

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A SOUTH AFRICAN millionaire recently paid \$250,000 for a race-horse in London.

NEW YORKERS to the number of 634,316,516 rode on the cars of the Interborough Rapid Transit during the last fiscal year.

MEN speaking forty-four languages vote in Cleveland. Of the 600,000 people in that city only 80,000 are full-blooded Americans.

WILLIAM VINCENT ASTOR must pay an inheritance tax of \$2,741,833 to New York State on his inheritance of more than \$88,000,000.

LAST month a seat in the New York Stock Exchange sold for \$40,000, which is \$3,000 more than the price paid for one a few days earlier.

IN 1912 the United States consumed 44,520,539 bunches of bananas, or over sixty bananas for each man, woman, and child in the Union.

A FENCE in Western Australia is said to be the longest in the world. It extends for twelve hundred miles, and was made necessary by the devastating tendencies of rabbits.

WIDOWED mothers now receive a pension in New Jersey, according to the new law that became effective in July. The amounts already paid vary from \$14 to \$30 a month.

J. H. MEARS, representing the New York *Sun*, recently made a circuit of the world in 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes, thus reducing the record made by A. Jaeger-Schmidt in 1911, by nearly four days.

AN electric clock, made by Daniel Drawbaugh, a pioneer electrical inventor, which is now running at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, has continued to operate since 1870 without winding. The pendulum, weighing forty-five pounds, is operated by an ordinary electromagnet and a permanent magnet armature, the current in the electromagnet being reversed as it passes the armature. It is expected to run one hundred years before needing renewal of any parts.

FOR many years the world's supply of camphor has been controlled by a Japanese syndicate, a condition that has created wide-spread uneasiness; for camphor is not only used in medicine, but it is an essential of many important articles of manufacture, especially smokeless powder, which is now a military necessity everywhere. The monopoly is at last likely to be broken by the success of American capitalists, who announce the satisfactory outcome of three years of experiment in raising camphor in Florida. The result has been so encouraging that an American drug house has planted a thousand acres with camphor-trees.

The Cause of Malaria

THE history of the medical treatment of malaria is unique. The first specific for any disease was found in 1640, when quinin cured the malaria of the Countess El Cinchon. Sir Patrick Manson suggested in 1894 that the mosquito might be the carrier of the malarial parasite, and Major Ronald Ross, in 1897, identified the *Anopheles* as the culprit which, from the time of Hippocrates, had borne the relapsing malarial fevers around the world.

Undoubtedly the most important discovery since that of Major Ross is now announced by Dr. Wade H. Brown, of the University of North Carolina, in the July number of the Rockefeller Institute's *Journal of Experimental Medicine*. Hematin, which may be artificially produced, is the pigment secreted by the malarial parasite. Dr. Brown, aided by a grant from the Rockefeller Institute, identified this chemical substance, and reported upon it in a paper printed in June, 1912. He now finds that this pigment which suffuses the blood of malarial patients, is the active factor in promoting the disease.

While quinin is a specific for malaria, it is not by any means perfect. It does some harm, though a great deal of good. How to make a more potent remedy, one even less harmful to the human tissues than quinin, is a task which research workers may set for themselves with reasonable hope of accomplishment. — *Times*.

The Municipal Fly-Catcher

ON the wings of the civic awakening comes a brand-new municipal officer — the city fly-catcher. A few months ago the city of Redlands, California, appointed such a functionary, whose duty it is to attend to the placing of fly-traps along the curbs and to remove the flies daily. This official is the inventor of the traps, which are now a novel feature of the Redlands streets. They are made of wire netting and wood, and stand about two feet high. The fly-catcher has one hundred of these in use on the business streets and alleys.

Reports of this new municipal activity make exciting reading. The fly-catcher announced recently that he had caught 241 gallons of flies since he took office. He was able to estimate the number to the gallon by dividing a pint into small lots and counting the flies. In this way he found that the number of dead flies to the gallon was 60,000. At that rate he has already captured 14,460,000 flies.

As scientists claim that every time a fly is killed the slayer prevents the birth of 1,728,000 others, the fly-catcher's work in Redlands assumes tremendous proportions. — *The Independent*.

Ice Blankets, Jelly Covers, and Dish-Cloths

ICE covered with paper will not melt nearly so fast in the refrigerator as if left uncovered. Recognizing this fact, the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company provides a paper ice blanket which housewives find acceptable, as an effective means of lessening the ice bill. This company also furnishes papers for covering jellies. These are cut just to fit the ordinary jelly-glass. They also offer the housewife the Stickless Cake-Pan-Liner as a pleasing accessory to her culinary supplies. All of these, together with the sanitary dish-cloth, can be obtained from the Vegetable Parchment Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 36

The Rose of Sharon

MILTON T. AMES

I LOVE the matchless, quiet wood,
The splendor of its dells;
The beauty of the fragrant flower
My soul with rapture thrills.

I note the beauty of a face,
A wealth of golden hair;
A noble figure marked with grace
Arrests me here and there.

And yet we find the flowers fade,
Their perfume's lost in air;
The smoothness of the rich, fresh face
Soon furrowed is, with care.

The locks that gleamed like molten gold
Are silvered now with gray;
The stately form is worn and bent,
Well battered with the fray.

And so this life is constant change,
Its beauties need repair;
Unsatisfied, we turn to One
Who's altogether fair.

O Jesus, mid these varying scenes
We lift our hearts to thee,
And pray our minds may often dwell
On thine eternity;

For thou the Rose of Sharon art,
A flower without compeer;
Thy perfume everlasting is,
Thy petals ne'er grow sear.

The Dignity of Labor

STEMPLE WHITE



Y Father worketh hitherto, and I work." John 5:17. In the beginning of this world, God *worked* six days. The Holy Spirit *moved* upon the waters. Jesus was associate worker with the Father. Eph.

3:9. Since creation, all things are "upheld" by the Master Worker. Col. 1:17. Few men can successfully juggle in the air three or four balls; yet the many whirling worlds, freighted with their living cargo and blessed and beautified by all that can charm and satisfy the senses, are all harmoniously upheld and kept in their orbits with infinite precision and exactness. Heb. 1:1-3. Thus, "through all the earth" man can daily behold the *handiwork* of the Master Mechanic.

The angels minister in heaven (Ps. 103:21), and since the fall of man continue their ministry also on earth, to which they are sent. Heb. 1:14. In all their work, they respond and act *at once*. Eze. 1:14.

Even before sin entered Eden, Adam was happily employed in dressing the garden. Gen. 2:15. In Eden restored, the redeemed will labor with their hands, but no weariness will follow. Isa. 65:21; Rev. 22:3. No tired feeling there! We shall ever feel the freshness of the morning, and ever be far from its close. In this sin-cursed earth, many are born tired and never get rested.

The idea too often prevails that manual labor is not honorable. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Each has been given his work. This is not all brain work either, and so it is written, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. 9:10. Bear in mind, too, that it says "thy hand," not the other fellow's. Again: "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with *your own hands*." 1 Thess. 4:11.

A young man from the farm once applied at a large sanitarium to take the nurses' course. On being asked by the superintendent what kind of farm work he liked best, he replied, "Plowing." Being further plied with the question as to why he liked to plow best, he re-

plied, "Father has a sulky plow and I can ride." That boy lost out. He has not yet joined the Weston Club. The "sulky-plow" boy is quite likely to produce the "sulky" man.

"Young men are anxious to become teachers, clerks, merchants, physicians, lawyers, or to occupy some other position that does not require physical toil. Young women shun housework, and seek an education in other lines. These need to learn that no man or woman is degraded by honest toil. That which degrades is idleness and selfish dependence. Idleness fosters self-indulgence, and the result is a life empty and barren,—a field inviting the growth of every evil."—"Education," page 215.

Jesus worked at the bench in Nazareth five times longer than in the pulpit in all Judea. Even in his public ministry, the major portion of the time of the Great Teacher was employed in ministering to the sick, individually, collectively, and from house to house. It was under these circumstances that he said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

God has no use for the idler. He says, "Go work today in my vineyard." God calls the busy man. People hear the truth, are convicted by the Spirit of God that they should obey, yet plead that they are too busy to obey God, saying, "Why, how can I keep the Sabbath?" God wants the busy man to connect with the "King's business." Moses, Amos, and David from the sheep-cote, Elisha from the plow, the sons of Zeb-edee from their nets, Matthew from the seat of custom, Paul the tent-maker and busy persecuter,—these are but a few of the busy toilers of the under-workmen of Immanuel.

"Let the children and youth learn from the Bible how God has honored the work of the every-day toiler. Let them read of the 'sons of the prophets,' students at school, who were building a house for themselves, and for whom a miracle was wrought to save from loss the ax that was borrowed. Let them read of Jesus the carpenter, and Paul the tent-maker, who with the toil of the craftsman linked the highest ministry, human

and divine. Let them read of the lad whose five loaves were used by the Saviour in that wonderful miracle for the feeding of the multitude; of Dorcas the seamstress, called back from death, that she might continue to make garments for the poor; of the wise woman described in the Proverbs, who 'seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands;' who 'giveth meat to her household, and their task to her maidens;' who 'planteth a vineyard, . . . and strengtheneth her arms;' who 'stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, . . . reacheth forth her hands to the needy;' who 'looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' Of such a one, God says: 'She shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.'—*Id.*, page 217.

In connection with the great gospel ultimatum, "*the Lord hath made bare his holy arm* in the eyes of all the nations" to finish the work of God in this generation, that the toilers of earth may the sooner enter the pearly gates. Let the great army of young people bare *their* arms, saying, "Here am I; send me."

"The Stranger Within Thy Gates"

FITCH BAY is a quiet and picturesque village in Quebec, Canada, and the inhabitants of the place have imbibed the spirit that makes all mankind akin. They have not lived under the shadow of the hills that surround the village, they have not looked upon the placid waters of the bay on the shores of which it is located, without coming in touch with the spirit of Him who created all things for his glory and by the word of his power.

There entered the village a few weeks ago a soldier of the cross, one who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and who was about to lay down the weapons of his warfare, but only after he had fought a good fight and kept the faith. He was sick "nigh unto death;" he was unknown to the residents of the place; his faith was peculiar, for was he not a Seventh-day Adventist? and yet wherever he turned, the hand of helpfulness, of kindness, was extended to him. Freshly painted rooms were proffered him, and furniture was provided for the sick visitor and his wife; every want was anticipated. Ten miles distant from the village lived the physician who ministered to the ills of the body, and his services to the sick stranger were willingly and cheerfully rendered "without money and without price," although he was repeatedly urged to receive a fee for his work.

Kindness, hospitality, love,—these could not save the life of the stranger within the gates, who closed his eyes in death shortly after his arrival in Fitch Bay. He knew Him in whom he believed, and met the last enemy fearlessly, triumphing in Christ. He fell asleep in the Beloved.

In death the spirit of the people of Fitch Bay was even more marked. Though the florist lived far distant, yet beautiful floral tributes were sent to the house of mourning. An anchor of forget-me-nots, wreaths, and bunches of wild flowers gathered from the hills,—these were sent in profusion, entirely covering the casket. Singers were selected, pall-bearers were appointed, a minister of the gospel cheerfully assisted the Seventh-day Adventist preacher in conducting the funeral services. When the cemetery was reached, the sides of the grave were lined with cedar and cypress

leaves and boughs, and the earth which was soon to cover the body of the dead friend was also hidden by evergreens, intermingled with wild flowers. Loving hearts were faithful to the end, and as the sorrowing widow said her last farewell to these true and tried friends, she was comforted in the thought that her loved companion lay peacefully in the midst of such surroundings and among such a people. Soon she reached her new home in the great State of New York, and as the days go by, and as time heals the wounds, she finds comfort as her thoughts revert to Fitch Bay, to the grave of the loved one, to the hearts of the people who so willingly and lovingly ministered to the stranger within their gates.

Not only in Fitch Bay is this blessed spirit manifested. Not far from the national capital is an institution whose gates are open to receive the sick and the sorrowing. One of these sick was cared for by a nurse to whom kindness was not a strange characteristic. Wandering through the woods, the nurse plucked a bunch of wild flowers and took them to the room of her patient. The next day she received from the patient, this original poem, which strengthened in her a determination to be thoughtful and kind:—

"I thank thee, my friend, for the beautiful flowers;
They have brought me good cheer in my sad, lonely hours;
And their presence to me was a gladsome surprise,
As if dropped o'er the wall of the fair paradise.

"The petals of pink and of crimson and gold,
The delicate buds, bursting fold upon fold,
The broad-spreading leaves, and the low-drooping vine,
In a vision of beauty and glory entwine.

"In the fair plain of Sharon a Rose was once given,
God's best gift to earth from the treasures of heaven;
The choicest of heaven was transplanted in earth,
And the skies o'er Judea rained song at its birth.

"In beauty and glory this wondrous Rose bloomed,
Bringing gladness and joy to a world that was doomed;
And the multitude thronged but to look in its face,
And to bask for a time in its perfume of grace.

"In glory it bloomed; but the great and the wise,
The proud and the prudent, the good gift despise.
And they bruised and they crushed it, till God, in his love,
Caught it up whence it came, to his bright throne above.

"That Rose, ever blooming, hangs low o'er the wall
Of Eden's fair garden, heaven-kept since the fall,
And its branches swing down till the children of men
By faith reaching up may take courage again.

"O fair Rose of Sharon, thine each rose in bloom
An earnest of glory beyond the dark tomb,
A token of pardon, and cleansing from sin,
A promise of power heaven's glory to win.

"The sweet Rose of Sharon still blooms for us all;
O may we e'er trust Him, whate'er may befall,
And led by his Spirit, sent down from above,
May we grow in his grace and abide in his love.

"O blest Rose of Sharon, that blooms for me still,
My soul temple cleanse, with thy sweet Spirit fill;
For thy indwelling presence like perfume shall be,
And my life shall be fragrant with service for thee."

The spirit of the people of Fitch Bay, the spirit of the nurse, will permeate the soon-coming kingdom of Jesus Christ. Let us all have more of this spirit, for the world's need is a spirit of helpfulness.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Takoma Park, D. C.

"EVERY person has two educations,—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself."

The "Sons of God" Versus the "Daughters of Men"—No. 1

J. D. MONTGOMERY

THE SAFEGUARD.—"Virtue and modesty are rare. . . Cherish the precious, priceless gem of modesty. This will guard virtue."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, page 458.*



WHY is it that the "sons of God" are attracted by the "daughters of men"? Is it because of their virtue and modesty? Is it because they are more virtuous and modest than the daughters of God that so frequently they are preferred before them by the sons of the church? Is it because these young ladies make modesty the body-guard of virtue that they are attractive? Think over these queries, young man, and analyze your motives, you who are in love with that worldly, unbelieving young woman. And you, young sister, you who are being wooed by a worldly young man, think over the converse side of these questions, and be sure that you analyze aright the motives of your unbelieving friend.

In the ancient time "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair," and so these "children of Seth, attracted by the beauty of the daughters of Cain's descendants, displeased the Lord by intermarrying with them." They disregarded the "restrictions of the seventh commandment," "and they took them wives of all which they chose." (See "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 81.) How did God regard this matter?

It displeased him and he said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

Why did it displease the Lord?—Because of the effect it had upon the morals of the people.

What effect did it have upon the people?—"The wickedness of man was great in the earth."

How wicked did men become after they intermarried with the world?—"Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

Was this wholesale marriage with unbelievers really a contributing cause of the destruction of the world?—"They will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods: so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and shall destroy thee suddenly." Deut. 7:4.

But was this really a cause of the deluge?—"In the days that were before the flood they were . . . marrying and giving in marriage, until . . . the flood came, and took them all away." Matt. 24:38, 39.

This incident, which occurred so early in the history of the world is written for the admonition of us who live near the time of the end of the world. It is intended to warn our young people of the danger of being "unequally yoked together with unbelievers." And there are many other incidents in sacred history illustrating the folly and the evil arising from union with those not of the faith.

The Case of Esau

This young man, smarting under the loss of his birthright to his younger brother, Jacob, the supplanter, married two wives of the Hittite nation.

Did this act greatly affect the morals of Esau?—Probably not, for he was a "profane person" anyway. (See Heb. 12:16.)

Where then was the harm?—It was "a grief of mind ["bitterness of spirit," margin] unto Isaac and to Rebekah." Gen. 26:34, 35.

Too often not only are the contracting parties affected by unlawful attachments of this kind, but the greatest bitterness of spirit is endured by the godly

father and mother who, perchance, have neglected the necessary instruction on this point to the boy or the girl in childhood. Now the warnings are unheeded. In moments of recklessness they decide against the counsel of the parents! The tardy warnings are not heard and another tragedy is added to the church of Christ. Like Esau, they sometimes seek diligently for a place to change their minds, but, like him, they find no such place. Heb. 12:17, margin.

We recall a provisory promise to you, parents of young children, and hereby urge you to carry out the stipulations and then to stand unwavering on the promise. It is this: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. Jacob and Esau illustrate this principle very well. Jacob was not exactly a Christian boy, yet when his father said to him: "Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan," he went away to Padan-aram and found a wife among the people of his mother, Rebekah. He was obedient to his early training and teaching. Even Esau, when he saw that his parents did not approve his selection of wives, sought to please them. He could not get entirely away from his early training. But he added sin to sin, as he went to the daughters of Ishmael and married another woman! Let parents take courage and stand forever upon the promises of God and be faithful in training those whom God has given them to bring up, in the way they should go; and when they are old they will not depart from it.

The Warning of God Through Moses

"Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son."

Why did God fear this alliance?—"For they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods." Deut. 7:3, 4.

Does the unbelieving wife usually have this effect upon the Christian husband?

For the answer to this question we refer the reader to those who have braved the displeasure of God and taken this step.

Is this also true of the wife? is she as easily led away?—No. We believe that the Christian girl is not so easily led away as the young husband; but she runs the risk of stepping into all kinds of trouble and unhappiness when she enters the door of one whose life is not sanctified and purified by belief of the truth. We shall go into the reason for this in another article.

The Warning of Joshua

"If ye do in any wise go back, and cleave to the remnants of these nations . . . and shalt make marriages with them, . . . know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you."

What would be the effect of these marriages on the people?—"They shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you." Joshua 23:12, 13.

The Warnings Justified

Were these warnings of Moses and Joshua justified?—They were. Less than fifty years from the

time Joshua uttered his warning against marriage with unbelievers we find that "they took their daughters to be their wives, and gave their daughters to their sons"! Judges 3:6.

Did these believing men influence the heathen wives to believe?—"The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and forgot the Lord their God, and served Baalim and the groves." Verse 7. This is the usual result when the Lord's instruction is disregarded.

The Case of Samson

Samson, a judge in Israel, born under favorable circumstances, reared a Nazarite from birth, according to the minute instructions of the angel to his parents, met his downfall at the hands of Delilah. She never accepted the true God nor championed the cause of God's people. In fact, she was in league with her own people against Samson from the first. Through her feminine wiles she finally beguiled him into betraying the secret of his strength, and he fell into the hands of his enemies because of the perfidy of this unbelieving woman. This account in the sixteenth chapter of Judges should be studied by the young men of today, and they should note carefully what a godless woman can do with a strong man when she is actuated by Satan.

Newark, Ohio.

Beginning All Over Again

I HAD read in papers and magazines the stories of Ohio's flood and had rejoiced over all the deeds of courage and self-sacrifice that were told me by friends, but it was some weeks after the disaster had befallen that State, to which only the greatest prosperity had come heretofore, that I saw for myself what far-reaching suffering such a flood could bring, and what heroes and heroines it would reveal.

It does take a heroic spirit and a fine courage to cross what was once a street by clinging to telegraph-wires and hand over hand with one's feet in a swirling rush of waters, make one's way to a window, into which the water was already slowly creeping, sit calmly on the ledge while a baby was securely fastened across one's shoulders, and then hand over hand make one's way back to safety in the great building that rose far above the mad torrent of waters; and that was the courage a high-school boy showed on the morning when the flood was at its height.

It takes courage to go for three days without food and with only the muddy water that rushed by to drink, and keep cheerful and hopeful, giving others who are weak, strength to endure; but that is what a high-school girl did for a group of six old persons who had been rushed to the attic of the highest house in the neighborhood, there to be kept prisoners while the house shook and the waters crept higher, nearer and nearer the window ledge of their refuge. It was she who felt sure that boats would come, who knew that rescuers would bring food, who felt confident that the water would subside before the ledge was reached. It was she who leaned out of the window and caught the rope thrown from a boat, and then pulled in the loaves of bread and a can of milk across the rushing stream and put them into the hands of the imprisoned ones, before the swift current would permit a boat to rescue them.

"She gave us heart; without her we should have died those dark nights just from fear; she was a blessed angel of hope," the old people afterward said.

These things take courage, and there was plenty of it in the great cities and the little villages which the waters seemed determined to blot out. I suppose we shall never know of the heroism displayed by people who, though ill and suffering pain, uttered no complaint when obliged to lie in crowded attic rooms with no comforts and no physician, just living through the awful days.

The Flood and the Measles

"The flood was bad enough, but the flood and measles I shall not soon forget," a young girl told me. "Mother and two of the boys had the measles," she continued, "and father was away from home. We carried supplies to the second story of our house, but before night the water drove us into the attic, with only a mattress and blankets, baby's crib, and a few eatables. I tell you I never knew before how long a night could be. But our house stood, we have that to be thankful for. After it was over, mother was taken to the hospital. She is there now, but is getting better. The boys were great. They tossed and tumbled but didn't fuss, and Ed kept saying, 'Keep up your courage, Sis, and be thankful you had the measles before this.' It was hard to hear them wishing for morning when the second night came. I hope I may never experience anything like it again," she added earnestly.

It would make a wonderful book of "Heroes of Peace" if the stories of bravery revealed by those rushing waters could be written. Yet it was not these stories, wonderful as they are, that impressed me most. It was the courage shown by those who must begin all over again. I can understand how in a moment of great danger and awful anxiety one might be stirred to heroic deeds and might forget himself and think only of others. But afterward when all was over, when the waters subsided and only the ruins were left, then I can understand how the people would lose heart, would give up hope and complain bitterly over the fate that robbed them of everything.

But that is what these heroes and heroines did not do. With cheerful faces they began over again. The minister whose church was only a weird structure with mud dripping from its walls, ruined pulpit and slimy seats, whose valuable library had disappeared in the rushing torrent, whose desk was tossed into a field, and whose typewriter lodged in a tree, could stand in the midst of it all with a smile on his face and say, "Now, *where* shall I begin? That's the question!"

The sixteen-year-old girl who waded through the mud to what had once been her own pretty room with dainty white curtains, pictures, a little maple desk, and a closet where her new spring suit and "best dresses" hung, and found broken windows, black rags that had once been curtains, no desk, no rugs, a water-soaked bed, and the most hopeless-looking clothing, did not sit down and cry, but said, "Well, I am *alive*, and so is my family. Mud *can* be cleaned off, and some day I may get another desk." When telling about it later to a cousin, she *laughed* as she said, "If you could have seen it all—my gloves and ties, my shoes and hat—! My! but it was a mess! They are papering the house now and we hope to get back soon. Mother says we'll just have to learn to do without things. You see father will have to *begin all over again*, and he needs help."

I was proud of the spirit of that girl. I knew what a blessing she would be to the man whose business

was practically wiped out, and who must start in again at the bottom.

When I met at dinner a young man who had decided to leave college for a year and "stand by dad, till he gets on his feet," I knew what a support and comfort he would be to the man whose factory was destroyed in a night.

As I went away on the train out into sections whose sunny streets and smiling fields had known no calamity, I could not help thinking over and over, "Of what splendid stuff men and women and boys and girls are made!" I admired with all my soul the small army of people in the great Ohio valley who were meeting disaster with a smile, and suffering and loss with a quiet, splendid courage.

It was just after this trip which had taught me so much that Paul and Clara called one evening. Paul told me that the marks were in, and that Clara had failed to "come up" and must repeat the junior year. She had been ill in the winter, and could not seem to make up what she had lost. "And she is going to give up school and her plans for college and everything. Her father is terribly disappointed, and her mother feels dreadfully. She says she won't repeat no matter who suffers, and I tell her she's foolish," said Paul with great disgust.

"But I'm not," said Clara before I could say anything. "I just *can't* go back and begin all over a whole year's work."

Instantly there flashed before my mind the sixteen-year-old girl, her ruined room, her hopeless clothing, her smiling, determined face, and her brave words, "We'll have to begin all over again."

I told Clara just how that girl had met disaster and stories of other young people which had been told to me. She was greatly interested, but when I had finished, said, "Yes, I know. I admire their courage, but this is different."

"Different! I should say it is," grunted Paul. "If you haven't the courage to go back to school where everybody knows why you failed, and where they all like you, I'd like to know what you'd do if a flood poured into our house and carried off all your belongings."

I saw that Clara was struggling with tears, so changed the subject to the summer vacation camp in which both young people were greatly interested.

Two or three days later Clara called me up to say that she had decided that she could repeat even if it did take courage, and that her parents and friends were greatly delighted over her decision. "Perhaps it won't be so hard as it looks," she said. "Anyway, it is nothing compared with what some girls have had courage to do."

When I heard her voice with the ring of hope in it, I was glad indeed that I had met in the Ohio valley those brave young people whose fine courage will be an inspiration to many who hear their story.

It is a great thing to be able to begin again, whatever the cause of trouble or disaster may be. There is something splendidly heroic in people whom no disaster, no handicap, no combination of circumstances can defeat, who are not afraid to *begin all over again*.

—Margaret Slattery, in the *Wellspring*.

"Two things indicate a weak mind,—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent."

Work Never Ends

WHEN Palmerston was prime minister of England and working at the top notch of his strength, an acquaintance asked him:—

"When do you intend to rest?"

"I rest some part of every day; work I shall not cease until life ends."

Of President Jackson it was once asked:—

"Don't you ever grow tired of work?"

"Tired of work! Why, work is the medicine of my life; that's the one wholesome tonic that never gives out."

Idling to the unthinking seems a pleasure, whereas it is a miserable burden; a person without occupation is like a bird minus a guiding wing, a lighthouse without a light, a locomotive without steam. The mind is peevish and restless, the body languid, the nerves unstrung, the whole system out of harmony with all going on about it.

If we search the words of the great teachers of life,—Confucius, Guatama, Luther, and Melancthon, and the greatest of all, the Christ,—constant, regular occupation, work which does not interfere with wholesome exercise and needed sleep, is urged upon every human being as a sure source of contentment and happiness.

And of work there is never an end. No sun ever sets upon this globe that sees half of earth's real work accomplished. Something is always left unfinished for useful hands to take up with the coming of the dawn. This work, when it is at its best, aims to benefit not one, but all. It is work for humanity and self combined, work which lifts more than one soul out of the mire of low things.

Work is a blessing, not a curse; an inspiration, not a drag; a going forward, not backward, when it is rightly directed.—*Boys' World*.

Reproof for a Great Man

So many stories are told of Daniel Webster that one often wonders if they ever will all be told. The following is an account of a curious reproof that Webster once received at the hands of a farmer whom he met one day as he was out gunning.

The farmer in question evidently had more in mind than that hard work was the law of life rather than the fact that birds should be protected. Webster was walking along in eager pursuit of some game-birds when the farmer accosted him.

"I am told," said he, "that you do a large business in lawyering up-town."

"Yes," replied Webster, "I have a pretty good business."

"Make a good deal of money at it?"

"Yes," again answered Webster, "I sometimes get tolerably large fees."

"Well," said the farmer as he straightened up and looked at Webster very severely, "I should think that a man who can earn from three to five dollars a day ought to be in better business than shooting birds.—*Selected*.

BE ready to give support, but do not crave it. Do not be dependent upon it. To develop your own self-reliance you must see that your own life is a battle. You must fight for yourself. You must be your own soldier.—*Jordan*.

David and Goliath

WALTER J. PAULSON

AGAIN all Judah's hills rang out
 With the war trump and the battle shout,—
 The sound to arms, their foes to stay,
 And drive them from their fields away.
 Not long the land in peace had lain,
 Not long the glebe to break, the swain,
 Not long the flail in stout hands held,
 Not long the smith the share to weld,
 When from his task he must repair,
 To lend his aid in strife and war.
 Again the maid must wait with fear;
 Again doth fall the lone wife's tear;
 Again the mother's prayers ascend,
 That God her loved ones will defend
 Yea, Israel's daughters, pray and weep;
 Let Israel's housewives vigil keep;
 Let Israel's mothers bring God nigh
 By their petitions and their cry;
 Let prayer in all the land ascend
 That God will succor and defend
 His armed host, and to the right
 Will grant the triumph in the fight.
 When faith with your petition blends,
 Omnipotence an answer sends.

On north where Elah's vale runs deep,
 And promontory rises steep,
 Here Israel's host encampment made,
 And well within their bivouac stayed.
 On farther side, not distant far,
 The foe put up his camp of war;
 Nor ventured forth in plated mail,
 To try yon frowning heights to scale.
 And thus opposed, in voice and word
 Were all the combat warriors heard.

King Saul with spirit of unrest
 Was troubled much, and much perplexed:
 For forty days and forty nights
 Had Israel's men not left the heights;
 And twice each day, both morn and eve,
 A champion tall yon camp would leave.
 And venturing down yon sloping steep,
 Pour forth his voice in challenge deep:—

"Ho! Israel's men of war," he'd cry,
 "Send forth a man that he may ply
 With me the sword. If Israelite
 Comes out victorious in the fight,
 We Philistines, our camp, and all
 Accouterments of war shall fall
 Into your hands. If Philistine
 Doth kill, O Israel, man of thine,
 Then ye shall likewise all give o'er
 To us, and serve us evermore."

What man among all Israel's might,
 Dared venture forth such foe to fight?
 King Saul himself, with quakings riven,
 Dared not accept the challenge given.
 That man of Gath six cubits tall;
 The men of Israel were but small
 With him arrayed, and so with fear
 They listened to that challenge clear.

One day as Gath, with wonted ire,
 Was sounding forth his challenge strong,
 A shepherd lad, who would inquire
 His brethren's weal, did hear the note
 Of challenge, that with quakings smote
 All Israel's men and warriors old,
 Who oft in war had ere been bold.

"What means this stir? what means the cry
 Of yonder Gath? Doth he defy
 The armies of the living God?
 Is there no man 'mongst Israel's host,
 That dares belie yon heathen's boast?
 If not, I fain my aid would lend,
 And thus God's cause, and ours, defend."
 Thus spoke the lad, his spirits high;
 While thus his brother made reply:
 "What mean'st thou, braggart? Art thou mad?
 Thou art naught but a shepherd lad.
 Thou canst not match yon giant's steel;
 He'd trample thee beneath his heel."
 These words, howe'er, did not disturb
 The spirit that within him stirred.

Unto King Saul his words were told,
 Who bade to him this lad so bold
 Be brought. "Young man, dar'st thou essay
 To sally forth alone to slay
 Yon giant clad in plated steel?"

"Let not the king of Israel feel
 Afraid of yonder Philistine;
 For God will make the victory thine.
 O Israel's king, giv'st thou the word,
 And thou shalt find one Israelite
 Who darest to go forth and fight
 Yon foeman strong. Thou need'st not fear
 That I shall not prove fit compeer
 For Philistine. On Judah's slope,
 As shepherd lad, I once did cope
 With bear and also lion bold,
 That came to feed upon the fold.
 In strength of arm the bear I slew,
 The lion fared a like fate, too;
 And He who saved me from the bear
 And lion, now will have a care."

O'er Israel's king a new light broke,
 And with fresh courage thus he spoke:
 "My lad, thy courage I admire;
 Thy faith in God doth cause a fire
 To be rekindled in my breast,
 That sets my troubled soul at rest."

At Saul's command, a coat of steel,
 The king's own helmet, sword, and shield
 Were brought, that the young Ephrathite
 Might garb himself for coming fight.
 Howe'er, to one who ne'er had borne
 An armored coat nor helmet worn,
 Who ne'er before a sword did wield,
 And ne'er before had carried shield,
 These togs of war did ill become,
 And to him were but burdensome.

"This brazen helmet, coat of steel,
 I lay aside, my lord. I feel
 More confident with staff in hand,
 And shepherd sling at my command."
 With shepherd staff and shepherd throw,
 He thus advanced to meet the foe.

With startled gaze the Gath did view
 The shepherd lad that near him drew;
 Amazement quickened into ire,
 And thus he spoke, his soul afire:
 "Am I a dog, a canine low?
 I'll make thee feel a worthy foe!
 By the gods, ah, curses on thee,
 That with staves thou com'st to meet me;
 Food thou'lt be for beasts of woodland;
 In yon camp no more thou'lt stand."

In tones distinct and void of wrath,
 The lad replied to raging Gath:
 "In armored coat, with spear, and shield,
 And sword which thou alone canst wield,
 Thou comest forth prepared to fight
 'Gainst shepherd lad, an Israelite.
 I do not fear thine armed display:
 Our God still lives as in the day
 He brought us forth from bondage low,
 And saved us from Egyptian foe.
 The God, O Gath! defied by thee,
 Shall here award the victory.
 In strength of God I dare to stand
 With but a sling and staff in hand;
 And in this vale thy flesh shall lie,
 To feed the birds that yonder fly;
 And this assembly all shall know
 How God doth deal with heathen foe."

The shepherd lad, with firm-set face,
 Advanced toward Gath with rapid pace.
 No fear upon his face expressed,
 No terror hovered in his breast;
 His visage fair with courage shone,
 And faith in power not his own.
 A stone from out his scrip did take,
 And ready now his sling did make;
 While Gath in fury and disdain,
 Threw down his shield upon the plain,
 His visor's clasp a bit did free,
 That he the lad might better see.

Guard! giant, guard! Thy visor down!
 Thou art not dealing now with clown,
 Nor chief buffoon of lordly king.
 The dangers of a shepherd sling,
 In hands of one who wields with skill,
 Thou wilt not know, O Gath, until
 Thou feel'st its hurt, its smarting sting.

And now the lad doth poise the sling;
 And now the stone the sling doth leave,
 A pathway straight for Gath doth cleave.
 But mark yon giant's staggering stride!
 Hark! hear the cry. But to deride
 Was it? or was it that of pain?
 Ah, there the cry is heard again!
 He halts his pace; his hands unclasp.
 His sword and spear fall from his grasp;
 He totters; falls,—down, down doth go,
 As hay goes down before the mow.
 Yea, ne'er before was aim more true;
 Yea, never straighter marksman threw:
 That frontlet plate thus backward thrown,
 Left passage free for deadly stone;
 And there upon the vale between,
 Stretched out full length the Gath was seen.

And now the lad with hurried stride
 Drew near to fallen foeman's side.
 From where it lay, the ponderous brand,
 That did become but giant hand,
 The stripling raised. Thy gods, O Gath,
 Will not they stay the foeman's wrath?
 They hear thee not, nor see thee; nay,
 Impotent, deaf, and blind are they.
 Ere sun its path doth farther tread,
 Thou wilt be numbered with the dead.
 The lad doth hold the sword on high.
 (Know'st thou, O Gath, thou now must die?
 Nay, consciousness from thee hast flown,
 Embedded in thy brow the stone.)
 The gleaming blade doth now descend,
 With it Goliath's life doth end.
 Aside the brand the lad now threw,
 While by his locks held up to view
 The severed head of Philistine.

O Philistines, that yonder flee,
 How confident of victory
 But just an hour before; and now
 Defeat your spirits high doth bow;
 Dismay and fear your limbs give haste;
 Confusion wild your camp lays waste.
 Will ye return the tale to tell
 Of how yon armored giant fell?
 What will your women, old men, say?
 Will they extol? deride will they?

With shouts of fear that stricken horde
 Adown yon farther hillside poured.
 All Israel's mighty men of war
 Pursued the fleeing foe afar;
 "To Shaaraim, e'en unto Gath
 And unto Ekron," slew in wrath
 All Israel's men that fleeing horde;
 And all that day unsparing sword
 Wrought havoc 'mongst that lordly host,
 Till none were found on Israel's coast.

The "Evil" That God Creates

A WELL-KNOWN Bible teacher used to say, "The Bible does not mean what it says. It means what it means." While such a statement must be carefully guarded, it does suggest the solution for many puzzling passages in our English Bible. There is need often to remember that the Bible was not written in English, and reading a verse in its literal English sense may sometimes yield startling results. An Illinois reader inquires about such a passage, an examination of which will illustrate a useful principle in Bible study:—

"I should like to have your explanation of the words, 'I make peace, and create evil,' found in Isa. 45:7. I have always been taught that everything God made was good, and so cannot understand the sentence quoted. I have found no one that could give me a satisfactory explanation."

The verse in which these words occur reads: "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I am Jehovah, that doeth all these things."

Evil is right and just, when it is the sorrow and adversity that come as the fruit of sin. And this is the kind of "evil" that Jehovah "creates." The Hebrew word for evil in this verse is never translated "sin,"

although a dozen or more English words are used in different parts of the Old Testament to bring out its meaning. "The Companion Bible," referring to the King James Version, points out that the word is rendered "calamity" in Ps. 141:5; "adversity" in 1 Sam. 10:19; "affliction" in Num. 11:11; "trouble" in Ps. 41:1; "hurt" in Gen. 26:29.

It is interesting to note also how the context helps to the understanding of the true sense. Just as light is contrasted with darkness, in the clause "I form the light, and create darkness," so peace is in contrast with evil, or disturbance.

It may also be noted that the Hebrew word for "create" in this verse means rather "bring about." We should rejoice that Jehovah does bring about calamity, by making it the consequence of sin, and thus letting men see what sin's real character is. And we may rejoice more that this same Lord is he who makes calamity, and evil of every sort, work together for good to those who love him.—*Sunday School Times*.

Ministers' Sons

WOODROW WILSON, who is a minister's son, was asked by the Rev. Christian F. Reisner, "Why does the world so generally charge that ministers' sons go wrong?" Mr. Wilson responded, "Because it does not know the facts." Dr. Reisner says it is because the newspapers never publish the usual, but always the unusual; therefore a minister's son going to the bad is heralded, and a few like him establish the rule. Dr. Reisner examined "Who's Who," and found one name in twelve to be that of a minister's son; they are eighteen times as many as the sons of other professional men.

Among men who made their mark in English history, an investigator found 1,270 sons of ministers, 510 sons of lawyers, and 350 sons of doctors. Of the ninety-nine foreign members of the French Academy of Science one in every eight is a minister's son, and of the forty-eight foreign members of the English Academy of Science one in every six was reared in the atmosphere of a clerical home. The French scientist De Candolle says that "during 200 years the sons of clerical families have actually surpassed in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists the similar contributions of any other class of families."

For a Box of Paints

THERE is a man living in the city of New York who has a house on the Hudson River. His daughter and her family went to spend the winter with him, and in the course of the season the scarlet fever broke out. One little girl was put in quarantine. Every morning the aged grandfather used to go and bid his grandchild "Good-by" before going to his business. On one of these occasions the little child took the old man by the hand, and, leading him to a corner of the room, without saying a word she pointed to the floor where she had arranged some small crackers so they would spell out, "Grandpa, I want a box of paints." He said nothing. On his return home he went to the room as usual. His grandchild, without looking to see if her wish had been complied with, took him into the same corner, where he saw spelled out in the same way, "Grandpa, I thank you for the box of paints." That was faith.—*From "The Way to God."*



The Edentata

A PECULIAR group of mammals found in tropical regions, especially in South America, is known as the Edentata, or toothless mammals. To this group belong the lazy, tree-climbing sloth, ant-eater, pichiciago, pangolin, and armadillo.



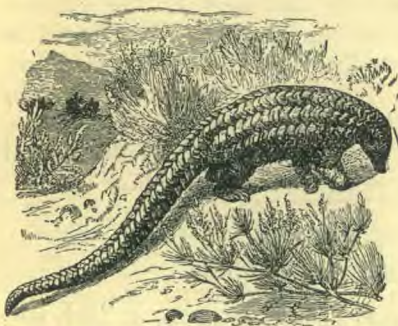
THE PICHICIAGO

The last two differ materially from the rest of the family in having a heavy armor-plate, covering head, body, and tail, and the pichiciago has a similar plate over the back. If attacked by panthers or jaguars, the armadillos and pangolins escape the enemy's assault unharmed by rolling themselves into a round ball, leaving no place vulnerable.

The armadillos are furnished with strong forefeet for burrowing. Sometimes their burrows are six or seven feet deep, and from one to two feet in diameter. They are omnivorous in their eating habits, and do their prospecting for food chiefly at night, so are known as nocturnal animals.

The Brazilians use the armadillo's carapace, or covering, when scraped and cleaned, for the body of guitars. Sometimes the tail is used as a trumpet.

From Texas to Patagonia the armadillo roams, pangolins abound in Africa and Asia, while the giant ant-eater claims South America as its home. Though the ant-eater lacks the mail-clad armor of the pangolin and armadillo, it is able to protect itself from its enemies by strategy. When sleeping, it is said to wrap itself into its large bushy tail, handsomely mimicking a heap of dried grass, and so escapes the notice of its enemies. If attacked, it rises upon its hind feet, and



THE PANGOLIN

with its forefeet tightly clasps its enemy, its strong claws being a match even for the jaguar. It rarely uses its strength except in defense. By means of its strong feet it can quickly demolish an ant-hill. Having done so, it proceeds by means of

its long sticky tongue to sweep up a large number of the bewildered inmates as they pour forth to learn the cause of the sudden demolition of their abode. The sloth, the sluggard of South American forests, is not without interest, though he lacks some of the peculiarly interesting features of his relatives. He is covered with hair of an unusual texture, counterfeiting the masses of moss which drape the tropical forests, and not infrequently it is given a green hue by a small plant which grows attached to it.

The sloth lives on the under side of the branches of trees, even sleeping in the precarious position shown in the accompanying cut. Its long arms permit it to scour quite a stretch of surrounding foliage without demanding a change of position on its part.

To the casual observer there seems to be no relationship in structure between the sloth or bushy ant-eater and the Edentata, but the keen eye of the scientist discovers a striking similarity in some essential features of classification; so we must always think of the curious animals described in this article as forming a harmonious family group of our tropical fauna.

Inventing a Game

A YOUNG magpie came into the possession of Mr. E. J. Banfield, who, in his book, "My Tropic Isle," gives an interesting account of the bird's accomplishments. It went in and out of the kitchen at will, and if by chance food was not spread out at the accustomed place, it protested loudly, and always effectively.

The bird spent many hours endeavoring to sing. No cultured relative was present to teach the notes of its kind, so that in default it learned the complete vocabulary of the domestic poultry, besides the more familiar calls and exclamations of its mistress.

A white-eared flycatcher took up its abode near the house, and the magpie, after a decent lapse of time, admitted the stranger to its companionship. The wild, larderless bird, however, had little time to play. All its wits and energies were devoted to the serious business of



THE ANT-EATER

life. It knew none of the games that the magpie invented except one, a kind of aerial "peep-bo," to which the more intelligent bird lured it by means of a prize.

The magpie found a moth, big of abdomen, fat, and brown, a tempting morsel to any insectivorous bird. Envious of the dainty, the wagtail fluttered and skipped about the magpie with cheerful chatter; but the fluttering moth, daintily held by the extremity of its body, was alternately presented and denied. While they danced about a bush, the magpie tantalizingly held the moth for acceptance and hopped off as the wagtail was about to snatch it. To the tame bird, fortified by the knowledge that its meals were provided, it was all fun. To the hungry wild one, the moth dangling temptingly before it and whipped disappointingly away, it was a game equally sincere, but of varied interest. The one assumed a whimsical air, chuckling in encouraging tones; the other took it all in earnest.

At last, unable to restrain an exclamation of delight, the magpie unwarily slackened its hold, and the moth fluttered off, to be snapped up on the instant by the wild bird, and gulped without ceremony.

After this the game was frequently played, but the magpie had invariably to make it worth the while of the wagtail by offering a prize in the shape of some tit-bit.—*Youth's Companion*.



THE SLOTH

A Great Navy of Fruit Ships

THE great part of the banana crop is raised on the shores and islands of the Caribbean Sea. Throughout the West Indies, Central America, and the northern shores of South America are to be found countless banana plantations, highly cultivated, covering thousands of acres. The moment the bunches of bananas have been severed from the trees every effort is made to rush the fruit to market with the least possible delay.

The great fleet of fruit steamers which bring us our banana supply are equipped with the latest form of refrigerating plants. Here the bananas are stored in great vaults, where an even temperature is maintained day and night throughout the voyage. A single fruit vessel will carry from thirty thousand to fifty thousand bunches, so that the cooling-rooms must naturally be large. As a rule, a special officer is placed in charge of the cooling machinery, and it is his sole duty to watch the thermometer and keep the banana holds at the right temperature throughout the voyage.

The plan of the framers of the new tariff law to levy a tax upon the familiar banana has unexpectedly stirred up a vigorous protest from all classes of consumers. The agitation has served to draw attention to the remarkable organization of the business of transporting bananas. The gathering and transportation of bananas presents unusual difficulties. The fruit is exceedingly perishable and must be picked while green, and rushed thousands of miles to the consumer in the few days which will elapse before it ripens. A delay of a few hours may make it necessary to throw overboard a large cargo at sea. Yet so care-

fully has this business of transportation been organized that millions of bananas are brought from the tropics and sold so cheaply as to be within the reach of all.

As an additional precaution several high-powered wireless telegraph stations have been installed about the Caribbean Sea to stand guard over these valuable cargoes. Every fruit vessel, in turn, has its wireless plant, so that the fruit is never out of touch with land. In the old days before wireless telegraphy, many a valuable cargo of bananas was lost through delay at sea. Today, if a fruit steamer is delayed from any cause, a wireless call is quickly sent out for help. The operators in the great wireless stations are constantly alert, on the lookout for such calls, and a few minutes later the owners of the ship in New Orleans, or Baltimore, or New York are notified of the danger. Assistance is rushed to the disabled steamer, and the cargo is expedited in every way. All these preparations are made to save a day, or perhaps a few hours, of valuable time in bringing the bananas to port. Once arrived, they are rushed upon railroad-trains to be hurried to their destination.

In the course of a year about 40,000,000 bunches of bananas were imported; in other words, some 2,500,000,000 bananas. This makes an average of about twenty-five for every man, woman, and child in the country.—*The Christian Herald*.

Telephone for Deaf-Mutes

A DEAF-MUTE of Lynn, Massachusetts, has invented what he calls a "deaf-mute's telephone," to enable these unfortunate people to converse rapidly, not only with one another, but with those who possess their hearing and speech, without having to use the finger-sign language. The new phone represents the work of a man and his wife, both deaf-mutes, assisted by their young son, who is almost blind.

The phone has an electric keyboard with the universal system arrangement of letters. This keyboard is connected by wire with the electric signal board, which is the talking-machine proper, consisting of thirty-six incandescent light globes, each having painted on the end of the bulb a large letter of the alphabet or one of the twelve numerals.

The deaf-mute who wishes to talk with another person presses the keys in order, spelling out the words as on a typewriter, his vis-à-vis reading off the letters as they flash up on the lamps. The keys come down on points of contact in the same manner as do the printing typewriter telegraph machines, instead of striking by means of a lever bar as does a typewriter key.

This does away with any false or lost motion, and insures perfect contacts. The keyboard, however, can be operated as quickly as an ordinary typewriter, and the letters can be read as quickly as they can be flashed up. Thus persons familiar with an ordinary universal typewriter keyboard could readily operate the machine, and with a little practise become expert at it.

The inventor has perfected his invention so that two machines can be installed in separate rooms,

some distance apart, and the conversation carried on swiftly and silently with more speed than on the ordinary phone.—*The Technical World Magazine*.



Photo by C. A. Rice

A BANDED ARMADILLO, TEXAS SPECIMEN

Industrial Uses of Sugar

IF all the sugar that is eaten in the course of a year were to be equally divided, every person in the world would have at least twenty pounds. But besides being used as food, sugar has many industrial uses. It is the cheapest form of a chemically pure carbohydrate, and is often used in place of starch, dextrin, or glucose. Sugar is frequently put in compounds for removing and preventing boiler scale. It is used in the manufacture of shoe-blackening, transparent soap, copying-ink, and ink-rollers for printing-presses. Certain explosives contain from six to forty per cent of it. It is employed in dyeing establishments, by tanneries for "filling" leather, and in a large number of other industries. Sugar has a hardening and strengthening action in mortar. The mortar used to rebuild the museum of natural history in Berlin consisted of one part lime, one part sand, and two parts sugar. A very small quantity, however, even as little as one quarter of one per cent, exerts a very harmful effect on cement.—*Selected*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

An American Boy

SOME years ago as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy whose intelligent eyes fixed the gentleman's attention. The boy inquired:—

"Please, sir, can you tell me of any one who would like a boy to work for him and learn to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents, sir," was the reply, "and have just come from the workhouse, because they would not teach me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his family. He soon acquired the confidence of Mr. Gallaudet by his faithfulness and honesty. He also learned to read, and was allowed the use of his master's library, whereby he made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary, after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, when he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him favor. To gratify his inclination for study, his kind master had a little room fitted up for him in the upper part of the shop, where he gave up his leisure time to his favorite pursuit. He made rapid attainments in mathematics, in the French language, and in other branches of learning.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation; "for what?"

"Please, sir, will you ask Mr. Gallaudet to call?" continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly, and at tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention of going to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished the means for defraying his expenses, and letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then the American minister to the court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, this youth demon-

strated his problem, amid the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction and went to the court of St. James, and gained a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society. He then returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and became professor of mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the emperor of all the Russias. It would be interesting to know whether his mind ever turned to his poorhouse days, and to his chance meeting with the good Mr. Gallaudet.

One today is worth two to-morrows. Boys, use your spare moments well. Had George Wilson been an idle boy, spending his evenings in the streets or in bad company, he would never have stood "before kings."—*Moravian*.



We are earning money to help build a home for Miss May Scott in Korea.

The Sometime Book

"NONSENSE, Nancy! You admit that you've no particular engagement, and 'some things you ought to do' is altogether too vague an excuse. Do come!" urged Josephine.

"I mustn't, Fina, really I mustn't!" protested Nancy, with a sigh. "It's true I've no engagement in particular, but I've several in general. It's almost the end of the month, and I've got to look over my Sometime book and begin crossing off. I've waited so long now that it's going to be all I can do to tuck everything into the next few days, and start fair again when the new month comes in."

"Nancy Norton, I don't know what you're talking about! What is a 'Sometime book'?"

"An engagement book, only with no dates in it. My engagements for definite dates I've always marked on my calendar, and I do still; but hitherto I've occasionally failed to remember my engagements that haven't a date, because there was nothing to remind me except my conscience, which didn't always do its duty."

"Then came Cousin Frances. I meant the last week of her visit to be the climax, but when I proposed my ideas, instead of being enthusiastic, as she had been about everything else, she just said, 'Why, Nancy, those are delightful plans—if there's time.' And when I wanted to know why there shouldn't be time, she began on a list of people I'd promised to call on, and places I'd promised to go, and seedlings

I'd promised from the garden, and books I was going to lend to girls who were reading up for club papers, and kimono patterns for people to embroider for invalid friends, and—well, she didn't finish, for I interrupted her. I told her none of those were things I'd promised to do at any special time, and that they could very well wait; they were only things to be done *sometime*.

"She shook her head. 'Some of them set their own dates,' she told me. 'Some of the women you promised to call on leave for the mountains next week; some of your seedlings are already getting too large to transplant; most persons who write papers want their books of reference early. I think, my dear, I'll have to give you a Sometime book like mine. I keep one every year, with Great-Grandmother Gray's pet saying written on the fly-leaf.'

"So she sent me this book as soon as she got home, and I'll never again get into such a tangle as I did in that last wild and whirling week before she left. I'll go with you sometime, Fina,—I'm writing it down, you see,—but not today."

"I'll have to be content with that, I suppose," assented Josephine, watching her curiously. "Let me see the fly-leaf with the motto, Nancy."

Nancy pushed the little book across the table, and Josephine read aloud:—

"If *sometime* means the *right* time, well and good; but if *sometime* means *any* time, and *any* time means *never*, then never promise *SOMETIME*."—*Selected*.

After the Teacher Had Failed

ONE particular Sunday the older boys in the primary department of a Sunday-school in a New England manufacturing town were filled with the exuberant spirit of youth. The frail little woman who was teaching the class lost control of the group. In the midst of the session an impromptu game of follow the leader was instituted, which resulted in half a dozen of these restless boys crawling on hands and knees under the pews down one side of the church and up the other. Disheartened and discouraged, the little teacher burst into tears and brought the session to a close. Her heart ached. She thought she had failed to touch the lives of the boys. It is more than twenty-five years since this episode happened.

Last winter I attended a large group meeting of Sunday-school superintendents in a Connecticut city. At the close of one of the papers, upon "Sunday-School Teachers Who Influenced Me," a successful professional man, himself one of the department superintendents of the largest Sunday-school in that city, said he wished to pay a tribute to one of his old Sunday-school teachers. Then he told of the procession of lint- and dust-covered boys who crawled under the pews in a Sunday-school more than a quarter of a century before, and of the tears of the faithful teacher. It was a realistic recital, for he had been the leader of that unruly contingent.

The tears of that teacher apparently softened those mischievous boys but little. They remained the same restless, care-free lads as before, and other teachers spent anxious moments with the class. But it seems that the boys did not forget those tears. The thought of them remained with one of the group until he became a young man and went to New York City and was subjected to peculiar temptations. In the great city, tempted, and without the love of Christ in his heart, he entered a religious meeting. There he had

a vision, and it was a vision of that frail little Sunday-school teacher weeping before her class of unruly boys in the home town more than a dozen years before. And it was the thought of that teacher, who loved her class, and wept because she thought she had failed, that led that young man to accept Christ that night.—*Stetson K. Ryan*.

For Whom Christ Died

A MEDICAL professor had before his class at a clinic a patient who had wrecked his life in dissipation. The professor said to the class in Latin, "Let us make an experiment upon this worthless body." But the patient was a college man, and to the surprise of the professor and students, he arose on his elbow and answered back in Latin, "For this worthless body Jesus Christ has died." So from every bit of the wreckage of humanity, and from every bit of your own soul life that is wrecked and broken comes the same response today.—*Adult Student*.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
N. Am. Div. Secretary
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, September 20

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

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; items of interest from our church paper. For this exercise have some one spend five minutes in giving interesting facts drawn from the issues of the *Review and Herald* since August 16.
2. Pioneer Missionaries in India and Burma. Have a symposium on the pioneers of Protestant missions in India. Allow three-minute talks on the more prominent missionaries, and one-minute talks on others selected. Any or all of the following merit your study: Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, Christian Swartz, William Carey, Adoniram Judson, Henry Martyn, Reginald Heber, Alexander Duff, James Thoburn, John Lowrie, John Newton, Royal Wilder, John Clough, Pandita Ramabai.
3. Success in the Christian Life, No. 19. We should shun worldly pleasure. Many are being shipwrecked on the shoals of pleasure seeking. 2 Tim. 3:1, 2, 4; James 5:5. They forget the time of reckoning (Eccl. 11:9; Isa. 17:10, 11), and refuse to be warned. Prov. 14:12, 13; Isa. 58:3. But worldly pleasure chokes out the spiritual life (Luke 8:14; 2 Thess. 2:12), and they are lost. 1 Tim. 5:6. Special care regarding the Sabbath. Isa. 58:13. Moses made a wise choice. Heb. 11:24-26.
4. For suggestive topic see Ps. 37:4. That is the true source of pleasure.

Let Me Tell You

What books will be read in the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses this year?

There are two courses. Senior Course No. 7 will contain the books "From Exile to Overthrow," "From Judaism to Christianity," and "Wild Life on the Rockies." Those who join the Junior Course No. 6 will read "The Black Bearded Barbarian," "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," and "In the Tiger Jungle."

How much time will it take to read the books in the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course?

By reading ten to twenty minutes a day, the work can be completed in eight months.

Where can I get the books?

Order all books from your conference tract society or from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

What will the books cost me?

"From Exile to Overthrow" is 60 cents; "From Judaism to Christianity," 85 cents; and "Wild Life in the Rockies," \$1.10. All the Senior books, if ordered at one time, will cost \$2.50 post-paid.

"The Black Bearded Barbarian" is 60 cents; "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," 75 cents; and "In the Tiger Jungle," 85 cents. The entire set of Junior books will be sent post-paid for \$2.

When do the courses begin?

The courses begin about October 1. The first assignments will appear in the INSTRUCTOR of September 30.

Are there any examinations to take?

No, there are no examinations, but in each course three written reviews are required. The books may be used in answering the questions, and the answers should be sent to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. These reviews are the only evidence that the secretary has that those enrolled are following up the work.

Why does the secretary desire this definite information?

For the evidence it furnishes that you are putting good material into your character building; and that your name may be recommended to the North American Missionary Volunteer Department for a Reading Course certificate.

But these certificates are of no value, are they?

Yes, they are valuable. They are awards of merit showing that you possess "stickability." One college president says, "The Reading Course certificates are an excellent letter of recommendation for young people who are entering our schools. They indicate habits of systematic study and interest in the best things."

How can I enroll?

Send your name and address to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, stating which course you wish to take.

What are the gift-books spoken of in connection with the Reading Courses?

During 1914 the Missionary Volunteer Department will give a book to any young person holding three Reading Course certificates. The list for 1914 can be found in the Reading Course Leaflet for 1913-14.

I see no good reasons for taking either course. Why do you urge young people to enroll?

It would require a good-sized book to answer that question fully. Hundreds of young people follow up the courses year after year. Think of what choice libraries they are building up. What splendid information they are getting of missions! They are becoming acquainted with earnest, enthusiastic, Christian workers, who pioneered the work of the gospel in the regions beyond, and they are also making friends of some of the most helpful books in devotional subjects and other phases of character building. But read the books yourself and you will have a good answer to your own question. Only the supremely helpful books find their way into the Reading Courses; reading them cultivates a taste for the best books, and a taste for good literature leads one into the best company and is a great factor in the formation of a noble character.



XII — Message to Pharaoh

(September 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 5, 7.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 259-265.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Ex. 6: 7.

Questions

1. When Moses and Aaron went before Pharaoh, what did they say to him? Ex. 5: 1.
2. What was Pharaoh's proud answer? Verse 2; note 1.
3. How did Moses and Aaron reason further with the king? Verse 3.
4. Of what did the king accuse Moses and Aaron? Verses 4, 5; note 2.
5. How did Pharaoh plan to make the condition of his bondmen more bitter? Verses 6-9.
6. How did the cruel work go on under the taskmasters? Verses 10-13.
7. How were the Hebrew overseers treated? Verse 14; note 3.
8. What complaint did the people make to Moses and Aaron? Verses 20, 21.
9. How did Moses pass this complaint on to the Lord? Verses 22, 23.
10. How did God say he would deal with the Egyptians, and for what reason? Ex. 7: 1-5; note 4. What does the Lord promise to us as well as to the Israelites? Memory verse.
11. What were the ages of Moses and Aaron at this time? Verse 7.
12. What miracle did they work before Pharaoh at God's command? Verses 8-10.
13. Whom did the king call in? What did they do? Verses 11, 12; note 5.
14. Because of the hardness of Pharaoh's heart, what were Moses and Aaron commanded to do? Verses 13-18.
15. When they performed the miracle, what did the magicians then pretend to do? Verses 19-22.
16. What effect did the work of the magicians have upon the king? Verses 22, 23.
17. What did the Egyptians do for water to drink? How long did the water remain blood? Verses 24, 25.

Notes

1. This king was not the same one who was on the throne when Moses was in Egypt forty years before. That king was dead, as God had told Moses in Midian. The kings of Egypt all had the name, or title, of Pharaoh.
2. Pharaoh accused Moses and Aaron of hindering the Israelites from their work, and of making them rest from their burdens. The Israelites had been driven so hard by the Egyptians that they could not keep the Sabbath. "But Moses had shown his people that obedience to God was the first condition of deliverance; and the efforts made to restore the observance of the Sabbath had come to the notice of their oppressors."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 260.
3. "The most common building material of that country was sun-dried brick," and great numbers of the slaves were kept busy making brick. Cut straw was mixed with the clay to hold it together, and much straw was needed. How cruel of Pharaoh to refuse to furnish straw, yet still require the

same number of bricks! No wonder the poor Hebrews felt that they were worse off than before Moses came to deliver them.

4. God always has a reason for doing things. He not only had a lesson for the Egyptians in this,—to teach them that he was the Lord and mighty to do signs and wonders,—but his own people also needed lessons. "The Hebrews expected to obtain their freedom without any special trial of their faith, or any real suffering or hardship. But they were not yet prepared for deliverance." Many had become very much like the Egyptians around them. These had no great desire to leave Egypt. How is it with God's professed people at this time? God is waiting to deliver us from the Egypt of sin. Are we getting ready to go into the "promised land"? Is God trying our faith as he tested the faith of the children of Israel?

5. "The magicians did not really cause their rods to become serpents; but by magic, aided by the great deceiver, they were able to produce this appearance. It was beyond the power of Satan to change the rods to living serpents. . . . He produced a counterfeit."—*Id.*, page 264.

XII—Maintaining Good Works; Avoiding Contention; Closing Words of Instruction

(September 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Titus 3:8-15.

Questions

1. What does Paul urge Titus faithfully to affirm? What are these things declared to be to those who maintain good works? Titus 3:8; note 1.
2. What influence will good works have upon others? Matt. 5:16; 1 Peter 2:12. Compare 1 Peter 3:1.
3. In what may we be rich? 1 Tim. 6:18.
4. Unto what are we created? Eph. 2:10.
5. By what power are those good works wrought? Isa. 26:12; Phil. 2:12, 13. Compare Heb. 13:20, 21.
6. What are we admonished to avoid? Why? Titus 3:9; note 2.
7. What similar instruction was given by Paul to Timothy? 1 Tim. 1:4; 2 Tim. 2:23, 24.
8. What course should be taken toward one who is a heretic? If he refuses to heed admonition, what should be done? How is he condemned? Titus 3:10, 11; note 3.
9. Whom would Paul send to Titus? What had Paul determined to do? Whom should Titus set forth on their journey? Titus 3:12, 13.
10. To what church was Tychicus subsequently sent? 2 Tim. 4:12.
11. Concerning what does Paul again give instruction? Titus 3:14. See margin. Note 4.
12. How may unfruitfulness be prevented? John 15:5; Phil. 4:15-18.
13. What final greetings does the apostle convey? What is his closing benediction? Titus 3:15; note 5.

Notes

1. "Keeping the commandments of God requires of us good works, self-denial, self-sacrifice, and devotion for the good of others; not that our good works alone can save us, but that we surely cannot be saved without good works. After we have done all that we are capable of doing, we are then to say, 'We have done no more than our duty, and at best are unprofitable servants, unworthy of the smallest favor from God. Christ must be our righteousness, and the crown of our rejoicing.'—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. III, page 526.

"Some may say it is exalting our own merits to expect favor from God through our good works. True, we cannot buy one victory with our good works; yet we cannot be victors without them. The purchase which Christ recommends to us is only complying with the conditions he has given us. True grace, which is of inestimable value, and which will endure the test of trial and adversity, is only obtained through faith, and humble, prayerful obedience."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, page 89.

"You may believe all the truth, yet if its principles are not carried out in your lives, your profession will not save you. Satan believes and trembles. He works. He knows his time is short, and he has come down in great power to do his evil

works according to his faith. But God's professed people do not support their faith by their works. They believe in the shortness of time, yet grasp just as eagerly after this world's goods as if the world were to stand a thousand years as it now is."—*Id.*, Vol. II, page 161.

2. The law mentioned by Paul in Rom. 7:12, 14, is spiritual and holy, "and the commandment holy, and just, and good." That which is holy, just, good, and spiritual must be moral, hence the designation *moral law*. The law referred to by him in Eph. 2:15 and in Heb. 9:10 is one of carnal ordinances, or rites or ceremonies (marginal reading). A law that consists of rites and ceremonies is very properly called a ritual or ceremonial law. That is evidently the law referred to in Titus 3:9.

3. We have here the only instance in which the word heretic occurs in the Bible. The term heresy is found in a few passages. But those holding or teaching unscriptural doctrines (heretics) are merely to be avoided. Rom. 16:17. Nothing whatever is said about inflicting upon them any other punishment than to part company with them.

4. The subject of "good works" is especially emphasized in this epistle. Titus was to be "a pattern of good works." God will have "a people zealous of good works," and it is stated that we should learn to "maintain good works." The marginal reading in Titus 3:14 is "profess honest trades." Every one should have some useful occupation. This is for the purpose of meeting the temporal needs of ourselves and others. Our Father knows we have need of these things, and will "add" them to us, but we must work to help provide them.

5. "We see from the above letter that Titus was desired to join St. Paul at Nicopolis, where the apostle designed to winter. We learn from an incidental notice elsewhere that the route he pursued was from Ephesus to Miletus, where his old companion Trophimus remained behind from sickness, and thence to Corinth, where he left Erastus, the former treasurer of that city, whom, perhaps, he had expected, or wished, to accompany him in his farther progress. The position of Nicopolis would render it a good center for operating upon the surrounding province; and thence St. Paul might make excursions to those churches of Illyricum which he perhaps founded himself at an earlier period. The city which was thus chosen as the last scene of the apostle's labors, before his final imprisonment, is more celebrated for its origin than for its subsequent history. It was founded by Augustus, as a permanent memorial of the victory of Actium, and stood upon the site of the camp occupied by his land forces before that battle."—*Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, Conybeare and Howson, People's Edition, page 884.

Why You Should Succeed

THERE is a saying among the British people that the British soldier can be just as brave as any soldier in the world, and be brave for fifteen minutes longer. It is often that last fifteen minutes that wins the battle. The beginning of a task may be easy; to keep at it will be harder; and to keep at it till it is really done is the hardest of all.

One of the most pathetic facts in the world is that so many give up before they reach the end.

How can we make ourselves persevere? That is the practical side of this subject. What can we do to make sure that we shall not be among those who drop out of the race? What can we say to others that will help them to stay on the course till the race is run?

The great thing in running a race or doing a task is to keep one's heart on the goal. It is important to watch one's step and to take account of present circumstances, and be careful that each movement is skillfully made, but the thing that keeps us successfully at the task is the pull of the prize at the end.

Another motive that should keep us true is the realization that if we slip, some one else will go down too. "None of us liveth to himself." Every life is linked with other lives. If you persevere, others will persevere; if you fail, others will fail.—*Christian Herald*.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things *that money can't buy*.—*Lorimer*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Killed by Slander

SLANDER, it is said, killed Mrs. Andrew Jackson, the wife of our President. When but seventeen years of age, Mrs. Jackson, who was then Miss Rachel Donelson, was married to Mr. Lewis Robards, a man who had a title and the reputation of coming from one of the "first families." He was, however, possessed of a bearish, faultfinding, jealous disposition. It is said that without the slightest reason for so doing Mr. Robards would, whenever he heard of a man's speaking to his wife, become insanely jealous, and would make life miserable for her.

Finally their relations became so strained that he sent her to her mother's home. A reconciliation was later made, and Mrs. Robards returned to her husband. But Mr. Robards without cause became so jealous that he again sent his wife to her mother's home.

After two years it was rumored that the legislature of Virginia had granted Captain Robards a divorce, so Mrs. Robards and Andrew Jackson, a young lawyer, were married. After Mr. Jackson was nominated for the presidency, his political enemies discovered that the divorce had not been really granted until after Jackson's marriage, whereupon Mr. Jackson had the ceremony again performed.

"The story of the Jackson's home life in Tennessee is a delightful one. Mrs. Jackson, having found a haven at last for her troubles, blossomed out like a thirsty wild flower after a rain, finding the keenest delight in all the simple pleasures of a real home. Those were the days of lavish hospitality, and the Jackson plantation was the center of neighborhood gaieties. Particularly did Mrs. Jackson delight in having young people around her, and there were many boys and girls to whom she was 'Aunt Rachel.'

"The general was the prince of hospitality, not because he entertained a great many people, but because the poor belated peddler was as welcome as the President of the United States, and was made so much at ease that he felt as if he had got home.

"And as for Mrs. Jackson, no bashful youth or plain old man whose modesty set him down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left.

"When in the summer of 1819, Mr. Jackson built a new house, it was built entirely to conform to her desires. Rose vines clustered over great columns, and

it was set in a rich wilderness of foliage. The devotion that both Jackson and his wife felt for this place is almost pathetic. When he was appointed governor of Florida in 1821 and had to go there to live, we find them both longing for their sunny home in Tennessee. And in 1828, when Jackson was nominated for the presidency, his wife regretted that his election would mean leaving the Hermitage.

"Mr. Jackson's political enemies were not slow to make capital of the story of his wife's divorce. It seems a curious thing that after more than thirty years of blameless happiness so much could have been made of so small a thing. But stories were told and printed up and down the country that form a pitiable commentary on the political ethics of the day. Mr. Jackson did his best to shield his wife from the knowledge of the wretched tales, but one day while she was in the parlor of an inn in Nashville she overheard two men in the next room discussing her with the easy assurance with which we treat our public men and their families. Her horror at the things they said brought on a heart attack,—she had for some time been in precarious health,—and a few days later she died.

"Mr. Jackson had already been elected President. The gray-haired fighter's grief over his wife's death was boundless, and more than one man and woman who had been instrumental in spreading the stories felt the weight of his wrath in later days in Washington. No man, indeed, ever ventured to question a woman's reputation in the presence of the President, it is said; and there are tales of men who were deprived of office for this very thing. 'Old Hickory,' as the President was called, always a chevalier, became the champion of women everywhere, and so remained until his death."

Sad as is the story of Mrs. Jackson's decease, it is sadder still to know that many other men and women have followed her into an untimely grave because of similar unkind treatment at the hand of social or political enemies. Happy is he who will not at the judgment-day be called to account for lives wrecked through a slanderous tongue.

Battle Creek College Association

THIS association was formed at the last General Conference. It consists of all Battle Creek College teachers and students who will send to the secretary their address, last year in the college, course of study from which graduated, present office or occupation, and fifty cents membership fee. To all such a booklet will be mailed, containing a report of the Battle Creek College reunion, report of organization of association, constitution and by-laws, names of charter members, addresses of two hundred and fifty old students and teachers. Charter membership list open till Jan. 1, 1914. Large photograph of nearly one hundred old teachers and students for fifty cents. Address C. C. Lewis, secretary, Takoma Park, D. C.

"A RED glass makes everything seen through it red, while blue glass turns everything blue; so when every one seems to you selfish or cross, perhaps the fault is in you."

HENRY M. STANLEY testified that the beauty of holiness in the life of David Livingstone won him to Christ.