

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

October 28, 1913

No. 43

The Magic Key

The doors of Success — can you move
them, boys?

How solidly closed they stand!
Perhaps no others are shut so tight
Throughout the world's broad land.
But I have a secret that I'd like to tell,
A secret I know is true,
How the doors of Success can be
opened wide —

The key I will leave with you!
And it is no other than this, my boys,
So don't pass discouraged by:
Insert in the lock — and the doors fly
wide —

The magical key called Try.

— *Adelbert F. Caldwell.*



ON October 10, President Wilson pushed the electric button that flashed to Panama the signal for the dynamiting of the Gamboa dike, the only remaining barrier to the flow of water through the canal.

MORE than 100,000 persons in Dublin, Ireland, and its environs are suffering the sharp bite of hunger on account of the strike of traction employees and dock workers. Gaunt-faced men and women are besieging the government with starving babies in their arms. It is estimated that the strike has cost \$6,000,000 since it began, a month ago.

MYSORE, one of the provinces of southern India, has a population of six million. Its maharaja, or ruler, is a progressive young man. He admires everything American, and has recently had installed in his palace a \$30,000 American pipe-organ, made in Ohio. Being a talented musician, he sent for samples of American sheet music. He liked them so much that he gave an order amounting to one thousand dollars. He has introduced the telephone in some of his cities, and a Chicago firm has installed a complete electrical cooking outfit in the royal palace.

HUNDREDS of people are said to have stood in line all night on the night previous to the opening of the world's series of baseball games, in order to make sure of seats when the ticket windows were opened at a quarter of eleven o'clock. One man was fatally injured, being trampled upon in the crush that took place. The victorious Athletics were stoned on the way to their hotel by a crowd of sympathizers with the losing league. To an onlooker the world seems to have gone mad over baseball. Were the money and energy devoted to this game devoted to a more enduring and worthy cause, untold good would result to thousands of persons.

THE "Vultorno," a steamship of the Uranium line, was burned at sea on October 11. The vessel was bound for New York, and carried 656 persons, 135 of whom perished in the disaster. Several vessels responded to the wireless distress signals sent out by the "Vultorno," but the storm prevented their getting near enough to the burning vessel to save the people until it was too late to save all. The "Vultorno" sank not many leagues from the spot where the "Titanic" went down eighteen months ago.

"NOWADAYS one can buy anything through slot-machines, from peanuts to postage-stamps; the latest is a device which automatically takes your photograph for five cents. You simply step upon the platform, gaze into a little mirror mounted on the front,—which is directly over the lens,—assume your pleasantest expression, and drop a nickel in the slot. Promptly follows a whirring of machinery and in a few seconds a finished 'tintype' drops from a lower chute into your hand. The machines are said to be well patronized and the likenesses good."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 28, 1913

No. 43

The Hills o' Ca'liny

The Lake Country

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING



RECKON hit air purty," said Cal Strong, courteously. He stretched a long leg toward the fire, then suddenly withdrew it and leaned forward to bathe his brown, hairy hands in the warmth of the fireplace. "I reckon hit shore air purty;" then, after an interval, again, "I reckon hit air."

Plainly it was time for me to come to the rescue; Cal's rhetoric had failed at the extreme limit of his imagination. I had foolishly been expatiating upon an unfamiliar, yea, an unimaginable subject. But if there had been no excuse, there had at least been a reason. Reasons, sometimes, we must all admit, are poorer sticks to lean on than excuses. So it was to-night. If Cal had given me any excuse for telling him unattractive tales about blue waves wimpling in the fairy breezes, about boating, and bathing, and sailing, and skating, and ice-yachting, and bob-fishing, and duck-hunting,—ah, possibly that was the clue; for Cal had been yielding delicious reminiscences of hair-breadth escapes from bear and copperhead.

But behind that doubtful excuse lay the reason. A lake-country boy, I had sought in vain in the beauties of forest and hill for the final touch, the acme of perfection, the blue lake. Water in plenty there is in the mountains, from bubbling springs and laughing rills to cascades and flowing rivers, with now and then a garden-plot of white water-lilies or of cattails where the redwing flutes; yet, like the homesick Greek, I had to cry, "But where is the sea?"

"I don't suppose," I said to Cal, by way of changing the subject, "I don't suppose you all need any lakes up here, though. You have so much of everything else that belongs to heaven, that one more gift would make men blaspheme because they had to die."

"I reckon so," said Cal, pleased, perhaps, at the compliment, if he understood it. But, modestly deprecatory, he added, "The pneumony air mighty bad, though." Then, as an unimportant afterthought, he added, "But we all hev lakes, too."

"Where?" I exclaimed, incredulously. It was as if an Atahualpa had said to a Pizarro, wondering at his childish passion for yellow metal, "As for that, we have gold-mines a-plenty."

Never say that the Anglo-Saxon stock has not the dramatic instinct; or was it a strain of the Celt in Cal that caused him, after an amused glance at my eager, questioning face, to pause for a distinct minute, to aim an amber jet accurately at the tip of old Gordie's nose on the hearthstone, to shift his quid to the other side, then, with a sidelong glance to assure himself that the tide of impatience was at its flood, to interrogate me thus: "I reckon you all hev heard of Toxaway? and Fairfield? and Sapphire? and Osceola? and Kanuga?"

"I'm very new to the country," I confessed, uncomfortably wondering what reparation, in the code of the mountains, one gentleman should offer another for

speaking out of a vast ignorance in disparagement of the resources of that other's country.

"Them's lakes," said Cal. "Ef you want to see 'em, I kin tell you whar they be, though I never taken a ja'nt that-a-way myse'f."

And now, gentle reader, that I have seen, I shall describe, that lake country of the Land of the Sky; for I do not share the contempt of Mr. Cal Strong, though I have become a mountaineer. And in this I am not outlandish, for I find that neither do those highlanders who dwell near the lakes share the prejudice or the indifference of Mr. Cal Strong and his lakeless congeners, but are not a little proud of the distinction the lakes confer upon them.

The lake country at present lies between parallels $35^{\circ} 10'$ and $35^{\circ} 30'$ and meridians $82^{\circ} 20'$ and $83^{\circ} 10'$, though, for a reason that may at last appear, these may not be the ultimate bounds of the lake country. Of anything so limpid, so cerulean, so enchanting, as a lake, I do not like to give the metes and bounds, to fix its local habitation, and lay it down in the guide-books. Commend to me, rather, Poe's irresponsible and untraceable geography,—

"Down by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir."

But I give these facts of latitude and longitude as a concession to the demands of the modern scientist, who is so apt to accuse the poet and the nature lover of fiction.

In my boyhood I lived in all the famous lake regions of the earth: in Michigan and Maine, in Caledonia and Erin, in Saskatchewan and the basins of the West, in Westmoreland, in Switzerland, and on those shores in the Dark Continent that border on the Mountains of the Moon. In some of these I lived in person, in others by the proxy of books. With the voyager and the trapper I had paddled through the spruce-lined roadways of the north; with the Incas I had shouted against those mailed robbers that gazed over the waters of Titicaca upon the golden temple of the sun; I had beached the boats and braved the kings and built the shops on Nyanza, with Speke and Stanley and Mackay; I had sprung with Tell from the barge of the tyrant Gessler, and had manned with Arnaud the boats on Lake Lemman that ushered in "The Glorious Return." And I had lived in the bright days and the dim nights that dwelt of old on Galilee,—

"When Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, Lovest thou me?"

But of all the countries and all the scenes that may claim relationship to the lake country of the American Highlands, for me the lochs and friths of old Scotland hold first place; because, firstly, they lie in a land that is girt by hills, and seamed with glens, and shrouded sometimes with mists (howbeit it hath not the sun of this land); and lastly, because their people

are our people, and their God our God. Not alone in Glen Alpine, but also in the coves of Chunn and Mac-Gillivray, does the shrill whistle of a Roderick Dhu call the clansmen to the gathering; and not alone in the free kirks of Dumfries and on the marshes of the Clyde, but also in the log churches and on the circuit of the itinerant preacher in the American Highlands, is raised the voice that demands the law and that chants the song of freedom. For the blood of the Highlander and the Covenanter runs in the veins of these Americans, and whatever of Huguenot and English dissenter has mingled herewith, has been inoculated anew by the elixir of the hills. And it is my hope, as I think it may not unreasonably be my expectation, that in these fastnesses of rock and hill and lake, shall be held to the end, amid the reel and the shock of the last great battle for truth,— shall be held with the fervor of a Knox, the fortitude of a Macbriar, and the broad, calm leadership of a Chalmers,— the faith that requires and that makes heroes.

It was on a Sunday morning that Lars and I made our last preparations, and, kissing the wife and the bairns good-by, set off for the upper lakes. Forty miles along the French Broad and its headwaters, our engine pulled us gallantly, though at the end, it is true, wheezing and sniffling and backing and bucking against the steep grade that presents the last barrier to Lake Toxaway.

We saw through the trees the gleam of blue water, and hastened to alight and start toward the lake. There in the midst of her green hills she lay, broad and bright, and smiling in the sunshine; for Toxaway is the queen of the mountain lakes. Some of them, I confess, I have been tempted, despite their charm of clear waters and gently caressing wavelets, to dismiss from the catalogue of lakes, because of their trifling size; but Toxaway, even though belittled by her surrounding mountains, is really a lake. Twenty-four miles must one tramp if he would go around her, and, at that, a twenty-four miles that do not lie in the compass of every day's march. For while green meadows and lovely dales and open woods cluster around and cling to her like gentle maids and loving children, behind her tower, like stanch men-at-arms, Big Hogback, and Little Hogback, and Cold Mountain, and Panther-tail. (How the crude Saxon loves to slap his side of bacon down upon the fair linen of poesy! Hogback against Toxaway! Cannot some one soften it into Gaelic or Cherokee?)

I led Lars around the road to a huckleberry hill at the end of the lake, where we sat down to feast. My eyes were hungry for expanses of blue, for the shades of indigo and green and purple, and the clear white of a deep lake, keen for the lights and shades, for the playing of the waters with the wind—the little ripples that coquette with the wandering breeze, and the whitecaps that greet the boisterous wind. To gaze at the mingled coloring of the dark banks and green trees and the azure of the sky in the ultramarine of the lake, was food to my hungering senses then.

But Lars insisted that feasting had some reference to substantial, and I allowed him to open the lunch. Lars is a man of wisdom in things in which I am a fool. He can discourse learnedly upon hackney and Percheron, on sweeny and spavin and poll-evil, on point and pedigree; and in woodcraft he is past master, from the art of the lumberjack to the knowledge and skill of the builder. And so it comes about that to Lars the cattle upon a thousand hills signify so many hun-

dred gallons of milk and so much per pound upon the hoof, and the trees that tower toward heaven lack only so many board feet of making a complete house. These subtleties of imagination are beyond me, and I must be content with no more than appreciation of the broad piety they inspire.

"The Lord made the earth and reckoned out its fulness," quoth Lars; "how thankful we should be that the forests will not give out before the Lord comes."

"Do you notice," I said to Lars, "that color scheme of the woods across the bay? The blue fades off into the reflection of the grassy bank. Those sourwoods above and dwarfed dogwoods below deepen the green not too much to spoil the contrast of the dark hemlocks above."

"Hemlock's getting scarce," said Lars. "Pine has gone soaring the last fifteen years, because the Wisconsin and Michigan supply is giving out; and hemlock, which took its place, is beginning to climb now. That clump of hemlock over there is worth a lot of money, if its owner had enterprise enough to cut it, float it across the lake to the railroad, and ship it out."

"Enterprise and ownership often fail to combine," I solaced him. "If I were the owner now, I should not have the enterprise to chop down those trees, and if I had the enterprise, I hope I should not be the owner."

Toxaway was in one of her moods. When we arrived, her fair face was smiling with sunshine, but now the air was growing thick with haze, and even as we sat there, the far end of the lake was hidden under a scudding squall. We took up our burdens, and prepared to move forward, for we had a sixty-mile tramp ahead of us, and the farther we anticipated evil weather, the better would be our journey.

(To be concluded)

A New Book

"BEYOND the Shadow" is the title of a book of interesting original poems by Miss Pearl Waggoner. The book makes an acceptable gift, and sells for 45 cents in paper and 75 cents in cloth. Address the author, Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois.

The following stanzas are part of a poem found in the book:—

When your heart is numb and aching
With a pain that none can feel,
Which, although of your own making,
None the less is sharp and real;
When with that you most have cherished
You are sudden called to part,
Do you know where balm is given
Which will soothe the aching heart?

When some sorrow that you're trying,
All too vainly, to forget
Fills the day with sick'ning shadow
And the night-time with regret,
When you yearn for rest and comfort
Earth is failing to bestow,
When you long to drop your burden,
Have you learned where you may go?

When you long for some one human
Just to care and understand,
And your heart is faint with longing
For the touch of friendly hand,
When the human touch you're seeking,—
Some one near you, some one nigh,—
Do you know there's One regards you
As the apple of his eye?

Mountains of the Bible

M. H. TIMANUS

No hope had any guilty soul
Upon the whole earth's face,
Until the ark on Ararat
Betokened "saving grace."

On Mt. Moriah may be seen
The sacred flames arise;
Fit type to ages yet unborn,
Of Christ's great sacrifice.

From Horeb's mount, the holy ground,
The call to Moses came,
To lead God's people far away
To serve the great I AM.

Upon the mount that burned with fire,
The dread Mt. Sinai,
The law of God to man was given,
"This do, or thou shalt die."

From fair Mt. Pisgah's lofty height
The promised land is seen;
But ah! we may not enter in,
For Jordan rolls between.

And when to Nebo Moses came
In sight of land so blest,

His wand'rings o'er, God took him home,
To his eternal rest.

All day at Carmel prophets false
With Israel's God had warred;
At eve Elijah doth proclaim
The victory of the Lord.

On mountain high with chosen friends
Jesus, transfigured, see;
Thus fellowship with God is shown
To all eternity.

On Calvary dark, for sinners all,
Jesus his life doth give,
But glory shineth through the gloom;
'Tis only "look and live."

Now with his loved on Olive's brow,
His blessing to them given,
A cloud receives him from their sight
As he ascends to heaven.

So once again shall he return,
His feet on Olive stand;
Then shall the saints with him appear
To inherit all the land.

Allen Gardiner

THYRA E. SANDBERG

THE nineteenth century had scarcely begun when a boy of some six years might have been seen lying asleep on the floor of his father's home, Coomlee Lodge, in Oxfordshire, England, at an hour when he ought to have been in bed. When aroused, he explained that as he intended to be an explorer he was preparing himself for hardships.

The navy was to be his profession. He was commended to his life-work by the prayers of his God-fearing parents. Entering the British navy, he voyaged the whole world, ever taking careful note of the conditions and needs of the various peoples.

He was about twenty years old when, through the means of a missionary letter from a lady friend of his mother, he passed through the vital spiritual change that turned his natural gifts and force into a new channel.

While witnessing the heathen worship in a Chinese temple, he received the impulse that controlled the residue of his life. On the death of his wife he bowed by her casket and gave himself to God's service anew.

He opened a mission among the Zulus of South Africa, taught the natives, clothed the naked children, gathered them into school, and founded the town of Durban.

In 1842 he entered Magellan Strait, and anchored in Gregory Bay. From this time it became the object of his life to take the gospel to this region. In 1848 Gardiner and his party were landed by the "Clymene" on the shores of Picton Island, and Banner Cove was chosen as the spot for the future mission station. They were again driven away by the natives. His last and final landing at Banner Cove was in December, 1850. On this expedition he was accompanied by six others.

Here they spent nine awful months, being robbed and plundered by the natives, starved on mussels, limpets, and sea fowls, their fish-nets carried off by ice-floes, their guns and powder by a most calamitous blunder overlooked and forgotten and carried away by the vessel that brought them, and even their cavern refuges invaded by raging tides, terrific high seas threatening to drown them.

But their faith in God seems never to have wavered. Famished and perishing, their hearts still overflowed with "mutual affection and jubilant trust in the Father for life or for death." One of his companions said that to be with Gardiner was like a heaven on earth, he was such a man of prayer.

His journals were radiant with the sunshine of peace and joy in God. On the twenty-ninth of August, Gardiner wrote farewell letters. A few days later he wrote what proved to be the last entry in his diary: "Great and marvelous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto without bodily food for three days, yet without any feeling of hunger or thirst." One more letter, Sept. 6, 1851, ending, "Marvelous loving-kindnesses to me a sinner" — and then the story was finished.

Twenty days later the relief expedition ran into Banner Cove, but rescue had come too late. On a large rock, a hand was found rudely sketched, and beneath it was written "Psalm 62: 5-8."

"Should we languish or die here," wrote Gardiner on his birthday, "I beseech thee, O Lord, to raise up others and send forth laborers into thine harvest." His prayers were answered. The gospel has been carried to these people, but they have not yet received the last warning message. Who will help by their means or by their lives to give it to them?

Pioneer Missions in South America

CHRIST's parting command to his disciples is most explicit. "Go ye into all the world," for "God so loved the world;" yet little more than a century and a half ago was the "good news" carried to the people of the great Neglected Continent.

In 1735 we find some members of the Moravian Church, in accordance with their policy of preferring fields spiritually most barren and forbidding, settling between the great Amazon and the Orinoco. Here they found sin and sorrow, suffering and shame, and for themselves, in sowing and watering for the Master, long waiting and discouragements numberless. The low-lying coast land was deadly for Europeans. It

was there that for a time "every soul won cost a missionary's life." Men and women died by the score, but there was no lack of others to fill their places. For various reasons progress was slow for almost the first hundred years. But nothing could daunt the courage of these ambassadors for Christ, or at all chill the fervor of their zeal for souls, and finally they conquered by sheer perseverance in well-doing, coupled with unbounded good nature, kindness, and true affection for the natives. And now the Moravian Church can count its adherents by the thousands in this part of South America.

A century later a second assault was made upon this great kingdom of darkness. The extreme southern point was entered by that notable saint and martyr Allen Gardiner. Not to know the story of this hero of the cross is to have missed one of the most pathetic, thrilling, and inspiring narratives ever put on paper.

In 1836 we find the Methodists at work in Brazil, and in 1859 the Presbyterians entered, extending the triumphs of the cross until they now have a great number of workers and converts.

Who can estimate the value of the colporteurs' work as they have gone up and down this land, carrying the Scriptures in the vernacular, which come from the presses of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society.

In 1836 we find the Methodists in the Argentine Republic, beginning work in the city of Buenos Aires, extending their work into Paraguay and Uruguay, as well as far back into the interior. Here we find the Catholic Church established by law, though other churches are tolerated; but the gospel of Christ pierced the darkness, and many are rejoicing in its freedom.

We find the Presbyterian denomination sending missionaries into Chile in 1873. In Bolivia, Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador we find the Bible Societies pioneering the work by circulating the Scriptures. The Catholic Church is supreme in most parts, but honest souls are found accepting the gospel as these self-sacrificing workers force their way through the darkness. More than one has been arrested for circulating the Scriptures, and has expiated his "crime" by lying for months in prison.

The work of these societies is preparatory for the great closing work of God in the earth, and as the message of the third angel wings its way through this great dark land, many will be found ready to accept it, and will unite with the remnant church of God. Let us thank God for the work of these pioneer missionaries, and as rapidly as possible follow up their work, by giving the gospel in its fulness, which will eventually prepare a people for the coming of the Lord.

L. M. GREGG.

"Virginibus Puerisque"

"WHERE is Jack?" asked Mr. Rogers, as he came in at six o'clock. "He was late to dinner last night, and he's going to be late again tonight."

"I saw him with that Jones girl," answered his daughter Dorothy. "She is a new girl in town, very pretty, but terribly bold. I'm sure she's not nice. I do wish Jack wouldn't go with her."

It took Mr. Rogers a long time to get out of his overcoat and take off his gloves. Generally he was full of boyish spirits when the day's work was done. Now he was very quiet, and he looked long and absently out of the window.

Presently the door opened, and Jack came in.

"Jack," said his father, "I want to show you something."

Relief and interest showed instantly in the boy's face. The dreaded question was not to be asked, after all.

Mr. Rogers led the way to his workroom in the attic. There were his carpenter bench and his tools and his lathe, and in the corner was the dynamo that worked it. Jack had seen them all many times.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

Mr. Rogers laid his hand upon the dynamo. "Jack, by means of this, a mysterious power becomes mine. We call it electricity, but no one knows what it is. We only know that *if we treat it in the right way*, it will enable us to do wonderful things. It will work our mills, and light our houses and our streets, and run our cars. It will enable man to do more than any other power that has been discovered. But at the same time, *if you treat it in the wrong way, it will strike you dead!*"

"Yes, father, I know that," said Jack.

His father turned toward him with an earnestness that Jack had never before seen in his face. "There is another power, very like that in its results. There is the mysterious feeling that men have for women and women have for men. Treat that right, and it will bless your life and ennoble it, and make you ten times, yes, a hundred times, the man you could ever be without it. Nothing of earth will do so much for you if you treat it right. But treat that feeling wrong, and it will curse you; and blast your life, and kill your soul!"

For a moment they looked each other square in the eye. Then together they went down-stairs in silence. In the hall below, Jack put his hand on his father's arm. "I know what you mean, father, and I know it's true!" he whispered.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Relief of Londonderry

THE siege of Londonderry, "the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles," furnishes several lessons of great value. Ireland was struggling to throw off the yoke of England; the Catholic prince, King James II, driven from his throne by the revolution which placed his daughter Mary, and William of Orange, in his stead, was seeking to use Catholic Ireland as a tool with which to regain his lost domain; and France, supporting him with arms and money, was seeking to make the Emerald Isle a dependency of her own. Only two Protestant Anglo-Saxon colonies still held out, Enniskillen and Londonderry. The situation of the former made it possible for it even to take the offensive against the enemy. But Londonderry was besieged by nearly the entire force of King James's army. Her normal population was swelled by a host of refugees from the surrounding country, many of whom assisted in the defense.

For months the siege dragged on, while famine and pestilence wrought the havoc usual to such calamities. The stock of grain was so nearly exhausted it was, of necessity, doled out by handfuls. "Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied around the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence." Men stayed the force of their hunger by gnawing at pieces of salted hides, while they defended most gallantly their city, their homes, and their religion.

But two days' rations, even such as they were, remained in the town. "Half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide" were weighed out with niggardly care to each fighting man. Haggard soldiers, who sometimes in weakness fell themselves from the effort made to strike upon an enemy, still raised the noble cry of "No surrender."

How could they hold out longer? Would the mother country never send relief? And here is the story of one of the most dastardly delays ever recorded in human history. England *had* sent relief. Even now the ships lay at the mouth of the Foyle, their masts looming up clearly to the eyes of the besieged. But how long?—For six long dreary weeks the commander of the fleet delayed and parleyed in the very sight of the perishing population of the city.

At last positive orders came from London that the relief must be made. Micaiah Browning commanded a merchant ship laden with supplies, and his vessel lay in the river with the fleet of Kirke. He was a native son of Londonderry, and volunteered to lead in the succor. A Scotch merchantman, laden with meal, accompanied this ship, and the two were protected by a frigate of thirty-six guns.

The batteries were run; the boom cast across the river by the besiegers was broken by Browning's good ship; and that night the famine-stricken inhabitants feasted on fulness of bread. Says the historian, "It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the supper of that evening." "All night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance."

The rescue of Londonderry saved Ireland from a popish yoke, and turned the tide in behalf of an open Bible and the Protestant faith.

Need a parallel be drawn? Where are the souls besieged by sin today? And where are they with the commission of the great King who should "proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound"?

Micaiah Browning's ship brought rescue to his perishing townsmen, but a shot from the enemy's guns laid low the generous hero "in the most enviable of all deaths." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The dallying Kirke is branded with eternal infamy for his matchless perfidy, while Browning is blessed for a heroism never to be excelled. And these represent two classes of the Lord's own servants. With which class shall each of us be found in this our day of trust and opportunity? ALBERT CAREY.

Why the Church Opposes Card-Playing

MANY say that they cannot see why the church should oppose "a snug and friendly game of cards." We suppose for the following, among other reasons:—

1. Card-playing is the common method of gambling.
2. The young who learn to play cards are liable to be tempted to gamble wherever they go. Commercial travelers, constituting a large and important class of young men, are very liable to temptation by this game. A vast amount of gambling is practised among young clerks and boys all through the country.
3. To play cards may, for the reasons here given, though not specially detrimental to ourselves, influence others to their harm.
4. The associations of cards are generally degrading; at the best invariably irreligious.

5. When the ungodly see Christians playing cards, they always conclude they are persons without much religion, and always consider that they have made a point against the church and against such professors.

6. There is a powerful fascination about all games of chance, which to a large portion of the youth is deleterious in the extreme.

7. The safest point is to draw the line in the matter of amusements where chance is a prominent element. Chance opens speculation, excites the imagination, and creates fascination, inspires perpetual hope even against reason, and is but a partial test of intellectual power; whereas, amusements not involving chance to a great degree are of necessity so restricted as to be much less liable to abuse.

8. It is folly to say that we ought not to defer to the general sentiment of the public with regard to these things. It is pitiable to see a Christian man who might have a great influence throw it away by devotion to cards. "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor." Eccl. 10: 1.

We could give the name, if we felt disposed, of a prominent man whose influence in the institution where he is employed has been almost wholly destroyed by his devotion to cards. They have no confidence in his spirituality, and it has been a great question whether he ought not to be dislodged from a position where his influence is so questionable.

And I could add not one but many instances where cards played in the homes of professed Christians, and by church-members, have been the means of leading incalculable numbers away from Christ, and therefore down into lives of sin and ruin.

I have in my mind now an unusually intelligent and talented boy whose father, and the mother under his influence, argued, "If my boy wants to play cards or take a drink, let him do it at home, away from fast young men;" ah, but they forgot. The time came to him, as it will to every one whom Satan so controls, when the parlor game and the home drink did not satisfy. Step by step, this one-time noble-hearted, gentlemanly boy with the brightest possible prospect of being a giant oak in the things that count for a life of true usefulness, drifted on and on into dissipations that once his whole nature would have revolted at. Now he stands charged, and more the pity, rightly charged, with a long list of awful crimes and lowest degradation from the reaping of which God himself cannot spare him; for he has said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and God cannot lie.—*Selected.*

A Mountaineer Summer School in Virginia

AFTER twenty-one teachers had each in turn refused to teach the regular school at Irish Creek Hollow, in the mountains of Virginia, two county school-teachers and a twelve-year-old assistant invaded the district with a camping outfit, and organized a summer school and an evening school, both being better attended than any school in past years had ever been. The experiment was so successful that other isolated communities in Virginia are to be handled in the same way. Instead of allowing these isolated districts to get along as best they may, State and county officers in Virginia are going to send to the mountains every summer the very best teachers they can secure in order to provide the educational facilities that are needed.

Irish Creek Hollow is in a mountain valley in Rock-bridge County. It is sparsely settled and remote of access. The inhabitants are mountaineers of original stock who have intermarried as much as the law permits. They live in log cabins that are not even good log cabins. There was a school building, but for several years there had been no school. No school-teacher would accept the position.

In 1911, after all attempts to get a regular teacher had failed, the county superintendent persuaded two experienced teachers to go to Irish Creek Hollow, after their own schools had closed, and open a summer school. They carried with them tents to live in, provisions, and cooking utensils. School was opened in the old school building, and the attendance exceeded all expectations. There were eighty children enrolled in morning classes, and thirty to forty adults in afternoon and evening classes. The mountaineers were so appreciative of what was done for them that summer that they built an additional schoolroom and two comfortable living-rooms for the teachers.

Public spirit had developed to such an extent the following year that when one of the State inspectors and the secretary of the Virginia Cooperative Education Association visited the place in the summer of 1912 they were able to organize a school and civic league and an athletic association. Practically all the residents of the community enrolled in the civic league. An interesting feature of the work is that it reaches the adults as well as the children. A Saturday afternoon class in reading and writing for grown-ups numbered among its members old men and women with grandchildren in the morning school.

In speaking of the experiment Mr. A. C. Monahan, rural-school specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, says: "In inaugurating this work, Virginia has undoubtedly taken a valuable step toward benefiting one of the most-deserving and most-neglected classes of our country. Some of our best American stock is in the mountains, and it should not be allowed to degenerate for lack of educational opportunities. The State department of Virginia is now making a survey of the mountain sections of Virginia and proposes to conduct many summer schools in the future like this one which has been held for three years in Irish Creek Hollow."

Program on Faith

SONG: "The Lord Is My Light" ("Christ in Song," No. 528). Prayer.
 Song: "Able to Deliver" ("Christ in Song," No. 30).
 Six or more Bible verses and song, by children ("Christ in Song," No. 252).
 Reading: "Saving Faith" (*Review and Herald*, May 8, 1913).
 Recitation: "Precious Promise," by child (*Little Friend*, June 6, 1913).
 Reading: "Saving Faith" (concluded) (*Review and Herald*, May 15, 1913).
 Song: "Trust and Obey," quartet ("Christ in Song," No. 495).
 Reading: "Easy to Faith," by youth (*Review and Herald*, March 20, 1913).
 Recitation: "We've Always Been Provided For" (*Review and Herald*, Dec. 26, 1912).
 Reading: "Honan, China" (*Review and Herald*, May 15, 1913).
 Recitation: "Trust in Him at All Times" (*Review and Herald*, May 29, 1913).
 Reading: "Words of Courage From a Faithful Worker" (*Review and Herald*, Jan. 23, 1913).
 Bible Reading: "Faithfulness" (*Review and Herald*, March 6, 1913).
 Recitation: "With Him at Home" (*Review and Herald*, May 1, 1913).
 Song: "'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus" ("Christ in Song," No. 519).

MRS. L. V. CHRISTENSEN.



The Flight Across the Mediterranean

A FAMOUS French aviator has just made the longest and most dangerous sea flight in the history of aeroplaning. Refusing all offers of assistance from the minister of the French navy, who proposed that torpedo-boat destroyers should follow him to insure safety, Roland G. Garros flew in a Morane-Saulnier monoplane, from San Raphael, France, to Bizerta, Tunis, a distance of 558 miles. He left San Raphael at 5:22, was sighted between 7 and 8 off the coast of Corsica and later off Sardinia, and arrived at the Tunis coast at 1:45, making the trip in seven hours and fifty-three minutes.—*Independent*.

Sees by Wireless at Night

AN inventor has been evolving a wireless photographic instrument which works only at night, and reflects on a mirror a picture of everything within a radius of several miles. He has been invited by Secretary of the Navy Daniels to take the machine to Washington for inspection by experts of the Navy Department.

The instrument receives its impression from a web of wires attached to a tall mast. For this reason it is adaptable to ships, making impossible, its inventor claims, night collisions, accidents due to fogs, and running afoul of icebergs. It would be valuable, too, it is claimed, for army use, as the movements of an enemy at night could be easily followed.

A test was made recently of the instrument. The night was dark, but observers say they saw reflected on the machine's mirror a picture of the district for a distance of two miles, saw the shipping in the vicinity of the Mare Island navy yard, railway trains passing up and down the valley, and persons on the streets of the city.—*Selected*.

What a Volcano Can Do

COTOPAXI, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 8,000 feet above its crater; while in 1744 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard a distance of 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius which in 1737 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1669 Etna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion, the sand and scoria formed Monti Rossi, near Nicolosi, a cone two miles in circumference, and four thousand feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna, in 1810, was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption, and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the

mountain; while in 1660, Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 109 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface; and out of a population of 12,000 souls, only twenty escaped.—*Recreative Science.*

The Manufacture of Needles

THE first step in the manufacture of needles is to cut into proper lengths the steel wire from which they are made. After a bath of such bits as have been cut they are put in a furnace, when they are rolled until they are perfectly straight. The needle pointer then selects a dozen or so of the wires, rolling them between his thumb and finger with their ends on a grinding-stone, first one and then the other being ground. The little steel bobbins are then fed into a machine that flattens and gutters the heads, after which operation the eyes are punched. The result is a complete needle, but one that is rough and easily bent, and it is necessary that it should receive further attention in the form of careful heating and sudden cooling, which process affords the necessary temper. There then remains nothing but to give the final polish. On a coarse cloth there are spread needles to the number of fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled on, and soft soap dabbed over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled tightly and thrown into the pot with others, where it rolls about for twelve hours. When taken from this friction bath, the needles require only a rinsing in clean hot water, when they are ready to be sorted and packed.—*Selected.*

Hay-Fever

ALTHOUGH hay-fever has long been known and studied by physicians, its true cause and nature are still matter for discussion. The uncertainty regarding the disease is shown by the variety of names it bears—June cold, rose-cold, peach-cold, autumnal catarrh, nervous catarrh, summer asthma, ragweed-fever, pollen-fever, and many more. Some regard it as purely neurotic, a sort of hysteria or neurasthenic condition; others believe that it is due to the presence of especially irritable areas in the mucous membrane of the nose; others again, and perhaps the majority, regard it as a disease of the respiratory mucous membranes, caused by the irritating effect of the pollen of certain plants, such as goldenrod and ragweed.

The advocates of the neurotic theory point to the fact that hay-fever often attacks its victims each year on the same day of the month, and even at the same hour of the day, whether pollen is present in the air or not. Furthermore, the early forms of the disease—called June cold or rose-cold—come before there can be any ragweed pollen at all in the air.

As is usual in most disputes, there is probably some truth on each side. There is clearly a neurotic element in most cases of hay-fever; and this nervous condition causes the patient to be susceptible to the infection. The irritable areas in the nose supply the proper medium on which the specific poison of the disease can act. Finally, this specific poison is doubtless a toxin contained in the pollen of many grasses, weeds, and even cultivated plants.

The sufferer breathes in the pollen, it comes in contact with the susceptible mucous membrane, its toxin enters the system, and gives rise to the symptoms of the disease. The pollen of various grasses has a toxic property like that of ragweed, and so we have the early cases, the real hay-fever that comes at the time of grass cutting. The nervous element is shown in the punctuality of the attack. The patient observes that the attack begins on a certain date, and unconsciously prepares himself, by what is called autosuggestion, for its return on the same day of the following year. That is now the generally accepted theory of hay-fever, and it is plausible enough to be true.—*Youth's Companion.*

Golf-Balls Dangerous Explosives

YOU would scarcely think there would be risk to life and limb in so popular and widely used an article as a golf-ball. Yet in different parts of the United States, absolutely unknown to each other, five boys and girls have lost their eyesight and almost their lives by the explosion of a golf-ball.

In witness to this seemingly incredible statement, you may read the names of Drs. C. A. Wood, W. O. Nance, J. T. Carpenter, and L. W. Cugler, responsible members of the medical profession in various cities of the land. The damage and loss of eyesight in most of these instances occurred from the playful curiosity of a boy or girl, as the result of cutting into the golf-ball.

Indeed, so dangerous is this inquisitiveness of the American child, that a law should be enacted preventing any further manufacture of these so-called water-core golf-balls. For, as a matter of fact, this alleged water is muriatic acid, caustic zinc, and a combination of other explosive and poisonous chemicals. As the golf-ball is cut open or worn down by excessive use, or as it strikes a spear-pointed, jagged surface, the mixture of drugs in its center explodes and scatters the contents all over the eyes and faces of those near by.—*Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M. A., M. D.*

Schoolboys as Builders

Boys in the Ishpeming (Michigan) high school repair the school building for pay, conduct a cooperative school farm for profit, and are about to erect a gymnasium for their school in the same businesslike way they have learned to do other things for themselves and the community. All this work is under the direct supervision of the regular school authorities.

For the last six years, Mr. Foght states, high-school students from the manual-training department have been employed to repair the various city school buildings. During one summer \$3,000 was thus paid for student labor. The boys have repaired roofs, laid cement floors, built brick walls, and installed plumbing fixtures. The gymnasium to be erected by the boys is from plans drawn by seniors in the high school.

Particularly successful has been the cooperative farm enterprise. Superintendent Scribner induced the board of education to rent a patch of ground on the edge of the city, and at the same time procured \$500 for development expenses. Sixty-four boys responded to a call for volunteers to form an association. They were immediately organized into three working squads, each with its own boss. The boys made their own rules, and they carry them out. Strict discipline is enforced, and drones are discouraged. As a first step, six acres were planted to potatoes, cabbage, and strawberries. It is proposed ultimately to plant twenty acres in strawberries for the Northern markets.—*Evening Telegram.*



GRADES 1, 2, AND 3 OF THE MISSION SCHOOL



THE BOYS READY FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS

A Letter From Korea

MAY SCOTT

THE good news about what the children are to do for Miss Burroway and me has been received. It is a very pleasant surprise, indeed. It has always been the plan that when a dormitory should be built for the girls, rooms would be built on one end for me. My work here is for the girls and I am anxious to be with them; and they need some one with them, too. Many times stones have been thrown at the buildings where they were living, and one night a robber broke in. I could tell you many a tale which after hearing you would think it best for me to be near the girls.

The dormitory is being built on a road on our own land just off from the main road. My rooms will be on the end of the building nearest the public road. Opposite the dormitory on the other side of the road is the dispensary and schoolhouse. My rooms are to be just opposite the dispensary. I so often wish a lady nurse would come and share my rooms with me after they are finished.

In a few weeks my rooms will be ready for me to

move in. I cannot tell you how happy I am. And I am so grateful to the children who are working so hard to raise the needed money. How I wish I could see them and tell them so. Perhaps you can say something to let them know I appreciate their efforts. I love to tell the people here how my rooms are a gift from the Sabbath-school children in America. And the Koreans enjoy hearing about it, too.



YO KO YA MA

Our Japanese teacher who teaches Japanese, drawing, physical culture, and sewing.

“A TOURIST in southern California tells of looking with much admiration at the wonderful flowers which grew about a fine residence. The lady of the house, seeing the visitors, came out and spoke to them very cordially, asking them questions about their home and their tour. Then taking a pair of scissors, she snipped off a handful of flowers, which she gave them. They noticed, however, that the flowers she cut were all past ripe; and when they turned away they gently shook the bouquet, and the petals nearly all fell to the ground. That is the kind of gift too many give to Christ. But we dishonor him when we bring him our fading flowers.”



SOME OF THE BOYS IN A CANVASSERS' CLASS



HA TONG HUP (A TEACHER) AND TWO BOYS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Our Tige

JOHN E. NORDQUIST

HAVE you seen our kitten,
Our striped tiger-cat?
He came to us the other day,
From hunger weak and flat.

He knows a thing or two,
Our striped tiger-cat;
Knows where we keep the goodies
That make thin kittens fat.

He dotes on words of kindness,
Our striped tiger-cat.

He loves the hand that strokes him,
And enjoys each tender pat.

See how his eyes are shining,
Our striped tiger-cat's,
With food and rest in plenty
There's no need of chasing rats.

Now free from work and worry,
Our striped tiger-cat,
Spends the days of rain and sunshine
In the joy of growing fat.

How the Truth Came to Will—No. 2

EDITH IRENE DILLON



AFTER the grain had been harvested that fall, a sheepman bought the stubble from Mr. Brown to run his sheep on. He was quite a congenial man, and Will often went out in the field to talk with him while he was watching the sheep. One day Will asked the shepherd what he thought of the Bible. He answered, "The Bible is not reliable." "In what way is it not reliable?" questioned Will.

The shepherd gave this answer: "In Genesis you will find that God promised Abraham that he would give him all the land he could see in every direction, and the New Testament says that he did not receive for an inheritance enough to set his foot on. This is but one of the many contradictions I have found in the Bible, and I would put no dependence in it, if I were you."

Will did not know how to answer him regarding this and other seeming contradictions of which he talked. He searched his Bible, seeking to find more light in God's Word touching these points; but as he had no one to show him where to find an explanation of these things, he became discouraged. He finally said, "There is no use for a poor farmer boy, such as I am, to try to understand the Bible, when I have no one to help me." He decided to leave the Bible alone; but as he had had a taste of the pleasure of reading its pages, he was seen studying it again with increased interest.

In the paper *Signs of the Times*, he saw advertised some tracts that dealt especially with the subjects that had been troubling him; namely, "The Sabbath," "Second Coming of Christ," "Baptism," and "The Saints' Inheritance," so he sent for twenty-six cents' worth of these tracts and pamphlets.

In one of these tracts Eze. 37:12-14 was quoted: "Therefore prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in *your own land*: then shall

ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord."

"There is the answer to that sheepman's charge against the reliability of the Bible," said Will. "I wish he were here, so I could show it to him. If man makes a promise to any one and that person dies, that man can never fulfil his promise; but when God makes a promise to any one, he can fulfil that promise beyond the grave, after the resurrection."

In this way, Will was convinced that the Word of God is sure and unfailing; for the very texts that had been given him to prove the Bible false, became to him, when he understood them, a source of great encouragement. In them he learned that this earth is to be the home of the redeemed, and the dwelling-place of the Creator of the universe.

For years Mrs. Brown had been failing in health, and for this reason it was necessary to employ a cook and housekeeper during harvest-time. On one occasion Mr. Brown went to the employment office in search of help; the woman whose name was given him, seeming to be capable, was employed. When Friday morning came, she informed Mr. Brown that as she kept Saturday as the Sabbath, she would like the privilege of getting the housework and cooking done on Friday, so that she would have as little work as possible to do on the Sabbath. Mr. Brown said that he would be willing for her to do as she desired in this matter.

When the woman found Will anxious to learn Bible truth, she took great interest in him, and gave him instruction on various Bible topics. One morning after breakfast, she asked, "Do you believe the righteous go to heaven when they die?"

"Of course I do," he replied.

"If the righteous are in heaven, and can think and praise God without a body, what is the use of a resurrection? If the righteous are already in heaven and the wicked in torment, what is the use of a judgment at the last day? Indeed, what is the need of a second coming of Christ, if people receive their reward at death?"

Will was a firm believer in the doctrine of the second coming of Christ and the literal resurrection of the

dead, and these questions puzzled him; and as he went to work in the morning, he pondered over them, and after supper that evening he went to the cook to have her explain them from the Bible. She first said, "The Bible teaches that the dead are all asleep, as is shown in the death of Lazarus, recorded in John 11: 11: 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' Then in Dan. 12: 2 we find that the dead are asleep in the dust of the earth. You know that when a person is sound asleep, he is unconscious of the passing of time, and knows nothing of the events taking place about him; so it is with the dead. When the breath goes from a person and he dies, he has no more knowledge of anything occurring in the world

"In Eccl. 9: 5, 6, we read, 'For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything.' Again in Job 14: 21: 'His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them.'

"After we have taken our rest in sleep and the morning comes, we awake; and so it is with those who sleep the sleep of death. When the resurrection morning comes, Jesus will come and call the righteous dead from their graves." To prove these statements she read 1 Cor. 15: 51-55 and 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

Will was finally convinced that the Bible teaches the unconscious condition of man in death. He then wanted to know the fate of the wicked, and asked if it is true that they will be tortured in a place of torment throughout eternity.

"No, Will, they will not; for the Bible plainly teaches that the wicked will perish (John 3: 16); that they will be burned up root and branch (Mal. 4: 1); and in the third verse of Malachi 4, we find that they will be ashes under the feet of the righteous. Ps. 37: 20 says: 'But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.' The destruction of the wicked will be so complete that the

time will come when there will be no place found for them. Ps. 37: 10.

"This doctrine of an eternal, burning hell has made more infidels than any other deception of the devil; for it is difficult to suppose that a merciful Heavenly Father would punish the creatures of his hand throughout eternity for a few short years of disobedience."

"But do not nearly all churches believe that the wicked will burn in hell throughout eternity?" asked Will.

"Yes, they do; but you know that they also teach that Sunday is the Sabbath, and you have found that they are wrong in this, and that it is not safe to blindly follow a multitude."

"Well," he said, "I'd like to know who started the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and this eternal, burning hell-fire and brimstone."

"In Gen. 3: 4," she answered, "we read that Satan, using the serpent as a medium, said to Eve, 'Ye shall not surely die.' People nowadays think it strange that Eve should have believed the words of the devil; yet, with the example of Eve and its a w f u l consequences before them, and with the Word of God declaring over and over again that the dead are unconscious and that the wages of sin is death, not life, a multitude still believe the lie that was told Eve in the garden of Eden, 'Ye shall not surely die.'"

Animal Affection for Man and Mate

Do animals pine and die of grief when they are separated from their human or animal favorites? The keeper of the Bronx Zoo, New York, says that they do. Here are a few instances that he gives:—

Old Ben, the big brown bear, known as the "father of the Zoo," could not be consoled for the loss of Clefthy, his little brown mate, when she was one day removed to a smaller cage. He roared his wrath and loneliness, but it did no good. Clefthy was not brought back, and by and by Old Ben curled himself up in a

Two Ways of Setting the Table

HELEN ADAIR

I

The dirty table-cloth will do,
It's good enough for such a few.
Throw on the dishes, anywhere,
No, not the best, the common ware.

The silver is a perfect fright,
But it will answer for tonight.
You haven't put the cloth on straight,
And, child, this is a sticky plate!
But, never mind, it's very plain
We cannot do it all again.



Stick on the food! Bring father's chair!
Did you ask where? Why, anywhere.
I do hope father's appetite
Will be somewhat improved tonight;
It worries me. I wonder why
He cannot eat. I wish he'd try.

II

Spread the table snowy white,
Father's coming home tonight!
Lay the cloth on nice and straight;
Place a rosebud by each plate;
In the center set the fern;
That's right, dear, you soon will learn.

Forks to left and knives to right,
See that all are clean and bright;
Turn the sharp edge toward the plate;
Notice, has each one its mate?
To the right of knife the spoon;
Now the chairs, just as at noon.

O, the napkins you may bring;
Put each one within its ring
Straight beside the knife and spoon.
Surely father will come soon!

Don't you think his appetite
Will be very good tonight?
Strange how hungry one can get,
When the table is well set!

mottled brown heap in a corner, and refused to move, even when they prodded him sharply with a big stick. Just two weeks from the day Clefty was taken away, Old Ben died. There was nothing organically wrong with him; according to the animal surgeon's verdict, he should have lived for years. But the loss of Clefty had been too great a sorrow for him, and the cause of his death went down on the records of the Zoo as a case of broken heart.

Two Javan adjutant-birds had always been together. One was injured in some manner, and had to be chloroformed to put it out of its misery. The other bird stood about dully, moaned and fretted like a child, and refused to be comforted. It would not touch food, and grew wary and wild. In six months it was dead. "Physically, there wasn't a thing the matter with him," said the keeper. "He just missed his companion, and wanted to die."

Susie, a chimpanzee, another monkey known as Pig-tail, and a third, "the green monkey," formed a trio of animals left by their owner in charge of the Zoo. Although they were kept in separate cages and never saw each other, the moment their owner's back was turned, each monkey began to droop. They whined, and looked beseechingly at the keeper, moved restlessly about their cages, refused food, and glanced with their shrewd little gray eyes at every person who passed. It was three months before the owner returned. He found his pets gaunt and hollow-eyed, thin and wasted—a pathetic sight. Within five minutes after they saw their master, they had entirely changed. They commenced to chatter, their eyes brightened, and they clung to him with almost human cries of delight. The keeper told their owner that in a few weeks more they would certainly have died.

If there is such a thing as goose suicide, Felix, the survivor of a pair of Canadian geese, certainly tried to commit it. Canada geese mate for life, and when Felix lost his mate, he mooned forlornly about on the outskirts of the goose village, and never recognized any of his former comrades. Finally, one sunny afternoon, the whole flock went down to the edge of the pond to drink, and Felix, for the first time, followed them. When he reached the bank, he deliberately pushed his head under the mud, and held it there until he was suffocated.

"They die of affection, and jealousy, and loneliness," said the keeper, "just like human beings. A canary died of jealousy last week, and an emu of loneliness just after. There was a difference in their size, but they seemed to feel about the same when it came to losing their mates."—*Selected*.

Dr. Grenfell's Advice to Boys

If you are to be plucky and brave, and worth while when trouble comes, you must keep yourself hard and fit. In Labrador we have no penny, blood-curdling novels, nor five editions of a newspaper a day. Many of our boys cannot read and write. But they can endure hardness, like good soldiers.

Last winter one boy of fifteen was left with two teams of huge wolfish Eskimo dogs, while a doctor and his companion traveled off to kill some deer. He was warned not to move, or they would possibly be lost. As it happened, the men got parted by heavy snow-storms, and only found a house fifty miles away on the third day after. They at once sent a gang of men to look for the boy. Do you think he had run

away in all that long time, and during those dark, cold nights? Not a bit of it! He was just where they had left him.

I have had to look death in the face once or twice, and there is nothing in the world that helps you to keep cool and give him the slip like not having the skeleton of an impure life to weaken you and trouble you.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

What a Poor Boy Did for Poor Boys

LEAVING the village school at the age of thirteen, Dwight L. Moody entered the army of wage-earners, never again to enjoy the opportunity of an elementary education. When in after-years he made friends who had confidence in him, and were willing to aid in his work, his heart went out to the class to which he had belonged when young, and he determined to do his utmost to afford an open door of opportunity for the youth of his country. The Northfield schools became the concrete expression of his sympathy for boys and girls who had been handicapped, and he determined to help them to acquire, as he expressed it, "such an education as would have helped me when I was their age."—*The Christian Herald*.

What God Gives a Boy

A BODY to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness, and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's finger print in flower and snowflake.—*Household*.

The First Fanatic

WHEN Noah hewed the timber
Wherewith to build the ark,
Outside the wood one shouted,
"That wild fanatic!—hark!"

And when he drew the beams
And laid them on the plain,
One said, "He has no balance,
He surely is insane."

And when he raised the frame,
One clear sunshiny day,
"Poor fool of one idea,"
A smiling man did say.

When he foretold the flood,
And stood repentance teaching,
They sneered, "You radical,
We'll have no ultrapreaching."

And when the beasts and birds
Came to the ark one morn,
They shouted, "Old enthusiast!"
And laughed with ringing scorn.

When he and his went in,
They gazed and said, "Erratic!
A pleasant voyage to you, Noah,
You canting, queer fanatic!"

But when in floods that came
They found a grave aquatic,
They cried, "Alas! it's we, not he,
Have been the poor fanatic."

—*Continental Monthly*.

Harmony by Correspondence

If harmony can be successfully taught by correspondence, by all means let everybody take a course, including conference committees and college faculties.

And I feel sure that a systematic presentation of the principles upon which men harmonize with one another could be successfully presented in a series of lessons, and could be profitably pursued to the uplifting of society; but that is neither here nor there. I am not talking about that kind of harmony.

The harmony which the Fireside Correspondence School proposes to teach through correspondence is Music Harmony.

The first lessons of the series are just from the press, and are prepared by Miss Barbara M. Knox, daughter of Elder W. T. Knox, treasurer of the General Conference. Miss Knox is thoroughly qualified for this work, having completed four years' study of this subject, one year with Prof. Wm. J. McCoy, of the University of the Pacific, San Jose, California, and three years with Profs. George Siemom and Howard Thatcher, at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Maryland.

Familiarity with the rudiments of music and a certain skill in playing, such as will enable the pupil to play the exercises of the lessons on piano or organ, are necessary for the successful pursuit of these studies.

We have printed a few extra copies of the first lessons, which may be had free by those really interested who will first write for them, together with the Annual Announcement and full information in regard to terms.

Address the Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

C. C. LEWIS, *Principal.*



M. E. KERN
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MEADE MACGUIRE

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

Society Study for Sabbath, November 8

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. "Great Controversy" Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Mission Study (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
2. "Great Controversy," chapter 41. This chapter is not long. One interesting way of studying it in the society will be to appoint the week before some one to read the chapter, having other individuals read all Bible references quoted. All Bible references should be written on slips and passed out, so that there will be no delay when they are called for. This chapter is especially helpful in the study of the millennium.
3. Pioneer Missions in South America. Have a ten-minute talk on "Pioneer Missions in South America." See "Into All the World," by Amos R. Wells, or any other good book on missions. "Protestant Missions in South America," by Harlan P. Beach, is good. Have also a short biography of Allen Gardiner. See this number of the INSTRUCTOR; also mission books on South America.
4. For suggestive topic, see Ps. 62:5-8. This reference Allen Gardiner and his comrade had written on a rock near where two captains later found Allen Gardiner's body. Is He your refuge in every time of trial or perplexity?

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7 — Lesson 5: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 15-17

NOTE.—When Admiral Dewey was seventy-four years of age, a man called at his office at ten o'clock. "What time does

the admiral come down?" he asked, thinking that he was too early. "Why," was the reply, "the admiral has done a day's work already." There's a suggestion here for some Reading Course members who find it hard to keep up with the weekly assignments.

1. What advantage did Judas Maccabæus seek to obtain? Was he successful? How did many of the people look upon this alliance? What did they do? With what result?

2. Who next became leader and high priest? Who followed? How did the people receive Simon, and what was done?

3. What memorial was raised to Simon in respect to his work for the Jews? Who succeeded Simon? Give a general summary of his work.

4. What two sects arose during his reign? Describe the peculiar views of each sect.

5. Relate some of Pompey's exploits and triumphs. Unconsciously what did Pompey do?

6. What family now became famous, and what was predicted of one member? Did this prediction prove true? Mention some of his capabilities.

7. What contending factions then arose? What plan was suggested in order to settle their differences, and with what result?

Junior No. 6 — Lesson 5: "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," Chapter 8

NOTE.—Lucy Larcom pasted bits of poems, etc., on the window-seat by which her loom stood. As she sat and toiled through the day, she learned these, until their spirit penetrated her life and she herself became a sweet-souled poet. How are your spare moments influencing your life?

1. Name one of Mr. Mackay's great delights. What offer was made him by Mr. Tan?

2. What did the people do to assist in erecting the first Christian church in north Formosa?

3. How were the Christians opposed, and with what result? What great victory was achieved when the first service was held in this church? Who was appointed pastor?

4. To what place did Mr. Mackay next go? Relate an experience met with on his arrival. What was the result of his visit to this place?

5. What did the missionary find in Tek-chham, and how did his work prosper there?

6. How were he and Hoa treated when they visited Sak-ang? What was established soon afterward?

7. What place had withstood Mr. Mackay up to this time? What further effort did he make to enter this city, and how was he received?

8. What did he and his students then do? Believing that God had heard their prayers, what was the next step? What success did they have? During the riot which followed who came to the rescue?

9. What was Mr. Mackay's reply to the mandarin who urged him to leave the city? What was the result of his stay in Bang-kah? Who gave this great victory?



VI — Water From the Rock

(November 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 17.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 297-302.

MEMORY VERSE: "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10:4.

Questions

1. As the Israelites journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, at what place did they first pitch their camp? What did this place lack? Ex. 17:1.

2. What should the people have done as they remembered what God had wrought for them at Marah? But how did they act? With whom were they really finding fault? Verses 2, 3.

3. What did Moses do? Verse 4.

4. What did the Lord command Moses to do? Verses 5, 6; note 1.
5. Why did Moses call this place Meribah? Verse 7; margin.
6. Who came to fight with Israel in Rephidim? Verse 8; note 2.
7. Whom did Moses send out against this foe? Verse 9; note 3.
8. Where did Moses, Aaron, and Hur go? What did Moses take in his hand? Verses 9, 10.
9. What came to pass when Moses held up his hand? When could the men of Amalek prevail? Verse 11.
10. What was done when Moses became weary? How did Aaron and Hur help? Verse 12; note 4.
11. Which army gained the victory? Verse 13.
12. What did God want the people of Israel to be sure to remember? Verse 14.
13. What did Moses say to the people a little while before he died? Deut. 25: 17-19; note 5.

7. What effect did such conduct have upon the Gentiles? Verse 24; note 4.
8. When may circumcision be said to profit? Verse 25, first part; note 5.
9. What will result if the circumcised be a transgressor? Verse 25; last part.
10. What after all is the important thing? What would uncircumcision in such a case be counted? Verse 26.
11. What would be the effect of the obedient life of the uncircumcised upon the disobedient Jew? Verse 27; note 6.
12. Who is not a real Jew? Verse 28, first clause; note 7.
13. What is not true circumcision? Verse 28.
14. Who is the true Jew? Verse 29, first part; note 8.
15. What is true circumcision? To whose praise is it? Verse 29, last part; note 9.

Notes

1. "Moses smote the rock, but it was the Son of God who, veiled in the cloudy pillar, stood beside Moses, and caused the life-giving water to flow. Not only Moses and the elders, but all the congregation who stood at a distance, beheld the glory of the Lord; but had the cloud been removed, they would have been slain by the terrible brightness of him who abode therein."—*Patriarchs and Prophets,* page 298.
This same rod Moses had used to call down the terrible plagues upon Egypt, but God was merciful to his chosen people even though they "forgot his works, and his wonders that he had showed them." Ps. 78: 11.
2. The Amalekites were a fierce, warlike tribe who dwelt in Arabia. It is supposed that they lived generally in migrating parties. The attack upon the Israelites seems to have been entirely unprovoked.
3. Joshua, the son of Nun, is here mentioned for the first time, but as we go on with this study we shall see his name many times. Do not fail to note carefully what is said of him, for the story of his life is a wonderful one. Where did he learn to use a sword? So far as we know he had been a brickmaker all his life. But we are not surprised at anything as we see the wonders wrought by the Lord for his people.
4. Do you remember those lines in the hymn,—
"You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands?"
You may not be able to do the great things that you would like to do, but you can be loyal to those who are in hard places. You can help to hold up tired hands. This is one thing the Lord wants even the children to learn from this story. Sometimes the tired hands are just mother's hands.
5. The people of Amalek had heard all about how the Israelites had been brought out of Egypt, but they mocked God's miracles and despised his people. "They had taken oath by their gods that they would destroy the Hebrews, so that not one should escape, and they boasted that Israel's God would be powerless to resist them, . . . but when the men of Amalek fell upon the wearied and defenseless ranks of Israel, they sealed their nation's doom."—*Patriarchs and Prophets,* page 300.

VI—The True Jew

(November 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 2: 17-29.

Questions

1. In what did the Jew rest? In whom did he glory? Verse 17; note 1.
2. What did the Jew know and approve? Whence did he receive instruction? Verse 18; note 2.
3. Of what four things was he confident? Verses 19, 20.
4. What did he have in the law? Verse 20, last clause; note 3.
5. What personal questions did the apostle Paul then ask? Verses 21, 22.
6. Though the law was honored outwardly, what was the result of its transgression? Verse 23.

Notes

1. "Thou art called a Jew." This was an honorable name. Resting in the law and glorying in God were good, as far as they went. But they did this only in form, and an empty form can bring only condemnation. The law referred to was doubtless God's primal law, or decalogue, from which the apostle cites three precepts later on. Verses 21-23.
2. "Being instructed:" From the outward teaching of the law the Jew had to a great extent learned right doctrine. He approved the excellent things of the law, having learned that the law is an expression of God's will. Ps. 40: 7, 8.
3. "Form of knowledge . . . in the law:" We must not make the mistake with the Jew that the outward form is sufficient; nor should we make an equal mistake with the liberalist, or antinomian, that no form, or rule, is necessary. Paul expressly affirms that the Jew had *in the law* "the form of knowledge and of the truth." The form therefore was correct. The seventh-day Sabbath, observed by the Jew, was the correct form, the right outward observance. What was needed was the Spirit, the life of the word in the form. A form though it be a true form, if alone, has no life.
4. A form of godliness without the power leads to all manner of sin, and brings reproach upon God's name and cause. If the life of the professed people of God is what it ought to be, we need not fear for the doctrine of truth. It is extremely sad when God's own people by unconsecrated lives dishonor his name and cause.
5. Circumcision was given as a sign of righteousness, a mark of separation from the world. Rom. 4: 11. The Jew who boasted of his conformity to that rite declared in words that he was righteous. If his claim was true, the token was of great profit. It spoke of a righteous man. In other words, the profession of circumcision would have been a true token if the life was in harmony with God. If not, the circumcision was nothing. The circumcised man was a sinner the same as others.
6. The word judge is used in the sense of condemn. The obedient though uncircumcised condemned the disobedient though he were circumcised.
7. "Not a Jew:" Merely the name Jew could not save any one. Outward profession alone counted for nothing in God's sight.
8. The true Jew is the one who is Christ's, a true converted Christian. The cleansed, loyal heart is alone accepted in God's sight. The true Jew is the man of faith. The true circumcision is that crucifixion with Christ which separates from sin.
9. "The Pharisees and the Pharisaic Judaizers sought to gain the praise of men by their outward show of sanctity; which is here contrasted with the inward holiness which seeks no praise but that of God. The same contrast occurs in the sermon on the mount."—*Conybeare and Howson.*

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

- From what is the name Jew derived?
- What has God brought to us through the Jews? John 4: 22.
- What holy standard will help us to approve the things that are excellent?
- Show by two scriptures that the law is the great test of character.

THE soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.—*Dan Crawford.*

"He always wins who sides with God."

The Youth's Instructor

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Woman's Work in the World

MUCH of the work that needs to be done on the foreign mission field only a woman can do. The light and cheer that have been brought into the zenanas of the East, the apartments in which the women live in seclusion, are incalculable. The curse of child marriage and the accompanying horrors of child-widowhood in India are giving way largely before the influence and work of women. Not only as spiritual missionaries, but as physicians, teachers, and nurses, women are doing wonderful work.

It is impossible for us in this enlightened land to realize the darkness and misery of so much of the woman life of the world. It is less than a hundred years now that this specific foreign work for women by women has been going on. The call for workers and for their support is still urgent. What part are the girls of today to have in this glorious task during the next century? — *The Christian Herald.*

Fighting Whisky

ONE of the most notoriously bad characters that ever lived in New York was Orville Gardner. He was the trainer of prize-fighters and the companion of all sorts of hard characters. His reputation was so thoroughly bad that he was called "Awful Gardner."

He had a little boy, whom he dearly loved, and this boy died. A short time after his boy's death, he was standing at the bar in a New York saloon, surrounded by a number of his boon companions. The night was sweltering, and he stepped outside the saloon to get a little fresh air. While he stood out there and looked up between the high buildings at the sky above his head, a star was shining down upon him, and as he stood looking at the star, he said to himself, "I wonder where my little boy is tonight." Then the thought came to him quick as a flash, "Wherever he is, you will never see him again unless you change your life."

Touched by the Spirit of God, he hurried from the saloon to the room where his godly mother was. He went in and asked his mother to pray for him. They spent the whole night in prayer, and toward morning Awful Gardner had found peace and gained the victory.

He was the victim of an overwhelming appetite for drink, and had in his house a jug of whisky at the time. He did not dare to keep it and did not know what to do with it. Finally he took it down to the river, got into a boat, and rowed over to an island. He set the

liquor on a rock and knelt down, and, as he afterward said, "I fought that jug of whisky for a long time," and God gave him perfect deliverance.

But what should he do with the jug? He did not dare to break it, lest the fumes set him wild. He did not dare to leave it, lest some one else get it. Finally he dug a hole in the ground with his heel and buried it. He left the island a free man.

He became a mighty preacher of the gospel. It was through listening to him preach that Jerry McAuley was set thinking, and thinking afterward led to his conversion.—*R. A. Torrey.*

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FOR \$2.50 we will send to any address the INSTRUCTOR for one year, and a good Bible 1 x 5½ x 7½ inches in size, *self-pronouncing, references, maps, large minion type, clear-type edition, divinity circuit, red-under-gold edges.* In every way a good, serviceable, and attractive Bible for young people.

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A Lincoln Memorial

A HIGHWAY to be known as "The Lincoln Highway," stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been proposed. This highway will be open to lawful traffic of all descriptions without toll charges.

It is to be financed by popular subscriptions. Ten million dollars is the estimated cost. No cash is to be collected until the whole amount is covered by pledges. More than \$3,000,000 has already been pledged, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company pledging \$300,000; the Packard Motor Company and the Willys-Overland Company each \$150,000. Over one hundred business concerns have pledged to contribute toward this enterprise an amount equal to one third of one per cent of their gross sales, for three years.

Nearly half the required amount having already been pledged, it seems certain that the great highway will be a reality. It is to be made of concrete where practicable.

Offending in One Point

YEARS ago in England there was a game that was played with a bow and arrows and a hoop. A man had to shoot ten arrows through a hoop at a distance. If he missed one, he was called a "sinner;" if he missed two, three, or all, still he was called a "sinner." God says, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

EDMUND C. JAEGER.