

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

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No. 49



FOLLOWING THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

THE railroads of the United States use about 150,000,000 wooden ties each year.

MUCH of the cork used throughout the world comes from Portugal, which harvests about 50,000 tons a year.

It is said that 90,000,000 broom handles are used annually in the United States,—one for each man, woman, and child.

BIRDS are said to be the largest consumers of food in proportion to their weight. A heron, which is a light-weight bird, was recently caught that had just swallowed two trout of one and one-half and two pounds. Wild pigeons are among the foremost eaters, and a single pigeon in one day picked up one thousand grains of wheat.

THROUGH the generosity of Dr. James Douglas, of New York City, and Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University, twenty-seven claims of mining land in Paradox Valley, Colorado, have been purchased, said to be the greatest radium-bearing ore deposit at present known. The National Radium Institute has been incorporated to work the deposits. All the radium will be at the disposal of physicians, free of charge.

Interfering With His Commission

"I WON'T drink, because doing so would interfere with a certain commission I have," said a very young man when pressed by three gay companions to take a glass of beer in a social way. "A commission! What sort of commission?" "A commission to prepare the way of the Lord and to make his paths straight. With work of that kind in view, I don't want to have impaired faculties."—*Selected.*

Be at Work

DR. ADAM CLARKE said that "the old proverb about having too many irons in the fire was an abominable old lie. Have all in it—shovel, tongs, and poker." Wesley said, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry; leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He traveled about five thousand miles in a year; preached about three times a day, beginning at five o'clock in the morning; and his published works amounted to about two hundred volumes. Asbury traveled six thousand miles a year, and preached incessantly. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, traveled, established missions, begged from door to door for them, and labored in all respects as if, like the apostles, he would "turn the world upside down." At nearly seventy years of age he started to Christianize India.—*Dr. Stevens.*

WHY are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?
I think they hang there, winter and summer, on those trees,
and always drop fruit as I pass.
—*Walt Whitman.*

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CAUGHT AT LAST!

Rome Officially Denounces Our "Lying Constitution" and "Declaration"

Mr. Protestant! You will not need to read more than FOUR of the many bristling articles in the January PROTESTANT MAGAZINE to make your Protestant "pulse" run high! Note these—

- "The Mask Removed"—Official Catholic Utterances Condemning Our Constitution, Declaration of Independence, etc.
- "Roman Catholic Congress"—Full Report of Boston Meeting
- "Secreta y Bryan Addresses Knights of Columbus"—A Shocking Eulogy of Rome
- "Against Freedom of the Press"—Watch Your State Legislature! Rome Is Busy!
- "Luther's Hammer"—A Great Sermon by Dr. Radcliffe, Washington, D. C.

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Protestant Magazine - Washington, D. C.

THE PROTESTANT MAGAZINE

ADVOCATING PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY PRETESTING AGAINST APOSTASY

A Spiritual Religion
Versus
Pompous Ceremonials

THE most prominent difference between Protestantism and Romanism may be summed up in the statement that the former is a spiritual religion and the latter a carnal and worldly belief. Protestantism appeals to the soul of man, while Romanism endeavors to captivate the carnal senses. There can be no place in a truly spiritual religion for the materialism afforded by images, "holy" water, rosaries, rosaries, chaplets, "sacred" medals, and all those pompous ceremonials which delight the heart of sinful man. Carnality and spirituality are diametrically opposed to each other.—*The Protestant Observer (London), October, 1913.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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No. 49

The Joys of the Road

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;

A vagrant's morning, wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down;

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

These are the joys of the open road
For him who travels without a load.

—Bliss Carmen.

Suomi

J. F. SANTEE

"Hear, O, hear the splendid singing,
Through the halls of Väino ringing:
It is Suomi's song!
Hear what the whispering firs are telling,
Hear the rushing rapids swelling:
It is Suomi's song!

"Everywhere a voice is calling,
Everywhere its tones are falling:
It is Suomi's song!
Hast thou but a heart, O brother,
Hear in grief and joy no other
Than thy Suomi's song!"



POSSIBLY few readers of the INSTRUCTOR have ever before heard of Suomi (Swo'me). The Suomi of the poet's strain is Finland, that being the name applied to the country by the Finns. Suomilainen is the name by which the Finns refer to themselves.

People of our country are all too little acquainted with the strange history of the Finns. Their culture is very generally underestimated. Many will, at first, be inclined to doubt that in Finland the percentage of those unable to read and write is the smallest of any country in the world. The early history of the Finns, like the early history of all peoples, consists mainly of missing pages. The *runos*, or mythical songs, tell us something of the ancient days. In the early part of the last century, the poet Lönnrot collected these songs from all parts of Finland. This collection is known as the "Kalevala." Longfellow has made us familiar with its meter and rhythm in his poem "Hiawatha." The "Kalevala" forms the "Iliad" of Finland, and was composed not by a man, but by a nation.

Long ago the Finns are supposed to have dwelt in Asia; the presence in the museum at Helsingfors of ancient Persian coins collected from among the people of Finland seems to indicate dealings with Persia. Like the Turks and the Magyars, the Finns were at one time nomads. Like these peoples, too, they are classed as Mongolians; however, through intermingling with Slavs and Scandinavians, they have lost many of their Mongolian characteristics. Their shortness of stature and the rarity among Finns of the dolichocephalic, or long-headed, type cause them to be distinguished in a marked manner from their near neighbors, the Russians and the Swedes. The Finns, it is said, were never idolaters; anciently they wor-

shipped a spirit, which they called Ukko. Today they are mostly staunch Protestants of the Lutheran faith.

The Finns seem to have entered Finland by two routes; those entering from the south settled in the district known as Tavastland, while those entering from the east settled in the district of Karelia. The people of the middle district, Savolaks, are the descendants of Tavastlanders and Karelians. The Karelians are sometimes called "the Irish of Finland." Whoever goes to that country is likely to hear the story of the Karelian who went hunting, and coming to a wheat-field, he engaged four men to carry him across it so that he might not trample down the wheat.

Aside from a little trouble with the Lapps, whom the Finns found in the country before them, affairs in Finland moved along tranquilly enough until sometime in the twelfth century. Then the Finns came into contact with the Swedes, their neighbors on the west. When two warlike peoples meet, there is sometimes fighting, and strife ensued in the case under consideration. Soon the Swedes, who had adopted a nominal form of Christianity, apparently became interested in the spiritual welfare of the Finns; and with the encouragement of Pope Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever wore the triple crown), a crusade was begun. This was in 1157. The Swedes were triumphant, and the benighted worshippers of Ukko were speedily converted (?) into Roman Catholics. Many, however, remained steadfast in the old faith, suffering martyrdom rather than adopt the religion so unceremoniously proffered. Long after, when Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden had become the great champion of Protestantism,—Sweden was a power to be reckoned with in those days,—with little opposition, the Finns accepted the reformed religion. Nevertheless, they clung tenaciously to their language, as they do still, after all the years of stress and storm,—

"When battle raged from dale to dale,
When Famine stalked, a specter pale."

For many years Finland was an appanage of the Swedish crown, and, with the rise of Russian power, it became the scene of many a conflict between Swede and Muscovite. Finland became restive under the restraints imposed by Sweden; sometimes we find her fighting for that country, sometimes against. Finally,

Czar Alexander of Russia—the czar who liberated the serfs—offered the Finns the liberties they desired, on condition that they accept him as their grand duke. It would take much explanation to make clear how matters stood in Sweden, Russia, and Finland at this particular time; suffice it to say—by no means imputing any great blame to Sweden—that the Finns deemed it a critical moment in their history, and accordingly assented to the organization of Finland into a grand duchy, with Czar Alexander as grand duke. No titles of nobility are granted in Finland, and woman suffrage has been for some time an accomplished fact.

At present Finland has a population of about three million. Of this number, about twelve per cent speak Swedish. In the far north are a few thousand Lapps, who, by the way, call themselves by the name of Samelat. To avoid confusion, we should speak of the Swedes in Finland as Finlanders, and of the Suomilainen as Finns. Helsingfors, or Helsinki, as the Finns call it, is the capital, with a population of approximately one hundred thousand. Here is located the national university with its two thousand students.

Both Finn and Finlander are preeminently liberty-loving. They are justly proud of their lake-gemmed land, which has produced, during the last century, more than its share of scientific and literary men. And now I leave off, as I began, by quoting from a bard of Finland:—

“As blossoms forth from darkness bloom
Beneath the sun's bright ray,
So, Fosterland, shalt thou from gloom
By love of ours refulgent come;
And higher still shall ring our lay
In that triumphant day.”

Corvallis, Oregon.

Two Great Soldiers

Which Was the Greater?

To make comparison between two living characters might be unwise; but to draw a fair comparison between two men—each, one of the greatest in his class—whose life records have long since closed cannot be objectionable, and may enable us to arrive at conclusions that will be of value in our individual lives. It will be freely conceded that few men of greater military genius than Napoleon Bonaparte ever led an army in battle. To show his greatness in the estimation of a standard historian at the time of his attaining prominence, one sentence will suffice: “Henceforth, for nearly twenty years, his life is the history of France, almost that of Europe.”

What was the destiny of the man who possessed such brilliant military genius? Another historical statement will supply the answer: “Napoleon's opportunity was a rare one, but he ingloriously missed it. . . . During nineteen years of almost constant war, he inflicted upon Europe the most appalling miseries.” Finally he was outmatched in military tactics by Wellington at Waterloo, and, “in order to prevent him from again troubling the peace, England imprisoned him upon the island of St. Helena.” Hence two new metaphorical terms came into the English language,—Waterloo, signifying defeat, and St. Helena, meaning despair.

On this lonely island in the south Atlantic, “the Corsican adventurer dragged out the remainder of his life in recalling the glories of the past, and complaining of the annoyances of the present. On the evening of May 5, 1821, there was a fearful storm of wind

and rain, in the midst of which, as in the case of Cromwell, the life of the warrior went out with the ebbing tide. The tempest seemed to recall to his wandering mind the roar of battle, and his last words were, ‘Head of the army.’ His remains were finally taken to Paris, and entombed there. ‘The body had been so skilfully embalmed that nineteen years of death had not effaced the expression of the well-remembered features. Men looked once more with pity upon the almost unchanged countenance of him who had been the glory and the scourge of Europe.’”

As already indicated, Napoleon was born on the island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean. The other great soldier, to whom we shall now refer, came into the world at a city which lies on the borders of the same sea, distant from the birthplace of Napoleon some one thousand five hundred miles in a southeasterly direction. He is first introduced to us as “Saul of Tarsus.” He informs us that the place of his nativity was “no mean city.” Like Napoleon, he was a man of good birth, endowed with a liberal education, and small of stature. If the latter characteristic was in any sense a handicap, such hindrance to success was completely overcome in each by a master intellect and a superabundance of energy and zeal.

The man of Tarsus tells us that he was “exceedingly zealous,” even above many of his equals in his own nation, and how he once manifested this overabundant zeal in persecuting the church of God and wasting it, “being exceedingly mad” against the Christians.

But the exercise of his zeal in this direction received a sudden check by a miraculous manifestation and by a voice which appealed to him in these words: “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” Of this experience he tells us that he “was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.” His zeal was not destroyed by the experience, but such was the effect upon his heart that all the forces of his nature were turned in an opposite direction. Instead of being a persecutor, he willingly became one of the persecuted. Saul, the terror of the church, became Paul, the loving protector of the church. Like Napoleon, his zeal caused him to travel extensively by land and sea. But how diametrically opposite were their motives!

Paul's last journey was to Jerusalem, and from there to Rome and to—martyrdom. He had impressions of what was before him. Let us give audience while he relates these impressions: “And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

Observe Napoleon's dying words and compare them with one of the last recorded expressions of the great soldier of the cross. One said, with his dying breath, “Head of the army;” the other, “For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

Napoleon may be one who will be near the "head of the army" which, led by Satan, will make a final assault upon the "beloved city," but Paul will be within the city, with Him in whose "presence is fullness of joy," and at whose right hand "are pleasures forevermore." One of these two great soldiers was consumed with unrighteous ambition to wear the crown of richest glory that this world could offer, at no matter what cost of suffering to his fellow men. The other was willing to endure all manner of hardships "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and finally suffer a martyr's death at the hands of Nero, the prince of tyrants, that he might save souls, instead of sending millions into eternity unprepared. His ambition was to be "accounted worthy" to receive a crown of eternal life, bestowed by him who wore the crown of thorns.

In his meditations during his enforced isolation from Europe, Napoleon conceded that his life had been a failure, in these words: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires, but on what did we rest the creations of our genius?—Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for him." Paul said of the motive power of his life, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Do you find it difficult to decide the question, Which was the greater, the wiser, of the two soldiers?

G. M. REASER.

Patience

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But do you know
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so?

And I once saw a little girl
Sit down and cry
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small try.

—Selected.

Postal Facilities

WHEN we consider the means provided, in the providence of God, for the rapid spread of the third angel's message to all the world, in its extent and cheapness, the mailing facilities occupy a prominent place. This becomes more apparent when we contrast the past with the present. About the year 1870 the following statement went the rounds of the United States newspapers:—

"A CHANGE.—About a century ago, Benjamin Franklin, the postmaster-general of the American colonies by appointment of the crown, made his official inspection of the principal routes in his gig; and when holding the same office under the authority of Congress, a small folio, containing three quires of paper, lasted as his account-book for two years. Now it would require six years of incessant railroad traveling, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles a day, to pass over the routes; while the post-office accounts consume every two years three thousand large-sized ledgers, keeping one hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with thirty thousand contractors and others." This was the condition forty years ago. In 1790, there were in the United States only seventy-five post-offices, and the mail-routes were comprised in 1,675 miles. Coming down to 1860, the number of post-offices had increased to 30,000, and there were 275,000 miles of mail-routes.

One important feature we wish to note in this con-

nection is the great reduction in the amount of postage charged. Before me is a copy of Houghton's Almanac for the year 1806. In it is the following:—

"Rates of Postage

"Every letter composed of a single sheet of paper, conveyed—
40 miles or less 8 cents
40-90 miles 10 cents
90-150 miles 12½ cents
150-300 miles 17 cents
300-500 miles 20 cents
500 miles or over 25 cents

"Every letter composed of two pieces of paper, double these rates; every letter composed of three pieces, triple these rates; every letter composed of four pieces and weighing one ounce, quadruple these rates; and at the rate of four single letters for each ounce any letter or package may weigh. Newspapers, 100 miles 1 cent; over 100 miles, one and one-half cents."

In the almanacs for 1814 the same rates as the above are found. In contrast we note that it would at that time have cost to send a one-ounce letter half-way from Washington to St. Louis, \$1. Now we can send an ounce letter from Washington to London, England, or to Hamburg, Germany, for two cents.

I have also before me a copy of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, dated Feb. 27, 1829. Under the heading "United States Post-Office Department" I find the following: "The net amount of postage on letters, etc., during the year 1828, was \$1,058,254.24. Of this sum the State of New York paid \$252,876.99; Massachusetts, \$101,855.58; Virginia, \$73,400.72; Maryland, \$61,022.71. No other State in the Union paid as high a sum as \$50,000."

These figures would appear exceedingly small by the side of the present annual report of receipts of the United States Post-office Department. We will quote from the *San Francisco Chronicle* of Jan. 11, 1913, a report of one week's receipts, on just one item of post-office business—the parcel-post: "Thirty-five thousand parcel-post packages were handled by the San Francisco post-office the first week after the parcel-post went into operations. According to a report of the Post-office Department, 'in the number of packages handled the first week, San Francisco ranked the tenth among fifty of the largest cities of the United States. These fifty cities handled 2,000,000 packages the first week, at an average of twenty-five cents a package. This brought in about \$500,000 to the Post-office Department.'" Probably a report from all the cities, villages, and rural routes for that week would make that one week's receipts more, from that one item, than all the receipts of the year 1828.

In the aforementioned copy of the *Christian Advocate* is reported what, in that time of stage carriage of the mails, was considered an extraordinary feat. The *Journal* quotes the following from the *Philadelphia Gazette* of February 16: "The United States' mail-coach, with 1,700 pounds' weight of mail, six passengers, and the guard, arrived in this city this morning, from New York, in nine hours and thirty-two minutes."

When we think of the present means of rapid mail transit, electric communication, low rates of postage, and open doors all over the world for the reception of the truth, both oral and printed, we may say indeed, "What hath God wrought!" If these facilities are not used by us, the fault will be our own.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

A Tract That Was Lost and Found

C. E. HOLMES



OD has many ways of giving his truth to the world. One of the most effective is that of distributing tracts. As one writer has said: "Tracts can go everywhere, at home and abroad. Tracts know no fear. Tracts never lie. Tracts can be multiplied without end by the press. Tracts can travel at little expense. They run up and down like faithful messengers, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return. They can talk to one as well as to a multitude, and to a multitude as well as to one.

"Tracts speak in all languages. They carry the message of gospel truth to the home-born and to the foreigner, to the citizen of our own republic, and to the immigrants from distant lands. They require no public room in which to tell their story. They can tell it in the banking-house or the shop, the parlor or the kitchen, the railway train or the ocean steamer, the car or the omnibus, on the broad highway or in the foot-path through the fields.

"Tracts take no note of jeers, and no one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. Though they will not always answer questions, they will tell their story over twice or thrice or four times, if you wish them, and they can be made to speak on every subject, and on every subject they may be made to speak wisely and well.

"Tracts can be made the vehicles of truth, the teachers of all classes, and the benefactors of all lands. Thousands upon thousands of people can rise up and testify that a tract was the means of their conversion. Countless others have been cheered, comforted, and stimulated by them."

One tract written in Luther's time had a most interesting experience. It was the work of Antonio Paleario, who was born at Veroli, Italy, about the year 1500. He was blessed with a good education, which he secured at his home city and in Rome. When about thirty-five years old he was appointed professor of ancient languages and philosophy at Siena.

In going to Rome, Paleario had somewhat the same experience as did Luther. He wrote: "In Rome the moral ruin everywhere strikes you more and more; even the popes do not blush to commit both unchastity and usury. Everywhere extortion, violence, simony, abduction, buying and selling of sacred things, prevail; and, in short, one sees such fearful abominations that whoever is illuminated by the Spirit of Jesus Christ can read these words written upon the front of the court of Rome, 'Here is Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth!'"

In his study Paleario had dug deep in the Scriptures, and when the writings of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin came to him, he immediately recognized their harmony with the Word of God. Being a man of strong courage, he spoke openly to his students and friends of his opinions. One of his friends, Cardinal Sadolet, repeatedly warned him of the danger he was in. But the truth would not let him remain quiet. His belief was finally incorporated in a tract entitled, "Highly Useful Tract of the Benefit of Jesus the Crucified for Christians."

It "is throughout enriched with quotations from the Holy Scriptures and the church Fathers, Augustine, Origen, Basil, Hilary, Ambrose, Irenæus, and St. Bernard. In the year 1542 the tract was first printed in

Tuscany, and in the year 1543 in Venice. It excited great attention, not only in Italy, but elsewhere, for it was translated into several foreign languages. Its circulation was remarkable. Paul Vergerius reports that during the six years following its appearance forty thousand copies were sold in Venice alone."

On a visit to Rome he was indicted for heresy. In his defense he stated: "I have said that once He in whom the Godhead dwelt bodily has shed his blood for our redemption, and that we should have no more doubt as to the mercy of God, but enjoy perfect peace and rest. Supported by the most unquestionable authority of antiquity, the Holy Scriptures and the church Fathers, I have maintained that whoever directs his eyes to Jesus Christ the Crucified, confides in his promises, and places his hopes in him alone, will receive from him the forgiveness of his sins and redemption from all evil, because he cannot disappoint our hopes." But the church was not satisfied until he had sealed his testimony with his life. In July, 1570, he was hanged and his body burned.

"The tract on the 'Benefit of Christ' fared no better than its author. The Inquisition hunted for the book with such success that nearly every copy was brought into its hands and burned. For three hundred years nothing was known of it save what history reported. In 1843, however, a copy of the Italian edition was found in Cambridge University, England."

Though this tract was lost to the world for so many years, it is now being printed and circulated again. The hope and trust which were in this man's heart can be seen in the counsel he gives to the readers of the tract. A few paragraphs will be of interest:—

"Dear brother, let me answer you: Your assurance is in the true and living faith by which God purifies the heart. This faith consists in the true reception of the gospel, and God gives it to all those whom he calls to justification, glorification, and eternal life. This lowly faith which lives and works in the heart, produces so lively a hope and so firm a confidence in the mercy of God toward us that we rely entirely upon him, cast all our cares and sorrows upon him, and, assured of his beneficence, we no more fear the devil, with his companions, nor even death itself.

"This blessed confidence is generated in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which we receive through faith, which has always the love of God with it. Through this living faith we are incited to do good, and we thereby receive so much power and zeal that we are ever ready to do everything with joy. We can also bear the greatest hardships, from the love and for the honor of our beneficent Father, who, through Christ, has vouchsafed so much grace to us, and has made us, who were enemies, his beloved children. So soon as this real faith is given by God to man, he will be impelled by his ardent love to do good works, and, being a good tree, to bear good fruit for God and his neighbor. And it is as impossible for faith not to bear good fruit as it is for a kindled fagot of sticks to burn without flame."

It is by the lives of such men that God keeps his gospel alive in this dark world. The message of salvation is ever the same. In the days of persecution it made strong men and women. And today we still see it working, preparing a people for the last days of peril and persecution.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



The Hills o' Ca'liny—Children of the Rechabites

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING

THEY are children of the Rechabites," said Brother Marshall, as we stood watching, in the group of children out hoeing the corn, a young woman of eighteen and her pair of brothers, two and four years younger. "They are children of the Rechabites. What their father taught them before he died, they would no more think of wilfully disregarding now than of giving up their lives."

I was interested in these children because I had had a little hand in helping them along the road, though I had not before seen them. And now, at the commendation of their teacher, with the Scriptural picture it evoked, my heart warmed toward them anew.

Now Jonadab, their father, long years before, having come from a godless family, was not a Christian, yet he was of a serious cast of mind. And having taken to wife a maiden whose piety was deep and strong, he learned from her and from her godly father how to find the peace that passes all understanding. And together these two dedicated their children, one by one as they were born, to the cause of Christ. They were not rich; far from it. A little mountain farm of thirty acres, with a cabin home, was their all; and their few years of married life were spent in toil and frugal living. The mother sickened and died when Lucy, the oldest, was about five years of age, and the baby, Robert, was scarcely weaned.

"I don't remember my mother much," said Lucy to me, "except her blue eyes, and when she kissed my father. But I think she taught him to be a Christian. Always, after she died, he would gather us children, morning and night, and read the Bible to us, and teach us to pray."

Alone for most of the years, Jonadab trained his children in the love of God and in habits of industry. He was with them till Lucy was twelve years old, and Leonard and Robert were boys who had begun to shoulder the burdens of the farm. During the last year (for he saw his death creeping upon him) he doubled his efforts to impress right principles on his children's minds. He taught them always to study the Bible, and to pray to God for whatever they needed. He told them they must never give up the effort to get an education. And he warned them never to go to the mills to work. He had a sister in one of the South Carolina cotton-mills, and he knew his reasons for commanding his children never to yield to the attraction of those burning lamps of ready wage that so attract the impecunious mountain moth.

But when he was dead, his father took the children. I do not think his name was Rechab. Unworthy at least he was to be the father of such a son, because he had not a soul that could rise above the limits of daily food and plenty of chewing-tobacco and leisure. Unworthy, I said? Yet, had he come also into the for-

tune of such a wife as was his daughter-in-law, or had the messenger of God come as he should into his early home, who knows but he might have been the worthy progenitor of the children of the Rechabites?

But Lucy, Leonard, and Robert were to him only three hungry mouths to feed, three insistent backs to cover and heads to shelter, with what credit might be induced from three pairs of hands that the hard taskmaster Poverty had taught to labor. His little farm bore small fruit to his indifferent labor; and so it came about that he listened when his daughter-of-the-mills insisted, "Why should you have to work for them children, when they could be earnin' money for you? Bring 'em down to the mills."

And so he told the children at last that they should "go South." But they remembered their father's command, and they fought against it determinedly. "Every morning," said Lucy, "I would beg grandpa not to take us to the mills, for our father had said we should not go; and every night we prayed about it." But the old man, with the prospect of leisure and ready money from his grandchildren's labor, would not listen, and he carried them off to the mill country.

Three years they were there, yet not long in any one place; for, like most of the mill people, the old man had the moving mania. He would hear, perhaps, the rumor of some mills fifty miles away that paid higher wages, and he would prepare to move; and move he would, against the protestations of his granddaughter. "I knew we could never get along well by moving constantly," she said to me, "and we always found that if there were higher wages, there were also higher prices in the company stores, where we had to trade our scrip."

The old man did not work, but the children did; that is, the two older ones; for the youngest was too much under age to attempt to dodge the child labor law. It was not hard work they had to do, but it was deadening work, deadening to mind, and through its monotony fatiguing to the body, destructive of that elasticity that is the mainspring of growing youth.

Every day the sister prayed, and she taught her brothers to pray, that God would let them go back to the mountain country and to the farm. And at last the prayer was answered. Their aunt left the mills, went back to the mountains, and married; and the old man, with her influence transferred to the other side, and homesick also for his hills, turned his face toward the Blue Ridge.

The children were happy at getting out of the mills. But on the heart of the sister came more heavily now that other command of their father, that they get an education. For this she began to pray earnestly. Their grandfather at first carried them to a small farm on which was a grist-mill he undertook to run. But he failed with that, and went back to his old farm.

Now his granddaughter began to besiege him to send them away somewhere to school. In his rather passive objection to this, however, he had now the active assistance of two allies, one his unmarried son, who came to live on the farm, and the other his daughter, that same aunt-of-the-mills who, now divorced after a brief honeymoon, was also under the paternal roof.

"You ought to be ashamed," they said to Lucy, "jist when you're a-growin' up to be some 'count to your pore old granther, to mewl about a-goin' off to school. Ain't you been enough care, 'thout askin' him to send you off to git book-larnin' an' be no 'count?"

But the hope and the ambition and the sisterly love of that sixteen-year-old girl, prayer-fortified, was proof against browbeating and abuse, and she kept her determination that her two brothers, left as they were to her care and guidance, should have with her an opportunity to train for better service. She tried to learn of some school where she could find a place for the three.

Fifteen miles from her home, at B —, she learned of an orphanage and school, and she determined secretly to get a place there, if possible. One of her aunts lived at a place a few miles above B —, and she obtained permission to visit her, walking all the way. On her road, she stopped at the school and applied for admission. They told her they were pretty full, and did not know that they could take her and her brothers in. But she pleaded with them, until they promised to consider it. Mrs. Armstrong, a lady living near her aunt's, took great interest in her, and promised to see the school people and intercede with them.

Lucy walked back home, and waited hopefully for some word. At last it came, from Mrs. Armstrong, but it was only a disappointment: they could not take her. Worse than that, the letter, when it came, was captured and opened by her aunt, and it was through her that the girl learned of the disappointment.

"What's these tricks you've been up to now?" exclaimed the vigilant guardian. "Been a-sneakin' off to try to git away from your pore old granther. Now git to work, you hussy! You caint git away nohow: you got a guardeen, you want to know."

But there was an unexpected result. When grandfather heard of it, he was struck with fear that the children would clandestinely leave him some day; and perhaps, also, father of a worthy son, his heart was touched by some sense of compassion and sympathy for this persistent effort of his grandchildren toward a goal he could not appreciate.

"Ef you children air bound to go, I'll try to he'p ye. Yore old grandpa will he'p ye," he said.

It was on a cold November morning that he presented himself at our doors to ask a place for his grandchildren. We were just starting a school a few miles above B —. This was the first I heard of these children, and little enough I heard then from the lips of the old man: only that they were orphans, and wanted to stay together. We counseled with one another as to whether we could take the children, but our circumstances just then made it seem impossible, and so I had to tell the old man. "But," said I, "I have a friend who is conducting an orphanage, and I will write him to see if they cannot have a place there."

The old man went home, his conscience cleared of his onerous task, and secretly pleased, doubtless, at his failure. He told the children that there was no place

for them, and said nothing about the possible further chance which I had suggested.

"Did you begin to despair," I asked of Lucy long after, "when the way was thus closed up?"

"No," she answered, "for God seemed to say to me, 'Keep on praying. I will help you. There is a place somewhere.'"

And a place somewhere there was. For in a week or two we were able to send them word that the way was open for them to enter school. Mrs. Armstrong herself carried the news down to their home, hunted up a cousin who was a man of property and influence, and stirred him to get the children off.

And thus at last these faithful children of the faithful Jonadab found his faith and theirs rewarded. They had prayed to God in their need; though against their will they had been forced into the mills, they had prayed themselves out; and they had prayed and worked their way into the opportunity for an education. Well might their teacher say of them, from their history as well as from his experience with them, "They are children of the Rechabites."

Bright-faced, blue-eyed, with ever-ready smile, they were children whom to see was to love. The younger boy, quick of movement, swift to obey and to help, is a magnet, drawing every one. Leonard, sturdy, neat, dependable, energetic, and impatient of delays and obstacles, has had a hard but valuable lesson in the checks of his young life. I found him at the plow, and talked with him of his plans. But though he was cheerily cordial, he had little to say, and I learned more from his sister of his aspirations than from him. Deep of thought, but reticent, he makes none his confident but his sister. She, one among a thousand women, does not fall short of that paragon the mother of King Lemuel sought for him: —

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. . . .
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue. . . .
Many daughters have done worthily,
But thou excellest them all."

Dear children of the Rechabites, I wish for you, and for the many like you scattered throughout these mountains,—I pray for you all a deeper knowledge, a broader experience, a fairer success, than you even yet have known; that, like Joseph, upon your heads the blessings of your father may prevail above the blessings of his progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; and that, like the promise of old from the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, so throughout eternity, "Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever."

It Isn't So Much

It isn't so much what your song may be,
But the fact that you sing, you know,—
Be the voice or harsh or trained or free,—
That is cheer for a nameless woe.

It isn't so much that your face is sweet,
If it's loving and kind and true,
And carries a smile that is God's own meat
For a soul that is starved for you.

It isn't so much that your laugh is gay,
And charming to hear, and bright,
If it sheds not the hope of a brighter day
In a heart that is filled with night.

For it matters not what we'd like to do,
Or the duties our sympathies feel,
When thousands must perish the wide world through
For the kindness we fail to reveal.

JOSEF W. HALL.



The Value of Onions

THIS vegetable has many excellent qualities. It contains a large quantity of nitrogenous matter and uncrystallizable sugar with a pungent sulphuric oil. If children were encouraged to eat onions, many an illness might be prevented, and many a doctor's bill be saved. If baby has a cold, or seems croupy, frequent doses of onion sirup will give wonderful relief. The sirup is obtained by cutting the onion into slices, and covering each with brown sugar, and putting one on the top of another in a basin. Roasted onions with sweet-oil makes a good poultice for a cold in the chest. In a sick-room you cannot have a better disinfectant than the onion; it has a wonderful capacity for absorbing germs. A mere superstition without doubt, but some think a dish of sliced onions placed in a sick-room will draw away the disease. They must be removed as soon as they lose their odor and become discolored, and be replaced by fresh ones. For those who can take them, a raw onion is beneficial; it acts as a tonic to the nervous system, purifies the blood, helps digestion, and prevents insomnia.— *Selected.*

Schools to Celebrate Farm Life

So fundamental is the upbuilding of rural life, in the opinion of Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, that the observance in the schools of one day each year as Agriculture and Rural-life day should become a national custom, instead of being confined to a few States, as at present. "We can do without some of our anniversaries, if need be," says Dr. Claxton, "to have time for this, the most fundamental of all. The children in our schools should be given an opportunity to pause in their regular work and consider the significance of agriculture and rural life, the worth and worthiness of tillage of the soil, and the beauty and glory of simple and sane life in the open country." Dr. Claxton points out that in several States Agriculture and Rural-life day has already been introduced into the schools, at the suggestion of the Bureau of Education. In other States exercises appropriate to the purpose are held in connection with Arbor day, Thanksgiving day, or the Harvest Home celebration. In order to aid in the proper observance of the day, under whatever name it may be celebrated, the Bureau of Education has just issued a bulletin containing material that can be used by teachers and others in arranging an interesting program.

Fittingly prefaced with the "Country Boy's Creed," the bulletin includes sections on man's struggle for food; the application of science to agriculture; men influential in improving agriculture, from George Washington down through Luther Burbank, Liberty H. Bailey, and other present-day men; our domestic animals; and a study of forests.

How vegetables have been used as medicines among

different peoples; bread-making through the ages; the mysteries of mother earth; the origin of food plants; cooperation among farmers; wonders of a single acre. — these and other topics are treated with special reference to glorifying country life. Following each discussion there is a list of suitable poems and songs on farming and farm life.

"What we have tried to do," said Dr. Claxton recently, "is to get together in convenient form material that will help in the movement for appreciation of the true value and beauty of farm life among all classes of our population. The wider observance of Agriculture and Rural-life day, in both city and country schools, will give the coming generation a clearer insight than the past has had into the fact that agriculture is the basis of national well-being, and that there is no more honorable work in life than that on the farm."

Keeping the Eyes Open for What Is Going On

A CALIFORNIA boy, named Markham, walking along a Pacific Coast beach, noticed how much certain shells resembled buttons. This suggested the idea to him that they might be worked into ornamental buttons. He



TABBY MOTHERED TWO BABY RATS THAT HAD BEEN ORPHANED

was not able to perform the work himself, but he interested older persons in the matter. The shells were worked into buttons, an industry was established, and he secured a permanent position. He used his eyes and his wits, and they paid him back a hundredfold. I suppose thousands of other boys had passed these shells and never conjectured what might be done with them.

California uses an enormous amount of redwood, and the mills that cut it up are among the most important in the world. About ten years ago there was employed in one of these mills a boy helper named Grayson. Grayson, although he was not paid to do so, was always studying the shafting, belting, and driving power about the mill. He rarely had anything to say about it, but there was little in its manner of construction he did not understand. He had been with the mill company about a year when one day he called the boss foreman to one side and showed him some drawings of the mill's power. He said: "I may be wrong,

but it seems to me if such and such shafting is done away with, and such and such belting is added, and the power is applied in this manner, the mill will do about a third more work than it does now. What do you think about it?"

The foreman, after giving the drawings a careless examination, replied: "That you're a lunatic and wasting time."

However, the foreman took the drawings to the manager of the mill and told him the story, laughing as he did so. The manager did not laugh after he had given the drawings a cursory glance. Instead, he replied that he wished to keep them for a time. They were in his possession for two weeks. At the end of that time, he sent for Grayson and asked him from what mechanical school he had been graduated.

"None at all," was the reply.

"Well, do you think you have sense enough to make the proposed changes in the power application of the mill? Your drawings hit the nail on the head, but can you boss the job of making the changes?"

That is a hard question to put to a seventeen-year-old boy, but Grayson was equal to the situation. He said that he believed he could bring about the changes. He was given the opportunity; in three weeks' time the mill was working under thirty-three per cent greater efficiency than it ever had before, and the boss foreman took off his hat to the lad. Grayson, by using his eyes and his brains, had found his place. Grayson's advancement was, of course, rapid after that.

The boy who makes use of his eyes to watch all that is going on about him has a great advantage over the one who heedlessly stumbles along, careless as to what the busy world is doing. The proper use of the eyes builds up the memory and encourages the brain to more active work. The eyes when rightly used take in a hundred and one impressions that may not be needed or used today, but which, sooner or later, will prove of value. To learn to observe the most trivial thing and eventually to find a use for it is to be master of the habit of observation, one of the most valuable that can be possessed.

In my profession, the man who cannot observe is almost useless as a police officer, and this is true of a hundred and one other occupations. Teach the eyes, at all times, to be taking note of what is going on about them, and then educate the brain to make use of the knowledge they gather. Success will not seem so far away when this habit is acquired.—*Edward H. Postfield, of the San Francisco Police Department.*

The Sweat-Shop in Turkey

SINCE carpet weaving is the chief mechanical industry of this region, and is a recognized business of at least three of the seven cities,—Smyrna, Thyatira, and Philadelphia,—it may interest my readers to know how these carpets are made. Imagine a large, bare room; in front of us is a great frame, perhaps twenty feet in width; before the frame are seated half a dozen women and girls whose deft fingers fly like lightning as they break off two or three inches of wool from bunches of different colors that hang over their heads. With incredible activity they knot this little piece of yarn to one of the threads of the web, choosing with marvelous exactness the right shade to match the pattern that is before them. So rapidly do their fingers move that one can scarcely follow them as with all the skill and exact precision of a practised piano player they break off and tie the little piece of yarn, reach for

another of a different color, break it off and knot it, keeping up this exacting task for hours at a time, until one aches in sympathy with the tired hands that are flying in and out in front of the great frame. After a little of the wool has been knotted to the web, it is combed out, and cut even with large shears, and then pounded down with a peculiar-shaped hammer. And yet the most that a skilful woman can weave in a long day's work is only about ten inches of a carpet two feet wide.—*Christian Herald.*

Nicknames of States

THE *Household Realm* has collected the nicknames by which many of the States became known in their early history, and has published them as follows:—

Badger State—Wisconsin; so called from the animal of that name, which was common there.

Bay State—Massachusetts, which was originally called the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

Bayou State—Mississippi, from the numerous bayous or creeks of that State.

Bear State—Arkansas, from the bears that infest its forests.

Blue-grass State—Kentucky, the famous blue-grass region.

Blue Hen State—Delaware.

Buckeye State—Ohio, from the tree called the buckeye, which is native to that region.

Centennial State—Colorado, which was admitted to the Union in 1876, the centennial year.

Central State—Kansas, from its central position geographically.

Chinook State—Washington.

Corn-cracker State—Kentucky.

Creole State—Louisiana.

Dark and Bloody Ground—Kentucky, referring, probably, to the bloody battles fought there.

Diamond State—Delaware.

Empire State—New York.

Evergreen State—Washington; so called from its evergreen forests.

Excelsior State—New York, from the motto on the State seal.

Freestone State—Connecticut.

Garden of the West—Kansas.

Golden State—California; the origin of the name is obvious.

Golden Wheat State—Dakota.

Gopher State—Minnesota.

Granite State—New Hampshire.

Green Mountain State—Vermont.

Hawkeye State—Iowa, from an Indian chief of that name.

Hoosier State—Indiana.

Keystone State—Pennsylvania; so called from its being the central one of the original thirteen States.

Lake State—Michigan.

Land of the Shining Mountains—Montana.

Land of Steady Habits, also called the Nutmeg State—Connecticut.

Land of the Bee—Utah.

Little Rhody—Rhode Island.

Lone Star State—Texas; the flag of Texas, as an independent State, displayed but one star.

Lumber or Pine-tree State—Maine.

North Star State—Minnesota, whose seal bears the motto, "*L'etoile du Nord*" (The Star of the North).

Old Dominion—Virginia.

Some of the States, Territories, and cities having Indian names are given thus:—

Alabama—Here we rest.

Chattanooga—The Hawk's Nest.

Chickamauga—The river of death.

Connecticut—Long river.

Dakota—Allied.

Idaho—Gem of the mountains.

Illinois—River of men.

Iowa—Drowsy ones.

Kansas—Smoky water.

Kentucky—Dark and bloody ground.

Mariposa—Butterfly river.

Massachusetts—The place of great hills.

Michigan—Great Lake.

Minnehaha—Laughing water.

Minnesota—Cloudy water.

Mississippi—Father of waters.

Missouri—Muddy water.

Nebraska—Water valley.

Ohio—Beautiful.

Tennessee—River of the big bend.

Wisconsin—Wild, rushing torrent.

Wyoming—An extensive plain.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Elsie's Object-Lesson

MARY H. WILLIAMS

BIG, feathery flakes of snow had been falling all the afternoon, but the declining sun was making a brave effort to pierce the bank of blue-black clouds that lay along the western horizon. Elsie hurried home from school, eager to bring out her sled after its long summer vacation. She was so filled with pleasant thoughts of renewing the old comradeship that she never stopped to dry her feet, but bolted through the clean kitchen, down into the basement, past the dirty soft-coal bin, into the far-distant corner where "Red Rover" kept company with the snow-shovel. Returning by way of the furnace, up the stairs she came, and crossed the kitchen to get a drink at the sink. As she turned, she stood aghast at the black footprints on the freshly cleaned linoleum. "O, I can fix that all right!" she said, as her eyes fell on the damp mop. A few vigorous strokes and she thought the floor looked nearly as good as before. But there were the ugly smudges on the mop. It would never do to hang it up in that condition; so she brought in the pail and drew water, and after much rinsing, tugging, and straining with her small hands, the mop was hung up once more. She was just about to empty the water into the sink when she thought how its immaculate whiteness

would be soiled by the dirty water; so carrying it out, and standing on the lowest step, she threw it as far as her strength would carry. Impatient to be off, she hastily dried her hands on the kitchen towel, and soon forgot her annoyance in the fun of coasting.

In the evening mama said, regretfully, "Who threw dirty water out on the nice, clean snow?" Elsie hung her head; "I did, mama," she confessed; then related her trying experiences.

"How that reminds me of the stains of sin," said mama, thoughtfully. "We may be sorry, and do all in our power to make amends, but only God can blot out all the consequences of a wrong act. You see," she continued smilingly, "'if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.'"

"My hands are all chappy," said Elsie, ruefully.

"The towel told me you did not wash and dry them thoroughly before going out; but a little balm will help nature to mend them overnight."

Big brother James, who had been listening, began to laugh as he said: "Well, Elsie, who ever would have thought that coming in with snowy feet would have involved so many things? There is the floor and the mop, the towel and your hands, while the back yard reflects on the whole family."

During the night more snow fell, and when Elsie looked out in the morning she clapped her hands, exclaiming, "O, mama, God has covered it all up!"

"That brings to my mind," said her mother, "a text of Scripture, which says: 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' Ps. 32: 1."

Back to His God

"COME to my home," said a well-to-do business man to me one day. "My father was a local preacher, and the best man I ever saw. He is at rest now. We have a large family, mother is still with us, and I should like to see all the children together once more, and have you come and dedicate our home to God, while we all rededicate ourselves to him, before our precious mother leaves us.

If you will come with me, I will gather all the family next Friday for that purpose." I consented to go. The old home was a short distance from the city of Nashville. There was a large number of brothers and sisters. One was a bookkeeper, one a preacher, and so on, so that they represented many professions of life. The preacher brother drove me out to the old home where all the children had gathered. As we drove up to the gate, I saw the brothers standing in little groups about the yard, whittling and talking. I was introduced to these noble-looking men, who, as the preacher brother told me, were all church-members, living Christian lives, save the youngest boy, and the real object of this meeting was to bring him back to God.

SONG OF THE TUB

HELEN ADAIR

Gather the tubs and the pails together,
Monday has come, with the best of weather.
Fill up the boiler, and stir up the fire;
Dress in a neat, simple washing attire.
Sort out the clothes, laying finest ones first;
Next, the more soiled, and lastly, the worst;
Soap well the first pile, drop in the tub,
Add the hot water; soak, and then rub.

REFRAIN:

Down you go! up you go! rub-a-dub-dub —
Rollicking, rhythmical song of the tub!

Soap them, and put in cold water to boil,
Just a few minutes, so they will not spoil.
Lift them out tenderly, suds them with care,
Rinse them, and blue them, and try not to tear.
Drop in your next pile; treat the same way.
Are they all clean? Spread out and survey.
Now, then, the worst ones — into the tub!
Plenty of elbow-grease! rub-a-dub-dub!

Make ivory soap-suds to wet starch; cook;
Boil until clear,—you can tell by the look,—
Thin it with water till just stiff enough;
Dip in your dress, or your collar, or cuff;
Ring it out gently, and hang up to dry,
White as the snowflakes that fall from the sky.
Rainbows and bubbles and feathery foam,
What is more fun than a Monday at home?

The aged mother was indescribably happy. There was a smile lingering in the wrinkles of her dear old face. We all gathered in the large, old-fashioned family room, with mother in her natural place in the corner. The preacher brother laid the large family Bible in my lap and said: "Now, Brother Stuart, you are in the home of a Methodist preacher; do what you think best."

I replied: "As I sit today in the family of a Methodist preacher, let us begin our service by an old-fashioned experience meeting. I want each child, in the order of your ages, to tell his experience."

The oldest arose and pointed his finger at the oil portrait of his father, hanging on the wall, and said in substance about as follows: "Brother Stuart, there is the picture of the best father God ever gave a family. Many a time he took me to his secret place of prayer, put his hand on my head, and prayed for his boy. And at every turn of my life, since he left me, I have felt the pressure of his hand on my head, have seen the tears upon his face, and have heard the prayers from his trembling lips. I have not been so good a man since his death as I ought to have been, but I stand up here today to tell you and my brothers and sisters and my dear old mother that I am going to live a better life from this hour until I die. I will start my family altar again, and come back to father's life."

Overcome with emotion, he took his seat, and the children in order spoke on the same line. Each one referred to the place of secret prayer and the father's hand upon the head. At last we came to the youngest boy, who, with his face buried in his hands, was sobbing, and refused to speak. The preacher brother very pathetically said: "Buddy, say a word; there is no one here but the family, and it will help you."

He arose, holding to the back of his chair, and said: "Brother Stuart, they tell me that you have come to dedicate this home to God; but my dear old mother there has never let it get half an inch from God. They tell you that this meeting is called that my brothers and sisters may rededicate their lives to God, but they are good. I know them. I am the only black sheep in this flock. Every step I have wandered away from God and the life of my precious father I have felt his hand upon my head and heard his blessed words of prayer. Today I come back to God, back to my father's life, and, so help me God, I will never wander away again."

Following his talk came a burst of sobbing and shouting, and I started that old hymn:—

"Amazing grace (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!"

And we had an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting, winding up with a shout of victory. As I walked away from that old homestead, I said in my heart: "It is the salt of a good life that saves the children." A boy never forgets the fact that he had a good father.—*George R. Stuart.*

Burning Bibles

"EIGHT and twenty years ago," says a Chinese Christian, "I was one morning on my way to the city when I noticed by the roadside a Hupeh man, who had a box and a lot of books about the foreign religion. He was showing these to the people and asking them to buy. I thought I should like to get a book, and was looking through them, when a great scholar, Wang Kwang-fu, rushed up and said that if we looked at

them our eyes would go blind. He kicked over the box, and driving the Hupeh man away with blows and curses, ordered us to gather the books into a heap to burn. But I did not like to see this waste, so slipped as many as possible into my sleeve. Among them were the four Gospels, 'The Christian Catechism,' 'The Guide to Heaven,' and other tracts. As soon as I began to read, I knew that the doctrines they taught were true; that there was only one God who made and loved us, and wanted to save us from our sins. I therefore gave up idolatry. Then I heard of some foreign missionaries coming to live four days' journey north of the Yellow River, and I went to them to ask for instruction about salvation. They prayed with me and talked to me about Jesus, so that before I left, I decided to become a Christian."—*Selected.*

Found at Last

I PRAYED for wealth:
Then what I had, all that I lost.
I prayed for fame:
It came to others, but me it mocked.
I prayed for health:
But strength grew less, and with it heart and hope.
I prayed for courage:
But cruel, heartless fate gave only fear for what I asked.
I prayed to die:
But awful answer this—a living death.
I prayed at last, "Thy will alone be done:"
Then Heaven heard and gave me all the good
I asked before, a thousandfold;
And with it love to God and all mankind,
And deathless life.

—*Frank N. Riale.*

Patriotic Work in the Philippines

BISHOP CHARLES H. BRENT, of the Philippine Islands, who attended the Episcopal convention in New York, returns to the Philippine Islands to continue his life-consecrated work of civilizing the Moro tribes. Bishop Brent, who is a great believer in the possibilities among these queer little brown people who subsist on *camotes* and corn, wear no garments, and make their homes in tree tops, will before his departure receive a splendid recognition of the self-sacrificing work he has already accomplished in the Philippine Islands. His friends in this country have just completed an organization which is known as the National Committee for Upbuilding the Wards of the Nation. This National Committee is working under the auspices of the Harmony Club of America, which has a large membership of men and women throughout the United States who are interested in uplift work.

Bishop Brent's plans take in the social, industrial, educational, and evangelical work among the million or more pagan and Moro inhabitants. He hopes to cure them of their chronic ills,—malaria, hookworm, black fever, and the like,—and teach them how to live so as to avoid the tropical diseases, most of which are due not to climate, but to unhygienic habits. He plans to help them to found real homes and maintain civilized communities until their savagery is fully outgrown.

The industrial work planned by Bishop Brent is one of the chief features. He will work to the end of making the Moros self-supporting and masters of several trades and occupations. He will teach them how to reclaim thousands of acres of productive land; how to build and care for sanitary dwellings; and, in short, through the trade school bring them out of their present bondage of poverty and degradation. He will teach the boys and girls the duties of citizenship, and give them such ethical and moral guidance as will prevent the cruelty and immorality so prevalent among their elders.

The Christian's Capital

It is said, "Time is the poor man's capital." More than this is true; it is the asset of the Christian. As a lover of the Lord, he should use this heaven-given bounty profitably. The chosen occupation of life will be the one in which he can engage knowing it is that to which he is best adapted, the results of which will benefit the greatest number, and which will not in the slightest degree hinder his advancement heavenward.

No time should be spent in mere frivolities. They never enhance the quality of spiritual attainments, but rather detract therefrom. The speech should be always with grace, omitting those jestings not convenient. We have no time for idle words, the outgrowth of vain thoughts.

There are moments in most occupations when little or no attention need be given minute details. In these moments of comparative leisure there may be called to mind some sweet stanza, a quotation from Scripture, a wise saying, or a statement of some important fact. Then may a prayer be lifted or a hymn sung.

Sleepless night hours may be well employed in prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. In the quiet, with God as our only listener, the soul may be poured out to him. The ear which ever hears is as ready in the night as in the day with a response to our pleading for help. He gives even sleep to the prayerful soul.

While it is important that needed sleep be obtained, yet it is true that the sleep habit, especially of the bright morning hours, might be broken very profitably, and the time needlessly spent in bed be devoted to meditation, study, exercise, or profitable labor.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Luther

LUTHER was a remarkable instance of the boldness of the righteous. Single-handed, we may say, he fought against popes, and kings, and cardinals, and a host of inferior but not less dangerous enemies. Oftentimes he was left alone, unsupported by his most intimate friends. Still he remained unshaken. "Ah," said some to him when on his way to Worms, "there are so many cardinals and bishops at Worms! . . . They will burn you, they will consume your body to ashes as they did that of John Huss." But nothing daunted the monk. "Although they should make a fire that should reach from Worms to Wittenberg, and that should flame up to heaven, in the Lord's name I would pass through it; I would appear before them; I would enter between the jaws of this behemoth; I would break his teeth, and would confess the Lord Jesus Christ."

At a subsequent period of his journey, his friend Spalatin sent a messenger to him to say "that he must not think of entering Worms." The imperturbable Luther looked steadily at the messenger, and replied,

"Go tell your master that even although there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles upon the roofs, I would enter it." . . . "I was then a fearless man," said Luther, a few days before his death; "I dreaded nothing. God can inspire a man with so much daring! I know not if at present I should have so much freedom and joy." "When the cause is good," adds his disciple Mathesius, "the heart is enlarged, and gives courage and energy to evangelists and soldiers." — *Selected.*

How Abraham Lincoln Was Trained

BE the reasons what they may, when the Ruler of nations has wished to secure a forward movement of society, he has passed by the king's palace in favor of the poor man's house. When God wished a father for the bondsman, he went to a log cabin in Kentucky. Calling to his side heaven's favorite angel,—the angel of suffering,—he laid the poor man's child in the arms of the angel, and whispered: "O Sorrow, thou best-loved child of heaven and earth, take thou this child and rear him for me, and make him great. Plant his path thick with thorns, cut his little feet with sharp rocks, load his young back with heavy burdens, pull out of his arms everything he loves, break his heart a thousand times, like a box of alabaster ointment, and when he is strong by burden bearing, sympathetic through suffering to the sigh of any black child, when every footprint up the hill of difficulty has been made crimson with his blood, bring him back to the throne, and with him there shall be emancipated three million slaves."

That is how the great God made Abraham Lincoln the greatest man in the history of the republic.—*Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

The Boy Who Forgets

I LOVE him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossipy things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets some one's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his work-time, his play.
So this is why I take his part,
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it with all my heart,
I love him for what he forgets!
—*Pauline Frances Camp, in St. Nicholas.*

The Most Widely Circulated Book

ACCORDING to the American Bible Society, the Bible is now printed in between four hundred and five hundred languages and dialects. In many instances the missionaries have done heroic work in Bible translation, some of them having to deal with tribes whose language was crude and unformed. In several parts of Africa, work of this character had to be done, and also in the islands of the Pacific during pioneer missionary times.—*The Christian Herald.*

I Become What I Wish for Another

WHATEVER gallows I erect for another, upon it I shall surely hang myself. I desire poverty for him, and how poor do I become in spirit! I wish him to be friendless; and, behold! I go lonely through the world. I pray for his death, and at the very thought my better nature expires.—*Amos R. Wells.*



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

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

Society Study for Sabbath, December 20

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

Suggestions for the Program

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

2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 28. The secret of purity. A great blessing to the pure. Matt. 5:8. The Lord commands it. 1 Tim. 5:22; 1 John 3:3. First, the thoughts must be kept pure (Isa. 55:7; 2 Cor. 10:5; Phil. 4:8), and every word must be guarded (Luke 6:45; Eph. 5:3, 4); also the actions (Gal. 5:16; 1 Peter 2:11) and the associations. 2 Cor. 6:17; 1 Cor. 5:11; Titus 1:15.

3. With our Reading Course books. Have three five-minute talks. Let a member of the Senior Reading Course give a brief review of the book "From Exile to Overthrow," and let a member of the Junior Course give a talk on "The Black-Bearded Barbarian." Then have the educational secretary of the society or the society leader give an inspiring Reading Course talk. Speak of the other books to be read in the courses. Mention the back courses. See article on "Another New Book," in this paper.

4. For suggestive topic, see 1 Tim. 4:12.

Reading Course Members, Attention!

DECEMBER 13-20 has been set apart by our denomination as a week of prayer, and as usual you find in this issue of the *INSTRUCTOR* no weekly Reading Course assignment. Once again you are asked to lay your Reading Course books aside and devote the fifteen or twenty minutes allotted to them each day to prayer.

You can well afford to do this. When Mr. Gladstone was asked what was the leading question in England, he replied, "There is but one leading question at this time, or at any time, and that is the question of one's personal relation to the Lord Jesus Christ." That is the supreme question before you. Is everything right between you and your Maker? Should you tonight be called to close up your life record and give an account, could you say, "It is well with my soul"?

This supreme question is supremely supreme to the young person. Charles Darwin, near the end of his life, said, "In my younger days I was deeply religious, but I made my mind a kind of machine for grinding out general laws in the material world, and my spiritual nature atrophied." His last days were filled with sadness and spiritual darkness. One day Prof. T. H. Huxley and a friend with a deep Christian experience were talking about the cross of Christ and God's pardoning love. Tears stood in Professor Huxley's eyes as he put out his hand, saying, "If I could only believe that, I would be willing to give my right hand." What pitiful intellectual imprisonment! As the years pass, it becomes more and more difficult to break with the world. Youth is the time to settle this question — and remember youth comes twice to none.

Then take this supreme question of life into the chamber of prayer. Wrestle with God until you have

settled it and have complete victory over every known sin. Renew your consecration daily. Make sure the victory is yours each day. "Prayer is the greatest force in God's great world;" and prayer is the channel through which comes power for spiritual life and Christian service. Then pray; pray as the Master prayed, that you may live as the Master lived.

M. E.

Another New Book

NEXT week the members of our Junior Reading Course begin the second book for this year. It is one of those rare volumes that never grow old, and it is a rare privilege to read it together in our circle.

Let hundreds of new readers press in. Have you read it before? Never mind. Come, read it now with the Juniors. Let us once again in imagination sit down on the grassy mountainside with nature's blue canopy above, and listen to the wonderful Teacher. "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," that gem of books, will enable us to do this.

How much we all need to be taught of the Great Teacher, whose words were like magnets,—permanent magnets,—having the same magnetic power today as in yonder yesterday. Reflect what three years under him did for the apostles. Through his personal friendship and by his transforming power, the uncouth fishermen became the means of giving the immortal truths to the world.

He is the Teacher who took the truth that lay hidden in the traditional rubbish of ages and gave it to the people in its original purity and simplicity. He saw no rank in the world; he heeded no barriers among men; he addressed man as man. Fearlessly he denounced the works of evil. No worldly allurements could wedge him from principle. With him right was more than might—more than kingdoms. Only one passion burned in his breast, and that was a passion for this lost world.

Even today we may gather around this Teacher. Can we afford to miss a single opportunity? His wisdom was infinite, his hand was all-powerful, and his heart was all love. And what he was then he is now. Then come, let us read together "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," that we may learn a little better how to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of him whose service for heaven and earth was without failure or faltering.

M. E.



XII — The Tabernacle Finished

(December 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 40.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 343-358.

MEMORY VERSE: "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Isa. 57:15.

Questions

1. When was the tabernacle set up? Ex. 40:17, 2.

How long had the people been in building it? Note 1.

2. After the walls and frame were set up, what was put over it for a covering, or roof? How many rooms were in the tabernacle? Note 2.

3. What was the first article of furniture put into the tabernacle? Ex. 40:3, 21.

4. When God first spoke to Moses about building the tabernacle, what was the first thing he told him to make? Ex. 25:10, 11.

5. What did Moses put into the ark? Ex. 40:20.

6. What was this testimony that Moses put into the ark? In which room of the tabernacle was the ark placed? Ex. 31:18; 34:29; note 3.

7. What were the things that Moses put in the first room, the holy place? How were they arranged? Ex. 40:22-24, 26.

8. What was placed upon the table? What was this bread called? Verse 23; Ex. 25:30.

9. What altar was put in the holy place? Ex. 40:26. What was burned on it? Verse 27.

10. What altar was put in front of the tabernacle on the outside? Verse 29.

11. What was between the door of the tabernacle and the altar of burnt offering? Verse 30.

12. For what was this laver, or basin, used? Verses 31, 32.

13. What was the last thing that Moses did to finish the work? Verse 33; note 4.

14. How were the tabernacle and the priests dedicated to the sacred work for which the sanctuary was built? Verses 9-16.

15. What wonderful thing occurred when the tabernacle was all completed? Verses 34, 35; note 5.

16. How were the people controlled in their movings by this cloud? Verses 36-38; Num. 9:15-23.

Notes

1. "A period of about half a year was occupied in the building of the tabernacle."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 349.

2. The roof was formed of four sets of curtains. The first was made of fine linen, embroidered in blue, purple, and scarlet, while inwrought threads of silver and gold formed representations of angels. The second covering was a cloth made of goats' hair, the next was made of ramskins, and the last, of sealskins. The walls were made of boards covered with gold. The tabernacle had two rooms, called the holy place and the most holy place. These were separated by a veil, or curtain. The most holy place was the inner room, and was about fifteen feet square and fifteen feet high.

3. Moses broke the two tables of stone that God first gave him, but in Ex. 34:1-4 we learn of the second tables that were given to Moses. It was these that Moses put into the ark of the testimony. The ark was about four and one-half feet long, two and one-half feet wide, and two and one-half feet deep, and the wood was overlaid with gold without and within. The lid of the box, the mercy-seat, was pure gold, and the two angels on the mercy-seat were solid gold. The ark was put in the most holy place.

4. This court was a space, or yard, around the tabernacle, fenced in by a curtain wall. This wall was about nine feet high, and the walls of the tabernacle were about fifteen feet high, so that the people could see the tabernacle above the wall.

5. The children of Israel knew that the Lord was pleased with their faithful work in building the tabernacle. The Lord desired this building set apart and consecrated as a sacred place in which he might meet with his people. It was to teach them that he will dwell in the heart that is consecrated to him. He cannot, however, dwell in a proud heart. He says, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Isa. 57:15.

XII — Abounding Grace

(December 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 5:12-21.

Questions

1. How did sin enter into the world? What came as a result of sin? Upon how many did the sentence of death pass? Why? Rom. 5:12.

2. By what does the apostle show the universality of law and sin in this world? Verse 13; note 1.

3. What reigned from Adam to Moses? Verse 14, first part; note 2.

4. Of what was Adam a type? Verse 14; note 3.

5. What is not as the offense? What contrast is made between sin and grace? Verse 15; note 4.

6. What contrast is drawn between condemnation and the free gift? Verse 16.

7. How is abounding grace and the gift of righteousness by faith set over against the condemnation? Verse 17.

8. What did the one trespass of Adam do? What did Christ's righteousness bring to all men? Verse 18; note 5.

9. What came by one man's disobedience? What came through the obedience of One? Verse 19.

10. For what purpose did the law enter? Where sin abounded, what does much more abound? Verse 20; note 6.

11. Unto what did sin reign? Unto what will grace reign? through what? by whom? Verse 21.

Notes

1. "Until the law:" These words do not mean that there was no law before God spoke his law at Sinai, but "until the law" was given in written form at that time. As God imputed sin to Adam in the garden, there must have been a law.

2. "Death reigned:" That the law existed previous to Sinai is shown by the fact that death reigned from the time that Adam sinned. But sin is the transgression of God's law. 1 John 3:4; Rom. 7:7. Therefore God's law existed from the beginning. Every commandment of the decalogue may be traced in either its observance or its transgression previous to Sinai. Apart from law there is no transgression; therefore if no law was given to man before the decalogue was spoken from Mt. Sinai, there were no sinners previous to that time, as there was no law to transgress. But death reigned, and therefore there was sin; and as there was sin, there was also a law.

3. "A figure:" Adam was the head and father of the fleshly race, who follow him into sin and death. Christ Jesus is the head of the spiritual race of men, who follow him in righteousness and life.

4. The free gift is not to be compared to the trespass. In that one trespass Satan thought to destroy the race forevermore, but the unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ, the grace of God that was manifest in him, abounded unto the many over the trespass. The one trespass led to many sins, the one free gift brought deliverance and victory over many trespasses. The glory of God's grace is triumphant over all the multiplied powers of sin.

5. The unreserved giving of himself by Jesus Christ involved and included in principle all his righteous life. The one giving of all things brought life and justification to all men, and it has ever been the privilege of all men to lay hold of them.

6. "Much more:" We not infrequently hear persons say, "If I but possessed the nature Adam did before he fell, I might win the victory." But if man could be victorious then, he can now. God was to Adam no more than he is now to Adam's sons and daughters. Above all the abounding sin is the super-abounding grace.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

How long have the principles of the law of God existed?

If Christ died for all, does it follow that all will be saved? Why not?

Is man compelled to accept the free gift of Christ?

First Census of the United States

THE first census of the United States was made in 1790. In that census the States of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North and South Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Washington were not represented, for the simple reason that they had not come into existence. Indeed, the territory of most of them had not been explored. It was a solitude, roamed by savages and wild beasts.—*Yankee Blade*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Never Said Grace at Meals

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL worker, in addressing an audience, said that she recently held up before a roomful of children a picture of a grandma and her little granddaughter seated at the table, each with bowed head saying grace before partaking of their simple meal. The one showing the picture questioned the children about it, and found that only three out of a class of thirty-seven understood what the grandma and child were doing. This is a sad comment on the thanklessness and thoughtlessness of this present age, which is characterized by inspiration as "unthankful, unholy."

It would seem that since all are created, redeemed, and upheld by the power of Him from whom comes every good and perfect gift, none would fail to offer daily thanksgiving for the blessings of life.

He Was "Odd," Yet He Solved a Difficult Problem

OVER a river a steel bridge was being erected, and week after week, during the process of building, an odd-looking man remained on the grounds. "He's not responsible; his mind is not what it should be," was the answer vouchsafed to the contractor's query as to who he was. The bridge neared completion, and finally the central span, keystone in shape, was hoisted by the great steam-derrick and lowered to be inserted in the vacant space. To the amazement of the contractor, it was much too wide. Hours were spent in going over the plans, but no error of construction could be discovered. It meant much loss of time and considerable expense to ship the keystone span back to the bridge-building works in another State; but there seemed to be no alternative.

At this time, the "odd" person approached the contractor and asked, "What's the difficulty?" A sharp answer was about to be given, but the gentlemanly spirit of the contractor prevailed, and he quietly explained the situation. Immediately came this answer: "If you are willing to purchase twenty or thirty tons of ice, it will not be necessary to delay the work long. The days are very hot, and the steel has expanded. Pack the bridge with ice, and your keystone will fit."

In a moment the contractor understood the philosophy of the suggestion, and knew the ice would contract the steel. The suggestion was adopted, the bridge packed with ice, and when the steel had contracted sufficiently, the keystone span was put in place, a very snug fit.

The contractor was taught by the incident not to despise the day of small things, and from then until now has listened to suggestions whenever proffered.

In spiritual things as well, the clodhopper, filled with the Spirit of God, may be able to impart wisdom to those much his superiors in education and accomplishments.

"Truth for truth's sake, no matter what the medium," is a sound maxim. JOHN N. QUINN.

Other Ingathering Reports

WE felt sure that the children would do their part toward the objects of the Ingathering effort, and the reports that are coming in show that we did not count on them in vain. The Sabbath-school of Chicago West Side church reports its Harvest Ingathering offering as \$27.41; and the church at Battle Ground, Washington, reports an offering of \$42. The church at Warren, Pennsylvania, reports \$32.80, while its offering last year was only \$2.50. The children are much encouraged by the result of their work. Missionary gardens, chickens, and chestnuts offered to the children their earning possibilities, which were enthusiastically accepted and made to produce this generous offering.

We hope none have failed to plan for an Ingathering service, and we also hope that every Ingathering service will be reported.

Returning Good for Evil

TWO patricians, having conspired against Titus the Roman emperor, were discovered, convicted, and sentenced to death by the senate; but that noble prince, having sent for them, admonished them in private of their folly in aspiring to the empire, exhorted them to be satisfied with the rank in which by providence they had been placed, and offered them anything else which he had the power to grant. At the same time, he despatched a messenger to the mother of one of them, who was then at a great distance and under deep concern about the fate of her son, to assure her that her son was not only alive, but out of danger. He invited them the same night to his table; and having, the next day, placed them by him at a show of gladiators, where the weapons of the combatants were, according to custom, presented to him, he desired them to survey them.—L. M. Stretch.

The Unexpected

"AND so," said a glad-faced young woman, standing among a group of college girls who were welcoming her back with more than usual demonstrations of cordiality, "and so, as usual, the absolutely unexpected happened—and I'm here! Hills of difficulties? Mountains, Alps—whole continental ranges! But girls! have you a grandmother? I have, and that's why I'm back at college. Every time I'd get discouraged—and there were more people sick than usual—or there wasn't any sign of being money enough, she'd begin singing:—

'His help in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink!'

It helped me to keep my mind fixed on those 'times past,' and, as I said, the unexpected happened, and here I am! I'm getting to think there's something in this counting on good things happening, once they've begun to happen. 'Tis not a light that fails."—Selected.