

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

August 12, 1913

No. 32



"IN COOLING STREAMS"

THE painting of smallpox spots with tincture of iodine is said to be cooling and agreeable to the patient, to prevent itching, and to leave, after the disease has abated, a clean, white skin, free from marks or scars.

FEW missionaries remain in the midst of an alien race for more than a score of years without one furlough to the home land. But this is what Mr. Dan Crawford has done. He went to Anjola, Africa, south of the Kongo, in 1889, and remained there until 1912.

"It is said that the lowest atmospheric temperature ever recorded by the thermometer was at a point almost directly over the equator. A balloon equipped with a self-registering instrument was sent up from the shore of Victoria Nyanza, in Central Africa, and it rose to a height of twelve miles. The temperature at that height was nearly 119° below zero, Fahrenheit. It is possible that even greater cold might be found at twelve miles above the pole, but the weight of scientific opinion appears to be that the upper air over the torrid zone is generally colder than over the arctic regions."

Ship-Load of Corpses Sent to China

THE ship "Stanley Dollar" was recently chartered to carry the most unusual cargo that ever left a Pacific port. The bones of six thousand Chinese, some of whom have been moldering in their graves for fifty years, "with their eyes open," as the Chinese believe, were gathered and prepared for shipment. Buried in the soil of their fathers, they will be at perpetual rest and their eyes will close on all things earthly. No Chinese buried in alien soil can close his eyes until he is reinterred in the family lot of his ancestors, according to Chinese belief, and neither can the relatives claim the respect due their station in life as long as a kinsman is buried in a foreign country.— *Selected.*

Worth Reading

Be loving and true.
Hate the wrong; hold to the right.
Be kind to one another.
Be not lazy, but industrious.
Be patient.
Don't be proud.
Don't be conceited.
Don't return evil for evil.
Be kind even to those who are unkind to you.
Overcome evil with good.— *Selected.*

Worthy of Every Boy

THE Boy Scout promise made at the initiation is: "I will be a friend to every living creature, man or beast, and a brother to every other scout, fortunate or unfortunate, rich or poor. I will be courteous to all." Every boy who is truly converted and joins the church subscribes to this rule of life.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 12, 1913

No. 32

Others

LORD, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for — *others*.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for — *others*.

Let self be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for — *others*.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of — *others*.

Others, Lord, yes, others,
Let this my motto be;
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like thee.

— C. D. Meigs.

A Chinese Celebration of American Recognition

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL



"S Lhasa to Tibet, so Hunan to China," is an apt simile portraying the feeling of Hunan toward the foreigner through a long course of years. Intelligent, but haughty and conservative, her doors, until eight years ago so successfully closed to all foreign nations, now vie with the other foremost of China's provinces in opening to welcome all who come to promote and conserve her well-being. Especially has this been manifest during the last few weeks toward Americans, in the festivities following the recognition of the Chinese Republic.

The first of the series of receptions accorded Americans in Changsha by the Chinese, was announced shortly after the recognition was known in Hunan; but as it was given on Sabbath, we were not privileged to attend. On Friday of the week following, the Americans responded to their cordiality by giving a recognition tea to about seventy invited Chinese guests, among whom were included all the chief men in governmental and political circles.

This fête was held in one of the fine, large private residences owned by a wealthy Chinese, with which Changsha abounds. Walking along the narrow, congested Chinese street with nothing in view but shops and high cement walls on either side, a stranger would hardly be prepared for the surprise which would greet his eyes if he turned to enter, through the ordinary-looking gateway off the street, the Chu Gardens. Once having passed the gate, we were conducted down beautiful walks, through a seeming lavish waste of land devoted to the courts and beautiful gardens surrounding the owner's home. Having reached the inner court, we found ourselves in a large room tastily decorated for the occasion with American and Chinese flags, bunting, etc.; while at one end, in an honored niche, reposed the enlarged photographs of Presidents Wilson and Yuan Shi Kai amid their respective flags.

Prof. Brownell Gage, B. D., M. A., dean of Yale College in China, who was master of American ceremonies for the day, occupied a seat at the left and head of the room, while at his right sat Tan Tutu, the governor of Hunan Province. At the left of each of these gentlemen was arranged a long row of chairs, in which were seated other noted men, including the ex-civil commissioner (who has also been the governor's teacher), the provincial treasurer, the new civil commissioner, the president of the provincial assembly,

the heads of the two political parties, and the head of foreign affairs.

The Americans felt the presence of the governor in person to be quite an honor, as he usually sends his representative to attend such functions in his place. It was regarded all the more unusual on account of the unsettled condition of the country at this time, when it is feared civil war between the north and the south may break out at any time. We could not help noting the change that had come to China along with her transmission from empire to republic. Formerly, when the governor left his palace, it was under great pomp and splendor; but this man was carried in a common sedan-chair, and, but for his body-guard of thirty soldiers with fixed bayonets, one would not have been able to distinguish him from the hundreds of other ordinary chairs being carried through the streets.

When all the guests had arrived, the ten American ladies in attendance were asked to march between the two rows of distinguished guests, where each one was separately presented to the governor, Mrs. C. P. Lillie and the writer being introduced as representatives of the Seventh-day Adventist mission in Hunan. As each one was presented, instead of shaking hands as in America, we simply made a formal bow, which the governor returned. Mr. Tan and many of the other Chinese present were dressed in European clothes.

While sandwiches, tea, and cake were being served to the guests by the American ladies present, the governor's private military band of skilled Chinese was enlivening the occasion by playing some of America's popular national airs in a near-by court. When I tell you that we have heard these relics of our home land played in martial style only two or three times during the five years we have been in China, you will the better understand how much they were appreciated by some of us.

Following the refreshments, Professor Gage called on several Chinese and Americans for short speeches. Governor Tan spoke very appreciatively not only of America's recognition, but also of her friendly attitude toward China. He referred to China's feeling toward America in the simile of a child-student republic, desirous of sitting at the feet of the world's greatest republican teacher, to be taught wisdom by her. He extended a most hearty welcome to all Americans living in Hunan.

Dr. C. N. Dubbs, as the senior American resident

of the city, responded to the governor's address. He mentioned some of the unpleasantness which had occurred when he first arrived in Hunan, because he, not understanding them, or they him, had not seen things as they were. But he rejoiced to see that the Hunanese now understood that missionaries had come among them, established schools, hospitals, and chapels, not that they might "act as spies for their government to obtain China's goodly land," or to "store up merit" for themselves; but that the missionaries had come to help relieve their suffering, make better citizens of their sons and daughters entrusted to their schools, and to point them to the true God, who holds in his hands the rise and fall of nations.

After several other short remarks by prominent Chinese, interspersed with such songs as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Marching Through Georgia," sung by an American, Mr. Gage made the concluding speech. He assured the governor that we as Americans were glad to recognize China, not as a child-republic, but as a sister, full-grown republic. He spoke of some of the mistakes made by our nation in its early history, mentioning Patrick Henry's fears; and how Thomas Jefferson at first prophesied that it would be utterly unsafe to vest as much power as the President was to receive in the hands of one man, incidentally noting the fact that when Mr. Jefferson became President afterward, he was the first one to exceed his authority in making the Louisiana purchase. Mr. Gage sincerely hoped that China would take courage just now when it seemed so hard to launch the "ship of state," remembering, and profiting by, the mistakes of others. He was highly applauded when he emphasized the principle that "union is necessary to liberty." "Such," he continued, "is the lesson I believe America has learned in the hard school of experience. Our separate communities have been welded together in the burning forge of suffering. It is the prayer of America, as she welcomes you to the family of self-governing nations, that you may be spared her mistakes, her losses, and her suffering." He closed by saying that he was sure he stated the desire of not only all the Americans present, but also of the American nation, that "you and we, the great republic of the East and the great republic of the West, may join hands and work together, so that, as Lincoln said, 'government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

Changsha, Hunan, China.

In the Swiss Alps

CLOSE beside the giant peak, the Jungfrau (Virgin), his head towering far aloft, rose another giant form scarcely less beautiful than she, standing there like some mighty sentinel, terrifying all with his menacing mien, to guard that peaceful valley and protect the beautiful virgin, the Jungfrau.

As I was climbing up the path toward the inn, or hotel, a Swiss peasant and his wife walked beside me. Pointing to that mountain and speaking in French, I said, "What is the name of yonder mountain?"

The man turned to the woman and said, "Wife, do you know the name of that mountain?" But neither of them could tell me its name.

"Do you live here in Talbrunnen?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you dwelt in this valley?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"And you do not know the name of that superb mountain?"

"No, sir."

And what was worse still, he did not seem to care to know. Think of it! Two human beings living for fourteen years in that beautiful valley with such grand scenery all about them, yet never once in all those years lifting their eyes to look with interest upon those divinest forms of nature!

And yet how much we all are like those two Swiss peasants! Living with heaven just above us, God's hand so near that we could touch it if we would, by faith, yet we grasp it not.

Heaven's music in the air, but all unheard by our deaf ears!

Only a veil of silvery mist to separate us from the spirit-land, yet the veil forever there (doubt) until an unseen angel hand removes it.

Why are we not oftener found looking up? Nature is ever looking up, and why not man? The flower unfolds its beauteous petals and looks up to God in gratitude.

The little blade of grass seems intent only on lifting itself each day a little farther heavenward.

The waves of the great deep eagerly press forward striving to lift their snowy crests and look up to God through their briny tears. The trees look only up.

Through awful chasms earth looks heavenward. The eternal mountains are ever looking up. Upward all nature looks.

Look up, then, O my soul! Look ever up, and thou shalt be blessed with visions of glory ineffable. Thy Father's face shall greet thy searching, upturned countenance, and heaven's own light shall flood the spirit's depths and sanctify thy life to noblest ends.

JOSEPH S. JOHNSON.

Mind the Little Things

SUCCESS in all departments of human effort is achieved by paying attention to little things.

The story is told of a young clerk in New York City who was wont to take down the shutters at precisely six o'clock in the morning. While he was taking them down, rain or shine, an old gentleman passed by on his way to his place of business. The latter smiled so benignly upon the former that a hearty and familiar "Good morning," became natural to both. Month after month this mutual greeting continued, until one morning the old man was missed, and he never appeared again. He was dead.

Not long thereafter this enterprising, faithful clerk was waited upon by the administrator of the old man's estate, and informed that his store and stock of goods were willed to him. Attracted by the youth's promptness and fidelity, he inquired into his character and circumstances, and was satisfied that he could leave that property to no one else so likely to make good use of it as the clerk who took down the shutters at just six o'clock, summer or winter.

Through this legacy the clerk was introduced into a profitable business at once, and became one of the most wealthy, benevolent, and respected merchants of the city.

A banker in the city of Paris, France, said to a boy who entered the bank:—

"What now, my son?"

"Want a boy here?" was the answer.

"Not just now," the banker replied, engaging in

further conversation with the lad, whose appearance favorably impressed him.

When the boy went out, the eyes of the banker followed him into the street, where he saw him stoop to pick up a pin and fasten it to the collar of his coat. That act revealed to the banker a quality indispensable to a successful financier; and he called the boy back, gave him a position, and, in process of time, he became the most distinguished banker in Paris.

These two young men both got their start on the road to success by paying attention to little things.

Then, little things reveal the character.

Smiles says, "As the daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, well and honorably performed."

Says Mr. Thayer, to whom the writer is indebted for many of the thoughts in this article:—

"We say of the youth who plans for the half-cent, he is avaricious; of the youth who is rude in the company of females, he is ill-bred; and of the letter-writer who spells words incorrectly, his education is defective."

These seem like little things, but all are revelations of character.

A youth of fifteen, in answer to an advertisement, once applied to a merchant for a place in his store. As politely and intelligently as he could, he made known his errand, standing with his hat in hand.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "I'm in need of a good, smart, faithful boy, but I observe a cigar in your hand, and you will not answer my purpose. By experience and observation I have learned that boys of your age who smoke have some other objectionable habit, and do not prove reliable."

To some this was a little thing, yet to the shrewd business man it was the key to the youth's character, and that boy was not the kind of clerk the merchant was looking for.

And so it is with little sins. They undermine the foundation of character and lead to greater sins. Cheating to the amount of one cent violates God's law as much as swindling to the amount of hundreds of dollars. The wrong does not lie in the amount involved, but in the act itself.

So we see that "nothing is small that affects human character and destiny."

Let us take heed to the counsel, "He who despiseth little things shall perish by little and little," and not be like the man in the parable who hid his one talent because it was too small.

JOHN S. LEMMER.

The Temperance "Instructor" at the International Christian Endeavor Convention

How good the Lord is to give us a place in his plan, and to tell us what we may do to help carry his message of salvation to a needy world!

The twenty-sixth International Christian Endeavor Convention was held in Los Angeles, July 9-14. To accommodate the vast crowd of young people and their friends, Fiesta Park, at the corner of Figueroa and Grand Streets, was engaged as a meeting-place. Two acres of ground were covered with an immense tent roof, and seated for the occasion. Nine hundred singers filled the choir seats, while one hundred ministers, committeemen, and other speakers sat on the platform. These faced an audience of eight to ten

thousand. Besides this, all the larger churches of the city were used for overflow meetings, afternoons and evenings.

The message from the Master, that the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR could be used there, was heard and understood by our busy missionary secretary, Brother Ernest Lloyd. God showed us the path which we should travel to reach that goal. Mrs. Julia Douglass Phelps, the W. C. T. U. president of Los Angeles County, is also the national superintendent of fairs and open-air meetings under the same organization. This means that it is a part of her duty to present the subject of temperance at these gatherings. On being interviewed, she gladly accepted as many copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR as could be used, and also our services to assist in distributing them. Generous brethren and sisters, who love this part of the third angel's message, came forward with the money to pay for the papers, and the week's effort began.

The manager of the convention allowed the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the use of two booths,—one to be used as a rest-room, and the other as a distributing center. The latter was at the Grand Street entrance. A fine position! The people passing in and out were courteously requested to examine and receive some of our *free temperance literature*. The National W. C. T. U. sent several thousand copies of the prohibition map, and other appropriate literature. These, with the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and our temperance tracts, made a very attractive package. The INSTRUCTOR was the leading feature. The many interested friends who had seen it in other States were glad to see it again.

One Pullman dining-car waiter was delighted, and recognized the 1912 issue at once. He asked for another copy, as he needed the papers to use in answering the many questions that were being asked about the use of liquor, since none is now used on the diners.

"I bo't one in Ogden, an' I mos' used it up. May I have a few mor'?"

"Yes; how many could you use?"

"O, I could use a heap, 'cos the other boys talks about it, too."

"Could you use fifty?"

"Yes, lady, I could; an' be mighty glad to get 'em."

"Thank you, lady;" and away he went, with a big watermelon smile stretching across his happy face.

Several Sunday-school teachers asked for enough for their classes of boys, remarking on the excellence of the articles on the use of the cigarette.

One pastor from Connecticut had seen the issues for 1912 and 1913, and was exceedingly glad for a bundle to use in his class of one hundred boys, as a text-book for study along these lines.

One pastor's assistant said: "May I have some to use in our prayer-meetings? We have temperance topics on hand, and I do not know where else to get such good material as this."

One young married man, with a baby boy only a few weeks old, said: "My wife and I will study this together. We do want to bring up that boy right."

A lady from Toronto recognized the child's face, and called to a friend: "See! here is that Seventh-day Adventist young folks' temperance magazine that I told you about. Lady, may I have five or six?" and offered a dollar in payment. We told her that we were not allowed to sell anything on the grounds; that the litera-

ture was all paid for by friends of the cause, and that we were distributing it for them.

A newspaper reporter said: "We are having quite a temperance agitation in our town, and the school-teachers are coming to me for information." After retiring a little distance, and looking over the papers carefully, he returned with: "May I have fifty of each of these? I know where I can use them with telling effect among our teachers."

And so it went on, all through the busy days, hungry hearts reaching out that they might get help for their loved ones.

It was our blessed privilege to distribute one thousand six hundred and fifty copies of the INSTRUCTOR and twelve hundred tracts. Such opportunities are all about us; let us all watch and be ready.

AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE.

[Mr. Lloyd writes that "the day following the Christian Endeavor Convention the Semi-National and State Prohibition Conference met in Los Angeles, and some of the prominent temperance leaders and speakers of the Endeavorers remained to participate in it. One of them, knowing what had been done with the INSTRUCTOR at the preceding convention, telephoned from the Prohibition Conference requesting two hundred copies for their leaders. These were sent immediately, also a supply of our temperance tracts. The INSTRUCTOR was given splendid mention from their platform that afternoon."]

Off to the Tappagrana Mission, British Guiana

ONE Friday morning at half past seven, my husband and I took our canister and suit cases and went aboard one of the river steamers. We were going to visit our Indian school some eighty miles or more away. The steamship company gave me free passage, as Mr. Boger frequently travels on their boats. We steamed out slowly into the current of the river, then out into the ocean far enough to avoid the mud-flats along the coast, and then off into the mighty Essequibo River, whose murky, roily waters are here and there brightened by islands, three hundred and sixty-six in number. Most of these are inhabited. On but one have we Sabbath-keepers, and but few as yet have heard the message.

On board the steamer we met a Scotch minister and his wife, who live on one of the river islands. They were returning from an eight months' furlough in Scotland. We had a pleasant visit with them, ex-



BRITISH GUIANA SCHOOLCHILDREN READY FOR AN OUTDOOR DRILL

changed cards, and soon after sent them a *Protestant Magazine*, as the gentleman and Mr. Boger conversed freely on Rome's attitude. He admitted that his church was not awake to the danger confronting us. At the steamer's landing we were met by four of our Indian brethren in a good-sized rowboat which had a sail. The strong arms of these men, together with the gentle breeze, soon carried us over the waters, out of the main

river into a smaller one called the Supernam Creek. The same wall of green rises everywhere from the banks of these rivers with their dark waters; here and there a shrub bearing a lavender, white, or yellow bloom lightens the scene. A patch of white lilies spring from a mud-flat, then the dark wall of green with trailing vines sweeping the water's breast. The thick underbrush and tropical tangle among the taller trees cause one almost to shudder at the thought of ever becoming lost in such a bush.

After a little while of rowing on the Supernam,



A BRITISH GUIANA BRIDAL PARTY

we turned off into a small creek called the Tappagrana, which empties into the Supernam on the right. Its course was entirely hidden from view, except at the very mouth. It looked as if we were passing into a doorway in which was hung a curtain. Here the sail was taken down. How cool, shadowy, and silent it was in there! Bush-ropes resembling bale ropes hung down from the tall trees. The natives use these for clothes-lines.

Save for the dip, dip, dip of the oars, scarce a sound could be heard. The scream of some wild parrot now and then pierced the air, or a school of vampire bats detached themselves from a tree trunk and flew ahead over the water. At first I thought they were some water-birds or sparrows. Many times these bats come into the houses and suck the blood of the natives, their teeth being so exceedingly sharp that the people do not feel the punctures made in the skin at the time the bleeding process is going on. Perhaps the bats carry some pain killer with which to deaden the pain.

Fowls cannot be kept in those parts unless all openings to their enclosures are tightly screened by wire netting. As our little craft wound its way along through the twilight darkness, and here and there the sun gleamed through to remind us it was still shining above us, we thought of Evangeline in Longfellow's poem as she journeyed up the Louisiana river.

At one place a native was at the waterside with bananas and plantains to sell, so we bargained for two bunches of bananas to be ready on our return. At a certain juncture the captain blew the whistle, which was a large spiral shell with a bit of wax fitted into the small opening. It gave forth a resounding blast echoing far away. We were nearing the mission. We glided out into an open savanna. Grass and a few shrubs and palm-trees grow there, but just now the recent rains had made the greater part a lake. The main watercourse stretching zigzag across it was bordered by royal palms. We cut across lots now and

then, shortening the journey. Here a second blast from the whistle told that the boat was coming into the port, bringing passengers. We received a glad welcome.

At the mission house Sister Lewis, our teacher's wife, set us a lunch. The Sabbath was drawing near, so the children came over to sing for us, after which we had worship, and then retired early into our hammocks, that we might be ready for the morrow's services.

The mission is located on a hill of white sand, so white it hurts the eyes to look upon it when the sun is shining. Few eatables will grow there, and it is, therefore, difficult in many ways for the Indian brethren, as they must needs be away from their families much of the year, to work in the balata forests. We have a good school there, taught by a native colored man. There are about twenty children in attendance, most of whom are Indian children. The church and thirteen thatched-roof cottages cluster about the mission house. The church also serves as a schoolroom. It has a thatched roof with open sides. Sabbath was indeed a good day; many relatives had come in from a distance, and nearly all the brethren having families there had managed to come in for over the Sabbath. Sabbath-school opened at ten o'clock. A few moments before the opening of the school, Brother Lewis stepped to the little organ and began playing a hymn, during which one of the schoolchildren rang the bell with even strokes, making the hour of meeting together seem cheerful and imperative also. Respect for the house of God, in both deportment and personal cleanliness, was marked.

How those children sing! They make song a part of their very life. It is pleasant to know that all the great world round we sing the same songs. At three o'clock we all repaired to the waterside, where my husband baptized four persons. At 4 P. M. we reentered the church to partake of the Lord's supper. Sweet was the spirit brooding there, the spirit which makes of one blood all nations. As the golden sun diffused its rays through the tree tops and the shadows of evening drew on, we sang a hymn and went out.

Later in the evening the little Bilhorn organ was set out in the yard in front of the mission house, and the teacher called his flock together for a drill; it was an interesting sight to see the children, with bamboo sticks for wands, going through gymnastic exercises, and marching like young soldiers up and down on the lovely white sand with the moonbeams streaming on them from above the trees. How happy they were to show the elder and his wife what they could do! "O, there's nothing on earth half so holy as the innocent heart of a child!"

Sunday morning dawned bright, and all were astir at an early hour, for there was to be a double wedding solemnized that afternoon in the little chapel. Never before had it taken on such holiday attire as it soon began to reveal. Flowers, palms, and wild-wood beauty decked its every corner and hung along the walls and made an arch of green. Old and young took part in making it a day long to be remembered. The tender leaves of a certain palm were cut in strips and woven into festoon decorations of many and curious designs.

When the wedding hour arrived and all was ready, the little bell seemed to ring out, Come! come! come! thrice welcome friends and kindred all!

After the quiet service was over and the sincere

wishes given, the bridal party had a little snap-shot picture taken as they stood beside the church. We enjoyed the wedding dinner also; the table was tastefully set, a bouquet of wild flowers brightened its center, and a dressed pineapple and a large dish of bananas added to its attractiveness.

In the evening we gathered again in the little chapel, where songs were sung and all enjoyed the brides' tree, which was planted in a bucket of sand on a small table. Its green branches held simple gifts, and amid happy laughter these strange fruits were picked and given to those for whom they had seemed to grow.

A frolic with the children in the moonlight ended the day's pleasures, and all were quite ready to retire to rest.

Monday was another joyful day at the mission. The



THE HOME GOING OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

young people and children had prepared a missionary program. Some who did not have money to bring brought cakes of native bread (cassava) and fruit. The brethren are poor, and the seventy-two cents in money given meant much more than that amount in the home land.

Again in the evening the children gathered for a final frolic on the sand, and I think the parents enjoyed it almost as much as they. Tuesday morning we bade them farewell, and again stepped into the boat for our pleasant fifteen-mile journey which lay between us and the river steamer on the Essequibo. Several canoes filled with friends and relatives pushed out on the waters with us. They were going home after the pleasant three days' stay with us at the mission.

When we arrived at the landing, we had several hours to wait for the river steamer, so we took a walk up into the village after the brethren bade us good-by to return home. We were able to get a good picture of rice drying by the side of the street. Large cloths are spread down, and covered with rice. These are carefully watched, for many things like good rice.

A heavy downpour met us before we reached Georgetown, but there rains are a part of every-day life, and we do not mind them. Last year when there was scarcely a drop of rain for nine months, we realized what a blessing these frequent torrents of rain are to the tropics.

We reached home, finding all well; we were tired, but happy to know we had left another of our sixteen little companies pressing steadily on in the upward way with its face to the foe.

MRS. E. C. BOGER.

IN Africa the only true fulfilling of your heavenly calling is the doing of earthly things in a heavenly manner.—*Dan Crawford.*



"A New Study of an Old Puzzle"

THE "Old Mill" at Newport, Rhode Island, is a mysterious relic of antiquity. Some one has described it as "so rough and unsightly, it seems a cumbrous thing. Its somber aspect is in striking contrast with all around it. Like a huge, bleak rock amid rushing, laughing waters, it remains, the dead among the living."

Just how old this stone tower is, who built it, when it was built, and for what purpose, have been questions that have puzzled the community, visitors, and scholars for hundreds of years.

Perhaps no theory has been more widely accepted, or offers better foundations for belief, than that of a writer in one of our popular magazines, who in brief sets forth the claim that the Northmen who lived on the shores of Massachusetts and Rhode Island at least six hundred years before the "Mayflower" reached Plymouth Rock, built it as a baptistery in connection with a church that centuries ago passed into ruins. If this is true, it does not rightly bear the name "Old Mill."

"In the early centuries it was considered indispensable that every cathedral, or church of a bishop, should have its baptistery,—a separate building located in the vicinity of the cathedral, where the ordinance of Christian baptism could be administered to the candidates, preparatory to admitting them to the assemblies of the faithful. In Italy alone about sixty of these buildings are still extant. Those erected after the ninth century were generally provided with a baptismal basin, which, like a piece of furniture, was a distinct construction, placed *upon* the floor. Among many examples of this which might be referred to, it will suffice to name the fonts of those two splendid baptisteries of Pisa and Parma, which were erected at this period. The Newport baptistery, without doubt, had its font placed *upon* the floor, and for the want of proper stonemasons, capable of cutting stone, as is conspicuously evident in the character of the stone-work of the building, the font was probably made of wood, and has long since perished." (See succeeding page.)



THE "OLD MILL" AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

A Great Feat

AFTER six years of groping and toiling in darkness in twenty feet of water beneath the walls of Winchester Cathedral, W. R. Walker, a diver, has almost com-

pleted a task unparalleled in the history of diving.

Winchester Cathedral had for some years shown unmistakable signs of sinking foundations. Its foundations were laid in the thirteenth century, and work was evidently interrupted by inflow of water.

The walls began to crack and lean out of the perpendicular. After many consultations and inspections by engineers and architects, it was decided that the only way to save the cathedral from collapsing was to employ a diver. Pumping was out of the question, as the silt or sand would be sucked up from the other parts of the foundation and then the whole structure would come tumbling down. The problem the architects had to face was how to remove the peat and substitute concrete without using the pump.

Diving apparatus was installed, and Walker went down into the dark cavernous holes and began a task that was expected to take about a year to complete. But the difficulties were enormous. He had to work in absolute darkness and to feel his way about in the water, the physical difficulties preventing the use of artificial light. Bit by bit he excavated the peat at the foundations, and jute bags containing concrete were then lowered to him. As each bag was placed in position, he slit it open with a knife and spread the cement over the surface. It has cost over £100,000.—*New York Sun.*

Tricks of Color

If on a screen of black velvet placed at a distance of ten feet from the spectator large letters are pasted, some blue, some red, they will not appear

to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than the blue letters, while to other persons the contrary effect will be manifested. To produce this effect both eyes must be employed. When one eye is closed, the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye, one set of letters immediately appears to take a position in advance of the other.

The explanation offered for this effect is that a sort of stereoscopic illusion is produced in the eye itself, depending upon color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side and that of a red object toward the other side.

If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed ten or twelve feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue, screen off one half of each eye on the outside and you will see the red letters retire behind the blue ones. If you screen the pupil on the side toward the nose, you will see the red letters advance apparently still farther ahead of the blue ones. If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance, screen the inner side of the pupils of your eyes and the red will come to the front.

Beautiful effects are produced with one eye alone when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. When red rings are placed on blue paper and the right eye used with the inner side of the pupil covered, the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting on a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper must be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened, the red rings will become circular trenches in the blue paper.—*Public Ledger*.

History of Light

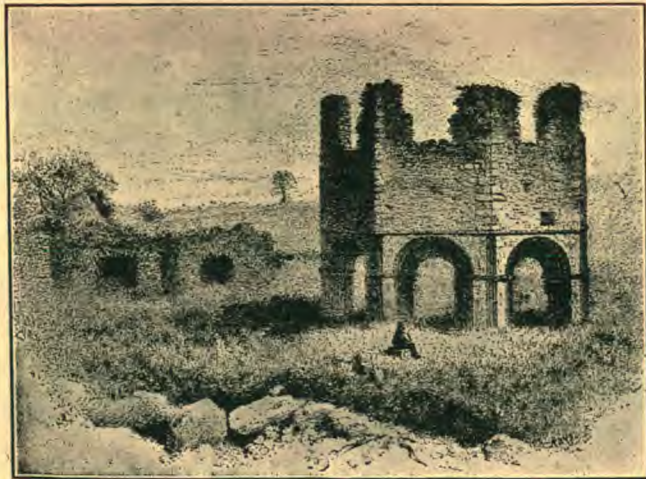
THE first mention of home lighting is in the Bible. During the plagues in Egypt, we find in Ex. 10: 22, 23: "And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days: they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days: but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."

Egypt had oil lamps, three thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era. From olives and from spices came the oil, and each bronze or earthenware lamp threw out incense; for not light alone, but sweet odors came from those early lamps in the times of the Pharaohs.

Then to Athens and to Rome came the lamps of the wonderful men who had built the pyramids and erected temples that blazed with light. And lamps were made of jade, of gold, of silver, and were studded with precious stones. Light was coming into the world—but light with beauty.

The rude torch of the cave man was giving way to the ornamental; necessity knew no law of beauty, but luxury wanted light, beauty, incense.

In the temples swung censers of pungent oils—in Troy, Thebes, Athens, Rome. Lamps were fashioned of wondrous artistry,—lamps to swing, lamps that



BAPTISTERY AT MELIFONT, IRELAND

stood ten and twelve feet high, little lamps to carry in the hand. But no matter how small, the lamp was beautiful, and the oil gave forth pleasant odors.

The ages rolled, and but little art—and less illumination—had come to bear on the lighting question. Tallow from cattle, a bit of string thrust into a saucer, and some sort of light was the result. And when the early colonists came to America, pine-knots—the cave man's standby—were for a time the sole means of illumination. Then, in 1690, Captain Pad-dock brought in a cargo of whale-oil, and great was

the joy of the colonists, and many the lamps in consequence. Spermaceti candles were not made in quantities until fifty years later, and then we find in Providence there were no less than seventeen candle factories at one time. Many a stately minuet did George Washington tread to the light of candles stuck in dainty sconces on the walls.

But whale-oil lamps and candles were practically



BAPTISTERY AT ARSAGO, ITALY

the only lights on which the colonists depended; and it was required by law in many of the small towns that until a certain hour each night the citizens keep a light burning in their front windows. By a law of 1697 New York attempted to cast some light on her streets by requiring that each seventh house hang a light on the end of a pole.

In 1845 camphene was first made, which, combining the oils of turpentine and alcohol, and being a decided improvement on other oils then in use, easily took the lead as an illuminant. And then came the digging for petroleum. Petroleum has been known almost from the dawn of history. Arabs, Persians, and Chinese had used it as it came from the springs. The North American Indians had collected it from the streams, and used it as a medicine.

But when in 1859, E. L. Drake said he was going to dig for petroleum, the entire world sat back and laughed at him. But he dug—sunk a well thirty-six feet deep in Titusville, Pennsylvania, and on Aug. 28, 1859, he found what he dug for.

Drake's well ran from 1,000 to 1,200 gallons a day, and the price, which previously had been one dollar a gallon, dropped to one dollar a barrel.

And from the date of the spouting of Drake's well, petroleum was put on a commercial basis. Today the pipe lines carrying this commodity would more than encircle the globe.

As early as 1792, William Murdock, an English engineer, made the first practical application of gas for illuminating purposes. And he not only lighted his house in Cornwall with gas, but heated it as well. Nine years later a Frenchman named Lebon caused a furor in Paris by not only illuminating his house, but his garden, too, with gas.

Murdock, the Englishman, produced his gas from coal. Lebon, the Frenchman, from wood.

It is F. A. Winsor, however, also an Englishman, to whom falls the honor of being termed the father of modern gas-lighting. In 1807 he introduced street lighting by gas in England, illuminating Pall Mall. He promoted a company for general gas-lighting in 1809, and was given a charter by Parliament in 1810.

The first user of gas in the United States was David

Mellville, of Newport, Rhode Island. As early as 1806 he used gas in his home and on the street facing his house; but it was not until 1817 that street lighting on a large scale was taken up, Baltimore being the first city in the United States to install a gas-plant, on that date.

A Belgian chemist, Van Helmont, coined the word gas in the first half of the seventeenth century. The Dutch word *geest*, signifying ghost, suggested the term to him, and his superstitious neighbors hounded him into obscurity for talking of ghosts.

Gas was first put in the White House on Dec. 29, 1848, during President Polk's administration.

In 1826 Henry Drummond gave to the world the first glimpse of incandescent lighting when he brought forth the limelight—a stick of lime thrust into an oxyhydrogen flame. An intense and very high power light was the result, but the very intensity of the flame militated against its being applicable to the ordinary forms of house lighting.

In 1880, at Menlo Park, New Jersey, Edison added electricity as a lighting power to the world's store of knowledge, and it was in this same year, 1880, that Dr. Carl Auer, in Heidelberg, began his experiments with the rare earths that were eventually to lead him to the discovery of the Welsbach mantle.

Dr. Auer impregnated cotton web with chemicals, burned away the cotton, and what remained was the skeleton of the thread, made of chemical salts that adhered to each other. This he called a mantle, and suspending it over a Bunsen flame, the result was the first practical incandescent gaslight—the famous Welsbach.

A burner embodying a Bunsen tube to entrain air and mix with the gas, combined with the incandescent gas mantle, is the modern type of the Welsbach light. And though imitations in plenty have been produced, none equal in brilliancy, durability, and gas economy the Welsbach light of today.

Welsbach mantles are coated with a solution of colloid to render them less fragile and make possible their handling and transportation. In the early days of Dr. Auer's invention Welsbach mantles were carried about the streets of Vienna by boys—one mantle in each hand.

The inverted incandescent gas lamp practically preceded the application of the upright type; for it was in 1882-83, at the Crystal Palace Exposition in London, that Clammond showed an inverted incandescent lamp. This was before the advent of the Welsbach mantle, and woven baskets of magnesia and platinum were used as a means of incandescence.

Then when Dr. Auer brought forth his Welsbach mantle, the world turned to the upright burner, and the inverted was forgotten. But in 1900 interest in the inverted gas lamp was renewed, and from that time practically dates the commercial beginning of this newest revolution in the science of illumination.

After years of experimenting, the reflex inverted gas lamp, made by the Welsbach Company, stands as the highest type of satisfactory illumination, giving a soft, mellow light of great brilliancy, and yet at a cost that proves it the most economical light in the world. The Welsbach gives three times the illumination of an open-tip gas flame, and uses only one half as much gas.

The ordinary gas globe gives a fifty-candlepower light, and burns for five hours at a cost of one cent's worth of gas. It is sold all over the United States at

a uniform price of thirty-five cents for the complete outfit—burner, mantle, and chimney.

So quickly did the Welsbach Junior Light spring into popularity, that in the first year of its promulgation 2,300,000 of them were sold.

Candles cost a cent apiece and burn for four hours—cost one quarter of a cent per hour. A Welsbach light gives the illumination of one hundred candles at a cost of one-half cent an hour for gas and one hundred burning candles would cost twenty-five cents an hour. Never knew candles were so expensive, did you?

As an example of the decorative possibilities of the



AN INVALID CAR ON A HUNGARIAN STATE RAILWAY

Welsbach light, no less than 467 different shapes, colors, and decorations are embodied in the Welsbach glassware importations for this year.—*Selected.*

Hints on Pitching

Most schoolboy pitchers constantly strive to make their deliveries more puzzling, either by learning unusual curves, which are usually very difficult to control, or by almost throwing their arms off in an attempt to get more speed. If they would only realize it, the same ball thrown from three or four different positions is as good as three or four different curves. Also it is the pitcher who works well within his speed who is effective for the whole nine innings. If a pitcher uses an "out," a "drop," and a "fast" ball, and throws them all from the same positions each time, the batsman soon knows not only just what to expect, but just how the ball is coming to him.

Practise throwing your straight ball directly overhand, then from the side, and then underhand. On the side-arm ball, step over a little, and you will "get" a good "cross-fire." Then try throwing your "out" from the different positions; likewise your "in." The "drop" you will find hard to throw in any other way than directly overhand.

When you get enough control in the different positions to put the ball about where you want it, you will find that although you may have neither fast-breaking curves nor much speed, your delivery will be hard to hit. The batter will never know from just what point or at what angle the ball will come to him, and he will not be able to "size you up" after an inning or two. Pitching in this way is not nearly so severe a strain on the arm as trying to throw the "knuckle" ball, the "spitter," or to get terrific speed, and it is just as effective as a more spectacular style.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Visiting a Million-Dollar Baby in Its Church Home

MRS. H. T. MUSSELMAN

JIM and Marie Major ran with light feet up the beautiful flight of one hundred and twenty-four white marble steps that led from the plaza in front of the Capitol of Rome, Italy, to the church of the Ara Coeli. Their father and mother followed more slowly.

When they arrived at the top, the children turned and looked down upon many wonders of the Eternal City. On the steps to their left lovely dark-eyed Italian children in red, blue, and yellow petticoats played noisily. At the base of the steps was the entrance to the old cattle-market, still marked by a huge carved-stone gateway. Beyond that stretched the hill on which the apostle Paul is said to have had his "private house," and beyond that they could see parts of the old Roman Forum and the Colosseum. Immediately before them was the ancient Capitol, in front of which sits Marcus Aurelius on his gilded horse. Jim's gaze was fastened on the great emperor when Mr. and Mrs. Major reached the last step.

"Isn't this the most glorious spot in the world, father?" he asked.

"Not half so glorious as what's inside," replied Marie. She leaned close up to him and whispered, "I'd rather see the bambino santissimo (most holy infant) than anything else in Europe, I believe."

"Just like a girl," responded Jim. "I want to see with my own eyes where that million dollars is they say it's worth."

Mr. Major lifted aside the heavy leathern curtain in the doorway, and the little family entered the church. At first it was so dim they could scarcely see, but as their eyes became accustomed to the mild light filtering through the stained glass windows high in the side walls, they perceived that the priests who were singing mass that day were Minor Franciscan monks. These "holy men" wore loose gray woolen robes, and had little fringes of straight black hair all around the big bald spots on the tops of their heads.

High on the central altar were gold and silver crowns and crosses, and images of Jesus and Mary. A statue of Jupiter had stood here in the days before Christ, for this was once a heathen temple. All around the walls were chapels containing altars to various saints. In front of these chapels, separating them from the nave, or middle, of the church, were twenty-two large columns, some of white marble, some of Egyptian

granite, and some of a beautiful green, glass-like stone called cipolin.

As soon as the service was over, a tall Italian youth hastened to them. They recognized the guide who had shown them the Baths of Caracalla some days before. Mr. Major told Piero they wanted to see the blessed bambino, and he led them past the high altar, where he devoutly kneeled, through a side door and

into the inner sacristy. Several persons were already seated, and a priest was entering through a door at the opposite side. All the people arose and bowed to him. They were sad-looking Italians, and a few were crying as if their hearts were breaking. Jim and Marie looked on in wonder. People came and came, most of them apparently very poor and ignorant, until the little room could hold no more.

The priest took from his robe a large bunch of keys. He opened first a great wooden panel door in one side of the room, and then a steel one, behind which were two glass doors. Over half the persons pressed forward and kissed these reverently. Some of them handed their handkerchiefs to the priest, and he touched them to the glass and returned them to their owners, who touched them with their lips, weeping as they did so. Then the glass doors were opened, and a large transparent case almost filled with letters was drawn out. Toward this several men, women, and

children hurried, dropping in letters which they had been carefully carrying.

"What is that for, Piero?" asked Marie.

"Those are letters asking the blessed bambino to heal some one who is sick. He has received all those prayer letters this year—thousands of them. People come from all over the world——" a sudden hush had fallen. Piero dropped on his knees. The four Americans were the only persons in the sacristy who had not prostrated themselves before the image of the divine infant, for the priest had at that moment begun to pray to it.

When the priest arose and saw that some were standing, he motioned them to kneel. Piero aided him by beseeching the Majors to bow down and not tempt divine wrath, for the bambino would surely punish them if they failed to adore him. But the enlightened Americans could not kneel to a wooden image, and Mr. Major politely requested Piero to refrain from



ROME'S MILLION-DOLLAR BABY

asking them to do what their consciences forbade. The guide tiptoed up to the priest and whispered something in his ear, which was evidently satisfactory, for the priest pulled on the handle of a movable base until, at last, there appeared the figure of the santissimo.

Marie and Jim looked eagerly at the big, attractive, rather fat doll dressed in gold and silver tissue almost hidden by precious stones of all kinds. On its head was a magnificent crown inset with the most splendid jewels. Its little feet were clad in gold slippers, and it stood on white satin cushions heavily fringed with gold thread. Around its neck were strings of pearls, and chains of finely wrought gold resplendent with inlaid gems. What a gorgeous baby it was! No wonder the peasants of Rome, almost naked, and hungry for days at a time, looked with admiration and awe on the wealth showered upon this bambino. And now they wept, and their piteous wailing over sick loved ones filled the room with sadness.

The priest motioned to Piero, took four little pictures of the santissimo from the sanctuary, touched the baby with each one, and gave them to the guide to present to the American visitors.

When they were outside the church, Marie looked at her picture and said, "Piero, won't you tell us all about this wonderful baby?" And Piero told them this story of the bambino:—

"The divine infant was carved from the wood of an olive-tree which sheltered the Lord Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. In the fifteenth century one of the Franciscan monks worked for many days to finish a likeness of the blessed child. He was under divine inspiration, and stopped not for drink or food or sleep. Finally all was finished save the face, and the monk sat in deep meditation, waiting for the Lord to empower him to carve on the wood the expression the blessed bambino wore as he sat in Mary's lap while in the world. A deep sleep came over him. He was awakened by a rustling sound, and as he raised his eyes he beheld white wings and a radiant body vanishing into the upper air. As his awe-stricken gaze fell from the heavenly visitant, he looked full into the face of the bambino, over which he had gone to sleep, and lo! his work was completely finished. On the face was an expression of divine pity and holy calm—just as you saw it today.

"The monk hastened to the Eternal City and placed the image in the church of the Ara Cœli, where it has remained ever since, venerated by the entire Catholic world for the wonderful power of healing it possesses. It was solemnly crowned by the Pope on the second of May, 1897, as you may read on the card the father gave you."

"Did it not used to visit the sick?" asked Mrs. Major.

"Yes, often, and it still does sometimes. It has its own beautiful gilded coach, and when it goes out it is attended on all sides by the holy brethren. As the infant passes through the streets, all the saved prostrate themselves to the ground. My grandfather says that in his day it went forth much oftener than now, and before that, in the days long past, it was carried to any sick person's house."

"Why does it go less often now?" asked Marie.

"My grandmother and my mother have told me it is because one time a woman who was just a little sick pretended to be in great agony and sent for the blessed bambino in a big hurry. After it had been at her bedside for a short time, the monks wished to take

it away with them, for they had other sick to visit; but the woman pleaded with them to leave it with her, and insisted that she would surely die if it were carried away. They hesitated a long while, for the holy child had never been out of their care before, but after much persuasion and many tears from the woman, they went their way without the baby. Lots of people were sick that day, and it was after dusk when the monks returned. Reverently they bore the blessed bambino to its coach, and as it journeyed to the monastery all the people bowed down before it.

"That night a terrific storm came up. The monks could not sleep because of the thunderbolts continually breaking over their buildings, and the lightning that blinded them. Ever and anon a great clanging of bells and heavy blows on the west door of their church almost deafened them. About midnight the blows ceased, and a gentle tapping took their place. The monks hastened to learn what might be wanted of them, but could only see, protruding from under the door, ten tiny toes pink with the cold and rain. Quickly they threw open the massive doors and behold! the bambino naked and shivering."

"O, dear," exclaimed Marie, "what had happened?"

"The woman had wanted to appropriate to herself all the blessings of the divine child," answered Piero. "She had put its clothes on a doll her husband had made to look as much as possible like the santissimo, and had sent that back with the priests while she herself kept the true baby. The monks have never since left the bambino alone."

Seeing that the story he loved so well was enjoyed by his listeners, Piero went on: "Ah! but it is at Christmas that you should be here. Then in the Presipio Chapel are arranged the manger and the cow and ass and Joseph, and Mary holds the blessed bambino in her lap. Above, in the sky as it were, is the figure of God surrounded by the heavenly angels, and off in the fields are the shepherds tending their flocks. It is most beautiful, and looks so true that sometimes contadina from the Campagna who see it for the first time believe it is real. Opposite the Presipio Chapel little girls in white recite the story of the birth of Jesus and tell of his sufferings. I wish you could be here then."

"I wish we could," sighed Marie.

"Is that baby really worth a million dollars?" asked Jim.

Piero smiled happily. "We of Rome would not sell it for a billion. It has saved to us our parents, our children, our friends, when there was no other hope—and life is worth more than money. But even to you, an American Protestant boy, it is worth a million gold dollars. If you owned the blessed bambino, you could sell its jewels to any New York broker for over a million dollars."

The guide's hour was up, and as he walked toward the Forum in search of other visitors who might desire his help in seeing the Eternal City, Mrs. Major shook her head sadly. "He really believed all that he told us," she said.

"I should think he *did* believe it," Jim declared emphatically and a little ironically.


"Poor fellow, he was brought up in the parochial schools and knows nothing else," Mr. Major said. "Taught from earliest childhood to hold in reverence all such objects, it is not strange that he should still retain faith in them. The university-trained men we met in Italy have outgrown this superstition. But

surely the time will come when idolatry in any form will be looked upon everywhere as belonging to the dark ages. With the friendly intermingling of nations and the spread of knowledge the light must come."

MRS. H. T. MUSSELMAN.

The Child-Helper

I HAVE before my mind, at this moment, a sort of picture which I should like to try to paint in words, so that you also may see it. Let us call it the picture of the Child-Helper. I see a long, narrow valley lying between two ranges of steep hills. It takes one a whole day to walk from one end of it to the other. A stream runs through the middle, and many side streams come tearing down the hillsides in foam as white as milk, and cut tracks across the valley till they join the middle stream and add to its power. It has been raining long and heavily, and though the sun is now shining again, all the streams are swollen and wild and noisy.

At one end of the valley I see a child coming this way, walking alone. Her home is at the other end, and she is walking toward it. She does not know the streams are swollen. She comes to the first of the side streams and stops. The water is black and deep, save where the milk-white foam from the hillside is whirling over it; the stepping-stones are covered; there is a great hurrying noise in the air. She does not know what to do; she is frightened and begins to cry. Just then she sees a Person standing before her on the other side of the swollen stream, the side toward her home. He is looking earnestly at her; and his face is so good and true, and his eyes are so full of kind sympathy that, instead of being more frightened by this stranger, she does not fear him at all. In his hands he is carrying a most curious thing. It is a long, rough board, with a nailed against it after this style:  She looks at the him, and he seems ately what she the board down bank to bank, and hand to steady her Then he seems to have gone away, and she walks on, soon to come to another foaming stream as dangerous as the first. And what? There he is again, still on the other side, the side nearest home, still looking at her in that dear, kind way, still carrying the long, rough board, still seeming to know just what she needs. Again she crosses, his hand steadying her; again he seems to go away.

But when, coming to the third stream, she finds him standing there as before, she speaks to him: "Who are you?" And he answers: "I am the Child-Helper." "Why do you go away every time?" "I do not go away: I have been by your side through all the valley, though you did not know it; and every time I have seen that you were coming to one of these swollen side streams, I have just stepped ahead of you so you could see me, and know that I was ready to help you." "And what is that board which you carry?" "On that board, dear child, I once crossed over a deep, swollen river of suffering, and on that board I learned how hard it is for every one to cross these rivers, especially children; and so I always carry this board, because, by it, I can show them that I understand why they

are frightened, and what they need, and that I can truly help them. I am the Child-Helper, and this board is my cross, a sign that I know every trouble, and that I can help every one."

This is the picture of Christ that I have before my mind. I have tried to paint the picture in words. I think you all understand its meaning; but you will understand it better when our sermon is finished.

If you were now really to see the Child-Helper standing before you, what would be the most natural thing to say to him? Just this: "Lord, help me."

How do you want Christ to help you? You want him to help you to get away from the power of sin, and you want him to help you to be what you ought to be. Sin wants to follow us and to overcome us; it wants to have our life and swallow it up. The great steamer "Oregon" went down off the coast of Long Island. It met with an accident, and then the hungry sea just swallowed it up. But some of the life-boats of the "Oregon" were saved and brought to New York, and one of these boats, a large, beautiful one, was put on the deck of the "Umbria," and sent out on her, to be used in case of danger. And the very first time the "Umbria" went out with that boat from the "Oregon" on her deck, a great wave of the hungry sea broke over the deck, and, passing by all the "Umbria's" boats, took that one poor "Oregon" boat, tore it from its fastenings, swept it off, and swallowed it up forever. And that is the way sin wants to pursue; and if it gains the victory once, it grows only more hungry, and wants to follow us and take something more away, take more of our strength, more of our happiness, till it takes all. From such a power, none but Christ can defend you. In such danger none but he can help you to ride safely the hungry waves of this sinful world.

And you want him to help you to be what you ought to be. You have bright hopes for noble lives; you want to stand high. Some of you are looking far beyond, on and up to the heights you hope to reach. Let your prayer be, "Lord, help me to find the way to those heights."

Once I was on an island called Arran, off the west coast of Scotland. I was walking in a deep glen called Glen Rosa. By my side rose a tremendous precipice, straight up, up, up, hundreds and hundreds of feet; no human foot could climb it save in deadly peril. The top of the precipice was the peak called Goatfell. As I looked, two eagles came out and wheeled around the peak in grand circles. And I thought, "How I should like to stand where the eagles rest and spread their wings toward heaven; but no man could climb this rock." But the next day my friend took me to a path on the other side that went winding to the top, and by the help of that guidance I did stand where the eagles rest and spread their wings toward heaven. And so may you reach peaks that today look far beyond you; so may you gain power which today you only long to gain; so may you, daily asking Christ's help to find this way and keep the path, climb from height to height, till you stand where the eagles rest, and still spread your wings toward heaven. Amen.—Charles Cuthbert Hall, in "The Silver Cup."

GET interested in what you *can* do, instead of fussing away your energy on what you *can't* do. It's not what you do, but how you do it, that builds character and environment to match.—Elizabeth Towne.

The Eagle on Coins

If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838, or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the portrait of "Peter," who was for many years the pet of the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

Not only did he have free access to every part of the mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults, where even the Treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon the lamp-posts in the streets.

Everybody knew and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the mint establishment as the superintendent or chief coiner.

He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the mint yet if he had not sat down to rest on one of the great fly-wheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later.

The superintendent had Peter's body beautifully mounted, with his wings spread to their fullest extent; and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. He sat for the "eagle" design, which is a feature of the coins mentioned.—*Pluck.*



M. E. KERN General Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON N. Am. Div. Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, August 23

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

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; report of work.

2. Our work in Japan. Have a ten-minute talk on the work of such early missionaries in Japan as J. C. Hepburn, Dr. Nathan Brown, Guido Fridolim Berbeck, Samuel R. Brown, and Joseph H. Neesima. For this talk see "Into All the World" or any book on missions in Japan. Then have a ten-minute talk on our work in Japan. See "Outline of Mission Fields," back numbers of the *Review* and *INSTRUCTOR*, Seventh-day Adventist Year Book, Second Sabbath Readings, and, especially, the *General Conference Bulletin*, May 28, 1913, pages 166-168.

3. Success in the Christian Life, No. 16. We must shun impatience. Some one has said, "Perfect patience is perfect Christianity." James 1:2-4. Those who are accepted when Christ comes have it. Rev. 14:12; James 5:7, 8. Though nearly every one is severely tried, we have promise of abundant help. Col. 1:11. Patience is developed through trials. Rom. 5:3; 1 Peter 2:19, 20. Impatience in the home is most deplorable. Eccl. 7:8, 9; Prov. 14:17, 29; 16:32. Patience is essential in character building. 2 Peter 1:5, 6; Luke 21:19; 1 Tim. 6:11.

4. For suggestive topic see 1 Peter 2:23. Jesus is our example of patience in trial and suffering.

Sabbath, September 6, will be Reading Course Rally day. Every society, in counsel with the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, will arrange its own program. Lay your plans at once. Get some enrolment blanks and copies of the Reading Course leaflet for 1913-14. If possible, secure the books in both Reading Courses before September 6. Notice August issues of *INSTRUCTOR* for helpful suggestions.



VIII — Deaths of Jacob and Joseph

(August 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 49:29-33; 50.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 233-240.

MEMORY VERSE: "Love one another, as I have loved you." John 15:12.

Questions

1. What solemn charge did Jacob give his sons on his death-bed? Gen. 49:29-33.
2. What did Joseph command the physicians to do with his father's body? How many days did it take to complete the work? Gen. 50:1-3; note 1.
3. When the seventy days of mourning were past, what request did Joseph make of Pharaoh? What did the king say in reply? Verses 4-6.
4. Who went with Joseph to the burial of Jacob? Verses 7-9; note 2.
5. Where did they stop on the way? How long did the great mourning continue? Verse 10.
6. How did his sons carry out Jacob's last request? Verses 12, 13.
7. Now that their father was gone, what came into the minds of Joseph's brethren? Verses 14, 15.
8. What message did they send to Joseph? How did he feel about it? Verses 16, 17. How deep should be our love for others? Memory verse.
9. After his brothers came to him, how did Joseph assure them of his love for them? Verses 18-21; note 3.
10. Before Joseph died, of what promise of God did he remind his brethren? Verse 24. (See Gen. 13:14-17; 26:3; 35:12.)
11. Because of this, what oath did he require of them? Verse 25.
12. When was this oath remembered? Ex. 13:19.
13. How old was Joseph when he died? How old was Jacob at his death? Gen. 50:26; 47:9, 28.
14. What was done with Joseph's body at the time of his death? Gen. 50:26; note 4.

Notes

1. More than any other nation the Egyptians practised embalming the bodies of their dead. They prepared the bodies in such a way that they could be kept for hundreds of years. Some of the bodies of Egyptians that were embalmed in those ancient times may be seen in museums.

2. Jacob had spent seventeen years in Egypt, and they were the most quiet, peaceful years of his long life. And now that his life was done, all Egypt mourned for him. All the king's servants and the great men of Egypt went with the household of Israel to see him laid with his fathers in the grave of Machpelah. This action of the Egyptians was a witness to their respect and esteem for Joseph.

3. It seemed very hard for the brothers to believe that Joseph had really forgiven them. They thought it might be that he had treated them kindly for their father's sake, and now he might punish them as they felt they deserved. What a lesson this is for us all! Let us ask God daily to keep us from doing anything that we shall have to look back upon with shame or sorrow. It perhaps took only a few minutes to give their brother into the hands of the Ishmaelites and to take the twenty pieces of silver, but for many long years they were unhappy because of their wickedness.

4. The last words of Joseph were, "God will surely visit

you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob." And it was "by faith" that he "gave commandment concerning his bones." Heb. 11:22.

"And through the centuries of toil which followed, that coffin, a reminder of the dying words of Joseph, testified to Israel that they were only sojourners in Egypt, and bade them keep their hopes fixed upon the land of promise, for the time of deliverance would surely come."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 240.

VIII — Unruly Members; a False Profession

(August 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Titus 1:10-16.

Questions

1. What was the character of many who claimed in Paul's day to be religious? Who are mentioned as being especially at fault in this matter? Titus 1:10.

2. What warning did John give concerning deceivers? 2 John 7. Compare Acts 20:28-30.

3. How is the tongue described? James 3:5-8; note 1.

4. How necessary is it that we control the tongue? James 1:26.

5. What must be done to the vain talkers mentioned? What was the result of their teaching? What motive controls them? Titus 1:11; note 2.

6. What description of the Cretians is given? by whom? Verse 12; note 3.

7. What did Paul say concerning the truthfulness of this quotation? What did he advise should be done? for what purpose? Verse 13; note 4.

8. To what should we not give heed? From what do the commandments of men turn us away? Verse 14. Compare John 17:17; Ps. 119:142.

9. What is said of the worship of those who turn away from God's commandments to keep the commandments of men? Matt. 15:3, 9; Mark 7:7, 9.

10. When people reject God's law, from what else are they separated? 2 Chron. 15:3, 4; Eph. 2:12.

11. What is said of the pure? What about those who are not pure? Titus 1:15; note 5.

12. What promise is given to the pure in heart? Matt. 5:8.

13. What profession do many make? In what way do they deny the Lord? What is the real character of such? Titus 1:16.

14. What will be the doom of all who have such a vain profession? Matt. 7:22, 23.

15. How will it be with those who have lived a true Christian life? Matt. 25:34; Isa. 26:2; Rev. 22:14.

Notes

1. The apostle uses strong language, and paints a dark picture of the defiling power of an unsanctified tongue. That which can kindle the "fire of hell" in the family, the church, and the neighborhood, by talebearing, tattling, gossiping, and backbiting, is a thing to be dreaded as we should a plague or a pestilence.

"Naturalists tell us that the snail has its teeth on its tongue, and that upon the tongue of some snails as many as thirty thousand teeth have been found. The snail rolls its tongue up like a ribbon, and, of course, its teeth are very small, but they saw through the toughest leaves with ease. There are some men and women who have teeth on their tongues, and are ever ready to use them. There are pillows wet with tears, and eyes red with weeping, and hearts broken, and homes ruined, and lives blasted, all because of the unbridled human tongue. And the devil has no more remorseless instrument of torture at his hand than the tongue of the gossip, the back-biter, or the slanderer. Shame to say, some professing Christians become the ready tools of Satan, and bring disgrace upon their Master's name, and keep many a soul out of the kingdom."—*"The Victory Life,"* pages 47, 48.

2. The same power that stopped the mouths of lions (Dan. 6:22; Heb. 11:33) can also stop the mouths of unreasonable

opposers of the truth, who, according to the statement of the Cretian prophet, may properly be called "evil beasts."

3. This prophet is said to be Epimenides who lived about B. C. 538, or at the time when Babylon was taken by Cyrus. Paul, in this instance and at Athens, referred to heathen authors. See Acts 17:23, 28.

4. While Titus was instructed to "rebuke them sharply," Timothy was told that the servant of the Lord must be "gentle unto all men, . . . patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." 2 Tim. 2:24, 25. Different dispositions and different circumstances demand a large amount of divine wisdom for one to know how to treat each case properly. "Of some have compassion, making a difference: and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." Jude 22, 23.

5. "It would seem from this that the heretics attacked taught their followers to abstain from certain acts, or certain kinds of food, as being impure. We must not, however, conclude from this that they were ascetics. Superstitious abstinence from certain material acts is quite compatible with gross impurity of teaching and of practise, as we see in the case of Hindu devotees, and in those impure votaries of Cybele and of Isis, mentioned so often in Juvenal and other writers of the same date."—*"Life and Epistles of Paul,"* Conybeare and Howson, page 881, note.

My Bible

PRECIOUS Bible! how I love thee!
Thou to my worn heart art dear.
Naught on earth I prize above thee,
Naught like thee my soul can cheer.
When my path was hard and lonely,
When my spirit, torn with grief,
Looked in vain for comforts earthly,
Thou didst bring me sweet relief;

Promises of Holy Presence,
Though deep waters whelm me o'er;
Promises of angel guidance
To my fainting soul restore;
Promises of sins forgiven
And of evil heart renewed,
And with earthly ties all riven,
Washed and cleansed in Jesus' blood;

Bringing pledge of life eternal
By and by when time shall cease,
In a land of joys supernal,
From all care a sweet release.
Then this voice so soon weary
Shall sing for aye redemption's song,
Then forgetting all once dreary,
Glad we'll join that ransomed throng.

E. M. PEEBLES.

Sacrifices Life for Child

HAGAN SHINE, Whitestone, Long Island, gave a quart of his blood by transfusion to save his child's life a short time ago, but the little one did not rally, and the other day Mr. Shine died as a result of his loss of blood. It was a pity that the operation was not successful, and that they both had to die when such beautiful heroism was manifested by the man. He may not have occupied an important place in society, nor had any notice in the newspapers, nor figured as a man of influence and importance, but the story of his heroism is beautiful. We have in his action, however, the tale of the devotion of the average American to his children. There is scarcely a day that does not chronicle the risk or the sacrifice of the life of a father or a mother in efforts to save the children. Undying as is the affection of parents for children, the love of our Heavenly Father for us, his children, is still greater. The prophet thus expresses the superiority of the divine love: "Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Isa. 49:15.—*Christian Herald.*

WHAT is the measure of the love we owe to others? It is the measure of what we think is owing to ourselves.—*Dean Stanley.*

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The Cross

THE cross of Golgotha will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.
Christ rose not from the dead, Christ still is in the grave,
If thou for whom he died art still of sin the slave.

—Johannes Schaffer.

The Wrong Book

A METHODIST minister many years ago was sent as a missionary to the Indians of the far West, where he found an old, very old Indian, who could read, to whom he gave a copy of the New Testament. After the noble red man had read it through, he expressed a wish to be baptized. The missionary accordingly procured a bowl of water, and was about to baptize him, when the red man asked, "What are you going to do with that?"

"Baptize you," said the minister.

"No deep enough for Indian; take 'em to river."

The minister explained that "that is not our practice," to which the Indian replied:—

"You give me wrong book, then; me read 'em through."

The ceremony was postponed.—*Selected.*

"Somebody's Grandfather"

WHO does not love the boy who shows respect for old age! Recently, in one of the waiting-rooms in the depot of a large city, there entered a bright-faced young boy, leading by the arm a man with snow-white hair. The latter was old and trembling and looked around him almost fearfully.

The boy escorted him to a seat, placed his basket and bundle beside him, and with a word or two went away. He returned presently with a porter, to whom he spoke some words about the one sitting there. Then, with a hearty hand-shake accompanying a bright smile, he started in the direction of the door. A gentleman going out at the same time, who had witnessed the advent of the boy and the old man, said as the door was reached:—

"Your grandfather, I suppose? Going on a journey?"

"Not mine, but somebody's grandfather," was the reply given with a little laugh. "Poor old gentleman! I found him on the corner as I was going to school. He'd lost his way to the depot and was all atremble. He's going to his daughter's in the suburbs. I

wish I had had time to put him on his train, but I should have been late for school if I had waited, so I gave him into the porter's hands."

"That was very right and kind of you," the gentleman said with an appreciative look that made the hot blood surge to the boy's face, but the latter only said:—

"Thank you, sir."—*Young People's Weekly.*

Why Fret?

IN the *American Magazine* appeared the following:—

"Are the trains too slow for you? Cæsar, with all his court, never 'exceeded' the speed limit.

"Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living.

"Are the lights too dim? David wrote his psalms by the light of a smoky torch.

"Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefooted on the ice and snow.

"Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread.

"Are you tired? Why fret about it? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels in heaven.

"Are you poor? The Saviour of men was not wealthy.

"Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of his blessings!

"Why fret?"—*Selected.*

An Optimist

SOME one has said that an optimist is a man who can scent a harvest while snow still covers the ground. But I read a better definition than that. It was in a story. The young man in the story was trying to establish himself as a peach grower. He had worked for years, and invested his all in a peach orchard, which at last bloomed bounteously—and then came a frost.

He didn't go to church the next Sunday, nor the next, nor the next. His minister went to hunt him up, and inquired the reason. The discouraged young fellow answered: "No, and what is more, I'm not coming any more. Do you think I can worship a God who loves me so little that he will let a frost kill all my peaches?"

The old minister looked at him a moment in silence, and then replied, kindly: "Young man, God loves you better than he does your peaches. He knows that, while peaches do better without frosts, it is impossible to grow the best men without frosts. His object is to grow men, not peaches."—*Rev. J. F. Cowan, in Christian Endeavor World.*

The Bible Relief

THE Bible is the most uneven book in the world. It is made up of valleys, of some pitfalls, of hill country, and of some great mountains. The hill country is the Old Testament. I think that probably the twenty-third psalm is the highest altitude to be found in the Old Testament. But the great elevations in the Scriptures are to be found in the New Testament, the Himalayas of revelation, and the mount of transfiguration is the highest peak of them all. Remember that the particular signal service of the Bible is that it is a revelation of the Father and his will, and "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God [is] in the face of Jesus Christ."—*Selected.*