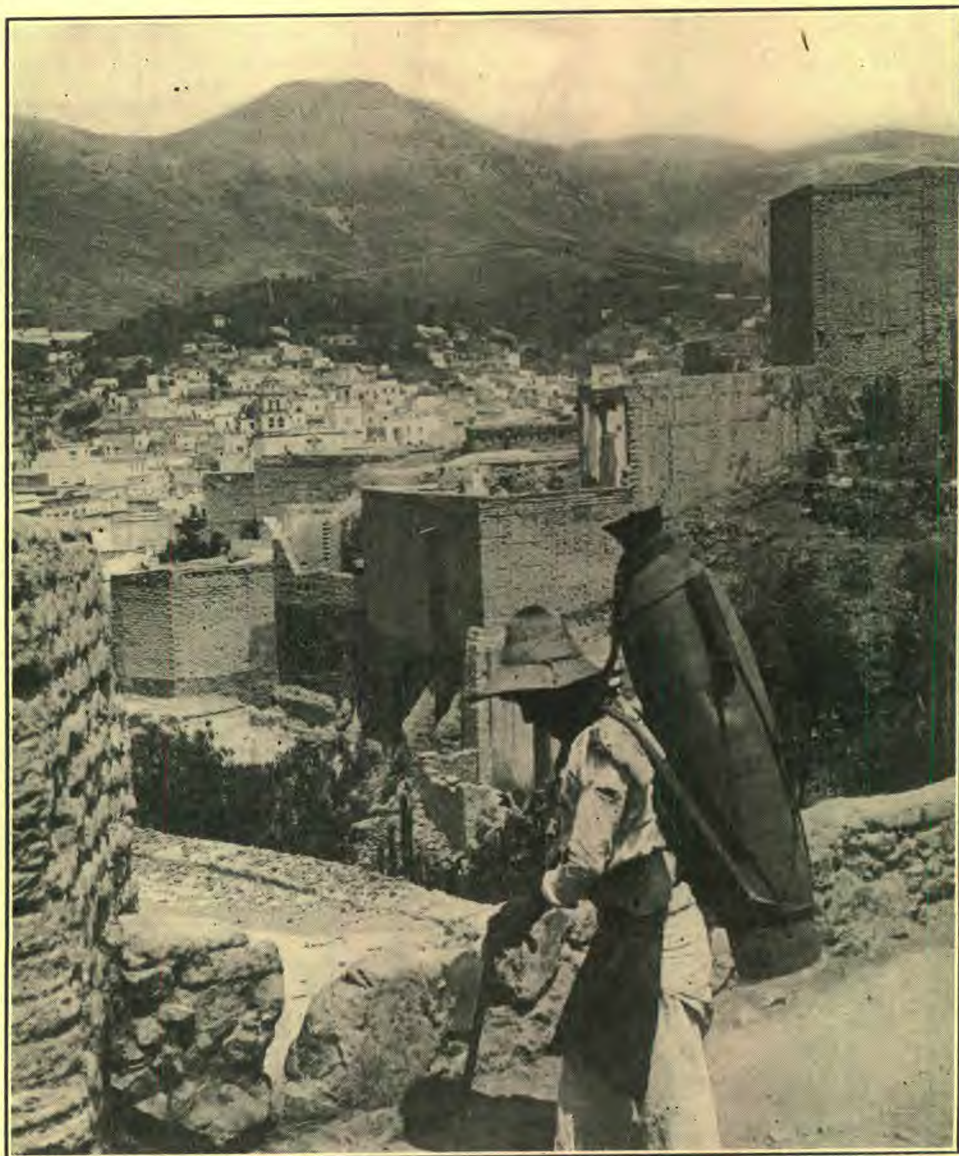


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

July 7, 1914

No. 27



MEXICO'S MOUNTAIN CITY OF GUANAJUATO, 10,000 IN HABITANTS

Telegraph Immediately to Your Representatives

A vote on the Sheppard-Hobson Resolution, the National Liquor Prohibition Bill, will be taken in the House of Representatives very soon. Thousands of telegrams and letters should be sent immediately to representatives, urging their support at this crucial time. If you have any love for your fellow man, don't fail to carry out this suggestion.

THE Isthmian Canal Commission, which went out of existence on April 1, estimated that to operate and maintain the canal, run the government of the Zone, and keep up the sanitation, it will cost about \$4,000,000 every year. The construction of the canal has cost \$375,000,000. At three per cent the interest on this will amount to \$11,250,000 annually. Beginning with January, 1913, the canal concession treaty compels the United States to pay to the Republic of Panama annually the sum of \$250,000. Thus the total annual expenses of the canal will be \$15,500,000.

ONE of the most interesting and important national elections in the history of the country will be held on November 3. Thirty-two United States Senators are on that day to be elected by direct vote of the people in as many different States, not including the filling of unexpired terms due to death. Heretofore, senators have been elected by the State legislatures. We have now forty-eight States and ninety-six senators, and one third of the senators must be chosen every two years for six-year terms. The Senate at present has fifty-two Democrats, forty-three Republicans, and one Progressive. There will also be elections in every Congressional district, four hundred and thirty-five in all, to choose the entire membership of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

Ten Facts About Woman Suffrage

OVER three million six hundred thousand women in the United States can vote for President.

In nine States—Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming—and in the Territory of Alaska, women have full suffrage on exactly the same terms as men.

Every equal suffrage State is adjacent to another equal suffrage State; that is, every State except Wyoming, which had granted votes for women previously, had an opportunity to know how equal suffrage worked in one or more neighboring States.

In Illinois women can vote for presidential electors and for all officers and on all questions not provided for in the State constitution. In nineteen States of the United States women have school suffrage; and in five States limited suffrage on questions of taxing and bonding.

Norway, Finland, Australia, New Zealand, and the Isle of Man have given full suffrage to women. These are among the most progressive and enlightened countries of the world.

In every one of the above countries the municipal suffrage was granted first, and the full suffrage granted only after the smaller measure had been thoroughly tested.

In Iceland, Denmark, Sweden, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and nine of the provinces of Canada women have municipal franchise. Denmark and Iceland are on the point of extending the full suffrage to women. In the cities of Belize in Honduras, Bombay in India, and Rangoon in Burma, the women share

whatever municipal franchise rights the men enjoy.

In November, 1914, equal suffrage amendments will be submitted to the voters in North and South Dakota, Nevada, Montana, Nebraska, and probably in Missouri and Ohio.

The legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Iowa have passed suffrage bills which must be approved by the 1915 legislatures before they can be submitted to the voters.

Wherever any country, state, or community has granted women a measure of suffrage, women are still enjoying it, although in many cases the original franchise right has been enlarged and extended.—*Woman's National Weekly*.

Work for Many Thousands

THE harvest season has begun, and the farmers of the Central Western States are clamoring for hands. Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma will need 82,000 harvesters, and there are other great grain-growing States which will need the help of many more thousands. The wages paid range from \$2 to \$3.50 a day. Here is a chance for the strikers in the Colorado coal mines to secure work at fair pay, and to find a way to freedom. There is no more independent life than that of a farmer, and never in the history of the country was there a greater demand for farm laborers, and never were farm wages as high as at present. In the cities many husky men are idle. They can find work in the harvest fields, and after the crops have been garnered they can secure other employment, as the crops must be moved from farm to city and seaboard. Those who are striking against what they regard as intolerable conditions should seek the farm and engage in a new line of work. The Department of Agriculture might arrange to move the men who are idle to the wheat fields of the West, where the men are needed.—*Woman's National Weekly*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 7, 1914

No. 27

Little, but Much

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving;
But it scattered the night
Like morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp and woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a kindly word,
And a word that was lightly spoken;
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a heart beset by fears,
And groping blindly through mist of tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasp was warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs,
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or 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!

—Selected.

"Let No Man Despise Thy Youth"

S. A. NAGEL



WHEN Napoleon was asked at twenty-six years of age to take command of the French army in Italy, one of the directors at Paris said, "I fear you are too young." Napoleon replied, "In a year I will be old or dead, sir."

Alexander the Great, on the death of his father, Philip, became king of Greece at twenty years of age. The city of Thebes, hearing that Philip was dead, revolted. "The old warrior is dead, and his son is but a mere boy," they said. When Alexander heard it, he marched against the city and destroyed it. On the way down he said, "They say that I am a boy, but I am coming to teach them that I am a man."

While attending Union College, I once picked up a book that I had not opened for a long time. My eye caught sight of something on the last leaf, and there in my mother's handwriting, I read these words: "MY DEAR BOY: As you leave the home nest today, I bid you always make God your trust, and remember that he never made a shield for your back. Stand like the brave, with your face to the foe. MOTHER."

In times of temptation these words have oftentimes strengthened me. God never expects us to turn back. Once a little English drummer boy was brought prisoner before Napoleon. The emperor commanded him to sound the retreat. "I never learned it, sir," was his prompt reply. God expects us to go continually onward.

Young people, enlist in God's army. "There is but one business that is worth while. To undertake it the throne of heaven was emptied that the mansions of heaven might be filled."

When Charles Peace, of England, a noted criminal, was being led to the scaffold, the prison chaplain offered him what was called the "consolations of religion." The wretched man turned upon him and said, "Do you believe it? Do you believe it? If I believed that, I would crawl across England on broken glass on my hands and knees, to tell men it was true."

Your Guide goes on before you. Follow him. "I may not know the way I go, but, ah! I know my Guide." The experiences to be met with by all who

enlist in God's army are well pictured in the following lines by R. J. Burdette:—

"There is no path in this desert waste,
For the winds have swept the shifting sand;
The trail is blind where the storms have raced,
And a stranger, I, in these fearsome lands.
But I journey on with a lightsome tread;
I do not falter nor turn aside;
For I see His figure, just ahead—
He knows the way I take—my Guide.

"There is no path in this trackless sea;
No map is lined on the restless waves;
The ocean's snares are strange to me,
Where the unseen wind in its fury raves.
But it matters not; my sails are set,
And my swift prow tosses the sea aside;
For the changeless stars are steadfast yet,
And I sail by his star-blazed trail—my Guide.

"There is no way in this starless night;
There is naught but cloud in the inky skies;
The black night smothers me; left and right,
I stare with a blind man's straining eyes,
But my steps are firm, for I cannot stray;
The path to my feet seems light and wide;
For I hear his voice—'I am the way,'
And I sing as I follow him on—my Guide."

Wai Chow, China.

Helpless on an African Mountain

A SHORT time ago the writer was visiting our mission stations in north Basutoland, which is a wild, mountainous country inhabited by the Basutos, a strong race of Africans. One pleasant day a small party of us at the mission thought we would take a stroll through some mountains which were not far away, and in which we were told there was some very beautiful scenery. So, setting out on foot, we crossed the intervening valley, and were soon making our way up the mountain side. After considerable climbing we were rewarded by seeing some very wild and grand spots, perfect specimens of nature's handiwork. After viewing these for a time and resting in the shadow of an overhanging rock, we thought to retrace our steps and return to the mission. But our guide urged us onward, with the assurance that the best was yet to come; so, somewhat reluctantly, for we were quite weary, we followed on.

Soon we came to a wild gorge which led up to the top of the mountain; indeed, it seemed as if some day the mountain had cracked open, making a narrow cañon from the foothills to the top. It was through this rugged defile we purposed to make the ascent. When part way up, we reached a place where a number of large rocks were thrown together, and through a hole in these two feet in diameter the water would rush down the gorge in the wet season. As we were passing this spot, the writer glanced backward and down through this hole, and saw something moving below. He looked again, and saw that it was a goat, and at once concluded that it must be in a helpless condition, as it was so far from the fold and all alone.

Upon further investigation, it seemed that this little creature had been clambering about on these rocks in search of food, had lost its footing, and had slid down through this hole to a shelf of rock below. Beyond was a sheer precipice of perhaps thirty or forty feet. The goat could not clamber back the steep, slippery rock through the hole; so it was confined to that small shelf of rock where it stood, unable to go either way.

Surely it must soon have perished had we not found it; and when we reached it and lifted it to a place of safety, it seemed very happy and grateful. It was far away in the mountains, alone and helpless, and must soon have perished; but loving hands found it and set it free. So, dear youth, there are many today far away in the mountains of sin, helpless and alone, who will soon perish unless some one notices them and goes to their rescue. They greatly need a helping hand, and the kindly assistance of some one who cares for their souls. Will you go to their relief, and assist them to a place of safety? W. B. WHITE.

Forming and Breaking Habits

ANY act that is repeated so frequently that you finally perform it mechanically and unconsciously, becomes a habit. There are good habits and bad habits. Some habits, while not actually bad, are very annoying to your friends, and may sometime become a source of much embarrassment to you.

Most boys and girls fall very easily into the habit of using slang and extravagant expressions in ordinary conversation. Let me ask you this question, Can you converse ten minutes, and not drag in an inelegant number of "funny" expressions or a little slang? If you cannot, then you are acquiring a pernicious habit. The home table is a good place at which to practice. Use the best English of which you are capable, and it will help you overcome the habit of using slang and extravagant language.

Another habit easily formed is that of scowling, twisting the face into all kinds of wrinkles and knots, while engaged in some earnest work. If you find yourself doing this, at once compose your face, and smile your easiest smile. Do this every time you think of it, and soon that habit will be conquered. The habit of biting the finger nails or the lips is a disfiguring habit, and often grows on one to the extent that it is almost impossible to stop it. If you have this habit, start in at once to break it. Bite good and hard every time you find yourself biting your lips. The pain thus suffered will help to impress the thought on your memory, and will assist you in overcoming the habit.

If you find yourself thinking unkindly of any one, turn about and think of every good thing you can about him, and you will find him a pretty good person after all. Try to say something good about every person

about whom you hear something bad, and see how quickly you will overcome the habit of speaking critically of people.

Giggling is one of the annoying habits that many girls indulge in. Something seems ridiculous and they start to giggle, and continue to giggle whether there really is anything funny to laugh at or not. Do you know a good remedy for this? Try to recall the prettiest song you ever heard, or the prettiest poem. Try to name all the pretty flowers you ever saw. Get your friend or chum to try it, too; for it is pretty hard for one girl to stop giggling when a chum is tittering in her ear. This plan will work, for I tried it years ago.

Disorderliness is a common habit among boys and girls. If you find yourself growing careless, try to make a place for everything and keep it there. If for one week you never allow yourself to put a thing anywhere but in its proper place, you will find that after that you will put your things away unconsciously, and when you want them you will find them. You may have to run to your room many times a day at first, to put away forgotten things, but if you persevere you will surely be rewarded. And when you start out in life for yourself, you will find the habits of method, neatness, and orderliness valuable possessions.—*Pilgrim Visitor*.

"One of These Days"

Say, let's forget it, let's put it aside,
Life is so short and the world is so wide,
Days are so short and there's so much to do;
What if it was false? there's so much that's true;
Say, let's forget it, let's brush it away
Now and forever, so, what do you say?
All of the bitter words said shall be praise,
One of these days.

Say, let's forgive it, let's wipe off the slate,
Find something better to cherish than hate.
There's so much good in the world that we've had,
Let's strike a balance, and cross off the bad;
Say, let's forgive it, whatever it be:
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free.
We shall be walking in sunshiny ways,
One of these days.

Say, let's not take it so sorely to heart,
Hates may be friendships just drifted apart,
Failures be genius not quite understood;
We could all help folks so much if we would.
Say, let's get closer to somebody's side,
See what his dream is and know how he tried,
Learn if our scoldings won't give way to praise,
One of these days.

Say, let's not wither, let's branch out and rise,
Out of the byways and nearer the skies,
Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and deep
Where some tired traveler may lie down and sleep.
Say, let's not tarry, let's do it right now,
So much to do if we just find out how.
We may not be here to help folks, or praise,
One of these days.

—J. W. Foley, in the *American Outlook*.

Buried Alive

It would be a terrible thing for any of us to think of a loved one, who, after being buried in the cold, dark ground, should awake and lie there thinking of us, and finally perish for want of air. We cannot imagine the anguish and torture of being imprisoned in such a place while there is left a spark of life in one, but poor Chinese prisoners who are "coffined" alive have some idea of the terribleness of such an experience.

I wonder what our boys and girls would think if they saw living people put into great strong coffins,

never to be opened again. If this should happen in our own country, I am sure all would remonstrate against such a course, and would petition the courts to administer a more humane punishment to prisoners, no matter what crime they might have committed.

It is enough for the law to take a man's life for a thing worthy of death; but the following will show that in China, death is not enough to satisfy the vengeful ire of the people. This cruel punishment is the result of the work of the evil one, and not of an all-merciful, forgiving God. "For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death."

In the dark, dank dungeon at Urga, Mongolia, many poor Chinese are shut up for the rest of their lives in iron-bound coffins, which are too short to allow their occupants to stretch out at full length, and too low to permit them to sit up, the sole access for food, light, and air being through a small opening where the head of the prisoner may be seen; yet it is possible for them, though bound by the iron bands of their coffins, to enjoy freedom in Christ. Doubtless they would now be enjoying many of the blessings that we have, had we done our part in times past in proclaiming the gospel to the broken-hearted, in preaching deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind.

The life of the people in outer Mongolia is very distressing. The Mongols have it in them to be diabolically cruel, and a more terrible fate than that which befalls the Mongol malefactor at Urga is difficult of conception. Within a small compound fenced in by high, spiked palisades are five or six dungeons. There are human beings in those dungeons, and among them a number of highly civilized Chinese, imprisoned for political offenses, who are shut up for the remainder of their lives in those heavy, iron-bound coffins, which they are never permitted to leave under any conditions or for any purpose. They can see daylight but for a few minutes twice in the twenty-four hours, when their food is thrust into their coffins.

We can understand the hopeless misery of these prisoners when we note the light-heartedness with which three Mongol soldiers went to their execution. Six months previously they had murdered their general, and in the interval had been dragging out a miserable existence in the coffins. The account which was given in the *London Illustrated News*, says:—

"The soldiers looked ghastly enough after their incarceration, and ate greedily the food which was offered to them when they were taken out of the carts used to convey them to the place of execution. One of them shouted ribald jibes to the mandarin who was present in his official capacity. 'Come out and watch us die. That is what you are here for; don't stop skulking in that tent!' One of the soldiers remarked to the lama, who held the sacred picture of Buddha before his eyes a moment prior to execution, 'I don't mind dying, but I want to be a soldier when I am born again.'"

After enduring torture for several months, they were glad when their captors took them out to be shot. They found that it would be better to die than to lie in their coffin prisons, listening to the groans of fellow sufferers near them.

O. P. WILSON.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

To Love and to Be Loved

THIS is said to be the sum total of happiness in human life; so if you find some hatred still lurking in your poor, weak heart toward some one who has injured you, let me advise you as a friend, Have it extracted at once. Yes, just as quickly as possible; for whatever room it occupies will be a stranger to love; and you cannot afford to miss or lose the sweetness love offers in this world of trouble.

There is yet something for you to do. You have only fancied yourself a hero. You are no real conqueror till every foe is under your feet; and hatred, envy, and some other things which you know about are really foes to your happiness. I need not tell you that with the rest of mankind you are a sinner and need making over new. You have discovered that; but how intensely do you desire the change? Is there a deep, a painful sense of want on your part? Are you like the ancient worthies—destitute, afflicted, tormented? Does your hunger and thirst for righteousness exceed your cravings for temporal food. If you can give a favorable answer to these questions, I congratulate you. You are on the right road. Just persevere; never give up. You have as good a right to perfect happiness as any redeemed sinner. Have a will in the matter, and claim boldly all that Jesus bought for you. That is just what he wants you to do. Let him live in the soul temple, that wonderful piece of mechanism, nor for a day only, but for all time. Why should you tire of his sweet company, whose name and nature is Love?

Do you say, "I have tried and tried, and I cannot dislodge this evil feeling toward such a one; to speak frankly and truly, I can scarcely endure his presence"? Thank you for the statement. Now tell me again, as you are an honest man and doing work for eternity, Have you inquired of yourself and the Lord diligently just why this feeling of aversion exists? Is it because you are so truly refined while that person is corrupt, depraved, and worse than the average of persons? No?

Then it must be a lack of love; for love is no respecter of persons, and will always uphold justice; and how can you be just toward him as a victim of Satan until you are willing to do as much for him as Christ has done for you, even to the laying down of life? So, then, uncover this Achan and kill him without mercy; and if his other name is Pride, I am sure he will never give place to Contentment and Love until he is forced out. May you hear the voice of the Master saying to you as to Zaccheus, "Make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house."

S. O. JAMES.

Read! Study! Act!

READ a few pages from the Reading Course books every day. *Exile to Overthrow* is brimful of interesting historical facts. A book like "Judaism to Christianity" is well worth one's time.

Don't lose the recreation and pleasure found by reading "Wild Life on the Rockies."

Important notice! The books mentioned above are in the Senior Course.

Now hear of the Junior books.

Greatly liked is the first, "Black-Bearded Barbarian."

Carefully we read "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing." O, so thrilling is "In the Tiger Jungle"!

U haven't written all the reviews.

Resolve to finish a course. "You can if you will."

Some have received their certificates. Why not you?

Endeavor to increase our membership. It now stands at 162. Success to the Northern Illinois Reading Course Circle.

—Edith Shepard.

When Jesus Comes

PART I

MORN of glory, morn of gladness! Angels earthward wing their way.
Wayworn pilgrim, leave thy sadness; morning brings a brighter day.
Earth's long night of sin is passing; with this morn so fair to see,
Saints, rejoice; your King is coming. Lo, he comes in majesty.
Not now cradled in a manger, with the beasts to make his home;
Not a lonely, humble stranger, up and down the world to roam,
Often footsore, sad, and grieving, on the mountain kneeling low;
Not the man of Calvary, bearing all the weight of human woe;
Not e'en now the mediator, pleading long the sprinkled blood,
Reconciling man, the traitor, to a just, offended God.

'Tis now he comes, of kings the King, with many crowns and mystic name,
Waiting while the angels bring glad saints released from death's domain.
Awake! awake! ye sleepers still! the Son of God now calls, Awake!
And rolling thunders, peal on peal, earth's deep foundation pillars shake.
Old ocean deeps yield up their store. The heaving earth casts out her dead,
And caverns dark where days of yore the martyrs true for safety fled.
And angels to their mothers' arms bring babes long lost—there's none too small.
A glorified and happy throng, we'll "greet our Saviour first of all."
And now, O Death, where is thy sting? thy victory, Grave? what canst thou say?
Long years ago our Saviour, King, passed through and bore thy keys away,
And now unlocks thy narrow house, and brings thy captive prisoners home
From dusty beds to sea of glass, to starry crowns and triumph song;
And from a wrecked and ruined world, through skies aflame, they haste away
While falling rocks and mountains fold the spoils of sin and death away.
Swing open wide, ye pearly gates; ye everlasting doors, give way.
A righteous nation stands await, who own Jehovah's rightful sway,

And eager angels quickly bring the starry crowns, the harps of gold;
And with his own scarred hand the King shall crown his warriors true and bold.

PART II

And now the wedding feast is spread, the new wine poured when he shall sup
With us, the sweetened draft, who supped with him on earth the bitter cup.
A girded King to serve each guest who served him well while here below,
When in disguise, in humble dress, he came a suppliant knocking low.

This day by prophets long foretold, shall dawn at length, and earth no more
Shall in her cold, dark prison hold the saints of God from shore to shore.
And later seers have viewed the scene, and heard the escorting angel band
Shout glory as the King of kings brings captives home from every land.
"These are the purchase of my blood, these are my ransomed from the grave;
In these my soul is satisfied. I gave my life each one to save;
These shall forever reign with me, or roam to starry worlds beyond,
The glories of creation see, then back to earth, renewed and calm,
No longer now the abode of sin," no pricking brier or grievous thorn,
But dwelling safely still within, in heaven's bright, eternal morn.

O blest abode! O happy day! may we thy glory quickly see,
When earth and heaven shall own thy sway, and raise glad voice in praising thee.
No more sad tears, no funeral train, no yawning grave to claim our dead!
No breaking hearts, no guilty stain, but by the living fountains led!
We'll take the crystal waters pure, the tree of life which ever heals;
And on the face his name shall wear, that name which now the Spirit seals.
And so the Spirit and the blood give invitation sweet and clear:
Let him that thirsts forever bide, and all who will, O, let him hear!

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.

How the Paper Goes

Sells One Thousand Papers During Short Vacation



HE editor, seeing a notice in one of the State papers to the effect that Miss Lela Graber had sold one thousand copies of the 1914 Temperance INSTRUCTOR in Good Thunder, Minnesota, wrote to Miss Graber for an account of her experience.

An extract from her letter in response to this request follows:—

You ask for something of my experience. I hardly know how to attempt that. One might spend hours telling of experiences gained in only a few days' work, for the work is but a series of interesting experiences. I believe it to be one of the most educational lines of work in which a God-fearing young person can engage.

At different times I have engaged in this work with the Temperance INSTRUCTOR, *Watchman*, *Signs*, *Life and Health*, and *Protestant Magazine*. I never, however, had found so many prominent men in favor of temperance as I met this year in Minneapolis. As I was spending part of my vacation in the city with friends, I did not make it such a steady business as I might otherwise have done, but worked only from two to six hours a day. I easily distributed twenty-five copies of the paper each hour in the offices, my total sales being for the eight or nine days, parts of which I worked, one thousand papers, lacking nine that I disposed of on the train.

Many seemed deeply interested in the campaign, frequently buying the paper without agreeing with its sentiments.

One man, a lawyer and a Catholic, influential and well-known as a booster for the saloon, seemed very gruff when I first approached him. I had been warned before I entered his office, and while he at first said he would not buy, and delivered a free lecture expressing his wish that he held more

interest in breweries than he did, he afterward bought the paper, though he said he would not read it. I insisted that I would not take his dime nor leave the paper without his promise to read it through. He hesitated, then complied, and I feel sure he has read it.

I had many interesting experiences, and the best of it is that one cannot do such work without feeling the constant need of divine help and wisdom; so we ask without ceasing, and receive in the measure of our faith in the promises.

Word From South Dakota

The following personal experience of Miss Evelyn G. Calkins is also given by solicitation of the editor:—

I am always glad to tell my experience in circulating our truth-laden literature, though my experience as a paper worker has not been very extended. Perhaps you would be interested to learn how I chanced to take up the work.

I have been in the truth about two and one-half years. I accepted it while I was teaching. The following summer I entered the canvassing field with "Patriarchs and Prophets." Here the Lord richly blessed my efforts. The following winter I went to Oskaloosa to work in an office. Through a misunderstanding, I was compelled to give up this work. I was among strangers, and did not have sufficient funds for my return home.

The Iowa Conference president suggested that I sell papers to make my way home. Sell papers? I had never thought of such a thing, and besides, I just knew I never could do it. But there was nothing else to do, so, trusting in the Lord for success, I started homeward with two hundred Temperance INSTRUCTORS to be used as "legal tender." I am very thankful for this first precious experience in the magazine work.

After I arrived in South Dakota, I did not drop the work, but sold papers part of the summer in all the larger towns in the State. My endeavors to spread this truth were crowned

with success. And then this spring I made a short trip to Flandreau, Sioux Falls, and Mitchell. These towns I worked in one week, selling four hundred papers.

I find that it is difficult to carry on successful magazine work in South Dakota. Our towns and cities are small. The largest is Sioux Falls, and it has only 15,000 inhabitants. My expenses in going from place to place were so great that I could not make my scholarship, so I am selling books this season. This makes my third year's experience.

The following is a report of the work done this spring just prior to election, April 21: On Monday, 3 hours, 50 papers; Tuesday, 5½ hours, 100 papers; Wednesday, 6½ hours, 126 papers; Thursday, 3½ hours, 65 papers; Friday, 3 hours, 59 papers; total, 21½ hours, 400 papers.

This year's edition of the *Temperance Instructor* is excellent. In our State several hundred copies were bought by temperance societies, and circulated. This issue sold readily; I had no trouble in selling the papers. I could have sold more in Mitchell, but my supply was exhausted. Later, in the fall, I expect to make quite a long trip, and I am planning to use the *INSTRUCTOR* again to defray expenses. I am so glad that we have literature of such sterling worth. I intend to be faithful in doing my part to "scatter it like the leaves of autumn" among the honest in heart.

Universal Bible Sunday

THE idea of a universal Bible Sunday is that on one and the same day throughout the whole Christian world the Holy Scriptures shall be the subject of special consideration, not only in the churches and Sunday schools and wherever people congregate, but in the press, and that each recurring anniversary shall be the occasion for reviewing the position of the Bible in the world, the progress of its circulation and translation into the various languages, and its relation to all conditions of national and individual life. In such an annual review the discoveries which are every year throwing some new light on the records of Holy Writ can be laid before the people, so that the Word of God may be more deeply studied as its truth is more clearly attested to the intelligence of mankind.

The observance of a Bible Sunday has already made substantial progress in various parts of the world. It has been observed for some years sporadically in Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, and in the mission churches of north Africa. It has been established in places in China, while in Korea it is celebrated on a national scale, and was last year made the occasion of general thanksgiving to commemorate the completion of the Bible in the Korean language. In parts of India it has become an important annual event, and in a number of cases the Hindus and Mohammedans join the Christians in paying honor to the Bible and its teachings.

These observances have taken place at various times of the year, and what is now wanted is to coordinate them into a common date.

The third Sunday before Christmas fell last year on the seventh of December. The various denominations were asked to join on that date in exalting the Word of God.

LOOK not to self, but to Christ. He who healed the sick and cast out demons when he walked among men is still the same mighty Redeemer. Then grasp his promises as leaves from the tree of life. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." As you come to him, believe that he accepts you, because he has promised. You can never perish while you do this — never. — *Ministry of Healing*, page 66.

"PRAYER is the desire of the soul directed Godward."



Thermæ, or Baths



THE greatest demand upon the streams of water poured into Rome by the aqueducts was made by the thermæ, or baths. Among the ancient Romans, bathing, regarded at first simply as a troublesome necessity, became in time a luxurious art. Under the republic, bathing houses were erected in considerable numbers. But it was during the imperial period that those magnificent structures to which the name of thermæ properly attaches, were erected.

These edifices were among the most elaborate and expensive of the imperial works. They contained chambers for cold, hot, tepid, sudatory, and swimming baths; dressing rooms and gymnasiums; museums and libraries; covered colonnades for lounging and conversation; extensive grounds filled with statues and traversed by pleasant walks; and every other adjunct that could add to the sense of luxury and relaxation. Being intended to exhibit the liberality of their builders, they were thrown open to the public free of charge. — *Myers's "General History."*

Slavery in Greece

THERE was a dark side to Greek life. Hellenic art, culture, refinement, — "these good things were planted, like exquisite exotic flowers, upon the black, rank soil of slavery."

The proportion of slaves to the free population in many of the states was astonishingly large. In Corinth and Ægina there were ten slaves to every freeman. In Attica the proportion was four to one; that is to say, out of a population of about 500,000, 400,000 were slaves. Almost every freeman was a slave owner. It was accounted a real hardship to have to get along with less than half a dozen slaves.

This large class of slaves was formed in various ways. In the prehistoric period, the fortunes of war had brought the entire population of whole provinces into a servile condition, as in certain parts of the Peloponnesus. During later times, the ordinary captives of war still further augmented the ranks of these unfortunates. Their number was also largely added to by the slave traffic carried on with the barbarian peoples of Asia Minor. Criminals and debtors, too, were often condemned to servitude; while foundlings were usually brought up as slaves.

The relation of master and slave was regarded by the Greek as being not only a legal, but a natural one. A free community, in his view, could not exist without slavery. It formed the natural basis of both the family and the state, — the relation of master and slave being regarded as "strictly analogous to the relation of soul and body." Even Aristotle and other Greek philosophers approved the maxim that "slaves are simply domestic animals possessed of intelligence." They were regarded as just as necessary in the economy of the family as cooking utensils.

In general, Greek slaves were not treated harshly — judging their treatment by the standard of humanity that prevailed in antiquity. Some held places of honor

in the family, and enjoyed the confidence and even the friendship of their master. Yet at Sparta, where slavery assumed the form of serfdom, the lot of the slave was peculiarly hard and unendurable.

If slavery was ever justified by its fruits, it was in Greece. The brilliant civilization of the Greeks was its product, and could never have existed without it. As one truthfully says, "Without the slaves the Attic democracy would have been an impossibility, for they alone enabled the poor, as well as the rich, to take part in public affairs." Relieving the citizen of all drudgery, the system created a class characterized by elegant leisure, refinement, and culture.

We find an almost exact historical parallel to all this in the feudal aristocracy of medieval Europe. Such a society has been well likened to a great pyramid, whose top may be gilded with light, while the base lies in dark shadows. The civilization of ancient Hellas was splendid and attractive, but it rested with a crushing weight upon all the lower orders of Greek society.—*General History.*

Opium War With China

DURING the first half of the last century the opium traffic between India and China grew into gigantic proportions, and became an important source of wealth to the British merchants, and of revenue to the Indian government. The Chinese government, however, awake to the enormous evils of the growing use of the narcotic, forbade the importation of the drug; but the British merchants, notwithstanding the imperial prohibition, persisted in the trade, and succeeded in smuggling large quantities of the article into the Chinese market. Finally, the government seized and destroyed all the opium stored in the warehouses of the British traders at Canton. This act, together with other "outrages," led to a declaration of war on the part of England. British troops now took possession of Canton, and the Chinese government, whose troops were as helpless as children before European soldiers, was soon forced to agree to the Treaty of Nanking, by which the island of Hongkong was ceded to the English, several important ports were opened to British traders, and the perpetuation of the nefarious traffic in opium was secured.—*Selected.*

An Impressive Incident

GOD never asks us to take a step that he does not smooth the place for our feet. He always makes provision for an advance move. When his people arrive, everything is ready for them.

The difficulty is, however, that his servants are sometimes careless and slack, and they fail to respond to his command to go forward. An incident of this kind was impressed upon my mind some years ago in connection with our work in Washington.

In a Testimony dated May 30, 1907, Mrs. E. G. White wrote on "The Work in Washington, D. C." This was less than two weeks before the dedication of the Sanitarium here in Takoma Park. In this Testimony we find this statement: "We are now doing what should have been done *twenty years ago.*"—*Review and Herald, Aug. 15, 1907.*

It is evident from this that if we had strictly followed the leadings of the Lord, we should have been in the national capital years before. Would the way have been opened for such a work so long ago? That the Lord's words are not idly spoken may be seen from the following: At the services at the dedication

of the Sanitarium, an address was made by the mayor of Takoma Park. He said:—

"*Twenty years ago* I visited this identical spot in company with Mr. B. F. Gilbert, the founder of Takoma Park, who pointed out to me its many attractive features. . . . He made the statement at that time that nature had designed this place for a sanitarium, and that it was his intention to reserve it for that purpose."—*Id., July 4, 1907.*

Twenty years before we dedicated our Sanitarium the exact spot was located—ready and waiting for us! What shall we say? Be always ready to follow God's counsel without delay. C. E. HOLMES.

Our Treaty With Colombia

ACCORDING to the treaty between the United States and the Republic of Colombia, the republic will enjoy rights in respect to the interoceanic canal and the Panama Railway, which are, in brief, as follows:—

The Republic of Colombia will be at liberty to transport through the interoceanic canal its troops, ships, and materials of war, without paying any charges to the United States. The products of the soil and industry of Colombia, as well as the mails, passing through the canal, will be exempt from any charge or duty other than those to which the products and mails of the United States may be subject. The citizens of that republic, crossing the Canal Zone, will be exempt from every toll, tax, or duty to which citizens of the United States are not subject. In case of war between Colombia and another country, the troops, materials of war, products, and mails of the republic will be transported on the railway between Ancon and Cristobal, or any other railway, paying only the same charges and duties as are imposed upon the troops, materials of war, products, and mails of the United States. The officers, agents, and employees of the government of Colombia shall also be entitled to passage on the railway on the same terms as employees of the government of the United States, except in case of war between Colombia and Panama. Coal, petroleum, and sea salt passing from the Atlantic coast of Colombia to any Colombia port on the Pacific coast, and vice versa, will be transported free of any charge (being products of Colombia), except the actual cost of handling and transportation. The United States agrees to pay, after the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, \$25,000,000 to the Republic of Colombia. The Republic of Colombia recognizes Panama as an independent nation.

Some Day

SOME day all doubt and mystery
Will be made clear;
The threatening clouds which now we see
Will disappear.

SOME day what seems a punishment,
Will prove to be God's blessing sent
For very gain.

SOME day our weary feet will rest
In sweet content,
And we shall know how we were blest
By what was sent;

And looking back with clearer eyes
O'er life's short span,
Will see with wondering, glad surprise,
God's perfect plan;

And knowing that the path we went
Was God's own way,
Will understand his wise intent,
Some day, some day.

—*Selected.*

A Search for a Word



THE caravan is slowly and painfully winding its way among the rocks up the steep mountain sides into Ukamba land. Women and children working in the fields run in terror before the white man's approach, but a few young warriors, bolder than the rest, come closer, and when we stop to rest, spring up like magic all around us.

Stork-like, they stand on one foot, the other being drawn up and resting on the knee. Stolidly they gaze for a little while, but curiosity finally gets the better of them, and they begin pointing, and—is that language? Are they really talking? What a meaningless jargon! And we must learn that! Without grammar or vocabulary we must bring order out of this chaos of sounds.

An inquisitive young fellow, pointing to something, utters a single word, "*Nichau?*" What does he mean? We conclude that he is asking, "What is it?" In order to prove it, I point to the nearest object, which happens to be his bow, and to his surprise, I say, "*Nichau?*" He hesitates, and then answers, "*Uta.*"

The two words are hastily jotted down phonetically, and we have the beginning of the Kikamba vocabulary.

Day after day, through the months and years that follow, we fling that word, "*Nichau?*" in their teeth, and pester them with it on every occasion, until we have mastered several thousand words.

How we longed to preach the gospel to the multitudes perishing all about us! Yet it was long after we were able to converse on ordinary topics before we could intelligently set before them spiritual things.

For two years and a half I searched in vain to obtain one word. But it was the word that has belted the world in praise; the word that brings order out of the chaos of man's vain search after God; the word that is yet destined to make dark Africa light in the Lord. That word was "Saviour." Never had it seemed so sweet, so incomparably beautiful. What a big thing it became to me in those days! It loomed up before me in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

You who have never known its lack cannot realize how vast a place it occupies in the scheme of redemption. All the many months in which I had endeavored to give out the glad message, I had been compelled to circle all about the idea of salvation, with labored sentences telling what should have taken a single word.

Hour after hour I sat with Kikuvu and others, trying in every conceivable way to draw out the magic word. The very day on which my search was ended, I had no less than five persons in my room, questioning, explaining, but all to no avail.

Darkness had thrown its mantle over the sad, sickening scenes of the day, and was covering sadder sights of revelry and sin by night. Even the brilliant vault of the equatorial sky is hidden behind thick masses of clouds, and only the mournful howl of the hyena is heard in the land.

With the master passion tugging at my heart, I went to the men's quarters and seated myself with them around the blazing camp fire. Minutely they recounted the incidents of the day; and Kikuvu, the most intelligent and trustworthy native I ever saw, launched into a story that made me hopeful of getting the long-sought-for word.

Brother Kreiger, laboring in another tribe, had been badly torn by a lion, and Kikuvu had been the means of his rescue. Surely the word must come now! Two

years and a half of disappointment were put into the eagerness with which I listened. He went through the whole scene most eloquently, but concluded, even to having frightened the lioness away, without using the word for which I was seeking. Finally, however, just as I was about to give up again in despair, in a modest sort of way, he remarked, "*Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuvu*" (The master was saved by Kikuvu).

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure that swept over me. I could have leaped for my exuberance of joy. Being afraid of losing my precious possession, I immediately changed the verb from the passive to the active form, and said, "*Ukuthania Bwana?*" (You saved the master?)

This proving correct, I said, "Why, Kikuvu, this is the word I have been trying to get you to tell me these many days, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God, came —"

"O, yes," he interrupted, and his black face lighted up as he turned to me in the lurid light of the camp fire, "I see it now, I understand. Jesus came to *kuthania* [save] us from our sins, and to deliver us from the hands of *Muimu* [Satan]."

Never did sweeter words fall from mortal lips. At last the treasure was discovered, and no weary prospector, lighting suddenly upon rich gold reef, ever felt keener emotions than did the lonely missionary, when for the first time he was able to frame that matchless word, Saviour, in the unknown tongue. It was, too, the first real evidence I had had in all those months that the message spoken had been grasped at all. Completely overcome, I rushed into the house and fell on my face in thanksgiving before God.

Next day was the Sabbath. In the early morning I was sitting in my house singing a rough translation of a hymn I had just made, and accompanying it on my guitar, when Kikuvu came in and said there was a crowd outside who wanted to hear me. I went out with joy bells ringing in my soul, and sang for them. But I wanted to set before them my great discovery.

"*Muthania! Saviour!*" it rang through my being like music. I began to speak to them, but before long I was interrupted by Kikuvu with a query relative to the resurrection, which is always an amazing thing to them. This was encouraging; for questions betoken interest and aid greatly in the work. His question answered, he surprised me still more by saying, "Master, let me talk a little." Wondering what he would say, I gave him permission; and in a truly marvelous way he began to tell the "old, old story."

I listened in amazement. I could scarcely believe that he had grasped the thought so intelligently from the fragmentary way I had been compelled to preach to them. But the flash of intelligence by the camp fire the night before explained it all. The moment the word Saviour dawned upon his darkened vision, all the scattered fragments of truth that had been floating about in his darkened mind fell into line, and became one glorious revelation.

Yes, and it brought a revelation to me as well. In the light of that experience, it seemed as if I had never before known the meaning of the word Saviour. I had spoken it from childhood, had preached it for years, but somehow it became luminous with meaning that night. Over against the frightful need that settled down around me, there flashed a light unutterable, and a scarred hand traced in letters of glory, "*M-U-T-H-A-N-I-A.*"—*Willis R. Hotchkiss, Africa.*

Philipp Melanchthon

HAROLD MAYER



HE life and character of Philipp Melanchthon played an important part in the Protestant Reformation. To him is due a large share of the credit for the successful issue of that movement. By his pen, voice, and the influence of a wholesome Christian life, he was the instrument in the hands of Providence to spread the great principles of religious freedom. Without his aid and influence, Luther could not have very well succeeded; he would have gone too far in his zeal, and brought ruin upon the rising cause of reform. The caution of Melanchthon served as a check upon the unguarded zeal of Luther.

Philipp Melanchthon was born at Bretten, Germany, Feb. 16, 1497. His father was an armor maker by trade. On his mother's side he was related to the great German humanist, Reuchlin, who was one of those three eminent scholars that paved the way for the Reformation by placing before the common people the translation of the Scriptures from the original tongues. Philipp's later life was affected for good by this famous relative.

The parents of Melanchthon were very pious, and early began to direct the boy's mind to the study of the Scriptures. The Bible was not very much read in those days, but these humble people loved the Word of God, and endeavored to instill its teachings into their child's mind. When dying, the father called his son to his side, and exhorted him to make the Word of God his guide in life. This was the only legacy the father left his son.

Philipp's early education was in the hands of his uncle, Reuchlin, who directed his mind toward the study of the Greek and Latin classics. These studies, together with that of the Scriptures, were his chief delight. His thirst for knowledge became insatiable.

But he wanted to learn truth. He carried the Bible with him everywhere he went, and in his spare moments, read it.

The knowledge he acquired of the original languages in which the Word of God was written, later bore fruit in the Reformation, when he was called upon to assist in the translation of the Bible, and to meet the arguments of the church party.

At the age of twelve, he was able to enter the University of Heidelberg, and was graduated from there at fourteen. Upon the advice of his uncle, he now began a thorough study of theology, paying particular attention to the Word of God itself as a textbook.

At the age of seventeen, he was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and began to teach. His graceful method of imparting knowledge, and especially his agreeable manner of conversation, soon won for him scores of admirers and friends.

He was not a very attractive person as far as physical appearance went; he was a puny, weak-looking youth. But when he opened his mouth to speak, the charm of his voice caused his listeners to forget his physical appearance.

The professorship of ancient languages at Wittenberg University becoming vacant, through the influence of Reuchlin, Philipp was appointed to the place by the Elector of Saxony. He was very coldly received, however, by the distinguished scholars who made up the faculty, on account of his extreme youth; but the wonderful scholarship and eloquence displayed by the boy

in his inaugural address to the faculty, quickly won for him the respect and admiration of those learned men.

This address made a profound impression upon Martin Luther, who was a leading member of the faculty of the university, and was the beginning of a friendship between them that lasted throughout life.

The characters of both these men fitted well together. What Luther lacked, Melanchthon supplied. The power and success of the Reformation lay in the union of the talents of both men as used by God.

Luther was bold, and Melanchthon cautious. From a human viewpoint, this caution saved the cause of the Reformation from ruin on more than one occasion when Luther was impelled by his fiery zeal to do something rash.

Martin Luther, writing to a friend, acknowledged the great aid that Philipp was to him in the Lord's work. He said: "I am rough, boisterous, stormy, and warlike; I am made to hew down trees, cut away thistles and thorns, and clear the wild forests. But Master Philipp comes along, gentle and winning, sowing and watering with joy according to the gifts which God has bestowed upon him."

But the benefits of their friendship were not all on one side, for Melanchthon learned a great deal from the researches he was led into by his collaborator, and his success as a Reformer was largely due to the warmth and energy imparted by his connection with the fiery Luther. The lives and labors of Luther and Melanchthon at the university had an influence for good upon the students. They were standards of morality and scholarship, and as a result, many disciples for the cause of Protestantism were raised up from among the student body, who afterward took leading parts in the controversy against Rome.

The Reformation had its inception at the university, with Melanchthon and Luther as the moving spirits. They labored side by side, with pen and voice, sharing the trials and triumphs of the movement, until it had obtained a sure foothold in Germany; and God worked mightily through these men in establishing his truth.

Melanchthon's part in the Reformation was this: He was the mouthpiece of the Reformers. He gave clear expression to Luther's warm and forceful doctrines. He wrote the Augsburg Confession, which was the declaration of the independence of Protestants. He answered by pen and debate all the arguments of the church party, and proved by the aid of his knowledge of the Word of God in the original tongues, that the Scriptures were of more authority than the traditions of the church. He aided Luther in translating the Bible into the German language.

As long as Luther lived, Melanchthon played well his part in the cause of the Reformation, but when Luther died, in 1546, Melanchthon's sphere of usefulness waned, and his work seemed fruitless. It appeared as if God had raised him up for a special time and place.

The later years of the lives of these men were embittered by theological strifes among their adherents. There also arose differences of opinion on doctrinal points between them, but they never allowed anything to interfere with their friendship for each other.

Melanchthon died at Wittenberg in 1560, and was laid to rest beside Luther in the Castle church. These

friends and colaborers, who had never been separated during life, were not separated in death.

It is worth while noticing the character of Melancthon. He was shy, deliberate, scholarly, clear-minded, courteous, gentle in disposition and in conversation. He lacked Luther's boldness and energy; he was extremely timid.

His study of the Word of God in youth undoubtedly molded his later life. He lived the precepts of God's Word in his life, and was a thorough Christian. He was a man of peace, and in all his writings for the Reformation he endeavored to soften the fiery words of Luther and the other Reformers. He was cautious to a fault, but this was said to be due to his wife's fears for the life of her husband.

He had enemies, and was once characterized as an agent of Satan, but he had more friends than enemies. His influence was far-reaching, and had much to do in molding the life of the universities and cities of his time throughout Europe. His friends and enemies alike recognized that his life testified to the saving grace of the Lord Jesus.

Etiquette

AN invitation should never be accepted provisionally; a decided acceptance or declination is imperative.

The oldest daughter of the house may have her card engraved without the Christian name, thus: Miss Johnson.

When no servant is employed in the household, the daughter of the house may with propriety wait upon guests at the table.

When boarding a street car in company with a woman, a man permits her to enter first, assisting her up the steps; he alights first in order to assist her in alighting.

The bridesmaids, best man, ushers, etc., who take part in a wedding should call upon the bride's mother shortly after the wedding. A call should be made upon the bride immediately after her return from the honeymoon.

For an afternoon musical the hostess may use her visiting card, writing in the lower left-hand corner the word Music or Musical, together with the date and time. The same form may be used for other similar entertainments, Readings, etc., indicating the form of entertainment.—*Selected.*

A Sailor Boy From Peru

It seldom happens that a child cannot remember some kindred. It may not be a near relative, but there is usually some one with whom he can claim relationship. Estrada, however, was a rare exception. He was a Peruvian lad, and he had no memory of father or mother, or any one belonging to him. His earliest associations were those of a sailor boy before the mast. The school of the high seas is a rough one, and in a schooner engaged in South American trade, educational privileges are meager, to say the least. It is not

surprising, therefore, that when Estrada grew to the age of young manhood he could neither read nor write. Nor is it to be wondered at that his life of hardship was marked by occasional indulgence in carousals with his companions.

On the boy's return one time from such an escapade the captain of the ship called him aside and had a talk with him, the purport of which was that if he gave free rein to his appetite he would never attain any real success in life. In his rough way the captain urged the boy to "make something of himself." He further supplemented this warning and advice by offering to give him lessons in reading and elementary subjects each day if he, in turn, would promise to reform.

This was the beginning of a new life for Estrada. From that day forward the evils of his past were resolutely set aside, and he applied himself to his studies. The captain recognized in the uncouth Peruvian sailor possibilities of self-advancement, while the boy himself responded readily to what, he said in after years, was his first experience of any one's taking a kindly interest in him.

Estrada finally reached port in San Francisco, and there having heard of Mount Hermon School, Northfield, Massachusetts, took ship for New York. At Mount Hermon, by study and association with other students, his mind rapidly developed, and from the first the teachers recognized a scholar of unusual ability. The progress he made was remarkable, and it seemed that this boy, whose early life had been so destitute of advantages, was to become a man of great powers.

An illness, however, trivial at first, developed into tuberculosis. The course of the disease was charac-

(Concluded on page thirteen)



Garden of the Heart

Admit into thy silent breast
The notes of but one bird,
And instantly thy soul will join
In jubilant accord.

The perfume of a single flower
Inhale like breath of God,
And in the garden of thy heart
A thousand buds will nod.

Toward one star in heaven's expanse
Direct thy spirit's flight,
And thou wilt have in the wide world,
My child, enough delight.

—*Johanna Ambrosius.*



Aunt Helen's Story



TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Robert closed his book with a deep sigh of satisfaction as he exclaimed, "There, I've got the last problem, and maybe I'm not glad! My, but they were hard ones!"

"O, goody! are you really through, Rob?" asked his twin sister, Betty. "Auntie promised to tell us a story as soon as you got all your examples."

At the magic word story, the two younger children, Helen and Gilbert, stopped playing cat's cradle in the big leather armchair, and made a dash to find a good seat by Aunt Helen, who was reading by the large open fireplace, and rocking-Dorothy, her little four-year-old girl.

Aunt Helen closed her book with a smile as all the children grouped themselves around her.

"All ready for another story? I fear I shall run out of stories pretty soon. What shall it be this time?"

"A real one," answered Robert.

"About you when you were just my age," said Helen, whose ninth birthday had been the day before.

"A real story, and one about myself when I was nine years old," repeated auntie. "Well, let me see, I believe I do remember one I haven't told you before, but it happened when I was just past eight."

"Of course you all know that when I was a little girl I lived away out in the country on a homestead. Up to the time of this story I had never ridden on a train and had never seen a street car; so when I had just passed my eighth birthday, and my parents received a letter from my Aunt Emma, who was matron in a large hospital in St. Louis, asking if I might come to spend the summer with her, I was simply wild with delight, and begged and coaxed and pleaded until my papa and mamma finally gave their consent. I was their only child, and they could hardly make up their minds to let me go, even if it was only about one hundred and fifty miles away. Papa took me himself, and the trip was one unbroken round of pleasure, for there were so many new things to see and so much to take my attention that I hardly realized how quickly the time passed. My father stayed in St. Louis for two days, visiting old friends and waiting for me to become a little acquainted; but I was so excited and pleased with my new surroundings that I did not feel a bit homesick when he finally kissed me good-by."

"The days that followed were happy ones. Auntie was very busy most of the time, but I found so many ways to amuse myself that I seldom got homesick. One of my greatest delights was to ride in the elevator. The nurses were very kind to me, and allowed me to ride with them whenever they made a trip from one floor to another. Then, when the mail was delivered, auntie allowed me to take it to the different patients, and I enjoyed this very much. Probably where I spent most of my time, however, was in the children's ward. There were about eight or ten children there, some not much older and some younger than I was, most of whom were helpless little cripples who were spending many months there to be treated and made well and strong. I helped them make scrapbooks and sew doll clothes, and I told them, too, all about my country home and about my pony and all the pets I had on the farm. We did have a good time. I was naturally quick tempered and very mischievous, but I believe I learned some lessons from those little children which have helped me a great deal. Sometimes when the pain of some little patient was very hard, he would start to sing, and the others would join in. 'It helps when we all sing, you know,' they explained



to me, so I took part with the rest. I never heard an impatient or an unkind word among those children during all the hours I spent with them; and every nurse and doctor liked to come into their ward, for each child was brimful of happiness in spite of pain. Some of them I count among my dearest friends today, and Dorothy and I expect to visit two of them on our way home.

"But I shall have to hurry, for it is almost bedtime. One day Aunt Emma asked me if I could take a message to a girl out in the laundry, which was just back of the hospital. I was delighted, for I had not yet been in the laundry, though auntie had promised to take me there some day. However, this time she told me to hurry right back, not to stay a minute after delivering my message. I gladly promised I would do as she told me; but when I had reached the laundry and delivered my message, there were so many strange things for me to see that it seemed I just must watch one minute; and before I knew it, the one minute had stretched into a good many minutes. You have all been in Uncle Jack's laundry, so I shall not try to tell you what I saw, only, of course, that laundry was not so large as Uncle Jack's."

"I was intensely interested in watching the mangle. I made up my mind that I should rather run clothes through those rolls than do anything else I could think of. Soon the girl left the mangle and went to another part of the room. I watched to see what she was going to do, and saw her begin to take some clothes out of the drier. Unconsciously, I leaned with my back against the feeding board of the mangle. My hair was very heavy and reached below my waist. It was arranged in a thick braid ending in a loose curl, something like Helen's. Suddenly I felt a slight pull, then another one a little harder, and then,—but I was almost too frightened to know what happened next, for the horrible fact dawned upon me that my hair was being rapidly drawn into the mangle, and the thought that stood out most in my mind was that I was going to be scalped just as I had heard my great-grandfather had been scalped by the Indians. I could not make a sound, though I tried to scream, and it seemed as if all the girls were busy. But just as over half my braid was in the rollers, one of the girls noticed me, and without saying a word, ran to me and grasped my braid between the roller and my head. Fortunately for me, the mangle was not in perfect working condition that week, and the rollers did not feed as closely together as they should, and my braid was not yet caught around the second roll; so when

the girl grasped my braid, it started to slip out again, and by the time they had the mangle stopped I was free. I was dazed for a moment and could not cry nor utter a sound. I felt weak in my knees, just as you do the first few times you try to walk after having been sick a long time. Everything seemed to get dark, and then I fainted. When I opened my eyes, I was lying on one of the big ironing boards, and auntie was standing by me, and I heard some of the girls telling her what had happened.

"But just as soon as I saw auntie, I remembered that all this had happened because I had not obeyed her, and then I found it easy enough to cry. I cried so long and so hard that I suppose I was almost hysterical, and finally auntie picked me up just as if I were a baby and carried me to her room, and then sat down and rocked me until I was quiet; but when I tried to tell her how dreadfully sorry I was, she would not let me talk about it, but took my hand and knelt down by the chair and thanked God that he had been so good to us and had spared the life of a little girl who had forgotten to obey, and she asked God to bless the girl who had used such presence of mind in rescuing me. Then she gave me a big kiss and said, 'I'm not going to scold you, sweetheart, for I believe you have learned a lesson that you will never forget. I'm not even going to write to your papa and mamma about it until you have gone home, and then I want you to tell them first; but you must promise me that you will tell them just as soon as you get home.' I promised her I would do so, and I kept my word; but it was the hardest thing I ever did, and I think that was about what auntie wanted it to be. As she said, I learned a lesson I never forgot, and I never again got into trouble because I did not mind.

"There, the clock has struck eight, and it is bedtime for all of you."

The children, who had been very quiet while Aunt Helen was telling the story, jumped up, and Robert said, "Thank you, auntie; that was a fine story, and I think I shall remember it sometimes when I want to do something I shouldn't."

ELIZABETH TOLLMANN.

"I Cannot Get Away From God"

NOT many years since, a young coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing that troubled and annoyed him. It was that his aged mother lived in a village close by; and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was that whenever she came, she spoke to him about Christ, and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he at last said, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place, and go out of your reach, when I shall hear no more of such cant."

"My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write, and could not follow him; and, though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself, "Anything for a quiet life." His friend got him a place in a gentleman's stables, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not to lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season. And true it is that the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair the first day of his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman.

"He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had he driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said, "Tell me if you are saved." Had the question come to the coachman direct from heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He felt simply terrified, "*God has followed me up to Scotland!*" he said to himself; "*I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!*" And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees of the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story, so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new; it had become a real thing to him. It did not seem to him then to be the glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him that he could do nothing more.

For some days he could not leave his bed, but they were blessed days to him.

His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray, and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser; he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been, and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love him, because he *first* loved us." He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he, who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of that God who had so loved him as to give for him his only son. The first letter he wrote to his mother was to tell her the joyful tidings, "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul."—*Selected.*

A Sailor Boy From Peru

(Concluded from page eleven)

terized by exceptional rapidity. He sank rapidly, and when it was evident that his life span was only a matter of days, or, at most, a fortnight, he sent for Mr. Cutler, the principal of Mount Hermon School, and asked if he might be taken into the fellowship of the School Church upon confession of his faith in Christ. A meeting of the church officers was held, and the young man was accepted into the fellowship of the communion and partook of the Sacrament.—*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, July 18

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
4. Work of the Foreign Missionary (twenty minutes).
5. Social Meeting (five minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

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

2. 1 Samuel 9. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets." Suggestions: Standing of Saul's family; description of Saul; Saul's search; the servant's description of the "man of God;" how Saul and Samuel were brought together; Samuel notified of Saul's coming; Saul is unconscious of what the visit will mean to him; the meeting; Saul's estimation of himself; the feast.

3. Rev. 21:14; Isa. 65:21-25. Announce texts one week in advance. Urge all to commit them to memory. Review previous texts each time briefly.

4. Four live talks, each about five minutes long: "Pulling Teeth in the Land of the Toothache," "Preaching to the 'Dogs,'" "A Wonderful Cart" (see *Gazette*), "A Search for a Word" (see this INSTRUCTOR).

5. Repeat Isa. 6:8.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending July 18

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "Our Work in Central China" (ten minutes).
3. More About the Work in China (five minutes).
4. Echoes From the Fields (five minutes).
5. "The Young Missionaries" (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).

1. Song; review Morning Watch texts; sentence prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; special music.

2. Have this article read by a Junior. See *Gazette*. It thrills us to read this good news from the Far East. Tell the Juniors that the Senior and Junior mission contributions this year are helping these people in China. Let no one fail to do his best in raising \$2.50 this year for the Missionary Volunteer \$25,000 fund. Remember this money must be paid through the society.

3. Let some one give briefly the story told by Brother Westrup in the Second Sabbath Reading for May 9. See article entitled "Nothing Stays the Hand of God."

4. Pitcairn was the first island visited on this tour, and the last stop in the South Sea islands was the New Hebrides. We are glad to hear from the workers in these places. The letter from Pitcairn found in the *Gazette* seems old; but remind the Juniors of the very irregular mail service. Sometimes a year passes in which no ship visits this lonely island. Our work in the New Hebrides has only begun, and we learned nothing of it when studying Mr. Paton's work there. Have a Junior tell briefly the story of the work "Among Heathen Tribes in New Hebrides Islands" as told by Brother Parker in Second Sabbath Reading for May 9.

5. This exercise should be given by the leader and seven of the youngest Juniors. See this INSTRUCTOR.

6. Have one-minute reports from the leaders of all working bands. Announce time for next band meetings. Close by repeating in concert Matt. 24:14.

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.]

28. WHAT books will be offered this year in the English Senior Missionary Volunteer Course?

J. Hudson Taylor, "A Retrospect," price 35 cents; Ethel Daniels Hubbard, "Ann of Ava," price 50 cents; Mrs. E. G. White, "The Desire of Ages," cloth, \$1.50, limp leather, \$2. Senior books in one set, \$2.25, postpaid.

29. What are the Junior Missionary Volunteer books for this year?

Ethel Daniels Hubbard, "Under Marching Orders," price, 50 cents; Mrs. Adelaide Bee Evans, "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," price, \$1.50. Set, \$2, postpaid.

30. Are there other Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses? Yes; German, Danish-Norwegian, and Swedish.

31. Where are the English Reading Course books to be had? Order from your conference tract society, or from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

32. When do the Reading Courses begin?

The first weekly assignments in the English Senior and Junior Courses will appear in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR dated Sept. 29, 1914.

33. What are the camp meeting rates on the Reading Course books for the next courses?

On the camp ground the Senior Reading Course books cost \$2; the Junior, \$1.75.

The Young Missionaries

(To be given by the leader and seven young Juniors)

LEADER: Dear Juniors, if the Saviour should bid you go with seeds of gospel truth to sow, tell me where you would choose a field in hopes of reaping a rich yield.

First Child: I think, dear leader, I should go to *Chinaland* my seed to sow; I'd scatter broadcast in the street, that all who bind girl babies' feet might know that He who made them so, intended they should grow and grow.

Second Child: To *Africa* I'd speed away, and sow with might day after day. I'd deal witchcraft a deadly blow, traffic in human lives lay low. I'd tell them God made all men free; to him alone we bend the knee.

Third Child: If seed to sow were given to me, I'd cross at once the deep, deep sea. I'd spend my life in faithful toil on India's dark and crimson soil, where girls of seven are sold to be the slaves of men, without a plea.

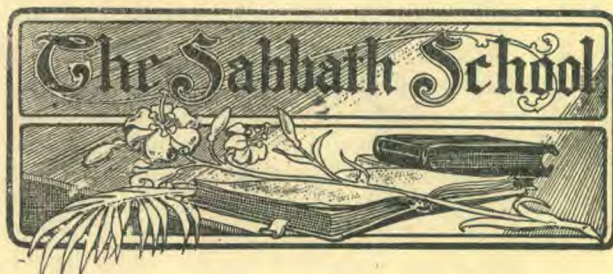
Fourth Child: If I were left to choose and plan, I'd sow my seed in old *Japan*. The work that was so well begun by Neesima, Japan's own son, I'd like to see at last complete, a trophy cast at Jesus' feet.

Fifth Child: The field I love of all the best is where the Judsons found their rest. And if the Lord to me would give some seed to sow, and let it live, in *Burma* I would find de light, toiling from morning until night.

Sixth Child: On islands of the *Southern Seas* I'd sow my seed to set man free. No longer then would man eat man, but live according to God's plan, in peace and happiness and love, and dwell at last with him above.

Seventh Child: I'd store my heart and hand with seed, and go where there is greatest need; and if I could not quite decide, I'd ask the Lord to be my guide, choosing for me the very field in which to sow for future yield.

All Together: Yes, missionaries true we stand, ready to go at Christ's command. 'Tis thus we'll honor him who gave his only Son our souls to save.



III — Dedication of the Temple

(July 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Chron. 5 to 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven." Ps. 11:4.

Questions

1. Draw from memory an outline of the temple which Solomon built, showing the two apartments, and locate the different pieces of furniture.

2. For what purpose had the sanctuary been built? Ex. 25:8. For what purpose was the temple built? 2 Chron. 6:41, first part. Without God's presence —

the life and real glory of it—what would this beautiful building have been like?

3. What does the Lord say his house shall be called? Isa. 56:7. Upon what occasion did Jesus refer to this text? Matt. 21:13.

4. Whom did Solomon assemble when the house of the Lord was finished? For what purpose? When the congregation was assembled before the ark, what was done? 2 Chron. 5:2-6.

5. Where did the priests place the ark? What was in the ark? When had the two tables of stone been placed there? Verses 7-10.

6. How was the musical part of this dedicatory service arranged? What came to pass when the Lord was praised in the opening song? Repeat the words which were sung. Verses 12-14.

7. Give the order of the dedicatory services, including the procession from Gibeon with the tabernacle and the stopping in Jerusalem for the ark. Note.

8. What were the principal points in Solomon's address to the people? 2 Chron. 6:4, 5, 10, 11.

9. On what did Solomon kneel while he prayed? What was the burden of his prayer? Verses 13-42.

10. How did the Lord show that he heard Solomon and accepted the temple as his dwelling place? What effect did this have on the people? 2 Chron. 7:1-3.

11. How else did they show their thankfulness? Where did they offer the sacrifices? Why was this done? How long did the feast continue? Verses 4-8.

12. What additional assurance that his prayer and gift were accepted did the Lord give to Solomon? What special promise did he make? What would be the results if Solomon forsook the Lord? Verses 12-15.

13. What should we remember every time we enter a house dedicated to the worship of God? Memory verse. How will this lead us to treat a place where God is worshiped? Lev. 26:2.

Note

"The dedication was the grandest ceremony ever performed under the Mosaic dispensation, and one of the brightest days of Jewish history.

ORDER OF SERVICES

"1. The procession (1 Kings 8:1-4; 2 Chron. 5:4, 5). The object of the procession was to (verse 1) bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the City of David, built on Mt. Zion, the western of the two principal hills on which Jerusalem was situated. Here David had placed the ark while waiting for the temple to be built. The procession began at Gibeon, whence the Levites 'brought the old tabernacle, the brazen altar, the table of showbread, the candlestick, and the brazen serpent.' Coming into the city, they would march through its streets, down the Tyropean Valley, which separated the two hills, and up onto Mt. Moriah, into the temple courts. The great orchestra and chorus of four thousand musicians and singers, arrayed in white linen, accompanied the procession, chanting some of those splendid odes, such as Psalms 47, 98, 99, 107, 118, 136, on the theme 'For His Mercy Endureth Forever.'

"2. Placing the ark in the holy of holies (1 Kings 8:6-9; 2 Chron. 5:7-10).

"3. The chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, sang, 'For his mercy endureth forever,' as the priests came out of the holy of holies; and the Shekinah, the shining cloud, filled the temple (1 Kings 8:10, 11; 2 Chron. 5:11-14).

"4. Sentences, the king facing the sanctuary (1 Kings 8:12, 13; 2 Chron. 6:1, 2).

"5. He turns and blesses the congregation (1 Kings 8:14; 2 Chron. 6:3), all standing.

"6. Address by Solomon (1 Kings 8:15-21; 2 Chron. 6:4-11), standing.

"7. Dedicatory prayer (1 Kings 8:23-53; 2 Chron. 6:14-40), kneeling (1 Kings 8:54; 2 Chron. 6:13).

"8. Psalm: 132 (2 Chron. 6:41, 42): 'Arise, O God.' Fire descended, the glory filled the house, and the people prostrated themselves (2 Chron. 7:3).

"9. 'For his mercy endureth forever,' by the congregation (2 Chron. 7:1-3).

"10. Closing address (1 Kings 8:54-61), standing."—*Peloubet's "Select Notes" (1903).*

III—Remembrance and Surety

(July 18)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sab.	Read the lesson scripture	
Sun.	Peter's sense of duty; danger of slipping	Questions 1-3
Mon.	Reasons for earnestness	Questions 4-6
Tues.	Value of personal experience	Questions 7-9
Wed.	Surety of prophecy	Questions 10-12
Thurs.	Why prophecy is sure	Questions 13-15
Fri.	Review the entire lesson	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Peter 1:12-21.

Questions

1. As pastor over the flock which he had been thrice commanded to feed (John 21:15-17), what duty was Peter determined not to neglect? 2 Peter 1:12.

2. To what class did he feel he owed this duty? Verse 12, last part.

3. What duty is enjoined upon the believers? Heb. 2:1.

4. How long did Peter purpose to stir up the believers? 2 Peter 1:13. Note 1.

5. Not satisfied to have his influence stop even at his death, to what end did Peter labor? Verse 15.

6. What reason does he give for his earnestness? Verse 16.

7. Do we treat the truth committed to us at this time as fables to be enjoyed, or as a solemn message given to stir men's hearts to repentance and steadfastness?

8. What assurance does Peter give the believers that he is not misleading them? Verses 16 (last part), 17. See Matt. 17:1-9.

9. What other personal evidence than that of the eye does he give? 2 Peter 1:18.

10. To what does he point as the surest of all testimony? Verse 19, first part. Note 2.

11. To what is prophecy compared? Verse 19.

12. How long are we to give heed to the prophetic word? Verse 19, latter part.

13. What assurance are we given concerning the origin of prophecy? Verse 20.

14. How are we assured that prophecy did not come? Verse 21, first part.

15. How are we assured that prophecy did come? Verse 21, last part.

Notes

1. Here was a faithful preacher who was determined to "die in the harness," even though he probably understood that his end would come by violence. See 2 Peter 1:14; John 21:18, 19. His guiding principle had been, "We ought to obey God rather than men," and his only apology for continuing to preach Christ, even when forbidden by civil authority, was, "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard."

2. This passage is sometimes interpreted to mean: We have the word of prophecy made more sure by the witness of the eye and the ear. But it reads literally thus: "And we have more sure the prophetic word." This reading, and the additional fact that Peter lays the emphasis on taking heed to the prophecy rather than depending on his personal testimony, and supports his exhortation by showing how prophecy came, seem sufficient to justify our interpreting the passage thus: And we have, as a more sure testimony than that of one who had seen the transfiguration and heard the voice, the prophetic word. The angel of the annunciation quoted prophecy; Simeon was waiting for its fulfillment when he recognized the child Jesus; and Peter himself had depended largely upon prophecy in interpreting the meaning of Pentecost.

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The Desert as a Market Garden

IF the Sahara had railroads, we are told that it might easily be made the market garden of Europe. Asparagus, tomatoes, artichokes, beets, potatoes, cabbage, together with a variety of grains and small fruits, flourish in parts of the Sahara as well as does the date palm. Algiers, Tunis, and Europe might enjoy these spring vegetables brought in from Sahara markets if there were other means of transportation than the camel. The "ship of the desert" does very well for the imperishable date, but a rapid means of transportation is a necessity if tender vegetables and fruits are to be successfully grown and marketed.

The great depressions of the Sahara are rich in Artesian wells. It is said by some investigators that the Artesian waters of the Sahara have no parallel in Europe. It is over these great fossil rivers, and in the plateau regions possessing intermittent surface streams, that agriculture is a possibility.

A Heroine at Ten Years of Age

LITTLE Nell Brantley, of Atlanta, Georgia, saved the lives of seven persons recently when her home was burned.

Nell sniffed smoke and escaping gas as she played in the nursery, upstairs, with her little relatives, aged five, four, and three years. She quickly opened the door, and found that in the hallway flames were licking their way up between cracks in the floor. She rushed downstairs and warned her mother, then dashed back up the stairs, now dense with smoke, bundled the smallest child on her back, locked an arm around each of the other two, and staggered downstairs and out into the front yard.

The mother was warned in time to save herself, another daughter, and a sick woman and her nurse from the flames.

A crowd gathered and waited for the roof of the burning dwelling, now in control of the flames, to fall.

Suddenly a slight form stumbled out of the front doorway, holding a drenched poodle at arm's length. It was Nell.

As a fireman reached for her, she sprinted back through the smoke, and a moment later reappeared with her arms full of dolls, and fell, exhausted.

Atlanta people have thought so highly of her heroism that they have started a fund to reward the little miss.

Can It?

CAN New York City be thrown down by an earthquake? is a question that is being seriously discussed. There appeared in a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World* a long article which attempted to show by science that no such catastrophe is possible, or perhaps better, probable. The author of this article was the eminent Hudson Maxim, who answers the question negatively. He claims that the chance for New York to be overthrown by an earthquake "is not greater than would be the chance of some little fragment of glass thrown at a yowling Bowery cat at night finding its way over the ocean and into the eye of the queen of England."

In general, the world is governed according to certain well-known laws; but we are prone to forget that the Creator, the Ruler of the universe, ever stands above what man is pleased to call natural law. If it becomes necessary for the God of heaven to speak to New York's perishing millions through an earthquake, the earthquake will come, and the city's great skyscrapers will totter and fall as does a child's playhouse of blocks when struck by an adult. Earthquakes are given by the Saviour as a sign of the coming of our King, when the earth and all the elements thereof shall be dissolved. Then is it improbable that New York may feel the hand of God endeavoring to arouse it from its sinful slumber by an earthquake? He may never see fit to do so; but it is unwise to be lulled to slumber through pleasing promises of scientific men.

Working for Alaska

THE United States government will proceed at once to construct in Alaska a railroad one thousand miles in length. The bill authorizing the expenditure of \$35,000,000 for that purpose was signed by the President on March 12. This railroad will open up the agricultural and mineral resources of those portions of Alaska that are most in need of transportation facilities. It will, in particular, tap the great coal fields. The Alaska coal bill provides for the opening up of these resources so urgently needed in the United States proper. According to this measure, the government reserves coal lands in sufficient quantity, (1) to construct and open a proposed railroad, (2) for the use of the navy, and (3) as a possible check against monopoly on the part of coal-mining companies. These coal lands are to be leased in tracts of from 40 acres to 2,560 acres, with reasonable royalty rates, to be periodically readjusted. Other measures dealing with the natural resources of our Western lands have been introduced into Congress, including the opening up of fields of oil, coal, phosphate, and potash, all on a leasing system similar in its equitable principles to the Alaskan coal plan. Great care was taken in these measures to guard against monopolization of the government's coal lands. These measures have been under discussion for years. They are part of the vast policy of the proper use and conservation of public natural resources inaugurated by ex-President Roosevelt. President Wilson is carrying out this policy intelligently and with patriotic spirit.—*Selected.*

SHUN the practical joker. He is not a safe associate; for he never stops to consider what may be the outcome of his rude attempt at fun making. I heard recently of a man who was going home with a large firecracker under his left arm; another man, for fun, lighted it. It exploded, and instantly killed the one carrying it.