

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

September 30, 1913

No. 39



The Perry Pictures

A MILLION-DOLLAR training-school is proposed by the Salvation Army in New York as a memorial to Gen. William Booth.

MAYOR GAYNOR of New York City died September 10 while en route to Europe. The injury received from his attempted assassination in 1910 was the cause of his demise.

THE African Christian can grasp Christian doctrine readily, and can express it forcefully and beautifully. A young convert said recently, "God allowed sin to unmask itself in the murder of his Son."

ON August 15, a statue was unveiled at Southampton, England, in honor of the Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed from that port in the "Mayflower" on Aug. 15, 1620. The American ambassador, Walter H. Page, gave the dedicatory address.

ON August 4 the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered cuts in express rates that will cost express companies approximately \$26,000,000 a year, or sixteen per cent of their gross revenue. The rates are to go into effect on October 15.

DR. PIERRE ROUX, director of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, announced to the Academy of Sciences on August 5 his discovery of an anticholera serum. He claimed that monkeys infected with cholera have been perfectly cured by inoculation with the serum.

ACCORDING to Mr. Crawford, who has been a missionary in Africa for many years, the African is extremely poetic. He sees things in pictures and expresses his ideas in language that is essentially poetic. "Every man is his own Wordsworth," says Mr. Crawford.

THE World's Temperance Sunday, November 2, is to be used by the Anti-Saloon League as an opportunity and a call to distribute temperance literature; and they intend to respond to the amount of *four* tons. What are you going to do in response to this opportunity to strike a blow at the two great evils that menace our boys and men?

THE total output of the Methodist Book Concern in 1912 was \$3,250,000. The profits were \$490,978.53; net earnings on assets, 16.89 per cent; present gross assets, \$5,600,000. Clearly a well-conducted business! The income goes to church extension, missions, and other philanthropic purposes.

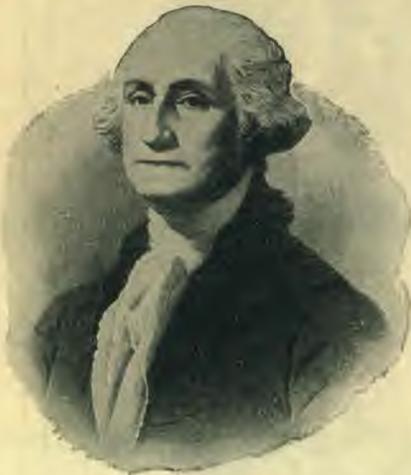
THE new parcel-post rules that went into effect on August 15 make the weight limit for parcels twenty pounds instead of eleven, and local rates are reduced. Banking by mail has also been introduced into the postal-savings system so that depositors living in remote districts may avail themselves of the benefits of the system.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
A Visit to Tinneveli, or Among the Tamil Sabbath-Keepers	3
Early Recollections and Personal Experiences	4
The Way of Rome	6
The Influence of Good Reading	6
Seeing a Language Grow	8
Yes and No	8
Creation Cited Against Agnosticism	11
Clean the Lamps! (poetry)	13
SELECTIONS	
In Debt to the Company	9
The Girl to Be Avoided	9
Camels in Texas	10
Getting Rid of the Hudson	10
The Rescue of Little White Wings	12

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PARTIAL CONTENTS

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Catholics and Protestants Have Equal Rights
Religion in the Public Schools
American Principles of Freedom
National Reformism—A Layman's View
Struggles for Freedom
Congressman Bartholdt on Personal Liberty and Sunday Legislation
Forces Antagonistic to America
Freedom of Speech
Religious Liberty in the Philippines
Roger Williams, "the First American"
World's Christian Citizenship Conference
Constantine's Sophistry Practised on Americans
Jefferson's Prophecy Nearing Fulfilment
Voluntary Religion an American Policy
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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 30, 1913

No. 39

A Visit to Tinneveli, or Among the Tamil Sabbath-Keepers

V. E. PEUGH



SHORTLY after reaching south India, Mrs. Peugh and I, in company with other workers, made a visit to the mission station at Nazareth, and assisted in the colporteurs' institute, which was held there for our native workers who are selling the Tamil journal, the *Present Truth*.

We took the train at Trichinopoli, and after traveling one night and until about eleven o'clock the next

room, we saw the people all quietly seated on the floor in perfect order. The women and girls were on one side of the room, and the men and boys were on the opposite side.

This people show great reverence for the place of worship. As they enter the room, they quietly kneel for a few minutes in silent prayer before being seated. The opening exercises were conducted in much the same order as those in the home land. After the opening prayer the superintendent gave a brief review of the previous Sabbath's lesson, asking many questions of the congregation, and even the children showed by the intelligent answers given that they had a good knowledge of the lesson.

After the review was over, the children arose and passed out to the veranda, and were seated in classes of from six to eight. The older members gathered in classes of about the same number in different parts of the room. The teachers showed marked ability in teaching their classes, and the students seemed to pay perfect attention. We were informed later that all the teachers of this school gather one hour each week, with the superintendent, for a genuine teachers' meeting.

At the close of the study our hearts were again touched by the willingness with which the offerings were given. Those who had money gave willingly of their mite, and others brought such things as were to be found in their homes. Some brought small baskets of rice and other kinds of grain, eggs, chickens with



BY BULLOCK-BANDY TO NAZARETH

day, we reached Tinneveli Bridge, which is the nearest railway station to Nazareth. Here we hired bullock-carts as a means of conveyance for the remaining twenty-three miles of our journey. It was nine o'clock when we reached the mission station that night, and as we alighted from our bullock-bandy, the natives crowded about to see what sort of looking people we were.

It is the custom of this people to extend some kind of formal welcome to those coming among them, and as soon as breakfast was over the next morning we were asked to be seated on the front veranda of the mission bungalow. About us soon were gathered one hundred and fifty men, women, and children. The children of our school sang one or two native hymns in their own tongue, after which men came forward and placed garlands of flowers around our necks and limes and balls of flowers in our hands. On the table in front of us was placed a large bunch of plantains (bananas) and a heaping plate of sugar. A welcome address then was given by one of the older men, after which we each were asked to say a few words. As we were unable to speak the Tamil language, we were obliged to speak through an interpreter. After we had spoken, they all gathered about to salaam us and to speak words of appreciation for our having come among them.

A Tamil Sabbath-School

It was with impatience that we waited on Sabbath morning for the opening hour of the Sabbath-school. The Sabbath-school at Nazareth is held in the schoolhouse, for we have no church building at that place. The hour came, and as we made our way toward the schoolhouse, we could hear the voices of the aged, middle-aged, and children all raised in singing praise to God. The tune sounded familiar, but the words were very strange to our ears. As we entered the



OUR WELCOME AT NAZARETH

their legs tied together, butter, oil, and many kinds of native vegetables and fruits. These offerings were laid on the floor in front of the superintendent's desk. The children of our boarding-school also desired to have some kind of offering to bring, so they asked if they might go without one meal each week, and the cost of this meal be given for a Sabbath-school donation. They were permitted to do this, and since then they have never failed to give a Sabbath-school offering.

The people of Tinneveli District seem to believe

that a Seventh-day Adventist missionary has a panacea for all kinds of aches and pains. Upon our landing in Nazareth the news was scattered abroad throughout the villages for miles about, and the people came bringing their sick ones to the bungalow in search of the European missionary, in hope that some relief might be given them. We had been in the place but a few hours when a father and mother from a village a mile away brought their sick child and begged us to do something to save its life.

The very next day after reaching Nazareth I was called out into the village to see a man who had fallen from a palmira-tree. His arm had been severely broken in three places, and he had gone to a native bone-setter, who had failed to place the bones so that they would knit. When we reached the place where the poor man was, I found him lying on the hard, damp ground without a thing under him. Upon removing the dry, filthy leaves that had been bound around his arm by the native doctor, I found that decomposition had already set in; the only means of saving his life was to hurry him off to the nearest hospital, twenty-three miles away, and have his arm amputated. This is only one example out of hundreds where these poor people continue to be treated by the ignorant, superstitious native physicians until the last ray of hope is past.

The next day I was called out into the village to see a sick woman. She had been treated by a superstitious person, who had given her some poisonous medicine, thus causing her to lie in an unconscious state of mind for several hours.

The European missionary should also know something about dentistry, as dentists in the villages are almost unknown. During the few days that I remained in Nazareth, I was obliged to extract several teeth. It caused me to feel thankful for my previous training in the dentistry class at the Foreign Mission Seminary.

I would say to the young people in the home land who anticipate entering the foreign field, Put forth an effort to acquire all the knowledge possible along medical lines.

The Day-School

Well-organized schools seem to be one of the very best means of placing the gospel before the people of India. Many heathen children have attended our school at Nazareth; their only desire at first was to receive knowledge, but after a few weeks they became interested in the truth of God. They, in turn, carry the good news to their parents, and in this way both parents and children are brought to a knowledge of the truths for this time.

At present, the enrolment of the school is about one hundred, and a large number of these are from heathen homes. Six consecrated teachers and a head master are employed, and the high standard of the work done shows that they are putting their hearts into it. The Sabbath before we left Nazareth, Elder James baptized eighteen persons, eight of whom were members of the school.

Our short visit at this place caused us to feel the great need of more consecrated missionaries.



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT NAZARETH

Early Recollections and Personal Experiences

It was in the year 1851 that the Sabbath truth found its way to my early home. The family must have been conversant with

the great advent movement just past, since they had the prophetic chart, and were readers of the little paper called the *Midnight Cry*, of which my mother's stepbrother, Nathaniel Southard, was editor. He was a Baptist minister, a man of deep piety, who died soon after the disappointment.

My first memories are of hearing the soon coming of Jesus much talked about in our home, and to my young mind it seemed the sweetest subject of conversation and a much-to-be-desired event, but as yet my mother had received no light concerning the disappointment in 1844.

We were entirely isolated from those who were prayerfully studying for further light upon the prophecies. But God knew where there were two true-hearted women, my mother and my oldest sister, who would gladly help to make up the breach made in the law of God by the "man of sin," the Papacy; and one day a messenger came over that long, lonely, winding road among the hills of northern Vermont, to our door, laden with the precious news that light was dawning, that it was not all a mistake, that the threefold message of Rev. 14:6-12 was now due to complete the message of present truth.

An explanation of the subjects of the sanctuary and the judgment cleared up the mystery. In the great spiritual awakening just prior to the date mentioned, when Christians of all denominations expected soon to welcome the Saviour coming to take his people home, Rev. 14:6, 7, had been fulfilled:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

Those were precious days of waiting. Surely, we thought, Jesus will soon come. It will not be long—a few years at most—for the work to be finished;



HEAD MASTER OF THE SCHOOL, AND HIS WIFE, WHO TEACHES

and this simple faith gave inspiration to the believers. God mercifully covered the long stretch of waiting, working, watching, and praying that would intervene before deliverance, lest we should be discouraged. We walked by faith, and worked and sacrificed as if each day were the last. Nothing was too good to be laid on the altar. Many gave all to send the printed page out into the world, and it was a bright day at our home when one of the messengers would come with words of cheer. Their visits seemed to me like angel visits, and I remember going to my mother to whisper to her, to ask if they would pray with us before they left; and the prayers of those early Adventists were something to be remembered. There was present a wonderful, mighty power. God revealed himself to them in a marked manner during their praying seasons. They seemed to catch glimpses of the heavenly glory. They seemed to be talking with God, as friend talks with friend. They lived as seeing him who is invisible, into whose presence they expected to be soon taken. The real expectation of translation, the daily "patient waiting for Christ," will keep the life pure. It will drive out the world, and will keep one in close touch with God. Such was the experience of those dear people. This hope was a reality to them, a vital issue. It was the one absorbing thought and the spring of all their actions.

The sifting that came with the disappointment had served a purpose. It had shaken out those who had been carried along with the current, because of the force of the arguments or through excitement, and it had prepared the few that were left to take up the work with great care, and to walk softly before the Lord. When God would deliver Israel by the leadership of Gideon, the army was decreased by the removal of twenty-two thousand at one stroke; and again by the second test, it was brought down to three hundred, who were so intent upon the work before them that they "took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets," not even taking time fully to quench their thirst, as they passed the water. These tested and tried ones he could trust. It is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Every page of literature, as fast as printed, found its way to our door, and was treasured more than gold.

And those precious hymns! How the memory of them still lingers!—

"The Lord is coming, let this be
The herald note of jubilee;
And when we meet, and when we part,
The salutation from each heart.
The Lord is coming, sound it forth
From east to west, from south to north.
Speed on, speed on the tidings glad,
That none who love him may be sad."

Those were precious days. How I love to recall them! God had respect to the simple trust that enabled the believers to go on with nothing except naked faith to walk by, and he came very near to us.

But the Saviour lingered. The work increased. Believers multiplied in northern Vermont, until there was a small company in Sutton and Wheelock, with scattered families in adjoining towns, and my sister went to teach their children. This was one of the first church-schools in the denomination, and some are still living who attended that school. But how we missed her at home! I remember well the little corner curtained off in the open, unfinished chamber, which was our place of prayer. It was the secret place of the Most High to the tried ones, but they came forth from the purifying fires with only the cords that bound

them burned away, and the form of the Fourth was with them. Death soon claimed the dear one, and in sorrow we laid her away to sleep in Jesus until he shall break the fetters and unseal the tombs and set the captives free. It was a great grief to my mother to lose the one who had passed through such sacred experiences with her. There was now no one to join her in prayer for the unconverted ones of the family who were going out into the world unsaved. The experience I had had was only that of a child, not sufficient for older years of accountability, and there was a period of lack of spiritual growth; yet I was always hungry and longing for something I did not possess. I had never had church privileges and associations with those of like faith, and had never been baptized, but I longed to hear preaching, and would often attend the revival services of the Methodists, because I loved to hear their exhortations and invitations to come to Christ. I would weep with the longing to go, and yet I was bound. As I tried to find peace, my convictions only deepened. The struggle was so severe that I suffered greatly. My health failed, and I often wept in despair, thinking that I was hopelessly lost.

It was here that I met the one who was to be my companion in the narrow way. God brought us together. I was groping for light as to real Christian experience, and he, already in possession of good, old-fashioned Methodist religion, received the third angel's message, and together we started out in true Sabbath-keeping. He had already begun his public labors among his former brethren, but God had other work for him in the remnant church.

I was baptized into the Adventist Church at a camp-meeting, but never had the privilege of attending services with the church of which we became members. We were always isolated until we went into the field as workers, but I think we obtained richer experiences from the very fact that we had only God to go to in trouble. I wish to relate some of these experiences, both for the sake of preserving the memory of them and also for the encouragement of others who need the help that only God can give.

There was a period of great physical weakness and suffering for me. Several times I was brought very low, and there were years in which life was a weary burden of pain. There were heavy debts which cramped and overworked us, but I am thankful that I knew that sweetest, purest joy of earth, the joy of motherhood sanctified by the birth of the Babe in the manger. O mother, how do you look upon those treasures lent you from Heaven? Are those pure, sweet lives committed to your care being safely and jealously guarded? A little being was laid in your bosom, and you whispered to yourself the dearest word in the language, mother. Did you not understand God better, and could you not better comprehend what pure, unselfish love is, love which literally gives up its own life for another? Those mocking soldiers little knew the sweet meaning of those taunting words, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." No matter where the mother-love is found, even in our dumb animal friends, it is always self-denial. The poor little feathered mother will deny herself until she becomes weak and thin, to feed her brood; and how fiercely she will fly into the face of danger to protect her young!

Girls, be kind to your mother; heed her counsel. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she can tell very quickly when her child is in danger. Do not slight her warnings, and do not allow any pretended

friend to come between you two. It is safe to heed her advice, and it is weak to be influenced by any pretended friend. Besides, think how you wrong the dearest friend on earth. You little dream of the keen, sharp agony of a mother who sees her child in danger, and yet unmindful of her entreaties. Her love for you is far deeper than that of any other person on earth. If a passion has taken possession of you, it will soon wear away, and the one who claims such devotion will soon be worshiping at another shrine; but mother's love grows deeper with the passing years, and the time will never come that you do not need her counsel.

True love is won by true worth and true merit. If there is lacking in your friend the Christian principle that will lead him to do right because it is right, rather than because it is more respectable, you are safer without him, even as you are if he is not of pure principles. In either case you are running a great risk. You may be meddling with firebrands, arrows, and death. Godly parents are the natural advisers of their children. Prize them while they are with you, and make it your business to shield them from pain, instead of bringing pain to them.

Four sweet babes came to us, but the Lord laid away two, to keep for us. We folded the dear little hands across the still bosoms, kissed the cold foreheads, and with torn and aching hearts laid them away to sleep. We did not mourn for them, because we knew it was well with them. But our own hearts were so lonely, our arms so empty! But how comforting to know that they were forever safe from all sorrow and pain, and never to be subjected to the temptations of a cruel foe; and we knew that in the glad morning of the resurrection, if faithful, we should see them again. We could not rebel, when God had so kindly lent them to us just to love for a little while, and be made better by the loving. Their gentle ministry had done its work in our home, and had drawn us nearer to God. When the first went away, our love was left entirely empty, and I shall never forget the silence so oppressive and sad. But I am glad now that little Freddie is not in this world. He is safer at rest. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Many a time he has had to take the lambs to win the sheep to follow. We needed the chastening.

Those were days when we so often had to look to God for help, and found him a very present help in time of trouble. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and we should never know what a mighty helper we have if we never had opportunity to prove him.

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.

(To be concluded)

The Way of Rome

QUITE recently a young girl tried to make her escape from the Home of the Good Shepherd, a Catholic institution in Washington, D. C., by sliding down from the window of her room on the third floor on a rope improvised from her bedding. From some cause she lost her hold and fell to the ground, sustaining injuries that resulted in her death. Her stepfather had previously begun to take legal means to secure her release, and had sent her word to that effect; but his letters, we understand, were intercepted by the officials of the home, and not delivered. Considerable indignation on the part of many citizens has been manifested.

But indignation against the evil work of any of Rome's institutions seems to count for little, if any-

thing, in this day. While an investigation of the methods of conducting the Home of the Good Shepherd has been demanded by a large number of citizens, no definite steps to that end have as yet materialized.

True, Rome does not change. The following clipping from the *Record of Christian Work* is in full accord with this claim of the Papacy:—

Among the scandals which hastened the disestablishment of the Roman Church in France, the cruelties in the nunneries of the Sisters of the Bon Pasteur at Nancy, Paris, and other points, took a foremost place. Young girls, chiefly those of illegitimate parentage, were handed over to the nuns by the police for upbringing, and the municipalities paid per-capita grants to this end. But the nuns' wards were mercilessly exploited in sewing and laundry industries, forced to work from earliest dawn till late into the night, given insufficient food, and when utterly worn out, dismissed without money and without even having properly learned the sewing trade, so extreme was the subdivision of labor. The great sums made in this way by the convents of the Good Shepherd were invested in real estate and otherwise, for the fortification of the ecclesiastical organization in France and for the forwarding of its politico-ecclesiastical ends.

This same order of nuns has, it seems, been operating in Pittsburgh. The chief of police, Mr. McQuaide, has been in the habit of turning over to the nuns of the Good Shepherd considerable sums of public money. Since 1911 their convent has received \$17,000 as a "non-sectarian institution." The police have further sent to them, for reformation, prostitutes and wayward girls, paying the nuns at the rate of \$5 a week for each girl's board. This has apparently proved clear profit, for the inmates of the home have been put to laundry work, and have labored so successfully as to clean up \$15,000 annually for the institution. An ex-director, has expressed to the investigating committee his disapprobation of the way things are carried on. The home proves to be little else than a penitentiary, and one in which inmates have not even the penitentiary privilege of writing to friends and relatives.

It is easy to see that the institutions referred to can prosper financially when they are well paid in cash for the care of those placed under their guardianship, and then have all the profits accruing from the hard labor of the girls, and besides this receive gratis a large share of their food from the wholesale and retail merchants. The high price that you and I have to pay for our food is partly due to the fact that these merchants are solicited so continuously to give to these institutions that naturally, to make up for this work of charity (?), they must increase the price to customers.

Such institutions should always be open to inspection. No one should be prevented from receiving letters from their children placed in them, nor should the children be denied letters or gifts sent to them by friends. All true Christian work courts observation from both friends and enemies. It would seem that there could be but one reason for choosing darkness or non-observation to light, and that reason is plainly stated by the apostle John.

The Influence of Good Reading

I FIND much written on the influence of bad reading, but little comparatively on the influence of good reading; and since I began studying this subject I have wished that more personal testimonies might be written of what good books have done. I have gleaned a few which are indeed inspiring:—

Dr. John Scudder, a young physician of New York City and the first medical missionary to leave the United States for a heathen land, said his interest in India was awakened by reading a little book on that country given him by one of his patients. As he read of the needs and sufferings of that people, his soul was so stirred he could not sleep, and he prayed the Lord to open the way for him to go to India. In 1818, with his wife and baby, he left New York harbor for the land

of his desire. He worked there for thirty-five years, and then left seven sons and two daughters to carry on his work. They all gave themselves to India. Another daughter married a wealthy merchant, but before he would give his consent to the marriage, he made his future son-in-law promise to support a missionary in India as long as his wife lived. "For," said Dr. Scudder, "I want *all* my children to be missionaries." Five of his sons were doctors, medical missionaries. One of his grandchildren, Dr. Ida Scudder, is now laboring in India. Think of the good done through the influence of that one small book.

Emerson says: "If we encounter a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read. No one can be truly educated, or even make a pretense of being educated, who never reads, and especially never reads good literature. We judge a man by the company he keeps; it is just as good a judgment to judge him by the books he reads.

If our living friends exert an influence on us, even more do those silent friends, books. As our bodies are made up of what we eat, so our minds are made up of what we think about, and thinking the noble thoughts of other men after them will cause us also to have noble thoughts of our own, for "by beholding we become changed."

Shakespeare, in "Love's Labor Lost," says: "He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eaten paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal; only sensible in the duller parts." Ruskin tells us that "no book is worth anything that is not worth much." And Murray says: "To read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment, productive of improvement both to the understanding and to the heart."

We might multiply quotations showing in what esteem thinking men and women hold the influence of right reading, but I will add only one more from Ruskin on storing the mind from good books: "What fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings; treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in."

You will doubtless remember John Eliot, the Puritan Pilgrim who became an apostle to the Indians, and worked among them for fifty long years, translating the Bible into their language, teaching them to read it, and building up a dozen or more religious communities. Their language was very hard, and required forty-two letters when reduced to writing. He met much opposition, but was undaunted. He preached in his own church in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on Sundays, and during the week walked many miles on foot, doing his missionary work among the Indians. He said of his work, "I was not dry night or day from the third day to the sixth; but so traveled; and at night I pulled off my boots, wrung my stockings, and on with them again, and so continued; yet God helped me. I considered the words of Paul, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

A hundred years after the death of this noble man, some one wrote the story of his life and put it in book form. A pious young man in Connecticut read that book, felt its influence, and promised God to go to Yale, get an education, and become a missionary to

the Indians. That young man was David Brainerd. He went and preached as no other man has ever preached on the American continent to the red men. Then he contracted that dread disease tuberculosis, and near the close of his life found himself at the house of Jonathan Edwards. Mr. Edwards was writing his great classic on "The Will." But he laid his manuscript aside and listened to the words of the young man, after his death publishing them in a book.

Henry Martyn read that book and said, "If it please God, when I have finished my studies, I will go forth to preach to the heathen as David Brainerd preached to the Indians." He found his way to India, and gave the people the Bible in their own tongue. When he had completed this task, he died as David Brainerd died, and many said he had thrown his life away.

A few years ago a young man in one of the universities read the story of Henry Martyn, and his heart burned within him as he thought of that fine scholar giving his life to the work of teaching the people of India. His name was Horace Tracy Pitkin. He asked the Mission Board if he might go to China, and was accepted. He toiled four and one-half years, until the Boxer uprising, when he was killed with a sword in the hands of the enraged mob. Just as he was dying, he hurriedly wrote a few lines to his wife, who was in this country with his infant son, and said, "Tell my boy, Horace, that when he grows up and receives the proper training, it is the request of his dying father that he come out here and take up the work which I must lay down." Think of this influence,—the life of John Eliot inspiring David Brainerd; the life of David Brainerd inspiring Henry Martyn; the life of Henry Martyn inspiring Horace Pitkin. And who knows what the reading of the life of Pitkin will yet do?

MINA MANN.

How the Lord Repaid

A POOR man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns, that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as the man besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus Feneberg gave it.

Immediately after, he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief he prayed, saying: "Lord, I lent thee three crowns; thou hast not yet returned them, and thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray thee, give them back."

The same day a messenger brought a money letter, which Gossmer, his assistant, handed over to Feneberg, saying: "Here, father, is what you expended."

The letter contained 200 thalers (about £30), which the poor traveler had begged from a rich man for the vicar; and the childlike old man in joyful amazement cried out: "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of thee, for straightway thou makest one feel so much ashamed."—*Selected*.

Lessons Now Ready

THE new lessons of the Mothers' Normal Course—"early education" and "first grade"—are now ready; also the course in public speaking. Students may begin at any time. Those who wish further information about these courses, or who desire copies of the new calendar, should address Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

C. C. LEWIS, *Principal*.

Seeing a Language Grow

THE growth of language is an interesting study, and a bewildering one as well. At Babel, we know, speech was confounded; but with the migrations and mixture of peoples in the earth ever since, languages have gone on changing and blending and increasing. A tribe with a common speech is seen in history moving into new territory, perhaps coming from the far north into central Europe; the families divide, part turning southeastward and part southwestward, and in the course of a few hundred years, or even less, their speech has become so mixed with that of peoples among whom they dwell that two branches of the one people are speaking different languages.

A very good illustration of the method is given by Mr. Maurice P. Dunlap in the *Review of Reviews*. In fact, as one reads the description, one can readily see the process of growth. Here it is:—

“‘Hola, amigo.’”

“‘Komusta kayo?’”

“‘Porque were you hablaing with ese señorita?’”

“‘She wanted a job as lavandera.’”

“‘Cuanto?’”

“‘Ten cents, conant, a piece, so I told her no kerry.’”

“‘Have you had chow? Well, spera till I sign this chit and I’ll take a paseo with you.’”

“The scene was a Manila restaurant. The speakers were two Americans. I had just arrived in the Philippines, and I wondered what manner of language they were talking. Later I learned that it was the current tongue, bearing the name of ‘English,’ and that the Americans had been saying something to this effect:—

“‘Hello, friend.’”

“‘How are you?’”

“‘Why were you speaking with that woman?’”

“‘She wanted a job as laundress.’”

“‘For how much?’”

“‘Five cents a piece, so I told her I didn’t want her.’”

“‘Have you had lunch? Well, wait till I sign this check and I’ll take a walk with you.’”

“This conversation is not in the least exaggerated. Any one in the Philippines will hear similar ones wherever Americans are gathered. He will wonder at first, then he will cease to notice, and finally he will talk the same lingo and not realize that he is doing so.”

“In the above conversation there are eight perfectly good Spanish words (*hola, amigo, porque, esc, señorita, lavandera, cuanto, paseo*), two expressions incorrectly pronounced (*no kerry* for *no quiero*, and *spera* for *espera*), a Spanish verb with an English ending (*habla-ing*), the Tagalog greeting *komusta kayo*, two words current throughout the Far East (*chow* and *chit*), and one word that exists nowhere but in the Philippines (*conant*). The adjective *conant* occurs so frequently when money is mentioned that the newcomer is not long in asking why. Then he learns that *conant* was originally a man and not an adjective. Mr. Charles A. Conant is an economist who helped to bring about a reform in the currency, and his name has passed into popular speech as descriptive of the present money standard.”

In these days of the printing-press and newspapers and books, of constant communication between groups or colonies in far quarters of the earth and their own home people, such changes in language as took place in ancient times cannot be. But at least the beginning of the process by which new languages were formed in the days of long ago is graphically portrayed by Mr. Dunlap’s note. W. A. SPICER.

Yes and No

THESE are small words and easily said (sometimes), and yet upon which one we use often much depends. While standing on the street for a few minutes the other evening, listening to a Salvation Army band, I glanced up and noticed that they were standing before a saloon. The words painted on the windows attracted my attention, and the deep significance of these two little monosyllables was indelibly impressed on my mind.

The sign on that saloon window was simply “YES, YES.” I thought, “Surely this is the ‘yes’ place. This is the place where men say yes to every evil temptation. This is where the enemy of all good comes with his most subtle allurements. And here men say yes when they should say no. In that fatal little word is wrapped up the destruction of manhood, purity, peace, and prosperity.”

Did you ever stop to think that if men would say no instead of yes every time the tempter comes, this little word would close every saloon, every brothel, and every gambling den in the world? It would also put a period to a lot of lesser evils. O, shame on manhood that cannot so far conquer self as to say the little but mighty word! When shall we learn the power of little things?

Too often we say yes when we should say no, and vice versa. The wise man has said there is a time for everything. It is the time to say yes when invited to

give ourselves to Christ, to let him work in us “both to will and to do of his good pleasure.” It is time to say yes when invited to give ourselves or our means to the cause and service of God. Here is where many err, many who know Christ as Saviour, but not as Master.

Let our religion be of the positive kind. When tempted of the devil (who often appears in the person of a supposed friend or acquaintance) to do wrong, let us with emphasis say the little word and hasten from the tempter. But always to say no will not do, for good suggestions as well as bad are constantly coming to us. There are those who seem well able to say no when the temptation comes to do some known wrong, but who continue to use the same form of refusal when confronted with some privilege of service, or with a disagreeable duty.

From the small but terribly significant sign in the saloon window my thoughts rambled to the many places in life where we use or misuse these little words. Just now the fields in mission lands are calling loudly for reapers. We know that but a little ahead of us is the end of this world, and the destruction of all who do not turn to the Lord now. In view of this, how can we say no when asked to give our lives or our means to convey to those in the darkness of heathen night the glorious message of a soon-coming Saviour? May we have wisdom to know when to speak with propriety yea or nay. E. R. ALLEN.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



In Debt to the Company



MILDRED had not had a good time at the party given in honor of her cousin, Helen Wales. That was evident from the tone in which she said, "O, yes, everything was lovely!"

Her mother wondered, for she knew Mrs. Wilson was a tactful hostess, and gave very delightful parties. If she had not known Mildred was essentially generous, she would have feared it was envy of her cousin.

"Did you not enjoy it?" the mother asked.

"Y-e-s, I suppose so. Only—well, parties are something of a bore, don't you think?"

"That depends," the mother replied, and did not pursue the subject. She would wait until Mildred revealed the real reason of her discontent.

The next day Helen came for a few days with her aunt and cousin. Helen had recently returned from abroad, where she had been studying music for two years, and was considered by musicians a brilliant young pianist. But she was as sweet and unspoiled as when a little girl.

"I suppose you were dreadfully bored last night," said Mildred when the cousins were alone together, "by all that silly flattery about your playing."

"No, indeed," replied Helen. "I had a most delightful time. Didn't you?"

"N-o," confessed Mildred discontentedly. "I didn't. The whole thing—except your playing, of course—tired me."

"Why, I thought it was a delightful party," said Helen in surprise. "It was so nice of Mrs. Wilson to give it, and I thought everybody was enjoying the evening."

"Of course," said Mildred, "it being in your honor, you naturally would have a good time. But—I don't see much enjoyment in sitting off in one corner by oneself for an hour."

Helen studied her cousin's discontented face for a minute, and then said: "When I first went to Germany to study, I did not know the language. Naturally I was much alone. Later, as I began to understand, I was occasionally invited to dinners and parties and receptions. But I did not know their customs yet, and not enough of the language to converse freely. I found it dull. Soon I discovered I was not being invited any more."

"It was about a year ago, when I was the loneliest, I was invited to be a member of a rather distinguished company. I learned afterward that the invitation was secured for me by a noted German singer, a woman who had kindly praised my playing at a concert."

"She came to me before I started to the dinner, and in her charming English very delicately told me that in Germany every invited guest was considered to be in debt to the company; and, if a guest did not contribute something to the entertainment, no matter

how pretty, or wealthy, or aristocratic she might be, she would be omitted from the invitations.

"Each guest was supposed to contribute whatever was her best—a song, a reading, a story, or conversation to make the rest have a good time.

"I gratefully took the hint, and tried always to pay my debt; and I soon found that I had more invitations than I could accept."

"That is all well enough for you, who can play," said Mildred, "but suppose one can't do any of these things."

Helen smiled. "The most effectual way to pay the debt, the singer told me, was to be a good listener. Did you ever notice that an appreciative listener never sits in the corner alone?"

Mildred had not, but she has ever since.—*William H. Hamby, in Christian Endeavor World.*

The Girl to Be Avoided

SHE is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party which is to be "a dead secret," and which because people are very free and easy, makes you uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of today committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care for and love your own, to help mother, and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome, and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the streets looking at the windows and people is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts the attention is "stylish," and that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward, visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as a "gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Love the beautiful,
Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
And the best do.

—Mendet.



Camels in Texas

MR. T. H. TRIMBLE, a prominent stockman of Texas, is the leader of a plan for bringing into this country two hundred camels trained in the Old World to be used as beasts of burden. It is thought that in the desert regions of west Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and other States they will prove as efficient as they do in the deserts of the Old World.

It is purposed to place the camels on a ranch on the Rio Grande about one hundred and fifty miles south

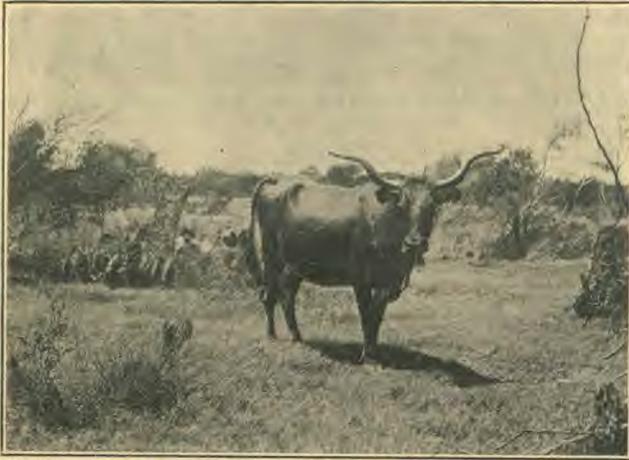


Photo by C. A. Rice

A TEXAS LONG-HORNED COW

of Cape Verde, where a breeding-station has been established. All the States of the region once mapped as the "Great American Desert" are rich in precious metals, especially gold, but owing to the lack of water it has been extremely difficult for prospectors to pack in supplies enough to last over a trip, since it necessitated a supply of water for the horses which were the beasts of burden. With a camel caravan it is thought it will be possible to make long journeys into this hot, dry section where valuable discoveries are to be expected as the results.

The use of camels in this section is not a new idea, for in President Pierce's day the plan was tried out under Secretary of War Jefferson Davis. Then about forty animals, with their native drivers, were introduced. Just about as they were becoming acclimated and ready for the preliminary experiments, the civil war broke out. Davis became president of the Southern Confederacy, and partly through feeling against him and everything pertaining to him, partly because of the unsettled condition of the country and lack of suitable stopping-places, the plan was abandoned. Some of the buildings remain that were used by the camels and their keepers; and on rare occasions prospectors, returning from the wilder, almost inaccessible sections where water is found in springs and small mountain streams, report seeing one or two of the strange, uncouth beasts, the presence of which nearly always proves a most startling sight to one ignorant of the story of their introduction.—*The Independent*.

Getting Rid of the Hudson

It has been found necessary to link up two of the Atlantic States by artificial means. The Hudson River is too wide a barrier between New York and New Jersey. Between these States traffic is increasing at the rate of five per cent a year, and since the existing ferries are entirely inadequate to meet the demands, it is planned to take, metaphorically, the Hudson River off the map by spanning it with a new suspension-bridge and by burrowing under it with two more tunnels.

The proposition of thus conquering the river presents a huge task. The bridge, when completed, will have the longest span of any such bridge in the world, and will cost from forty-two million to one hundred million dollars.

The bridge is to cross the river between Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, and Seventh Street, West New York, on the brow of the beautiful New Jersey palisades. The tunnels are to be constructed between Canal Street, New York City, and Thirteenth Street, Jersey City.

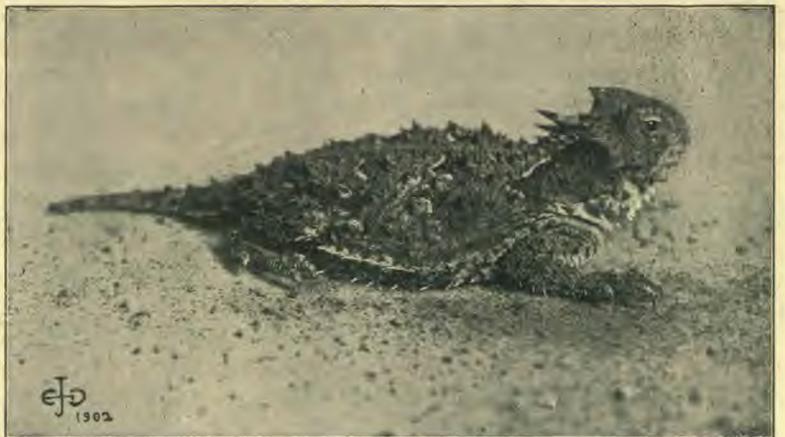
Bridge and tunnel commissions for each State have the matter under advisement. The two States are to finance the bridge on a fifty-per-cent basis, and the revenues derived from the use of the bridge for vehicular traffic, it is expected, will be sufficient to maintain it.

The longest span of the bridge will be two thousand seven hundred and thirty feet, and the height of its towers, over five hundred feet. There will be accommodations upon it for four or more trolley-lines, four or more regular bridge-lines, besides a wide driveway for vehicles of all kinds, and ample space for pedestrians, should there be any who care to make such a trip.

The tunnels will be about twenty-nine feet in diameter, with room for the passage of vehicles in either direction in each tube, besides a wide passageway, above the wheel grade, for pedestrians.

Automobile enthusiasts are much interested in the enterprise, which they regard as a link in their hoped-for ocean highway.—*Technical World*.

MR. CARL BROWNE, of California, claims to have invented an octoplane that cannot be upset. It has four revolving planes on either side, which, he asserts,



A TEXAS HORNED TOAD

serve as automatic stabilizers, and will eliminate the dangers incident to "air-pockets" and other treacheries of the elements which have proved so fateful to aeronauts.

Home-Made Solar Heaters

SOLAR heaters of all sizes and shapes are seen in the Southwest, where the sun is so hot that almost any kind of contrivance will do the work.

The one shown in the photograph is in Tucson, Arizona. A coil of pipes is placed on a platform where the sun strikes it all day long, and under these scorching rays the water comes from the faucet so hot that the hand cannot be held in it.

Similar heaters are used along the southern Pacific Coast and elsewhere on the roofs of the houses, but as the sun's rays are not so intense as in desert country, the water, as a rule, is not hot enough to do any good until late in the afternoon.—*The Independent*.



A SOLAR RADIATOR

Creation Cited Against Agnosticism

CREATION an accident? What an absurdity! Imagine yourself wandering through the tangle of a Mexican jungle. Mile after mile of territory you traverse, fighting your way through the dense undergrowth, with only occasional glimpses of the clear sky through the branches towering above. Suddenly the forest breaks, and before you looms a massive pile of architecture. Walls, battlements, windows—all are complete, yet decaying, moss-grown, and solitary. Could your intelligence be deceived into believing that edifice an accident, a freak of nature? Would the least sane of human beings believe that it grew there? Intelligence says: "No! that pile is the work of human brain aided by human energy. To believe anything else is an absurdity."

Look at the world. Its wondrous divisions into animal, vegetable, and mineral; its natural laws which control these substances; that marvelous invention of the sexes; the combination of beauty and symmetry which reaches perfection in the bodily construction of man and beast; the still more delicate fashioning of the human mind, which baffles the genius of man himself when he seeks to fathom it; the forces of the earth, of the air, of the sea, ill understood by us, but known to be present, are these things accidents? Are these marvels of intelligent construction the result of an accidental evolution from a chaos of natural wonders? Are they the product of chance, springing from nothingness? What an absurdity! In the Mexican jungle

our intelligence would be insulted, if asked to believe that the Aztec ruin was any other than the product of a human mind, yet in the presence of God's magnificent universe we hesitate, stammer, and say, "I don't know." True, the work is too marvelous for man's comprehension, but man should at least recognize that the handiwork of a master mind is before him.

No God? Then who created the firmament, the earth, the flowers, the original body after which yours is fashioned? Man, tremble at the greatness of God, for evidences of his power are in you and all about you. Deny him not, lest he destroy the barren fig-tree of which you in your ignorance are the personification.

JOSEPH S. JOHNSON.

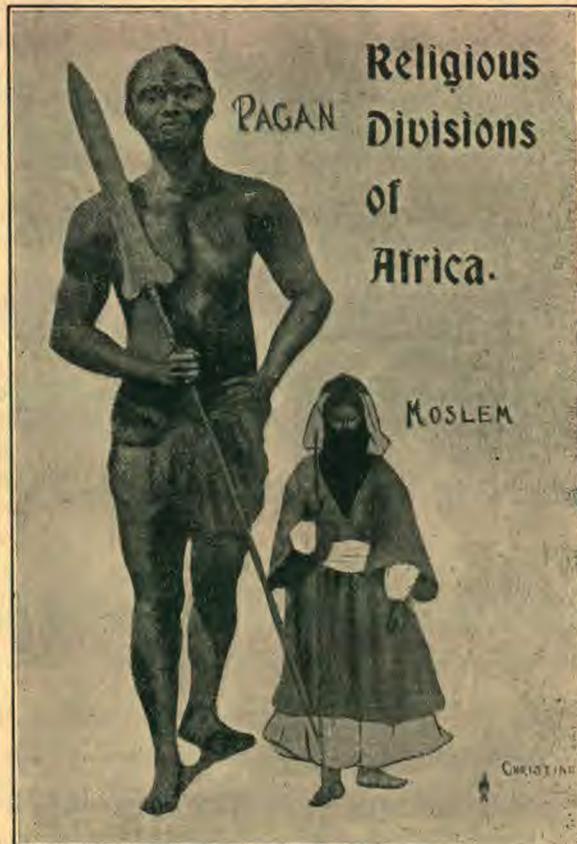
Sounds From Light Rays

IT seems incredible that a beam of light could be made to produce sound, but such a thing can be done. A ray of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel containing lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or any like substance. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is

made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to "cut it up," thus causing alternate flashes of light and shadow. When one places his ear to the glass vessel, he hears strange sounds as long as the flashing beam falls upon the vessel.

A still more extraordinary effect is produced when the beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, if the ear is placed to the vessel containing the silk or other material, as the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

For example, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given out. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and the blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel. Other colors produce no sounds at all. Green silk gives out sound best in a red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors and no sound at all in some colors.—*Harper's Weekly*.



"STAND by your conscience, your honor, your faith; stand like a hero and battle till death."



The Rescue of Little White Wings

A True Story of Emigrant Days



WITH two thirds of its westward journey covered, the long emigrant train of four hundred men, women, and children, and twice as many horses, oxen, and mules, halted and made camp near Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Here a party of friendly Indians joined the caravan to assist the scouts in picking a safe route across the trackless plains. The leader of the scouts was Daniel Bayley, whose family of five kept its place near the front. Caroline, one of the five, was a pretty girl of seven. She was a daring lass, and often kept ahead of the main party, going as far forward as the "scout line." With her on these adventures rode Bosh Rickner. Bosh was an orphan boy whose father had been a scout and guide. The boy had lived all the thirteen years of his life on the open plains, much of the time with the Indians, with whom he was a great favorite.

The boy and girl became acquainted with the Indian guides, whose gay trappings, feathered head-gear, and gaudy paint appealed to Caroline's fancy. Some of them could speak a little English, and in time they began to point out interesting things along the way. They called the girl Weo-weo-wah-na, or Little White Wings. Bosh was known among them as Sparrow Bird, possibly because he could see so well, and was so quick in his movements.

At daybreak on the morning the emigrant train left Fort Laramie, the main Indian party suddenly disappeared. The scouts said they had returned, with Bear Tail, their chief, to the land of the Crows. Little was thought of the incident till late that evening. A hundred fires were crackling along the line of wagons, and the horses were quietly grazing within close range. Suddenly and without warning, a girl's scream broke the stillness. It came from out the darkness, and a little way from camp.

"It's Caroline! Something has happened to Caroline!" cried Mrs. Bayley in alarm. For some reason the girl's mother had been uneasy all through the day.

Daniel Bayley and a dozen scouts seized their rifles and leaped out into the night, running to the spot whence the sound had come. Out there they found a bonnet and a bit of ribbon belonging to Caroline. Off across the plains was heard the pounding of hoofs, growing fainter and fainter.

"They've stolen our girl! The Indians have taken Caroline!" shouted Daniel Bayley hoarsely, as he raised a clenched fist to the darkness. "The cowards! We must catch them at once."

The alarm was sounded and carried down the line—Caroline had been stolen! As a precaution for safety the wagons were drawn into a square, pickets stationed, and relays named for the night. Daniel Bayley and a party of ten or more mounted their horses and struck off into the darkness in pursuit of

the savages. In the gloom of night, and the excitement of getting started, the men did not notice that Bosh Rickner had saddled his pony and rode among them. All through the night they galloped over the plains, following the well-beaten trail. Toward daylight they came within sight of the Indian camp.

The savages occupied a little vale, and though no fires burned, the white men could discern, from the near-by ridge, that there were many horses and a great number of teepees.

Daniel Bayley wanted to make a rush attack upon the enemy.

"It would be foolhardy," declared one of the scouts. "We are outnumbered twenty to one. We should have no chance against such odds. Nor can we take them by surprise. They expect to be followed, and the camp is well guarded. Bear Tail knows, beyond doubt, that we have come."

"Then why should we have come?" asked Daniel Bayley hotly. "My daughter is down there, men. We must rescue her."

"Certainly we must—and we will," said the scout. "But we will make no mistake. Our whole party should not be sacrificed—"

"Then what should you do?" the father demanded eagerly.

"Send only one or two—one would be best, and safest. In that way we shall learn in which teepee the girl is kept, and know just when and how to strike."

"Who will go into the Indians' camp?" asked the leader.

"I will go," spoke the clear, firm voice of Bosh Rickner.

The men turned upon him in surprise, for only a few of them were aware of the boy's being among them.

"I can speak the tongue of the Crow," Bosh continued. "I know their ways, and I know their signs—listen, do you hear that?"

From out the night came a low, almost indistinct whistle, much like the call of a bird.

"Sounds like a prairie-chicken," spoke one.

"It's a signal—an Indian signal," Bosh told them. "I know it, for I've heard it before. The word has reached Bear Tail that we're watching his camp from afar. I can go by their pickets, for I shall give the call. And I can enter their camp, for I shall learn the sign. If I enter the camp, I can get into Bear Tail's teepee, and there I shall find Caroline."

The lad spoke slowly, but there was a ring of earnestness and determination in his tone which carried conviction to the hearts of the fearless scouts. They admired his courage, and believed in him. It was known to many of them that Bosh Rickner was better acquainted with the Indians than any man of the party.

They finally agreed to let him go. The boy refused to take a rifle, or a weapon of any kind. "I'm going as a messenger of peace," he declared.

The first rose streaks of dawn were glowing when the boy disappeared down the ridge. A few minutes later the scouts heard the low, bird-like call. It came from a point near by, and was passed down the hillside to the camp. Then other calls followed, and at last the peaceful, brooding silence of the early morning fell over the broad prairies and seemed to bid all creatures sleep.

Bosh Rickner did not enter the red men's camp blindly. His keen ear had already learned the "outer call;" this he gave, and was allowed to pass within the border line. Here he lay low, and by waiting and listening, learned the "inner call," which he gave and passed on. It was breaking day when he came near the big teepee of Bear Tail. A squaw was building a fire, and two braves were squatted near the door. The lad approached on hands and knees, and uttered a call, which brought both guards to their feet. He lifted his hands and gave the sign of peace, then addressed the warriors in their own tongue. After a brief hesitancy one of them commanded: "Advance, Sparrow Bird, who comes in peace."

If Bear Tail was surprised when Bosh Rickner opened the door-flap and entered the teepee, he gave no evidence of it. A low fire burned in the center of the wigwam, and close to this the chief sat. He did not raise his eyes till the lad spoke, and then returned the salutation without a movement of face or body, save a slight twitching of the lips. The wigwam was littered with saddles, blankets, and regalia. A big bearskin was spread a few feet from the fire, and on this, her feet and hands tightly bound, lay a little girl. Bosh Rickner knew the captive was Caroline. Also he knew that he must make his purpose known at once.

"I would speak to Bear Tail about Little White Wings," said the lad.

"Speak on!" commanded the chief.

"The eyes of White Wings' mother are sore with weeping, and her father's heart is heavy as stone," spoke Bosh in the tongue of the Crow. "Not for all the world nor all the stars would the mother or the father part with her. Her father and his brothers have come begging for White Wings as Bear Tail would beg for the life of a favorite son. So Sparrow Bird has come for her—come in peace, that no harm may come to Bear Tail and his braves. For should it be known in the Great City that White Wings had been stolen, the great Father would be angered and put many soldiers on Bear Tail's path. The chief would certainly be slain, and all his braves killed or captured. Give up White Wings, and let Sparrow Bird take her in peace from the wigwam; then all will be well."

A long silence followed. Bear Tail kept his glittering, bead-like eyes on the fire. Not a ripple disturbed

the wrinkles of his leathery face. A long time he sat, as if deeply considering what Bosh had told him.

Finally, but with his face still toward the fire, he spoke a word of command. One of the guards came in quickly. Then followed another command, and the Indian approached the bearskin where the captive lay. A moment later her bonds were loosened and the girl lifted to her feet. She was too weak and too badly frightened to stand at first, and would have fallen but for the support of the Indian guard.

Caroline gazed about her stupefied, dazed with fear. When she saw her companion she would have cried aloud, for she feared that he, too, had been taken captive, but Bosh put a finger to his lips as a sign of silence.

Another command from the chief, and the girl was released. Bosh took her by the hand and half carried her to the door. Realizing that she was free, Caroline gained strength and courage, and crept with her rescuer from the teepee, leaving

the old chief still gazing into the fire. Outside, broad daylight brightened the plains. Up on the ridge a party of white scouts saw them coming, and gave a glad shout of welcome. Among them an overjoyed father knelt reverently and thanked God for the safe deliverance of his child.—*Dennis H. Stovall, in the Boys' World.*

Clean the Lamps!

HELEN ADAIR

If you'd keep the boys at home,
Clean the lamps and keep them bright;
They will surely want to roam
If you do not give them light.

The saloons are bright as day;
See the one on yonder hill—
They know how to make them stay.
Keep the boys, or Satan will.

Who can like a smoky house,
Filled with lamp soot and with gloom?
'Tisn't fit for rat or mouse;
Sure they'll find another room!

Sister, sister, trim the light
Till it shines like one divine;
Fill and polish, keep it bright:
Jesus says, "Arise, and *shine!*"

Marked Left

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL scholar's name marked "left" on the teacher's class book once attracted the attention of B. F. Jacobs's, when he was superintendent of the First

Baptist Sunday-school in Chicago. For six Sundays previous the boy was marked "absent." Busy man as he was, Mr. Jacobs took time to go and see why the pupil had left. He found a very sick boy, whose head had been terribly cut by a wagon that had run over him.

Mr. Jacobs wrote in the teacher's class book, after the word "left," "by a careless teacher, to die with a hole in his head." Don't you suppose that teacher wished, when he read that entry, that he had shown more of the spirit of self-sacrifice in giving up his own ease or pleasure to hunt up an absent scholar?

How inspiring it would be to give ourselves unsparingly for the boys and girls in our classes if only we could be sure that we had in them embryo Moodys, Helen Kellers, or Booker Washingtons! But the true spirit of the Passover is that the Lamb is slain for those who are unworthy and ungrateful.—*Selected.*

A BOY, in speaking of a certain lecturer to boys, said, "He knew just how you do want to do what is right, and yet keep on doing the other thing until nobody believes you've got much good in you." We haven't much good in us, any of us; yet the Lord will put good in us as soon as we really desire to have it more than we desire anything else. It is time that boys make full surrender before they are taken captive by the enemy.



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

Society Study for Sabbath, October 11

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Mission Study (fifteen minutes).
3. "Great Controversy" study (thirty minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music or an appropriate recitation; report of work.
2. "A Visit to Tinneveli, or Among the Tamil Sabbath-Keepers." Have a map showing the home of these interesting people. Make Brother V. E. Peugh's article in this INSTRUCTOR the basis of this mission study; but glean also interesting facts from other sources.
3. "Great Controversy," chapter 40. This is a wonderful picture of the great final deliverance of God's people. If possible, get every member in your society to read this chapter before taking it up in the meeting. Study it in your society as you think best. If your society is not large, it might be well to ask each one to mention the thoughts that impressed him most.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

GREETINGS to the members of the Senior and Junior Reading Courses! Once again the doors have opened, and we welcome most heartily the thousands of young men and women, boys and girls, and older friends who are pressing into the circle. There is room for all. We feel certain you will enjoy the books. The weekly assignments and test questions in this paper will guide in systematic reading, and help to clinch in the memory the most important points. Remember the regular weekly test questions are for the purpose of helping you in your personal reading. The answers to these questions are not to be written and sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Three written reviews in each course will be required before an individual receives a Reading Course certificate. The books may be used while preparing them. These written reviews are to be sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. During 1914 the Missionary Volunteer Department will give a book to every young person holding three Reading Course certificates.

Senior No. 7—Lesson 1: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 1-4

NOTE.—To get the most out of this book, use a map of the countries mentioned. It would be interesting to draw an outline map and then as far as possible locate places mentioned in the weekly assignments. Such a map should be kept with the book. Each glance at that map would serve to recall important events.

1. In 586 B. C. what king was bent on capturing Jerusalem? State the condition of the people in the besieged city. To what place did the Chaldean guards first go? Who was king of Jerusalem at this time, and what fate befell him?
2. What two prophecies were here fulfilled? Explain the apparent discrepancy. How long had the Jewish monarchy continued? Why did God permit this overthrow? State briefly the influence this had upon the people.
3. How did the Chaldeans treat the city and the temple? Where in the Bible do we find the condition of both city and people described? Why did God cause this description to be written in this particular style?
4. Name one of the first acts of Nebuchadnezzar. What did Jeremiah do? Who came and overthrew his work? What did the people do?
5. What happened to the exiles who fled to Egypt? What evidence did God give that he had not utterly deserted his people?
6. Who next was used by the Lord, and why was he selected? In what way did God especially show that he was with Daniel? What did the heathen recognize through the faithfulness of the four young Hebrews? Describe the city of Babylon.
7. What effect did the loss of the temple service have upon the Jews? How did the idolatrous practises of the Babylonian people appear to them?
8. To what great event were they led to look from Nebuchadnezzar's dream and Daniel's interpretation? Is it not our privilege also to look for this great event?

Junior No. 6—Lesson 1: "The Black Bearded Barbarian," Chapters 1, 2

NOTE.—Locate Formosa on the map, and trace as nearly as you can Mr. Mackay's voyage to that field.

1. Who is the "Black Bearded Barbarian"? Where did he live when a boy? What little word did he refuse to learn and use when a boy? How did it help him in his work? 2. What great longing came into his heart when a boy?
3. When Mr. Mackay had grown to manhood, what did he become? Where did he go? When his boat left San Francisco, how did he feel? Then what did he do? How did reading his Bible help him? When we are lonely and weary, may we receive help from reading and believing God's promises?
4. How long was Mr. Mackay on the boat? What did he do during the journey? Who met him when he reached Hongkong?
5. Where did he finally decide the Lord wanted him to work? What is the meaning of Formosa?
6. What year did Mr. Mackay begin his work in this place? What name did the men give him as he passed through the streets?
7. Why was he glad he had left his home to go to the people in Formosa?



II—The Passover

(October 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: EX. 11; 12: 3-11, 21-36.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 273-280.

MEMORY VERSE: "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 COR. 5:7.

Questions

1. What warning had been given Pharaoh of the plague that would slay the first-born? What had the Lord called the children of Israel? Ex. 4: 22, 23; note 1.
2. After the plague of the darkness had passed away, what did the Lord say he would do? What were the Israelites told to ask of the Egyptians? How was Moses regarded by the Egyptians? Ex. 11: 1-3.
3. How did Moses describe this last great plague to the people? What did he say the Egyptians would finally ask them to do? Verses 4-10.
4. What preparations on the part of Israel were now to be made? What was to be done with the lamb? How were the people to be dressed as they ate the passover? Ex. 12: 3-11, 21; note 2.
5. How were the houses to be marked? What protection did the Lord promise to those who obeyed? What would result if some were to forget? Verses 21-23; note 3.
6. What was this feast called? Of whom was the Passover lamb a type? Verses 11, 27; John 1: 29; Rev. 5: 12; memory verse; note 4.
7. How long were the Israelites to observe the Passover? Why were they to observe it? Ex. 12: 24-27; note 5.
8. What shows that they were still observing the Passover when Christ was on earth? Luke 22: 1; John 12: 1; note 6.
9. How did the children of Israel show that they believed the Lord? Ex. 12: 28.

10. What came to pass at midnight? Who were stricken in this plague? What was heard throughout Egypt? Verses 29, 30.

11. What did Pharaoh hasten to do? What permission did he give? What did the Egyptians urge? Verses 31-33.

12. What did the Israelites carry with them as they left? What did the Egyptians give them? Verses 34-36; note 7.

Notes

1. God had chosen the nation of Israel from among all the nations of the earth to be his special people, and for this reason he called them his first-born son. He wanted to give them the great truths of his holy law, that they in turn might teach them to all the other nations. In order that all this might be done, they must be allowed to leave Egypt.

2. Now the people of Israel had something to do. During the other plagues they had seen the judgments of God, one after another, come upon their oppressors at the word of Moses and Aaron, but their land of Goshen had been mercifully spared. Now the time had come when they had a part to act to save themselves from sharing with the Egyptians in this crowning judgment of God.

3. "The hyssop used in sprinkling the blood was the symbol of purification, being thus employed in the cleansing of the leper and of those defiled by contact with the dead. In the psalmist's prayer also its significance is seen: 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 277.

4. "The Passover was to be both commemorative and typical, not only pointing back to the deliverance from Egypt, but forward to the greater deliverance which Christ was to accomplish in freeing his people from the bondage of sin. The sacrificial lamb represents 'the Lamb of God,' in whom is our only hope of salvation. Says the apostle, 'Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.' It was not enough that the paschal lamb be slain; its blood must be sprinkled upon the door-posts; so the merits of Christ's blood must be applied to the soul. We must believe, not only that he died for the world, but that he died for us individually. We must appropriate to ourselves the virtue of the atoning sacrifice."—*Ib.*

5. "In commemoration of this great deliverance, a feast was to be observed yearly by the people of Israel in all future generations. . . . As they should keep the feast in future years, they were to repeat to their children the story of this great deliverance, as Moses bade them: 'Ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses.'"—*Id.*, page 274.

6. Jesus was crucified at the time of the Passover, and was the real Passover lamb. And as the Israelites had to put the blood of the lamb on their doors to save their children, so we must have the blood of Christ applied to our hearts if we are to be saved in the kingdom of God. We may claim this promise:—

"I will pass over you, when I see the blood;
I will pass over you,—'tis a saving flood.
'I will pass over you, when I see the blood,
The precious blood of Jesus."

7. "Before leaving Egypt, the people, by the direction of Moses, claimed a recompense for their unpaid labor; and the Egyptians were too eager to be freed from their presence to refuse them. The bondsmen went forth laden with the spoil of their oppressors."—*Id.*, page 281.

8. What did he say he was willing to do to discharge this debt? Verse 15. *Ready to preach gospel.*

9. Why was he ready to preach the gospel? Verse 16, first part; note 4.

10. What is the gospel? Verse 16, second part; note 5.

11. To how many is the gospel revealed as the power of God? Verse 16, last part.

12. What needful thing is revealed in the gospel? Verse 17, first clause.

13. Through what is it revealed? Verse 17, first part.

14. What quotation from one of the prophets is cited to prove this? Verse 17, last part; note 6.

Notes

1. "I thank God:" Paul carried a burden for souls. He was not among those who could preach a sermon and then lightly "leave it and the people with the Lord." He not only longed for the conversion of souls, but for their growth and progress as well. For this he labored night and day, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. Acts 20:19, 20, 26, 27, 31. He rejoiced, therefore, in the prosperity of the church in wicked, idolatrous Rome.

"The whole world:" that is, the civilized world. Just as far as Rome's dominion extended, so far had gone the fame of the faithful in Rome. See Acts 28:22; Rom. 16:19; 1 Thess. 1:8.

2. "Comforted:" It has been suggested that while Paul had not seen Rome, he had met many of the disciples there. This is indicated by the names mentioned in chapter 16. In fact, it is quite probable that many members of the congregation in Rome had been converted through the labors of Paul in other places, and had been brought together by a common faith, as is often the case in large, central cities. He would not have them think his previous statement was a reflection upon them, but that the impartation of the gift would be a comfort to both.

3. "Debtor:" "We owe a great debt and it is long overdue! 'I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians,' said Paul. What had he received of them?—Absolutely nothing. But he had what they needed and must have, and he had met that need. We have in our hand a pardon for a man condemned, and we are his debtor until we put it in his hand. It was for this purpose that we received it, and with it went the message, Go quick anywhere!"—*Pastoral and Personal Evangelism*, page 52.

4. "Not ashamed:" There are many things for which human beings ought to be ashamed, but are not. Drinking, smoking, profanity, filthiness, gossip, talebearing, broken promises, falsehood, ill feelings toward others, malice, envy, folly, and a multitude of other sins, are things of which gospel-enlightened, judgment-bound people ought to be ashamed. Of the opposite of these one ought never to be ashamed. Who ever heard of one ashamed of being honest, upright, clean, sober, temperate, and true? But it is just such a character as this that the gospel will develop. Why should one be ashamed of the gospel? Paul was ready to preach the gospel because he was not ashamed of it.

5. "The gospel:" The word gospel means "good tidings." So the angel calls it in Luke 2:10. See also Isa. 52:7. God designed that his message of salvation should ever be "good tidings" to those in sin, in helplessness and the shadow of death. The powerlessness of men to help themselves was seen in the wickedness of the world in the apostle's day, and set forth in this book. The gospel came with good tidings of available power, even the power of God. The whole material universe is a witness to this power. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Ps. 19:1. The stars rolling on their sublime courses is a manifestation of God's power. "For that he is strong in power; not one faileth." Isa. 40:26. The gospel of God is the good tidings to every soul that this same power is pledged to the salvation of the sinful, the hopeless, the helpless. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It comes not to crush but to lift up, not to destroy but to save.

6. "From faith to faith:" Faith is more than mere belief or assent to a statement. Faith accepts God's forgiveness, or God's covering righteousness, for all past sins. We are justified from sin by faith only. And the faith that accepts this renounces sin and accepts the power of the life of God for holy living, and a new heart which that life creates. The old life of the believer is changed for the life of Christ, and the Father sees upon the sinner only the righteousness of the Divine.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

Where is the first promise in the Bible concerning the gospel?

To how many is the gospel available? What alone hinders it?

II — Something Not to Be Ashamed Of

(October 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 1:8-17.

Questions

1. Through whom and for what did Paul thank God? Rom. 1:8; note 1. *Jesus Christ, for all*

2. How was Paul's interest in believers manifested? Verse 9. *By mentioning believers, by*

3. What personal wish did he express? Verse 10. *to know them*

4. Why did he desire to be with them? Verse 11. *to know them*

5. How did he say both parties would be affected by this spiritual bestowment? Verse 12; note 2.

6. What was Paul's purpose in desiring to see them? Why had he not seen them before? Verse 13.

7. To whom did he count himself debtor? Why? Verse 14; note 3. *Greeks + Barbarians both to save Paul himself*

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What Came of a Purpose

THE power of purpose is the stepping-stone to greatness. I once became well acquainted with an old miner who had never had any privileges of school. He and his partner formulated a purpose and said, "We will have a rack that will hold a book, at the top of the hole; we will change off." One man dug at the hole, the other studied at the top, and they carried out their purpose. The time came when one of these men became the governor of one of the States of this great United States. The time came when the other was elected three times as a legislator. They formed a purpose that they would be something in this world, and they kept that something before them, and it brought them to the positions I have mentioned.—*Selected.*

God's "Thank You"

A KIND act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we may do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates:—

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face very hot.

I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me.

"Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack. I worked drestly hard for him, and he never said, 'Thank you,' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one, and, do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And, throwing his arms around my neck, he said, "It's God's thank you!"—*Domestic Journal.*

Vacation Experiences

WHAT was the most beautiful scene you looked at during the summer vacation? What was the most inspiring message you heard? What was the best friendship you formed or strengthened? What was the most noble hope or aspiration that came to you?

Now, think it over, and answer these questions. Then ask yourself another short set of questions: During the autumn and winter, the months of the year's hard work, am I going to keep translating that beautiful scene, that inspiring message, into action? Am I going to let that friendship make me more neighborly and useful? Am I going to live up to the high dream that stole over me while I was away?

It may have been the gleam of some beautiful lake. It may have been a sunset over the mountains. It may have been the great ocean at sunrise, or sunset, or under the full summer moon. If it was a vision, a call to new service, new sacrifice, new opportunity, make up your mind that you will be able to say, with Paul, in the later years, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Even if your vacation was almost wholly a time of fun and rest, the time has come now to translate that fun and rest into busy cheerfulness and vigorous action. And even if you made some bad mistakes during vacation and did some things that were wrong, that is no reason the winter should be spoiled because the summer was spoiled. Start all over again.—*The Christian Herald.*

Last Call

HAVE you enrolled in one of the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses? If not, do so. Yes, I know you will read even if you do not enroll; everybody reads. But do not read at random. Come, join us in the Spare Minute Circle. Come, and concentrate your mind on a group of topics worth while, and see if you will not get something that will stay by you and be of practical help to you.

Begin the Reading Course work on time. Do not put off deciding until the New-year's regret overtakes you. To advertise the thrift and enterprising character of the West, especially Seattle, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was announced as "the fair that will be ready." Such determination in itself created confidence in the promoters of the enterprise. How good to be ready to undertake any contemplated task at the proper time. Do not procrastinate, but send your names for enrolment in one of the Reading Courses to your Missionary Volunteer secretary at once. State what course you want to take, and order your books, at least the first one.

We cannot tell you the good things of the Reading Course feast. You must taste them for yourself, for there is no such thing as cooperative studying any more than there is cooperative eating. There is a seat reserved for you. Do not allow it to remain vacant. Come, and be one of the three thousand young people in the United States and Canada who will be members of the Spare Minute Circle. Be one of the many ambitious young people to seize this opportunity for self-improvement.

M. E.

"By the street 'By and By' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'"

"ALL good government must begin at home."