

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Real Brotherhood

If I could hold within my hand
The hammer Jesus swung,
Not all the gold in all the land,
Nor jewels countless as the sand,
All in the balances flung,
Could weigh the value of that thing
Round which his fingers once did cling.

Could I but own the table
He once built in Nazareth,
Not all the pearls in all the sea,
Nor crowds of kings nor kings to be
So long as men have breath,
Could buy that thing of wood he made,
The Lord of lords who learned a trade.

Aye, but his hammer still is shown
In honest hands that toil;
And at his table men sit down,
And all are equals, with a crown
No gold nor pearls can soil.
That shop at Nazareth was bare,
But brotherhood was builded there.

— *Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, in the Examiner.*

DON'T say de-fis'it for def'i-cit, nor dis-pen-sā'ry for dis-pen'sa-ry.

THE National Education Association meets at Salt Lake City, Utah, from July 5 to 12.

MILITANT English suffragettes are accused of destroying by fire the freight depot at Bradford, valued at \$500,000.

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT nominated one hundred fourteen federal judges during his administration. The total number of federal judges is one hundred ninety-five.

THREE fourths of the teachers in Alabama are holding their first position. Only seven per cent of the teachers now employed have taught more than two years.

THE English government is planning to provide scholarships and other aids which will make possible a university education for every boy or girl who makes a certain standard.

ALL one needs to become a famous writer, says W. W. Jacobs, "is a two-cent bottle of ink, a pen, and about one hundred dollars' worth of stamps to cover the cost of returning the manuscripts."

ALL the States in the Union except Nevada and Arkansas have definitely organized State committees for the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, to be held in Buffalo, New York, August 25-30.

THE governor of Georgia sets aside one day in the year as Public Health day, to be observed in every school in the State, according to information received at the United States Bureau of Education.

SOME of the boys of the Springfield, Illinois, church-school are having good success selling the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. They fully enjoy the work, and can scarcely wait until school is out to go and sell papers.

DEEPENING of the harbor at Baltimore to thirty-five feet and widening it to two hundred fifty feet, at a cost of \$123,000, was recommended to Congress recently by General Bixby, chief of the army engineers.

EIGHTY-FIVE American teachers recently sailed for the Philippines to take positions in the schools there. The average age of the new teachers is twenty-five years. All but twenty-four of them are experienced teachers.

AN elderly Englishwoman, a Miss Hodges of Chelmsford, lately left \$500 by will to a lady who was almost a stranger, merely because the latter had smiled at her and exchanged a few pleasant words while coming out of church.

"THE Zuni Indians will not eat bread that has not been crushed and ground up by some implement. They say that the grain by itself denotes goodness and the stone means truth, so that it is by a meeting of the two that the fullest benefit comes."

FIFTEEN girl students at Barnard College in New York State report that they earned, in the aggregate, fifteen hundred dollars during last summer's vacation. Some clerked in stores and others became waitresses at summer hotels, while others worked in mills. Barnard has a large number of girl students who are working their way through college in a way that is developing real self-reliance and habits of industry that can not fail of being helpful to them in their later life.—*Selected.*

"THE harbor of Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the 'Mayflower' dropped anchor three hundred years ago, was entered recently by a large steamship for the first time. The harbor is one of the shallowest on the Atlantic coast, and its shipping has been confined to small sailing vessels. In recent years these have disappeared. Three years ago, the State, town, and private interests began dredging a channel three miles long and eighteen feet deep through the bay. Up this channel, now opened for traffic, steamed the 'Heighington,' flying the British flag and bringing a cargo of hemp from Mexico."

The Relative Power of Illuminants

IN the discussion of the relative values and qualities of various sources of illumination the following comparative table is used. It shows the intrinsic brilliancy of each source of light in standard candle-power per square centimeter (about 0.155 square inches):—

Ordinary candle	0.66
Gas flame	0.75
Petroleum lamp	0.98
Standard candle	1.00
Incandescent gas-burner	5.06
Acetylene flame	6.23
Carbon filament glow-lamp	86.50
Metallic filament glow-lamp	219.50
Arc lamp (approximate)	3,000.00
Sun at zenith (approximate)	90,000.00

A Billion Matches a Day

IN the United States alone about one billion matches a day are burned, in spite of all the electricity in use and in addition to all the gas and cigar lighters.

These matches burned in a day amount to over two car-loads of the best timber and weigh fifty thousand pounds. Some twenty-five tall trees have to be cut to produce this huge pile. If only twenty-four hours' consumption could be placed end to end, they would extend about thirty thousand miles, more than the distance around the world.

Many of our matches are imported from Sweden and Norway and even Austria. Most of them are safety-matches.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A \$5,000,000 Religious Gift

ROBERT ARTHINGTON, of Leeds, recently attracted world-wide attention and won the most heartfelt praise from Christians all over the world by his bequest of 1,000,000 pounds, nearly \$5,000,000, for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands. He chose the books of Matthew, Luke, and Acts as those best fitted to carry the message, and directed that the money be used in circulating copies of these books in every heathen land and in every written language.—*Christian Herald.*

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 22

How to Forget

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man,
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

—Rebecca Foresman, in the *Continent*.

How Progress Is Being Made in Brazil

T. E. BOWEN



An interesting account by a Mr. Tucker is given in the December issue of the *Bible Society Record* of a visit to Pernambuco, Brazil, in the interests of the circulation of the Scriptures. He says:—

"I embarked on a national steamer leaving Rio September 12 [1912]. As usual, one looked around among the passengers to find if possible a friend or an acquaintance, and began to wonder where each was bound for and what was the object of his voyage. The first I greeted was Dr. V. T. Cooke, a dry-farming expert of Montana, whom the Brazilian government has contracted in the interest of agriculture in a large fertile region where the rainfall is light. He, his secretary, and clerk were on their way to the state of Pernambuco, where he is to begin experiments along the lines that have proved so successful in the west of the United States. There was quite a party of an expedition being sent by the government to open up a vast region of large agricultural possibilities about fourteen hundred miles up the Amazon River on the Rio Branco, bordering on the Guianas. A former steamer had taken up the first part of the expedition.

"The object of my trip north was to visit two of our colporteurs and several correspondents of the American Bible Society—to confer with them and plan the extension of Scripture distribution throughout a large district embracing six states of the republic; and then, as president of the Sunday-school Union of Brazil, to take part in the Pernambuco State Sunday-school convention. There was much to interest one with his fellow passengers, and the five days passed by quickly. Our steamer reached the city of Bahia on Sunday morning in time for me to worship at eleven o'clock with the Baptist brethren, who listened to my message with an interest that greatly inspired the speaker. The workers told me of their congregations, schools, and Bible distribution in the city and state.

"The brethren and workers gave me a warm welcome to Pernambuco. The interests of Bible work took me two hundred seventy kilometers interior by rail to the town of Garanhuns, situated on an undulating plain eight hundred sixty-six meters above the level of the sea. The Presbyterians have here a prosperous mission station, with a small printing-press,

and a class of students for the ministry. The church was filled and a large crowd stood outside to hear our message at the Wednesday night meeting. They told me of the work spreading throughout that region.

"A native layman gave me a most interesting account of the beginning of the gospel work in that section. His grandfather, who died at the age of ninety years, had a Roman Catholic Bible with notes and comments, for which many years before he had paid seventy dollars, or at that time about thirty-five dollars, American gold. When on his death-bed, he told his children and grandchildren to read it, and it would teach them how to live right and be happy. No one gave any attention to the book until sixteen years ago, when one of the colporteurs of the Bible Society visited the community and began to sell a few Bibles. There was considerable opposition aroused. The cry of false Bibles led to a comparison between the two and to an investigation of their divine contents; hearts were interested and awakened; the colporteurs induced a missionary to visit the place; the work grew and spread until it has reached its present proportions. There have at times been violent persecutions and outbursts of fanaticism. On one occasion an attempt was made to assassinate the missionary. A grandson of the old man who formerly owned the Bible stepped forward just in time to save the missionary's life, catch the assassin's knife, and die a martyr's death. There are at present about one hundred of the descendants of the owner of that first Bible who are members of the church, and one gave his life for the cause of Christ. A colporteur's visit started the good work, and it goes successfully forward.

"The dry-farming expert will perhaps make his first experiment in this highland, wind-swept region, where the rainfall is generally very light and not well distributed throughout the year.

"An interesting feature of life in such interior towns as Garanhuns is market-day, held once a week. The country people come in with their produce, and all sorts of bartering, buying, and selling go on. Our colporteurs are often present on these market-days, when from three to five thousand people gather in a small town, and they take advantage of the occasion to offer the Scriptures to those who can read. Scores of copies of the Word of God are in this way scattered

for miles and miles through this dark Catholic land.

"Our Bible colporteurs travel extensively through the country to find the scattered few who can read, to whom they offer the Scriptures. They have to go very often long journeys on foot, sleep in these mud huts, and share the coarse and often badly prepared food of the poor people. They are subjected to the constant heat of a tropical sun, to the rains, diseases, and frequent outbursts of fanaticism and persecution. But they toil on, knowing that their labors are not in vain in the Lord, and are rewarded by seeing little congregations of believers being gathered here and there and Sunday-schools springing up all around. I had them come into the city of Pernambuco for conference and to attend the Sunday-school convention. It was a blessing and an inspiration to them to be in the meetings and hear the discussions. We talked together of plans, and they gave interesting accounts of their work. Very soon one of them will start on a journey of three or four months to be made mostly on foot; his books will be carried on the pack-mules from the ends of the railroads or points of navigation. Another will work in and about the city of Pernambuco and along the railroads for a time. And thus the entire population will be visited with the Bible."

In the circulation of the Scriptures everywhere Seventh-day Adventists are deeply interested. A representative of the Bible Society recently attended the Argentina camp-meeting. Opportunity was given him to relate experiences in his colporteur work, and the brethren and sisters gave the society a liberal offering to assist in its work. A good subject for prayer is that these faithful workers pioneering the way into the regions where the Bible is an almost unknown book among the common people, may be greatly blessed of God.

Progress in Cuba

SINCE the Spanish-American war, which resulted in the independence of Cuba, thousands of foreigners, and especially Americans, have watched with keen interest the progress that has been made by this new republic.

That which will be of most interest to us, perhaps, is the forward march of the gospel, and in order to get a better appreciation of the real advance made, let us briefly review the history of Cuba.

The island was discovered by Columbus in 1492 and claimed for Spain by right of discovery. It is over seven hundred miles long and will average forty in width. The coast line is broken, forming many harbors that afford excellent shipping facilities. A low range of mountains, heavily covered with hardwood timber and containing mines of iron and copper, extends, more or less broken, throughout the entire length of the island.

The climate is semitropical, with but little variation of temperature from winter to summer, which are the dry and rainy seasons, respectively. Tropical fruits abound in summer, and nearly all the northern vegetables may be successfully grown in winter.

The first settlement was made by Velasco, a Spaniard, in 1512. He subjugated the timid and inoffensive Indians and reduced them to slavery, and many of the poor creatures died from overwork and other cruelties. The Spanish government then gave permission to import Negroes from Africa. This was the beginning of slavery in the New World.

The colonies were governed by a captain-general,

appointed by the Spanish crown. He enjoyed unlimited power, and generally used it to further his own selfish interests. Cuban representatives were sent to the Spanish Cortes, but they were simply figureheads, with no power whatever. This condition became so unbearable that the colonies revolted, and tried time after time to throw off the yoke that bound them to the mother country, but were unsuccessful. The sympathies of the United States were finally enlisted, and after a brief campaign the Spaniards were driven from the island and a treaty was signed recognizing the independence of the colonies.

The churches of America have recognized their opportunities since the Spanish evacuation, and all the leading denominations are at work dispelling the papal darkness that has held the people fast for so many years. The Southern Baptists began work even before the independence of the Cubans was realized. All the missions have had success in raising up congregations, though the Baptists and Presbyterians seem to have the largest number of adherents at the present time. The majority of the church-members are women; the men take but very little interest in religion of any kind.

Our own work was begun in 1904 by I. E. Moore and his wife, who entered Havana as nurses. The following year E. W. Snyder, of Argentina, was sent to superintend the Cuban Mission. The first church was organized in Havana in 1905, with thirteen members. A second was organized in 1909 at San Claudio, and a third in 1913 in the eastern part of the island. The total membership is now over eighty.

There are at present four regular Sabbath-schools and six home schools, having an average of one hundred members. The people are very poor but are liberal in their offerings and faithful in paying tithes. The Sabbath-school offerings for the last quarter of 1913 amounted to \$51.15.

In 1909 a missionary boarding-school under the direction of Sister I. F. Carnahan, formerly of Porto Rico, was started at San Claudio, an American colony west of Havana. The school was begun with twelve children, most of whom were Americans. Two native boys entered the school-home, and two or three others attended the day-school.

The building used was patterned after the Cuban style of country home, being a one-story structure built of rough material from the woods as a framework, with a roof "shingled" with palm-leaves. This building was destroyed during the summer by one of the numerous hurricanes that sweep the West Indies nearly every year. Another house was then constructed of lumber, the roof of which was covered with real shingles; also a cement floor was put down. The school work has gone steadily forward, and several young people have accepted the truth and are being trained for missionary service.

Another school was started in a small town in the eastern part of the island in 1910 by Brother Anderson and his wife. This school is conducted on the basis of a day-school, the regular public-school grades being taught and the Bible in addition. The attendance at present is fifty-three. Many of these are from the most prominent families of the city.

One or two other schools are being organized and will soon be in working condition. Teachers who can teach the Spanish language are in demand, as one must pass a government examination before he is permitted to take charge of a school.

The colporteur work is meeting with remarkable success also. Over nine thousand dollars' worth of Spanish "Home and Health" was delivered during the past year. The territory has practically all been covered with this book, and will be followed immediately with the more religious works.

One of our colporteurs found a Cuban family that had left a Protestant congregation because their pastor had failed to explain satisfactorily why the churches had substituted Sunday for the Bible Sabbath. Meetings were held with them, and a great interest has been awakened. Five persons have been baptized, and many more are in the valley of decision.

WARREN R. CAMPBELL.

"And the Isles Shall Wait for His Law"

WALKING through a country district recently, I came to a road crossing where a large stone image was erected. One sees many of these here in Japan, so it was nothing uncommon; but my attention was drawn to this one especially because it had obviously suffered an accident. At a distance its head was lying helpless in the mud. It was a small incident, but it served to impress on my mind something of the abject spiritual poverty of millions of the human family who know no God but these that can not even protect themselves. To these gods of their own making the rich and the poor offer of their substance, and from them hope for help in this life and favor after death.

In these days of change and innovation the great need, in the Orient as well as in the home land, is the dissemination of the Word of God, which Word alone can serve as a foundation of faith that will remain unshaken. Neither the worship of idols or of ancestors nor a superstitious regard for the elements of nature can give peace and assurance to the disturbed mind of those who anxiously observe the unrest of the world. Concerning the significance of passing events, gods of wood, stone, or metal are dumb, and "they that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

These deities, which have so long been receiving the honor due only to the Creator, can not see with their eyes nor hear with their ears. They do not possess hearts throbbing with love for those who devotedly though ignorantly worship them. With them there is no answer to prayer, no power for victory over degrading habits or violent tempers, neither does their worship exert any uplifting or civilizing influence on the nation.

Only the unadulterated religion of Jesus Christ can bring any permanent blessing. This religion has been withheld to a large extent by so-called Christian lands. A Japanese statesman recently said: "We don't need them [missionaries] to teach us politics; we don't need them to teach in our schools nor to build our ships; we can do these things pretty well ourselves, but we do need them to stand among us as examples of the spiritual life."

When living demonstrations of the Christ-life are placed among the people, then it is that preaching and Christian literature will bring results. The vast majority of the people in Japan have not seen the teachings of Christ lived out. According to statistics, out of 1,003 missionaries in Japan, 572 reside in the ten largest cities, containing an aggregate of 5,500,000 persons; while the rest of the empire, with over 44,500,000 people, has a total of only 431 missionaries. At least

five sevenths of the Japanese Christian leaders are also in the ten largest cities. In other words, over three fourths of the population is yet unreached by any missionary agency.

Let the great need be the plea for help; but surely these figures present an opportunity and a responsibility.

B. P. HOFFMAN.

Tokio, Japan.

"Vesper-Bells"

TWILIGHT is falling o'er land and sea,
Night birds are calling over the lea;
Sweet sounds reecho o'er hill and dale,—
Sounds that in memory never can fail.

CHORUS:

'Tis the sweet vesper-bells
Ring on the evening air;
To me their chiming tells
This is the hour of prayer.

Bells that are calling us to be free
From worldly cares, upward to Thee;
Balm for the weary, wandering child
On life's great desert, lonely and wild.

List to the chiming o'er hill and vale;
Come with thy sighing, prayer will prevail.
Nightshade had fallen o'er you and me;
God in his tender love calls to be free.

Left all his glory, came from above,
Gave his life gladly in tender love,—
This is the story evening bells tell,
Come to the house of prayer, list to the bell.

LURA MOON SANDERS.

Lodi, California.

There Is a Difference

"WHY place such emphasis upon the *day* of the fourth commandment? why not make prominent the institution?" are questions often raised in these times of agitation on the Sabbath question.

The governor of an Oriental province, in conversation with a Christian missionary, asked the missionary this question: "What is this day you call the Sabbath more than any other day?"

The missionary replied: "What are you more than any other person?"

"I am superior to others because the emperor appointed me governor over them," was the answer.

"The Lord our God, who is greater than your emperor, has appointed the Sabbath day to be holier than the other days," was the quiet response of the ambassador of Christ.

Not all persons could exercise the power and fill the position of governor; this endowment and honor were dependent on the act of the emperor. God has set apart only one of the seven days of the week as a divine rest day; he can recognize no other day. To accept another day would be to put one's self in opposition to the Ruler of the universe. The Creator has made his selection; he has emphasized his selection; it is wisdom on our part to submit to God's authority and observe the day he has so signally honored.

The *seventh* day of the week was, is, and ever will be the Biblical day of rest. Jesus Christ was loyal to this day, in both life and death, and he is pleased when his followers honor the day as did he.

"If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal," then the "wild solar holiday of all pagan times" is in order. Choose this day whom you will serve. In eternity the redeemed of the Lord will observe the seventh day; they should observe that day at the present time.

JOHN N. QUINN.

GOOD MANNERS

Nellie to Her Lace Plant

THE other day I found you,
You little sprig of green,
And naught there was of beauty
Or grace that could be seen.

I watered you and cared for you,
And put you in a place
Beside my other treasures
Of flowers, so rich in grace.

And now, behold the miracle!
Instead of twig of green,
I see a thing of beauty,
The loveliest to be seen.

I've only done my little part,
And God has done the rest,
To make you like a princess
In royal garments dressed.

From you I learn a lesson sweet:
If I will do my part
To form the heavenly graces rare
In this my wilful heart,

The God of love will do the rest,
And I shall surely be
His plant of grace and beauty,
Through all eternity.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

The "Tablet" Habit

THE telephone bell rang sharply, and Tom's mother answered it.

"O Mrs. Hobart," came her neighbor's troubled voice, "do you happen to know whether my boy went off anywhere with your boy? I think perhaps he went fishing, and he's not home yet, and this thunder-storm has been so terrible — and I'm so anxious —"

"The boys are all right, both of them," said Mrs. Hobart, cheerfully breaking into the sentence. "Tom just telephoned from over by White Bridge. Your boy and the Rogers boys are with him. They're pretty wet, but they're all right, and hurrying straight home. I'm sorry I didn't think of telephoning you, but —" then she stopped. She really could not go on and finish — "but I supposed your son was as thoughtful as mine."

Yet as she hung up the receiver, she remembered the years of training that had made her own boy's action in telephoning to her inevitable. The moment the storm had ceased, his message had come.

"All right, mother. We're here at Ray's farmhouse on the pike — over by White Bridge, you know. That was a real thunder-shower, wasn't it? We're not very wet. You needn't worry. We're going to start right back now. Teddy and the twins are with me."

Tom's mother lifted the writing-tablet that hung beside the telephone and tore off its last scribbled page. On it were several of the hurried but tranquilizing messages that it was the family habit to jot down for the common convenience.

"Committee meeting called for five o'clock. May be a little late," in her husband's rapid scrawl, "but will meet you at Harry's."

This and the others below it had all been jotted down while she had been taking her nap, and she smiled happily now at the thought of the pleasure the notes had given her when she found them.

"Going fishing with Teddy over by White Bridge. Will get some fish for breakfast. T. H."

"Uncle Harry has telephoned for me to help aunty get ready for this evening, so I'm flying."

That was Betty's cheerful scrawl. And even Joan, whose afternoon out it was, had added her contribu-

tion: "The fruit did not come yet, but I will see about it when I go up-town, so you needn't to worry, Mrs. Hobart."

How much of intimate comradeship, of happy family fellowship, had been fostered by the use of that little tablet! How much saving of stairs, and callings to and fro, and long discussions as to when and where and why it had spared them all! Once Tom had rebelled at the "bother" of it.

"Many families are not particular about letting one another know all their plans and doings," his mother had told him then. "But perhaps they are not so intimate, and so fond of one another as we are. It's really a family safeguard. Suppose you met with some accident on one of your hikes, or Betty didn't come home from the city on the train she expected to take, and none of us knew where to hunt for you, or when to begin to worry? It's not because we don't trust you, Tom. Father and I are sure you have it in you to be a careful, thoughtful, responsible man. This is one way of training a man of responsibility."

The door opened, and a flushed and radiant Tom burst into the hall.

"Wasn't that an awful storm, mother?" he exclaimed. "Struck two barns out on the pike. Ray says it's the worst in forty years. I was glad you knew where I was, and I telephoned you the first minute I could."

"Yes," thought Mrs. Hobart, "the 'tablet habit' has certainly paid." — *Youth's Companion*.

Time to Say Thank You

"PERFECTLY beautiful," said Floy enthusiastically. "I don't know how you ever think of such things," Esther chimed in. "I believe you'll be a great writer some day, Ruth. Lots of things in the magazines can't compare with your poem."

And so it went around the circle till Dora was reached. And instead of a compliment, Dora had a question.

"In the second verse shouldn't it be *was* instead of *were*? It seemed to me as you read it that it didn't sound quite right."

And investigation proved that a "were" had really been used where the singular form was demanded. "But it spoils the rhyme!" exclaimed Floy with an irritated glance at the critic.

"O, Ruth will have to find another rhyme!" said Dora cheerfully. "She can do that easily enough. And she doesn't want any mistakes in grammar."

"No, I don't want any mistakes in grammar," the author of the poem agreed, "and—and thank you, Dora." She had blushed and smiled over the other girls' compliments, and at Dora's question she had experienced, it must be confessed, a slight sinking of the heart. Yet she was sensible enough to realize that the criticism which revealed the flaw was a truer kindness than the extravagant eulogy. It is a wise girl who knows when it is time to say "Thank you."—*Girls' Companion*.

Don't's for Girls

DON'T's for girls and young women are contained in a special pamphlet issued by the National Vigilance Association of London, England, following the passing of the White Slave Traffic Act. These warnings include the following:—

Never ask the way of any but officials.

Never stay to help a woman who apparently faints at your feet in the street, but call a policeman immediately.

Never accept a lift offered by a stranger in a vehicle of any description.

Do not accept sweets, food, or drink nor smell flowers offered by a stranger, as they may contain drugs.

Do not speak to strangers.

Never accompany a stranger (even if dressed as a hospital nurse), nor believe stories of a relation having met with an accident, as this is a common device to kidnap girls.

If accosted by a stranger (whether man or woman), walk as quickly as possible to the nearest policeman.

Fifty thousand copies of the pamphlet are being distributed at railway stations, shops, factories, and other places.—*Selected*.

For Boys

Boys, never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine, and whisky will do you no good, and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never tell nor listen to telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You can not handle filth without being fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere, at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.—*Selected*.

"SOMETIMES a girl is pleased by having a stranger say to her, 'I know whose daughter you must be for you look so much like your mother.' God's children should resemble their Father so strongly as to be easily recognized."



The Strength of the Katydid

EXPERIMENTS conducted by a naturalist attached to one of the United States government's scientific bureaus at Washington, adduced an interesting example of the strength of the katydid—an insect allied to the grasshopper. He harnessed the katydid to a kind of sledge, made by folding a piece of ordinary note-paper, and then loaded the sledge with various articles.

The insect proved able to draw, in addition to the original piece of note-paper, twelve paper sheets, each three by four inches, a large screw, two steel pens, a stone weighing three ounces, and three and one-half lead-pencils. When the weight became too heavy to draw otherwise, the katydid got its forefeet over the edge of the table for a better hold, and on the addition of another weight it increased the adhering power of its feet by moistening them in its mouth.—*Selected*.

The Friendless Spider

ASIDE from snakes, there is probably no living thing which can look to mankind for friendship with so little hope as the spider; yet when the spider is fairly brought to trial, it is rather hard to prove anything against him except his appearance and a few cobwebs. Apart from furnishing an example of industry and patience from which we might well profit, the spider feeds exclusively upon freshly killed insects, all of them being of the kind denounced by sanitary authorities, the house-fly being its favorite quarry.

A spider can bite, but he seldom does except in self-defense, and even then the bite is not much worse than that which might have been received from any one of the several hundred mosquitoes he has probably dined upon, or will if let alone. In the light of present scientific knowledge, the story of the spider and the fly that was invited into the pretty parlor does not cause such a surge of sympathy for the fly as it once did.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Open Window

A MEDICAL inspector of the Philadelphia schools, with the cooperation of teachers and parents, recently made an experiment to determine the value of cold, fresh air in schoolrooms. He opened the windows at top and bottom, and kept them open, except during severe storms, throughout the whole three months of the winter term. The room was shut off from the heating plant of the building, except on the occasional days when the temperature fell below forty-five degrees; but the pupils, of course, wore extra wraps, and took frequent exercise.

Week by week during the winter the inspector weighed and examined the pupils, watched their study and their play, and compared their progress in health and scholarship with that of pupils in another room of the same building. In that other room, the pupils were of the same grade, and of about the same number, but the room was heated and ventilated according to the usual methods. The pupils in both rooms were normal, healthy children from the same kind of homes, so that the test was as fair as possible.

At the end of three months the inspector found that the pupils in the room with the open windows had gained on the average a little more than two pounds in weight, whereas those in the warm room had gained less than one pound. The pupils in the open room were wholly free from colds, and much more regular in attendance than the others. They were also quicker to learn, needed less review work, and were better behaved. In health and happiness, in development both of mind and of body, the children of the room with the open windows had a clear advantage over the others.

In these days the gospel of sunshine and pure air ought to need little preaching. Most of us accept it; but we do not always practise the doctrines that we believe in and preach. The Philadelphia experiment lay not in giving the open-air treatment to sick children, which everybody approves; it lay in giving well children some of the good things that nature intended them to have.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Wasp's Strategy

A MUD-WASP was seen to alight within an inch or two of a spider's nest on the side opposite the opening. Creeping around toward the entrance to the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet. Then, reaching out one of his antennæ, he wriggled it before the opening. A moment later he withdrew the feeler. This overture had the desired effect, inasmuch as the head of the household, a big spider, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights.

No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which it was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust its sting into the body of its foe, killing it easily and almost instantly.

The experiment was repeated by the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he evidently became satisfied that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were lugged off one at a time.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Influence of Alcohol on the Unborn

It has been known for some time that eggs of fish do not develop normally when alcohol is added to the water; and it has been suspected that the frequent association of alcoholism in the father and epilepsy and feeble-mindedness in the children was a causal one. This subject has been studied experimentally on guinea-pigs by Dr. Charles R. Stockard, of New York, who has made some of them breathe fumes of alcohol for an hour a day. The stock that had not breathed the fumes, produced only healthy young, which developed normally. But when guinea-pigs that had long been intoxicated by alcohol were used as fathers with normal mothers, eight out of twenty offspring were still-born, seven died soon after birth, and of the five that survived only one grew at the normal rate. When the mothers only were intoxicated, the result was not quite so bad; and when both parents were alcoholics most young aborted, many were still-born, and not one survived infancy.

The worst fate befell the progeny of two drunken guinea-pigs, the next worst the progeny of a drunken father; those of drunken mothers were less affected, but were terribly weakened. Since the human child develops in the same relation to the mother as the

young guinea-pig does, the danger to the children of alcoholics is evident.—*Charles B. Davenport, director of the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution*.

Tests Tall Buildings

J. C. HOWARD, a noted specialist of the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., has invented a sort of thermometer, or pulse-recorder, to be used in testing tall buildings. It is said that the instrument takes the "pulse" of a tall structure of steel, stone, or concrete, and makes a searching test of columns, beams, trusses, boilers, and floors.

It has been ascertained that tall buildings are subject to ailments, much as the human body is. The ravages of wind and rain and the effects of atmosphere are marked, and buildings often deteriorate. To provide a means of detecting such effects is the object of Mr. Howard's instrument.

For example, the new instrument was used the other day to test a tall sky-scraper in New York City. It was discovered that the weight of the flooring was not properly distributed, and that there was an undue strain on certain of the girders. The instrument tests accurately the effect of vibration on the various supports of a steel structure.—*Selected*.

German Aerial Motor Wins Big Prize

THE prize of \$10,000, which the German emperor offered on his birthday last year for the best German aviation motor constructed before his anniversary this year, was awarded to an inventor who built a 100-horsepower four-cylinder motor along such lines that it is practically proof against breakdowns. The apparatus is, in reality, two motors in one, as duplicates are provided for all the important parts, each of which is capable of taking up its proper functions while the engine is running at full speed. That is, each cylinder has two magnetos and two carbureters that are operated independently of each other, and the other parts are arranged and operated in a similar manner. A total of forty-five motors, representing twenty-six makers, were entered in the contest, and only three days were allowed for the assembling of each motor.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Girl Plumbers

THE girls of the Hollywood High School, in the suburbs of Los Angeles, California, are being given a course in practical plumbing during this school term. The girls are delighted with the innovation, many of them being more interested in the plumbing course than in their other studies. The girls argue that a capable housewife should be able to repair the leaks in her kitchen, if necessary, and read her water-meter intelligently to know whether her bills are correct or not.

Their teachers agree with them. And the result is a course that will enable California housewives to stop escaping gas, clean congested sinks, solder pipes, insert washers, and know the difference between the use of granite and aluminum to save unnecessary expense, and generally to extend their ability as expert housekeepers.—*Selected*.

"Do not have your concert *first* and then tune your instruments *afterward*," is a sentence that one is not likely to forget in its application to the need of opening the day with prayer and devotional Bible reading."



The Scotch Collie

FROM the fact that a kind of sheep with black faces and black legs, known as "collie sheep," were the special charges of shepherd-dogs, the name collie, now universally used in place of sheep- or shepherd-dog, was given to the breed.

The old English sheep-dog, or bobtail, is, of course, quite distinct from the collie. The former is used extensively in both England and Scotland on sheep, but the position of prominence is held by the Scotch collie, which is found nearly everywhere and is looked upon as an indispensable part of the stock keeper's paraphernalia.

The collie has become recognized, through his great intelligence, as the foremost dog of the day. This same characteristic has stamped him in the past as in the present, and, in addition, faithfulness and sociability play no minor part in his make-up. No better illustration can be brought forward to prove this sagacity than a reference to "Bozzie," owned by Mr. Clason, of Chicago, Illinois, who, in more ways than one, demonstrated her thinking powers unaided by a sign or command, leading one to believe there was more in her than was human than beast. She was the daughter of the celebrated old "Boz," that traveled all over Europe and America, and gave performances for the edification of such distinguished monarchs as the king of England and the czar of Russia. So highly pleased was the king, then the Prince of Wales, that he provided a bed for old Boz in Windsor Castle, so that he could give a performance early in the morning previous to his departure.

Although Bozzie never had the advantages of European travel, she inherited from her sire his great intelligence, and, in fact, surpassed him in the sense that his performances were much governed by the mind of man, while she seemed to think for herself. The fact that she would do for strangers as well as for her friends, conclusively proved this point. Ordinary mathematics, such as addition, subtraction, and multiplication, were almost too easy for her. Her discrimination of colors never failed, and in a room full of people she could pick out a black man from a white one. She could tell figures written on a visiting-card and, of course, indicated all the numbers by barks. In fact, this dog could not only tell the number of days in a week or month, but she could also tell time.

I remember on one occasion a man who was skeptical was given the privilege of examining the dog without having the owner present. The examination, in brief, was as follows: "Bozzie, how many are two times four?" The dog barked eight times, as rapidly as a child ten years old would count the same number. "Take five from that." The reply in barks was three. "Add nine to that." Bozzie barked twelve times. That the answers were given quickly and without assistance proved that the dog thought of her own accord, and only when she was asked what was half of twelve did she hesitate, and actually seemed to think before making the reply, which was correct.

In addition to her tricks she was a marvelous worker, and, when taken to the stock-yard and told to bring out five steers, she would bring out five, and no more; or when at the farm she was told to bring up the cows from the pasture in which steers were also kept, she would bring the cows, leaving the steers. On another occasion, in a lot where several horses were kept, all bay except one gray fellow, she was told to bring out the gray one, and did so, leaving the rest. That Bozzie was not an ordinary case, but held a unique position and won the cup for the cleverest dog in the world, is beyond dispute; but sagacity, probably more than anything else, has made the breed famous.

I recall very well, as a boy, being the possessor of a collie pup, which I owned from the time he was four weeks old, and the following instance in connection with this devoted friend incited my appreciation of the collie's worth: Unlike most collies, this pup, which was then eight months old, had a great antipathy to the water. As I was averse to forcing him to go in, and persuasion having failed, he had up to that age become more or less a landlubber. One very warm day I had gone in swimming, and struck out quite a distance from the shore. As was the dog's custom, he stood on the bank watching me, when I was suddenly taken with a cramp. Appreciating my precarious condition, childlike I began to scream; and just as I disappeared from the surface of the water, without any idea that the dog would come to me, I pitiously cried to him for help. When I came up, my head almost struck the dog, which was circling about where I had disappeared. I threw my arm over his back, and he struck out for shore, with me in tow. From that day, as long as the dog lived, about fifteen years, no matter whether I went into fresh water or into the surf, that animal never left my side for a moment.

These great qualifications — intelligence, utility, and faithfulness — make the collie the dog for the country place, and none is more universally at home in the dooryard of the farmer, on the well-kept lawn of the millionaire, or on his native heath, in sunshine as in rain and sleet, working for his kind or unappreciative master. The alacrity with which he obeys the voice of the shepherd's crook — for in the main his instructions are given to him when at work on the flock by a wave with this implement, or by whistle when he is too far away to be seen — is from a point of intelligence beyond what the imagination can conceive. Even to those who are uninterested in the breed, a sheep trail will not only prove most instructive as to the great sagacity of this dog, but a most entertaining performance.

Several years ago it was my good fortune to witness what impressed me as being a very great achievement accomplished by a rough-coated collie. A friend of mine was the possessor of a large flock of sheep; and the second morning of my visit to his estate, I arose early, and as I stepped out on the porch I saw this flock going by the house, accompanied by the

shepherd and his two dogs. They were on their way to the distant pastures, dimly seen through the rising mist, which with its ascension brought the glories of the country into view.

Interest drew me into conversation with this bent old shepherd, who, I learned, had followed this occupation from the time he was a boy; and the warmest spot in his heart seemed to be for the successive dogs that had been not only his companions, but his chief aids. I had read a great deal and had been told much more regarding the actual requirements of a collie with a flock, but this was my first experience with a man who had had actual experience from infancy. The chatting between us was carried on as the sheep were driven to the locality selected for the day's pasture. In the lead of the flock, with as much importance as might be displayed by any drum-major, but with far less concern, walked one of the two dogs. Following him, but never attempting to pass him, came the sheep, some four or five hundred in number, and behind these walked the shepherd, the second dog, and I. At the slightest indication of a break on either side of the procession, the rear dog, without instruction of any kind, would dart out and crowd back the misbehaving sheep into the flock, with entire silence and absence of roughness. As we proceeded down the road, we came to a fork, and I could not see how the dog in the lead was to determine the direction in which they should go. Turning to the shepherd, I said, "Now, how will that dog know which road you want the flock to take?"

He told me just to watch. He had no sooner said this than the dog, perceiving the fork in the road, quickened his pace and ran upon the little grass-plot that formed the beginning of the division of the highway. Reaching this spot, he faced the shepherd with a keenness not before manifested, and as he did so the shepherd waved his crook to the left; the dog immediately jumped into the left-hand road, thus blocking the way, which forced the sheep to take the one to the right. A few days after this morning's experience I had the particular gratification of seeing this same leading dog, on a wager of time against any other dog in the country, pick out of a mixed flock of four hundred eleven sheep one hundred seventy-two of his own flock, winning the championship of the county. No less interesting than the sight of this work was the anxiety his old master displayed. It seemed as if he not only had staked his last farthing, but from the expression on his face one felt the dog's success must also be a matter of life and death with him.

To the inexperienced this weeding out of a flock may read a bit like a fairy tale, but you have only to visit one of the many localities in Scotland where sheep are raised to see the thing done time and again, and only in so doing can you thoroughly appreciate the union that

exists between these dumb workers and the men, who, from years of isolation, are but a bit less dumb.

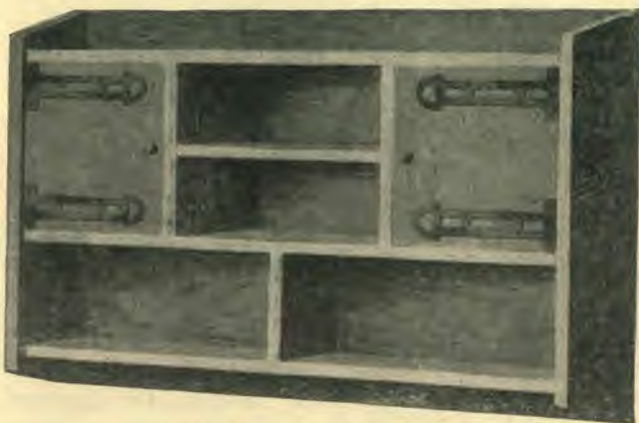
The collie has been taught to work with as much tenderness and care on every other branch of stock, not even barring the restriction of fowl to certain pasture. He never overlooks the responsibilities imposed upon him, and his quick hearing, keen sight, and discrimination between friend and foe eliminate the

necessity of a sign bearing the inscription "Beware of the dog," for he is on the lookout for the intruder before the trespass is made.—*M. Mowbray Palmer, in Country Life in America.*

Wall Shelves

THE only decorative feature of the useful wall shelves shown is the set of imitation hinges cut from polished brass, which brighten up the whole structure. If such hinges can not be purchased, the reader will not find it a very difficult task to cut some from soft brass plate, the necessary amount of which will cost only a few cents. A cold-chisel may be used in cutting, provided a liberal margin is left for filing, otherwise a metal saw, such as jewelers use, will be necessary.

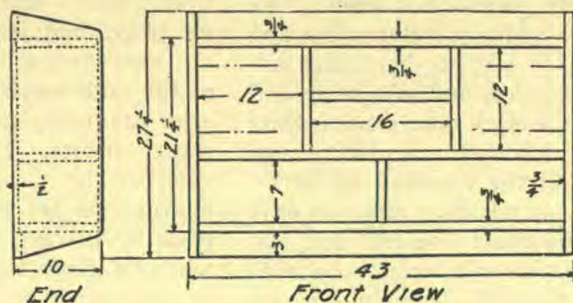
The construction is so simple that little need be said



HOME-MADE WALL SHELVES

in this regard. The ends and shelves should first be made and connected, after which the back should be nailed in place. The connections of the upper two shelves may be made by means of small blocks glued and nailed in the corners of the two compartments. Use glue on all joints.

The portions of the back that extend above the top and below the bottom shelf, should be made of strips thick enough to hide completely the end wood of the main portion of the back. The doors are next made ready, and may be of single pieces, or they may be



PLAN FOR SHELVES

Mill-Bill for Wall Shelves

PCS.	DIMENSIONS
2	$\frac{3}{4}$ x $10\frac{1}{4}$ x 28
3	$\frac{3}{4}$ x 10 x 42
2	$\frac{3}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ x 42
2	$\frac{3}{4}$ x $12\frac{1}{4}$ x $12\frac{1}{4}$
2	$\frac{3}{4}$ x 10 x $12\frac{1}{4}$
1	$\frac{3}{4}$ x 10 x $16\frac{1}{2}$
4	$\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 x 22

arranged to contain a small panel in the center.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Guarding an Emperor

WE have a fairly good notion of the precautions taken by our secret service to protect the President and other important officials in this country; but few Americans have any idea whatever of the extraordinary

steps taken in a like direction to protect foreign rulers. The following will serve to show how the German emperor is looked after, even on a short journey.

During what did not seem to be a very perilous passage from Homburg to Cronberg on the part of the kaiser, trotting orderlies went up and down the road. Soldiers were stationed at intervals. Pedestrians on the way to Cronberg were turned back. Travelers by carriage were examined, and allowed to proceed if they proved to harbor no nefarious designs.

The imperial equipage passed at night. First there came a mounted escort, then soldiers on foot. Five minutes later more mounted men appeared; and then what seemed to be intoxicated motorcyclists, swaying from side to side; but these men were merely swooping from one side of the road to the other, and scanning the ground by the light of their vivid acetylene lamps. They were looking for bombs.

Behind the motorcyclists were other mounted soldiers, and then came the royal conveyance. It passed in a flash of light, not only from the speed it was maintaining, but because of a huge electric light hung at the end of the pole. This served a double purpose. It illuminated the way, and also shone so brightly that the eyes of any assassin would have been so dazzled by it that he could hardly have got a correct aim. — *The Independent*.

The Awakening of the Turk

ON NOV. 13, 1912, the Turkish papers of Constantinople published an open letter written by Prince Sabah-ed-din, a grandson of Sultan Hamid and an heir to the throne, in which, addressing the present sultan, he says: "Sire, however bitter this truth may be, we must confess to ourselves that our greatest enemy is not Italy, nor Europe, nor the Balkans, but *ourselves*. The seat of the evil is in our own private life." That such a bold utterance should have been published in the Turkish newspapers indicates nothing less than revolution in Turkish sentiment. There are great searchings of heart at the present time, and many Turks are penetrated with the thought that, whatever in the past may have been the traditionary interpretation of their sacred law, the Koran, they must now, in their relations to their Christian fellow subjects and to Europeans, conform to the usages of Europe. The Turks know that, handicapped by their environment, they are being outstripped by the Christian peoples, and that the only alternative is a change in their manner of ruling or defeat.

According to the statement of the Turkish newspapers, on Jan. 15, 1913, the present sultan, Mohammed V, in an interview with the editor of the Turkish paper the *Sabah* (Diran Effendi Kelekian), said: "In the midst of the present anguish there is no one whose heart is more pained than mine. But I compel myself to stifle my griefs so as to fulfil the duties God has entrusted to me. I am a constitutional sovereign. As soon as the present difficulties disappear, our first work will be to convene parliament. Neither in my imperial family nor among my people is there an enemy of the constitution. Absolutism, which degenerates whether or no to despotism, can not at any time, and especially in the age in which we live, insure the meeting of the needs of a nation, or compass its success."

A committee of the leading members of the last parliament, just before its dissolution a few months ago, issued a new party program, composed of ten

articles. Article 6 says: "The party shall aim at the development, of the empire, of *Occidental* civilization and progress, while respecting public morals and national and religious usages." Article 7 says: "The historical traditions of the empire shall be followed within the limits of the constitution." This last article means that historical traditions, that is to say, Mohammedan interpretations of the Koran, are *not* to be followed when they conflict with equal rights and equal justice, enjoined in the constitution. In short, many signs indicate that the leading Turks have come clearly to apprehend that genuine reform in civil affairs is a matter of life and death. Hence, both missionaries and other liberal-minded foreigners residing in Turkey say, "Give the Turks another chance." — *The Medical Missionary*.

On a Rubbish Heap

A YOUNG man in Argentina, who possessed a Bible that his father had given him, became engaged to a Roman Catholic girl. Her confessor informed her that before she could marry, the bridegroom's Bible must be burned. She told her fiancé this ultimatum, so the young man very reluctantly took his Bible, and, as he had not courage to burn it, left it on a rubbish heap. A woman passing the rubbish heap saw a book which looked new, took it home with her, examined it, and, as she said, "from that memorable day all of us have read it, and the reading has resulted in the conversion of several of our family." The woman showed the Bible Society's colporteur the very copy, bearing the name of its original owner, who was living in the same town. She was thankful that she had been led to pass by that rubbish heap and to secure such a treasure. — *Sunday School Times*.

The Wisdom of Love

THE wisdom of love, which is wise in exact proportion to its depth and self-realization, is shown in its actions rather than in its indulgences. The ministry of consolation is divinely appointed, and love knows all its potencies: but love also knows that nothing is ever really lost in this world except opportunity; all other losses, however bitter, are for the moment.

With this wisdom in its heart, love knows that it loves most when it loves life for those whom it loves; for life is not simple existence: it is the growth and the things which come with growth. He loves me most who helps me to do and to be the best and the greatest in any human relationship, and he who says the most comforting things to me when death has interrupted that relation.

That fellowship, if it is true, will survive the touch of death; but if I have missed the heart of it by accepting something less than the best it had to offer, who shall call back the vanished years and restore the lost opportunity? I part from my friends, but I do not lose them; what I lose is the growth, the unfolding, the task, the vision, the chance of love in the present.

Send some one, Lord, to love the best that is in me, and to accept nothing less from me; to touch me with the searching tenderness of the passion for the ideal; to demand everything from me for my own sake; to give me so much that I can not think of myself, and to ask so much that I can keep nothing back; to console me by making me strong before sorrow comes; to help me so to live that, while I part with many things by the way, I lose nothing of the gift of life. — *The Outlook*.



"The Head of the Company"

MAY I have Harry Gould for a partner, mother? I like him, and he is interested in the things I am. I just feel sorry for him. He doesn't have any chance at all!"

"A partner, did you say? A partner in what, Ralph?" the mother asked, smiling across the table.

"Why, a partner in my work, in my experiments, in my learning about things and how to do things," the boy answered with the fire of earnestness and enthusi-

brought a shadow to the face of Mrs. King, Ralph's mother, and her heart warmed toward the boy who "didn't have any chance." She knew his father to be a prominent business man in the city, and his mother's name appeared in the society columns of the *Daily Leader*. In her thoughts of Harry there came thoughts of other boys of well-to-do families as unhelped as was Harry. "O," she said to herself, "the rich need helping as much as the people of the slums!"



asm flashing up in his expressive eyes.

"What! Am I to be dropped?" asked his mother, still smiling.

"O, of course not, mother! You're at the head of the company — always was, and always shall be! But I just thought maybe you could help two boys as well as one, Harry and I would be doing the same things, you see."

"But what is the matter with Harry?" the mother asked, not in the least objecting to Ralph's plan, but, like a wise diplomat, wishing to understand fully the case in hand. "Why, doesn't Harry have all he needs? You say he has no chance."

"Well, mother, it's just like this: There isn't a place in their big house on Nob Hill for a boy's room and workshop. You know I went home with Harry last night. They have parlors, and a library, and a music-room, and a smoking-den, and all that sort of thing. Harry's room is nice, too. But, honestly, mother, it's so nice that he can't have any good times in it. He took me up-stairs to see a hangbird's nest and some curious rocks he found in the country. When we got up there, they were gone. He went to his mother about it, and, if you'll believe it, she just laughed and said: 'We can't have such rubbish in your pretty room!' And she or the maid had burned up his bird's nest and thrown away the curious stones. O, he looked glum! but he didn't say half I wanted to. I'm downright sorry for him. They might just as well throw him into the street along with the stones."

During Ralph's long speech a shadow swept over his mother's face, and Ralph read her sympathy before her answer came.

"Certainly, I shall be glad to have you take Harry Gould for a partner, if this is what you mean. But do you think his father and mother will be quite willing that he should spend his spare time here?" said his mother.

"They won't either of them care, I'm sure. I don't s'pose they know where he is, anyhow. He told me his father went to business before he and his mother were up in the morning, and came home so late that he sometimes didn't see them for a week. His mother goes off to parties and clubs, and Harry says he gets very lonesome, and so he goes 'most anywhere evenings."

"Bring him here, Ralph; I want him as much as you do," said Ralph's mother.

All through the day thoughts of Harry Gould

Business had kept Ralph's father out of the city for weeks at a time during much of Ralph's life, and to the mother had fallen most of the care and training of the "Little Prince," as the most immediate friends of Mr. and Mrs. King had called the boy since he first came to be one of the Kings' household. So "Little Prince" he still was, and he had learned, as well as any son of a royal house, that he was being trained to a kingdom — a kingdom of usefulness, where truth and faithfulness are armor and crown.

When the boy first lay upon his mother's breast, she felt her insufficiency, as every mother must, but she felt the greatness of this gift divinely committed to her care. Prayer led her to the Wise for wisdom, and as the boy grew, he did not grow away from his mother. Ralph was now fourteen, and with his mother he had learned the beauty of the world, and the days were all too short to hunt out its treasures and to study its wonders.

Museums and parks and menageries and libraries were visited; excursions into the country came into Ralph's training and education; access to machine-shops and printing-houses and factories was arranged. And all these visits were supplemented by home study, experiments and attempts to make or put into practise something he had learned.

In all his investigations and work, Ralph's mother was, as he said, "at the head of the company."

"How do you ever get time for it all?" an intimate friend had asked when she found Ralph and his mother one day arranging a battery and running telegraph-wires from room to room. "You must have to study day and night."

"Study!" laughed Mrs. King. "I never studied harder in school, nor was it ever so delightful. I never began to study so in my Browning club. But," she added, with a voice sweet and very earnest, "my Browning club was interesting and helpful, yet not to be compared with this. This work is preparing the 'Prince' for his kingdom, you know."

That night Harry Gould came to the study-room and the workshop. To him it was the beginning of a new life — the opening of doors into a world of which he had all along had dreams, and for which he had been hungry all his life.

There the boys worked out experiments, turned inventors, and learned to use their brains and their hands. There they telegraphed — startling messages the world was yet to hear. There they built boats

stanch enough to carry cargoes that were to help in life's long voyage. And there it was that Harry's father found his boy, weeks later, when he "came to himself." And this is the way it happened:—

Mr. Gould left the counting-room earlier than usual one evening. A spirit of unrest seemed to have settled upon him. His usually accurate brain refused to do its duty, and closing books and desk, he went home. "A beautiful home!" he said in his heart, as he lingered a moment in the bright light streaming from its windows, and the thought of Harry gave a warm thrill to his heart. As a little later he entered the parlors and saw a group of friends, he remembered that his wife had told him that the card club was to meet there that evening. None were playing, however, and a heavy gloom shadowed the place. "Not playing?" he said. "How's this?"

"O George, you haven't heard!" exclaimed his wife. "Such a dreadful thing has happened! You know Rose Dale belongs to our club; she was to have been here to-night. Mr. Bruce called for her; it is he who has brought the word. They have just learned that her brother David shot himself. He had become a gambler, and had lost his own and his employer's money. He could not bear it! Poor, poor boy! Poor Rose! You know what a brilliant young man he was—a young man of such promise; and—don't you remember?—he came with Rose and learned to play—here—at our club. I recall his wonderful skill; he seemed a born player. How we cheered him on! And it has come to this!" Mrs. Gould could say no more for weeping.

A pallor came into the man's face as he listened, and the shock to him, as to them all, was terrible. But somehow his own boy's face seemed ever to rise before him, until at length he asked:—



Garden Talk

YOUNG CUEY CUM, one moonlit eve,
Was feeling quite loquacious,
And thought he'd boast himself a bit
To Tommy Toe sagacious.

"Why, see here, Tom," he thus began,
"How very fast I'm growing!
Indeed, I'm ready now for use,
And this the gardener's knowing;

"For he just told the farmer boy,
To send me and my brothers
To market on to-morrow morn,
Along with many others.

"And here you've hung for weeks and weeks,
And still you're hardly turning;
It seems to me with all this sun,
Your face would be aburning.

"I'm very sure I can't tell why
It takes some folks forever
To be account for anything,
And some will surely never."

Then turning off with scornful air,
He gave a laugh full haughty;
But patient Tom made no retort
To all these sayings naughty.

And so it happened as he said,
He traveled to the city,
And left behind his slower mates,
Whom he deemed needed pity.

The days passed on, and for our friend
Who tried to do his duty,
The rain and sun, with jealous eye,
Soon turned him to a beauty.

Then off to town they hurried him,
Where quick a lady bought him
Along with others of his kind;
For fruit preserves she sought him.

She knew full well the magic art,
And with matronly neatness,
Made such preserves that any prince
Might marvel at their sweetness.

When in the pantry on the shelf,
Imagine Tommy's tickle
When he found Cuey by his side—
A sour cucumber pickle!

And now my little boys and girls,
This story has a moral:
'Tis not always the quicker wit
That wins the final laurel.

ALICE PETTEY.

Guatemala, Central America.



"Where is our Harry, Grace?"

"Why, really, George, I don't know," his wife answered. "He has been out evenings a great deal lately, with Ralph King, on Granger Street, I think."

With a half-groan, the man went out. Somehow the tragedy whose shock was upon him, compelled thoughts of Harry, and he realized how little was being done to save his own boy. A grip like a hand of steel seemed upon his heart as he rang the bell at the little house on Granger Street. "Can you tell me where Harry Gould is?" he asked, as his ring was answered. The door of a large room just across the hall stood open. This was the boys' room. Harry, surprised, heard his father's voice, and called in answer, "O papa, come in here and see what we are doing!" An angel's song could not have been sweeter at that moment to the father's ear. Mrs. King led the way, and for a moment the man stood in the door. He saw half-finished boats, miniature engines, a case of tools, and the meaning of the room flashed upon him.

"See, papa, we are printing our own newspaper," said Harry proudly, pointing to a hand-press which the young printers were manipulating. "Isn't this a nice room?" he went on, "and it's all Ralph's, and I'm his partner, and we're learning so much! Ralph's mother helps us. It's the best place I ever visited. I just wish all boys had such a chance!"

"I wish so, too," said Mr. Gould, with a mist shining in his eyes.

After that night things were changed at the Goulds' home. There was no more danger of a hangbird's nest ever going into the fire, or of specimens being thrown away, and when Mr. Gould took both boys to Yellowstone Park that summer, they went as three good comrades.—*Christian Herald.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, June 14

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Mission Study (fifteen minutes).
3. "Great Controversy" Study (twenty minutes).
4. Social Meeting (ten minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
2. Beginning of Our Work in China. Gather up all the information you can on the beginning of our work in China; then follow its development until about the close of 1907. Here we shall begin our mission studies next Sabbath. Use "Outline of Mission Fields," back files of the *Review*, etc. Have a map if possible.
3. "Great Controversy," chapter 36. This chapter is exceedingly important. Divide it into two parts and have it given in two readings. Appoint your readers early that they may study their respective parts thoroughly and prayerfully in order to be able to read with proper emphasis.
4. Ask each one to mention one of the thoughts in the readings most helpful to him.

The Detroit Temperance Rally

MR. H. C. FERGUSON, president of the Missionary Volunteer Society of Detroit, Michigan, writes of the enthusiastic and well-conducted temperance rally held by their society. Displayed in large white letters on black crape paper, back of the speakers, was the motto, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." 1 Cor. 9: 25. The program consisted of appropriate music, recitations, papers, and addresses, as shown by the following copy of their printed program:—

SONG: "Sound the Battle-Cry."
INVOCATION: Elder Williamson.
SONG: "The Temperance Call."
ADDRESS OF WELCOME: Elder William Guthrie.
ADDRESS: "The Bow of White Ribbon," Mrs. A. E. Tower, W. C. T. U. worker.
SOLO: "Tis Jesus," Harold C. Ferguson.
ESSAY: "The Liquor Traffic," Nellie M. Stevens, M. D.
RECITATION: "To a Bottle of Whisky," Bessie Mereness.
RECITATION: "The Two Glasses," Persis J. Judd.
LADIES' QUARTET: "Could You Wait?"
ADDRESS: Elder W. H. Green.
RECITATION: "Tis Nothing to Me," May Grill.
ESSAY: "Dress Reform," Agnes Everst.
ESSAY: "The Tobacco Evil," Frank A. Webber.
DUET: "Lead Me Gently Home, Father."
ADDRESS: Elder Guthrie.
ESSAY: "Why a Christian Should Not Eat Meat," Robert A. Holman.
ESSAY: "Other Phases of Intemperance," Zelda Arnold.
RECITATION: "Temperance From a Seventh-day Adventist's Viewpoint," Frank M. Catlin.
RECITATION: "Shall I Vote to License Liquor?" A. R. Cummings.
RECITATION: "Living Chimneys," Orville Schuman.
RECITATION: "If Cereals Could Talk," G. F. Schuman.
ADDRESS: H. A. Boylan.
MALE QUARTET: "Walking With Thee."
BENEDICTION: Elder Guthrie.

Pledges were circulated and many signers obtained. The collection was large enough to cover all expenses and supply the society with quite a number of copies of the *Temperance INSTRUCTOR* for free distribution.

We trust that not a Missionary Volunteer Society in all the land will fail to hold a temperance rally and to distribute a large number of the *INSTRUCTOR*. Now is our working time.

"Seek Us a Book"

"Go seek a Book! O, go seek a Book! let us not go back empty!" This was the plea of a Bechuana woman in South Africa, who brought her boy to the late Dr. Moffat, asking for a copy of the Bible which he had translated in Bechuana. The two had walked fifteen miles in search of the missionary, but when they found him, he only shook his head and said:—

"There is not a Bible left."

"I once borrowed a copy," the woman said, "but the owner has come and taken it away, and now I sit with my family sorrowful, because we have no Book to talk to us. My boy here can read, and he is teaching me to read. We live far from any one else, and we have no one to teach us but the Book. So my boy reads to us, and I pray. O," she added, "go seek a Book! O father, O elder brother, go seek a Book for us! Surely there is one to be found. Let us not go back empty."

When Dr. Moffat at last got a copy for them, both the lad and his mother were greatly rejoiced.—*The Expositor*.

It is better to wear out than to rust out. The process may require grace, energy, and patience; but if one is rubbed up on all sides he has the satisfaction of being always bright.

"MAKE every bargain clear and plain, that none may afterward complain."



XI—Jacob's Return to Canaan; Joseph's Dreams

(June 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 35; 37: 1-12.

HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapter 19.

MEMORY VERSE: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." John 13: 34.

Questions

1. What did God command Jacob to do? What preparations did Jacob make to obey? What was done with the strange gods that they had? What did Jacob do at Luz? Gen. 35: 1-7.
2. What change did God make in Jacob's name? What promise was repeated to him? How did Jacob mark the place where God talked with him? What other pillar did Jacob set up on his journey? Verses 10-15, 19, 20.
3. How many sons had Jacob? Verse 22, last part. Which were sons of Rachel? Verse 24.
4. Did Jacob see his father after he returned to Canaan? Gen. 35: 27; note 1.
5. How old was Isaac when he died? Who buried him? Verses 28, 29; note 2.
6. Where did Esau go after Jacob returned? Gen. 36: 6-8.
7. In what land did Jacob continue to dwell? What work was given to Joseph? How old was he at this time? Which of his brothers worked with him? How did they conduct themselves? To whom did Joseph report their evil deeds? Gen. 37: 1, 2; note 3.

8. Which of his children did Israel love best? Why? What did he do to show his love? Verse 3; note 4.

9. How did Jacob's love for Joseph make the other sons feel? Verse 4. Was this feeling right on their part? Memory verse. What is the Christian rule of regard for others? Rom. 12:10. What should be the attitude of brothers and sisters toward one another? Phil. 2:3.

10. What did God give Joseph at this time? To whom did he tell what he had seen? How did this cause them to feel? Gen. 37:5, 6.

11. Relate Joseph's dream. What question did his brothers ask after they heard it? How did they regard Joseph at this time? Verses 7, 8.

12. What did God give Joseph after this? To whom did he tell what he saw? What was the second dream? Verse 9; note 5.

13. When Israel heard Joseph's dream, what did he do? What question did he ask his son? Verse 10; note 6.

14. What evil trait did Joseph's brothers then manifest? Verse 11. What is envy? Ans.—“Selfish ill will toward another because of his superior success, endowments, or possessions; ill-natured grudging in view of what another has or enjoys.”—*Standard Dictionary*.

15. What does the Bible say concerning envy? Prov. 27:4. What should all Christians lay aside? 1 Peter 2:1. Repeat the memory verse.

Notes

1. Jacob remained with Isaac during the closing years of his life. The presence and attentions of this long-absent son were a comfort to him while lonely, infirm, and blind.

2. “Jacob and Esau met at the death-bed of their father. Once the elder brother had looked forward to this event as an opportunity for revenge; but his feelings had since greatly changed. And Jacob, well content with the spiritual blessings of the birthright, resigned to the elder brother the inheritance of their father's wealth,—the only inheritance that Esau sought or valued.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 207.

3. Joseph loved to obey God. He was gentle, faithful, and truthful. As Joseph's mother was dead, Jacob loved him more than his other children, and they became jealous. Because Joseph reproved his brothers they hated him. Hoping to lead them to reform, he told his father of their evil conduct.

4. The garment given Joseph may have been long and full, with sleeves, such as was worn by nobles. Jacob's other sons had only shepherd coats, reaching to the knees, and without sleeves. Favorite children in the East have jackets of purple, scarlet, and other colors pieced together. No doubt Joseph's brothers thought they saw in this gift that their father intended that Joseph should be his heir, and this made them angry and envious. See “Hours With the Bible,” page 449.

5. “As the lad stood before his brothers, his beautiful countenance lighted up with the Spirit of inspiration, they could not withhold their admiration; but they did not choose to renounce their evil ways, and they hated the purity that re-proved their sins. The same spirit that actuated Cain was kindling in their hearts.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 210.

6. Jacob reproved Joseph, but though his words seemed severe, he believed the Lord was revealing future events to his son.

XI—The Meaning of Christ's Ministry for Us

(June 14)

Questions

1. As the basis of his mediatorial service in behalf of man, what did Christ do? Eph. 5:2.

2. What kind of sacrifice did Christ make in behalf of sinners? Heb. 10:12; note 1.

3. What statement shows that his mediatorial service is a continual service? Heb. 7:24, 25; note 2.

4. Having accepted the sacrifice which Christ has made for us, what are we exhorted to do? Rom. 12:1; note 3.

5. To whom should we look? Heb. 12:1, 2.

6. What instruction shows that this service means

obedience to the commandments of God? Deut. 13:4; note 4.

7. What promise did the children of Israel make? Ex. 24:6, 7.

8. In what statement is their failure to fulfil this promise expressed? Heb. 8:9, last clause; note 5.

9. What is the test of true discipleship? John 8:31.

10. What is one form of this continual service? Heb. 13:15. Compare 1 Peter 2:5. Note 6.

11. Very soon after the vision concerning the sanctuary had appeared to Daniel, to what test was he subjected? Dan. 6:4-9.

12. How did he meet this test? Verse 10.

13. In what statement did King Darius recognize Daniel's steadfastness? Verse 16.

14. When the king came to the den of lions the next morning, what question did he ask? Verse 20.

15. What test is to come upon the people of God under the closing message? Rev. 13:15; note 7.

16. What will be the proof that they maintain their steadfastness? Rev. 14:12; note 8.

17. What shows that this same service will be maintained in the heavenly temple of the saved? Rev. 7:15.

18. What prayer of the psalmist will then be fully answered? Ps. 119:41-44; note 9.

Notes

1. The Greek words here rendered “forever” are the same as are translated “continually” in verse 1 of this chapter. Like the burnt offering in the typical service, the sacrifice of Christ is a continual sacrifice.

2. Our High Priest became such by “the power of an endless life,” and he “continueth ever.”

3. As Christ's sacrifice is shown not simply by his death on the cross, but also by his ministry in behalf of man, so we are to give our lives in the sacrifice of service.

4. The true basis of service is found in obeying the commandments of God. This can be done, however, only through the mediatorial service of our great High Priest, “the mediator of a better covenant,” who writes the law in the heart. Heb. 8:10. The answer to the mediatorial service in the heavenly sanctuary is therefore a constant service of praise and obedience on the part of those who have been made priests on earth.

5. The children of Israel failed to render the continual service of obedience because they did not recognize their need of the mediatorial work of Christ, through which alone such obedience can be rendered. This is an object-lesson for all time.

6. The sacrifice of praise is not a repetition of a mere form of words. If the life is not devoted to a continual service, the language of praise is a mockery, a formalism which is wholly unacceptable to God.

7. In the test of the three worthies, mentioned in the second chapter of Daniel, they were not forbidden to worship the true God, but were required to render homage to a false god also. This was in reality the same as denying the true God. See Job 31:26-28. In the test which came to Daniel he was forbidden to maintain his worship of the true God. The presidents and the satraps knew that a constant service was demanded of Daniel by “the law of his God” (Dan. 6:5), and they set themselves to make him interrupt that service. This twofold test will come upon the people of God in the close of the great controversy. They will be required to render homage to that power which has changed the law of God, and to disregard the fourth precept of that law.

8. As Daniel in a time of trial was divinely helped to maintain his service of the true God, so it will be in the testing-time for God's people just before us. Those who understand the mediatorial work of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary at this time, and appreciate what it means, will have abundant grace ministered unto them and will remain steadfast under trial. The word rendered “patience” in Rev. 14:12 is rendered “steadfastness” in the margin of the Revised Version. The same word is rendered “patient continuance” in Rom. 2:7.

9. The real object of the mediation of Christ is to restore the supremacy of the law of God in the hearts of men. The climax will come in “the hour of his judgment,” when a message will be given throughout the whole world turning the attention of the people to the mediation of Christ in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary. Read “Early Writings” (old edition, second part, pages 116, 117), the first part of the chapter entitled “The Third Angel's Message.” When this message has done its work, a people will stand on Mt. Zion who will keep the law of God “continually forever and ever.”

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Choice of a Life-Work

WHEN John Fletcher was offered the living of Dunham by Mr. Hill, who said that the "parish was in a fine country, the duty light, and the income good," imagine Mr. Hill's astonishment when Mr. Fletcher replied, "O, Dunham will not suit me! There is too much money and too little work."

"Well," gasped the astonished patron, "few clergymen make such objections. What do you think of Madeley?"

"The very place," said the zealous young preacher. This parish contained coal-mines and iron-works, and was noted for the ignorance and profaneness of its population. The salary was one sixteenth of that at Dunham. In this benighted place this Christlike scholar labored for twenty-five years.—*Selected.*

Encouraging Incidents

HAPPY is the heart of the missionary in China as he sees striking evidences of the fact that Christianity has made itself felt in the great heathen empire as a righteous power, a power to be trusted. An incident related by Dr. Courtenay H. Fenn, of Peking, gives substantial proof of such recognition of the work of the Christian missionaries during the recent Chinese revolution:—

"At Paotingfu the local banks were so much frightened at the revolutionary outlook that they suspended every sort of payment across their counters. Not even government officials nor teachers of government schools were able to get money for necessary expenses. But a missionary in the city found it important to obtain \$200 for current outlay at the mission, and he sent a messenger with an appeal for this sum. Greatly to his surprise, the messenger returned with \$500 in currency and an offer from the bankers of \$500 more if the mission would be kind enough to take it. The bankers were in serious doubt whether the government was going to continue or not, but they were entirely confident that Christian missions would persist, and that money loaned to the missionaries was really safer than in their own coffers."

Such evidence is also found in the recent proclamation of the president of the Chinese Republic, Yuan Shi Kai, calling upon all Christians in China to meet in their houses of worship on April 27, and beseech the Lord "to bless the legislative assembly now meeting,

and to guide it aright in the preparation of a permanent constitution, in the election of a president and other officials, for the peaceful inauguration of a permanent republican government, and for the recognition of the republic by foreign nations."

Resolved

MAYBE it's true that things haven't been breaking for you. Things have a pernicious and bothersome way of not breaking right. But what are you going to do about it? Are you going to offer yourself as an up-to-the-minute proof of the Mrs. Wiggs's theory that "many a man's walking around dead as he'll ever be"? Are you going to use up the hours in grumbling and whining while old Daddy Time yanks you toward the age limit? Or are you going to pitch in and *make* things break right?

For you can do it—just as men like you have been doing it ever since Adam got us all into trouble by gratifying his curiosity. In every age and every year men for whom things have been breaking altogether wrong have gritted their teeth, secured a new hold, and broken things to suit them. It's a man's job, of course, and too much to expect of the imitation article. But are you willing to admit that you haven't the grit to do it?

How shall you do it? Simple enough.

Make up your mind to get out of the crowd. Take some one thing, put heart and soul and life into it; learn it from the ground up. Then you'll be in a position to go to the boss and show him that you are ready for promotion. Likelier than not you won't have to go, because men that know some one thing from the ground up attract attention and get plenty of offers.—*Ambition.*

This I Do for Thee

COUNT ZINZENDORF, the founder of the Moravian Church, was traveling in this country on a missionary tour, and stopped at an inn to get his dinner. While his meal was being prepared, he remained alone in a room, and observed against the wall a picture of Christ on the cross. He wrote under the picture these words:

"This I have done for thee,
What wilt thou do for me?"

When he was gone, the family saw the words written under the picture of the crucified Christ. They had been careless on the subject of religion, but these words made such a deep impression that it resulted in the conversion of the family, and when Zinzendorf came there again, they thanked him for those words which he had written, and which had proved such a blessing to them.

We are now standing beneath the cross of Christ. By faith we see him, with outstretched arms, with pierced hands and feet, and he says to each of us,—

"See,
This I have done for thee,
What wilt thou do for me?"

And the language of our hearts is, O Lord, what can we do for thee? We can never repay that debt of love we owe to thee. All that we can do is to consecrate ourselves to thy service; all the energies of our bodies, all the faculties of our minds, we dedicate them anew to thy service and thy praise. Here, Lord, we give ourselves to thee, 'tis all that we can do.—*The Expositor.*