lord of the Universe."

On their return the pilgrims break journey at Saki-gopal, where they invoke a goddess to bear witness to their pilgrimage to Jagannath on judgment-day.

When one passes such a procession during a festival, and sees crowds of natives surrounding and following an idol on a car, or carried on shoulders, one feels and realizes the depth of ignorance of this poor people.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, November 23

Helps in Every-Day Life, No. 11 — The Fruits of the Holy Spirit

LEADER'S NOTE.—The talk on "The Fruits of the Spirit" should be based on Gal. 5: 22, 23. In the paper on "The Home Life" show how the fruits of the Spirit will be revealed in the home life. In the one on "Association With Other Young People" show how the fruits of the Spirit will be revealed in this relationship. Let the one who has the subject "In Christian Service" show that unless our life yields the fruits of the Spirit, our service will be useless. For helps on these papers see INSTRUCTOR, "Desire of Ages," etc. If the papers or talks are short, give opportunity for testimonies. Put much prayer into this meeting. Gather reports of work done.

Suggestive Program

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

The Fruits of the Spirit (five-minute talk).

The Home Life (ten-minute paper).

Association With Other Young People (ten-minute talk or paper).

In Christian Service (ten-minute talk or paper).

He Leadeth Me (recitation). See page 6.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

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

NOTE.— See questions at close of chapter.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 6: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapters 7 and 8

1. GIVE an idea of the isolated condition of the workers at Wai-i-lat-pu. How was the isolation relieved once a year?

2. On returning from a visit to Wai-i-lat-pu, what disappointment awaited the Spaldings? How did they meet it? What recruits now came? Where did they go? What success had they?

3. Relate the incident told of Mr. Grubbs. What does this teach?

4. Cite incidents showing God's care for his servants.

5. Give an account of the revival and its results.

6. When and where was the first church building on the Pacific Coast erected?

7. What conditions hindered development of the Oregon country? What step was taken to overcome the difficulties? With what result?

8. At what decision did Jason Lee and his fellow laborers arrive? What petition did Mr. Lee carry with him?

9. While en route to Washington, what help was he enabled to enlist for Oregon?

10. What assistance did Congress authorize? What did that body do with the petition?

"BE thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."
1 Tim. 4: 12.

The Fruits of the Spirit

THE fruits of the Holy Spirit represent the elements in the character of our Saviour. We are told by Isaiah how this character was wrought out in Christ by the divine Spirit. "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." How fascinating it is as we read the narrative of his life and ministry, to catch glimpses of first one and then another of the fruits of the Spirit!

His Love

How warm and glowing is the love in his daily life as expressed in the simple sentences, "Jesus . . . went about doing good;" "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"! And what a supreme expression of that love is the prayer offered as he was nailed to the cross, "Father, forgive them"!

The same Spirit in us develops the same element of divine character. "And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." "And they stoned Stephen. . . . And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

His Joy

His joy was not found in selfish pleasure, but in making his children happy. "Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good." And especially touching is his invitation after his long and painful search, "*Rejoice with me*; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

To the true children of God the gift of the Spirit is the same joy. Paul wrote to his Thessalonian converts, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ? . . . For ye are our glory and joy."

His Peace

Like the other fruits of the Spirit, peace must be shared if it is possessed. The Saviour says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Peace is not defeat, but victory. "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Trust and victory, through the Holy Spirit, mean his peace.

His Long-Suffering

In what tender, pathetic words his patience and long-suffering are expressed. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" "And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

The great apostle echoes the very spirit of this heart-cry when he writes, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, That I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

His Gentleness

To what experience in the Master's ministry may we look for this gift of the Spirit more fittingly than his attitude toward the children? "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But

when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Very simple and practical are the fruits wrought in the character by the Holy Spirit. Are you giving him a chance in your life?
MEADE MACGUIRE.



VII—Patience; the Power of the Tongue

(November 16)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Heb. 12: 1, 2.

Questions

1. What is the first Christian grace named as developed by tribulation? Rom. 5: 3.
2. What is the greatest victory ever gained? Prov. 16: 32.
3. To what does the wise man compare one who has no self-control? Prov. 25: 28.
4. To what are we told to yield our members? Rom. 6: 19.
5. How does the Lord regard lying lips? Prov. 12: 22. What is said of flattering lips? Ps. 12: 2, 3.
6. What does Solomon say of a man who is hasty in his words? Prov. 29: 20.
7. What is said of the religion of one who does not control his tongue? James 1: 26.
8. What power is there in the tongue? Prov. 16: 27; note 1.
9. How difficult is it to control this little member? James 3: 7, 8.
10. What is said of the man who is able to do this? Verse 2; Mal. 2: 6; note 2.
11. What promise is given to those who speak the truth? Prov. 12: 19; Eph. 4: 15.
12. By what are we to be judged? Matt. 12: 36, 37. Why? Verse 34, last clause.
13. What kind of words are commended? Prov. 31: 26; note 3.
14. To what is a word fitly spoken compared? Prov. 25: 11; note 4.

Notes

1. The impossibility of undoing harm done by the tongue was once well illustrated. A woman had expressed sorrow for talebearing, and asked how she could make the wrong right. She was told to gather the largest, ripest thistle she could find, to scatter its seeds far and wide, over meadow, vale, and mountainside, and then to go and regather every one. Even if a tale is disbelieved and proved untrue, it has tarnished the name of both slanderer and slandered, and traces of its bad odor cling to both, as does the scent to a bottle.

"It is wise and kind
To be somewhat blind
To the faults of those about us."

2. No grander tribute could be paid than the words found in Mal. 2: 6: "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity." Of such the angel said to Daniel, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

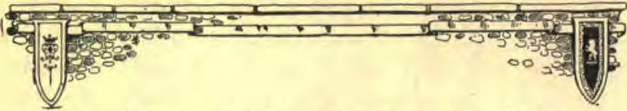
3. The lips of the righteous will speak only pure, truthful, loving words. In them will be the law of kindness.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

Such words bring strength to the weak and joy to the sorrowful. "She did not say a word about religion, but her kindness won my heart, and made me seek for her Saviour to be my Saviour, too," was said of a humble worker.

4. Words are part of the fruit God expects us to bear. He says, "I create the fruit of the lips: Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near." David says, "Accept, I beseech thee, the free-will offerings of my mouth, O Lord." "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name. But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Heb. 13:15, 16.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VII — Patience; the Power of the Tongue

(November 16)

LESSON HELPS: "Acts of the Apostles," pages 464, 465; "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, pages 348, 349; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 335-339; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Heb. 12:1, 2.

Questions

1. What is the greatest victory any person can ever achieve? Prov. 16:32; 14:29. Compare Prov. 25:28.
2. What is said concerning those who speak impatient, hasty words? Prov. 29:20; Eccl. 7:9; note 1.
3. What caution is given in the Word regarding fretfulness? Ps. 37:8. The American Revised Version reads, "Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing."
4. What is said regarding those who do not control their tongues? James 1:26.
5. What vow did David make in reference to his words? Ps. 39:1.
6. For what will each one be called to account? Matt. 12:36, 37; note 2. Why? Verse 34.
7. If able to control the tongue, what else are we able to do? James 3:2.
8. What evil is in the power of an unruly tongue? Verses 4-6.
9. By what comparison is the difficulty of controlling the tongue presented? Verses 7, 8.
10. What power is promised to keep us patient in time of temptation? Col. 1:9, 11.
11. What kind of words are commended? Prov. 15:1, 2. Compare Prov. 31:26. Note 3.
12. What manner of conversation should characterize Christians? Eph. 4:29; Col. 4:6.
13. What kind of speech should never be indulged in? Eph. 5:3, 4; note 4.
14. What is written concerning the 144,000? Rev. 14:5.
15. What example of patience is revealed in the life of our Saviour? 1 Peter 2:21-23.

Notes

1. "We can have the salvation of God in our families, but we must believe for it, live for it, and have a continual, abiding faith and trust in God. We must subdue a hasty temper, and control our words; and in this we shall gain great victories. Unless we control our words and temper, we are slaves to Satan. We are in subjection to him. He leads us captive. All jangling and unpleasant, impatient, fretful words are an offering presented to his satanic majesty. And it is a costly offering, more costly than any sacrifice we can make for God; for it destroys the peace and happiness of whole families, destroys health, and is eventually the cause of forfeiting an eternal life of happiness."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. I, page 310.

2. "It is remarkable that our divine Master, in telling us of the coming judgment, makes the final destiny of all men to depend upon whether in this world they have exercised or have not exercised the grace of kindness. For we are not done with life as we live it. We shall meet it all again, not only the great things we do, but the little things. Even our lightest words take their place among the fixed things of life, and will be recalled in the judgment. Jesus said, 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' He does not say every wrong or evil word, but every useless, purposeless, or frivolous word. The meaning is that the smallest things in life, both the evil and the good, will be taken account of in the judgment."—*The Beauty of Kindness*, pages 9, 10.

3. "Nothing else we can do is more worth while than kindness. There is nothing that the world needs more, and nothing else that leaves more real and far-reaching good in human lives. Some day we shall learn that the little deeds of love wrought unconsciously, as we pass on our way, are greater in their helpfulness, and will shine more brightly at the last, than the deeds of renown which we think of as alone making a life great."

"Some of us, if we were to try to sum up the total of our usefulness, would name a few large things we have done,—the giving of money to some benevolent object, the starting of some good work which has grown into strength, the writing of a book which has made us widely known, the winning of honor in some service to our community or to our country. But in every worthy life that which has really left the greatest measure of good has been its ministry of kindness. No record of it has been kept. People have not talked about it. It has never been mentioned in the newspapers. But where we have gone, day after day, if we have simply been kind to every one, we have left blessings in the world which in their sum far exceed the good wrought, the help imparted, and the cheer given by the few large, conspicuous things we have done, of which we think and speak with pride."

"Turgenieff in one of his little parables tells of meeting on the way a beggar, who held out his greasy hand for alms. Turgenieff searched all his pockets, but had no money, no food, nothing whatever, to give the man. He said to him, 'I am sorry, brother, that I have nothing for thee.' The beggar's face brightened, and he said, 'That is enough. Thank you.' To be called brother was better than any alms would have been."—*Id.*, pages 3, 9, 28.

4. "Those who profess to believe the third angel's message often wound the cause of God by lightness, joking, and trifling. I was shown that this evil was all through our ranks. There should be a humbling before the Lord; the Israel of God should rend the heart, and not the garment. Childlike simplicity is rarely seen; the approbation of man is more thought of than the displeasure of God."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. I, page 133.

Mr. Bryan's Adopted Son

THERE is a custom in Japan by which any ambitious boy can adopt some man of distinction as his father, while the person thus honored is to recognize the choice, and take care of the boy until he is old enough to care for himself. The name and fame of William J. Bryan became known in 1896 to a young Japanese student, who sent this letter to Mr. Bryan: "I have chosen you to be my father, and shall sail at once for the United States." Some time later the boy appeared at the door of Bryan's home with the words, "I have come." He was adopted into the family, educated with Mr. Bryan's son, and then returned to Japan to share with his countrymen what he had received. What different men and women it would make of us, did we, with such implicit confidence, go to God saying, "I have come"! We, too, could then be educated, as befits children of God.—*Record of Christian Work*.

WHICH is home, that cottage over on the bank, half covered with wistarias and honeysuckles, or is it this star-capped world — or is it both? Life should surely teach us to be at home with God. This is the one great thought, that our Father is in all the heavens. One has lived to little account if he has not learned this simple truth that it is not space which divinity requires. One may be great in a hovel.—*E. P. Powell*.

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Men and Measures

MEASURES, not men,
Our purpose high;
Yet men for the measures,
Lest the measures die!

—A. H. McQuilkin.

World Temperance Sunday

Nov. 10, 1912, is World Temperance Sunday. It is the day set apart for temperance study in all the Sunday-schools throughout the world. Churches are urged to appoint program committees, who will plan to make the instruction for that day as strong and helpful as possible. A leading Methodist magazine counsels the churches to "make it a great day, for no day of the year — not even 'Children's day' — is more important. We make much of missions, then fail to be active in our antagonism against the greatest enemy of the church and the greatest hindrance to missions — the accursed liquor traffic. In this we are not wise. Use every means possible to impress the young people and stir their souls and send them out to fight the open saloon and the evils that always accompany it."

The Temperance INSTRUCTOR will furnish these committees with excellent material for the program. Why not call the attention of pastors, superintendents, and teachers to this paper as a help in preparing for the World Temperance Sunday?

An Unsuspected Opportunity

THE minister had waited a full hour or more in the little country cemetery, and he was wet and cold when he stepped down from his buggy to offer a simple prayer at the grave. The doors of two of the carriages were opened during the prayer, but none of the occupants got out in the driving rain. It was a dreary, unfeeling burial, the minister mused, as he drove slowly homeward over the three miles of miry road, and a trace of bitterness crept into his heart. Nobody had spoken to him. Nobody had thanked him for losing a half-day from his books and his parish duties. Nobody had shown any grief for the dead or any courtesy to the living.

Six years passed, and the minister had quite forgotten the incident, when a letter came to him from a college student in Ohio, whose name, even, the minister had never heard.

As a boy of sixteen, the young man said, he had attended the funeral of a great-aunt at L. He told how

greatly the dark, leaden sky, the driving of the rain on the carriage windows, and the jolting of the slowly moving vehicle had depressed him. Moreover, under their heavy mourning veils, the relatives had discussed the probable disposition of Aunt Lurena's property, and the sordidness of it all had affected the boy's sensitive nature like a blow.

"Ours had never been a religious family," the letter went on, "and this was my first contact with the serious side of life. I do not think I heard a dozen words of the prayer, but for days I could see you just as you stood there, bareheaded in the pouring rain. I supposed at first that you were paid for the service, and when I learned from a light remark on the way back that you were not, I wondered why you came. I could not understand why a man should do what brought him neither pleasure nor profit — why he should do it for total strangers, at all events.

"By degrees I came to see that the kind of life I was most familiar with went to pieces when misfortune or death came. Father was always nervous and restless for days after any of the men in his business circle died, and then I would think of you, standing so calm and quiet out there in the rain, praying, not because you were paid for doing it, but because you believed in prayer. That seemed to point to something higher, and I began reading the New Testament to find the next step.

"Father was angry when I joined the church and decided to study for the ministry. He had other plans for me, but I could not see my duty anywhere except in the church, and so I am here, working my way through college. I have written this to tell you where the good impulse started, — a place where you might think there was the least chance of exerting any influence at all." — *Youth's Companion*.

Students Storm Theater

ONE of the Washington, D. C., daily papers contained the following account of a disgraceful student riot that occurred on the night of October 19 at Champaign, Illinois. The students were celebrating a football victory over Indiana.

The first chapter of the night's riotous proceedings came when the exulting students paraded to the business quarter of Champaign, where Charles Adkins, speaker of the Illinois Legislature, was delivering a Republican speech. The crowd surged around his automobile, and he finally gave up the effort to speak, and donned an Orange and Blue rooter's cap.

After the rout of the speaker, the crowd raced to the opera-house, where they were confronted by a guard of policemen who protected the front entrance.

A detour was then made to the side door, where the battle was fought. Bricks were hurled at the windows of the dressing-rooms, and the door was partly battered down.

They were repulsed by stage hands and policemen armed with revolvers and clubs.

A chorus girl was struck on the head with a brick hurled through a dressing-room window. Two other chorus girls fainted on the stage and were carried off. The audience thought it was part of the show, and did not become greatly excited.

There were many students slightly injured, but their friends quickly removed them.

When the riot was at its height, and guns were brandished by the defenders of the theater, George Huff, director of athletics, faced the mob, and dissuaded the students from further action.

"Murder will certainly result if you don't quit. You will kill the game of football," said Huff.

Such lawlessness is not born in a day. These young men had not learned the lesson of daily self-control — a lesson second to none other in importance. The stability of the nation, as well as our own stability, depends upon our keeping the upper hand over our passions, temper, appetite, and actions.