

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Suggestions From "Good Housekeeping"

THE largest-sized automobile rug is far better than the ordinary steamer rug for an ocean voyage, as it is long enough to be wrapped around the shoulders as well as the feet.

An electric iron is a great convenience in traveling. Do not be so inconsiderate as to use table or dresser tops when pressing, but remove one of the empty drawers from the dresser, invert, and use the bottom for an ironing-board.

If there is no shady spot in the yard in which to dry colored clothes, such as gingham, pinning them upon the shady side of a sheet hung double will prevent their fading.

To arrange artistically short-stemmed flowers, such as pansies, use a low, round dish. Then take an embroidery-hoop a little smaller in diameter than the bowl, cover it with mosquito-netting, and through the meshes of this put the stems of the flowers.

When traveling, I include among my toilet articles a small package of powdered borax, and when obliged to pack my wash-cloth and tooth-brush while damp, I sprinkle it on them liberally. They are thus kept sweet and free from germs and disagreeable odors.

When going on a trip that involves riding in a sleeping-car, take a quantity of very large, strong safety-pins. When you retire, you can pin many of your belongings to the inside of the curtains, thus having more wardrobe-room and the articles in place. Moreover, waists, etc., do not get so badly mussed, and belts, collars, and small things do not get lost, and are easily seen when one is trying to dress.

The most valuable garden discovery I have made concerns the selection and breaking off of slips: Never cut a slip, no matter from what plant it may come.

Select a sturdy, fair-sized branch growing as near the lower part of the center stalk as possible. A branch having a very few minor branches is best. While holding the main stalk with one hand, brace a finger of the other hand under the chosen branch, at the very point of its junction with the main stem, and, with the thumb, push the branch down until it breaks out, leaving a slight hole in the main stem. This does not harm the plant. This complete joint is what is necessary for the rooting, so do not trim any ragged ends, but bank it in moist soil and watch it grow.

When baking very juicy pies sift a layer of fine bread-crumbs over the lower crust before putting in the fruit. This will insure a crisp lower crust, while the crumbs can be neither seen nor tasted. The idea was given me by a most excellent German cook, a graduate of a famous cooking school.

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No. 25

That Our Hearts May Be Softened

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING

OPEN the windows of heaven to us, our Father;
Let the sunlight of heavenly love upon us shine;
Let the dews and the rains of thy beneficent favor
Fall on the soil and the plants thou ownest as thine.

The days of the years of our husbandry, few and evil,
Are drawing nearer and nearer their solemn close:
Filled are our hands with the fruits of their sorrowful harvest;
Much was their labor, little they give for repose.

Open the furnace of trial for us, O Father;
Blow into life in the forge the slumbering coals;
That the steel of our hearts may expand in the heat of the
furnace,
May soften for shaping the iron frame of our souls.

We have forgotten the commonest art of the craftsman,
Hammered our irons when the glow of love was lost,
Dreaded the fire, the horror and heat of trial,
Striven to force when patience was needed most.

Grant, O our Father, our hearts to be softened before thee:
Fill with the water of life the sterile soil;
Heat in the fires of affliction the obstinate iron,
That to thee and to us may return the fruits of our toil.

We who have slighted thee, mocked, and in service forgotten
thee,
Turn with the prayer of humility in our heart.
Humble us, teach us, inspire in us gracious power,
And for a service of tenderness set us apart.

Triumphing in Christ¹

MILTON C. WILCOX



DO not know any better topic for an address at this time than the motto of this class around whom this occasion revolves; namely, "Through Christ We Triumph." Nor do I know a better basis for that sentiment than the words of that militant and tried soldier of Jesus our Lord, who five times calls himself a prisoner, and who was taken at last from the old Mamertine prison at Rome to the headsman's block: "But thanks be unto God, who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest through us the savor of his knowledge in every place."

I quote from the American Revised Version, which conveys the better thought of the original,—"*leadeth us in triumph in Christ*," rather than "*causeth us to triumph in Christ*." The latter refers to our triumph, the former to a lifetime experience of what to the heathen world was temporary. "*Leadeth us in triumph*," comes from one Greek word, the base of which is *thriambos*, a jubilant heathen hymn to Bacchus, sung in festal processions and used to denote the Roman triumph, celebrated by victorious generals on their return from war. The general entered the city in a chariot, preceded by the captives and spoil taken, followed by his troops, and proceeded along the Sacred Way to the capitol, where he offered sacrifices in the temple of Jupiter. Above his head a slave held a jeweled crown. The last of his army, the infantry, carried laurel-adorned spears, and shouted, "Triumph!" and sang praise to the gods.

There were two classes in that triumph, the one the victorious general and his triumphant battle-scarred legions, the other the pitiful, dejected captives who had lost their all and who awaited either death in the arena or abject slavery.

Such victories of the earthly warrior might be turned into utter defeat on the morrow, and the jubilant song of triumph still echoing in the naves and corridors of the temples of the gods would become a requiem of the dead, a dirge of departed hopes.

Not so in the triumph of Christ. There are two classes in that throng which blend in one in the triumph

song. There is the Victor of the ages, with his principalities and powers, his angel battalions and heavenly legions, who have fought and are still fighting for the liberation of the captives of sin and shame and death; and there are also the mighty Victor's captives, "God-conquered," "with face to heaven upturned,"—trophies of triumph, bound to his chariot wheels of righteousness by the bonds of love, and, with hearts attuned to angel song, singing the victory of the Prince of life over them. They are willing captives; they have renounced allegiance to their former sovereign, Satan, and his vice-regent, Self; they are volunteers in the cause of Christ; they are the *vox jubilante* in the transcendent oratorio of redemption.

In the ancient triumphal processions, sweet spices were scattered along the way, and their fragrant odors made less repulsive the dust in the highway, while added to these rose the fragrance of sweet incense, between the altars of which proceeded the jubilant conquerors and dejected captives.

There are also the sweet odors, the acceptable fragrance in Christ's triumphant procession; they are the holiness and gentleness of Christ manifest and exhaled in the lives and works of his regenerated captives.

How to Secure the Triumph

But the triumph, the victory, that is what we want, that it is which we hope to secure and maintain in all its segmentary parts till its circle of eternity is complete. How shall it be secured? What does it mean?

First, the triumph in Christ must be *only* in Christ. All triumph apart from him is temporary, ephemeral, transient. Its glory is like a fading flower; its motives questionable; its purposes pall upon the inner life; its achievement leaves the heart unsatisfied. Alexander conquered the world, but died a youth, so to speak, in despair. Napoleon's name rang with triumph or was heard with fear throughout a continent, but he died a young man bereft of power on a lonely island. Neither the wealth of a Morgan nor that of a Rockefeller can purchase surcease from death. The highest and most lustrous name in the world's hall of fame may in the public's swinging opinion be displaced on the morrow by another.

¹An address delivered to the graduating class of the St. Helena Sanitarium, April 8, 1913.

Christ endures,— a conqueror in his life of temptation, victorious in an ignominious death, eternally triumphant in the mighty conflict of the ages. Who would not share in his triumph?

Second, it means submission, yielding, surrender. Victory means resistance, fighting, but not with God as our antagonist. Men have fought their best Friend for millenniums, but O, how fruitless the fighting! The mighty moral law of the universe, perverted, has made man mortal and resulted in death. What folly for the poor little worms of humanity to set their puny wills against the will of him to whom all the nations are "as nothing," "as a drop of a bucket," "as the small dust of the balance," who created all the shining orbs with their retinues of planets, who "bringeth out their host by number," who "callesth them all by name;" "by the greatness of his might and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking." What folly to war against him who "doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?"

Nay, more, to look upon the blessed positive side, how wise it is to submit willingly, gladly, to the will of him whose character is love, and whose knowledge and power and patience will work all things together for good to them who yield in loving submission. When the mighty, steadfast current of the universe is moving to the eternal triumph of all good, why should we not with anxious gladness launch our little crafts on its swelling tide, and steer ever straight on by its life-giving laws? In submission to our Saviour there is triumph.

Third, that triumph means duty and decision of character — duty faithfully, promptly accepted. Farragut, when a boy, had the ambition to be an admiral, but he swore and drank and gambled. His father said to him: "David, no one ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit; you will be a poor drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about, and die at last in a foreign hospital." The boy thought and thought of the predicted end of his present course, and decided there and then to change, never to utter another oath, never to gamble, never to drink again. And he stayed by the decision, shortly after confirming it by accepting Christ.

Decide for duty and abide the decision. To yield duty means, at the very best, weakness of character; at the worst, defeat, despair, death. Yet a thousand voices and inclinations will call from duty to pleasure and ease: heed them not; they are siren voices to allure to the Charybdis of folly and lust or the Scylla of hard-hearted worldliness and dead formalism. Success means, in the words of the old prayer-book, "doing your duty in the station of life to which it shall please God to call you."

The blessed vision of the holy One came to the monk when duty called to the unpleasant task of feeding the poor. Should he leave the heavenly visitant for the unpleasant duty? But the voice came,—

"Do thy duty—that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest,"

and when he went forth he saw Christ in the poor, and when he returned he found that the blessed vision had waited, with this pregnant word for him, and me, and you,—

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled;
That is what the vision said."

Duty means sacrifice; not always sacrifice of the

bad or evil, but oftentimes the sacrifice of the proper conventional for the good, the sacrifice of the good for the better, the sacrifice of the better for the best; and oftentimes — almost always — the only guide is simple, homely doing what is right by faith. Duty wrought in love is glorified into triumph.

Men are inclined to exalt love and abase duty, and set them in contrast. They do not know the science of character building. Of the sacrifice of his own life the great Exemplar said, "Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things?" He was bound to do it; it had to be done. Again, "It behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren;" it was his duty, his obligation,— he owed it. Let the great Master's sense of duty possess us, and the "ought" and the "duty" wrought for his sake will be glorified by divinest love.

(To be concluded next week)

Some One Cares

How sweet, yes, passing sweet, to know,
As over life's rough hills we go,
That some one cares, yes, some one feels;
The thought our wounded spirit heals.

In strenuous life we meet man's frown,
The selfishness that seeks renown;
Unknown by those both far and near,
How sweet the smile of some one dear.

Grieved by murderous curse and groan,
The wailing cry of those alone;
How blessed, after trying days,
To hear the voice of one who prays.

Our zeal is chilled by man's distrust,
The slanderous tongue, the cruel thrust;
Can these false things our spirit quell
When some one trusts and loves us still?

Wife, father, sister, child, or friend,
Or worthy soul whom Heaven may send,
Those near who make life's shadows flee,—
In truth, these may that some one be.

But though your friends be many or few,
Remember Him who's tried and true —
The God who cares eternally,
Whose love is boundless, full, and free.

MILTON T. AMES.

"Pocket League" Workers

"ON my way to and from work each day I ride on four different street-cars," said a young woman at one of our evening meetings. "I always have tracts, and plan each time to sit down by a lady if convenient. In a tactful way I give her a tract. I have given out hundreds of tracts, have never seen one thrown away, and in only two instances have the tracts been refused. [Isn't this an excellent method for city people?] Occasionally I get a name and call and give a Bible study."

In Mrs. E. G. White's "Appeal," we find this little message: "While walking by the way, or seated to rest by the wayside [and on the cars], we may be able to drop into some heart the seeds of truth."

At the Carr Street institute one woman testified that two Sabbath tracts left on her door-step started her interest in the truth. Later she was baptized, and now is a member of that church. Another sister told of a family with whom she has been working with tracts; they have all accepted the truth.

"I have been reading some old worn-out tracts of yours, and there is something about them that makes me feel hungry for something different from what I have been brought up to," recently wrote a man in

the North. "I am willing to join your side when I shall be convinced in the matter."

An intelligent, refined woman tourist picked up a tract at a cafeteria in Redlands the other day and read it while she ate her meal. She went to the proprietor and asked if he could tell her where she might get some more literature like that. He directed her to one of our brethren who makes it a habit to leave our tracts in that cafeteria. The woman found the brother in his shop. For an hour and a half she listened to a study on present truth, purchased a book from him, and took with her a supply of tracts. Such is the influence of these blessed, silent messengers.

Listen to the message from Mrs. White: "Let every believer scatter broadcast tracts, leaflets, and books containing the message for this time." This appeal comes now when the time for proclaiming the truth is as favorable as it will ever be, when men's minds are agitated over the things coming to pass, and when the Spirit of God is reaching out to impress the honest in heart. If prepared, you may be used to put them in touch with the blessed, soul-saving truths. Encourage the great work of scattering the tracts everywhere. Determine yourself to have a greater part in such work, and may the dear Lord give us each the *grace of continuance* in this service, and fill our hearts with the joy and peace that come of working with him. 2 Cor. 2:14.

The following experience by Mr. Anderson, of Redlands, who himself came into the truth through reading, having first got a tract in Los Angeles, is of special interest:—

"After I accepted the truth I sent a farmer in Iowa the *Signs* for three months. Later he subscribed for it for a year. Last year when I was there, he brought out 'Bible Readings,' and told me an interesting story. A canvasser had come to that community selling 'Bible Readings.' The farmer did not buy, but a Catholic neighbor did. When he found out that the Catholic woman ordered the book, he told her it was an Adventist book. She didn't want it, and sold it to a bookstore for \$1.50. Months afterward this man, when in town one day, saw that book in that old bookstore, and bought it. He has accepted so many teachings of the book that his church has dis-fellowshipped him, and I have hopes that he will accept the truth. He gave me five dollars for our work."

"I notice there is a great awakening in reading the *Signs of the Times*," said one of our friends in referring to some persons to whom she has been giving the paper for quite a time. One lady had just told her that she had read more in the *Signs* during the past week than she had read altogether of other publications since she left school. This sister has a number of deeply interested readers.

While we were talking of the influence of our literature used at sanitariums, the business manager of the Paradise Valley Sanitarium told how that very day a gentleman had walked into his office, whom he recognized at once as a man who had been there some time before. The man had a happy look as he announced that he is now an Adventist. While there he had obtained several books, and later fully accepted the truth.

ERNEST LLOYD.

The General Conference in the Past

THE thirty-eighth session of the General Conference closed on the eighth of June. Delegates and visitors from all parts of the world were present. Plans were laid for our general work for four years to come. Perhaps the greatest new feature was the organization of the European and North American Divisions, the latter division having charge of the work in the United States and Canada. Elder I. H. Evans and Elder G. B. Thompson were made president and secretary respectively of this division.

The reports from the mission fields throughout the world awakened new and strong interest in these fields, and must lead many to consecrate their lives to work in these places where the need is so very great. People of the Bahama Islands, those not of our faith, sent a memorial to the Conference asking that a school be established and conducted by our people for their children. They promised to erect the building and pay the teachers. They had already raised a thousand dollars for the purpose.

It is evident that medical missionaries are needed in every land on the earth, and greatly needed. It would seem that hundreds and thousands of our young people should begin immediate preparation to meet these calls. Soon it will be too late to render help to the benighted souls of heathen lands. None can afford to be indifferent to these invitations for help.

It was encouraging to find so many young people present at the Conference who were willing to go wherever the Lord could best use them. At one of the small department meetings, nineteen persons signified their willingness to go to any land to help carry forward the message of God.

About twenty thousand dollars was pledged for the erection of a hospital and the establishment of a dispensary in connection with the medical college at Loma Linda, California. The Sabbath-school offerings were surprisingly generous. The Sabbath School Department had set for its goal the raising of one thousand dollars for missions during the four Sabbaths the Conference was in session. This amount was exceeded by \$853.14, as the entire offering for the four Sabbaths was \$1,853.14. Four years ago the Sabbath-school offering for the Conference was \$597.06, less than fifty dollars more than that of the last Sabbath of the 1913 Conference.

The vast number of people present at the Conference was made especially apparent at the meal-hours. On Sunday, June 1, meals were served in the cafeteria to 5,514 persons, twenty-five hundred persons taking dinner on that day. Of course many others had their meals at their tents or at the lunch-counter instead of at the cafeteria. There was no friction in the service; the food was palatable and inexpensive. As must be expected, all had to take their turn, and sometimes one had to keep in line more than a half-hour before getting a seat, but it may be that appetites were wholesomely whetted by this waiting period.

There was a very creditable educational exhibit. The specimens of school work from various church-schools, academies, and colleges did credit to our educational efforts. No prizes were offered, but certain schools conspicuously excelled in some phases of work,—some in penmanship, some in sewing, some in wood-work, some in painting, and others in laundry work. The intellectual work done by the schools could not be revealed so easily as the industrial, and yet there were very acceptable evidences in the form of written work

ANNE BERNSTEIN, daughter of the Danish prime minister, is betrothed to a working carpenter. She has served an apprenticeship at this trade, and will work with her husband.

that revealed painstaking, effective results of the scholastic work done by the schools. Such exhibits inspire teachers and pupils to do even better work in the future than in the past.

The Meiktila school in Burma had an interesting exhibit. Baskets, willow chairs, footstools, American and native shoes, were the most conspicuous articles in their exhibit.

Each of the General Conference departments held a daily meeting, in which papers were read and talks given on the most important questions relating to the work of the department. These meetings must result in greatly bettering and extending the work of each department.

Altogether, the Conference was quite generally pronounced to be the best ever held. Spiritual sermons and consecration services found a place amid the rush of business that claimed attention. If all those who attended the Conference and those who remained at home will together unite to double their efforts to extend this gospel message, our work will receive a wonderful impetus during the next four years. May none fail to act his part.

Recent Developments

THE demand for Sunday laws and stricter legislation along this line is growing rapidly in this country. The Protestant denominations are actually making overtures to the Catholic churches of America to come over and join their federations and Sunday-law crusades, and to aid them in "driving the common enemy to the wall."

Over eighty Sunday bills have been introduced into our State legislatures since the first of this present year. If such a thing had happened thirty years ago, our lawmakers would have been startlingly surprised and affrighted. But the fact that it is condoned today should startle and affright us all the more. It shows that this nation is rapidly drifting toward Romanism and the dark ages. God has given us a definite message to give to the world, and we can never stand clear in the sight of God until we do all in our power to warn these zealous but misguided men. We must set before these men the wonderful truth and the marvelous light God has caused to shine on our pathway. Hundreds and even thousands of people are being aroused to the situation as they read our magazines and literature.

We are receiving some wonderfully encouraging letters from prominent men, and they say that our position on these important questions of religious liberty are sound and truly Christian and American. Some are taking their stand for the truth and the true Sabbath as the result of reading. If our young people everywhere could be organized into an army of Christian workers to give this precious truth of temporal and spiritual liberty to their neighbors and to those sitting in darkness, what great results could be accomplished!

The spirit of prophecy tells us that a special power attends the giving of the message just now. Let us not enjoy this freedom by ourselves, but through Christ let us set others free. Every youth should read the excellent articles in the *Liberty* and *Protestant* magazines. They contain a mine of valuable information which cannot be found except in the rarest documents. You cannot keep abreast with these strange and startling times in which we live and

all the developments in the great church and state movements and combinations unless you are in constant touch with these harbingers of the third angel's message.

This message is paramount to all other earthly considerations. Your and my chief business is to know this message so well that we can give it intelligently and convincingly to the ignorant and the learned, to the poor and the rich, to the righteous and the wicked, to all people everywhere, and save them from the wrath to come.

C. S. LONGACRE.

Japanese in California

ON the second of May the California Senate passed the alien landholding bill, introduced on April 29, and on May 3 the assembly passed it and sent it to the governor. The bill provides that aliens eligible to citizenship may hold lands the same as citizens, but that all other aliens may hold lands only as provided by treaty with their respective countries. In the case of the Japanese, the treaty permits them to hold land and houses for residence, manufacturing, and commercial purposes. That, it is assumed, excludes them from leasing or buying farm lands. The bill, however, permits aliens to lease farm lands for not longer than three years. It was passed almost unanimously, and by a similarly large vote the legislature rejected a resolution calling for delay on the ground that the passage of the bill was discourteous to the President, that the ends desired could be better attained by the national government, and that the bill could be made ineffective by the demand of its opponents that it be referred to the people. The referendum would take seventeen months, and in that period, it was said, the Japanese might buy land without let or hindrance. At the request of the President the governor postponed his approval of the bill until it could be learned whether it was satisfactory to Japan. Secretary Bryan, who set forth the President's views to the legislature, said in his farewell address that it was fortunate that the State had the referendum, for if the people disapproved of the acts of the legislature, they could veto them.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Young Man of Mettle

"DOES your mother know you're out?" as often asked is a vulgar, offensive expression, and one that never passes the lips of a young person who appreciates the value of a true mother. The use of this question once gave opportunity to a young man to reveal his mettle and honor the one who gave him birth.

Not being a Christian, he accepted an invitation to accompany a friend to a place of amusement, and at the close of the performance, he went with his friend to the latter's club. Here he found a group of men playing cards for money, and among them was a man prominent in both military and political life. The young man was invited to participate in the game, and when he refused, the military man said with a sneer, "Perhaps your mother doesn't know you are out?"

Quick as a flash came the retort: "Yes, she knows that I am out. She supposes that I am in the company of gentlemen. I see I am not, so I shall go home to my mother." And home to his mother he went.

The incident occurred several years ago, but God honored the spirit that in spite of ridicule stood for

principle. At the present time he is a successful business man in New York City, and, better still, is an active member of the church of Jesus Christ.

Backbone of the Right Sort

The cry of the hour is for boys and girls, for young men and young women, whose moral backbone is not of the jellyfish kind, who go down under the slightest temptation; but for young women and young men who look the enemy squarely in the face and with determination say, "No! Get thee behind me, Satan!" to each suggestion of wrong.

The young person who expects to make a success of life, success as measured by the divine standard, is not the one who is best described as a gadabout, making himself obnoxious to sensible persons by a sickening sentimentality over the opposite sex. He will treat his girl friends with courtesy and respect, and will hold at arm's length the common, cheap, frivolous girl, who throws herself upon the street in a commonplace way. Modesty is to him of infinitely greater value than tawdry apparel; character is preferred to gush. Boys and girls who respect one another, who refuse to descend to the common, the cheap, the superficial, will have the respect of true men and women, and will be used of God in the cause of truth.

Reader, are you of the jellyfish order, or is your backbone of stronger material? Here's my hand to you if you are of the latter class, and may God bless you in your stand for right, for true manhood and true womanhood.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Garfield's Injured Foot

PRESIDENT GARFIELD once said: "Make the most of the present moment. No occasion is unworthy of our best efforts. God often uses humble occasions and little things to shape the course of a man's life. I might say that the wearing of a certain pair of stockings led to a complete change in my life. I had made a trip when a boy on a canal-boat, and was expecting to leave home for another trip, but I accidentally injured my foot in chopping wood. The blue dye in the home-made socks poisoned the wound, and I was kept at home. A revival broke out in the neighborhood meanwhile, and I was thus kept within its influence and was converted. New desires and new purposes then took possession of me, and I was determined to seek an education that I might live more usefully for Christ."—*Juniata Rohrbach, Washington, D. C.*

A Challenge to Roman Catholics

If it is true that the Roman Catholic laity are carrying copies of the New Testament, and are reading the Scriptures, as a priest reads his breviary, we respectfully invite them to produce a text of Scripture to prove any of the following dogmas or teachings of their church, or any of the following statements:—

1. One text of Scripture proving that we ought to pray to the Virgin Mary.
2. One text of Scripture to prove that the Virgin Mary was born without sin.
3. One text of Scripture to prove that St. Peter had no wife.
4. One text of Scripture to prove that priests ought not to marry.
5. One text of Scripture to prove that St. Peter was bishop of Rome.
6. One text of Scripture to prove that the Pope is the vicar of Christ or the successor of St. Peter.

7. One text of Scripture to prove that priests can forgive sins.

8. One text of Scripture to prove that the wine at the Lord's table ought to be taken only by the priests.

9. One text of Scripture to prove that there is such a thing as the Roman mass.

10. One text of Scripture to prove that the priests have power to change the bread and wine into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ.

11. One text of Scripture to prove that there are seven sacraments.

12. One text of Scripture to prove that the use of images was recommended either by Christ or by his apostles.

13. One text of Scripture to prove the existence of such a place as purgatory.

14. One text of Scripture to prove that there are more mediators than one.

15. One text of Scripture to prove that we ought to pray for the dead.

16. One text of Scripture to prove that we should fast on Fridays or during Lent.

17. One text of Scripture to prove the infallibility of the Pope.

18. One text of Scripture to prove that baptism "cleanses from original sin, makes us Christians and children of God, and heirs to the kingdom of heaven."

19. One text of Scripture to prove that unbaptized children after death go to a place called limbo, or that there is such a place.

20. One text of Scripture to sanction the baptism of bells.

21. One text of Scripture to prove that a man should be prosecuted and cursed who conscientiously leaves the religion in which he was born, to accept that of Jesus Christ.

22. One text of Scripture to prove that everybody should not read the Bible.

23. One text of Scripture to prove that priests have any right to forbid the people's going to hear the pure gospel of Christ preached.

24. One text of Scripture to prove that a man sins when he leaves a false religion to accept the religion of Jesus Christ.

25. One text of Scripture to prove that any one is justified in blindly submitting to priests, bishops, or Pope.

26. One text of Scripture to prove that the Church of Rome is the first church or the oldest church.

27. One text of Scripture to prove that the Church of Rome is the church of Christ.

28. One text of Scripture to prove that there is salvation in any other way but through faith in Jesus Christ.—*Rev. G. R. MacFaul, M. A., in the Liberator.*

A School for the Discontented

THERE is a school for discontented schoolchildren in Kansas City, Missouri, according to information received at the United States Bureau of Education. The Lathrop Industrial School has been organized for the purpose of educating children over fourteen years of age who have reached the fifth grade and find the work of the regular school distasteful.

The school proceeds on the theory that in many cases the distaste of these children for school is due to the fact that the ordinary studies are not adapted to their particular needs. Such pupils frequently appear backward or lazy, when in reality all they need is a different

(Concluded on page thirteen)



The Bird's Nest

Now the sun rises bright and soars high in the air,
The hedgerows in blossoms are dressed;
The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,
And pick up the moss and the lambs' wool and hair,
To weave each her beautiful nest.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,
Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,
They build it with twigs, and they line it with down,
And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with brown,
And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, shall we go to the wood,
And climb up yon very tall tree,
And while the old birds are gone out to get food,
Take down the warm nest and the chirruping brood,
And divide them betwixt you and me?

O, no! I am sure 'twould be cruel and bad
To take their poor nestlings away;
And after the toil and the trouble they've had,
When they think themselves safe and are singing so glad,
To spoil all their work for our play.

Suppose some great creature, a dozen yards high,
Should stalk up at night to your bed,
And out of the window away with you fly,
Nor stop while you bid your dear parents good-by,
Nor care for a word that you said;

And take you, not one of your friends could tell where,
And fasten you down with a chain;
And feed you with victuals you never could bear,
And hardly allow you to breathe the fresh air,
Nor ever to come back again.

O, how for your dearest mama would you sigh,
And long to her bosom to run;
And try to break out of your prison, and cry,
And dread the huge monster, so cruel and sly,
Who carried you off for his fun!

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree?
Ah! no; but remember instead,
'Twould almost as cruel and terrible be,
As if such a monster tonight you should see,
To snatch you away from your bed.

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in your nest,
To steal you I know would be wrong;
And when the next summer in green shall be dressed,
And your merry music shall join with the rest,
You'll pay us for all with a song.

Away to the woodlands we'll merrily hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree;
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols on high,
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be free.

—From "Original Poems," by Jane Taylor.

The Fluoroscope

WITH the aid of Edison's fluoroscope, the surgeon, instead of photographing with the X-rays the bones or other hard substances concealed under the skin and flesh of a patient, may actually see them. The fluoroscope depends for its action upon the fact that the X-rays possess the property of rendering luminous certain substances. Edison first determined, by experiment, that the best fluorescent substance for this purpose was calcium tungstate. The tungstate is spread in a smooth layer upon a piece of pasteboard that forms the bottom of a small box, having holes for the eyes at the upper end. A Crookes' tube, enclosed

in another box, is excited by a current of electricity; and if the hand, for instance, is to be examined, it is placed upon the box containing the tube. The observer then looks into the viewing box, whose tungstate-covered bottom is placed directly above the hand, and sees with startling distinctness the bones and joints, showing as dark and delicately graduated shadows, while the flesh is only faintly visible. The reason the bones appear is because they intercept the X-rays and thus prevent the tungstate surface from becoming fluorescent where their shadows fall.—*Ambition.*

Ends of Earth Joined in Shoes

THE vamp of a man's high-grade shoes is made of horse-hide brought from Russia and tanned in New Jersey with bichromate of potash. The top is probably made of the skin of a goat that roamed the plains of South America, imported into this country and tanned in Philadelphia with gambier, which, in turn, was produced in the East Indies. The wool oil from Michigan makes it soft and pliable.

The brilliance of the patent leather is obtained by polishing with a composition containing lampblack and turpentine, the latter coming from North Carolina, dammar from New Zealand, asphalt from South America, wood-naphtha from Michigan, benzoin from Sumatra, amber from the shores of the Baltic Sea, sandarac from Africa, mastic from the isles of Greece, fiemi from Asia, and lac from Cuba.

The outer sole is furnished from the back of a Texas steer, and bark from Tennessee tans it in Kentucky. The inner sole is made of the hide of California cattle. The lifts for the heel are from the skin of a buffalo that inhabits east India.

The dextrin which holds the soles together comes from the corn-fields of Illinois. The sole of heavy oak is stitched to the welt with linen thread spun in Scotland. The thread is strengthened with wax extracted from the pines of North Carolina. The cement which holds the thread owes its origin to the Brazilian rubber-tree. The leather for the box toe was hardened by shellac found in the crude state in Siam.

The kangaroo of Australia furnishes the hide for the tongue of the shoe, and the cork in-sole comes from the forest of Portugal. The bright polish of the sole is due to a coat of bayberry tallow, which is made from the fruit of the India bay-tree.

The twill for the inside comes from cotton grown in Texas, woven in Massachusetts, stiffened in Philadelphia with paste made from Kansas wheat flour. Thread spun from sea island cotton supplies the top stitching. The felt heel pads are made from the wool of Ohio sheep, felted in a New York town, distributed in Boston, and glued to place with gum arabic from Egypt.

The shoe-lace is made from native cotton thread colored with logwood from Yucatan. Silk from China supplies the tag on which the name of the maker is embroidered. Steel, especially made for the purpose in Pittsburgh, is used for the nails.

The lacing hooks and eyelets are made in Connecticut, a combination of zinc and copper providing the foundation. With the aid of fifteen machines and sixty-three persons, the leather can be transformed into a pair of shoes in thirty-four minutes. And finally the box in which the finished shoes are packed is made of American wheat straw and the cottonwoods of the Mississippi delta.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Teaching and Preaching Jesus

T. E. BOWEN



CHRIST depends on every follower of his to communicate the light to others. It is in this manner that the early rain did its work, and it is thus, only more so in point of extent, that the earth is again to be lightened with the glory of the knowledge of God.

For telling the people about Jesus, Peter and John were brought before the council. "And when they had called the apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. *And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.*" Acts 5:40-42.

This is a wonderful record. But in it is found the secret as to why the gospel prospered. A few persons were filled with it. They could not keep still. Again and again they recounted the story of what wonderful things had been done by the Christ of Nazareth, and how he had robbed the tomb of its terror in that he had gloriously triumphed over death, and that now he was ascended up on high, there to be for us a living Prince and Saviour. These things were too good to keep, and tell them the apostles would. They had gone through a living experience, and a conviction went with what they said that took hold of hearts.

The word went from lip to lip. Jerusalem was filled with the new doctrine. Out into Judea, Samaria, and on into more remote places, the glad tidings spread. Soon they had been sounded throughout the then-known world. This is what Paul wrote: "Whereof ye heard before in the word of the truth of the gospel; which is come unto you, as it is in all the world." Col. 1:5, 6. All this in the early rain was accomplished through human agencies cooperating with the divine. Each believer became voluntarily interested in the salvation of others, and through prayer and the Word sought to win souls to Christ.

Again the earth will be enlightened through the personal effort of the believers in Christ. A beautiful description of this last great work seems to be very clearly given by the prophet Joel. He saw, no doubt, the spiritual work being done by God's commandment-keeping people in the earth at this time. As he saw the different features of work so systematically carried forward, all under divine leadership, he could describe the work only by using the symbol of a well-disciplined army.

That this was a work being done at the time of the end seems to be clear from several texts dropped in to locate it as to point of time. "The sun and the moon shall be dark," wrote the prophet, "and the stars shall withdraw their shining."

Of this spiritual army by whom God sends his word through the earth once more, we read: "They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks; neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. The earth shall quake before them."

"And the Lord shall utter his voice before his army: for his camp is very great."

When we contemplate the tons upon tons of literature being sent out by our publishing houses; the army of young men and women carrying it from door to door, up into the upper flats in the high city buildings, many of them higher than any city wall of Joel's day: the Bible workers and others traveling to and fro through the cities, hunting for souls; the order and system displayed in that every one seems to have a distinct path of his own laid out for him, and grace and discretion to walk in it, surely it is not hard to believe that the prophet is describing that spiritual work being done today by this well-organized movement now going to all the world in what we term "the third angel's message."

How beautiful is the description, "And they shall not break their ranks;" and again, "Neither shall one thrust another"! Although shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, each is so intent upon doing his own appointed work that he has no time to thrust with wicked words a fellow soldier.

And who can stand before this message? Is there not really something akin to a quaking when it is known that messengers bearing this heaven-sent truth have come into the city? "Before their face the people shall be much pained."

"For his camp is very great." Surely it is beginning to reach world-size proportions. Into nearly every land message-filled soldiers have been sent. God's camp has encircled the world. Every hour of the twenty-four as the sun hastens on its course, voices in some language are telling the advent story.

And God's voice will some day be heard coming from the heavens to this same commandment-keeping army. He will vindicate his own battle-scarred veterans. He will see that the message proclaimed by them throughout the world at his command shall not fall to the earth. He will honor his chosen ones by giving them a triumph before all the evil hosts, such as this world never knew.

Another has described the scene when God shall utter his voice before his army, in these words: "The sky opened and shut, and was in commotion. The mountains shook like a reed in the wind, and cast out ragged rocks all around. The sea boiled like a pot, and cast out stones upon the land. And as God spoke the day and the hour of Jesus' coming, and delivered the everlasting covenant to his people, he spoke one sentence, and then paused, while the words were rolling through the earth. The Israel of God stood with their eyes fixed upward, listening to the words as they came from the mouth of Jehovah and rolled through the earth like peals of loudest thunder. . . . And when the never-ending blessing was pronounced on those who had honored God in keeping his Sabbath holy, there was a mighty shout of victory over the beast and over his image."—*Early Writings.*

This glorious triumph of the Sabbath and advent message is just ahead. There are more to be found out in the dark corners of earth with the message. Yet almost constantly some messenger or little party of messengers is somewhere tossing upon the billow's crest on the way with the good news. Now is the time to labor for those about us.



The Hunger of Sarah Grinsted

An Entirely True Story of a Woman Who Came to Herself

SARAH GRINSTED'S neighbors were talking about her. They would not have done so if they had not known that she was a mile away; her violent temper and her strong arm were too well known to the women and children—as well as some of the men—who lived in the yard with her. So, when the characters and ways of other people were under discussion in solemn conclave near the hydrant that furnished water to the twelve families of No. 3 Seagroves Court, by common consent the name of the redoubtable Sarah was never mentioned.

"We don't need to talk about her," Mrs. Dunn once explained to a woman who had just moved into rooms on the third floor back. "You see, she speaks for herself—or, rather, her actions speak for her." And she ruefully rubbed an arm which had been black and blue since a certain encounter on the stairs several days earlier. "Don't think we're afraid of her," she continued. "It isn't that. You know Sarah doesn't like to be talked about, and we hate to hurt her feelings."

But this bold statement of an earlier day was falsified on this occasion. For once her neighbors dared talk of her. To be sure, several of them looked over their shoulders in a scared way, as if they expected the dreaded woman to appear out of the narrow passage that led from the street.

"Sarah has been queer lately," Mrs. Goforth said, "surely you've noticed it? She doesn't take the same interest in things. Yesterday Mrs. Emmons accidentally brushed against the things Sarah was hanging on the line, and Mrs. Emmons turned as white as the sheet she had touched, for fear of the tongue-lashing—or maybe something worse—she knew was coming. But there wasn't a sound. From her kitchen, where she rushed in a hurry, Mrs. Emmons saw Sarah go on with her work as if nothing had happened. Why, she didn't even swear!"

"Yes, and did you take notice what she did when my Ned's goat got loose and wandered into her kitchen?" Mrs. Wilder put in. "Once before that happened, and the goat was laid up for a week. She said he'd be laid up for good and all if he traped into her clean room again. And this time she only led him out to the fence, where she tied him to his staple. I was that surprised! What do you suppose ails her?"

"Well, something must be wrong," Mrs. Emmons spoke with conviction. "For a week there hasn't been a sound of fighting in her kitchen. She never growls at our children when she runs against them in the court. I haven't heard her swear for days. Ben Grinsted looks as if he missed something out of his life. I don't wonder; things do seem unnatural quiet around here."

"It beats my time, I declare." This from Mrs. Doremus, who for some time had been trying to gather

courage to speak. "Something's amiss, and I wonder what it is. Maybe Sarah has done something she's afraid the police——"

But the sentence was not completed; for just at that instant Sarah Grinsted appeared at the mouth of the dark tunnel that served as an outlet to the court.

The women held their breath. She must have heard what had just been said. Perhaps she had heard the entire conversation. Who knew how long she had been eavesdropping in the passage?

They braced themselves for an explosion, wondering vaguely what form it would take. Would she be satisfied with blasphemy, or would she leave the marks of her heavy hand upon several of them?

To their utter bewilderment she did neither. Her only notice of the little gathering at the hydrant was a curt nod. Then she passed into her room without a word.

For a moment no one could speak. Mrs. Emmons was the first to open her mouth. "What did I tell you?" she whispered. "It's not natural. Something's happened to Sarah Grinsted; you note my words. Maybe she's marked for death."

After that the women scattered to their duties. But the puzzling conduct of their neighbor was not dismissed from their minds.

Sarah Grinsted in her kitchen did not stop to take off her hat and shawl. She dropped with a sigh into her rocking-chair, which she had bought only the week before. Then she began to talk to herself.

"Why didn't I give those sassy women what was coming to them? What right have they to talk about me? And why do I allow it? Mrs. Doremus is right. There's something wrong. I've lost my spunk. The days don't seem to have nothing left in 'em. There isn't any spice in life. I'm always a-wantin' something, and for the life of me I can't tell what it is; came over me all of a sudden, too. I remember when I began to feel funny; it was that afternoon we had rain and snow and hail and thunder and lightning and sunshine all in an hour. Hadn't seen anything like that since I was a little girl. How it brought back the days on the farm!"

Again she sighed. Then she tried to throw off the mood that oppressed her. In a moment, however, she once more gave up to her thoughts.

"Thinkin' of the farm made me remember that there was to be a picnic of the Butchers' Protective Association last Sunday. We used to have picnics back home. I thought it'd be fine to go. So I told Ben I was goin' with him. How he looked at me! He used to ask me to go to such things with him, but he hadn't asked me for years—'twasn't no use; I wouldn't stir a step to do a thing he wanted. But he told me to come along. I went, too. But for all the good I got I might as well been at home and saved the dollar.

All day I felt lonesome, and wanted to get back. When I got here, the lonesome feeling was just as bad as ever.

"'Twasn't really a lonesome feeling, either. 'Twas a sort of hungry feeling I had. Thought maybe I *was* hungry; so I went out and got things for a tasty supper. That wasn't what I wanted. The hunger was there same as ever, gnawin' at me like I'd go crazy.

"And it's been like that ever since. I've tried lots of things to see if it wouldn't ease up. Monday evening I went for a street-car ride to the cemetery. But it didn't cheer me up a mite.

"Tuesday afternoon"—she was checking off the days on her fingers—"I went to the moving-picture show. For a little while I thought what I saw was going to help me. But when the show was over, that same hungry feeling was a-gnawin' at me.

"Yesterday—let's see; what did I do yesterday?—O, yes. I went down to Aileen Purdy's. Thought maybe it'd do me good to see what a come-down in the world she's had since her Dick took to drink. Time was when I couldn't 've asked for anything better than that to chirk me up. But seein' her made the hunger worse.

"Then today I started to go up the river on the steamer. I didn't get any farther than the dock, for I had the feeling that it wouldn't do me no good to pay out the money for the ticket. I would be miserable on the boat, and 'twould be cheaper to be miserable at home.

"Well, here I am—and I *am* miserable. But why? What ails me? Why can't I get rid of that gone feeling inside me? I know what it is to be hungry for victuals, and that's bad enough. But this feeling I've got is ten times worse; it's a hunger that somehow won't down."

At last she arose and set about the preparation of the evening meal. A little later Ben came in. He looked at his wife curiously, noted that the same strange mood was on her which had puzzled him for days, and sat down to his supper in silence. As soon as possible he finished his meal and took refuge among some of his boon companions.

After clearing up the supper things Sarah Grinsted walked restlessly about her three rooms. Now she picked up a bit of sewing, and tried to work. Again she looked at the evening paper. Then she went over to the cupboard, and began to sort an array of odds and ends on the top shelf.

From the miscellaneous assortment she listlessly picked up a photograph. She was about to lay it down again when she caught a glimpse of the pictured face. Then she looked, and looked again. In a moment, with the picture in her hands, she was sitting down, her eyes riveted on the picture—her mother's picture, which she had not had in her hands for years.

As she held it, her thoughts went back to the old farm which she had left nearly twenty years before. She thought of her father, whom she had never quite understood. She thought of the brothers, who had urged her not to go to the city. She thought of many people and of many things, but most of all she thought of her mother, whose loving care she had repaid by carelessness.

If only she could see her mother again! Perhaps the sight of her would satisfy her strange longing. But it was ten years since her mother's still form had been taken to the cemetery on the hillside.

But the farm was there still, and one of her brothers was living in that old farmhouse. How she would like to see him! Maybe that would satisfy her; perhaps her

hunger was for some of the old scenes, for the smell of the hay in the barn loft, for a taste of the apples from the orchard, or a drink of cool water from the spring-house.

Yes, that must be what she had been wanting. Already she felt better merely at thought of these things. Then she must go.

There were difficulties in the way. The trip would cost more than twenty dollars. She had only a little more than three dollars. How was she to secure the rest? She couldn't ask Ben for it. Yet have it she must.

She did not succeed in raising the entire sum needed, but in various ways she collected twelve dollars. "If I once get there, I'll manage to get back again," she thought. So she went out to wash at the homes of several women a little bit better off than herself. Always before she had thought herself above those who earned their living by working in the kitchens of others. She persuaded the shopkeeper to take back the rocker just paid for. Then she pawned her one set of silver tablespoons, relics of better days.

When she had the money for her ticket, she told Ben she was going home for a visit. She did not tell him why she was going, and he knew better than to ask her; the day for confidences between these two was past. He did not even go with her to the station.

Eagerly she started on her journey, the journey that was to mean so much to her.

It was only four days till she was once more at home. And the hunger was still with her. The visit to the old home had done nothing to lessen it; if anything, it was worse than ever. What was more, she seemed to be no nearer to understanding what could be the cause of her trouble.

After the first supper at home with the silent Ben she went out on the street; why she did not know. She was restless, and felt that she must be on the go.

She walked aimlessly around for half an hour, and was about to return home when she was attracted by a tent on the vacant lot by the paper-mill. What could it be? There was nothing there when she started on her trip. Perhaps it was a small circus. Idly she walked toward the lot. But when she reached the corner, she realized her mistake. Some sort of meeting was going on. There would be nothing for her in a meeting.

As she turned to go back down the street, her eye caught a picture on a white screen in the tent. So they were showing pictures! Well, she liked picture shows. Why not go nearer? She had ten cents in her pocket.

She looked about for the ticket seller, but she heard some one say: "It's a free show. You're welcome to go in. Have to look lively, though; seats almost all taken."

So she stepped in under the canvas, and found a seat with some difficulty. It was a good seat, too; she could see the pictures very clearly, and hear the words of the man who was explaining them.

What pictures was he showing? Who were those women and children? Who was that standing to one side, and looking at those about Him as if—as if—well, as if he loved them?

The answer to her question came from the platform. The speaker said it was a picture of Jesus. What a pleasant face he had! How she wished she had some one like that to speak to her!

But they were changing the picture. Here was an-

other, and the same figure was in it. He had the same loving way of looking at folk. O, it was good to see it! How she wished they would let the picture stay!

But another followed, and another, and another. Always the same loving face in the center, always the same gladness in her heart as she looked. Gladness? Why, how could that be? She hardly knew what it was to be glad. What was happening to the strange feeling that had troubled her for so many days? She forgot all about it when she looked at the canvas.

She sighed when the speaker said that there would be no more pictures that night. She was rising from her seat, about to leave the tent, the hungry feeling again heavy in her heart, when the man said:—

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

She sat down then; she could not help it. Where had she heard those words before?—Back on the farm, from her mother, and from the good old pastor in the little white meeting-house. They were good words. Somehow they made her feel as the pictures had done. But the words were not for her!

Yes, they were; the man on the platform was saying so. He repeated and emphasized, "Ho, every one that thirsteth." Did that mean her? She wasn't thirsty, but she was hungry—and that was really the same thing. Could it be that there was something here to make her feel right again?

What was the man saying now? She listened, all ears:—

"Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Once more the thoughts of the listener went back to the days on the farm. The words were often on her mother's lips. But somehow she had not paid any attention to them. Strange, too, for now they gripped her as if they would never let her go. She did not want them to let her go. She wanted—O, what did she want?

Then it came over her like a flash. She wanted the Christ of whom the speaker was telling. She wanted him to take her life and make it worth while. If he would, how glad she'd be!

Then she heard the speaker give the invitation to those who wanted the Saviour of whom he had been telling to come to the platform and kneel in prayer. She wanted to go, but something held her back. It could not be that this was intended for her, this invitation that meant so much. It was intended for those who were going to the front. It was intended for those others to whom some of the young people were speaking. It was not for her. If only some one would come to her and ask her—her alone—to come to the platform, then she would know that there could be no mistake.

One and another came close to her, and her heart beat high with hope. But she was passed by for some one else.

Then it seemed to her as if the thing she wanted most in the world was a touch on the shoulder and a message, "Come!" like the message that a young man had just given to a woman who sat near her. The woman would not go. How quickly she would go if she had the chance!

The meeting was nearly over. Most of the personal workers had taken their seats. The tension of the

evening was relaxed. Sarah Grinsted felt that the time was almost gone. Then, without knowing how the words came, she whispered, "Jesus, if only some one would ask me to come!"

The young pastor had been watching his young people from the platform. He was proud of them. He had trained them. They were responding well to his training. They did him credit. How many they had persuaded to come forward!

Then his feeling of self-satisfaction was dissipated as he thought: "Yes, they are doing well, but how about you? You haven't done a thing but persuade others to do personal work. Why don't you do something yourself?"

A moment he struggled; he did not like to do what he had asked others to do. Then he made up his mind. He would go and speak to one person before the meeting closed.

But to whom should he go? He looked over the congregation. Vainly he searched for some one who looked as if a word of invitation might be seasonable. He could not see one—yes, here was one—a woman; her whole soul seemed to be in her eyes. He must go to her.

The hungry woman saw the minister step from the platform. He was going to speak to some one. How she wished he would come to her! But no! she had no right to think it. He was going to some one else down the next aisle. No, he was coming down her aisle. He was coming nearer. Now he was going to stop. No, he was going to some one back of her. "O Jesus!" she prayed, "if he would only come to me!"

She had closed her eyes for the prayer. She opened them when she felt a touch on her arm.

"Won't you come with me, my friend? Your Saviour wants you."

There must be some mistake! She looked up at him. Then she realized that no mistake had been made. *She* was wanted. She was to go with the minister. Her hunger was to be satisfied.

Like one in a dream she went to the platform, knelt at the altar, and heard the minister begin to pray. Then, suddenly, the happiness came. She saw her Lord; and she knew that she was his, that he was hers.

Then a young woman began singing. The words answered her own thought:—

"Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me;
There's love and life and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in thee."

Satisfied at last, the hunger gone,—for joy had taken its place,—Sarah Grinsted went homeward.

"I must tell Ben," she said. "He'll have to know that the Saviour wants him."—*Rev. John T. Faris, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Blind Student Triumphs

A YOUNG man student who is blind has astonished the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania by his remarkable progress in the Wharton Law School. With no other facilities than those furnished to the other students, he has pursued the regular course of studies, and will take the bar examination and practise law. His method of taking down notes of the lectures is to perforate sheets of paper with a pin. His fingers are so sensitive that he reads these notes readily. He transcribes them at his leisure upon a typewriter by the touch system.—*Selected.*

A School for the Discontented

(Concluded from page seven)

form of educational activity. Accordingly, Lathrop School gives them what is known as "prevocational" training. Courses in bench wood-working, shop-drawing, pattern-making, printing, carpentry, and shop-electricity are provided for the boys; cooking, sewing, millinery, and embroidery for the girls. Classes in plumbing, bricklaying, and concrete work are to be formed.

The academic branches are also taught in this continuation school, but they are taught in close relation to the industrial subjects. Arithmetic concerns the problems of the shop. English consists of practical instruction in necessary business forms; no attempt is made to teach technical grammar. Geography and history are taught from the commercial standpoint; and local government is an important subject.

The course is three years. During the first two years the teacher directs the choice of the pupils; but for the last year each boy is allowed to select his work in the trade he wishes to learn. Time is about equally divided between industrial and academic branches.

Educators are interested in the Lathrop Industrial School, not because they believe in vocational training to the exclusion of the fundamental subjects, but because schools of this kind are designed to fill the needs of a large class of boys and girls to whom sufficient attention has not hitherto been paid, the children whose tastes and aptitudes differ from those presupposed by the usual school curriculum. Work such as that done in the Lathrop School promises to make valuable citizens out of children who might otherwise never find themselves.

Proverbs

In the early days of our own nation, proverbs were the common guides of life, and still are such in many parts of the country. Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac was full of them:—

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and, Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

There are no gains without pains.

He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.

One today is worth two tomorrows. Have you somewhat to do tomorrow, do it today.

Be ashamed to catch yourself idle.

Constant dropping wears away stone.

By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for the want of care about a horseshoe-nail.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Who dainties love shall beggars prove.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and erelong thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A Suggestive Temperance Program

SONG: "Yield Not to Temptation" ("Christ in Song," No. 66).
Prayer.

Song: "Dare to Do Right" ("Christ in Song," No. 67).

Bible Reading: (ten minutes—texts previously given out on paper slips).

Reading: "Temperance in Eating" (extracts from tract on the subject or from the "Testimonies for the Church").

Recitation: "Tommy and Johnny" (*Our Little Friend*, Feb. 14, 1913, to be given by child).

Song: "Dare to Be a Daniel" ("Hymns and Tunes," No. 1385, by children).

Reading: "Temperance in Dress" (extracts from tract "Dressing for Health").

Recitation: "Walking With the World" (*Review and Herald*, Feb. 6, 1913).

Verse: "Be Cheerful" (*Signs of the Times*, Feb. 18, 1913, by child).

Song: "Scatter Seeds of Kindness" ("Christ in Song," old edition, No. 437, by youth's quartet).

Reading: "Strong Drink" (*Review and Herald*, April 17, 1913).

Recitation: (a temperance article).

Reading: "Home Memories" (*Signs of the Times*, Feb. 25, 1913).

Song: "Look Not Upon the Wine" ("Hymns and Tunes," No. 1383).

Reading: "An Address to Young Men" (*Review and Herald*, April 3, 1913).

Reading: "The Forgiven Son" (*Signs of the Times*, March 4, 1913).

Solo or Duet: "Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet" ("Christ in Song," No. 79).

MRS. L. W. CHRISTENSEN.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Program for Sabbath, July 5, Religious Liberty Day

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. "Great Controversy" Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Religious Liberty (thirty minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Singing; a number of sentence prayers; minutes; report of work; review of Morning Watch texts; a few words by the leader and the secretary regarding faithfulness in the Morning Watch and reporting.

2. "Great Controversy," chapters 37, 38. These are important chapters. Appoint two individuals, assigning one chapter to each. Let them bring selections from their respective chapters, or each be prepared to give a good five-minute talk on his chapter. The urgent call to Bible study found in chapter 37 should lead many young people to decide to become members of Attainment. Remind your society members that the next Standard of Attainment examination comes in September.

3. Use the article on this subject in the INSTRUCTOR either for a reading or the basis of a talk. Also glean interesting facts and news items from recent issues of *Liberty* and the *Protestant Magazine*, and have one or more individuals present them. The chapters in "Great Controversy" assigned for today are in harmony with the subject of the day's study; however, if thought best, selections from our religious liberty papers may be substituted for these chapters. Let the leader or some one else close with a stirring talk on "What Our Society Members Can Do for Religious Liberty."

The Coming Crisis

If there ever was a time when we needed to be on guard and wide awake concerning our individual liberties, that time is now. While many of us are sleeping on guard, our enemies are setting their snares and strengthening their cords to bind us so we shall not escape. Great religious combinations are being perfected today for political purposes.

They claim that crime, immorality, drunkenness, and white slavery are increasing every year, and that the political bosses are fostering the latter for private gain, and consequently there is no hope to reform the world by civil officials. Therefore the church must form a party of its own and enforce Christianity and Christian laws.

The recent Federal Council of thirty-seven denominations, held in Chicago, drew up a platform which contained a mixture of civil and religious obligations which the churches through their auxiliary organizations were to push through the legislatures of the different States. They drew up a standard Sunday-rest bill which they intend to introduce into every legislature.

The Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference is soon to be held in Portland, Oregon, where more than twenty thousand delegates are expected to attend. It promises to be the greatest religious gathering America has yet witnessed. Dr. J. S. McGaw, general field secretary of the National Reform Association, who organized the coming world's conference, in speaking of the object of the conference, said:—

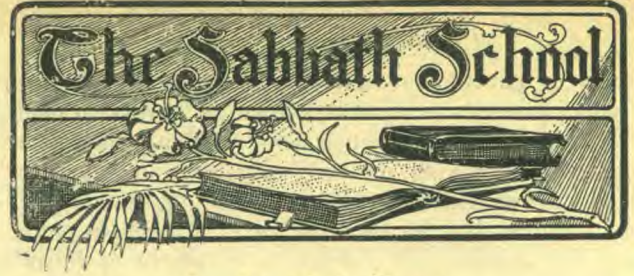
"The world is fast learning that mere citizenship is not enough. The time has come to make Christian citizens. . . . For the first time in the history of the world the nations have been brought close enough together to confer upon the Christian problems that are vital to their common experience. We made a mistake in the first place in not founding our government upon Christian principles. The battle is raging between those who want Christian democracy and those who desire only civil democracy. We must have a strictly enforced civil sabbath, and the Bible taught in the public schools."

A former head of the National Reform Association said:—

"Those who oppose this work now will discover when the religious amendment is made to the Constitution that if they do not see fit to fall in with the majority, they must abide the consequences or seek some more congenial clime." Dr. McGaw further stated that "any citizen or any minority of citizens" who claimed the right to hinder the State's indorsement and "education of its citizens in Christian morals upon Christian sanction derived from the Word of God in its proper use in the public schools, ought to be vigorously resisted." As soon as this is done, we have a state religion and a union of church and state. The instruments of the Inquisition will also be brought forth and applied as formerly upon all dissenters and non-conformists.

He is doubly blind who cannot see that the triumph of these religious organizations in politics is only a little in the future. We are facing the greatest crisis of the ages. Our time of peace and prosperity is short. We have a great work to do, and now is the time to press the battle to the very gates, and to throw all our energies and talents into the cause of Christ. Rev. 12: 17 will soon be a living reality.

C. S. LONGACRE.



I — Joseph in Egypt

(July 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 39: 1-6, 20-23; 40.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 213-218.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." Gen. 39: 23.

Questions

1. Relate briefly how Joseph came to be in Egypt. What was the price his brothers received from the Ishmaelites for Joseph? How does this compare with the price Judas received for betraying Christ? See Gen. 37: 28; Matt. 27: 9.

2. Locate on a map of Palestine: Hebron, Shechem, Dothan. At which one of these places was Joseph sold? In what direction would he be taken to get to Egypt? About how old was Joseph at this time?

3. To whom in Egypt did the Ishmaelites sell Joseph? Note 1. What position did this man occupy? Gen. 39: 1.

4. What was true of Joseph in his master's home? Verses 2, 3.

5. How did Potiphar show his confidence in Joseph's ability and fidelity? What good came to his house because of this? Verses 4, 5.

6. How completely was Joseph trusted? Verse 6.

7. How many years was Joseph with Potiphar? Note 2.

8. Because of Satan's effort to overthrow Joseph, what did his master do to him? Verse 20.

9. How was he at first treated in prison? Ps. 105: 17-19.

10. How did Joseph gain the favor of the keeper of the prison? What power was committed to him? Gen. 39: 21-23.

11. Who were thrown into the prison where Joseph was? Gen. 40: 1-4.

12. What called Joseph's special attention to these men? Who did he say could interpret dreams? Verses 5-8.

13. What was the dream of the chief butler, and how did Joseph interpret it? Verses 9-13.

14. What was the chief baker's dream and its interpretation? Verses 16-19.

15. How were the dreams fulfilled? Verses 20-22.

16. What request did Joseph make of the chief butler? Verses 14, 15; note 3.

17. How did the chief butler repay Joseph's kindness? Verse 23.

18. What was the secret of Joseph's success? See memory verse.

Notes

1. "And Joseph was brought down to Egypt." Poor Joseph! What a sad journey that must have been for him! He was only a boy seventeen years old, and his brothers had sold him to these strange-looking men on a far journey! He had begged and pleaded that they would let him go back to his father, but they had answered with angry, harsh words. He could see no pity in their faces. As they traveled southward, he could see the hills of Hebron, and he knew his father's

tents were there, and that there was home. He had been treated so tenderly, so kindly, in that home, and now he is a slave. O, what can he do? He could do one thing, and that one thing he did. He cast his helpless soul on his father's God and resolved to be true to him whatever came.

2. For the ten long years that Joseph was with Potiphar he never wavered in his loyalty to the true God. As a slave he had no one to advise or counsel him. He did not have the Bible, as we have it now, to guide and encourage him. He had just the memory of those early years of his father's care. But they had been years full of careful teaching of the true God and of his sacrifice for men and what he expected of them in return. All about him was idolatry of the most degrading kind, but he lived above it. "He was not ashamed of the religion of his fathers, and he made no effort to hide the fact that he was a worshiper of Jehovah."

3. Although Joseph was at first harshly used in prison, his keepers soon saw the good spirit in him, and he was made what we now call a trusty. If he had acted morose or rebellious, he would not have been given the liberty of the prison, and then he could not have mingled freely with the prisoners, and God's good plans for him could not have been carried out.

Studies on the Prophecy of Joel, and the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus

I—Destructive Pests; a Call to Mourning and Repentance

(July 5)

SCRIPTURE: Joel 1: 1-13.

Questions

1. WHEN did Joel probably prophesy? Note 1.
2. What came to the prophet Joel in like manner as to other prophets? Joel 1:1. Compare Eze. 1:3; Hosea 1:1.
3. Through what agency did the word of the Lord come to the prophets? 2 Peter 1: 21; 1 Peter 1: 10, 11.
4. How should we receive this word when it is imparted to us? 1 Thess. 2: 13. Compare 1 Peter 2: 1, 2.
5. What class of persons is especially addressed by Joel? What question did he ask? Joel 1: 2.
6. How many generations are mentioned? Verse 3. Compare Psalm 78: 1-7.
7. What startling announcement is made? Joel 1: 4.
8. What will be the experience of the self-indulgent? Joel 1: 5; note 2.
9. What is the cause of such a sad condition of things? Isa. 24: 5, 6.
10. What kind of nation is brought to view? Joel 1: 6, 7; note 3.
11. What does the Lord say he will do to his vineyard? Isa. 5: 5, 6.
12. What degree of lamentation is demanded? Who are especially called upon to mourn? Joel 1: 8, 9. Compare Joel 2: 17; note 4.
13. When God calls for mourning, what are the people often inclined to do? Isa. 22: 12-14.
14. What desolated condition of the fields is here described? Joel 1: 10-12; note 5.
15. What may be the experience of God's people amid the desolation of the last days? Hab. 3: 17, 18.
16. What are the priests exhorted to do? What reason for mourning is assigned? Joel 1: 13.

Notes

1. There are no definite statements in the prophecy of Joel which furnish a basis for determining with any exactness the time that this book was written. The great subject of the prophecy is "the day of the Lord," an expression which is repeated several times; and although the warnings and exhortations doubtless had an application to the people of Judah at the time when they were written, yet they looked onward to the events connected with the day of the Lord. It seems

altogether probable that Joel prophesied toward the end of the kingdom of Judah, when the destruction of Jerusalem and the Babylonish captivity were impending events. They would then serve as a sort of background for that complete destruction which awaits unrepentant sinners at the end of the world.

2. "Drunkards often stand as representing all self-indulgent sinners."—*The Biblical Museum, Vol. IX, comments on Joel 1: 5-7.*

3. God's people are compared to a vineyard. Isa. 5: 1-7. They are branches of the true Vine. John 15: 5. The awful desolations of a nation hostile to God's people are here vividly portrayed.

4. "Virgin is a very improper version here. The original . . . signifies a young woman or bride."—*Clarke's Commentary.*

"Some of the priests would piously lament the suspension of sacred ordinances on so melancholy an occasion; the rest would naturally mourn over the diminution of their revenues."—*Scott's comments on Joel 1: 9.*

5. While the judgments here described have no doubt an application to that time, "they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come" (1 Cor. 10: 11), and, like the prophecies concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, have an application to the closing scenes of the last days. We should keep this point before us in the study of this prophecy.

"In the plague that follows [the fourth plague, Rev. 16: 8], power is given to the sun 'to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat.' The prophets thus describe the condition of the earth at this fearful time: 'The land mourneth; . . . because the harvest of the field is perished.' 'All the trees of the field, are withered; because joy is withered away from the sons of men.' 'The seed is rotten under their clods, the garners are laid desolate.' 'How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture. . . . The rivers of waters are dried up, and the fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness.' 'The songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day, saith the Lord God; there shall be many dead bodies in every place; they shall cast them forth with silence.'"—*Great Controversy, page 628.*

"We are so dependent upon God in everything that no human wisdom nor power can provide plenty when he pleases to send scarcity; without his rain, the seed-corn must perish, the trees of the field must wither, and all our temporal joys must sicken and die; and such judgments are emblems of the great day of retribution, which will soon come as a destruction from the Almighty."—*Scott's comments on Joel 1: 8-20.*

Charms

I HOLD to a cup my mother gave me
Of tears, bright tears, glad tears, to save me,
Shed at my birth, and ofttimes after—
Tears of pain and tears of laughter.
I lift against the shadowing years
The brilliance of her cup of tears.

Around my neck I wear forever
A chain no mortal hand may sever;
The links are pride, with honor's clasping
That mocks each tempter's evil grasping,
Against all fear enheartening me,
My father's bright integrity.

Last is this scroll my true love proffered
When all the love her deep heart offered
Was sealed therein, its seal commanding
All truth, all trust, all understanding.
Bound fast forever on my brows
Is this phylactery of our vows.

—*Century Magazine.*

Just in Sight

THEY might not need me—
Yet they might;
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight:
A smile so small
As mine might be
Precisely their
Necessity.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

What Is Forgiveness?

A LITTLE blind boy replied, when asked what forgiveness is, "It is the odor that flowers breathe when trampled upon."—*Great Thoughts.*

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When We Criticize

No one who habitually points out others' failures can be a success himself. There is something about the habit of criticism that prevents the free, full expression of good in the life of the critic. It has been said, for example, that "professional literary critics never turn out any good literature. Their habitual attitude of criticism dries up the sources of literary production." Whether this sweeping statement is true in every case or not, it suggests a warning that most of us need to think about. To be habitually interested in seeing and speaking about the failures of others is to dry up our own powers of good. And the reverse is equally true; to be sensitively conscious of the good that is in others, to discover it and talk about it freely, is to bring good into being in our own lives that might otherwise never come into existence. How much better it is to discover that which makes for life than that which makes for death! — *Sunday School Times*.

Mr. Roosevelt's Latest Victory

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT won his suit in the libel case against George A. Newett, editor of a Michigan paper. After having made strenuous but ineffective efforts to secure witnesses that would verify under oath the rumors that had led Mr. Newett to believe that Mr. Roosevelt drank to excess, and after hearing the eminent men that testified that Mr. Roosevelt was never drunk to their knowledge during their long and intimate association with him, Mr. Newett made the statement to the court that he wished to retract what he had written in good faith in his paper concerning the plaintiff's intemperate habits. After hearing this statement of the defendant, Colonel Roosevelt arose and asked the court to instruct the jury that he was satisfied; his reputation for abstemiousness had been maintained, and he desired only nominal damages, which, according to Michigan law, are six cents.

Mr. Roosevelt might have received thousands of dollars as damages if he had not so generously relinquished all legal claims.

The trial revealed the fact that Mr. Newett was a victim of unsubstantiated rumors. He was not acting from malice, but from an honest belief. But this incident should counsel us all to greater care in repeating things derogatory to another's reputation, for the false rumor may do untold injury to the one accused.

"A Shocking Doctrine"

BEFORE the Northern Presbyterian General Assembly recently held, Dr. Matthews, its retiring moderator, said:—

We should change the ground of our objections to candidates for the ministry who doubt or deny the deity of Christ. They ought to be rejected, not alone because they doubt or deny per se the deity of Christ, but because their denial is prima facie evidence that they have never been regenerated. No regenerated man can doubt or deny the deity of Christ, because you cannot doubt that which you know, and you cannot sincerely deny that which is to you a living, personal fact. No unregenerated man should be permitted to preach.

But the *Independent*, through an editorial, takes exception to this opinion of Dr. Matthews, and denounces it in the following incomprehensible language:—

That is a shocking doctrine, that no man can be regenerated who does not know by a living, personal consciousness that Christ was God. That condemns Isaiah (chapter 6), and John Milton, and Edward Everett Hale. It contradicts Paul, who says that love is superior to faith, and Christ, who did not put it into the conditions he gave to the young ruler. As an evidence of regeneration it is not found once in the whole Bible. Dr. Matthews has borrowed it from the cursing and accursed clauses of the Athanasian creed.

When professed Christians come to so regard the divinity of Christ and the new birth, we have reached a time when it behooves us to look well to our own faith to see if it is fully anchored upon the eternal Rock of truth rather than upon the vain opinions of men.

A Constitutional Amendment

YEARS ago a riot occurred in New Orleans in which some Italians were killed. Because of the fact that no one was punished for the crime, Italy protested, and demanded indemnity money, which the federal government had to pay. The Antialien Bill, recently passed by the California Legislature, is offensive not only to Japan, but to our federal government. These things have given rise to the suggestion that an amendment to the Constitution should be adopted that would give to the federal government entire control of all matters affecting the rights of aliens residing in the United States.

The Dictographs

NOT long ago four dictographs were found installed under the seats of four members of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Anything which these men might say, however low the tone, was transmitted to the dictograph, and made public property, if those who installed the little telltale instruments so desired. The discovery of these instruments caused no little excitement in the legislature-room, and every other member made earnest search to see if any similar betrayer had been put under his seat.

This Way Up

A WELL-KNOWN minister wished to ascend a tower that commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. "Come this way, sir," said the guide, leading him to some steps which looked as if they led into a vault. "But I want to ascend, not descend!" "This is the way up, sir." A few steps down led to many steps up. So his Guide led Joseph down that he might lead him up to those heights of vision and power prepared for those who honor him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.