

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"AN angel paused in his onward flight
With a seed of love, and truth, and light,
And cried, 'Oh, where shall this seed be sown

That it yield most fruit when fully grown?'
The Saviour heard; and he said, as he smiled,
'Place it for me in the heart of a child.'"



The French government has opened special colleges to aid maimed soldiers in becoming school-teachers.

Sheet-metal splints, adjustable to various sizes, have been patented by a Virginia surgeon for temporarily dressing broken limbs.

An observatory in Berlin claims to have the world's most accurate clock, which is kept in an airtight glass cylinder in a basement.

A telescope with two parallel barrels, to enable two persons to see the same object at the same time, has been built by a Swiss optician.

The government of Chile has taken steps to encourage the domestic raising of chinchillas, heretofore only a wild animal in that country.

Life-size paper images of horses are burned at the graves of ancestors in China, so that their spirits may ride in the next world, also that the devil may be carried in ease, and, accordingly, leave the dead in peace.

The "Scientific American" states that old newspapers, soaked thoroughly in water, rolled into soft balls, and then allowed to dry in the sun until hard, will make perfectly good fuel for burning in stoves, fireplaces, and furnaces.

The government has taken over the entire steel industry of the nation. A board of four men will direct the distribution of the entire product of the steel mills, and will set the price which the manufacturers will receive for their material.

Messina, the Sicilian city that was so completely ruined by earthquake, is now nearly rebuilt, and almost all the new buildings are of reinforced concrete. Experience has shown that this is the best material for resisting earthquake shocks.

Lord Northcliffe, together with a small party of English army officers and their wives, recently guests of Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, listened to the roar of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans at the same time through double sets of telephones.

The War Department is planning to save the young men who are exempted from war duty the embarrassment of having to explain why they are not fighting the battles of their country, by having all exemption boards issue to such persons a small, round metal badge on which will be written, "Exempted U. S." Every man freed from the duty of bearing arms will be given one.

In South Dakota a startling attempt to cripple the resources of the nation is reported. Certain leaders of the syndicalist labor union, the Industrial Workers of the World, according to the *Independent*, have mapped out the grain fields of the State with the intent to burn crops. A number of grain elevators in the Middle West have recently burned down under suspicious circumstances, and Food Administrator Hoover has approved plans for the protection of grain elevators by guards, barbed-wire fencing, lights, and the identification of all persons entering the premises.

Dr. Ludwig Zamenhof, author of Esperanto, died recently at Warsaw. He was born at Bielostok, in 1859, and published his first book in the new language (Esperanto) in 1887. Dr. Zamenhof chose the roots of Esperanto from existing languages, mainly European. There are 2,642 roots in his dictionary, and the phonology is said to be simple. The grammar, like Volapük, which has succeeded as an international auxiliary language, is partly borrowed from existing languages.

Boston has recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its night schools. At first they were very crude, with only \$1,000 or so to support them. Then they were allowed to be held in the schoolhouses, ample money was provided, and they now teach all grades from the primary to the high school, and practical arts as well. They have greatly blessed the poor, and aided in Americanizing the foreign population.

The weekly report of shipping losses issued by the British government shows that fifteen ships of over 1,600 tons were sunk, and five ships of smaller tonnage. Sixteen vessels were unsuccessfully attacked. During the same period arrivals at British ports were 2,745, and sailings 2,846. No week since that ending June 3 has shown so few losses, and only twice since February have fewer large ships been destroyed.

Cleveland H. Dodge, of New York, chairman of the Finance Committee for the Red Cross campaign to raise \$100,000,000, has just announced his own personal subscription of \$1,000,000 on the condition that twenty-four other persons or corporations subscribe a similar amount. It is understood that this magnificent start will be followed by the other twenty-four.

A statue of liberty is to be given to Russia by the United States. It is to be designed from the statue given us by France, which stands at the entrance to New York harbor. Prof. Paul N. Milukoff, minister of foreign affairs in Russia, has said Russia is ready to accept the gift. The plan is to raise \$250,000 by small subscriptions to make it a gift from the people.

Out of 537 graduates from Union College, Nebraska, 197 are in active missionary service, 97 are engaged in home service, 61 in school work, and 24 in work not directly connected with the message. Union has furnished ten principals of academies, four college presidents, and seven for Missionary Volunteer work.

RELIGION is the best armor in the world, but the poorest cloak.—*Bunyan*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

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Korea and Her Children

E. J. URQUHART

THE sun and moon behold strange pictures out here in Korea, and wind and forest listen to sad stories. The pictures that greet the sight every day and night, and the stories that are wafted out upon the air are not common to the people of America. So



A GROUP OF KOREAN CHILDREN

I am going to pass along a few of them that the readers may get a better idea of the conditions that prevail in this land.

Scene One

It was an autumn day, not the dry dead autumn so common in most parts of the world, but one that was filled with growing grass and flowers; the very air held the breath of life just as does early spring in California. The sun looked down with more warmth, but upon a sadder picture. The children of Korea were sporting over a thousand hills and fields, for summer's extreme heat was over, and two of the best months of the year were before them. The cruel winter that lay beyond held no terrors for them, for their young minds had almost forgotten the pangs of the last one, and today they had life and warmth. Why should they worry for the future when today was theirs, theirs with its green grass and flowers and life? And so they ran over the hills and fields, free and happy as the birds, the majority of them unencumbered even with clothes.

But those who were older in years realized that beyond those two months of warmth was winter, cold, relentless, austere, and they were busy preparing for it. On a thousand hills the sun beheld them at their work, cutting grass, stripping branches from the trees, and even cutting the trees themselves where it was allowed. They were gathering fuel for winter. They were doing this work now because the harvest would soon claim them, and some day before the harvest was all gathered and threshed, with the suddenness of a thunderstorm, the bitter Siberian winds would sweep down from the north, and Korea would be folded in the arms of winter.

Then there were other children, but the sun never beheld them; still their moans and dying whispers were heard by the autumn breezes that passed through the village lanes and into the mud huts of the dwellers. These were the children that had failed in the great

game of life; the hot summer with its tainted water, unnourishing food, and other unfavorable conditions, had left them with fevers and disease. Hid away in the dark, dismal houses they spent their days of misery, and upon this autumn day the sun seemed to lose his cheery smile as he beheld these little ones carried forth to the hillsides and laid to rest on the bosom of mother earth. The fresh little mounds among the thousands made in former days, told their sad story as the sun dropped from sight beyond the western horizon.

Scene Two

It was late winter. The snow lay in patches over the ground, for the north wind had been blowing for weeks and had swept the ground bare in places. The bright, warm sun came up over the eastern hills, but even his warmth could not absorb all the frost that was in the air. However, as he looked down into a hundred valleys, he did his best to bring hope to the people as he smiled his good cheer. He saw as he glanced down on the network of villages that his warm smile enticed the children from their hiding. He saw them slip out through a hundred thousand doorways, and glide along the sunny sides of the walls. For days they had been huddled under the tattered bedclothes on the floor, for Jack Frost had been busy. He had crept into the rude huts and had made them more drear and cold; even the fires under the floors had failed to drive him away.

In some cases Jack Frost not only entered the houses, but penetrated the forms of the children themselves, and their stiff little bodies had been carried forth and laid to rest on the frozen hillsides, while the moaning of the north wind mingled with the moans of the mourners.

Scene Three

The fury of the winter was spent, and the fresh sunshine of spring flooded the world, and the wind that had blown from the north for months had ceased.



NATIVE LAUNDRY, KOREA

In its stead a gentle south wind came from the tropics, carrying with it the breath of flowers. As the sun looked down, he saw the hills and fields covered with purple violets. The breezes listened to the songs of birds, and loath to lose their sweetness, bore the songs.

along on their wings. The hum of bees mingled with the songs of the birds, and butterflies danced from flower to flower. The houses that had been sealed from light and air for many months were at last thrown open.

Every brookside was lined with women doing their washing, which the cold months of winter forbade, for even the natives would imitate the spirit of nature and put on clean, fresh garments in springtime. The sun looked down upon the little graves on the hillsides, and spread over each a carpet of green, and then dropped over the western hills, leaving a scene of peace behind him.

Scene Four

It was a summer's night, and the moon, almost at her full, slowly rose over the eastern hills and majestically wended her course across the heavens, flooding the watery rice fields with glory and beauty. She glanced into the small doors of the mud huts of Korea, and beheld parents and children sleeping on the floor. She saw fewer children, two or three or less in a home; the others were under the little green mounds on the hillsides. And the sad, patient moon knew a story of poverty and ignorance, of vice and false religion; but the children in the rude huts slept on. They could not realize, they could not comprehend, the mists were so thick about them.

However, hope was mingled with sadness, for as the moon told off her cycles she had seen improvements. The sunshine of the Son of God had shined into some homes and some hearts, and others would see the light.

The Books You Read

BOOKS! books! books!—gliding from the press like a mighty stream flooding the home, the school, the world. Truly "of making many books there is no end;" and that there is no greater force for good or evil is each year becoming more apparent.

We are correctly told that "good literature is as necessary to the growth of the soul as good air to the growth of the body." The oft-repeated phrase, "As a man thinketh . . . so is he," is equally true, and as thinking is largely controlled by the literature read, it is safe to assume that "people will not be better than the books they read."

Next to the joy of doing good to those whom we can help, the greatest pleasure in life may be derived from good reading. "It is chiefly through books," said Dr. W. E. Channing, "that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds. . . . Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race." A book is a friend and companion in so vital a sense that it often does more for us than teacher or comrade. It slips softly into our silent hours, and leaves with us a spiritual uplift that fills our minds with the perfume of heaven. It matters not how isolated or poor a young man or woman may consider himself or herself to be, he need not pine for want of intellectual companionship, with all the opportunity which good books afford to associate with the best men and women who have lived.

Falling in Love with a Book

"To fall in love with a book is one of the greatest events that befall us," writes Henry Drummond. "It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend

to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world."

One peculiar value of a good book is its power to uplift the mind from the daily grind, and to make the beaten track pleasanter and cheerier. This will have the beautifying result of transforming a sad and doleful countenance into a radiance which follows the clear shining of heaven's light, and cause those who come within the circle of this radiance to covet acquaintance with the Source of all wisdom, in whom there is "no darkness at all."

Sheep and Goats

But it is *good* books to which reference is made. "Books, like companions, should be carefully chosen. We cannot always have the choice of our companions, but we can choose the books we read." "Readers are not aware of the fact," says Carlyle, "but a fact it is of daily increasing magnitude, and already of terrible importance to readers, that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously *select*; and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we call 'sheep and goats'—the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the Judge; and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know; and much to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored, by all sane creatures."

The task of *selecting* the "sheep from the goats" is a problem of more complex nature for twentieth-century readers than of any previous age, due to modern printing inventions which produce such a great variety. Just how to accomplish this division in a sure and safe way is a debated question.

Reading to Discriminate

Some may argue, "But how am I to *know* that a book is bad unless I read it myself and find out what is in it?" To all such let D. L. Moody reply. When asked if he had read a certain book, he said: "No, I believe there is poison in it, at least I have heard so on good authority." The friend said, "But wouldn't it be well to read it for yourself?" "No," said Mr. Moody. "If I take poison into my stomach, the doctor has to come with a stomach pump and take it out. Why should I take poison into my mind? I might never be able to get it out." Another writer states: "One may as well touch poison ivy, or walk into a tainted atmosphere, as deliberately to read a bad book and expect to receive no harm."

The Test of a Book

"If a book is of such a character that one cannot get one's own consent to lay it aside when health, other work, or the comfort of other people demand it, then it is usually of an unworthy character." "The world is flooded with novels of every description. Some are not of so dangerous a character as others. Some are immoral, low, and vulgar; others are clothed with more refinement; but all are pernicious in their influence. O that the young would reflect upon the influence that exciting stories have upon the mind! Can you, after such reading, open the Word of God and read the words of life with interest? Do you not find the Book of God uninteresting? The charm of that love story is upon the mind, destroying its healthy tone, and making it impossible for you to fix your mind upon the important, solemn truths which concern your eternal interests."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, p. 236. "In every book we read,

the author hangs some new picture on the wall of our mind. Whether good or bad, it will remain forever. It is for us to decide which it will be. Before we read a book, let us ask ourselves the question, Can I afford to spend my time that way? Is it worth while?"

Food on Dining Table vs. Food on Library Table

Intelligent parents are aware of the fact that food on the dining table must be wholesome for the young folks, but of the food on the library table, many have little knowledge beyond the labels. The books the school-teacher or the city librarian recommends, or the neighbors talk about most, are accepted without serious consideration.

Calling at the home of a Sabbath school pupil, an exceptionally bright girl of twelve years, who had been absent from her class for several weeks, the teacher found her snugly settled among the divan cushions, intensely absorbed in a book, the covers of which bore the appearance of having had constant use. After a few words of pleasant greeting and welcome, the child slipped back into her corner, while the teacher chatted pleasantly with the mother. No reference was made to books or reading, but ere long the child approached and broke into the conversation, by saying, "See, Miss D, this is a good book I am reading, for it has some Bible in it!" and she pointed to some texts of sacred Scripture sandwiched in between paragraphs of an exciting love story. When asked if it was in search of Bible texts that she was reading the book, a look of conscious shame spread over her face, and she laughed at the absurdity of the suggestion. The mother seemed to consider this a very cute expression of childish conviction of wrongdoing, and laughingly referred to the book as one "all the girls are reading," and that, although she had not read it herself, it was considered standard literature. No wonder the child's interest in her Sabbath school lesson had waned, and that the mother's Christian experience was lukewarm. Such cases are not rare, and they afford abundant opportunity to reveal the hidden danger in pernicious literature, and in many cases to bring about a permanent reform and lasting benefit to the character. Parents and teachers, be alert to your duty in this respect, and by precept and example watch for souls "as they that must give account."

"Gird Up the Loins of Your Mind"

To young people, the inspired suggestion, "Gird up the loins of your mind," is especially significant, and implies that judgment and reason should rule inclination and feeling. To some this process of "girding" the mind may not be an easy matter. You may have proved the truth of the fact that "a mind educated to feed upon trash" becomes weak and unable to readily retain solid things, and you may find yourself in the grip of a habit as relentless as the chains which bind the opium user. How many bitterly exclaim, "O that I had not ruined my mind by indulging in literary knickknacks which were good for nothing!" Many find just here a battle field of victory or defeat. But victory is assured through absolute surrender—not to your enemy, but to the Captain of your salvation.

None Secure from Temptation

Many a young man and woman confidently assert, "This reading problem does not trouble me. I read what I choose to read, and will stand the consequences." Be not deceived. Startling is the statement, "Books affect character, and you can as little neglect duty in respect of this as you can safely neglect any

other moral duty that is cast upon you." "Four fifths of the sin and crime in the world today is caused by what men and women read. . . . More people will be shut out of the kingdom of God by the kind of literature they read than from any other cause." "Satan is constantly leading both the young and those of mature age to be charmed with worthless stories. . . . *None are so confirmed in right principles as to be secure from temptation.*"

The Telltale Bookcase

Pause a moment to consider the literature menu from which you have been making your daily or weekly choice. What is the nature of the book tucked under your pillow or conspicuously confronting you from bookcase or table? "Our books tell tales of us. Those who look at the books we read may learn from them the true meaning of our lives," says Margaret E. Sangster. The following interesting personal experience is related by her in the book "What Shall a Young Girl Read?"

"One winter's day, several years ago, I happened to be a guest in a New England college, and was entertained by a girl who very kindly gave me her room. It was a characteristic room, and, as rooms do, revealed a good deal that belonged to its owner's personality. The divan with its heaps of gay cushions, the etchings and the photogravures on the walls, the college colors of the girl's brother, and the dainty equipment of her desk, told their story of one who was away from a dear home, but had carried home's atmosphere with her. The bookshelf interested me most, and as I ran over the titles of the volumes my young hostess loved I felt as well acquainted with her as if we had crossed the ocean together. A girl's favorite books very subtly express her tastes and define her culture. Another occasion came when I was a guest in a college, and again a girl gave me her room for a resting place. This was in the West, and in an institution which had little wealth, and where many of the students worked hard to pay their way. My girl hostess here was a heroine who by brave daily toil was earning her expenses and costing her home people not one cent. Her room, too, had its revealing touches, and in her few precious books I saw what manner of girl she was, and discerned what manner of woman she would be."

Freedom of Choice

The only permissible rule to govern the Christian's reading is that given by Paul to the Corinthians: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or *whatsoever* ye do, do *all* to the glory of God." Each individual is a divinely appointed free moral agent, and has an equal right to choose mental food and physical food. It is always a wise precaution, however, to give careful consideration to the suggestive whys and wherefores of scientific dietitians, and profit by their extensive research and investigation. It is equally true that the suggestions of those who give much time and thought to literature are of inestimable value to those who want only the best. The literary department of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer movement is constantly giving most conscientious and painstaking thought to selecting books which are free from objectionable features and which will be thoroughly enjoyed by young people. A suggestive list of nine books is announced for the 1917-18 Reading Courses. No young person, or any one wanting "a book to read" should fail to take advantage of this means of pleasure and culture. The books cannot be recom-

mended too highly. In addition to the immediate pleasure they bring, they will be a suggestive guide for further selection.

A Resolve

"Say firmly: 'I will not spend precious moments in reading that which will be of no profit to me, and which only unfits me to be of service to others. I will devote my time and my thoughts to acquiring a fitness for God's service. I will close my eyes to frivolous and sinful things. My ears are the Lord's, and I will not listen to the subtle reasoning of the enemy. . . . My body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and every power of my being shall be consecrated to worthy pursuits.'"—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VII, p. 64.* M. V. D.

Thankfulness

How is it there is so little
In life that we're thankful for?
We've blessings too numerous to mention;
We could not be given much more.

How is it we can't see the sunshine,
The dew and the morning glow,
The cool of the woods with their shadows,
The song of the breeze, sweet and low?

Oh, why don't we look for the sunset,
Soft colors that blend in the west;
The gleam of the evening starlight,
The world settling down to its rest?

And, oh, there's so much if we'd only watch,
So much of the good and true;
And if you yourself will be full of good cheer,
You'll scatter it all around you.

ELSIE VETTER.

Items from Porto Rico

A SUMMER school for workers is now in session in Cayey, one of the inland towns, with about twenty present. This school will be a great help to the church recently raised up there.

Knowing that the people here need to learn more about our denominational history, and realizing that it is practically impossible from a financial viewpoint for the members to own the books necessary for such study, there is being gathered from J. N. Loughborough's book, "The Great Second Advent Movement," some of the most important points, which are made the basis of the studies with the Missionary Volunteers.

On a Sunday evening the pastor took occasion to illustrate to the people the ill effects of sleeping with closed windows and doors, as is the almost invariable custom here. A tiny house was improvised from a five-gallon tin can, with doors and windows the same as any real house would have. Lying on its side, it quite well represented a native dwelling house. The family consisted of four candles which, according to size, represented father, mother, and two children. It was then explained that the oxygen of the air is required to support the human organism the same as to keep the candles burning, and it was noted what would follow if the principles were violated.

Having lighted the candles, all openings were closed, and now what happened? The lights became dimmer and dimmer, and soon all went out. Again they were lighted, and an opening left on each side for the free admission of air, when lo, the candles continued to burn, while the speaker proceeded to exhort the hearers to make large use of air.

The people here are very responsive to the admonitions and advice of those in whom they have confi-

dence. The night following the lecture referred to, the writer observed that the dwelling of one of the new converts had its door and window wide open, whereas such had not been the case before. Another one is well aware that fresh air at night is adding much to her efficiency.

One who had left another church and identified herself with us, was chided by a member of the other church as being a dove who left the ark and failed to return. The reply was pertinent indeed: "Why did not the dove return?—Because she found a solid place for her feet." It certainly expressed a truth which all realize who have come to the light of the third angel's message. This same sister, though not obliged to do so, spent much time on Friday in cleaning the premises. When asked why she did so, replied, "The angels are coming to see us tomorrow."

One of our church members has worked for the San Juan gas company six years, and is the only man of all the different ones employed who has been retained all that time. One of his sons is also employed by the company. When the manager was asked how he could get along with these men being off on Saturday, he replied, "The — are always to be depended upon."

In this as in other tropical countries, books and many leather articles are likely to mold, especially in the rainy season. One bright day we had the books from our library opened and airing on the sunny porch. One who was learning a few words of English called, and in course of the visit asked why the books were there. Being told it was to keep them from molding, he said, "I think there are some little germans [germs] in them."

Our church school closed with appropriate exercises. Two earnest boys were graduated from the eighth grade. One is in attendance at the summer school for workers.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Secret Prayer or Praying a Secret

"WHEN thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." This is secret prayer. It means that what one prays is secret. No one but God hears what you pray.

But this is quite different from the fact that no one knows that you pray secretly. Secret prayer does not mean that your secret prayers are a secret. How often is this recorded of Jesus, "He went up into a mountain apart to pray." "He withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed." His disciples knew that he had gone to secret prayer. And usually people have a way of knowing today whether or not Christians pray in secret.

Usually one can find a spring. Paths lead to it. Paths are formed by constant travel to and from some given spot. It is said that Phoebe H. Brown, who wrote,

"I love to steal awhile away from ev'ry cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day in humble, grateful prayer,"

had a place in a grove near her home where she daily resorted to pray in secret, and that that path was known by her friends to lead to her secret place of prayer.

It is told of a native Christian in Africa, whose life gave evidence by frequent spells of impatience that he was losing ground spiritually, that a fellow Chris-

tian gently chided him with, "Brother, the grass must be growing on your path."

In the *Christian Union* appeared the following:

"Two pastors' wives 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 promptly.'

"While the two wives were talking they were mending their husbands' trousers. One was mending them at the seat, while the other was mending them at the knees."

A Christian business man of considerable repute had a secret place of prayer in his establishment. And his employees knew both the place and the time. He let no business engagement encroach upon that hour. He left instructions with his office clerk not to call him during this time of secret prayer. One day a man pressed the clerk to take his card to his employer, as he had a very urgent business proposition for him to consider. The clerk then told the gentleman where his employer was, and that under no circumstances would he disturb him.

Which is it with us, secret prayer or praying a secret?

T. E. BOWEN.

For the Finding-Out Club

A Tale in Nomenclature

DEAR reader, write in as you go,
And fill the blanks to rhyme and scan
With names of writers all should know —
All English and American.

Wise Will it was who asked, " — in a name?"
And we may answer either grave or —;
A — much within the hall of fame
For him whose torch — some pilgrim's way.

'Tis as we make it in this — world,
As — the — of time is slipping by;
As autumn leaves by foaming — are whirled,
So are we tossed about — now far, now —.

— jocund does he drive his team a —
Who turns with joy the — sod to the rain!
But — to him is every sky revealed
Upon whose foot a — gives him —.

The — are types, as he who runs may —,
And pity 'tis that — learn not the truth;
What — and cries, what cross and weary —!
What gallant loads we — from our youth.

Ofttimes hard — may undes — fall,
The — foe a wicked — may be;
Or train of circumstances may enthrall,
And put a fellow under — and —.

And thereby hangs a tale, as poets say,
The story of a wild, unhappy youth;
"Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay"
That I shall sing, and every word the truth.

'Tis said a cross old lady —
Who quite refused to eat a bite of —;
"— she said, "I know it is well done,"
The while she watched with ready hand to grab.

Out from the door he shot, with — of fear,
The — old lady too, with shaking fist;
And soon a noisy band had gathered near
With — tious offers to assist.

The — had left his forge to smolder low;
The — quite forgot the waiting grain;
The —, too, let hoops and staves all go;
With web unbleached, the — ran amain

A canny — was there his part to take;
A —, with his goose as weapon true;
Their — deserted for their neighbor's sake,
And each advised the wisest thing to do.

The boy sped on; to — and — ran,
Down to the — whose — stream o'erflowed.
"—, come across!" — This to the ferryman,
Who o'er the stream his little boat soon rowed.

And soon the woman and her helpers six —
She had to — all to — the search —
Raced to the stream; but he was up to tricks,
And nimbly hid and left them in the lurch.

Said he, "The folks — cross the stream,
And this old ferryman might join the —;
To — them —, to hide would safest seem;
They'll — much," he said with chuckling grunt.

Long time th — sought, but found no — there —
Like — bridge, they were all fallen down;
And so through forests — they sought with care
To find some hunter's —, or little town.

Down through the meads where long-eared — fed —
A — haps — a bleating —, —;
Each filled with fear as on their footsteps led,
Each hoping soon the runaway to see.

A — stretched across they found at length,
From it a little boat by pulley tied;
Though — seemed, and slight her skill and strength,
She hoped 'twould — safe on yonder side.

They tried to — of the dangerous stream,
But she would go, despite the warning shout;
Far out she swung, then sank with piercing scream; —
She hadn' — to help her out.

A mighty shout arose; an answering —
Came o'er the raging waters' roar and —;
The boy appeared, too late to help. — The tale
Should be a lesson to all wayward boys.

O wilful youth and scolding age, take heed,
The moral of my story do not spurn,
But — all the means that upward lead
If you the way of happiness would learn.

Though hard may be the course of mortals here,
Let every — be brave to do and dare;
Be true as —, nor ever sink in fear;
Success awaits; yield not to gloomy care.

Be — in each task that comes to you;
— in your mind the truth each wise man learns;
Be not a — that when a meal is due
Stands dreaming till the — — —.

" — " there comes a day amidst the strife
When each must, though he — on the —
Whereon is written every deed of life,
What — was, in childhood, youth, or age.

Then humble names may rise to halls of fame,
And be the day or short or weary —
— of man, on high shall ring your name
Eternal in the notes of living song.

MAX HILL.

A Book for Juniors

"The White Queen of Okoyong" is the title of an unusually interesting book which sketches the work of Mary Slessor among the natives of Calabar, Africa. Mary Slessor was a young Scotch woman who spent more than a score of years evangelizing and civilizing the heathen African. The story of her almost incomprehensible influence over, and work for, the natives, is charmingly told in this book, by Mr. W. P. Livingstone. Price, \$1. A larger volume, written for adult readers, entitled "Mary Slessor of Calabar," sells for \$1.50. Order of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

"Bible Picture Cards Free"

THE notice which appeared in the INSTRUCTOR of July 3, offering free Bible picture cards, has brought in so many requests that our stock of these old cards is entirely exhausted. We are therefore unable to fill all requests which have come to us. Do not send stamps for cards unless you see another statement in the INSTRUCTOR.



The Manufacture of Salt

SALT is one of the most common and useful compounds in nature, and is prepared for our use by several methods. It is found in abundance in ocean water, in large deposits underground, and even in some places on the surface of the earth. It is a white crystalline solid composed of two chemical elements: sodium, a soft, gray metal so active that it readily decomposes water; and chlorine, which is a poisonous gas. Both of these elements are harmful to the body when alone, yet when combined to form salt, this product becomes harmless in moderate quantity, and even seems to be necessary to the health of animals living on a vegetarian diet. It is useful also for preserving foods, as it prevents the growth of bacteria; for curing hides, and in chemistry for the production of chlorine and the soda products. Salt is readily soluble in water, a saturated solution containing 27 per cent of it, and unlike most compounds, it is nearly as soluble in cold as in hot water.

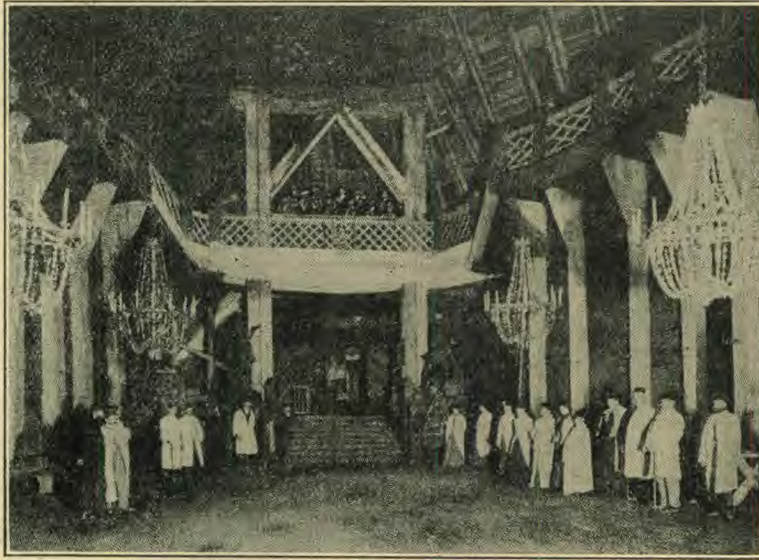
Originally, the salt of commerce was obtained from the ocean, or salt water lakes, and it is still so obtained in some countries. Such water is salty because, for centuries, the streams have been dissolving this substance out of the earth and carrying it to the sea, but on returning, through evaporation they must leave the salt behind. Now the ocean water contains three and one-third per cent salt. Men obtain it from the water through evaporation by the sun's heat, in large open vats. These are built near the shore, and the salty water is stored in the highest one until somewhat concentrated by evaporation, then it is run over into the next one for further reduction, and so on until, in the last pond, the salt becomes dry and may be gathered up. By regulating the time of changing the liquid from one pond to another, some of the other compounds dissolved in the water are removed in part, and the salt is left purer. At best there are some of these present in the final product. It is only in the laboratory that chemically pure salt is made. This will not gather moisture from the air as common table salt does, but remains dry. The presence of calcium (lime) chloride in table salt accounts for its becoming moist and stopping the holes in the shaker. The deposits of salt on the surface of the earth, which are found in some dry sections, came, doubtless, from the evaporation of bodies of salt water.

The best commercial salt, however, is obtained from the underground deposits. These are layers some-

times 250 feet thick and 2,000 to 3,000 feet below the surface. It is here in a hard, crystalline form, called rock salt. Sometimes it is mined like coal, but more often in these deep deposits it is dissolved by water, and forced through to the surface as brine. Wells, similar to oil wells, are sunk into the bed of salt, and within the large casing is placed a smaller iron pipe. Water is forced down the outer pipe under a pressure of perhaps 200 pounds per square inch. It returns up through the inner pipe after having dissolved some salt, against which it presses with enormous force at the bottom of the well. Then this brine stands in large tanks for a time to allow any solid impurities to settle, though it looks as pure and sparkling as water can, when it pours out of the well. Near salt wells, a favorite dish is potatoes boiled in this brine before paring. Sometimes several wells are sunk some distance apart, and operated separately until the enlarging cavities in the salt bed meet and form one large lake of brine. After this, all must be worked in unison or else plugged. The whole subterranean lake bears a

pressure sufficient to raise the brine to the surface.

From the large tanks the brine is drawn and evaporated. Several methods are employed to accomplish this; as, the sun's rays beating upon vats, or fires under open pans, or steam pipes through either an open tank or the vacuum boiler. Only the last method need be described, as the others are self-explanatory. In the vacuum system, the brine is heated by steam pipes running through it, but in-

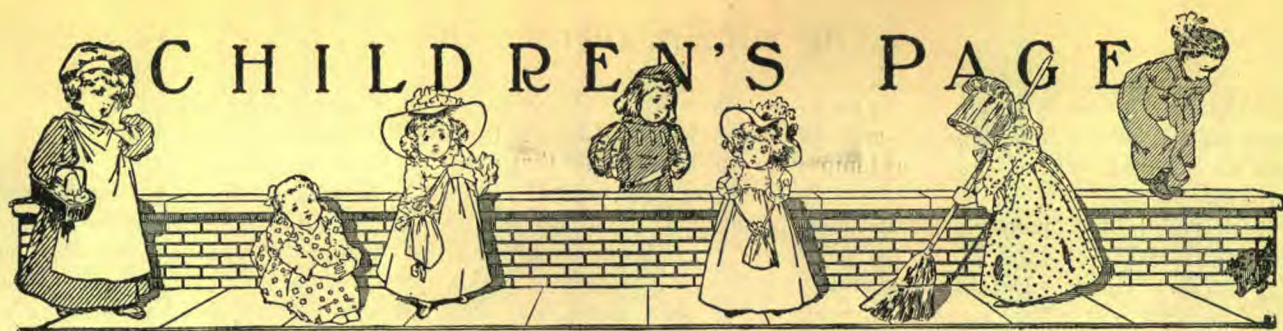


The Letow Ballroom, Cut in Salt, in the Rock-Salt Mines of Wieliczka, Austria-Hungary

stead of being in an open vessel, it is in a closed boiler, perhaps ten feet across.

The pressure of the air or steam above the liquid, is so reduced by an air pump that the boiling point of the brine is made as low as 100° F., or very little above our body temperature. This enables the water to evaporate very rapidly. New brine is fed in as needed, and the precipitated salt settles to the funnel-shaped bottom, at the lower extremity of which it is removed. It is then elevated and run into bins to dry if it is to be used only as barrel salt, but if fine table or butter salt is desired, it is artificially dried. First it is rapidly revolved in a centrifugal drier by which most of the moisture is thrown off, then it goes slowly through a hot drum perhaps five feet in diameter and twenty feet long. This drum revolves, and as one end is higher, the salt is moved along toward the lower end. Inside this is a smaller drum heated by steam, over which the salt falls as it drops from the ribs of the revolving drum. It is removed at the lower end perfectly dry, and is elevated to bins there to await the sacking. This is sometimes done by hand and the sacks sewed by hand. Women sew up the tops of the little sacks at the rate of six or eight a minute. Sometimes an automatic machine

(Concluded on last page)



Mouseland Law

Pussy caught a mouse for dinner,
But the mouse was wise and old.
"Wait a bit," spoke he unto her;
"Have you never yet been told
That there is a law in Mouseland
That pronounces it disgrace
To begin to eat your dinner
Ere you go and wash your face?"

Pussy felt ashamed. "A cat should
Do as well's a mousie can!"
Loosed her claws—and in a jiffy
Off the wise mouse lightly ran.
Very vexed, the pussy scolded:
"Mouseland laws would work disgrace!
This shall be the law in Catland—
'After eating wash your face!'"

— Little Folks.

A Doctor's Downfall

I

HERE, old chap, have another glass?"
The young man addressed tilted his chair, and raised a flushed face to the speaker.

"No, think not, old chap—must be going." He rose unsteadily to his feet. "Think I'd better not."

His companion laughed. "Oh, another glass won't do you any harm; the occasion warrants it; besides, I know you want it."

Pouring out a glass of wine, he handed it to his friend.

"It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Remember, we're celebrating an event of importance; you can afford to go home drunk tonight. None of the fellows will be surprised when they know you've come out top in the kingdom."

The other fellow drew himself up to his full height, and there was a note of indignation in his voice.

"Drunk!"

"Well, you are not so far off. Come on, I'll see the conquering hero home."

"Look here—I—I'm going to give it up."

"Give up what?"

"The drink."

"What for?"

"A surgeon ought to be a steady chap."

"But you can take it in moderation, can't you?"

"Don't know—'fraid not."

"Oh, bosh! Michael, of course you can."

Gilbert Lister laughed as he surveyed his friend; then, donning his hat and coat, piloted him home.

The two had been friends from their youth, and Gilbert, the elder, was not a little proud of his brilliant friend; and, while his own ambitions soared no higher than the life of a general practitioner, he well knew that fame lay within the reach of Michael Hurst.

The following evening Michael Hurst found his way, once more to the little room where his friend studied, and Gilbert eyed the younger man with twinkling eyes.

"Better?" he asked. The other flushed all over his fair, boyish face.

"Oh, I say, don't—I—I—why did you let me, Gil?"

"Oh, I don't know! We were celebrating your latest success, you know."

The flush deepened on Michael's face. "Didn't I say something last night about giving it up? I fancy I did."

"Yes; but you did not mean it, I suppose."

"I—I—think it would be wise, Gilbert, if I signed the pledge. In our profession so much depends—do you remember Jerry?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, the gardener chap at school—he had a jolly little kid—one of the prettiest youngsters I ever saw!"

"Little Bessie—you remember her?"

"I should think I do—used to be awfully fond of her."

"I don't think I told you I went back to the old place, and, of course, I looked up Jerry."

"You did?" replied the other, with sudden interest.

"And how did the old place look?"

"Oh, much the same! But poor old Jerry was awfully down—he always thought such a lot of the child. She hadn't been well for some time, and the doctors advised an operation—"

"And she died?"

"She had every chance, and she might have been alive today, but—" He paused a moment, looking his friend full in the face. "The chap who performed the operation was clever enough, but—he was drunk."

"Monstrous! Didn't they make a stir about it?"

"I don't know—that wouldn't bring the child back. Don't you think every surgeon should be a total abstainer, Gilbert?"

"I don't see why a man need give up his glass of wine; let him learn to take it in moderation."

"But some of them can't."

"You can, Michael; take my advice and enjoy your glass of wine. You are not of the weak-kneed sort, who find it impossible to keep sober without being bound down by a pledge."

He walked over to the sideboard, and, reaching out his hand, filled two glasses.

"Here's to the future of a great surgeon," he cried, and both men drank the toast.

II

It was toward the end of January, and as Dr. Lister walked swiftly along, wrapped in a heavy overcoat, he cast a pitying glance at the scantily clothed children of the poor neighborhood through which he was passing. A patter of bare feet just then attracted his attention. A child came flying toward him, terror in the tiny, pinched face, and a rosy apple clutched tightly in the small hand, while in hot pursuit came the enraged coster from whose barrow the child had stolen the fruit.

Without a moment's hesitation the man laid a heavy hand on the child's thin shoulder, and, looking down into the scared, pinched face, a lump rose to his throat.

"All right, little man, you shall have it, but you shouldn't steal."

"Couldn't 'elp it—I wanted somefink to eat."

"All right, eat your apple—I'll square the old lady." He turned to the infuriated woman, and, having appeased her with a coin, gave his attention once more to the boy.

"This your way home?" The child nodded.

"Then, we can walk together. Got a father?"

Once more the boy nodded his head.

"And what does he do—what is he?"

"A gentleman, muvver ses."

A puzzled look came into the man's kindly eyes. "A gentleman? Oh! And is your mother a lady?"

The boy hesitated for a moment. "She's a scrubber," he explained, at length. "It's offices what she scrubs—cleans 'em; but she didn't go today, farver 'urt 'er—she can't move—she's in bed—is muvver."

"Your father hurt her! Is she alone?"

"I've been wiv 'er nearly all day; didn't go to school, I didn't; then she told me to go and find somefink to eat, 'cos she 'adn't anyfink for me—an' I did," cried the boy, putting the last of the apple into his mouth.

The big man's hand tightened on the little hand he held. "Where do you live? Take me to your mother."

Together they turned down a dingy side street and entered a narrow door. The boy led the way up four flights of stairs, and, pushing open a door, peered round cautiously. The man and his guide passed into the room, poor, bare, comfortless—and the doctor shivered as his eyes wandered round the dreary place in search of its occupant.

He walked straight up to the rickety bed—the only piece of furniture the room contained—and bent over the woman who lay there.

"The usual story, I suppose," he muttered, speaking more to himself than to the boy. "Drink, of course."

The child had crept closer to the bed, and was gently stroking the thin face. "Wake up, muvver." And in response the eyes opened slowly, and she smiled faintly; then, catching sight of the man, she tried to rise.

"Don't move," cried Lister, "the little lad brought me to see you. I'm a doctor; perhaps I may be able to do something for you. What's the trouble?"

Instinctively, her eyes wandered round the room—eyes full of terror—as if searching for some one. The man, divining, hastened to reassure her.

"We are quite alone—your husband is not here. Now, what is the trouble?"

"Oh, Doctor, I have been sadly ill-used—my—my—husband drinks—and—I suffer!"

There was no trace of the cockney accent in her soft voice, and the doctor made a mental note.

"A lady, as her husband is—or was—a gentleman."

He examined the poor, ill-used, mutilated body, and the shadow deepened on his face. "The vile cur!" he muttered between his clenched teeth.

"It's the drink, Doctor—the dreadful drink. Michael was a good fellow once, tender and kind—and clever too: he would have made his name—a great name," she added, with a flash of pride, "but for the drink."

"Michael—a great name—the drink?"

Lister's thoughts went back to a man who had borne that name—the friend of his youth—the man who had climbed so far, and then had fallen. The man he had lost sight of for years. And he looked once more at the woman who lay dying in that wretched attic, by the brutal hand of a man whose name was Michael—a clever, brilliant man, who might have made a great name for himself. He sat down on the edge of the poor bed, and took the girl's hand in his.

"What was your husband's profession?"

"He was a doctor—a surgeon," she answered, faintly.

Lister sat very still for some minutes, holding the cold hand within his own; then he turned and bent over her with a long-drawn sigh.

"There isn't much I can do for you, my poor girl," he faltered.

"I know, Doctor—it's the end." Her head turned slowly, and the troubled eyes rested on the child, who had fallen asleep across the foot of the bed.

For an hour Gilbert Lister sat, watching the changing face of Michael's wife, and a flood of bitter thoughts assailed him.

The friend of his youth a miserable drunkard; the woman before him dying of want and brutal ill-usage; and the child—Michael's little lad—an outcast!

No! that should never be. He bent suddenly over the woman.

"Will you trust your boy to me?"

"To—to you—would—you—"

"Bring him up as my own, adopt him, educate him, keep him from the drink—teach him to hate it!"

She said no word, but he felt the thin fingers tighten on his own, and a wealth of gratitude beamed from her eyes.

"You trust me?"

"God bless—you!" And, smiling, Michael's wife died.

Half an hour passed, the child slept peacefully, and the man waited, with a sickening dread, for the return of his boyhood friend.

It came at last,—that uncertain step upon the stairs,—and as it drew nearer, the doctor decided that the man was not drunk. With a strange nervousness he moved toward the door; the next moment it was pushed slowly open, and the two men stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Michael!" The poor wreck started.

"Who are you?"

"Lister—Gilbert Lister." He laid his hand on the shabby sleeve and pointed toward the bed.

"She's dead, Michael—you've killed her."

Michael Hurst gave a low cry, and, wrenching himself free from the detaining hand, crept toward the bed and stood for a moment looking into the peaceful face, then he slowly raised his eyes and fixed them upon Lister.

"Did you say I killed her?"

"Yes, I did say so."

"You're wrong, then—you've killed her."

Lister's eyes fell suddenly.

"Should I have done it if I'd been sober? Should I have harmed a hair of her head but for the drink? And wasn't it you who put the cup to my lips—who bade me drink when I would have shunned it—when I would have thrust it from me? You are her murderer as much as I."

Gilbert Lister bowed his head. "God knows I would give my right hand to recall the advice I gave you. But, Michael, I'll take the boy—I promised her I would bring him up—educate him—"

"And then put a glass into his hand and tell him to drink!" sneered the other.

"I'll teach him to hate the drink—to loathe it."

"You will?" There was an intense eagerness in the man's face as he turned toward his old friend.

"I will, Michael—I swear it."

"Ah, well! It's the least you can do."

He went over to the bed and stood for a moment, looking down at the quiet sleeper, then slowly crossed the room and was gone.

And Lister never again saw the friend of his youth. But that night Michael's ill-used little son slept serenely in a comfortable bed, and Mrs. Lister, as she stood looking down at the little sleeper, dropped a tear on his dark head, and, bending, imprinted a mother's kiss on the thin little face.—*Edith Penberthy White, in the London Pioneer.*

How to Display the National Flag

OUR governments, national and State, have made laws to prevent the desecration or commercialization of the flag, and the display of the flag in the service of the government is rigorously provided for by official regulations.

But there are no laws or regulations governing the display of the flag by citizens generally. Hence such use of the flag must be governed largely by common sense and politeness, consistent with the regulations for official display of the flag.

For your guidance the following suggestions have been prepared in official quarters. They represent what those in the actual service of the flag feel is its due from citizens generally:

The flag, when displayed outdoors, should be permitted to fly with the breeze, preferably from a pole or a staff.

The flag should be hoisted and lowered by hand.

The flag should never at any time be allowed to touch the ground.

The flag should never be hoisted before sunrise, nor should it be allowed to remain up after sunset.

The flag should not be fastened to the side of a building, platform scaffolding, or window, or where anything can be placed upon the flag, or where any one can sit or stand upon the flag.

The flag should always be placed high enough to be above the heads of the people, wherever displayed, and should be uppermost in any scheme of decoration.

The flag is flown at half-mast, or half-staff, as a symbol of mourning. In displaying the flag at half-mast it should first be raised to the top and then lowered to the half-mast position. On Memorial Day the flag should be flown at half-mast until noon, and at full staff from noon until sunset.

All flags on a single building should be raised and lowered at the same time.

At United States military posts, naval stations, and on board naval vessels all flags are raised and lowered at appointed hours. Every community, by common consent, should also agree on fixed hours for the

raising and lowering of the flag by citizens of that community.

When the flag of the United States is carried with other flags, it should always have the position of honor of the top flag or be given the position on the right.

When the flag is suspended as a banner, the union (the starred section) should fly to the north in streets running east and west, and to the east in streets running north and south.

When the flag is carried on parade, men should remove their hats.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

How I Found the Truth

ALTHOUGH I called myself a Christian, I never stopped to think of the blessed promises in the Bible. The world appeared to me as a place where we were to struggle for an existence, and where no man was safe. My friends gave me no encouragement, pointing to this earth as a dark spot in the universe. Trained from childhood under American teachers, I hoped only to win success. I always aspired to become a man of influence.

Very soon I became a teacher in the public schools in my country, and began to climb the first step in life. I worked in that position for several years, and felt very happy. My only ambition was along educational lines, and I never felt inclined to attend church services. I thought myself good enough without the aid of religion.



MANUEL MENDEY, OF PORTO RICO

It was a sunny day in January that I met Pastor Clarence Moon from the Seventh-day Adventist Church, with a Bible in hand, and he showed me the way to a better world. I studied the book of Daniel, and became so interested in those revelations, that I began to study the Bible more thoroughly. My acceptance of the doctrine of the second coming of Christ was the turning point in my life. The fellowship of Brother Moon was dear to me. I learned to study the Bible prayerfully, and so I grew in faith, especially when the books of Mrs. E. G. White came into my hands.

I began to keep the Sabbath, and at last on a beautiful morning, in the blue waters of the Atlantic, I was baptized by Pastor William Steele, superintendent of the Porto Rican Mission. Now I am a new man. The old man forever is buried. Now I do not want anything in this world of sin, but a place in the kingdom of God. I have placed all upon the altar for service, and my one desire is to see this message go to my fellow countrymen.

MANUEL MENDEY.

Preserving Time

SAID Mr. Baldwin Apple
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"You're growing very plump, madame,
And also very fair.

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,
So mellowed by the heat,
Upon my word, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crabapple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the farmer's wife
To pluck them will be led.

"Just see the Isabellas;
They're growing so apace
That they really are beginning
To get purple in the face.

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows unto her sorrow
Preserving time has come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
In sirup by the score."

And before the month was ended,
The fruits that looked so fair
Had vanished from among the leaves,
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape;
"I'm butter," sighed the apple;
"I'm jelly," cried the grape.

— Selected.

A Monkey's Curiosity

MISSIONARIES are often called on to do many things besides their stated duty, and an African missionary, Mr. Martin, had for a while to serve as a doctor, though he was not meant for one.

Now Mr. Martin had a pet monkey, a very inquisitive little beast, which tried to copy all his master's doings. Often, as the missionary tasted and smelled and tested among the bottles in his small medicine closet, the monkey would watch and imitate him. Mr. Martin was afraid that his pet might get hold of poison some day when he was unwatched, but no amount of punishment or persuasion could keep the monkey out of the medicine closet. So, for safety's sake, Mr. Martin had a spring lock put on the door.

Once, however, he went out for the day and forgot to shut that door. Master Monkey soon discovered that his favorite haunt was once more accessible, and began his imitation experiments among the bottles. Presently he came to a bottle of *aqua fortis*, the strongest kind of ammonia. He took out the cork, took a generous sniff, and down went the bottle, smash! Over went the monkey, crash! In five seconds that room was a confusion of chemical odors, broken bottles, and one small distracted monkey shut in by the spring lock, which had clicked fatally when the animal fell against it from the first ammonia shock.

There were no other inhabitants of the missionary's cottage, for Mr. Martin was a bachelor then, so there the poor monkey stayed, chattering and jabbering wildly, and frantically trying to free himself.

When late in the tropical afternoon, Mr. Martin came walking homeward and neared his little cottage, sounds greeted his ears which should have come from the jungle instead of the civilized mission compound; a whole tribe of monkeys might have been jabbering within a few hundred feet of him. He quickened his steps, and entering the house, searched it from one

end to the other, except the medicine closet; that never occurred to him, for he supposed he had left it locked. However, the sounds undoubtedly came from there. He took out his key and opened the door. Past him rushed a wild, bleeding creature, while the odor of a combination of conflicting chemicals almost knocked him over. He ran after the monkey and found him, limp, exhausted, in fact almost dead, in the yard behind the house. He picked him up, carried him into the house, and bandaged him with what materials he could rescue from the wreckage.

The smell of *aqua fortis* was by far the strongest among the many other smells, and there could be no doubt in Mr. Martin's mind as to what had happened.

Never again was lock and key required to keep that monkey out of Mr. Martin's medicine closet.—*Elizabeth P. Askew, in Everyland.*

"Up the Hudson"

ONE has hardly seen the beauties and felt the fascination of the East until he has made the trip up the Hudson.

When Henry Hudson in 1609, after his historical voyage of discovery up the river bearing his name, returned, convinced that his last attempt to find a northwest passage was a failure, little did he dream of the impression the expedition was to leave on the pages of history.

Beginning at New York and extending as far north as the river itself, every mile of the way is full of historical and legendary suggestions. The old landmarks of New Amsterdam have been entirely effaced by the rise of the great metropolis, but it is pleasant to visit the site of a certain historical event and realize that you are on the very ground mentioned.

On returning from the last General Conference held in Washington, D. C., the party I was with decided to go by way of New York City and Albany, taking the trip up the Hudson by the Day Line steamers. As our boat, the "Robert Fulton," left the docks at the foot of Desbrosses Street and headed up the river, we saw, to the south, the Statue of Liberty. We were attracted by its structure and immense size. When we remembered what it stands for, we could better understand why the great crowds of immigrants are continually unloading at Ellis Island.

On the left bank of the river is Jersey City; on the right is New York, with its crowded streets and skyscrapers, among which are Broadway, Park Row, the Singer Building, the Woolworth Building, Old Trinity Church, and noted Fifth Avenue. The river bank is lined with docks, piers, railroad stations, and grain elevators.

Following these is Riverside Drive, a well-paved street close to the river bank, running past the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Columbia University, and General Grant's Tomb.

Leaving the latter, we soon came to the site of old Fort Lee on the Jersey side, and of Fort Washington on the New York side. We were by this time passing the Palisades, high eminences of basaltic trap rock extending along the river on the Jersey side sixteen miles. This almost perpendicular wall of rock, ranging from three hundred to five hundred and ten feet in height, was purchased by the Palisades Park Commission, and converted into a park to prevent destruction.

Dobb's Ferry was an important revolutionary post. Here is the old Livingstone House where Washington

had his headquarters in 1781, and where he planned the Yorktown campaign. On the opposite side is Piermont, the port of the little village of Tappan, where Major André was executed in 1780. All these were historically interesting, and we passed many others equally so, but I shall mention only the more familiar places.

Irvington is a little town named after the famous author, Washington Irving. Just north of the village, scarcely seen through the trees, close to the river, is Sunnyside, formerly the home of the fair Katrina, where, in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Ichabod Crane lingered. While passing we could almost feel the spell suggested by "Sleepy Hollow," as we viewed the peaceful, quiet surroundings and thought over the story.

The names of the places along the way, such as, Tarrytown, Peck's Hill, Grassy Point, Tompkin's Cove, West Point, Bear's Hill, and Stony Point, seemed odd to us from the West, yet all were simple Anglo-Saxon names and appropriate to their respective towns.

As we came into the region of the Catskills, we were reminded of the story of Rip Van Winkle. A popular hotel called the Catskill Mountain House, is now erected on the summit of the mountain where Rip Van Winkle is said to have taken his long sleep. One group of interesting peaks known as the "Man in the Mountain," is clearly distinguished from the vessel. All on board were eager to see this sight as the boat passed a certain point. It appears as a man lying on his back, the brow, nose, mouth, and chin being quite distinct. The chest, body, and knees complete the picture. The Indian legend connected with this is that at one time it was a monster which devoured little children, but the Great Spirit touched him as he was going down to the lake to bathe, and here he lies.

The river makes many abrupt turns. It seems to be winding around among the peaks of a sunken mountain range. One peak of particular importance is a sharp rise close to the river around which the channel circles. It is called Anthony's Nose. It is said that an early explorer named Anthony while rounding this point noticed the pilot glancing first at the peak and then at him. The explorer asked what was attracting his attention, and the pilot answered, "That hill looks like your nose." To this the explorer replied, "We'll call it Anthony's Nose, then," and it has ever since been known by that name. Two more prominent peaks which seem to be trying to crowd the river out of its natural course are Old Crow Nest, 1,410 feet high, and Storm King, 1,530 feet above sea level.

Nearing the end of our voyage, about one hundred and thirty-five miles from New York, and fifteen miles from Albany, we passed old Patroon Manor House, built, about 1642, of brick brought from Holland. In this house the words of "Yankee Doodle" were set to a tune by Dr. Richard Shuchburg, a surgeon in the British army, when the colonial troops marched into camp to join the British regulars, during the French and Indian war.

At Poughkeepsie boats pass under the highest cantilever bridge in the world. It is 6,767 feet long, including approaches. The railroad track it carries is two hundred feet above water, and the clearance for vessels is one hundred and sixty-five feet above tide water in the center of the bridge. West Point, the site selected, in 1794, by General Washington for the National Military Training School, is a beautiful spot and well adapted to its purpose. Old Stony Point,

where "Mad Anthony" Wayne recaptured the fort from the British, is marked by a lighthouse, built on the site of, and of stone from, the old fort.

We reached Albany about six o'clock in the evening, where we were met by a score of lads, each eager to receive a quarter by carrying our suitcases to the railway station, about six blocks away. They followed us along, coming down in their price five cents a block until we were within one block of the station.

This short sketch of a ride up the Hudson affords only a few glimpses of the many interesting and instructive things which the trip has to offer.

ERNEST U. AYARS.

A Song in the Tempest

I DREAMED I was lost on a mountain
In a tempest fierce and wild,
And I cried in my bitter anguish,
"Hath the Father forgot his child?
O why am I left to wander
Alone in the pitiless storm,
While others bask in the sunshine
So beautiful, bright, and warm?"

Then I heard sweet voices singing
Afar on the mountain's brow,
And the echo of that music
Is with me even now;
"Though some must walk in the shadow
While others dwell in the light,
Yet the Father leadeth his children,
And sunrise follows the night."

I looked toward the mountain's summit,
Lo! the first faint gleaming dawn,
Still veiled in the mist of the hillside,
But the blackness of night was gone.
The furious storm subsided,
The light o'er my pathway shone,
And I knew that a loving Father
Was guiding me to my home.

But the day seemed long in coming,
'Twas a perilous road and drear.
Then oft when my courage faltered
Rose the echo sweet and clear:
"Though some must walk in the shadow
While others dwell in the light,
Yet the Father leadeth his children,
And sunrise follows the night."

And I scorned my dismal fancies
And steadily pressed along,
Cheering my weary footsteps
With the memory of that song.
Soon I reached my Father's threshold,—
Lo! the radiance o'er me shone;
Kind hands stretched forth in welcome;
There were light and joy at home.

'Twas a dream. I awoke, and the sunrise
Illumined both field and glen;
Still lingered the low, sweet echo;
It floats to me oft as then:
"Though some must walk in the shadow
While others dwell in the light,
Yet the Father leadeth his children,
And sunrise follows the night."

—Selected.

Origin of "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning"

A SHIP on Lake Erie, bound for Cleveland harbor, was overtaken by a storm, and as they neared the port the pilot could see only the upper light, the light from the lighthouse, streaming to them through the storm and darkness. The lower lights were not burning. The pilot could not see to steer into the harbor, and it was impossible to sail back upon the lake. The ship had to go forward, and for want of the lower lights alongshore, the vessel, now at the mercy of the huge, roaring waves, was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and many of the crew perished before help could reach them.

This incident is said to have suggested to Mr. P. P. Bliss the words of the song "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."—*Christian Herald*.



Jehovah's Pledge

(Texts for August 12-18)

THE last half of this psalm is as good as the first. In many ways it is similar to the first. It is another host of thoughts declaring God is a Refuge and a Deliverer from all kinds of dangers.

The first part of the ninth verse resembles the second. "This second utterance of trust is almost identical with the first. Faith has no need to vary its expression. 'Thou, Jehovah, art my refuge' is enough for it. God's mighty name and its personal possession of all which that name means, as its own hiding place, are its treasures, which it does not weary of recounting. Love loves to repeat itself. The deepest emotions like song birds, have but two or three notes, which they sing over and over again."

And again in verses 10-13, we find promises similar to those given in verses 3-8. But in some respects these are stronger and promise more general immunity. Lest we forget, the last part of verse 9 reminds us that this protection is for those who make "the Most High" their habitation.

Verse 10: What better protection could we seek than this verse offers? Have you feared that there were some dangers from which the former promises could not protect you? Cast out that fear, for this verse lifts up God's invulnerable shield between you and *all evil*. Surely we could not ask for fuller exemption from evil.

Verse 11: This verse, as well as the two that follow, touch another phase of life. It is more especially concerned with personal activities. God not only spreads his sheltering wing over his children, but he commands his angels to protect them in all their ways. Wherever God sends them they may be sure that he provides protection; duty never calls God's children to go where he cannot go with them.

Verse 12: There's a note of warning in this verse. Stones! Yes, there will be stones in the path we must tread. God does not promise a smooth path lined with roses. The angels are not sent before us to gather out the stones, but they are commanded to lift us up lest we dash our feet against the stones in the way. There is training in wrestling with difficulties, and if we keep close to our divine Helper, we shall come out from every hard experience victorious and better prepared to meet the future.

Verse 13: "The perils, further specified in verse 13, correspond to those of the previous part in being open and secret; the lion with its roar and leap, the adder with its stealthy glide among the herbage and its unlooked-for bite. So, the two sets of assurances taken together cover the whole ground of life, both in its moments of hidden communion in the secret place of the Most High, and in its times of diligent discharge of duty on life's common way. Perils of communion and perils of work are equally real, and equally may we be sheltered from them."

Verses 14-16 constitute the sublime climax of this beautiful psalm. Three conditions are necessary for

the full enjoyment of God's protection. We must cling to him, know his name, and call upon him. Yes, the requirements are three, and yet he who tries to do any one of them will soon be fulfilling all. Did you ever try to grasp an object firmly, and then go about thinking of something else? Unconsciously your hand relaxed and your grip was gone. Clinging requires constant attention — constant effort; attempting to cling will soon cause us to call for divine help; when we do this, we shall learn his name and learn how to cling to our only sure Protector.

The great question for us to settle individually is: Are we clinging close to God? Are we clinging so close to him that he can hear our cry? so close that he can protect us from all harm? so close that he can walk beside us through every trouble? so close that we are perfectly satisfied with the length of days he will choose to mete out to us? so close that we are even now enjoying his salvation? so close that we find our greatest joy in "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ"? If we are, then we "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

"The man who once has found abode within the secret place of God
Shall with Almighty God abide and in his shadow safely hide.

"I of the Lord, my God, will say, 'He is my refuge and my stay;
To him for safety I will flee, in him my constant trust shall be.'

"Thou shalt beneath his wings abide, and safe within his care confide;
His faithfulness shall ever be a sure protection unto thee.

"Because thy trust is God alone, thy refuge is the Highest One,
No evil shall upon thee come, nor plague approach thy guarded home."

MEDITATION.—My heart is full of gratitude for God's overshadowing protection. But in order for me to enjoy his protection to the fullest extent, I must obey him. I must have complete victory over sin. Do I realize that only through complete obedience can I abide in that eternal Refuge? I am determined to learn how to obey the Lord fully and promptly, how to trust him implicitly; and how to help others do the same.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, show me wherein I am failing to let thee have thy way in my life. Deliver me first of all from the selfish ambitions of my own heart. I am thy child, and I long to be all that a child of thine should be. O Father, help me to reach thy standard, that I may please thee in all things and enjoy thy protection at all times.

M. E.

STRENGTH comes from resisting temptation.—*Sabin*.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending August 18

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

The Bible Year**Senior Assignment**

- August 12. Jeremiah 7 to 9: A call to repentance; sins and punishment.
 August 13. Jeremiah 10 to 13: Folly of idolatry; disobedience reprov'd.
 August 14. Jeremiah 14 to 16: Pleadings; judgments; prohibitions.
 August 15. Jeremiah 17 to 19: The Sabbath; the potter; desolation of Jerusalem.
 August 16. Jeremiah 20 to 23: A message of doom; Christ the Branch.
 August 17. Jeremiah 24 to 26: Type of good and bad figs; Babylonish captivity.
 August 18. Jeremiah 27 to 29: Subjection to Nebuchadnezzar foretold.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for August 9.

Junior Assignment

- August 12. Matthew 1: The genealogy of Jesus.
 August 13. Matthew 2: Visit of the wise men; flight into Egypt.
 August 14. Matthew 3: "This is my beloved Son."
 August 15. Matthew 4: Jesus is tempted.
 August 16. Matthew 5: The sermon on the mount.
 August 17. Matthew 6: The sermon on the mount.
 August 18. Matthew 7: The sermon on the mount.

The Story of Four Hundred Years

In your Bibles there is just one blank page between the Old and the New Testament. Yet a long period of four hundred years intervenes between these two portions of the Bible. There were no prophets among God's people during that time; that is why we have no Bible record of it; for in almost every case the writers of the Bible were prophets as well.

But history tells us something of what occurred during all those years. The Jews, God's people, endured very severe hardships and were ruled by several different nations. Persia and Grecia were in control of them in turn, for a portion of this four hundred years. Then came the reign of the kings of Syria; and very cruel was their treatment of the poor Jews, because they refused to worship the gods that were set up in the temples. Many of God's people were tortured to death because of their fidelity to the Ruler of heaven and earth.

One day an officer of the king stopped at the home of a faithful old priest named Mattathias, and tried to force him to offer sacrifices to the gods. Instead of obeying, he with his five sons fled to the mountains, organized an army, and rose in revolt against Antiochus, the king. Long and hard the Jews fought for their liberty under the leadership of the Maccabees, for that was the name of this brave family. And when finally the victory was won and the Maccabees became the rulers, they received the love and loyalty of their subjects, for bringing about this great deliverance.

Rome was the last nation to govern the Jews, and it was under Herod's reign, you remember, that our Saviour was born. The Jews were expecting him to come in power and great glory as a mighty earthly king, and they expected that he would put an end to the rule of Rome, and free his people from its bondage. You see they had failed to study the Old Testament carefully; if they had done so, they would have found that his first coming was to be as a tiny babe in a manger.

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" asked three wise men from the East, as they called on King Herod to inquire about the expected Messiah. This question greatly alarmed the king, for if another king was coming, he feared that he would lose his throne.

As you begin the book of Matthew you will read the

account of what Herod did in attempting to put the little king Jesus out of the way. Though the story has been told and retold, it is ever new. In all the world there is no story more wonderful than that of our Lord and his life among men. ELLA IDEN.

**VII — The Result of Sin**

(August 13)

MEMORY VERSE: "The wages of sin is death." Rom. 6:23.

Questions

1. What home did God make for the man he had created? Gen. 2:8, 9.
2. What work was given to him? Verse 15. Note 1.
3. Over what was he to have dominion? Gen. 1:26.
4. Of what trees was he permitted to eat the fruit? What was forbidden? What would be the result of disobedience? Gen. 2:16, 17.
5. What is said of the serpent? Gen. 3:1; Rev. 12:9. Note 2.
6. What conversation took place between the serpent and Eve? Gen. 3:1-5. Note 3.
7. What strong contrasting terms are used in the Bible in speaking of God and Satan? Heb. 6:18; John 8:44, last part.
8. Whom did Eve finally believe? Who shared this sin with her? Gen. 3:6.
9. What was the immediate result of this act of disobedience? Gen. 3:22-24. Note 4.
10. How was the earth itself affected by Adam's sin? Gen. 3:17, 18.
11. What came to all men because of Adam's sin? Rom. 5:12; 6:23.
12. How many of the human race are concerned in this? 1 Cor. 15:22.
13. What way was provided by which all that was lost to man by Adam's sin, might be restored to him? Matt. 1:21; Luke 19:10.

Notes

1. "Although everything God had made was in the perfection of beauty, and there seemed nothing wanting upon the earth which God had created to make Adam and Eve happy, yet he manifested his great love to them by planting a garden especially for them. A portion of their time was to be occupied in the happy employment of dressing the garden, and a portion in receiving the visits of angels, listening to their instruction, and in happy meditation. Their labor was not wearisome, but pleasant and invigorating. This beautiful garden was to be their home, their special residence."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. I, p. 25.
2. Satan had been cast out of heaven because of his wickedness, and he now came into the Garden of Eden to tempt Adam and Eve to disobey God.
3. "Satan commenced his work with Eve to cause her to disobey. She first erred in wandering from her husband, next in lingering around the forbidden tree, and next in listening to the voice of the tempter, and even daring to doubt what God had said, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' She thought that perhaps the Lord did not mean just what he said, and venturing, she put forth her hand, took of the fruit, and ate."—*Early Writings*, old edition, part 3, p. 19; new edition, p. 147.
4. Adam and Eve lost their beautiful Eden home, and dominion over everything which God had given them. They were shut away from the tree of life, so they could not live forever. Satan now became prince of this world.

ONE of our workers who was recently distributing copies of the Present Truth Series containing articles on the millennium, asked an intelligent-looking young man if he was interested in the subject of the millennium. He said, "No, I don't know much about it, but my brother went to it." His reply is but an indication of the dearth of Biblical knowledge among the young people of the present time.

The Youth's Instructor

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Watchman Off, Three Killed

BECAUSE one man left his post of duty as flagman at a railroad crossing, another man, his fiancée, and her brother were killed when their team was struck by a passenger train. The watchman told the coroner that he was in the marble yard near by when he heard the train coming, and ran to protect the crossing, but he was too late, being forced to see the carriage reduced to kindling wood and the three persons in it killed. Coming out of a covered bridge over the Schuylkill, with the gates lifted and no danger suspected, they drove on the tracks just in time to be caught by the train. The man will have a sad heart the rest of his life, with the knowledge that he was directly responsible for the loss of these precious lives. . . . How important it is that we guard our post well! How terrible it would be if by our failure to give proper warning of moral danger the souls of our friends should be caught at the crossing and destroyed!—*Christian Herald*.

Poor Richard's Almanac

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in 1732 published the first copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Three editions were sold during the first month of its appearance. For twenty-five years the author published an annual almanac. These were translated into nearly every written language. Some of their aphorisms follow:

"Industry need not wish.
 "Deny self for self's sake.
 "There is no little enemy.
 "Let thy discontents be thy secrets.
 "God heals; the doctor takes the fee.
 "Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you.
 "The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
 "Diligence is the mother of good luck.
 "Necessity never made a good bargain.
 "A new truth is a truth; an old error is an error.
 "Three may keep a secret—if two of them are dead.
 "Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.
 "Let thy maidservant be faithful, strong, and homely.
 "Hast thou virtue, acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue.
 "The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?
 "There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.
 "Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?
 "Don't throw stones at your neighbors' if your own windows are glass.
 "Good wives and good plantations are made by good husbands.
 "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterward.
 "As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.
 "Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

"Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting.

"To bear other people's afflictions every one has courage enough and to spare.

"There are lazy minds as well as lazy bodies.

"Tricks and treachery are the practices of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.

"Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.

"Let the child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt.

"Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil."

Seed Thoughts

SUPERFLUITY should never be allowed to enter into one's expense account.

Ornamentation has its highest degree of excellence only when it possesses the quality of being useful.

We should not practice prudence and economy for the purpose of hoarding money, but that we may have means with which to supply the actual needs of others less fortunate than ourselves.

We should not expect to furnish even ourselves with every luxury and convenience, when there are around us others who are in need of the necessities.

We should not regard ourselves as the sole owners of the means that come into our hands, but rather as the stewards of the Lord's goods.

If we have the mind of Christ dwelling in us, we shall not be vain and selfish. There is such a thing as lavishing on ourselves to our own eternal destruction.

J. W. LOWE.

The Meaning of \$7,000,000,000

AMERICA'S war loan of seven thousand million dollars surpasses the powers of the mind to grasp. Spent at the rate of a dollar a minute it would take 13,318 years to dispose of the appropriation. Loaned out at six per cent, thirteen dollars could be spent every second for an indefinite period without touching the principal. Converted into silver dollars, the coined pieces laid end to end would reach more than four times around the earth at the equator. Piled on top of one another, these silver dollars would extend nearly six hundred miles in the air. Made into dollar bills, they would cover 26,686 acres. The interest on the loan is greater than the entire running expenses of the government less than half a century ago, while the amount itself would conduct the affairs of the government for fully seven years, on the basis of the annual expenditures for the last decade. Another and more cheerful way of looking at the situation is that, great as the loan is, the wealth of the United States is such that it amounts to the lending of one dollar out of every forty dollars of our existing tangible resources.—*Thomas F. Logan, in Leslie's Weekly*.

The Manufacture of Salt

(Concluded from page eight)

is used to place a certain quantity of salt in each sack, then, as an attendant holds it in position, the top is sewed up by a machine. These small sacks are then packed in barrels or bags for shipment.

In the production of this commodity, the United States leads the world. The output in 1914 was nearly thirty-five million barrels. New York, Michigan, Ohio, Kansas, and Louisiana are the chief salt States, though many others scattered over the country produce some also. And nearly every nation in the world has some salt works.

J. NORMAN KIMBLE.