

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A "HOTEL" for canaries, built by a Berliner, has elevators, electric lights, winter garden, and fountain.

ON Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay, is a lighthouse without a light. Instead, it has a mirror which reflects a ray of light thrown on it from a lighthouse on the island of Lawis, over five hundred feet away.

THE people of the United States are using more talc than ever, not alone for toilet powder, for that is but a comparatively unimportant use to which the mineral is put, but in the arts and industries.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL BURLESON issued a warning recently calling attention to the fact that as a "penalty" for not ascertaining the amount of postage necessary before mailing letters between the United States and foreign countries, each country concerned in the delivery charges double the amount of deficient postage before delivery is made.

THE postage stamp first made its appearance in 1839. Its inventor was James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee, who died in 1853. England adopted the adhesive stamp in 1839, and issued the first stamps for the use of the public in 1840. A year later stamps were introduced into the United States and Switzerland, and soon afterward made their appearance in France and Belgium.

THE indiscriminate slaughter in recent years of the giraffe, the tallest of living animals, bids fair soon to bring about its extinction. Although it was once distributed over the greater part of Africa, it is now found only south of the Sahara. The full-grown male giraffe attains a height of sixteen to eighteen feet, and gives, as Thomas Hood pointed out, "the great anticlimax" in the animal kingdom.

#### A Swarm of Bees

THESE bees are warranted not to sting, and to produce a plentiful supply of the sweetest honey in any home where they are properly nurtured.

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Be charitable  | Be meek        |
| Be cheerful    | Be merciful    |
| Be earnest     | Be mild        |
| Be gentle      | Be modest      |
| Be helpful     | Be patient     |
| Be honest      | Be persevering |
| Be honorable   | Be polite      |
| Be hospitable  | Be righteous   |
| Be humble      | Be strong      |
| Be industrious | Be systematic  |
| Be just        | Be virtuous    |
| Be liberal     |                |

And I fain would add, Be educated, Be talented, for that which we long and strive for, we generally obtain.

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

#### Care of Trees in Maine

A NOVEL method of providing and maintaining shade trees for the streets is in effect in Farmington, Maine, where a disastrous fire twenty years ago killed practically all the trees.

Following this fire some of the philanthropic citizens of the town originated the plan which is in effect today, and under which each tree is bought, set out, and cared for by some one person. Each tree bears a number, and in the courthouse there is a map showing the location of each tree and the name of the donor. Many trees are maintained by former residents of the town.—*Popular Mechanics*.

#### The Lack of Unity in Cowper's Poem "The Task"

ONE of our students of literature in the Fireside Correspondence School thinks that Cowper is somewhat wandering in his poem entitled "The Task." This is the frank and honest way in which she presents her criticism:—

"'The Task' is a hard poem of which to discuss the general plan. It is so to me, at least. I was much surprised when reading it to find so many kinds of subjects treated under the heading 'The Sofa.'"

To these thoughts the teacher responded:—

"Lady Austin had just been advising him to write something in blank verse, and he asked her to set him a subject. She replied, half in jest, 'O, you can write on anything; take the sofa.' So he began his masterpiece, and called it 'The Task,' because she had playfully set him the task of writing about the sofa. Hence the mock-heroic opening beginning, 'I sing the sofa.' He stuck to his subject as long as he could, perhaps, and then drifted backward in memory to his boyhood, describing the walks he used to take returning from which he could sleep without a sofa. The sofa suggests sleep, and sleep dreams; hence he dreams, and then traces his life to the present. By such slender associations are his thoughts attached to the original subject. The poem is famous not for its logical coherence, but for fresh and beautiful descriptions of nature and its just and sympathetic treatment of human joys and sorrows.

"Your criticism is just. It is difficult to see the connection between his original subject, the sofa, and some of the topics he discusses in his poem. Mr. Welsh, in his 'Origin and Development of the English Language,' speaks of this characteristic of the poem as follows: 'The nature of his theme,—the sofa,—suggestive of home scenes and experiences, naturally led to an immethodical treatment of topics coming as in everyday life without order or coherence.'"

C. C. LEWIS.

#### Tracts Everywhere

"TRACTS *everywhere!*" said a youth, with a sneer, as a young Christian handed him a leaflet one Lord's Day afternoon. "No," said the lad quietly. "there will be none in hell," and passed on. God fastened that single sentence as a nail in a sure place, and he could not get rid of it. "None in hell!" seemed to echo in his ears every time he saw a tract, and ultimately he was converted.—*Selected*.

#### A Prayer

"JESUS, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly thine.  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for thee."

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# The Youth's Instructor

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## My Wish

GREAT dignity ever attends great grief,  
And silently walks beside it;  
And I always know when I see such woe  
That invisible helpers guide it.  
And I know deep sorrow is like a tide,  
It cannot always be flowing;  
The high-water mark, in the night and the dark—  
Then dawn, and the outward going.

But the people who pull at my heartstrings hard  
Are the ones whom destiny hurries  
Through commonplace ways to the end of their days,  
And pesters with paltry worries.  
The peddlers who trudge with a budget of wares  
To the door that is slammed unkindly;  
The vender who stands with his shop in his hands  
Where the hastening hosts pass blindly;

The woman who holds in her poor, flat purse  
The price of her room rent only,  
While her starved eye feeds on the comfort she needs  
To brighten the lot that is lonely;  
The man in the desert of endless work,  
Unsoftened by islands of leisure;  
And the children who toil in the dust and the soil,  
While their little hearts cry for pleasure;

The people who labor, and scrimp, and save,  
At the call of some thankless duty,  
And carefully hide, with a mien of pride,  
Their ravening hunger for beauty:  
These ask no pity, and seek no aid,  
But the thought of them somehow is haunting;  
And I wish I might fling at their feet everything  
That I know in their hearts they are wanting.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## The "You Don't Amount to Much" Temptation

T. E. BOWEN



IT is the best temptation in Satan's arsenal, I think. There was a time when I thought it was used only on me. I have changed my mind; for that weapon, I am convinced, is bright with use.

When a minister, a colporteur, a Bible worker, or a layman gets to a place where Satan trembles before his personal influence, he tries his "You don't amount to much" arrow on him. Often enough it hits its mark. In the midst of the preparation of a sermon calculated to inspire zeal and courage in the hearts of the believers, or to draw in the wanderer, like a flash the thought flits through the mind, "What is the use anyway? No one will take it from you as one would if Brother So-and-so should say it. You better keep still on that particular point." Perhaps the inspiring truth is lost, as the heart falters before the withering thought. Where did it come from anyway? O, Satan shot it into the mind! And thus the encouraging word is often left unspoken, before the "You don't amount to much" temptation.

At the recent General Conference one of the aged pioneers, whose very presence on the platform was a sort of benediction, an inspiration, putting in his little word here and there like a streak of sunshine, remarked one day when the Conference was nearly over, "Satan has told me a thousand times while upon this camp ground: 'O, you better keep still! No one cares to hear from you. Let the others talk.'"

"Well, now," I thought, "that seems strange. I didn't think that dear old man who has been through so many General Conferences could be troubled that way. I supposed I was the only one here that felt like that."

In social meeting it is a common temptation. "You would better keep still; let the others talk," is whispered in the ear. Is it in every ear?—Possibly. Suppose all should listen and follow the suggestion, what then? The young think the older ones should talk. The older Christians get to thinking, "It is the young men and women upon whom the burden must rest, so we shall listen to them."

"Let no man despise thy youth," wrote the apostle Paul to Timothy as he sent this young man out to do

work for God among the churches. Likewise, it might be said, Let no man despise thy age; as helpful counsel is given by those who are old in the service of God.

The fact is the Lord appreciates us all. He has placed gifts and talents widely differing in his true followers. He did it purposely, too. He has use for these diversified gifts. He values them all highly. He knows that each one of us needs what the other one is prepared to give. He can use every consecrated talent, if humbly devoted to him, in encouraging some other struggling soul and in rescuing the lost. If, like David, each will use by faith his own sling and his own little stones gathered out of the brook of his own experience, it will be found every such little messenger sped upon its mission will go straight to its mark. This is why Satan tries to muzzle us. Shall we let him? Shall we thus surrender our gospel ammunition? We ought all of us to know that Satan is a liar, and that if we believe what he says we manifest distrust in the Lord Jesus, who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

We need one another. God can make us of great use to one another if we but let him. Self-centered pride on the one hand, and the "You don't amount to much" thought on the other, are the two extremes into which the enemy gladly pushes us. Humble dependence upon God, and willingness to let the Master use us,—the individuality he has given us,—is the workable mean that we are to occupy.

"Charge them that are rich in this present world, that they be not high-minded, nor have their hope set on the uncertainty of riches, but on God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on the life which is life indeed." 1 Tim. 6: 17-19. This not only applies to the rich, but to us all. "To communicate"—communicate what? "Sociable," the margin of one version reads; "ready to sympathize," is another marginal rendering. In other words, willing to pass on of our talent, no matter what that may be, to help



another. To be willing to do it, but yet fail to do it, amounts to little. For such actual communication of helpful love and interest many hearts are starving all about us.

#### How Young People Can Encourage and Assist

"No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere," and no boy or girl ever yet followed the divine footprints without at the same time encouraging and assisting others somewhere in the world of sin.

Now, there is but one way by which any young person may become the encouragement which he should become, to any other young person, and that is by being what that other young person ought to be—a true Christian. True assistance does not come through talking Christianity and acting something else. If we would encourage one another in the good way, we must act Christianity, whether we are fluent talkers or not.

"Nothing succeeds like success," we are told; and I am sure nothing encourages like encouragement; nothing assists like real assistance. Every day we live we are either an encouragement or a discouragement, a help or a hindrance, to young people within the sphere of our influence. A person may flatter himself that he occupies a neutral position, and does not influence others in either direction. But a neutral position for a human soul in the warfare between good and evil is an impossibility. Every one is arrayed on the side of the great Captain, or is numbered among the ranks of the enemy. Every one has an influence for good upon those about him or encourages them to follow the downward way. Encouragement is never received from one who is not himself courageous.

There are some practical, personal tests by which one may tell easily whether or not one's influence is an encouragement and assistance in the upward way.

Is our conversation outside of meeting time uplifting, or do we engage in jesting and foolish talk? How pleased the Saviour would be to hear his followers talking of his precious lessons of instruction, and to know that they had a relish for holy things. Do we ever criticize or pick flaws with our young friends, our Sabbath-school teacher, superintendent, Missionary Volunteer leader, or our church elder? They are all God's servants. "Be kindly affectioned one to another . . . in honor preferring one another."

Are we examples of our religion at our little gatherings, or is the scene of our pleasure our paradise? Heaven is looking on and seeing all.

Do we need to be coaxed to take part in the Sabbath school or young people's meetings? or do we say, "O, I don't want to," "I can't," "Won't some one else?" How are such words influencing others? It requires Christian stamina at times to cheerfully say, "Why, yes, I am willing to do my best." Every Christian needs to grow.

Every Missionary Volunteer should show to the public that he is a Christian young person in his daily association with others. His pleasant, courteous ways and acts of kindness will do more than words.

The most successful toilers are those who most cheerfully take up the work of serving God in the little things. Do we make it a point to give to others our INSTRUCTORS when we have finished reading them? Have we disposed of the *Signs of the Times* we are responsible for? How many of us are familiar with the tract we were reminded of, and are giving it to

our neighbors? Do we improve every opportunity to write a sunshine letter or pay a visit to a lonely brother or sister? Do we know about our neighbor's illness, and have we seen if we can do anything to help?

Do we ourselves love to give to the Lord, or is it only father or mother who are supposed to put an offering into the Sabbath school or missionary collection? Finally, do we love to study the Bible and to pray?

The fifth commandment says, "Honor thy father and thy mother." "But," says one, "I think when I get to be fifteen or sixteen years old, I ought to be allowed to do as I please." We are never able to run our own affairs successfully, for Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing." And so the boy or girl who thinks he has outgrown the fifth commandment is of little assistance to any other boy or girl. We never become too old to sit beside our parents in church, or to find it a sweet privilege to stay close beside father and mother in their declining years. "Mother's apron strings" are cables of love by which every boy and girl will do well to be anchored. God placed us upon life's sea, and gave us this blessed anchor of love, that our voyage may be sure, and that our days may be long in the eternal world which he longs to give us.

It is a beautiful thought that we may honor father and mother as long as they live, even to all eternity. They may be laid away to rest, but it will be still our blessed privilege and our duty to observe the fifth commandment, to honor their memory by never doing that which we know to be wrong. God wants young people to do right because it is right.

When kind advice fails to reach a wayward companion, when influence and example seem powerless to assist or encourage, it is blessed to know that Jesus has said, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Christ gave his great *all* to save me. O, let me give my *little* all to save some one else!

LOTTIE M. ANGELL.

#### Novel Railroad Building

I SUPPOSE the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are not unacquainted with the process of railroad building, how the grade is made, the iron laid, and the roadbed brought to completion; but I doubt if many have seen such a queer and novel piece of railroad building as I saw recently in Portuguese East Africa. I was passing through a portion of the country by river boat, when a stop was made at a little riverside post called Villa Pacage, where there is a large hemp industry in process of development. As soon as I went on shore, I heard the sound of scores of natives who were carrying on a sort of singsong, rhythmic roundelay, a short distance from the landing. There were so many voices that I started out to investigate, and soon learned that about three or four hundred natives were engaged in building a narrow-gauge railroad from the hemp sheds down to the warehouses on the river banks, and the following is the way they were doing the grading of the roadbed:—

Every man, woman, and child engaged in the work had a basket that would hold about twenty pounds of earth. Going to a place about four hundred yards away, they would fill their little baskets and bear them



on their heads to the grade, and a man would empty them where the earth was needed. A long line was continually coming and going, and all were chanting a chorus, which I could not understand, but which, in some form or tone, is used by them when they are engaged in manual labor. Employers never interfere with this chanting, as it is a well-known fact that more labor is performed, and with a more contented spirit, if this is allowed and even encouraged. Overseers were along the line with sticks in their hands, and were almost continuously saying, "Come! Come! Come!" urging the workmen along; but the native African is a very slow, deliberate creature, who believes in taking plenty of time, and I could not see that the urging made any perceptible difference in the movements of the lines.

Twenty pounds of earth in a basket seems a little thing; but when the workers of a great company are continually bringing twenty pounds each, and this is kept up from early morning till late at night, it counts. In this case a long line of the grade had been made by these dark-skinned, slow-moving natives of Africa. It was certainly interesting to watch them as they carried forward this quaint process of railroad building, and the lesson was impressed that we must not despise the small effort; for when even this is made by a large number, a great work can be accomplished in a comparatively short space of time. So if the reader is never called to do any great work, or to carry any heavy load for God and his truth, let him bear the little burden faithfully, and God will be glorified and his cause advanced.

W. B. WHITE.

### Jacob Riis

JACOB RIIS, American journalist, author, and philanthropist, was born at Ribe, on the Danish North Sea coast, in the year 1849. His parents belonged to the upper class of the town, and his father was the senior master in the Latin school. The mother was a kind-hearted, benevolent woman, who never turned away any one from her door hungry. Jacob was the next to the youngest of fourteen children, and narrowly escaped being named according to the Latin numerals, like some of his brothers and sisters.

A literary career was the ideal set for him by his father, but the boy did not take kindly to this plan, for he hated books. He had his heart set on being a carpenter, and so at the age of fifteen his father apprenticed him for one year to a carpenter of the town. For several months previous to this there had been growing in his heart a strong infatuation for a school-mate, whose name was Elizabeth. He determined then to make her his wife when he became a man. He spent four years in Copenhagen, where he found work building ships, and at the end of that time returned to Ribe. Being refused by Elizabeth and repulsed by his parents, he decided to go to America.

He set out in the world to seek his fortune, having about forty dollars, which was given him by some friends and was barely enough to pay his way over in the steerage. The steamer "Iowa" made port on Whitsunday, 1870, after a long and stormy voyage, and he soon found himself in the midst of a large city.

Expecting to see buffaloes and Indians charging up and down Broadway, he spent half his capital for the largest navy revolver he could secure. This, however, he soon dispensed with. Finding that New York was not clamoring for his services, he decided to go farther

west. On the Allegheny River he hired out to the manager of Brady's Iron Works.

He had strong hands, was stubborn enough for two, and he felt that somewhere in this great world he could make his mark. He worked at Brady's for several months, and then began wandering from one place to another, working at gardening, farming, brickmaking, lumbering, carpentry, canvassing, and, in fact, almost any kind of work he could get to do. Many times he wandered about New York City with no food and no place to sleep, his only companion being a dog as hungry and dejected as himself.

In the midst of these wanderings, when lying sick of a sneaking fever, he received a letter from home saying that Elizabeth was to be married the following summer to a dashing cavalry officer. It was an aimless life he led for the next few months. Although repulsed before, he had not been gloomy, but laughed off his fits of despondency, believing all the time that the wheel of fortune would turn his way if he just kept on doing things. But now it was different; for Elizabeth was soon to be another's.

During these years when he seemed to be wandering about in search of his life work, a few opportunities came which helped him to decide what it should be. His first attempt at journalism was made when at work on a farm near Buffalo, but his outpourings never reached the publishers. Some time later he obtained a position as assistant editor of the *Long Island Weekly*. It proved to be anything but a desirable place, and he left it in two weeks, having received no pay.

When, after three seemingly wasted years, as he sat on the steps of the Cooper Institute, penniless, he was offered a position as reporter for the *New York News*, he felt that the hand of the Infinite had been held out to save him from wreckage just when it seemed inevitable. His work was full of difficulties, but he was used to hard knocks and was determined to succeed. Not long after, he was asked to act as editor of a political paper in south Brooklyn, for which he received twenty-five dollars a week. Later he bought the paper, and successfully managed it until he sold it that he might return to Denmark.

And why did he return to Denmark? — To make Elizabeth his wife. The young officer had died in the early summer, and she, heart-broken, turned her affection to the one who had from childhood declared that she should be his. A few years after his return to America with his wife, they purchased a home on Long Island, away from the city, and spent there a happy life with their family about them.

Mr. Riis still continued his work in the city. He joined the staff of the *Tribune* as reporter, and on account of his honesty and the speed with which he obtained and delivered his reports, he was soon given the hardest place on the paper, that of police reporter. This brought him to the police headquarters on Mulberry Street, and it was here that his life work really began. After ten years of hard, faithful service, he became the boss reporter in Mulberry Street.

It was this work which brought Mr. Riis into close connection with the worst slums of the city, and the conditions there led him to begin his fight against the police lodging rooms and "the Bend." In the lodging rooms were intermingled the young and the old, hardened tramps and young castaways. There they slept on bare floors of stone or plank, under the most insanitary conditions. Not only men and boys, but women and innocent girls were crowded into these



quarters. After a long fight, in which Mr. Riis did much to influence public opinion through the newspapers, in 1896 these police lodging rooms were closed by Theodore Roosevelt, then governor of New York.

Soon after the war on the police lodgings, seventeen of the worst tenements of the city were seized, condemned, and the tenants driven out. Ninety-four in all were seized that year. The landlords sued, but accomplished nothing. The city paid for the property, and some of the sites were converted into parks.

Mr. Riis was convinced that there was much need of reform in the school system. Unable to get the desired information from the annual reports, he set out to investigate for himself how many children who ought to be in school were drifting about the streets. But this at best could be but guesswork. A school census was taken, and it showed that of 339,756 children of school age, 28,452 were employed, and 50,069 on the streets or at home. New York then spent millions in building new schools, while the system was overhauled. Many of the schools had no outside playground. In one instance the only place for recreation for one thousand children was a dark basement room, thirty by fifty feet, full of rats. A law was finally passed forbidding the construction of any public school unless outdoor playgrounds were provided.

Mr. Riis's effort in this fight was for decent school-houses, for playgrounds, and for a truant school, to keep the boys out of jail. The lack of a truant school was the worst outrage of all; for it compelled the sending of boys who had done no worse wrong than to play hooky on a sunny spring day, to a jail with iron bars on the windows. These prisons were wretched, and so crowded that every cell had two or three inmates, among whom were burglars, vagrants, thieves, and bad boys of every kind. They were classified according to size. An article by Mr. Riis, printed in the *Century Magazine* under the heading "The Making of Thieves in New York City," gave the final blow, and at last the truant school which the law demanded was established.

Through all these efforts for reform, Mr. Riis was ready with voice and pen to portray the conditions which menaced society. "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," "The Making of an American," "The Battle With the Slum," and "Children of the Tenements," are among his best-known books. The far-reaching influence of the work of this great man eternity alone will reveal. He died on May 26, 1914, at the end of a life devoted to the service of humanity.

GRACE EVANS.

### Reporting

"A GOOD report maketh the bones fat." So says Solomon, he who was especially endowed with wisdom from on high. No one can deny the fact that a good report makes all who hear it "feel good." There is a feeling of satisfaction that always comes to one when a goal has been set and won. The little three-year-old has set himself the task of building all his blocks into one high tower. His whole mind is absorbed, and his whole body working; the entire being is set on accomplishing that self-given task. At last it is done. Can't you just see the little fellow running to his mamma and pulling at her skirt, and hear the satisfied tone of triumph in the little voice as he cries, "Mamma, see! Willie did it, mamma! Willie did it!"

Something accomplished, something done, brings

satisfaction to you. And if to you, then why not to some one else? You do a good work, and you are happy. You tell me about it, and I am happy, too. But suppose you don't tell me about it. I lose the joy I might have had in your happiness, and you lose the joy of making me happy. Double loss,—loss on your part and on mine. Why?—Because you wouldn't, or didn't think to, tell me. You may say, "But I don't have to report the missionary work I am doing." No, of course you don't. Nobody *has* to do what he ought to do. God does not run the plan of salvation on that basis. But it is for your own good as well as for mine that you are asked to report.

God, speaking through his servant, says: "With such an army as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be heralded to all the world." The difference between a mob and an army is that while each is composed of a great crowd of people, in one crowd every one is working by himself, for himself, while in the other every individual is in connection, through various under leaders, with *one* great leader. So in our work; if we would attain results, we must work together, and those leading must know what every one in his division is doing, and he in his turn must report faithfully to the head leader. Only thus can those in charge plan the work to the greatest advantage.

I hear one saying, "I brought only one soul to Christ this year. Among the hundreds that will be reported this year my one will not be noticed nor missed." But it will be missed. Christ missed the one sheep out of the hundred, and he will miss it out of the thousand just as quickly. And when our work is being done by one here and one there, scattered over all the world, I tell you that these "ones" count. They count heavily. Christ has asked us to do only what we can, but he has asked us to do that faithfully, and we are to report it faithfully.

How many of you like to read the reports in the *Review and Herald* of how many were added to the church in your State, in the North American Division, in the European Division, in the whole world, during the last six months or the last year? Every hand is up. And as the figures keep increasing month after month, year after year, when you see something like this, "The increase for last year is represented by a figure that would comprise the whole denomination in the tenth year of its existence," you just feel good. You can't help it. You forget that those figures are dry statistics, and to you they mean so many souls saved for Christ. But where do these interesting statistics come from?—From individual reports; from your report, and from mine, and from the other person's. So be faithful, be very faithful in the matter of reporting work done. Whether it be giving out tracts, selling books or papers, making missionary visits, giving Bible readings, or what else, report faithfully, and your work will be acceptable so much the more to the denomination and to God.

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached . . . for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." How shall this great work be done? We know how it has been done in the past. First by a few; then others, inspired by the reports of their courageous work, joined in; and as the band grew and the reports grew, others here and there took heart and began to work, until today the earth is encircled



by men and women preaching the same message that was preached in 1848 by the pioneers of this movement. You have no idea, you cannot have, of the many workers who have joined this great company, impelled by the inspiration received by reading the reports of the growth of this work. It is growing rapidly, and it is the reports that show us what we have done, and what we still have to do. When we can report this gospel of the kingdom preached unto all the world, then shall the end come. Let us accurately record and faithfully report all work done.

"Willie did it." How much room for thought there is in that little sentence! It expresses in a comparative degree the same satisfaction that Christ expressed when he raised his eyes to heaven and prayed to the Father, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Glorious will be the day when we as God's chosen people can raise our eyes to heaven and say to our great Father, "We have finished the work which thou gavest us to do."

LOTO FERN WAKEHAM.

#### National Prohibition Hymn

Tune: "America."

THE North and South agree  
Our nation shall be free  
From rum's death reign;  
The sons of "blue" and "gray"  
Their country's call obey,  
And rush to arms today  
Victory to gain.

The curse that blights our race  
Shall have no more a place  
In our domain;  
Our nation's flag shall wave  
In triumph o'er the grave  
Of alcohol, though brave,  
Completely slain.

Long has this giant great  
Wrought death within our gate,  
But he must go;  
United we will stand,  
And under God's command  
We'll banish from our land  
The liquor foe.

King Alcohol, good-by;  
Your thrones all crumbled lie,  
From sea to sea;  
Our sons and daughters fair  
May go forth anywhere,  
From rum's destructive snare  
Forever free.

—Rev. Robert L. Sells.

#### Household Suggestions

To press a wool suit so it will not look shiny on the right side, keep wool against the right side. This may be done when pressing a plain skirt by folding the garment double. Or a strip of wool may be pinned over the cotton on the ironing board. A strip of cotton should be laid upon the garment while the hot iron is being applied, as wool scorches easily, in that it absorbs heat readily. Cotton, on the other hand, reflects heat, thus causing the scorched shiny surface when exposed to it. Dampen with a brush or broom dipped in warm water.

To generate a slow-going coal oil stove, lift the tank gently a few times, then raise the burner chimney, and let in a draft of air to raise the flame. A hot blue flame results when the stove is generated properly.

The twine dish mop used in hot water, is a more satisfactory method of washing dishes than the dish-rag as generally used in lukewarm water. Greasy platters and cooking utensils are quite easily cleansed by means of the long-handled mop and scalding water.

DELLA DERRICK.

#### Standard Time

THE standard clock of the United States is kept in a glass case in a dark underground vault in the Naval Observatory in Washington. It is so placed that no changes in temperature may affect it, and it is wound half-hourly by means of electricity. It is the clock in this country that most nearly approaches perfection. Scientific officers of the government, regularly detailed for the duty, watch over it day and night, constantly correcting it by observations made from the sun and stars.

Thus this clock in the great glass case, though of itself it does not keep time with the sun and stars and the earth, is made so accurate that even the scientists, who say that there is no clock in the world that is perfect, call its time "correct." Strictly speaking, we are assured, the only thing that does keep time is the earth, changelessly rotating through space. But mathematicians and astronomers concede that the time of the big clock inside the glass case comes near enough. That means within some thousandths of a second.

It is this almost perfect clock that sets the standard time of this country. The inclosure in which it stands in the Observatory at Washington is surrounded by three walls with spaces between. It rests on massive stone pillars that reach far into the earth. The temperature is so maintained that, should a human being step into the room, the increase in temperature occasioned by this intrusion would be registered on a thermostat of almost incredible delicacy.

The corrections continually being made in this clock's time by reason of the astronomical observations are seldom more than ten one-hundredths of a second. They are frequently less than five one-hundredths.

From the almost perfect clock, which is in duplicate, wires pass to two time-sending clocks in another room of the Observatory. It is through these that time passes out to the country.—*Popular Electricity and the World's Advance.*

#### Tell Me Again

A POOR Kafir had heard a missionary speak of "the wrath to come," though he did not understand the meaning of it. He came in the colony, and was brought to the missionary. He explained his anguish, and asked what he must do.

The missionary preached to him the Saviour. He listened with eagerness, and stood trembling, and said, "Sir, I am old and stupid; tell me again." And, being told again, the tears rolled down the sable cheek of this man of noble and athletic frame, and he confessed his wonder at the love of God and the compassion of the Saviour.

He resolved to come and live near the missionary, that he might hear again and again the glad tidings. The little space in the village was, however, already occupied, and as he had acquired property, and that was in cattle, there would be no room to graze them.

He told his difficulty to the missionary, and added, "I am a Kafir, and I love my cattle, but I will part with the last one if it stands in the way of my coming to hear the Word!"

He had found the pearl of great price, and he would part with all he had to procure it. The missionary arranged matters for him, and he now resides on the spot, a consistent, devoted Christian.—*Selected.*



## An Interesting Picture and Its Author

ELSA NORTHRUP



**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> BEFORE PILATE" is one of the most famous pictures of modern times (1881). It is the work of the Hungarian painter Michael Lieb (1844-1900), who from patriotic reasons signed his pictures "Munkacsy," Munkacs being the name of his native town in Hungary.

He lived the most of his life in Budapest and Paris, but made a visit to America in 1886, when he came to exhibit his two great pictures "Christ Before Pilate" and "Golgotha," which were received everywhere with great enthusiasm, and were finally purchased by an American collector for about \$150,000 and \$160,000, respectively.

Other pictures of note by Munkacsy are "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters;" "Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner;" "Death of Mozart;" and "Arpad, Chief of the Magyars, Taking Posses-

his hard, round head and square jaw and smooth face is true to the Roman type. The Jewish elders with their long beards, elaborate robes, and pompous, haughty bearing are characteristically Hebrew.

There is a strong suggestion of the Roman power, so hateful to the Jews, in the broad-shouldered, firm-standing figure of the Roman guard as he holds the rabble back with his long spear. There is something in the way his strong right hand grasps the spear that suggests a power that none dare resist.

The spirit and real character of the persons represented are so skillfully portrayed that we fancy we can almost hear their words. In imagination our ears are rasped by the harsh, angry tones of the high priest as he pours out invectives against Christ, flinging his long arms out to give emphasis to his loud accusations and compel the attention of the indifferent governor. Pilate evidently has heard such fanatical, priestly rant



Munkacsy

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

sion of Hungary," which he painted for the new house of parliament at Budapest.

His work is characterized by force and power of dramatic composition and masterly characterization of the personalities represented.

The picture "Christ Before Pilate" is probably as true in fact and detail to the actual scene of the trial of Christ as any one could imagine who was not actually present in Pilate's judgment hall at the time. The ornamentation, the architecture of the throne and of the arched ceiling, are distinctly Roman. Pilate with

many times before, and is giving his entire attention to the strange person who bears all this torrent of insult and abuse with calm and dignified demeanor.

The two elders just back of the high priest are evidently discussing their merits of the case against Christ, and the elder nearest Pilate's right hand leans forward to look into the governor's face, with offensive eagerness for an adverse decision. The elder standing with his back to the wall is gazing sanctimoniously toward heaven as if thanking God that he is so righteous, and not wicked as this hateful person



on trial for blasphemy. But most offensive of all is the arrogant figure who sits with feet spread wide apart and arms akimbo, looking defiantly at Christ, as if to say, "You have called yourself a king; now open your blasphemous mouth and let us hear your defense, if you have any."

One of the crowd, with insolent curiosity, leans around to look into the face of Jesus, while a coarse, brutal fellow in the rear throws up his arms and shouts, "Away with him, crucify him."

But the crowd is not altogether unsympathetic. Just behind Jesus is a face filled with sorrow, and beside it a poor, feeble old man, whose presence at such a scene must imply love and gratitude to Christ for some act of kindness; and over against the wall stands a woman with a child in her arms, whose face is full of tender pity for the one who has brought some great blessing into her life.

In marked contrast to the high priest's almost frantic behavior as he shouts his accusations, stands Christ in the calm dignity of conscious innocence. He offers no words of self-defense or justification. The high priest accuses Christ of stirring up rebellion and insurrection, but his own conduct shows him to be guilty of these very things, while the gentle demeanor of Christ is the most convincing evidence of his innocence.

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### Back to the Farm

MAN was originally intended to be a farmer, but how far he has missed that aim! There has been for the past forty or fifty years a constant emigration of the population from the country to the cities, until now it is a very small percentage that is left on the farms. On account of some ill luck or quite often insufficient knowledge of how to run a farm, a great many men after a year or two of farm life return to the city under the plea that farming is too strenuous and too tedious a job. They prefer the routine and grind of office or factory work to the independence and occasional recreation to be found in the country.

Farmers' sons are especially guilty of going to the city. This has been due to several causes. The first is that as the young man looks out upon his future he can see nothing but hard work as a farmer, for he remembers the struggles of his father. The city lies before him untried, and he proposes to find out what there is there for him. Again, his desire for association leads him to the city, for until late years there have been no such attractions in the country as the city can boast of.

The result of this influx of population has been detrimental to both city and country. It has in a very material way affected the cost of living.

At the present time much is being done to attract people back to the farms. Farm problems and farm conditions are taken up and studied; agricultural societies are being organized, and experiment stations established. The educational advantages have been greatly improved, so that the farmers' sons and daughters are no longer the ignorant children that they used to be.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the farmer was considered a synonym of "poor man," but that time is past. Today many own automobiles and other modern luxuries which a few years ago only the rich could afford to have. All this has come about through the farmer's changing his methods of work. He used to confine himself to working with his hands.

But now he puts his brain to work also, and the result of this cooperation is many times what it was before.

The story is related of a man in Georgia who had made a fair success at farming, but not enough to keep his sons there. The time came when his health failed, and he was forced to lay aside his work and hire it done. Thus relieved of his manual work, he had time to plan and superintend it. He attended institutes, read magazines on agricultural subjects, and got in touch with agricultural experts. The things which he learned in this way he applied to his own farm, and soon he was receiving three or four times the profits that he used to receive. And not only that, but his son returned to Georgia from New York, and bought some land, on which he is carrying out the ideas gained from his father.

Another man, on having accumulated a little money, went to Arkansas and bought some cut-over timber land at a very small price. Having been so fortunate as to locate among progressive pioneers who knew how to make their hands work in accordance with their brains, the country was soon in a thriving condition. In ten years he was clearing one hundred and fifty per cent on his original investment.

In many sections of the country, farmers have organized themselves for the purpose of getting better returns for their products. About twenty years ago the fruit growers of California found themselves being charged exorbitant sums for railroad service and commission. Many times their fruit was so long in getting to its destination that it rotted on the way. Thus they not only had to sustain that loss, but they had to pay the freight and commission also. They then organized what was known as the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. Through this organization they both packed and sold their products. They sent out agents to the large cities, who kept the central office at Los Angeles informed as to market conditions in those cities. The results were astonishing. They now produce about 50,000 carloads of fruit annually, from which they realize about \$30,000,000.

Many men are slow about taking up new land, for it means much hard labor to work it up and add the necessary improvements to make it a paying investment. The great Western railways, such as the Canadian Pacific, have seen this obstacle and have provided for it. Their original grant from the government consisted of a wide strip on each side of the road, which they are now dividing off into small farms. They build houses and barns on these farms, and do some fencing. Then they advertise them for sale, of course making the price high enough to cover the improvements made. The settlers are permitted to pay on the installment plan, and many are taking advantage of the opportunities thus offered.

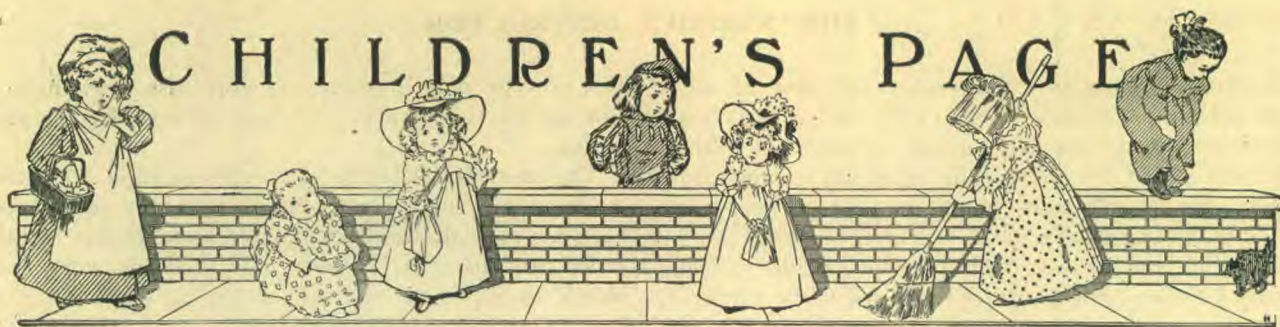
In many sections of the country hospitals have been established for the service of the rural districts. The parcel post, which has recently been established, adds much to the farmer's comfort and convenience. The time is at hand when the farmer will be the dominating figure in the nation, for upon him depends the responsibility of supplying the foodstuffs for the country.

The following lines bring out the logical conclusion:—

"If then the plow supports the nation,  
And men of rank in every station,  
Let kings to farmers make a bow,  
And every man procure a plow."

F. STUART THOMPSON.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Thinking Horses of Elberfeld



TO lovers of animals nothing has appeared in many a day so startling and so inexplicable as Maeterlinck's account of his visit to the home of the Elberfeld horses. The *Metropolitan Magazine* for May and June contains the story as told by the well-known author. Here is a writer, a thinker, a man who commands the regard and confidence of his contemporaries, telling us of things that took place in his own presence that completely baffled every effort he could make to explain them on any ground that would implicate their owner in the slightest degree of dishonesty or fraud. Remember we are not confronted here with a newspaper story written by some irresponsible reporter who wanted to create a sensation. The writer is Maurice Maeterlinck, a man whose integrity of moral purpose, whose seriousness, whose mental power, who no one questions.

The *Metropolitan* has been kind enough to allow us to condense the story and to quote from its columns.

In Elberfeld, Germany, there is a prosperous manufacturer, Herr Krall, who owns, among other horses, a Shetland pony, Haenschen, and two Arab stallions, Muhamed and Zarif.

These horses, by feats of what is apparently extraordinary mental skill, have attracted the attention of learned men from celebrated universities and elsewhere who have visited them and studied them. They have been taught an alphabet "in which each letter is designated by a certain number of blows struck by the right foot and the left foot." The answers to mathematical problems are given by them in the same way; that is, by certain blows of the feet. Their owner, who has surrounded them with an "atmosphere of affection that has, in a manner of speaking, humanized them," says of Muhamed: "Within a fortnight of the first lesson he did simple little addition and subtraction sums quite correctly. He had learned to distinguish the tens from the units, striking the latter with his right foot and the former with his left. He knew the meaning of the symbols plus and minus. Four days later he was beginning multiplication and division. In four months' time he knew how to extract square and cubic roots; and, soon after, he learned to spell and read by means of the conventional alphabet."

Dr. E. Clarapède, of the University of Geneva, is quoted, after making a study of these horses, as pronouncing the phenomenon "the most sensational event

that has ever happened in the psychological world."

Maeterlinck's account of his first interview with the horses is as follows:—

"The master, standing beside the blackboard, chalk in hand, introduces me to Muhamed in due form, as to a human being: 'Muhamed, attention! This is your uncle'—pointing to me—'who has come a long way to honor you with a visit. Mind you don't disappoint him. His name is Maeterlinck.' Krall pronounces the first syllable German fashion—*mah*. 'Do you understand—Maeterlinck? Now show him you know your letters, and that you can spell correctly, like a sensible child. Go ahead, we're listening.'

"Muhamed gives a short neigh, and on the small, movable board at his feet strikes first with his right hoof and then with his left the number of blows which

correspond with the letter M in the conventional alphabet used by the horses. Then, one after the other, without stopping or hesitating, he marks the letters A D R L I N S H, representing the unexpected aspect which my humble name assumes in the equine mind and phonetics. His attention is called to the fact



MUHAMED AND MESSRS. KRALL AND MAETERLINCK

that there is a mistake. He readily agrees, and replaces the SH by a G, and then the G by a K. They insist that he must put a T instead of the D; but Muhamed, content with his work, shakes his head to say no, and refuses to make any further corrections.

"I assure you that the first shock is rather disturbing, however much one expected it. I am quite aware that, when one describes these things, one is taken for a dupe too readily dazzled by the doubtless childish illusion of an ingeniously contrived scene."

Lest it might be thought that the answers given were dependent upon the presence of the owner and certain signs from him, the owner leaves Maeterlinck alone with the horses, saying: "Try it for yourself. Dictate to the horse any German word of two or three syllables, emphasizing it strongly. I shall go out of the stable and leave you alone with him." Maeterlinck writes: "Behold Muhamed and me by ourselves. I confess that I am a little frightened. I have many a time felt less uncomfortable in the presence of the great ones or the kings of the earth. Who am I dealing with exactly? However, I summon my courage and speak aloud the first word that comes to me, the name of the hotel at which I am staying: Weidenhof. At first, Muhamed seems a little puzzled by his mas-



ter's absence, appears not to hear me, and does not even deign to notice that I am there. But I repeat eagerly, in varying tones of voice, by turns insinuating, threatening, beseeching, and commanding: 'Weidenhof! Weidenhof! Weidenhof!'

"At last my mysterious companion suddenly makes up his mind to lend me his ears, and straightway blithely raps out the following letters, which I write down on the blackboard as they come: WEIDNHOF. It is a magnificent specimen of equine spelling!"

More remarkable perhaps than the answers in names spelled out by these horses is the facility and quickness with which they answer mathematical problems. "Krall asks me for two numbers to multiply. I give him  $63 \times 7$ . He does the sum, and writes the product on the board, followed by the sign of division:  $441 \div 7$ . Instantly, Haenschen, with a celerity difficult to follow, gives three blows, or rather, three violent scrapes, with his right hoof, and six with his left, which make 63; for we must not forget that in German they say, not sixty-three, but three-and-sixty. We congratulate him; and, to evince his satisfaction, he nimbly reverses the number by marking 36, and then puts it right again by scraping 63."

What shall we think, for example, of a horse that, asked to give the square root of 4,096, replies at once, 64?

But probably to many of us the most astonishing thing that Herr Krall reports is that upon two different occasions on his return from a business trip, one of these horses spelled out to him information of things that had happened in his absence:—

"One morning, for instance, I came to the stable, and was preparing to give him his lesson in arithmetic. He was no sooner in front of the springboard than he began to stamp with his foot. I left him alone, and was astounded to hear a whole sentence, an absolutely human sentence, come letter by letter from his hoof: 'Albert has beaten Haenschen,' was what he said to me that day. Another time I wrote down from his dictation, 'Haenschen has bitten Kama.'"

Of this Maeterlinck says: "Krall, for that matter, living in the midst of his miracle, seems to think this quite natural and almost inevitable. I, who have been immersed in it only a few hours, accept it almost as calmly as he does. I believe without hesitation what he tells me; and in the presence of this phenomenon which, for the first time in man's existence, gives us a sentence that has not sprung from a human brain, I ask myself whither we are tending, where we stand, and what lies ahead of us."

Toward the close of the article he writes:—

"Must we once more repeat, in connection with these startling performances, that those who speak of audible or visible signals, of telegraphy and wireless telegraphy, of expedients, trickery, or deceit, are speaking of what they have not seen? There is but one reply to be made to any one who honestly refuses to believe:—

"Go to Elberfeld — the problem is sufficiently important, sufficiently big with consequences, to make the journey worth while — and, behind closed doors, alone with the horse, in the absolute solitude and silence of the stable, set Muhamed to extract half a dozen roots, which, like that which I have mentioned, require so many operations. You must yourself be ignorant of the solutions, so as to do away with any transmission of unconscious thought. If he then gives you, one after the other, five or six correct solutions,

as he did to me and many others, you will not go away with the conviction that the animal is able by its intelligence to extract those roots, because that conviction would upset too thoroughly the greater part of the certainties on which your life is based; but you will at any rate be persuaded that you have been in the presence of one of the greatest and strangest riddles that can disturb the mind of man; and it is always a good, salutary thing to come into contact with emotions of this order."

The article concludes with the words: "An unexpected breach is made in the wall behind which lie heaped the great secrets which seem to us, as our knowledge and our civilization increase, to become stranger and more inaccessible. True, it is a narrow breach; but it is the first that has been opened in that part of the hitherto uncrannied wall which is not turned toward mankind. What will issue through it? No one can foretell what we may hope."—Francis H. Rowley, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

#### Little Miss Touchy

LITTLE Miss Touchy won't play any more,  
She has flounced herself home, and has banged the front door;  
While Little Miss Sunshine and Miss Laughing Eyes  
Have stood by and watched her in silent surprise.

Now what is the reason that Miss Touchy Toe  
Has stopped in her play and has misbehaved so?  
She says it's because she has had to be "it"  
Five times, and she just doesn't like it a bit;  
And they kept playing tag when she wished to play ball;  
And they whispered about her, and laughed at her doll;  
And she knows they don't like her, or surely they'd try  
To do what she wants, and would not make her cry.

She forgets that all morning she had her own way  
As to what they should do and the games they should play;  
And they had to be "it," well — not five times, but nine!  
While she went on romping, and thought the play "fine."

And the whispering that grieved her was nothing at all  
But Sunshine's kind plea that they stop and play ball  
Just to humor Miss Touchy; her mate whispered, "Yes,"  
And then, true to her name, gave a laugh, I confess.  
It was not at the doll or at poor Touchy Toe,  
But she laughed just because she was happy, you know.

And then Touchy cried, and exclaimed, "'Tisn't fair!"  
And went home in a pet, because they didn't care  
How wretched she was! She plainly could see  
That nobody liked her! Poor Touchy! to be  
So selfish and silly! I wish that she knew  
The way to keep pleasant and happy, don't you?

—Laura G. Thompson, in *St. Nicholas*.

#### Desire a Substitute for Principle

DAN decided to have one more talk with his uncle. He had little hope that even his own unquestioned eloquence could change his uncle's settled opinion on the subject of education. All their former talks had ended as they had begun, with the insistence on his uncle's part that only after a substantial education could one properly choose his life work.

But Dan had very different ideas on the subject. He knew what he wanted to do. His literary accomplishments were greatly admired and envied by his classmates, and his essays had won more than one prize. His uncle had old-fashioned ideas. The uphill road to success might be all right for some, but he intended to take a short cut. Of what use to him would be figures and dates and the prosy facts of everyday schoolbooks?

But Dan met with no better success than before. He failed to convince his uncle that any royal road to fame can supplant plodding perseverance in old-time school methods. So Dan opened the door to the



suggestion that of late had frequently knocked for admittance. He would mark out his own career. His uncle was too narrow. Dan longed for liberty, little dreaming that this meant only license.

His uncle had always been kind to him, but inflexible on this one point. So Dan decided to leave home. He wrote a brief note, telling his uncle that he was leaving because their views so widely differed. Then, packing in his suit case such articles as he considered necessary, he slept for a short time, but rose in time to catch the four-thirty train for the city.

Reaching the city, he secured a room and a boarding place, and then began to look for employment. He had no doubt of finding just the place that he desired. But the leading editors of the city seemed to have a different view of the manuscripts he had brought with him than did his classmates. After repeated rejection and curt refusals, their value began to dwindle in his own eyes. From looking as of a value sufficient to insure a competence, they began to look very small indeed.

One day as he passed an office window, he noticed the sign, "Wanted: A Ready Writer. Good Wages to Right Person." His self-esteem at once asserted itself, and he sauntered in with great *sang-froid*. But when he learned that this was a real estate office, and that the work was that of writing advertisements, he hastily and indignantly retreated.

But men must eat and sleep, and money is needed to procure the wherewithals. Dan's pocketbook was growing very thin. Unweariedly he sought for work, but met with no success. At last he sought the despised real estate office, and rejoiced to see the sign still there. In the office he was warmly welcomed and at once put to work.

The property for sale was in a remote locality, unknown to Dan. His instructions were to boom the place, and this he did. All his stored-up eloquence was called into activity. His employers were more than satisfied. Their desires were realized beyond expectation, and they soon raised his wages. It did not take Dan long to suspect that this agency was a sort of promotion plan that might not materialize the promised advantages. But he was now in the swing of the scheme, and stifled the admonition of conscience by saying that it was none of his business whether the statements were true or the land a fake. He was paid for writing them, and that was his only concern in the matter.

Investors flocked to the office. And Dan continued to write. The many advantages of the place were enlarged on. It was ideal in every respect. The climate was unsurpassed. The soil yielded everything desirable, without enriching or irrigating, and with little labor. Apples, grapes, and oranges were as plentiful as potatoes. The schools were of the best, and the community life elevated and ideal.

Pictures were drawn of the elegant homes, their owners in hammocks, lounging chairs, or playing tennis, while the carts and autotrucks, piled high with the produce of the land, rolled into the massive barns.

The water was described as so cool and sparkling and delicious that no other drink was desired. It was a veritable elixir of life. Intemperance was a stranger to the place, and disease and death were almost unknown to the oldest inhabitant.

His vivid imagination and wonderful descriptive powers were given full rein. The notices that he wrote were entrancing, bringing to view visions of a

veritable El Dorado, where money could be made as easily as golden nuggets taken from the ground. This was said to be in reality the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, as it were. All the treasure of earth and everything to be desired were to be found there.

Samples of its soil and products of the field were placed on exhibition to display its wonderful fertility. The rainfall was sufficient, but not too great, and the sunshine abundant. The place was ideal in every respect, and Dan reveled in the word pictures that he drew, and almost began to believe in the place himself.

One morning when he went to work as usual, the place was deserted. No one knew the whereabouts of his employers, and careful search failed to discover any clue. Days passed, but he heard no more of the real estate company.

As Dan's imagination quieted down, and life began to take on its normal aspect once more, he began to feel somewhat ashamed of his part in this deluding process. Still he made vigorous attempts to quiet his troublesome conscience, not realizing that it was the call of God to beware lest he enter upon a career that would wreck his manhood.

Dan's mind began to turn toward home, and the uncle who had stood in the place of his parents, and who, as he now began to realize, had sought his best good. But his proud spirit rebelled against returning before he had accomplished anything. Once more he was nearly penniless; for money easily earned is easily spent.

Returning to his room with a sort of homesick feeling tugging at his heartstrings, he gladly discovered a letter lying there. The superscription was not written by his uncle; it was his lawyer's handwriting. Possibly his uncle had suspected his need and ordered money to be sent for him to come home. If this were the case, he suddenly determined to try his best to disappoint his uncle no longer; for he now realized that he loved this patient uncle who had taken in the orphan boy and reared him as his own.

With expectant yet reluctant fingers he broke the seal. Only a brief note was within, telling of his uncle's death and that the settlement of the estate awaited his return, as he was the sole heir. Dan knew this meant that he was immensely wealthy. There would be no more unappeased gnawings of stomach or ambition, for he was now free to follow his own bent. But instead of feeling joy, a wave of great sorrow overwhelmed him. He might have been a comfort to the lonely man, who, amid all his wealth, had no other companion. Instead, he had been a constant anxiety. His just-formed resolution was made too late.

Very quiet seemed the house on his return. No hearty, "Well, how goes it, boy?" awaited him as of yore. The face of the lawyer was as noncommittal as ever, as he speedily transacted the legal business. Dan's uncle had always been a careful accountant, and thorough in every detail. All his affairs were in perfect order. So it did not take long to go over the whole situation, and Dan found himself far richer than he had dreamed.

This money had been in United States bonds. His uncle had always been opposed to speculation. But a few weeks before his death he had become interested in a tract of land recently brought to his attention. The descriptions of it were so vivid that he could al-



most see the land, and the desire to possess it grew upon him and overcame his scruples; for it gave the promise of being an earthly paradise. So his money was now invested there.

"What part of his fortune did he invest?" asked Dan unsteadily.

"Every dollar. You know your uncle was a positive man. What he attempted he went into with all his heart—even the rearing of his sister's child, and leaving to him all his wealth," the lawyer said with a half smile.

But Dan did not see the smile. The room seemed dark and hazy, and swaying about in an unaccountable manner. With difficulty he rallied his powers for the next question:—

"The company?"

"The Legal Tender Realty Syndicate."

It took hours and days and weeks for Dan to reconcile himself to the situation. Night and day he was tortured by remorse. But he came through this furnace fire purified. The lesson was bitter, but proved salutary; and far and wide he came to be known as Honest Dan.

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

**Greatest Temperance Gathering in World's History, Arranged to Be Held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in Summer of 1915**

UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest gathering of temperance forces in the world's history will be the biennial convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America to be held on Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 6-10, 1915.

On the pier there are four large auditoriums and a number of smaller halls. Reservation of these buildings has been made, and it will be possible for the holding of four large gatherings concurrently, so that every person who attends may have an opportunity of hearing every speaker. The joint seating capacity of the big auditoriums is 17,000. The smaller halls will be used for committee and overflow sessions.

As was the case in the Columbus, Ohio, convention in 1913, representation at the Atlantic City meeting will be based on one delegate from each individual church congregation, each local young people's society, each Sunday school, and each subordinate unit of a temperance society or lodge. It is expected that 30,000 delegates will attend.

In every particular this will be a greater meeting than the Columbus convention, which has been rated as surpassing anything previously held. Already some of the States are arranging to send large delegations. One State reports a delegation of one thousand assured.

On the program as partially arranged there will be scores of the most prominent platform men in America, senators, congressmen, judges, governors of States, manufacturers, business men, attorneys, scientists, labor leaders, editors in United States and Canada, and leading reformers in other lands, who will tell the great convention of temperance progress the world over. There will be representatives from every State in the Union, to tell in detail of the development of Anti-Saloon League work.

It is confidently expected there will be at least fourteen States in the prohibition column by that time. A history of the fight in each of these States will be inspiring.

One of the most notable features will be the exhibit, for which a portion of the pier will be reserved. This will show literature, charts, books, designs, and other

forms of illustration, with special attention given to the physiological effects of alcohol, this part of the exhibit to be planned along the lines of antituberculosis and other disease-fighting propaganda.

One portion of the exhibit will be that which drew so much attention at the recent International Sunday School Convention in Chicago, where were shown startling statistics, illustrated by tombstones as symbols, showing from actual facts and figures the terrible ravages of alcohol.

No phase of the alcoholic problem and no feature of warfare against it will be neglected in the exhibit or in the carrying out of the program of the convention.

It is not too early for churches, Sunday schools, young people's societies, and temperance organizations to announce the coming of the convention and to prepare to be represented in it. The convention comes in midsummer, when the vacation season is on, and it is to be held at a popular summer resort; these two circumstances are expected to help swell the attendance.

**Suggestions**

CRANBERRIES will keep fresh for weeks if placed in water in a cool place.

Saturate a cloth well with witch-hazel and use it in pressing in the ordinary way. Have the iron quite warm and go over the cloth slowly so as to make a steam. This will remove all gloss, and it will not come back.—Mrs. Nellie Beck.

A wire or finishing nail may be clinched as nicely as a wrought nail, if a nail punch or piece of iron is placed along the side of it, and the nail hammered into an arched form. The punch or rod is then withdrawn and the arch driven into the wood.—James M. Kane.

**Missionary Volunteer Department**

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, November 7**

**Suggestive Program**

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
4. Christian Work Among the Jews (fifteen minutes).
5. Experiences in the Missionary Campaign (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

1. Music; prayer; brief review of Morning Watch texts; collection of reports and offering; secretary's report.

2. Suggestions: It was never God's plan that the Gentiles should be excluded from the provisions of the gospel (Isa. 56:7), but the people of Israel were chosen as his special representatives and missionaries in the world. When they rejected Christ, they ceased to be God's special people (Matt. 23:37, 38; Acts 13:46). In Christ, no race, as such, has preeminence over others (Gal. 3:28), but all who accept him become the spiritual children of Abraham (Gal. 3:29). If, as Gentiles, we feel that God has specially favored us and excluded the Jews, and fail to labor for the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," we are making the same mistake that the Jews made (Rom. 11:19-24).

3. Origin of evil. John 8:44; Isa. 14:12-14.

4. Three short talks on, (a) "Conditions in the Jewish Communities Throughout the World;" (b) "Difficulties in Jewish Mission Work;" and (c) "Jewish Missions Abroad." See *Gazette*.

5. Call on all who have had part in the missionary campaign to tell their experiences.



## Junior Society Study for Week Ending

November 7

### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING EXERCISES (fifteen minutes).
  2. "The Little Jewish Maid" (ten minutes).
  3. "His Helping Hand" (ten minutes).
  4. "Do a Kindness" (five minutes).
  5. Echoes from the great Missionary Campaign (ten minutes).
  6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; review of Morning Watch texts; sentence prayers; secretary's report; offering.
  2. Have this story, which appears in the *Gazette*, read or told by one who has studied it thoroughly.
  3. This can be given by the leader or one of the children. See *Gazette*.
  4. Recitation. This may be given by one child, or nine children may recite it, each of the nine taking a couplet and all joining in the last stanza. If you wish, you may give each child a letter of the words "A Kindness," to show in the proper order. See *Gazette*.
  5. Have each child tell something he has endeavored to do for the Lord.
  6. Song "Christ in Song," No. 501. Repeat together the membership pledge.

## Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 5: "Ann of Ava,"

Pages 44-79

1. WHEN did the first American missionaries land in Calcutta?
2. Where were they invited to spend their first six weeks in India? Who had built up this enterprise?
3. Where did Judson desire to begin work? Why did this seem impossible?
4. How was their visit to Dr. Carey's mission suddenly interrupted?
5. Tell of the escape of the Newells. Where did Mr. and Mrs. Judson spend the next four months?
6. What change in church communion did they make during this time?
7. How did Mr. Rice and the Judsons seek to escape the further order from the East India Company? With what result?
8. Relate their experiences after being put ashore, and tell how they were delivered.
9. What sad news awaited their arrival at the Isle of France?
10. How did Mr. and Mrs. Judson employ their time during the following months of anxious waiting?
11. Where did they next seek to establish a home, and how did Providence direct their steps to Burma?
12. Tell about their distressing voyage. When did they arrive in Rangoon? Describe the city.
13. What brought them comfort at this trying time?
14. In what mission house did they take up their abode?

## Junior No. 7 — Lesson 5: "Under Marching Orders," Chapters 8, 9

NOTE 1. The political society of I Ho Ch'üan, which came to be known as the Boxers, had existed in China for more than a hundred years, but in the year 1896 it became especially active. Many causes led to this, chief among which may be named political discontent at home, dislike of change, especially the changes being brought in by foreigners, and above all hatred of Western education and religion. "Exterminate the foreign!" became the great cry; and no worse accusation could be brought against one of the Chinese than to say, "He follows foreign countries." The Occidental was called "foreign hairy one," and the native Christians were known as "secondary hairy ones."

NOTE 2. The Manchus held the throne till 1912, when they were overthrown, and a republican form of government was established, with Yuan Shi Kai as president.

1. Of how many cities does Peking consist? Draw from memory the map shown on page 115, and describe the cities.
2. Who was the empress dowager? To whom has she been compared? Sketch her history.
3. Who was selected to take the place of the youthful T'ung Chih, who died in 1875? How did the toy shop on Legation Street influence this royal boy? What reforms did he seek to bring about when he became emperor?
4. How was this era of reform brought to a sudden close? Who again took the actual work of governing the empire? What did she do? Against whom was her anger especially aroused?
5. Describe the Boxer Society. What did they claim? What was their purpose? How many of these men entered Peking? How were they honored?

6. How was the Asbury church turned into a fort? Who sought shelter in the Methodist compound? How many marines were sent ashore to guard the mission? Describe some of the events taking place in the city in those dark days.

7. What relief company was within a day's journey? How were they hindered from advancing? What was the cry of the Boxers?

8. On June 19, what letter was brought to the mission? As the Christians were preparing to leave, for whom was their first thought? Repeat the prayer they offered in this dark hour. What did they sing?

9. What message came to Mrs. Gamewell as she prayed? What sad occurrence revealed the true purpose of the empress dowager? Tell how the home in Filial Piety Lane was abandoned. What spirit marked the conduct of the missionaries and the native Christians?

## Missionary Volunteer Question Box

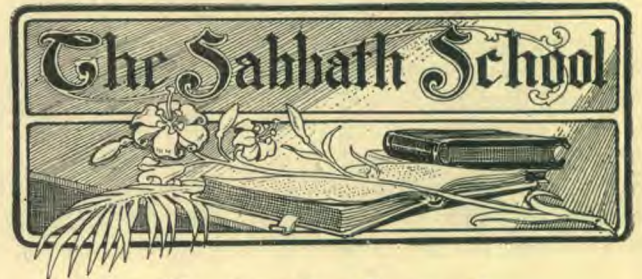
[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

69. KINDLY tell us which to call our society,— Seventh-day Adventist Society of Missionary Volunteers, Seventh-day Adventist Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers, or just Young People's Society?

The department advises calling it Missionary Volunteer Society. Also call the meetings for the young people held on the camp ground, the Missionary Volunteer meetings.

70. Will the North American Division reach its financial goal this year?

Yes, of course it will! It will require very hard work during the next three months to do it, but "we can do it if we will, and we will." Ohio's goal is \$475; at their camp meeting the Missionary Volunteers pledged \$580 to foreign missions. Northern Illinois's goal is \$847.50, and at camp meeting the Volunteers pledged \$553. They had previously raised over \$300. By pushing the Harvest Ingathering campaign every conference will reach its goal. Thus the Division will be able to sing the jubilee song.



## VI — Jerusalem Destroyed

(November 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 25: 1-30; 2 Chron. 36: 11-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Ps. 1: 6.

### Questions

1. What was our last week's memory verse? To whom was it first sent? Through whom? But whom did Zedekiah fear more than he feared the Lord? Jer. 38: 19, 20.

2. What was Zedekiah not willing to do? Against what king did he rebel? Why was this especially trying to the king of Babylon? 2 Chron. 36: 12, 13. Note 1.

3. Moreover, what did all of Zedekiah's subjects persist in? How earnestly had the Lord tried to save them? Why did the Lord go to so much trouble to save them? Verses 14, 15. How long had Jeremiah himself prophesied to them? *Ans.*— For forty years.

4. How did they treat the Lord's messengers? Note 2. How did they regard the Lord's words? How long did they keep this up? Verse 16. Why was there no remedy? *Ans.*— Because they utterly refused the remedy. What should we learn from this? Eph. 4: 30.

5. Since they utterly refused to have their Friend



for a king, what enemy did the Lord allow to come upon them? 2 Chron. 36: 17; Jer. 52: 4.

6. When did this siege begin? When did it end? How long, then, did it last? Jer. 39: 1, 2.

7. Where was Jeremiah during this siege? What had he told Zedekiah about the outcome? Jer. 32: 2, 5. Yet what message of hope was also given? Verses 36, 37.

8. After a siege that lasted for a year and a half, what did the Chaldeans finally succeed in doing? Jer. 39: 2, 3. How strong was Jerusalem, compared with other cities? Lam. 4: 12. How, then, was Nebuchadnezzar able to overcome it? Ps. 127: 1.

9. Once inside the city, what did this new king do to their young men? Where was this done? On whom did he have no compassion? What did he do with the house of God and its vessels? How complete was the destruction of Jerusalem? What about those that escaped from the sword? 2 Chron. 36: 17-20. Only what class of people was left in Judah? 2 Kings 25: 12.

10. When Zedekiah and his men of war saw the Chaldeans swarming into the city, what did they do? At what time of day did they make this hairbreadth escape? Who spied them slipping away, and pursued? Who was overtaken? Where was he overtaken? What became of the army? Jer. 39: 4, 5; 52: 7, 8.

11. Where was this unfortunate king taken? Jer. 52: 9. Where was Riblah? See map. Note 3.

12. What was Zedekiah here forced to witness? Into what condition of great darkness was he placed? To what strange country was he carried? In what sort of place did he spend the remainder of his life? Jer. 52: 10, 11. Of what prophecy was this a direct fulfillment? Eze. 12: 12, 13. Which would you rather be, Jeremiah in the pit of slime, or Zedekiah, blind and hopeless, in the pit his sins had dug for him?

13. Considering all the evidence on both sides, what must we decide as to God's justice? Isa. 5: 3, 4.

14. What should this lesson deeply impress on our minds? Ps. 1: 6.

Notes

1. "He rebelled against him, though he had sworn to be his faithful tributary. . . . All nations looked upon an oath as a sacred thing, and on those that durst break through the obligations of it as the worst of men, abandoned of God and to be abhorred by all mankind."—*Matthew Henry*.

2. Jeremiah himself "was the butt of ridicule and scorn. He was put in the stocks. He was publicly whipped. He was misrepresented as an enemy. He was imprisoned several times. But he kept right on. He was like an elm tree, whose branches yield to every breeze, but which no storm, not even one that upheaves rocks from their bed, can cause to move one hair's breadth from its place in the ground."—*Peloubet*.

3. Riblah was "an ancient city in the northeastern frontier of Canaan. . . . The ancient town was upon the great road from Palestine to Babylon, and was a convenient military headquarters for the Babylonian kings and others invading the country. Here the Egyptian king Pharaoh Necho put Jehohaz in chains and made Eliakim king. 2 Kings 23: 29-35."—*Schaff's Bible Dictionary*.

VI — The Tongue

(November 7)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

	QUESTIONS	NOTES
Sun. . . .	Believers cautioned; test of one's power to control the body . . . .	1-4 1, 2
Mon. . . .	The "unruly member" . . . . .	5-8 3, 4
Tues. . . .	Our words; will stand for or against us in the judgment . . . .	9-11
Wed. . . .	Unsuccessful attempts to tame the tongue . . . . .	12, 13
Thurs. . . .	Exhortations to those desiring life	14-16
Fri. . . .	Review the lesson	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 3: 1-9.

Questions

1. Against what did James caution the believers? What reason is given for the caution? James 3: 1. Note 1.
2. What do we do? Verse 2, first part.
3. What is the test of one's power to control the whole body? Verse 2, last part. Note 2.
4. How does the wise man state the same thing? Prov. 13: 3; 29: 11, 20.
5. How are horses made obedient to their masters? James 3: 3.
6. How are the great ships of the ocean controlled? Verse 4.
7. How is the tongue described? Verse 5. Note 3.
8. How is the "unruly member" further described? How does it sometimes affect the believers? Verse 6. Note 4.
9. What do our words reveal? Matt. 12: 34; Luke 6: 44, 45.
10. By what will we be judged at the last day? Matt. 12: 36, 37.
11. What exhortation does Solomon therefore give concerning our words? Eccl. 5: 2; Prov. 10: 19.
12. What success have men had in taming animals? James 3: 7.
13. What success has attended their efforts to bring the tongue into subjection? What is said of the tongue? Verse 8.
14. What inconsistent use is often made of the tongue? Verse 9.
15. What exhortation is given those who desire life? Ps. 34: 12, 13.
16. What should be our prayer? Ps. 141: 3.

Notes

1. The plan of this epistle seems to be to notice such things as needed to be especially corrected. Some of the errors and improprieties which existed among the people have been noticed in the previous chapter; others in this chapter.

The American Revised Version of this verse reads, "Be not many of you teachers, my brethren, knowing that ye shall receive heavier judgment." "Evidently designed to censure the false mania for teaching, the dogmatizing contentiousness which is thoroughly characteristic of Judaizing Christians."

2. "He who truly masters his words will master his works."

3. The Revised Version (margin) reads, "Behold how great a forest is kindled by how small a fire!" The figure is that of a widespread conflagration being kindled by the incendiary work of an unruly, unsanctified tongue. This teaches a most impressive lesson.

4. "Setteth on fire the wheel of nature." R. V. This indicates how an unbridled tongue can completely possess, and have a reflex influence on, the soul, changing the whole course of human life into a great fire wheel of destruction. "Set on fire of hell." The word hell is not here translated from the word Hades, or the grave, but *Gehenna*. The unsanctified, unruly tongue kindles in the family, in the church, in the neighborhood, the flames of *Gehenna*—"fire of hell." We should individually take heed that we do not kindle the first spark of this awful devastation.

How often this "fire of hell" has been kindled in churches and communities by the improper use of the tongue! Nothing will drive the Holy Spirit from the life more effectually than a wrong use of this unruly member. An unbridled, unconsecrated tongue may be a remorseless tool of Satan. There is no more infamous instrument of evil than the tongue of the gossip, the tattler, the backbiter, and the slanderer. There are many tearful eyes, broken hearts, ruined homes, and blasted lives as the result of the wrong use of the tongue. Churches have been ruined and neighborhoods disgraced by busybodies and scandalmongers.

UPWARD, still upward, thy pathway be,  
 Into the sunshine grand and free;  
 Leaving the mists and clouds below,  
 Gaining the pure and stainless snow.  
 Upward, still upward! Thy faithful Guide  
 Always close at his pilgrim's side,  
 Leading thee on from height to height,  
 Nearer and nearer the stars of light.  
 —F. R. Havergal.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## The Baptism of the River

WHEN Sir Samuel Baker was exploring in the Upper Nile Valley, he pitched his tent one night in the bed of a large river long since dry. The heat was stifling, and the country apparently dead. That night the river rose into a torrent. He had scarcely time to escape with his Arab attendants. When morning broke, the scene was transformed. Birds were singing, people were rejoicing, and the large, broad river was flowing on to the sea. The natives began immediately to irrigate, and the whole atmosphere of the place was surcharged with life. It was nature's baptism. With such a baptism does the Holy Spirit fill the soul and change the life.—*Hugh F. Kerr.*

## Odd Examination

EIGHT boy students of the manual-training department of a school in Seattle, Washington, recently took an odd examination, but it proved they knew how to do the work they had been taught.

One of the teachers of the high school planned a bungalow, and the boys were set to work upon it under the supervision of the manual-training instructor. Each boy received \$1.50 a day, and was given one credit toward graduation for the successful completion of this practical test. This odd examination turned out to be nearly one hundred per cent perfect for the whole class when the bungalow finally was opened for occupancy on commencement day.—*Selected.*

## A Vision of the Day

It is not night where the glory streams! It is not night!  
Not even the night of the sun-clothed moon ashine in the wood,  
Not even the night when the soft little owls come fluttering down  
To rest on your hand, and talk of the day they never see,  
And the white of the lambkin nestles against the lucivee's brown,  
And the needlessly sentinel egrets stalk on their hallowed rood,  
And the rivulet bubbles asparkle under the cypress tree,  
And the spice-filled winds from the forests of cinnamon set aright:  
Not even these fearless eyes,—within the gates of delight.

For ever the glory bathes the streets and the luminous walls  
Of the city renowned in the spheric realms of the sons of God;  
And the moon and the sun and the star in humility hide their face,  
And the arcs of the million-candled lamps are ashamed to shine;  
For infinite nadir and zenith glow with the radiant grace  
That wraps the crystalline sea and the tiniest blade in the sod,

And the symbolized thoughts of God are disclosed by the light divine.

Day! It is day in the mind of man when the glory falls  
On the mote and the star and the dale-hid flower and the Jasper walls!

The heroes of time are gathered there, the kings of earth,—  
Martyrs and prophets and sages of old, and the humble folk  
Whose ministry, lost in the mists of time, now glows for aye;  
Ay, kings of grace, and they bring their honor and glory there,  
Out of the murk of time's long night into endless day.  
Kings are they, and priests, no longer under the yoke,  
But royally robed with light, and crowned with miters fair.  
Heirs of the Lord of heaven, children of royal birth,  
Into the city of glory march the glorious kings of earth.

Afar, afar they hail from Eden's sealess bounds:  
From the fountains and verdant hills of the Boreal Asherites,  
From the shires where the camels feed in the southern meadows of Gad,

From the medial lands of the palm and the hearts of bold emprise;

Till the highways sound with the swelling lays of souls made glad,

And the shining throngs of the watchers greet from their crowning heights,

Where the shepherds are shouting upon the hills against the skies,

Chorusing group by group, till antiphonal rapture sounds  
From the hills of the city of God to earth's remotest bounds.

Back to their Paradise heritage lost, in the garden of God,  
They come in the Sabbath's roseate morning, guided by love  
And the myriad-tinted emerald bow o'er the septimal heights,  
That springs where the fountain of infinite rivers of life awaits.

And over the bridges of crystal and gold, with their diamond lights

Asparkle in depths below like the stars in the deeps above,  
Converged to the tree of life, they enter the pearly gates.

And they tread the glorified paths that the prime of their race first trod;

For the city of God is built in the ancient garden of God.

O, whose are the stars that marge the glow of the argent throne?

O, whose are the coronets gleaming with constellations bright?

O, whose are the sounding harps and the dulcimers sweet and high?

And whose are the voices, musical, deep, like the surge of the sea,

Like the psalms of the infinite upper deeps when their spirits cry,

Singing: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord and God of all might,  
Who wast, and art, and art forever and ever to be?"

These are the stars and the crowns and the joy of them that have grown

Into the love that is the light of the great white throne.

Forever they dwell in the land whose city hath endless day,  
Forever they shine, forever they praise, forever they grow

In the wisdom of perfect knowledge of perfect and boundless love;

And they write in their lives what they read in the breadth of Eden's plain,

In the depths of the waters below, in the heights of the heavens above.

Blessed are they, thrice blessed are they, for that they know  
The love and the wisdom and power of their God; and the pain

Of knowledge is lost, and the darkness of science is taken away:

For there is no night! There is no night in the land of day!

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING.

Hendersonville, N. C.

## The Soil Must Be Prepared

WHEN a little lad was told by his mother that it was God who made the beautiful flowers grow in their neighbor's yard, he asked, "Why doesn't he make some grow in ours?" "We haven't prepared the soil, sonny," was the reply. "As it is evidently God's way to work through these intellects of ours," says Frances Ridley Havergal, "we have no more right to expect him to use a mind which we are willfully neglecting and taking no pains whatever to fit for his use than I should have to expect you to write a beautiful inscription with my pen, if I would not take the trouble to wipe or mend it."—*Selected.*