

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 42



AT THE PRESERVES

PHILADELPHIA provides free eye-glasses for nearly 2,500 schoolchildren every year.

A JERSEY cow at the Michigan Agricultural College has made the astonishing record of producing 18,783 pounds of milk in a year.

MOTION pictures are being used in the Chicago public schools to instruct children how to avoid accidents due to street traffic. Eighty-three children were killed in that city in 1912 by such accidents.

CONTRARY to popular belief, forest fires seldom travel more than two or three miles an hour. Even in extreme cases it is questionable whether they burn at a rate of more than six to ten miles an hour.

THE Post-office Department is being urged to install shower-baths in city post-offices for the benefit of the mail-carriers, many of whom have to walk from fifteen to twenty miles a day in their work. The newest post-office buildings are now equipped with these baths.

A TEST is being made in some of the national forests with ammonia bombs, to extinguish forest fires. Fire fighters find it difficult to get near enough to brush fires to beat out the flames, and the explosion of a single bomb will extinguish fire in a fifteen-foot circle.

A SECOND-HAND automobile bought as junk for \$50 was rebuilt as a racer and won a \$2,500 prize in a 444-mile road race from Los Angeles to Sacramento, California. The car was bought by a young mechanic, who remodeled it and entered it in the race against forty-eight powerful racers.

FORMERLY in the University of Michigan there were each year from 600 to 800 cases of gonorrhea and 300 cases of syphilis among the students. But after a period of instruction upon sex hygiene, which every student is expected to take, there were less than 200 cases of gonorrhea and 6 of syphilis.

"WE are destroying the eyes of a large number of schoolchildren by the burden of continuous near work to which they are subjected," says Dr. F. Park Lewis, of Buffalo. He suggests as a remedy, in addition to the use of eye-glasses, reduction in the amount of work dependent directly upon the printed page. "Let us have more thinking and fewer books," he urges.

A GASOLINE slot-machine designed for the convenience of motorists is now being introduced, and undoubtedly will prove popular. A hose is attached from the machine to the car, and a half-dollar dropped into the slot. A pump is set in action by the turning of a crank, which delivers the gasoline into the tank of the car. The mechanism is adjustable to deliver the fluid at current prices.

FOUR steel tubes each 220 feet long and 19 feet in diameter, all riveted side by side and weighing 725 tons, were sunk to the bottom of the Harlem River recently, to form part of the new Lexington Avenue subway in New York City. The section lowered was the first of five which are to form four tubes, each 1,080 feet in length, and through them will run local and express trains of the new subway.

HAMILTON, Ontario, boasts of a large brick house that was built in twenty-four hours. It is two and one-half stories high and cost \$6,000. The construction began one day at 5 P. M., and the house was ready for occupancy the next day at 5 P. M. It required over 150 laborers to accomplish the feat. This record is often beaten in Porto Rico, where four men can build a bark house in fifty minutes, spending half the time gathering the material.

ALUMINUM-SOLED shoes for farmers and laborers are now made for work in water or on damp floors. The sole is one continuous piece of aluminum, and folds up along the sides, the lack of flexibility being made up for by a bar under the ball of the foot which gives a buoyant roll to the step and prevents flat-footed walking. Aluminum is used in preference to other metal because it combines lightness and durability. The shoes are comparatively inexpensive.

A WATER-SUPPLY system that is larger and more complicated than that of most cities has been installed in the Woolworth building, New York City, which is fifty-five stories high. All the water is metered and filtered, and with the exception of that used below the second story, is pumped into storage-tanks located at different levels. Forty thousand gallons of water are available at all times from the tanks, the largest tank on the twenty-seventh floor having a capacity of 20,000 gallons.

"Somebody Must Be In"

THE late Archdeacon Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving a lecture, when a cry of "Fire!" was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and, forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor, quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line was a youth, delicate, frail-looking, standing up to his waist in the river.

"What!" cried Mr. Hare, "you in the water, Sterling? You are liable to take cold."

"Somebody must be in," responded the youth; "why not I as well as another?"

The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous beings. Cowardice, and coldness, too, says, "O, somebody will do it!" and the speaker sits still; he is not the one to do what wants doing. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says: "Somebody must do it, why not I?" and the deed is done.—*Selected.*

Wilbur Wright's Answer.

THE Wright brothers, the famous aviators [of whom one died in 1913], are clean-limbed and clean-minded. From their father, good old Bishop Wright, they inherit two sterling traits—character and a shrewd business sense. When Wilbur was at the high tide of his first foreign success, and was acclaimed everywhere as "the emperor of the air," the king of Spain came to see his machine. An orderly approached and said, "His majesty would like to see you fly." "I am very sorry," was the reply, "but we never fly on Sunday."—*From Sunday at Home.*

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Doing and Being

F. FREDERICK BLISS

DOING! Doing! Ever doing! Powers taxed and scourged
and teased
Into action fierce and frenzied, that the conscience may be
eased!
Why, the world has lost its balance, left its orbit, wildly
flown
To uncharted fields of ether, wandering dazed and wild and
lone!
Some dear hands, well trained, must offer for the task thus
sin-decreed,
And full hearts must beat in ardor o'er such agonizing need!
Childhood, press your tiny fingers to the load that moves so
slow!
Youth, adjust your growing shoulders, helping thus to make
it go!
Ho, young manhood, honor's mandate bids you front the
battle-line,
Where the hero's vaulting prowess may forever mount and
shine!
And, young women, bring your beauty and your culture to
the test
Of the things divinely listed as the highest and the best!
Ancient men and mothers aged, all now needful is the strength

You can bring the task awaiting! World adjustment comes
at length.

What! the heedless, wild world-wanderer on the trackless
ether sea,
Still refusing intervention, still refusing true to be?
Heeds she not the union fateful of the race from youth to age
'Gainst her machinations hateful and her pride and guilt and
rage?

Heeds she not the tread of armies panoplied for holy war,
Fearful not of dire disaster, heedful not of pain or scar?
Leagues, societies, and unions, with associations firm,
Not produce the heavenly virus to destroy rebellion's germ?

Say not so, O dark fruitions of the frowning, bootless years
That have fleshed and robed to roundness our grim skeleton
of fears!

O our God, from out the heavens speak the sweet corrective
now!

Let us know our root-fault quickly; tell us *what* and *when*
and *how*!

Drifting down through far-off time-aisles floats a whisper
soft and low:

"Cease not working, but remember 'tis in *being* ye shall *do*!"

You Owe Yourself the Influence of Good Reading

E. M. GRAHAM



As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" might, with equal truth, be rendered, "As he readeth, so is he." The subject-matter of the books read in childhood and youth has a lasting effect upon the characters of the readers. This being so, should not young people, for their own good, select books that will help to form in them strong, noble characters?

There is a divine principle in this development of character by reading, and we find it recorded in 2 Cor. 3: 18. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

It is by beholding we become changed into the image of the Lord. But how do we behold?—It is by *reading* the Bible and so beholding Christ, as his character and work are given in the printed page.

If we read books that are inspired by Satan, as some books are, we shall in the same manner be changed into his image. How many times youths who have been arrested for burglary and other crimes have said, "It was reading bad books that turned my mind to this kind of life." Their thoughts had dwelt on these tales of crime and adventures connected with crime, and so, almost insensibly, they were led to desire to do the things that were occupying their minds.

This world is our training-school, in which we are to build up our characters. We may develop them in two ways, so that they will last through eternity, or so that they will be destroyed soon after the second resurrection. This destruction is not an arbitrary act of God. It is because the characters have been built of material that cannot last, with any safety to the world or happiness to the owners of them.

Seeing, therefore, that our characters are the only possession we can carry into eternity, do we not owe

it to ourselves to make them fit for the kingdom of heaven?

Reading is an excellent thing when wisely directed. The Bible should be the foundation of all our reading, and the more we study it, the more we shall enjoy it and profit by it. Then there are our own publications, all worthy of careful and thoughtful reading. Outside of these there is a wealth of good literature from which to select. Biographies of missionaries and men who have made their mark in the world, are always interesting. So are books of travels, many natural-history books, some histories, and many others.

In addition to our school studies, we owe it to ourselves to become generally well informed. We learn geography at school, but when we hear or read the name of a country, does it at once bring to our minds a general idea of the country, its climate, people, products, and characteristics in general? History is one of our school studies, but can we quickly call to mind sufficient of the general history of any country to enable us to talk intelligently about it? The same is true of other studies. We lay a foundation at school, but it is our own reading that should build upon this foundation, and make us well-educated men and women, ready for service.

We owe it to ourselves to make the very best we can of ourselves, because an infinite price has been paid for us. Jesus laid down his life for us that he might give us eternal life. But while his gift is free, there are conditions which we must fulfil in order to receive it. We owe it to him because of his great love for us, to do our part by building into our characters the qualities that will make us like him. Therefore we owe it to both Jesus and ourselves to read only such literature as will *strengthen* and *elevate* our thoughts, and through them build up characters fit for the kingdom of God.

The Continent of Opportunity

MATILDA ERICKSON



HE Neglected Continent of yesterday has become the Continent of Opportunity today. From Panama on the north to Cape Horn at the southern extremity, every country offers some inducement to the foreigner.

To the historian, South America is a most fascinating field: the story of her Incas never loses its charm; and of the wars and bloodshed that have drenched her through past centuries, the half has never been told. To the tourist Lima is the Paris of South America; Bolivia is both its Switzerland and its Hermit republic, Santiago its Jamestown; and, in fact, every place is an opportunity for contrasts and comparisons. There are ruins of supreme interest to the archeologist. The naturalist discovers birds, beasts, trees, and shrubs found in no other part of the world. The entomologist finds plenty of bugs, and the geologist revels in minerals of every description. Then there is the wealth of natural resources that allure the foreign capitalist. Nor is this surprising. A few years ago, according to reports, the average exports in Argentina were \$60 per capita, proportionately two and one-half times as large as the exports of the United States, about fifteen times as large as those of Japan, and more than a hundred times as large as those of the Chinese Republic. The foreign trade of Argentina alone is almost as great as that of Africa.

But South America is more especially a continent of opportunity to those who heed the cry that arises from the millions who there grope in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Had South America had a "Mayflower" and a Plymouth Rock, her conditions religiously, educationally, and industrially doubtless would have compared more favorably with those of her sister continent in the northern hemisphere. Had she been blessed with Franklins, Washingtons, and Lincolns, instead of Pizarros, Almagros, and Bolivars, her history probably would contain less carnage and bloodshed. She is still suffering from the selfish lust for gold and power that cursed the land in the early days of Spanish conquest.

Yes, South America is a continent of opportunity to those who seek to uplift downtrodden humanity. Her needs plead urgently for educators. While there is a highly intelligent class, ignorance and illiteracy prevail among the masses of the people. Robert E. Speer, in his report to the Rochester convention, 1910, said: "The average illiteracy in the American nation is ten per cent and a fraction over. If you add to that number all the children under ten years of age who are out of school, you will have a total illiteracy in the United States of about sixteen per cent. According to the last official census, the proportion of illiteracy in the republic of Brazil was eighty-five per cent, including children under six years of age. In the Argentine Republic it is fifty per cent among those over six years of age; in Chile, according to the official census, it is sixty per cent; in Bolivia, according to the Statesmen's Year Book, it is eighty per cent among those over ten years of age. . . . We can put it more concretely in one simple parallel. In the year 1901, seventy out of every one hundred conscripts in the Chilean army were illiterate. In 1904, out of every twenty-five hundred recruits for the German army, one was illiterate." Argentina, the best-educated land

in South America, has nine per cent of her population in school, Chile five per cent, Peru and Brazil each three per cent; while in North America nineteen per cent of the population are in school, fifteen per cent in Germany, and thirteen per cent in Japan.

If the great intellectual need of South America makes it a continent of opportunity to the educator, then the more distressing need of spiritual help makes it a continent of greater opportunity to the Christian worker. South America needs the gospel that saves from sin, and enables men and women to live unspotted from the world. In many places the sanctity of home life is lost sight of, and the moral standard is trailing in the dust. For four hundred years the Catholic Church has been at work. But if the moral standard of students in heathen China today is fifty per cent higher than that of South American students, she needs something better than the Catholicism which in the past has ruled her people, regulated her homes, taught her children, and saturated the whole social fabric.

Speaking of his recent visit to the country, Mr. Speer again says: "The priest who took us around the great school of some French fathers in one city in South America told the man who introduced me to him, in answer to his question, that he thought about one half of the priests in Chile were men who were leading clean, moral lives. We will believe that there were more. But we asked a priest in Colombia, who made a long journey with us, how many priests he knew who were clean and pure men; and he said that out of the eighteen priests whom he knew intimately, there was only one who was leading a clean moral life."

Mr. Speer appeals to the United States and Canada in these words: "We have had our obligations staring us in the face for a hundred years, and we have passed the needy men at our door mercilessly by. Surely now at last the day has come for us to take up our obligation to these Latin American peoples. Now, more than in any other day, the need is pressing upon us. If we do not give help now, South America will become the stronghold of all the reactionary and the obscurantist elements of the Church of Rome, and a situation will be produced which even the Church of Rome itself, with all its best purposes and its best energies, will not be able to deal with. Priests from the other lands are pouring in, from the Philippines, from France, from Andalusia, from Italy, from Belgium; all those priests who are not wanted in their own lands are gathering now in South America."

South America needs hundreds of Christian workers whose lives will demonstrate the saving power of the gospel; and she needs them now. Her teeming millions are marching rapidly toward eternity. While we wait, some go whither we cannot follow them with the glad tidings of salvation. Her need is our opportunity. Many noble workers are giving their lives to South America. Will not others pray, give, and work for the salvation of the lost in the Continent of Opportunity?

WE rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—J. G. Holland.

A Ringing Defense of the Jew

I AM not a Jew. There is not a drop of Jewish blood in any of my known or traditional ancestors. But I wish substantially to repeat at this time, without the slightest suggestion from any one, some of the truths to which I gave editorial expression about a decade ago.

It is a fact that the civilized world, and that part of it which is most Christian, owes more to the Jewish race than to any other. Students of history and of Christianity know this; and the point need not be argued. It is enough to say Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew, as well as the first and mightiest heralds of his truth.

It is a fact that the Jew, of all other peoples, has suffered most at the hands of others. Not to go back to ancient history, recall Russian outrages against the Jews, and the atrocities of "the unspeakable Turk." Yet the race is separate, distinct, aggressive, and friendly to all, when given a chance.

It is a fact that educationally, commercially, in matters of science, statesmanship, diplomacy, and sometimes military achievement, they have made vital and abiding contribution to all people.

The Jew has been much criticized and laughed at for his money-getting proclivities; but it is a fact that the typical son of Jacob is more generous than the average Gentile. Let the reader recall when the Jew asked him, or any other than a Jew, to assist an orphanage, asylum, hospital, or any eleemosynary institution under Jewish control; and let our Gentile kindred remember the myriads of instances, if possible, when the Jew gave cheerful and substantial gifts to our institutions of this character. If our critics of the Jew concerning his commercialism were half as generous as the Jew, there would be more to rise up and call them blessed than to pronounce them accursed because of their parsimony.

It is a fact that the Jewish race is the most law-abiding race under the sun. There are occasional law-breakers among them, but offenses against the law, any law, are so infrequent, so rare among them as to give them the preeminence in this regard. Some assert they violate the law as much as others, but do not get caught. Are such persons stating facts? Do they know whereof they speak? The typical Jew is, and most of them are, bright, quick in thought, plan, and action. But to get at their comparative freedom from the courts and convictions for crime, we have to go deeper for the cause of such comparative freedom. They are raised up from their earliest intelligence as children—and from Moses to this day—in a legal atmosphere. Everywhere and everywhere it is the law of Moses, the law of God, the law of the nation, of the state, and of the municipality. They are taught the law, to keep it and honor it if it is worthy of honor. They exalt and even glorify the law.

I trust the friends of my own race will not be offended with me when I assert that my frequent association with and study of the Jew, for at least a quarter of a century, has convinced me that they are the best lawyers, not speaking professionally but broadly, in our midst. Again, in my many rounds over Georgia, I have heard of only one Jew in the chain-gang; and in my personal contact with thousands of children in juvenile reform work and study for ten years from New York to Chicago, to Tampa, Fla., I have seen only two Jewish children who were subjected to the juvenile court or any like insti-

tution. There may have been other such children, but I had no knowledge of them.

The devotion of Hebrew children to their parents and grandparents is beautiful. Their support of them in old age, adding to their comfort by kindly ministries, is a joy. They are their kings and queens to the last.

This characteristic, thank God, is not exclusive among Hebrew children. This lovely, divine relationship between parent and child is fundamental and contributory to everything worth while; but any student of the times knows how unusual it has become in these latter days, when a general outlook is taken. Love and law are the holy, eternal bonds of the ideal family life.

It is too well known to more than point to the courageous custom, that when a Jew fails or meets with misfortune, he is helped to get on his feet again as quickly as possible, and by his Hebrew brethren. Altruism is a large part of their religion, and without it there is no religion worthy of the name.

Mark you, I have not said that the Jew is perfect, either racially or individually,—far from it,—nor that they are never criminal.

While many not Jews have one supreme heritage and hope not possessed by them as a whole, the Jews as a race have distinct and shining characteristics, which it would be well for all the rest of us to possess.

The divine promise given to Abraham and others, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," has been, and is yet to be, fulfilled in many ways which ought to provoke our gratitude. Should we not give them the gospel?—*Crawford Jackson, general secretary Juvenile Protective Association.*

The Drunkard's Grave

TANGLED weeds grew over it. Rank grass in great and little tufts flourished luxuriantly beside and around it. No memorial stone with name graven upon, nor little cherub with outstretched wings, as if bearing the departed spirit aloft to glory, carved upon it, marked the spot where the earthly remains were deposited. A Scotch thistle, bristling with prickles and angry-like, stood sentry over it, frowning upon a Bathurst bur that presumed to occupy the second place of dishonor near its feet. Modest wild flowers grew at some distance, as if unwilling to come near it; for it was a drunkard's grave.

No iron railing, or in the absence of iron, no wooden palings, enclosed it. Nobody living seemed to take an interest in it, or have any care for it. It stood, or rather lay, neglected and forsaken, a marked and striking contrast to some of its neighbors; for it was a drunkard's grave. No weeping willow drooped its pendent green boughs mournfully over it, like a guardian angel with folded wings, watching the sleeping dust till the glorious resurrection morn, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. No dark cypress gracefully reared its slender form close by it, speaking in its own silent language, "Friends, keep his memory green." It was a drunkard's grave.

No roses, with their smiling faces, looking so happy at being permitted to occupy such hallowed grounds, grew about it or dropped one of nature's pearly tears upon it. No violets peeped out with their little eyes from quiet resting-places around it, making the air redolent with their sweet perfume and embalming in their own quiet way the dead, as the gentle, loving

woman of whom we read in the Scriptures, with the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, did the living. It was a drunkard's grave.

Since the hardened grave-digger had carelessly and roughly smoothed the cold yellow clay, of which it was made, no other hands had tended it. Since that last dull thud of the spade sounded heavily upon it, pressing earth upon earth, clay upon clay, and dust upon dust, as if the body were not to rise again, but to go down deeper and deeper, no human foot had stood beside it, save the passing foot of the heedless stranger as he moved regardlessly along, bearing the remains of a friend or neighbor to the narrow and lonely home, where "the wicked cease from troubling; and . . . the weary be at rest." No busy bee ever paid a flying visit to it, rested at it, or returned from it loaded with luscious honey gathered from flowers blooming around it. They did not, for no flowers invited them; roses had never been planted there, so they never bloomed. It was a drunkard's grave.

Cold, bitter cold, blew on that wintry day. Mercilessly beat the rain on that rainy day. The wind blew upon wretched horse and still more wretched driver, upon shakily dray and uncovered coffin; it blew upon a miserable widow and still more miserable orphans, scantily clad, as they moved on slowly and drearily along rough, broken roads toward the drunkard's grave.

No solemn words proclaiming, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," were spoken hopefully over the drunkard's grave. No words of psalm, no voice of praise, was heard. No earnest prayer went up from holy lips, pleading for the widow and the fatherless. The man had lived a drunkard's life, died a drunkard's death, and so filled a drunkard's grave.

No hallowed associations cluster around it. No holy memories cling tenaciously to it. The man's life was a blank, his death a blot. The only legacy he left behind him was a bad name and a drunkard's grave. This is it, with tangled weeds growing over it, with the rank grass flourishing luxuriously around it. This is it, with no monumental stone over it. Yonder where the Scotch thistle, angry-like, frowns at its head; and the Bathurst bur, fit emblem of the crime of strong drink, growing at its feet,—yes, that is the drunkard's grave. Stranger, as you pass, look at it in the light of Scripture: The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God. And man, as you value your soul, avoid the drunkard's grave.

GEO. H. INSCOR, M. D.

God's Promises

"THE promise of God is the assurance of some blessing which he intends to bestow upon his children. The value of a promise depends upon the maker; we do not trust the promise of a stranger, and we may not always have faith in the promise of a friend, however much we believe in his good intentions; but when we turn to the Sacred Volume, and read therein the promises of God, we know that we may rely upon their fulfilment if we comply with the conditions attached to them, for what he hath promised, he is able also to perform.

The promises of God are either absolute or conditional, either expressed or implied. With sin, came the first promise of a deliverer,—an absolute promise, and fulfilled in the person of Christ, our Redeemer. The faith of Abraham, of Moses, of David,

of the prophets, of the apostles, and of all God's chosen ones from generation to generation, is built upon the precious promises of God. These promises are the foundation of that hope which is the anchor of the soul to every believer. They are the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire that lead us by day and by night. They are the rainbows that span our sky when the storms of adversity burst upon us; they are the stars that illumine our pathway in the night of affliction; the lantern which shines in the dark places of doubt and perplexity, by whose light we are enabled to remove the stumbling-blocks from our way, and place our feet upon the safe and sure ground of faith and love. They are the rock in whose shadow we may rest when weary with the heat and burdens of the day.

The promises of God are manifold; they are adapted to every age and condition of mankind. Without them, life would be a dreary journey from the cradle to the grave,—a barren, sandy desert, with no hills to look up to, whence cometh our help,—no deep wells from which to draw, with joy, the water of salvation; and no land of Beulah in view, as we draw near the end of the journey.

But having these "exceeding great and precious promises," how different is life! We are traveling through the King's own country, where he has made everything beautiful in his time. All along the King's highway the flowers of love and hope are ever blossoming, filling the air with their fragrance, while the King himself bears us company on the way, so that we may be sure of a safe journey. For here is the promise: "I will guide thee with mine eye." Trouble may overtake us, but he has promised deliverance if we call upon him; the burden may become too heavy for us to bear alone, but if we cast it upon him, he has promised to sustain us.

But time would fail me to tell of all the promises contained in the Word of God,—promises to the sick and the sorrowful; to the weary, the fearful, and the faint-hearted; to the faithful and to those who overcome. Some of these promises we may apply to our hearts, daily and hourly trusting in them, and building our hope on God's Word; others we may lay hold upon, and resting in them, find peace; some, for the fulfilment of which we must wait until we have passed beyond the gates and stand in the presence of the King.

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," then when we enter the dark valley, and our feet touch the cold waters of death, we may rest in the promise that underneath are the everlasting arms, and hear a loving voice saying, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."

M. H. TIMANUS.

Seed Thoughts

It is better and nobler and higher to be a mere hod-carrier and possess moral character, than to be a king and devoid of moral character.

Remember that our Saviour, the direct Creator of the universe, gave up his exalted position in heaven and came down to this sinful world, and for many years worked at the carpenter's trade.

All honest labor is honorable; and in every walk of life it is the moral character alone that constitutes the true man. Without moral character a man is of no value to himself, and is a curse to the world in general.

J. W. LOWE.

Beautiful Girlhood

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES

BEAUTIFUL girlhood, light-hearted and free,
 Launching out in the future, the unknown sea
 Receding the shores of childhood so fair,
 Where the loves of sweet home and parents so dear
 Surrounded thee ever, protective and strong!
 O happy those days all brightened with song!

How sweet to remember the evening prayer
 With father and mother and brothers so dear!
 But now thou art reaching the untried deeps
 Of womanly duties and manifold steep;
 Gone are those days of childhood's sweet joys,
 With its innocent prattle and childish toys,
 While before thee now opens the wide, wide sea
 Of life's stirring duties all waiting for thee.

All fair and unclouded the still youthful brow,
 And bright is the vista thou'rt viewing just now;
 New hopes and new fears, it may be, have part
 In the thoughts that are filling thy youthful heart.

O, what is the future now holding for thee?
 And who shall be sharers, O who shall they be,
 Who passage now take, and with strong, steady hand
 Will help thee to make the fair promised land?

Ah! 'tis now thou dost need a Pilot on board,
 A wise and strong Master who can help afford.
 O, many the snares that are laid for thy feet
 In the long, homeward voyage, with dangers replete!
 O, loud the rough breakers that dash on the reef,
 And dark are the storm-clouds! O, who'll bring relief
 When dangers are threatening, and billows run high,
 And hidden the rocks that 'neath the waves lie?

Ah, here is the Pilot! O, take him on board!
 'Tis Jesus, the Captain. He help can afford.
 Take him for thy pattern, take him for thy guide,
 Let him steer thy frail bark in the rough sea so wide,
 And safe he will guide to the heavenly shore,
 Where never again the wild billows roar.

"There's a Reason"

TED came breezing in like a breath of the October gale which had blown the brown hair on his capless head into wildest confusion.

"Here's a taste o' the woods for you, Miss Nan," he exclaimed, dropping a great armful of red branches into the girl's lap. "That's just a sample of what you'll see when we go on our tramp. Hello, Jack, you here, too?" catching sight of another young fellow sitting at ease in Aunt Maria's biggest armchair. "Have a good many callers these days, don't you, Aunt Rie?"

Aunt Maria laughed good-naturedly at him over her crocheting.

"I always do, any days, but of course when Nansie is here I expect more flies to gather round the honey. Would you mind putting another stick on the fire, John? Ted has brought in some extra cold, feels to me."

"The leaves are like a fire themselves," said Nan, watching the play of light among the reds in her lap. "Aren't they beautiful? You can't tell how lovely the country seems to a city girl. I can hardly wait to get into the real woods."

"By the way," began Ted, settling upon the hearth-rug and trying to reduce his flying locks to something like subjection, "Judith cannot go on the tramp if we have it Wednesday. Her mother's going to be dress-making or something."

"Then we'll go some other day," returned John promptly. "We can't have it without Judith, of course."

"That's what I told her," Ted agreed. "Thursday'll do just as well, anyway. I know the fellows would all rather wait."

Nan was listening curiously. "I wish you'd tell me, if it isn't inquisitive, why you boys are all so specially fond of Judith. From what I've heard, she is easily the most popular girl here, and I can't quite make it out. Not but that she is pretty and sweet," she added hastily, "but so are all the girls I've met. I can't see why she is so much more attractive than the others."

"I've wondered myself sometimes," said Aunt Maria, "though I think perhaps I have an idea. It is always Judith the boys speak of first, whatever the plan."

John poked the fire thoughtfully. "I don't know as

I can explain exactly, but 'there's a reason,' as the pure food folks say."

"Yes, 'there's a reason,'" Ted repeated, "a dozen of them for that matter. Maybe I can tell you a few, only you mustn't think I'm reflecting on anybody else. To begin with, Judith is always friendly, and yet she never chases a fellow. You know she'll meet you half-way, but you'll have to go that far after her—and somehow it makes her company more worth having. You very soon get tired of girls that wait for you on street corners and lay traps to meet you unexpectedly and all that. They may think you don't see through it, but you do. Anyhow, Judith never does it. She's just plain friendly and that's all, and you want her company a great deal more than if she were forever tagging you."

"And then she doesn't ever let you step over the line—hold her hand or anything like that," John put in with some diffidence; his words never came so easily as Ted's. "You just keep your distance and don't have anything to feel ashamed of afterward, and you like her all the better for it. If girls only knew," he finished earnestly, "how much more fellows respect them when they're like that. Of course, a fellow doesn't have to be mushy unless he wants to, but it helps a lot when you know the girl doesn't expect it."

Nan's eyes were very bright. "I wish some of the girls at home could hear you say it!" she exclaimed. "They don't really like that sort of thing, but they're afraid they will not be popular with the boys unless they allow it. I've tried to tell them, but it doesn't do much good."

"Well, you tell them for me," said Ted decidedly, "that they're very much mistaken. A boy may be weak and foolish enough to take advantage when he knows he can, but if he's worth knowing he really cares most for the girls that are particular—of course, if they are jolly and bright and good company into the bargain. Girls that are too anxious for attention aren't usually the ones that get it, anyway. What a boy wants is a nice, sensible, on-a-level friend, not somebody that would rather be walked on than be left out."

"There's another thing about Judith," John went on slowly, "she doesn't expect you to make a door-mat of yourself for her, either. I've seen girls that couldn't rest unless you were picking up their things or carrying their parasols or feeding them ice-cream. They seem

to think you were made to dangle after them every minute and feel slighted if you don't. Of course you want to be kind and polite, but——"

"I know," Nan nodded understandingly. "O, I wish you boys would write a book entitled 'For the Enlightenment of Girls.'"

"Good idea!" laughed Ted, "let's get about it, Jack. I'll warrant we could make it instructive and entertaining."

Aunt Maria was laughing, too, but her eyes were sober. "How about the boys' side?" she asked suddenly. "You are setting up a good high standard for the girls, as you ought, but what are you offering them in return? Are you setting up as high a standard for yourselves?"

Ted sat up straight on the hearth-rug, and gave back her clear, direct gaze. "We're trying to, honest, Aunt Rie, and it's just such girls as Judith and Miss Nan that help us boys to keep up to it. They make us feel that it pays to be worth their friendship."

Aunt Maria smiled kindly and patted his rough head. "I believe you mean it, dear, and I don't wonder any more why Nan and Judith are both so truly popular. There certainly is 'a reason.'"—*Marion Mallette Thornton, in the Wellspring.*

A Dream

(Written by a boy twelve years of age)

THE Sabbath came and passed;
The hours had flown too fast;
It soon was time to go to bed.
I dreamed of what the preacher said;
With trumpet voice he spoke so all could hear
The words of life so precious and so dear.
He said that Jesus died upon a tree,
Just so to save poor little me.
I thought what pain it must have caused,
And as I homeward walked I paused;
I thought, "What can I do for him
In this world so filled with sin?"
There is a lesson here for me;
Perhaps there is for thee.

WILLIAM HENRY MORRILL.

Unfulfilled Purposes

"So I am living with the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night," quoted a young girl as she concluded the story of a thwarted purpose. She spoke bravely enough, even gaily one might fancy, but the tears were not far away. It had been a noble purpose, too, one that in its full fruition would surely have carried blessing to many and developed the character of the girl herself. Through no fault of hers, it had failed.

Then why? May it not be that this failure, with all its sting of disappointment, was a better developer of her character than any amount of success just then would have been? May she not be better fitted to bring greater blessing to the world because of the thwarted plan? Another plan will take its place, a character tested and strengthened will attempt its execution, and under the blessing of the great Master Builder, a nobler structure will be raised. So "shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;" so shall the unfulfilled purpose become a blessing in disguise.—*Young People.*

Sew a very large safety-pin in your shopping bag. Then hang by means of smaller safety-pins your doorway, samples of cloth, memoranda, and such things. They will be handy when you open the bag, and save poking down and about the bottom of the bag for these things.—*Selected.*



Worm-Eaten Piles Snapped by Locomotive



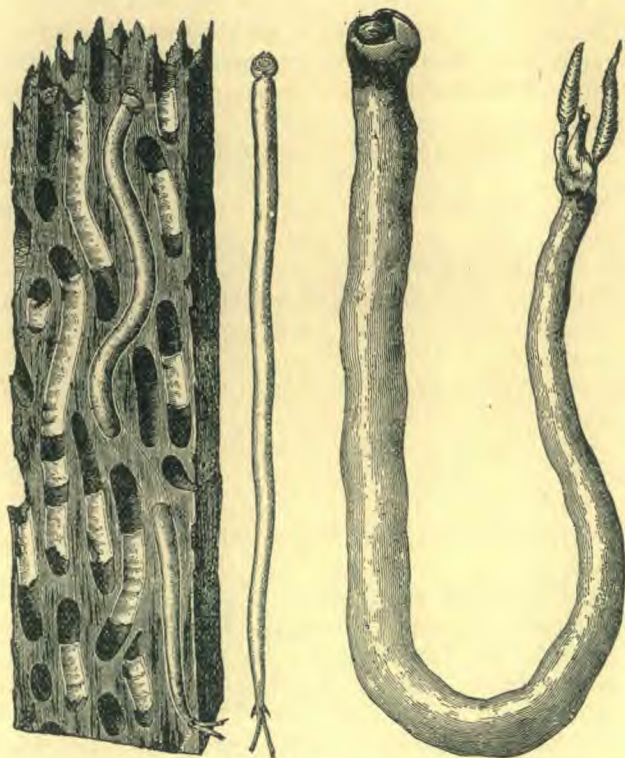
GREAT enemy to the ship owner and dike builder is the *Teredo navalis*, or ship-worm. This long, worm-like mollusk is all the more dangerous because it works so rapidly within the timber, while unseen from the outside; at least, without a close and careful examination, its pres-



WRECK CAUSED BY THE BREAKING OF
WORM-EATEN PILES

ence may remain unsuspected. Thus not only ships, but piers and dikes are particularly endangered. The wood becomes perforated by millions of these unseen borers, which always work under water; and until we learned to copper-sheath our ships, doubtless many lives were sacrificed through the mischievous activity of these vegetarian mollusks.

Teredos, by honeycombing the piles of a wharf, caused the wreck shown in a picture on this page. The wharf, located at Tiburon, California, was less



THE TEREDO NAVALIS, OR SHIP-WORM

than six months old; but the ship-worms, or teredos, had weakened the piling so badly in that time that it crumpled up under a Northwestern Pacific locomotive, June 30. Both enginemen jumped, and no one was injured. It will be noticed that the photograph was

taken before all the steam had left the boiler. The large teredo shown in the accompanying cut was taken from a pile in the Gulf of Mexico. The worm was eighteen inches long. The piece of wood so badly eaten was in the water less than two years.

Shell Talks — the *Melongena Corona*



N a previous article I described the epidermis, or outer covering, found on many shells, and stated that its purpose evidently is the protection of the surface of the true shell lying underneath it from abrasion through contact with rough substances and from corrosion through the action of the acids in the sea-water.

It is not often that a shell will be found with this covering in perfect condition. Nearly all the Gasteropoda, or single-shell Mollusca, are predatory and carnivorous, great wanderers, seeking for and preying upon other shell lives; so in their travels they find themselves tossed about by the waves and dashed against rocks and other jagged and hard substances, which in a year or two tear and mar their "home-made overcoats," and their general appearance becomes anything but inviting. Then, too, the rents in the smooth surface of the epidermis enable parasitic shells to fasten themselves upon the covering, and several kinds of algæ, or seaweed, to gain a foothold and a permanent home upon the shell. It is not long before the epidermis is so marred by bruises and so completely covered by small shells and seaweed as to be difficult of recognition when lying quietly among the weeds.

The *Melongena corona* is supposed to be a native of the coast of Florida. Its home may be, however, far out in the great depths of the Gulf. Shells can be seen coming up from great depths. These will always have



MELONGENA CORONA WITH COVERING OF EPIDERMIS

the epidermis clean and free from shells and weed, showing that they have lived in deep waters beyond the reach of these parasites, and below the surface disturbance of the waves. Whether shells coming up

from these depths return again is not known. Just where the eggs of this species are deposited is not certain. Very small species of *Melongena* are not



MELONGENA CORONA WITH EPIDERMIS REMOVED

obtainable, the smallest being seldom less than three fourths of an inch in length.

It was once thought that these mollusks came up into shallow water to deposit the egg sacs, and then return; but all over the coast shells of all sizes and ages can be found covered with weeds and small shells, having adopted the mud-flats for a permanent home, in which they have, evidently, been located for several years.

The shells from which the illustrations are made were caught as they came up from a great depth, on a first trip to shallow water. Both are remarkably perfect and well preserved. The natural size was about five inches in length by three and one-half inches broad.

Many shells, such as are found on the shores of warm seas, and which are absolutely repulsive as seen lying in the short seaweed of shallow waters, or found prowling about on the muddy edges of beds of algæ, when cleaned, are objects of exquisite beauty. Indeed, often the transformation in the cleansing acid bath of the collection is so great as to be greeted with shouts of astonishment by the onlookers.

With no other shell is this as true, possibly, as with the *Melongena corona*, of the Florida coast. The illustrations show two almost perfect specimens of this shell. The first shell has the epidermal covering complete, the other has been cleansed of this protecting envelope, and the beautiful home of the wonderful master workman that inhabited it, is revealed in all its marvelous detail. How fitting a simile of our Christ, coming as the Son of man, with no outward adorning to attract the eye, but with an inward character so glorious in its purity, and so attractive in its perfection, as to awake a responsive chord of love in all beholders.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

A Homeopathic Cure for the Blues

I WAS going officeward one day in a very overcrowded trolley-car. It was pouring outside, and my gloves clung damply to my fingers. A stray wisp of

hair was tickling my nose, and my hands were too full of dripping umbrella and swaying strap to brush it away. I could feel that my forehead was wrinkled up, and my mouth drawn down. I thought of all the unpleasant things that had ever happened to me, and, glaring at the unrelenting sky, I wondered why it had to rain so hard. Then, looking along the car, I saw another girl hanging to a strap. She was ever so much wetter than I. The dampness oozed out of a crack in her worn shoe; the bare hands that gripped her umbrella and strap looked cramped and tired, and *two* straggly locks of hair tickled her rather small, in-offensive nose. But as I looked at her and pitied her, she glanced up and caught my eye, and *she smiled* at me! Then, somehow, the rain-drops looked very bright and jewel-like, and the gray of the sky seemed warmer and more friendly. I forgot that my feet were wet, and I smiled back. All that day, through the work and hurry of the hours, I carried a sunbeam hid in my heart.—*Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.*

The Incas

INCA is a name which makes us think of untold wealth, beautiful temples, and one of the best civilizations of antiquity. The empire of the Incas extended along the Pacific coast for three thousand miles, and embraced the territory now occupied by Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and a part of Argentina. It reached eastward into the unexplored regions of the Amazon. The origin of the nation is lost in antiquity. The Incas ascribed their beginnings to the gods, but they are thought to have come from the country south of Peru.

As a stranger views the barren coast, no country would seem less fitted for an agricultural nation. Desolate and sunburned shores, where it seldom rains, rise to inaccessible peaks a few miles inland. Yet there was developed one of the hardest agricultural races of mankind. Their irrigated gardens, terraced rice-fields, and great cities seem more wonderful when we think of the difficulties they overcame in making them. We are amazed at their large and substantial buildings how without iron tools and hoisting machinery they could construct such cities is beyond comprehension. Only the ruins of Karnak compare with them.

The capital occupied a commanding position on a high plateau, and was defended by a fort built of blocks of stone, some of which were thirty-eight feet long, eighteen feet broad, and six feet thick. The stone for the fort was brought many miles without aid,—they had no beasts of burden except the llama,—and adjusted with the nicest accuracy.

With the exception of the rulers, all the people were of the same class, there being no poor and no rich. The people possessed all things in common. The state cared for them all their lives. It prescribed where they should live, what they should wear, what they should eat, whom they should marry. The state owned their time; and as there was no currency, they paid for everything with their labor.

The religion consisted of worship of the sun and the inca, or king, who was a divine being to his subjects. The people erected temples to the sun, moon, stars, thunder and lightning, and the rainbow. They also seem to have had a vague idea of a supreme being, the invisible god. The most magnificent temple was at the capital, Cuzco. The exterior was massive and substantial, but the interior was a mine of gold. The

walls were almost wholly covered with gold, sprinkled with precious stones.

The Incas were a peculiar people. Their knowledge in some ways exceeded ours; they rank among the greatest as builders, yet had no literature; they were willing to sacrifice their individuality for the sake of the nation, and at the will of the emperor.

The Peruvians were an industrious people, and none dare predict what they would have accomplished had it not been for the Spaniards, under the leadership of Pizarro, who robbed, cheated, enslaved, and nearly exterminated them.

IVAN RICHMOND.

A Saloon-Keeper's Reasoning

THE owner of a saloon near the navy-yard in Washington, D. C., on account of the law recently passed by Congress prohibiting, after a certain time, saloons within a specified distance of the navy-yard, the marine barracks, or any church or school, will be forced to remove his business to another location, and as the new law also reduces the number of saloons to three hundred, he will likely have to give up his business as well. He remarked only recently in my hearing, to a friend:—

"This business cost me \$25,000 and it has taken me years to pay for it, and now it is not worth fifteen cents. A year ago I could have sold the business, not including the building, for \$15,000; now I could not sell it for a song." I thought, "O, if he only could see where most of that \$25,000 came from, how many families were deprived of the necessities of life to raise it, how many prison cells were filled, how many happy homes shattered, how many human lives ruined, he would realize that he had no claim whatever upon it!"

Then one of the group engaged in conversation asked him, "Why don't you saloon owners have the law repealed?" He answered: "There is not a chance so long as Congress is in session. Our only hope is to wait until Congress adjourns and appeal to the courts." He then further remarked: "With Wilson in the White House, and Bryan as Secretary of State, it looks bad for us, *and I voted to put them there!* Well, the Democrats had better make the most of these four years, because they certainly will not have another chance very soon." What an excellent reputation for President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan! It is an honor to have such men at the head of the government. But what ungenerous reasoning on the part of the saloon-keeper,—because the leaders of a political party are trying to uplift and better mankind, they would better make the most of their term, for the party certainly will not get in power again. Does that mean that the liquor traffic will decide who shall rule our nation? I pray not.

The saloon-keeper continued: "The new law permits us to keep our saloons open until 1 A. M., but not to reopen before seven in the morning. That makes the working man stay up late at night to get his refreshments [?], and then he has to go to his work in the morning without being able to get a drink." But all this, forsooth, is advantageous to the laborer, and not an evil. He goes to work with a clear brain, not with one muddled with alcohol. May the time soon come when this ruinous traffic shall be forever and entirely driven from our country. Agitate, educate, making known unceasingly the better way.

EDWARD QUINN, JR.

Takoma Park, D. C.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Double-Barreled Boy

ALEXANDER RITCHIE

WEE Johnny had a daddie
Who believed in health reform,
And tried to teach his little boy
According to that norm.

One day, at the table
Johnny sat in his high chair;
And from his little bowl drank milk,
Without a thought of care.

When suddenly his daddie
Asked his ma if she would bring
A bottle of her grape-juice wine,—
A treat fit for a king.

Now Johnny had a penchant,
Deep and strong, for grape-juice wine;
He could take it from a goblet,
Or, like Pharaoh, from the vine.

So it didn't take a second,
When he heard the magic name,
For that tiny grape-juice toper
To declare he'd have the same.

BUT—saddest word that ever was
To chill the ardent soul—

Half of that milk was in the boy,
And half was in the bowl.

Then up spoke Johnny's daddie,
With regret to say him Nay:
"My darling, milk and grape-juice
Mixed together will not pay.

"Better wait until your stomach
Gets the milk all tucked away,
Then the grape-juice will find nothing
To obstruct the king's highway."

Buried deep in meditation,
Quietly sat my baby boy,
Thinking out some stunning logic
Which might turn defeat to joy.

Then a sudden inspiration
Falls upon his tiny brain;
Surely daddie will surrender
To an argument so plain.

"O! I know how milk and grape-juice
Will agree with one another,
For I'll drink the milk down one leg
And the grape-juice down the other."

How the Truth Came to Will—No. 1

A True Story

EDITH IRENE DILLON

IN a country school in California, several years ago, a class of little children were gathered one pleasant afternoon around their teacher's knee. In the rear of the room sat a lad about sixteen years of age. His attention was attracted to the class of little ones by hearing the teacher ask his younger brother to name the days of the week. The little fellow, whom we shall call Jimmie, began, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," etc. "Children, how many of you think Jimmie said them correctly?" asked the teacher. Each little hand was raised, and the teacher, smiling, said, "Monday is not the first day of the week, but Sunday is." "Monday's the day my father goes to work, anyway," said Jimmie.

When the older boy, Will, heard the teacher's statement, he raised his hand. That Sunday was the first day was new to him. He knew that Sunday was called the Sabbath, also that the fourth commandment says, "The seventh day is the Sabbath," and, of course, if Sunday is the first day, it cannot be the Sabbath, he reasoned.

The teacher paid no attention to Will's lifted hand, but he was not to be baffled. He went to the dictionary, and was surprised to find that Sunday was there called the first day of the week. When school closed for the day, he hurried home, and, meeting his father, said, "Father, the teacher told Jimmie's class this afternoon that Sunday is the first day of the week." "Why, Will, any one knows that. Are you sixteen years old and have never heard that?"

"But if Sunday is the first day, it isn't the Sabbath; for the seventh day is the Sabbath. Why, then, do people keep Sunday?" "The Sabbath was changed from Saturday to Sunday in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ," his father replied. Will inquired where in the Bible he could find the record of the change. "I cannot give you the chapter and verse, but you will find it somewhere in the Gospels," said Mr. Brown.

It might be well to say here that neither Mr. Brown nor his family were church-members, and the Bible was not studied in their home. Will, however, had had his interest in God's Word aroused by his grandmother, who was a devoted Christian, and had visited in their home the previous winter. She had often asked him to read portions of Scripture to her; and to please her he had committed to memory the ten commandments.

Will began a careful reading of the Gospels, and to his disappointment found that they contained no record of a change. He continued his study, reading the Acts of the Apostles and some of the writings of Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles. On reading these books he discovered there *was* evidence of the observance of the Sabbath,—the seventh day,—but nothing favoring the keeping of the first day.

He was determined to find if Christ or the apostles authorized the keeping of Sunday; and when he had completed a diligent study of the entire New Testament and found nothing to substantiate the claim that it was changed by divine authority, he went to his fa-

ther and told him that the Bible contained no account of the change. His father told him that it must be there, though he had not found it. He was not satisfied by this reply, and still felt that there must be some mistake, and that Sunday was the seventh day, and therefore the Sabbath. He, therefore, went to the city library and asked the librarian for something about "Sunday." She gave him several large volumes, each of which corroborated the statements made by the teacher and his father.

Mr. Brown took a San Francisco newspaper, and Will, noticing that it contained a Question Corner, decided to send the following questions to the paper to see how the editor would answer them:—

"Is it true that Sunday is the first day of the week?"

"If Sunday is the first day of the week, why do Christians observe it as the Sabbath?"

He received the following reply:—

"Sunday is the first day of the week.

"As to why Christians observe Sunday as the Sabbath, ask some minister of the gospel."

While reading the New Testament in order to find who changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday, Will read many texts concerning the second coming of Christ. During the time his grandmother lived in their home, she told him many stories of her childhood. Among the most interesting was an account of the falling of the stars in 1833. Although it had seemed very wonderful to him, he did not know that the Bible said anything about the event until he read about it in Matt. 24:29 and Mark 13:25, and especially in Rev. 6:13, which reads, "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind." As he read these texts and saw that the falling of the stars was a sign of the second coming of our Saviour, he thought, "Surely Jesus' coming is near," for it says, "When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." Thus without any human instruction he learned from the sacred pages the truth of the second advent of our Lord.

He was still much concerned about the Sabbath question, and often spoke to his father about it. But Mr. Brown said to him, "There was surely some good reason for changing the Sabbath; and even if Saturday is the Sabbath, there is no use for you to think about keeping it, for you are under age, and I am not going to have you keeping that old Jewish Sabbath on my ranch. Anyway, the law of God commands you to obey me, and I forbid you to keep that old Sabbath." Poor Will did not know what to do. He wondered whether it would be right to break one commandment in order to keep another.

He said to himself, "There are many wise and good people who keep Sunday, and I wonder if this Sabbath question ever troubles them as it does me. If God blesses them, I believe he will bless me, too, even if I do not keep the Sabbath day. Father says he will." But the Scriptural admonition, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil" (Ex. 23:2), proved to him that because many wise and good people kept Sunday was no true sign that the Lord's blessing rested upon Sunday-keeping.

Mr. Brown told Will that he had no objection to his becoming a Christian, and that he could join any church he wished, but said that he could not keep the Sabbath. Will asked, "Why?" "Because we couldn't run the ranch and keep Saturday. The mortgage would take it, and we should lose everything we have," answered his father. "But, father," continued

Will, "why couldn't you and all of us keep the Sabbath? There are enough of us to run the ranch and keep the Sabbath; and I believe that if we all would keep the Sabbath, the Lord would prosper us, and we should soon get out of debt." Still Mr. Brown insisted that Will should not keep the Sabbath.

One evening he asked God to reveal to him if it was wrong for him to continue working on the Sabbath, and that night he dreamed that the Lord told him to read James 4:17. As soon as he awoke in the morning, with the reference fresh in his mind he read the text, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

He continued to read and study the Bible, and one day found this text, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." This verse indicated to him that the Lord does not require children to obey their parents when the parents' command is contrary to the law of God. He now saw that he would not be violating the fifth commandment should he disregard his father's command forbidding him to keep the Sabbath.

During the winter following Will's seventeenth birthday, a Presbyterian minister came into the community, and made arrangements to hold a series of revival meetings in the schoolhouse about two miles from Mr. Brown's home. Will desired to attend these meetings, and his father readily gave his consent. Will was very faithful in attendance, and each evening he learned more of the love of God and of the sinner's need of a Saviour.

One evening near the close of the series, the minister invited those who desired to consecrate their lives to God and become Christians to come forward and take his hand. Will went forward and clasped the preacher's hand. Eighteen others followed him. After a brief spiritual examination, the minister said they could be baptized and join the church the following Sunday.

Early Sunday morning, our young friend started for the schoolhouse, prepared to take part in the baptism. Soon the building was filled, and the minister came and preached an impressive sermon. After the service the preacher invited the candidates to come to the altar and be baptized, and afterward be received into the church. Will sat still, but the others arose and went forward. A lady, seeing Will, asked him why he, too, did not go up and be baptized.

"Where are they going to have the baptism?" he asked. "Why, right here in the schoolhouse," she answered. Then the minister went to him and wanted to know why he had not gone forward with the others. "I'd like to know how you can have baptism here in this schoolhouse. There isn't any water," said Will. "Yes, there is; I have some up there in that pitcher, and I will pour a little of it on your head and you will be baptized," said the preacher. "I do not think that is baptism," said Will. "It says in the Bible that Jesus went down into the water and came up out of the water." "It does not matter much as to the mode of the baptism, as baptism is only a public confession of your desire to be a Christian and join the church. Is that your only trouble?" asked the minister.

"I want to know whether or not you believe that Christ is coming soon. I have been attending your meetings for three weeks, and I have not heard you mention the second coming of Christ," Will answered. "Are you turning an Advent?" asked the preacher. "I never heard of Advents. What do they believe?" questioned Will. "They believe that the end of the world is near at hand," responded the minister.

"Is there anything else worrying you?" "Yes, there is something that is bothering me more than any other question; I want to talk with you about it some other time," said Will. "Well, Will, what is it?" asked the minister. "I want to know why it is if Sunday is the first day of the week (and as far as I can learn it is), that Christians call Sunday the Sabbath." The minister could give him no satisfactory reason for observing Sunday. Needless to say, Will was not baptized, but he was pleased to learn from the minister that there was a people who kept the seventh day and believed in the soon coming of Christ.

When he reached home that Sunday, Will asked his father if he knew of any church that kept Saturday as the Sabbath, and Mr. Brown said, "Yes, the Seventh-day Baptists do." "And they baptize by putting the person under water, too, don't they?" asked Will. He received an affirmative answer to his question.

Soon after this he received through the mail a copy of the *Signs of the Times*.

Will carefully read and re-read each article in this paper. He desired to subscribe for the paper, but his father objected.

Mr. Brown lived on a ranch of several hundred acres, and at times employed several men. Will often talked with these men about the Bible and religious things. On one occasion Will was out in the field raking hay, and seeing that one of the men was having some trouble with the mowing-machine, he went over to assist him. After they had worked with it for some time, and were about ready to begin work again, the man said, "Now, Will, if this machine does not do the work after all we have done to it, whose fault will it be,—the machine's or ours?" "It will be our fault, I suppose," said Will. "That is just the way I look at the religious problems that you talk of so much. God made man, and when the man does not go right, where does the fault lie,—in the man or with the One who made him?" demanded the man.

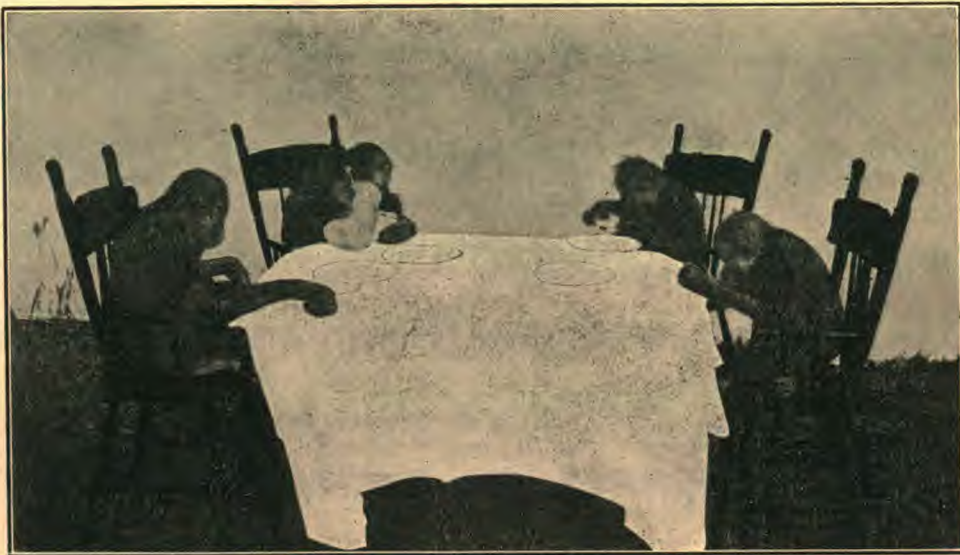
Will did not know how to answer this argument, so he mounted the seat of the hay-rake and started around the field, all the time wondering what he could say. After going two or three rounds he came to the man again and said, "I will agree to your proposition if you will agree to one thing. If you will admit that you possess no more intelligence than that mower, then I will confess that man is accountable no more for his actions than is the mowing-machine. God did not make man a mere machine; but he gave him an intellect and the power of choice. Man can choose the right or the wrong, for God says, Choose whom ye will serve."

A Hero of the Persecutions in Uganda, 1886

ONE of the first Baganda Christians was a boy named Samwili (Samuel) Mukasa. When Samuel grew to be about eighteen, and the election of the native church council took place, though he was the

youngest candidate, he was elected with only one dissentient vote. Samwili, Kagwa (Apolo), and Waswa, another Christian, were keepers of the king's stores, and Samwili had been appointed just before the time of the persecution to go into Busongora to collect the king's tribute of cowrie-shells. While he was away this frightful persecution of Christians had broken out, and his was one of the principal names in the fatal proscription. The king was only waiting for his return to have him killed. On his way back he learned of the cruel murder of his fellow Christians, and of the fell intention regarding himself.

Mr. Ashe writes: "I was awakened at about 3 A. M. one morning by a low knocking at the door,—it is pitch-dark in Baganda at that hour,—and on getting up and striking a light I found Samwili and Semfuma, together with Samwili's little stepbrother and one or two others. I admitted them and lighted the lamp, and then they told me what they had come for.



EDUCATED MONKEYS AT THE BRONX ZOOLOGICAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY. THEY CAN HANDLE A KNIFE AND FORK MORE DEFTLY THAN MANY CHILDREN

Samwili was naturally in great trouble, and asked what he should do. His companions had urged him to fly for his life; but he was on the king's service, and he could not feel it right to leave his trust, and so he came to consult me."

"My decision was soon given. 'The king has not the heart of a man, but of a wild beast,' I said, 'and you are not bound to submit yourself to one who is so vile a murderer. You are perfectly justified in forsaking the trust.' Semfuma went over to Mackay's house and roused him up, and his verdict was the same as mine. Semfuma was an 'elder' also, and he had urged Samwili to fly.

"Samwili sat on the ground looking troubled and dissatisfied, and then asked for a pencil and paper, and bent over his paper and wrote. I am sorry now that I did not keep that bit of paper. However, I said, 'You need not write; but tell me what you think.' Then he looked up and said, '*Munange Siyinja okuleka ebuitu ebya kabaka*' (My friend, I cannot leave the things of the *kabaka*). The others began to urge on him the folly of his intention, but I said, 'No, he is right; he has spoken well; he must take the tribute.' Then we prayed together, and we arranged that Samwili should try to get his men to start early, that he might deposit the loads of cowries at the enclosure of the chief appointed to receive them. This was in

order that he might be relieved of his trust before the executioners were abroad in their search. He said, sadly, that he feared the *baziba* (carriers) would not bestir themselves till long after daylight, and then he said good-by. I wondered if I should ever see this young hero again. A few days later, to my great delight, he appeared at nightfall, and told us how he had gone boldly to the enclosure of the chief and had deposited the loads, and had then walked out. I said, 'You ran when you got outside?' 'No, for I should have been noticed at once; I walked quite slowly till I got out of sight, and then I ran as quickly as I could, and so I escaped.'

"Samwili Mukasa is now one of the most important chiefs in Uganda, as well as an ordained deacon of the church, and his son, baptized 'Ashe,' first trained by Mr. Hattersley, has recently finished his course at King's School, Budo. May he and his generation be kept 'through the days of sunshine as through those of black storm.' 'Ah,' writes Bishop Tucker, 'it is not persecution that the church of Uganda need fear, but the subtler tests and trials which come in times of prosperity and ease. The persecutions of 1886 left the church in Uganda stronger than ever.'"—From *"Uganda a Chosen Vessel,"* by Rev. H. T. C. Weatherhead, M. A.



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

Society Study for Sabbath, November 1

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

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; review briefly mission studies on East Indies and Australasian Union work. Ask a few questions, or ask some one to come prepared to give five good points learned from the mission studies of last month.
2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 24. The secret of knowledge. A study in Proverbs. Prov. 1:7, margin; Prov. 1:29-33; 2:1-6, 10, 11; 3:5, 6; 10:14; 18:15; 23:12. Many more texts.
3. South America. Have one paper or talk on "The Continent of Opportunity." Speak of social, commercial, educational, and moral conditions. Have another paper on the Inca Indians. For helps on both these subjects, see INSTRUCTOR and any good mission books on South America or any books on description and travel in that country.
4. For suggestive topic for social meeting see 2 Tim. 2:7.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7—Lesson 4: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 11-14

NOTE.—God has equipped each youth with material which may be ground into success. His talents, if rightly developed, will enable him to do his appointed work. Each youth stands on a level with many, some of whom will finally succeed.

1. What did Seleucus do to secure money to satisfy Rome in her demand for tribute?
2. How did Antiochus IV endeavor to corrupt the Jews? How did Antiochus desecrate the temple and its services? What did he force the people to do?
3. What spirit was manifested by many of the Jews under these trying conditions?
4. What reply did Mattathias give to the officers of Antiochus who sought to turn him from worshipping God? What instruction did Mattathias give to his sons just before his death?

5. Who of his sons became the leading chieftain?
6. After entering Jerusalem in B. C. 164, what was the first work of Judas Maccabæus? What feast was instituted as a memorial of that time?
7. After his fierce persecution of the Jews, what attitude did Antiochus assume when dying?
8. Who now appeared as an oppressor of the Jews? What new element of strength did he bring in his warfare? What new king now rendered assistance to the Jews?
9. What prayer was offered by Judas and the priests against Nicanor, and with what result?
10. Does the Lord still care for his people and deliver them in times of trouble, when they call upon him? Cite a promise.

Those who pursue our Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses realize that Seventh-day Adventists have special light on the prophetic portions of the Bible, and are not surprised to find those who do not understand the prophecies. The author of "Exile to Overthrow," in chapters 11 and 13, shows by a few expressions that he is among those who accept the theory that Antiochus Epiphanes was a fulfilment of the prophecy of the little horn of Daniel 8 and of certain verses of Daniel 11. Elder Uriah Smith's work on "Daniel and the Revelation" mentions this theory, and shows clearly, in the comments on the eighth chapter of Daniel, that Antiochus could not possibly have been a fulfilment of the little horn symbol.

It is thought best to make this statement lest any should think that those who recommended and chose this book for our Reading Course this year have sympathy with this idea. This interpretation is not by any means the burden of the chapters mentioned, but only mentioned incidentally.

As Christian young people we should be very careful when we hear anything spoken, or when we read, not to passively accept interpretations of the Bible which are not proved. Our only safety is to really know the truth for ourselves.

Junior No. 6—Lesson 4: "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," Chapter 7

NOTE.—Do not drop behind. Keep up with the weekly assignments.

"Some wait ever for the morrow;
Present hours slip by:
'So little can be done today,
What's the use to try?'
Notice, he who grasps the moments,
Every one that flies,
Is the man in life's short contest
Who obtains the prize."

1. What great burden had Mr. Mackay been carrying for several months? Why was he not afraid of these savages? What opportunity came which enabled him to take this trip? Relate some of their experiences along the way.
2. Upon meeting these head-hunters, how were they treated? What request did the chief make of Mr. Mackay? Could he comply with it? Why not?
3. On the return trip, what pleasure was granted to Mackay? How did these five hundred savages regard his story? Can the story of the cross ever be told in love, without some soul responding in some way?
4. What frequent reminder did Mackay have afterward of his visit to these savages?



V—Water Made Sweet; Manna

(November 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 15, 16.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 291-297.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." John 6:35.

Questions

1. What did the psalmist say of the experience of the Israelites at the Red Sea? Ps. 106:9-11.

2. What did this experience cause the people to do? Verse 12. Where is this song found? Ex. 15: 1-21; note 1.

3. Where did Moses lead Israel from the Red Sea? Verse 22. How did Moses know which way to go? Ex. 13: 21, 22.

4. How many days did they go before they found water? Ex. 15: 22.

5. To what springs did they come? Why could they not drink the water? Verse 23; note 2.

6. What did the people immediately begin to do? Verse 24. While they murmured at Moses, against whom were they really complaining? Who was in the cloud that led them to the bitter springs?

7. How did the Lord help them out of their trouble in answer to Moses' cry? Verse 25.

8. What did the Lord now ask the people to do? What did he promise them? Verse 26.

9. What was the next camping-place? What made it an especially pleasant one? Verse 27.

10. After they had been traveling about a month, to what place did they come? Ex. 16: 1.

11. Of what did the people now complain? What foolish wish did they make? Verses 2, 3; note 3.

12. But how simple was the Lord's plan for feeding that multitude? Verse 4.

13. What did the people call what the Lord sent them from heaven? Verse 31. What did the psalmist call it? Ps. 78: 24, 25.

14. How was the manna prepared before being served as bread? Num. 11: 7, 8. What did it look like? What did it taste like? Ex. 16: 31.

15. When did they gather this "corn of heaven" that the Lord rained down for them? Why in the morning? Did they all gather the same amount? Yet what did they find? Verses 21, 16-18.

16. How long could they keep it? Verses 19, 20.

17. How much manna were they to gather on the sixth day? Why were they to do this? Verses 5, 22, 23, 26.

18. In spite of all that God had said, what did some of them do on the Sabbath? Verse 27.

19. How long did the children of Israel eat of the manna? Verse 35; Joshua 5: 11, 12.

20. How many miracles did the Lord perform each week for that forty years to teach the people that his Sabbath was holy and that it should be kept so? Note 4.

21. What were they commanded to do to keep in mind the miracle of the manna? Ex. 16: 32-34; note 5.

22. When Jesus was on earth, how did he refer to the manna? What did he say of himself? John 6: 31, 32, 35. What promise of manna is given to the overcomer? Rev. 2: 17.

Notes

1. "This song [Ex. 15: 1-19] and the great deliverance which it commemorates, made an impression never to be effaced from the memory of the Hebrew people. From age to age it was echoed by the prophets and singers of Israel, testifying that Jehovah is the strength and deliverance of those who trust in him. That song does not belong to the Jewish people alone. It points forward to the destruction of all the foes of righteousness, and the final victory of the Israel of God."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 289.

2. "Moses, who was familiar with this region, knew what the others did not, that at Marah, the nearest station where springs were to be found, the water was unfit for use. With intense anxiety he watched the guiding cloud. With a sinking heart he heard the glad shout, 'Water! water!' echoed along the line. Men, women, and children in joyous haste crowded to the fountain, when, lo, a cry of anguish burst forth from the host,—the water was bitter."—*Id.*, page 291.

3. It had now been a month since they left Egypt, and up

to this time they had eaten of the food they carried with them. It was not yet gone; but they had now entered the wilderness, and as they looked at the stretch of desert before them, they could not see how such a company could be fed. As they thought of this, they forgot the promise that God would lead them safely to their own land. Instead of praising God for what he had done, they talked of the hardships by the way.

4. First, a double portion of manna fell on the sixth day; second, none fell on the seventh day; third, that which fell on the sixth day kept sweet and good over the Sabbath, while it spoiled if they tried to keep it overnight on other days. Do you think that anybody could have said then that it made no difference which day they kept for the Sabbath? Has God changed since then? Is his Sabbath less sacred?

5. This omer of the manna was the amount gathered daily for each person. It was nearly three quarts of our measure.

V — Condemnation

(November 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 2: 6-16.

Questions

1. What will God do in the judgment? Verse 6.
2. To whom will he render eternal life? Verse 7.
3. To whom will he render "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish"? Verse 8; note 1.
4. What awaits those who continue in sin? How impartially will God deal? Verse 9; note 2.
5. To whom will God give "glory, honor, and peace"? Verse 10; note 3.
6. What may be always said of God's impartial dealing toward men? Verse 11.
7. What awaits those who have sinned without the light of God's written law? Verse 12, first part; note 4.
8. By what will those be judged who have had the light of his law? Verse 12, last part.
9. Who in the judgment will be just before God? Verse 13.
10. What is said of the Gentiles who have not the written law, yet who seek to obey it? Verse 14; note 5.
11. What do they show by their actions? What monitor accuses or excuses them? Verse 15.
12. When will the Lord render a reward for every deed? Verse 16; note 6.
13. What will be considered in the judgment? Matt. 12: 36, 37; Eccl. 12: 13, 14.

Notes

1. "To them:" There are two classes of persons. One class is composed of those who by patient continuance in well-doing are seeking God's glory and honor, and the immortality, or incorruption, which he only can give. To all such he will give eternal life. God does this now in answer to faith. See John 3: 16; 1 John 5: 11, 12. In the great day of final reward he will give the unbelievers eternal life absolutely forevermore, and make their frail bodies immortal. To the other class who have been contentious and disobedient he will render the fruitage of their doings. They have refused to obey the truth, but have followed unrighteousness. To them belong indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish. It is at awful cost that man identifies himself with sin.

2. "Upon every soul:" To the Jew first, because his privileges have been greater, his light stronger and clearer. To the one to whom first comes the great revelation of God's grace, first comes judgment.

3. "Glory, honor, and peace:" God's glory of character, God's honor upon the faithful, God's peace to him who lays down his arms of rebellion. Surely this is worth striving for.

4. "Without law:" That is, without the written law. Every responsible human being has some consciousness of wrong. If followed, it will lead to clearer light. If turned from, it will lead to greater darkness. God watches over him whose heart (not wisdom) is perfect toward him. 2 Chron. 16: 9. Every soul is given light enough to save him if he will but follow it; and according to the light rejected will he be judged.

5. "Law unto themselves:" This does not mean that God will accept a human standard; but that the Gentile finds in his own conscience and mind all the standard he knows. God by his Spirit and providence will work all he can in such hearts, and will regard the motive. One ray of light permitted to dominate the soul will bring salvation.

6. "In the day:" There is a close connection between verses 12 and 16, verses 13-15 being simply parenthetical and explanatory.

The Youth's Instructor

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Qualifications for Colonial Service

THE *Independent*, in speaking of our colonial possessions, says that "no man or woman should be sent as teacher or officer who cannot associate and sympathize with the Porto Rican or the Filipino precisely as he would with an American. The most important question to put into the examination papers for the colonial service is, 'Do you ever say Dago, Chink, or Nigger?' An affirmative answer should be an absolute bar to admission." This is because an affirmative answer indicates a race prejudice, or a carelessness of language that ill becomes the person who seeks to uplift or serve a less fortunate people.

One cannot afford, because of the unfavorable reaction upon one's own character, to be careless or unkind in thinking or speaking of those of another race. A keen sense of universal brotherhood through Jesus Christ prevents all snobbishness or contempt toward a weaker brother.

The Unaccented Vowel

IN all unaccented syllables, the American pronunciation is characterized by a general disregard of the vowel. The vowel in the final syllables of *profligate*, *target*, and *spirit* often has in ordinary conversation the same phonetic value as the *u* in *Farragut*. Though it is perhaps pedantic to give such final vowels their full value, to make no distinction at all between the unaccented vowels is certainly unrefined.

That the endings *ment* and *ness* should be allowed to degenerate into the vague *munt* and *nuss* is really deplorable. This negligence is even more noticeable and inexcusable in vowels at the beginning of words. The ordinary pronunciation of *enough* and *opinion* might be represented by *unnough* and *uppinion*, though the first syllable is in fact nothing more than a grunt. No distinction is made even between such confusing words as *affect* and *effect*. The Sunday-school children sing invariably of "Jerusalem the goldun," and loudly praise the "blessud Trinity."

Let those who pride themselves upon their pronunciation beware of the unaccented vowel, lest this one weakness in their speech betray them! Richard Grant White declares unhesitatingly, "It is in the delicate but firm utterance of the unaccented vowel with correct sound that the cultured person is most surely distinguished from the uncultured."—*Robert J. Menner*, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

King Arthur's Boy Scouts

WHEN good King Arthur ruled, boys were trained for knighthood. This began when they were seven or eight years of age. Their first course was giving seven or eight years of constant attendance and waiting upon a master and mistress. They were taught religion and morals and love by the chaplain. They were taught to walk as soldiers and to ride as brave hunters. They were accustomed to military exercises and athletic sports. They voluntarily suffered heat and cold, hunger and thirst, fatigue and sleeplessness, in order that they might become hardened. When between fifteen and sixteen years of age the "pages" became "squires," and in the ordinary course of a chivalrous education "knighthood" was reached in early manhood. There is much in the Boy Scout movement of today that reminds us of the training for knighthood. The solemn promise made by a boy scout at his initiation is: "I will be a friend to every living creature, man or beast, and a brother to every other scout, fortunate or unfortunate, rich or poor. I will be courteous to all."—*The Christian Herald*.

When the Answer Began

DURING the Boxer uprising in China, some missionaries were in imminent danger of their lives in a large city, and knew of no way of escape. But their Master had known *long before*. A native Christian came rushing into the compound with the news that a caravan was at the gate of the city, ready to start upon the journey across the Desert of Gobi, but the trader was unexpectedly unable to go, and was anxious to dispose of the caravan.

The missionaries hastened to the spot, and "there," as one of them said, "was the caravan which the Lord had provided for us," even servants and provisions. Thus weeks before these servants of the Lord had thought or known of their future need, their Lord had been preparing for them; and after several weary weeks, he brought them all, men and women, in safety "unto the haven of rest" and civilization, "where they would be." "Before they had called," "he was answering them," and "he is the same Lord, yesterday, today, and forever."—*Louisa N. Crittenden*.

The School Wallflower

A WORD ought to be said about your duty to the students who are always "left out of things." Many a real tragedy has been silently lived by misunderstood or disliked boys and girls at school. If you are one of them, make up your mind that you will be agreeable. Don't resent it; that only makes it worse. Just be cheerful and patient; watch yourself to see if you have any little oddities that make you an undesirable companion; try to like everybody—and you will soon find people liking you. If you are one of the popular set, be on the lookout to cheer those who are among the "left outs." You will be surprised at the pleasure you will find, and at the sweetness of some of the friendships thus formed.—*The Christian Herald*.

"If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses,
And remembered all our gains;

"If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!"