

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ON June 30 at eight o'clock every barroom in the province of Saskatchewan closed its doors, and the business of selling drinks was ended, it is hoped, forever.

THE water supply of Atlantic City comes from twenty-one artesian wells and an auxiliary lake in the midst of an inland sandy forest far from civilization. Numerous tests prove that its high quality never varies. The waters are of unusual purity, very soft, with no indication of pollution.

ON July 24, more than a thousand persons lost their lives in the Chicago River, as the boat which they had just boarded, capsized and sank. The passengers were largely relatives and friends of employees of the Western Electric Company. The cause of the disaster is laid to the faulty construction of the boat.

THE British government on July 6, acting under the powers conferred by the defense of the realm act, by an order in council, decided to take over the control of the sale and supply of intoxicating liquors in many districts where war material is being handled. The cities of Bristol, Southampton, Cardiff, and Liverpool, and also adjacent towns, are in these districts. Most of the munition and shipbuilding centers in Yorkshire are affected.

THE attorney-general of Ohio recently made a ruling that all drinking vessels in saloons and soda fountains must be washed in boiling water after use. It is held that the mere sousing of a drinking glass in cold water or tepid water is insufficient to eradicate from it germs which are conducive to the spread of contagion or infection, and all public bars where liquor or soft drinks are sold may be ordered to wash their glasses in a more sanitary manner.

A CHINESE gentleman of Peking has been making large presentations of New Testaments to personal friends, inclosing in each a note written on satin to express his opinion of the value of the gift. Now he is preparing to erect in Peking ten large stone tables, at a cost of several thousand dollars, upon which religious instruction will be engraved. Four schools with four hundred pupils (one connected with the Y. M. C. A.) are financed by his gifts.

PROMINENT business men attending the Atlantic City convention met at a luncheon on July 6 and planned a campaign to aid in hastening national prohibition. It was agreed to appoint a committee of one hundred men, prominent in business and manufacturing, for the purpose of raising funds and to otherwise further the movement for the adoption of the Hobson-Sheppard amendment to the Constitution. Thirty-five States were represented at the luncheon.

"POSSIBLY your own or other children have sometime marred your wall-paper; or perhaps it has been slightly raked off by a passing trunk, or has been injured in some other way. Here is a good way to fix it provided you have an extra piece of the wall paper. Take a small paint brush (one of the children's), and wet the paper just enough to get the brush full of color; then paint the scratched places. They will become invisible, as the color will be the exact shade of the original. An old dealer in wall paper told me of this method."

SOME persons seem to care little whence comes the light by which they are enabled to perform manual labor. Some seamstresses choose to sit in a position bringing the dexterous hand directly between the light and that part of the fabric on which the stitch is to be taken. Several lights at different points in the room are troublesome to some persons, while others do not mind them at all. Some may be troubled in regard to the source of their light, and not be able to solve the difficulty.

Much more might be said, pro and con, on the subject of natural and artificial lumination, but the lesson to be impressed is that light from above is most beneficial and least distracting to the nervous system. Who has not tried, all in vain, to do good work when the lamp was on a level with, or maybe even lower than, the object on which the work was being done?

From a moral and spiritual viewpoint, verily the light that comes from below is darkness indeed. There is but one source of real light, and that is from above. In it there is no darkness at all. Jesus is the light of the world; and if we choose to walk in his light, there is no need of stumbling. When we accept that which may purport to be true light, though it will not stand the test of the Word, we are led into darkness indeed.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Example Instructs

AN English lady, who went to France to study, had for her teacher a woman who had come out from the Roman Catholic Church — agnostic, and violently opposed to everything Christian. At the end of the year she said to her pupil, "Would you mind reading the Bible to me, and explaining as you read?" "Certainly not, but why do you ask?" "Well," said the French lady, "I have been teaching you for a year, and never once have you mentioned religious matters; but you have lived before me such a life that I want to know the source of that life." — *Selected.*

Write Your Name Plainly

Why are your letters
Carefully penned
Only to jumble
Right at the end?

Words in a sentence,
If we're in doubt,
Just by the context
May be made out;

But a man's signature,
One lonely scrawl —
That is the craziest
Writing of all!

— *Selected.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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No. 32

Desert Places

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY

Jesus "was without in desert places."

Is thy soul discouraged, weary?
Hope departed, frail, and seary?
Does life seem a desert dreary?
Jesus is there!

Have the friends whose love was gladness
Cast thee off in days of sadness,
Counting all thy grief as madness?
Jesus is there!

In all dreary desert places
Where we feel our need of graces,
There his blessed, smiling face is.
Jesus is there!

Trust him, soul! O, trust him ever!
Doubt him, grieve him, pain him never.
Deserts ne'er from him can sever.
Jesus is there!

Are Chinese Patients Appreciative?



THE place in which I have been working is the island of Hainan. That island was opened up by Mr. Jeremiason, a layman who started independent work there. When I arrived, he handed over the medical work in the north of the island to me, and he himself went elsewhere. His method was to provide a place for the patient to sleep, and have some relative to cook for him; that was the only hospital equipment. But sooner or later a medical man gets very tired of that sort of thing. The wood, kettles, and cooking utensils are kept beneath the bed, and the old, dirty quilts are piled anywhere. One soon gets tired of this disorder and dirt. Every surgeon wants a clean place in which to do his work. I was able to support the work for fourteen years largely by my own earnings as surgeon to the foreign community of Hoi hau. But sooner or later even that must be given up; for one must either be a surgeon to the foreign community or be a missionary: it is almost impossible to be the two at the same time. The work grew and grew, and I decided to be a missionary, and not surgeon to the foreign community.

So I wrote to the board in New York that I had resigned from that work, and it was up to them to see our hospital did not suffer from lack of income. In reply I received word that a hospital that had been going so long surely ought to be in a condition of self-support. I came home about that time, and visited the secretaries of the board, and said: "If we have, in our philanthropic work, to keep digging like this for our support, let us do something to secure an endowment—a fund of two million dollars—to support all the Presbyterian medical missionaries throughout the world." The answer was, "Any endowed work sooner or later loses its vitality." Their second answer was: "Medical missionary work is a good work, which appeals to all people. Suppose you secure your large endowment; you have taken out from under our feet the very best plank in the platform of appeal, because when we now appeal for medical missions, other money comes with it."

When I returned to my work, I said, "The only thing for it is really to close the hospital and take up other work, or else to make the Chinese pay for their treatment; but that is a difficult proposition." However, I started a system of charging. Every Chinese sum of money must be multiplied by ten to represent its

real value in this country. I proposed to charge each medical patient two dollars and a half a month, gold, in advance, and a surgical patient three dollars a month, gold, or, if in the hospital two months, six dollars gold must be put down. The immediate effect of this change was almost to empty the wards. The Chinese said, "All these years you have been giving to us, and now you want to make money out of us."

The inpatients were very few, but soon they found that with all they could pay, there still remained a great deal to be met; and by and by the patients themselves became the best advocates of this method. They say: "We pay for it. We are helping along. How can we expect foreigners to do all these things for us? Let us help them." The hospital is still there, and the very thing which I feared has not come to pass. We are able to carry on the system of charges; and if every inpatient could pay his proper proportion, we could have ample money to carry on a hospital as we carry it on at present. We provide hospital clothes and blankets, furnish everything to the patients, dress them, and feed them. In South China every man feels abused if at the close of the day he does not have a basin with which to bathe. We are very glad this is so.

But can we collect funds from these people who are suffering, and at the same time say, We want you to study our books, to read our tracts, and to sing our hymns? We have found it no detriment to our evangelistic work. At ten o'clock each morning all who can walk are expected to gather in the chapel for a half hour's meeting. The first five minutes is occupied with some topic of hygiene,—that catches every ear,—and little by little we bring the topic around to the power of the gospel of Christ. We find this is one of the best ways to open up the subject. Every afternoon at two o'clock all the helpers in the hospital who can read are expected to sit down beside the patients, and read from the New Testament, from tracts, or from whatever is furnished in the hospital. Every Sabbath they gather in the new church to hear the regular preaching.

Are the Chinese Grateful?

The Chinese are a grateful people. An old woman who lived across the river had a husband who was gradually becoming blind and paralytic, and she brought him to the hospital. We found we could not cure him, and sent him away. She disappeared, but first made constant appeal to us for help. We did not see her

for years. We had lent her a little money. After several years, on our return to China, she came one day bringing other women with her, and said to my wife: "Mrs. McCandliss, I have taught these women all I know how to teach; and now I want you to teach them, and I have brought this money back. Here is forty dollars, and I want the doctor to take this money; and if there is anybody suffering as we suffered, and in as great distress as we were, I want you to help him out with this forty dollars."

A man came to us with bad eyes. Little by little they grew worse and worse. Glaucoma set in, and he became blind; but he did not say, Because the foreigner cannot cure me, I owe him nothing. In the hospital he had learned the gospel; so when he went home, he began to teach what he knew, showing his gratitude to God for the things which had been done for him, and neglecting to mention the things which could not be done for him.

A man came who had cataract. He walked thirty miles to the hospital, feeling his way with a stick. I operated on his eyes, and later on by the use of glasses he was able to read the New Testament. He said: "Whereas I was blind, now I see. Henceforth I will give six months to my own work, and the other six months I will give to the Lord Jesus Christ." And he kept that vow until his death.

A man came to be operated on for stone in the bladder. I performed the operation, and he went away. The next year I received a sum of money from Bangkok. I was told that one of my patients had sent it. I could not remember any one from Bangkok, but every year for ten years I received the same amount of money, and finally the man himself came, and said, "Don't you know me?" I said, "No, I don't remember you." He said, "You operated upon me for stone once, and cured me; and since then I have been trying to help your work by sending money." He made another gift to the hospital.

A woman came with her maid, and rented a room in which both women lived. She had carbuncles. We got her in good condition, and by and by she was almost well. One morning her maid came to the dispensary, and laid something on the table. I said, "What is this?" She said, "The lady is very grateful to God, and she wishes to give this to the hospital." It was one hundred dollars, Mexican.

The governor of the island had a well-beloved son who became ill with fever. He sent for me to come to the capital city, and I took care of the young man until he was on his feet. The governor came to pay a visit to the hospital, and after he had looked all around, he said: "I hear you are interested in the leper work. I want you every month to send up to my office, where you will receive ten dollars with which to carry on your leper work." Until the revolution that money was paid regularly every month.

I used to do most of the preaching in the hospital chapel. One Sunday morning, on meeting a woman who had been taking some tonic, I said, "Could you come again tomorrow and get your medicine? I'm busy now." She said, "I don't want any medicine today." She put something on the table, and said: "We are very much crowded in the chapel, and are not comfortable while you preach. This is not much, but in the last ten years I have been able to save this money, and perhaps others will give, and you will be able to build a church that will hold us all

and make us all comfortable." Then she put down one hundred dollars,—the savings of ten years,—and said, "I want to give this to God." Have any of you given the savings of ten years to the Lord Jesus Christ to carry on his work?

When I came home the last time, I told what the Chinese woman had done, and the friends here said, "Go ahead and build a chapel." So we built a church that will seat not only the two hundred and thirty which the hospital chapel used to seat, but six hundred persons. The poor Chinese congregation gave the money for furnishing it, and that whole church is furnished by donations from those people who could find ample opportunity to spend their money in other ways.

A lady of high rank, the wife of an official who had tuberculosis, sent for me. I went to see her husband a number of times before he died. The wife was very grateful, and used to send little things to the hospital, but she could not give up her ancestral worship. She could not, out of respect for her husband, omit the sending of those sacrifices to her husband's coffin. Finally she saw more clearly that those things would never reach her husband. Then she said: "I want to be a Christian. I want to come into the church. I want all my family to become Christians. I want to learn your doctrine better." Where is she now? Lady as she is, the highest type of Chinese lady I ever saw, she is now supervising the food of the hospital, and looking after its finances. She receives no pay for this work. "I owe it all to God," she says; "I do this for him; I cannot do anything else." I ask you again, Are the Chinese grateful? I have never found people anywhere more grateful than Chinese.—*H. M. McCandliss, M. D.*

A Consultation

THE prayer meeting was evidently going into decline, and a number of physicians were called for a consultation.

Said Dr. Strict, "Let no one come into the room that will not take part in some original way at every meeting."

Said Dr. Eezy, "Let down the bars; the pledge has been scaring away the really bright young people."

Said Dr. Theori, "Modern psychology shows that you are proceeding along lines that are radically wrong; what you need is a Greek-letter fraternity, with a private theatrical annex."

Said Dr. Novvle, "Get out of the rut! Put something new and startling into every meeting."

Then spoke up Dr. True, who said earnestly, "Where two or three are met together in the name of Jesus Christ, he is in their midst; and where Jesus Christ is, the meeting is a great big success, and can never go into a decline, still less die."

The other doctors were silenced; the prayer meeting took Dr. True's advice, and began to pray more, and work more, and live more with Jesus Christ. It picked up at once, and is now a magnificent specimen of sturdy health.—*Æsop Jones.*

Do not be too ready to avenge an injury: for "an insult is like mud, it will brush off much better when dry."

"ONE minute of keeping your mouth shut is worth an hour's explanations."

The Great War

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

Foreword



ONCE there was no war. Every created being in all the universe was then loyal and faithful to the government of King Jehovah. He was the Ruler of this world and all other worlds. All creatures that lived and moved in any part of the universe were subjects of his kingdom. He was their Creator. Therefore they loved him and delighted to obey and serve him.

There came a time, away back before the history of the human race began, when one of the most highly exalted persons in the government of King Jehovah began a rebellion against the King. It is the story of that rebellion that I am to tell.

And because you and I have become involved in the rebellion, this story should be of intense interest to us. And it should be the more interesting because the controversy is just about to be finished and settled forever.

The First and Last War

This was the first war of all history. And out of it, and because of it, has come every other war. And when it is settled, there will never be another war.

The early name of the great leader of the rebellion against the government of King Jehovah was Lucifer, but now he is called Satan. The close of the history of this world is to be characterized by the ascendancy of Satan in the affairs of men. When the archrebel against the government of heaven knows he has but a short time more in which to work, he will work with all power and signs and lying wonders, so that there may be danger of his deceiving the very elect; that is, those who have taken Jehovah's side of this great war. All the accumulated wisdom and knowledge he has gained from six thousand years of experience in leading the human race into sin and deception are to be brought to bear upon the last generation of the human family, and especially upon the church of the living God.

In view of these facts, it seems clear that if the last generation, the one in which we are now living, is to find an escape from the wiles of Satan, it must have some knowledge of his work, his origin, power, and personality. There is little hope for those ignorant of his devices. It is imperative at this present time, above all other periods in the history of the work of God on earth, that the followers of King Jehovah be acquainted with the work of their great adversary. We must be familiar with the history of the great war against our King.

A True Story

The danger of this present hour is greatly increased by the tendency which has appeared in recent years among some of the professed followers of the King to discredit the doctrine of the personality of Satan, and by the lightness with which this whole subject is treated when it receives consideration. Some would have us believe that there is no such being as Satan. Sermons on this subject are rare, and are received with incredulous smiles, as if the subject was one only for children. But it must be remembered that if Satan can get the people of the King to believe he does not exist, it will make it easier for him to overcome them and take them captive.

That this subject is of vital importance is evident from the fact that the character and work of Satan are constantly dwelt on in the great history which God has given of this conflict between himself and Satan. Especially true is this of the New Testament. At the very beginning of the ministry of Christ, Satan is seen as the personal tempter of our Lord; and through all the Gospels, Epistles, and the Revelation, one is impressed with the constant references to the personality, origin, power, cruelty, malignity, and final doom of the "god of this world," which is another name given to Satan.

Satan a Personal Being

That our adversary is a personal being is clear when one studies the Bible. It will be of interest to look up the numerous titles and names which are applied to him there. In Rev. 9:11 he is called "Abaddon;" in Rev. 12:10, "the accuser of our brethren;" in 1 Peter 5:8, the "adversary;" in Rev. 9:11, "the angel of the bottomless pit," also "Apollyon;" in Matt. 12:24, "Beelzebub;" in 2 Cor. 6:15, "Belial;" in Rev. 20:2, "the dragon;" in John 8:44, the father of lies, also a liar and a murderer; in Col. 1:13, the "power of darkness;" in John 14:30, "the prince of this world;" in Matt. 12:24, "the prince of the devils;" in Eph. 2:2, "prince of the power of the air;" in Eph. 6:12, ruler "of the darkness of this world;" in 2 Cor. 11:3, "the serpent;" in Eph. 2:2, the "spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience;" in Matt. 4:3 and 1 Thess. 3:5, the "tempter;" in 2 Cor. 4:4, the "god of this world;" in Matt. 12:43, the "unclean spirit;" in Matt. 13:19, 38, the "wicked one;" and in Matt. 6:13, R. V., the "evil one."

With these references before him, surely no true believer of the Bible can doubt that there is such a being as Satan, and that he has a personality.

This chief of the satanic kingdom is represented in the Bible as being presumptuous (Job 1:6; Matt. 4:5, 6), proud (1 Tim. 3:6), powerful (Eph. 2:2; 6:12), wicked (1 John 2:13), malignant (Job 1:9), subtle (Gen. 3:1; 2 Cor. 11:3), deceitful (2 Cor. 11:14; Eph. 6:11), fierce (Luke 8:29; 9:39, 42), cruel (1 Peter 5:8), always active in doing and promoting evil (Job 1:7; 2:2).

Satan's Work

The work of Satan is compared in the Bible to a fowler setting snares for unwary souls (Ps. 91:3), to an enemy who in the darkness of the night sowed tares among the good seed of the field (Matt. 13:25), to a lion seeking to catch and devour its prey (1 Peter 5:8). Against his subtlety, treachery, and devilish insinuations (2 Cor. 2:11) we can guard ourselves only by constant watching and prayer. Christ, who is the great Captain of the army of King Jehovah, has commanded his people to uncompromisingly resist all his approaches and solicitations. 1 Peter 5:9; James 4:7; Eph. 4:27.

Through the Enemy's Country

Thus from the teaching of the Holy Scriptures it is plain that the way of the Christian warrior and pilgrim, who is journeying to reach the kingdom of Jehovah, lies through the enemy's country, through the

territory of the "god of this world." While the weary pilgrim has a mighty God to defend him, while he is safe in the keeping of the Good Shepherd, while he will be surely guided by the Spirit of truth, yet his struggle with the enemy of his soul will be real and painful, and he will find it necessary to sustain a prolonged and fiery ordeal and a most severe conflict. The pilgrim believer will find his way safe only as he realizes that the sleepless and vigilant eye of a malignant and cruel enemy is following his every step, and that the accumulated subtlety and cunning of six thousand years of experience is constantly at work to draw him away from allegiance to Christ, and thus is made to realize his need of constant watching and praying.

A Great Confederacy of Rebellion

So now in these articles I shall tell the story of this great rebellion. To those who read these it will be made plain that there is upon earth a vast multitude of invisible beings clothed with supernatural power, called "demons" by the Scriptures of Truth, wholly evil in character, and who, with the most intense hatred toward God and man, are constantly engaged in the most bitter warfare against the welfare of human beings and the glory of God. Those who read will also see that this vast confederacy of evil is presided over by a chief who once dwelt in the courts of King Jehovah, but whose present supreme aim is to ensnare the human race to its eternal destruction, and who aims at pressing every event and circumstance of human life into his fiendish service.

The mightiest working of Satan is to be witnessed in the last years of the history of this present evil world. Having prayerfully and diligently studied the Holy Scriptures with regard to the things which are coming upon the earth; with a solemn sense of the fearful perils of these present times; with a feeling of obligation heavy upon him to do all in his power to expose the terrible nature of the kingdom of darkness and its present workings; with the earnest hope of providing an explanation to young people of many dark and mysterious things, which explanation he would have been glad to have had in his own youth; and with the earnest desire that all may see the ineffable love of our Heavenly Father in providing such a full and complete salvation from the wiles and power of the devil for all who will believe,—the writer of this story sends it out upon its mission, humbly trusting that it may be used of God to save many from Satan's latter-day delusions, and bring many to the wonderful truths of the final message of the gospel to a dying world.

Giving God a Chance

WHEN Dr. Morrison entered his study, he found young Stanley pacing it in agitation. The young man went directly to the point:—

"Dr. Morrison, I've made a mistake. I should not be honest either with you or myself if I denied it any longer."

"You mean in uniting with the church?" his pastor asked quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think that you have made a mistake?"

"Because," the young fellow answered slowly, "I can't feel it any more. I know, of course, that religion isn't simply emotion. But it shouldn't bore me.

There's something very wrong when that is so. I—I can't tell you how I have fought it. Of all men in the world, I feel that doctors ought to believe, and yet I can't believe."

"When you united with the church, you were in Mr. Houghton's class, I remember. Did he make you study?"

"He certainly did!" the young fellow responded, laughing in spite of his trouble. "You had to study if you were going to hold up your head in that class."

"And when he died, you kept up your Bible reading for a time, but it grew more and more perfunctory, and then you began to forget it altogether; and when you did take it up, you were bored. Is that it?"

"That is about it, sir."

"You are studying medicine; have the doctors discovered any way in which a patient can take nourishment enough in a year to last the rest of his life?"

"Of course not, sir."

"When you have your degree, will you never look at your books again?"

The young fellow's face flamed. "I don't know what you mean, sir. A good doctor never stops studying. He has to keep up with every experiment, every discovery."

"And yet you expect, as a Christian, to take in enough Christianity in a year to last the rest of your life!"

"But it hasn't lasted; that's exactly the point."

"Certainly. That is the point with thousands of Christians in the church today—lack of food. Have you studied your Bible to see what it has to say to doctors? Have you studied it to learn about human nature and the way to treat it? You keep up with the latest medical discoveries—have you laid out for yourself a course in the great discoveries of men whose work it is to interpret the Word of God? Have you studied prayer as you have studied the nervous system? Have you ever put it all to practical tests, as you experiment in your laboratory? In other words, have you given God half a chance?"

The young man's face had cleared. He held out his hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said.—*Youth's Companion*.

Cannot Give Away Liquor

It is unlawful to give away intoxicating liquors in the State of West Virginia. The courts of the State have so declared. This was pointed out by State Tax Commissioner Fred O. Blue.

Don Tittivi was indicted in the criminal court of McDowell County and convicted April 23 of a violation of the Yost law in giving away a bottle of beer. Tittivi was on a passenger train standing at the station in Kimball, in McDowell County, and at the request of a person standing on the station platform, handed him a bottle of beer from the car window. Having been found guilty, Tittivi was sentenced to sixty days in jail and fined \$100.

Upon his appeal to the circuit court of McDowell County, the judgment of the criminal court was affirmed, and thereupon Tittivi applied to the supreme court of the State for a writ.

A few days ago the supreme court of appeals refused Tittivi the writ of error applied for, thereby, in effect, affirming the action of the courts below, and Tittivi must serve sixty days for giving his friend a bottle of beer through the car window.—*Daily Mail*.



How I Obtained a New Suit of Clothes

IN my first three years of service in the Free Methodist Church I resided at Bushnell Basin, a village situated on the New York and Erie Canal, eleven miles east of the city of Rochester, New York, and three miles east of Pittsford, the nearest railroad depot. During the second year my best suit of clothes had become somewhat shabby, being much worn. Having entered into solemn covenant with the Lord to take him as my steward, and to live on the voluntary offerings of the people, I prayed for a new suit. I confidently waited for an answer to my prayer.

I commenced holding quarterly meeting services. Among the visitors from surrounding parts was Mrs. James Vick, of Rochester, wife of the well-known seedsman and florist of that city. She was accompanied by a lady named Moore, who resided with her. Our meeting was much blessed of God and it was thought best to continue the holding of services through the following Monday. The sisters named remained with us. On Tuesday I went to a neighboring farmer to borrow a horse and buggy with which to carry them to Pittsford, where they could take a train for Rochester. So much delay occurred in getting the conveyance ready that we were too late for the train that the sisters intended to take, so they had to wait till a later one. On the following day, as I rose in the morning, a strong conviction came into my mind that I ought to go to Rochester, but as I knew of no reason for my going, I at first resisted it. I spoke of it to my wife. She thought it strange, but we prayed about it; and as the strength of the conviction increased, I finally concluded to go. So I started, walking, intending to take a train at Pittsford. I have usually thought it wise to be careful of being governed by strange impressions. Hence I wondered at the one I was now following. I had proceeded but a little way when I was overtaken by a gentleman in a buggy. He asked me to ride with him, and finding that I was going to Rochester, which was also his destination, offered to take me all the way thither. I accepted. He was a stranger to me. I soon engaged him in a religious conversation. I found that he had never been converted, but was inquiring about the way of salvation. I presently concluded that I was on an errand like that of Philip the evangelist. I rejoiced that I had followed my conviction. On reaching the outskirts of the city, the gentleman had some business there that would detain him for a short time, but said that if I would wait he would gladly take me into the city. I decided to get out and walk. We were on East Avenue, at a point near the residence and nursery of Mr. James Vick. As I passed the house, another conviction came to call there. But I hesitated, thinking that I had visited sufficiently with Sisters Vick and Moore during the quarterly meeting. So I passed on. But my conviction continued. I felt as if a cord had been thrown around me that was tightening, and an inward voice seemed to say, "You ought to have gone in. Go back." I obeyed, and re-

turned, though I had proceeded quite a distance. On reaching the house and knocking at the door, it was opened by Sister Moore, who threw up her hands, exclaiming, "Why, Brother Gould, what has brought you here?" I replied, "I hardly know." She answered, "I know. I know. Come in." She called Sister Vick, who cried out, "Why, Brother Gould, how came the Lord to send you here today?" I then told of the convictions that had brought me. "It is all of the Lord. He has sent you. Sit down. I will explain it all to you," she said. She then related, as nearly as I can remember, what follows: "During my visit at the quarterly meeting I noticed that your clothes were much worn. Then a conviction came into my mind that I ought to see to it that you get a new suit. Not having the money that I could use for that purpose, I was at a loss just what to do, but I felt that I was charged with the duty of seeing that you should be provided for. Now you will remember that we stayed one day longer than we intended to, that we were delayed in getting away, that, as a consequence, we had to take a later train. Well, it was all of the Lord. On the train we did take we found a brother pilgrim from Oil City who has lately come into possession of considerable money by the discovery of oil under his land. I felt like telling him about you, and of your need of clothing. He has never seen you, and only knows of you by what we told him. But on reaching the city he took us to a clothing store, bought all the cloth and trimmings for an entire suit, and paid for the making of the same. Now the Lord has sent you here that you may be measured. Praise the Lord." How heartily we all joined in praise and prayer may be imagined.—*W. Gould, D. D.*

A Christian Under Difficulty

LIKE every one who starts out to do what he knows to be right, Albert Graham was obliged to endure hardness as a good soldier.

In a meeting held in a church in south Georgia, 1898, Albert decided to become a Christian. Knowing little of any other church than that to which his father belonged, he became a member of that body. At the age of eleven he was taken into the church, and at sixteen he was superintendent of the Sunday school and vice president of the young people's society. His young heart was often made to beat high when his pastor talked to him of the opportunities before him when he became a man.

"Albert is one of the finest young men in this town," said the minister to Albert's father one day.

"Well," answered Mr. Graham, "you are not the only one who has told me that; all my neighbors say he is a fine boy, and I am proud of him."

"You should be," said the pastor, adding, "If I were his father, I should make him a preacher."

"Yes," answered the old man, "but you know ——"

"Now you do not need to say 'but,' for you know as well as I that we need him in this work," interrupted Dr. Abbott. "We cannot do without him."

Presently Albert's father entered the room where Albert was studying a new book. Walking across the room two or three times, glancing first here, then there, as if looking for something, he stopped directly in front of Albert. "Do you think you would make a preacher?" he asked.

Albert laughed, then was silent a short time. "A preacher? Do you think I would make a preacher?"

"You see," said Mr. Graham, "our pastor was here a few minutes ago, and told me you ought to be a preacher. He said that if you were his boy, he would try to make of you a preacher."

Albert was serious; for that was one of his ambitions.

"I am of the opinion," his father continued, "that you would enjoy that work better than being a doctor. There is great need of men to be real ministers, you know."

"If I could be a minister like Dr. Abbott, I should be glad to do so, but you know there are so many men who are in the ministry for the 'loaves and fishes' that I am almost disgusted with them, and if I could ——"

"You are not obliged to imitate such men," said Mr. Graham; "you can be an example, you know."

"That is true," Albert answered slowly. "Well, I'll think about it, and I'll go over and talk to our pastor about it. Your advice has always been good, and I am sure the three of us can come to the right conclusion."

Not many months after that, Albert's sister Anna went to visit an aunt who kept the seventh day as the Sabbath. Then his mother bought a book, called "The Coming King," of a canvasser, and read it through. A minister visited his mother and talked with the family on some of the vital points of the Adventist faith. Another canvasser went to his home, and spent several evenings singing hymns. Albert was impressed with the truths which he read and heard and sang from time to time. He could not get them out of his mind; they haunted him by day and filled his dreams by night. He dreamed of the last great destruction of the world, in which every stone seemed to spit fire, and the elements to melt with fervent heat.

Finally Albert, with his mother, sister, and one brother, accepted the message of the third angel. Then persecution began. Their former pastor said very sharp things about them. Albert was heartbroken. How could the man in whom he had put so much confidence treat him in that way? His schoolmates called him a "Jew." His teacher told him he was losing his mind, showed him the wealth and ease of this world, and urged him to forget his Jewish foolishness. But Albert could not forget.

"You are a lunatic," said his teacher; "it would be better if you were dead."

"I thought you were my friend," answered Albert, with tears in his eyes.

Albert's father was deeply disappointed in his son. "You and your mother are disgracing yourselves and me," he said. "Every one is talking about it." His temper rose. "I will not have it in my house. You must either stop it or leave here. I won't have it."

Albert spent the night in prayer and weeping. He could not sleep. He saw himself an outcast. Deserted by every friend, he knew no one to call upon but his God, and no one to converse with but his mother. But God worked for Albert, and the scene gradually changed. Now the father is favorable to the truth, the beloved pastor is interested in it, and the teacher has become an ardent lover of the last gospel message of mercy to a perishing world. Needless to say, Albert is one of the happiest young men in south Georgia.

ELI LANE.

WHEN the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes.—*Hebrew Proverb.*

Peace Robbers

Most persons think of a robber as one who takes something of material value that does not belong to him. The newspapers make us familiar with many kinds of robbers, and with different penalties that are imposed upon them for robbing civic and social life of its safety and its property.

But there is a robber of whom no dictionary or law makes mention; who, because he is everywhere at large, because he is everywhere allowed to go free and is subject to no outward penalties is a thousand times more dangerous than any thief described in the newspapers. This robber takes from us a precious thing—without which it is difficult to have any ideal relationships, either formal or intimate; without which it is almost impossible to grow normally, to be kindly in thought, to be friendly in attitude, to be generous in act, to be cheerful and resolute; a thing without which it is quite impossible to achieve the best work. That thing is peace.

Do we worry day after day about imaginary difficulties, and magnify real difficulties? Do we fuss, and fume, and fret, and let every one know by word or countenance all about our troubles? Then we are peace robbers. Forgetting that a miss is as good as a mile, do we live in constant fear that something untoward will happen? If that is our attitude of mind, then we are peace robbers.

Are we jealous and envious of others, wanting things that do not belong to us? Do we feel unkindly toward those who possess those things? And because we cannot have what we wish, do we go round with thoughts that feed on themselves and cause trouble? Then we are peace robbers.

Do we, because we are angry or self-assertive or rude, disregard the rights of others, speak words that poison the day for some one else, slam doors, or talk loudly? Do we insist upon being reckoned with? Are we rude, churlish in our greetings, ill-natured in our replies, unwilling in our courtesies, unfriendly? Then we are peace robbers.

If most of us had to choose between being robbed of our pocketbooks and robbed of our peace, we should prefer to have our pockets robbed and keep our peace. Then we must not disturb another's peace.—*Selected.*

Practicing the Habit of Duty

WHEN King Philip of Spain tried to bribe Prince William of Orange, the prince sent back this message: "Not for life nor wife nor children nor land would I mix in my cup one drop of the poison of treason!" The king of Spain then hired an assassin to kill him. But his name and character live on forever. Another example of devotion to country is found in a soldier of the French Army in the war of 1750. He had wandered into the woods for a stroll, when he was ambushed by the enemy. Instantly a hundred bayonets pricked his breast and a voice whispered, "Make the least noise and you are a dead man." Without a second's hesitation he cried, "The enemy is here!" He fell lifeless to the ground, but twenty-five thousand of the French Army were saved. Devotion to duty had become so strong a habit that he never thought of parleying or pleading for his life.

Giving one's self to truth and righteousness, whether it be in the direction of national preservation, social benefit, moral reform, or the salvation of mankind, makes heroic characters that will never die.—*The Christian Herald.*



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."



Every Attention but One

THE family "sat in the library, a little anxious-eyed. The doctor stood in the doorway. "Your aunt is just worn out, that is all. She must have absolute quiet and rest for a while, and have appetizing meals served to her. She must be given every possible attention. One of you girls should be made a sort of bodyguard and attendant for her, to amuse her, read to her, run errands for her, and look after her person and her room. She needs some one with her constantly. What she needs is perfect freedom from annoyance, irritation, and excitement. She will be better than ever at the end of a month like that."

Then the doctor went out, and the family talked it over. "It is a fortunate thing that I took that first-aid course, isn't it? I'll be able to give Aunt Emily the very best of attention now. I'll move a cot into that little alcove in her room, and take up my headquarters there. It will be just what Aunt Emily needs, and it will be fine training for me. Mrs. Alcott said the best way to become proficient in serving the sick is by actual practice." So spoke Olive, the oldest daughter.

It must be confessed that the family was a little dubious about this plan. "Don't you think Violet could do it better?" suggested the father.

"Why, father!" Olive's voice was very indignant. "Why should Violet do it? She hasn't had any training in nursing at all. And she is the youngest daughter —"

"Violet is so even-tempered and cheery," continued the father. "It seems to me she would be very comfortable in a sick room. Of course, she has not had the training—but cheer is a big thing for a sick person."

"I am the oldest, I have had training, and it seems to me I ought to have the chance."

In the end, Olive had her way. Aunt Emily herself was not consulted.

The doctor often talked with Aunt Emily. He watched her closely. He also watched Olive as she went about her work. She did not neglect the duties that came to her, that was evident. The room was spotlessly clean, and always sunny. The bed linens were immaculate. Aunt Emily herself seemed to be receiving every attention. But the doctor was not satisfied. In spite of good food, much rest, entire quiet and relaxation, Aunt Emily did not improve. What was the matter?

He watched Olive's attitude toward her aunt, and observed every look and every movement. Finally he was convinced that he knew what was wrong. When he left that day, he motioned to Olive to follow him. "My dear," he said, kindly but very firmly, "I want you to let your sister take your place here for a few days—the little plump one—what is her name? Yes, Violet. I want you to turn everything over to Violet for a while. A change is sometimes good for a patient."

"Why, Doctor, have I been doing so badly?"

"No, you have worked hard, you have kept the room perfectly clean, you have read, you have served meals. But now let the other one try it."

Olive was hurt. "I am sure Aunt Emily has no reason to complain. I have given her every possible attention."

Olive was banished, and Violet was sent in to her aunt, to take her sister's place. And again the doctor watched. It must be confessed that the room was a little less orderly. For instance, the long muslin curtains were generally drawn back away from the window, and thrust over the corner of a picture. The doctor's eye rested upon them more than once. Aunt Emily explained promptly: "I like to feel the breeze coming in full and strong, and I do not like to see curtains blowing back and forth. And I do like to give the sunshine a broad sweep at me. It wrinkles the curtains badly, and looks untidy, but I wanted it, and of course Violet fixed them for me." The doctor smiled.

Nor was the bed always immaculate these days. The white coverlet was often wrinkled. The doctor's eyes rested upon it. "Violet and I have such nice long talks," explained Aunt Emily. "I like her to sit on the bed near me. It musses the coverlet, but it is great fun." And again the doctor smiled.

One afternoon he dropped in unexpectedly. The room and the patient were unpresentable, to say the least. A comb and brush lay on the white coverlet. The two were eating apples, and two unsightly cores were on the dresser tray. Aunt Emily only laughed at the doctor's expression. "Violet was just ready to brush my hair, when I happened to think of the apples. But never mind, Doctor, she'll brush it nicely when you're gone."

"Did you forget your medicine at two o'clock?"

"I forgot all about it," declared Aunt Emily, laughing again.

"I remembered it," said Violet, "but I remembered you said it was better for one to be interested and amused than to take countless bottles of medicine, so I just brought in the apples."

"Quite right," said the doctor. Then he added, "As I explained to you, medicine is the least essential part of your aunt's treatment. If any one accuses you of neglecting your patient, Miss Violet, send him to me."

"A cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine," said Aunt Emily, softly, turning fond eyes upon her young niece.

"Exactly," answered the doctor.—*Young People's Weekly.*

JESUS was never rude; never needlessly spoke a severe word; never gave needless pain to a sensitive soul. He did not censure human weakness.—*The Desire of Ages.*



The Slate Quarry at Delabole, Cornwall

NORTH CORNWALL conquers with a gradual but sure victory; in the understanding heart she banishes the first chill doubt, then arouses a growing interest, and later wakens enthusiasm. She is solemn, even sublime. Her voice corresponds to her features; both are subtle, restrained, and full of grace.

Here men have lifted their homes and justified existence on land and sea. They dwell undaunted here, at the uttermost edge of earth, and here find their labor and their life's excuse. Not only the remains of old time may draw the traveler hither, for there is more than King Arthur's castle at Tintagel to see. The many tourists from America who seek this ruin of old romance, perched gray above the waves, should, upon the occasion of another visit, turn inland and search out a slate quarry that is world-famous now. Men were delving in these deep seams when Shakespeare wrote, and the work has proceeded without interruption from Tudor times.

You are aware of the mineral before you reach the mighty gulf from which it comes, for upon every hand its intrusion will demand your attention. The stone, which to most of us is familiar in one connection only, here serves a hundred purposes. Great slabs of slate, some aslant and some fallen, mark the boundaries of the land. They strike upon memory, and remind the eye of forgotten graves. The field paths are often laid with them, and many stiles are built of them. They stand before the cottage doors, for fences and walls they serve; and in the garden patches they rise, elongated into narrow strips that take the place of poles; and they are also used as props for the clothesline. Every alleyway is paved with them; every wellhead is surrounded by slates; the houses as well as their roofs are of slate. The sweet water runs through slate conduits; mounds of broken slate, or wrought slate, stand at every corner by the highway and the village streets.

For this is Delabole — a hamlet created of old by a single industry, a community in which men and boys to the number of five hundred work in the slate quarries, as their forefathers have done.

The Menace of Moraines

But the huge scene of their toil is not immediately visible. Where the village slopes from north to south you can see at first no evidence of that mighty gulf. Then suddenly the earth opens like a crater, and yawns with a mouth six hundred feet deep and a quarter of a mile across. This enormous cup is surrounded by many-colored cliffs that slope gently inward from the surface. It is chased and jeweled into great beauty by man and nature. Round it run many galleries, some deserted, some alive with workers. Like threads of light the paths circle it, now opening upon the sides of the rounded cliffs, now suspended in air under perpendicular precipices. In the midst is a quarter-mile incline that descends to the heart of the quarries and that connects the works above with the works below; elsewhere are other gentle activities, where moraines of fallen stone have oozed out in great cones beneath

the cliffs. These moraines represent disasters, for they mean that the overburden of the quarry has fallen to swallow up the valuable slate beneath. The masses, which appear so trifling when seen from above, are in reality little mountains of waste earth and stone that will take years to remove.

The last and greatest fall represented a displacement of more than half a million tons, and those who saw the catastrophe declare the spectacle was terrific.

Sides of the Quarry

By steps and scarps the sides of the quarry fall, narrowing always to the bottom; but the cliff planes are huge enough for sunshine and shadow to paint on them wonderful pictures in olive and blue and mossy green, or to fling on them great splashes and patches of rose and russet. They melt together brokenly; sometimes they are fretted with darkness and spotted with caverns, or mottled and zigzagged by the rusty percolations of iron. Aloft in many places the marks of the tamping iron still appear in thousands on the cliffs, to tell where the rock men of the past labored to cut out the quarry and to drill the stone for charges of gunpowder and dynamite. The action of these great forces is different. Gunpowder is the gentler agent: it lifts and opens, whereas dynamite and kindred explosives tear and shatter. A rock man's judgment tells him which to use at any given point.

Everywhere the valuable stone, now silver-green, now silver-gray, is being dragged up the great incline, or wafted through air to the workers above; and once aloft, another army of men and boys set to work upon it and split and hack and chop and square it into usefulness. On all sides midgets are burrowing below and wrestling with the stone above; thousands of tons leave the works every week, and yet such is the immensity of the mass that the sides of the quarry seem hardly changed from year to year. For more than three hundred and fifty years has man delved here. Elizabethans covered their homes with its rare slate; and since their time, working ceaselessly, we have scratched out this stupendous hole, and covered habitations therefrom through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. Cathedrals and cottages alike send hither for their slates; there are extant buildings roofed therewith two hundred years ago that show no crack or flaw. But older than the stones that cover man's home must be those that mark his grave, and slates in churchyards or on church walls can doubtless be found dating from Tudor times. A slate gathers no moss; and although lichens can find foothold upon it, their incrustations make slow progress.

Uses of Slate

Slate fills countless uses besides that of roofing, and the methods of cleaving it and cutting it, when it ascends from the quarry to the work shops, will depend upon the purposes for which it is destined. Steam plays a part in dressing the slate; its masses are first fastened on the iron saw tables and reduced to manageable shape and size. Special saws with strange teeth, like screws, soon slip through the slate; then workmen, tackling it with chisel and mallet, split the laminae thinner and thinner. Good slate cleaves wonderfully, and a mass of stone is soon flaked away into a pile of dark-gray slates, clean and bright, and ready for the guillotine. That noisy instrument makes an accompaniment to the hiss of the saws and the steady din of the mallets. It crashes with a harsh, distracting sound, and each explosive noise indicates the squaring

of an edge of slate. Great care is needed with this instrument, and the unhappy workman who lets his thoughts wander for a moment from the revolving knife may find his fingers gone.

Green-gray or "abbey-gray" is the mass of the quarry output; but there is also a generous production of "green." This fine stuff runs in certain veins, and offers a color that is very beautiful and pleasant to the eye. Lastly, there are the reds — jewels among slates — that shine with russet and purple. That stone is rare, and can be quarried only in small quantities. All varieties have only a very small porosity, and take their places among the best slates in the world.— *Selected.*

Evil Associations Corrupt

A PHOTOGRAPHIC plate may be wrapped in any quantity of black paper to make sure that there is no risk whatever of light getting to it; but if a radio-active substance is anywhere near, it will penetrate the black paper, and impress figures on the plate despite the protective darkness. But the heart is more sensitive than any photographic film or plate, and if we gratuitously allow ourselves in equivocal associations, they will injuriously affect our thought and temper, in spite of the cleverest and most elaborate precautions. It is enough that we have to guard against the depressing and defiling influences of daily life, without voluntarily touching pitch.— *W. L. Watkinson.*

The Scarlet Tanager

UP among the thick green plumes of a pine, I saw my first scarlet tanager, adorned with the gayest and most brilliant color a bird can ever wear. I had seen the crested cardinal bird, but here no crest appeared, and the fiery color was intensified by black wings and tail.

Once these birds were often seen, but the milliner has sent the gunner to bring them in and to spare none. There is a "demand" for their stuffed bodies to adorn ladies' hats, and this is the ultimatum: "Nothing so jaunty as a bird on a hat." Off in the dense grove of trees with broad leaves, the scarlet tanager hides from his mortal foe. You will rarely see one near human habitations. He has learned shrewdness. If the nest is approached, the male grows bold, and flashing his colors in the intruder's face, he tries to allure him in another direction, uttering an interrupted, nervous "Chipchirr!" to explain his motions.

The female, low on her nest, is an inconspicuous figure in olive and brown, and the young birds have similar colors. When the time comes to go south, the father bird molts his brilliant plumage, and his traveling garb is as modest as any one could ask.

The Yellow Warbler

Where shall we look for the "summer yellow bird"? Go out into the highways, spy into the thickets and hedges, and if there is a brook near by, your chances of success are doubled. For this little bit of sunshine, embodied and instinct with life, is only satisfied with plenty of shelter, plenty of good bathing, and all the insects its appetite demands. Down among the branches of the brookside willows the nest is hidden, and the sweet, soft "Chee-chee-chee, cher-wee" will be heard until well into July.

The sight of this slim little creature, scarcely half as long as a robin, makes us marvel, for those who know, tell us that these birds make a journey of three

or four thousand miles twice a year. They travel from South America, and many keep on till they reach the arctic circle.

There are other things harder to endure than the exigencies of travel. This warbler is the special victim of the villainy and shiftlessness of the cowbird. After the nest is finished and while the eggs are being laid, the mother bird often finds a larger egg among her own and knows the cowbird laid it there. With the energy and spirit that mark all her doings, the bird raises the nest walls higher, and puts in another bottom, thus sealing up the eggs, "burying her past" and starting anew. The greatest nest curiosity I ever saw was one of three distinct stories, containing eggs in the lower two, showing the persistence of the cowbird, and the final triumph of the patient warbler. The man who got the nest said that the yellow bird raised her own brood at last, and with no greedy foster child to starve her own.

Let us not confuse the yellow warbler with the goldfinch. That bird has a thick, heavy bill, and cracks its seed dinners on the ground. The warbler picks its insect food off the leaves of trees with a slim little beak. The goldfinch has a black head, too, while the other bird's head is a deeper yellow than its body. The warbler has a nervous, twitching flight; the goldfinch flies with a rhythmic, undulating motion.

MARY BARRETT.

China's Postal System

THE European postal system is now in use in all parts of China. When I landed in China in 1884, the mail for the interior had to be received by agents at the coast port and sent overland by foot messenger, who made the journey of about two hundred and fifty miles in seven or eight days. Letters and papers were sent and received once in a fortnight, and the mails from London took about two months to reach the destination. Now in all the important towns, especially those connected with the coast by rail, deliveries are made at least once a day, and in some provincial capitals four or five times a day. Letters are conveyed from London to Tsinanfu in fourteen days, and before long will be delivered in even less time.

To most of the inland towns, letters, papers, and parcels must still be carried by foot messengers, and so the carriage of parcels is expensive; yet post cards can be sent all over China for one cent each and letters for three cents. Considering how short a time this system has been in operation, it is astonishing how much has been accomplished, and with what ease and accuracy the system is now being worked throughout China. Probably no European country is more cheaply or efficiently served than China, until recently the most backward of all countries. The system is at present being worked at a loss, owing to the expensive use of foot messengers, but with the extension of the railways the postal department will be an increasing source of revenue.— *Missionary Review of the World.*

The Foolishness of Slang

It is very easy to pick up a bur, and very hard to get rid of it, though it often makes itself very troublesome when you have it, and the same is true of slang. There are many excellent words in the English language which are used so seldom that they are in danger of growing rusty. Better use these and leave slang alone.— *Girls' Companion.*

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work in the North American Division Conference for Quarter Ending March 31, 1915

CONFERENCES	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Mt'gs	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meas. Given	Bouquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversion
ATLANTIC UNION																							
E. New York	14	153	16	132	72	86	60	252	751	216	86	493	457	191	104	7	59	3	3	\$ 23.76	\$ 3.85	2	
Gr. New York	7	211	..	386	192	1149	399	560	1166	8338	532	313	298	2127	1144	721	214.29	56.29	12
Maine	4	56	19	67	33	488	77	..	304	5565	44	59	1824	960	123	75	1	84	134	..	45.22	41.69	5
Massachusetts	13	267	8	652	260	527	393	59	8328	5270	122	151	3750	7224	970	536	30	..	20	23	113.93	97.98	34
N. New England	2	100	..	18	3	152	12	2	84	910	104	23	7	225	95	69	1	..	7	..	47.97
S. New England	10	85	2	46	41	47	12	21	143	1502	69	36	15	267	44	62	..	101	..	2	74.22	1.30	..
W. New York	8	100	7	348	73	465	257	30	1909	2234	306	209	326	11423	359	387	9	28	70	25	52.38	159.56	..
CENTRAL UNION																							
Colorado	16	287	7	419	120	518	136	29	534	3740	49	176	8	1071	760	422	12	279	60	1	99.90	24.27	24
Kansas	13	356	..	272	143	330	208	38	257	3385	141	98	432	2912	371	230	9	43	95	12	170.27	17.21	3
Missouri	20	356	10	400	117	745	116	54	665	9573	1448	109	14	6372	640	250	5	58	93	1	184.53	33.73	34
Nebraska	12	520	..	147	60	119	83	12	40	1922	38	73	8	5180	158	269	2	53.75	1.50	..
W. Colorado	4	34	6	175	75	233	89	19	97	857	35	44	*1490	*535	250	3	7	..	5.75	1.66	..
Wyoming
COLUMBIA UNION																							
Chesapeake	6	119	..	127	83	1046	130	16	793	2577	339	70	23	497	627	206	3	521	11	7	7.37	20.07	26
Dist. of Columbia	4	278	..	590	61	1482	475	4	1326	2654	256	67	5	1285	301	184	6	20	1	..	22.05	39.56	1
E. Pennsylvania	13	198	12	141	61	355	28	21	2469	2968	186	129	139	1958	359	291	..	75	34.27	49.85	2
New Jersey	6	82	..	49	8	407	97	6	277	4577	91	51	89	4670	350	81	3	64	..	1	1.25	2.53	..
Ohio	14	215	6	464	209	679	275	17	2617	3300	433	178	18	8024	795	344	25	165	82	20	120.56	50.90	4
Virginia	4	88	..	127	20	163	137	14	116	928	15	41	110	1578	48	162	25	..	25	..	6.75	22.57	6
W. Pennsylvania	5	81	..	88	20	187	40	16	210	4805	169	37	485	766	241	281	7	3	2	3	1.94	24.58	2
West Virginia
LAKE UNION																							
E. Michigan	27	372	..	182	61	303	66	111	1915	4547	199	127	150	1568	394	267	35	164	35	86	98.59	25.87	8
Indiana	30	300	..	45	88	24	76	12	749	4918	294	1084	647	1169	316	749	2	4	66	4	60.22	30.85	10
N. Illinois	34	595	3	684	408	3151	619	106	5494	12547	226	363	3077	14016	3323	1890	46	322	559	90	289.76	111.74	12
N. Michigan	13	157	..	23	19	42	26	2	133	569	47	20	..	50	6	36	4	70	7	..	34.77
S. Illinois	12	140	10	82	49	269	62	171	204	3092	280	50	32	974	451	176	6	10	33	6	43.33	11.67	1
W. Michigan	25	585	8	630	224	1235	211	148	825	7432	77	381	72	5738	1158	947	38	299	46	49	32.91	65.34	..
Wisconsin	19	306	5	265	115	3117	163	13	247	3128	27	85	..	658	638	1073	14	70	35	..	61.45	15.71	..
NORTHERN UNION																							
Iowa	19	357	6	242	113	556	282	1427	5602	89	129	43	4407	963	284	122	487	69	31	..	119.12	183.26	9
Minnesota	24	560	71	860	375	791	115	32	3625	7511	122	218	222	7940	874	468	19	114	24	3	433.61	79.75	..
North Dakota	10	180	2	568	102	150	7	8	191	1025	46	16	25	501	27	9	2	..	141.85	66.00	..
South Dakota	18	264	..	207	104	188	67	16	220	2124	398	568	7	1090	340	258	4	36.69	20.94	..
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																							
Montana	3	22	..	20	1	..	150	2342	..	2	..	67	14	1	5.65	..
S. Idaho	4	91	..	112	35	164	102	17	67	1971	104	32	6	3911	176	139	1.50
S. Oregon	7	163	22	206	70	441	114	9	106	4130	166	109	3	1545	380	377	40	21	33	1	15.22	31.94	10
Upper Columbia	21	641	..	489	110	303	69	60	575	6773	63	218	59	1904	559	902	81	564	77	34	61.97	70.39	27
W. Oregon	16	403	..	214	84	328	167	11	385	6069	24	220	255	3869	709	326	29	87	45	3	125.40	50.66	6
W. Washington	16	234	..	118	43	366	67	1	169	4157	111	131	5	1921	180	200	18	47	73	34	507.41	21.63	20
PACIFIC UNION																							
Arizona	4	50	..	57	27	188	49	10	609	1707	38	66	33	381	18	39	21	6	15	3	18.75	3.45	..
California	22	1053	..	252	95	320	47	27	641	5150	221	157	124	4681	310	336	258	353	56	14	229.04	86.89	18
Can. California	19	416	3	217	83	742	249	21	562	5150	199	196	67	4705	353	341	12	6	56.27	104.64	45
Nevada Mission	6	84	1	298	108	252	69	15	32	1514	11	79	24	1251	312	194	38	46	14	..	9.49	19.99	2
N. California	12	235	..	175	53	265	100	37	311	4467	74	98	561	3827	246	242	9	..	106.96	36.94	14
S. California	13	312	..	203	79	514	146	22	495	6623	627	293	874	1625	599	535	51	13	43.33	80.00	4
Utah	4	45	..	291	106	1244	162	21	168	2012	374	79	397	1023	928	298	1	5	133	..	3.35	164.06	7
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																							
Cumberland	9	204	1	78	29	146	44	1	253	636	239	37	30	70	138	157	23	66	16	1	15.08	3.70	4
Florida	11	249	..	166	90	253	91	..	315	2299	147	130	511	2175	176	243	67	19	41	4	13.14	12.13	2
Georgia
North Carolina	9	209	..	207	203	1096	360	19	2490	633	73	112	33	801	830	529	25	108	117	5	47.11	56.26	3
South Carolina	6	108	2	29	17	182	38	..	50	341	1	17	..	165	955	100	9	64	3	1	10.25	3.22	2
SOUTHERN UNION																							
Alabama	6	97	..	98	59	217	50	47	274	1078	52	34	35	248	299	128	35	15	10	10	20.54	4.24	..
Kentucky	1	27	..	9	2	40	30	..	95	99	43	15	10	10	60	136	2	..	2	11.07	..
Louisiana	5	79	2	94	57	143	60	3	494	1107	112	165	2	227	212	208	1	49	20	7	29.30	13.74	..
Mississippi	4	20	3	137	34	2	1	1.00	..
Tennessee River	6	156	..	39	16	208	86	1	136	854	87	69	64	715	224	248	7	148	21	12	61.44	50.47	3
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																							
Arkansas	9	157	6	192	116	547	198	22	234	1517	63	68	22	1200	512	442	3	16	41	20	73.90	16.65	1
New Mexico	5	56	..	232	63	156	8	7	8														



The Voice Within

A LITTLE Quaker girl, one day,
Paused in her busy round of play
As her dear mother came that way.

"May I?" she said, as soft and clear
She whispered in her mother's ear
So low that no one else could hear.

Her mother answered as she smiled:
"By nothing wrong be thou beguiled;
What says the voice within thee, child?"

The little Quaker went her way.
Soon back she came. I heard her say,
"The little voice within says, Nay."

O, children, heed the voice within!
The little voice your heart would win,
And keep your feet from paths of sin.

— Selected.

The Intellectual Heights

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER

TOM was having a day off. In fact, everybody was having a day off. The doctor had gone into town, and wouldn't be back till tomorrow; and when the doctor was gone, "school didn't keep." Tom didn't care, this time, if it didn't. He was a little weary and restless, and he remembered with a complaisant smile that this was the first real time of his own he had had since he came to Lynn. He had come to work, and he had worked.

Now he looked indifferently out of the doctor's office windows. There were the roofs, the same roofs that had greeted him every morning since he came to town; there were the brisk and multicolored people in the streets; there were the big buildings a little away, with the black smoke curling over them, that spoke of the clang of machinery, and the toil of men, and the daily output of carefully packed and labeled boxes; there was a glimpse of the blue ocean, but — Tom took his hat and went out.

He wandered past this and that place with reconnoitering interest, and on down by the wave-worn beach. There the luster came back into his eyes. On one hand the level water sparkled and rippled, and on the other the city lay. Behind it the ground rose, green and ledge-strewn, and above all loomed High Rock, a natural observatory one hundred and seventy feet in height. Tom had often looked at it with interest, now he determined to climb it.

With the zest of a schoolboy, which in fact he really was, for he had been graduated only the last June, he began the ascent. The city, too, had had a notion like Tom's, and many a dwelling place had crept ambitiously up the steeps, and sat down fluffily to overlook the town. Tom kept on his upward way, and paused finally at the top, with quickly coming and going breath, to drink in the wonderful panorama that revealed itself — as fine a view for the trouble as may be seen on the New England coast.

Before him the wide Atlantic stretched away, limitless and powerful, and losing itself in the haze of the distance. Here and there a white sail floated. Swampscott showed at the left, "with its cluster of fishing boats, and white beach covered with dories, and fishing nets spread out to dry. Farther out is Baker's Island, with its light, the white towers of Marblehead, and . . . the distant headland of Cape Ann. Off to the right are the dark-brown monument of Bunker Hill and the gilded dome on Beacon Hill." Farther to the north is Wachusett, and "to the south the Blue Hills of Milton lie misty in the distance. Nearer stretches out the graceful curve of Crescent Beach, and directly in front is the harbor, its bounds determined on the one hand by the Point of Pines, and on the other by the dark rocks of the Nahants. . . . Lying low in the waters of the bay, seemingly no larger than a fisherman's dory, is Egg Rock, with its lighthouse, . . . a faithful sentinel on a dangerous coast. Around to the northeast are seen the hills and plains of Danvers and Peabody, while through a gap in the hills comes a glimpse of a near neighbor, Salem."

Many, many things are in sight that were not before; many things have sprung into existence that an hour ago scarcely existed at all for Tom. The retina of the eye, free and unobstructed at this height, is faithfully registering them all. Tom flings himself down on the ground at length, and with his eyes lingering on the scene, falls to thinking. There are little philosophers as well as big ones, and Tom's was a clean and honest ancestry. Almost aloud he repeated the motto his class had at school, "The horizon widens as we climb." It has a new meaning for him now. He watched the horizon widen as he climbed.

Lying there, he began to apply the principle to other than material things. He had ambitions and ideals, and a boy's desire to get on in the world. He would follow in the doctor's footsteps, perhaps. That would mean the acquiring of more knowledge, the climbing

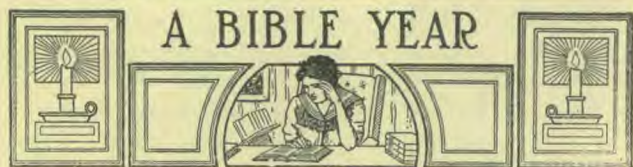
of other and different heights, intellectual heights; and his imagination bore him forward joyously to the task. On each height he paused and gazed over the widened landscape. So many things were before him that had not been before, things he could never have guessed at or thought of but for this view, things he must unravel and look into; and life opened up before him, avenue after avenue. And the joy of it all, the rapture of having scaled the heights! for in his mind he had done this. How much better than to be idly playing in the close and stagnant air of the valley below! How much better than to be content with himself as he was! It would mean work — yes, but every muscle in his young body thrilled for the battle, and a stanza of Longfellow's came to him:—

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

He saw why great men were humble and little men were proud. It made it all plain, the view from the heights. There was always so much coming to view as they climbed that they had not seen before! Might he—be—great? Some teacher had told him that greatness should be spelled goodness, with largeness of purpose and ability to do thrown in. Was that right? He looked down at the city and took a deep breath, and then smiled.

Dream on, bright youth! Hours like those often shape human destiny, always influence it. They are not in vain, and those heights are not unattainable, even though the ruggedness of the ascent and the difficulties in the way are frequently underestimated. The difficulties can be overcome, and glorious strength comes from the toiling and the conquering. The intellectual heights gleam before each of us; and though the journey is oftentimes rough and full of pain, there are odd and delightful flowers always by the wayside, and surprises that please at every turn, and at the top the rich confidence of a world won.

The intellectual heights are fairer than the mountains of earth, and they are different. When one is conquered, the dim and shimmering top of another, still loftier, comes into view. Before our eyes they are ever unfolding, wreathed in mists, and fascinating with the possibilities of the unknown. In ethereal beauty, and burning with gold and amber from the Sun that is always on them, they loom before us alluringly, and the top of the highest reaches into heaven. One word spells all their beauty and their mystery — God.



Thirty-Third Week

August 15. Jeremiah 15 to 17: God rejects the Jews; utter ruin and captivity foretold.

August 16. Jeremiah 18 to 20: in the potter's house; Jeremiah's lament.

August 17. Jeremiah 21 to 23: Zedekiah receives a message of doom; repentance urged; the Messiah promised.

August 18. Jeremiah 24 to 26: Type of good and bad figs; the seventy years' captivity foretold.

August 19. Jeremiah 27 to 29: Warnings to neighboring kings; a false prophecy; a letter to the captives in Babylon.

August 20. Jeremiah 30 to 32: Deliverance and return promised.

August 21. Jeremiah 33 to 37: The Branch; blessing on the Rechabites; Jeremiah beaten and cast into prison.

The Book of Jeremiah

"There can be little doubt that the book of Jeremiah grew out of the roll which Baruch wrote down at the prophet's mouth in the fourth year of Jehoiakim. Chap. 36:2. Apparently the prophets kept written records of their predictions, and collected into larger volumes such of them as were intended for permanent use." — *Canon Cook.*

For a general survey of the book, it may be divided as follows:—

1. Introduction.
2. Chapters 2-11. Thought by some to have been the prophecies written by Baruch after Jehoiakim burned the first roll.
3. Chapters 12-24. Warnings to the Jews.
4. Chapters 25-28. Prophecies on the fall of Jerusalem.
5. Chapters 29-31. The Babylonian exile.
6. Chapters 32-45. History of the two years before the fall of Jerusalem.
7. Chapters 46-51. Prophecies against foreign nations, especially Babylon.
8. Conclusion. This, evidently a chapter added to "the words of Jeremiah," is by some attributed to Ezra. Compare 2 Kings 24:18-20; 25.

Another method divides the book into four general sections containing the prophecies uttered during the reigns of Josiah, Jehoiakim, Zedekiah, and Gedaliah.

As a whole, the book abounds in striking symbols and signs and figures of speech. Its assurances of our Heavenly Father's kindness and "everlasting love," its warnings and appeals, are peculiarly applicable to the present day.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

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

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, August 21

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on the life of David.
2. Reports of working bands.
3. Bible Study: "Conditions on which Prayer Is Heard." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Matt. 7:8; Heb. 4:16.
5. Mission Talk: "Work in the Basutoland Mission." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 65, 76.
6. Reading: "Among the Basutos With the Message." See *Gazette*.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending August 21

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper by one of the Juniors on the life of David.
2. Reports of working bands.
3. Bible Study: "The Word of God." See *Gazette*.
4. Recitation: "The Anvil of God's Word." See *Gazette*.
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Ps. 119:11, 105; 2 Tim. 2:15.
6. Mission Talk: "Work in the Basutoland Mission." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 65, 76.

Redeeming the Time

We long to see the Saviour coming
In glory from above.
Our tongues shall sing the songs of Zion,
In joyful praise and love.
"Come, enter in, the gate stands wide,"
We long to hear him say;
"Thou choost me to be thy guide;
Enter the realms of day."

Yet there's a work we all may hasten
As earth's last hour draws near,—
A world to warn of coming danger
While mercy still is here.
O, haste and take the Saviour's word
Your guide in life to be,
And join the ranks of those who work
To set sin's captives free.

LUCINA MOON.



VIII — Feeding the Multitude

(August 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 14: 15-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6: 35.

Questions

1. At the close of the day in the desert, what did the disciples urge Jesus to do? Why did this seem necessary? Matt. 14: 15.
2. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 16.
3. How did Philip show that he did not think it possible to obey this command? John 6: 7.
4. How did Andrew also show that he did not think it possible? Verses 8, 9. Note 1.
5. What better way did Jesus suggest than looking at the great amount needed or at the small amount on hand? Matt. 14: 18. Note 2.
6. What did he command the multitude to do? In what order? Verse 19, first part; Mark 6: 39, 40.
7. What did Jesus then do in the sight of all the people? To whom did he give the broken bread? For what purpose? Matt. 14: 19.
8. How many were fully satisfied? Verse 20, first part.
9. What did Jesus then tell them to do with the fragments? Why were they to save the fragments? John 6: 12. Note 3.
10. How many fragments were there? How did this compare with the amount they had before they began to eat? Yet how many had eaten? Matt. 14: 20, 21.
11. When the people saw what a wonderful thing Jesus had done, whom did they declare him to be? What did they think to do? John 6: 14, 15.
12. How did Jesus hinder them? Matt. 14: 22, 23.
13. What should we learn from the miracle of the loaves and fishes? Memory verse. Note 4.

Notes

1. Instead of looking at Jesus and his power to help them obey his command, Philip was looking at the great amount needed, and Andrew at the small amount on hand. This showed that they lacked faith in Jesus. Whenever Jesus asks us to do anything, it shows that he is willing to help us to do it. Every command has a promise to help wrapped up in it.
2. No matter how small the amount we have on hand, no matter how weak or ignorant we are, no matter how impossible it may seem to obey the Lord's command, we should bring what we have to Jesus; he will do what we cannot do.
3. "When the baskets of fragments were collected, the people thought of their friends at home. They wanted them to share in the bread that Christ had blessed. The contents of the baskets were distributed among the eager throng, and were carried away into all the region round about. So those who were at the feast were to give to others the bread that comes down from heaven, to satisfy the hunger of the soul. They were to repeat what they had learned of the wonderful things of God. Nothing was to be lost." — *The Desire of Ages*, page 368.
4. The miracle of the loaves and fishes should remind us of what Jesus is doing for us every day. It is he who gives us our daily food by causing the wheat and barley and the fruits and nuts to grow. As we feed upon our daily bread and are strengthened with it to labor, so we are to feed upon Jesus — the Bread of Life — every day, that we may have power to do right. We feed upon him by studying and meditating upon his words, and allowing his Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts.

VIII — Feeding the Multitude

(August 21)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. Resting and healing. Question 1.
 Mon. "Bring them hither to me." Questions 2-7.
 Tues. ... Feeding the multitude. Questions 8-14.
 Wed. ... "Apart to pray." Questions 15-17.
 Thurs. ... Review.
 Fri. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 359-371.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 14: 15-23.

Questions

1. Though Jesus, after hearing of the death of John, went with his disciples into a retired place to rest, how did he spend the day? Luke 9: 11.
2. Toward evening what did his disciples say to him? Matt. 14: 15. Note 1.
3. How did Jesus respond to them? Verse 16.
4. What answer did the disciples make? Mark 6: 37.
5. What question did Jesus ask them? Verse 38.
6. How much food did they find? Matt. 14: 17.
7. What direction did Jesus then give? Verse 18.
8. What did he command the multitude to do? Verse 19, first part.
9. In what form did they sit down? Mark 6: 39, 40. Note 2.
10. What did Jesus then do? Matt. 14: 19, middle part.
11. What part did the disciples act? Verse 19, last part.
12. What did the multitude do? Verse 20, first part.
13. What was done with the fragments? Verse 20, last part. How much was there?
14. How many of the people had eaten? Verse 21.
15. What did Jesus immediately do? Verse 22.
16. Where did he then go? For what purpose? Verse 23, first part.
17. Where was he when evening came? Verse 23, last part.

Notes

1. Mark says "that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread; for they have nothing to eat." Luke adds the idea of finding a lodging place (Luke 9: 12). Evidently the multitude had brought no food with them, not expecting perhaps to stay so long, but held by the words of Jesus, they had lingered all day; or if they had brought anything, it was eaten at midday, and they were now hungry and faint.
2. Jesus would have the feeding of the multitude proceed decently and in order. They were to sit down in a clean place — upon "green grass;" and "by companies," that is, in the customary form observed at a feast, as the Greek word *symposia*, "drinkings together," indicates. And they sat down "in ranks," that is, in squares or double rows, with fifty in each single row, or a hundred in each double row, the latter probably facing one another. This would make it easy for the disciples to distribute the food, and for the multitude to be counted, fifty of the double rows making five thousand.

IN honor of the late Mrs. Ellen Wilson, wife of Pres. Woodrow Wilson, a band of Southern women who knew of her deep interest in the mountain people of the Southern States and her untiring efforts to secure for them better educational and religious advantages, have undertaken to perpetuate this work, which was so close to Mrs. Wilson's heart, through a fund to be known as the Ellen Wilson Fund for the Christian Education of Mountain Youth.

THE first printed almanac was issued about the year 1475.

The Youth's Instructor

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Judge Not

IN spiritual things man's judgment is limited. If therefore he attempts to pass upon a brother's value in the work of God by using the world's standards of efficiency, he may come far short of the truth. Mr. Charles Alexander had an experience that illustrates this statement. A tent cleaner went to the evangelist and greatly desired to be permitted to accompany him and his workers to the next place. "Why, Fred," said Mr. Alexander, "you couldn't help us in the work. You can scarcely read. What could you do?" "O," he answered, "I could take care of the tent, black your boots, do anything, but I must go with you." He went, and in five years won twelve hundred persons to Christ.

Practical Jokers Involved in a Law Suit

ON the tenth of last month, in Providence, Rhode Island, a young woman of nineteen years was married to a young man. After the wedding, as the bride was about to leave her home on a honeymoon trip, a group of invited friends and participants in the wedding, grabbed her, and lifting her over the fence, put her in an automobile and drove to Boston, Massachusetts. On arriving in that city the would-be jokers went to a hotel and locked the girl in a room which they had engaged. According to reports, she remained there from two o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, before she succeeded in attracting the attention of the hotel people, and so was able to communicate with her friends. The young woman was in a highly nervous condition when her people reached her.

The "kidnaping" of the bride was supposed to be a huge joke; but neither the bride nor her family so regarded it, hence the participants are being sued for a sum of money, an inconsiderable sum, however, in view of the enormity of the outrage perpetrated against the bride, groom, and relatives; against society, and the sacredness of the marriage institution.

This and certain other present-day methods of celebrating a marriage are altogether out of harmony with the boasted civilization of our age. Surely those who understand that marriage is the only relic of Eden, except the Sabbath, that is left us, could hardly desecrate the ceremony by any unseemly "horseplay," as one writer terms the silly and often outlandish acts or tricks of invited and uninvited guests against the bride and groom.

Love

SINCE the Son of God closed the gate of heaven upon himself, and came to earth to live, to suffer, and to die for sinful man, love has stood at the summit of human and divine attributes. It received the royal signet when "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The apostle Paul crowned love the queen of Christian virtues, and God himself marveled at its glory when the patriarch of old pleaded for the saving of Sodom, and when Israel's intrepid leader prayed that his name be blotted from the book of life if Israel could not be given another chance.

All through the ages there have been those that have loved. They have stood out like mountain peaks in life's great desert of sin and hatred. But all should love. There should be no mountain peaks. We marvel at heaven's love for sinful man, and well we may, but that man should love his fellow man is the expected, the natural. We are bound to one another by human and divine ties; we are weakened by sin's outrages; we alike have sorrows, temptations, and trials. It would seem, then, that man's love for man must exceed in tenderness and devotion that of God for man; but alas! we strive, backbite, hate, and kill one another. We hold one another aloof. We crowd and push ourselves ahead of our brother. We take first place and leave to him the second. We believe unfavorable reports and criticisms, and pass them on to others. We withhold information his due. We enjoy luxuries and leave him to suffer for necessities. We wrap our cloak of self-righteousness about us, and cry "unclean" to him. We do not suffer when he suffers; we do not rejoice when he rejoices. Jealousy and hatred make boors of us. As Christians we are given but one thing to do, and that is to love,—love God and love one another; and God says that we cannot love him if we do not love our brother. Let us, then, love one another more. Let us treat one another more kindly. Let us be more helpful. Let us put heaven's seal upon our lips so that they may speak only love. Let us trust one another more. Let us pray for truer vision that we may see only lovely things. We love our brother when he lies cold in death; let us pray for larger hearts that we may love him more in life. These answered prayers will mean the fulfilling of the law, which is the "whole duty of man."

Too Late

SHE kissed the old man; she showered upon him kisses and tears. She told all the people how good he was. I thought if she had only given half a dozen of those kisses a year for the last ten years, how the tender-hearted old gentleman would have smiled through his tears. But now he took it all very coolly. He was dead. He was old and poor, she was young and rich. She had ten rooms, but no room for father. Yet he made room for her when he had only two. The old man was not educated. She was—at his expense. He had fed and clothed her for twenty years at home and at college, until she had risen into more refined and cultured society, and married among new friends. The old people's address and dialect were too coarse. She kissed him, and buried him in a beautiful coffin. Dear father is to have a beautiful monument. A warm kiss while living is better than cold marble when dead. —*Young Woman.*