

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

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No. 7



A EUROPEAN DEER PARK







An electric scrubbing machine which will scrub three thousand square feet of floor in one hour, has made its appearance.

There are ants in Australia which build their nests along a north and south line so accurately that a traveler may direct his course by their aid.

Pith of sunflower stalks, which is several times lighter than cork, is now being extensively used in Russia in the manufacture of life-saving apparatus.

Mrs. E. E. Starcher, mayor of Umatilla, Oregon, defeated her husband for that office in the last municipal election. Mrs. Starcher is said to be the only woman mayor in the United States.

An albatross that had flown 3,400 miles in eight days, was captured near the coast of Chile. It carried about its neck a note, showing that it had reached the South American coast from New Zealand in that time.

The "Signs of the Times Magazine" for February is of unusual merit. It should be sold by the hundreds of thousands. Where are our young people who are ready to answer every worthy call for service? Let them from every city and hamlet in the country arise and place this magazine in the homes of the people. Don't wait; the March number may not be so good.

In 1870 the German army, under the direction of Bismarck, the "man of blood and iron," compelled the surrender of France—which refused to acknowledge defeat at the hands of German arms—by blockading Paris, allowing the city with its 2,000,000 inhabitants no communication with the outside world. Thus does England mean to bring the surrender of Germany by cutting off the food supply.

The total exports for the first eleven months of 1916 are valued by the Department of Commerce at \$4,961,200,000, representing an increase of nearly eighteen hundred millions over the same period in 1915, and more than twice the highest figure for any equal period before the great war. The exports in November alone reached the sum of \$517,900,000, the greatest volume of exports recorded in any one month.

A city dating back at least 1,866 years was lately discovered in the northern part of Guatemala by Prof. S. G. Morley, of Cambridge. This city was at its height many centuries before Columbus came to the new world, and must have had, according to Professor Morley, a population of about 20,000. One monument found in the ruins of what was the civic center bore a date corresponding to the year 50 A. D.

There should be no dearth of modern facilities to make life easier in America. Last year, fourteen thousand patents were issued by the Patent Office at Washington. One interesting article patented is the electric umbrella. At first glance it looks like an ordinary umbrella; it is used in the ordinary way. But if the night is dark, a button in the handle of the umbrella may be pressed, and the way will immediately be lighted with tiny incandescent lights. There are lights at the butt, at the top, and at the ends.

## Books Worth Possessing

"Weapons for Workers" is a book of three hundred and twenty-two outline addresses, illustrations, incidents, and seed thoughts, arranged by J. Ellis. One finds these outlines and suggestions helpful for talks, or illustrations in Sabbath school work. Price, 75 cents.

"Take It from Me," by Vance Thompson, is original, interesting, and helpful. The chapter titles are: "The Other Fellow at Large," "The Other Fellow in School and College," "The Wisdom of the Nursery," "The Other Fellow as a Friend," "The Other Fellow in Business," "Popularizing the Other Fellow," "The Other Fellow and the Ballot," "The Fellow of the Other Race," and "The Mystery of the Other Fellow." Here is a thought from the book on race hatred:—

"It is a foul thing, race prejudice. It is dirty and obscure as some old idol, smeared with filth and blood. It is the mother of war.

"You and I, at least, need have none of it. We can look at the Fellow of the Other Race and see that he has something we need—even as we have something, long ago bred into our social strain, which he needs. . . .

"There is a mighty civilization brewing here in the United States; you are but one of the ingredients; and will you not agree with me—just once; you needn't make a habit of it—that there is stark absurdity in hating any one of the Other Ingredients, bubbling with you in the pot?"

The author has this to say of our American habit of laughing at another's mistakes:—

"It is all very well to laugh and have the world laugh with you, as in the famous song, if you and the world are not laughing at the Other Fellow—at his tragic endeavors to sit down where there is no chair. Gayety of heart is charming; the joy of life that bubbles over is wholesome; but they have nothing to do with the laughter aimed at men and things—there is bitter cruelty in laughing at men, and to laugh at cosmic mechanism is sheer idiocy. Wherefore have a care of your laughter; if you are laughing because you are alive, it is all right; but if you are laughing because the Other Fellow has fallen on his nose, it is all wrong."

Price, \$1.

"God's Book and God's Boy" is one of Dr. Schauffler's helpful books for the Sabbath school teacher and officer. It is a book of 222 pages, filled with valuable instruction for the teacher of boys and girls. Price, \$1.

"The Man Inside" is a book of 96 pages, by Cortland Myers. It is full of instructive reading on the four topics: "What Makes Me What I Am," "What Lifts Me Higher than I Am," "What Saves Me from What I Am," "What Takes Me from Where I Am." Price, 50 cents.

"Finding Out God's Secrets" is a small book of talks for primary readers. It is by Claude Allen McKay. Price, 50 cents.

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# The Youth's Instructor

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NO. 7

## Bereans Among the Tagalogs

C. C. CRISLER

**I**T is said that in some of the remoter districts in the Philippine Islands, where colporteurs have penetrated with portions of the Bible in the form of small tracts selling for a few centavos each, "it is no unusual sight to see throngs of people in the windows the greater part of the night, poring over the volumes by the light of flickering candles, or, the following day, to see them forsake their usual labors and remain the entire time to read the Story."—*Ninety-ninth Report of the American Bible Society*, p. 456.

How great the changes wrought during the past few years! It was as recent as 1889 that the first two Bible colporteurs sent to the Philippines, reached Manila with copies of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke in Tagalog—the first that had been published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Only a few copies were distributed, as the men who had volunteered to pioneer the field were poisoned in the hotel at which they were stopping. "One of the men, Mr. Lallave, died during the night; the other, Mr. F. de Castells, did not die from the effects of the poisoning, but was thrown into prison, and afterward banished."—*Idem*.

Nine years later, Admiral Dewey's squadron of United States naval vessels slipped quietly by the ancient Spanish forts at Corregidor, and soon commanded the shipping and the forts of the inner harbor. With but comparatively little loss of life the Philippines passed from the centuries-old rule of Spain to that of the United States of America; and but a few months elapsed before Dr. Hykes, general agent of the American Bible Society for China, visited the field, and advised the immediate inauguration of an effort to assist in the evangelization of the native races through a wise distribution of copies of the Word of God in the languages of the common people.

Accordingly, in 1899 agencies of the American Bible Society and of the British and Foreign Bible Society were established at Manila, and at once translators were sought out, and the work of preparing the Scriptures in the native dialects was under way. One of the first fruits of this united effort was the New Testament in Tagalog, published in 1902. The Old Testament in Tagalog was not completed before 1905. This gave the entire Bible to the most numerous and influential of all the native races in the islands. Meanwhile, encouraging progress was made in the preparation of the Scriptures in several other dialects used by the Filipinos.

The colporteurs found the people hungering for the printed Word. "The demand for the Gospels was enormous." On every hand the Filipinos were awakening to the value of God's Holy Word, and "they earnestly desired to read it for themselves."

"The story of the colporteurs who were sent out through the islands, some going as paid workers, others without salary, receiving only a commission upon their sales, is a story of heroic service which

has had a very important part in the progress of missions in the islands. These colporteurs and Bible distributors have traveled by steamer, by sailboat, by dugout canoe, by the humble carabao cart (the carabao is the water buffalo used by farmers), by horse cart, on horseback, or in certain limited cases by railway train. They have gone on foot interminable distances—over pleasant plains, through stagnant swamps, over mountain trails. Their labors have been arduous, but joyous.

"In many parts of the islands travel was dangerous in the early years of the American occupation, and the colporteurs were instructed never to go out without an escort. . . .

"The colporteurs were astonished at the welcome which they received. To the minds of the people the idea of having a religion in which they could read and think for themselves was marvelous—almost incredible. To have the real Scriptures in their own tongue was so new that they coined new words to express the idea."—*"Light after Dark Centuries in the Philippines,"* pp. 12, 13.

Thus, in many an obscure hamlet in the Philippine Islands, during the past few years, as in Berea during the days of Paul's ministry, it is literally true that men and women long hungering for truth have "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily." Acts 17:11.

And especially is this true of the Seventh-day Adventist young men and women of the islands—a noble band numbering some hundreds in all. Those living in Manila have been organized into a young people's society, and are studying the Morning Watch verses in Tagalog. During their weekly service, Sabbath afternoon, they take delight in reciting these verses. Prof. I. A. Steinel, their leader, is besieged by them for the privilege of repeating the words of life. They seem to prefer the longer selections. Here is a specimen Morning Watch verse recited by a promising young Tagalog in the new training-school chapel Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 25, 1916:—

"Sapagka't ang Panginoon din ang bababang mula sa langit, na may isang sigaw, may tinig ng arcangel, at may pakakak ng Dios: at ang nangamatay kay Cristo ay unang mabubuhay na maguli: kung magkagayon, tayong nangabubuhay, na nangatitira, ay aagawing kasama nila sa mga alapaap, upang salubungin, ang Panginoon sa hangin: at sa ganito'y sasa Panginoon tayo magpakaylan man." 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

How strange do the words appear in print! and yet how sweetly do they fall upon the ear of the listener! and how unbelievable does it seem that fifteen years ago these truths of Scripture were beyond the reach of the Tagalogs!

God is working mightily in the Philippine Islands. Already the whole Bible has been translated and printed in Tagalog, Pangasinan, Bicol, Ilocano, Pangasinan, Panayan; the New Testament in Ibanag and Cebuan; and some portion of the Scripture in Igorrot,



Ifugao, Samareno, and Lanao Moro. Soon at least one Gospel is to be published in Gaddan and in Subano, the latter being the language of a simple mountain folk.

Seventh-day Adventists have published literature in five of these dialects, and hope soon to add to the number.

The zeal of the Filipino young people who are learning their Morning Watch verses week by week in the language of their birth, is prompted by the same Spirit that led the noble Bereans of apostolic times to search the Scriptures. Surely, for those of every tongue and people who emulate the example of the Berean believers, the future is bright with hope.

### Signs of Christ's Coming — No. 4

#### A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

As the apostle John sat upon the rocky isle of Patmos, where he had been banished by the Roman emperor Nero, he had a wonderful vision of Christ's second coming. He says: "I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. . . . And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped." Rev. 14:14-16. The harvest is the end of the world. Matt. 13:39.

The coming of Christ, as pictured by the prophet, is a fitting climax to the giving of the three angels' messages, recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Revelation. The remnant church of God is being oppressed by the beast and his image. The death decree has gone forth, and Heaven's answer to this challenge is the coming of the great Judge, who will execute true judgment upon those who would despoil his church.

What are the beast and his image that cause such discomfiture to God's people at this time? The dragon gave the leopard beast "his power, and his seat, and great authority." Rev. 13:1-10. There is an almost "unanimous consent of the fathers," both Catholic and Protestant, that the dragon symbolizes pagan Rome. Therefore the government following pagan Rome would be the beast pointed out. This is no other than the Papacy. For 1260 prophetic days, or years, it was to have special power over the saints of God. See Dan. 7:25; Rev. 13:5. Papal Rome fulfils this prophecy exactly. After slaying millions with the sword, it was to receive a deadly wound with the sword.

This special period of oppression and persecution began A. D. 538 and ended in 1798, when the Pope was taken prisoner by Berthier, a French officer. A Catholic historian tells how the wound was made, and liberty proclaimed:—

"On the morning of the fifteenth of February, 1798, at the moment when they were singing the pontifical mass in the Vatican, in presence of the cardinals and the whole papal court, to celebrate the anniversary of the exaltation of Pius VI, who was entering on the twenty-third year of his pontificate, a crowd of four hundred revolutionists, bearing a huge tree, assembled in the Campo Vaccino, and amid cries for liberty, raised the tree in the capitol square before the statue of Marcus Aurelius. . . . They next dispatched a deputation to General Berthier, who was in concert with them, asking his support. Then, accompanied by his whole staff, by four hundred dragoons and a band, he rode to the capitol, pronounced a short address, and declared the liberty of Rome and the installation of the new administration."—*Life and Times of the Popes*,

Vol. VII, pp. 268, 269. *Imprimatur of John M. Farley, archbishop of New York.*

The Pope was then taken prisoner and exiled to France. As he was being carried away, in his sorrow and confusion he confessed more than he thought when he exclaimed: "God wills it; his holy will be done! Let us resign ourselves to his just decrees!"

It is at this point that the prophet notes the rise of another beast, which we believe symbolizes the government of the United States. It is to form the image. This country was just coming into international prominence at this time, 1798. The Revolutionary War had passed, and that most remarkable of all political documents—the Constitution—had been framed and made the fundamental law of the nation.

"I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth," says the prophet, "and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon." Rev. 13:11.

The words of this prophecy portray a strange and wonderful history. In a few years this country is to rise with lamblike principles, pass through a metamorphosis, and close its career by manifesting the character of a dragon. Its national history will be short, for it came up about the time of the end, 1798, and the signs predicted by Christ indicating his near return, cluster about the same date. In the providence of God this nation came into being that its wealth, inventions, and education might help in quickly carrying the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

There is a marked contrast between a lamb and a dragon. Just what is meant by these symbols is developed in the remainder of this prophecy.

Does Scripture give any words spoken by a dragon that will furnish a clue to his character?—Yes: "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great *dragon* that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, *My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.*" Eze. 29:3.

The sentiment of the dragon's words is selfishness in the extreme. How appropriately such words fit the life of a civil government or a religious body that attempts to coerce men in religious matters, and attempts to force the beliefs of the persecutors upon the ones persecuted. A majority cannot rule in the realm of conscience. Love forbids such a thing in or by a church; and justice and equality condemn it in true civil government.

By the power created by a union of church and state a forced worship is foisted upon the dwellers of this nation. Rev. 13:12. This implies that for a time religious freedom prevailed. This is soon followed by a religio-political boycott. Those who refuse to acknowledge a god set up by civil authority, at the behest of religious bodies, will be denied the right to "buy or sell." Verse 17. When one cannot buy or sell, he is in a precarious position. Starvation and ruin stare him in the face. When assailed by such a cruel spirit, those who are true to God and his law, will cry to Heaven for help, and the coming of Christ will soon follow.

A decree is then promulgated that will cause as many as will not worship the image of the beast to be killed. Verse 15. Is this not speaking as a dragon?

Does not the Constitution forbid this government to pass any law respecting religion?—It does. Yet in disregard of this inhibition, laws are already being enacted tending to destroy the First Amendment. Eventually the path upon which this nation has entered, will end in compulsory religious worship, and death to those who refuse.



To illustrate further: When a boycott is instituted, followed by the death decree, against all who refuse to recognize and worship the image, is that not a direct contradiction of the principles of our fundamental law? How like a wolf in sheep's clothing, for we read in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among them are *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*"

The lamblike Christian and civil principles of equality, life, liberty, and happiness, though formally declared to be rights to be protected by our government, are subverted by the selfishness of so-called religious bodies by means of the civil power. Instead of life there is death, imprisonment in place of liberty, and fear instead of happiness.

If one thinks that this country is not entering the realm of religious affairs, let him consider the following facts: Practically every State in the Union, at the present time, has a Sunday law upon its statute book. The majority of them were placed there specifically for religious purposes, and are being used for the interests of the church today. And, further, the great religious federations of America are demanding not only the retention of these old blue laws, but are clamoring for stricter ones.

Every year our national legislators are besieged by religious lobbyists to accede to their desires for Sunday legislation. Of late their demands have been accompanied with threats of political death if they refuse. As our Congressmen are dependent upon the people for their positions, they will eventually be forced to yield to their demands.

Already the voice of the dragon is heard. It will increase in strength and volume as time passes. One advocate of religious legislation says: "There is a class of people who will not keep the Christian sabbath [Sunday] unless they are *forced* to do so; but that can easily be done. If we would say, We will not *sell* anything to them, we will not *buy* anything from them, we will not *work* for them, nor *hire them to work for us*, the thing could be wiped out, and all the world would keep the Christian sabbath."

Another, in his hatred for those who disagree with him religiously, declares that "the man who lifts his hand against the American Sunday is an enemy of the Republic. He is an enemy of the race. He is an enemy of God."

"It is high time they were either boycotted or crushed," is the language of a so-called minister of the gospel, when speaking of dissenters from his views.

Every year history is making it more evident that the condition pictured in the prophet's description of the two-horned beast and its work, are finding their fulfilment in this nation. It thus becomes one of the most striking signs of the times.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

#### A Rose Tournament on New Year's Day

At Pasadena, California, the twenty-eighth anniversary of its unique and charming midwinter entertainment, the Tournament of Roses, was celebrated on Jan. 1, 1917.

With an international aspect given by the presence of a flower-decked float from Yokohama, Japan, and with entries in the midwinter floral pageant from Honolulu, New York, Chicago, Portland, and San Francisco, as well as from nearly all the cities of Southern California, the Tournament of Roses this

year was doubtless of a beauty and magnificence unequaled by any of its predecessors.

The Tournament of Roses has come to be an event in which all Southern California joins. "It is an expression of happiness and content for life in a land where winter snows and icy winds are unknown. The Tournament of Roses came into existence as a celebration in honor of a record orange crop, and the success of the affair was such that the floral pageant became an annual feature. It is a marvelously beautiful parade of roses, violets, carnations, geraniums, and scores of other varieties of flowers in splendid array—an open-air entertainment free to all who will come, and possible at such a season only in a favored land like Southern California."

The sun generally shines with genial warmth in Pasadena on New Year's Day. Automobiles and special trains bring thousands of visitors to the city. The streets are crowded long before 10:30 A. M., the hour when the floral pageant begins to wend its majestic way through the streets.

Far down the broad thoroughfare, a bugle call, clear and beautiful, floats from the horn at the herald's lips. From mouth to mouth the word is passed, until, like a wave rippling to the farthest shores, it reaches the very end of the vast multitude, massed along the streets for two miles or more.

"They're coming!"

The people lean forward, expectantly, eager to catch the first glimpse of the pageant of beauty, the midwinter idyl of flowers. The beauty of the floats elicits gasps of admiration and astonishment. Blossoms of delicate loveliness and ladies in filmy white dresses, on New Year's Day—midwinter—can this be possible! So communes the newcomer from the snowy East with himself, as the first of the masterpieces of floral decoration rolls into view.

The tournament parade is formed on Orange Grove Avenue, where are found some of the most palatial homes in America. This is a smooth boulevard, one hundred feet in width from curb to curb. The short streets leading into it are convenient places for the parade marshals to gather their divisions. Mounted on steeds caparisoned with floral blankets, and bridle reins wound with roses, they gallop to and fro, making ready the parade.

At a word from the grand marshal, the parade moves forward, slowly and majestically. A score of bands, including the best-known Southern California musical organizations, are placed at intervals. One by one, the divisions fall into line, and the parade grows and grows.

The school division is always one of the most beautiful in the tournament. Each school has its own wonderful float. Children in costume ride or march. Most of the floats are motor driven, the automobile or truck being completely hidden by the floral creations enveloping it. Sometimes the floats appear to be drawn by snow-white flower doves, flying through the air, or pulled by dainty fairies. One of the favorite methods of the designers is to represent medieval or historic scenes. A wonderfully effective series one year was in representation of the seasons and the elements.

ERNEST LLOYD.

"HE that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord." Prov. 17:15.

"CHILDREN have more need of models than critics."



# GOOD MANNERS

## Miss California Teaches Manners to Her School Children—No. 1

**T**HE State of California, through her commissioner of elementary schools, has prepared an excellent set of lessons to be used by the public school teachers in giving instruction on good form to the children under their tutelage. The State expects this instruction to form a part of the school curriculum. The series of lessons covers the main points upon which children need to be given precept upon precept, and line upon line. The following is a part of the lesson entitled,—

### “Conduct at School

“The school life of every boy and girl is as much a part of his life as his home life. Many of the little courtesies which make the home a pleasant place to live in, also make the school a pleasant place to live in. Why not remember that the teachers and the boys and girls of the schools have feelings, and like to be made happy just as much as do the parents, the grandparents, the aunties, the uncles, and the children of the homes?

“There are certain little forms or ways of greeting one another that have become customary among kind-hearted people which, if rightly used, do give real pleasure—not very much, perhaps, but there may be many of them during the day, and when they are all added together at the end they amount to more than might be imagined. However, there is no form, no way of greeting, no group of mere words, that will take the place of the kind thought which makes us wish to give the greeting, or of the tone of voice and manner of giving it. We should never learn set forms of words and use them as we would machines. If we do this, we are not truly polite. Our conduct is then not really right conduct. Remember that in any greeting the voice and manner are always more important than the words of the greeting.

“Here are some of the forms that may help you to make school life pleasanter for your teachers, for your schoolmates and for yourself:—

### “Manner of Address

“Address your teacher by his or her own name, never as ‘Teacher.’

“When you enter the schoolroom in the morning, say, ‘Good morning, Mr. Wilson,’ or, ‘Good morning, Miss Holmes.’ On leaving at night, say, ‘Good-by, Mr. Wilson,’ or, ‘Good-by, Miss Holmes.’ If you meet your teacher in the afternoon on the street or elsewhere, do not shout or call to her at a distance. Wait until you approach each other; then say quietly, ‘Good afternoon, Miss Holmes.’ Do not say, ‘Hello,’ in greeting one older than yourself. It is never a suitable greeting to give to girls or to be used by girls.

“A plain ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ to one older than yourself is discourteous. It sounds harsh and rude. Soften it by adding some little word or phrase, as, ‘Yes, sir;’

‘No, mother;’ ‘Yes, I think so;’ ‘No, madam;’ ‘Yes, father;’ ‘No, I am sure you are mistaken;’ ‘Yes, I’ll be glad to help you;’ or the name of the person to whom you are speaking, as, ‘Yes, Mr. Wilson.’

“It is not best usage to say, ‘Yes, Miss;’ ‘Yes, Mrs.;’ ‘Yes, lady;’ or, ‘No, Mr.’ Always follow Miss, Mrs., or Mr. by the name of the person, if you know it. If you do not know it, say, ‘Yes, madam’ (not, ‘Yes, lady’); or, ‘No, sir.’

“In some homes children are taught to say, ‘Yes, ma’am,’ and, ‘No, ma’am,’ to ladies. This form is not wrong, but it is not used so much as it was years ago. A boy who once said, ‘Yes, ma’am,’ to his mother is very likely now to say, ‘Yes, mother.’ The reason for this may be because he is taught at school to say, ‘Yes, Miss Holmes,’ to his teacher. It is the form which is today most commonly used.

### “Interruptions

“Do not interrupt one who is speaking, whether conversing or reciting, either by speaking or by raising the hand, and never, under any circumstances, snap the fingers to attract attention. If you do this, you seem to say, ‘What *you* are saying is of no importance. I know more than *you* do. Just listen to *me*.’ Would this be polite?

### “Service

“Be helpful in cleaning blackboards, in opening or closing doors and windows, in lifting benches, chairs, or other objects when necessary, in picking up things accidentally dropped, in passing materials. Do not wait always to be asked, but be quick to see when you can be of service, and ‘lend a hand.’

“Be quiet as possible when you are helping. In shifting benches, be sure to keep them free from the floors. Dragging them makes an unpleasant sound, and is bad both for the floor and for the benches. In cleaning blackboards, raise as little dust as possible. Be sure the eraser is clean, and that the dust is not blown into any one’s face.

### “Sympathy

“It is unkind to laugh at the mistakes of others. You yourself make mistakes sometimes, don’t you? Do you like to be laughed at when you misspell a word or give a wrong answer or receive a low grading or slip or stumble? No, of course not. It is a very good plan when your friend or schoolmate makes a mistake of any kind to ‘put yourself in his place,’ and try to think how you would feel if you had made the same mistake. If you imagine how he feels, you will not be likely to laugh. You do not intend to be unkind or heartless, but you are careless, and you hurt the feelings of your schoolmate. There is an old saying which tells us that sometimes as much harm is wrought by want of thought as by want of heart. If you can give the one who has made the blunder



a word or look of encouragement, do so. Let him know that you understand how he feels, and that you will help him out of his trouble as well as you can; or do not look at him at all, but help to have the mistake passed by and forgotten as soon as possible. If you are trying to put yourself in his place, you will be almost sure to know the best thing to do.

"Be kind to the unfortunate. Do not tease a foolish, half-witted boy or girl, stone a crazy person, or laugh at a deformed schoolfellow. If you are sound in mind and body, be thankful, and show your thankfulness by treating the afflicted kindly. If one of the pupils in your school is a hunchback or a cripple, be careful not to mention his deformity. Try to have him enter into your sports as much as possible, and make him forget that he is a cripple.

#### "New Pupils

"If a new pupil comes to school, do not stand and stare at him or whisper to one another about his clothes or his appearance. Welcome him to your school as you would a friend to your home. If he is not introduced to you, say, 'Will you tell me your name, please?' Then introduce him to the other boys and girls, and have him join you in play. Sometimes a boy or girl is very lonesome and homesick the first day in a new school. Try to make this first day a pleasant one instead of an unhappy, dreaded one.

#### "Rich and Poor

"If your father has a little more money than the fathers of some of the other children, do not boast of it. You are no better than your schoolmates because you wear better clothes or have better toys and books. Many of our greatest and noblest men and women were poor boys and girls.

"If, on the other hand, you are poor, do not feel humble or ashamed. Work and play happily. Use your schoolbooks and other school materials with the same freedom that the other children do. Remember you are attending a public school in America. No boys or girls whose friendship you really wish are thinking about your clothes. They are thinking about you, and if you study your lessons, are a good playfellow, are kind-hearted, and have gentle manners, you are sure to be respected by old and young and to make good friends.

#### "When Schoolmates are Ill

"If a schoolmate is absent from school because of illness not caused by a contagious disease, ask your teacher if the class may be permitted to write letters to the absent one, saying that you will be 'postman' and see that they are delivered. Sometimes, however, the letters can be sent by mail. Tell the schoolmate all the school news, especially anything that is funny. It is a good thing to make a well person laugh at the right time, but laughing is especially good for one who is ill. Say, too, that you hope your friend will soon be well and that you miss him. Flowers, when they can be obtained, are very welcome gifts for sick folks.

"If you were ill, you would be glad to hear from your school friends, wouldn't you? Other boys and girls are a good deal like you; they have the same feelings. Remembering those who are 'shut in' on account of sickness in ways like these is a custom among thoughtful, kind-hearted, well-behaved people, and a very good custom it is. Since we have to live in a world of people, it is a good idea to follow the best customs.

"Is any schoolmate of yours ill? What can you do for him? Ask your teacher."

### Grit

GRIT is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. No substitute has ever been discovered for tenacity of purpose. Nothing can take the place of clear grit. After a friend of a New York merchant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said: "Does he keep at it? That is the principal thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

Yes, that is your life interrogation. Do you keep at it? Have you staying qualities? Can you stick by your proposition? Can you persevere after failure? Have you grit—grit enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?

On every hand, we see people who have turned back for want of grit—people who had pluck enough to begin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish. Your ability to go on, to continue after everybody else has turned back, is a pretty good measure of your grit, of your possible success.

The man who is bound to win is the man "who does not shrink back from temporary defeat in life, but who comes up again and again, and wrests triumph from defeat."

The real test of the character is what a man does after he fails. What will he do next? What resources, what inventiveness, will his failure arouse in him? Will it discover new sources of power? Will it bring out reserves, double his determination, or will it dishearten him?

This is the test of your manhood. "How much is there left in you after you have failed in your undertaking, and have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down then, throw up your hands, acknowledge yourself beaten, you are not made of the stuff that wins. For some men, every defeat is a Waterloo; but there is no Waterloo for the man who has clear grit, for the man who persists, who never knows when he is beaten. Those who are bound to win, never think of defeat as final. They look upon it as a mere slip. They get up after each failure, with a new resolution, with more determination than ever to go on until they win.

The great miracles of civilization have been wrought by men who had so set their hearts on their aims that nothing could keep them from pressing on. The world makes way for the determined man. Tenacity of purpose gives confidence. If you stick to your purpose through thick and thin, if you have the genius of persistence, you have the first qualification of an achiever. There isn't much you can do with such a man but let him go ahead. C. J. TOLF.

### My Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly and talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely, await occasion; hurry never in a word; to let the best, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common,—this is to be my symphony. —William Henry Channing.

"Not by making your path easy, but by making you sturdy enough to tread any path."

"COURTESY is the first law of business."





### Barnacle Soup

Now that potatoes, bread, butter, and all such things have joined the aviation corps, our alert scientists are turning their energies to substitutes. Prof. Trevor Kincaid, of the University of Washington, has discovered, for example, that the shells that cling to the sides of seagoing vessels will cause the eyebrows of the seasoned epicure to arch. As a matter of fact, the barnacles on a vessel are not particularly delicious; but one of the barnacle tribe which inhabits the northern Pacific coast can be made into a soup that is said to be superior to oyster stew.

The eagle barnacle lives on small forms of marine life, and is cleaner than the crab, for the crab is a scavenger. Its shell often measures ten by seven inches, and the meat often weighs nearly a pound.—*Every Week*.

### Bread Kept Fresh for Two Months

FRENCH prisoners in Germany, reduced to the unsavory "war bread" that the English blockade has forced upon Germany,—bread containing a large percentage of potato flour,—bewailed their diet in letters home. Fond wives and sweethearts hastened to send loaves by parcel post; but, unfortunately, they were so often delayed as to be as hard as a rock when they reached the hungry soldiers.

Thereupon a Parisian baker appeared with a simple process for preserving the freshness of bread for two months.

Inspected and approved by the Bureau of Prevention of Frauds, this process has now been adopted with great success in France, two bakeries in Paris alone having turned out some forty thousand loaves thus protected. The inventor, M. Fleurent, describes the process as follows: The dough is made up as usual, and the loaves are put to rise in straight-sided pans. The loaf should preferably not weigh more than two and one-fifth pounds, and its surface should be smooth when put into the oven. It is allowed to remain a little longer than usual, to insure complete sterilization. When taken out it is wrapped, while still warm, in two separate sheets of paper, with the closing folds on opposite sides of the package, and then securely tied. When the temperature of the oven has fallen to 120°-130° C. (216°-234° F.), the doubly wrapped loaves are replaced and allowed to remain for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. They are then ready to be stored or shipped, and will retain their freshness for two months.

The sort of wrapping paper employed seems not to matter, provided it is strong and of close texture. Generally a light yellow paper, made of a mixture of chemical cellulose and wood pulp, is used. When the package is finally withdrawn from the oven, it has a very agreeable odor, due to the formation of a caramel from certain elements of the paper. Probably, too, this formation of caramel is accompanied by the production of traces of formaldehyde, which would assist in the perfect sterilization of the package, to which its "keeping" qualities are due.—*Every Week*.

### The Healing Sun

It has always been understood, although more or less vaguely, that sunlight is efficacious in the treatment of many physical ills; but it is only of late years that the knowledge has been reduced to definite scientific form. Experiments with cases of bone tuberculosis by French and German physicians have been so successful that sanatoriums have been established exclusively for the application of the sunlight treatment. One of the most famous of them is in the Alpine village of Leysin, which stands forty-five hundred feet above the sea level. There hundreds of tuberculous people, especially those suffering from bone, or surgical, tuberculosis, are treated with good results.

In the hospitals the galleries that communicate with the wards all face south. Patients are wheeled out into the open sunlight, to which the feet and legs are first exposed. As they become used to the treatment, the rest of the body is exposed. So accustomed do the patients become both to the sun and to the low temperature that the children play in the snow almost naked, and their skins become so bronzed that it would be impossible to tell from their looks to what nationality they belong.

The results of heliotherapy, as it is called, seem to be especially good in "open tuberculosis;" that is, tuberculosis that is attacking the surface of the body, and especially the larger joints, such as the knee, the elbow, and the hip. It is also most effective in septic cases; the powerful rays kill the bacteria that do the mischief.

But it has been discovered that people differ vastly in their reaction to the treatment. Those respond best who naturally sunburn to a dark brown. Persons of fair skin, who burn but do not tan, are less likely to react favorably. In any case the treatment must be under the constant supervision of an experienced physician; for if the exposure is continued too long, or the patient is plunged too ruthlessly into the treatment, great harm may result.—*Youth's Companion*.

### An Expensive Animal

THE only wild animal that lives under the same roof with man is the rat. We pay for his keep, although we are not on friendly terms with him. In return, he plagues us in many ways: he gnaws our walls and furniture, steals our food, and, above all, is active in the spread of disease. The annual rat bill of the United States for food alone is estimated by Mary Dudderidge, writing in *The Forecast*, at one hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

The rat not only disseminates bubonic plague, but carries tapeworms, trichinae, flukes, roundworms, and other parasites, besides being suspected as an active agent in communicating leprosy and infantile paralysis. It can gnaw through any common building material except stone, hard brick, cement, glass, and iron. It destroys whole fields of grain, climbs trees to steal fruit, eats both fowls and their eggs, and destroys game. It steals costly furs and laces for its nests, when it can get them. Much of our annual loss by fire is due to the rat, and he also starts floods by burrowing in dams and levees. He is a great traveler, and is fond of living on shipboard, though, fortunately, he journeys little by rail. Finally, his fecundity is prodigious, the fond mother presenting him with numerous additions to the family circle, sometimes as frequently as once a month.—*Literary Digest*.





### How Cortland Went Dry

**C**ORTLAND was prosperous. The majority of the citizens felt well satisfied with existing conditions. A few farsighted men and women, however, claimed that a much greater prosperity awaited her if she would forever banish the liquor traffic, and that she was even committing an unpardonable crime against her own citizenship by permitting the traffic to exist. But the wets said, "Not so. When you destroy the liquor traffic, you destroy the revenue. City government cannot be carried on and necessary improvements made without this revenue. Besides, abolishing saloons will hurt business and increase taxes."

This question was discussed vigorously at a town meeting. One who had taken a prominent part in the opposition argument, left the meeting determined to fight prohibition to the finish, though he himself was an abstainer.

On returning to his office he sat thinking over plans for carrying out his resolution, when he fell asleep and dreamed that he was accosted by a man of unusual physique and surprising intelligence. As they conversed he learned that the stranger was a representative from Mars, sent here to learn what he could of conditions in our world. As they talked together they heard the screams of a woman in distress. While seeking to determine their source, a fair-haired baby girl came out of a near-by house and cried, "My papa is hurting my mamma!"

The men hastened over, and found that the husband had just choked his wife to death on her remonstrating against his cruel treatment of their three-months-old baby.

"Tell me," said the Martian, "what could lead a man thus to harm his own household?"

"Drink. Alcoholic or intoxicating drinks, such as whisky, rum, and beer, when drunk in sufficient quantities, make men commit crime."

"By accident, I suppose, this man drank this vile stuff?"

"No, for almost two years he has been under the influence of liquor a large share of the time. Before he began to drink he was one of our leading business men, upright and industrious, a devoted husband and father; but he unwittingly fell into a trap set by a certain saloon keeper to catch him as a patron, and he has since rapidly gone to the dogs. He seems to have no self-control. He is a shame to the community."

"How is it that a man is allowed to sell such deadly substances to his neighbor?"

"Men will drink liquor, and men will sell it; so the town regulates the sale by licensing certain persons to sell it. In this way the sale is better controlled, and the town gets so much clear money out of it."

"It may be clear money; but it certainly is not clean money. Why do you speak of controlling the business when such tragedies as we have just witnessed are possible, and you yourself say many others are perpetrated?"

"I mean we limit the sale to a few men by charging

them a high license. We limit the hours of sale; and forbid its sale to minors and to drunkards."

"How many saloons do you have in this place?"

"We have one hundred, and each pays \$1,200 into the city treasury. This \$120,000 helps out considerably in our expenses and improvements."

"Your town, then, has licensed one hundred men to do their utmost to sell stuff that makes other men commit horrible deeds against their own families, such as we have just witnessed? Is this the province of civil government?"

"Of course, all who drink do not do such things."

"But such results are not only probable, but are expected, are they not?"

"Yes, I suppose it must be expected that some drunkards will be made wherever liquor is sold, and that some of them will commit crime."

"This is certainly an anomaly in government,—licensing that which destroys government. Does a man know what he is doing when under the influence of liquor?"

"No, it seems that often he is irresistibly impelled by the liquor to commit the deed, but does not sense what he is doing."

"Why should not the saloon keeper and the town voters be held responsible for the deed even more than the man who committed the crime? What will be done with this man who has just killed his wife and maimed his three-months-old babe?"

"He will probably be imprisoned for life or hanged."

"What will become of the afflicted babe and of that angel child who gave the alarm?"

"I suppose they will be cared for in the city orphanage. I was told the children have no relatives who can assume the burden of their care."

"You will pardon me, but I should like to learn what other crimes men have committed under the influence of the stuff you permit one of your citizens to sell to the rest."

"I read of them, but as they do not directly concern me, I do not remember them."

Just then an acquaintance of the business man came up, and after a few words of general conversation, the Martian said, "Friend, tell me what use alcoholic liquors serve."

"Sir, as beverages they serve no good use whatever. The alcohol, the intoxicating element in hard drinks, in its pure form has mechanical and scientific uses; but when taken internally it is only an evil. I have given much study to this question, and I will tell you frankly that the liquor traffic is our nation's greatest curse. It causes at least 75 per cent of the nation's crime; 60 per cent of its poverty; 50 per cent of the defectives; and 30 per cent of the insanity. There are more than 800,000 liquor-orphaned children in this country, and thousands upon thousands of little ones die yearly from the alcoholic sins of their parents, and 2,500 are smothered to death by their drunken parents."

"The traffic murders in cold blood thousands of wives and ruins tens of thousands of girls yearly, besides bringing untold sorrow and trial upon hundreds of thousands of other women. It debauches boys and girls, wrecks manhood and womanhood, digging 100,000 drunkards' graves annually. It is responsible for a large share of the preventable sickness and death. Tuberculosis, our most fatal disease, carries off two hundred out of every 100,000 of our population annually. This disease costs the nation in loss of earnings, through sickness, in possible earnings stopped



by death, and in expense of sickness, \$1,000,000,000. No small proportion of this expense and suffering would be averted were it not for alcoholic liquors; for it is estimated that ten out of every one hundred deaths from tuberculosis are due directly or indirectly to alcohol.

"The traffic seriously interferes with the efficiency of our workmen, and is the direct cause of thousands of accidents; it is the chief cause of nonsupport, divorce, and immorality.

"It depletes each year our State and national treasuries to the amount of \$2,500,000,000 directly and nearly \$3,000,000,000 more indirectly."

"These are some of the material aspects of the problem, but the woes and heartaches from every place where the saloon exists are unutterable and indescribable."

"Why, then, is such a traffic allowed to exist?"

"Simply because some men care more for money than for life. They, of course, make themselves believe that they have legitimate excuses for condoning the traffic; but these have all been *proved absolutely futile*, as all know who have given careful study to the question."

"How is it about the revenue being necessary to compass city and State expenses?"

"That idea is absurd. The money involved in the tragedy that just occurred here gives a concrete illustration of my contention. The burial of the wife, the care of the children, the trial and imprisonment of the father, will amount to no small sum. This, with the care of all the other victims of the liquor traffic, costs the city at least \$175,000 annually. Our citizens spend more than \$2,000,000 for the drink. It surely is not good policy to spend \$2,175,000 for the purpose of getting back \$120,000, in revenue, or license fees.

"I will cite one other concrete example of the cost of crime. A citizen of one of our counties bought a quart of whisky, got drunk, and went out and killed a man. It cost the county about \$5,000 to send the murderer to the penitentiary. The circuit court set aside the verdict, and sent the case back to the lower court for a new trial. It cost the county about \$6,000 more to put the man behind the bars at Columbus. Two years later the governor pardoned the murderer. The fellow went back to the county and bought another quart of whisky, got drunk, and killed another man. It cost the county \$5,000 more to send him again to the penitentiary. Once more the circuit court reversed the decision and sent it back on error for a new trial. The defendant asked for a change of venue, and the case was heard in another county. It cost the first county approximately \$8,000 more to send the man finally to the penitentiary for life. The two quarts of whisky cost \$24,000 for prosecution and trial of the drinker.

"This is only one illustration of the great expense accrued in dealing with liquor-produced crime. People fail to consider the real cost of crime in dollars, else they could not voluntarily vote to license an institution that is directly responsible for three fourths of all crime. Our national expenditure for liquor directly and indirectly is conservatively estimated to be \$5,000,000,000. Our revenue from the liquor traffic the last year was only \$223,948,646.09. Yet our liquor friends insist that the government could not exist without the revenue from the traffic.

"The revenue idea is a myth; mercantile and other business loss said to be due to prohibitory legislation

is as great a fake as the revenue plea. Twenty-four States, thousands of towns, cities, and business corporations testify that business conditions improve under prohibition of the liquor traffic; in fact, wherever prohibition is given but half a chance, it makes good. We can financially well afford to eliminate every vestige of the liquor traffic; and certainly there is no question but that moral and spiritual benefit would result from its annihilation. The silver dollar before the eyes of the liquor sympathizer and dealer is the only thing that keeps the traffic alive in this enlightened age. Some X ray or other scientific ray will surely in time be discovered that will allow these to see right through the dollar the real status of the traffic. Then the death lance will be thrown. The liquor traffic will be no more."

The force with which the orator delivered this desired death blow was sufficient to arouse the sleeper from his dreams; and although on first opening his eyes he glanced about for his companions, he soon realized that he had been dreaming. But he could not shake off the feeling that the dream was but a presentation of facts. He was pricked in his heart as he reviewed the points of the dream. He went to his library and took down some books which he had not cared heretofore to read. Study and serious thought tore away all the silver scales from his eyes, and he saw men as men, as brothers, to be protected rather than exploited for private gain. He had a new vision, a new dream. His vote at the next election was the one vote that saved Cortland from the maw of the insatiable liquor traffic. The drys won!

#### A Prohibition Circus

THE manager of the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, in booking the big circuses for 1916, gave preference to dry towns. He said:—

"We do better business in a dry town than in a wet one. We noticed the difference in Missouri; always the day's receipts were better in a town that had gone dry under local option than in a town where saloons were open. And business is better in Kansas than it is in Missouri.

"We showed in Crawfordsville, Ind., this summer, and that town is dry. It was dry in more ways than one this year, for the rains were scarce and crops bad, hard times apparently pushing on. Yet we showed to capacity crowds. A few days later we went to Shelbyville, Indiana, where the streets are lined with open saloons. Rains had been plentiful in this region, crops were fine, and there was plenty of money. The streets were crowded with people at 9:30 in the morning, but our second section was delayed by a wreck and we didn't get our parade on until about noon. By that time many of the men had gone into the thirst parlors and spent their cash over the bar. They didn't have any desire left for the circus, and their wives and children wandered up and down the streets without money, and they didn't see the circus either. So we played to miserably small crowds.

"I have seen this whole game up and down and backward and across," he concluded, "and I want to tell you that all this talk about a town needing saloons or gambling houses to stimulate business is the purest bunk."

ACCORDING to the small girl a giraffe is a horse with a periscope.





## "What's Dat?"

J. G. LAMSON

"What's dat?" you say, you little pedagogue;  
 "What's dat?" you know, you little rogue.  
 "Dat" bright thing hanging from your rompers' pocket  
 Is but an imitation of big brother's locket.

You think it's fine? Well, so it is for boys;  
 As fine as need be if to all your joys  
 It adds another; but I wish you'd show  
 "What's dat" in your pocket: I should like to know.



Yes, I know "dat watch fob" indicates a "tick,"  
 But I cannot hear it, maybe it is sick.  
 Let me see it, won't you? Oh, you rogue, I know  
 You are wearing watch fob only for a show.

Well, then, tell me, Roguey, what's the time o' day?  
 All you know about it is "the time to play"?  
 All right, play ahead then: best thing yet for boys.  
 Trouble's coming soon enough; just enjoy your joys.

## Attacked by Wild Cattle

W. S. CHAPMAN

**J**UDGE W. L. PIERCE, one of the prominent lawyers of the now famous city of St. Petersburg, Florida, had, in former years, an adventurous life in the then rough Far West, and occasionally tells of some of his interesting experiences. To a reporter of the *Daily Independent* of that city he recently narrated a very thrilling incident.

He stated that about fifteen years ago he became interested in following up a supposed great find of gold in Monterey County, California, which turned out a failure, it being but a small, though rich pocket. Being thus disappointed in his hopes, he determined to have a good time fishing in a famous trout stream some miles farther on. After a week's outing, he returned to Jolon, one of the old Wells-Fargo stage stations, now a sort of wayside inn for travelers. What follows let the judge tell in his own words:—

"Four miles up the valley of the little stream that flowed through the place, the Nacimiento, if I remember correctly, still stood the ruins of an old Spanish mission. The chief marvel of this locality consists in this, that one could not take up a shovelful of the dust of even the road, nor pulverize one of the ancient adobe bricks of the tumbled mission, but that on washing in a miner's pan, one would find colors of fine gold. It was too fine to wash in the ordinary way, though in the rainy season a few Chinamen still managed to make two or three dollars a day by arduous toil. This flour gold was thinly scattered everywhere, and I conceived the idea that possibly by diverting the Nacimiento far enough up its course a flume might bring down a sufficient volume of water to hydraulic the lower hills and the valley, and thus out of the great volume of washed dirt, the flour gold in paying quantities might be saved.

"So one morning, without saying to Mr. Dutton, the proprietor of the stopping place, just where I was going, I borrowed a high, two-wheeled gig, or sulky,

and an old, unshod mare, tied the two together, and made a journey of about twelve miles up the old abandoned road along and many times across the Nacimiento Creek, to a point where I believed I was high enough to divert a sufficient flow of water for my purpose. Here I lunched, and grazed my horse, and then started on my return.

"The old mare was perfectly gentle, and I thought required no guiding, so my eyes rested mostly on the sides of the yellow hills hemming in the valley, with a view of ascertaining if a flume could be conveniently lodged along their sides.

"My mare was very tender-footed, the road mostly of gravel, and where she saw a bit of easier sand or dirt to walk upon she would meander more or less from side to side to ease her feet.

"Probably a hundred years prior to the commencement of our tale an acorn took root at this place, which was now the side of an abandoned mining trail. It flourished and grew to a goodly size until somebody with an ax, who had no use for the tree, thought he wanted it for some purpose, and cut it down. There the old trunk lay, seasoned by many summers, and winters too, unused. The branches either had been used by campers for firewood or else had decayed. The stump remained, and during all these years had remained waiting for me. Just think, an innocent stump, the relic of an innocent tree, the product of an innocent acorn of one hundred years ago, like the 'wild man of Borneo,' had just come across me. A little sand, too, with diabolical purpose, had likewise drifted over the gravel at the side of the pebbly road, and my mare, to ease her corns, turned a bit aside to tread on the softer material. My eyes still traveling over the hillsides, had not noticed the stump nor the mare's side-step. A moment's upheaval, a scramble to balance, and over I went, falling heavily on my side, my left hip strik-



ing the hard ground with great force. The pain was so great that for probably a minute I could not raise my head from the ground. It was excruciating, the severest I have ever suffered. I have been struck, and even shot through the body, but the pain suffered at this time, was the most extreme of my life.

"When I could raise my head, I tried to rise, but found my left leg useless. It was broken at the hip. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of May. It was hot in the daytime, but very cold at night, in those mountainous regions. I looked around. There stood the old mare looking at the ruin which she had wrought. The sulky was on its side. All nature was serene, but I was in a bad fix. The road was seldom traveled. The mines to which it had once led were long since abandoned, and there we were, twelve miles from habitations—the mare, the cart, and I.

"Making up my mind that I could escape only by a superhuman effort, I managed to get to a sitting position, placed my broken leg across the sound one, and attempted to hitch along by the use of my hands to where the mare stood, thinking I might be able to get hold of the collar around her neck and raise myself to a standing position, then with the strength of arms and one leg, drag myself back to the sulky, one thill of which was on her back, the other between her legs, and in some way disengage the thills and right the gig. The mare, after some side-stepping, allowed me to approach her, and getting hold of the collar I did my best to raise myself upright. The pain was so great that at each effort I would almost swoon, and could not retain sufficient strength to bring myself up. Each time I would sink back to the ground, and it would be several minutes before I could begin another attempt. Finally I had to give it up.

"Now, what next could be done? I must do something. I concluded to cut the mare loose from her harness, believing she would return home and thus tell the tale of my undoing. I accomplished this, and after some urging the mare stepped free from the sulky; but to my chagrin, she simply turned around and looked at me, as I sat upon the ground. She would not leave me, and she did not leave me until about two o'clock the next morning, when she got hungry and wandered off to graze. She never did voluntarily return home; and two weeks afterward it cost me ten dollars to hire a man to find her, which he finally did, a full ten miles from the place of my accident.

"Night was coming on, and I knew it would be very cold. A few rods from where I sat in the road were the remains of an old sheep pen, or corral. Near the side of the road was the log, or trunk, of the tree whose stump had been my undoing. Picking up my riata, or hair rope, from where it had fallen from the gig, I hitched along to the old corral, and tied as many of its stakes in a bundle as I could haul over the ground, then taking hold of the end of my rope I hitched along, dragging my fuel to the old log. I made several trips, and got together quite a woodpile. I then whittled some shavings, a hard job with a small penknife, for my hunting knife was in my pack at the stage station. Placing some sticks over the shavings and against the log, I soon had a fire, and it was time, for night had come on, and it was quite cold. The log was very old and dry, so it soon caught fire, and I felt glad to realize that doubtless, whatever

might betide, I should have a good fire all the coming night; and I did.

"I became very thirsty, but tried to assuage it, and did to some degree, by keeping a little pebble in my mouth. I could not lie down, as my broken bones would separate and cause increased agony. So I sat by the log fire all night. I would get very cold on one side, and as I could not turn within a short radius without too much pain, I was obliged frequently during the night to make quite long detours, several rods in diameter, in order to change sides to the fire. It was a moonlight night, about full moon, I think, and I watched that moon as it so calmly steered its course through the blue-black heavens, and wished it might speak to some one of my predicament. But another trial of my fortitude was before me.

"The evening before I had heard cattle lowing in the adjacent mountain, and about three o'clock in the morning they again commenced their music, and started on their way down the mountain side to the river a half mile or so below my enforced camping place. I heard them, but thought nothing of it, as I did not expect them to come near me. But ere long one old curious cow came to my resting place, spied me, and after an astonished gaze, gave vent to a hello royal. She was answered in similar tones from numerous localities, and soon there were gathered in front of me and perhaps a hundred feet distant, at least fifty bulls, cows, and steers. They were all very curious, and asked me what I was doing there, and many other questions. They commenced pawing up the earth, and seemed to be calling for reinforcements. The crowd already congregated seemed enough for any diabolical purpose that might form within their behorned pates.

"The uninitiated, those unacquainted with the cattle of the plains, may not be aware that to a dismounted or wounded man, no other animal is more dangerous than the cow or bull of those localities, as they are entirely unfamiliar with the sight of man unless he is mounted on a horse.

"Many a dismounted man has been killed by the plains cattle. Without the horse, they deem him a monster, and readily toss and trample him to death. I well knew this, as I had years before had to do with cattle on the ranges, and pretty well knew their habits.

"Whether these now talking to me were wild cattle or whether they were of the familiar class we see around the barnyards I had no knowledge; but anyway, there they were, and they did not act politely either.

"Knowing that they might easily rush and trample me to death and that I did not have much time, I wrote on a leaf of my memorandum book: "Fell from the cart last night. This morning the cattle are all around me. If they kill me, you will know how it happened." I tore out the leaf and inserted it in a split stick which I stuck in the hard earth, wishing my family to have some idea of how I came to such a tragic end.

"And then I thought, Is there nothing a resourceful man can do to give him a better chance for life? for the cattle were getting wilder and noisier, and were more furiously pawing earth. Then I remembered that when I was in the cattle business and sometimes accompanied the cowboys on their round-ups, at night, to keep the gathered cattle quiet and from stampeding, the boys always built four fires, placed



the cattle within the line of fires, and then all night, by watches, rode around the lines singing, singing, singing, all the night through. Cattle, while hearing the human voice, strange as it may appear, will remain quiet; while without it, the screech of an owl, the cry of a coyote, or even the leap of a rabbit, will frequently set them off in a wild stampede.

So I thought, They will not cross my fire to get at me. More than half of my log was unconsumed, and I still had quite a number of gathered stakes from the sheep corral, and in a minute more I had several fires built on the other side of me and between me and the cattle, so I was now sitting between the fires. Then, wounded and in pain as I was, I commenced to sing. I sang 'John Brown's Body,' 'Dixie Land,' 'The Muley Cow of the Brazos,' 'The Holy City,' and many others. After a time, the cattle seemed to listen, then to grow quieter. Their excitement seemed to abate, but I kept on singing. That was one audience I intended should have enough of my kind of music, and I 'sang for dear life.'

"If I could have got up and moved around, the cattle would have thought nothing strange of my appearance, but remaining on the ground as I was compelled to do, they knew something was wrong, and for considerable time, notwithstanding my musical efforts and my frequent swinging and brandishing of the flaming brands, they were loath to leave me.

"I tried to act as casual and natural as possible, as if I was just sitting there because I preferred that position, tossing carelessly the brands back and forth from one fire to another, making pretense that I could get up if I wished to. Finally, either my ruse succeeded, or else they became disgusted with my music, for the old cow, who claimed me by priority of discovery, raised her head, and emitting a long bellow, started for the river. The rest of the cattle followed. The morning concert was ended. I hope they felt the better for it. I know I did, because of their departure."

He was found and rescued the next day and carried to Jolon, but it was months before he could walk or leave for his home.

ber that this great God is our loving Father who gave heaven's best gift in order to save us, surely we cannot doubt his love nor yet his ability to care for us.

Today as God is turning the pages of his nature book before you, what are you reading on them? The bird that sings at your window; the flower that blooms in your yard; the grass on the lawn; the trees on the hills; the herds in the pastures; the river that goes singing by; the mountains with their hidden treasures; and all else that God has made,—the heavens above and the earth below,—are included in God's nature book.

It is to the blue canopy overhead that David calls our attention in Ps. 19:1-6. How well he read this page of God's great book! He had learned to love it while a shepherd boy on the heights around Bethlehem, where for six months in the year he could gaze into a cloudless sky. Night after night, month after month, when the sun disappeared behind the western hills, he saw the evening sentinel report for duty in his appointed place over the dark mountains of Moab; every night the numberless stars in the same orderly course rode silently across the heavens above him.

Modern scientists may smile at the psalmist's astronomy. He knew nothing of the solar spectra, or of stellar distances. Today the scientist speaks with mathematical accuracy of the magnitude of heavenly bodies, and the distance between them. With the help of powerful telescopes he can gaze five hundred times as far into the heavens as David could. Still beyond his lengthened vision are heights and depths that he cannot sound; and if the most learned astronomer of today with the most powerful instruments at his command, does not hear the name of the Creator and Upholder of all things sounded from the abyss above, then the unscientific psalmist who did hear "was nearer the heart of the mystery than the scientist."

You may not know how many moons Saturn has; you may not be able to describe the orbit of Jupiter; and you may not know the magnitude of Arcturus, but still, you may hear the message written in the heavens for you. And until you hear God's name in the message of the heavens, you cannot feel at home with nature.

The great book of nature is everywhere. Everywhere "the heavens declare the glory of God." "There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard." Nature, all through the ages of earth's history, has been whispering to the listening heart this eternal truth: An unseen hand is moving all things in harmony with a supreme Will. "All earthly things fade and pass away. The whole order of human society has been repeatedly changed, revolutionized, and set up anew, while the flood of ages sweeps along. But the hosts of heaven are marshaled forth in the same symmetrical order upon the measureless fields of space. The clouds and the tempests of earth have not dimmed the light of the stars. The shock of armies and the thunder of a thousand battles have not shaken one gem from the diadem of night. . . . God's unwearied, unaided hand still holds up the firmament with its millions of worlds. He still preserves the order, the harmony, the everlasting beauty of the infinite host."

And this wonderful, almighty God is our Father! No wonder that this beautiful psalm offers an inferred protest against the worship of heavenly bodies. Possibly when David wrote it, he was thinking of the nations about him that were worshiping the sun and



### One of God's Great Books

(Texts for February 18-24)

CAN you read? Read the two great books God has given us. They are his witnesses in the world, and they are given that we may acquaint ourselves "with him, and be at peace." The Bible tells of our heavenly Father's great gift, it explains the plan of redemption, and tells us how to be saved; nature, God's other great book, is a silent declaration of his omnipotence. When we look into God's great nature book, and remember that the Ruler of the universe, who made all things, who gives life to the tiny spire of grass under our feet, who guards the bird in its flight, who has held millions of worlds in position during the ages, and kept them moving on schedule time in their appointed orbits,—when we remem-



other planets instead of the God who made them; for in his opening exclamation he sweeps away the whole foundation of such idolatry. It is God whom the heavens glorify; it is his handiwork that they show forth. Then he speaks of the sun, the crowning glory of the heavens, how it visits the entire earth with its penetrating rays, warming and illuminating all; but this bridegroom among heavenly bodies is a servant of God; his race is marked out for him, and he obeys the commands of the Ruler who has pitched a tabernacle for his nightly rest. Notice how the psalmist's superb description of the heavens is constantly lifting the eyes of the reader beyond the heavens to the God who made them—a most convincing protest against idolatry.

God wants you to read his great nature book, as well as the Bible, that your heart may have peace. A study of nature helps to magnify many of the precious promises given in his Word. Do you think that because of your success, or your talents, or your money that you do not need God? Or have you met with losses so severe, or disappointments so bitter, that you doubt that God cares for you? Look into the starry heavens, and read God's message of humility or faith for you. How can we fret and worry when we know that the God whose mighty arm holds the worlds in place, and whose loving hand ministers to the tiniest blade of grass without weariness, is the God who cares for us?

**MEDITATION.**—Help me to read more clearly each day thy message in nature to me.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—Let all pray earnestly this week for the health of our missionaries everywhere.

M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending February 24

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for February.

#### The Bible Year

##### Senior Assignment

February 18: Numbers 20, 21. Sin of Moses and Aaron; life for a look.  
 February 19: Numbers 22 to 24. "The hire of wrong-doing."  
 February 20: Numbers 25 to 27. The second census; the new leader.  
 February 21: Numbers 28 to 30. Offerings and vows.  
 February 22: Numbers 31, 32. Conquest of Midian.  
 February 23: Numbers 33, 34. Encampments; boundaries of Canaan.  
 February 24: Numbers 35, 36. Cities of refuge.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for February 15.

##### Junior Assignment

February 18: Exodus 33. God talks with Moses.  
 February 19: Exodus 34: 1-14, 21-35. New tables of stone.  
 February 20: Exodus 35. An offering for God's house.  
 February 21: Exodus 40. The Lord accepts the tabernacle.  
 February 22: Numbers 9: 15-23; 10: 29-36. Led by the cloud.  
 February 23: Numbers 11. Murmurings.  
 February 24: Numbers 12. Sin of Miriam and Aaron.

#### "Figures of the True"

Did you ever attend a kindergarten school? You at least have seen one; and you have noticed how the children are taught by means of objects. The human family is the Lord's kindergarten class, and he often uses objects to teach us about heavenly things. This is especially necessary because our minds have been so beclouded by sin. This is the way the Lord taught the children of Israel.

He said to Moses, "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them." Ex. 25:8. And it was to be made after a "pattern" shown Moses in the mount. Verse 40. The earthly tabernacle was a miniature representation of the sanctuary in heaven, where Jesus, our High Priest, ministers for us. Heb. 9:23; 8:2.

Sometimes this part of the Bible does not seem very interesting; but when we stop to think that the tabernacle and all its furnishings and its services represented the great temple of God in heaven and its services, it makes it all very interesting. I suppose this portable tent house which was made at Sinai, although it was very fine and costly, was as far below the heavenly things, as the kindergarten sticks, sand pile, etc., are below what they represent; yet these things help us to imagine something of the glories of heaven, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and to understand the wonderful work of atonement for us.

In "Patriarchs and Prophets" (p. 357), we read, "The heavenly temple, the abiding place of the King of kings, where 'thousand thousands minister unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him,' that temple filled with the glory of the eternal throne, where seraphim, its shining guardians, veil their faces in adoration,—no earthly structure could represent its vastness and its glory. Yet important truths concerning the heavenly sanctuary and the great work there carried forward for man's redemption were to be taught by the earthly sanctuary and its services."

Doubtless some of the Junior boys would like to read in Exodus 26 and other chapters all about the tabernacle, and make a diagram of it. It would be interesting to stake out on the ground, the tabernacle and its court, and locate the altar, laver, etc. This would give a good idea of the size. Count eighteen inches for a cubit. Toward which direction should it front?

M. E. K.

#### Miriam, the Forward

FORWARDNESS is not always a bad thing; sometimes it is a very good thing. This is proved by the Bible picture of Miriam, the sister of Moses.

We have only three glimpses of this remarkable woman, and each time she was forward; but in very different ways. The first two were good ways, and are to be praised; the third was a bad way, and is to be roundly condemned.

As to the first, it is embalmed in the loving regard of the entire world. What a delightful scene: the delicate Egyptian princess, holding tenderly a lovely baby boy, his eyes full of tears, and his voice lifted in a lonely wail for mother-love! And then, just to complete the scene and the story, forward with Miss Ready, the watchful young Miriam, who slyly offers a nurse,—the baby's own mother!

That was the forwardness of love, and love is ever bold. It is the greatest impelling power in the world. It transforms a dullard into a courtier, and makes a



giant out of a weakling. When it has for its material a Miriam, quick-witted and ardent of soul, what can it not accomplish!

The second scene was on the farther bank of the Red Sea, after the miraculous passage, with Egypt forever behind them, her warriors beneath the crimson waters, and before them the heaven of an untried future. Forward again, Miriam! Seized with prophetic fire and frenzy, snatch a timbrel, and summons all the women to follow you! Sing to the Lord, with timbrels and dances, and voice your people's gratitude with joy!

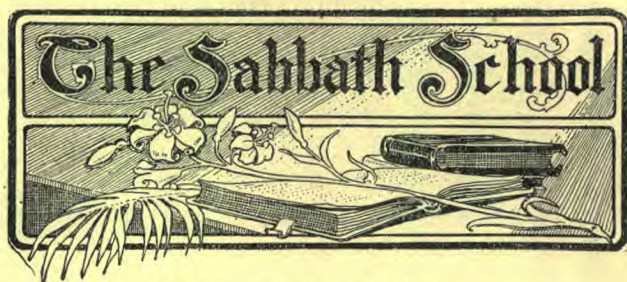
That was the forwardness of patriotism and religion, and both are ever embolding. That was the "holy boldness" of apostolic days. We have not enough of it, we never can have too much of it, in the nation and the church.

But the third scene! Alas, for Miriam!

Just why Moses married the Cushite, and whether he did wrong or not, we are not told. The Bible is so ready to record God's condemnation of even its greatest heroes that one would expect it to have been recorded here, if Moses was in error. But, in any case, Miriam and Aaron were in error, and their attempt to discredit Moses before the people was dastardly. It merited the horrible punishment it received; for certainly, though she was healed of her leprosy, Miriam could never forget that the loathsomeness had been upon her.

And now you see the vast difference. Miriam had been forward, as before; but this time for self, and before it was for others — for her brother, her people, her God. It was only a moment's outburst, but there must have been much behind it. Yet it must have been forgiven and forgotten, for when she died at Kadesh, she is mentioned in the chronicle as if the historian held her in honor.

But the life of Miriam ends with a warning. The danger of the capable is that they become proud and headstrong. Great services and achievements are no insurance against great falls.—"Bible Miniatures."



## VIII — Paul at Ephesus

(February 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 19:1-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds." Acts 19:18.

### Questions

1. What countries did Paul first visit when he started on his third missionary journey? Acts 18:23. Note 1.
2. Having passed through the "upper coasts," to what city did he come? Acts 19:1. Note 2.
3. What question did he ask the brethren he found there? What was their reply? Verse 2.
4. How did Paul further question them? What baptism had they received? Verse 3.
5. What baptism did they need? Verse 4. Note 3.
6. How did these disciples show their faith in Jesus? What blessing came to them? How many were there in this company? Verses 5-7.
7. Where did Paul labor for three months? What is said of his work? Verse 8.
8. How were some affected by his teaching? What did this lead them to do? Where did he continue to labor? Verse 9. Note 4.

9. How long did Paul stay in Ephesus? How many heard the gospel? Verse 10. Note 5.

10. How did God witness that he was pleased with Paul's work? How were the sick healed? Verses 11, 12.

11. Who tried to imitate the miracles wrought? Verse 13. Note 6.

12. What special ones are mentioned? Verse 14.

13. What did the evil spirit say? Verse 15.

14. How were these hypocrites punished? Who knew of their experience? How was this a help to the Lord's work? Verses 16, 17.

15. How did many of the believers show that they had truly repented? What did others do? How much were the books worth? Verses 18, 19. Note 7.

16. When the worthless books were disposed of, what is said of the word of God? Verse 20.

### Questions for Diligent Students

1. If Paul should ask you the first question he asked the disciples in Ephesus, what would you answer?

2. Why was Paul able to perform miracles when others could not?

3. What churches did Paul find in Galatia and Phrygia?

### Notes

1. *Galatia* (land of the Gauls) is in the central part of the province known as Asia, north of Palestine. It is supposed that it included Pisidia and Lycaonia. The churches in Antioch (Pisidia), Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe were therefore in Galatia.

*Phrygia*, a province in Asia, is probably meant. We do not know its exact boundaries, nor what churches were there.

2. *Ephesus* was the capital of Asia, and a very important city. Its colosseum was the largest built by the Greeks, and would hold more than 56,000 people. The greatest wonder in Ephesus was the temple of Diana. The people of all Asia had united to build it. It contained the treasures of the goddess Diana. Paul found a great opportunity in Ephesus, but there were "many adversaries." It was a very corrupt and wicked city. "Under the shadow of her temples, criminals of every grade found shelter, and the most degrading vices flourished."

3. The brethren Paul found in Ephesus did not understand the mission of Jesus. They were told how he died and rose again, and they gladly received him as their Saviour. By the baptism of the Holy Spirit they were fitted to be laborers in Ephesus and other parts of Asia. These men received a great blessing because they were willing to be taught, and to make any change that would increase their usefulness.

4. *Tyrannus*. We hear no further of this man. It is thought that his school was a lecture room or hall. Some think that Paul began to work before sunrise, and that the usual time for stopping work was an hour before noon. While others rested, he then began his labor as a missionary.

5. "All the seven churches of Asia, mentioned in the Revelation, were probably founded during this period, for all these cities were within easy reach of Ephesus, and all were great centers of trade."—*Ramsay*.

6. An exorcist was one who pretended to cast out evil spirits by charms or magic. In this case the name of Jesus was used, but the men came to grief when using that holy name in this way.

7. The bad books were not sold to others, but they were burned, so they could do no further harm. A piece of silver is worth about sixteen cents, so these books would be worth about \$8,000. But a man could earn only a piece of silver in one day, so we see that in our time those books would be valued at from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

A great blessing would come to many Seventh-day Adventist homes, and to the boys and girls in them, if a bonfire were made of the books, papers, and magazines they delight to read. When these are destroyed, God's word will grow and bring forth fruit in the life. These early Christians showed their faith by their works.

### After Many Days

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, on his fourth visit to America, preached from the steps of the courthouse at Philadelphia to a great crowd. As in the twilight he read a portion of Scripture, a little boy standing by held up a lantern to enable the preacher to see to read. While holding the lantern he listened intently to the sermon, and, forgetful of his light, let it fall, breaking it to pieces. Twenty years later, Whitefield was staying at a minister's house and recalled the incident, wondering what had become of the lad. His host replied: "I am that little boy. I held the lantern and let it drop. Your preaching made me what I am."



# The Youth's Instructor

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Have you read "Winning the Oregon"? If not, you have missed an exceedingly interesting intellectual treat. The book can be secured for sixty cents. It is worth much more.

## The Two Ministers

"Two pastors' wives," alleges the *Western Christian Union*, "were visiting together. One said: 'I don't know what we shall do—my husband is so discouraged. Somehow his people do not care to hear him preach, and our salary is far behind. My husband feels so blue that he does not like to visit the people and pray with them, and so he sits around at home nearly all the time.' The other sister said: 'We are getting along fine. My husband spends much of his time visiting, and the people like to have him kneel and pray with them in their homes. Our congregations are always good, and our salary is paid up promptly.' While the two sisters were talking, they were mending trousers. One was mending her husband's trousers at the seat, the other was mending her husband's trousers at the knees."

## Baby Christians

"I HAVE been 'in the truth' only about a year, and such things surprise me," the baby wails.

"But you should not be looking at people; look to the Lord," is the admonition that is given in answer.

"Yes, I know I should not look to men, but I supposed every one would be perfect; it is a great disappointment. Of course, I know, but—" And the poor baby wails on because of some slight, or fancied slight.

Childish, now isn't it? And who is to blame? Oh, all of us, the baby included. We should have been feeding the dear infant; and by this time it should be able to take pretty strong food and begin to be fairly independent; for Christian babies—the ones with emphasis on the Christian—develop rapidly. And real Christians never whimper and tease and throw themselves down on the floor and kick, as do some savage members of the plain *genus homo*.

There are people in this world, and they are often found in the church, who expect to be favored and coddled. They look for offenses—and find them easily; they look for slights—and behold, there they are! And then they wail. And some one else is to blame for their mistakes and their shortcomings. In

other words, they are babies, "cry-babies." Some of them have been in the church a long time, but have not grown with it; have not "kept pace with the message," as we say.

What shall we do with them, and for them? Be patient, they may grow up. Try to make them see that they are standing in their own way to progress; that they find what they look for, as a general thing; and that they have just as much responsibility in the matter of daily living and growing and doing as any other member. And then they will not be whimpering around in the way of those who are doing the work, to tell a doleful tale of wrongs that are largely fanciful, or cover their own faults with a recital of the shortcomings of others.

Mind, I am not excusing those who tease the baby, but I am disgusted with the baby. MAX HILL.

## An Important Prediction

THE Christian's hope is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that which is within the veil, whither Christ the forerunner is for us entered. We have an individual work to do to prepare for the great events that are before us. The youth should seek God more earnestly. The tempest is coming, and we must get ready for its fury, by having repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord will arise to shake terribly the earth. We shall see troubles on all sides. Thousands of ships will be hurled into the depths of the sea. Navies will go down, and human lives will be sacrificed by millions. Fires will break out unexpectedly, and no human effort will be able to quench them. The palaces of earth will be swept away in the fury of the flames. Disasters by rail will become more and more frequent; confusion, collision, and death without a moment's warning will occur on the great lines of travel. The end is near; probation is closing. O, let us seek God while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near! The prophet says: "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought his judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Signs of the Times, April 21, 1890.*

## For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT king was a leper, what prophetess, what captain, and what servant?
2. What prophet was condemned to death by God for prophesying falsely?
3. What prophet helped a borrower to return what he had borrowed and lost?
4. What man's mouth did an angel touch with a live coal?
5. Who was allowed to make a request for anything he wished, and what hard thing did he ask and receive?
6. What mighty voice moved the posts of a great door?
7. What insect is recommended as a teacher for a numerous class of people?
8. When did fifty men search in vain for three days for one not upon the earth?
9. What three kinds of people are doomed to poverty?
10. What accursed city had a death-giving spring, and who purified it?—*Sunday School Times.*