

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

September 2, 1913

No. 35



From painting by Greuse

THE BROKEN PITCHER

A HAIR-CUTTING apparatus has been invented which is provided with cutting blades operated by means of a vacuum, and the vacuum also serves to draw the hair to be cut into the path of the blades or cutters, and delivers the cut hair to a suitable receptacle.

MISS JESSIE WILSON, the second daughter of the President, has become engaged to Francis B. Sayre, a young lawyer who is interested in missions, civics, and the Y. M. C. A. He has spent two summers doing missionary work with Dr. Grenfell.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY says that the canning compound sold from door to door by agents "is composed principally of borax with some benzoin acid and salt. The two chemical preservatives first named are deleterious to health, and should never be used in a food product."

FIGURES indicate that the United States is clearly at the head of the list of sugar-consuming countries, the figures of the current year suggesting a consumption of more than 8,000,000,000 pounds, while the latest available figures indicate a consumption in India of about 6,000,000,000 pounds, in Great Britain over 3,750,000,000, in Russia 3,000,000,000, and in Germany 2,750,000,000 pounds.

PEACE reigns in the Balkans, the treaty between the belligerents having been signed on August 10. Under the terms of the treaty, the Roumanian army was to evacuate Bulgarian territory within fifteen days, and the Servian and Greek armies within three days. Provision was also made for arbitration in event of any disagreement over the frontier lines, and Bulgaria agreed to begin the demobilization of her army immediately.

NEW JERSEY is setting an example in dealing with the prison problem that other States should follow. A thousand acres of farm land have been purchased, and a quarry is soon to be taken over in the northern part of the State. Between the two the prisoners will not lack for work in the open air, and in neither case will the product of their labor come into competition with free labor. The farm produce will be consumed by the State institutions, and the quarry output will supply road-beds for the State.

Friendship

GOLD cannot buy it,
Poverty try it;
Thrifty may not cheapen it,
Sorrow must deepen it;
Joy cannot lose it,
Malice abuse it;
Wit cannot choke it,
Folly provoke it;
Age can but strengthen it,
Time only lengthen it;
Death cannot sever
Friendship forever.
Heaven the true place of it,
God is the grace of it.

—Abbie Farwell Brown, in *Youth's Companion*.

One Source of Germany's Wealth

THROUGHOUT Europe the forests have been cared for with the greatest attention for centuries until today they constitute an immense source of the national wealth of many countries. The best developed forests in the world are those of Germany. The public and private forests of Germany are at present valued at \$4,500,000,000. In Austria the state forests comprise 2,000,000 acres. The French government also derives immense wealth from the state forests, and controls at present some 1,500,000 acres.—*The Christian Herald*.

Financial Standing of the Fireside Correspondence School

THE following statement needs no explanation, and should cause all to rejoice that one more institution is paying its way.

Cash Statement of the Fireside Correspondence School Covering Entire Time, July, 1909, to June 30, 1913

RECEIPTS	
June 30, 1910	\$1,860.10
June 30, 1911	2,149.29
June 30, 1912	1,668.27
June 30, 1913	1,896.80
Inventory July 1, 1913	\$7,574.46
	2,709.97
	\$10,284.43
EXPENDITURES	
June 30, 1910	
Salary	\$ 792.21
General supplies	964.15
Teachers	368.40
	\$2,124.76
June 30, 1911	
Salary	760.09
General supplies	1,138.00
Teachers	531.69
Stamps	191.51
Tuition refunded	67.50
	2,688.79
June 30, 1912	
Salary	780.13
General supplies	382.96
Teachers	488.47
Stamps	128.60
Tuition refunded	72.70
	1,852.86
June 30, 1913	
Salary	892.54
General supplies	663.44
Teachers	445.95
Stamps	84.50
Tuition refunded	54.75
	2,141.18
Unexpired tuition July 1, 1913 ..	234.22
	9,041.81
Present worth July 1, 1913	\$1,242.62
	R. T. DOWSETT, Auditor.

The undersigned would extend congratulations to his predecessor, Prof. W. E. Howell, under whose able and efficient management so good a result has been obtained, and would take this occasion to commend also the lessons that have been prepared, the system of keeping records and accounts, and the general foundation that has been laid. If, by the blessing of God, he shall be able to continue the structure begun upon this foundation, and maintain the high character already formed, he will feel that he has indeed done well.

All profits of the Correspondence School, above a working capital, are turned over to the missionary fund of the General Conference. C. C. LEWIS.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1913

No. 35

Start the Day Right

START the day right. When the sun comes to greet you,
Give it a smile for each ray that it sends.
Shake off the worries that long to defeat you,
Strengthen your faith in yourself and your friends.
Yesterday's ghost will be striving to haunt you,
Yesterday's errors may come to your brain;
Throw off the worries that trouble and taunt you;
Start the day right; begin over again.


What a brief span is the longest existence—
One flashing journey from Nothing to Night!
Show while you may the old Roman resistance;
Off with your drowsiness—into the fight!
Never an empire was won by a laggard,
Never a prize was obtained but by worth;
Heed not the sneers of the misanthropes haggard;
Start the day right, and they'll know you're on earth.

Start the day right, and you'll find as it passes
Something to live for and something to love;
View not the future through indigo glasses,
Note the bright streams and the blue skies above.
Failure may mock you through years of endeavor,
Fame and success may not come at your will;
But nothing can baffle a climber forever;
Start the day right, and you're half up the hill.

—William F. Kirk.

Bethel Talks—The Joy of Waking Up

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING

HAT sounds strange in your ears, no doubt,
—the joy of waking up. To the growing
boy the process of waking up seems anything
but a joy. I remember the experience, not
so very long ago: out cultivating corn all
day, or chopping wood; legs aching, arms
aching, back aching; drag one foot after the other
up the stairs; one hand fumbles at buttons, the other
pulls down the covers; prayers said; the next thing
tired bones stretched out in delicious and oblivious
ease. Not one minute passed when, in a dream, comes
father's voice, "Artie!"

No answer.

"Artie! Artie!"

"M-mm."

"Time to get up!"

Time to get up! Why I just went to bed.

"Artie!"

"M-mm."

"Get up now."

"Uh, huh." Just one little second to let that numb-
ness pass away.

"Artie! Called you fifteen minutes ago!"

"I'm getting up." Really wide awake now; pulling
on trousers, buttoning up shirt, harnessing horses,
plowing, going up-stairs to bed; bed feels *so* good.

"Arthur!" I bolt from bed; that means business.
Energy thrills every fiber; the day has begun; the
process of waking up is completed; now down to hot
cakes and maple-sirup. The *joy* of waking up, indeed!

But that was when I was very young. In time my
father's methods, growing more vigorous, begot in me
a habit of greater promptitude. I formed the habit
of awaking at a certain hour. The will to waken
promptly and completely, at first externally forced,
became self-controlled, almost automatic. And with
the growing power there came a growing joy, a sense
of mastery of mind over body, the power to flout and
spite inclination. There is a great joy in that way of
waking up. It is a joy chiefly of the healthy and
vigorous, but only the healthy and vigorous know
much of physical joy.

Then, added to this inside joy, began to be added the

joy of sense,—the robin's rollicking morning song, the
scent of lilac through the open window, the freshness
of the dew, and the glory of the sun. It is only to
those purposefully awake that the full force of these
natural joys comes. The sleepyhead goes blundering
along through the wet grass with a curse in his heart
against the early sun and the noisy birds, or else he
never notices them at all. But the boy and the girl
who have commanded their faculties to be on parade-
ground sharp at the hour, shoes shined, uniform spot-
less, and standing at attention,—they know the joy
of waking up.

Now I want to tell you that there is a close re-
semblance between this physical waking and your atti-
tude toward school duties and opportunities. There
is such a thing as being only half awake all through
your precious years of school. You have the tempta-
tion to drowse, to dream, to imagine—in a reaction
from a half-awaking—that you are doing great
things, and yet be doing nothing at all. It is a very
laborious process, this drowsy waking up to live,—
laborious, irksome, and altogether disagreeable.
Sleepyheads all through life, we kick the clods and
curse the sun, and pray only for inaction and ease to
speedily return. There is no joy in that.

But to him who sets his will with determination for
mastery of himself and all his environments, there
comes a deep joy, the joy of waking up. Here lies a
problem before you, a knotty, elusive problem, that
sticks out its elbows or slides away like a ghost. But
the mind set to conquer it, does at last conquer it, and
then what a rush of joy in the consciousness of mastery.
Here is a disagreeable task, something you always
hated to do,—washing dishes, maybe, or sweeping
under the bed, or making an apology. Well, up and at
it! Do it with determination, and there comes again
the joy, the life, the light of a new morning, another
day in the spiritual life. Ah, my children, you who
have experienced it know there is no joy like the joy
of conscious strength, physical, mental, or moral. That
joy comes with the surge of new life. It is the joy,—
daily, momentarily renewed,—the joy of waking up.
That is the true attitude in life; and he who has

learned the secret, who has practised the plan, cannot easily be led to forsake it. Let us put it plainly in the form of a law: The joy of living comes only to him who determines, who wills, who does.

Here is an object-lesson for you. Look out of the window. Do you see the green grass springing? Do you see the dandelions dotting with their gold the green? Do you see the tender verdure of the new leaves? Listen to the chorus of the birds. Feel the balm of this soft morning air. Catch the scent of the violet and the windflower, and all the mingled odors of the fresh young earth. This is the resurrection time of the year, the waking-up time. Is there any gloom in the foliage of the trees, any sulking in the springing of the flowers, any dawdling in nest building and seed sprouting? — No; all is joy, the joy of waking up. Even the morning mists are benedictions, and the April rains are carrying promises of better things. The good Lord gives us this lesson; he gives it morning by morning, and year by year: the time of waking is a time of joy. Let us not, then, sleep in the time of waking; let us not dawdle and dally and play at work. With a cheery heart and a determined mind let us awake to the opportunities of life, in the part and in the whole, and learn the joy of waking up. Though you may be young, you may be wise; that you have only begun is the promise that you may grow. Emulate God's great work of nature. In your spring of life look at the spring of the year, and, like the trees and the grass, *be green things* GROWING.

Religions of India and Burma

TEMPLES and shrines are to be seen on every hand in India. From the aborigines in the jungles, in their half-wild state, to those who have come into intimate contact with Western civilization and education, the people have deep-rooted religious notions or beliefs. There are many sects. The three great native religions are: Hinduism, with 207,147,026 adherents, scattered throughout India and Burma; Mohammedanism, numbering 62,458,077, found mostly in north India; and Buddhism, with 9,476,759, principally in Ceylon, Burma, and that part of Bengal bordering on Burma, also in the extreme north of India, in Kashmir.

Hinduism

It is not known just how this system was developed, but it is probable that the changes which brought it about were very gradual.

The greatest writing of authority is the Rigveda, the oldest and most important book, a collection of ten hundred and seventeen hymns, which are addressed chiefly to the gods. Other books contain liturgies, laws concerning caste, philosophical productions, epic poems, etc.

Hinduism is a religion of theism, pantheism, polytheism, fetishism, and of the worship of nature, animals, demons, heroes, and ancestors. It really consists of many beliefs and sects, though there are seven articles of faith on which there is some unity. Its scale of transmigrations may be ascending or descending: after death a man may be born again as a human being of either a higher or a lower class than his former state; or he may appear again as a plant, animal, or mineral. Torture is supposed to assist in obtaining salvation. If a man dies within ten miles of the sacred Ganges, his salvation is assured.

The adherents of Hinduism claim that the very

greatness of God makes incapable the expression of him by any one being, and renders necessary millions of incarnations. For men to think that they are different from God, is an illusion. God is everywhere and everything. He is in every one. Man acts not of his own volition, but as compelled to by God, and, therefore, does not sin. Thus this system recognizes neither moral responsibility nor the need of a Saviour from sin. It is fatalistic: in case of illness, no remedies are employed, because what is decreed will be.

Of Hinduism, it is said that it "has robbed man of a personal God, and defaced the distinction between right and wrong;" and that it is "one of the foulest, if not the foulest religion, that the world has seen." Millions of Hindus repudiate its more degrading principles, and yet, owing mostly to the binding force of caste and the lack of courage to break loose from it, they cling to it as a whole.

The belief in the false doctrine of justification by works is exemplified more among the devotees of Hinduism than among those of any other religion. Favorite methods of torture for the purpose of obtaining merit are: holding the hand up until it becomes useless and shriveled; sleeping on beds of thorns, spikes, or broken stone; abstaining from sleep altogether, or reducing the amount to the lowest limit possible; eating the most revolting food; boring holes in the tongue; and sticking pins and needles into the body.

Mohammedanism

One fifth of India's people are Moslems, there being more in that country than in any other. Mohammedanism was brought in early in the eighth century, by the conquerors from the northwest, force and reward being the two chief means of winning the people. Among its requirements are the recital of the creed; prayer five times each day; a thirty-day fast at a fixed time; almsgiving; pilgrimage to Mecca, Mohammed's birthplace. It is monotheistic, but fatalistic. It presents God as an absolute monarch, without love or mercy, immovable, relentless. It denies the divinity and atonement of Christ, and the necessity of any mediation between God and man. It also denies that the Saviour died upon the cross, stating that he was taken from the cross by an invisible angel, who placed a stranger in his place. It is intolerant. The prime duty of a Mohammedan is to hate infidels and make war upon them.

Five times a day the hour of prayer is proclaimed from the minaret, thus: "There is no God but God. Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer." In the morning there is added to the call the sentence, "Prayer is better than sleep."

The Koran, or Scriptures of this religion, contains errors and superstitions, allows falsehoods, slavery, polygamy, divorce, and woman's degradation. It is subtle, having some truth mixed with it.

Buddhism

is confined almost wholly to Burma. It was founded about five hundred years before Christ, by Gautama, a prince, also called Sakya-Muni, which means "the hermit of the race of Sakya," Sakya being the ancestral name of his father's race. Hinduism having brought degradation and tyranny, Gautama conceived the idea of instituting a reform, and to this end, he stepped from his throne, and wandered from place to place, teaching the people. He gained popularity, and won many converts. The new religion spread rapidly, and

many missionaries were sent to other lands,— a new practise in India,— until it had more converts than any other religion of the world. Yet while spreading in other countries, it failed to hold its position in India, and gradually Hinduism again gained the ascendancy.

Every Burmese boy is supposed to take a course of training in the monastery which will fit him to act as a Buddhist priest. He is at liberty to leave the priesthood after a time, or to remain and devote his life to his religion.

Buddhism abolishes caste. It includes a belief in transmigrations without number. The highest state of existence is Nirvana, the end of all personal existence, which it is supposed can be attained to by worshipping at the pagoda, obeying Buddha's commandments, and by intellectual attainment. There are many excellent commandments; but the interpretation of them is so loose that no reliance can be placed upon the adherents of this system. It is a religion of the intellect, and not of the heart; of self-righteousness, knowing no God, no prayer, no faith, hope, or love.

CARRIE B. BAILEY.

Do the Best You Can

WHEN skies are dark and tempests lower
And sadness fills the gloomy hour,
Don't sit and o'er your troubles glower,
But do the best you can.

It may so chance the storm you fear
Will never, after all, come near,
So keep a heart of honest cheer,
And do the best you can.

But if it should in fury break,
This need not steadfast purpose shake
Or of a man a coward make;
So do the best you can.

It cannot *always* winter be;
The storm will pass, and you, set free
From what you feared, the happier be;
So do the best you can.

And do not blame your evil case,
Or think that *you*, of all the race,
Have found the most unhappy place,
But do the best you can.

If you could others' feelings know,
They have, perhaps, a keener woe,
Although you never fancied so;
Then do the best you can.

But even if 'tis as you think,—
If none a cup so bitter drink,
Or 'neath such heavy burdens sink,—
Still do the best you can.

Grumbling won't make an atom less
The load you bear, but cheerfulness
And courage will; so onward press,
And do the best you can.

Besides, remember, not in vain
Is every bravely taken pain;
By these we mainly virtue gain,
So do the best you can.

True gain is this — worth more by far
Than sordid wealth, or pomp of war,
Or honor's falsely glittering star;
Then do the best you can.

Ah! but brave hearts are human yet;
The foolish tears brave cheeks will wet;
Earth's noblest may at times forget
To do the best they can.

Take, then, this thought your hope to raise,
And turn your mourning into praise;
A Heart of Love guides all your ways,
So do the best you can.

Blow stormiest winds from blackest skies,
Old ocean's mightiest billows rise,
My steadfast soul knows no surprise;
I'll do the best I can.

He who set fast the lofty hills
The wild wave's fiercest raging stills;
Into my soul his strength distils;
I'll do the best I can.

— Rev. William Allen.

Seed Thoughts

MANY are seeking notoriety and fame, yet but comparatively few have a desire to become famous for their moral worth and good works.

If the thought and energy that is turned into wrong channels were directed into right channels of human endeavor, what a large amount of good would be accomplished!

The greater share of human beings have perverted ideas relative to what really constitutes true and useful lives. Selfish interests and a desire for mere amusements and display, among other things, have displaced right and normal conditions.

People in general care very little for the moral and intellectual uplift of their fellows, but instead are pursuing a course that tends to draw their associates farther and farther from the things that are true and good and wise.

We need a greater love for useful labor, and less fondness for frivolity and needless pastimes. We need to be less simply amused, and more instructed in necessities. We need to be more conscientious and thoughtful respecting our duty, and less careless concerning our personal examples and individual responsibility.

J. W. LOWE.

A Sudden Call to Volunteer

"YOU have a beautiful voice! You could accomplish so much among those girls in China, if you were to go among them and use that voice for their benefit and for the glory of Christ!"

These were the enthusiastic words of Miss Welthy Honsinger, principal of the Baldwin School for native girls at Nanchang, China. Miss Honsinger had been delivering an address on her work in China, and at the service Miss Rosalie Mayer, of Waterville, New York, had greatly impressed the missionary with her singing.

Miss Mayer, a wealthy and splendidly trained girl, had not thought of leaving home for missionary service; but the suggestion led her to think of the possibility of using her talent for other than purposes of personal pleasure and to delight her friends.

The result has been that she volunteered her services for China, an offer which was eagerly accepted. In the early fall of 1912, at her own expense, Miss Mayer sailed with Miss Honsinger for the distant field, where she is teaching music, and has become enthusiastic over her work.

Thus strangely and unexpectedly does God lead his children when they are willing to follow the path his wisdom directs. "Here am I; send me!" is a noble thing for the soul to say to God.

"But if by a still, small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go."

— William J. Hart, D. D.

"THE less people think, the more they talk."

Abandonment; Our Times in Cartoon

JOHN N. QUINN

THE abandonment of oneself to God means victory and a delightful Christian experience; abandonment to the wicked one ultimately results in physical and spiritual declension and elimination from the life of earth's purest and best enjoyments. Abandonment to evil invariably is progressive; the boy who smokes his first cigarette has no intention of becoming a devotee to the poisonous weed. He smokes at first in secret; later, as mental degeneracy begins, he becomes indifferent to the opinion of others, and at last abandons himself entirely to the smoking of cigarettes, which have been aptly termed "coffin-nails." Abandonment means to him in every sense disaster.

The young girl who casts furtive glances at the opposite sex, has no intention of becoming a flirt. Modesty and reserve gradually depart from her; she permits liberties which a true girl would resent with firmness and indignation. Other steps in the downward path are taken, and then the final step to a life of moral degradation. Self-respect and regard for the respect of others have perished; she abandons herself to wickedness, and in a few years fills a Christless grave.

The story is ever the same, no matter what the wrong may be,—indifference, loss of self-respect, wrong-doing, deception, subterfuge, open sin, abandonment, and eternal ruin.

Our times are ominous indeed; both men and nations are being gripped by a spirit from beneath which will result in abandonment to the enemy. Figures appal us as we read them, of the vast sums of money spent for war and for war preparations, for pleasure, for intoxicants, for narcotics. These figures greet us wherever we turn our eyes. Homes by the thousands are being mortgaged that their owners may obtain automobiles, and thus keep up appearances with neighbors and friends. Common honesty is being sacrificed in an inordinate desire for wealth; the story is common to each reader of current literature.

Here are a few figures. They by no means tell the situation in its fulness but are indicative of the spirit of self-pleasing now so prevalent:—

From July, 1912, to February of this year the United States consumed 94,000,000 gallons of whisky, an

increase of 5,000,000 gallons over the corresponding period of the previous year.

There were used 8,500,000,000 cigarettes, an increase of 2,250,000,000; cigars, 4,500,000,000, an increase of 250,000,000; and 250,000,000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco, an increase of 12,000,000 pounds.

In the same period the public drank 38,864,000 barrels of beer, an increase of 1,850,000 barrels over the previous year. Internal revenue taxes to date are \$12,500,000 greater than any previous record for a similar period.

In 1912 the United States paid out for diamonds and

other precious stones \$40,000,000; for art productions as much more; \$9,000,000 were spent in toys, and nearly \$50,000,000 for laces and embroideries.

Foreign missions last year received \$12,000,000; chewing-gums, \$13,000,000; patent medicines, \$80,000,000; millinery, \$90,000,000; tea and coffee, \$100,000,000; confectionery, \$200,000,000; jewelry and ornaments, \$800,000,000; intoxicating liquors, \$2,500,000,000. Twelve million dollars to bring the Christ to the millions in darkness; \$2,500,000,000 for that which prevents men from accepting Christ!

The spirit of abandonment

to pleasure, to the accumulation of wealth, to gambling, to intemperance, to sport, and to other forms of worldliness, is well illustrated in the accompanying cartoon, which appeared in a recent number of the *Ram's Horn*. And still the cry of the world continues for more and still more of these things that cannot satisfy, whose effect is like that of the opiate. The nerves persist in their demand for larger and still larger doses of the poison—the ultimate, mental derangement and physical ruin.

There is a brighter, more hopeful picture, I am glad to say. Little by little in all lands the Spirit of God, the spirit of freedom, is winning his way into the hearts of men and women, of boys and girls, and lives by the thousand are being abandoned to God and to Christ. These lives fully surrendered to the right and to the truth, are the salt of the earth, preserving it from entire moral corruption. May their number ever increase.



Ram's Horn

"I'M PUZZLED TO KNOW WHAT ELSE TO GIVE THAT CHILD"

Christian experience that satisfies cannot be obtained by touching religion with the tips of the fingers; no warmth of heart and life can result when only the fringe of the robe of righteousness is touched; the garment must be received in its fulness and donned. When this is done, Satan's power is broken; his delusions and sophistries are shattered; God has the throne, and he reigns in Zion gloriously. My young friend, have you abandoned yourself to God? What a joy is yours if you have! A faint counterpart is when the heavenly plant of love enters the heart of a young couple, and they pledge themselves to each other for life. Are you holding back? Do not do so any longer; surrender, abandon yourself to God and his service, and your life will be a joy and a rejoicing in the hand of a loving Heavenly Father.

What Has Catholicism Done for Latin America?

CATHOLICISM certainly has had abundance of time to produce results. Four centuries ago America was discovered by a Catholic under the patronage of Catholic Isabella, queen of Spain. Since then Latin America has remained under the spiritual domination of Rome. So if the plea of more time were needed to produce results, it would carry little weight.

Neither has Catholicism been opposed in her control of Latin America, other than by the victims themselves. So there has been no lack of opportunity to do something for it. With the exception of one or two, all the governments have recognized in their constitutions the Roman Catholic Church as the legal religion. And this has been enforced. Until comparatively recent times no Protestant was allowed to promulgate his belief. All has been favorable for the growth of the church.

The people are naturally very superstitious and easily influenced religiously; so it cannot be the hardness of the field that has prevented fruit. The aborigines were peaceably inclined until the discoverers proved false.

But what is the result of four hundred years of Catholic influence and effort? What fruit has it brought forth after all this time of uninterrupted and favorable possibilities? Is Latin America better for the presence of the Catholic Church?

Let us look at the conditions as we find them in these republics. First, as to government; are they capable of self-government? One would hardly risk an affirmative if acquainted with the situation in Mexico today. Apparently every one would like to be president, or at least have the opportunities that office affords to enrich himself at the expense of the country for which he boasts such great love. And all distrust the one who succeeds in attaining that position.

But educationally they must be better, as Catholicism, with its thousands of colleges, seminaries, and schools, is a mighty champion of education. How do we find the people?—By far the greater percentage of the inhabitants can neither read nor write. In many

of the countries little or no attention is paid to the school. There has been of recent years an awakening in this respect, but it was not due to church influence. How will the third angel's message be carried to an illiterate population? The Catholic Church professes to teach the children, but it makes a specialty of the catechism. To get higher education in the church one must become a priest.

Reared in these conditions, it is surprising that the people lack religion. But the men hate anything sacred, and much more so if it is made personal. Very many of them have been educated for priests, but have deserted, filled with disgust at the hypocrisy they have witnessed. They leave Catholicism, with a profound hatred for all religions. In the mind of most of the men, religion is a business which thrives on superstition. It is associated with fraud and extortion. The stronghold of Catholicism is the women. Here, if it is a power at all, it is fanaticism. The mass and the confessional still hold multitudes of Latin America's mothers and daughters.

Since the government has ceased to enforce religious instruction, one sees a great ignorance in the simple Bible story. One man who had recently purchased "Patriarchs and Prophets" questioned me anxiously, "Who is Jehovah of whom that book speaks so much? And that other man, Satan, who is he?" They have little faculty to comprehend the plan of salvation.

As cathedrals, monasteries, and churches abound on all sides, and bishops, priests, and friars throng the streets, one is surprised that the people manifest so great an indifference to their souls. In fact, many are not aware that they possess such a thing. The thought apparently never has occurred to them that they are so fortunate as to have a soul. If they thought it had any value, they would attempt to pawn it.

How do we find morality? Here is the sad part. Latin America possesses no code of morals. The ecclesiastical fee is so extortionate that the poor can have no marriage ceremony performed. So the marriage relation is greatly abused. The average Latin American has no regard for a promise. It is less trouble to tell two falsehoods than one truth. And theft is the custom with the majority. They steal anything they can carry away. Multitudes of pawn-shops bear witness as to how they dispose of the goods.

Why are these countries so backward in those essentials to progress and happiness? Are they naturally dull and slow of comprehension? Is it because they use the Latin tongue?—No; we meet here some of the keenest of intellects. The language is not at fault. It is the religious influence that has controlled these countries so long. None are free from the defects caused by Satan's great counterfeit of the kingdom of God—the great Catholic system. In giving the third angel's message we meet that great obstacle, second only to Mohammedanism, in the onward march of the truth.

HENRY F. BROWN.

The following notice regarding Mr. Brown's work was printed in large Spanish letters on a circular and widely distributed among the people:—

ATTENTION!

People of Santa Clara, don't be deceived by a tall, thin American who is selling a book entitled "Patriarchs and Prophets," and who asks five dollars for it, when it is not worth twenty cents.

!!Even though you have ordered it, don't pay him!!

The Youthful White House Stenographer

FEW Presidents of the United States have chosen as stenographer a young fellow of but twenty years of age. That he is an expert stenographer goes without saying. He would not be in his present position if this were not true.

Charles Lee Swem is one of our American boys who came into his own early. He is a product of New Jersey, and at thirteen years of age he was working in one of the mills at Trenton. Two years later, when his weekly pay envelope still contained but five dollars, he began to feel that the outlook for him was poor unless he acquired more education and fitted himself for better work. He began going to night-school three evenings a week. He did such good work that the head of the Gregg Publishing Company, which conducts a school of stenography, made young Swem an offer to become a student in the Gregg school. The boy took to stenography with the fixed determination that he would make a success of it. He worked hard with the result that in the national contest of the Shorthand Reporters' Association held in Buffalo in 1911, he dazed his older competitors by breaking the world's record on jury charge by writing two hundred and thirty-seven net words a minute for five minutes, and some one called him the "lightning stenographer." Later he established a world's record for accuracy on regular matter, having made a record of 99.6 per cent. Young Swem has entered seven contests of different kinds, and has come out winner in all of them, in spite of the fact that many of his competitors were twice his age.

When Governor Wilson one day found that he was in need of a good stenographer, he sent to the school with which young Swem was connected, and the boy was sent to him to take a speech that Governor Wilson wanted reported with the utmost accuracy. The governor was as surprised as he was pleased with the work, and the result of it all was that the young man was Governor Wilson's personal stenographer during the campaign. When Governor Wilson stopped making speeches after Theodore Roosevelt was shot, young Swem had a little vacation; and although he was not yet twenty years old, he took the opportunity of getting married to a Miss Daisy Dunning, and he and his bride went with Governor Wilson to Bermuda. When Governor Wilson changed his title to President Wilson, he gave the young man the position of White House stenographer, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Although there are two White House stenographers, when President Wilson has anything to dictate, he does so to young Swem, who is so accurate that he almost never makes the least mistake. It is his painstaking accuracy that helped to give him his present position, and he is no doubt the youngest stenographer who ever held this position.

In addition to holding a position that is extremely interesting, young Swem may, if he is as alert as some other White House stenographers have been, advance to a much higher position. It will be remembered that George B. Cortelyou rose from the position of White House stenographer to a position in the presidential Cabinet, and today receives a very large salary in the business world. William B. Loeb, who became collector of the port of New York at a salary of twelve



CHARLES SWEM

thousand dollars a year, was once a White House stenographer. It is a position in which a young man acquires a great deal of the most interesting and valuable information, to say nothing of the salary which is much larger than that received by the ordinary commercial stenographer. Young Swem gives us an admirable illustration of all that it is possible for an alert young fellow to achieve in spite of the handicap of little education and lack of influential friends. The honor of his position as stenographer to the President of the United States is all the greater because he has only himself and his own industry and perseverance to thank for his good fortune.—*J. L. Harbour, in the Boys' World.*

The People of India and Burma

INDIA, that vast expanse of land extending far into the Indian Ocean, is filled with countless curiosities for the Westerner,— its tombs of dead kings; its hundreds of temples; its gods, of which there are about 33,000,000; its unfathomable religions,— and the ordinary village life is perhaps the most interesting of all.

The people of India can be described only in a general way, there being a mass of tribes, races, and tongues. This statement is emphasized by the fact that the people of this country speak 185 different languages, 16 of which are spoken by more than 3,000,000 people. Their general appearance varies according to climatic conditions and environment, and there is a great difference in character and temperament between the Aryans in the northern part and the primitive people of the south.

Although the hill tribes are illiterate, many of the young men in the cities attend the schools provided by the English, and demonstrate that they have as keen intellects as the people of any other country.

While some advancement is being made in India, poverty, ignorance, and superstition are seen everywhere. One can easily secure common labor for five or six cents a day. It is said that 6,000,000 people suffer hunger constantly; but this is caused largely because of their insane passion for jewels.

There are three main religions, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism. The Hindu people, who are the most numerous, are divided into many castes, in both the religious and the social world. This study of castes is an interesting one. We find Hinduism divided and subdivided into so many castes that one is at a loss to detect the difference between them. It is a system whereby those of one caste may domineer over those who chance to be in a lower. To use the expression of an American military man in Calcutta: "Caste is a social ladder on which every man kisses the feet of the man above him, and kicks the face of the man below him." However, the Hindu people are more tolerant than the other classes as long as their caste is not interfered with, and they are also more in harmony with modern progress than the Mohammedans.

The condition of any country is easily discovered by ascertaining the position which the women occupy; hence the low place given to women in the family is the chief cause of India's degradation. Tennyson has well said:—

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise and sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike; bond or free;
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

To be a girl is a calamity indeed; for from the hour the infant girl is born until the day of the Hindu woman's death, her life is one of wrongs and deprivations. However, the horrors of the home, or zenana, life affect only a portion of Indian women. This life is described as follows by a well-known traveler:—

"I have lived in zenanas and can speak from experience of what the lives of secluded women can be, the intellect so dwarfed that a woman of twenty or thirty is more like a child, while all the worst passions of human nature are developed and stimulated; jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue running to such an extent that in some countries I have hardly ever been in a woman's house without being asked for drugs to disfigure the favorite wife or take away her son's life. This is a natural product of a system that we ought to have subverted long ago."

Marriage in India is no question of personal liking or disliking; it is simply a question of race and caste. A girl's parents arrange for her marriage when she is but a babe, and the only progress that missionaries have been able to make toward correcting this evil is the Age of Consent Bill in 1891. But the worst misfortune of Hinduism is to be an unmarried woman, which deprives her of a social standing or any hopes for her hereafter. Many parents who are unfortunate in finding a suitable match for their daughters marry them to a professional bridegroom, who will marry any number for a sufficient sum of money; and though the woman may never see her husband after the marriage, her future destiny is thus secured.

What the masses of Hindu women endure has been well stated by Bishop Caldwell in "Tinneveli Missions." He says:—

"If slavery means social degradation, Hindu women must be regarded as slaves; for not only are they denied equal rights with men, but they are regarded as having no claim to any rights or feelings at all. The Hindu wife is not allowed to eat with her own husband; her duty is to wait upon her husband when he is eating and to eat what he has left. If they have any children, the boys eat with their father, and, after they have done, the girls eat with their mother. Nor is this custom among the lower classes only; it is the custom among every class of Hindus, in every part of India where I have been. If a party are going anywhere on a visit, the men always walk first, the women humbly follow; the wife never so far forgets her place as to walk side by side with her husband, much less arm in arm. Worse than all this is the circumstance that women are unable to read, and are not allowed to learn."

From the census of 1901 we learn that there were nearly 9,000,000 child-wives under fifteen years of age. But worse than being a child-wife is to be a child-widow. A widow may never marry again, but her life must be spent in ceaseless toil for her mother-in-law, whose servant she is. Her head is shaved, and she is forever an outcast, being regarded as the cause of her husband's death. In 1901 the widows of India numbered 25,891,936, of whom 391,147 were under fifteen years of age. The men of India, however, are granted more liberty, for a widower may marry a hundred wives if he so chooses.

Conditions in Burma are somewhat better than those

found in India. Here we find the women possessing more rights than their Indian sisters, and sharing equal property rights with their husbands. One writer has said of them:—

"While the Burmese man has, by the force of the combined influences of Buddhism and climate, become either an indolent, harmless monk, or an easy-going, amiable, pleasure-loving countryman, the Burmese woman, influenced in a far less degree by religion, untrammelled by convention, and gifted with freedom of action from her earliest youth, has developed into an individual of marked intelligence and strong character. The women are the traders of the country; with them large contracts are often made by government officials. They keep the stalls in the bazaars, and they aid their husbands in the sale of the paddy harvests. Denied education in the past, Burmese girls are now beginning to avail themselves eagerly of the government schools for women established by the English."

The boys enter a monastery in youth, as this is the only thing that will insure their salvation; many become priests, as indicated by the yellow robes worn.

The people are Buddhists. The country is filled with superstition, idol-worship, and is almost wholly lacking in a knowledge of the true God.

LUCILE G. MALLORY.

Extremes

O, IF some way for mortals here
Could soon provided be
To help us all to see ourselves,
We might be folly free!
But on we drift toward dangers deep,
While few have grave concern
And dare to speak against extremes
Which all should see and spurn.

The flood-tide of extremes has come
With Fashion on the crest;
She sweeps the land both far and near
And leaves the past depressed.
True men will ever worship at
The shrine of womanhood
That stands unsullied in the test
Still prompting motives good.

But it is wrong, yes, grossly wrong,
To wear suggestive dress,
To sink the shaft of morals deep
When it should reason bless;
Then hold, ye dames, the standard high,
And help the world to see
The need of doing what is right
While some would foolish be!

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED.

Known by Their Fruits

THE Hindu shastras have given us India; the Koran has given us Arabia, Turkey, and north Central Africa; the doctrine of Gautama Buddha has given us Burma, Tibet, and Siam; the teaching of Confucius has given us enfeebled, distracted China. The Bible has given us Britain, Germany, the United States,—nations which, though unhappily afflicted with numberless evils because the Bible is not yet allowed full supremacy in the individual and national life, are in the van of human progress, enlightenment, and civilization. In five hundred years no really useful invention or valuable discovery has originated in any land outside the pale of Christendom. Neither Asia nor Africa for twenty generations has contributed a single idea from which the world is reaping comfort, enrichment, or uplifting impulse.—*Christian Observer.*



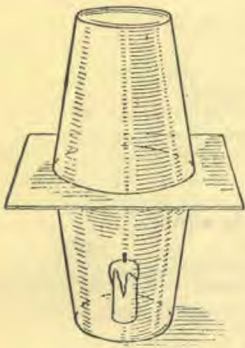
A Proposed Transatlantic Flight

IN an endeavor to capture the *London Daily Mail's* prize of \$50,000 for the first aviator to cross the Atlantic within seventy-two hours, Col. F. S. Cody, the well-known Anglo-American airman, is building a hydro-aeroplane in which he hopes to cross the ocean in twenty hours. In order to do this he will have to average at least ninety miles an hour and cross at the narrowest part, which lies between England and Newfoundland.

It is believed by those who have made a study of the question that the first flight will be made without a stop, as the high waves of mid-ocean would prove disastrous to flying machines of the present day. The problem of deciding from which side of the water to start is also occupying the attention of those airmen who intend to compete for the prize. Starting from England, a flyer would travel with the sun and would have daylight for about twenty-two hours, while a start from Newfoundland would give him only fourteen hours of light. However, he would have the advantage of the prevailing western winds in mid-ocean.—*Scientific American*.

An Interesting Vacuum Experiment

A VERY interesting experiment may be performed with two drinking-glasses, a small candle end, and a piece of blotting-paper, says the *Pathfinder*. The glasses must be the same size and of the thin-glass kind. The candle end is lighted and set in one glass; the blotting-paper is well dampened and placed on top of the glass, and the other glass inverted, and its rim placed exactly over the lower one and pressed down tightly. The candle will burn up all the oxygen in the glass and go out.



The air in the glass being heated will expand, and some of it will be forced out from under the moist paper, and then, as the portion remaining cools, it will contract and draw the upper glass on the paper and make an air-tight joint. The upper glass can then be taken up with the lower one clinging to it.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Device for Detecting Flight of Mosquitoes

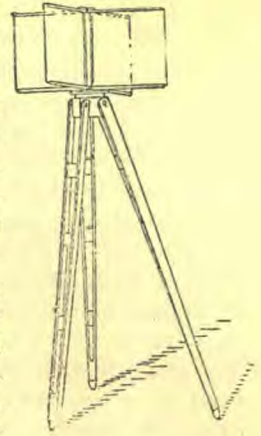
AN instrument for detecting the direction of flight of adult mosquitoes has been invented by E. F. Quimby, and has been put in operation with a great deal of success on the Isthmian Canal Zone. Mr. Quimby, division inspector in the department of sanitation on the Canal Zone, perfected his device for the purpose of ridding the more remote parts of the zone from mosquitoes.

The device consists of a metal frame holding four plates of glass each twelve by twelve inches in size, placed upon a tripod. The glass plates are held stationary at right angles to one another, so that when

the instrument is set up, they point north, east, south, and west. To catch the mosquitoes, a coat of tangle-foot, composed of one-half pound of rosin to one liter of castor-oil, is prepared, and when applied to the glass is practically transparent.

Many interesting and important facts regarding the habits of the mosquito have been learned. It was found that the adult mosquito flew on the quarter-of-an-eighteen-mile-an-hour wind; that the evening flight occurred between 6:10 and 7:10 o'clock; that there was a complete lull in the flight after 7:10 o'clock; and that there was a return flight between 5:50 and 6:40 o'clock in the morning, also on the wind's quarter.

The instrument has proved to be useful in locating breeding-places by eliminating the area facing the plates that do not show a catch. It has established a means of finally exterminating mosquitoes on the Canal Zone. The device points out the direction of the breeding-places; a thorough search, the discovery of swampy ground or pools of stagnant water, a little kerosene, and the breeding-place is clean.—*L. E. Haskell, in Scientific American*.



TO DETECT FLIGHT OF MOSQUITOES.

The Smallest Thing in the Universe

WE know that the big telescopes, aided by the photographic plate, reveal stars to the number of at least one hundred million lying utterly beyond the confines of unaided vision. Now it appears that a pinch of salt which one could hold on the point of a penknife is made up of atoms numbering not hundreds of millions merely, but billions of billions. The population of atoms in the smallest particle of matter visible under the microscope is greater by far than the total human population of the globe since the race developed. And a little instrument, composed of two fragments of gold-leaf, makes it possible to perform the miracles of counting these denizens of the realm of infinite littleness.

Within the smallest atom there is a something almost two thousand times smaller than the atom itself,—a something that is detachable from the atom, and susceptible of being measured as to mass and tested as to its electric charge with the aid of apparatus actually in use in the laboratory. This ultimate particle of matter is called the electric corpuscle or electron. We owe our knowledge of it chiefly to Sir Joseph Thomson. It is the smallest thing in the world; and it is probably the basal substance out of which all matter of whatever character is built.

As regards bulk, the electron is, according to the French physicist Jean Becquerel, billions of billions of times smaller than the atom. To make the comparison vivid, Becquerel likens the electrons in an atom to a swarm of gnats gravitating about in the dome of a cathedral. As we penetrate thus far and farther into the realm of the infinitely little, seeing in imagination the smallest visible particle of matter resolved into myriads of molecules, each molecule into sundry atoms, and each atom into its teeming swarms of electrons, the question naturally arises, What lies beyond? —*Dr. Henry Smith Williams, in Harper's Magazine*.

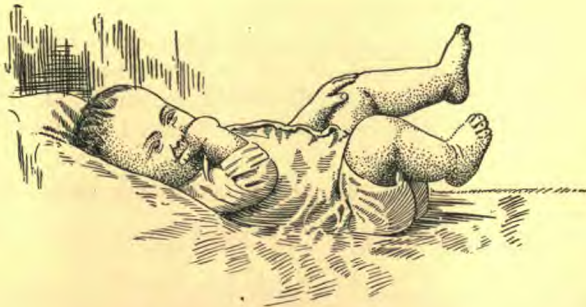
CHILDREN'S PAGE



Baby

BABY, baby, little nose —
Many are the little toes!
Smile, and coo, and sleep today,
Care is far away.

Baby, baby, hug and kiss —
O a happy world is this!
Sunbeams on the meadows play,
Rich each golden ray.



Baby, baby, life is glad,
All the fields are verdure clad,
Rippled rills and sparkles play
Where the zephyrs stray.

Baby, baby, there is woe —
O the shadows darken so!
For the storm from far away
Slays each lingering ray.

Baby, baby, there's a key;
Light or dark is here for thee.
God is love; his sunbeams play
On the babes that pray.

Baby, baby, all the world,
With its sails of joy unfurled,
Speeds the seas to thee today,
From the far away.

B. F. M. SOURS.

Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

Our Grass Rug and — Other Things



OUR house isn't so very nice. We own it, of course, and that is a great deal, as mother has often reminded us when we grumbled. But we girls always thought there were some drawbacks even to that, because we couldn't ask a landlord for new paper or fresh paint, and as for us — we never had money to spare for such superfluities.

There are only four of us, — mother and Jack, Rose and me. We children have been busy all our lives trying to get educated, so we could keep mother in luxury after a while. In the meantime, she had done with bare necessities, for the life-insurance father left wasn't large enough to take any liberty with. Mother has things spick and span. No palace could be more beautifully kept than our home, but the furnishing is nothing whatever to boast of.

Our room was almost the worst of all, with its odds and ends of things. "Other girls have silver-backed hair-brushes!" wailed Rose one night, regarding her old one with a scornful glance.

"Yes, and chairs that don't tip one over," I added, as I managed to save myself from a fall.

"Isn't it horrid to be poor, Meta?" said Rose.

"It's no joke." I was very grim because I had bruised my hand on the rickety chair, and tomorrow was music-lesson day, as I remembered.

It was then and there we rebelled. Not so mother could hear us — we weren't mean enough for that! She'd have been only too glad to help matters if she could. So we had our indignation meeting by our two selves. We said we'd had enough of old furniture and carpet and of cheap sash curtains, and we decided it was time to act.

Having reached this decision, we proceeded to carry it out, and we surprised ourselves with the speed of our achievements. My hope lay in music, Rose's in arithmetic. I trailed around the neighborhood, next day, looking for scholars, and Rose betook herself straight down to the Cowans, who had been hunting for a "coach" for their twins. We had discussed the Cowan possibility some time before, but Rose declared then that she couldn't spare a minute from the demands of her studies, while I knew it would keep me busy to be graduated on schedule time without doing anything outside.

It makes a difference when you get interested in something for yourself. As soon as ever we girls viewed these occupations in the light of furnishings for our room, we felt sure we could squeeze them in — and we did. I got six beginners, and Rose captured the Cowans, root and branch — four instead of two; for it seemed they were not proficient in mathematical pursuits, and their mother was delighted to get them off her distracted hands. All our friends know that Rose adores sums and problems, and she didn't need any other recommendation.

Well, we did it! It wasn't easy, either. If my half-dozen aspirants for fame escaped shaking till their teeth chattered, it wasn't because I didn't ache to administer it. And Rose feared her hair would be white before the end of the term. You see, when there's a certain amount of housework you feel obliged to do, and when your studies fairly clamor for attention the rest of the time, it sets your nerves all awry to keep the tempo for clumsy fingers that go just half as fast as they should; or to teach over and over again that four times five is *always* twenty.

But I suppose all these trials helped us to appreciate our possessions when we did get them. They were just as sweet and dainty as we had hoped. We got two single beds — white enamel with brass trimmings — and a pretty mirror in a neat frame. Our old dressing-table looked like new with fresh drapery, and there were full-length curtains to match. Two cunning white rockers, two other chairs, and a little round stand made us feel simply blissful. We painted our book-shelves with white enamel paint, and did our woodwork ourselves. Jack painted the floor a soft gray that would blend with anything, and after it was dry we laid on it one of our chief treasures. It was a

grass rug, in two shades of green, with a stenciled border and a general air of elegance that almost overpowered us. It was large enough almost to cover the floor, and we stenciled green borders on our curtains and drapery in the same Grecian pattern.

It seemed too good to be true as we stood in the door and viewed the landscape o'er after we had it done. "It isn't often that our dreams come true!" sighed Rose.

"But this one has," I assured her.

She nodded happily. "Yes, and it's just as nice as we thought it would be!"

"Won't it do our hearts good to 'give notice,' as the cooks say?"

"I can hardly wait to tell those awful Cowans that they may get along as best they can. I'm so tired of them, Meta!"

"I know you are. I wouldn't mind the music so much if I had time. But it's dreadful when your own studies drag like millstones about your neck. I'm not clever at learning as you are, Rose. I have to work for what I get. So I shall tell them, next Tuesday, that I've decided not to teach any more till school's out."

Jack stopped on his way down the hall to look over our shoulders. "Huh!" he said, if you know what that means.

"Doesn't it look lovely?" asked Rose, her face all full of dimples. Rose is as pretty as a picture, anyway, and when she smiles, you can't help smiling back. Jack patted her cheek, and said, "It certainly does," and then he passed on abruptly.

"Something doesn't suit him!" I declared as he shut his room door behind him. "I can't imagine what it is, and it's of no earthly use to ask him." It wouldn't have been. You can't worm a thing out of that boy till he gets ready to tell.

Mother came up the stairs just then waving a note in her hand. "It's from Helen Hunt!" she announced joyfully. "She is going to spend a day and a night with us next week on her way to Grovesport. I shall be so glad to see her." Mrs. Hunt and mother have been friends more years than Rose and I have lived, and they very seldom meet any more. So we girls were almost as glad as mother was, because that dear woman doesn't have as many pleasures as she deserves.

After we went to bed that night, we planned the surprise. The visitor should have our lovely new nest, and we'd go and camp in the shabby old guest-room. We knew it would please mother, for she hadn't had so pretty a place to entertain Mrs. Hunt in for many years. It did please her, too, so much that she almost cried, and she hugged us and thanked us till we felt very happy and self-satisfied. Jack was standing by, and he said "Huh!" again, in that same queer tone. Then mother turned and hugged him, and Rose and I said to each other how strange it was that Jack should be jealous of his own sisters.

It shone the day she came—the room, I mean, though the sun was on duty, too. Mother went to the station to meet her, and, as she started out, she called back, "Children, if any of you have occasion to go into my room while I'm gone, be sure to shut the door when you come out!"

We answered "All right!" all three at once, and then Rose said, "How funny! What do you suppose made her tell us to do that?"

"I can't imagine," I replied, and then Jack smiled. If it had been anybody but our jolly old Jack, I'd have

said his smile was sarcastic; but no one ever accused that boy of anything so ill-natured. Then he said in a quiet, even voice: "It doesn't take a Solon to see through that. She wants to make sure that Mrs. Hunt doesn't see the contrast between her room and the one across the hall. She might not understand—or approve."

And with that he grabbed his cap and went out.

Stunned? I guess we were! Rose and I stared at each other as if we'd seen a ghost. Then we put our arms around each other and went up-stairs without a word. It was mother's door we opened, and we stood there and gazed as if we'd never seen that room before. She had been darning her carpet again. We could see the careful stitches and the frayed edges her art couldn't quite conceal. "She has polished her furniture, too! See how it shines, Meta. She tried to make it look its best." Rose's voice was mournful, so I tried to speak up cheerfully.

"To be sure she did, and succeeded!" Then we turned, and both of us choked back a sob at what we saw. She had taken our discarded dressing-table drapery, cut out the best portions, ruffled it daintily, pressed it neatly, and put it on her own bureau. Our worn-out sash curtains, nicely laundered, veiled her book-rack.

"Meta, our mother—our precious jewel of a mother! We've taken everything for ourselves and left her the rags!"

Rose had her head on my shoulder, and by that time I was crying as hard as she was.

"No wonder Jack was dissatisfied!" I sobbed. "Rose, why didn't he tell us?"

"O, Meta, why did we need telling? That's what breaks my heart. Even our rickety chair fixed up and set back in the shadow! O, I can't stand it!"

"We've got to!" I stiffened up grimly. "We've got to stand it, and it serves us right. But we'll make it up to her as soon as Mrs. Hunt is gone!"

"Yes, if we can live till then!"

"I think we'll manage to. Mortification won't kill us in twenty-four hours. We'll make her sleep in there tonight, and they can have one cozy visit in suitable quarters. Monsters!"

Rose didn't resent the epithet. She knew it was appropriate.

We did some thinking that night. I never felt so utterly insignificant in my life. We realized at last that there are other ways to show love than letting its object do all the sacrificing, all the giving and enduring, while the one who bestows it revels in selfishness. We didn't say anything then, but mother wasn't allowed to touch that supper, only the portion of it that filled her own plate, and she didn't wash a dish after it, either! If Rose and I sat over our books an hour after our usual bedtime, in consequence, it hurt no one but ourselves, and we deserved it.

They had a lovely time together. We could hear their soft voices rise and fall, with once in a while a ripple of laughter, till we dropped off to sleep. The next night, mother went back to her own room. We didn't say a word to prevent it, though it hurt us both to think of our old duds in there for that blessed woman to use.

Next day the early morning post brought a note from Mrs. Hall, an old neighbor, urging mother to meet her down-town at ten o'clock. There was some important shopping on hand, and mother's advice was indispensable. The dear thing didn't suspect that her

daughters had frantically besought Mrs. Hall the day before to concoct some scheme that would clear the coast at home. "All day, Mrs. Hall!" we pleaded. "We've planned a surprise for her, and it will take a good while to arrange it."

Mother didn't see how she could be spared to go, but we assured her that since we'd be at home, she wasn't needed at all. If this struck her as a most unusual state of affairs, she was too polite to say so, and, true to her habit of helpfulness, she dressed and went to Mrs. Hall's rescue.

We didn't waste any time, I assure you. We couldn't paint her floor then, but Jack stained it around the edges where it wouldn't have to be walked on, and the grass rug covered the rest. We burned the made-over rags. It did our hearts good to see them crisp and turn to ashes.

Into the attic went the ugly old things, and across the hall came the pretty new ones. Curtains, dressing-table, chairs, every single dainty belonging, even the drapery from our book-shelves. Teddy Ward came in and helped carry things, and Jack worked like a beaver. He didn't need any urging, either. If ever a boy's face shone like a full moon, Jack's did that happy day, though he stopped at least a dozen times to hug his sisters. "What a beast I was to think you could be as selfish as all that!" he exclaimed once. "I ought to have known better!"

"But we were just that selfish, Jacky," we told him. We didn't mean to sail under false colors. "We'd never have thought, if it hadn't been for you."

"Yes, you would. The first jolt would have waked you up. Lend a hand here, Meta!"

It was done at last, all cozy and fresh. Rose stopped in the door. "It looks like mother," she said, and her voice was husky. "It's pure and sweet like her!"

"The other one looks pretty forlorn, girls. What are you going to do about it?" Jack had a hand on our shoulders as he spoke, and we felt his sympathy. "Do?" we chirped up as brisk as millionaires. "Why, furnish it, of course."

"We have one bed to start on," Rose reminded him. "That's a big help, and the floor and woodwork are still painted. How are we to do it? Lessons, to be sure. Cowans and scales!"

"Thought you wanted to quit." Our brother looked troubled, for all his satisfaction.

"My son, we have changed our minds. Our most ardent desire now is to keep on," I told him. Rose smiled drolly. "I am seriously considering refurnishing the entire domicile," she remarked. "The Cowans are good for the next twenty years, judging from their present attainments, and it's fine practise for me!"

We didn't give mother a hint till after supper. It was hard to wait, but we made ourselves do it so everything would come about quite naturally. She took her bonnet and wrap up to put them away, and we three tagged, as softly as if we had pads on our feet, like cats. She opened her door and gave one bewildered glance, then she turned and saw us. "It's yours, Lovey, every bit!" we told her.

"Darlings, I couldn't!" she said. "Your hard work — your dear new treasures! I couldn't permit such a sacrifice, my darlings!" We just would not cry, though the lumps in our throats made our voices sound as if they belonged to some other family.

"They aren't *our* new treasures, they're *yours*."

"Who has been making sacrifices all our lives?"

"We love you so — you couldn't hurt us by refusing, Lovey!"

"There is no question of refusing." Rose spoke with great emphasis. "This room is hers, once for all, and there is no more to be said about it."

We tucked her into her pretty white bed that night, and we kissed the dear face on the ruffled pillow. Jack came in for his good night, too, and we all stood looking down at her, so happy we couldn't talk. She lifted her arms — those arms that had worked so hard for us — and gathered the three of us to her at once. "My darlings!" was all she said, and we crept out softly, knowing we had received her benediction.

Yes, we are getting our second collection of furniture into shape slowly but surely. But we have learned that there are more precious things to be had in homes than beds and chairs, or even green grass rugs. We have them — the precious things — so, now that mother's room is accomplished, we can wait very happily for the beds and chairs — Rose, and Jack, and I. — *Elizabeth Price, in St. Nicholas.*



"In His Service," or the Song of the Broom

I AM only a broom; but I'm "I. H. S."
We're a regiment; have you observed us?
We belong to the King of all righteousness,
For his service alone he reserved us.

There's the dust-pan, and duster, and brush, and pail;
As a rule, we are sent out together;
We have never been known to refuse or quail,
Or to wait better work and good weather.



If used when and where and as meant to be used,
I can clean up a room to perfection;
But if flirted about and only abused,
From the germs I am not much protection.

If some bits of damp paper are thrown around,
They will hinder the dust clouds from flying;
And to cover the furniture has been found
A device that is well worth the trying.

While you sweep if I'm held quite close to the floor,
It will also keep dust from arising;
Hold the right hand near top, shut window and door
(How the wind raises dust is surprising).

In the corners I'm needed and under the mat,
Yes, and under the sofa and table;
And the writing-desk, too, please don't forget that,
If to move it you're strong and well able.

On the dust-pan, now gather the dirt with care,
And remember to empty and burn it,
And the mat, you can take out of doors to air,
While you beat and sweep it and turn it.

Use a cloth for a duster, and persevere;
Wipe the window sills, pictures, and moldings,
Every chair round, and place where dust can adhere,
Even carvings the table upholding.

When you've finished, put all of us safely away
In a nice, easy, restful position
(I do hate to stand on my feet all the day),
And you'll keep us in good, sound condition.

HELEN ADAIR.

Our Foreign Mission Seminary

WE have received the annual announcement of the Washington Foreign Mission Seminary, which gives a general statement concerning the work of the school, the rate of tuition, etc. The fact that Seventh-day Adventists maintain an institution so largely devoted to foreign work is a striking evidence that we are a missionary people.

It is suggested that we are in the third stage of our missionary operations. The first was an endeavor to occupy territory, the second to secure resources of men and means, the third was a demand for efficiency. It is surely true that "the time demands greater efficiency and deeper consecration."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, page 27. There are excellent opportunities afforded at Washington for special training for Christian workers,—ministers, Bible workers, medical missionaries, and colporteurs. Thorough intellectual and practical training are both emphasized.

The Seminary will open September 17. The announcement can be obtained by writing to M. E. Kern, president, Takoma Park, D. C.



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

Society Study for Sabbath, September 13

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

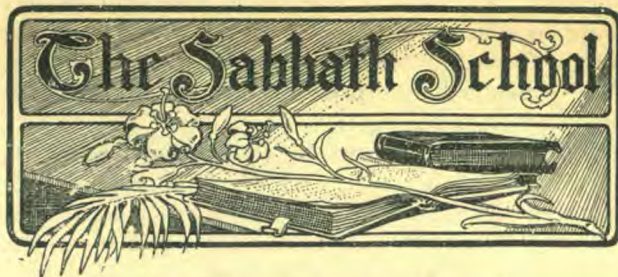
Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
 2. India and Burma. Have two papers or talks. Let one be on "The People of India and Burma," and the other on "The Religions of India and Burma." For helps on these topics see any book on missions in India and Burma. See also this INSTRUCTOR.
 3. Success in the Christian Life, No. 18. We must shun selfishness. Selfishness is another sin practised in the last days by those who have a form of godliness. 2 Tim. 3: 1, 2. Even Christ pleased not himself (Rom. 15: 2, 3); and we must deny self (Matt. 16: 24), or die to self (2 Cor. 5: 14, 15), and love others (James 2: 8; Rom. 13: 9, 10; Phil. 2: 3, 4). This will be manifest in our actions. 1 John 3: 16, 17; 1 Cor. 10: 24; Matt. 7: 12.
 4. Suggestive topic: An Overlooked Commandment. John 15: 12.
- Assign the biographies for next Sabbath's program early.

All for Fifty Cents

A SET of Missionary Volunteer leaflets, including also samples of the membership card, temperance pledges, the Morning Watch Calendar, and the Reading Course leaflets, will be sent to your address for only fifty cents. This offer includes copies of the new leaflets just off the press:—

- No. 41. The King's Pocket League, two cents.
- No. 42. What We Promised Each Other, one-half cent.
- No. 43. Camp-Meeting Missionary Volunteer Work.
- No. 44. The Marriage Altar, two cents.
- No. 45. A Visit to the Schools in Nyasaland, two cents.
- No. 46. With Our Missionaries During the Revolution, two cents. Order through your tract society.



XI — Moses Returns to Egypt

(September 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: EX. 4: 1-23, 27-31.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 253-259.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." EX. 4: 12.

Questions

1. After all that God had said, how did Moses still feel about the people's believing that God had sent him? Ex. 4: 1.
2. What sign did the Lord give him to use as a proof to his people that the God of their fathers had appeared to him? Verses 2-5.
3. What second sign was given in case they did not believe the first one? Verses 6-8.
4. What third sign did God give him to use if the two failed to convince them? Verse 9; note 1.
5. What further excuse did Moses make? How did God answer it? Verses 10-12. What promise did the Lord make that we shall do well to remember? Memory verse.
6. How did Moses still feel? Verse 13.
7. What plan did God now have to help Moses? Verses 14-17; note 2.
8. What request did Moses make of his father-in-law? Verse 18.
9. What assuring news did God give Moses before he left Midian? Verse 19; note 3.
10. What further instruction and warning were given? Verse 21; note 4.
11. What was he told to say to Pharaoh? Verses 22, 23.
12. Who came out to meet Moses? Who sent him? Where did they meet? Verse 27.
13. What did Moses tell Aaron? Verse 28.
14. What did the two brothers do after they reached Egypt? Verse 29.
15. What did Aaron do before the elders of Israel? Verse 30.
16. What did these things cause the people to do? Verse 31; note 5.

Notes

1. "By these signs the Lord assured Moses that his own people, as well as Pharaoh, should be convinced that One mightier than the king of Egypt was manifest among them." Moses must have seen that these miracles would be convincing to the people, so now what excuse can he make? Let us see.
2. For forty years Moses had been away from Egypt and had not spoken the language of that country, and it was no doubt true that he would not be able to use it as well as when he was among that people. But when the Lord showed him how able and willing he was to help him, does it not seem strange that Moses should still object? Aaron had been with the Egyptians right along, and could speak the language well.
3. Moses had been obliged to flee for his life when he left Egypt forty years before, and he was afraid to put himself in the way of those men again. Therefore it was a great relief to him when God said, "All the men are dead which sought thy life." He felt that he could now take his family with him.
4. How was Pharaoh's heart hardened?—God gave light to Pharaoh, but when he turned from the light and refused to listen to God's entreaties and warnings, that made his heart hard. So it was rejecting the light that God gave him that hardened his heart. So it is with every one of us. If the Lord shows us a duty and we refuse to do it, we are beginning

to harden our hearts; and it will be harder for us to do right the next time. Our prayer should ever be that our hearts may be kept tender and easily impressed by God's Spirit. This should be our prayer:—

"Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And melt my heart of stone."

5. The time had come for the children of Israel to be delivered from their cruel bondage in Egypt, and God was preparing his people for what was before them.

XI — Our Attitude Toward Civil Government; The Love of God; Righteousness by Faith

(September 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Titus 3: 1-7.

Questions

1. Of what should believers be reminded? Whom should they obey? For what should they be ready? Titus 3: 1; note 1.
2. What similar instruction concerning our relation to civil government is elsewhere given? Rom. 13: 1-7; 1 Peter 2: 13-15.
3. When human laws conflict with God's law, what should we then do? Acts 4: 19; 5: 29; note 2.
4. What examples are left us as a guide in this matter? Dan. 3: 16-18; 6: 7-10. Compare Heb. 11: 23. Note 3.
5. From what are we admonished to refrain when speaking? What disposition should we manifest? Titus 3: 2.
6. How necessary is it that we govern the tongue? James 1: 26; 1 Peter 3: 10. Compare Prov. 18: 21.
7. Before conversion, what was our condition? How did we live? Titus 3: 3; note 4.
8. Of what opposite conditions are love and hatred proof? 1 John 3: 14, 15; 4: 7, 8.
9. What has God manifested toward men? How did he save us? What work of renewing takes place? What is shed on us abundantly? by whom? Titus 3: 4-6; note 5.
10. How has the love of God toward men been shown? John 3: 16; 1 John 3: 1.
11. By whose righteousness are we saved? Isa. 45: 24, 25; 54: 17. Compare Jer. 23: 5, 6; 1 Cor. 1: 30.
12. How necessary is the spiritual washing? John 3: 5; 1 Cor. 6: 11. Compare Rev. 1: 5; 7: 14. Note 6.
13. What is renewed by the Holy Spirit? 2 Cor. 4: 16; Eph. 4: 23; Col. 3: 10.
14. What prophetic promises have we of thisfulness of the Holy Spirit? Joel 2: 28; Isa. 44: 3.
15. By what are we justified? How are we made heirs? Titus 3: 7.
16. When and how was this hope of eternal life given to us? Titus 1: 2; 2 Tim. 1: 1.
17. How sure is this hope? What is it to us? Heb. 6: 18-20.

Notes

1. As noted by some Bible students, the original of the expression "Put them in mind," used in this verse is equivalent to the one found in John 14: 26, where it is stated that the Comforter would "bring all things to your remembrance" that Christ had spoken, making it evident that Paul had amply instructed the Cretian believers on the subject of civil government while he was with them, and Titus was to call their attention to what the apostle had taught them.

2. "We are to recognize human government as an ordinance of divine appointment, and teach obedience to it as a sacred duty, within its legitimate sphere. But when its claims conflict with the claims of God, we must obey God rather than men. God's word must be recognized as above all human legislation. A 'Thus saith the Lord' is not to be set aside for a 'Thus saith the church,' or a 'Thus saith the state.' The crown of Christ is to be lifted above the diadems of earthly potentates.

"We are not required to defy authorities. Our words, whether spoken or written, should be carefully considered, lest we place ourselves on record as uttering that which would

make us appear antagonistic to law and order. We are not to say or do anything that would unnecessarily close up our way."—*Acts of the Apostles*, page 69.

"We would also humbly represent that the only proper objects of civil government are the happiness and protection of men in the present state of existence; the security of the life, liberty, and property of the citizens; and to restrain the vicious and to encourage the virtuous by wholesome laws equally extended to every individual: but the duty that we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can only be directed by reason and conviction, and is nowhere cognizable but at the tribunal of the universal Judge. To judge for ourselves, and to engage in the exercise of religion agreeably to the dictates of our own conscience, is an inalienable right, which, upon the principles on which the gospel was first propagated, and the reformation from popery carried on, can never be transferred to another."—*From Memorial of the Presbytery of Hanover to the General Assembly of Virginia*, quoted in "*American State Papers*," page 94.

3. The martyrs who were tortured in so many inhuman ways, and who died at the stake, were condemned by the "laws of the land" where they had lived. Concerning Jesus, the Jews said, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die."

4. The word translated "sometimes" in the text and "once" in the Revised Version in harmony with former usage, here means *formerly*. We are to consider not only what manner of persons we ought to be, but also what manner of persons we used to be.

5. "Righteousness comes before holiness in the order of redemption, the one being imputed to us on the ground of our faith, and the other being imparted to us by the operation of the Holy Spirit."—*The Twofold Life*, page 129.

Concerning the word in verse 5 translated "washing," Conybeare and Howson's life of Paul says, "The word does not mean *washing* but *laver*; i. e., a vessel in which washing takes place." The Revised Version gives *laver* in the margin.

6. Regeneration is twice mentioned in the Scriptures (Matt. 19: 28; Titus 3: 5), and is twofold in its nature. The first regenerating act is the spiritual new birth, as mentioned in 1 Peter 1: 23, where the idea of being generated again is presented in the original. The second regeneration is when all things are generated, or created anew, and the new heavens and new earth appear. This is the event to which our Lord refers in Matt. 19: 28.

A Dying Testimony

WHEN the illustrious John Selden was dying, he said to Archbishop Usher: "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts [he had eight thousand volumes in his library] on various subjects; but at present I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save from the sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ: who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'" Titus 2: 11-14.

Ready for the Gospel

A MERCHANT from a mountain village in Shansi went to a city on business, and bought from a colporteur on the street a copy of Luke's Gospel. On his return home he so enjoyed the reading of the book that he invited his neighbors in to hear it. After repeated readings, a company of them agreed to give up idol-worship, and to observe every seventh day by meeting at the merchant's house for reading and study. The next year the merchant tried to find the colporteur when he went to the city, but he had gone. The second year he found a missionary, who explained the difficult passages, and promised to visit his village. The missionary found thirty persons ready for baptism, and a large and interested audience was always ready to greet him whenever he could address them.—*Selected*.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Lecture to Girls

Now I am going to be cross. I *may* even scold a little. For a young girl writes to tell me that her mother is curious about her friends, and always asks her whom she is going out with at night, what time she will be home, and other things along the same line. The girl obviously expects me to tell her that she has a right to be very much annoyed, but I am inclined to agree with the mother. A girl should take a mother into her confidence just as she would a chum. For a mother is—a mother, and it is her right to know *everything*. If she cares to ask questions and give opinions about the boys that call on her daughter, she is perfectly right. It is not only her privilege, but her duty.—*The Christian Herald*.

A Section-Boss's Whim

"You are not going out in this storm this evening, are you?" asked a young man who worked in the express office. He spoke to the section-boss, who passed the office, walking toward the railroad tracks.

"Sure," was the reply.

"I can't see the need of it," argued the other; "wasn't the track all right this morning when you went over it?"

"Everything in fine shape," the section-boss affirmed.

"And your switch-lanterns burn night and day, don't they? And you have to fill them only twice a week, so that they will burn for thirty-six hours yet. You are foolish to go out in a storm like this, when there's no need."

"When I took this job," the man replied, "I promised to look after the tracks in my section; I've never failed yet, and I don't mean to now." With this he faced the driving wind and rain of a cold September night, and walked away into the darkness, and down the railroad track.

In three hours he returned, wet, cold, and tired.

"I suppose you found the track half washed away," the boy at the express office commented; "it was only a whim of yours to go at all."

"Not a thing wrong; the track is in perfect condition."

"I knew you would have that hard walk in the storm for nothing."

"It wasn't for nothing," the section-boss replied; "it was my duty to go, and a man should never make

excuses for not doing his duty, no matter how hard or disagreeable it may be. And while I was confident the track was safe, I'd have had no rest unless I had made the trip, and was sure of it by my personal inspection. Now my sense of responsibility is at rest. But suppose something had gone wrong. Then I would have been to blame. Don't think that because I found everything right the trip was useless. Everybody has a sense of duty to reckon with. He's no man that dodges it."—*Young People*.

A Convert's Letter

THE following is the translation from the Chinese of a letter received by China Inland missionaries at Sinchanghsien:—

To the Teachers of True Happiness.

The past years of my life have been spent like a stupid man in a burning house, or like a blind man falling into a deep pond. Now, through God's Holy Spirit, the gospel of his only begotten Son is given to me and turns my darkness into light. I had almost missed the fording place and, here it is! here it is! Day and night my prayer is that the only great Ruler—the true Spirit—will give me understanding and wisdom that I may make known this great salvation, and discard all false doctrines, not caring any more for them.

I am like a wild mulberry-tree being grafted into a garden mulberry-tree. My words and my actions are all changing.

I have received the books you sent me. When I come to difficult passages in the Bible, I will seek God's help to follow its teachings, and, throwing aside all hindrances, will search the Scriptures and become a true slave of Jesus Christ.

TSONG KYUING.

Transformation

"THERE'S gold windows in that house," said little Joe.

Mildred turned with a start. The house upon the hill faced the west, and the rays of the setting sun had set every window ablaze. Each one seemed beaten gold, flashing in the sun. Little Joe's blunder was perfectly natural.

Many of us have seen a similar transformation many a time, a pool of muddy water turning to liquid gold under the touch of the sunbeams, a somber landscape irradiated. Sunshine is the greatest of magicians. There is little so commonplace that it cannot make it dazzling.

Cheerfulness is often compared to sunshine, and nowhere does the comparison hold truer than in its transforming power. For just as the sunshine turns a dusty pane or a muddy pool to gold, so cheerfulness transforms the most tedious task, the dreariest day, the most somber outlook, to dazzling, radiant beauty.

—*Girls' Companion*.

Forward With the Gospel

In the darkness far away
Thousands are that have no light,
They must hear the truth some day,
Hear the gospel, learn the right.

Long ago the Master said,
Christ, arisen from the dead,
"Go ye into all the world,"
Let the glad news be unfurled,

That the darkness may be light;
That the day take place of night;
That the bond-slave may be free,
Break his bonds, and worship me.

Let him know his Maker died,
On the cross was crucified,
That he loved the sinners, too,
That he died for me, for you.

LEWELLYN A. WILCOX.