

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 44



W. C. Eaton, Photographer

THE total number of tuberculosis deaths in the registration area (less than two thirds of the population of the United States) was 94,205, or 158.9 per 100,000.

MISS JESSIE WILSON, who is to be married at the White House in November, will be the fifteenth White House bride.

THE Prussian government has bought one gram of radium for 350,000 marks (about \$90,000) in order to satisfy the growing demand for it by hospitals and medical and scientific institutions.

ONE of the most appealing challenges to civilization is the fact that six thousand needless cases of blindness occur in the United States every year, chiefly due to carelessness regarding babies' sore eyes.

THE fifteenth national convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America meets at Columbus, Ohio, November 10-13. This is to be a jubilee anniversary convention, celebrating the passage of the Webb Interstate Bill. Many men of national repute will deliver addresses at this convention. It will pay to make considerable effort to attend this great temperance meeting.

FIFTEEN girls, one from each of fifteen Southern States, are soon to be given a trip to Washington as a reward for their splendid work in connection with the girls' canning clubs that are conducted under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture. These fifteen girls are the State winners in the various contests that have been carried on, and are the pick of about 25,000 girls who are enrolled in the canning clubs.

ORVILLE WRIGHT has now completed a new hydro-aeroplane, which rises from the water in ten seconds. He has tested it in all kinds of weather, and has found

it safe. He carries four passengers with him. Garros, who holds the world's altitude record of 19,032 feet, crossed the Mediterranean in an ordinary monoplane. Had anything happened to him in mid-sea, it would have been fatal. With a hydro-aeroplane it would have been less dangerous. To fly 4,000 miles across the Atlantic would be an accomplishment rivaling the fiction of Jules Verne.

"THE intelligent, obedient Christian will not worship on the seventh day of the week," is the statement made in the magazine published by the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. A sixteen-page tract has been written which proves conclusively that the *enlightened* Christian cannot observe any other day than the seventh day of the week. In the form of the decalogue, the entire ten commandments are proved to be in the New Testament. The tract is timely. Three one-cent stamps will bring to you a copy. Send the stamps to John N. Quinn, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1913

No. 44

The Hills o' Ca'liny—The Lake Country

(Concluded)

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING



ROUND a twist of the road, we came out upon the embankment that confines the waters of the lake within the valley. For here it must be confessed of Toxaway, as of all the lakes of the mountain country, that it is made by the hand of man. In the southern Appalachians, there are no natural lakes, though such pools as Lulu, on Lookout Mountain, have received that name. But when a hundred-yard dam between projecting hills can create such a lake as Toxaway, neglect to throw it across is a reproach to the genius of the hills. Nowhere, perhaps, is the opportunity better or more frequent than here in the "hills o' Ca'liny" for the easy construction of lakes that rival in charm the best of Scotland or of Switzerland. And who cares whether the cause be the ancient forces of nature or the recent exertions of man? Out on the blue expanse the waves roll just as lustily; deep in the narrow straits and inlets the water-weeds uplift their graceful forms, and the fishes play in the shallows, just as well as if their home had been there four thousand years. Long life to the new lakes of the mountain country, and (since there can) may there be many more of them!

Eight miles farther on our way lies the winding, serpentine Lake Sapphire, which, since it needs it, has received the laudations of its friends to a greater extent than have its more worthy companions. "The beautiful Sapphire country" was a phrase that had rung in my ears for many months; and for that beauty I now sought as we trudged along.

But Sapphire and its country were unfortunate that day. Scarcely had we left Toxaway before the storm-clouds emptied themselves upon us; and, drenched with rain and clodded with mud, we alternately trudged with dogged wills, and rested in puddles by the wayside for a breathing spell. Occasionally the thick clouds would lighten, but only to crowd closer together again, until at last, seeing they could not utterly prevent our progress, they gave it up as we neared the new waters; and with some feelings of gratitude we came upon Lake Sapphire and its village; for Sapphire shares with the lower Kanuga the distinction of being a club lake, with neat cottages upon its banks and an outpost of civilization in the form of a crossroads store.

The lake itself, though viewed under a somewhat favoring sky, was disappointing. Narrow and winding, it looked like a great blue serpent lying there, and to my view—biased, perhaps, by the untoward circumstances of the day—it needed all the boasts of its friends to give it rank among its fellows. But one crown of beauty it did have. Hidden away in an inlet, around the bend of a high bank, lay anchored out in the very center a fleet of snow-white lilies. I blessed the little lake for the joy of its one beauty, and took up with Lars the journey that meant more drenchings.

From "the beautiful Sapphire country" we began an up-hill journey. The last of the trio of lakes, Fair-

field, lies a thousand feet above Sapphire, and our road was not too good. Especially was this so, as by some mischance, perhaps through taking a cut-off path, we found we had selected "the old road," which runs, sometimes a mere trail, over steeper grades and stonier ways than the lower highway. We thought, indeed, we must have lost our way when the almost trackless path led us into a barn-yard, where an ancient shed stuck out one corner to the very wheel ruts, like the shoulder of an interfering half-back.

It was time to inquire, and I opened a gate and went up to the house, a ramshackle building whose only evidence of life was a lazy blue curl of smoke from the stone chimney. For a minute or two my rapping brought no response. There was a hush like that of death within. But at last persistence was rewarded; the door creaked open an inch, and the suspicious face of a girl was thrust into the crack. My smile must have reassured her that I was no revenue officer, for she threw the door open wide, to reveal a woman, hastily pinning a loose wrapper about her as she stumbled forward, followed by three or four curious children. When they found we only wanted to know the way, they became voluble in explanations, and urgently asked us inside. If it had not been for that burdening fifty miles before us, I should gladly have accepted the invitation, for I was curious to know the cause of that hushed reception. But with thanks for the directions given, Lars and I pressed down the road.

Fortune favors the brave. Just as we came to a maze of crossroads, a mile farther on, we were overtaken by two curtained carriages. With the main object of learning our way, but also with a faint hope of being invited to ride, we stopped the foremost and asked for the road to the lake. The young, black-haired, black-eyed driver surveyed us with evident disapproval.

"Which lake?" He thought we might be going back to Toxaway.

"Lake Fairfield."

"Straight ahead!" said he, and himself drove straight ahead. We surmised that he was bound thither himself, and followed meekly as the two vehicles dashed down the hill, a crowd of young people in the hindmost shouting and screaming with laughter.

The rain was only occasional now, and we tramped on with sturdy hearts. Here began the steepest part of the road, a part which was to last till we reached the higher ground on which lies Fairfield. Very soon we overtook the laboring horses of the hindmost vehicle, and before another half-mile had been traced, we came upon the first carriage, whose taciturn driver had met his Waterloo. He had blocked his wheels, and was out tugging at the harness. A trace had broken. With the idea of giving comfort if not help, I hailed him cheerfully, "Broken down, have you?"

"We have," he said precisely, and turned his bent back to us.

I perceived at once that I was dealing with no tarheel. No inhabitant of the hills would be so studiously, politely disrespectful. And he was no Yankee, for his fingers moved too unskilfully. Perhaps he was from Charleston, I thought, remembering the story an Ashevillean had told me:—

Miss Charleston was visiting her friends in North Carolina, and endeavored to inform their ignorance as to the strata of society in the Palmetto State. "To be accepted without question at home," she said, "one must be from the city. Which city? There is only one. If a person is introduced as being from the city, it is Charleston: the rest of the State is the country."

"But how do you introduce one who is from outside the State?" her friends asked.

"O! my dears," said she, "in that case we are too polite to mention it."

And yet, when I came to reflect upon it, I was ready to find a home for my friend the black-eyed driver, in the one city that is more exclusive still; for his action accorded more fully with the code held by a Boston blood, in the recent street-car strike in that city. A pedestrian was striding along, in a hurry to reach his down-town office, when he was accosted by the driver of an eighty-horsepower car that slid up to the curb beside him.

"I say, my dear fellow, were you going down-town?"

"Yes."

"May your name be Smith?"

"Jones, sir."

"Are you not related to the Kirby-Smiths in any way?"

"No, sir."

"You have no cousins among them?"

"None that I know of."

"And you have no acquaintance in their set?"

"I don't know them."

"Ah, well, I beg your pardon," said the young man, with a sigh, "I thought I might give you a lift in my car, but of course if you have no connections, it is impossible." And his motor purred him away.

In this case, however, we left the mule motors purring at a standstill, while we shot on ahead. Up, up, up, steeper and wilder grew the way. The deciduous trees gave way to pines, and then to great hemlocks magnificent in girth and height, filling the narrow gulches and towering over our heads along the road.

They who go to Fairfield go through grandeur to come to somber glory; for that little lake, living in the embrace of the great mountains about her, is the very personation of the weird conception of Poe:—

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sere,—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir;
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

It may be the sun shines sometimes upon this crystal gem of a lake, and it may be it transforms it into brightness, but not so was it on that day when we stood there. The skies were ashen and sober, and the little lake, perfect in its rounded beauty as the full form of a maiden, was clasped round by the somber forests and the mountains behind that sprang from its very surface. Had I had the christening of this lake, I should have called her Persephone, so queenly did she sit in these dark realms of Pluto.

Towering up in its noble or its ugly grandeur, from the far side of the lake sprang a thousand feet into the air the great, bold, curving forehead of Bald Rock. Scarcely a sprig of green, caught in some crevice, was there to be seen on his great gray surface. Though other mountains, higher than himself, rose around him, Bald Rock, the sinister genius of the place, impressed his personality upon his fellows, and dominated the scene. We stood there at midday, and watched the dim shadows coloring the waters of the pool, while imagination caught the morning's scene, when the mists uprise to wave their incense smoke before the face of Old Baldy, and the night's, when the last splendors of the sunset glorify the shameless rock while the shadows in contrast lie deeper upon the tarn beneath. For the first time I stood in Poe's world, and with me ever I shall carry in a glow of love, where once was only fear, the memory of "the dim lake of Auber, in the misty mid-region of Weir."

For though we left it, the lake and its massive guardians followed us. All up the steep way that came thereafter, our hearts bore the impress of that picture; and when, after two hours of upward winding and toiling, which Lars insisted meant ten miles, we came out upon an eminence and beheld over against us, and seemingly nearer than before, the great bare face of Old Baldy, it would have taken little to convince us that we had been still wandering "in the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Far out over the crowded heights, and through their gaps, we gazed. Here just below us lay beautiful little Fairfield, couched at the feet of her giant lords; there to the right wound the sinuous Sapphire; and far away to the east stood the mountains Panthertail and Hogback, guarding Toxaway, queen of the waters. We were at the back door of the land; lingering a moment before we plunged on into the wilderness, we let our eyes wander over the miles our feet had so laboriously trodden; and, because we had loved in the time we had lived, we sent a blessing back in our farewell to the lake country of the mountains.

Give and Live

FOREVER the sun is pouring gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;
To hold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.

The flower blooms not for itself at all.
Its joy is the joy that diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it loses;
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rays to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And over and over we wield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and images death.
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride
Who of his fortune gives to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die.

—Selected.

The Progress of the Work in South America

MYRTLE L. JUDD



OUTH AMERICA, the once "Neglected Continent," is now the "Land of Opportunity," and the third angel's message is making rapid progress in this land of Catholicism.

Many interesting accounts could be given, as told by those who have labored in this field, but one important step leads to another in the Lord's work, and we shall pass to the year 1906, at which time the South American Union Conference was organized, with Elder J. W. Westphal as president. Year by year new portions of the field have been entered, and the work has been strengthened by the increase of Sabbath-keepers until, at the present time, there are more than 1,760 Sabbath-keepers in South America. The gain in numbers during the past three years has been nearly 600. These new ones are loyal to the message.

The people are kind and hospitable, as a rule; and though they have known nothing but darkness and superstition before their conversion to Christ, when their confidence is once gained they quite readily accept the gospel in all its fulness, and are then anxious to impart it to others.

Their love for the work and their interest in it cause them to give liberally to its support. The average tithe per member for last year was \$11.74; the average tithe and donations to evangelistic work was \$14.78, besides offerings for other enterprises and local work.

A number of institutions, such as schools, printing plants, and sanitariums, have been erected to help carry on the work of God in this important field. The nurses who are trained to be medical missionaries find abundant opportunity to do excellent service for the Lord. Their work is a great factor in pointing the sick and afflicted ones to the Healer of the soul as well as of the body. Our physicians, who have been refused the right to qualify in the universities under Catholic influence, have been allowed to work in places where no other physician is in business, and they have had plenty of medical work to do.

An experience of one of the workers, who, at the time of writing, had been laboring among the Indians of Peru for about two months, will show what vast opportunities are open to the medical missionary who is filled with the love of Christ. He says: "The people come to us in crowds, and needy ones they are. We treat them, hold meetings, and go to their homes to help them there. And though their case may be a helpless one, as it often is, we can at least smooth the brow of the sick one, make him comfortable, and then calling the family together, pray and talk kindly to them of Jesus' love for them."

The missionary will say that this is a blessed work, and has never failed to make friends. What do you think could better convince these poor souls that God sent his Son into the world to save sinners?

And again, what rejoicing there must have been in heaven over even one such repentant sinner as the old man over ninety years old who, after accepting the message of truth, testified in a public meeting as follows: "I thank the God of heaven and earth for the hope in the great beyond. I thank him for what my ears have heard about his Word. Blessed be his name! My days are few upon this earth, but I have joy in my

heart of meeting you in the new earth." We are told that his face was truly expressive of the thankfulness which he felt.

Though our people have been persecuted in South America to some extent, the Lord, by his mighty arm, is beating back the powers of darkness; and, in spite of the opposition which Catholicism has built up, God is opening the way for his servants to do a wonderful finishing work.

From the Lake Titicaca Indian Mission, Brother F. A. Stahl has written words of progress. He says: "People come in every day, both Spanish and Indians, wanting to know about our work, and to receive help for the many ailments they have. Many come to us for that 'medicine' to cure them from the liquor habit. They tell us that they know of many who use no liquor since coming to this mission. What an opportunity this gives us! We tell them that Jesus will help them, that he is a personal Saviour, and then we say, 'Let us ask him now.' And as these souls, who are surprised at first, kneel, the brethren pray for them and then advise them, giving them tracts, and sometimes calling in the Indian brethren to relate their experiences to them."

The interest has grown among this most interesting people until we now have a church of over sixty members, with many others either keeping the Sabbath or deeply interested in it. These people are descendants of the famous Inca Empire. There seems to be an unlimited field of opportunity for labor with them. La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, is an Indian center where help is much needed. Either infidelity or superstition reigns everywhere. Very many by severe penances or self-torture try to appease God's anger, while others are indifferent and live only to satisfy themselves. But, as their hearts are touched, they call loudly for help. From every class there are some who accept of the gospel.

The prospects are brighter than ever before, although those who labor in South America are dealing directly with Catholicism, and the growth of her power in the United States must be closely watched, as her success here will surely react upon South America. Now, while the Lord is graciously opening the way, is the time to work.

As a young people's society here in Tamoka Park, Washington, D. C., we have set our heart to raise \$75 by the end of the year to pay the transportation of a missionary going this year to labor in La Paz, Bolivia. We have a map before us at each meeting, showing us how far our donations have taken him on his way to that needy field. We hope that all the young people's societies have a similar burden. In which direction are your donations traveling?

Crowding Out Christ — Last-Day Idolatry

"WILL Johnson pitch today?" "Johnson pitched a great game yesterday." "What a record has Johnson!" "Johnson is a marvel." "Johnson is king of them all." "Johnson is to get \$12,500 for his services next year." Lucifer smiles: Christ in these lives is supplanted; the supplanter, Johnson and baseball. Every city in the United States has its baseball idol, and to the favorite god incense is faithfully offered. Invariably the baseball page of the daily paper is the

first one read in the morning and the last one read at night. Satan smiles: the Word of God is crowded out, for it cannot be relished by a mind so completely engrossed with this modern form of idolatry, for idolatry it is.

"The natural mind leans toward pleasure and self-gratification. It is Satan's policy to manufacture abundance of this. He seeks to fill the mind with a desire for worldly amusement, that there may be no time for the question, *How is it with my soul?*"

"While the youth are becoming expert in games that are of no real value to themselves or others, Satan is playing the game of life for their souls, taking from them the talents God has given them, and placing in their stead his own evil attributes. A view of things was presented before me in which the students were playing games of tennis and cricket. Then I was given instruction regarding the character of these amusements. *They were presented to me as a species of idolatry, LIKE THE IDOLS OF THE NATIONS.*"

The idols of the nations were exceedingly popular; so also is baseball in these United States. Go into newspaper row any summer afternoon, and never did a heathen look upon the face of his idol more intently than does the baseball fan look upon the score-board. Christ must have the place of honor, he must have the supremacy in the life; and when the heart is fully opened to him, he will enter and "break down every idol." Baseball and the favorites of the diamond will not have the place of prominence in the life.

That "in all things he might have the preeminence." "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." "For all the gods of the nations are idols." "And the idols he shall utterly abolish." "Neither be ye idolaters, as were some of them." "Idolaters . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing;" so that it shall not be said of you, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone." JOHN N. QUINN.

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

The Moonlight Sonata

UP-STAIRS in the second story of a house overlooking a narrow street in a little village of Germany, a girl sat crocheting. Over the table a man leaned toward her, talking and smoking. A glance at the pair revealed that they were father and daughter, and the tender solicitude of the man held that of pity in it which would make an ordinary observer turn to look at her to see what aroused it in the prosaic-looking old German. A glance would suffice, for a glance would clearly show that the sweet-faced girl was blind.

Presently the father arose and lumbered heavily down the stairway, and so out to the street. No sooner had the last of his footfalls died away in the distance than the girl put down her crocheting. Her head drooped lower, and presently great tears fell from her sightless eyes. Only for a second, however, did she give way to despondency; then, rising, she dried her eyes and felt her way to the window.

The fresh smell of the earth, the smell of spring, came to her nostrils, and the girl sniffed it eagerly. Her sense of smell, like that of other blind persons, was most keen; for nature has a way of partly making up to one of her children if one sense is removed, by making another all the keener.

Presently something of the joy in the awakening world about her found its way into her troubled heart,

and she began to sing. Leaning far out into the glowing dusk, she sang and sang, trying to picture to herself the magic of the moonlight on the trees in the village street, and then, rising, she made her way to the old square piano in the corner of the poor room and played a soft accompaniment to her song.

It was the combination of her plaintive voice and the deep and sad minor chords of her accompaniment that made a man in a long cloak and soft hat pause outside in the street and glance up at the humble dwelling, with ill-concealed interest, although his face showed that he was not in the habit of smiling, or, for the matter of that, of being easily pleased with anything. Fuller and fuller swelled the notes of the blind girl, singing a little lullaby in German; and as her sweet voice relapsed into silence, the man, with a muttered exclamation, started up the stairway to the room above.

The door was open, and the man started back at what he saw; for there was the girl musician, her head on her hands, weeping silently while the pretty moonbeams cast a glory about her golden head.

"Can I help you, Fraulein?" asked the man, then gave a second start of amazement, for as the girl raised her beautiful face, he saw that she was blind.

"What do you wish?" she asked, courteously, rising.

"Nothing—that is—I am a music-teacher and your voice interested me. Will you sing again?"

With a gracious smile, the blind girl turned once more to the old instrument, sat down and ran her hands idly up and down the keys. Presently they fell again to her lap, and she sobbed afresh.

The man's sad, strong face became sadder and stronger as he watched the girl. Presently he spoke gently: "Fraulein, why do you weep?"

"I long so to see——" began the girl, brokenly.

"What particularly?" asked the man.

"The moonlight," said the girl, rising and stretching her hands to the open window. "The magic and the beauty of it! I have never seen the moonlight!"

"Never seen the moonlight!" said the man in a slow, wondering way. "Fraulein, you shall see the moonlight. I will make you see it. This is the moonlight."

He laid aside his heavy cloak and took his place upon the stool. At first with all the gentleness of the watchful, rippling moonbeams he began, but after a time his theme gathered all the witchery and wonder of all the things that have been done by the light of the moon since time itself began. With the first note the blind girl began to see. She saw the quiet rivers, with the white sails of boats going down to the sea with their loads, turned silver in the moonlight; she saw the high church spires standing outlined against the violet sky; she saw dark castles, high and craggy rocks with their turrets and towers aglow; she saw little children gazing upon the moon with its clear radiance full on their pure faces as they knelt at cottage windows to say their good-night prayers. She saw the faces of the lovers who had plighted their vows by moonlight since the very beginning of love on earth; she saw great streams of laughing young people journeying over the world, up the hills of their appointed ways; and she saw sweet-faced men and women, hand in hand, with the silver of the years accentuated by the moonlight, going down the slope toward Sleep with hands tightly interlocked. All these things the blind girl saw because she was a musician, and because for musicians notes have voices far more potent than the speech of mortal tongues.

Presently the notes died away, but the blind girl, still steeped in the ecstasy of vision, feared to break the holy silence. Her father's voice addressing, in respectful tones, the man who had played, recalled her to herself. Swiftly, unerringly, she went to where the man stood, and carried his hand to her lips, kissing it reverently.

"Father," she said, "I shall never be blind again. He made me see. I know the moonlight and the witchery of it at last. No one can ever take my vision away."

And that is how Beethoven's marvelous Moonlight Sonata came to be written. For the man in the broad slouch hat and long cloak was the great master himself, and his genius it was that had given her her first glimpse of things of earth.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

Effect of Confidence

THERE is nothing which quite takes the place in a boy's life of the consciousness that somebody—his teacher, brother, sister, father, mother, or friend—believes in him.

One of the most discouraging things to a youth who is apparently dull, yet is conscious of real power and ability to succeed, is to be depreciated by those around him, to feel that his parents and teachers do not understand him, that they look upon him as a probable failure.

When into the life of such a boy there comes the loving assurance that somebody has discovered him, has seen in him possibilities undreamed of by others, that moment there is born within him a new hope, a light that will never cease to be an inspiration and encouragement.

If you believe in a boy, if you see any real ability in him (and every human being is born with some ability to do some one thing well), tell him so; tell him that you believe he has the making of a man in him.—*Exchange.*

Keeping Accounts

KEEPING accounts often proves an eye-opener. Few people have any idea of their proportionate expenditures till they see them in figures set down in black and white. The girl who thinks herself generous may reverse her opinion when she realizes that she has spent more in a summer for ice-cream soda than for all religious and benevolent purposes together. One who prides herself on her economy may be startled to discover how many needless car fares, how many fines for library books overdue, and similar extravagances have eaten a hole into her small income.

Don't think because you have little to spend it is not necessary for you to know how you spend it. Keeping accounts is infinitely more important when we are forming our habits of expenditure than it will be by and by, even though later we have much larger sums to handle. One who has learned the economical and intelligent use of money can do without the setting down of all outlays, larger or smaller. But for the beginner it is essential.—*Selected.*

"It is often less embarrassing to explain why one hasn't money than why one has."

"SOME are credited with, and others accused of, the same things."



A Tiny Engine



JEWELER, Walter Leffingwell by name, who makes a hobby of building small steam-engines, has just completed the smallest of them all. It is made of twenty-five pieces, and can run inside a lady's thimble at a speed of seven thousand revolutions a minute. The steam is fed through a tiny rubber tube. It took Mr. Leffingwell five years to finish his little engine, but mechanics say that it is perfect in every way, and it is undoubtedly the smallest engine in the world.—*Selected.*

Hatpins

SERIOUS injuries caused by protruding hatpins are compelling the attention of lawmakers in various parts of the world. In Austria, women have been convicted and fined for wearing hatpins "in such a manner as to be dangerous to the public." In Massachusetts, the house of representatives has voted that the points of all hatpins must be protected. Numerous cities have ordinances regulating the length to which the pin may extend beyond the crown of the hat—although, as one legislator, in discussing the matter, remarked, it matters little to the man who has been poked in the eye whether the hatpin protrudes a half inch or an inch outside the hat.

Perhaps the most tactful and effective way of dealing with the perilous hatpin has been adopted in Stockholm. The city owns the street-cars; each conductor has been provided with a stock of point-protectors, which he offers at cost price—about a cent apiece—to women passengers whose hatpins appear to him menacing. The women of Stockholm have amiably taken the hint; in one day the conductors sold 6,000 protectors, and now the street-car authorities declare that they have supplied the entire female population of the city with them.

A Blind Boy Who Has Become an Expert Machinist

IN the Interesting People department of the *American Magazine* appears an account of Edward McMains, of Louisville, who has become an expert machinist. He can adjust perfectly the most delicate piece of machinery. He knows automobiles through and through, and can even drive an automobile. Following is an extract from the article:—

"His slender fingers can take apart and spring together the most delicate workmanship. So wonderful is his sense of touch, and so keenly vibrant his sense of hearing, that after he has adjusted the last screw and tightened the last bolt he jumps in and takes the boat for a trial trip down the river.

"Every one knows, who knows anything about motor-boats, that the smallest fraction of an inch out of alignment of a crank-shaft means the inevitable 'pounding.' 'I'd like to hear a motor-boat pound after Eddie Mac has gone over the machinery,' said a member of the Louisville Boat Club. 'Eddie Mac would be so humiliated he'd jump overboard.'

"This boy—he's almost twenty-two—can make a bolt, and thread it perfectly; he can operate the drill, the lathe, and the punch. He possesses to a wonderful

degree that thing we are pleased to call a sixth sense. To this we may attribute his lack of accidents in all his years as master mechanic.

"His own little motor-boat, the 'Flo,' he built of pieces of refuse scrap-iron.

"This little craft he will enter in the regatta to be run on Labor day, and he will himself run her in the race."

To Remove Iron-Rust From Fabrics

RICE as a remover of iron-rust from fabrics is not to be excelled. Not only does it bleach the recent stain, but even that of long standing.

Boil a cupful of rice in two quarts of water for thirty minutes. Let it stand overnight and strain through cheese-cloth. Soak the iron-rust spots in the rice-water for four or five hours, and then rinse in clear water. This will effectually remove rust stains, no matter how old.—*Exchange*.

Patents

APPLICATIONS for patents during the year totaled 67,986, the largest on record except for 1912, when there were 69,236.

During the year 38,754 patents were granted, and 5,166 trade marks, 664 labels, and 254 prints were registered.

The receipts from all sources aggregated \$2,082,490; expenditures, \$1,924,459, the net revenue being \$158,030.

The patent office has the distinction of being one of the few bureaus of the government that is operated at a profit, the net surplus of the office since its establishment being \$7,290,103.

The Panama Engineer

A YOUNG railway engineer, working down in Panama, was careless and ran his engine past a switch, making a poor record for himself. He felt so ashamed that he determined to leave and go back to the United States. He went to Colonel Goethals, the commander in the Canal Zone, and asked for his discharge, and also for a letter of recommendation to a certain railway official at home.

"Very well," said Colonel Goethals, "I will send him a record of your transcript of service."

The engineer flushed and explained that that was exactly what he didn't want. He would prefer that his careless mistake be wiped off the record.

Colonel Goethals looked squarely into his eyes.

"Your record is your record," he said softly, "and if you've made one you don't like to stand on, there's nothing for you to do but to make a better record next time."

It was a whole sermon in a single sentence, and it struck home. The engineer returned to his job, and made a record of which he had no further need to be ashamed. His case is the case of a number of engineers in life who need the same counsel. What is done is done. Running away from a mistake does not change it. The only way to win is to make good, and to make good in spite of past mistakes.

A man's best chance to make good often lies in the very place where he has failed. To cover up failure is of little use. To live down failure is far better. To a man determined to do that, no failure is final. Any sin can be forgiven. Any life can be started afresh.

That is the promise of God to man—a promise upon which any one can lay hold, and build anew and enduringly.—*Forward*.

The Igorrotes of the Philippine Islands

DURING my stay in the Philippine Islands, I spent about a year among the Igorrotes, an interesting people who inhabit the mountainous portion of northern Luzon, and are altogether different from the more civilized Filipino. There are several tribes of them, each tribe having its own dialect, customs, and habits. They are much darker than the Tagalog or any of the other tribes, and their dress consists of a breech-cloth only.

They never caused the American army any serious trouble, but at certain times they go on a rampage against other natives of the island. In one year nearly one hundred Christianized Filipinos lost their heads at the hands of these savages, hence their title "head-hunters."

With all their ignorance, they are honest. Mr. Homer Stuntz, in his book "The Philippines and the Far East," relates the following incident which proves this fact: "I saw an American officer of police hand over five thousand dollars in silver coin to a half-dozen Igorrote carriers, telling them plainly what was in the boxes. He took their rude scrawl of a receipt and let them start off with that specie on their backs for a three days' journey into the mountains. Later I heard that every package came through safe."

They are a hardy people, with wonderful endurance. I have seen them go all day bearing a heavy burden with no sign of fatigue. They also possess remarkable constitutions, as evidenced by the following: An epidemic of glanders (a disease fatal among cattle, which also can be transmitted to human beings) broke out among the pack-mules used by us to convey rations over the mountains, and many of them died. When the Igorrotes learned of this fact, they asked permission of the officers to care for the carcasses. This was granted. Later we learned that they had eaten the flesh of these diseased animals, and without any apparent evil results. Their diet consists largely of dog meat. It was not an unusual sight to see a great many dogs tied in their villages, awaiting their day of slaughter for food for their owners.

Getting New Shoes

Going barefooted constantly and traveling miles of the country with heavy burdens, their feet become caloused. This callous becomes thick, cracks, and gets sore. Then the Igorrote takes a sharp knife and shaves off the callous, just as a blacksmith shaves down a horse's hoof. After this operation, Mr. Igorrote has his new shoes and goes on his way light-footed.

Their Religion

I was never able to discover their religious belief, but I did see some of them one morning about sunrise down along the bank of a stream making many signs toward the sun. I surmised from this that they worshiped the sun. The Catholic priests told me that it was impossible to reach them with Christianity. This may be true, so far as Catholicism is concerned, but the Word of God tells us in Rev. 14:6 that every nation, tongue, and people shall hear the third angel's message; so the Igorrotes must be included. The Lord will open the way for these poor savages to hear the last message of mercy, and many of them will accept the truth.

EDWARD QUINN, JR.



Dishwasher's Song

HELEN ADAIR

CLEAR the table, sweep the floor,
Stack, in rows, the dishes.
In the pan, hot water pour
Till they swim like fishes.

CHORUS:

Glass, and silver, china, tin,—
Funny, funny fishes!
What a frolic! What a din!
Washing, washing dishes!

Soap them, rub them, get them clean,—
"Every son and daughter,"—
Cup, and saucer, plate, tureen,
Rinse in boiling water.

Wipe them dry, until they shine,
On a fresh, clean towel—
In the cupboard, all in line,
Without scowl or growl!

Scrub the dish-pan, scrub the sink,
Give your towels a scrubbing,—
First to last, no missing link,—
Sudsing, rinsing, rubbing.

How the Truth Came to Will — No. 3

EDITH IRENE DILLON



ONE day when Will was in the kitchen, he asked whether or not the Adventists had a meeting-place in —, the neighboring city. The cook told him that they were holding their church services in the Lutheran Mission church. As Mr. Brown was preparing to go to the city the next Saturday morning, Will asked if he might not go. Mr. Brown gave his consent, and when they reached town Will told his father when and where he would find him a little after noon. Will then started for the church, and arriving there, found a company of twelve or fourteen persons.

When he returned home, the cook asked him how he liked the Sabbath-school. He replied, "I was much pleased with the way they all study their Bibles. They all seemed to know where to find every text they wanted in the Bible on any subject. I want to go again if father will allow me."

One day the cook asked Will, "What should you think of God's having a prophet in the church in the last days?"

Will quickly replied, "I do not believe he will. The Bible contains enough instruction to make all wise unto salvation, and I have read somewhere in the Bible that we are to beware of false prophets in the last days."

"But, you see," replied his interrogator, "it does not say, Beware of prophets, but, Beware of false prophets, and that implies that there might be true ones. Get your Bible and let us read what it says about this question. Turn first to 1 Cor. 12:1: 'Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.' From this verse we see that the Lord does not want his people to remain in ignorance concerning the subject of the gifts of the Spirit. 'And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily *prophets*, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.' You see, God placed these gifts in the church, and there is no record that he ever removed them. In Eph. 4:8-14, prophets are mentioned with apostles,

evangelists, and pastors; and in the twelfth and thirteenth verses we are told that these gifts are to continue till we all come into the unity of the faith. And surely that time has not yet come. In 1 Cor. 1:6, 7, we learn that the church that will be waiting for the second coming of Christ will come behind in no gift. Again, we are told in Rev. 12:17 that the remnant church will not only keep the commandments of God, but will have the testimony of Jesus. The testimony of Jesus is defined to be the spirit of prophecy in Rev. 19:10."

After calling attention to the fact that several women mentioned in the Bible were prophetesses, among them being Huldah (2 Chron. 34:22), Deborah (Judges 4:4), and the four daughters of Philip (Acts 21:8, 9), reference was made to the work of Mrs. E. G. White, and Will was given the book "Early Writings" to read.

Will repeatedly asked his father to permit him to keep the Sabbath; but he was refused each time, and Mr. Brown also told him that should he decide to keep the Sabbath he must leave home, never to return. Will tenderly loved his mother, who he knew was not long for this life, being now confined to her bed, so he could not think of leaving her. Still he felt condemned as he continued working on God's holy day. It was now haying season, and all hands were busy.

After reading the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and noting in the Old Testament Gideon's test with the fleece, he determined to make a test, too. One evening in his prayer he made this earnest request: "Lord, if it is thy will that I should take my stand to keep the Sabbath, in the face of father's opposition and mother's condition of health, let the clouds cover the sky and there be every appearance of rain, and yet let not a drop of rain fall, within the next twenty-four hours."

The next morning the sun rose as usual, with no appearance of rain. Still Will continued to pray to know if the time had come for him to take his stand to keep the Sabbath. Not till the middle of the afternoon was there any indication of any change in the

weather. Then he observed a little white cloud in the far west. Will prayed and watched that cloud, as it grew larger and larger, until about five o'clock, when his father came to him and asked him to stop the mower, and help round up the hay shocks for he thought it was going to rain. Will, however, told his father he did not think it would rain a drop, but he obeyed and helped get ready for rain.

Suffice it to say it did not rain a drop. And when Will went out to feed his team after supper, and observed that the storm had passed over, he then and there resolved that as soon as the hay was up he would keep God's Sabbath day.

A few days before the hay was up, Mr. Brown informed his son that his uncle wanted them to come and help him with his hay. Will again asked his father if he could not now keep the Sabbath. "No," answered his father, "you cannot. And now let this be the last time you ever trouble me with this question."

Finally the hay was all cared for, and the next day Mr. Brown told Will to go to town and get some things, and gave him a few dollars to pay for the same. He now saw that the hour had come for him to step out and keep the commandments of God, including the Sabbath of the fourth commandment. Before leaving, he went to the bedside of his mother, and placing his arm around her, he kissed her good-by. His heart was too full for words. Leaving the room, he bade his little sister and younger brothers good-by, and in company with his brother Oscar left for town.

After purchasing what his father told him to buy, he obtained the address of the Pacific Press, the publishers of the *Signs of the Times*. Securing a ticket to Oakland, the next day he presented himself at the publishing house, where he obtained work. The next morning, he wrote home, informing his parents where he was, and what he was doing. Sunday noon's mail brought him a letter from his father. In the letter Mr. Brown said that he had been to see the sheriff, and that he could have Will brought back home, as he was under age, but said he did not want to do that. He, however, promised Will that if he would return, he could keep the Sabbath for his mother's sake. This was good news to Will, and after working one week he returned home, praising God that he had opened the way for him to keep the Sabbath and be with his mother.

Will's mother was not a Christian, was not prepared to die, and Will was greatly burdened for her to give her heart to God. One day, though driving a plow team, Will spent most of the time in the field praying for his mother; and on coming in to supper, his little brother met him on the porch and said, "Will, ma wants to see you." He went to her bedroom, and she said, "Will, I want to give my heart to God, and be a Christian. Tell me how you became a Christian, and read me the way out of the Bible." With a heart full of joy, Will pointed her to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. He emphasized the importance of keeping the commandments of God. She then and there was converted, and took her stand for the truth of God. She died a few months afterward rejoicing in the blessed hope of a soon-coming Saviour.

One day his brother George, who was sixteen years of age, told his father that he desired to keep the Sabbath. Mr. Brown objected. But George said he would keep the Sabbath. His father at once decided to compel him to give up this plan to keep the commandments

of God, and left the room to get something with which to inflict punishment, intending thereby to make the boy yield to his wishes. On Mr. Brown's leaving the room, Will suggested that they pray for God to restrain the wrath of man, so at once they bowed, and Will led in audible prayer; George followed, and was praying aloud when their father came in. "Where is that boy?" demanded Mr. Brown as he opened the door. On rising from their knees, George answered, "Here I am."

Mr. Brown then took out his watch and said, "I will now give you five minutes to take back your statement that you will keep that old Jewish Sabbath. If you do not, I will beat it out of you, if I have to kill you." George replied, "I do not need five minutes, pa, for I have made up my mind to obey God. And if you kill me, I shall not be the first one who has had to die for the truth of God's law."

Angered at this firm reply, Mr. Brown arose, and speaking first to Will, said, "Don't you say a word, nor interfere in the least. I will have it out now with George." Then stepping up to George, who was sitting in a chair, with an oath Mr. Brown raised his hand to strike his son, when Will placed his hand on his father's shoulder and said, "Pa." Mr. Brown's arm was stayed, and in a few minutes dropped to his side without once striking the boy. He then turned to Will and said, "You are to blame for all this trouble; you brought this doctrine into this house, and notwithstanding the fact that I told you not to talk it to the children, you have, and you are the one I ought to punish," and with these words he struck Will several blows with the weapon he had at hand.

The Sabbath following Will went to church, and told the little company the experiences he and his brother had had, and praised God that his grace had been sufficient to keep them loyal, and that his brother was keeping this his first Sabbath.

When Will reached his twenty-first birthday, he went to Healdsburg, California, to attend college to fit himself to become a minister. Both he and his brother George are now ordained ministers, preaching to others the blessed and wonderful truths of God which were in so wonderful a manner brought to them.

A Prison of Silence

ENTOMBED in a grim castle on the outskirts of Lisbon are some of the most miserable men on earth. These are inmates of Portugal's "prison of silence." In this building everything that human ingenuity can suggest to render the lives of its prisoners a horrible, maddening torture is done. The corridors, piled tier on tier five stories high, extend from a common center like the spokes of a huge wheel.

The cells are narrow, tomb-like, and within each stands a coffin. The attendants creep about in felt slippers. No one is allowed to utter a word. The silence is that of the grave. Once a day the cell doors are unlocked, and the five hundred wretches march out, clothed in shrouds and with faces covered by masks, for it is part of this hideous punishment that none may look upon the countenances of his fellow prisoners. Few of them endure this torture for more than ten years.—*Baltimore Sun*.

"It is not what we read but what we remember that makes us useful."



BEACH ON TAMPA BAY, FLORIDA, WHERE NELLIE DIED

Poor Bossy

W. S. CHAPMAN

SHE was just a little Florida cow, only two years old. There is many a Shetland pony that is much taller than she was. Nellie knew very little about this big world of ours, and indeed not much about the State she lived in. She was born in a wood-lot on a farm, and her mother did not live very long afterward.

That mother was the only cow she ever saw. She was familiar with the sight of chickens and foxes and rabbits and owls and bats and buzzards and wolves and wildcats and snakes — O, my! — and gophers and salamanders, and many and many a night had she dozed off to sleep under the great palmetto-trees, listening to the mocking-birds, which are called the Florida nightingales; but she never saw a horse and wagon until she was nearly two years old, and that is quite old for a Florida cow, you know. In all her life she never saw a wagon road, or an automobile, or a train of cars. She never saw but two or three men and women in her life — just lived day after day, sunshine or rain, summer or winter, in the little cow lot on the farm. By all this you can judge what a sweet little innocent bossy Nellie was, hardly larger than a deer.

One day a gentleman came to see the farm and bought it, so Nellie was sold to a widow near by, and for the first time in her life she looked upon Tampa Bay, a great body of water which sets in from the Gulf of Mexico, for the new cow lot to which she was now moved was on that bay. Nellie spent most of her first day in her new home looking it over. How surprised she must have been on sniffing at and tasting the water to find it to be salt and not fit to drink, for all the water she had seen before was fresh. Nellie went there when she was about a year and a half old.

Nellie had never lived in a barn or cow-shed. Her only shelter had been the palmetto- and pine-trees growing in the cow lots. Drenched at times by the heavy rains and often chilled through by heavy winds, her health finally began to fail; for she always had been delicate. When she was about two years of age, she lost her appetite, and all that she could eat was green food. Day by day she seemed to grow weaker and weaker. One night her mistress heard her bellowing. For four days it had been raining hard almost day and night, and Nellie, who had been exposed to it all, was found lying on the rain-soaked ground with a dear little black-spotted calf beside her.

O, how she loved it! It was the only calf she had

ever seen, and it was her very own! She would stagger to her feet and go to her baby and lick it and croon over it, cow-fashion, then sink down, exhausted, to rest. Her mistress took up the little calf and carried it to the porch of the house, where it would be sheltered from the rain. Nellie staggered along after her, seeming to understand that her baby was being cared for; and when she saw the calf deposited on the porch, she took up her watch station in the garden beside it, for three days.

When, on the afternoon of the third day, the little calf died and the mistress and her son came with pick and shovel to dig a grave for it, Nellie looked on seemingly with some misgiving. And when the calf was lifted and borne toward the hole in the ground, Nellie began to bawl and bawl as she followed, evidently in great distress.

The calf was laid beside the grave, and the mother ran to it, tenderly licking it and crooning over it. Every attempt made to lift the calf and lay it in the grave was resisted by the mother, who would lower her head and push at them, bellowing, as if she intended to harm them. She was only making believe, however, for Nellie was always gentle and quiet.

At last her mistress held Nellie back while the boy placed the body of her baby in the grave. When released, the poor bereaved mother knelt down beside the grave, pitifully calling to her baby as she licked its little face. Both the mistress and her boy united their tears with the dismal wails of grief coming from the mother, and for some time no effort was made to fill in the grave.

But when the work began and Nellie saw the body of her baby being rapidly hidden from sight by the dirt, it seemed to frenzy her. Staggering again to her feet, she pretended to charge on them with her horns, but her strength failed fast, and as the last shovel of earth was thrown she sank to the ground, crawled near, and laying her head upon the grave, with a moan, breathed her last. Poor little bossy! Poor Nellie! broken-hearted little mother.

Seed Thoughts

ONE peacemaker is worth more than all the peace-disturbers in the entire world.

Any person who has the Spirit of Christ living in him is more than a match for the devil and all his host of evil angels.

J. W. LOWE.

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending June 30, 1913

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Miss'ns	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
ATLANTIC UNION																				
Gr. New York	13	106	..	6	4	19	16	..	401	341	\$.....	\$15.49	..
Maine	3	40	15	25	14	25	14	1	368	161	151	25	..	518	19	5	..	32.55	1
Massachusetts	14	281	9	372	120	875	60	3	10568	1188	12	106	200	1300	420	61	35	60.00	39.77	27
New York	5	87	15	36	10	33	1	4	281	450	16	181	*130	*466	54	186	..	8.50	2.11	..
N. New Eng.	9	147	90	4	2	..	1	..	202	438	2	50	6	8.50	1.75	..
S. New Eng.	6	72	..	22	17	94	52	3	559	260	9	18	50	1202	30	19	..	5.09	5.17	..
W. New York	8	120	..	144	102	382	129	35	815	1172	63	44	..	10443	143	67	75	53.15	144.70	10
CENTRAL UNION																				
East Kansas	16	233	31	307	185	574	234	36	1294	1193	184	64	144	2208	341	156	10	24.86	48.00	20
Nebraska	7	20	8	23	1	2	66	126	6	1	..	610	33	8	..	3.22	.33	1
W. Colorado	6	133	29	101	45	310	13	..	75	999	2	36	..	2831	216	98	..	32.17	7.34	4
W. Kansas	11	196	7	3	4	4	696	65	168	9	3.08
COLUMBIA UNION																				
Chesapeake	6	102	3	32	3	39	76	..	97	381	2	16	..	453	131	46	13	2.10	6.20	..
E. Penn.	13	178	19	41	26	107	1	1	645	649	246	243	..	762	38	62	5	20.00	82.51	9
New Jersey	4	66	..	11	3	310	135	..	129	301	379	80	5	376	78	44	10.45	..
Ohio	9	113	..	93	64	100	53	2	554	505	270	69	16	1013	73	154	..	25.35	17.54	..
Virginia	7	129	..	17	5	316	131	29	56	76	106	17	9	3623	9	3405	..
W. Penn. †	6	35	8	62	40	124	111	13	428	241	6	6	1451	601	87	142	10	4.08	4.17	..
LAKE UNION																				
N. Illinois	27	396	6	95	71	444	163	35	745	4225	103	146	1026	3313	589	422	4	40.88	30.53	21
N. Michigan	8	93	32	9	4	18	9	67	..	13	..	354	1.76	1.40	..
S. Illinois	8	118	5	56	19	217	69	4	142	1086	36	40	61	4416	183	144	1	18.98	6.58	1
W. Michigan	22	364	23	32	14	193	37	4	312	2621	3	71	2	1484	176	107	..	34.06	83.28	1
Wisconsin	6	92	10	43	4	30	5	..	128	936	43	11	3	58	280	73	1	19.35	15.06	..
NORTHERN UNION																				
Iowa	15	139	..	33	18	112	42	18	275	910	27	18	10	*39589	163	221	..	20.25	29.35	11
Minnesota	12	224	52	39	7	41	25	..	150	289	..	22	..	670	33	24	..	10.25	7.58	2
North Dakota	9	134	4	196	29	161	25	11	150	268	52	25	27	2465	18	4	34	89.48	10.27	7
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																				
Montana	1	3	3	14	7	48	7	107	..	8	..	81	247	29
S. Oregon	5	98	15	78	24	207	19	95	523	1335	107	35	8	2020	319	67	53	8.92	4.44	7
Upper Col.	15	233	..	49	34	76	7	..	989	449	1	..	14	846	12	30	..	6.75	.25	..
W. Oregon	13	303	..	77	28	520	46	2	343	2323	124	431	323	9310	162	17	2	4.90	47.04	3
W. Wash.	6	138	..	72	17	81	104	..	78	883	31	65	116	5566	161	54	..	7.60	9.80	7
Alaska Mis.	1	3	..	22	15	31	5	10	..	87	1	1	..	65	12	44	1
PACIFIC UNION																				
Arizona	1	53	..	20	4	42	25	2170	..	7	..	1760	2	8
California	15	536	..	160	36	244	48	8	122	4198	7	30	5	12774	182	279	..	223.96	63.49	3
Can. Cal.	14	314	..	140	47	456	203	46	608	4316	225	214	192	6329	272	255	..	149.09	130.92	4
N. Cal.-Nev.	10	200	..	147	81	189	60	2	174	2098	13	29	15	1721	84	68	..	11.21	33.58	30
S. California	25	666	..	149	63	606	154	56	295	8567	488	287	82	4945	1204	637	22	68.12	65.15	3
Utah	3	40	..	58	16	972	60	274	1115	346	274	37	..	408	139	70	..	28.72	16.01	..
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																				
Cumberland	5	155	2	100	62	108	44	5	337	237	31	50	19	59	142	200	2	13.80	4.10	..
Florida	6	93	2	82	32	235	316	3	309	1302	53	54	76	1066	254	20	..	13.30	14.10	..
Georgia	10	209	29	315	194	1157	426	18	1064	1793	297	122	197	3200	664	479	43	45.37	54.27	5
N. Carolina	7	100	..	53	31	241	180	2	1424	143	2	11	..	154	215	224	..	3.60	12.59	2
S. Carolina	4	118	..	30	18	346	123	..	175	661	16	39	..	146	64	77	..	2.72	2.20	..
SOUTHERN UNION																				
Alabama	3	99	1	42	18	156	143	5	784	293	7	489	20	60	..	3.70	4.89	..
Kentucky	5	68	10	163	26	190	169	19	2468	394	120	27	..	822	236	38	..	9.15	1.85	..
Louisiana	2	20	4	48	8	150	53	2	3190	2725	60	3	..	15133	174	7450	..
Mississippi	6	33	..	110	16	238	116	14	893	488	2	4	4402	1431	17	31	70	8.78	..
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																				
Arkansas	8	110	8	26	16	66	18	5	102	1043	11	27	55	1234	151	78	4	7.00	9.15	3
North Texas	9	242	..	56	22	118	76	..	22	313	24	..	10	462	309	34	..	21.86	28.38	..
Oklahoma	15	375	5	102	64	524	55	..	294	1540	164	333	45	1548	408	332	..	15.52	33.91	7
South Texas	3	30	2	12	4	9	4	..	44	147	3	16	2	351	3	5	..	7.00	.60	..
West Texas	4	67	..	54	15	5	2	..	60	993	2	6	27	2102	147	45	..	.70	17.84	..
CANADIAN UNION																				
Maritime **	1	35	5.69	6
Ontario	5	58	3	53	12	102	128	6	1649	1546	4	11	9815	108	15	7	..	10.85	8.91	3
WEST CANADIAN UNION																				
Alberta	4	136	..	297	86	263	76	59	2267	728	181	25	20	2396	309	50	26	30.35	51.00	11
British Col.	7	86	..	44	11	40	10	26	638	237	..	10	268	54	104	7	..	2.00	13.40	..
AUSTRALASIAN UNION **																				
New S. Wales	22	713	122	228	60	808	148	13	1842	2255	56	129	*542	*32189	1404	19	..	160.71	90.87	..
New Zealand	11	218	86	151	59	392	36	10	2438	1962	166	104	*515	*9459	516	6	..	141.23	15.65	..
Queensland	7	212	39	135	66	207	53	5	729	1694	54	66	*998	*13730	138	26	..	88.39	1.86	..
S. Australia	12	235	23	32	21	451	182	13	109	23082	10	174	*2104	*41333	432	28	..	32.98	9.12	..
Vic.-Tasmania	22	456	78	114	65	1107	46	4	4857	5370	218	168	*2180	*48647	853	21	..	382.56	74.50	12
W. Australia	14	279	48	36	24	152	4	106	1654	1509	23	42	*576	*8486	546	5	..	120.25	4.87	..
EUROPEAN DIVISION **																				
British Union	7	107	..	86	43	87	97	107	5779	783	61	58	2	1830	277	19.36	4.82	..
Gen. European	24	339	109.93	127.32	..
Danube Union	15	480
E. Ger. Union	39	809	220.02	339.72	..
Latin Union	2	60
Scan. Union	12	280
Totals	604	13070	838	5653	2397	18167	5725	1185	61837	100451	4830	4320	45507	330189	14773	6430	485	\$2517.41	\$2009.80	258

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Let-ters Written	Missionary Let-ters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Tem- perance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Miss'ns	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
WEST INDIAN UNION **																				
Br. Guiana M.	6	83	..	32	22	65	28	..	2118	126	18	..	19	33	189	191	..	\$.....	\$.....	..
Cen. America	5	33	..	7	6	27	4	2	...	68	32	15	...	1188	36	8	..	10.15	9.37	..
Haitien M.	3	80	..	71	41	267	139	11	386	57	*3524	*1432	15	21536	..
Jamaica	14	225	..	126	86	671	232	21	1009	541	190	337	636	1758	858	472	1	4.25	8.80	28
MISCELLANEOUS																				
Bermuda	1	14	..	27	14	3	11	1	31	42	..	8	1	330	8	1	..	6.17
Japan **	4	56	34	75	56	14	754	1683	33	24	38	75	230	42	74	1.87	24.77	5
Korean M. **	10	204	..	155	24	1776	630	..	536	834	..	61	...	*9133	64	3.12	..
Philippine Is. **	1	24	..	4	6	5	137	9	3	13	6.25	3

† For two quarters. * Pages of tracts. ** For quarter ending March 31, 1913. MATILDA ERICKSON, Sec. of N. Am. Division.

When We Have Done Our Best

"The restless millions wait
The light whose dawning
Maketh all things new.
Christ also waits;
But men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could?
Have I? have you?"

Look over the summary published in this paper. Study carefully the report from your own conference, and then ask yourself, "Did I do what I could?" Many Missionary Volunteers have done nobly during the quarter represented by this summary, but not all. With gratitude for what has been done comes the bitter regret that some failed to do their best. Would that every Missionary Volunteer felt as deeply over this matter as a certain little boy did over his disappointing report card. He came home from school sobbing bitterly. His sister tried to console him by saying, "Never mind, dear, when you have done your best that's all that is expected of you. Everybody fails sometimes." But the ambitious little lad was too deeply chagrined to be comforted easily. Lifting his honest, tear-stained face, he replied, "Yes, but it's when you haven't! I might have studied gooder."

As you look back over the past months, do you not think you might have "studied gooder" in God's school of Christian service? Every Missionary Volunteer who is determined not to fail in the work of saving souls must pay the price of success. There is no bargain-counter. Real achievement in Christian service, as in other lines of human activity, is always a result of hard work. It is perseverance, with its tremendous possibilities, that wins the day. Perseverance made Rockefeller rich; it made Washington the father of his country; it made Napoleon a great warrior; and it fitted Enoch to dwell with God. Think what it has done for missionaries everywhere. It will do wonders for any young man or woman who will use it right.

How is it in your society? Are you pressing on with that persevering enthusiasm that knows no defeat, or must you candidly confess, with the little lad, "I might have studied gooder"? Dr. Talmage once declared stoutly, "The vast majority of Christians are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hill." That was a very sad commentary on religious conditions. Do you suppose that any of our societies deserve such a criticism? Are any Missionary Volunteers sleeping in hammocks of ease and pleasure while souls about them are going to ruin? *Are you?* If you are, do not despair and say that there's no use

trying to reform. Arouse yourself! Repent! Spiritual laziness is too great a risk for any one to run in this twilight hour of earth's history. Get close to Jesus. Keep close to him. Associating with him will make you an enthusiastic and successful soul-winner. How insignificant look the things of the world to him who knows the rich joy of heavenly service!

At the battle of Waterloo a certain regiment notified the Duke of Wellington that they must soon yield. Word came back, "Stand firm." "But we shall perish." "Stand firm," again said the duke. "You'll find us there," then replied the officer, as he galloped back to his regiment. They stood firm. Every man of that brigade fell fighting at his post. "Stand firm," says the heavenly General to every Missionary Volunteer in this final conflict. Will the soldiers of Jesus prove less true and brave than those soldiers fighting for only earthly glory?—No; we must be true! We must be brave! Let us make the last quarter of 1913 a better one than our Missionary Volunteer work has yet enjoyed.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Don't Step There

BE ready to help others by your own experience. A man started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with a choking voice, said, "Please don't step there."

"Why not?"

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passers-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, as he sees the young learning to take the first glass, or sipping at wine, or beer, or cider, has good reason to say to them, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down." The man who has indulged in gambling and lotteries till he is despised by others and abhorred of himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering the same course, whether in saloons, church fairs, raffles, or similar devices of Satan, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are today, in prisons and jails, with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young man, tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experiences of others, and it is sometimes duty for those who have fallen by these temptations to lift a warning voice. There are slippery places all around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly along. Let us entreat them to beware; and, as we remember the bitter experiences of our own sinful lives, let us say to those who are just yielding to such temptations, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."—*Selected.*

Doing the Impossible

"Now, then," said the pastor to his newly formed Christian Brotherhood, "we have fifty-five members; we have a constitution and by-laws and a dozen committees. We are organized to do Christian work in this community. I should like to hear from each of you what you understand by that."

Different members gave different answers. Most of the replies were vague and indefinite.

"Suppose we outline our working program like this," said the pastor. "We are a Christian Brotherhood organized to do the 'impossible.'—

"1. To drive the saloon out of the town.

"2. To get rid of vice.

"3. To get indifferent men to go to church.

"4. To convince every one of the wickedness of selfishness and greed.

"5. To teach purity to the boys and girls.

"6. To convert Old Man Lowe."

At the last item the brotherhood looked at one another aghast. "Old Man Lowe" was the worst drunkard and gambler in town; every one thought him an abandoned reprobate.

But the pastor went on calmly: "Does any one need to be converted more than Old Man Lowe?"

No one spoke.

"Has any one ever tried to convert him?"

No one ever had. He was "a hopeless case."

"Did not Jesus come to save just such men?"

Every one agreed that he did.

"Did any of you ever speak to him or try to bring him to Christ?"

Silence again.

"Is Christ powerless to save him?"

No one dared say that he was.

"Let us try to save him, then," said the pastor.

One by one the members of the brotherhood went in turn to Old Man Lowe and pleaded with him. After twelve men had been to see him on successive days, the old man's heart melted. He was a saved man—almost swept into the kingdom of heaven by sheer amazement that these busy merchants and professional men should think enough of him to come and talk with him about the welfare of his soul. He himself had almost forgotten that he had one.

A great many souls are never saved because we do not seek to save them. Often we limit God's power to save by our own refusal to attempt the "impossible." The Christian is here especially to do the "impossible," by means of the power of the gospel, which can save even to the uttermost.—*Youth's Companion.*

"ONE man or woman who never fails to perform punctually the duties of each day is worth more than a hundred men and women who are always shirking. One doer of good deeds is worth more than any number of people who are constantly doing evil."



M. E. KERN
C. L. BENSON
MATILDA ERICKSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

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

Society Study for Sabbath, November 15

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

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; items of interest from our church paper. For this exercise have some one spend five minutes in giving briefly interesting facts drawn from the issues of the *Review and Herald* since your last similar exercise.

2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 25. The secret of wisdom. True wisdom is of great value. Prov. 4:7; Job 28:12-18. True and false are contrasted. James 3:13-17. Great men are not always wise (Job 32:9), because they have wisdom of this world. Luke 12:16-21. This, God calls foolishness. 1 Cor. 3:18, 19; 1:19, 20. Christ has true wisdom (Col. 2:3), and promises it to us (James 1:5) through his word. 2 Tim. 3:15; Ps. 119:98; 19:7. We show this wisdom by winning souls (Prov. 11:30; Dan. 12:3), and preparing for the future. Matt. 25:2-10; Prov. 30:24-28.

3. Our Work in South America. Have two papers or talks, —one on "How Our Work Began in the Neglected Continent," and one on "The Progress of the Third Angel's Message in South America." For helps in preparing the first, see "Outline of Mission Fields." For the last, see this INSTRUCTOR, back numbers of the *Review*, and the *General Conference Bulletin* for 1913, pages 182-186, 211-216.

4. For suggestive topic, see Rom. 12:16.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7 — Lesson 6: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 18, 19

NOTE.—When it was proposed to unite England and America by steam, Dr. Lardner delivered a lecture before the Royal Society, "proving" that steamers could never cross the Atlantic because they could not carry enough coal to produce the steam necessary to make the voyage. Do not try to "prove" to yourself that you cannot keep up with the Reading Course assignments.

1. Upon arrival at Rome, what policy did Herod pursue, and with what result? What was done in order to save the city and temple from the assaults of the Roman general?

2. Who was selected for the office of high priest, and what happened? Who became Roman emperor in B. C. 31? What attitude did Herod assume toward this ruler? Why? Was he successful?

3. What new troubles were developing in Herod's household at this time? What policy did Herod pursue to ward off further disaster? How did many of the Jews feel with regard to his methods?

4. What further efforts did he make to guard against insurrection by the Jews?

5. Mention the various fortresses, cities, and temples which were built.

6. What occurred in B. C. 23? What spirit did Herod manifest at this time?

7. What great undertaking was begun in B. C. 17? Describe the new temple.

Junior No. 6 — Lesson 6: "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," Chapter 9

NOTE.—Elihu Burrett said he had no higher ambition than to set before others an example in employing those valuable fragments of time called moments.

1. What suggestions did Mr. Mackay make to his students at this time? Did they appreciate this? Why were they anxious to go? How did Sun-a show his thoughtfulness and love for Mr. Mackay? Did his plan work?

2. What dangers surrounded them on this trip? How did the villagers receive them?

3. Did Mr. Mackay's courage fail? How was his faith rewarded?

4. As the people listened to the wonderful story of God's love, what did many of them decide to do?

5. Relate some of the experiences and dangers the people were exposed to in securing material to build the church.
6. What request came to Mr. Mackay, and how did he respond? How many churches were raised up along the plains?
7. Mention some of the experiences which brought much joy to Mr. Mackay. May we also share in such a joy?



VII — At Sinai

(November 15)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Exodus 19.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets."

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people." Ex. 19: 5.

Questions

1. To what place did the Hebrews come in the third month after they left Egypt? Ex. 19: 1.
2. Where did they make their camp? Verse 2.
3. How long was this place their home? Find Mt. Sinai on a map of Arabia. Note 1.
4. Where did Moses go to meet the Lord? What message did he there receive for the people? Verses 3-6.
5. When the people heard the message, what did they say? Verses 7, 8.
6. What did the Lord tell Moses he was about to do? What preparation were they to make for it? Verses 9-13; note 2.
7. What came to pass on the third day? What made the people tremble? Verse 16.
8. Where did Moses place the people? What does the word *nether* mean? Verse 17; note 3.
9. What was the appearance of Mt. Sinai? Who spoke when the trumpet sounded? Who answered? Verses 18, 19.
10. Where was the Lord? What did he call Moses to do? What further charge did God give Moses to save the people? Verses 20, 21.
11. What special warning was given the priests also? Verse 22.
12. What did the Lord say to Moses as he sent him down from the mount? Verses 24, 25.
13. Why was all this preparation made? What did God wish to teach the people? Note 4.
14. Who were with the Lord upon the mount? Deut. 33: 2. Who are here meant by "saints"? Ps. 68: 17.
15. How did even Moses feel in the presence of this demonstration of God's power and glory upon the burning mountain? Heb. 12: 20, 21.
16. What did the Lord desire Israel to be to him? See memory verse. What does he say to his people now? 1 Peter 2: 9.

Notes

1. Read Num. 9: 1-5. The children of Israel kept the second Passover just one year from that last night in Egypt. Then in Num. 10: 11-13, we see that they moved from Sinai "on the twentieth day of the second month, in the second year." They had come there the third month of the first year, hence they were encamped at this place for almost one year. When they came to Mt. Sinai, "the cloudy pillar rested upon its summit, and the people spread their tents upon the plain beneath."

2. The people must not only have clean bodies and clean clothes for this meeting with God, but they must set themselves apart from their sins; that is what "sanctify" means. We are told this: "And as Moses should point out their sins, they were to devote themselves to humiliation, fasting, and prayer, that their hearts might be cleansed from iniquity." "Humiliation" means confession of sin. We should think of this when we are preparing to meet the Lord in his place of worship.

3. The Lord said to Moses: "Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee forever." We have seen that when they met with difficulties, the people murmured against Moses and Aaron as if they were to blame for all that went amiss. The Lord wished to show them that Moses was but following his direction, and that they should respect and honor him.

"Nether" means lower.

4. God was going to speak his law of ten commandments, and he meant to impress upon the people the importance of treating it with the greatest respect and reverence. That law is just as sacred now as when it was spoken from Mt. Sinai.

VII — Standing of Humanity Before God

(November 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 3: 1-19.

Questions

1. What pertinent questions does the apostle propound? Verse 1.
2. What answer does he give? Verse 2; note 1.
3. What further important question does he ask? Verse 3.
4. What is the reply? Verse 4; note 2.
5. What question does Paul next ask? Verse 5; note 3.
6. What response does he make to this question? Verse 6.
7. What further questions does the apostle ask? Verses 7, 8.
8. What conclusion is drawn? Verses 9, 10; note 4.
9. What quotation from the psalmist is cited as proof? Verses 11, 12; note 5.
10. What further quotation did he make from the writings of David? Verse 13. Compare Ps. 5: 9.
11. What third quotation does he make? Verse 14. Compare Ps. 10: 7.
12. By what fourth and last reference does he prove that all are under sin? Verses 15-18. Compare Ps. 36: 1.
13. What conclusion is drawn from the Scriptures as to the application of the law? Because of transgression how does all the world stand before God? Verse 19.

Notes

1. "Much every way:" Surely it is of great advantage to have access to all the wonderful truth and teaching of God throughout the centuries, from the time of the promised Seed till our Lord's first advent. But chief among these advantages to the Jews were the holy precepts and oracles of God, which were entrusted to them, all of which were inseparably interwoven with the gospel.

2. "Let God be true:" The thought of the text is not that we shall ascribe truth to God at all hazards, whether he speaks truth or not; but that God speaks truth always and forever, whatever man may say or do. The great fact should be recognized that God is the very truth itself. Then shall we discern truth in his words, righteousness in his acts, justice in his judgment.

3. All things shall work finally to God's glory. Even the wicked, by doing as God declares they will, by reaping the fruits he declares they will reap, are thus commending the truthfulness and the righteousness of God. The psalmist declares, "The wrath of man shall praise thee." Nor is God unrighteous, who punishes the wicked. They are only reaping the fruit of that which they have sown.

4. "All under sin:" All are condemned by sin. Man, by nature and apart from Christ, is its slave. For proof of his statements the apostle quotes from the Holy Scriptures.

5. By a series of quotations from the Scriptures, which the Jews held to be sacred, the apostle proved the sinfulness, depravity, and helplessness of humanity. These scriptures speak of the world, without Christ, not of God's devoted people.

The Youth's Instructor

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Increased Usefulness

A FEW years ago there was a young woman in one of our Southern States who could smoke, use snuff, and shoot a revolver. Doubtless she had other similar accomplishments, but her education was so limited that she could not even write.

One day she received from a lady in California the *Signs of the Times*. She read it, and continued to read other papers and literature sent her by this lady.

Finally she accepted the truth as revealed in the papers. Immediately she became possessed of a desire for an education that she might be of greater service in helping to spread the good news of salvation for this time. She attended one of our schools, then took the nurses' course, and is now one of our most successful Bible readers and workers in India. No young woman in that land has apparently done better work than has this young woman.

Had it not been for this truth, she would still be in the South, smoking, and dipping snuff. It is greatly wise for one to allow God's purpose to be fulfilled in the life. He will never fail to extend and increase one's sphere of usefulness.

By the Day or by the Job

It is often an easy matter to tell from observation of a workman whether he is working by the job or by the day or hour. If he has taken the contract, he realizes that the shorter the time put in on the job, the better financially it is for him; so he makes every motion count; he does not needlessly waste time talking or looking about. Constancy and earnestness characterize his work. But sometimes that same laborer, if he is working for another by the hour, feels free to stop and talk every time he has opportunity; he looks about aimlessly, and in various ways reveals the fact that he is really dishonest, whether he knows it or not.

An honest man will realize that his time is not his own; if he has engaged to work for another by the day or hour, he remembers this, and cultivates the habit of not noticing things that would distract his attention, hinder his work, or lessen the value of the product of his work for the one who is paying for his time.

We are all bought with a price. Our time is not our own. We who so dislike to see one wasting another's time while receiving pay for it, should ever realize that the Lord must so regard those who are

unfaithful toward him to whom they belong. Their life, their time, are his; so their best energy, their continuous effort, should be his. May we all sense more deeply our responsibility to be faithful in devoting all our strength and time to the Lord's work.

Good Exercises

Boys and girls who have good, strong muscles always delight in games that require a certain degree of strength and skill. Here are two:—

Put the tips of your forefingers together, and invite any one present to pull them apart—no jerking allowed. It will surprise your opponent to find that no matter how hard he exerts himself, he is unable to separate your fingers.

The "turtle" race requires not only muscle, but a good bit of pluck as well. The game is begun by any number of players sitting in a row, each grasping his right ankle with his left hand and his left ankle with his right hand. If you do not think this is a difficult position to hold, try it.

At a given signal, the contestants leave their mark and move as fast as possible toward another mark, a short distance away. The boy who first crosses the finishing line, without removing his hands from his ankles, is to be declared the winner.—*What to Do*.

One Thousand Acres of Flowers

ONE of the sights in southern California that excites the wonder of tourists is the vast fields of flowers raised much like vegetables. There are carnation fields, sweet-pea fields, chrysanthemums, violets, daisies, and so on through the long list of flowers that grow readily in a warm climate.

At the last census in California, taken in 1909, there were 442 farms planted to flowers, covering one thousand acres; the product was valued at over one and one-half million dollars. That the industry is a paying proposition is shown by the fact that ten years before there were only about half the number of acres.

Although there are other States that can boast of a larger total acreage and value in the floral industry, California has the largest single fields of one kind of flowers. A field of sweet peas planted near Redondo a few years ago had an area of 350 acres and contained all varieties. A twenty-acre field adjoining was planted to carnations. At one time over ten thousand carnations a day were shipped from this field.

The raising of the California Christmas flower, the poinsettia, has figured largely in the floral industry. Reaching perfection in the holiday season when other plants are not in bloom, these rich, velvety red flowers, often a foot in diameter, command a high price. One woman in San Diego has made a specialty of the poinsettia and, by learning the art of packing them successfully for shipping, has built up a country-wide business for herself.

Not only in sunny California is the raising of flowers increasing, for in the United States, during the ten years preceding 1909, there was an increase of over 75 per cent. The total acreage was about 19,000, and the product from the industry about \$35,000,000.

Southern California is not only a splendid country in which to raise flowers, but it also affords a good market for the product, on account of its many floral festivals, like the Pasadena Rose Tournament, in which many tons of cut flowers of all kinds are used every year.—*The Independent*.