

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 24



THE JUNGFRAU, IN THE BERNESE ALPS, SWITZERLAND

FROM HERE AND THERE

A LAKE of pure soda has been found in Africa near the equator.

SIXTY-EIGHT thousand Canadians served in the Union army during the Civil War.

THE roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.

NEW YORK has about 3,800 civic and religious organizations working for the benefit of the public.

ICELAND has ordered that every gallon of liquor within its bounds shall be promptly sent out of the country.

THE Civic Forum medal of honor for "distinguished public service" was presented on May 6 to Mr. Thomas A. Edison.

THE British used more ammunition in the single battle of Neuve Chapelle than they used in the whole Boer War.

A BABYLONIAN tablet believed to have been inscribed about 2500 B. C. has come into the possession of Yale University.

AN ingenious musician of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has invented a method of ringing the church chimes while playing the organ.

BANGKOK, Siam, is represented at the Panama-Pacific Exposition by a pavilion brought in 150,000 separate pieces from Bangkok.

THE battleship "Arizona," which will be launched at New York in June, will be christened by water instead of champagne. This decision was made by Governor Hunt of Arizona.

COMMITTEES composed of the delegates that attended the International Women's Congress at The Hague, will visit the different capitals of Europe and urge peace upon the warring nations.

AUSTRIAN authorities have ordered that no more barley be made into malt, and all supplies of barley on hand at the breweries must be declared. The sale of alcohol to troops on trains is also prohibited.

THE Ohio University recently offered the farmers of Ohio a five-day course of instruction by experts in farm work. Thirteen hundred farmers accepted the invitation. The president of the college is greatly pleased at the success of the plan, and says it will result in "more corn for Ohio."

THE Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas has 3,200 members, who own 3,000,000 head of cattle, valued at \$150,000,000. It also owns 30,000,000 acres of land, estimated at \$300,000,000. Having a total wealth of about \$700,000,000, it is said to be the wealthiest mutual protection association in the world.

THE *Electrical World* tells of a new sanitary device for use in public lavatories, an electric hand drier which will take the place of the usual towel. This hand drier is a sheet-iron case with an opening at the top over which one holds his hands while his foot presses a pedal which turns a current of warm air over his hands. It is claimed that the hands will be thoroughly dried in less time than it takes to dry them with a towel, and the method is entirely sanitary.

A FRENCH prisoner of war, Raoul Davidot, returned to Germany from a visit to his home in France, where he was permitted to go by order of Emperor William, to see his dying mother. A request to visit his dying parent was sent by the Frenchman direct to the emperor, pledging his word of honor to return by March 1. The request was granted, and Davidot made the trip to France by way of Switzerland. After the death of his mother, he returned to the detention camp in Germany.

A MAN had been feeding peanuts to an elephant in Franklin Park Zoological Garden, Boston. Thinking to fool the elephant, he dropped a button into the cage. The elephant picked it up, dropped it, and then blew out of his trunk enough moisture of some sort to cover the man's face and badly soil his clothes. The elephant's gratitude for the peanuts did not overbalance his dislike of the deception.

THE first Christian king of Uganda has taken as his wife the daughter of a Baganda Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Yonasani Kaizi. The wedding was at the pro-cathedral; the gown, of brocade silk; the officiating clergyman, Archdeacon Baskerville. Uganda is clearly a different world from that into which Stanley stumbled in the seventies of the last century.

CAPT. EDWARD THERY, widely known as an economist, estimates that the total military expenditures for the first year of the war will be \$10,000,000,000 for the seven allies, and \$7,400,000,000 for Germany, Austria, and Turkey. This makes more than \$17,000,000,000 for the first year.

A RUSSIAN government order for 4,000,000 pairs of army boots and shoes is being filled by four Massachusetts manufacturing companies. This order furnishes employment to 2,000 workers. The contract price is \$14,340,000.

ON Mothers' Day the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company furnished each of its 60,000 employees and every passenger on its 5,000 miles of line, with a white carnation, to be worn as a tribute to mothers.

ANTON LANG, who has twice taken the part of the Christ in the Oberammergau Passion Play, has been called into the German service, and is now in a regiment in the Vosges Mountains.

LIEUT. P. N. L. Bellinger in a hydroaeroplane made an altitude flight of 10,000 feet in one hour and twenty minutes.

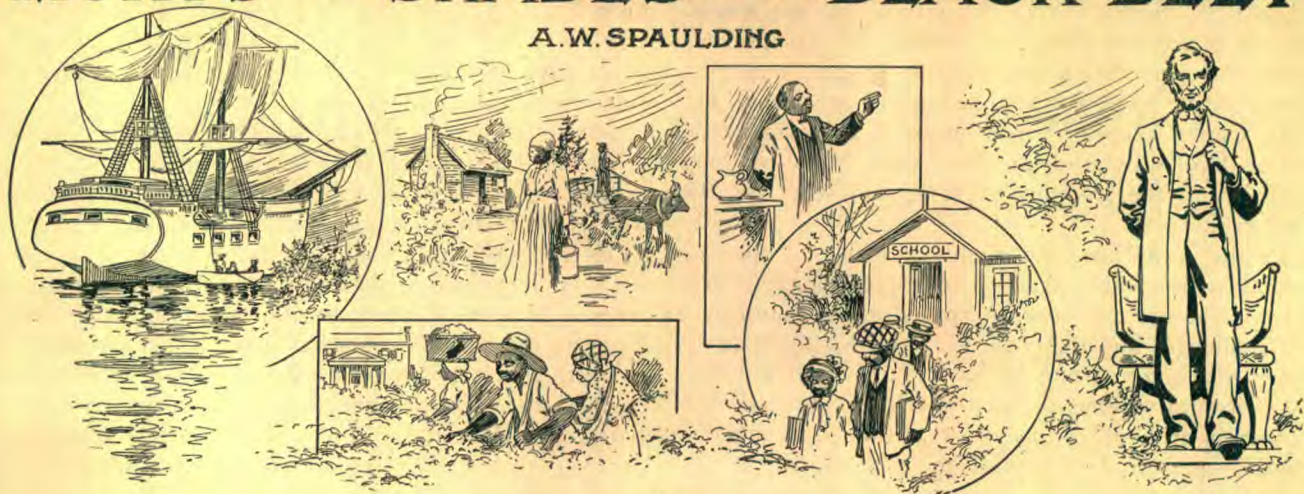
IT is estimated that 29,950,000 men fill the ranks of the armies fighting in Europe.

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LIGHTS and SHADES in the BLACK BELT

A. W. SPAULDING



Emancipation

(Concluded)



EQUALLY true with the fact that the most of the Southerners were not slaveholders, was the fact that the most of the Northerners were not abolitionists. As already noted, until 1830 the chief strength of the abolition societies lay in the South. The attitude of the average Northerner was that he did not wish to be bothered with the slavery question. He might be sorry the slave was ever introduced into America, he might be glad that his section was practically free of the difficulty, but he held that Negroes were an inferior race, who, if they must be present, should be present in servitude; and, in all events, while admitting the wrongs perpetrated under slavery, he wished to be spared discussion of a trouble which did not immediately concern him. He observed that such discussion exasperated the dominant class of the South, and strained the relations of the two sections. If he could avoid such an unpleasant state simply by avoiding controversy on a question with which he felt he had no concern, it was, he said to himself, altogether good policy to avoid it. Thus, with the exception of some few Quakers and Methodists and Congregationalists, and such like, the Northern people took no part in the persistent and growing antislavery agitation prior to 1830.

But then came Garrison and his following (the New Abolitionists, as they called themselves), denouncing slavery as a crime, not a misfortune; denouncing slaveholders indiscriminately as agents of Satan; denouncing and burning the Constitution, which permitted slavery, as "a league with death and a covenant with hell;" and advocating a dissolution of the Union, that the North might wash its hands from complicity in the Southern crime of slavery. The New Abolitionists, the North discovered, would not let the question rest, nor leave it with the South. They demanded, peacefully, but loudly and insistently, that the national conscience be purged of this crime. The Southern aristocracy, roused to fury, responded in kind, and demanded of the North redress. And the North, staid, comfortable, intent on material affairs, and dreading above all things a disturbance of its course of prosperity, turned upon these new apostles with a typical worldly welcome of apostles. They stoned them and rotten-egged them, they shot them, they burned them out, they drove them from city to city. And Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, saw

Boston's "best citizens" assembled to form a mob that should drag Garrison high to the gallows.

For there was this difference between the Southern minority and the Northern minority: In the South it was influential, imperious, and guiding; in the North it was unwelcome, despised, and hounded. If abolition was to succeed, it had need of that iron will or that sublime faith which declared, "I am in earnest; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

The persistent educational campaign of the New Abolitionists without doubt did an effective work in sharpening the consciences of Northern men, but it was the reflex action of their campaign that really resulted in stirring the North; for the Southern leaders, unable to lay hands on the agitators in the North, began to accuse the North of protecting these enemies and of harboring their doctrines. Then they began to insist more strenuously, more imperiously (and nowhere more vehemently than in the national Congress), that further safeguards be granted their "peculiar institution;" that they be given more influence by the addition of more slave States; and that the North cease to permit the assistance of runaway slaves. To these ends, they secured the admission of Texas, precipitated the Mexican War, fought for Missouri and Kansas, and insisted on California's becoming half slave territory; they secured the Fugitive Slave Law; and at last the Dred Scott Decision seemed to give them the right, should they choose to colonize, of making the free States slave territory.

Before these aggressions the North at last aroused. It lent gradually a kinder ear to the antislavery agitators; it followed less enthusiastically its leaders who, like Douglas, seemed in danger of giving away its liberties for the sake of peace; and it hailed new leaders who, like Seward, boldly announced an "irrepressible conflict," and who, like Lincoln, stood stiffly for the restriction of slavery to the territory already granted it. For the present it went no farther; and even when swept into the vortex of civil war, the North as a whole had no idea of freeing the slaves. Its long legislative battle with the South had put it into a temper to denounce as treason that secession which had its earliest advocates in New England, and which possibly, under less stress, it might have accepted without war. The South, in claiming the right of secession, was historically on firm ground, though repudiating the attitude of some of her greatest spokesmen. In denying the right of secession, New England with her

western children was repudiating not only the words, but the attempted action, of some of her greatest citizens, yet was taking impregnable ground upon the new doctrine so ably proclaimed by the greatest of her sons, Daniel Webster. The question, however, could not be decided by academic discussion; it had too long appealed to the passions of men; and war was the final arbiter.

In the meantime, the abolition societies, once so strong in the South, sank out of sight like trees in a flood. The fierce animosity aroused in the South over the challenges and the charges of the Northern abolitionists, was too strong for the Southern abolitionists to withstand. Some of them sank their opposition to slavery in pride of section; others, although stronger of conscience, feared to express their views where they would meet only with violence and possibly death. They surrendered, and left the South or stayed to participate in her fortunes. This action of theirs cannot but be contrasted with the attitude of the Northern abolitionists, who met public opinion with a dauntless front, and endured vituperation, mob treatment, and even death, in defense of the cause they had espoused.

Yet, if one be disposed to depreciate the courage of the Southern abolitionists, it is well to remember that not only were they in the midst of more complex dangers, surrounded by a very real fear of a servile insurrection, with all its attendant horrors, to be aroused by too much agitation; but also they felt that through the action of the violent Garrisonians, to whom temperance in speech was unknown, they had been betrayed in the house of their friends. And there is nothing that so dissipates courage and loyalty as to find partisan leaders not only assuming and securing command of the cause, but denouncing their compatriots as one with the devilish enemy.

And this is precisely what Garrison did. He confused a section with an institution. To him the South was the land of slavery; every Southerner was, if not a slaveholder, at least a slavery upholder. He asked no quarter, and he gave none, and unless a warrior wore his own branding white badge in his helmet to distinguish him from the night, he was perforce of the enemy.

Garrison succeeded; but he succeeded by arraying section against section, by driving some of his friends into the enemy's camp and some of the enemy into his camp; and emancipation was finally achieved, not by righteous principle overcoming evil principle, but by a stroke of policy in a fratricidal war. What the Southern abolitionists might have done if they had been able to soar above all sectional feeling, to sacrifice themselves for the sake of one lofty principle, to make themselves greater martyrs, no man may know. Perhaps it was too much to ask; perhaps it would have been a vain sacrifice. Be that as it may, Garrison, whose personal principle was strictly nonresistance, who deprecated war, and whose soul in personal relations was kindly and noble, may have the distinction of making war inevitable.

The war began with a man at the helm of the nation who declared his one mission to be, not the freeing of the slaves, but the saving of the Union. Abraham Lincoln, born a Southerner, was a friend of the black man and a hater of slavery, but as he had always declared it his purpose not to interfere with slavery inside its distinct domain, so he assumed office with that purpose in mind. And had it not been for the war forced

upon him, as he and the North believed, in the discharge of his duty, it may be that his name would never have been blazoned with that great act of giving freedom to four million slaves.

Through the first half of that terrific war, the Northern armies, despite their superiority in numbers and resources, received as unbroken a series of defeats as it is the fortune of most armies to receive, and even of their victories they could gain but few fruits. Gradually upon the nation, and with special power upon its chief, was borne in the conviction that God was making war the occasion for that great stroke of justice to bring which nothing else had succeeded. The cause of the war, hidden beneath the garments of other issues, was slavery, and the war could not pass without deciding that this nation should "become entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labor nation."

President Lincoln took under his consideration the advisability, nay, the necessity, of declaring the slaves free. This he might do as a measure of military necessity, since the slaves working at home were a support to the Confederate cause, supplying much of the sinews of war and permitting their masters to be in the field. That reason, however, was but an excuse; for while it was declared operative only in unconquered territory, it could not in fact be made operative there till the Union armies should have occupied that territory. The real reason was that slavery was abhorrent, and that the time of its death had come. By the very measure its supporters had taken to perpetuate it, it fell. The war decided for the last time that America should be free soil.

When there dawned the first day of January, 1863, the cause of the slave had been won. By military law those States still in rebellion against the government of the United States were declared free territory. There remained of legal slave territory Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, and Maryland; but few deceived themselves with thinking that should the results of the war uphold that proclamation, slavery could thereafter stand alone in those border States. And it did not. The war thereafter surged ever South; and though in the forefront the rock of Richmond stood to the last, behind it were crumbling all the foundations of the Confederacy, and with them that institution which its vice president had declared to be its corner stone. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox, emancipation was complete, and slavery in America was dead. There remained but the formal action of the Thirteenth Amendment to make it understood.

Opportunity

THE time lock of a safe is set for a certain hour. Until that hour comes, no working with the combination will open the safe. However anxious men are to get into it, they must wait until the appointed hour.

Each life is set with a series of time locks. One may attempt some task with all his might, and accomplish nothing. A little later he may accomplish the same thing with ease.

Seasons have been appointed for the performance of certain duties. To attempt the duties before the season is to fail. To wait until the season is past is to lose the opportunity. A striking example of this is the effort of John Brown, who tried to stir up opposition to slavery by making a unique effort to excite the people. We see that opposition to slavery had not reached

that high tide where opportunity for its abolition was possible; but on the other hand, public opinion at the time of Abraham Lincoln had been developed in the interests of antislavery so largely that the opportunity came for the decisive blow, and our beloved President dealt that blow.

To improve our opportunities we must have intention to do or to accomplish some special work. If this purpose is lacking, there is little hope of success. Some have good intentions, if opportunity only offers, but many times these high hopes are not realized because opportunity was not recognized as it came. Others reach their goal after years of hard work and patient waiting. Success does not come by chance, but only after one has strained every fiber to the limit in improving those few and far-between opportunities which pass within reach. Thus one realizes what is worth while. Julius Cæsar had a desire to be the greatest man in Rome, and as a result he did reach a place that is high in the esteem of the world. But he did not attain his goal by dreaming, but by using his opportunities to advantage.

Preparation is an essential requirement in order to

head, which could be seized, while the back of the head was bald. This statue was named Opportunity. It suggested that opportunity must be grasped when it appears and is confronted, for when once it passes, it cannot be held or used. All the experiences of life emphasize the truth expressed by this Grecian statue.

ROBERT LEEPER.

Coaling an Ocean Liner

FEW persons who have not traveled on the ocean realize the enormous amount of coal used by great steamships in crossing the Pacific Ocean. The average amount used each day by the large ships of the Pacific Mail fleet, whose speed averages about fifteen knots an hour, is one hundred and fifty tons of coal. The picture shows one of the largest of these ships coaling in the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan.

About a year and a half ago I was traveling on the "Mongolia," which at that time took on 4,300 tons of coal at the port of Nagasaki. This, with what they already had on board, I was told was sufficient to take them to San Francisco and back.



COALING AN OCEAN LINER AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN

embrace opportunities when they come. Admiral Dewey, who had lived for years surrounded by the atmosphere of naval affairs, splendidly prepared to carry out his duty when the time came for him to show his hand.

So universally is the value of preparation recognized, that fortunes are being spent and years of precious time are being consumed under the direction of the most skillful hands, in order that the youth of our land may be equipped for the ordinary duties of life, as well as for any emergency which may present itself.

In Athens there was a marble statue representing a man with a tuft of hair extending to the front of the

Nagasaki is one of the great coaling stations in Japan. With very few exceptions, all the ships crossing the Pacific call there for coal. That which is furnished there is very good steam coal, and costs only about half as much as must be paid for it on the Pacific Coast of the United States.

The coal is brought down the rivers from the mines on small barges, each carrying about twenty tons. As soon as ships wanting coal enter the harbor and tie up to a buoy, they are immediately surrounded by dozens of these barges, all swarming with men and women, boys and girls, ready to put the coal on board the bunkers of the ship. They first arrange a series of steps

on the side of a ship, as shown in the picture. These are made secure with ropes and reach from the barges to the bunker holes. A line of men and women, working promiscuously, arrange themselves on the steps, and those in the barges pass the coal up to them in little bamboo baskets each holding about a peck. When the baskets reach the person at the top, the contents are dumped into the bunker and the baskets thrown back to be refilled.

When loading a large ship where many can work, frequently three hundred tons of coal an hour are put on board, and the work is kept up without stop until the bunkers are full, often for twenty hours.

It is a pitiful sight to see small children toiling with the rest, and I have frequently seen women with children tied on their backs, Japanese fashion, working right along with the others all day. Usually women and girls compose quite half the working force, and no concession seems to be made to them, but they do as hard work as the men.

They all seem cheerful and contented with their lot, and often while waiting for the coal to be removed from the bunker doors, they laugh and jest with one another. How thankful the readers of the INSTRUCTOR should be that their lots have not been cast where such hardships have to be endured. Truly the young people of the homeland have many things to be thankful for, which should lead them to very earnest, consecrated efforts for their Master.

C. N. WOODWARD.

Shanghai, China.

Characteristics of a Sluggard

No one likes being called lazy, not even those who are lazy. A lazy person is not always inactive. He may be very energetic in eating, and may show much alacrity in doing something that pleases his fancy. As a rule, it is the work that is necessary to his welfare, and so of the greatest importance, that he dislikes to do. Though he may be old enough to have learned better, he is like the "queer boy" of whom it is written:—

"He doesn't like study, it 'weakens his eyes,'
But the 'right sort' of book will insure a surprise;
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear:
Now isn't that queer?"

"At thought of an errand he's 'tired as a hound,'
Very weary of life and of 'tramping around';
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer."

"If there's work in the garden, his head 'aches to split,'
And his back is so lame that he can't dig a bit;
But mention football, and he's cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon!
Do you think he 'plays possum'? He seems quite sincere;
But— isn't it queer?"

In the course of life, we are called upon to do many hard and disagreeable things, and such work the lazy person seeks to avoid. He makes all sorts of excuses for not doing his duty; such as, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets." Prov. 22:13. It would, indeed, be a very sad thing if because of doing his duty he should be slain by a lion; but that is only an excuse which seems very flimsy to those who understand the situation, though to one ignorant of the circumstances it might seem very plausible. He is always selfish, thinking of his own personal comfort and convenience for the time being, and so makes the cold an

excuse for not plowing his field or doing other important work. Prov. 20:4. As a result, he fails to have the income that energy and thrift would have brought to him, and so has to look for help to those who have been more industrious, though they may not have been so well able to work as he.

Solomon tells us that "the sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." Prov. 26:16. When such a person does work, he often has a habit of wanting to do the work in his own peculiar way, irrespective of the wishes of his parent or employer. In his ignorance and inexperience, he thinks that he knows an easier or a better way of doing a thing, or that it would be just as well or better to do something entirely different from what he has been requested to do. And so he begins to reason with the one directing, and to tell him how he thinks it should be done, thus wasting his time and sorely trying his patience. Though he cannot give a good, logical reason, in his ignorance and conceit he presumes to argue the case. The better way is to listen carefully and respectfully to the one who is in authority, and to try to please him, instead of contending for our own way. If we do render willing and prompt obedience, we shall be able to learn many valuable lessons of which we might otherwise be deprived.

The slothful person loves sleep so well that he indulges himself in taking sleep when he ought to be at work, saying by his actions, if not in words, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Prov. 24:33. But we are told that "drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags," and that "he becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" and many other things which show the evil results of slothfulness. It cannot bring prosperity to us, neither can we be following the example of our Saviour, if we yield to our own inclinations and neglect duty. Instead, we are to deny ourselves, take up our cross whatever it may be, and follow him. And if we cheerfully act our part in bearing the burdens of life, we shall be amply rewarded here in this present life; for physical exercise brings health and vigor of body and mind. And if we form the habit of obeying the conscience and doing our duty, whether we feel like it or not, we shall be cultivating an upright, steadfast character, and preparing to stand the severe tests which we must all meet in the troublous times that are before us. Not only so, but diligence brings happiness and prosperity to us day by day as we travel through life, and it gives a clear conscience, for we feel much better if we cheerfully do our share of the work instead of shirking it.

I would say to the young people, You may gladden the hearts of your parents now and make it much pleasanter for them if you will obey them promptly and willingly, and do what you are requested to do in just the way they ask you to do it. Never mind if you think you know better than they how it ought to be done. They had years of experience before you were born, and ought to have better judgment than you regarding it. After you have lived a few more years, you may find out for yourself that they did know better after all. Anyway, they know what they want, and have a right to demand obedience; and if you contradict or try to dispute with them, you are not rendering the honor due them.

Then, too, if you act the part of a sluggard by neglecting your work, or by not doing it as you have been told to do it, you may make yourself as trouble-

some as is vinegar to the teeth or smoke to the eyes. Prov. 10:26. Any one who has attempted to look after a lazy person and to get him to do his duty, can readily appreciate the fitness of these words. So, if you wish your parent or employer to appreciate you and your work, you should seek to please him by always doing your appointed tasks faithfully and well, and never neglect or try to shirk them.

For one inclined to be negligent in this respect, a good motto is found in Eccl. 9:10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

MRS. IVA F. CADY.

Outlines of Church History — No. 1

The Early Church

NINETEEN centuries ago the Roman Empire was at the height of its power, and throughout the civilized world as then known, all nations and peoples were subject to Rome. The kingdom of Rome was heathen, with lords many and gods many; but concerning the God who created the heaven and earth very little was known.

At the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea lay a country of four hundred li in length by one hundred and twenty li in width, that for four hundred years had been inhabited by God's chosen people, the Israelites. In the middle section of this country were located the Samaritans, a mixed people with a religion that was also a mixture of truth and error.

At the north was Galilee, and at the south was Judea, both of which were peopled largely by Israelites, who were at that time generally known as Jews. While the religion of the Jews was much purer than that of the Samaritans, their worship consisted largely of dead forms and ceremonies with very little true heart service.

Here and there were honest souls who were looking for the coming of the Messiah; but taken as a whole, the chosen people of God had drifted far into darkness.

It was at that time when the world was in superstition and idolatry, and when the faith and zeal of the Israelites was cold and lifeless, that Jesus, the Saviour of mankind, came to earth, bringing light and salvation. He came to his own chosen people, but they received him not.

The Jews were looking for a Messiah who would reign as an earthly king, lead their armies to victory, and establish the Jewish kingdom as the greatest nation on earth.

But this was not Christ's mission. He came to set up a spiritual kingdom in the hearts of men, to establish a church, and thus show to all men a way of escape from this world of sickness and sorrow, to an eternal home amid peace and joy. According to the calculations of men, Christ's earthly life was a failure, for it led to the cross; but from the standpoint of Heaven, it was entirely successful. Christ was victorious over Satan in every experience; he lived a perfect life; he taught a pure, holy religion; he established a church founded wholly upon love, and not in any sense upon force.

Just before his ascension, Christ commissioned his disciples, saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the

world." Matt. 28:18-20. At this time the church was not large, consisting of only about one hundred and twenty disciples (Acts 1:15); but after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, the disciples went forth with great zeal, preaching a crucified and risen Saviour, with the result that thousands quickly embraced the gospel. Acts 2:41; 4:4.

Notwithstanding bitter persecution and imprisonment from the priests and rulers of the Jews, the followers of Jesus continued openly to teach the gospel in Jerusalem and Judea, until the martyrdom of Stephen, which was three and one-half years after the crucifixion of Christ. At this time the seventy prophetic weeks of Daniel 9—the period of mercy granted the Israelites—terminated. The hearts of the Jewish people were fully hardened; they rejected the Light of heaven; they were determined to exterminate the gospel church; therefore the disciples were scattered abroad, and "went everywhere preaching the word." Acts 8:1-4.

Space forbids our relating the wonderful experiences of Peter, and the arduous labors and travels of Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, or telling how God wrought through his other faithful servants in those early days. The apostles traveled to the remotest parts of the world to preach Jesus, and thirty years after the death of Stephen, Paul stated that the gospel had been "preached to every creature which is under heaven." Col. 1:23.

While the Roman Empire permitted every one to adore whatever gods he desired, the government insisted that all men everywhere worship the emperor. To refuse to do this was treason, and was punishable by death. As no true Christian could reverence the emperor as a divinity, the Christians were regarded as dangerous enemies of the state. In some places other reasons led to persecution, and in many instances the followers of Christ were tried and condemned upon false charges.

From these various causes, thousands of Christians suffered persecution and martyrdom rather than give up their faith. According to the best records, one by one the disciples who had been with Jesus were put to death by various methods and in various countries, until only the "beloved disciple," John, remained. At one time he was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, but God spared his life. Later, when over ninety years old, he was banished to the lonely isle of Patmos, where God gave him special revelations of the future history of the church.

Thus it will be seen that in New Testament times the gospel was first carried to the world amid great difficulties and hardships, and at a tremendous sacrifice.

R. F. COTTELL.

Shoulder Your Own Load

"He's a pretty fair helper when some one works right alongside of him and takes the lead; but he won't take any responsibility upon himself," complained the employer of the boy. Any one who will not shoulder his just share of responsibility is not very ambitious. He will always follow some one else. He never will know the pleasure of leadership, of mastery; the joy and pride of being at the head of anything. Responsibility, be it small or great, carries with it certain strain and weight, but it also brings strength and power of which the ordinary helper never knows. — *Selected.*



Two Rings

Two rings within a show case lay,
 And this is what I heard one day —
 Or thought I heard; for rings can't speak,
 No human language do they seek.
 One held a diamond solitaire,
 A perfect stone, surpassing fair.
 It did not try to shine; the grace
 Which it possessed flashed from its face.

Each word of praise the other heard
 In pained surprise; his wrath was stirred.
 Quoth he: "Why is it you receive
 Such flatteries? All must perceive
 My set is larger than the rest;
 Your pygmy stone I much detest.
 From darkest Africa yours came,
 While Europe's workshops gave mine fame."

Alas, thought I; how like some men!
 When pride inflates their being, then
 They try to make their goodness known,
 And measure all acts by their own.
 True worth seeks not its praise to flaunt,
 But calmly bears the bigot's taunt.
 How happy he whose inner life
 Is filled with love, with kindness rife.

MABEL CORINNE CRAKER.

The Two Who Were Much Alike

As Jeanie and Fay were walking home together they discussed the new girls who had recently come into their home community.

"Now, there's Katie Webb," cried Fay; "I do not, and I cannot, like that girl. I think she is downright disagreeable. Those little snippy speeches of hers! Ruth says she does it in fun, but it sounds unkind to me. And her eyes — well, they seem to be seeing all the things you wish to pass unseen, and they always twinkle as if she were amused. O, that girl!"

Jeanie stood still on the walk. "Fay," she said solemnly, though her own eyes were twinkling, "will you believe me when I say that Katie Webb made exactly those remarks about you this morning? It's a fact, she did. She mentioned your 'snippy, sarcastic way of talking,' and your 'deep-gazing eyes,' and your exaggerated sense of humor! Just this very morning!"

Fay flushed. "Well, I do hope I am not like Katie," she said.

"Let's leave it to an impartial judge," suggested Jeanie. "Let's pick out some girl and lay the matter before her and see what she thinks about it."

"Take Ruth," said Fay, "she likes me, and she likes Katie, and she is as honest as the day. You go to her, and find out what she thinks of me, and what she thinks of Katie, and then report. We'll make our own comparisons. But you've got to tell me exactly what Ruth says — word for word."

So the next day Jeanie went to see Ruth. "Ruth," she said, "what do you think of Katie Webb and Fay? I mean, how would you compare or contrast them?"

"Why, Jeanie, I think —"

But Jeanie interrupted. "Get a paper and pencil and write it down," she said, "just what you think of those two girls."

"Is it a composition?" demanded Ruth, laughing.

"This isn't school day. But I'll do it. What do you want me to write it out for?"

This Jeanie refused to tell, and for a few minutes Ruth wrote industriously, frequently pausing to laugh. When she had finished, she handed the paper to Jeanie without a word. And this is what was on the paper: —

"Katie and Fay — two treasures! Katie I have known but a few months, Fay I have known all her life. Fay was out of town when Katie came, and I felt drawn to the new girl the first time I saw her. Why? — Because she reminded me so much of my much-loved Fay. Katie has a fair face, Fay is dark — but both faces are slender, and piquant, and merry. Katie has blue eyes, and Fay has black — but the eyes of both alike are twinkling, and bright, and a little pert in expression. Katie has a high-pitched voice, Fay's is low — but both speak quickly, brightly, cleverly, and just a bit impertinently. Katie is plump, and Fay is slim — but both walk with an independent little swing. Both are clever, sarcastic, witty. Both are impulsive, kind-hearted, quick-tempered, generous. Both are a little too much inclined to say sarcastic things, but both do it without malice, without venom, and with no desire to leave a sting."

Jeanie threw her arms around Ruth as she finished reading. "You darling! O you darling!" was all she said. And she carefully folded the paper and put it in her bag.

"Isn't it too bad that Katie and Fay dislike each other?" queried Ruth. "They should be such good friends!" And then she added, "But why did you ask me to write such a silly thing, and what are you going to do with it?"

"Have patience, fair maiden, in time you shall know all," replied Jeanie, dramatically, and departed.

"I must show this to Katie, too," she thought. "It may help matters out. It's such a shame for them to treat each other coldly. I'll take it to Katie first, for when Fay gets hold of it she won't give it back."

So when she found Katie she said: "Katie, do you remember what you have said about Fay? Well, she says the same things about you. So we picked out an impartial judge to compare the two of you. We chose Ruth for judge, but did not explain why we wished her to compare the two of you. This is what she wrote."

Katie read it in silence. There was a fine flush on her face as she finished, and she studiously avoided Jeanie's eyes. But she said warmly, "You are a dear, good, loyal friend, Jeanie, and Ruth's another. I am more obliged to you than I can say."

After this Jeanie took the little paper to Fay. Fay, too, read without comment. Then when she finished reading, she pinched herself lightly on the arm, and cried, "Ouch! The little arrow I meant for some one else turned around and stung me, and it serves me right!" Then she said, "Thanks for the critique, Jeanie; I'll take it home and memorize it."

Nothing more was said. But for a few days Fay and Katie watched each other closely, and presently were irresistibly drawn to each other. In a very short time they were inseparable companions, and a rich, helpful, beautiful, life-lasting friendship was the result. And best of all, each, studying the other, modified the tendency to "scatter stings" among their friends.

The moral is — O, never mind the moral, as long as you catch the point of the little tale! — *Ethel Powelson Hueston, in Young People's Weekly.*

How Children May Teach the Truth

ONE day during the General Conference of 1909, I was standing in the big tent intently watching the people as they came in, when I was accosted by a woman, whom I quickly recognized as one of my public-school teachers. It had been years since I last saw her. How good it seemed to meet one with whom I had been so closely associated in my early years!

Some time after I had left home, she accepted present truth, and is now a very efficient church-school teacher. After talking over various things of local interest, she drifted onto her favorite theme—our wonderful message for this time. She related how she became impressed with the Sabbath truth. To my great surprise, I was involved in it.

Three young boy cousins, two sisters, and I were the only Seventh-day Adventist children in the public school. At various times some of us were in her classes. Knowing that we were Sabbath keepers, she occasionally asked us questions. What impressed her so forcibly was the ready Bible answers that we gave for proof of our belief. She was never able to forget those texts, and so eventually cast in her lot with this people.

How little parents and children sometimes realize that their influence is bearing fruit. Until she told me her experience, I never dreamed that I was instrumental at that time in giving the truth to another.

C. E. HOLMES.

The Weaver of Mosul, and the Sabbath

DURING my stay in Mosul, a town on the Tigris, built on the site of a suburb of Nineveh, I met an old weaver, one of the first converts to Protestantism in that region some forty years ago. This man came across an article about Seventh-day Adventists which appeared in an Arabic magazine published in Beirut, Syria, thirty or thirty-five years ago. It set him thinking. Six years ago he made a journey to Aleppo, and one day his attention was called by some one to the place where the Sabbath keepers worship. This set him thinking again of the words of God, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

About four years later he was again in Aleppo, and on his way to church on Sunday saw a young boy shining shoes. The boy offered to black his boots, and the man, seeing the lad was a Christian, said, "Why do you shine on Sunday?" The bootblack replied, "Well, you see I am a *Sabti*" (Sabbath keeper). As the man was in haste to reach the church, he had no time to inquire further, but the boy opened his box and handed him a few Arabic tracts. These tracts the man took to Mosul, where he and some others studied them carefully. "Three or four times," he said, "I took up paper and ink, thinking to refute the arguments of the tracts; but when I compared my own writings with the tracts, I was convinced, every time, that my arguments were too weak, and would not stand the test of the Scriptures."

Whatever men may say or write, the Lord, who made the Sabbath holy and blessed it, still declares, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. . . . The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." —*W. C. Ising, in Review and Herald, Oct. 8, 1914.*

Experiences of Colporteurs

Two of our faithful colporteurs, a man and his wife, were working in a territory where hailstorms were frequent occurrences. One night they were camped in the outer edge of the town, in their traveling rig, with their animal hitched near by, when one of the storms peculiar to that part of the country arose. The loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning indicated a severe storm. The aged couple joined in a season of prayer, asking for protection from the wrath of the elements. A terrible storm of rain, hail, and wind came on.

The next morning there were visible evidences of the storm all around them. The hail had not only penetrated the roofs of houses, but the ceilings also, and this but a few rods from where these godly workers were sleeping in an oilcloth-covered rig; but neither the animal nor the rig had been injured in the least. They recognized in this the special protection of the Lord, and continued their work with renewed courage and success.

A terrible hailstorm swept through the country where another of our colporteurs was working, literally ruining the crops. The colporteur wrote to his field agent, asking what he should do about it, and was advised to remain there, working the territory as quickly as possible while the experience was fresh in the minds of the people. He did so, with astonishing results. The people were ready to listen to the Bible explanation of the meaning of these things, and eagerly gave their orders; and when the time to deliver their books came they were ready, for they were in earnest when they gave their orders, and had not ordered on the basis of "a good crop."

W. W. EASTMAN.



YOUNG SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST COLPORTEURS IN PORTUGAL



The Wren Family

THE wrens are a family of three—
Marsh wren, and house wren, winter wren—see?
They're wee and winsome, all dressed in brown,
And daintier birds are seldom found.

The winter wren is extremely shy,
Its voice a strong, melodious cry.
From those who know, I've often heard
'Tis quite as small as a humming bird.

The marsh wren rests where the wet swamps gleam,
Her music low as a bubbling stream,
A nest like coconut round it weaves,
Yet hole at the top for entrance leaves.

More friendly yet is the small house wren,
Who builds near homes or abodes of men.
Busy and hustling, cheery and strong,
It sings to its brood a rare sweet song.

These home-loving birds say unto you
That work with love is happiness true.
This much I will tell you, much more than
You may very well learn from the wee brown wren.

—Harriet Ives, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

A Wonderful Tree

IN far-off Persia grows a shrub called the Sorrowful or Sad tree. The reason why it is called the Sad or Sorrowful tree is because it blooms only at night.

When the first star appears in the sky, the first bud opens on the wonderful tree. As the evening advances, the buds open more rapidly, until the tree is covered with the delicate bloom, and it appears like one vast white flower. The blossom is fragrant, and the odor is like the perfume of the evening primrose. As the stars begin to grow dim and the dawn approaches, the flowers begin to fade, and by the time the sun has risen, not a flower can be found on the tree.

During the hours of daylight the tree appears to

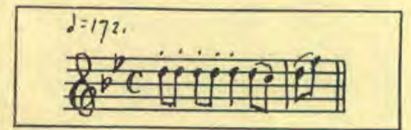
be withering, as if it had been injured in some manner; but it is simply regaining its strength in order to put forth new blossoms on the following night.

We do not wish any of our children to be sad or sorrowful. But is it not a wonderful thing to be able to bloom and shed perfume in the night—when it is dark and things do not go on as we wish?—*Selected*.

The Baltimore Oriole

ALL winter we see the swinging, pouched nests of this oriole in elm trees, usually on high outer twigs. There is no bird architect that weaves a more perfect nest. Shreds of yarn, horsehair picked up here and there, and casual strands of wool for the lining,—these materials blend into a strong, well-ventilated, rain-proof bag, which swings like a hammock cradle.

Have you seen this bird that wears the colors of the Lord Baltimore in his glossy livery? Black head and throat and back serve but to heighten by sharp contrast the rich red orange of the rest of his plumage.



WHAT THE ORIOLE SINGS

A quick eye and swift wings are his salvation. The nesting mate is olive yellow with brown wings. When she settles on a limb to rest awhile from her weary incubating, she would never catch your eye. The bold male is watching; and when he considers the precious mother bird in danger, that yellow-and-black coat flashes past in an effort to attract you, and a song, fully as brilliant, is added further to divert your attention.

Hangbird, golden robin, firebird, are names that explain themselves. They are local names for the Baltimore oriole, and are not all used in any one community.

There will be little trouble in finding and distinguishing this bird, if there are parks, orchards, or extensive grounds near by. He is jolly, care-free, and bold, with a song easy to remember. Those ends of string

and yarn hung near by will not miss the oriole's notice, and his zeal to carry them piecemeal to his mate will give opportunity for close study, and possibly a good view of the nest in process of construction.

If the nest is built where it is sheltered from birds of prey, it is left quite open at the top; but in more exposed or remote places it is often drawn together, like a bottle, thus affording protection to the mother bird and her young.

The oriole is a blessing to gardens.

MARY BARRETT.



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE AND ITS NEST



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



The Gordian Knot

In the western part of Asia there is a rich and beautiful region which in olden time was called Phrygia.

The people of that country were related to the Greeks, and they were well-to-do and happy. Those who lived in the mountains had mines of gold and quarries of fine marble. Those who dwelt in the valleys had fruitful vineyards and olive orchards. Those whose homes were among the hills kept great flocks of sheep, the wool from which was the best in the world.

For a long time these simple-hearted people had no king. Every man was willing to do what he knew was best for all, and so there was no need of a ruler. But by and by, as they grew wiser, every man began to do that which he thought was best for himself alone. The gold diggers ate the grapes and olives of their neighbors in the valleys. The vine growers killed the sheep of the dwellers in the hills. The shepherds stole the gold which the mountaineers had dug from their mines. And then a miserable war began, and the land that had been so prosperous and happy was filled with distress and sorrow.

There were still many wise and good men in the country, and these were much grieved at the sad state of affairs. "It would be better," they said, "if we had a king as other people have. He would punish the doers of wrong, and would make laws that would be for the good of all."

But they could not choose a king among themselves. Each man claimed that he himself was the best fitted to be the ruler of the rest; and, had it not been for one of the wisest among them, they would have ended by fighting one another.

"Since we do not know what to do," said this wise man, "let us ask the gods. Let us send to the oracle of Apollo and make our troubles known. Perhaps it will tell us what to do."

All were pleased with this plan, and a messenger was sent to consult the oracle.

The temple of Apollo was far across the sea, and many weeks passed before the messenger returned. Then all the best people from the mountains, the

plains, and the hills met together near the chief town to hear what the oracle had told him.

"The oracle did not tell me very much," said the messenger. "It merely repeated these two lines of poetry:—

"In lowly wagon riding, see the king
Who'll peace to your unhappy country bring."

I could not get another word from it."

The people were much puzzled by this answer of the oracle. They could not understand it, and yet they felt sure that it meant something. While all were standing

around the messenger and wondering and talking, suddenly the loud creaking sound of wheels was heard. They looked, and saw a slow-moving ox wagon creeping along the road. The wagon was loaded with hay, and on the hay sat a humble peasant with his wife and child. Everybody knew the peasant well. It was Gordius, the most faithful working-man in all that country. His poor little hut, with its vine-covered roof, could be seen half hidden among the trees at the foot of the hill.

Suddenly, as the creaking wagon drew near, one of the wise men cried out:—

"In lowly wagon riding, see the king!"

And another completed the rhyme,—

"Who'll peace to your unhappy country bring."

The people heard and understood. With a great

shout they ran forward and greeted the bewildered peasant. They ran in front of his wagon. He was obliged to stop in the middle of the road.

"Hail to our king!" said some, as they bowed down before him.

"Long live the king of the Phrygians!" shouted others.

"My friends, what does all this uproar mean?" asked Gordius, looking down from his high seat on the hay. "I pray you not to frighten my oxen with your noise."

Then they told him what the oracle had said, and declared that he must be their king.

"Well," he finally answered, "if the oracle has said that I am your king, your king I must be. But



ALEXANDER SEVERING THE GORDIAN KNOT

first, let us do our duty to the great beings that have brought all this about."

Then he drove straight on to the little temple of Jupiter that overlooked the town. He unyoked the oxen and led them into the temple. Just as people did in those days, he slew them before the altar, and caught their blood in a great wooden bowl. Then, while he prayed, he poured the blood out as a thank offering to mighty Jupiter.

"The wagon, too," said he, "will I give to the great being by whom kings are made and unmade," and he drew it into the inner part of the temple. Then he took the ox yoke and laid it across the end of the wagon pole, and fastened it there with a rope of bark. And so deftly did he tie the knot about the yoke that the ends of the rope were hidden and no man could see how to undo it.

Then he went about his duties as king.

"I don't know much about this business," he said, "but I'll do my best."

He ruled so wisely that there was no more trouble among the people. The laws which he made were so just that no man dared to disobey them. The land was blessed with peace and plenty from the mountains to the plains.

All strangers who came to the temple of Jupiter were shown King Gordius's wagon; and they admired the skill with which he had fastened the yoke to the wagon pole.

"Only a very great man could have tied such a knot as that," said some.

"You have spoken truly," said the oracle of the temple; "but the man who shall untie it will be much greater."

"How can that be?" asked the visitors.

"Gordius is the king only of the small country of Phrygia," was the answer. "But the man who undoes this wonderful work of his shall have the world for his kingdom."

After that a great many men came every year to see the Gordian knot. Princes and warriors from every land tried to untie it; but the ends of the rope remained hidden, and they could not even make a beginning of the task.

Hundreds of years passed. King Gordius had been dead so long that people remembered him only as the man who tied the wonderful knot.

Then there came into Phrygia a young king from Macedonia, far across the sea. The name of this young king was Alexander. He had conquered all Greece. He had crossed over into Asia with a small army of chosen men, and had beaten the king of Persia in battle.

"Where is that wonderful Gordian knot?" he asked.

They led him into the temple of Jupiter, and showed him the little wagon, with the yoke and wagon pole just as Gordius had left it.

"What was it that the oracle said about this knot?" he asked.

"It said that the man who should undo it would have the world for his kingdom."

Alexander looked at the knot carefully. He could not find the ends of the rope; but what did that matter? He raised his sword and, with one stroke, cut it into so many pieces that the yoke fell to the ground.

"It is thus," said the young king, "that I cut all Gordian knots." Then he went on with his little army to conquer Asia.—*Thirty More Famous Stories Retold.*

A Womanly Woman



FRANCES E. WILLARD

IN the spring of 1846, three white-hooded prairie schooners carried a little family of five from Oberlin, Ohio, a three weeks' journey to the banks of the Rock River, near Jonesville, Wisconsin. On the banks of the winding river, protected by wooded hills on the one side, and looking out to an illimitable prairie on the other, Forest Home was established. There Frances Elizabeth Willard,

with her father and mother, brother and sister, spent twelve happy years. Frances was seven years old when she came to her new home. The brother and the two sisters formed a happy company in those days on the farm. There was work for them all to do with their studies and their home life, but there was much pleasure to be gained in riding, fishing, sketching, and caring for the flower garden, that was a delight to people for miles around.

Frances was brought up in a religious atmosphere. She has told us of the training she received from her father and mother. "Perhaps the lawyer-like character of father's mind had something to do with his greater severity in holding us to the white line of what he deemed our duty. He said, 'The children must have habits.' This was the most frequent phrase he used about our training. He never said 'good habits,' so I grew up with the idea that there were no habits except good ones. Mother talked to us of God's great beauty in the thoughts he works out for us; she taught us tenderness toward every little sweet-faced flower and piping bird; she showed us the shapes of clouds and what resemblances they bore to things upon the earth; she made us love the heart that is in nature's heart."

When Frances was nineteen years of age, while recovering from a severe sickness which prevented her from being graduated with her class, she definitely gave herself to the service of Jesus Christ. From this religious awakening and dedication came the saintly beauty of a life whose influence lifted to a higher plane of living thousands of lives in every land.

In her twenty-first year she determined to go out into the world to do and to dare for herself. She secured an appointment as teacher in a little red schoolhouse out on the prairie, ten miles from Chicago, and there she began her work. She wrote in her diary: "Here goes for a fine character. If I were not intent upon it I could live content here at Swamscot all my days." She had some twenty pupils, most of whom were foreigners, and it was no easy task to subdue their restless wills and to bring them to love her and their duties; but she succeeded. Miss Willard rose rapidly from one position to another, and was finally called to be a professor of natural science in her own college. In 1871 she was elected president of the Evanston College for Ladies. She was the first woman to be elected to such a position.

The Temperance Crusade

In 1874 a remarkable temperance crusade was begun in Ohio. This crusade marked the turning point in Frances Willard's life. Suddenly, moved by a common influence to purify the home and the national life,

the women of Ohio rose in a concerted movement against the saloon evil. In many towns cultured, refined women formed processions from the door of the home to the door of the saloon, singing, praying, and pleading with the liquor sellers to give up their wicked traffic. The movement spread all over the State. "It was like the fires we used to kindle on the Western prairies," Miss Willard said. "A match and a wisp of dry grass were all that were needed." In fifty days it swept the liquor traffic out of two hundred and fifty towns and villages. This movement aroused Miss Willard's attention. She wanted to help, although she could not leave her duties to take an active part. Then it occurred to her that she could be of service just where she was. She began by arousing the sympathies of her pupils, and assigned as composition subjects a study of temperance leaders like John B. Gough and Neal Dow.

One day while visiting in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Miss Willard received two letters. One offered her the position of lady principal in a prominent preparatory school in New York City, with a liberal salary, and the other was from Chicago, asking her to take the presidency of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The temperance movement was unorganized and was financially very weak, but she did not hesitate. She threw herself into the work in Chicago with the devotion of a saint of the olden times. Her surroundings were very different from the cultured and artistic work of the university life, and in addition to this, she endured real hardship. She worked without salary at first. Sometimes she walked to her work for lack of car fare, and at times she had insufficient food, but she never wavered. A verse of the Bible had impressed itself upon her as a direct word of God, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

The W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was a weak and almost despised movement when Miss Willard assumed her work, but under her inspiring leadership it became one of the most powerful reform movements in the country. In 1879 she was elected to the presidency of the national union. She arrayed the organization against every evil which threatens the home. Immediately after her election she made a wonderful tour, which did not end until she had spoken in every city and town of ten thousand inhabitants in the Union. Under the influence of her rare personal power, and of her strong triumphant faith, unions sprang up all over the country. With the insight and organizing ability of the great business and political leaders, she banded together the women of every community. The following words sum up many inspiring addresses which she gave wherever she went: "Alone we can do little. Separated, we are the units of weakness; but aggregated we become batteries of power. Agitate, educate, organize — these are the deathless watchwords of success. The plank borne here and there by the sport of the wave is an image of instability, but frame a thousand planks of heart of oak into a hull, put in your engine with its heart of fire, fit out your ship, and it shall cross at a right angle those same waves to the port it has purposed to attain. We want all those like-minded with us, who would put down the dramshop, exalt the home, redeem manhood, and uplift womanhood, to join hands with us for organized work according to a plan."

In 1883 the World's Christian Temperance Union was organized for the purpose of carrying the crusade against strong drink into all parts of the world. Miss Willard was made president of this union. The work spread in foreign countries with marvelous rapidity and power, and within ten years it included thirty-five countries in its membership.

The Polyglot Petition

In 1884 Miss Willard devised a plan for arousing and uniting a sentiment for temperance and for purity all over the world. She wrote a petition, addressed to the governments of the world, against the liquor traffic and the opium trade. It was called "The Polyglot Petition for Home Protection." Polyglot means, "of many tongues or languages." The petition was circulated throughout the world and did great good in educating public opinion and arousing people to work. Two hundred thousand names were secured in a few weeks, and soon from every nation signatures came pouring in, until it made the most imposing petition that was ever addressed to the governments of the world. Signatures representing, either as individuals or as societies, over seven million were received. They were written in fifty languages. The signatures were mounted on more than a mile of canvas, four in a row. "There were columns of Chinese names that looked like the house that Jack built, and a row of Burmese names which looked like bunches of tangled worms." The petition was headed by Neal Dow, the father of prohibitory law, signed when he was over ninety years of age. The first public presentation was to President Cleveland, in Washington, in 1895. At the World's Temperance Convention, held in London in 1896, the huge petition, in its various rolls, encircled the entire hall. The names of the British signers were presented, with her Majesty's permission, to Queen Victoria. The petition was an object lesson to the world of the marvelous power of an idea.

For twenty-four years Frances Willard continued her work under the white flag of the W. C. T. U., with its famous motto, "For God and Home and Native Land." The story of her work reads like the account of the conquests of a victorious general. In comparison the victories of Joan of Arc sink into insignificance. The union she organized stands for the sacredness of the home, for the rights of womanhood, and for the protection of children in every country of the world. Through the influence of the union all but three States in the United States enacted laws providing for the scientific study of temperance in the public schools.

Frances Willard died beloved and honored in every land on the eighteenth of February, 1898. Her name will live forever as a type of all that is noblest and strongest and most winsome in American womanhood. — *Selected.*

The People on Whom You Can Depend

"ONE of the things which amazes me most in my observation of people," said a woman whose wide interests have brought her in contact with a great variety of humankind, "is the small percentage who can be depended on. It does not matter whether you are engaging a woman to do washing, or securing the cooperation of some society girl in a charitable project. You can never feel certain that the one who makes such ready promises will really 'deliver the goods' till the crucial moment arrives."

There is hardly a more serious charge to be brought

against young people than this, of being undependable. A desire to be thought obliging prompts to the giving of easy promises, which seemingly rest as lightly on the heart of the giver as if they were not promises at all. It is incredible how many persons pledge themselves to aid with this thing or that, to be present on some occasion, to give something, to help somewhere; and then when the time arrives, serenely present any excuse which happens to occur to them for failing to carry out their agreement.

It is the people who cannot be depended on who block the wheels of progress, upset the calculations of real workers, and break down the dependable ones, who are perforce obliged to attempt not only their own work, but that of the unreliable, besides. "He's not remarkable in any way but one," said a business man recommending one of his workers, "but you can always rely on him." And that peculiarity secured for the youth the advancement he wanted. In the long run, reliability outweighs brilliancy. There is nothing the business and the social and the religious world need quite so much as people who can be depended on.—*Young People's Weekly*.



Twenty-Fifth Week

- June 20. Psalms 46-50: God our refuge.
 June 21. Psalms 51-55: A prayer for cleansing.
 June 22. Psalms 56-61: Trusting in Jehovah.
 June 23. Psalms 62-67: Confidence in God.
 June 24. Psalm 68-70: Prayer on removing the ark.
 June 25. Psalms 71-74: An old man's prayer.
 June 26. Psalms 75-78: God the Judge.

Influence of the Psalms

Between the first verse of Matthew's Gospel and the last verse of John's Revelation there are two hundred and eighty-three quotations from the Old Testament. One hundred and sixteen of them are from the Psalms. It was the first book which the early church put into the hands of her young converts, the primer of her religious teaching. . . .

With the music of psalms the shepherds and plowmen cheered their toil in ancient Palestine; and to the same music the Gallic boatmen kept time as they rowed their barges against the swift current of the Rhone. A psalm supplied the daily grace with which the early Christians blessed their food; and the same psalm was repeated by the communicants as they went to the Lord's table. Chrysostom fleeing into exile; Martin Luther going to Worms; George Wishart facing the plague at Dundee; Wyclif on his sick bed, surrounded by his enemies; John Bunyan in Bedford gaol; William Wilberforce in a crisis when all his most strenuous efforts seemed in vain, and his noble plans were threatened with ruin,—all stayed their hearts and renewed their courage with verses from the Psalms.

The Huguenots at Dieppe marched to victory chanting the sixty-eighth psalm; and the same stately war song sounded over the field of Dunbar. It was a psalm that Alice Benden sang in the darkness of her Canterbury dungeon; and the lips of the Roman Paula, faintly moving in death, breathed their last sign in the words of a psalm. The motto of England's proudest university is a verse from the Psalms; and a sentence from the same book is written above the loneliest grave on earth, among the snows of the arctic circle. It was with the fifth verse of the thirty-first psalm that our Lord Jesus commended his soul into the hands of God; and with the same words Stephen, Huss, Columbus, Luther, and Melancthon—yea, and many more saints of whom no man knoweth—have bid their farewell to earth.—*Henry van Dyke*.

BE thou not impatient—God is not.
 Be thou not impatient with thy lot.
 Or whether cloud or whether sunny fair,
 Or whether pleasant be thy path of care,
 'Tis not for you to murmur or complain—
 He has a purpose in each drop of rain.

—*Baltimore Sun*.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

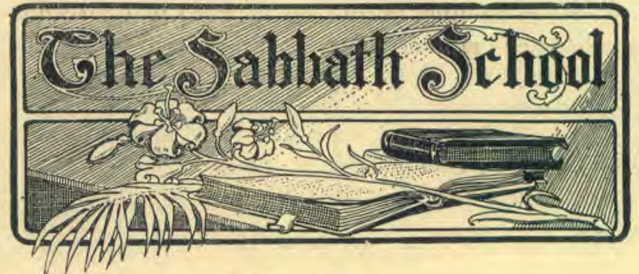
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Senior Society Program for Sabbath, June 26

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "The Holy Spirit." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: John 16: 7, 8, 13.
5. Talks: "The Weaver of Mosul and the Sabbath" (see this INSTRUCTOR); "An Interesting Letter From Persia" (see "Notes on the Mission Studies," in the *Gazette*).

Junior Society Program for Week Ending June 26

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of committees and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "The Ministry of the Holy Spirit." See *Gazette*.
4. Recitation: "Lead, Kindly Light." See "Christ in Song," No. 631.
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Rom. 5: 5.
6. Mission Talks: "The Weaver of Mosul and the Sabbath" (see this INSTRUCTOR); "An Interesting Letter From Persia" (see "Notes on the Mission Studies," in the *Gazette*).



XIII — Review

(June 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 7: 1 to 12: 21.

MEMORY VERSE: Review memory verses for the quarter.

Questions

1. Where is Christ's Sermon on the Mount recorded?
2. What do you consider the most important instruction in this chapter?
3. In the eighth chapter of Matthew who are mentioned as being healed by the Saviour? How did he cause even the winds and the waves to obey him? How much power is in Christ's word? How much power is there in his touch?
4. In healing the man sick of the palsy, how did Jesus prove to the scribes that he had power to forgive sins?
5. Who made a great feast in Christ's honor? Who attended the feast? What perplexing questions arose? How did Jesus answer them?
6. How do we learn from chapter nine that Jesus recognized the faintest touch of faith? What seems to be the secret of personal help and victory? Matt. 9: 29.
7. Who were chosen to follow Jesus, as recorded in chapter ten? What were they sent out to do?
8. What provision were they not to make for their journey? What treatment must they expect? What

did Jesus promise to every one who endured to the end? What lesson were they taught from the sparrow?

9. In chapter eleven, what incident shows that John the Baptist had times of temptation, as well as other persons? What message did Jesus send to him?

10. Of what were the disciples accused in chapter twelve? Who is the Lord of the Sabbath?

11. What did true Sabbath keeping arouse among the leaders of that nation? What may we expect it to do in this generation? What perfect example did Jesus give for those who are persecuted?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Matt. 7:12.

2. "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Verse 20.

3. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Verse 7.

4. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Matt. 8:20.

5. "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Matt. 9:13.

6. "According to your faith be it unto you." Verse 29.

7. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

8. "Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Verse 31.

9. "And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me is not worthy of me." Verse 38.

10. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings." Isa. 61:1.

11. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

12. "For the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." Matt. 12:8.

XIII — Summary and Review

(June 26)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. Read Matthew 7, and learn the chapter contents. Questions 1-4.

Sun. Read Matthew 8, and learn the chapter contents. Questions 1-6.

Mon. Read Matthew 9, and learn the chapter contents. Questions 1-5.

Tues. Read Matthew 10, and learn the chapter contents. Questions 1-6.

Wed. Read Matthew 11, and learn the chapter contents. Questions 1-5.

Thurs. Read Matt. 12:1-21, and learn the contents. Questions 1-3.

Fri. Review the chapter contents.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 7:1 to 12:21.

CHAPTER 7 — JUDGING, ASKING, DOING

Questions

1. What instruction did Jesus give on judging?
2. Of what practical value has this instruction been to you since studying it at the beginning of the quarter?
3. What did Jesus teach on asking, and how did he illustrate his teaching?
4. What principles of doing did he give as illustrated (a) by the narrow way, (b) by fruit bearing, and (c) by the building of a house?

CHAPTER 8 — HEALING OF THE LEPER, THE CENTURION'S SERVANT, PETER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND THE TWO DEMONIACS; THE TERMS OF DISCIPLESHIP; STILLING THE TEMPEST

1. How was the leper cleansed?
2. What was remarkable about the healing of the centurion's servant?
3. Of what was Peter's mother-in-law healed, and how?
4. Where and how were the two demoniacs healed?
5. On what conditions may we become disciples of Jesus?
6. Relate the story of stilling the tempest.

CHAPTER 9 — HEALING OF THE PALSIED MAN; JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER, THE TWO BLIND MEN AND THE DUMB MAN; CALL OF MATTHEW; JESUS THE BRIDEGROOM; LABORERS FOR THE HARVEST

1. How was the faith and perseverance of the palsied man rewarded?
2. Tell the story of healing Jairus's daughter, with the healing of the woman on the way.
3. How did the two blind men seek for and obtain their eyesight?
4. How did the healing of the dumb man affect the multitude?
5. Relate the call of Matthew, the parable of the bridegroom, and the necessity and call for laborers.

CHAPTER 10 — SENDING OUT THE TWELVE; AS SHEEP AMONG WOLVES; BEARING THE CROSS

1. What message and work were given to the twelve apostles?
2. What directions were given about their temporal needs? Why?
3. Point out what conditions they would meet, showing that they went as sheep among wolves, and how they should meet these conditions.
4. What were they not to fear? What were they to fear?
5. What experiences would show that the Christian life is not one of outward peace? How may the Christian show himself worthy of the name he bears?
6. How does Jesus give assurance that faithful service, even in very small things, shall be rewarded?

CHAPTER 11 — TESTIMONY ON THE WORK OF JOHN THE BAPTIST; UPBRAIDING THE CITIES; KNOWING THE FATHER; CALL TO THE WEARY

1. What evidence of his Messiahship did Jesus give to John?
2. What testimony did he bear to John's work?
3. Why and how did Jesus upbraid the cities?
4. How only may we know the Father?
5. Repeat from memory Jesus' loving call to the weary.

CHAPTER 12, VERSES 1-21 — SABBATH KEEPING; PROPHECY CONCERNING JESUS FULFILLED

1. How did Jesus answer the criticism of the Pharisees on his Sabbath keeping?
2. How did he define the purpose of the Sabbath, and his relation to it?
3. What prophecy of Isaiah did Jesus fulfill? How?

WHAT we do on some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are, and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.—*Henry Parry Liddon.*

The Youth's Instructor

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THE East Side House Settlement, at Seventy-sixth Street and the East River, New York City, is doing a good work. It had its beginning last fall when two women were employed to make some hospital garments destined for France. The force continued to increase, in view of the twofold purpose to give employment to the unemployed in that part of the city, and to relieve the destitute in Europe and in our own country. Different friends of the settlement make liberal donations, and in each instance the donor is surprised to learn that the money he gives provides the equivalent to be given somewhere else. This East Side House has issued a price list, so that one can order the articles he desires made. They are sent to the locality he designates, and while, perhaps, he is administering to the needs of the refugee children, he is also affording employment for these women. Similar work might be done in other communities.

Hardships Transmuted Into Happiness

THE old-time alchemists spent their time seeking a secret by which they believed the baser metals could be transformed into gold. In our day they are looked upon as fanciful visionaries, and yet their search is suggestive. It is not particularly necessary for the world's happiness that any one should be able to turn lead or iron into gold. But if there is a philosopher's stone by which toil and sacrifice may become happiness, and disappointment may be transformed into inspiration, it is worth knowing.

A visitor came into a cottage where a young mother sat in the midst of her little flock. She had worked hard all day, and even now her fingers were busy on a little garment. From early till late she toiled, and often at night her sleep was disturbed by a restless or sick child. She had been a pretty girl. Now the visitor saw that the contour of her face was sharpened and that her once fresh color had faded. But a light came from her eyes that had never shone there in the days of her care-free youth. No one who looked on her face could have doubted that she was a supremely happy woman. Love had transmuted the hardships and sacrifices of her life into happiness.

A high-school boy attempting to give an oration before the assembled school, stammered and floundered, and finally gave up altogether, his mind a blank. He

went to his seat amid the smiles of his schoolmates. But even before he sat down, he resolved that he would be an orator. Twenty years later on the floor of Congress he delivered a speech in support of a measure he favored, and such was his eloquence and logical strength that even the opposition joined in the applause. Courage had transformed that humiliating failure of his boyhood into an inspiration which made him one of the most influential men of his day.

The philosopher's stone is not a dream, not an illusion, but a reality. Indeed, we might say that there are dozens of them, each one suited to some special need, and all at your service. Love, and patience, and courage, can change the most painful experience of life into glittering gold.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Baptism of Christ

It was a green spot in the wilderness,
Touched by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropped its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank; nor on the grass
Of the broad circle stretching evenly
To the straight larches had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And, hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.
Hither had come the apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush
Of eve, and, with a multitude around,
Who from the cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast-high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,
A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat
The locust and wild honey of the wood.
But like the face of Moses on the mount
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye
Burned the mild fire of love; and as he spoke
The ear leaned to him, and persuasion swift
To the chained spirit of the listener stole.
Silent upon the green and sloping bank
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook
With the birds dropping early to their nests,
And the gray eve came on, within their hearts
They mused if he were Christ. The rippling stream
Still turned its silver courses from his breast
As he divined their thought. "I but baptize,"
He said, "with water; but there cometh One,
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
E'en to unloose. He will baptize with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And, lo, while yet
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes,
And on the bank stood Jesus! He had laid
His raiment off, and with his loins alone
Girt with a mantle, and his perfect limbs
In their angelic slowness, meek and bare,
He waited to go in. But John forbade,
And hurried to his feet and stayed him there,
And said, "Nay, Master, I have need of *thine*.
Not thou of mine!" And Jesus, with a smile
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,
And answered, "Suffer it to be so now;
For thus it doth become me to fulfill
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,
He took around him the apostle's arm,
And drew him gently to the midst. The wood
Was thick with the dim twilight as they came
Up from the water. With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast, the apostle silently
Followed his Master's steps — when lo! a light
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim blue ether like a veil;
And as a voice, fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, "This is my much loved Son
In whom I am well pleased," a snow-white dove,
Floating upon its wings, descended through;
And, shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled, and fluttered to the Saviour's breast.

— N. P. Willis.