

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 30



NEW YORK has seventeen State hospitals for the insane.

THERE are estimated to be 3,424 spoken languages and dialects in the world.

THE World's Almanac for 1914 records ninety-two learned societies in this country.

DURING the 104 years of its existence, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has sent out three thousand missionaries.

THE vocabulary of the New Standard Dictionary of the English Language aggregates approximately 450,000 words. The English language contains approximately 600,000 words. Of this total nearly one half consists of scientific terminology seldom met outside of textbooks and of archaic, obsolescent, or obsolete terms.

THE Bald-head Club of America was organized in Falls Village, Connecticut, in 1912. One of the conditions mentioned in the application for membership is the statement printed therein that the applicant's "bald spot is not less than three inches in diameter," and a further purpose is to promote social and fraternal relations between bald heads and to cultivate a sentiment of sympathy for men who have hair. Membership fee, \$1. Annual meeting of 1914 will be held in Winsted, Connecticut, October 29.

Loss by Lightning in the United States

THE Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, in October, 1900, issued a bulletin giving these facts: In 1899 the total number of strokes of lightning which caused damage was 5,527; number of buildings injured, 6,256; value of property lost, \$3,016,520; number of deaths by lightning during the year, 563; number of persons injured, 820; number of live stock killed in the fields, 4,251; value, \$129,955. These are the latest available statistics.

The Chronicle Fire Tables record 3,012 fires caused by lightning in the United States in 1902, the property loss occasioned thereby being \$3,396,810. These are the latest reported statistics on the subject.—*The 1914 World Almanac*.

Weather Wisdom

SUNSET COLORS.—A gray, lowering sunset, or one where the sky is green or yellowish green, indicates rain. A red sunrise, with clouds lowering later in the morning, also indicates rain.

HALO (SUN DOGS).—By halo we mean the large circles, or parts of circles, about the sun or moon. A halo occurring after fine weather indicates a storm.

CORONA.—By this term we mean the small colored circles frequently seen around the sun or moon. A corona growing smaller indicates rain; growing larger, fair weather.

RAINBOWS.—A morning rainbow is regarded as a sign of rain; an evening rainbow, of fair weather.

SKY COLOR.—A deep-blue color of the sky, even when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather; a growing whiteness, an approaching storm.

FOGS.—Fogs indicate settled weather. A morning fog usually breaks away before noon.

VISIBILITY.—Unusual clearness of the atmosphere, unusual brightness or twinkling of the stars, indicates rain.

FROST.—The first frost and the last frost are usually preceded by a temperature very much above the mean.—*The World Almanac*.

English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions

NOT one in a thousand of average students would ever discover, by independent study of the dictionary, that there are fifteen synonyms for beautiful, twenty-one for beginning, fifteen for benevolence, twenty for friendly, and thirty-seven for pure. The mere mention of such numbers opens vistas of possible fullness, freedom, and variety of utterance, which will have for many persons the effect of a revelation.

Examination of Dr. Fernald's revision of this well-known work, "English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions," just published, produces increasing wonder at the richness, fullness, and variety of English synonyms, gathered from all ages and all lands, which the vigorous practical genius of the language has, by fine distinction, so delicately differentiated as to make possible the accurate delimitation of almost all shades of human thought.

The work contains over 8,100 synonyms, classified and discriminated, with nearly 4,000 classified antonyms; together with the correct use of prepositions indicated by illustrative examples.

To write or speak to the best purpose, one should know in the first place all the words from which he may choose, and then the exact reason why, in any case, any particular word should be chosen.

"English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions," by James C. Fernald, L. H. D., associate editor New Standard Dictionary. A new and enlarged edition; 12mo, cloth; 708 pages; fully indexed. Price, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.62. Order of Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

Statistics of Cremation

MODERN cremation originated in 1866. Today, after forty-five years of agitation, there are eighty crematories in Europe. Of these, twenty-two are in Germany, seven in Switzerland, and thirty in Italy. About 13,000 bodies were cremated in Europe during 1909. In the United States, from 1876 to 1900, there were 13,012 cremations recorded. In Boston the substitution of crematories for potter's fields has long been agitated. In New York the bodies of immigrants dying of infectious diseases at the quarantine station are cremated unless the surviving relatives have religious scruples against this method.—*Journal of American Medical Association*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

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No. 30

Resolution

If you've any good to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea and nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to give
That the souls of men may live,
Give it.

If you mean the pledge to sign,
And the cup of death resign,
Sign it.

If you mean the pledge to take
For the stumbling brother's sake,
Take it.

If you mean to labor on,
Saving drunkards one by one,
Work on.

—Selected.

The Price of Success

CLARA EDNA ROSENCRANS



It is not given to all of us to write a book like "Paradise Lost," nor to stand in the breach with a work like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," bringing about a wonderful change of sentiment in an entire nation, and doing more for a downtrodden race than legions of armed men could have done. Charles Dickens with his "Nicholas Nickleby" wrought a reformation in the public school system as wide as the British Isles; and Helen Hunt Jackson's "A Century of Dishonor" was a crying protest against the abuses practiced upon the downtrodden Indian. Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery," and the "Song of Hiawatha" by the same author, have interested a world in these little-understood children of nature, and made us see how intimately connected, how nearly akin, is humanity in all times and in all conditions of life.

It was given to these persons to do these things; it was their joy, and became a part of themselves; but then comes the question, Why were they singled out for this work from the rest of humanity? and why were their productions so eminently successful? The answer is plain. They had studied these things until their minds were obsessed with them, and they could not do otherwise than give them to the world.

Milton's wonderful perseverance in face of an affliction that would have rendered most men perfectly helpless, shows that he could not do other than give expression to the "thoughts that breathed and the words that burned," and he who with "the waking bird sang darkling" because he loved his subject, gave to the world its grandest epic poem.

Mamie Dickens, in her memoirs entitled "My Father's Life," tells of the long nights he spent in the slum districts of London, coming home in the early mornings pale and wan, but with a fund of information gained by actual contact with the worst elements of naked, unglossed poverty, folly, and crime.

It would weary my readers were I to tell of Lew Wallace's sojourn among the Indians of Peru, and of the data brought back to enrich his historical novel, "The Fair God;" of the work of Prescott, the blind historian, who after he had traveled and collected copious notes, was suddenly stricken with blindness. He employed an amanuensis and dictated his great work, "Ferdinand and Isabella," thus overcoming obstacles

that would seem almost insurmountable to an ordinary man.

One can think of many other instances, and the conclusion is forced upon us that it was not so much genius or outward circumstances, though doubtless these had their share in molding the mind and giving color to their work, as hard, unremitting toil and an honest determination to excel.

Most young people, and many of us older ones, are not willing to pay the price. We like the rewards, but O, we do not enjoy the work!

Thomas Edison, one of the most indefatigable workers of this generation, was at one time conducting an experiment. He had worked all night, and filled every glass tumbler in his laboratory with chemicals, but seemed no nearer the solution of his problem than at the beginning. When asked by his assistant what he would do next, he laconically replied, "Go out and buy some more tumblers." And so he persevered, and his wonderful discoveries have brought to the world a blessing that will last as long as time endures.

There is a wide difference between studying to gratify our own selfish ends, and applying ourselves because we know we can better the conditions of our fellow man. To wish to know is good; to wish to know something with purpose in the knowing is better. Study is excellent discipline for the mind, but to study something that will lift humanity up to a higher plane or bring about some noble work of reform, is infinitely more to be desired. Hard work is the price of success in almost any line of effort one may undertake; and the reason so few succeed is because they stop struggling as soon as they gain a place where they can stand, or, to put it more plainly in common parlance, "can make enough to live on."

Every year many public-school teachers give up their vocation because, as they say, "there is no end to studying," and they "never get through going to school;" and what shall we say of the minister who warms over his old sermons year after year without attempting any new thoughts? So, many of us are likely to settle down and think we know enough to carry us through life because we can write fair English, and know that Nova Zembla is not at the south pole.

Now, I am not scolding you any more than I am

myself. If I had spent the time that I wasted in novel reading and daydreaming, in good, honest, hard study, I might have known far more than I do now, and be able to write as I wish I could.

Students in our own denominational schools waste far too much of their time in light, frivolous conversation and social intercourse that is in no way conducive to that culture of mind and heart which would fit them for the important duties that await them; and all preceptors and teachers know how difficult it is to get their students to settle down to good, hard, painstaking work. The advice of St. Paul, one of the most thorough, painstaking students of his day, is well worth heeding: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, . . . meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all."

And for those of us whose lives have reached their meridian, and for whom the broad table-lands of life stretch away toward the sunset, there is joy in the thought that the quiet evening hours may be spent in study; and throughout the long ages of eternity the attainments begun here may grow broader and richer, reaching away to the shores of an unfathomed sea. Let those who have just begun the upward climb strive to make good use of their time, knowing that "there are beautiful things out in the years." And for those who have reached maturer years, there is no need to despair, for this life is but the beginning of an upward progression that shall last throughout eternity.

The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood

No words in the English language carry with them more tender associations than the endearing terms of home and mother. Thoughts of the home-coming awaken in our hearts most joyful emotions. You picture in your imagination the happy greetings that await you when you reach your home, the pleasant scene as you gather around the family board, or sit in the cool evening with your loved ones all about you. No scene can be more beautiful than this, and truly there is no paradise on earth but a happy home.

I shall ask you now to dismiss from your mind this pleasant picture, and go with me to a village in far-away India. A young Hindu gentleman, whose father is wealthy, has been in England to secure an education, and he is to return today to his father's house. He is not welcomed at the station by a fond mother's embrace or a loving sister's greeting. When he reaches home, there is no happy family gathering at the first meal; for custom will not allow even his mother to sit down with him at the table. There are no sisters to listen with girlish interest to his stories of school life or of his travels; for what can an illiterate Indian girl who cannot read a word, and who has scarcely set foot outside of her own dooryard, care about such things as that? If he speaks to her, she covers her face, or laughs an empty, meaningless laugh, and runs away. The mother proposes that he must be married soon. He thinks of the beautiful English homes he has visited where the mother is queen of the household and the companion of her husband, and he desperately declares, "I will not marry a child." But what can he do? All girls of his own age are already married, and to marry a widow means social ostracism, which would separate him from all that life holds dear. He would be an outcast from society. No one would be willing to eat with him, he would not be permitted to worship in the public

temples, and none would bury him when he was dead. To evade this storm, he submits to his mother's plans, and to the iron customs which in India are authority.

An educated Hindu once said, "Woman, in India thy lot is cast in misery." From earliest infancy to the day of her death, the life of an Indian woman is one of suffering and sorrow. She knows nothing of the happiness and freedom of childhood; for her parents are under religious obligation to arrange for her marriage as soon as possible. She has no choice in the matter, and often a little girl of six or eight is taken from her mother's care to become the wife of a man of forty or sixty. When she leaves her home, it is with the admonition never to forsake her husband, and not to return to them save as a dead body. The cruelty which the childwife is often called to bear is indescribable. One girl at the age of ten was married to a boy of sixteen whose father was a Brahman priest. The girl's appearance did not suit the young husband; and if she went near him to serve him with food, he would hit her on the crown of her head with his knuckles. She did the household work, brought water for all, cleansed the utensils, cleaned the floor, did the washing, milked the cow, and kept the stable clean. If the cow did not yield the proper quantity of milk, the girl was punished. The course of treatment she received was enough to turn her into a demon. Her father-in-law would hang her up to the beam of the roof and beat her pitilessly. He would sometimes suspend her to the same place by her ankles, and under her head put a vessel with live coals. This story reveals the defenseless condition of the Indian woman; for the neighbors knew all this, but none would reach out a hand to save or protect the helpless child. The public did not even feel that such conduct disqualified a priest for his work. Is it any wonder that one of the sufferers cries out in her despair: "O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer to thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India."

The custom of child marriage is naturally the direct cause of much widowhood. Widowhood is regarded as a punishment for sins committed by the woman in her former existence on earth. Widow is to them a synonym for sorrow, shame, wrong, and contempt. Her presence is thought to bring a curse upon her family; and if one sees her the first thing in the morning, "bad luck" is inaugurated for the entire day. Formerly the widow was burned upon the funeral pyre of her husband. Carey, early in his missionary life, witnessed such a scene. After a vain remonstrance he wrote, "I told them I would not go, that I was determined to stay and see the murder, and that I would certainly bear witness of it at the tribunal of God." The horrible sight was more than he could bear, and, full of horror, he left them. The remembrance of that sight never left Carey, and for twenty-five long years he waited and prayed while every day saw the devilish smoke ascending along the banks of the Ganges. Though this custom is now prohibited by the English government, the sufferings of the widows are so great that many would prefer burning to the lives they are compelled to live. He who has declared himself the God of the fatherless and the widow will surely listen to their cry.

"When wast thou sick, Lord, and we knew it not?
Had we but known, how swift had been our feet
To bear us to thy couch. Ah! service sweet
To watch beside thee in the dreariest spot.

"Far off I lay, in heathen lands forgot
By thee and all. . . . The sun
Shone in an Indian room; thou didst not see
My form on that bare floor. Those broken hearts
Thou didst not bind. For that thou hast not done
It unto those, thou didst it not to me."

EMILY JOHNSON.

Your Talent

YOUR talent is your calling, and your legitimate destiny speaks in your character.

"Talents that are not needed are not bestowed."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, page 37.* To every man God has given "according to his several ability." The talents are not bestowed capriciously. The one who has ability to use five talents, receives five; and he who has capacity for two, receives two; and he who can make a wise use of one and improve upon that, receives one. None need say, "I have been slighted," for "every man" has received his talent or talents in a wise apportionment. But the burning question with each is, What shall I do with my talent? God expects returns "according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." To improve upon is the paramount duty and obligation.

The talents, however few, are to be put to use. The question that most concerns us is not, How much have I received? but, What am I doing with that which I have been given? There is no time for dallying, quibbling, caviling, or questioning. Discover your capabilities, find your niche, and then go to work.

"The specific place appointed us in life is determined by our capabilities. Not all reach the same development, nor do with equal efficiency the same work. Natural and acquired endowments must of necessity play an important part in this. Some sad mistakes are made in this human life in missing our calling. Many a man whose talents are adapted for some other calling, is ambitious to enter a profession; and he who might have been successful as a farmer, an artisan, or a nurse, fills inadequately the position of a minister, a lawyer, or a physician. There are others, again, who might have filled a remarkable calling, but who, for want of energy, application, or perseverance, content themselves with an easier place."

Up to this present moment you or I may have been missing our calling, but I am so glad for that scripture which says, "Redeeming the time." That sends out its blessed ray of hope, and gives us an opportunity to regain much that may have been lost.

Take your Bibles and turn to Luke 5, and read the first four verses.

Gennesaret means, in Hebrew, harp, and the lake bearing this name is oval in shape. Stanley called it the most sacred sheet of water which this earth contains. It is twelve to fourteen miles long, and half as wide, and is 653 feet below the Mediterranean Sea, and 165 feet deep in places. It was once a summer resort. Mansions were built on its shore line, and for a long time it was the most prosperous part of Palestine. Some 4,000 vessels of various sizes and shapes skimmed its waters. Peter had his boat, and he lent it for gospel work; for we read in the third verse that Jesus entered into one of the ships which was Simon's. Simon's, or Peter's, property was placed at the disposal of the Master for gospel service. So the Lord wishes us to place our possessions, our talents, our gifts, as material help for missionary work. Our times are in his hands. Our influence,—as in words, acts, dress, deportment, expression of countenance, the power of speech,—our health, strength, and the abil-

ity to make money are definite talents for which we are accountable. "The Lord at his coming will scrutinize every talent." All are under the deepest obligation to improve every capability for the work of winning souls to him.

God is testing every soul that claims to believe in him. All are intrusted with talents. The Lord has given men his goods upon which to trade. He has made them his stewards, and has placed in their possession money, houses, and lands. All these are to be regarded as the Lord's goods, and used to advance his work, to build up his kingdom in the world.

"Life should be taken seriously always." It is nonsense to say that a young man must sow his wild oats. Those who start sowing wild oats keep on sowing them. But a very small percentage of those who start on this free and easy path ever sober down and take up the great work of life later on.

It is a common mistake of young people to mis-measure time. They indulge themselves with the comfort that there is plenty of time to do things. This is a lamentable mistake. Life is short at best, and the time to do a thing and start on the road to development and improvement is *now*. Read good books. Read history, philosophy, the natural sciences. Fiction is worse than useless. For the little unhealthy excitement you get out of it, you are wasting your time. Knowledge is power. It gives depth to life; and like the perspective in a picture, life must have depth if it is to be called successful. The man without depth is a slave, a mere machine, and there can be nothing worse.

"Never was any previous generation called to meet issues so momentous; never were young men and young women confronted by perils so great as confront them today." Sacred history presents many noble examples of men whose characters were formed under divine direction, who exemplified divine principles. Among these are Joseph and Daniel, the greatest statesmen; Moses, the wisest legislator and savant; Elisha and Nehemiah, reformers; David, a warrior; Abraham, a household administrator; Isaiah, a prophet; Bezaleel, a skillful architect; Ezra, a secretary; and Paul, a teacher, preacher, and logician; but above these is He who spoke as never man spoke, the most illustrious teacher this world has known or ever will know.

The church is crying for young men and young women who can take hold and lift. God calls them to missionary fields, because they can readily adapt themselves to new climates, new society, and can better endure inconveniences and hardships. Today that call comes ringing down the ages, "Take up the cross, and follow me."

"Time is short, and what you do must be done quickly. Resolve to redeem the time. Seek not your own pleasure. Rouse yourself! Take hold of the work with a new purpose of heart. The Lord will open the way before you. Make every possible effort to work in Christ's lines, in meekness and lowliness, relying upon him for strength. Understand the work the Lord gives you to do, and, trusting in God, you will be enabled to go on from strength to strength, from grace to grace. You will be enabled to work diligently, perseveringly, for your people while the day lasts; for the night cometh in which no man shall work."

"Open eyes will discover opportunities everywhere; open ears will never fail to detect the cries of those who are perishing for assistance; open hearts will

never want for worthy objects upon which to bestow their gifts; open hands will never lack for noble work to do."

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

"Say oft of the years as they pass from sight,
'This is life with its golden store;
I shall have it *once*, but it comes *no more*.'

"Have a *purpose*, and *do* with your utmost might.
You will finish your work on the other side,
When you wake in His likeness, *satisfied*."

I. C. COLCORD.

My Creed

THIS is my creed: To do some good;
To bear my ills without complaining;
To press on as a brave man should
For honors that are worth the gaining;
To seek no profits where I may
By winning them bring grief to others;
To do some service day by day
In helping on my toiling brothers.

This is my creed: To close my eyes
To the little faults of those around me;
To strive to be, when each day dies,
Some better than the morning found me;
To ask for no unearned applause;
To cross no river until I reach it;
To always have a worthy cause,
To fearlessly and fairly preach it.

This is my creed: To wisely shun
The sloughs in which the foolish wallow;
To lead where I may be the one
Whom weaker men should choose to follow;
To keep my standards always high;
To find my task and always do it;
This is my creed—I wish that I
Could even live halfway up to it.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Bible

THE springs of civilization are three. "The history of the world hangs on the race that built the Parthenon, on the race that ruled the world, and on the race that wrote the Bible." Three great races, the Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew; three great achievements,—art, law, and the Bible,—but the greatest of these is the Bible. They who follow the streams of modern civilization back to their rise, come at last upon the Bible.

In our age, noted for its love of childhood, education has been born again. Back of Horace Mann, back of Froebel, back of Pestalozzi, back of Abelard, we come at last upon the Teacher out of Galilee. Modern education is less the child of the revival of learning than of the printing of the New Testament. Wherever the Bible is on the tongue of the people, you find a spelling book in the hands of their children. Modern education takes its rise in the teaching of him who said, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

The other boasted achievement of our age is our government by the people. Take up your map, and run your eye over the ancient world and the medieval world, and you will not find democracy anywhere. Now look at the modern world, and you will find the reign of the people: in Holland, but it was in brave little Holland that men first unchained the Bible; in Switzerland, but it was in Geneva that John Calvin founded his theocracy, in which the Bible was both textbook and constitution; in England and Scotland, lands of Cromwell, Knox, Wyclif, and the free kirk, where the Bible was songbook and literature; in America, land of pilgrim and Puritan, who came into the wilderness for freedom to read the Bible for themselves, and in their own way to practice its worship

and its teachings. There is no reign of the people in Italy, or Spain, or South America. These are modern countries, and in some of them they have the name and dream of democracy; but it is only a dream. They have no democracy, for the people have no Bibles. Moses and Jesus are the first democrats. The Bible is the mother of democracy.

The glory of Italy is her art. What awoke the passion for beauty within her people, and cradled the genius of the great masters? Italian art is a modern flower. Always those sons of the southern clime had used brush and easel. But for centuries they learned only art's language and wrought out art's prose. Then the divine afflatus fell upon them, and they made our galleries glorious forever. What stirred their sleeping genius? Let Raphael's Sistine tell you. Let Titian's "Transfiguration" testify. Let Angelico upon his knees whisper the secret. He has a Bible in his hand, and his prayer is, "O Lord, teach me to paint thy gospel." The Bible has inspired art.

Music is still in her youth. She has the heart of a child, and also the faith of a child. What baptized the children of genius with song? Listen to Handel's "Messiah," and Haydn's "Creation," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Gounod's "Redemption," and even Wagner's "Parsifal," and you will know that the great musical compositions are only the Bible set to music.

You and I belong to the English race, and the glory of the English race is its literature. Its cradle was a monastery, where Cædmon and Bede first sang of Scriptural themes. From Chaucer's day till now, the Bible has been our literature as well as our religion. This book lent Milton his Paradise, Bunyan his dream, Tennyson his immortal hope, Browning his vision, rugged Carlyle his law, Ruskin the splendors of his imagination. Victoria, queen and empress, was right when, handing a Bible to the ambassador of an Oriental empire, she said, "Tell your master, This book is the secret of England's greatness." Of our literature, the Bible is both dew and sun.—N. McGee Waters.

Expenses of Queens

WHO is the most extravagant queen in Europe in regard to dress? Judging from inquiries, it would appear that Queen Victoria of Spain easily takes the first place as the best-dressed royal lady. She obtains all her dresses from Paris, and has to pay over to the great firms of the Rue de la Paix a sum of no less than £8,000 a year.

The German empress has all her dresses made in Berlin, at a cost of not far from £4,000. An equal sum is expended by the czarina, who dresses in private very simply, and goes in for expensive robes only on state and festival occasions, which, however, are not frequent in view of the retired life of the Russian imperial family.

The same sum represents the cost of dresses to the wife of M. Poincaré. Queen Elena of Italy spends only about £3,200 a year, while the dress budget of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium does not exceed £2,000. Her neighbor, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, dresses still more modestly, and spends on her toilet only a few hundred pounds.

But the palm of simplicity belongs to Queen Mary of England, who has all her dresses, with the exception of those for state occasions, made at home under her own supervision and with her own cooperation, so that her budget is the lowest of all.—Selected.

Lessons From a Lighthouse

THE famous South Stack Lighthouse, at Holyhead, stands on the wild west coast of Anglesey, north Wales. Over the foghorn engine house rise two massive horns which are driven by engines. In foggy weather these sirens send forth their dull, bass sound, which is carried about four miles.

The visitor, accompanied by a guide, ascends to the lighthouse chamber, and stands within the noble lantern, and listens with unbroken interest to the story of the lights, prisms, apparatus, machinery, and methods of watching this wonderful lamp, which is worked upon the system of rising and falling light.

The lantern has small wheels, which revolve on a circular rail. Elaborate mechanism winds up the machinery every hour, and also supplies oil to the lantern chamber, and conveys it to the six burners. These burners have about 670 candle power, which by the lenses in front is magnified to 40,000, the light traveling twenty-one miles over the sea, and even farther in very clear weather. Everything about the lantern is spotlessly clean, and is polished to dazzling brightness.

Outside on the balcony there is a grand view of the ocean. Terrific seas rage here in winter. The lighthouse keepers, four in number, with their families, are permanent residents on South Stack. Their duties in working hours are no less incessant than those of a sailor on board ship, — attending to the lamps, keeping a lookout, signaling vessels, making out records, and effecting repairs in the machinery. The oil house contains 2,000 gallons of oil in twenty tanks. Only in the daytime is oil carried from this house, and under no circumstances is a light permitted inside the building, owing to risk of fire.

So many have been the wrecks, even in spite of the lighthouse, that a diver recently stated that he had noticed in his diversings hundreds of bleached bones of sailors in the bed of the sea.

Many lessons for our Christian life are suggested

by the lighthouse. Jesus says: "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine."

One or other of the lighthouse keepers is always on duty at all hours, and in all weathers and seasons. "Eternal vigilance," said a great statesman, "is the price of safety;" and the Master himself declared, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

A lantern in the hand is not so useful as an elevated light. "Every Christian should connect himself with the church for the sake of the outlying world." As the right place for a lighted candle is on a candlestick, so the proper place for a Christian child is in the society which Christ has founded. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. We must therefore keep our light

elevated. We must keep each part bright. Everything in the lighthouse is burnished and almost dazzling in brightness. The lenses or prisms sparkle and shine in a manner that fascinates the eye of the spectator. Much attention and toil are necessary before the reflectors have the brightest purity, and before every funnel and piece of brass has its necessary polished luster to magnify 670 candle power to that of 40,000. If Christ is the center of the light, machinery, and means, the reflectors must be kept bright to transmit the beams.

We must not allow anything to mar the brilliancy of the light. It is

recorded of a lighthouse erected on a tropical shore that it failed for the most unlooked-for reason. Its brilliant light drew about it such clouds of insects which swarm at night in equatorial lands that they covered and darkened the glass. These insects, though insignificant each in itself, effectually veiled the light when they came in large numbers. So little sins, each very small apparently in itself, may completely hide the light of God.

We are not to shine for our own glory. Christ, not ourselves, is to be glorified. Looking at a painted window, we think more of the artist and his picture than of the light; and wherever boys and girls put their own devices on the window through which the light of character shines, the beholder will not be moved to



glorify God. Do not paint yourself on the glass of the lamp by telling of your virtues and good deeds. Let Christ only be seen. The great Florentine painter, Michelangelo, placed his candle in his pasteboard cap in such a manner that his own shadow did not fall upon his work.

Seas storm around South Stack Lighthouse, but it remains firm. Since 1809 it has weathered ten thousand gales, because it is built into and upon the rock. We must build upon the Rock of Ages. Not what we know, or say, or profess, but what we *are*, will determine our place in time and eternity. The house fell not when storms rose and winds blew, because it was built upon the rock. If we build upon Christ Jesus, we shall have no difficulty in letting our light shine before men, that they may glorify our Father who is in heaven.—*J. Johnson.*

A Medical Evangelist Among the Aymaras of Peru

"THIRTY more ready for baptism!" With this cry I was greeted by the Indian brethren by Lake Titicaca, in the Peruvian Andes, four months after a former stay among them. It was true. Thirty more were walking in the light, meeting at the altar of prayer morning and night, and worshiping on the Lord's holy Sabbath.

I found many others awaiting instruction and treatment. Calls came in to visit the sick. On reaching their homes, I would find, instead of one person, five or ten others, who had been brought from still more distant parts. After attending the sick, a meeting would be called for. The people never tired of hearing about Jesus, and that he was soon coming back to earth.

At one place, a boy eight years old was brought to me. Disease had destroyed the sight of both eyes, and he was sobbing as if his heart would break. I drew the little fellow close to me, and explained that if he gave his heart to the Lord, and remained faithful, Jesus would soon take him to a new home, and his sight would be restored. The child stopped weeping; his face lighted up as this new hope came to him,—the "blessed hope," the same that cheers our hearts.

Every day more people came long distances, bringing their sick, two or three days' journey. But the sad part of it was we had no place to keep them, nor had we the proper food for them. Twenty-two patients were compelled to lie on the bare ground in a school building, without sufficient covering. I had used up everything available of which I could make bandages and compresses. Finally, I asked Brother Camacho, our chief brother here, if the people would stop coming soon.

"No," he said, "the people will return to their homes and tell others in still more distant parts."

I told him that it was better that I should leave for the present, and present their needs to our conference brethren, and, the Lord willing, soon return to fit up a place where the sick could be cared for. All we need is a plain two-story building, fitted up to give the most simple of our treatments; board beds, which we shall make ourselves; and then we must provide these sick with clean, well-cooked food, as the case may demand.

Some may wonder why they are sick; but this is no secret. It is because of their ignorance of the laws of health. Cleanliness is something they do not understand. To help them, I formed what I called a

"washing class." It was very amusing, at the same time pathetic, to watch an Indian scrub one part of his face or hands until told that it was time to move on. What they need is simple, loving instruction in the principles of right living, and how to believe on the Lord Jesus.—*F. A. Stahl, in Signs of the Times.*

Playing With Our Time

"THERE'S a pretty stone for a woman's brooch," said Boer Van Niekerk to John O'Reilly, the trader, one October day in 1867, as he pointed to one of the stones with which his child was playing. O'Reilly took it from the child, who had it among his marbles, and, finding that it would scratch glass, thought it might be a diamond. He sent it in an unsealed envelope to Dr. Atherstone, an expert mineralogist, at Grahamstown, Cape Colony. It proved to be such a fine diamond that the governor of the colony paid twenty-five hundred dollars for it. O'Reilly, according to the agreement, gave half of the price to the child's father."

When the child used the diamond for a marble, he did not realize its value. Like the child, some of us do not realize the value of our possessions and opportunities. We have not, perhaps, appreciated the Bible as the most precious treasure in the world, as we should. Is not the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and the way of life, to be found in it? Has not the knowledge of the Bible and the belief in it done more to build character and uplift the world than any other book? Ask the infidel if his religion will better mankind, take a man up out of the gutter, make him a sober man, a better citizen? Yet some of us young folks use far too much of our time in silly jesting and joking, instead of hunting and studying its precious truths.

ELIZABETH MCCORMICK.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech

[Address at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, Nov. 19, 1863. This is worthy of memorizing as a literary gem.]

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Interesting Missionary Incidents

R. HOOK, JR.



HE spirit of prophecy says of our people:—

To them has been intrusted the last warning for a perishing world. On them is shining wonderful light from the Word of God. They have been given a work of the most solemn import,—the proclamation of the first, second, and third angel's messages. They are to allow nothing else to absorb their attention.

The most solemn truths ever intrusted to mortals have been given us to proclaim to the world. The proclamation of these truths is to be our work. The world is to be warned, and God's people are to be true to the trust committed to them.

This places on us a heavy responsibility. God expects us to impart to others the knowledge that he has given us. It is his purpose that divine and human instrumentalities shall unite in the proclamation of the warning message.

Here our work is definitely outlined, and the Lord has surely provided many ways by which we can bring the gospel message to those who are in darkness. His Word tells us that this gospel of the kingdom is to go to the world in this generation, and that human instrumentalities are to be used in doing the work. We are told that "he expects all, laymen as well as ministers, to take part." The commission to us is, "Go ye."

In that excellent little book, "The Printing Press and the Gospel," there is related an incident which demonstrates the spirit that will have to be in the hearts of God's people before this work will go with power. It is a story of a raw recruit who was a member of an Indiana regiment at the siege of Vicksburg. This soldier had been taught to *obey orders*. When the command came to take the earthworks, he obeyed orders and went forward. When the fire became hot and heavy, many of the regiment drew back; but this soldier, Peter Apples, continued up the works and finally reached a battery of artillery. Capturing one of the men, he started back toward his own lines, holding the prisoner between him and the enemy, thus saving his own life. When he returned to the lines, the men inquired, referring to the prisoner that he had brought in, "Where did you get him?" "Get him? I got him up there. There's lots of them up there. Every man of you could have one if you would only go after him."

So it is in a Christian experience. There are souls perishing all about us, and we could all save one if we would but go after him. The gospel commission is, "Go ye." The Lord is calling upon us, young and old, to be as faithful in serving him as was Peter Apples in serving his country. We are soldiers, in a sense, but our work is vastly different from that of the armies of the nations. They are trained to kill men, while our work is to save them.

The Lord has ordained the printed page as one of the ways by which the message can be brought to those who know it not. Not all can be canvassers, but all can be missionaries. If we cannot sell our books, we can give them away or lend them. In spare moments we can sell our magazines or write missionary letters; and who knows but that a little effort on our part may be the means of accomplishing as great a work as was done by a certain Christian worker in the West, who sold a copy of the *Watchman* to a man who now writes as follows:—

I know that the book work is yet in its infancy; and I know that much more work must be done in the future than has been done in the past. There are many, many souls that have never heard of such a church as the Seventh-day Adventist. It was an unknown denomination to me three years

ago, and I was a man who had traveled many miles, and yet I did not know that such a denomination existed. And if it had not been for the *Watchman* magazine, probably I should not have known of it yet. But the Lord has many means by which his people will be called "out of her," that when he comes we all may be ready to meet him.

Possibly the one who sold this magazine was a busy housewife or a schoolgirl who decided to improve a few spare moments by distributing our literature, and through that little effort for the Master, secured a star in her crown.

In another instance some person gave away a tract. The one receiving it writes the publishers as follows:—

Now, if you know you are right, why don't you write articles in the newspapers to enlighten the world and prove to all Christianity, through the public press, that you are right? I am positive that there is not one who keeps Sunday but that thinks he is right, and is sincere in his belief. Now, if the people are in error, it is your duty to write articles to inform them. The Word says, "Shout the truth from the housetops;" and I think as little is said about the Adventists' religion as any there is. If you are right, put it before the public so they will know. In all my life I never saw in any publication a sermon by an Adventist minister. It looks as if you wanted to keep it to yourselves. O, please write articles and insert them in all the public papers. Get it before the public so they will know about it.

Please send me prices on your pamphlets. I should like to do all I can, for I know hardly any one knows of it.

The person who gave the tract to this lady sowed seed on good ground, and it has borne fruit to the glory of God.

All of us have some spare moments; and if we used them in writing missionary letters or distributing literature, we should be surprised at the results.

Some time ago a tobacco salesman who had been in this business for many years, called upon a customer, expecting to secure a large bill of goods. He was surprised when the customer informed him that he was not needing anything in his line, as he did not sell tobacco any more. The salesman in astonishment remarked: "That is strange. The people all around here use tobacco in large quantities. What is the trouble?" "Well," the merchant replied, "some weeks ago a canvasser called at my store and sold me a book, which I have carefully read; and I believe that it is wrong to sell tobacco, and so I have decided not to carry it in stock any more." The salesman, whose wife, by the way, was a Sabbath keeper, asked permission to look at the book. On seeing it, he said: "Why, this is a Seventh-day Adventist book. If you believe what this book says, you will have to keep the seventh day for the Sabbath, and close your store on Saturday." The merchant replied that he understood that was involved, and had closed his store the previous Sabbath, and with the help of the Lord, he did not expect to have it open again on God's holy day. As a result of this experience, the salesman, before his trip was over, had decided to keep the Sabbath himself. So as a result of the faithful work of some colporteur, the merchant was brought to a knowledge of the truth, and the salesman to the point of decision.

This personal house-to-house missionary work is fraught with wonderful possibilities. True, many of the workers will never know on this earth whether or not they have accomplished anything. But they will most surely secure reward when they reach the earth made new.

I have in mind an incident which occurred some years ago. A certain man had become addicted

to the liquor habit. One day he was impressed to visit a friend who owned a Bible. He borrowed the book, and read it carefully; but the only message that impressed itself upon his mind was the text, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." This text made a strong impression upon him, and he became possessed with an idea that the true church of God must be a church that would be hated. One night while he was in a saloon, a Christian missionary entered the place and distributed magazines free of charge. There was a man standing near, and when the missionary handed him a copy of the magazine, he looked it over and said, "Why, this is a Seventh-day Adventist paper. I hate those people!" To our friend this was a message of truth; and from then on his main object in life was to locate a Seventh-day Adventist church and study more of their doctrine. Today he is a missionary worker. He has, under God, distributed thousands of volumes of our good books, and has undoubtedly been the means of bringing the message to many who were in as gross darkness as he was.

When the Lord sends us the light of his word, it is not that we should keep it to ourselves, but pass it on to others. Our Heavenly Father desires a spirit of service among his people. There are many, many faithful ones scattered throughout the world who are reaping rich blessings because they have been obedient to the call, "Go ye." The Lord is more than willing to bless the faithful efforts of any one who will do something to advance his cause in the earth. He will be pleased to have you, dear reader, answer today, "Here am I; send me."

The Fool's Prayer

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the patient grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands were thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

The chastening stripe must cleanse them all;
Our faults no tenderness should ask,
But for our blunders—O, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall!

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—Edward Rowland Sill.

The Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford University

CECIL RHODES, statesman, who died at Cape Town, South Africa, March 26, 1902, directed in his will, dated July 1, 1899, that a part of his fortune, estimated at \$10,000,000, should be applied to the creation of a fund for the support of a certain number of scholarships covering a three-year course at the University of Oxford. He directed that the selection of the recipients of this gift should consist of from three to nine persons from each of the British colonies, two from each State and Territory of the United States, or one hundred in all, and fifteen from Germany. Mr. Rhodes desired that in awarding the scholarships, account should be taken of different qualities,—literary and scholastic attainments; love of outdoor sports; strong, manly qualities, such as courage, generosity, kindness; high moral character, and desire to serve in public affairs. The full number of scholarships, when all are filled, is, at present, 189.

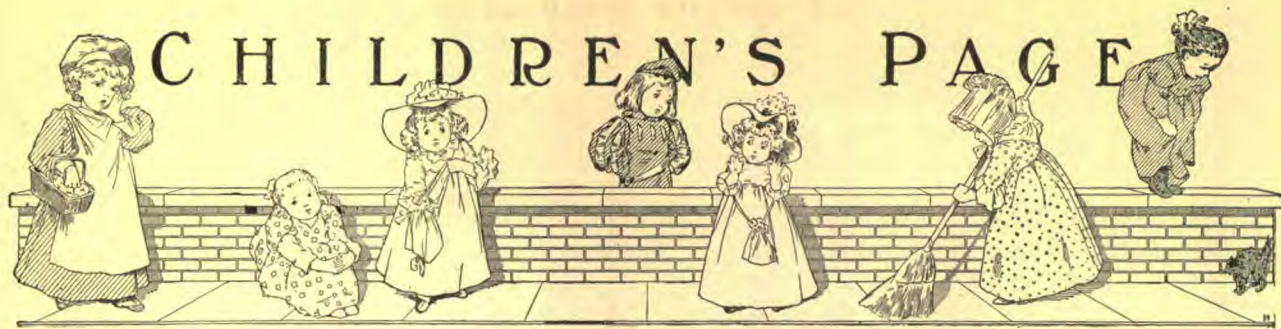
Each student receives an allowance of £300 a year, equivalent to \$1,500, payable in quarterly installments, which is just enough to enable a man to pay the expenses of vacations as well as terms. The first installment is not payable until the student has actually gone into residence at Oxford, so he should go abroad with one or two hundred dollars.

"As each group of men completes the three-year course, another group is selected to take its place. The scholars are distributed among the twenty-one colleges that make up the university, and are free to follow any line of study they may think most useful to their future careers. They carry on their work as part of a great body of about 3,500 students, most of whom come from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, although there is in the university a sprinkling of men from almost every European and Oriental country. There has probably never been anywhere a more cosmopolitan gathering of university students, or any place that offered greater opportunities for the exchange of an almost world-wide range of experience between young men."

African Etiquette

ON approaching an African chief, a strong point of etiquette is to doff, not your hat, but your spectacles, for a man with spectacles is called "Mr. Four-eyes," and is a horror. So, in spite of any little visual defect, you must climb down to the normal use of two eyes, not four. Nor may you even screw a monocle into your eye, for then your name is "Mr. One-eye." (Why not "Mr. Three"?) The method in this madness is a real peep into the dark chamber of the Negro brain, for he detests eyeglasses with a reason. And thus it runs: In Africa you must not only set a watch upon the door of your lips, but must also be inscrutably careful as to your telltale face, for with the wary eye of an experienced angler the African can easily fish news out of the two deep liquid pools of your eyeballs. To him eyes speak all languages under the sun, yea, they talk better than tongues; for if the eye says one thing and the tongue another, then will he plump for the verdict of the eye. Hence this antipathy to "Mr. Four-eyes." To don these glasses before a chief is a traitor's act, for are you not thereby putting yourself as far away from his ferret eyes as you are bringing him nearer to your own? The insinuating logic of the thing is so convincing that you frankly own up to having been unpardonably rude in wearing spectacles.—"Thinking Black."

CHILDREN'S PAGE



How Blachita Rescued Achonhoah

A. M. BARNES

I WONDER who will go and bring me some eggs for the cake, from Tonkenebah's," said the missionary's wife, looking up with an inviting smile.

"Why, I will go, white mother," replied Achonhoah promptly. "I'll go at once and saddle my Blachita."

"A good child," commented the missionary's wife as Achonhoah disappeared, "bless her! She has been like a ray of sunshine ever since she came. Our bread cast on the waters has certainly returned to us, yea, tenfold."

Achonhoah was the adopted daughter of the Rev. John Melton, who for fifteen years had been missionary to the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians. When a mite of a baby, Achonhoah had been scooped up out of the sand by the government physician, on his way to the camps to visit some sick Indians. The little one had been buried in the hillock of sand and left to die by her own mother, who had hoped in this way to save the other sister. For Achonhoah had been born one of twins, and among the Apaches and Comanches the dreadful custom prevailed of destroying twins, because their birth was believed to bring bad luck.

The government physician, being a man without family, not knowing what else to do, brought her to the missionary's wife. Touched by the forlorn condition of the little one, she had said bravely, "We'll take her, John, and trust God to provide."

From that day to the present Achonhoah had been as one of the missionary's own children. The little Indian girl loved the missionary and his wife devotedly. She was now thirteen, tall, well made, in perfect health, and with a bright mind and loving heart. She well deserved her name, which meant "to go quickly." There was no one who could do errands more promptly than Achonhoah.

The parentage of Achonhoah had never been ascertained, but recently one of the Indians who came frequently to the agency, Harwepoyer by name, had begun to declare that she was his child—that he had proofs of it. Harwepoyer was a sullen, ill-tempered Indian, a tyrant both in his tepee and in the camps. He was especially dreaded by the women and children.

"Mind now, no capers with Blachita," called out Mrs. Melton, as she followed Achonhoah to the door. "If eggs are to be brought, Miss Blachita must be kept from exercising her heels too freely."

"I'll tell her what you say, white mother," responded Achonhoah, a twinkle in her eye, "and I know she will understand."

Blachita was in the inclosure back of the mission house, nibbling grass. The moment she heard that peculiar little whistle from her mistress, she threw her head up, wheeled, and came trotting to Achonhoah. Save for one white spot directly between the eyes,

and a larger one nearer the muzzle, Blachita was as black as a coal. Hence the name, which meant "Little Blacky."

In a few minutes Achonhoah's deft hands had placed saddle and bridle on Blachita. Then the little Indian girl sprang to the saddle, and away they went at a fine canter over the prairies.

On galloped Blachita. Three miles or more were passed, then Achonhoah pulled the reins tight. This was the signal for Blachita to slow down. Near this place was a turn in the road, where it entered a stretch of cottonwoods. Most of the trees had been cut away, and the ground was covered with stumps. Blachita did not at all approve of the stumps, and began to prance among them.

"Chail a Blachita, kish! kish!" (Steady, steady, my little Blacky!), said Achonhoah coaxingly.

Suddenly a loud hail in Comanche caused Achonhoah to glance up swiftly, then to give utterance to a startled cry. There close beside her was a mounted Indian in full camp dress, horribly painted, and with a cluster of feathers stuck in his hair. It was Harwepoyer. She knew him the moment her glance rested on him. She had seen him come to the mission house, and she had been told why he came.

"If you scream again, I give you something to scream for," he said savagely, at the same time motioning toward the knife in his belt.

Achonhoah breathed a fervent prayer for help, then, getting control of herself, remained quiet.

Harwepoyer's next movement was to seize Blachita's bridle rein and urge her in the direction he wished to go.

But Blachita had never in all her life had such treatment, and, as any high-spirited animal would, she resented it. She lowered her head, and catching the rough hand on her bridle rein fast between her teeth, gave it a sharp nip. Uttering a fierce exclamation, Harwepoyer dealt Blachita a stinging blow on the head. This was more than Achonhoah could endure. Bursting into tears, she leaned over to caress her pet.

"Sit up! Stop that!" commanded Harwepoyer. "I give you soon what I give pony, if you no hush up."

What was he going to do with her? This was the question now uppermost in Achonhoah's mind. She knew that he claimed to be her father, and that he had said again and again that he was coming to take her to the camps, away from the sweet home and those she loved. How dreadful it was! But God would not desert her, she felt that he would not.

Harwepoyer urged Blachita onward now at the point of his quirt. A mile or more was covered, then Achonhoah noted that they were approaching a clearing. It was a very small clearing, however, and seemed to be in the heart of the timber. In the midst of it stood a small deserted cabin, built of cottonwood logs

chinked with clay. At the door of the cabin Harwepoyer made Achonhoah dismount, and threatened her with death if she dared to move from where he ordered her to stand while he unsaddled and picketed the ponies.

"Get in!" he said savagely as he caught her by the arm, shoving her roughly forward.

It was like twilight within the cabin, for there was no opening for the light save through the cracks made by the falling clay. The one door had dropped from its hinges, and was merely propped against the facing. Any big gust of wind could have blown it down.

As Achonhoah noted the propped door, her eyes kindled with hope for a moment. She wondered what chance she would have to break away from Harwepoyer, dash the door aside, spring out across the clearing, and reach the timber? As if he read her thoughts, the old Indian scowled horribly, while he said, "Better not try *that*! Harwepoyer kill if you do!"

Within the cabin there was some preparation for living, made, no doubt, by Harwepoyer. A slab of bacon hung near the chimney, and in a corner was a sack of meal and a jug of molasses.

"Sit down," said Harwepoyer sharply, "sit down. You got to stay here, one, two, three, maybe four, five days. Friends no find you. Then they give up, and pay fifty dollars, maybe one hundred dollars. Harwepoyer no let you go till friends pay."

So this was what the old villain intended, to hold her for a ransom. How cruel he was! how much to be feared! What should she do? The missionary, Achonhoah knew, had little money. She had lived long enough in the mission house to note how few were the dollars that came, how rigid the economy practiced. But there was the good doctor who had found her in the sand, who had been kind to her in many ways, giving her books and clothes, and sending her to school. Harwepoyer, no doubt, had the doctor in mind. But would even this good friend have the money to spare for her ransom? If Harwepoyer did not get the money, what would he do to her? She was sure he would take her life. He was cruel enough to do it. Fervent prayers winged their way from Achonhoah's full heart to the ever-listening Father.

The afternoon wore on. After scowling and threatening and frightening the poor little maid till she was all atremble, Harwepoyer sank into a sullen silence, but still keeping close watch upon Achonhoah. How dreadful was the loneliness! But for the thought that Blachita, her precious Blachita, was near, Achonhoah felt that she never could stand it. Yes, Blachita was near, Blachita that loved her. Out of the fullness of her love and despair, Achonhoah suddenly threw her head up and gave the love call Blachita knew so well, and to which never in her life had Blachita failed to respond. But the next moment, with a choking sob Achonhoah realized how impossible it was now for Blachita to respond. Yet in another brief space her heart leaped for joy as in answer there came ringing back to her Blachita's responsive whinny.

"No more of that!" threatened Harwepoyer. "I no want noise. I tell you that one time more; that's all;" and he touched his knife as he spoke.

Directly he said, motioning toward the bacon: "Get up. Kindle fire. Get supper. I your master. You no white squaw girl; you Indian. You do what I tell you."

Achonhoah had made the fire, and was turning to get the meal to mix the bread, when there came the heavy trampling of feet without. Harwepoyer started

up in alarm and moved toward the door. He had just reached it when with a loud crash it fell to the floor, grazing him as it fell. Thoroughly frightened, he retreated to a corner, and crouched there trembling. He was a coward at heart, though he had blustered so with poor little Achonhoah. He felt sure that her friends had got on his trail and had come to the rescue.

As the door fell with a crash and within the opening appeared a shaggy head, Achonhoah cried out, "O Blachita! My own Blachita!"

Yes, it was Blachita! and her eyes said plainly: "Now or never, my mistress! You called me, and I've come. Up and away!"

Achonhoah read love's language promptly. She realized the opportunity. The next moment Harwepoyer gasped with amazement to see Achonhoah leap upon the pony's back. He started forward to prevent the flight, but he was too late. Quick as a flash, Blachita had turned. Her rider had no bridle. There was only a trailing bit of rope, which Blachita, in her efforts to respond to the love call of her mistress, had broken, and which Achonhoah now quickly gathered up, realizing the danger if the pony once caught her feet in it. But what did Blachita want of a bridle? Did she not know the way as well as her mistress, even better?

Harwepoyer sprang after them. He saw that Achonhoah would escape if he did not act quickly. He extended his hand to clutch the tail of the pony. The next moment a pair of black legs flew into the air, and Harwepoyer was sent spinning backward against the corner of the house, bruised and stunned. When he recovered, Achonhoah and Blachita were many paces beyond the clearing. By the time he could mount his own pony and start in pursuit, pony and girl, he knew, would be too far away to overtake. His wicked plot had come to naught; and all through the love of a little black pony for her mistress.

Montreat, North Carolina.

Tyra's Sacrifice

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Tyra had often heard her parents talk about the missions; and when Aunt Laura came on a visit, she always used to knit on a gray woolen sock which she said she would give to the missions.

Little Tyra could not quite understand what was meant by the mission, so one day she asked grandmother if "mission" was very poor.

"O, yes," said grandmother; "it needs all the little we can send it!"

"Does he get cold, too?" asked Tyra again. "Auntie knits such heavy socks for him."

"My dear child, do you think that 'mission' is a man?" asked grandmother with surprise.

"Why, yes, because auntie knits socks for 'mission,'" answered Tyra.

Then grandmother could not keep from laughing. "I will try to tell you what the mission is," she said. "You remember I told you about Jesus, and how he told his disciples, before he was taken up to heaven, that they should go out to all the world, to those who had not yet heard about God the Father, and tell them all things that he had told them,—tell them that they had a living God to pray to, who is also a kind, loving Father, and that his Son, Jesus Christ, gave himself to die in order to save them from all evil and give them a home in heaven at last. Those poor people who do not yet know this are called heathen. But heathen, too, wish to pray, and so they make them-

selves gods of gold and silver and wood and stone, and pray to them. But you know that such gods cannot understand, and cannot hear their prayers nor help them any."

"Yes, I understand that; but who is going to have those woolen socks?" asked Tyra once more. "I do not understand that."

"I will tell you," said grandmother. "Those men and women who leave their homes and go to the heathen in strange and far-off countries to teach them about God, are called missionaries, and the work that they do there and the place where they live is what we call the mission."

"Jesus does not want us all to go out as missionaries; but he wants us to help spread his message of salvation, and we can do that by praying for the missionaries who are out among the heathen. Then, too, Jesus wants us to help by sending them money, so that they may furnish books to the little children who live in these heathen lands, in order that they may learn to read about Jesus. And there are many other things that the missionaries need money for, too."

"So, you see, that is why we sew and knit, and then sell these things to get the money to give to missions."

"Then I will also pray for the missionaries and the heathen children," said Tyra, with tears in her eyes; "and I shall send money, too, that those poor children may get books to read from about Jesus. I know how I can get a quarter," and with a smile she ran away to her father.

"Father," she said, "will you pull out a tooth for me?"

"What do you mean, my dear child? You have already lost your old teeth, and I hope you will keep your new ones till you get as old as grandmother," said her father.

"Yes; but, father, I surely do not need all of them, and you see I am so anxious to earn a quarter to help buy books to give to those poor little heathen children to learn about Jesus, and I know you always give me a quarter for every tooth you pull out," said Tyra eagerly.

Tyra's father was so pleased to hear of her willingness to suffer something for the heathen that he gave her twenty-five dollars for the mission. You may not have a great deal of money, little one, given you, but you can do something for Jesus, and he is pleased with every sacrifice we make for him. There are other ways besides having our teeth pulled by which we can earn money for missions.—*Selected.*



M. E. KERN	General Secretary
C. L. BENSON	Assistant Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON	N. Am. Div. Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE	N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, August 8

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
4. Our Work Among the South American Indians (fifteen minutes).
5. Report (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

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

2. Isa. 6:1-9. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets." Suggestions: Isaiah's vision of God; the seraphim's testimony; how the vision impressed Isaiah; why the angel touched his lips; the voice he heard; Isaiah's willingness; the Lord's command; his willingness.

3. Joshua 1:8; 2 Tim. 2:15. Get every member to take part.

4. Three papers: "Among the Indians" (see *Gazette*), "A Medical Evangelist Among the Aymaras of Peru" (see this INSTRUCTOR), "Medical Missionary Work Among the Aymara Indians" (see *Gazette*). Give these papers as talks.

5. Report of working bands.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending August 8

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. "With the Missionaries During the Boxer Uprising" (ten minutes).
3. "With Our Missionaries During the Revolution" (ten minutes).
4. "Only a Baby Girl" (five minutes).
5. "Tyra's Sacrifice" (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).

1. Singing; prayer; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; review Morning Watch texts. As we finish the study of Romans in our morning watch this week, some may desire to review all the texts we have had in Romans. This would be a good plan; but in order to follow it, it probably will be necessary to omit some other part of the program.

2. Let one of the Juniors study this article in the *Gazette* carefully, and then tell the story in his own words. The experiences of the missionaries at that time were thrilling, and all who take the Junior Reading Course next fall will learn much more about some of the missionaries in China during the Boxer uprising.

3. For this talk or paper you will need Missionary Volunteer Series, Leaflet No. 46. Appoint one of your older Juniors to prepare a talk or a paper on this leaflet. To read of some of the hardships which our missionaries in the Flowery Kingdom must endure should inspire us to pray more earnestly for them, and to work more diligently to complete the \$25,000 fund which we are raising this year for the Orient.

4. Recitation. See *Gazette*.

5. To be read by a Junior. See this INSTRUCTOR.

6. Have one-minute reports from the leaders of your working bands. Announce time for next band meetings. Repeat together the membership pledge.

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.]

41. SHOULD you advise passing on our Reading Course books to friends who are not Adventists?

Yes, most heartily. One young man who took the Reading Course lent his books to a boy friend, and the secretary of his conference writes: "The boy read them faithfully. He told me he liked 'Judaism to Christianity' best, as it had increased his faith in God. I think he is really a converted boy, and he says he is going to be an Adventist."

42. What are the passing grades in the Standard of Attainment test? When will the next test be given?

Certificates are granted to persons receiving not less than 75 per cent in each subject. The next test will be given in September.

The Young People's Meeting in Australia—No. 2*

No doubt, all are agreed that it is not the best thing for a leader to take full charge of his meetings. A true leader will lead out and enlist the cooperation of the members of his society. It is often easier to conduct the meetings oneself than to seek help, but this does not pay. If we are to hold the attention of our members, we must enlist their cooperation.

When the young people are actively engaged in the meetings, they have more interest in what is going on. Still we need not kill the interest by having those take part who would not make the meetings interesting; we should give plenty of time for preparation, and if necessary rehearse. If there are members who feel backward, we can have them read one verse the first time, another time they might learn

* Read at a young people's convention in New South Wales.

a verse, later a little more might be asked of them. Then they could write a short paper, and later still be prepared to give a five-minute talk. Our meetings should be educational, and if we study our members and work in this way, the meetings will serve their purpose.

• The Secretary's Part

The minutes of a meeting should be as "minute talks." The same routine ought not to be followed week after week and month after month. Some comment on the weather, the attendance, or something of that kind might bring changes. If the secretary leaves the writing of her minutes until an hour or so before the meeting, she need not wonder that no one is interested in them. Minutes can be rendered in such a way as to arrest the full attention of every one present, and they will be looked for as an interesting part on the program. Those who write their minutes soon after the meeting, have the inspiration of the meeting with them.

Immediately at the close of the study the offering is taken. Collection plates should be ready beforehand, and those who are to attend to this duty should act promptly. In asking for the offering, we should set forth clearly its object. Public intelligence as to our aims and as to our motives forms a large share of our capital stock for the cause. We should bring often before our respective societies the amount collected, and let them understand clearly how they stand with regard to the quarter's offerings.

The audience is your guest for the time, and everything should be made just as pleasant as possible for this guest. Don't let it feel uncomfortable by reason of lack of interest and mastership. Rehearse, practice, become perfect. It takes thought, planning, and courage, all of which come from consecration and prayer.

Last, but by no means least, we have our third essential, "a report from each member." "Each member should realize that he is responsible for the success of the missionary meeting. If he fails in his part, to that extent is the meeting a failure. His report of work for the week is necessary. If he has been active, he will bring life and inspiration to the meeting." Good reports are absolutely necessary to a good, live missionary meeting. We are told through the spirit of prophecy to "plan ways whereby a live interest may be kindled, and train up the young to do what is appointed them. Let them [the young] have a part to act, and from week to week let them bring in their reports telling what they have experienced, and through the grace of Christ, what success has been theirs. If the missionary meeting were a meeting where such reports were brought in by consecrated workers, it would not be dull, tedious, and uninteresting. It would be full of intense interest, and there would be no lack in attendance."

Even the smallest report—a paper or a tract given—should be appreciated, and a live leader can generally plan so that at least one tract or paper can be given away by each member. Not that he should stop with one, but one will lead to greater efforts. A good supply of literature should be on hand at every meeting; for a missionary meeting without literature is lacking in its essential feature.

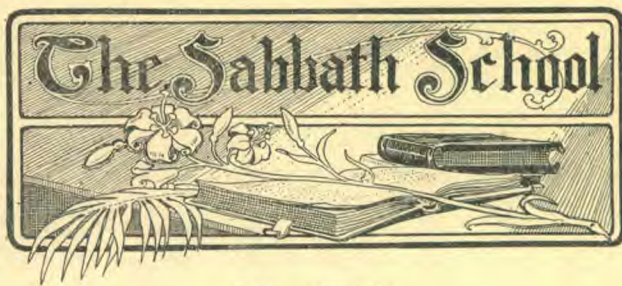
The day of small things is not to be despised. If your society is not large, no matter. Handle it well. Give to your work all the care and thought that it needs. Study your members, and you will find that your numbers will increase, the spirit of consecration will deepen, and that, with earnestness in your work, will tell for eternity. One society for Christian workers was organized with less than one dozen members. In twelve years, through the influence of this society, directly and indirectly, nearly forty young people went from that place to the foreign fields, to say nothing of the hundreds of pounds gathered and dispensed through its treasury.

Just as a small seed contains the life of a plant, so in our small societies lies unmaturing the power, through Christ, to become a great blessing here on earth. Then do not neglect the work because the society is small. The servant with one talent made this mistake, but we can heed the lesson given, and develop every power that is placed within our reach. It will call for sacrifice and self-denial to do these things. Shall we not stop right here, count the cost, and return to our churches to work entirely in building up the work among our children and young people? The Lord has a blessing for us in this very work that we can get in no other. "Let us permit no slovenly work about the King's business, not even in the King's kitchen." In all of our work let us aim at perfection. E. M. JAMES.

SHALLOW men believe in luck, strong men believe in cause and effect.—*Emerson*.

YOUTH is the time to learn how to be led; manhood, the time to lead.—*R. W. Conard*.

You never lower yourself when you stoop to raise another.



VI — Elijah

(August 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 16, 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5:16.

Questions

1. What unenviable record did King Jeroboam earn for himself? 1 Kings 14:16, last part. Because of his sins and the sins of his people, what did the Lord, by his prophet, tell Jeroboam's wife? Verses 15, 16.

2. Yet what does our God not take pleasure in? Eze. 18:23. What did he again and again plead with Israel to do? Verses 31, 32. What, as recorded in our last lesson, was his only object in sending his prophet to Jeroboam? If Jeroboam and his people had repented and put away their sins, what would the Lord have done? Verses 21, 22.

3. What wicked kings succeeded Jeroboam as rulers over the ten tribes of Israel? Note 1. Which was the most wicked king of them all? 1 Kings 16:30. Besides walking in all the wicked ways of Jeroboam, what additional wickedness did he do? Verses 30-33.

4. Who led Ahab into many of his wicked ways? 1 Kings 21:25. From what people had he taken her? 1 Kings 16:31.

5. What did Jezebel and her wicked priests teach the people? Note 2. How many prophets of Baal did Jezebel support? How many prophets of the groves? 1 Kings 18:19. Since appeals and warnings had failed to bring Israel to repentance, how must God now speak to them? Note 3.

6. Who suddenly appeared with a message from Jehovah? From what part of the country did he come? To whom did Elijah boldly deliver the message? What did he say to King Ahab? 1 Kings 17:1. Note 4. See map.

7. As soon as his message was delivered, to what place did Elijah withdraw and hide himself? How was he himself to live during the great famine which he had foretold? How was this promise fulfilled? Verses 2-6.

8. What great test of faith finally came to Elijah? How did the Lord still prove his care for him? Verses 7-9.

9. What second great test of faith came to Elijah? What great test came to the widow? Verses 10-14.

10. How did the poor widow show her faith? How was her faith rewarded? Verses 15, 16.

11. Although so marvelously kept and provided for, what additional test did the Lord permit to come to both Elijah and the poor widow? To whom did the widow appeal? How was her son restored to life? Why did the Lord permit this poor Gentile woman to lose her son? Verses 17-24.

12. Who only can raise from the dead and give life? John 11:25. In answer to whose prayer of faith? 1 Kings 17:18-22. What does this teach us about prayer? Memory verse. What is meant by "a righteous man"? How did the Lord Jesus express the same thought? John 15:7.

Notes

1. Six kings successively followed Jeroboam. They were Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Omri, and Ahab. Of each of these it may be said, "He did evil in the sight of the Lord."

2. "Through the influence of Jezebel and her impious priests, the people were taught that the idol gods that had been set up were deities, ruling the elements of earth, fire, and water, by their mystic power. All the bounties of heaven,—the running brooks, the streams of living water, the gentle dew, the showers of rain which refreshed the earth and caused the fields to bring forth abundantly,—all these were ascribed as the favor of Baal and Ashtaroth. The people forgot that the hills and valleys, the streams and fountains, were in the hand of the living God; that he controlled the sun, the clouds of heaven, and all the elements of nature. They forgot that in the wilderness, in the day of Israel's need, he had listened to the prayers of Moses, and that in obedience to his word living waters gushed from the smitten rock."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Aug. 7, 1913.*

3. "Appeal, remonstrance, and warning had failed to bring Israel to repentance. The time had come when God must speak to them by means of judgments. . . . That Israel might be shown the folly of trusting to the power of Baal for temporal blessings, the curse of God was to rest heavily upon the polluted land. Until Israel should turn to him with repentance, and acknowledge him as the source of all blessing, there would fall upon the land neither dew nor rain."—*Id., Aug. 14, 1913.*

4. Gilead was a mountainous region east of the Jordan, famous for its spices and healing balm. See Jer. 8:22.

"The balm is supposed to be the production of the balm of Gilead tree, which grows about twelve or fourteen feet high, with diverging branches. The resin which it produces is exceedingly odoriferous, and greatly esteemed in the East for its healing properties."—*Schaff.*

VI—Surety of the Lord's Promises

(August 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Peter 3:1-9.

Questions

1. What was Peter's purpose in writing his second epistle? 2 Peter 3:1.

2. Of what would he have the believers mindful? Verse 2.

3. How much is comprehended in the words of the holy prophets and the commandments of the apostles?

4. What would Peter have the believers know about the last days? Verse 3, first part.

5. How are scoffers produced? Verse 3, last part. Note 1.

6. What would be the theme of their scoffing? Verse 4, first part.

7. What argument do scoffers bring against the idea of the Lord's coming? Verse 4, last part. Note 2.

8. What indicates that the people of Sodom thought all things would continue? Luke 17:28, 29.

9. How did it seem to those who scoffed at Noah's preaching? Matt. 24:37-39.

10. Referring to the same event, what does Peter say last-day scoffers are ignorant of? 2 Peter 3:5, 6.

11. What does the ignorance of scoffers in Lot's day, in Noah's day, and in the last days show? Note 3.

12. Although the heavens and the earth were sustained of old by the word of God, of what destruction were they made the agencies? Verse 6. Note 4.

13. What is said of the coming destruction of the ungodly? Verse 7. Note 5.

14. Of what are even believers in danger of being ignorant? Verse 8. Note 6.

15. If the coming of the Lord seems to be delayed, with what must men not charge him? Verse 9, first part.

16. What accounts for delay of the Lord's coming? Verse 9, last part.

17. Is there any doubt that the Lord will come according to his promise? Heb. 10:37.

18. What is our duty meanwhile? Matt. 24:42.

19. What difference will finally be made between the believer and the unbeliever? Verses 40, 41.

20. For what special reason should we be watchful and ready? Verse 44.

Notes

1. "Walking after their own lusts" is the one cause above all others, perhaps, that produces scoffers. Believers depart from the faith because they are not willing to surrender all their desires to be pruned away by the "two-edged sword." These find a certain satisfaction in turning upon their former brethren and scoffing at their "narrow," "deluded" faith and practice. Both this class and unbelievers make the near coming of Christ the butt of their ridicule. A pricking conscience obtains a certain soothing from mocking at the conscientious.

2. The strongest argument of last-day scoffers—in their minds—is that "all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation." Thus it seems to the casual observer, as he looks out on a perfect day, at the clear blue sky, the beautiful trees and flowers, the merry birds and children; and as he looks further upon the wonderful progress in the arts and sciences and the spread of knowledge. Yet these fail to look upon the signs the Saviour said should appear in the heavens, the sea, and the things of nature and experience about us. It is only the light of the word, as Peter goes on to show, that will enable us to interpret correctly the external, material signs given us, in addition to prophetic periods, as evidence of Christ's soon coming.

3. The ignorance of scoffers at all times shows that they do not receive nor study the Word of God. They therefore do not know the power of that Word, nor the part it acts in world events. The antediluvians saw no evidence of the flood in earth or sky. They evidently did not remember how the heavens and the earth had been created (Ps. 33:6), that in their own day the heavens and the earth "were" by the word of God, and that at this same word the course of nature could be changed in a day. Thus it was with Sodom and Gomorrah. "The bright rays of the morning seemed to speak only prosperity and peace to the cities of the plain. The stir of active life began in the streets; men were going their various ways, intent on the business or the pleasures of the day. The sons-in-law of Lot were making merry at the fears and warnings of the weak-minded old man. Suddenly and unexpectedly as would be a thunder peal from an unclouded sky, the tempest broke. The Lord rained brimstone and fire out of heaven upon the cities and the fruitful plain; its palaces and temples, costly dwellings, gardens and vineyards, and the gay, pleasure-seeking throngs that only the night before had insulted the messengers of heaven,—all were consumed. The smoke of the conflagration went up like the smoke of a great furnace. And the fair vale of Sodom became a desolation, a place never to be built up or inhabited,—a witness to all generations of the certainty of God's judgments upon transgression."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 162.*

4. The word whereby is a rendering of two words in the Greek—*through which*, the *which* being plural in form, and therefore not referring back directly to the word of God, but to the heavens and the earth. In Gen. 7:11, we read that "the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened," the heavens and the earth uniting in producing the flood. The consideration that the things of nature which seem to continue as "from the beginning of the creation," may be turned any hour by the word of God into a means of destruction, gives much weight to Peter's teaching in this chapter in reference to the coming of Christ and the final destruction of the world.

5. "By the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment." The Revised Version (margin) reads thus: "By the same word have been stored up for fire, being reserved against the day of judgment." This reading makes clearer the meaning of the whole passage, that as the water stored in the heavens and the earth was turned into an element of destruction at the time of the flood, so in the day of judgment the fire stored in the heavens and the earth will be used in the destruction of ungodly men.

6. When it comes to dealing with infinities of time, as the Lord does continually, there is hardly an appreciable difference between one day and one thousand years. The study of God's Word and God's attributes helps to keep us from thinking narrowly and superficially.

Searching Questions for "Born Again People"

"Do you impute the lower motive in any case of ambiguous conduct, instead of 'hoping all things,' as love demands?"

"Can you recollect six times in your life that you ever denied yourself to the extent of *real inconvenience* from love to God?"

The Youth's Instructor

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What Is Needed

[Rev. E. S. Chapman, D. D., LL. D., of California, who is known as "The Temperance War-horse," because of his energetic and effective warfare against the liquor traffic, points out clearly and strongly the need of to-day in the following article.]

It is not denunciation of public officials for neglect of duty that is now so much needed as a clearer understanding and fuller realization of what is the duty of civil government respecting the liquor traffic. It is light that is needed, the light of public intelligence and of Christian civilization. The nation should be flooded with light, and whatever will contribute to that result should be actively and constantly engaged in efforts thus to prepare the way for the coming of our deliverance.

No great reform was ever yet successful in our land without the aid of the Christian ministry, and no evil ever yet has been able successfully to resist the earnest assaults of united pastorate. It is not only the privilege, but it is the imperative duty of every pastor to turn on the light that will drive this hideous monster into hiding. From tens of thousands of pulpits there should gleam forth upon the people a bright and beneficent light that will flood and fill the whole land, and will cause the nation to realize, as it must and will, the peerless criminality of governmental complicity in the destructive rum traffic.

The reputable press, with its bright and brainy corps of tireless molders of thought and purpose, can contribute as largely as can any agency to a nation-wide illumination. Its influence may be quiet and unrecognized, but it is constant and potential. From every reputable press in all the land there should be a ceaseless and unintimidated demand for national exoneration from complicity in the crime of human degradation and ruin.

Halls of learning should flood the nation with a light untinted by the vapor of the brewery or distillery, a light pure and bright, and divinely beneficent in its achievements of so illuminating the public mind and quickening the public conscience as to cause the tribute money of the drunkard maker to appear as it is, loathsome and abhorrent.

A decision of extinction will not instantly remove all the evil and harmful results of the liquor traffic. The bite of that serpent is too venomous; the wound it has inflicted is too deep to be instantly healed; but while that decision will not accomplish all that is in the heart of humanity to desire, it will instantly put this widespread and always harmful trade "in the way of ultimate extinction," and will hasten the day of its final doom.

That decision will place all the responsibility for the evil consequences of the liquor traffic upon the men who are engaged in it. Others must now share in that responsibility, even civil government being a partner in that pursuit. But when the partnership of that traffic with civil government is dissolved, those who ruin their fellow men by the sale of liquor will be alone responsible for that crime.

A Young Man I Knew

It was a cold winter evening; the roads were frozen hard, and the frost was settling on everything, until it glimmered like crystals. It was so cold that if one's fingers came in contact with metal of any kind, they would stick to it. Supper was over at our home, the work done for the evening, and, with a cousin who was spending a few days at our house, we were all seated around a bright fire; for ours was a happy home, a temperate home, in the strictest sense of the word. Father had not grown rich as some of his friends had, one of whom he often spoke of, a dear old man, living perhaps fifteen miles distant.

A rap on the door aroused us from our happy dreams. Father opened the door and said, "Come in and get warm." The man replied, "Excuse me, I am in haste, neighbor: an accident has happened below here; a young man has had a runaway. He is unconscious, and is lying in the middle of the road. I tied his horse to the fence, and covered him the best I could with his robe; but he cannot last long in this cold." Hurriedly gathering wraps, my cousin, father, and I ran to do what we could for the unfortunate man. My cousin reached the spot first, and raising the young man's head into her lap, said, "O, it is Johnny C—!" the youngest son of my father's old friend. The fair hair was matted and clotted with blood, and the lips and teeth were covered with it. Father said, "What we do will have to be done quickly." A German farmer living near lent a spring wagon, and he and his sturdy sons assisted in getting the injured man into the wagon. He was taken to the hotel where he had learned to drink, but the unfeeling proprietor refused to admit him, lest his people would say he got drunk there. So he was brought back to our house, father and mother giving up their room to him. Two physicians came. They cut his frozen boots from his feet, administered warmth, washed the blood from his teeth, face, and hair, and cared for him as best they could; but he did not regain consciousness until morning. Then he told my cousin he was ashamed, and would never again be caught in such a predicament. He said that his old mother never went to bed as long as he was out, and that his brother older than he was lying at home with delirium tremens. But what did he do on recovering sufficiently to be up but hitch up his horse, and immediately go to the hotel and get drunk! He had been a cadet at West Point, and had a fine education; but the demon drink had robbed him of everything worth while. His will-power was gone; so to the pleadings of friends, mother, brother, and sister, he only turned a deaf ear, saying, "I cannot resist." In two years more his life had gone out, and only a sad memory remained.

JENNIE M. RULEY.

ALCOHOL used as a nerve stimulant is illogical and unscientific; for it is a true narcotic.—*John M. Connolly, A. M., M. D.*

THE community has the same right to prohibit saloons as it has to prohibit cesspools.—*David Starr Jordan.*