

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

April 1, 1913

No. 13



AN ALASKAN SCENE

What About Your Body?

Don't Neglect nor Abuse This Wonderful Creation of God

MOST men and women are only about 50 per cent efficient. Why? Simply because they are daily transgressing the laws of their physical being. The thirty odd articles in the April "Life and Health" will help you to become better acquainted with the needs and the ills of your earthly tabernacle.

This Photograph Illustrates but One of the Many Valuable Features in This Special "Vegetarianism," "Spring Fever," and "Physical Culture" Number



Fig. 5. From position A, place finger-tips on shoulders, elbows front, as in position C, and inhale deeply as shoulders are forced back as in position B. Exhale from position B to C.

A FEW APRIL FEATURES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| "Vegetarianism" | "Non-Drug Treatment" |
| "Physical Culture" | "Cause of Pellagra" |
| "Spring Fever" | "Questions and Answers" |
| "Hygiene of Deep Breathing" | "Treatments for Constipation" |
| "Treatment of Flat Foot" | "Magnetic Appliances" |
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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 1, 1913

No. 13

Our Responsibility

MATILDA ERICKSON



WO years ago I visited Schlitz's large brewery in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Over two thousand employees were at work. Every minute about one thousand two hundred bottles of liquor were sealed for market. Barrel after barrel was rolled out into the waiting freight-cars. My heart was heavy as I left the magnificent office of that establishment. I was thinking, What are we doing to save the youth of our land from this damnable stuff?

Another experience comes to my mind. Some time ago a group of us stood near Grant's monument in New York City, and as I looked up and down the long stretch of magnificent homes on the green, breezy banks of the Hudson River, my eyes clung to a marble mansion. It looked preeminently beautiful in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. "That," said one standing near, "is the home of one of the leading cigarette manufacturers in New York City." It was enough. The magnificence had fled. That building seemed deluged in the blood of thousands of boys and young men whose lives the cigarette has wrecked. A deep sense of solemn responsibility rolled upon me as we hastened on our way.

In this temperance warfare we can not be neutral. We may wash our hands and say with Pilate, "I am innocent," but in the great judgment-day we shall be held accountable for what we might have done but did not do. Our indifference is treason to the cause of humanity. It leaves in the forces of intemperance a gap through which the enemy will steal for his prey.

"The honor of God, the stability of the nation, the well-being of the community, of the home, and of the individual," says the spirit of prophecy, "demand that every possible effort be used in arousing the people to the evils of intemperance." And "every possible effort" is not too much. Some of the noblest men and women in our land are doing all in their power to outlaw the liquor traffic, to deal death-blows to other monsters of intemperance, and to renovate the whole social fabric. Great, indeed, is the need of such work, and surely all who follow in the footsteps of Him who lived to bless others must do what they can to build up the cause of true temperance.

But what can we do? While others are struggling to bring about State-wide prohibition or local option, we can hold up their hands; we can pass on to them an assurance of cooperation in doing our best to create a public sentiment in favor of temperance. Lincoln once said, "The man who molds public sentiment is greater than he who enacts laws or enforces statutes; for without an enlightened public opinion laws will never be enacted, nor will they be enforced."

We can pledge ourselves to do all in our power to protect our American homes with their army of children and youth. This will be a noble deed. It is the home that suffers most from this common foe, that knows the full meaning of the depleted pocketbook,

that feels the full measure of the sorrow and suffering born of intemperance. It is the home that hears the cry of heart-broken wives and starving children. It is the home that knows the full value of the boy whom the cigarette has sent to the insane asylum, the pen, or the grave. The thousands of young men and women whom the nefarious business of intemperance needs for its annual sustenance cost our American homes rivers of tears. Every crime casts its shadow over some home. Every murder hangs crape on one door, and usually thrusts into another home a sorrow that knows no utterance. Every person sent to the lunatic asylum leaves a vacant chair in some home. Every divorce case means a broken home and aching hearts. And the saddest fact is this, that wherever the curse of intemperance goes, it always finds the homes, and upon their ruination the success of its cruel business depends.

There are many things we can do to create a temperance sentiment and to protect our American homes. Here are a few suggestions:—

1. We can distribute temperance literature.

a. The Temperance INSTRUCTOR deserves a place in every home, in every business house, and in every reading-room, etc. It has helped win several glorious victories for temperance. Think what it helped to do for Maine, for West Virginia! Many communities today are dry largely because some of our young people did strenuous work in placing the INSTRUCTOR in every home in the community and in the hands of every voter in the place. *Then use this weapon. Sell it; give it away. Use it in house-to-house work. Send it out through the mails. Let it go on and on in its work of creating a temperance sentiment, and in saving individuals from ruin.*

b. Aside from the INSTRUCTOR, there are tracts. We have some of our own, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and others have excellent ones. Keep a place in your pocket or hand-bag for a good temperance tract to pass out at an opportune time.

c. Then there are books which merit our efforts. None are better, I think, than "Ministry of Healing." Its teachings go down to the rock-bottom principles of Christian temperance.

2. We can help the temperance cause by holding good, rousing temperance rallies. During the last few years about thirty thousand temperance pledges have been sent out by the General Department. Many of these have been used in temperance rallies held throughout the United States and Canada. Aside from the general rallies, hold anti-cigarette meetings for boys, and if possible bind the boys together into an organization for fighting this agency of the evil one for killing off young Americans.

3. Every Christian young man and woman should pray for the temperance movement. To pray intelligently one should study its past and current history. To pray sincerely, one must demonstrate in his own

life the principles of true temperance. I firmly believe that if we would be successful temperance workers, we must live up to our highest principles of Christian temperance. How often personal influence makes ineffectual otherwise excellent work!

4. "Everywhere," says the spirit of prophecy, "present the principles of true temperance and call for signers to the temperance pledge." First sign the pledge yourself (for you can not successfully promote a cause of which you are not a part), then urge others to do likewise. To sign the pledge is a manly step, a womanly deed. The pledge of itself can not save, but it is a constant reminder of Him who can keep the tempted from falling, and the very act of signing strengthens the will for its struggle against temptation. The temperance pledge was first introduced into the United States in 1789, and thousands testify to its saving influence. Lincoln said it was the pledge he signed when a lad that kept him while he floated down the Mississippi River on a whisky boat. W. J. Bryan says: "I signed the pledge very early, and I sign it again and again every time I get a chance. I have two reasons for abstaining: first, I believe it to be the best for me; and second, even if I imagined I was strong enough to withstand the temptations of drink, I am not willing that my example as a Christian should lead others astray." Mr. John Wanamaker expresses himself thus: "The man who will not sign a temperance pledge to help a weak brother, though he may not need it himself, is not so much of a man as he thinks himself to be." Surely this is enough to press home to each one of us the importance of first signing the pledge ourselves and then urging others to do so.

5. In this, as in all lines of Christian service, there is no substitute for personal work. The best way to save your community from the curse of intemperance is to save the individuals one at a time. When Francis Murphy, a poor, heart-broken drunkard, lay in his dismal prison cell, a Christian worker visited him. From that hour he determined to be a man, and he went forth from prison to become a noble temperance worker. After John B. Gough had signed the temperance pledge, he was sorely tempted to give up, but a friendly word and a comrade's hand upon his shoulder helped him gain the victory in his terrible struggle with the temptation to drink.

Friends, there are men and women within the radius of a few miles whom the curse of intemperance is dragging down to destruction. There probably are boys and men in your immediate vicinity who are being gripped by the cigarette habit, and unless they are saved from it their lives will be wrecked. Suppose some one should offer to each one of you one thousand dollars for every man, woman, or child you should earnestly endeavor to save from the curse of intemperance, what should you do more than you are doing now? Is it possible that you would do for money, even at the risk of blunders or ridicule, what you hesitate to do in obedience to God's command to seek and to save the lost? The one thousand dollars would not increase the value of the lost one. It would not change the price God paid to save him. Then should it change your attitude toward the work?

Will you not heed the cry of thousands of mothers? It is the cry that escaped the lips of one heart-broken mother in Chicago during a large Sunday-school convention. At the close of the service she came and told Mr. Pierce, the speaker, of her lost boy in San Francisco. She urged him to try to find her boy, and

then she handed him a note on which these words were found: "Won't you go once? won't you go twice? won't you go a hundred times? won't you go till you get him?" Dear young friends, you have done much for the cause of temperance, but in behalf of our American homes, and in behalf of the splendid young men and women in them, I beg of you to fix your eyes as never before upon those about you who are slipping; and then won't you go once? won't you go twice? won't you go a hundred times? won't you go until you get them?

Why Not Strike?

WHY not strike and assert your right?

Why not join in humanity's fight?

Strike at things as they are,

Age or sex is no bar;

Fight onward, and up, toward the light.

Why not strike at the germs of sin?

Why not seek for the cause within?

Strike at misery's root,

At profit and loot;

Strike at poverty, slavery, and gin.

JOHN E. NORDQUIST.

Promotion

"PROMOTION cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another." Ps. 75:6, 7.

This year in the United States a number of men have been promoted to the highest positions of honor and responsibility in the government of a free people. Promotion cometh not from three points of the compass,—east, west, or south,—it is not mere chance work in the affairs of men. He whose throne is "in the sides of the north," "putteth down one, and setteth up another," thus assuring us that his kingdom overruleth all.

Few are the persons who can hope to reach the presidential chair or become a member of the President's Cabinet, yet there are promotions within the reach of those who are being prepared to render efficient service.

Promotion to any office can never be secured by compromise with wrong, by the sacrifice of principle, by the lowering of moral standard and sinking to a low plane; neither can it be obtained by unfaithfulness to one's religious convictions.

"An interesting and true story is told of King Frederick of Prussia and a young officer in his army. The young man was a Christian and a regular attendant at the Moravian church. His life was so straight and clean that the king, though an unbeliever in Christianity, took notice of it, and after a time told an officer of higher rank that as soon as a certain old man, who then held a high position, died, he intended to promote the young Moravian. The officer told the young man, who began at once to think that if the king was talking of promoting him and was taking notice of him he must not be so religious, for he well knew the attitude the ruler held toward Christianity. Accordingly, he discontinued his visits to the despised church, and started on a worldly course. Very soon this old man died, and of course the young officer waited in expectancy for promotion. But it did not come. One day as the king was reviewing his troops, he saw this young man and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, asked him how he was, and how the little church was prospering, and if he still enjoyed attending the meet-

ings held there. To be sure, the old king knew of the change the young man had made. He coolly informed the king that he never visited there any more, and knew nothing of the success of the meetings. He was not promoted. King Frederick reasoned: If the young soldier is so untrue to his *Lord*, he will not be true to the position to which I had intended promoting him."

Keen was the disappointment of the young officer, but the cause lay at his own door. He sacrificed his conscience for honor, and gained nothing but remorse.

In the day when God will promote those who have been true to him and his service, many will then understand how much has been lost by compromise with wrong. It may be regarded as old-fogginess to be true to religious convictions; it may mean ridicule and ostracism, and even financial loss; but God's promise is sure. One day he who is true will step from mortality to immortality, from reproach to everlasting honor. It is the *faithful* servant who will enter into the joy of his Lord,—a joy as enduring as the everlasting hills. The abiding presence of the Holy Spirit is God's antidote for unfaithfulness and retrogression. He may be obtained by the least as well as by the greatest, "without money and without price." "Ask and ye shall receive."

J. N. QUINN.

A Letter From Korea

[The following letter is part of one written to the manager and employees of the Review and Herald, by Mr. Frank Mills, a young man who went from Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., to Korea to take charge of the printing work in that field. Mr. Mills had spent considerable time in the Review and Herald Office in preparation for his work in Korea.]

As I am now pleasantly settled in my new home land, I thought you would be glad to know how I enjoyed my journey, and something of the work here in Korea. I arrived the last day of November, as happy and contented as a person could possibly be in this world. It is a privilege to be here and to be definitely at work. I received a letter recently in which some one was quoted as saying that I "had quite a nerve" to come over here all alone as I have done, but I think the man who stays at home when God says to go, has greater nerve than the one who goes. I have not had one regretful feeling, neither have I encountered the trials and hardships I used to read about. It may be that I am not ready for them; but if they come, I will, with the grace given, be happy just the same.

I had a pleasant journey. Nearly all the way I found some one to visit with. On the last day of my trip, en route from Fusan to Seoul, I felt somewhat alone, as no one on the train could speak much English. We had not been riding long, however, when some one in the rear of the car began to sing, "I Love to Tell the Story." I could not understand the words, but knew from the tune what the person was singing. It seemed so good to know that there was some one in this strange land who loved to tell the story of Jesus that I wanted to look him in the face. It turned out to be a young man from Japan; and as he had no objection, I sat down in the seat with him. We could not converse much because of the language, but we could both whistle, and so a happy hour was spent in whistling some of our good old hymns. We took turns starting the tune, and if the other was acquainted with it, he would join in and we would whistle it through. If not, we would try another. It seemed

good. One hardly appreciates those good songs when he hears them every day in the home land, but when alone in a strange place like this, he longs for just one strain even of the music.

I did not find that rough place in the ocean that I was told about. Several others did, but from the beginning to the end of my voyage I was able to be about and eat my three meals a day as usual. Only once did I miss, and that because I went to sleep and did not hear the gong. The nearest I came to being sick was on Sabbath morning, after leaving Honolulu. The passengers were getting ready to play some games, when the captain announced that one of the passengers had died during the night and the funeral was to be at ten o'clock. All quieted down, and at the appointed time we gathered at the back part of the ship for the service. The body had been sewed up in a canvas sack and placed on a plank, one end of which rested on a box and the other on the railing of the ship. When all was ready, the boat stopped, the captain read the prayer, and four sailors raised one end of the plank up, causing the body to slide, feet first, into the water. I was sitting on the railing at the time, and when I saw that body strike the water and sink out of sight, I was about as seasick as a person could be and still get to his berth alone.

There were about twenty-five missionaries of different denominations on board, nearly all being quite prejudiced against Adventists. Elder Detamore got them together one day, and suggested that we have some meetings along missionary lines. They seemed glad at first, but when the games on deck started, the missionary meetings ceased. Elder Detamore and I would then go down to our stateroom and have a little service together, and we both felt the presence of God very near as we did so. Several times we were asked to indulge in some game of a gambling nature, which gave us a chance to tell our views regarding such things. We tried in every way to tell the people of present truth, and we know that some were impressed. A few at least joined us in our views until the journey was over.

Only one ship passed us at sea, and all we could see of it was the smoke which was coming out in great clouds. I was in hopes we should encounter a whale or a shark, but nothing except flying-fish and occasionally a white bird of some kind came near us.

At last we reached Japan. Brother B. B. Hoffman met us at the boat. The first thing we had to do was to go to the custom-house, where an officer searched our suit cases, and asked if we had any liquor or tobacco about us. He then marked our goods "O. K." in big letters, which we rubbed off after getting outside.

The next thing on the program was a ride in a jinrikisha, although we had been riding for over a week. Three men offered to take us to the railroad station for Tokio, for fifteen sen apiece (seven and one-half cents gold). The poor fellows ran all the way, and I leaned pretty well forward for fear I should go over backward. Jinrikishas are certainly comfortable carts to ride in after one gets over the fear of tipping over.

After an hour's ride we came to Tokio, where I spent a week visiting friends, looking over our work, and seeing the many sights of that city. Among the most interesting sights was the big temple where hundreds of people go every day to worship. Great, hideous gods were stationed in different places, with a coffer in front of each one. People would come in,

throw in a coin, and then bow down to those images and pray most earnestly. One old woman in particular rubbed the face of the god, and then rubbed her face; rubbed its head, and then hers; rubbed its knee, and then hers. In fact, the image's nose had been nearly worn off where for years the people had been rubbing it to get help and answers to their prayers. Some of the idols were surrounded by a woven-wire fence, to which people would tie pieces of paper containing their prayers. Truly, heathen in their blindness bow down to wood and stone. It was a pitiful sight indeed.

The next most interesting custom of Japan to me was the act of taking off my shoes every time I entered a house, and walking in my stockings or in slippers. The floors are all covered with mats which the heels of our shoes would break up, so it is the custom to take the shoes off and leave them outside the door. Every house is built with an extra room for the emperor, although one is at liberty to store his own goods in it if he wishes to do so. I saw many of the government buildings, and got as near to the emperor's palace as any one is allowed to go. It is surrounded by a high stone wall with a moat, or ditch, outside of it, while policemen and soldiers guard the bridges to keep out intruders.

On Wednesday morning I left Tokio for Seoul, Korea, arriving Friday night. Quite a number of the church-members were at the station to meet me, and I was glad to see them. A street-car runs nearly to our mission; but as the power was off, we were obliged to walk about one half of the way. This gave me a chance to witness a devil dance that was being held at one of the Korean homes. Some were pounding on a drum affair, while a woman jumped up and down, swinging her hands over the people's heads, and yelling something which I could not understand. As this seemed to be all there was to it, we passed on.

I reached Elder Butterfield's home about 9:30 p. m.

A picture of our mission houses and office will soon appear in the *Review*, and you can imagine me living in the middle house. The buildings are comfortable, and I am well pleased with the work here as a whole. We have four men working in the printing-office, besides Soo Pa Ka, the office boy. One of our ordained Korean ministers, Kim Pong Ko, is acting as foreman until I can get a little farther along in the language. We have a good wire-stitcher and paper-cutter, both new, which the Pacific Press gave us. We are in hopes they will send us a job-press (as we have to print our postal cards on a cylinder press), a case of furniture, and two fonts of English type. Our press is a Japanese affair, and not good for very much. It "wabbles all over," and as we can not get paper strong enough for a blanket, we are obliged to use a piece of canvas. Our old wooden quoin are constantly working loose and spoiling the form. But this is good for our patience, so we do the best we can and let it pass. Some day we hope to have better.

Korea is a peninsula 900 miles long by 240 miles wide, and contains about 80,000 square miles. According to the last census, it has a population of 13,589,218 Koreans, 193,675 Japanese, 13,822 Chinese, and 830 Europeans. The Koreans dress chiefly in light colors, and the men's trousers are twice as large as they need to be. The women, when going out on the street, put on long green robes over their heads to conceal their faces. Ever since 504 A. D. the Koreans mourn for their parents three years. Their mourning garb

consists of a coat of hemp with long, round sleeves, and a large hat which is made of bamboo, and in size and shape is much like our umbrellas. I saw my first funeral procession New-year's eve, about nine o'clock. Nearly one hundred persons were marching by our place, yelling "*I-goo! I-goo! I-goo!*" (Alas! Alas! Alas!) and ringing a bell to keep off the spirits. Each carried a large lantern, something like the Japanese lanterns at home, only plain white and about twice as large. The coffin was being carried on the shoulders of men. The graves of the Koreans are made on the side of a hill, something like an alcove with a mound of dirt in front of it, in which is the coffin. The hills around our mission are covered with these graves. In fact, there is one in our yard, which we are going to have moved in the spring, if possible. About one hundred years ago a king died, and was buried about one-half mile back of our mission property. Every morning since then a large gong is pounded at this place to drive away the evil spirits. It also serves as an alarm-clock for me. I believe in taking advantage of everything possible, and this is the only good thing I can use this gong for.

Korea is thoroughly stocked with cattle, horses, and a very odd-looking kind of pig; also leopard, tiger, wild boar, bear, wolf, fox, and several species of deer. There are many dogs, but no cats.

I might write another day on the interesting things of this land, but I must stop. Later I will try to tell you something of our work here, as I shall be better acquainted with it then. But be assured Korea is a good place, and I am glad to be here. The language is not so difficult as I expected, and already I can read quite a bit. Our morning greeting is, "Are you in peace?" I had to read the hymn "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" to my teacher this morning, and he seemed pleased with my progress. As the Koreans could not twist their tongues around my English name, they gathered one evening and gave me the name of Mil Lee Su, which I was obliged to have registered at the post-office and police station within ten days after my arrival.

Dress Big Item With Kaiser

To change his costume seven, eight, yes, even twelve times a day, is Kaiser William's idea of having a good time. He has fifty castles, and in every one he has at least fifty uniforms. His wardrobe is valued at \$700,000.

In the palace at Potsdam four immense rooms are filled with his costumes, and he keeps twelve valets busy laying out uniforms to meet the various requirements of the day.

He has more uniforms than any other man in the world. He has all that Germany can offer and all he can acquire from other countries.

He has over one hundred titles, and is an admiral in three of the world's greatest navies.

His wardrobe includes all uniforms of all regiments in the Prussian army,—uniforms of infantry, cavalry, artillery, hussars, uhlans, dragoons,—all uniforms, dress and undress.

If he receives an officer, he dons the uniform of that particular regiment; if he is sailing, he is the immaculate yachtsman from his snow-white canvas shoes to his natty yachting cap.

If the son of an officer or a well-known dignitary

(Concluded on page sixteen)



The Total Eclipse



OUR study to-night will be a continuation of last week's work.

Occasionally there is a partial eclipse of the moon, but most of its eclipses are total. The width of the earth's shadow is so much greater than the diameter of the moon that the latter passes nearly always in the shade. The moon's eclipse can usually be seen quite generally over that portion of the earth's surface which is away from the sun. But the case is different with eclipses of the sun. The moon being smaller than the sun or the earth, its shadow covers only

sent the moon's orbit in two different positions (A and B), are also greater in length than in breadth.

The sun being larger than the moon, the shadow of the latter is in the form of a cone with the point or apex, away from the light. When the sun is farther away from the moon, the shadow is longer than it is when the two are closer together. Astronomers tell us that the greatest distance that the moon gets from the earth is 252,972 miles, and the least distance is 221,617. When the sun is farthest from the earth and the moon, the shadow of the latter, or the length of the shaded cone, is 238,300; and when nearest, it is 236,050 miles. So it is evident that the moon's real shadow (M to b at B, Fig. 1) often does not reach the earth. When this is the case, the moon, which usually appears about the same size as the sun, looks smaller, and seems to lie within the sun, the light of the latter showing in a ring around the outer edge. This is an annular eclipse.

When the earth with the moon is closest to the sun, and the moon is farthest from the earth (B, Fig. 1), the point of the moon's real shadow (b) will fall more than 24,000 miles short of the earth's surface. At this extreme, the cross-section of the "shadow extended" indicated by a small inverted cone pointing toward the sun (cbd), will be 206 miles across when it reaches our planet. This is its greatest possible width on the earth; and it ranges from this to nothing as the moon draws closer to the earth, and the earth farther from the sun.

When the earth is farthest from the sun and the moon in its nearest position to the earth (A), the shadow is lengthened. Then the true shadow instead of the shadow extended touches the earth's surface. To a person upon the earth, within this shadow, which, under the most favorable conditions can be not over 168 miles across, the sun can not be seen at all. It is a total eclipse.

While this dark spot not over 168 miles in width on the earth's surface in a total eclipse seems very small as compared with the earth itself, yet the rapid turning of our world upon its axis makes the shadow travel

from west to east at the rate of from 1,300 to 2,100 miles an hour, according to whether the eclipse touches near the earth's equator or not. The annular eclipse travels with about the same rapidity.

If we divide 1,300 by 60, the number of minutes in an hour, we shall see that the eclipse travels not less than $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles a minute. And by dividing this number by 168, we find that a total eclipse on the earth could last not quite eight minutes at any one place. In fact, the longest time that an eclipse of the sun can be total at one spot is 7 minutes and 58 seconds. An annular eclipse may be seen at the most 12 minutes and 24 seconds. Partial eclipses of the sun may last much longer. Of course it must be understood that no eclipse can be total or annular without being partial to observers outside of the main shadow. (Fig. 2.)

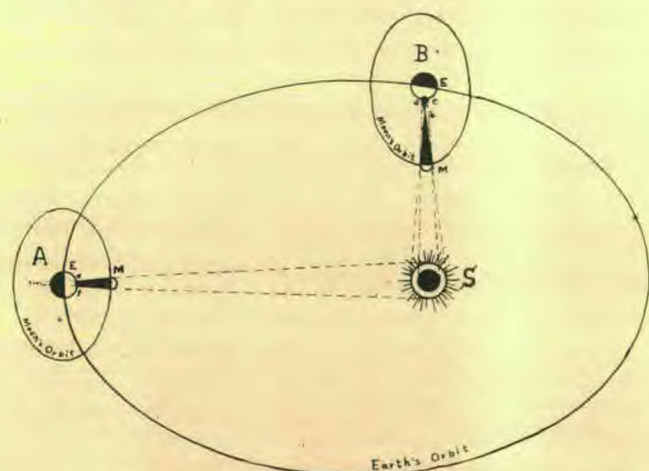


Fig. 1. Total and annular eclipses of the sun. With the earth at position A, to a person within the shadow between *e* and *f*, the sun's light would be all shut off by the moon, M. The sun's eclipse is total. At B, midway between *d* and *c*, the sun would look as indicated at S. The eclipse is annular.

a very limited portion of the surface of the latter.

There are three kinds of eclipses of the sun,—partial, total, and annular. A partial eclipse is one where the moon is seen to pass above or below the center of the sun as viewed from the earth, and cuts off only a part of the sun's rays. There is a total eclipse at that place when the moon goes directly between the sun and the observer, and shuts off all the sunlight from a certain portion of the earth's surface.

The annular eclipse is also central, but instead of all the sun's rays being cut off, a ring of light can be seen around the edge (S in Fig. 1). The moon appears smaller than the sun, lying right in its center, and surrounded by its outer light. *Annular* comes from the Latin word *annulus*, meaning a ring.

Here is a diagram (Fig. 1) that will explain the difference between a total eclipse and an annular. The larger curve represents the earth's orbit around the sun. This orbit is an ellipse, although here greatly exaggerated to better illustrate the point. The smaller rings, which repre-

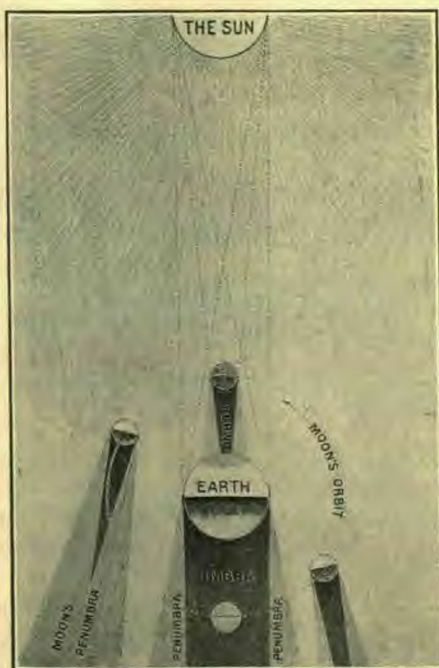


FIG. 2. ECLIPSES OF SUN AND MOON

Large sums of money are sometimes spent in preparations for observing a total eclipse of the sun. Ex-

peditions consisting of men with telescopes and other instruments are often sent long distances to the place where the shadow will pass. Sometimes months of traveling and work are necessary in order to watch the moon pass between the earth and the sun for only four or five minutes. But during a total eclipse is the only time when the sun's light is cut off from the earth sufficiently to allow the edge of the sun and the region about it to be studied.

A total eclipse of the moon may last for an hour and three quarters, or it may remain total but a short time. The moon's disk can usually be seen even when totally shaded, and often has a dull copper color, caused by the sunlight refracted into the earth's shadow.

As will be seen in Fig. 2 (light-shaded widening portion called "penumbra"), there are places upon the earth where only part of the sunlight is shut off during an eclipse. This partial shadow is called the penumbra; and the darker shade, where none of the sunlight is visible, is the umbra. Within the umbra, the eclipse is total; within the penumbra, it is partial. There is also an umbra and a penumbra in lunar eclipses, but the latter is often not very marked.

Those who have studied carefully into the subject tell us that an eclipse seen at a certain place upon the earth now will repeat itself very nearly in the same locality and direction at the end of eighteen years and ten or eleven days. The ancient Egyptian astronomers, who discovered the fact many years ago, called this eighteen-year period the saros, and made use of it in predicting future eclipses of the sun and of the moon.

CLAUDE CONARD.

The Antarctic Tragedy

IN the early part of February the news reached the world that Capt. R. F. Scott, with four companions, perished on his way to the base of supplies after reaching the south pole one year ago. They found at the pole the flag and records that Capt. Roald Amundsen and his party had left there a few months before. The fact that another had gained the prize for which they had been striving was of course a great disappointment to Captain Scott and his companions, yet the sad end of these men came not from loss of courage, but from a series of misfortunes.

Captain Scott kept a diary that recorded all the important details of the journey, up to the very day of his death it is thought. The last entry was made March 25, 1912.

The *Independent* gives the following account of the sufferings and death of these men:—

"For ten months in their double tent, on the ice plains of the antarctic continent, lay the frozen bodies of the three heroes who, for the honor of England, had sought and reached the southern pole, while the world wondered and waited and feared. They had left behind them in the waste their two companions, whose strength had failed them and who had died. At last the word was flashed from New Zealand, and immediately the memorable, pitiful story was repeated in every hamlet in Christendom—so deep, so universal, is the sympathy of every soul for courage and self-sacrifice even unto death.

"Why, after a magnificent success happily achieved, did they fail to bring back with them the glory of conquest? Was it because their disappointment at finding that another had anticipated them had broken their hearts? We can not tell. We only know that Seaman

Evans went insane with suffering and cold, that he was carried along as far as he could go, and then lay down to die. We know that when Captain Oates could go no farther he was left, a tale for the ages of sublime self-martyrdom. We know that they pressed on slowly, painfully, unfed, unwarmed, and that they were found, having exhausted both food and fuel, victims of the supremest forces of nature, conquered in body, only eleven miles from relief, but never conquered in soul. Was there some mistake, some overdraft of fuel by one of the supporting parties that had been sent back? We do not know; perhaps it is best that we never shall know. They were heroes, and the good world of ours has bred many such, in high station and low, and will breed many more.

"Dr. Jackson, in one of his summer trips from Alaska to Lapland for reindeer, was told by the pagan Lapland chief with whom he had bargained that the next summer he would not be there. He would be too old to follow the tribe in their migrations, and, after the custom, he would take with him a portion of food and go out into the lone desert of snow and lie down to die. The old man, the weak man, must not endanger the tribe. That was the brave ethics of barbarism.

"Even so, but not with the stolidity of the savage, died Captain Oates. He could go no farther. His strength was quite exhausted. They would have helped him along and died with him, but he would not consent. He begged them to leave him, that he might not destroy their chance of escape, but they refused. Yet they knew that to carry him or to remain with him was equal to death for all. Then he staggered painfully out from the tent, saying, 'I am just going outside; I may be some time,' and they knew he would not return. They could not restrain him, they knew it was best that one die that all should not perish. They waited silently for half an hour, and he came not. Then they knew they need wait no longer, and the three survivors pressed on to snatch if they could the last chance for life which his death had given them. It was too much; it was too late. They, too, were the sacrifice which godlike courage demands of mere human strength. The ages will long carry their names to illustrate the high spirit of constancy and faith that fights fate to the death and in death overcomes. But no eloquence will ever match their worth,—

'For thereunto doth needs a golden quill,
And silver leaves them rightly to devise.'

"Thank God that task is achieved, and the search for either pole will demand no more victims. But the race of heroes will not fail. Other lives will be offered just as freely, some for glory, more for duty and service, whenever country calls on humanity, and God points the way to the perilous attempt that allures the great heart."

SOME one thus summarizes "The World's Tragedies":—

207,000,000 bound by caste — from Hinduism.

147,000,000 permeated with atheism — from Buddhism.

256,000,000 chained to a dead past — from Confucianism.

175,000,000 under the spell of fatalism — from Mohammedanism.

200,000,000 more sitting in darkness — from paganism.



How Pliny Stayed by His Mother at Vesuvius

[The following article is an account of the experience of Pliny the Younger at the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. as given by himself. His uncle of whom he speaks was Pliny the Elder. This gentleman is supposed to have lost his life in the eruption, being suffocated by the ashes and sulphurous exhalations.]



URING all this time my mother and I continued at Misenum, my uncle having left us. I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account, indeed, that I had stopped behind) till it was time for my bath, after which I went to supper and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook, but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior in this dangerous juncture courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure.

Just then a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her calmness and me at the same time for my careless security; nevertheless I went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful. The buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger. We therefore resolved to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, that the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame; these last were like sheet lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great energy and urgency, said: "If your

brother, if your uncle, be saved, he certainly wishes you may be so, too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why, therefore, do you delay your own escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his.

Upon this our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud began to descend and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capri and the promontory of Misenum. My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do. As for herself, she said, her age and corpulence rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine.

But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the highroad," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowds that are following us." We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights put out.

You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voice that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods, but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew rather lighter, which we imagined to be the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) rather than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off; otherwise, we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that during all this scene of horror not a sign nor expression of fear escaped me had not my support been grounded in that miserable though mighty consolation that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes, as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed

an anxious night between hope and fear, though indeed with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we could receive some news of my uncle.—“*Brave Deeds.*”

A Live American

ABOUT thirty-five years ago a blind boy of eight used to sit in a humble cottage in the tiny village of Walthall, Mississippi, and listen with the especial interest of the blind to the reading of his mother and sister.

A few months previous an accident had transformed him from a sturdy, gray-eyed chap to a helpless youngster doomed to darkness.

The boy was Thomas Pryor Gore, now United States Senator from Oklahoma, and one of the foremost members of that body.

For several winters after the loss of his sight the little fellow used to make his way to and from school, which was three quarters of a mile away from his home. He had set his mind resolutely upon an education. His ambition to rise in the world had become a burning obsession with him; he became a child of introspection, and the gravity of his thoughts reflected in his sightless face earned for him the sobriquet “the governor.”

At high school Senator Gore's closest companion was a boy named Charles H. Pittman, who used to read to him. One day they found an old volume of the Congressional Record. The boys repaired to the stable, where the blind student would stand for hours while his friend read to him the speeches of the legislators.

Senator Gore can recall the moment when the ambition to be a United States Senator entered his breast, never to leave it.

On one occasion, a struggling young lawyer, he debated with Senator Money, whose tongue was a thing of terror to all Mississippi, and who smiled contemptuously when told that his opponent in debate was a poor blind schoolboy. The senator declared that had it not been for his antagonist's blindness he would have held him personally responsible for his words.

He came to Oklahoma with his father in 1901, driving forty-five miles. Bret Harte never wrote a stranger tale than Mr. Gore's life in the new territory. His father became a notary public in the tented city. The blind son, attired in an alpaca coat, colored shirt, and slouch hat, used to walk up and down through the motley crowd, waving his hand and shouting: “Here's where you get your papers out! Here's where you get your papers out!” At night he slept on the ground.

Things moved fast in the new community, and after a few years the young man was campaigning for the senatorship, though he was moneyless, or practically so. One day he was walking the street with his head bowed, wondering whether after all his terrible struggle he must be starved out of the political race. Somebody touched him on the arm. It was a friend, a banker. Mr. Gore felt something slipped into his hand as the gentleman whispered into his ear, “Pay this back when you can.” It was fifty dollars, and it made him a senator.—*New York Evening Sun.*



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD



JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet of the Sierras, died on February 17. His body was burned in a funeral pile of stone which was built by his own hands, and the ashes were scattered to the winds.

THE United States has about fifty thousand men and women in its national and State prisons and reformatories. Ought not every one of these be furnished a Temperance INSTRUCTOR, together with other reading matter regularly?

“OF the million dollars spent by the city of Stockholm, Sweden, for its school system last year, \$5,800 was for domestic science, \$17,500 for school lunches; \$5,400 for school physicians, and \$2,400 for the dental clinic.”

PRESIDENT TAFT recently presented to Capt. Arthur H. Rostron the gold medal authorized by Congress for his courage and gallantry in rescuing the survivors of the “Titanic” and bringing them safely to New York on his own ship, the “Carpathia.”

WE learn from the last issue of the *Forestonian*, published by the students of Forest Home Academy, Mount Vernon, Washington, that on March 3, the academy suffered from fire, losing one of its buildings, which contained the store, laundry, drying-room, heating plant, and a students' room. West Hall also suffered slight damage.

No liquors are to be served at the White House entertainments during the present administration, so the President and Mrs. Wilson have made known. Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryan have made a similar announcement relative to their receptions and dinners. All temperance workers will be glad of this example on the part of the highest officials of the nation.

A Startling Incident

A BAPTIST minister, while opening a recent session of the Indiana Legislature with prayer, was rudely interrupted by the lieutenant-governor, W. P. O'Neil, a Roman Catholic, on the pretense that the minister was making a *political* speech, because he was asking the help of the Lord in the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

The liquor traffic and *corrupt* politics do bear a close relation to each other, but the temperance cause is free from political entanglements. The lieutenant-governor, I fear, disclosed more of his personal relation to the foregoing twin evils than he meant to do. His discriminative power seems to have been of recent birth, for it failed to reveal itself only a short time before when the same legislature was being opened by the prayer of a Roman Catholic priest, who thanked God for the great Democratic party, for the governor, the lieutenant-governor, the speaker of the national House of Representatives, and President-elect Wilson, all of whom are stanch Democrats. This prayer was not at all obnoxious to the lieutenant-governor. It was entirely divorced from politics!

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Dame Nature's Recipe

TAKE a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.

Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.

Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

— Home and School.

He Did Not Telephone



ELTON REED'S bright face showed signs of excitement as he rushed into his uncle's office one morning.

"May I use your telephone, Uncle Jim?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Dayton, looking up from his desk. "Has anything happened? You look a little disturbed."

"Well, I am," Elton confessed. "That *Mercury* reporter has printed a most outrageous account of our football game yesterday. He knew that it wasn't true, and I'm not afraid to tell him what I think of him to his face."

"Well, why don't you then?" asked Mr. Dayton, quietly.

"That's just what I'm going to do," replied Elton, reaching for the receiver.

"Wait a minute, my boy," said his uncle. "You don't call talking to a man over the telephone telling him anything to his face, do you? It's far from that—in this case about two miles, I suppose. I hope you are too much of a gentleman to take advantage of the fact."

"Why, what do you mean, Uncle Jim?" asked Elton, flushing.

"I mean just this: I don't deny that on rare occasions it may be right and proper to say severe things to people. But I do say that the man who talks harshly to another over the telephone isn't a gentleman. He may be at other times, and most of the time, but he isn't just then. A gentleman avoids even the appearance of cowardice, and it is characteristic of the coward to indulge himself in abusive talk—at a safe distance.

"I am often reminded," continued Mr. Dayton, smiling, "of a little incident that I witnessed, when I was a boy, at a railway station in a country village. A train had just come in, and a little Frenchman, standing on the platform, evidently recognized one of the men on board as a countryman of his, against whom he had some grievance. At any rate, as the train started he began to smite his fists together and jump up and down, at the same time pouring forth an explosive torrent of words. I couldn't understand them, but they sounded very terrible. Apparently he was threat-

ening the departing passenger with dire punishment if he ever had an opportunity to administer it.

"Well, the opportunity came sooner than he expected. The train went on for a few rods, and then for some reason stopped and moved slowly back to the station; and a stalwart passenger, with an eager look in his eye, jumped off, just in time to catch one glimpse of the belligerent Frenchman as he disappeared around the freight-shed. I have never seen the little man since, but I have sometimes fancied that I heard an echo of his voice over the telephone. What, are you going, Elton?"

"Why, yes," said the boy, a little sheepishly. "I guess I won't telephone. Maybe I'll go and see that reporter. Or—well, I suppose it doesn't amount to much, anyway. Perhaps I'll let it drop."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Indian and the Angel

LONG, long ago, there was an Indian who lived by the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and his name was Nauhaught. He was a deacon in the little church near his home, and the poet Whittier tells this story about him:—

One cold winter, when the snow covered the fields and woods for many months, the game became very scarce. There was very little food in Nauhaught's home, his wife was ill with fever, and his little boy was very hungry. One night Nauhaught dreamed that an angel dropped into his hands a gold piece. In the morning he went out to search his traps, but found nothing. Then he prayed that God would send him the angel of his dreams.

As he came out of the woods, he saw something shining in the sunlight. He picked it up, and there in his hand was a purse full of gold coins. "My dream is true!" he shouted in his joy.

"But," said a voice, "the angel brought one gold piece."

"My wife is sick and my boy is starving," he answered the voice, "and who will know it? The woods can not tell it."

He looked down again. An ugly black snake lay coiled at his feet and a black-winged bird sat on a bough beside him. "It is the tempter," he said. "The gold is not mine. I must find the owner of the purse. I am a Christian Indian; Nauhaught can not be a thief. Should I do this secret meanness, the birds would tell of it, the sun would know it, and the stars would watch me at night. Yea, 'Thou God seest me.'"

Then Nauhaught stood up very straight and took the purse of gold coins to the fishing hamlet where he lived. He went to the door of the little inn and asked, "Has any one lost anything to-day?"

"I have," answered a big, broad-shouldered sailor. "I have lost a purse that my daughter made for me from the silkworm's web. It was filled with golden coins." Nauhaught placed the silken purse in the stranger's hand. Then the man said to him, "One of

the gold pieces belongs to you. You are an honest man; you make me very grateful. I could replace the gold; but I love the purse, because I love my little girl."

As Nauhaught took the golden gift, he said, "I take it from God's angel with a poor man's thanks."

He walked quickly home to his sick wife and little boy. And as he showed them his big, shining gold piece, he told them about his dream and about the big, broad-shouldered sailor, and then he said, "I saw an angel where others see a man."—*Mrs. J. P. Combes, in Young People.*

Bless His Dear Heart!

IN a very elegant palace-car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman, with three children, one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear. You may need them yourself; and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy had left her, and said, audibly, "Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten; the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with his mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was that pretty boy an angel, mama?"

"No," answered his mother; and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes, "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart!"—*Selected.*

A Riddle or Two

WHY is the street-car like the heart of a mother?
Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

WHY is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water?

Because he requires bailing out.

Our First Duty

"A MAN'S first duty is to educate his conscience," but he should educate it according to the cubic measure,—high enough to reach the highest ideals of God and man, broad enough to cover his mental, moral, and physical powers, and long enough to run through-out eternity."



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, April 12

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. "Great Controversy" Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Local Work (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music or an appropriate recitation; report of work.
2. "Great Controversy," chapter 31. Once every month through the remainder of the year a chapter in this book will take the place of the regular Bible study. The chapters selected are of especial importance to our young people in these solemn and perilous times.
3. This is left open for the consideration of local needs, lines of work to be agitated, etc. How are your Reading Course members getting on? This is the quarter in which the courses for the year should be completed. Urge all to persevere, for the books are worth while. If no other plans need pushing, can you not at this time have a good stirring Reading Course talk, and perhaps a symposium of choice selections from the Reading Course books?
4. Suggested topic, "By God's help, I will not waste precious time in unprofitable reading, but will read for the one purpose of improving my mind and better fitting myself for usefulness in life."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 26: "The American Government," Chapters 4-7

1. ON what are two thirds of federal revenue expended? Give facts concerning the numerical strength of the army; the provisions for quickly collecting an efficient army; the commissary department; the recruiting service; the medical service.
2. Of what does the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department have charge? What is said of the coast-defense system and its weapons? pensions?
3. Define the duties of the army corps of engineers. Give items relative to West Point Academy; military parks. What is the jurisdiction of the chief of staff?
4. State the cost of maintaining the navy. What is its strength? Contrast the navy of twenty-eight years ago and that of to-day. Describe some productions of Washington's Naval Gun Factory.
5. Why was the Naval Observatory established? What precautions are taken to accomplish this? What service does the hydrographic office render? What use is the Navy Department making of wireless telegraphy?
6. What amount of mail is handled in the Post-office Department? What economies have recently been effected? State facts relating to the railway postal service; rural free delivery; free matter carried; number of stamps used.
7. Tell how the postage-stamp originated. How is registered mail safeguarded? When was the postal-savings system instituted?
8. Out of what grew the formation of the Department of the Interior? State facts connected with different bureaus under its direction.

Notes

1. Robley Dunglison Evans, born 1846, died Jan. 3, 1912. It was during the attack on Valparaiso, Chile, in 1891, while

he was in command of the "Yorktown," that his daring won for him the name by which he is familiarly known.

2. Since "The American Government" has been written, a powerful wireless station has been established at Fort Myer, Virginia, just across the river from Washington, D. C. This was tested a few weeks ago, and the station on the Eiffel Tower was communicated with.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 26: "Daybreak in Korea," Chapters 2 and 3

1. TELL of the little wife's life of toil in her new home. What was the result of her suggestion that she would like to learn to read?

2. How did the birth of her little girl affect the family? What calamity fell soon afterward? In what position did this place Pobai?

3. What fearful news did she now receive? Tell of the efforts made by her and a neighbor to save their children.

4. Just at this time, through what cruel experience was she compelled to pass? What bereavement did she suffer?

5. In her desperation, about a year afterward, what did she do? With what result?

6. Describe the efforts made to save Pang Mansiki's parents. How effective were they? How did Pang Mansiki keep up the appearance of mourning? What difficulty did he have in burying his dead?

Note

"For three years after the death of parents, night and morning the children offer food, meat, and tobacco before the tablet in the room where the dead once lived, making besides numerous offerings at the grave. From the palace to the lowest mud hut the three years of mourning and daily sacrifice are observed with the utmost strictness. . . . In the case of poor people, they bring their food, and, staff in hand, with loud lamentations, spread it out before their father's ghost. After this period they limit the direct sacrifices to about six important days in the year—the four national fête-days, and the anniversaries of birth and death. A native absent from his ancestral home, will walk from the farthest end of the peninsula, if necessary, to be at the grave at the appointed day.

"The time between sacrificial ceremonies is taken up with searching the hills for a propitious site for burial. In this choice there are many points to be taken into consideration. So complicated and mixed are the methods employed for arriving at a proper conclusion that a large number of people make it a special study and gain their living as experts in geomancy.

"After burial the native watches, as a matter of vital moment, to see that no one encroaches on or interferes with his ancestral grave. If it becomes a choice between feeding or clothing the living and making some outlay for this resting-place of the dead, he will decide in a breath in favor of the latter. Should a household meet with repeated disaster, they exhume their ancestors' bones and bury them elsewhere, thinking thus to conciliate the spirits."—*"Korean Sketches,"* by Jas. S. Gale.

Double It

It is the Standard of Attainment membership that needs doubling. Texas recently sent in twenty-two names for Standard of Attainment certificates. The Columbia Union is planning to have one hundred new Attainment members, and the Lake Union two hundred, within the next year. In fact, everywhere this worthy plan has received a remarkable impetus, and prospects indicate that 1913 will be a record-breaking year in the Standard of Attainment plan.

Without a thorough knowledge of the subjects for which this plan stands, no one can be a Missionary Volunteer in the fullest sense of the term. First, we need to know the truth to protect ourselves against the false isms in the world. "Our only safeguard against the wiles of Satan," says the spirit of prophecy, "is to study the Scriptures diligently, to have an intelligent

understanding of the reasons of our faith, and faithfully to perform every known duty." Second, we can not do efficient service without a knowledge of the truth. Before you can direct sinners to heaven, you must know what the Guide-book says. And in connection with the study of the Bible, we should read our denominational history, for it is an uncontrovertible argument that He who led his people so miraculously out of Egypt still in equally marvelous ways is leading his own on to the heavenly Canaan.

When Luther laid the foundation of the great Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, he hastened to place the Bible in the hands of the German peasants. Moffat toiled long in Africa without seeing any permanent results. It occurred to him that the natives needed the Word in their own language. He prepared a portion of it for them, and soon learned that he had found the secret of permanent success in missionary enterprise. Morrison never gained more than about ten converts among the Chinese, but by translating the Scriptures he laid a solid foundation for future work, and thousands who have given their lives for China will arise and call him blessed for placing in their hands the Word of life for China's perishing millions.

The Bible has done much for heathen lands. Wherever the missionary has gained a permanent foothold, there the Word has helped to lay the foundation. The Bible has done much for us. We little realize, I fear how much of the peace and happiness of our American homes we owe to the influence of that precious Word. But the question remains, Has the Bible done enough for us? It is the guide-book that leads all the way to the kingdom. It contains the great emancipation proclamation from all sin. If you are not enjoying that liberty, if you are still bound with the shackles of some pet sin, learn from David the secret of full salvation. He says, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Have you done this—not a few verses, but his *Word*; not merely memorized, but made a part of life itself? Without the written Word there can be no permanent progress made in mission fields. Without a regular, prayerful study of that Word there can be no permanent progress made in Christian living.

These are some of the reasons why you are urged to help double the Standard of Attainment membership; and here are five suggestions for you as you undertake this work:—

1. Prepare to become a Standard of Attainment member *yourself*.

2. Get a set of old Standard of Attainment test questions that you may obtain from them an idea of what the examinations are like. This is free. Write your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, or the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

3. Get Missionary Volunteer Leaflet No. 21, revised. It explains the plan, and gives the list of subjects to be studied. Price, 2 cents each. Order through your tract society.

4. Interest others in the plan, and form them into a band to meet weekly to study these Bible subjects. Endeavor to master one subject each week. Others are doing this. Why not you?

5. Now is the time to begin. The first examination is just past. The second comes in September. If you enter the race now, you can be ready to take the examination in one or both subjects at that time.

We are living in very solemn times. Soon we must stand before the judgment-seat of God. What if he should say to us? "When my Son was here on earth, he said to my people, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' Again and again these words have fallen unheeded upon your ears. Your negligence in this point has cost you the kingdom of heaven."

M. E.

Keep On Keeping On

WHERE is your Morning Watch Calendar? You started the first of the year to study each morning the text for the day. That was a splendid resolution. No young person who wishes to reach the goal of true success can afford to omit his morning appointments with God.

He who regulates the planets and keeps all moving on schedule time in their appointed orbits has a course mapped out for your life, and he wishes you to consult him daily. Every morning he, the Creator of the universe, the Controller of all things, sends to you this personal invitation: "Come now, and let us reason together." He wishes to spread before you your program for the day and give you strength to carry it out. Have you ever said, "Lord, I am sorry but I have not time to talk with you this morning"? Alas, how often, foolishly thinking we are too busy to pray, we rush on blindly to defeat our own best intentions.

"Why do we do ourselves this wrong,
And others, that we are not always strong—
When with us is prayer,
And strength and joy and courage are with Thee?"

The chamber of prayer should be the starting-point in each day's work, for the life of prayer is the life of power, and the day of prayer is the day of power. "You can not expect to be victorious," says Mr. Horton, "if the day begins only in your strength, or if you neglect to put on or readjust the spiritual armor."

Thousands of our young people are realizing more and more fully the importance of the morning watch. One unmistakable evidence of this is the remarkable growth in the circulation of the Morning Watch Calendar. The English edition for 1913 exceeded that of 1912 by eight thousand copies. Aside from the English edition, the calendar is printed in at least three other languages. So each day as we observe our morning watch, let us remember that we are bowing with thousands of young men and women around the world. Well may we say, "Blest be the tie that binds" us together in one great prayer band, large enough to girdle the earth and wide enough to cover our membership on both sides of the equator. Let not one drop out.

And now once again, Where is your Morning Watch Calendar? Keep it where it will remind you each day of your morning appointment with God. Then meet him in the secret chamber of prayer. Keep on meeting him there each day. Yes, keep on keeping on, for therein lies the secret of victory, happiness, and power.

M. E.

THREE times in a single day Livingstone narrowly escaped death. His neck was grazed by a spear thrown by a native but ten yards away. Another spear missed him by a foot. A large tree fell within a yard of him.

CLASSIFY your knowledge. "Make your mind a file, not a pile."



II — Abraham and Lot

(April 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 13.

HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapter 12, pages 132-138.

MEMORY VERSE: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Phil. 2:4.

Questions

1. In what direction did Abraham travel when he first came to Canaan? What trouble did he meet? To what country did he go? Gen. 12:9, 10. What might he have seen in this difficulty? Heb. 11:15. Did he go toward Chaldea or away from it? Note 1.
2. Who went with Abraham when he returned from Egypt? In what part of Canaan did they sojourn? What is said of Abraham's wealth? Gen. 13:1-3.
3. What is said of Lot's possessions? Why could not he and Abraham live near together? Verses 5, 6.
4. What trouble arose between the servants of Abraham and Lot? Verse 7; note 2.
5. How was Lot related to Abraham? Gen. 12:5. What did Abraham say to Lot? To whom had God given all the land? Yet what did Abraham say? Gen. 13:8, 15, 9. Who should have had first choice?
6. Toward what part of the country did Lot look? What did he see that made the land desirable? What choice did he make? Verses 10, 11; note 3.
7. Repeat the memory verse. Why should we look on the things of others? What are we bidden to seek? 1 Cor. 10:24. Did Lot do this when he chose the plain country?
8. Where did Abraham continue to dwell? Where did Lot pitch his tent? Gen. 13:12. Why was his course a foolish one? Note 4.
9. What is said of the men of Sodom? Verse 13. After pitching his tent "toward Sodom" for a time, where did Lot finally live? Gen. 14:12. Did he live in a tent or a house? Gen. 19:1-3.
10. How did Lot feel concerning the wickedness in Sodom? 2 Peter 2:7, 8. What effect did living in such a place have upon his children? Note 5.
11. What did the Lord say to Abraham after Lot was separated from him? Gen. 13:14. How much land was promised him? Verse 15; Rom. 4:13. What is said of his descendants? What was he further bidden to do? Gen. 13:16, 17.
12. To what place did Abraham then move his tent? What did he build there? Verse 18.

Notes

1. "To escape the famine he [Abraham] went down into Egypt. He did not forsake Canaan, or in his extremity turn back to the Chaldean land from which he came, where there was no scarcity of bread; but he sought a temporary refuge as near as possible to the land of promise, intending shortly to return where God had placed him."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 129.
2. Both Abraham and Lot were rich. They soon found that while they could live together in peace when in hardship and trial, their possessions now brought them into trouble.

There was not enough pasture for the flocks and herds of both, and the quarrels among their servants were brought to them for settlement. Though Abraham was the older and should have had first choice, he waived his rights, which God himself had given, and proposed a plan which would bring peace.

3. "Although Lot owed his prosperity to his connection with Abraham, he manifested no gratitude to his benefactor. Courtesy would have dictated that he yield the choice to Abraham; but instead of this, he selfishly endeavored to grasp all its advantages. . . . The most fertile region in all Palestine was the Jordan valley, reminding the beholders of the lost paradise, and equaling the beauty and productiveness of the Nile-enriched plains they had so lately left. There were cities also, wealthy and beautiful, inviting to profitable traffic in their crowded marts. Dazzled with visions of worldly gain, Lot overlooked the moral and spiritual evils that would be encountered there."—*Id.*, page 133.

4. "The inhabitants of the plain were 'sinners before the Lord exceedingly;' but of this he [Lot] was ignorant, or, knowing, gave it but little weight. He 'chose him all the plain of Jordan,' and 'pitched his tent toward Sodom.' How little did he foresee the terrible results of that selfish choice!"

5. "The dwellers in Sodom were corrupt; vile conversation greeted his [Lot's] ears daily, and his righteous soul was vexed by the violence and crime he was powerless to prevent. His children were becoming like these wicked people; for association with them had perverted their morals. Taking all these things into consideration, the worldly riches he had gained seemed small and not worth the price he had paid for them. His family connections were extensive, his children having married among the Sodomites."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IV, page 110.

II — Ancient and Modern Babylon

(April 12)

GENERAL NOTE.—The purpose of this lesson is to show that ancient Babylon is a type of modern Babylon, the Papacy, and that therefore the history of ancient Babylon, as it is recorded in the Scriptures, is a prophetic history which will find its counterpart in a general way in modern Babylon, the Church of Rome. After the relation between the two Babylons has been thus established, the history of ancient Babylon will be a decided help in arriving at a correct interpretation of some of the prophecies which deal with the rise and work of the Papacy. It is significant that although the first three of the four universal kingdoms are designated by their historical names in the Scriptures, the name Rome is never applied to the fourth kingdom. The explanation seems to be that the political kingdoms which followed ancient Babylon were, so far as the prophecies are concerned, regarded simply as historical links which connect ancient Babylon with modern Babylon.

Questions

1. How did Nebuchadnezzar designate the great universal kingdom over which he ruled? Dan. 4:30.
2. What was one of the symbolic representations shown to the apostle John? Rev. 17:3; note 1.
3. What name was written upon the forehead of the woman upon the scarlet-colored beast? Verse 5.
4. How extensive was the rule of ancient Babylon? Jer. 27:6-8.
5. What indicates that the kingdom of modern Babylon was equally extensive? Rev. 17:15. Compare Jer. 51:13.
6. How is the idolatrous worship of ancient Babylon indicated? Jer. 50:35, 38.
7. What expression shows that in this respect modern Babylon is the true successor of ancient Babylon? Rev. 17:5, last part; note 2.
8. What effect did the wine of ancient Babylon have upon the nations who drank of it? Jer. 51:7.
9. What effect does the wine of modern Babylon have upon the nations who drink of it? Rev. 17:2. Compare Rev. 14:8.
10. What cup is mentioned in connection with ancient Babylon? Jer. 51:7, first clause.
11. What cup is mentioned in connection with modern Babylon? Rev. 17:4.
12. What proclamation showed the persecuting character of ancient Babylon? Dan. 3:4-6.

13. What proves that modern Babylon is a persecuting power? Rev. 17:6; note 3.

14. What does the woman upon the scarlet-colored beast represent? Verse 18; note 4.

15. What idea is associated with both the "man of sin" and modern Babylon? Ans.—Mystery. 2 Thess. 2:7; Rev. 17:5; note 5.

16. In what language was the utter overthrow of Babylon foretold? Jer. 51:59-64.

17. In what similar language is the final destruction of modern Babylon foretold? Rev. 18:21.

Notes

1. A woman is used in prophecy as a symbol of the church,—a pure woman, of the true church; and a corrupt woman, of an apostate church. See 2 Cor. 11:2; Ezekiel 16 and 23. In this instance the woman riding upon the beast with seven heads and ten horns represents the apostate church of Rome exercising a controlling influence in the Roman state.

2. "The protest of the Reformers . . . was against the principle of Catholicism, which is idolatry, or the substitution of material and created things for Christ. For whether it is the mediation of the virgin and saints, or a trust in the guidance of the priesthood and in the spiritual efficacy of the sacraments administered by them, or to a belief in the virtue of holy water, holy oil, images, crucifixes, relics, and other material symbols and ritual acts, they one and all combine to take the place of Christ to the sinner, and keep him from going to Him for life."—*The False Christ*, Garnier, page 140.

"This representative principle, on which the image-worshiper of the popish church founds his justification, pervaded the whole system of the pagan worship. It was this which led the world astray at first, and covered the earth with a race of deities of the most revolting character. Whether it was the heavenly bodies, as in Chaldea, or a class of demigods, as in Greece and Rome, it was the great First Cause that was professedly adored through these symbolizations and substitutes. The vulgar, perhaps, failed to grasp this distinction, or steadily to keep it before them, just as the mass of worshipers in the Roman Catholic Church fail practically to apprehend the difference between praying to and praying before, or rather beyond, the image. But such was the system, and that system the Bible denounced as idolatry; and the same system stands equally condemned when found in a popish cathedral as when found in a pagan temple."—*The Papacy*, Wylie, pages 356, 357.

3. "The church has persecuted. Only a tyro in church history will deny that. The Apologists in the days of Roman imperial domination inveighed against persecution, and with Tertullian declared that 'it was no part of religion to persecute religion.' But after the days of Constantine, and under the reign of that first Christian emperor, the attitude of Christians underwent a change, and persecution of pagans took place in many places in the empire. One hundred fifty years after Constantine the Donatists were persecuted, and sometimes put to death. Against these extreme measures St. Augustine raised his voice; but he was willing that they should be despoiled of their churches and of their goods. Protestants were persecuted in France and Spain with the full approval of the church authorities. We have always defended the persecution of the Huguenots, and the Spanish Inquisition. Wherever and whenever there is honest Catholicity, there will be a clear distinction between truth and error, and Catholicity and all forms of heresy. When she thinks it good to use physical force, she will use it. . . . But will the Catholic Church give bond that she will not persecute at all? Will she guarantee absolute freedom and equality of all churches and all faiths? The Catholic Church gives no bonds for her good behavior. . . . She has countenanced violence when more humane measures would have been of more avail. Her children and her clergy have often been carried away by popular passion. But she gives no bonds that such things shall not occur again."—*The Western Watchman (Roman Catholic)*, Dec. 24, 1908.

4. In only one instance has a church borne the name of a city. The Roman Catholic Church and the Church of Rome are the titles everywhere applied to that apostate church represented by the woman sitting upon the scarlet-colored beast.

5. "Now, as the Babylon of the Apocalypse is characterized by the name of 'Mystery,' so the grand distinguishing feature of the ancient Babylonian system was the Chaldean 'mysteries,' that formed so essential a part of that system. And to these mysteries, the very language of the Hebrew prophet, symbolical though of course it is, distinctly alludes when he speaks of Babylon as a 'golden cup.' To drink of 'mysterious beverages,' says Salverte, was indispensable on the part of all who sought initiation in these mysteries. . . . Their primary object was to introduce privately, by little and little, under the seal of secrecy and the sanction of an oath, what it would not have been safe all at once and openly to propound."—*The Two Babylons*, Hislop, pages 4, 5.

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A New School

THE new Washington Irving High School of New York City is said to be the largest high school in the world, its records showing an enrolment of six thousand students and two hundred seventeen teachers. The character of the school is unique. To each girl who enters the school the following creed is submitted for adoption:—

I believe in the joy of helpfulness and industry, in the blessedness of generosity, and in the satisfaction that comes from a delicate sense of honor.

I believe in truth to our friends, which is sincerity, in the inspiration and support of courage, in the sacredness of health, and in the privilege of opportunity.

I believe in reducing the friction of daily life by the magic of orderliness, and in love, for that is the greatest thing in the world.

Opportunity's Door Swung Wide Open

THE temperance work has been given wonderful encouragement by the recent passage by Congress of the Webb bill, which prohibits the transportation of liquor from wet to dry States with the intent to violate the law in such dry States. It is claimed that with the federal government out of the speakeasy business by the enactment of this law, twenty States are now ripe for prohibition.

The next logical national step is a constitutional amendment by Congress to be ratified by the States. This will mean a great educational campaign. Shall we not all have a part in this good work?

What are our young people doing in the State of Washington, where there is now pending in the legislature a State-wide measure providing for an amendment to the constitution, prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and use of liquor as a beverage? In view of this fact, ought not a Temperance INSTRUCTOR be placed in every home in the State?

What are our people doing in Michigan? In this State also there is now in the legislature a measure providing for State-wide prohibition. A temperance victory can be won in Michigan as well as in West Virginia and in Maine.

The State of Idaho, too, is considering the question of becoming dry. Let us help with all our might every State that is turning toward the light.

The Temperance INSTRUCTOR is the product of much effort and expense. This issue is pronounced to be the best ever produced. The people need what this paper contains. Will you not see that they have it?

His Conscience

THE first employment of Frederick T. Gates was that of secretary for a Kansas banker. One day the banker dictated a letter to him in which he sought to evade a certain responsibility by making his communication appear to have been written some days previous. He instructed the boy to antedate the letter, and the latter respectfully requested the banker to do it himself. The banker bade him do as he was told, declaring that he (the banker) was responsible for the letter and for its date as well. But young Gates refused, although he felt that it would cost him his position. "I can't make my hand perform a lie just because you are responsible, sir," he said. "As well ask me to steal from a safe for the same reason." To his surprise he was not discharged. Instead, on the first of the month following, his wages were doubled, and the banker ever after trusted him as he never before had trusted any one in a matter of business.

But suppose he had lost his position: it would still have been worth while to obey conscience.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Fourth Gospel

WHEN I was a lad a man by the name of Sears wrote a book on the fourth Gospel. He called it "the heart of the gospel." It is. It tells us that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, . . . full of grace and truth," that "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." It declares that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And this: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." And these, too: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." And it tells us that there is a home beyond all these storms and dim visions—the "Father's house." All this is in the fourth Gospel. It is a treasure incalculable in its worth. It was written that we might believe, and it carries in it the mysterious power of giving life to all who will accept it and act upon its guidance.—*Rev. Charles Brown, in Record of Christian Work.*

Dress Big Item With Kaiser

(Concluded from page six)

comes to give the official news of his father's death, the kaiser receives him in the uniform of the dead father. If it is a delegation from one of those regiments of which he is the head, he holds the audience in the uniform of the regiment thus favored.

Every day the list of his audiences is given to his chief valet, who must supervise the preparation of the various costumes, for a costume does not mean a simple affair. There are all the little accessories,—swords, epaulets, orders, gloves, boots, helmets,—everything that will send the kaiser out perfectly dressed.

Bauer, his chief valet, has twelve valets under him and is the head of a workshop with twelve tailors, who work eight hours each day creating new costumes for His Majesty and keeping his old ones in perfect repair—not that the kaiser designs to wear a uniform more than three or four times, or to put on for a second time a costume he has worn to the hunt. But where things are necessarily complicated is in travel.—*Chicago Tribune.*