

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ARAB WOMEN OF ALGIERS, AFRICA



THE International Council of Women met in Rome during the first week of May to consider social problems. One of the objects of the congress is to see that all textbooks and reading books used in the schools are devoid of anything that would be likely to create or foster national jealousy or hatred. Without doubt this means to rob the histories and reading books of everything unfavorable to the Roman Catholic Church, even though it be a matter of authentic history.

A CHURCH in Somerset County, Maryland, is to be built with bricks sent through the mails. A severe windstorm that swept the State last May occasioned the destruction by fire of the Methodist church at Wenona, Maryland. The pastor, Rev. George W. Hastings, felt that if the church was to be rebuilt, some unusual way of getting the money must be found. When the suggestion was made that friends throughout the country be invited each to send one brick by parcel post for the building of the church, the plan was immediately accepted and steps taken to put it in operation.

Can You Wash Your Hands?

THAT one does not necessarily have to be personally untidy in order to spread infection is clearly shown by experiments made recently by a British army surgeon. After a man has rinsed his hands in a disinfectant, then in cold and hot water successively, then in sterilized water, and finally soaked them in absolute alcohol, one would think that they might possibly be clean; but Dr. Cummins's tests show that if there are typhoid bacilli on the fingers to start with, even these processes do not remove nor kill all of them. Evidently we are relying too greatly on cleanliness to guard against disease. We should see, instead, that we do not become infected in the first place.—*The Literary Digest.*

The Temperance "Instructor" in Canada

THE people of Canada know a good thing even if it comes from the States. Of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR a worker in Montreal who has ordered one thousand copies writes as follows:—

I find the INSTRUCTOR is well received. It is better this year than ever before. I work the business district, and average fifty copies in four or five hours. Many say the INSTRUCTOR is the best temperance paper they have ever seen, and express a wish that it might be placed in every home. It is well received by Catholics and Protestants in this field. It creates no prejudice, and accomplishes a good work wherever it goes. I feel that I am doing real missionary work in circulating this good paper. I enjoy it. If any one had told me two years ago that I could do well selling papers, I should have felt sure he did not know what he was saying. But I have got into it, and I feel very glad for the experiences I have gained.

Besides being a public benefactor and a genuine missionary through this INSTRUCTOR work, this person is working only four or five hours a day, and making three dollars clear of all expenses. This is a larger sum than many people are making in eight or ten hours' work a day. More of our people ought to be engaged in work of this kind. It would be better for them, and the principles of the message would be going to a larger number of people.

THE *Watchman* circulation is now the largest it has been for several months, and already the field is responding very encouragingly to the efforts being put forth by its new circulation manager to still further increase the circulation of the magazine. Of the May number 25,000 copies were printed. The cover design of the June number is a striking photograph of one of the largest dreadnaughts of the United States Navy, preparing to sail for Mexico, and the paper contains an article on conditions in Mexico, with appropriate Mexican scenes; also other articles on the leading topics of the day, all presented in the *Watchman's* own intelligent and forceful manner. This is a live issue of a live periodical for lively times, and it is worthy of a wide circulation. Order of any of the agencies of the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tennessee.

Never Counterfeited

CAN we for a moment suppose that there are any persons who will make excuses when we tell them about the marriage supper of the Lamb? Here is one who says: "I know some pretty bad folks who call themselves Christians; that is the reason I have for not joining the church." "Did you ever see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill?"—"Yes." "Why was it counterfeited?"—"Because it was worth counterfeiting." "Was the ten-dollar bill to blame?"—"No." "Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"—"No." "Why not?"—"Because it was not worth counterfeiting." "Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"—"Yes, lots of them." "Why was he counterfeited?"—"Because he was worth being counterfeited." "Was he to blame?"—"No." "Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"—"No, never." "Why?"—*The Christian Herald.*

Seed Thoughts

YOU can well afford to suffer even the bitterest persecution for the truth's sake, but you cannot afford having a smooth and easy time that results from doing wrong.

You can well afford to risk all the consequences that may result from loyalty to God, but you cannot afford any worldly gain or pleasure that comes from serving the devil.

If you are truly a child of God, you can with the greatest confidence and security place yourself and all that concerns you and yours in the hands of God, resting assured that he will order all your affairs in the way that will finally bring the most good to you.

J. W. LOWE.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

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No. 22

The Career of a Great Teacher, Louis Agassiz

(Concluded from Nature Number, May 19)

EDMUND C. JAEGER



AMONG the earliest achievements of Agassiz was his book on Brazilian fishes. It gave him a place of first rank among the scientists of his day. Men wondered how so youthful a scholar could produce so valuable and laborious a work, forgetting, as Bacon says, that "a man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time."

Meanwhile Agassiz continued his studies in medicine and obtained his degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Medicine. He was now but twenty-three years of age.

In the autumn of 1831 he went to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Baron Cuvier and Alexander von Humboldt, who warmly welcomed into their company the young naturalist. They aided him in every possible way, giving him access to their libraries and lending him their notes. What the recognition and helpful sympathy of these men meant to Agassiz is not to be told on paper. A word of commendation from a superior is often the hinge on which swings life's future. The Chinese have a proverb that "one kind word keeps a man warm three years." It is in an atmosphere of love that the soul grows great, tall, and strong. What youth need more than anything else are words of warm encouragement, opportunities for achievement, and the fellowship of great and good men.

If Agassiz was ever poor, it was while he was in Paris; but he was happy, for he could now study with the masters whom he loved. In 1832 he possessed an income of only forty dollars a month, yet out of this he paid an artist twenty-five dollars a month, and lived upon the remaining fifteen. His only regret was that his clothes were so threadbare that he was quite unfit to present his letters of introduction. He worked fifteen hours a day, and he knew not the diction of the dollar. In the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1874, Theodore Lyman speaks of Agassiz's time of poverty, and tells of his devotion to his work in the laboratory. "In that laboratory he worked for years, never knowing the value of silver except as it served to get his meal at some café of the students, or, when very fortunate, to buy a scientific book at secondhand from the open-air stall near the institute. His handwriting, which seemed so unnatural in so broad and impulsive a character, was a result of early necessity. On the backs of old letters and on odd scraps of paper, he copied, as clearly as possible, many volumes which he needed but could not buy."

In 1833 Agassiz, now about twenty-six years of age, married the sister of his lifelong friend, Alexander Braun. She was an artist, and her talents were a valuable asset to Agassiz in his work as an author. She was ever by his side, tending to his every need, and proving herself a genuine helpmeet.

It is impossible in a sketch so short as this to mention the many books and scientific papers which Agassiz contributed to learned societies during the next

few years. The manuscripts on fossil fishes and on classifications of animals were turned out with almost the regularity of machine work. Later followed his treatises on the glaciers of Europe, which he had previously spent ten years in studying. The accurateness of his observations are shown by the fact that the results at which he arrived constitute the chief part of the theory on glaciers as accepted today.

Upon the invitation of the Lowell Institute, in Boston, Agassiz came in September, 1846, to America. He was charmed by the cordiality of the American people, who everywhere received him with enthusiasm. To his friend Milne Edwards he wrote:—

"Naturalist as I am, I cannot but put the people first, the people who opened this part of the American continent to European civilization. What a people!"

When Agassiz was leaving for America, the king of Prussia had made him a grant of fifteen thousand francs to use in scientific investigations, and as soon as Agassiz had completed his work and received an honorable discharge, he adopted America as his home. The Lawrence Scientific School, then being organized in connection with Harvard University, offered him the chair of natural history, which he accepted, and continued to hold to the close of his life. His love for his new home never abated. The death of his wife soon broke another of his ties to the Old World.

Agassiz was the same devoted and assiduous worker in America as he was in Europe. The Swiss naturalist at once began making studies of glaciers in the United States, and of the fishes of Massachusetts Bay. The government gave him every assistance for his investigations, offering him both ships and money, a recognition which Agassiz appreciated deeply.

He was a great naturalist and a great student, but above all, Agassiz was a great teacher. "The craving for knowledge and the love of imparting it to other people were the passions before which he could not stand if he would," says Theodore Lyman. "That he was influenced by both at once was remarkable, and in keeping with other exceptional combinations presently to be noticed. Good teachers are not commonly original investigators, and original investigators often lack both the will and the power to tell other people what they know. No village schoolmaster was ever more patient than he in teaching elementary zoology; and when, for the thousandth time he would write on the blackboard the words *vertebrata*, *articulata*, *Mollusca*, and *Radiata*, it was with a zeal and vigor that showed he was doing something agreeable. From a class of schoolgirls he would turn to his microscope and specimens, and within five minutes would take up the thread of a research which lay in the farthest limits of zoology. But one of two things he must always have in hand, investigation or teaching."

Again quoting Mr. Lyman: "It was pleasant to see him at the head of a score of youngsters, taking his way toward the pudding stone quarries of Roxbury. His face wore an easy smile. As his quick, brown

eyes wandered over the landscape, they saw more than did our eyes put together; for he looked, but we only stared."

To found a great museum where he could have actual specimens of all the things of which he taught and spoke was Agassiz's ambition. "He would have its collections so arranged as to show the relation of each part of the animal kingdom to all others, so that it might be a powerful means of training teachers of science in the common schools, for illuminating the textbooks of their pupils, and for educating the general public. He would have in connection with it, laboratories for special students, with abundance of duplicate specimens and all the appliances needed for their studies and researches." Agassiz was so fortunate, after many years of struggle, as to have his ideal realized in seeing built the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge, which, added to from time to time, and further enlarged by his son Alexander, has become one of the greatest museums of our country.

The people of Europe never felt that Agassiz did quite the right thing when he left the Continent and adopted America for his home. France especially felt slighted, and offered him every inducement to come back. The emperor of France offered him the chair of paleontology in the French Museum of Natural History, and conferred upon him the order of the Legion of Honor. But Agassiz appreciated too well the freedom of America to return. "Were I offered," said he, "absolute power for the reorganization of the Jardin des Plantes, with a revenue of fifty thousand francs, I should not accept it. I like my independence better."

The new museum was dedicated in 1860, and during the next five years Agassiz was to be found there. His work of teaching, writing, and directing occupied him during the college year. His summers were spent in the open country or near the seashore. Once when he made a trip with some friends through New Hampshire, collecting insects, which he pinned to his hat as was the manner of entomologists of those days, he was taken by the farmers for a harmless lunatic. Some one asked the driver of the coach who the men were who acted so strangely, to which the man replied, "Their keeper says they are naturals, and I should say they were."

Everybody sought Agassiz's society. "No one could stand before his words and smile. . . . The fishermen at Nahant would pull two or three miles to bring him a rare fish; and only for the pleasure of seeing him rush out of his little laboratory, crying, 'O! where *did* you get that? That is a queer species which goes as far as Brazil. Nobody has ever seen it north of Cape Cod. Come in, come in, and sit down!' He would talk with farmers about the history and breeding of cattle and horses with the greatest earnestness and excitement. . . . His kindness was ever inseparable from his nature, and was a force in itself. It was shown by his love for children and his inexhaustible patience with them, and by his toleration of dull and ignorant persons. Behind this came his enthusiasm, like the line after its skirmishers; his kindness charmed, his enthusiasm overwhelmed and carried off captive."

Darwinism was to Agassiz the "sum of wrong-headedness." He opposed the theory of evolution to the very last. "Agassiz," says Dr. Jordan, "was essentially an idealist. All his investigations were to him not studies of animals or plants as such, but of

the divine plans of which their structures are the expression. . . . The work of the student was to search out the thoughts of God, and as well as may be, to think them over again."

"No one can contemplate the character of Agassiz without realizing its nobility, its strength, its sweetness, and his joyous nature. He was notably a Christian in all the term implies. He was the great theistic philosopher of his day and time. Nature was to him so much evidence of an enduring mind, a divine intelligence."

In the spring of 1865, feeling the need of rest, Agassiz departed with his wife (he had married again) for Brazil, where for sixteen months he journeyed and collected. His days were filled with incessant labor. He brought home hundreds of species of new and strange fishes whose descriptions are found in his "Journey in Brazil."

"More than once his warm friend and admirer Brown-Séquard warned him that such a strain was not to be borne. Agassiz *could not* stop. He was driven by a power like that which the Greeks called mighty fate. At length, in December, 1869, his system gave way, and his brain was attacked in a manner which threatened paralysis. Nothing saved him then but his powerful constitution, seconded by the most careful treatment. Weakened by disease and with death imminent, his heroism was at once noble and pathetic. One day the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said: 'Brown-Séquard tells me I must not think. Nobody can ever know the tortures I endure in trying to stop thinking.'"—"*Recollections of Agassiz*," by Theodore Lyman.

After two years of rest he partially recovered, and with his wife and two companions he sailed in 1871 around the Horn to San Francisco as the guest of Prof. Benjamin Pierce, of the Coast Survey. It was during his absence that the plans for the famous Penikese school were formulated by his scientific friends. They would have a summer school of natural history by the seashore, presided over by Agassiz, where teachers could spend their vacation combining the exceptional advantages of life in the open with the study of natural science. Agassiz entered heartily into the plan, and appealed to the Massachusetts Legislature for funds; but before it had made the appropriation, John Anderson, of New York, met the need by a gift of fifty thousand dollars, and the island of Penikese, at the entrance of Buzzard's Bay. For a description of the profitable and famous and memorable summer school I would ask my readers to read Dr. David Starr Jordan's account in his "Science Sketches." He was there, and he alone does it justice.

Agassiz died before he had finished his work, and that is one of the saddest of the sorrows of his friends. Many a time had Agassiz heard Humboldt say that "work kills," and the master naturalist found it true. After an illness of only eight days, he passed away Dec. 14, 1873. His grave at Mt. Auburn is marked by a boulder from the Glacier of Aar, surrounded by fine trees lovingly sent from Switzerland, the land of his birth.

THE Eastman Kodak Company, it is reported, was the loser in a suit brought against it by the Anson Company of Binghamton, New York, and is required to pay the suing company \$1,858,000 for infringement upon patent rights.

Cities

THE first child ever born grew up to be a murderer, and he built the first city. The name of this city was Enoch, and it was located in a land lying to the east of the garden of Eden. Polygamy arose in the civilization there established. One of the children of the first bigamist was a rich cattle owner, and the "father" of those who follow that profession. Another was a player on the harp and pipe (first types of all stringed and wind instruments), and the "father" of all such musicians. Still another was a forger of brass and iron instruments. This same bigamist boasted of having committed murder in revenge for an injury done him. Such was the civilization that there arose. The women of this city were beautiful, so beautiful that the servants of God were led to contract marriages with them. They and their descendants drifted into such wickedness that finally God had to destroy the world with a flood.

After the flood the apostasy again arose with the building of another city. It was the result of an eastward migration, and was built in the plain of Shinar. This city was Babel, in which was to be built a tower to defy the God who had brought the flood. But it proved a failure, for God confounded them.

From this very plain, some time later, God called a man to go far to the west to be the founder of a people who were to be the chosen people of God. They were to have a city in which was to be the temple of God; and his visible glory was to be there to bless and guide his people. This glory, by lightening one or the other of the two stones on the high priest's breastplate, gave personal direction in the conducting of the affairs of the nation. But this nation failed to be guided by God, and the glory departed from the temple, and the city was finally destroyed.

Since then God has no city, but saves men personally, one by one, wherever they may live. After the number is made up, sin and sorrow will be done away, and God's people will inhabit a city not made with hands, the New Jerusalem, in which God himself will dwell with men. In this city is a mansion for each of the saved, yet all will have some land outside of the city also; and from Sabbath to Sabbath and from new moon to new moon all flesh will come up to worship the Lord in the New Jerusalem.

L. L. CAVINESS.

Blue Vlei

THERE is a little out-of-the-way village on the Cape peninsula, South Africa, that is not considered worthy of a visit by tourists, perhaps because it is not better known. But it contains a veritable miniature Sahara. It is known as Blue Vlei; and my earliest recollection of it is connected with a long and fruitless midnight ride to visit a nonexistent sick person, and with repeated answers to inquiry regarding my goal, that it was "just a little farther on." Subsequent visits on similar but more fruitful errands, by daylight and dark, partially mitigated my first dreary introduction to the place; and now it has something of a charm in its lonely desolation.

The people are colored, not dissimilar to the colored people of the Southern States, and are, like them, for the most part the descendants of slaves. Their language is unique, being that distinctly South African product known as the Taal. It is a mixture; mostly Dutch, some English, and a little of the original Kafir for seasoning, so to speak. The people live in wretched

apologies for houses, made of reeds, daubed with mud, and having thatch roofs. One or two ingenious architects have fashioned their roofs by cutting open the tins in which the Standard Oil Company sends its product to this country, and using these sheets of tin as shingles.

As Blue Vlei is only about two miles from railroads and civilization, many of the men find their work in town. Others do market gardening on a small scale.

But one of the most interesting facts about the place was told me on my last visit there. After looking after the wife of the man who acts as school-teacher and spiritual guide to the community, I was standing at his door a moment when he called my attention to the huge mounds of sand lying to right and left of us and shutting out the view of all but the mountains in front. And this is what he told me:—

"The sand is continually shifting, here. Under that mound there to the left is a house. The people had to move out, and the house has long since disappeared under the sand. And most of those people over there [pointing to the right] will have to move their houses in a year or two, or get buried. In four years that mound will be alongside my house." The mound was then at least two hundred yards distant. But he spoke from experience, and no doubt his prophecy will be fulfilled.

And since then, on many a long night ride, I have fallen to moralizing on those huge sand banks. They are made up of very small, harmless-looking grains, yet by the action of the wind these small objects become a great force, one against which man feels his weakness, and confesses himself defeated. He must even move his habitation or be buried.

Is it not so with small sins? Taken separately and analyzed, they look so small and harmless. But let the winds of temptation constantly blow them over us, and it is but a short time till we are buried in deep drifts of wickedness.

DR. H. G. HANKINS.

Real Sympathy

REJOICE in the joy of others,
But feel for their sorrows, too;
Treat them in time of trouble
As you'd have them act toward you.
Don't tell them that you are sorry,
But show them what's in your mind;
Prove by your loving-kindness
That your sympathy's of the real kind.

Kind words are hollow and empty
Compared to love's shining deeds;
They who scatter seeds of kindness
Will gather the fruit of the seeds.
And the harvest won't keep them waiting,—
There'll be harvesting every day;
And the joy of unselfish living
Will be the harvesters' pay.

Come, join the ranks of the workers
In the fields of real sympathy;
In summer and winter, day or night,
The harvest is calling for thee.
Whether in verdant country
Or in teeming city you live,
You'll always be sure of an anchorage
For each friendly smile that you give.

JOHN E. NORDQUIST.

The China Inland Mission

AFTER J. Hudson Taylor had labored in China for some time, he realized that because of failing health he must return to England for a rest. His first thought was for the work he must leave undone. He was a self-supporting missionary at this time, and so there was no society behind him to appoint a successor to

continue his evangelistic and medical work. With this in mind, he sent the following plea to a friend in England:—

"Do you know of any earnest, devoted young men desirous of serving God in China, who, not wishing for more than their expenses, would be willing to come out and labor here? O, for four or five such helpers! In answer to prayer will the means be found."

This desire of the faithful missionary was gratified within a few years. Other earnest Christian men volunteered for China, who were willing to look to God for help, and trust to his abundant mercy for their daily bread.

But Mr. Taylor had a special burden for the provinces in the interior of China. None of the societies then operating in that great heathen land were prepared to undertake this work, and so, after much prayer, he decided to form and incorporate the China Inland Mission. In order that no supplies might be turned from the existing missionary societies, the founders of this new mission decided to make no collections of money nor personally to solicit support; but they determined to trust in God to send, in answer to prayer, unasked-for donations to meet the needs of the work they proposed to undertake. Not wishing to limit the usefulness of their society, they decided to ignore denominational lines, earnest men and women from every branch of the Christian church being welcomed to their ranks.

The China Inland Mission, founded in 1865, is still in operation. Hundreds of consecrated missionaries carry forward its schools and dispensaries or engage in evangelistic effort under its direction in the interior provinces of the Chinese republic. Those who go out under its direction today have no definite guaranteed salary. A number are supported by special friends at home, and so need no money from the contributions; but the mission in general depends for its support upon answers to prayer. Mr. Taylor said that sometimes the money sent in came far short of meeting the needs, but in response to earnest prayers, unexpected donations were always received, so that the workers were never in actual want. In one way or another the Lord has always provided for the needs of his trusting servants.

At one time a station of the China Inland Mission was wrecked by rioters. Every room in the building was entered, with one exception, and whatever the people thought worth having was carried off or destroyed. There were four bedrooms. Three were looted. The door of the fourth stood ajar, and lying on the bed in plain sight were the money, supplies, and books of the station, the mail having arrived just as the riot began. This is only one of many instances which might be related, showing the Father's keeping power. Surely our God is a true and faithful friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." Shall we not trust him more fully, you and I?

In 1912 the China Inland Mission had a yearly income of about \$400,000, and during the famine of 1907 some \$500,000 was contributed to its work. In 1912 it had 224 stations, 901 outstations, 1,118 chapels, 1,040 missionaries, 1,435 paid Chinese helpers, 755 unpaid Chinese helpers, 242 schools, and through these means some 50,000 heathen have been brought to a knowledge of the true God. LORA CLEMENT.

"It is the beginner who is most critical of others in the same line."

Which Counts?

RECENTLY a near-by city passed through a closely contested election. An independent party placed candidates in the field, pledged to reform the corrupt conditions that plainly existed. Day after day, meetings were held in various parts of the city, and every loyal man was appealed to to give his vote to redeem the city from the hands of corrupt politicians and thugs. On the day previous to the election, on the front page of the most prominent daily paper the following words appeared in large type:—

"YOUR VOTE, AND NOT YOUR WORDS, COUNTS."

These words impressed me deeply. It is a truth that ought to burn itself into the soul of every young man and woman. Actions are the things that will count in God's great reckoning day. Cheap, insincere words fill the world today. Promises are made and never remembered. Good impulses stir the soul, and individuals profess conversion. The world calls, and a dry formality is given in the place of Christian service, while the world holds the heart's affections. Inspiration gives us a picture of the church today: "Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Is it any wonder that the voice of God is heard saying, "From such turn away"?

The world is sadly in need of young men and women of true sincerity. A young man who has demonstrated to his employer that he can be depended upon to do his best, to give service and not simply time, is never out of employment, and draws the highest salary.

As a personal motto the foregoing should be worded as follows: "Your service, and not your words, counts." Service is the true standard of greatness as well as of goodness. The Christian young person who follows this motto soon fills a place of responsibility in God's work. The mission fields today are crying for such to be an inspiration to other young people. In the day that rewards are given, the Judge will say to the faithful, "Inasmuch as ye did it." The lost hear something similar yet vastly different, "Inasmuch as ye did it not." Your actions, and not your words, count. E. E. FARNSWORTH.

Binding Magazines

To bind magazines for rough service, proceed as follows: Place the magazines carefully one on top of the other in order, and space the upper one, near the back edge, for two rivets, marking off three equal distances, or, perhaps, the center space longer than the other two. Make two holes through all the magazines on the marks with an awl or drill, then drive nails of the right length through them. Use small washers on both ends of the nails, under the head and at the point, which is cut off and riveted over. This makes a good, serviceable binding for rough use.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Side Cutters on a Spade

Two sections of an old mower cutter, heated and bent at right angles and riveted on the sides of a spade about two inches from the cutting edge, will prove a great help in digging garden and small drains. The spade will make a clean cut, and it is not necessary to jab the sides of the cut to be taken.—*Popular Mechanics*.

"A Province at Prayer" — "Ulster Will Fight, and Ulster Will Be Right" — No. 4

Ulster's Volunteer Army

JOHN N. QUINN



MR WILLIAM CRAWFORD is the head of the great linen industry of Belfast, and he is a man not given to rash utterances. He is entirely at variance with home rule for Ireland, and voices the conviction of the men of Ulster when he says: "Let an Irish parliament be founded; let it send officers here to take taxes by force; we will not pay. Our decision is final and unchanging. We trust in the God of our fathers, and our duty is clear."

For two years Ulster has been training a volunteer military force, and this force is now ready for action. The Ulster Volunteer Force consists of one hundred thousand men. Belfast alone has twenty-seven thousand drilled volunteers. The accompanying map, taken from the *London Times*, demonstrates that while the strength of the Ulster Volunteer Force is in the northern province, it is not confined to Ulster. Catholic Ireland has its regiments and battalions, composed of men determined to resist home rule in their native land. These men are not religious bigots. Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe is correspondent of the *London Daily Mail*, and writing to his paper from Londonderry, he assures us that—

those descendants of Scottish Covenanters are too clear-headed and too practical to be dominated by religious bigotry. . . . To people in England, many of the apprehensions felt by Ulstermen must seem fantastic. But the Ulstermen vehemently insist upon the reality of the danger, and they are prepared to fight sooner than expose themselves to it. Of that no one who comes among them can have any doubt. If their fears are disregarded and an attempt is made to dragoon them, there will be civil war.

Grace S. H. Tytus, F. R. G. S., in the *Outlook* of April 4, 1914, gives this interesting description of the Protestant Irish army:—

The Ulster Volunteer Force has already an effective strength of over one hundred thousand men, which exceeds the strength laid down as necessary for its purpose. In Belfast alone there are twenty-seven thousand drilled volunteers. A special service corps is to be formed, consisting of three thousand men picked for their efficiency from the various battalions of the Belfast division, and these men on mobilization will be

instantly ready to go anywhere in the province where reinforcements are required. Tyrone alone has put five battalions in the field. At a recent parade of the Second Battalion, Tyrone Regiment, Ulster Volunteer Force, at Omagh, 1,410 officers and men turned out for a mobilization test, ninety-four per cent of the men who had attended drill during the month being on parade. The transport included eighty-three carts and wagons, with a full supply of intrenching tools.

It may furthermore be noted that of the five Tyrone battalions, two have a much greater numerical strength than the Omagh battalion, the regiments totaling approximately ten thousand men. What this entails in the matter of sacrifice is grimly inspiring, for Tyrone is a county not included in the four suggested for exclusion, and one in which Unionists are in a minority. The measure of the sacrifice made by men, women, and children in Tyrone in defense of an ideal may be gaged by a glance at the population, which in 1911

was 142,665, of whom 79,015 were Roman Catholics and 63,650 were Protestants of various denominations. Practically one Protestant in six, counting men, women, and children, is a volunteer, which means that almost every Protestant of serviceable age has enlisted. This extraordinary spirit of sacrifice has permeated all classes, and army officers, doctors, and professional men have given up their time and money. Men have walked miles after a hard day's work to take part in field operations; in the mills of the great industrial centers half the meal hour has for months past been given up to instruction in drill. Classes in ambulance work for the women, in regimental signaling, etc., for the men, are met with everywhere, and on a neighboring hill may be a costly and powerful signaling lamp flashing out messages to a signal station twelve and one-half miles away on the trunk signaling line from Belfast to Derry, the dispatches being sent and read with a rapidity of which the regular army need not be ashamed. Not only drill and marksmanship, but the most exhaustive field work has

been in progress for months, so that the resistance that Ulster is prepared to offer in an emergency is a thing not to be despised. If the necessity arise, it will mean civil war, the greatest evil which politics ever provoked upon a nation.

A Check to Home Rule

That the Ulster Volunteer Force has been a factor to hold in check the passage of the Home Rule Bill is evident even to the one who reads American newspapers. Incidentally the opposition of armed Ulster has caused to be produced one of the most interesting and important documents of the controversy. This document in the opinion of the writer of this



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THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER ARMY BEING REVIEWED BY SIR EDWARD CARSON

article is the Magna Charta of Protestant Ireland's deliverance from the yoke of Rome. The names attached to it are those of Great Britain's great men — a field marshal, an admiral of the fleet, a dean of Canterbury, a secretary for Scotland, professors of colleges and of law, a poet, merchants, commissioners, chemists, etc. The document is worth insertion in full, and it is here given:—

The time is fast approaching when the evident intention of the government to pass the Home Rule Bill into law without giving the nation by means of either a general election or a referendum, an opportunity of pronouncing judgment upon it, will plunge this kingdom into civil turmoil without parallel in living memory.

Ministers still utterly fail to appreciate the intensity of feeling which their contemplated action excites among vast numbers of people in Great Britain, as until quite recently they failed to appreciate the strength of the resistance it would encounter in Ulster.

We believe that hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens, serious and law-abiding men, share our conviction that a fundamental change in the constitution of the United Kingdom, effected without the concurrence and, as we think, against



DISTRIBUTION OF THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCES.

the wish of a majority of the nation, will be utterly devoid of moral sanction.

Under these circumstances, the resistance which will certainly be offered to it by those Irishmen who are unwilling to be deprived of their existing status as full citizens of the United Kingdom will be a well-justified resistance. Holding that view, we cannot ourselves sit still if measures are taken to coerce men who in our eyes will be defending not only their own rights, but those of the whole nation.

We therefore appeal to all our fellow countrymen who are of the same mind to join us, while there is yet time, in a solemn protest and declaration that we cannot accept and shall decline to be bound by the provisions of a law which radically alters the constitution of the kingdom, as long as that law has not received the sanction of the people.

By signing that declaration no man will pledge himself to take any particular action of which at a given moment his conscience and judgment do not approve. It is in fact impossible to decide today what steps may be necessary or would be effective in circumstances which every man who loves his country must continue to hope will not arise. But it is not too soon for those who realize the imminent danger of a great catastrophe to band themselves together and declare their fixed intention and resolve to do whatever they individually can to prevent the disruption of the United Kingdom by unconstitutional methods and the injustice and oppression which it will entail.

By taking this course they will give timely notice to the government of the consequences which must result, not only in Ireland, but in Great Britain, from persistence in their present policy.

If the response to our appeal is such as we expect, it will give the lie to the assertion that the country is apathetic, and that the opposition which the action of the government has excited is merely ordinary party opposition, and can be disposed of for good and all by victorious divisions in the House of Commons.

The following form of words has been adopted with a view to testing the strength and sincerity of the promise, so often made to those of our fellow citizens in Ireland whose one prayer is not to be cast out from their citizenship of the

United Kingdom, that they will not be left to fight their battle alone.

Arrangements are in progress, and will be announced within the next day or two, whereby the declaration can be signed in every part of the country, and a careful register will be kept of the names and number of those who adhere to it. Nothing would have been easier than to extend greatly the list of the original signatories, but this would have involved delay, and it appears of supreme importance that the process of signing should be set on foot at once and in a great number of places simultaneously.

We have, therefore, thought it best to publish the declaration now, in the confident assurance that whatever it may at present lack in authority and representative character, will be speedily supplied by the adhesion which will be given to it by men of all classes in every quarter of Great Britain.

The declaration is as follows:—

"I, —, of —, earnestly convinced that the claim of the government to carry the Home Rule Bill into law without submitting it to the judgment of the nation is contrary to the spirit of our constitution,

DO HEREBY SOLEMNLY DECLARE

that, if that bill is so passed, I shall hold myself justified in taking or supporting any action that may be effective to prevent its being put into operation, and more particularly to prevent the armed forces of the crown being used to deprive the people of Ulster of their rights as citizens of the United Kingdom.

"To this declaration we have all signed our names.

"ROBERTS,	"HALIFAX,
"E. H. SEYMOUR,	"ALEXANDER HENDERSON,
"ALDENHAM,	"RUDYARD KIPLING,
"BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH,	"LOVAT,
"GEORGE HAYTER CHUBB,	"MILNER,
"WM. CUNNINGHAM,	"PORTLAND,
"DESBOROUGH,	"WILLIAM RAMSAY,
"A. V. DICEY,	"JOHN STIRLING-MAXWELL,
"EDWARD ELGAR,	"HENRY WACE,
"HENRY GOUDY,	"T. HERBERT WARREN.

"March 2, 1914."

The fight for Irish freedom took place at Londonderry and the Boyne River in 1688, and many are wondering if those days are to be repeated in our times. Persecution is a present-day fact in Ireland, as my next article will prove.

The Gospel Message

Go tell the tidings far and near,
 "The Saviour soon will come;"
 Let every saint his brother cheer,
 "The Saviour soon will come."
 Go sound the message o'er the land,
 To islands far and ocean's strand,
 To every nation far and near:
 "The Saviour soon will come."

In dungeon dark the story tell,
 The sinner's Friend will come,
 Who died that we with him might dwell;
 Our Saviour soon will come.
 To heathen lands he bids us go,
 The harvest reap; the sun is low.
 Let this our song and message be,
 He comes to set the captives free.
 O Saviour, quickly come!

The mourners then shall dry their tears
 When Christ their Lord shall come;
 They'll praise his name through endless years
 When Christ the Lord shall come;
 The sick and maimed, the halt and blind,
 Shall in his presence blessing find,
 And songs of joy shall fill our days
 With endless happiness and praise
 When Christ our Lord shall come.

Go tell the news, he bids us go,
 The Saviour soon will come,
 Who died for sinners here below;
 Our Lord will surely come.
 Repent, believe, your sins confess,
 Put on his robe of righteousness,
 Reach out the helping hand to save
 Your friends from an eternal grave,
 For soon our Lord will come.

— Selected.

"TELL me with whom thou goest, and I will tell thee what thou doest."

On an Errand of Mercy

S. M. KONIGMACHER



LAST evening about six o'clock I returned to the mission after visiting some of the teachers, and found two strangers waiting in the courtyard. As I approached, they handed me a note addressed to Brother Robinson. Just then he came in from the garden, and on reading the note found that it came from one of our neighbors about ten miles away.

This gentleman stated that on his return from Blantyre he found that a native of the Anguru tribe had stabbed his wife and then fled. He also said that he understood that Brother Robinson had had experience in dressing wounds, and as he himself had not, he thought it best to ask him to come over and sew up the wound, as his overseer boy had told him that the bowels came out.

Thinking the case a very serious one, we decided to go at once and see what could be done, as both of us were graduate nurses.

The donkeys were out in the pasture, and I sent a boy to get them, but before they came we started to walk, even though the weather was very bad, and it rained practically all the way over. Our feet were very wet, for at such times the path becomes a little stream.

We took one of the strangers as a guide, and the other was sent back to get a lantern and help with the donkeys. We thought perhaps they might overtake us on the way, but they did not come until we were all through our work and were ready to come back. The clothing of both of us was soon wet throughout with the rain and with the water from the tall grass, for in the rainy season the grass grows higher than one's head, and the path is so narrow that the grass brushes against those in the path.

When we arrived at the planter's house, we found the trouble was caused by the unfaithfulness of the woman. The crime was committed early in the morning in the village, which lay about a mile from the planter's house at the end of the two-hundred-acre tea estate.

After drinking some hot milk, and procuring some lanterns, a dish to put the disinfectant in, and some old cloth for bandages, we three started out to find the village.

We walked up hill and down vale, over fallen trees and stumps, through native gardens and the ever-present grass, till we came to a little clearing, where we found the unfortunate woman lying in a very poor grass hut built like a little tent with one side open.

The place was crowded with friends and relatives who came to pay their last respects. There was a fire in the center, filling the place with smoke, as there was no chimney; and away back in the closed end of the hut we could see the woman lying on the ground. Her brothers had placed some short trees in the ground by her side so she would have something to hold on to.

There was no light except the light of the fire, but in its dim glow they ministered to her. Along one side five women were huddled together. One was holding a small child, and one was decorated with five large brass rings welded on her ankles, each an inch in diameter, and with many smaller ones on her wrists. Another old woman had a piece of wood about an inch and a half in diameter, stuck in her lip. This made

the upper lip protrude, which, she thought, enhanced her beauty. The native women in this country shave the head, which makes them look ugly, and the scanty clothing they wear is truly filthy rags.

Before we were able to do anything for the wounded woman, we had to have the fire removed, as the smoke makes one's eyes smart. Then the boys pulled down the little fence they had made for the woman to grasp, and heated some water outside in the rain with the logs they had carried out. Two of her brothers held the lantern, and we were ready to see the extent of the wounds.

There was a gash in the scalp about three inches long, two small gashes in one leg, one on the back, a slight one on the finger, and two in the abdomen. Over these wounds her friends had placed pieces of bark stripped from some tree, and tied them fast with the filthy rags already mentioned.

Her body was covered with scars made by herself, some on her legs being three or four inches long. This is another form of beautifying the person. While the wound is still fresh, they rub wood ashes into it so it will become a raised scar, blacker than the blackness of the natural skin.

We removed the bark from the wounds, and found them in better condition than we had expected. After dressing them, we started back on our dreary midnight ride. The donkeys were waiting for us, and by riding very slowly and carefully we arrived home about three o'clock in the morning.

The Smallest Landscape Painting

SAMUEL T. SCHULTZ, of Camden, New Jersey, whose scenic and mural painting studio is at Wilmington, Delaware, has, despite a lifetime spent in painting subjects in heroic size, the unique distinction of having made the smallest landscape painting in the world.

It was executed on a grain of corn, and the painter has only now recovered it after having lost possession of the picture for more than forty years, in which it has traveled from art center to art center through Europe, attracting wide attention as the tiniest painting on earth.

Having lost track of the picture, which he made in 1869, when he was only nineteen years old, Schultz decided recently to try to recover it.

He advertised in several foreign newspapers, with the result that the wee landscape came to him in its original frame a few days ago, the painting in color and line being as sharp and clear as on the day of its execution.

The particular grain of corn used came from an ear that Schultz as a lad plucked on the estate of James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, at Wheatland, Pennsylvania. He had gone there to attend the ex-President's funeral, and plucked the ear of corn as a souvenir.—*Selected.*

MANY speakers make little difference in the pronunciation of the words *accept* and *except*, though they vary much in meaning. The thought of the speaker may usually be determined by the context, but would it not be better to give the correct pronunciation?

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



Questions

CAN you put the spider's web back in place
 That once has been swept away?
 Can you put the apple again on the bough
 Which fell at our feet today?
 Can you put the lily cup back on the stem,
 And cause it to live and grow?
 Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
 That you crushed with a hasty blow?
 Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
 And the grape again on the vine?
 Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
 And make them sparkle and shine?
 Can you put the petals back on the rose?
 If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flour again in the husk,
 And show me the ripened wheat?
 Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
 Or the broken egg in the shell?
 Can you put the honey back in the comb,
 And cover with wax each cell?
 Can you put the perfume back in the vase
 When once it has sped away?
 Can you put the corn silk back on the corn,
 Or down on the catkins, say?
 You think my questions are trifling, dear?
 Let me ask you another one:
 Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
 Or a deed unkind undone?

—Selected.

A Hero

THEY were sitting by the great blazing wood fire. It was July, but there was an east wind and the night was chilly. Besides, Mrs. Heath had a piece of fresh meat to roast. Squire Blake had "killed" the day before,—that was the term used to signify the slaughter of any domestic animal for food,—and had distributed the "fresh" to various families in town, and Mrs. Heath wanted hers for the early breakfast. Meat was the only thing to be had in plenty—meat and berries. Wheat and corn, and vegetables even, were scarce. There had been a long winter, and then, too, every family had sent early in the season all they could possibly spare to the Continental army. As to sugar and tea and molasses, it was many a day since they had had even a taste of them.

The piece of meat was suspended from the ceiling by a stout string, and slowly revolved before the fire, Dorothy or Arthur giving it a fresh start when it showed signs of stopping. There was a settle at right angles with the fireplace, and here the little cooks sat, Dorothy in the corner nearest the fire, and Arthur curled up on the floor at her feet, where he could look up the chimney and see the moon, almost at the full, drifting through the sky. At the opposite corner sat Abram, the hired man and faithful keeper of the family in the absence of its head, at work on an ax helve, while Bathsheba, or "Basha," as she was briefly and affectionately called, was spinning in one corner of the room just within range of the firelight.

There was no other light, the firelight being sufficient for their needs; and it was necessary to economize in candles, for any day a raid from the royal army might take away both cattle and sheep, and then where would the tallow come from for the annual fall candle making? There was a rumor—Abram had brought it home that very day—that the royal army was advancing, and redcoats might make their appearance in Hartland at any time. Arthur and Dorothy were talking about it as they turned the roasting fork.

"Wish I was a man," said Arthur, glancing toward his mother, who was sitting in a low splint chair knitting stockings for her boy's winter wear. "I'd like to shoot a redcoat."

"O Arty!" exclaimed Dorothy reproachfully; "you're always thinking of shooting! Now I should like to nurse a sick soldier and wait upon him. Poor soldiers! it was dreadful what papa wrote to mamma about them."

"Would you nurse a redcoat?" asked Arthur, indignantly.

"Yes," said Dorothy; "though of course I should rather, a great deal rather, nurse one of our own soldiers. But, Arty," continued the little elder sister, "papa says if we must fight, why, we must fight bravely, but that we can be brave without fighting."

"Well, I mean to be a hero, and heroes always fight. King Arthur fought; papa said so. He and his knights fought for the Sangraal, and liberty is our Sangraal. I'm glad my name is Arthur, anyhow, for Arthur means noble and high," he said, lifting his bright boyish face with its steadfast blue eyes, and glancing again toward his mother. She gave an answering smile.

"I hope my boy will always be noble and high in thought and deed. But, as papa said, to be a hero one does not need to fight, at least, not to fight men. We can fight bad tempers and bad thoughts and cowardly impulses. They who fight these things successfully are the truest heroes, my boy."

"Ah, but, mamma, didn't I hear you tell grandma how you were proud of your hero? That's what you called papa when General Montgomery wrote to you, with his own hand, how he drove back the enemy at the head of his men, while the balls were flying and the cannons roaring and flashing; and when his horse was shot under him, how he struggled out and cheered on his men, on foot, and the bullets whizzed and the men fell all around him, and he wasn't hurt and ——" Here the boy stopped abruptly and sprang impulsively forward, for his mother's cheek had suddenly grown pale.

"True grit!" remarked Abram to Basha, in an undertone, as she paused in her walk to and fro by the spinning wheel to join a broken thread. "But there never was a coward yet, man or woman, 'mong the Heaths, an' I've known 'em off an' on these seventy year. Now there was ole General Heath," he con-

tinued, holding up the ax helve and viewing it critically with one eye shut, "he was a marster hand for fightin'. Fit the Injuns 's though he liked it. That gun up there was hisn."

"Tell us about the 'sassy one,'" said Arthur, turning at the word gun.

"Youngster, 'f I've tole yer that story once, I've tole yer fifty times," said Abram.

"Tell it again," said the boy eagerly; "and take down the gun, too."

Abram got up as briskly as his seventy years and his rheumatism would permit, and took down the gun from above the mantle piece. It was a very large one.

"Not quite so tall as the old Ginerl himself," said Abram, "but purty near to it. This gun is 'bout seven feet, an' yer gran'ther was seven feet two — a powerful-built man."

"I like to hear about old gran'ther," said Arthur. As Abram was restoring the gun to its place upon the hooks, a sound was heard at the side door, a sound as of a heavy body falling against it, which startled them all. The dog Cæsar rose, and going to the door which opened into the side entry, sniffed along the crack above the threshold. Apparently satisfied, he barked softly, and rising on his hind legs, lifted the latch and sprang into the entry. Abram followed with Basha. As he lifted the latch of the outer door — the string had been drawn in early, as was the custom in those troublous times — and swung it back, the light from the fire fell upon the figure of a man lying across the doorstone.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Abram, drawing back. But at a word from the mistress, they lifted the man and brought him in and laid him down on the braided woolen mat before the fire. Then for a moment there was silence, for he wore the dress of a British soldier, and his right arm was bandaged. He had fainted from loss of blood, apparently — perhaps from hunger. Basha loosened his coat at the throat, and tried to force a drop or two of "spirits" into his mouth, while Mrs. Heath rubbed his hands.

"He ain't dead," said Basha, in a grim tone, "and mind you, we'll see trouble from this." Basha was an arrant rebel, and hated the very sight of a redcoat. "What are you doin' here," she continued, addressing him, "killin' honest folks when you'd better 've stayed 'cross seas in yer own country?"

"Basha!" said Mrs. Heath reprovingly, "he is helpless."

But Basha, as she unwound the tight bandage from the shattered arm, kept muttering to herself like a rising tempest, until at length the man, having come quite to himself, detected her feeling, and with great effort said, "I am *not* a British soldier."

"Then what to goodness have you got on their uniform for?" queried Basha.

Little by little the pitiful story was told. He was an American soldier who had been doing duty as a spy in the British camp. Up to the very last day of his stay he had not been suspected, but in trying to get away he was suspected, challenged, and fired at. The shot passed through his arm. He was certain his pursuers had followed him till night, and they would be likely to continue the search the next day, and he begged Mrs. Heath to secrete him for a day or two if possible.

"I wouldn't mind being shot, marm," he said, "but you know they'll hang me if they get me. Of course I risked it when I went into their camp, but it's none the pleasanter for all that."

Now in the old Heath house there was a secret chamber, built in the side of the chimney. Most of those old colonial houses had enormous chimneys, some of them taking up a quarter of the ground occupied by the house; so it was not a difficult thing to inclose a small space, with slight danger of its existence being detected. This chimney chamber in the Heath house was little more than a closet eight feet by four. It was entered from the north chamber, Abram's room, through a narrow sliding panel that looked exactly like the rest of the wall, which was of cedar boards. An inch-wide shaft running up the side of the chimney ventilated the closet, and it was lighted by a window consisting of three small panes of glass carefully concealed under the projecting roof. On a sunny day one could easily see to read there.

A small cot bed was now carried into this room, and up there, after his wound had been dressed by Basha, who, like many old-time women, was skillful in dressing wounds and learned in the properties of herbs and roots, and he had been fed and bathed, the soldier was taken, and a very grateful man he was as he settled himself upon the bed and looked up, with a smiling "Thank you," into Basha's face, which was no longer grim and forbidding.

All this time no special notice had been taken of Dorothy and Arthur. They had followed about to watch the bathing, feeding, and tending, and when Mrs. Heath turned to leave the secret chamber, she found them behind her, staring in with very wide-open eyes indeed; for, if you can believe it, they never before had even heard of, much less seen, this lovely little secret chamber. It was never deemed wise in colonial families to talk about these hiding places, which sometimes served so good a purpose, and I doubt if many adults in the town of Hartland knew of this secret chamber in the Heath house.

The panel was closed, and Abram was left to care for the wounded soldier through the night. It was nine o'clock, the colonial hour for going to bed, and long past the children's hour, when Dorothy and Arthur in their prayers by their mother's knee put up a petition for the safety of the stranger.

"*Would* they hang him if they could get him, mamma?" asked Arthur.

"Certainly," she replied. "It is one of the rules of warfare. A spy is always hanged."

The morning, from nine to eleven, Mrs. Heath always devoted to the children's lessons. Arthur, who was eleven, was a good Latin scholar. He was reading Cæsar's Commentaries, and he liked it — that is, he liked the story part. He found some of it pretty tough reading, and I need not tell you boys who have read Cæsar what parts those were. They had English readings from the *Spectator*, and from Bishop Leighton's works, books which you know but little about. Dorothy had a daily lesson in botany, and very pleasant hours those school hours were.

After dinner, at twelve, they had the afternoon for play. That afternoon, the day after the soldier came, they went berrying. They did this almost every day during berry time, so as to have for supper what they liked better than anything else — berries and milk. Occasionally they had huckleberry pancakes, also a favorite dish, for breakfast; not often, however, as flour was scarce.

They went for berries down the road known as South Lane, a lonely place, but where berries grew plentifully. Their mother had cautioned them not to talk about the occurrence of the night before, as some

one might overhear; and so, though they talked about their play and their studies, about papa and his soldiers, they said nothing about *the* soldier.

They had nearly filled their baskets when a growl from Cæsar startled them, and turning, they saw two horsemen who had stopped near by, one of whom was just springing from his horse. They were in British uniform, and the children at once were sure what they wanted.

"O Arty, Arty!" whispered Dorothy. "They've come, and we musn't tell."

The man advanced with a smile meant to be pleasant, but which was in reality so sinister that the children shrank with a sensation of fear.

"How are you, my little man? Picking berries, eh? And where do you live?" he asked.

"With mamma," answered Arthur promptly.

"And who is mamma? What is her name?"

"Mrs. Heath," said Arthur.

"And don't you live with papa, too? Where is papa?" the man asked.

Arthur hesitated an instant, and then out it came, and proudly, too: "In the Continental army, sir."

"Ho! ho! and so we are a little rebel, are we?" laughed the man. "And who am I? Do you know?"

"Yes, sir; a British soldier."

"How do you know that?"

"Because you wear their uniform, sir."

"You cannot have seen many British soldiers here," said the man. "Did you ever see the British uniform before?"

"Yes, sir," replied Arthur.

"And where did you see it?" he asked, glancing sharply at Arthur and then at Dorothy. Upon the face of the latter was a look of dismay, for she had foreseen the drift of the man's questions and the trap into which Arthur had fallen. He, too, saw it, now he was in. The only British uniform he had ever seen was that worn by the American spy. For a brief moment he was tempted to tell a lie. Then he said, firmly, "I cannot tell you, sir."

"Cannot! Does that mean will not?" said the man threateningly. Then he put his hand into his pocket and took out a bright gold sovereign, which he held before Arthur.

"Come, now, my little man, tell me where you saw the British soldier's uniform, and you shall have this gold piece."

But all the noble impulses of the boy's nature, inherited, and strengthened by his mother's teachings, revolted at this attempt to bribe him. His eyes flashed. He looked the man full in the face. "I will not!" said he.

"Come, come!" cried out the man on horseback. "Don't palter any longer with the little rebel. We'll find a way to make him tell. Up with him!"

In an instant the man had swung Arthur into his saddle, and leaping up behind him, struck spurs to his horse and dashed away. Cæsar, having been sniffing about, suspicious but uncertain, now attempted to leap upon the horseman in the rear; but he, drawing his pistol from his saddle, fired, and Cæsar dropped helpless.

The horsemen quickly vanished, and for a moment Dorothy stood pale and speechless. Then she knelt down by Cæsar, examined his wound,—he was shot in the leg,—and bound it up with her handkerchief, just as she had seen Basha bandage the soldier's arm the night before; and then, putting her arms around

Cæsar's neck, she kissed him. "Be patient, dear old Cæsar, and Abram shall come for you."

Covered with dust, her frock stained with Cæsar's blood, a pitiful sight indeed was Dorothy as she burst into the kitchen, where Basha was preparing supper.

"O mamma, they've carried off Arty and shot Cæsar, those dreadful, dreadful British!"

Between her sobs she told the whole fearful story to the two women,—fearful, I say, for Mrs. Heath knew too well the reputed character of the British soldiery not to fear the worst if her boy should persist in refusing to tell where he had seen the British soldier's uniform. But even in her distress she was conscious of a proud faith that he would not betray his trust.

As to Basha, who shall describe her horror and indignation? "The wretches! ain't they content to murder our men and burn our houses, that they must take our innercent little boys? The dear little creeter! what'll he do tonight without his mamma? and him never away from her a night in his blessed life. 'Pears to me the Lord's forgot the colonies. O dearie, dearie me!" Utterly overcome, she dropped into a chair, and throwing her homespun check apron over her head, she gave way to such a fit of weeping as astonished and perplexed Abram, one of whose principal articles of faith it was that Basha couldn't shed a tear, even if she tried, "mor'n if she's made o' cast iron."

It indeed looked hopeless. Who was to follow after these men and rescue Arthur? There was hardly any one left in town but old men, women, and children.

Mrs. Heath thought of this as she soothed Dorothy, coaxed her to eat a little supper, and then sat by her side until she fell asleep. She sat by the fire while the embers died out, or walked up and down the long, lonely kitchen, wrestling, like Jacob, in prayer for her boy until long after midnight.

And now let us follow Arthur's fortunes. The men galloped hard and long over hills, through valleys and woods, so far away it seemed to the little fellow he could never possibly see mamma or Dorothy again. At last they drew up at a large white house, evidently the headquarters of the officers, and Arthur was put at once into a dark closet and there left. He was tired and dreadfully hungry, so hungry that he could think of hardly anything else. He heard the rattling of china and glasses, and knew they were at supper. By and by a servant came and took him into the supper room. His eyes were so dazzled at first by the change from the dark closet to the well-lighted room that he could scarcely see. But when the daze cleared, he found himself standing near the head of the table, where sat a stout man with a red face, a fierce mustache, and a pair of evil eyes.

He looked at Arthur a moment. Then he poured out a glass of wine and pushed it toward him. "Drink!"

But Arthur did not touch the glass.

"Drink, I say," he repeated impatiently. "Do you hear?"

"I have promised mamma never to drink wine," was the low response.

It seemed to poor Arthur as if everything had combined against him. It was bad enough to have to say no to the question about the uniform, and now here was something else that would make the men still more angry with him. But the officer did not push his command; he simply thrust the glass to one side and said: "Now, my boy, we're going to get that American

spy and hang him. You know where he is, and you've got to tell us, or it will be the worse for you. Do you want to see your mother again?"

Arthur did not answer. He could not have answered just then. A big bunch came into his throat. Cry?—Not before these men. So he kept silence.

"Obstinate little pig! Speak!" thundered the officer, bringing his great brawny fist down upon the table with a blow that set the glasses dancing. "Will you tell me where that spy is?"

"No, sir," came in very low, but very firm tones. I will not tell you the dreadful words of that officer as he turned to his servant with the command, "Put him down cellar, and we'll see to him in the morning. They're all alike, men, women, and children. Rebellion in the very blood! The only way to finish it is to spill it without mercy."

Now there was one thing that Arthur, brave as he was, feared, and that was—rats! Left on a heap of dry straw, he began to wonder if there were rats there. Presently he was sure he heard something move, but he was quickly reassured by the touch of soft, warm fur on his hand, and the sound of a melodious pur-r-r. The friendly kitty, glad of a companion, curled herself by his side. What comfort she brought to the lonely little fellow! He lay down beside her, and saying his "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," was soon in a profound sleep, the purring little kitty nestling close.

The sounds of revelry in the rooms above did not disturb him. The boisterous songs and laughter, the stamping of many feet, continued far into the night. At last they ceased; and when everything had been for a long time silent, the door leading to the cellar was softly opened, and a lady came down the stairway. I have often wished that I might paint her as she looked coming down those stairs. Arthur was afterward my great-grandfather you know, and he told me this story when I was a young girl in my teens. He told me how lovely this lady was.

Her gown was of some rich stuff that shimmered in the light of the candle she carried, and rustled musically as she walked. There was a flash of jewels at her throat and on her hands. She had wrapped a crimson mantle about her head and shoulders. Her eyes were like stars on a summer's night, sparkling with a veiled radiance, and as she stood and looked down upon the sleeping boy, a smile, sweet, but full of a profound sadness, played upon her lips. Then a determined look came into her bright eyes.

He stirred in his sleep, laughed out, said "Mamma," and then opened his eyes. She stooped and touched his lips with her finger. "Hush! Speak only in a whisper. Eat this, and then I will take you to your mother."

After he had eaten, she wrapped her cloak about him, and together they stole up and out past the sleeping, drunken sentinel, to the stables. She led out a white horse, her own horse, Arthur was sure, for the creature caressed her with his head, and as she saddled him she talked to him in low tones, sweet, musical words of some foreign tongue. The handsome horse seemed to understand the necessity of silence, for he did not even whinny to the touch of his mistress's hand, and trod daintily and noiselessly as she led him to the mounting block, his small ears pricking forward and backward, as if knowing the need of watchful listening.

Leaping to the saddle and stooping, she lifted Ar-

thur in front of her, and with a word they were off—a slow walk at first, and then a rapid canter. Arthur never forgot that long night ride with the beautiful lady on the white horse, over the country flooded with the brilliancy of the full moon. Once or twice she asked if he was cold, as she drew the cloak more closely about him, and sometimes she would murmur softly to herself words in that silvery, foreign tongue. As they drew near Hartland, she asked him to point out his father's house, and when they were quite near, only a little distance off, she stopped the horse.

"I leave you here, you brave, darling boy," she said. "Kiss me once, and then jump down. And don't forget me."

Arthur threw his arms around her neck and kissed her, first on one cheek and then on the other, and looking up into the beautiful face with its starry eyes, said:—

"I will never, never forget you, for you are the loveliest lady I ever saw except—except mamma."

She laughed a pleased laugh, like a child, then took a ring from her hand and put it upon one of Arthur's fingers. Her hand was so slender it fitted his chubby little hand very well.

"Keep this," she said, "and by and by give it to some lady good and true, like mamma."

"Will you be punished?" he said, keeping her hand. She laughed again, with a proud, daring toss of her dainty head, and rode away.

Arthur watched her out of sight, and then turned toward home. Mrs. Heath was still keeping her lonely watch when the latch of the outer door was softly lifted,—nobody had the heart to take in the string with Arthur outside,—the inner door swung noiselessly back, and a blithe voice said, "Mamma! mamma! here I am, and I didn't tell!"

All that day, and the next, and the next, the Heath household were in momentary expectation of the coming of the redcoats to search for the spy. Dorothy and Arthur, and sometimes Abram, did picket duty to give seasonable warning of their approach. But they never came. In a few days news was brought that the British forces, on the very morning after Arthur's return, had made a rapid retreat before an advance of the federal troops, and never again was a redcoat seen in Hartland. The spy got well in great peace and comfort under Basha's nursing, and went back again to do service in the Continental army; and Dorothy used to say, "You did learn, didn't you, Arty, how a person, even a little boy, can be a hero without fighting, just as mamma said?"—"*Wonder Stories of History.*"

Boy Editor Would Be War Correspondent

THE youngest magazine editor in the United States—Norman L. Sper, of Brooklyn, New York—applied recently to Gen. Hugh Scott, assistant chief of staff of the army, for the credentials of a war correspondent in Mexico and permission to go to New York on a United States war vessel.

Young Sper, who is only twenty years old, is editor of the *Boy Scout Review*, and lives in Brooklyn. Four years ago, when he was sixteen years old, he interested some New York newspaper men in the possibilities of a Boy Scout magazine in Brooklyn. They helped him get out his first issue. Six months later, he sold the publication to the Boy Scouts of America, and Vincent Astor is now president of the corporation which publishes it.

When seventeen years old, he tramped from New York to San Francisco and got fifteen thousand subscriptions en route. He was also the youngest member in the party of suffrage "hikers" from New York to Washington in February, 1913.

Sper is the youngest war correspondent to apply for credentials within the past fifty years.—*Selected.*



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

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

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, June 13

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts (five minutes).
4. "Story of Metlakahtla—No. 2" (ten minutes).
5. Reports (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

1. Song; sentence prayers; special music; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual reports and offering; secretary's report.

2. Exodus, chapters 15-20, 32-34; Numbers, chapters 11-14, etc. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets," Moses as a leader in the wilderness. From the references given, select passages that reveal the characteristics of this great leader. Notice his humility, his love for the people, his patience with them, his fear of God, his willingness to receive advice, his resourcefulness, etc.

3. 2 Thess. 1: 7-10.

4. This paper should be read or given as a talk. Preface this with a brief review of the article given last week on this same subject. See *Gazette*.

5. Reports from all work bands.

6. Repeat in concert the twenty-third psalm.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending June 13

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "James Hudson Taylor" (ten minutes).
3. "The China Inland Mission" (five minutes).
4. "The Gospel Message" (ten minutes).
5. Mission News Items (five minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (fifteen minutes).

1. Singing; prayer; secretary's report; offering taken; review Morning Watch texts; reports of work done.

2. Today our Juniors on their imaginary missionary tour will go to Shanghai to meet Dr. Taylor and go with him to the China Inland Mission. Have the biography read by a Junior or given as a talk. See *Gazette*.

3. Let this story be given as a talk by one of the Juniors. If you have "A Retrospect," by J. Hudson Taylor, you can give an impressive illustration of how the work of the China Inland Mission has grown. See article in this INSTRUCTOR.

4. Recitation. After this recitation encourage the Juniors by telling how their gifts to the 1914 Missionary Volunteer goal fund are helping to give the gospel in the Orient. See this INSTRUCTOR.

5. Appoint a Junior to glean news items concerning missionary work from recent numbers of the *Review* and the INSTRUCTOR and any other papers to which you may have access. If possible, get some from the *Missionary Review of the World*.

6. Have short talks by leaders of working bands about needs and plans of work. Remember every member of the Junior society should be a working member.

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

17. WHO should hold the membership card?

After an individual has signed the membership card, it should be turned over to the society secretary that he may countersign it and record the name of the new member in the society book. Then the card should be returned to the new member. Every Missionary Volunteer should keep his membership card where a frequent glimpse of it will remind him of his sacred pledge.

18. Is there a Temperance number of *Our Little Friend*? I have heard so, but do not know. Kindly let me know.

Yes, there is an excellent Temperance number of *Our Little Friend*, dated May 1 and 8. Our Juniors everywhere should help give this paper the wide circulation it merits. This paper has come to enable our boys and girls everywhere to help create the temperance sentiment needed to bring about national prohibition.

"A SMILE, a word, a touch—
And each is easily given;
Yet either may win a soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily either is given!"



XI—David and Jonathan

(June 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 18, 19.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 649-653.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." Rom. 12: 10.

Questions

1. When the Spirit of God came upon David, from whom did the Spirit depart? With what was Saul troubled? Who alone seemed to have power to soothe him? How did he do it? 1 Sam. 16: 13, 14, 23.

2. After David returned home, how forgetful did Saul become? What strange question did he ask David? Nevertheless, how courteously and modestly did David answer him? 1 Sam. 17: 55-58; note 1.

3. When Saul's son Jonathan saw how wisely and sweetly David treated Saul, how did he regard David? How did Saul honor David? How did Jonathan and David promise to be true to each other? How did Jonathan still further show his love for David? Of what was this a faint picture or symbol? 1 Sam. 18: 1-4; note 2.

4. Under the circumstances, how would it have been more natural for Jonathan to feel? Note 3. What are we to learn from Jonathan's great love for David? Memory verse.

5. What position of trust did Saul give to David? How did David conduct himself? How was he regarded by the people? How by Saul's servants? Verse 5.

6. After Goliath was slain, who came out from all the cities to meet King Saul? How did they manifest their joy? What expression did they use in their songs? What effect did it have on Saul? What did he say? Instead of being glad and loving David, as Jonathan did, what did he do? Verses 6-9.

7. What was the result of giving way to this fit of jealousy? How did David return him good for evil?

What weapon was in Saul's hand? What did his jealousy and hate cause him to try to do? Verses 10, 11.

8. Of what was this another proof? 1 John 3:15. What was David's protection? 1 Sam. 18:12; Ps. 34:7.

9. What did Saul do with David? Why did he do this? How did David behave himself in this difficult position? How was he able to do this? 1 Sam. 18:13, 14; note 4.

10. In everything David did, what did Saul see and know? And yet what did he dare to do? In becoming David's enemy, whose enemy did Saul become? Verses 28, 29.

11. What did he finally command Jonathan and all his servants to do? How did Jonathan intercede for David? Why did he do this? 1 Sam. 19:1-5.

12. What success did Jonathan have? What position was restored to David? Verses 6, 7; note 5.

13. What did Saul later attempt to do? What did David once more succeed in doing? How determined was Saul to kill him? Verses 9-11.

14. How did David learn of Saul's intentions? How did he escape? With whom did he go to live for a time? Verses 11, 12, 18.

15. What gave to both Jonathan and David the spirit of love? Rom. 5:5. What caused Saul to envy and hate? 1 Sam. 16:14.

Notes

1. "Though he [David] had been at court formerly, yet having been for some time absent (verse 15), Saul had forgotten him, being melancholy and mindless, and little thinking that his musician would have spirit enough to be his champion; and therefore, as if he had never seen him before, he asked whose son he was."—*Matthew Henry*.
2. This seems to be but a picture of what was coming, when David should indeed step into Jonathan's place by becoming king, and should wear his crown and robe.
3. "None had so much reason to dislike David as Jonathan had, because he was to put him by the crown."—*Henry*.
4. No doubt Saul's object in making David captain over a portion of his army was that in some battle with the Philistines David would be slain. But because the Lord was with David, even this was turned in David's favor, for the Lord fought for him, and each victory brought David into further prominence before the people as a successful man of war—the very element they were looking for in their king.
5. "The friendship of Jonathan for David was also of God's providence, to preserve the life of the future ruler of Israel."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 649.*

4. What reasons does he give as to why they were worthy of honor? Verse 4.
5. Who are next mentioned? Verses 5-7; note 3.
6. What other workers unknown to us does he name? Verses 8-10.
7. What salutations were exchanged? Verses 11-16; note 4.
8. Against what class did the apostle warn the church? Verse 17.
9. What were the characteristics of these apostles? Verse 18. Compare Phil. 3:19.
10. What could he say of the church in Rome? Verse 19, first part; note 5.
11. Yet while the apostle rejoiced in this, what did he wish? Verse 19, last part.
12. What assurance of triumph does the apostle give them? Verse 20, first part; note 6.
13. What benediction does he pronounce upon them? Verse 20, last part.

Notes

1. "Cenchrea" was the eastern port of Corinth, about nine miles distant. It seems to have been a town of considerable importance in the apostle's day. It is now known as Kishries. Phebe was a servant, or deaconess, at Cenchrea, and may well have been the bearer of this epistle. Pliny in his letter to the emperor Trajan speaks of two Christian handmaids whom Pliny tortured, and whom he declares were called *ministrae*, or deaconesses.
2. Priscilla and Aquila were among the strong lay helpers of the gospel. Priscilla seems to have been the more prominent, as her name is sometimes mentioned first. Paul first meets them at Corinth. Acts 18:2. They were natives of Pontus, and went with Paul to Ephesus. Here they instructed Apollos in the truth. They then went to Rome, and later returned to Ephesus. They had gathered in Rome a church which met in their own house.
3. Epænetus, according to the Revised Version, was of Asia instead of Achaia. We know naught of these persons only as they are here mentioned by the apostle. It was good to know that Paul had relatives in Rome who accepted the truth before he did, and consequently were known to the twelve apostles. Junia was probably the wife of Andronicus.
4. Of this list of Christians (verses 8-15) we know naught, save that Rufus is supposed to be the son of Simon of Cyrene. Mark 15:21. The mother of Rufus seems also to have been like a mother to Paul; one of the mothers whom Paul found by following Christ. Mark 10:29, 30. But all God's unknown workers are recorded on high. The mention of these shows how Paul regarded individually his personal helpers.
5. Rome was then the center of the world. All information went out more readily from Rome to all parts of the empire than from any other center. Churches elsewhere became greatly interested in the believers who were under the shadow of the palace of the Cæsars. The apostle did not wish them to be wise in wickedness, but to know naught of it. We do not need to study counterfeits to know the genuine, but we do need to know the genuine that we may discern at once the counterfeit.
6. A renewal in promise of the prophecy made four thousand years before. Gen. 3:15. At the very longest the triumph of evil will soon be over. The light afflictions are for a moment, the triumph is an eternal weight of glory. 2 Cor. 4:17.

XI — Greetings and Unity

(June 13)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	Phebe commended	Questions 1, 2; note 1
Mon.	Priscilla and Aquila	Questions 3, 4; note 2
Tue.	Other workers mentioned	Questions 5-7; notes 3, 4
Wed.	A warning against deceivers	Questions 8-10; note 5
Thur.	Words of courage to the believers	Questions 11-13; note 6
Fri.	Review of the lesson	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 16:1-20.

Questions

1. Whom did Paul commend to the church at Rome? Rom. 16:1; note 1.
2. What did he ask them to do for her? Why? Verse 2.
3. What two other laborers does Paul next name? Verse 3; note 2.

"If the Prince of Wales makes his proposed visit to the United States, will he bring along a fashion that will last for generations? When, as the young Prince of Wales, his grandfather came to this country in 1860, he made the frock coat so popular that it is commonly known to this day as 'the Prince Albert.' Before that time few persons in America wore coats of that style. The day coat of many men who dressed smartly was still a blue 'swallowtail' with brass buttons."

MT. ETNA has again, by volcanic activity on May 9, brought death and desolation to thousands of homes. Slight earthquake shocks before the great disaster came, served as a warning to many of the inhabitants of the fated villages, giving them time to escape with their lives. The earthquake was even more severe, it is said, than the terrible Messina disaster in 1908.

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Faraday's Impulsiveness

TYNDALL paid this tribute to his friend Faraday: "His nature was impulsive, but there was a force behind the impulse which did not permit it to retreat. If in his warm moments he formed a resolution, in his cool ones he made that resolution good. Thus his fire was that of a solid combustible, not that of a gas, which blazes suddenly and dies away as suddenly.—*Rev. Tileston F. Chambers.*

Self-Reliance

MAN to be great must be self-reliant. Though he may not be so in all things, he must be self-reliant in the one in which he would be great. This self-reliance is not the self-sufficiency of conceit. It is daring to stand alone. Be an oak, not a vine. Be ready to give support, but do not crave it; do not be dependent on it. To develop your true self-reliance, you must see from the very beginning that life is a battle you must fight for yourself; you must be your own soldier. You cannot buy a substitute, you cannot win a reprieve, you can never be placed on the retired list. The retired list of life is—death. The world is busy with its own cares, sorrows, and joys, and pays little heed to you. There is but one great password to success,—self-reliance.—*William George Jordan.*

The Still Room

THE other day, when visiting Niagara Falls, we were shown through one of those wonderful power houses. Our friend and the guide explained to us as they took us about, something of the process by which that mighty volume of water was being harnessed, directed, and utilized for the lighting of our cities and homes, the turning of factory wheels, the manufacture of our food and clothing. At last they took us into a large room in which there were many strange-looking machines. But the place was different from all the others where we had been. There was not a person to be seen at work. There was scarcely a sound to be heard. "This is the Still Room," explained the guide. "Nothing much doing here," I replied. The guide smiled, and answered something like this: "Why, this is the center of the whole thing; the whole process hinges on what is done here. It is the most important place in the building." I went away musing: The Still Room—the center of all—everything hinges

on what is done here! So it is in our lives. If my life, if your life, is going to be the wonderful power house it should be,—that God meant it to be,—it must have a *Still Room*—some time in which to be alone, to be quiet.—*Selected.*

The Story of Poba

MRS. F. S. MILLER, a missionary in Korea, who had charge of a girls' boarding school there, tells the story of a little girl who with her sister was brought to the school one night by their father. Mrs. Miller asked the names of the little motherless girls. The father said the older girl's name was Su-pelie (New-star) and the younger's was Sapsadie (Sorrowful); but the missionary said right then that her name should be Poba (Precious), and not Sorrowful. The way that Poba redeemed her name is related by Mrs. Miller as follows:—

"She was not a brilliant girl, but she was attractive, and she grew, year by year, in great faithfulness to her duties both in school and out of school. For a number of years before she was married, she helped in tutoring the girls in the day school right there in our own yard. At her marriage she went to her husband's home. Within the first week from the time she went into the home, her husband's mother died, and Poba, a girl of eighteen, was left in charge of the home, where were an aged grandmother, a little sister-in-law, a father-in-law, three brothers-in-law, her husband—a family of eight for Poba to care for. She did the cooking and the sewing; and all men's and women's outer garments have to be ripped to pieces every time they are laundered.

"Poba had a strong Christian heart, and she endeared herself to all. She did her work in the kitchen on the ground, as the Koreans have no floors. Her work was carried on under difficult circumstances, and Poba often had more than she could do; but she had willing hands and a brave heart. In the course of a year or so a little one came into the home, and was not more than six to nine months old when the church officers sought out Poba to be teacher of their day school for girls. The home duties were so adjusted that Poba could take up that work, and she still has it, caring for her home and little ones. She is an efficient teacher in the church day school. I mention her because she is not brilliant and is no exception; her life shows what the gospel is doing for girls all through Korea."

Indians Want to Vote

CHIEF WHITE CLOUD, leader of two thousand eight hundred Dakota Indians, walked all the way from the Northwest to Washington to have an interview with President Wilson. He is trying to persuade the authorities at Washington to give the Indian the right to vote.

The chief is a graduate of the Carlisle government school. He speaks several languages fluently, including numerous Indian dialects. He has taught school among his people and rendered other valuable services, and he believes that he ought to have the right to vote, along with other Indians who could qualify on the grounds of intelligence.—*Selected.*

WITHIN the last six months two Mormon churches have been dedicated in Chicago.