The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV October 17. 1916 No. 42

THE HARVEST TIME HAS COME

FROM HERE AND THERE

Nineteen declarations of war have been made since July, 1914.

Queen Victoria's table for years was supplied with apples from a Nevada farm.

The star potato crop yet produced in Nevada was twenty tons, six hundred and sixty-six bushels, forty thousand pounds to the acre.

President Wilson receives at special seasons telegrams at the rate of between 1,500 and 2,000 a day, and letters at the rate of 1,000 a day.

The police commissioners have forbidden the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors in all establishments throughout Roumania under severe penalties.

The per-capita wealth of the Osage Indians, according to Secretary Lane, is $20,000. Their lands in Oklahoma are rich in oil, and this has enriched them.

The United States is fast becoming independent of German dyestuffs. Two years ago it had but 400 operators in the dyestuff industry. Now more than 1,000 workmen are employed in a single establishment.

In connection with the fourth annual Bible Conference of the Philadelphia School of the Bible, of which Dr. C. I. Scofield is president, two days, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 3 and 4, were set aside for united prayer for our Lord's return.

The Germans clipped from American newspapers all comments on the successful voyage of the pioneer submarine merchantman and bound the clippings in a huge book,— as big as a grand piano,— which will be installed in the Royal Library at Berlin.

An Austrian engineering corps drove the Italians from the summit of Monte Cimone by one of the most remarkable engineering feats of the war. The summit of the peak, 7,130 feet above sea level and the highest point in the northern Apennines, was mined and blown up by Austrian sappers. The Italian force, which occupied the summit was annihilated.

The stethoscope was invented a century ago, in 1816, by the French physician Laennec. The first stethoscope was merely a quire of paper rolled into a cylinder, through which he found that he could hear with surprising distinctness the action of the heart and lungs. The improvised instrument has been of the greatest usefulness, and the knowledge it has given has saved countless lives.

The Allies will not permit rubber surgical gloves to reach Germany and Austria-Hungary, but German science has found a substitute. The *Chemiker-Zeitung* reports that the German army surgeons and nurses are wearing "liquid gloves" when performing operations or dressing wounds of men suffering from gangrene. Before the surgeon begins an operation he pours an antiseptic solution of cellulose, called "sterile," over his sterilized hands and distributes it evenly by rubbing. Within a few minutes the liquid part of the solution evaporates and the hands become covered with a thin artificial skin which is entirely flexible, and resembles very fine rubber. After the operation the cellulose can be quickly removed with warm water and certain chemicals.

An instrument for stretching the hand has been invented. If a person cannot stretch an octave on the piano, exercise on the stretcher will enable him to accomplish the feat easily. However, such instruments must be used with care, else they may prove detrimental. The famous composer, Robert Schumann, tried to improve his hand with a mechanical device, and injured himself to such an extent that he could never play the piano so well again. It is said that a typist can increase her speed to nearly 200 words a minute by persistent exercise — not on her typewriter, but with some such device as described.

Typewriters in China

MRS. MILDRED S. CROW went to China on a vacation trip four years ago, expecting to spend a few months there and return home. She had never sold a typewriter, and had never thought of selling one. But she had not been long in Shanghai before she saw that something was radically wrong with the typewriter business there. Few were in use, for many of the offices stuck to the old Victoria method of writing letters by hand and copying them in the cumbersome old-fashioned copy books.

The typewriters in use had the appearance of having been through the Taiping Rebellion and having suffered minor casualties from the Boxers. According to the Chinese office boys they were "all the time sick."

In a short time the cranky old typewriters of Shanghai, which had withstood so many years of liverish treaty-port correspondence, met a new enemy, and went down defeated. Mrs. Crow proved to the owners the economy of standardizing their writing machines, throwing out the old models and putting in new ones which would increase the efficiency of the office force.

Of course, the typewriters cannot be used in Chinese correspondence or records, but English is extensively used in all the government departments, and since the introduction of the typewriter has so simplified the keeping of records and accounts, English is used more and more.

Mrs. Crow now has charge of the sales of typewriters in China, Japan, and Korea. In her work she has traveled from one end of China to the other and has visited nearly every province.— *Selected.*

THE best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.— *Sir Wm. Temple.*

EVERY day is a test day; every hour is an examination hour. God puts each fresh morning, each new chance of life, into our hands as a gift, to see what we will do with it.— *Anna Robertson Brown.*

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The Youth's Instructor

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Barnabas*

MRS. M. CRISLER

THERE is a beautiful legend concerning Barnabas, to which in the light of his career subsequent to his conversion, it is easy to give credence. According to this legend, Saul of Tarsus and Joseph of Cyprus (as Barnabas was known in those days) were friends and schoolmates in their boyhood. They studied together in the school of Gamaliel. When Joseph became a convert to Christianity, he made many attempts to win his friend to the faith of Jesus, but without avail, and the friendship existing between the two was broken. Their future paths, it seemed, lay separate. Joseph had pledged himself to stand as a defender of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth; Saul would remain a Pharisee, and a hater of the Christian sect.

Some years later, when Saul, for the first time after his conversion, revisited Jerusalem, the two met again; and Barnabas (for so Joseph of Cyprus had come to be known), ignorant of the change that had taken place in the belief of his former friend, renewed his efforts to lead him to the light of the gospel. Seeking out Saul, he once more urged upon him the teachings and the facts that declared Christ to be the Messiah. Then Saul threw himself weeping at the feet of Barnabas, telling him of the heavenly vision on the Damascus road, when, in blinding glory, the crucified and ascended Christ had revealed himself as "Jesus whom thou persecutest." The once proud Pharisee and relentless persecutor had become a lowly follower of Jesus and a stanch defender of the faith. The friendship that "had been broken by the conversion of Barnabas, was now renewed by the conversion of Saul."

To those who know him the name of Barnabas suggests the thought of a friend. Again and again, as the story of the Acts progresses, he appears in connection with some signal service rendered the church through a friendly effort in behalf of another. And the nature of the deed in every instance reveals a sweetness and nobility of character that for its charity and devotion and self-forgetfulness should, in the mind of every Bible student, rank him high in the honorable list of the apostles.

We first see Barnabas bestowing his liberal gift of money upon the early church, thus in a time of need bringing to the believers at Jerusalem temporal relief and blessing. "Having land," he sold it, and laid the money at the apostles' feet. We are not told how much land he sold, or whether this was all of his possessions, but from the record preserved to us of his generosity of character, we can well imagine that he held back nothing.

Barnabas was still connected with the Jerusalem church when Saul made his first visit there after his conversion. Although the former persecutor was now an open adherent of the little church which once he had ravaged and destroyed, an unexpected trial came to him in the refusal of all the leaders in the church, save Peter, to recognize him. "He was met on every side by cold, distrustful looks. . . . The brethren regarded him with terror and mistrust; they did not believe that he was a disciple at all. . . . They might be pardoned for looking with doubt on the persecutor turned brother — for even fearing that the asserted conversion might only be a ruse to enable Saul to learn their secrets, and to entrap them to their final ruin. And thus at first his intercourse with the brethren in the church of Jerusalem was almost confined to his reception in the house of Peter. 'Other of the apostles saw I none,' he writes to the Galatians, 'save James the Lord's brother.' "— *Farrar, "The Life and Work of St. Paul," chap. 13, par. 4.*

It was under these circumstances that Barnabas rendered his second recorded service for the Christian church, by coming forward and befriending Saul, thus saving him for the work of the gospel ministry. "The same discrimination of character, the same charity of insight which afterward made him prove Mark to be a worthy comrade of their second mission, in spite of his first defection, now made him vouch unhesitatingly for the sincerity of Saul. Taking him by the hand, he led him into the presence of the apostles,—the term being here used for Peter, and James the Lord's brother, and the elders of the assembled church,—and there narrated to them the circumstances which either they had never heard, or of the truth of which they had not yet been convinced. He told them of the vision on the road to Damascus, and of the fearlessness with which Saul had vindicated his sincerity in the very city to which he had come as an enemy. The words of Barnabas carried weight, and his confidence was contagious. Saul was admitted among the Christians on a footing of friendship, 'going in and out among them.' "— *Id., chap. 13, par. 8.*

Years pass by. Barnabas again appears, this time at Antioch, where he has been sent to care for a growing interest. The work in this Gentile city demanded more than Barnabas could give, and he bethought himself of his old friend Saul, whose burden for the Gentiles had taken him into Asia Minor. Barnabas determined to enlist his help, and finding him at Tarsus, his home city, he brought him to Antioch.

Here again Barnabas does the character-revealing act, decreasing that Paul may increase. "It was Barnabas," writes Dr. Howson ("The Companions of St. Paul," pp. 16-20), "who gave Paul the great opportunity, which was now open before him. Barnabas may be said, in a certain sense, to have made Paul what he afterward became. He brought him out of obscurity. He put him in the forefront, though he must have been well aware that he was likely to become more distinguished and powerful than himself. This is that peculiar mark of a generous disposition, . . . the absence of anxiety for personal credit, the readiness of friendly combination in useful undertakings without any selfish end in view. There are some men who have no heart for any enterprise unless they can have the first place in it. This is perhaps a prevalent temptation with most energetic characters. But this habit of mind is not according to the law laid

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Oct. 28, 1916, on the "Ministry of Saul and Peter" (Acts 9: 23-43).

down by Christ, 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' And Barnabas is a good example to show us how such a temptation may be overcome."

"The men who had most to do with him," suggests J. G. Greenhough, in a characterization of Barnabas ("Apostles of Our Lord," pp. 260, 261), "knew him as one of the noblest examples of whole-hearted and attractive Christian goodness. It was perhaps because he so perfectly exemplified the finer graces of the Christian life that the church sent him as its representative to the Gentiles. He had no particular gift of speech, as we are expressly told; but his whole bearing was so Christlike and winning that it gave him wonderful power as a witness for God. Preëminently suggestive is the name by which he is known to us, — Barnabas, 'son of comfort.' The disciples gave him that name because his heart and life were brimming over with kindly thoughts and generous impulses and helpful love. He was a man whose self-forgetting and noble spirit was free from every tinge of jealousy, as his whole relation with Paul proves; and he must have been full of that forbearing, long-suffering, all-forgiving charity, of which Paul wrote so grandly. . . . 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' And wherever he went, 'much people were added to the Lord.'"

Our Promise to the World

EVERY talent each one of us possesses, or opportunity that comes to us, is a promise we make to our parents, friends, teachers, and Saviour. The world holds us responsible for these things; it expects us to use them to the utmost, and heartlessly criticizes us for a failure to develop the most that is in an opportunity or talent. At the present time, among warring countries which are driven to the utmost of efficiency in order to preserve their existence, the worth of each individual to the state is calculated in cold figures.

It has been estimated that it costs $18,000 to rear, feed, clothe, educate, and give home care and medical attendance to the average American boy from the time he is born until he is a university graduate. Each one of us has been a severe drain on the world's economy. The entire period of our childhood and youth we have been a liability on the world's balance sheet. All we have been able to offer in settlement has been a promissory note of future accomplishment, which the world has beneficently accepted; but now as we enter manhood, it expects us to begin to redeem this note at face value.

An old colored man once said of one of his sons: "He is de mos' promisin' boy; he kin mak as many promises in five minutes as it tak him all de res' ob de day to break." Perhaps it is not hard to be this kind of a "promising" young man. But every young man must be concerned with the promises that his talents and opportunities, with or against his will, are making for him to the world, and which the world considers bounden obligations.

All young people at times are puzzled to know just why this, and this, and this should be expected of them. Yet on all sides it seems to be taken for granted as their proper line of duty, or conduct. At such times some of us are tempted to break away from the conventions that the elders have set for us, and follow our own reasoning and desires in spite of the alienation such a course will bring us. But convention is not altogether artificial, as those who have pronounced their "Declarations of Independence" have found to their sorrow. Basically it is a plan of procedure decreed by the combined experience of a race, a craft, or a church. It is as useless to fight against that as it is to kick a mountain and command it to move out of the way. Occasionally a man changes it for the better, but it costs him sweat and blood.

If it so happens that our opportunities do not coincide with our inclinations, then we are of all men the most miserable until we have developed will-power enough either to create new opportunities or to change our inclinations. But it is useless to fret because our circumstances have pledged us perhaps even before we were born. It is absurd to complain of any of the circumstances about us which we are powerless to change, or to fret at the things which, from our unconscious, but none the less binding promises, people consider they have a right to expect from us.

The measure of a man's success in life is estimated by the degree to which he has fulfilled the promise of his youth. We do not blame the man who in youth gave promise of being a farmer for not becoming a great lawyer, but we do consider him a failure if the farm and its products do not advance in value under his hands.

We are always making these unconscious promises. Our miraculous survival of the multitudinous perils of childhood is a promise to the world that manhood shall not have been granted to us in vain. Thus, life and time and health are always a promise — of habits to be acquired, of habits to be overcome, and things to be accomplished. Education in youth is a promise of skill, studiousness, and system in the occupation of manhood. Love for the maiden is a promise of lasting affection for the wife. Our ambitions are our promises to ourselves. Our undeveloped souls are a promise to our God and Saviour. This is the promise that enables all others of fulfilment. None are fulfilled in the hour given us here. If they are in process of fulfilment, including this last, when the darkness falls over our endeavors, a morrow will dawn for us which will set no time limits for us. The development of our lives is marked by the responsibilities we are continually taking up in these promises, which, under the guiding hand of God, we are continually making. This is working out our destiny. J. W. HALL.

The Tragedy of the Theater — No. 3

The Indictment

(Continued)

THE theater is to be condemned for its *unreal presentation of life.* Dr. Brand said: "The theater's appeal to the sensibilities and passions is uniformly exaggerated and extreme. Not only do its plots consist of assassinations, poisonings, and illicit loves and intrigues, but every passion is overdrawn. Anger is madness; ambition, frenzy; love, delirium. It does not hold the mirror up to Nature except in her very worst aspects and her most degraded moods. Nature is not always after money. Nature is not always in an agony of either horror or laughter. Nature is not always languishing with a great sorrow on her face and a bottle of laudanum in her pocket, weeping last tears over a false lover. Nature is not always nude, whirling around on one great toe, while the other is up in the air. Nature is not always armed with pistol and bowie knife. Nature is not always roaring through the streets with clenched fists, disheveled hair, and bloodshot eyes. She is not always cutting throats and

playing the harlot. Nature never ridicules religion and morality, for an entrance fee. Nature is sane, rational, decently clad, patient, self-contained, not living for cash, even divinely beautiful at times, like her Maker."

The theater thus presents a different world from that in which nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand live. The majority of people do not live in the atmosphere of intrigue, illicit love, deception, murder, and other vile crimes. Most people have never seen a burglary or a murder except on the stage. If they have ever been forced to do so, it has been a shock from which they have been a long time recovering, nor is it an experience to be desired a second time. It cannot be said that its effect upon them was in any way beneficial. Then how, in any way, can its mimic reproduction on the stage be beneficial?

The costuming, the glitter, the tinsel, the unreal, coupled with the moral gloss, and the positive portrayal of crime, unfit the spectator for the humdrum life next morning. Nerves have been stretched to the breaking point; minds and senses have been dazzled and intoxicated so that neither body, mind, nor spirit is fitted for the new day's work. People are made discontented, hence incapable of faithfully undertaking the responsibilities of the workaday world, which is so different from the mimic theater world. Instead of relaxing and recuperating tired minds and bodies, it stimulates and excites, with subsequent reaction and enervation.

The fourth harmful effect is the *indecent display of nudity*. The costuming in the average theater is positively immodest, indecent, and immoral. The theater's appeal is to the sensuous and the sensual. This is a deliberate policy upon the part of the managers, who know the weakness of poor human nature. For many theatrical plays, actresses are chosen solely for their physical charms. In musical extravaganzas, for instance, it is vastly more important that an actress should have a pretty face and a beautiful form than that she should have a pleasing voice. A glimpse at many of the billboards substantiates this statement; for, as with Lady Waldemar, in Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh,—

> "They split the amaranth bodice down
> To the waist, or nearly, with the audacious press
> Of full-breathed beauty. If the heart within
> Were half as white! But if it were, perhaps
> The breast were closer covered, and the sight
> Less aspectable by half, too."

I do not say by any means that all theater people are immoral. But I do say that if you will only stop to consider for a moment what it would mean to any woman to garb herself as these women are garbed and come out and stand on a platform before the gaze of a crowd of people, you will agree that no actress can get the consent of her conscience and her modesty so to do, unless at some previous time that modesty and delicacy have received a moral shock. There must have been a shrinking and embarrassment when the first costume was donned and when the first appearance was made, for no woman has stood behind the footlights, and looked down into the eyes of an audience, without reading in many of them the looks of lust and hearts of wickedness. To a refined and modest woman such consciousness once must have given excruciating moral agony,— to know that she was the object of such lust, feasting itself upon her physical charms.

People who know what is going to take place and who go deliberately to see are not excusable. The managers who furnish such plays, actresses who make themselves the objects of such moral lust, audiences who indulge their visual passions, are all equally culpable before God.

The next harmful effect is the *breaking down of the moral barriers of the audience*. How can a young man and a young woman who have come together to enjoy the play, and have looked upon and have listened to such things, fail to be contaminated? When they go home, they naturally are impelled to discuss what they have seen and heard. As one scene after another of the various acts is reviewed, and the oaths, curses, innuendoes, compromising positions, false morals, and vile costuming are discussed, they are bound to break down the barriers of modesty and reserve between them. Such conversation courts familiarity about topics that young people should never discuss together. The result is that each loses a certain respect for the other, making it more easy for them to talk about such things on other occasions and at least *tempting* them to do the same things, especially when the theater's false morals are also adopted. If the theater be a means of culture and education, and yet such things as are seen there cannot be even safely discussed by young people, let alone practiced, then where is the moral value of the theater?

For instance, the intrigues and affinities and kindred immoralities portrayed upon the stage arouse suspicion in the audience. Here is a husband who perhaps has had a misunderstanding with his wife. The stage suggestion is almost identical with something he saw in his wife's actions at home, and immediately arouses his suspicions of her; whereas the wife may have been perfectly innocent of any wrong-doing. Thus are jealousy and dissension bred in the home, frequently leading to divorce. Besides this, husbands and wives, perhaps, whose love has grown cold, here find suggestions by which they may deceive each other and lead double lives.

Much of the tragedy of the divorce court can be traced to the tragedy of the stage. When men lose their respect for womanhood, through displayed nudity, through the breaking down of moral barriers, and through the generating of lustful desires, marriage vows are lightly treated, and divorce becomes an easy method of ridding the contracting parties of their responsibilities, leaving them free to repeat their lusts elsewhere. With the dance, the theater is the chief feeder of the brothel, as divorced women make up the majority of professional prostitutes.

Another harmful effect is the *"rotting of the will by the fomentation of the sensibilities,"* to use the words of Dr. Washington Gladden. The sights, scenes, and sounds of the plays continually stir the emotions, play upon the affections, bringing the whole psychic nature into intense excitement. As they furnish no outlet or vent, the consequence is the gradual decaying of the fiber of the will.

For instance, the sympathies are stirred for the unfortunate, pitiable condition of the little orphan match seller, who, in the bitter cold, clad in mere rags, sinks down to freeze and starve on the city streets. Women will sit and weep over the pathos of the scene and have the deeper moral sensibilities of their hearts stirred, but they either do not know or do not care that children in the great city all round them are at that moment literally starving and freezing. Though they weep over the child in the mimic world, they never think of going forth into the real world to find real suffering children and to bring them needed comfort and relief.

"There may be a starving family in a neighborhood court, a sick and dying domestic in a garret, or a poor relative reduced from affluence to beggary. But what are all these to the theatergoing lady, who has been accustomed every night to see kings dethroned, imprisoned, murdered; princes wandering in beggary and starvation; nobles outlawed and put to death; mothers butchered in the presence of their children, and maidens betrayed and seeking revenge with a dagger or with poison? What are the real ills of life to one who lives amid such scenes as these? They are the unheeded sighings of the zephyr in ears filled by the roar of the tornado. They are the slightest murmurs of the rivulet to one who dwells under the voice of Niagara's cataract."

"Save me and mine from the tender mercies of such as have daily poured their sympathy on fictitious sorrow until the hackneyed hearts have now no deep affections. I would as soon trust the strength of a man who had kept an open vein for the daily waste of his own blood."

Such toying and tampering with the emotions, the affections, and the sympathies, is absolutely dangerous. That they can look upon such scenes and not be impelled to go forth in holy service for humanity, means no less than that the will is in decay.

The psychological impressions of such plays gradually become stimulating, then intoxicating, so that people go to enjoy having their sensibilities stirred, as men drink stimulants. Life becomes to them hypocrisy, mockery, and a scoff at the real tragedies of sorrows and tears. The world goes on unrelieved by their love and sympathy, but is used as a means to entertain them by its misery. Characters have become flaccid and flabby and so fail to develop sympathy, sincerity, and heart earnestness in life. Dr. Gladden says, "I do not believe that any habitual or inveterate playgoer ever achieved conspicuous success in business, in statesmanship, or in professional life."

Of the French Revolution, the celebrated Edmund Burke writes: "While courts of justice were thrust out by Jacobin tribunals, and silent churches were only funereal monuments of departed religion," when Paris "was like a den of outlaws, a lewd tavern for revel and debaucheries"— there were in that city "no fewer than twenty-eight theaters crowded every night." From debauchery, blasphemy, and butchery in the daytime to the theater at night,— from the theater at night back to butchery, blasphemy, and debauchery in the daytime!

And as at Rome when the bloody gladiatorial combats and fights with wild beasts, and persecutions of Christians were demanded at last to satisfy the craving for excitement, so in Paris the "fomentation of the sensibilities in the mimic world" at last demanded the real, the actual. Some of the darkest pages in history are to be traced to the theater's demoralization of character.—*"Across the Dead Line of Amusements," Henry W. Stough.*

Blind, yet Spreading Good Cheer

SOME persons take to gloom as a bat does to darkness. When one parts company with them, the inclination is to breathe deeply that the blood might be aroused from sluggishness. Why will persons possessed of their senses persist in despondency, churlishness, and grouchiness?

An incident occurred recently in one of the elevated trains in New York City in which a boy, deprived of eyesight, filled the car with sunshine and good cheer. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my *monica?*"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little boy played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "The Suwannee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.

Angels who surround God's throne fill heaven with music. The Christian on earth is to make melody in his heart to God; and the life of a person whose heart is full of gladness, will not be one of gloom. "Be of good cheer!" is the cry of the Christ to his children, who are to lift their heads and look up when their eternal redemption draws so nigh that its glory fills the heart with praise and thanksgiving. The joy of the Lord is the strength of the believer. Satan flees in despair when from a full heart the hymn of praise is sounded out — whether it be in the field, at the bench, or in the public service of God. Defeat Satan by becoming a singing Christian. If you cannot sing with the lips, you can make a "joyful noise" unto the Lord. This sort of "noise" is melodious to God.

ELISHA DODDS.

The Old Fisherman's Idea

DR. GRENFELL tells of an old fisherman, rich in trust, who was "given to hospitality." He was seventy-three years of age, and had fed many hungry folk during the "hard" winters; and when times grew unusually hard this old man of faith brought forth twelve dirty, well-worn five-dollar bills, as a last resort. This money, his entire savings, he gave to the missionary to buy food for needy neighbors. But Dr. Grenfell remonstrated: "You are getting old, and you shouldn't cut the last plank away yet." Then the hardy fisherman of many perils answered: "He'll take care, doctor. I guess I can trust him. It wouldn't do not to have used that sixty dollars, and have sent folks away hungry, would it, Doctor? It would look as if I didn't have much trust in him."—*"Down North on the Labrador."*

A Trip in Java

(Continued from last week)

K. M. ADAMS

THE railway equipment in Java is more like that of America than one sees anywhere else in the East. The toy engines and coaches that are used in Japan, China, and the Federated Malay States do not compare with those of Java.

At the station in Weltevreden our things were transferred to a two-wheeled cart drawn by a small pony. There are no bullock carts in Batavia, as in Singapore, and one misses them. We boarded another two-wheeled cart called a sado. It is made especially for passenger traffic, and has springs and upholstered seats. Four persons, including the driver, can ride in one cart, two facing forward and two facing the rear. The little pony starts, the cart tilts back to an angle of about twenty degrees, and those in the rear brace themselves to keep from going out over the tailboard. There are no backs to the seats, so one is lucky to have some one behind to lean against. These carriages charge twenty-four cents an hour and are cheaper to use than the jinrikishas in Singapore. The ponies do not weigh much more than three hundred pounds, but they go at a surprising rate. They are the only horse that can stand the heat. Australian horses are imported into Java, but they soon die. These carriages are driven by Javanese or Malays.

A SCENE IN JAVA

The way of harnessing the ponies to the sados is unique. The shafts are not fastened tight to the sides of the pony, but are arranged by straps to have a good deal of play. As a result, when the cart is traveling, the ends of the shafts are generally well above the pony's back, and one always fears that the little creature will be lifted clear off his feet.

There are also four-wheeled carriages to be had. They are more steady than the sados, but are as dilapidated. There are automobiles, of course, and an electric line and a steam tram. The steam tram is hauled by a locomotive that stores its steam at each end of the trip and carries no fire with it. The fare is about the same as in America.

On the way to our stopping place we passed a street sprinkler, and it was a novelty indeed. A man was walking slowly along the street with a pole across his shoulders, and a huge garden sprinkler at each end. When the sprinklers were empty, he would replenish them at wells along the roadside. Practically the only way to get water in Batavia is from wells. Most of them are surface wells only about twenty feet deep. There are a few Artesian wells. This lack of good water must be a great drawback to health in such a large city.

We were glad to reach our destination, and after a good bath, taken Eastern style, we felt ready for anything. Bathing is done several times a day by everybody. The natives resort to the canals that flow through the city; the European to his bathroom. But there is no tub there. The Eastern way of bathing is to dip water from a huge jar or tank with a dipper, and pour it over the body in refreshing streams. One who has practiced this way for some time will aver that it is the best way in the world. After a hot, sweaty, dusty day, to step into the cool, damp room, and pour dipperful after dipperful of cool, fresh water over one's tired, heated body, washing away fatigue and brain weariness as well as dust and perspiration, is a delight that is known and appreciated only by those of the tropics.

Weltevreden is well lighted by gas street lamps. All trains and tram cars throughout Java stop in the evening at about seven. One wonders why this is so. Cannot their native engine drivers be trusted at night, or is it feared that natives bent on mischief will place obstructions on the tracks to wreck trains? Everywhere there is profound mistrust of the native.

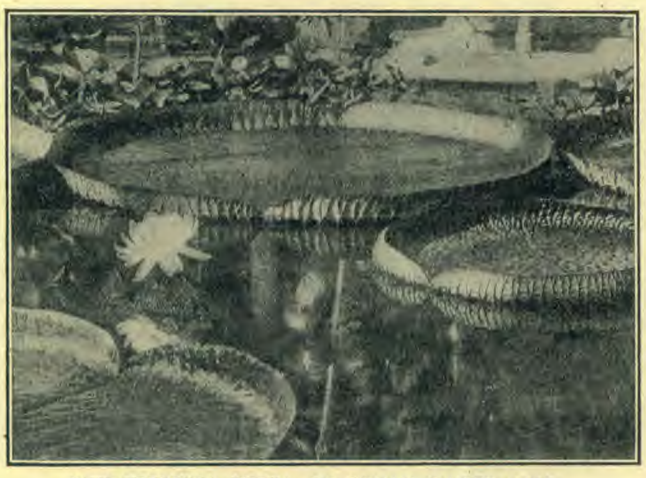
The rent of an ordinary dwelling house in Weltevreden is prohibitive. Forty dollars a month for a five-room house with a bathroom and servants' quarters is an ordinary rental. Building materials, with everything else, is expensive in Java. Most of the Hollanders who come to the island receive large salaries, and they spend it all in living. Then, too, the government takes its share. There is an income tax, a tax on the rent paid, an automobile tax, and even a bicycle tax. The Netherlands government knows how to make its colonies pay.

The residence district of Weltevreden, in fact most of the city, is beautiful, far prettier than Singapore. The houses are kept apart, there is an abundance of trees and grass, and the streets are wide and well kept. All the houses are brick, the roofs are tiled, and the floors are covered with smooth floor tiles. There are very few two-story houses in Weltevreden.

There are several interesting sights in the old town of Batavia. The steam tram rattles along the streets, past canals and Chinese shops. Batavia reminds one

of Singapore. The houses are close together and there is no lawn and very few trees. But Batavia is a death trap, and no Europeans live there. They go there in the morning to their office work, but in the evening they all return to Weltevreden, where there is comparative freedom from sickness on account of the openness of the city.

At the end of the steam tram line is a sacred cannon. It is not much to see, twelve feet of iron lying partly



THE VICTORIA REGIA, OR GREAT WATER LILY

buried in the mud, but it is held in superstitious awe. There are numerous offerings made of paper with a piece of incense burning at one end, stuck in the mud about the breech of the cannon. It is claimed that this cannon was once used against the natives, killing great numbers. Therefore it has a "very bad spirit," and if it is not worshiped it may kill many more. A woman who was selling paper offerings asked us to buy one and put it by the cannon; but we told her that we did not worship such things.

One of our friends had some business to attend to in Buitenzorg, and suggested that we accompany him in the automobile. His invitation was gladly accepted. Buitenzorg is a small city about forty miles from Batavia, up a short distance in the mountains. It is the residence place of the governor-general of the Netherlands Indies, and is also the location of the most interesting gardens in the world. These gardens are really part of the grounds of the palace of the governor-general.

The start was made in the early hours of the morning while the air was still cool. We flitted past the beautiful houses in Weltevreden, and were soon in Meester Cornelis, another residence section where many of the business men and officials live. The main roads of Java are well kept. The surface is smooth and hard, and fitted for fast automobiling, as our driver soon showed us. I thought that I had ridden behind cool, daring drivers before, but this native went beyond them all. Many a time at the speed of thirty miles an hour we whizzed past a native cart, just missing it. Otherwise the ride was delightful; the air was cool from a light fall of rain, and the sun shone brightly through the clouds that partly veiled the sky. On we went through coconut groves, past rice fields, in all stages from that ready to transplant to that brown on the stalk and ready to reap. Tapioca was growing in patches here and there also.

There were glimpses of villages, native workmen, the ever-present market, and fat, naked babies playing about. On, on we rushed, overtaking the diminutive two-wheeled carts drawn by the still smaller Sumatran ponies, and sometimes meeting another motor car that scudded past with a swish. Now the fields were open, and we saw crowds of people reaping rice, and men plowing with wooden plows drawn by ungainly water bullocks. Sometimes both sides of the road were arched with tamarind trees, and sometimes thickets of bamboo hid the fields from sight.

We passed several bodies of native soldiers, with Dutch officers. Some were on horses, some on bicycles, and still others were afoot. Some of the villagers near Batavia refused to pay their taxes and had rebelled. They were Mohammedans, as are nearly all the natives of Java, and they had put on the white robe, signifying that they would fight to the last. But the disturbance was easily quelled by the soldiers.

These soldiers are recruited from the other islands, as the Javanese cannot be trusted. A great many of the inhabitants of other islands are Protestant, and most of the natives working in more responsible positions in any enterprise are drawn from their ranks.

The road rises in a steady grade to Buitenzorg, an altitude of eight hundred feet. It follows a stream which at intervals has dams and gates, which force the water into ditches. These ditches are led into the surrounding fields for the purpose of irrigation. The dams are made of concrete and iron, and are undoubtedly supplied by the government. Where the ground is more uneven, terraces are built, and rice is raised on them. In places these terraces can be seen far up a mountain side.

Soon houses began to line the road, and our machine slackened its headlong pace and we knew that we were approaching Buitenzorg, the city "free from sorrow." If sorrow is absent, rains are not, for according to the statements of the inhabitants, rain falls 325 days in the year.

The white walls of the governor's mansion glistened through the trees under which were bands of deer, dozens of them, feeding peacefully like goats. The governor-general of the Netherlands Indies resides in Buitenzorg and goes to Batavia only when duty calls. The governor-general is chosen every five years, and a new one is chosen each time. His salary is £60,000, or $300,000 a year. The Netherlands Indies is divided into counties, over each of which is a resident. Upon these residents fall the burdens of the government.

A GROUP OF JAVANESE

On reaching the main gate of the botanical garden, a park policeman offered his services in showing us about. We saw a great pond with the queen of water lilies, the Victoria regia, whose ponderous leaves cover nearly twenty square feet of surface; a garden of orchids, with 1,770 different kinds; palms, oaks, and evergreens were there in countless numbers and varieties, together with rubber, coffee, tea, cocoa, nutmeg, and cinchona trees. Quinine is made from the last-named tree.

The garden serves a practical use as well as a scientific one, for a great many experiments have been carried on there in acclimatizing various commercial trees and plants. Many trees and many plantations

in Java owe their start to the experiments conducted in that garden. Quinine is being raised and manufactured in Java, which is as it should be, for most of the quinine is used in the tropics to combat the dreaded malaria.

There is there a poisonous species of bamboo which has long thorns, a scratch from one of which is said to make a sore that will not heal for three months. We stayed at a respectful distance from this shrub. A hedge of this species growing about orchards in America might be useful.

The garden is divided into plots, the trees are all numbered, and a stake by each bears its name in Latin to facilitate study by botanists. There are many greenhouses with species of smaller plants. There is also an aquarium where species of reeds and other water plants grow. There is little wonder that this garden is called the best in the world. There are one hundred and thirty-six native gardeners. Five doctors of botany supervise the work. Plants are being studied continually, new species are being brought in and planted in the garden. Students come from Europe just for the great privilege of study that the garden affords.

THE LEAF INSECT

There is a small museum connected with the garden. We saw there a monstrous pair of horns, the spread of which was at least eleven feet. They looked more like a pair of elephant's tusks than horns. There also we saw the live-leaf insects. They were feeding on bunches of green leaves, and were so nearly the same color and shape as the leaves that it was practically impossible to distinguish the leaf from the insect. We would pick out the quiet-looking object and make sure it was a leaf, and then it would walk away to feed elsewhere. Their wings were a living green, with veinings like leaves, and even holes in the wings, like leaves that had been partially devoured. We wondered if the insects sometimes did not mistake one another for leaves, and absent-mindedly lunch off each other's wings!

A snake in a glass cage was shedding his skin. We watched him for some time as he rubbed against the dry branches in his den. He had removed half of his dead covering before we were obliged to leave.

A short trip about town showed us that in most respects this city was like Weltevreden. It is cooler on account of its altitude, and many people from the warmer towns spend several weeks here each year by way of recuperation. A mountain stream dashes through the town in a cañon one hundred feet deep. Its waters are muddy, as are all the streams we have seen. The reason must be that practically every stream in Java is used for irrigation, and the water that flows off from the fields finds its way back into the stream again.

(To be continued)

NOT enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.
— *Longfellow.*

THE pollen from ragweed, Ambrosia, is now regarded by medical experts as the chief cause of hay fever.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT caused President Monroe to issue the message to Congress known as "The Monroe Doctrine"?

2. When was the Battle of Waterloo fought, and the armies of what countries took part in it?

3. When was the White House built, of what material is it made, and why was it painted white?

4. For what reasons is mercury generally used in thermometers?

5. How long is a giraffe's tongue (without stretching), and what is the giraffe's favorite food?

6. From what country did the United States buy Alaska, and what was paid for it?

7. When was the Republican party organized?

8. How much was a Confederate dollar worth in gold in 1863?

9. On what conditions did Lafayette offer his services to the American Army?

10. In what country was silk first made, and why is raw silk produced only in certain countries?

11. What celebrated military commander was called "Light-Horse Harry"?

12. What early writers on geography, before Columbus, believed that the earth was round?

Members of the Finding-Out Club

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Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with much sweet enchantment.
— James Montgomery.

Seven Reasons for Tithe Paying *

1. **The Bible says, "The tithe . . . is the Lord's."** Lev. 27:30.

I am unable to find in the Scriptures any evidence that the Lord has signed his claim over to us. I would not dare to trifle with a matter of that kind until I had as good evidence that the tithe belongs to me as I now have that it belongs to God.

2. **The tithe has been dedicated by the Lord to the support of the gospel.** Num. 18:21; 1 Cor. 9:11-14.

We learn from the story of Ananias and Sapphira how dangerous it is to appropriate to ourselves that which has been dedicated to God. The work of the gospel began soon after the fall of man. In the early history of God's people, before the Levitical system was established, we find Abraham and Jacob paying tithe. The work of the gospel is not yet finished. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to believe that the tithing system will remain the basis of support until the gospel work is finished?

3. **The tithing system demands a recognition of God's ownership.** Ps. 24:1; Haggai 2:8; Ps. 50:10-12.

It was on this point that Satan fell. He failed to recognize that all things belong to God, to be dispensed by him according to his wisdom. Satan coveted that which belongs to God. When man was placed on probation in the Garden of Eden, he was tested on this same point. The Sabbath, one-seventh part of time, and the tithe, one tenth of his income, were sanctified and set apart as sacred to God. Those who fail to recognize the sacredness of these consecrated things, but appropriate them to their personal use, fail on the same point where Satan and Adam fell.

4. **The tithing system was established under the Melchizedek priesthood,** God's heavenly priesthood, which includes all the work of ministry in behalf of the salvation of men, and to which the Levitical priesthood was only a temporary supplement. Heb. 7:1, 2; Gen. 14:18-20; 28:20-22; Heb. 6:20.

Abraham paid tithe to Melchizedek. Jacob paid tithe under the same Melchizedek system; and Christ was made a high priest forever after the order of Melchizedek. The Melchizedek priesthood being a permanent priesthood of both the old and the new dispensations, and the tithing system being established under that order, the temporary character of the Levitical system could have no more to do with the tithing question than it has to do with the Sabbath or with any other of the requirements of God.

5. **The tithing system was approved by Christ and was set forth as a duty in his teachings.** Matt. 23:23.

I do not find among the teachings of Christ anything of a temporary character which might pass away at the cross. He taught the eternal principles of his Father's law, and among them was the duty to pay tithes for the support of the gospel.

6. **I am unable to draw a distinction between the two obligations of Sabbath keeping and tithe paying.**

Sabbath breaking is a violation of the fourth commandment. It is an appropriation to common use of that sacred time which God has sanctified and set apart for his worship. Failure to pay our tithes is a violation of the eighth commandment. It is an appropriation to our own use of that which God has set apart for the support of the gospel.

7. **All my life I have noticed that people begin paying tithe when they return to God by way of repentance, and that they stop paying tithe when they backslide from God.**

When Jacob saw that vision of angels by night in Bethel, and when he repented and turned away from his sins, he promised the Lord he would henceforth pay his tithes. This gives me a clear intimation of my duty in this matter.

When a man turns away from his sins and his heart-wanderings, and God talks to him concerning his duty, among other things he confesses that he has robbed God, and he begins to pay his tithe; but when the world creeps into his heart, and expenses are high, he is tempted to use his tithe for common purposes, just as he is tempted to work on the Sabbath day when he finds it difficult to earn a living and keep the Sabbath. Let me ask you a plain question. Suppose you were unable to reason out logically the problem of tithe paying. Would you not hesitate to follow a course which men abandon when they turn to God? I invite you to think over this matter prayerfully, and listen to what God may speak to your heart concerning it.

E. R. PALMER.

* Personal convictions as stated to the Review and Herald family in response to the question, "Why do you pay tithe?"

My First Prayer

I DO not remember when I began to pray. I lisped an early prayer at my mother's knee, and the bedside petition was fixed in my life before the days of my earliest recollections. But I very vividly remember *my* first prayer.

I was a junior in college at the time, and as the result of a local oratorical contest had been selected to represent my institution in the State oratorical meet.

On Tuesday, three days before the night of the great event, which on this occasion was to take place in our own city, I became violently ill with chills and fever. The doctor diagnosed the case as grip, with a strong inclination toward pneumonia, the result of a very foolish bicycle ride too early in the season, which resulted in overexertion and overheating.

I shall never forget the look of disappointment that clouded my professor's face as he stood looking down upon me, the wreck of his oratorical hopes. My own chagrin and self-chiding were harder to bear than the physical hurt, for I knew how intense the disappointment of my college associates would be when they learned that through my carelessness the institution we loved would not be represented in the contest that she was to entertain.

Ah, how black a night that Tuesday night was! In the moments between delirious dreams I thought of Friday, and every dream was a nightmare in which angry students rolled great weights upon me.

Early on Wednesday morning my small white dog crept into my arms, and shoved her moist nose under my chin. She was a real comforter. Impulsively I dropped my hand on her head. As I did so, I turned slightly, and my eyes rested upon an old-fashioned green wall motto, lettered in silver, that hung just above the wainscoting, directly across the room. I do not remember that I had ever noticed that motto before. The words of the text fastened upon my feverish brain: "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise." And the suggestion flashed through my mind: "Try it out. Pray for another chance, a fighting chance." Without a single mental reservation I floundered over on my face, and with the fever singing in my ears *prayed.*

Ah, if ever a young man prayed, I prayed that morning, just for a fighting chance to represent my college on Friday night. I did not pray for victory; for other men and colleges were to be considered, but I did pray for strength to command my wabbling limbs and for nerve to go through with my oration somehow. It was no formal supplication that I made, and there was no searching for choice phrases and pleasing sentences. The call that went out from my soul that morning was an unstripped appeal for help.

There on that cot in the old sitting-room at home, for the first time in my life, I "prayed through." When assurance came, and it did come as clearly and unmistakably as the doctor came a few minutes later, I knew that I should deliver my oration. The physician laughed and humored me when I told him, and then reached down for my pulse. Other friends were sure that it was a mere whim of the delirium. But I *knew.* Mother believed, and the dear old professor understood.

Wednesday was a very trying day; Thursday was easier; but on Friday morning I was utterly miserable. For the first time since the message of the old green card had given me new hope I was despairing. But again my eyes turned to the motto, and the silver words fairly leaped across the room to me, "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise." And I slid to the floor, and gripped that rock of truth as a drowning man lays hold upon the offered line of escape.

When the doctor came, he found my fever broken. He was very much surprised, and said that the sudden subsiding of the temperature accounted for my unusual weakness. I reminded him that it was *Friday;* and then he resolutely shook his head, and gave me an unconditional refusal. But I went through the day with the words, "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise," strengthening me; and at five o'clock in the afternoon I sent for the doctor again. This time he heard *my* ultimatum, and I was fully attired when I delivered it.

Like the good fellow he was,— for he loved the old school too,— he set to work to help the Almighty get me in shape for my fifteen minutes on the platform. The drawing had placed me first; there were six speakers, and the man of science nursed nature along to have me as strong as I could possibly be on the minute, and if possible strong enough to go through that crucial quarter of an hour.

But the arm that I leaned upon that night was not the arm of the doctor, and it was not the arm of the dear old professor, much as he meant to me. And when I finally got to the platform, and for an instant the lights went out, and a wall of blackness was before my eyes, it was "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise" that turned the lights on again.

I went through the fifteen minutes, and walked off the stage and out of sight before I collapsed. God kept his word; I had offered up *my first prayer;* for the first time in my life I had *prayed through,* and ever after I was to have the assurance of the vital fact of intercession.

Many times since that day when I tossed in pain upon the couch in the sitting-room back at college I have turned my eyes to the old green wall motto, and it has never failed me. From that day to this I have not doubted my right to have an answer to every prayer. The desired answer has not always come. Many prayers have been answered in the negative, and some answers have been long delayed; but in times of spiritual stress, when doubts troubled and discouraging fears all but defeated faith, as well as in those more numerous even days when hope held an open way, the message of the old green card has triumphed. —*Daniel A. Poling, in Christian Endeavor World.*

"Pneuma"—"Spirit"—"Life"

WHEN the martyr Stephen was being stoned to death he called upon Jesus, saying: —

"Lord Jesus, receive my *spirit.*" Acts 7:59.

The Greek word, *pneuma,* here translated "spirit," is rendered by the term "life" (R. V., "breath") in Rev. 13:15. Now, if we substitute this translation of *pneuma* for the word "spirit" by which it is rendered in Acts 7:59, Stephen's request would then read: "Lord Jesus, receive my *life.*" This thought reminds one of the expression: "And your *life* is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3:3. The Emphatic Diaglott New Testament, in its Interlineary Translation, translates Acts 7:59 thus: "O Lord Jesus, do thou receive the *breath* of me."

The psalmist also used a like expression on one occasion when he addressed the Lord, saying: —

"Into thine hand I commit my *spirit.*" Ps. 31:5.

The Hebrew word, *ruach,* here translated "spirit" is rendered by others as follows: —

"My *breath* to your hand I resign."—*Fenton's Translation.*

"Into thy hand I commend my *breath.*"—*Cheyne's Translation.*

"Into thy hand I commit my *life.*"—*Noyes's Translation.*

The scholarly Tholuck speaks of the psalmist in this text thus: —

"He is anxious for his life, but anxious in such a manner that he commits it to the best of advocates."

In a note on this passage the translator and commentator, Mr. J. A. Alexander, says: —

"By 'my spirit' we may either understand *my life* or *myself,* but not *my soul* as distinguished from *my body.*"

Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ used very similar language when, expiring on the cross, he said: —

"Father, into thy hands I commend my *spirit*" (Luke 23:46); or, as translated in the Emphatic Diaglott (margin): "Father, into thy hands I commit my *breath* or *life.*"

Speaking of the death of Jesus one writer says: —

"When he closed his eyes in death upon the cross, the soul of Christ did not go at once to heaven, as many believe, or how could his words be true, 'I am not yet ascended to my Father'? The spirit of Jesus slept in the tomb with his body, and did not wing its way to heaven, there to maintain a separate existence,

(*Concluded on last page*)

An October Riddle

THERE is a pretty picture
I'd love to have you see;
It's painted in the colors
Most beautiful to me—
A glint of golden yellow,
A dash of flaming red,
With green, and bronze, and gray,
and brown
And blue sky overhead.

There is a royal banquet
To which you ought to go;
The table is not set like ours,
With linen white as snow.
The chairs are soft as velvet,
The cups hold purest wine,
And all the time the orchestra
Makes music while you dine.

Now, would you see my picture,
And to the banquet go?
Just take a walk into the woods
Where oaks and maples grow;
Where acorns fall like raindrops,
And rocks the mosses hold,
And you will find that everything
Is true which I have told.

—*Grace Reese Adkins.*

The Indian Arrowhead

THE Indian arrowhead is a familiar object to most children. Many have made collections of these relics of Indian supremacy. Uncle Sam himself has spent many thousands of dollars in studying and collecting them. We are told by a late number of the *Saturday Evening Post* that there are 5,450 persons in our country who take a definite and specialized interest in Indian arrowheads. Of these nearly five hundred are skilled collectors or scientists. "There are something like five thousand amateurs who study the matter more or less. There are forty-five hundred collections of Indian arrowheads in our country, each running from fifty to twenty-five thousand in the number of its specimens. There are more than four hundred museum collections, numbering over four thousand specimens each. In private collections there are more than two million arrowheads and other articles manufactured in the stone age.

"Wherefore it may be seen that there is a sort of human interest about these odds and ends of forgotten days; and as we may count nothing human alien to ourselves, we may perhaps find pleasure in going into the history of the Indian arrowhead somewhat definitely and extensively. As a large part of one's scientific information on this topic must be gained from the printed page, it is proper to acknowledge the writer's debt to Mr. Warren K. Moorehead."

An amateur collector in Chicago carries an insurance of something over $3,000 on his collection. More than one private collection is worth over $50,000. These arrowheads have been found in every State and Territory in the Union. They were made principally of flint, obsidian, jasper, chalcedony, quartz. "The making of arrowheads was an industry in its time surpassing in proportionate extent of output all the munitions factories of this day! Their work was more important, too, than that of the greatest arms company of today. We make ammunition now to destroy human life. The Indian factories made it to preserve human life,—without this flint arrowhead the Indian could not have lived,—and all his development of this implement, and the manufacture of it, was based upon the one great law of necessity.

"Some of the most important of the Indian munitions factories were: Flint Ridge, Licking County, Ohio; the jasper quarries of the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers; and the flint quarries of Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois. Union County, Illinois, once furnished large amounts of raw material to the Indian workers. Near Coshocton, Ohio, there was an abundance; also near Allentown, Pennsylvania. There were large workings in southwestern New Mexico. Distinct quarries existed at Piney Branch, District of Columbia, and at Little River, Tennessee. In Wyoming and California there were points of supply, and the Willamette valley, of Oregon, has been one of the richest fields known to the collector. The arrowheads from this last-mentioned part of the country are very beautiful, often made of carnelian or other agates, and of beautiful colors — amber, red, and so on, as well as pure white and pure black.

"Glassy obsidian (from the cliffs of Yellowstone Park) was a favorite material of the savages. You have read of the obsidian sacrificial knife used by the Aztec priests in opening the bodies of their victims. Such a knife was recently given to the Chicago collection above mentioned. A friend paid all of fifteen cents for it, getting it from a laborer engaged on some of the old temple excavations near Mexico City."

What was the method of manufacture used by these ancient munitions factories? This is not known definitely. Capt. John Smith mentions an Indian who carried with him "a pouch filled with flakes of precious stones and within his mantle, in a pocket made for the purpose, a simple instrument made of bone or horn, which he valued above all price and would not part with, and with which he deftly shaped arrowheads or spearheads from or out of the stone flakes."

The Chicago collector mentioned in the early part of this article has an instrument made of deerhorn that he claims was used by the Indians in making arrowheads. It is roughly shaped so that it fits into the palm of the hand, "the entire tool being only a few inches in length, and the point not much larger than the diameter of a lead pencil. The flakes were simply pressed off from the disk. I have made several arrowheads myself with this tool, which I got from California. It is more valuable for its purpose than the hardest steel would be; more valuable than any tool tipped with diamonds. The horn or bone was buried in ashes or clay to take the grease out of it. The point does not slip on the rock, but holds and clings; and a sharp pressure does the rest."

The extent of the stone quarries worked by the Indians, and the vast amount of the product of the mine that was converted into these instruments of warfare with their crude instruments, will ever be a marvel to mankind.

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

"PLENTY of Things Remain to be Solved," is the heading in a daily paper.

A good example of the very common lazy use of "things."

"Plenty of Problems (or Puzzles, or Difficulties) Remain to be Solved," is the way a workmanlike pen would put it.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Girl Who Conquered Herself

RUTH always had an ungovernable temper. I have known Ruth a long while — we played dolls together, and made mud pies and divided our candy, and so I really know. I am perhaps her very first friend. Of course her real name is not Ruth, but I am rather sure that it would be unfair to tell her real name.

My first memory of Ruth's temper is a bit dim, for we might have been five years old, we two, at the time. I remember that I owned a black-faced woolly-headed doll, and I remember that she wanted it for her own. Because I was not the giving-up kind — primarily, however, because I loved the doll — I refused to give it up, whereupon Ruth threw a stone at me. It was a large, sharp stone, and it made an ugly-looking, jagged little cut on my forehead. I remember how the blood dripped down the side of my face.

Ruth was aghast at the mischief she had done. I can see her now, her chubby baby hands clasped in front of her eyes to shut out the sight of the blood. At my wails some one came to me and washed my face, and put sticking plaster on my forehead. I was kissed and petted and given a peppermint stick. But, most of all (and this memory is a very real one), I can see Ruth's small, stricken face, and I can hear her voice saying,—

"I didn't mean to! I didn't mean to hurt her! The stone frew itself!"

My forehead was nearly well the next day. In a week the scar of it was quite gone. But it was a long time before the scared look was entirely driven from Ruth's eyes.

We went right on being friends. A hastily flung rock or a cut forehead is a small thing to a really true child-friendship. But, though we continued to be friends, we saw less and less of each other as the years went on. We were well past the doll and mud-pie stage, and were living in different towns and going to different schools and having different interests in life, and different friends. But occasionally we visited. It was on one of my visits to her home that I again saw her lose temper. It was when her small brother spilled a cup of chocolate on her new dress. I'll admit that she had provocation, for it was a wonderful dress; but little brother hadn't meant to spill the chocolate.

Ruth was a pretty girl. She is still a pretty girl, for she has a great mass of corn-colored hair and the bluest eyes I ever saw. She had a mouth that looked like the first rosebud of June. But though Ruth is a pretty girl, I was glad I was not her little brother that day when he spilled the chocolate on her gown. Her blue eyes grew as hard and as cold as ice — as ice with some dark fire glowing behind it — and her rosebud mouth straightened out until it looked like a thin crimson gash on her face. I saw her hand clutch convulsively on the air, and then all at once the little brother gave a queer gasp and ran out of the room. I didn't blame him at all, for, strangely, at that moment I remembered an angry baby face and a wildly flung stone. And across the years that divided my little childhood from my big girlhood, the hurt of my cut forehead came back to me.

And then, in a moment, Ruth's clutched hand unfolded, and her lips parted in a cold smile that was almost a sneer. "The dress will wash," I ventured, half frightened.

"Yes," said Ruth. And then suddenly she picked up a cup — an empty chocolate cup of very fine china — and threw it down — hard — on the floor. I watched, dazedly, as it shattered into a hundred bits. And then Ruth burst into sobs, and ran from the room. Upstairs I could hear her bedroom door slam and the lock snap quickly.

I stood alone in the room, looking at the fragments of the cup, lying about on the floor, and as I stood there her little brother came strolling back.

"Did Ruth — throw that?" he questioned, pointing to the pieces. And then, before I could answer, he grinned, in an apologetic, small-boy way.

"Ruth's a dandy girl, usually," he told me. "She's an awful nice girl. But when anything makes her mad — whew! She's just awful. She screams an' cries, an' throws things. An' she doesn't care who she hits. She's always sorry — after — but she can't seem to help actin' like she does!"

Ruth was upstairs the rest of the day with a bad headache. The next day she was down early, singing as she dusted the rooms. But her face was pale, and her eyes were a bit scared.

We grew up even more, from the big-girl stage to young ladies with their hair up. We had left school. I was launched in the business world, doing the work I love to do, when Ruth announced her engagement. Her fiancé was a Western man, and she had not known him for a very long time. She had never met any of his relatives, but she wrote me that his father, who was a famous surgeon, was going to spend a week in the city, and that she was going to give a dinner for him.

"I'll be coming into town the day of the dinner," she wrote, "and if you'll meet me in the station we'll go up together. I want to get there before Bob's father comes. I want him to see me looking my best."

And I said I would come to the dinner and meet her wherever she wanted me to.

I went to the station, and though it was not long before train time, Ruth was nowhere to be seen. I waited nervously, for I remembered that she wanted to get home early — that she wanted "Bob's father to see her at her best." And then at last, just as the iron gates had slammed shut — just as the whistle of the train had tooted for the last time, Ruth dashed into the station, her face scarlet from running, her hat on one side.

"The train is ready to go," I told her; "they've shut us out."

The station was full of people, but Ruth didn't care. She turned to the guard who had shut the gate: "Let me through," she beseeched him; "it's important that I get this train. I must get it."

But the guard stood firm. "Sorry, lady," he told her, "but it's against the rules."

And then Ruth lost her temper, as I had seen her lose it when she hit me with a stone and when her brother had spilled the chocolate. The flush faded out of her face, leaving it pale and sharp and worn.

"I hate you!" she said to the guard. "I hate you! You might have let me through. I hate you!" Her foot stamped on the ground, and with all her might she threw a paper package across the station. It struck a courtly old gentleman, and, bursting, fell at his feet. Pink rose petals littered the floor.

We were the center of a grinning crowd. I shrank back against a post and watched as the old gentleman picked up the roses and carried them to her.

"Young lady," he said, "I don't know who you are or what you are, but I want to tell you one thing. You've got to control that temper of yours, for it's hurting no one but yourself. It didn't hurt me when the package hit me. It only disgusted me. But it really did hurt you. If you keep on letting go of yourself, you'll land in an insane asylum. I *know*. And no one will be sorry to have you go there. For people with a temper like yours are a menace to any community."

Ruth stood pale and aghast. No one had ever talked to her that way. And the crowd, ever shifting, drifted away from where she stood. And just as the old man was going to speak again a young man, handsome, broad-shouldered, athletic, came up from behind and gripped his shoulder.

"Why, dad," cried the young man, gladly, "how did you happen to find Ruth?"

And though I had never met him, I knew that it was Bob.

Late that night, after the guests had all retired, I went into Ruth's room. She was lying on her bed, sobbing, but she sat up at the sound of my step.

"I will never," she told me distinctly, "lose my temper again. And I will tell Bob everything tomorrow. Perhaps"—her voice broke—"perhaps he won't want to marry a girl who might end up in an insane asylum. But, no matter what happens, I will never lose my temper again."

And she never did. For Ruth made good—just as other girls make good with difficult problems. She told me that it was hard, desperately hard, at times. Sometimes she'd have to go up to her room and lock her door and bite her bedpost. Sometimes she would fall on her knees and ask God for help. But, no matter how much she wanted to give way—and I've seen her in some exasperating situations—she'd turn her back and hum a tune before she spoke. She told me that while she was humming she'd say "insane asylum" and "menace" over and over in her mind. And finally she won out, *for by controlling her temper she found that she had fewer occasions to lose it.*

I was visiting Ruth the other day in her new home. Her father-in-law, who loves her very much, lives with them. She does her own work, and after supper I went out into the kitchen and helped her wash the dishes. Bob dried them, and, manlike, he got interested in the conversation as he was drying Ruth's handsomest cut-glass, silver-mounted pitcher, and dropped it. It was one of her wedding presents, and I started back in very real fear before the expected storm. But the storm did not break.

"I'm sorry, dear," said Bob, humbly. "I'm awfully sorry." But Ruth cut him short.

"Don't you care," she told him, soothingly. "We may get another some day, dear."—*Margaret Sangster, in the Christian Herald.*

Praise and Thanksgiving

(Texts for October 22 to 28)

"Is your son buried there?" asked a tourist of an old man who was kneeling beside a soldier's grave in a large Southern cemetery.

"No, my friend is buried here," said the old man with feeling. "During the Civil War, I was drafted; but my family were all sick, and it seemed impossible for me to go. This young neighbor came and said to me, 'You stay home with your family, and I will go in your place.' He was killed in the battle on Lookout Mountain, and I have come a long, long way to write above the grave of this wonderful friend the words: 'He died for me.'"

You and I have a Friend who died for us. We cannot write our gratitude above his resting place, for he is now in heaven pleading our cases before the Father, but we can write our gratitude on the hearts of others by telling them of his wonderful love. Yet how often we fail to speak of his goodness! How seldom we go "a long, long way" to tell others of the Friend who died for us!

It is always appropriate to speak of our gratitude to our wonderful Friend. It is always time to praise him. Praise and thanksgiving should be the unbroken attitude of our hearts. For, "perpetual blessings from Thy hand demand perpetual songs of praise." Then let us praise God when the sunshine of happiness and prosperity surrounds our daily life. Let us be thankful—

"For grief unsuffered, tears unshed;
For clouds that scattered overhead;
For pestilence that came not nigh;
For dangers great that passed us by;
For sharp suspicion soothed, allayed;
For doubt dispelled that made afraid;
For fierce temptation well withstood;
For evil plot which brought forth good;
For weakened links in friendship's chain
That, sorely tested, stood the strain;
For harmless blows with malice dealt;
For base ingratitude unfelt;
For hatred's keen, unuttered word;
For bitter jest unknown, unheard;
For every evil turned away,
Let's give unmeasured thanks today."

And it is time to praise God when the clouds of sorrow and trouble hang low and seem to shut out every friendly face. When the frost gathers your fruit, and the hail devours your fields of waving grain; when prices go up and profits go down; when bills stare you in the face that you know not how to meet; when dangers threaten on every hand; when health flees and income ceases; when friends fail, and slander silently saps your lifeblood; when your own mistakes and shortcomings depress you; yes, and even

when the cruel hand of death lays a loved one low, it is time to praise God. Praise him because for all these things "his grace is sufficient;" thank him because he has always supplied "*all your need* according to his riches in glory."

Persons whose hearts are ever overflowing with praise and thanksgiving disperse good cheer, comfort, and courage, wherever they go. They are to the home what sunshine is to the landscape. They chase away the shadows and make everything look brighter. We enjoy having such persons around, only sometimes a jealous thought suggests that they are shallow, mercurial, and do not sense the serious side of life. Still they do; yes, they know life has hard experiences, but they also know *their* God, who has sustained them in trials, made them victorious in conflicts with the enemy, and brought them safely out of furnaces of affliction. So they trust him; and with hearts full of gratitude, they try to praise continually him "who hath delivered, who doth deliver, and who will deliver."

It is good to praise God. It cheers and strengthens our own hearts as well as the hearts of others. Then let not the stream of your life be a murmuring one, with pools of bitter waters standing along the edges of the channel. But let it be a pure, sparkling stream, singing songs of praise and thanksgiving all along the way. Then your life itself shall praise your Maker, your Master, your most wonderful Friend, and it shall give others a desire to know him.

MEDITATION.— The texts this week help me to appreciate more fully how wonderfully good God is to me. I am dependent on him for the air I breathe. He gives me life's necessities and an abundance of other good things to make life pleasant. He gives me friends whose friendship is one of life's greatest luxuries. I do want others to know that I feel grateful to my heavenly Father. I want my life to be one unbroken expression of praise and gratitude; and I pray that it may be.

SPECIAL PRAYER.— We have some faithful Missionary Volunteers in South America. Let all join with them this week in praying especially for our work and workers there.

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending October 28

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for October.

The Bible Year

Assignment for October 22 to 28

October 22: Romans 1 to 3.
October 23: Romans 4 to 7.
October 24: Romans 8, 9.
October 25: Romans 10 to 12.
October 26: Romans 13 to 16.
October 27: James 1 to 3.
October 28: James 4, 5.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for October 19.

IV — Ministry of Saul and Peter

(*October 28*)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 9:23-43.
MEMORY VERSE: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Prov. 19:17.

Questions

1. Some time after Saul was converted what did the Jews purpose to do? Acts 9:23.
2. Who knew their plans? What shows their hatred of Saul? Verse 24. Note 1.
3. How did Saul make his escape? Verse 25. Note 2.
4. To what city did he go? What did he try to do there? Why did he not succeed? Verse 26. Note 3.
5. Who brought him to the apostles? What did he declare concerning Saul? Verse 27.
6. How did Saul demonstrate that a change had taken place in his life? What did the Grecians seek to do? Verses 28-30.
7. What is said of the churches? Verse 31. Note 4.
8. As Peter was preaching in different places, to what city did he come? Verse 32. Note 5.
9. Whom did he find there? How was Æneas afflicted? Verse 33.
10. In what manner was he healed? Verse 34.
11. What good results followed this miracle? Verse 35.
12. What city is next mentioned? What disciple lived there? What is said of her? Verse 36. Note 6.
13. What event took place? Verse 37.
14. For whom did the disciples send? Verse 38.
15. What was done when Peter first arrived? Verse 39.
16. What did Peter then do? Verse 40.
17. Where was this miracle known? What did it cause many to do? Verse 42.
18. Where did Peter remain for a time? With whom did he live? What was this man's trade? Verse 43.

Work for Diligent Students

1. Draw a map locating the places mentioned in this lesson.
2. Upon what occasion had Jesus performed a very similar miracle to the raising of Dorcas to life? How closely did Peter follow the example of Jesus in this matter?

Notes

1. In 2 Cor. 11:32, Paul states that the governor of Damascus kept the city with a garrison of soldiers, he wished so much to arrest him. It seems strange that it should take so many to hunt down one humble Christian; but Saul had Jesus and all the angels on his side, and escaped the trap laid for him.

2. The anxiety of the disciples "became the instrument of his [Paul's] safety. From an unguarded part of the wall, in the darkness of the night, probably where some overhanging houses, as is usual in Eastern cities, opened upon the outer country, they let him down from the window in a basket." —"*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul*," *Conybeare and Howson, p. 100.*

3. "After his escape from Damascus, Paul went to Jerusalem, about three years having passed since his conversion. His chief object in making this visit, as he himself declared afterward, was 'to see Peter.' Upon arriving in the city where he had once been well known as 'Saul the persecutor,' 'he essayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple.' It was difficult for them to believe that so bigoted a Pharisee, and one who had done so much to destroy the church, could become a sincere follower of Jesus."

4. The churches did not rest from witnessing for Jesus, but they had rest from persecution, and could labor freely.

5. "All Christians were called saints, because that was their aim, and the characteristic of their lives."

Lydda, in the rich plain of Sharon, was a city of considerable size, about a day's journey from Jerusalem.

6. Joppa was nine or ten miles north of Lydda.

The name "Tabitha," in Syriac, means splendor, beauty. Dorcas means gazelle, which is Greek, and was the language used by the more cultured classes. The gazelle is called *dorcas*, on account of its bright, flashing eyes. Perhaps the name was expressive of the beauty and charm of this noble woman, but her good works are what made her of so much value to the church that God honored her by bringing her back to life after she had died.

The Youth's Instructor

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FOR the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
—"*The Builders.*"

Flowers as Scholarship Earners

A YOUNG woman who loved to raise flowers decided to make her hobby minister to her financial needs while in school. She had been successful in raising cosmos, that refreshingly attractive autumn flower.

This young woman started on a rather generous scale, spading and fertilizing a piece of ground thirty-five by ninety feet. This she planted to the giant cosmos, having saved seed from her best plants of the previous year. Her own description of her work and success follows:—

"The weather favored me, and the plants were soon appearing above ground, and grew amazingly. I used to get up at six o'clock, work at cultivating the young plants until seven, then stop for breakfast and a period of study before going to school.

"In the late afternoon I worked another hour in the garden. When October came, my plants were over seven feet tall and blossoming in profusion.

"My first sale was made through the mail. Hearing that a family in a near-by town was planning to give a big reception, I mailed them six beautiful white blossoms, with a letter stating that I could supply any quantity they might want, all of the quality of the samples, at the rate of two cents each. They telephoned an order the next day for five hundred blossoms, to be delivered in three days' time.

"I gathered the plants early in the morning of the day on which they were to be used, packed them carefully, and had them delivered by our grocer, who sent an automobile to town daily.

"Four days later I received a check for ten dollars in payment, with a polite note complimenting me on my business ability and the beauty of my blossoms. Before the season was over I had sold ninety-five dollars' worth of flowers. Then I stopped selling flowers and let them go to seed, which I gathered and stored away.

"The following spring I put an advertisement in the local paper stating that I had seed of my giant cosmos for sale. I sold fourteen dollars' worth in this way, and had enough left to plant a plot a little larger than my first one. I also planted several other varieties of flowers, and set out grapevines and currant bushes. My brother helped me with this work, and I paid him ten cents an hour and promised him a ten-per-cent share of the profits. In four years I had my garden in such shape that it was paying me nearly three hundred dollars a year.

"I have now given up this work, and am studying nursing in a New York hospital; but I feel that I could go back to horticulture, and with two hundred dollars' capital soon have a business the profits of which would amount to a thousand dollars a year.

"Autumn is the time to prepare for next year's garden. Don't put off until spring, but begin now by letting your best plants go to seed. Gather the seed carefully, and after they are thoroughly dry, put in envelopes marked with the name of the flower and the date when they were gathered.

"If you have no choice plants of the varieties you wish to grow, purchase your seeds from a reliable dealer. But, above all things, prepare this fall for your next year's work."

"Pneuma"—"Spirit"—"Life"

(*Concluded from page eleven*)

and to look down upon the mourning disciples embalming the body from which it had taken flight. All that comprised the life and intelligence of Jesus remained with his body in the sepulcher; and when he came forth it was as a whole being; he did not have to summon his spirit from heaven. He had power to lay down his life and to take it up again."—"*The Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pp. 203, 204, edition of 1878.*

The psalmist says: "Preserve my *life.*" Ps. 64:1. Jonah prayed: "O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my *life* from me." Jonah 4:3. Christ said: "I lay down my *life* for the sheep." John 10:15. And he asked: "Wilt thou lay down thy *life* for my sake?" John 13:38.

"Thus our life is something that we can commit to another for safe-keeping; it can be taken away from us; we can give it up, or lay it down."—"*Here and Hereafter," p. 90.*

With these facts before us it is plain that what the martyr Stephen wished the Lord Jesus to receive was his *life,* which is "hid with Christ in God," and when Jesus who is *our life,* shall appear, then shall all the faithful appear with him in glory. See Col. 3:3, 4.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

"THE famous clock in Strasburg Cathedral has a mechanism so complicated that it seems to the ignorant and superstitious almost a work of superhuman skill. The abused and offended maker, while as yet unpaid for his work, came one day and touched its secret springs, and it stopped. All the patience and ingenuity of a nation's mechanism and artisans failed to restore its disordered mechanism and set it in motion. Afterward, when his grievances were redressed, that maker came again, touched the inner springs, and set it again in motion, and all its multiplied parts revolved again obedient to his will. When thus, by a touch, he suspended and restored those marvelous movements, he gave to any doubting mind proof that he was the maker — certainly the master — of that clock. And when Jesus of Nazareth brings to a stop the mechanism of nature, makes its mighty wheels turn back, or in any way arrests its grand movement, — more than all, when he can not only stop, but start again, the mysterious clock of human life, he gives to an honest mind overwhelming proof that God is with him. For a malignant power might arrest or destroy, but only God can reconstruct and restore!"