

The ^{YOUTH} INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

January 8, 1918

No. 2



ADAM AND EVE BEING DRIVEN FROM THEIR EDEN HOME

From Here and There

The standard proportion of the United States flag is: Length, 1.9 times the width.

The tallest chimney in the world is at Great Falls, Montana. It was built in 1909, cost \$50,000, and is 506 feet high.

The new revenue bill which became a law on Oct. 3, 1917, provides for the raising of \$2,534,870,000 for the current year.

The history of postage stamps begins with the issue made by Great Britain in 1840, under the administration of Sir Rowland Hill.

One-quarter million dollars of the tithe funds of the Mormon Church was used to purchase Liberty Bonds of the second Liberty Loan.

The gullets of seals, a product heretofore thought to be of little use, has been found to make a good quality of gloves, as fine as good kid.

Trading-with-the-enemy Act is a regulation recently passed by Congress, which imposes on the offender a fine of \$10,000 or ten years in prison.

The Rockefeller Foundation has given China a \$2,000,000 hospital and medical college. The Chinese minister of education recently laid the cornerstone.

The Japanese mission visited the grave of Commodore Perry, at Newport, Rhode Island, for it was he who, in 1850, opened the Kingdom of the Rising Sun to the rest of the world.

An electric machine has been invented which is designed to make people smile. It affects certain nerves of the face which control the muscles, causing a smile. Its aim is salutary.

If one were on a certain star at twelve o'clock noon on the first day of January, 1918, and had a large enough telescope, he could see the Battle of Gettysburg as it was being fought fifty-four years ago.

Mr. Charles Crawford Gorset, an authority on birds, states that fifty carloads of insects are consumed by the birds of Michigan every day. In one summer this would make a trainload 425 miles long.

Frederick Mac Monnies has been engaged to make a statue in honor of the heroes of the Marne. It is to be named "The Soul of France." The figure of a winged woman will be used to represent the idea.

Mr. Frank Vanderlip, eminent banker of New York City, has accepted the chairmanship of the committee in charge of floating the \$2,000,000,000-war-certificate loan. Mr. Vanderlip's salary is fixed at \$1 a year.

Much of the best chewing gum is said to be made from the gum of the chicle zapote tree found in Mexico. It was first introduced into the United States in 1870, and soon largely replaced other gum materials then in use.

A new army truck, called Type B, designed by the leading motor experts of the country under the direction of the Society of Automotive Engineers, has recently been completed for the United States Army. This truck is said to be in advance of anything yet produced, and after January 1, no other trucks will be supplied our army.

In a recent spelling test of one hundred forty freshmen of Northwestern University only fifty-six passed.

Crop returns show the pea crop of the United States to be fifty per cent larger than that of 1916.

Nikalgin, Conqueror of Pain

A MIRACLE of medical science and a messenger of mercy is nikalgin, the conqueror of pain. It was discovered by Gordon Edwards, a native of Milwaukee, a college graduate, an electrical engineer, a bond broker. Hearing that dentists had no anesthetic that was satisfactory, he went into his laboratory, and after extensive experimentation, found a solution which, sprayed on the surface, completely killed the pain. He realized that it would be of immense service in other forms of surgery, and went to the medical profession with it, but the doctors would not pay any attention to it. At last he got them to try it at the Vanderbilt clinic in New York, where it was pronounced a success. Edwards made as much of it as he could carry, and took it to England in 1914 to apply to the wounded. The doctors brushed him and his discovery away, counting it almost an impertinence. He went to France, and after importunate pleading, he got them to try it with the wounded in the Verdun hospital. They gave him for trial their worst cases, men burned almost to death with liquid fire, who suffered such pain when the wounds were dressed that they often died of the agony. His remedy gave instant relief to the insufferable pain during the dressing of the wounds, and gave complete insensibility to pain in all operations performed. He was too poor to make large quantities of his remedy for donation to the public, but Miss Anne Morgan, who had gone to Paris to aid the French, provided him with the means, and he is now making his nikalgin for two armies, and pain will be eased, and hundreds of lives will be saved by it.—*Christian Herald.*

We Give Thee Thanks

For all true words that have been spoken,
For all brave deeds that have been done,
For every loaf in kindness broken,
For every race in valor run,
For martyr lips that have not failed
To give God praise and smile to rest,
For knightly souls that have not quailed
At stubborn strife or lonesome quest;
Lord, unto whom we stand in thrall,
We give thee thanks for all, for all.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"If a man were to read industriously from dawn to dark for sixty years, he would die in the first alcove of the 850,000 volumes in the Imperial Library at Paris," said Emerson.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 8, 1918

No. 2

A Deed and a Word

A LITTLE stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

Blessed Are They That Do

MRS. M. A. LOPER

THERE is enough latent force pent up in our Missionary Volunteers to stir the world. It is possible for them to accomplish a great work in a short time. Yoked up with Christ, for them "all things are possible," and before them there is no such thing as failure. They are committed to the greatest work that was ever given to mortals, in which each has a definite part to do, and of which it is his to make a grand success.

And yet it is difficult to convince young people of their possibilities, or to persuade them how much the world needs just the help which it is theirs to render. One must climb high enough to catch the broader vision of life, in order to appreciate rightly the needs of the world and his own obligations to minister thereunto.

Every Missionary Volunteer should count one as a recruit in God's army, and should now be receiving a fitting up for the special work he is called to do in the mighty struggle against sin. Every Missionary Volunteer Society should be a training camp for just this purpose. Success later on depends largely upon the thoroughness of present training. But thoroughness is largely an individual matter, even though the leader may be very capable of filling his position.

The boy or girl who cheerfully says to the leader, "You can count on me to attempt to do anything I may be asked to do," thereby takes a decidedly advanced step on the highway to success. And any one who is old enough to be a Missionary Volunteer is capable of making this decision and of living up to it.

The banner of success is inscribed, "I can." The banner of failure is inscribed, "I can't." Under which one are you enlisted?

Every member of the Missionary Volunteer Society should consider himself under discipline—under strict orders to do whatever task falls to his lot. He should be loyal in the matter of self-improvement, and learn to conquer every obstacle in the way to higher and more noble achievements in the work of God for this time—the giving of the gospel to all the world in this generation.

The one who tries is the one who succeeds.

Success does not depend upon natural capabilities. Some of the worst life failures have come to persons who depended upon their natural smartness to carry them to success. Indomitable perseverance in doing right in spite of all obstacles or discouragements, brings

true success even to the weakest and most unpromising soul.

I once knew a boy who was possessed of the courage to show to the public his inefficiency. He certainly was unpromising as a speaker in those days, if one had judged merely from the viewpoint of fluency and eloquence. He could scarcely give a connected topical talk of three minutes' duration. But, Demosthenes-like, he stuck to his task, and did not become wholly discouraged because of what his audience may have classed as failures. When he was requested to repeat his efforts, he repeated. In due course of time signs of improvement began to appear. He learned how to study so as to become familiar with a subject, and how to tell what he knew. Today that young man bids fair to fill an important place in giving the last warning message to the world.

Young people, it is possible for you to blossom into usefulness just as the plant blossoms into beauty. It is possible for you to bear the fruits of the Spirit just as the plant bears the natural fruit. But it requires decision on your part. It requires a cheerful willingness to do; in spite of all obstacles, a willingness to try.

In helping with a society program, what if John does at first become so confused as to forget whether Asia is in the Eastern or the Western Hemisphere? What if William does look in the New Testament for the Book of Ezra, and Sarah cannot think of the name of a single foreign missionary? Let them keep on trying until they gain the mastery of themselves—until they can stand before an audience and present their thoughts clearly and concisely.

"Go ye . . . and teach all nations" cannot be our experience until we learn to tell to others what we know, in a way that they may be able to understand.

I recently sat with other friends near a pearl-white casket within which reposed one whose earthly career had compassed the brief space of twenty-six years, a young man before whom life had presented many possibilities and cherished hopes, but to all of which death had brought the end. He had known something of the keen disappointments of life as well as its hopes, but he had "chosen that good part," and so his life closed in blissful triumph. I remember him as one who believed in doing things, and who was always willing to try.

Although battling for some time against a fatal malady, he did not sit down discouraged, and cease his

efforts to assist others. On Tuesday, one week before the end came, he was busy with the Harvest Ingathering work. On Sabbath he gave his public testimony for Christ. On Sunday he was suddenly taken more seriously ill, and on Tuesday night he fell asleep, resting under the benign benediction, "Blessed are they that do."

Reader, are you a doer or a shirker? Are you a soldier or a slacker in God's army? Have you enlisted under the banner "I'll try," or "I can't"?

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"Blessed are they that do."

ECHOES of HISTORY

The Relief of Leyden

HOLLAND is such a tiny country, tucked away in the corner of northwestern Europe, that it does not seem very important. No one would ever guess what thrilling chapters of history have been written in this little triangle of delta land bounded by Germany, Belgium, and the sea. But time was when the eyes of all Europe were turned to the Netherlands; when the sturdy, thrifty, resolute Dutch proved the despair of queens and kings and emperors.

Holland is a land reclaimed from the sea. Dikes hold back the tides from the lowlands and keep the fertile fields, as well as farm homes, villages, and cities, in comparative security. For centuries these people have waged a constant war against their one relentless enemy—the ocean.

In time our story goes back about three hundred years. The Netherlands were under the rule of Catholic Spain, and the Inquisition was in power. Persecution and broken promises of political as well as religious freedom, finally aroused the Hollanders, who were stanch Protestants, to action, and the Dutch Republic was born, Prince William of Orange, sometimes called William the Silent, being chosen as leader. The struggle with Spain which followed centers about the siege of Leyden.

This was perhaps the most beautiful city in Holland. "On every side were broad green fields, reclaimed by tireless industry from the very sea itself, smiling villages, gay gardens, and fruitful orchards. The city was interlaced with many small streams, and these watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred forty-five bridges of hammered stone." There were comfortable homes and substantial public buildings, and in the center of the city rose the Tower of Hengist, an ancient ruin which afforded an excellent view of the surrounding country.

The besieging army, under the Spanish commander Valdez, and numbering about eight thousand men, closed Leyden on May 26, 1574. Inside there was no defending army—only a small corps of "freebooters" and five companies of burgher guard. The main reliance of the city for its defense "was the stout hearts of the inhabitants within the walls, and the sleepless energy of William the Silent without." The prince encouraged them to remember that not only their own fate, but the future of their country, depended upon their bravery, and the people vowed, "As long as there

is a living man left we will contend for our liberty and our religion."

Early in the siege an account was taken of all food-stuffs, and every one in the city placed on a strict allowance. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread were allotted to a full-grown man, and the rest a due proportion. The only communication they had with their friends outside was by the use of carrier pigeons.

The Prince of Orange, in spite of the efforts of the Spaniards, held the important cities of Delft and Rotterdam, and the keys to the relief of the suffering city, for while Leyden was not on the sea, he could send the sea to Leyden by breaking the dikes along the Meuse and Yssel and opening the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delfshaven. This he determined to do. He realized that "the damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be great, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruction" at the hand of covetous Spain. His loyal people rallied to his aid with the cry, "Better a drowned land than a lost land," and on the third of August, 1574, the dikes were broken and the sluice gates opened.

Meanwhile the people inside the city had become very much discouraged, for their bread was gone and other provisions were low indeed. When word came from the prince that the water was rising upon the "Landscheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea, the burgomaster ordered the bands to play, and the starving city celebrated a holiday, much to the astonishment of the Spaniards outside.

Soon the besieging army found itself in turn besieged, and by a power stronger than man's. It was no trifling danger which threatened them—"to be attacked by the waves of the ocean which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent."

The incoming waters spread slowly over the wide fields, and the Spanish forces were obliged to retreat inward, but day after day the starving people of Leyden climbed to the Tower of Hengist, "with heavy heart, and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man." It is hard to trust when one is hungry. Just at this time came assurance from their brethren outside: "Rather will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves than forsake thee, Leyden."

The prince was ill in Rotterdam, but from his sick bed he directed the assembling of a relief fleet under Admiral Boisot, and by the first of September, three months after the siege began, more than two hundred ships were slowly advancing over the broken dikes. These were manned by twenty-five hundred veteran soldiers and sailors, experienced on land as well as water. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike was fifteen miles, and the relief vessels made their way easily enough to a strong dike within five miles of the city. The approach was surrounded by sixty-two strong forts, one within the other, and it was necessary to break through this series of defenses, held by Valdez, with a force four times as strong as that coming to the rescue.

The prince gave orders that the large dike, still one and one-half feet above water, should be taken at any cost. By mere chance it was left weakly guarded, and on the night of September 10, the patriots fortified themselves there without the loss of a man. When

morning came, the astonished Spaniards rushed out to recover what they had lost, but were completely defeated, and the work of breaking the dike was done under their very eyes.

Another long dike three fourths of a mile nearer Leyden next stopped the rescue fleet. General Boisot seized it before the enemy realized its importance,



CHURCH AT DELFSHAVEN, HOLLAND

leveled it in many places, and brought his ships in triumph over the ruins. Now he found that entrance to a large mere, called Freshwater Lake, into which he expected immediately to have floated, could be had only by passage through one deep canal. "The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a wide surface, and under contrary winds, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough to afford passage, but it led directly to a bridge strongly occupied by the Spaniards." With a few of his strongest ships and bravest soldiers, Admiral Boisot attempted to open the way, but met with defeat.

A week passed, and still the relief ships lay motionless in the shallow water. But on September 18 the wind shifted, and the following day the vessels were again afloat. A fugitive from one of the villages guided the ships over a low dike, and the terrified Spaniards fled toward Leyden. Brave as they were on land, they lost their courage in the presence of the sea. Reaching Zotermeer, the rescuers, after a short delay to allow the escape of the villagers, set this fortress as well as Benthuyzen, on fire and abandoned it. The blaze, seen from Leyden, was hailed as a beacon of hope.

But the relief ships were now delayed at north Aa by another barrier called the "Kirk-way," and again contrary winds left them stranded in shallow water. The Prince of Orange arose from a sick bed and came to look over the situation. He at once gave orders for the destruction of the "Kirk-way," the last important barrier between the fleet and Leyden.

Meanwhile the besieged city was almost at its last gasp. "Bread, malt cake, and horseflesh had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats and other vermin, were regarded as luxuries. A few cows remained, kept as

long as possible for their milk, but a few were killed each day and distributed in small portions, hardly enough to keep the famishing people alive. Green leaves were stripped from the trees and eaten, and still many died. Mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms, and in many a house the watchmen in their rounds found a whole family of corpses, for pestilence stalked at noonday in the streets.

Some, faint-hearted at delayed relief, favored surrender, but the heroic burgomaster, surrounded by a clamoring crowd, waved his hat for silence and cried: "Here is my sword. Plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender as long as I remain alive." Thus heartened by their magistrate, they renewed their vows of fidelity. "Ye are rat eaters and dog eaters," shouted the Spaniards. "It is true," replied the heroic citizens, but so long as ye hear a dog bark or a cat mew within the walls ye may know that the city holds out." "As well," derided the Spaniards, "can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief." But boasting is vain.

On the twenty-eighth of September the equinoctial winds came on, and in twenty-four hours the waves were breaking with unrestrained power over the ruined land. At midnight the fleet sailed across the "Kirk-way" in the storm and darkness. A fierce naval battle followed, resulting in victory for Admiral Boisot.

Two strong forts still stood, but hardly was the fleet in sight of the first when the panic-stricken Spaniards fled along the narrow path that was rapidly vanishing in the waves, toward their last refuge, Lammen, about two hundred fifty yards from Leyden.

"This obstacle rose formidable and frowning, directly across the path of the rescuers. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city." Admiral Boisot was discouraged, for it appeared to him that the relief plan



THE JOHN ROBINSON HOME AT LEYDEN

must after all fail in sight of success. He "anchored his fleet within a respectful distance," and spent what remained of the day in carefully laying his plans. At last he announced his intention of carrying the fort, if possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed with something like despair, that

there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind."

Meanwhile Leyden was wild with expectation. A dove had brought a message informing them of the exact location of the fleet. "Yonder," cried the burgo-master, "yonder behind that fort are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" They resolved to attack their enemies in conjunction with the fleet at daybreak.

"Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the relief fleet, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Bergundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-stricken citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate attack.

"Day dawned at length, ending a feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the attack. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness. . . . Suddenly a man was seen wading breast-high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-stricken during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it had led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. . . . All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leyden was relieved."

"The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children."

LORA CLEMENT.

Fanny Crosby's Story of Ninety-Four Years

"Singing for Jesus, telling his love
All the way to the home above,
Where the severing sea with its restless tide
Never shall hinder, and never divide."

HERE we see the true cause of Fanny Crosby's success. Her long life of ninety-four years was spent for the most part in voicing in poem and song the love of Christ for a dying world. Although she was blind from infancy, she gave the world thousands of hymns which will never die, but will continue inspiring sinners to live the Christian life as long as sin exists.

Fanny Crosby was born in a little one-story cottage in New York State in the year 1820. Her parents were of fine New England stock, and were noted for

their longevity of life. It was Aunt Fanny's desire to exceed the age of her great-grandmother, who reached the age of one hundred and three.

Her sight was destroyed by poulticing her eyes when she was six weeks old. Never afterward was she able to see the faces of her friends, the blue of the skies, or the flowers of the fields. But this did not cause her to become discouraged and pine her life away. On the contrary, she decided to store up a little jewel in her heart, which she called "Content." This served as a comfort all her life. Here is a poem which she wrote when she was but eight years old:

"O what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't.
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot and I won't."

What a sensible and optimistic way of looking at such an affliction!

Her grandmother took it upon herself to teach the poor sightless child until she should be old enough to enter an institute. She would tell her stories of birds and flowers, take her out of doors, explain the beauties of nature, and describe them in such a way that they lingered in the child's memory all her life. Thus was developed in her a love of the beautiful and also of the Creator of the universe. She was taught the stories of the Bible and its many precious promises, and she would often sit, in the evening shadows, on her grandmother's lap and listen as she told of a kind heavenly Father who sent his only Son Jesus Christ down into this world to be a Saviour and a Friend to all mankind. The following expresses in her own words her great love for the Bible:

"O Book, that with reverence I honor,
What joy in thy pages I see!
O Book of my childhood devotion,
More precious than rubies to me."

At the age of fifteen, Aunt Fanny entered the Institution for the Blind in New York City, where she remained for nine years, improving her opportunities and stocking her mind with useful knowledge. While here she became acquainted with the poetry of many great writers, and really did her first work in writing poems. Whenever possible she met with noted statesmen, masterful musicians, literary readers and artists. This gave her much joy, for she always said that a great life was a wonderful inspiration to her. She prided herself on having lived during the lifetime of all of the Presidents of the United States, Washington excepted, and on having met several of them.

After she had been at the institute about five years, a gifted young man by the name of Alexander Van Alstyne came there. He, too, was blind, and was making a specialty of the study of music. The two became greatly interested in each other through their work, and were married on March 5, 1858, after a courtship of eight years. Mr. Van Alstyne died in 1902.

Even from earliest childhood Miss Crosby had a love for poetry, and always sought to express her thoughts in poetic language. Her teachers in the institute did not encourage her writing until one day Dr. Combe, of Boston, visited the school and examined the heads of the pupils. As he touched the head of Fanny he remarked, "And here is a poetess; give her every possible encouragement. Read the best books to her, and teach her to appreciate the finest there is in

(Continued on page twelve)

How to Make Things — No. 1

W. S. CHAPMAN

THESE articles are written especially for the boys who are constantly "tinkering," that is, trying to make things or to study out things already made. It is not designed to give them simply working models or many specific drawings from which they can construct articles. The idea is to so familiarize them with the use of tools as to make them competent to construct properly whatever their brains may brood over.

So, then, the effort will be to start the reader to doing some practical thinking, to help him to learn how to properly handle tools and to understand *how* to work, so that when he undertakes a task he may know beforehand how to accomplish it. In short, to have him develop into a handy boy to have around the house, competent to handle almost anything in the way of repair, or to originate almost any household article needed. This is the aim and hope in presenting these simple elementary principles in carpentry.

If you can make the acquaintance of some good-natured dealer in hardware, or of a clerk, and tell him of your desire to become handy in handling tools, and that, as your means will allow, you propose to collect a practical set of carpenter's tools, one or two at a time, maybe, then ask him if he will allow you to call occasionally and look at tools and ask questions. Make the acquaintance also of one or more carpenters whom you can question. This will be of the greatest assistance to you, and the practical instruction these men can give will aid your advancement in carpentry as nothing else could do. Be careful not to annoy them. Especially keep away when they are busy. Show them that you appreciate their kindness, and they will take pleasure in instructing you. Talk with old wood choppers and men who, as boys, learned to split kindlings. You will be surprised at the amount of useful information you can obtain, all interesting and valuable, coming in very handy sometimes when the knowledge of how to do is wanted.

Hammers

Do you know how to pick up a hammer? "That is simple enough," you say. Is it? Ask a blacksmith if he can tell a good workman by the way he picks up his hammer. Remember his answer.

Does a carpenter handle his hammer differently in driving a twentypenny spike and in sending "home" a fourpenny nail?

Why does a carpenter spit into the palm of his hand when he has a hard blow to strike, while a blacksmith uses a dry palm no matter how hard the blow?

Do not wait for me to answer these queries, but ask questions of carpenters, as you have opportunity, and then practice at home what you learn from their answers. Examine hammer handles. Note the difference between the hammer of the carpenter and that of the blacksmith; the hammer of the ten-cent store and the finished article sold by the hardware dealer. Note also the difference between the turned, the sawed, and the

shaved handles, and ask the dealer for an explanation. Examine critically machine-made handles for axes. Note the different shapes and sizes and the "set" of the handle in the head of the ax. Ask for reasons, and when you at last come to the conclusion that you are competent to select the hammer that suits you, buy it and a medium-sized "nail set" with it, and you will be ready for your first lesson. The hammer is the most important tool in the carpenter's chest, and a poor one is dear at any price, being always a source of trouble and vexation. Do not be too economical in the selection of tools. Wait until you have money enough to buy first-class ones. It will pay to be patient.

Nails

It will pay any boy to learn to drive nails properly. Some may reply, "Why, any one can drive a nail!" Perhaps these will be surprised when told that there are lifelong carpenters who never learned to drive a nail correctly. It was so simple a thing that they never thought it worth while to study over it, yet that spirit of carelessness crept through all their work and made them unreliable, and so retarded their advancement. They remain simply carpenters all their lives.

Watch your sister hammer a tack into the carpet. Notice that she slips the index finger over the handle of the hammer. "Why, what difference does it make where the fingers go?" Try it, first with the index finger on the top of the hammer handle and then with the whole hand gripping the handle. Which gives the

more effective stroke? Talk to a carpenter about it. If you ever get into a tight corner where you will be called upon to handle your hammer in some odd positions, this knowledge will come in handy as a guide to what to do.

Kinds and Use of Nails

There are very many sorts of nails, but the principal one is the common or wire nail. Another is the flat-sided iron nail with a small head. This is called the "finishing" nail, because it is intended for use where it is to be driven wholly into the wood, head and all out of sight. These are made of the same sizes as the common or round nail, and there are still smaller ones called "brads," used in thin woods. All finishing nails have two flat sides. They must be driven with the flat side parallel with the grain of the wood. Do you know what the "grain of the wood" means? Ask your father.

A finishing nail should be driven into the wood up to the head. Then, with a "nail set" placed upon the top of the head, with two or three quick, sharp blows, drive the nail "home" so that the head sinks below the surface. The trick is to do this without allowing the "nail set" to slip off the nail, or the wood will be smashed where the set strikes the wood, as finishing



BOYS LIKE THE WORKBENCH, AND ALL IT STANDS FOR

nails are used in particular work where such a blemish is to be regretted. To guard against this accident, when the set is placed upon the top of the nail, lay it against the four fingers and hold it there with the thumb, resting the little finger on the wood.

Nails are sold by the pound, and this must be borne in mind in purchasing, as there will be more small nails to the pound than of the larger sizes. The manufacturers regulate the thickness of the nails according to their length, so that a carpenter has to attend only to the length of nails, all else being arranged by the factories. The length of nails is denoted by the word "penny"—twopenny, threepenny, fourpenny. These numbers run up to tenpenny in regular order consecutively, the smallest being one inch long and the others increasing by quarter inches up to tenpenny, which is three inches in length. Next is the twelvepenny, three and a quarter inches long, and the sixteenpenny, three and a half inches long. The next size is twentypenny, and from this on the numbers jump ten at a time—20d, 30d, 40d, 50d, and 60d, increasing one-half inch at a time. These are called "spikes," the sixtypenny being six inches long, and large, of course, in proportion.

So far this is presenting to you simply the theory of carpentry, that is, the how to do, but it cannot be a reality to you until you put into practice what is suggested. Suppose therefore you now arrange to take your first lesson, provided you have the hammer and the nail set. Now purchase a small quantity of nails, both common and finishing—three or four of each kind of 2d, 4d, 6d, 8d, 10d nails.

Procure a dressed board, that is, one that has been planed smooth, and rest it upon something solid into which the nail can penetrate without doing damage. Dirt is a good foundation, as the point of the nails will not be injured, and they can be used again. Begin at the upper left-hand corner and a quarter of an inch from the top of the board, drive in carefully a twopenny finishing nail a half inch or more, using steady blows of such force as you think is right. An inch below this nail drive in a twopenny common nail. Note the difference in the stroke made and the force required as to whether there was any difference. Continue down with the other sizes, driving first a finishing nail and following it with the same size common nail, noting any difference in the power and the position of the hand and the grip on the hammer handle. In all this exercise let the arm be held as nearly at right angles to the nail as is possible, driving the nails farther into the board as they increase in length.

Pulling Out Nails

It pays to be careful. The spirit of carefulness exercised in details rewards you with nice-looking, finished work. A nail pulled carelessly will leave a mark of the hammer on the wood, and will be useless for further work. Nails are what costs a boy his pocket money. A nail saved is a nail earned.

In pulling out nails few carpenters try to save them—time is worth more than the nail, they will tell you. But a boy has no such excuse, and some day he may be where this spirit of carefulness will be an absolute necessity. If a nail has been properly driven and proper care is exercised in withdrawing it, there is seldom any injury done to the nail, and it comes out of the wood "good as new." So, then, it is wise to become proficient in the drawing of nails.

Have by you some small pieces of wood, say about six inches in length and three inches broad, of which one is an inch thick and two others a half and a quarter

inch. With one or more of these build up a platform beside the nail so that just room will be left for the insertion of the hammer head. Stand the hammer on its head upon this platform and slip the claw under the head of the nail, then pull the hammer handle toward you. Some nails can be drawn easily; others require a smart blow or two on the handle to start the nail upward. Try to administer just the proper force without bending the nail. Draw the nails out and straighten them.

This first lesson may not seem of great importance to you now, but time and again, as you are working on some undertaking, a hint of how to do and what to do will flash through your mind, which you can easily trace to the practice had with your collection of nails, and this spirit of carefulness will color all your work and help to make you successful in what you try to accomplish. It is therefore urged upon you to follow patiently and carefully the instructions, so you can feel capable of saving a nail under almost any circumstances, if it ever becomes necessary. What if, as a missionary, you were to be cast upon a desert island with a stove-in boat and just so many old rusty nails to repair it with? How carefully you would use them, and how thankful you would be that you had learned to drive them to the best advantage!

Earth's Soliloquy

E. F. COLLIER

MINE is a strange and awful vision:
Only the God who made me knows
All the fearful bloody specters,
All the brood and bane of woes,
All the heights and depths of passion,
All the bounds and breadths of wrong,
All the tumult, all the sighing,
All the dearths and deaths that throng
Through my senseful soul of knowledge,
Born of spirit sound and sight,—
Ways of God and men and demons,
Highest dawn and darkest night.

I have seen creation's morning
Light with beauty Eden's bowers,
Watched two million golden daytimes
Swing the pendulum of hours.
I have bathed in star-touched twilight,
Rode in darkness, storm, and fire,
Sent my note of music ringing
With the planetary choir;
Down the heaven-spangled vistas
I have traveled in my sphere,
Seeking to fulfil my mission
Till the grand Sabbath year.

I have felt the throb of nations
Like the rolling of a sea,
Gave my breast a willing nurture
From the motherhood of me;
Felt the pang of constant travail,
Gave my offering drenched with tears,
Suffered, sorrowed, hoped, and gloried—
For my destined pawn of years
Was to bring from out the chaos
Of a sin-cursed, lost domain
A redeemed and blood-bought treasure
That should live and reign again.

I have seen the strength of nations
Melt to weakness in a day,
And the glory of the honored
In succession pass away.
I have seen disease and famine,
Like twin vultures, cross my bound,
And ten thousand hideous thunders
Join in war's tumultuous sound.
I have seen the people scattered,
Seen them lying torn and scarred;
Seen the face of all creation
Prostrate, bleeding, woeful, marred.

Once the waters of my storehouse
Swept the dross of men away;
Then the generation following
Built a tower of brick and clay.

But my thunderbolts destroyed it,
Sent its Babel far and wide,
And a broken base of ruin
Marks its folly and its pride.
Then men reared their seats of empire,
Crowned their work with self-esteem,
But I saw their strength and greatness
Vanish like a passing dream.

Babylonia, golden empire! —
Cup of beauty, best of all! —
"Mene, tekell"—fade and vanish
Like the writing on the wall.
Media vast, and Grecia splendid,
Rome with iron strength to stand,—
All are fallen, all are broken,
Scattered far in every land.
Kingdoms vast are, O, so fragile
'Neath the hammer strokes of time!
Learn the lesson: not a building
Stands but that which is divine.

Thus I've watched the course of empire,
North and east and south and west;
E'en the greatest, e'en the mightiest,
Wane and perish like the rest.
Thralled in vision I beheld then,
From the lofty mountain side,
Rock of power, vast, dismaying,
Hurled against that restless tide,
Till the force of human striving
Broke in shattered, drifting spray,
And the winds of heaven blowing
Swept their remnant mist away.

Then I saw the Rock take being,
Stood revealed the Man of love,
Nail-pierced hands, outstretched, inviting
To the restful realms above.
What a sea of love was mirrored
In the lowly Naz'rene's face!
How the hearts of millions kindled
In the sunlight of his grace!
And his words — what wondrous power! —
Brought men weeping to his side,
And the gates of glory opened,
For the world had found a Guide.

I have seen his gospel carried
To the islands and the mains,
I have heard his proclamations
In the mountains and the plains;
I have seen his people gath'ring
Like the doves at close of day,
Waiting for the glad home-coming
In God's city far away.
In my bosom myriads slumber,
Dead in Christ, but one and all
Waiting for the resurrection,
Answering creation's call.

Yes, I've seen full many a conquest,
But their weight and worth are dim
To the glad regeneration
And redemptive work of Him.
I have giv'n my all to aid him,
I am waiting now his voice;
Heaven and hell shall see my travail,
And my sister worlds rejoice
When I'm mother to a nation
That is born within a day:
God of wonders, I acclaim thee,
Maker, Master, King for aye!

The Bible in a Persian Hospital

A MISSIONARY in Persia, L. F. Esselstyn, writes: "A Gregorian Armenian in the Meshed Hospital, El Persia, had been there for some weeks seriously ill with heart disease. One morning, when his condition was very bad, his wife asked that he be given the sacrament. The service was held in the surgery, and was attended by the sick man, his wife, all the missionaries, and an Armenian friend of the patient. The medical treatment used was blessed, and the man got better. A few days later the wife said: 'Yes, of course he is better. You read the prayers, and I told you he would get well.'

"Several men came into the waiting-room at a moment when I did not happen to be reading, and one of

them said, 'Please read to us.' They often ask that the Bible be read. One morning a young sayid said, 'In the book I bought the other day is a section called John. Won't you read to us this morning from that book?' Another young sayid came in, and his first words were, 'I want to buy a book.' I replied, 'Which book do you want?' He said, 'I want the book containing the story of the shepherd and the sheep.' A man who had bought a Testament came in and said, 'You cannot understand how much we are enjoying the Testament in our house. We read it every night. It is very sweet!'

"A Guklon Turkoman picked up a Bible from the table and read to a group of men, while another Moslem read to another group in another corner of the room. Such incidents have occurred scores of times. A man came in and said, 'Some people who have bought your books have talked about them a great deal at my shop, and I want to buy one.' I sold him a Persian Testament. A merchant said, 'A year ago I bought a Testament from you, and now I want a Bible.'

"It has become popular for all classes of people to buy the Scriptures, and even the illiterate buy them, saying they will get some one to read to them. We have been told repeatedly that the Persian Gospels are being used as textbooks in the native schools of Kuchan and Meshed."—*Christian Herald*.

Five-Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Fire

WHAT a great matter a little fire kindleth! Our steamer had been tied up to the wharf at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands overnight, and as I had time to spare before we sailed I took a stroll to make some observations of the vessel just ahead of us. The "Virginia," a Danish boat, had sailed from New York for Rio de Janeiro, with a cargo valued at about a million and a quarter dollars, and when four days out fire was discovered in one of her holds. Steam was turned into the part of the vessel on fire, but proved to be futile, so it became necessary to fill this part with water before the fire could be quenched. The vessel



had come into St. Thomas in order to make such adjustments in her cargo as were necessary before continuing her voyage. At the time of my visit that part of the hold where the fire had wrought its destructive work had been nearly emptied, and the wharf and the freight shed were strewn with the débris.

The accompanying picture shows a row of fifty-one

(Concluded on page thirteen)



'Dustrious Bill

A penny for a spool of thread,
A penny for a needle.

BUT that was not the price of needles and thread at Dawson City and the Klondike gold camps in 1897 — according to the account I got from a visitor in Washington.

This man had made a fairly large sum of money in Alaska, and had wisely put it into sound investments. But he had paid a great price: although he was not more than thirty-eight years old, his face was lined and drawn; and he had lost his right foot and the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. He now spent most of his time in traveling; in the course of his journeys he came to Washington for a month, and hired me as his guide. We got pretty well acquainted, and toward the last of his stay he told me how he had been so cruelly crippled, and how he had made his money.

In the spring of 1897, when the "Klondike fever" swept over the country, he had left his home in Missouri and joined a party of adventurers traveling overland to Alaska, through Alberta and the Rocky Mountain passes.

Hardships indescribable beset the party. Numbers of them turned back, several died, all were near starving. This boy — William Doolthy — was one of the fifteen of the company of seventy-one who finally reached Dawson City. He arrived in a snowstorm, with no outfit except a little bundle on a stick over his shoulder. After a week of semistarvation at Dawson, a miner offered three of the party food and shelter for the winter in return for their labor.

That man was one of the first to practice winter mining by "burning," that is, burrowing under the hard-frozen ground and melting the "pay dirt" on the bed rock beneath.

During the summer he had excavated a tunnel a hundred feet long that led from the creek bank back beneath a stratum of frozen earth forty or fifty feet thick. There he had struck a thin layer of black dirt rich in gold, but he had to thaw it before he could get it out. To accomplish that he had sunk a shaft, which tapped the lateral tunnel; and his first plan was to throw firewood down the shaft and burn it at the bottom, with the tunnel furnishing an indraft of air for combustion.

The scheme worked after a fashion; but the miner found presently that a better way was to heat round boulders, and roll them along the tunnel to the place where the thawing was to be done. As fast as the "pay dirt" thawed, the miner scraped it up in buckets and carried it to his cradle outside the mine.

So rich in gold was this substratum of earth that he cleaned up from four to five hundred dollars a day. The three lately arrived wanderers, however, did not share in the profits; they were working for their board — working hard, too. Twice daily young Doolthy and one of his two companions had to go to a growth of spruce on the snowy hillside above the creek, prepare

loads of it with axes, and draw them down to the shaft on a kind of large sled. With the fuel that they brought, the third man kept up the fire and heated the stones.

The cold had become intense, and they were poorly clad. Then one day a blizzard of fine, icy snow swept down upon them as they plied their axes. The temperature probably fell to fifty degrees below zero. Instead of fleeing instantly to camp, they delayed a little, to draw down a load; and in consequence both were frostbitten. When they reached shelter young Doolthy's fingers, toes, and one entire foot were frozen white.

From lack of proper care, his foot and his fingers fell into a bad condition. For weeks he lay well-nigh helpless. Finally as a last resort a Norwegian, who had some little knowledge of surgery, operated on him; but it was not until the following May that Doolthy, still painfully weak, was able to hobble about.

As he was quite without means of getting home, and as he was incapacitated for mining work, his situation in that region, where life depends on strength and vigor, was indeed pitiable. His clothes were in rags, and as he sat one day in his hut, brooding over his misfortune, he decided to try to mend his garments.

When he left home his mother, thinking that his clothes would ere long need mending, had put a paper of needles and a spool of coarse linen thread into the little packet of his personal belongings. It happened, too, that a schoolmate — a girl of whom he was fond — had been equally thoughtful, and at parting had slipped a little package into his hand, in which there were a paper of needles, several darning needles, and a spool of linen thread. The weight of those useful little articles was so trifling that he had never thrown them away, even during the extreme hardships of the journey overland.

Threading a needle, young Doolthy now began awkwardly to mend his tattered clothes. While he was at work a miner looked in.

"Say, young pard," he cried, "I'll weigh ye a dollar in 'dust' for that needle of yours and a bit of that thread!"

The munificent customer had not been gone an hour when two other men whom he had told of his purchase appeared at Doolthy's shack. Soon others came. One brought his trousers and his drilling jacket to be patched, and offered the boy a dollar a patch; he produced a canvas sack for the patches.

By evening the young cripple had not only sold all except six of his needles, but found himself launched in a new industry — patching the miners' clothes. Prices had established themselves according to the laws of supply and demand. It was a dollar for a needle and two yards of thread, and a dollar for sewing on a patch! Those prices were no greater in proportion than the prices of other things in the Klondike during the first year or two. Bacon was a dollar a pound,

flour fifty dollars a sack, quinine pills a dollar apiece, and hens' eggs a dollar apiece, and hard to get even at that price.

"The thumb and forefinger of my right hand were as good as ever, and when I saw what I could do, setting on patches, I took heart a little and got busy," Doolthy told me. "I began to hobble round from one camp to another, patching the miners' clothes for them. Some days I cleared twenty dollars. In the course of a week I got so I could patch pretty well and do a good, strong job. But my thread gave out, and I had to lay off two months, till I could send down the Yukon to St. Michael for more. I wasn't able to get to work again till September. But I had gained my hint as to what was wanted and what I could do. I said nothing to any one about my plans, but as steamers were now running on the river both ways, I kept sending out to Juneau and to St. Michael for more needles and thread.

"If you had seen me at any time during the next two years you would have seen a pretty homely specimen of a youngster, with a crutch under one armpit, a cane in the other hand, and a pack on his back, hobbling over the rough trails from one mining camp to another on Klondike Creek, Forty-Mile Creek, and Sixty-Mile Creek.

"Here comes Crutchy Bill," the miners used to say, or 'Limpy Bill, the patcher.'

"Those Klondikers of 1897 were a pretty rough lot, but they always treated me first-rate. I was doing something they needed done.

"You didn't get here a minute too soon!" one miner shouted to me one day. 'I'd been right out to the weather in another day!'

"Then I would sit down anywhere, open up my pack, and go at it, patching their clothes with canvas patches, gunny-sack patches, or anything that could be sewed on to cover holes. I made it a point to do my work pretty well, and to sew the patches on strong. While I was patching their garments, those miners would stand around barelegged, and dance and sing songs! They even made up songs about me. I kept busy cutting out patches on a board and sewing them on. For a while they nicknamed me Dr. Breeches, but finally settled down to calling me 'Dustrious Bill.

"Of all the jolly crowds, those fellows beat everything! I have known half a dozen of them to come, running races with one another, to meet me, with their clothes in their hands. Once while I was at the Jim Holmes Camp, the miners from another camp just round a bend in the creek made a rush and kidnapped me, and carried me off on their backs to their camp. Then they formed a ring round me, to keep the Jim Holmes fellows from getting me away. There was a great deal of fun up there in those days in spite of all the hardships and hard work.

"The miners were very square, decent fellows, too; none of them ever tried to cheat me, and more than twenty times I have known a miner to weigh me out two dollars for a patch instead of one; and when I said, 'Hold on! that's too much!' he would say, 'Oh, put it away! That's for your old missin' foot!'

"In the course of three years I had saved enough to open a shop in Dawson City. My experiences in going from camp to camp had shown me what the miners needed. I laid in a stock of wool socks, with yarn and darning needles for mending them; patches of all sizes, with needles and thread for repairing their clothes; also salves, arnicated oil, and quite a stock of medicines. I put up small portable outfits of all those

things for prospectors and others who were setting off on long trips. No one at Dawson, thus far, had thought of doing that. I soon had a brisk trade, which paid me large profits. When I quit two years ago, I was a hundred and fifty thousand to the good; and it all started with those two papers of needles and those two spools of thread that my mother and little Cherry Ainsworth put into my pack when I left home."

"Well, I suppose you did not forget them when you came back," I hazarded.

'Dustrious Bill did not reply; and I saw that I had made an unfortunate remark.

"My mother died while I was at Dawson," he said at last. "And when I finally went back home to Missouri, I found that Cherry Ainsworth had been married eight years."—*Robert Yocum, in Youth's Companion.*

Tit for Tat

OSISTER, will you mend my coat?" The torn garment was thrust unceremoniously into Mabel's lap. It was promptly returned with, "Who was your servant last year?"

"But mother's busy, and it looks shabby this way," persisted the boy.

"I can't help that. I'll not mend it. Take it to the tailor." And Mabel proceeded with another row of circles and scallops of tatting.

"If this were Ralph's coat, it would be mended in a hurry," was George's next line of argument. "It makes a great difference whether a fellow is just your brother or—"

"Now, George Brown, that will do—I don't run a tailor shop, that's all!" And Mabel considered the conversation at an end.

Later in the day, when tired fingers had taken time to mend the unfortunate coat, another favor was desired. Mabel wanted something from the store. George was driving to town, but not very near the store.

"Could you take me along, George?" she asked.

"No, indeed; I'm going to see the game," was George's reply.

"But, George, it will be so little out of your way."

"Makes no difference—I don't run a jitney!" And off he went alone, Mabel thinking indignantly, "That is the way with brothers!"

An hour later Sarah Hoyt came in radiant from riding, exclaiming, "Do you know what a jewel of a brother you have, Mabel Brown? I wanted some things from the store in a hurry, and just as I ran out to catch a car, along came George and took me in. He declared it was no trouble, and yet I knew he was going to the game. And he brought me to your lane. I positively refused to ride farther, and walked in. What fine times you must have!"

"Fine times indeed!" in scorn. "It makes a great difference—" and then she stopped as she recognized the trend of her sentence.

"What do you mean?" asked Sarah.

"You'd understand if you had a selfish brother."

"A selfish brother? O, I have wished a thousand times I had a brother like yours! George is grand!"

"Yes, a grand sham! He refused to take me to that same store just one hour ago!"

"Refused? Your brother refused to take you when he was going out with the car?"

"Just that—he refused to take me; said he did not run a jitney."

A light came into Sarah's eyes, and with a sudden resolution she asked, "And what did you refuse to do for him?"

"I refused to mend his old coat," Mabel blurted out before she realized what she was saying.

"Loving brother and sister, aren't you?" And then before there was time for an answer, she caught her friend into her arms and begged her forgiveness. "I had no right to say such a horrid thing, Mabel. Please forgive me. But really, Mabel, is it right? Here I have always wished for a brother, one like George. He is always so polite and obliging. I have always thought of you two as I think of Miriam and her brother Howard."

"O, but there is no similarity at all, Sarah! Howard is as attentive to Miriam as a lover."

"Forgive me again, Mabel, if I tell you that it always seemed the other way to me, if there is a difference. Miriam is so thoughtful of Howard."

"Implying, I suppose, that I am not thoughtful of George," broke in Mabel.

"You refused to mend his coat, and you know how helpless boys are," was the answer.

"Let's look for a pitcher of ice water," was Mabel's irrelevant reply.

However, she could not put the matter from her mind. After Sarah had gone, she found her tatting tiresome, and laying it aside started down the lane. There George met her as he turned the car from the road.

"Who's for a ride?" he exclaimed, slowing down and opening the door. Mabel stepped into the car without a word.

"Where, madam?" he asked archly, but holding the car toward home.

"Great game we had," and thus informally started, he launched into an animated recital of its course. His passenger said never a word, though she loved the game and was interested. But she was taking a fair look at this "grand" brother of hers. He was good-looking; and he was a bright fellow — everybody said that.

Arriving at the gate, he stopped to let her out. "Splendid conversationist, Mabel! Come again!" And on he sped to the garage.

"The big mischief!" she said to herself, but to him she made no answer, though she could not resist waving her handkerchief at him as he rounded the corner; and the answering salute settled a great matter in her heart.

"I'll do it," she said, half aloud.

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother, whom she met at the door. "What will you do?"

"I'll give you a kiss!" she exclaimed evasively, suiting the action to her words, "and some other things besides. I've a grand brother; do you know it?"

"Who said so?" was the knowing query.

"Sarah Hoyt said so, and so do I, and I am ashamed to confess I never really knew it till some one else told me so — I'm going to tell him, this very minute!"

Out to the garage she ran, into the wide door by the car. There sat her brother looking straight through the wind shield, at the wall, the engine still running.

"George Brown, what are you doing?"

"Wasting my valuable time," he ejaculated. "I'm thinking."

Up into the seat she slipped.

"George, I'll mend your coat for you."

"Mend my coat?" Then seeing her serious face, and suddenly remembering the particular unpleasantness of the day, he asked, "Still need that spool of pink thread?"

And before she could answer, the car shot out of the garage, turned around with a whir, and fairly leaped down the lane.

"What are you doing? Where are you going?" she exclaimed, when she could catch her breath.

"Going for that same spool of pink thread!" shouted the happy big boy at her side.

MAX HILL.

Fanny Crosby's Story of Ninety-Four Years

(Continued from page six)

poetry. You will hear from this young lady some day." This gave her real joy, and she continued writing poems and songs.

On leaving the institute her real work of Christian hymn writing began, and she was thrown into association with many famous men and women in the religious world. Among these were Bradbury, Doane, Sankey, Moody, and Stebbins. Perhaps it would be of interest to tell the story of a few of Miss Crosby's best known hymns. Their popularity has been unbounded both in this country and in lands beyond the seas. They carry a message of faith, of hope, and of love which appeals to the human heart everywhere.

One of the most popular of her hymns is "Rescue the Perishing." It was written after an experience in New York mission work. She was addressing a large company of working men one hot summer evening, when the thought kept forcing itself on her mind that some mother's boy must be rescued that night or not at all. So she made a pressing plea that if there was a boy present who had wandered from his mother's home and teaching, he would come to her at the close of the service. A young man of eighteen came forward and said, "Did you mean me? I promised my mother to meet her in heaven, but living as I am now that will be impossible." They prayed for him, and he finally arose with a new light in his eyes and exclaimed, "Now I can meet my mother in heaven, for I have found God."

Some of Fanny Crosby's other well-known hymns are "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Blessed Assurance," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," and "Every Day and Hour." We see by the following little verse that she believed song writing to be as practical as preaching, or more so:

"I think that life is not too long,
And therefore I determine
That many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon."

Miss Crosby did not consider that her blindness was a curse, but rather a blessing. She put her entire trust in God, and she had faith to believe that he would supply her with all temporal needs. Her prayer was, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Although she had many a hard struggle, she never gave up to grief or complaining, but was always cheerful and pleasant, and was ever seeking to brighten some one's life. All through her long life she lived the sentiment of this song:

"Never be sad or desponding,
Only have faith to believe;
Grace, for the duties before thee,
Ask of thy God and receive."

"Never be sad or desponding,
There is a morrow for thee,
Soon thou shalt dwell in the brightness,
There with the Lord thou shalt be."

She had an unusual love for children, and delighted in gathering them about her and telling them stories and reciting verses composed for them.

At the age of ninety-two, Miss Crosby visited Cambridge, and conversed with and learned at the feet of the great professors there. This gave her great joy, and upon returning she exclaimed, "I feel like a girl again! Truly I have drunk from the crystal streams of thought and knowledge."

Perhaps the greatest cause of the long life of this noble woman was that she lived simply and formed the habit of being cheerful. She said that from girlhood days she had had three little angel-guards: the first to guard her taste and cause her to be careful about her eating, the second to control her temper, and the third to control her tongue. She spent much time in the open air studying nature, retired early, and observed simple habits of life in general.

Fanny Crosby quietly passed away on the night of the eleventh of February, 1915, and the news of her death was quickly flashed around the globe. Her funeral was attended by a large number of noted men and women, especially hymn writers and poets with whom she had formed close friendships. It was said to be the largest funeral service ever conducted in Bridgeport.

In the sermon the feelings of the whole nation were expressed that by her faith, her hope, and her love she more nearly exemplified the Christian graces than any other person of her time. In the thousands of hymns she has given the world, not a false note has been sounded. Her great desire was to help the sinful to a better life, believing as she always did that —

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

DOROTHY L. PEARCE.

Five-Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Fire

(Concluded from page nine)

automobiles that had passed through fire, steam, and water. Naturally it will be easy to see that their value had been considerably depreciated. Besides these there was a medley of materials such as barrels of paraffin, cement, rolls of paper, string, bolts of cloth, electric-light globes and fixtures, sacks of salt, and furs.

After having seen the extent of the destruction of the fire as pertained to the cargo I was interested to visit the ship, and in a talk with the supercargo, or the one in charge of the cargo, I was informed that the damage sustained amounted to about \$500,000, and he intimated that the fire was the result of a cigarette thrown down by one of the men while loading the vessel.

D. D. FITCH.



DOROTHY AND HER GUARDIAN, A BIG DANE

Missionary Volunteer Department

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ELLA IDEN	
MRS. I. H. EVANS	Office Secretary
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J. F. SIMON	

Something New!

A LEAFLET containing a list of one hundred twenty-five questions with references on denominational history has been prepared for the use of those studying for Senior Attainment membership. On this list of study questions, future Senior Standard of Attainment examinations will be based. Young people will find it very valuable in studying for Attainment membership either alone or in groups. Order from your tract society.

Juniors, Attention!

THERE is now a Junior Standard of Attainment Manual. This is just what you need for studying to become Junior members of Attainment. This little manual contains two lists of study questions, with references — one list on Bible doctrines and one on denominational history. On these questions the Junior Standard of Attainment examinations will be based.

This manual makes it possible for every ambitious boy or girl of junior age to become a Junior member of Attainment. Surely many will get this leaflet at once, and try to be ready to take the test in either Bible doctrines or denominational history, and possibly in both subjects, next May. Who will be first? Order from your tract society.

Open Doors

WHEN we seek eminence and position, how few avenues are open! When we seek service, how many — all with wide gates and loud calls and pleading invitations to come where room and work . . . await all!

God is calling every Missionary Volunteer to service. "The need is the call." A thousand opportunities are waiting for us; our Captain is depending on every one to do his part. If we fail to engage in active service for the Master, we are not truly Missionary Volunteers. Are you about your Father's business?

"I should like to be working for the Lord," says one, "but I'm not talented in any way. How can I serve?" Others have found a way; you can. There is plenty of work that requires neither brilliancy nor talent, but only a willing heart. Let us visit one of the working bands of the Missionary Volunteer Society, where an avenue for service is presented which is within the ability of every one. Shall we drop in without announcing our coming?

The door stands ajar; a peep within reveals one of the pleasantest sights imaginable. It is evening. At a long table are seated about twenty bright-faced young people, each one busily engaged in some occupation which seems all-absorbing. On closer inspection it is discovered that they are writing letters — such a pile accumulates as the close of the hour draws near! At a near-by table one of the girls is wrapping papers, while from time to time these are passed out to various

ones to be addressed. Such a spirit of good-fellowship, of service for others, seems to pervade the atmosphere. Presently all are asked to suspend their work for a few moments, while an earnest prayer is offered, asking that God will bless the printed page which is being sent forth with its message of truth. Such is the picture presented by the Correspondence Band in one of our thriving Missionary Volunteer Societies.

Names for use in the band are usually secured from our canvassers, or from directories. The money for stationery and postage is taken from the regular home missions fund of the society. The church missionary society gladly helps to furnish the *Signs of the Times* and *Present Truth* for the band work. From seventy-five to one hundred letters are written weekly. Within the history of this Correspondence Band, several persons have accepted the truth through its work, while it has been instrumental in helping to raise up two churches. Are you a Correspondence Band member? If not, here is an opportunity for service. Sample letters and lists of names will be furnished by the General Missionary Volunteer Department if there are those who wish such help. The Correspondence Band is one of the *open doors*.

"The poor ye have always with you," said Jesus, and true it is that there is always an opportunity for service in this direction. The Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C., can furnish you with the addresses of over a dozen of our Southern schools where clothing and books would be gladly received and used to good advantage. You can serve your Master in the person of his poor and needy children.

One hundred seventy-five articles of clothing were sent out at one time by one little society. Isn't that a record?

One evening recently a union secretary stepped into a Missionary Volunteer meeting, told briefly of a visit which he had just made to a near-by soldiers' camp, described the conditions there, and then asked for an offering with which to purchase a quantity of the Temperance and Anti-Tobacco numbers of the *INSTRUCTOR* for distribution among the soldiers. "How many of you are thankful a *dollar's worth*, that you aren't over in that cantonment?" he asked. "How many will give that amount to help to supply literature for these soldier boys?" The young people rose on every hand, and in a few minutes' time about fifty dollars was raised. Have you done your bit toward supplying literature for the men who have been called to the colors? A soldier's and sailor's edition of "Steps to Christ" is now being printed for distribution. It will require a large amount of money to meet the expense entailed. Financial gifts for this work will be gladly received. All money given should be sent to Elder W. T. Knox, Takoma Park, D. C. An effort is on foot to supply the various camp libraries throughout the country with sets of our good books. This work is in charge of the union Missionary Volunteer secretaries. Neat, clean copies of books, or contributions of money, will assist materially in this plan. Can you not help?

A busy man whose time is more than full, returned this summer from a short visit among friends not believers in the third angel's message. On reaching home he arranged to send *Present Truth* to several of these friends. He sent each one a card, explaining what he had done, and requesting him to read the paper. Is there any one too busy, too engrossed in his own affairs, to do this much to warn his friends before it is

too late? The Present Truth Series consists of twenty-four papers, each dealing with some Bible subject. When one has received the whole series, he has had an opportunity to learn all points of our faith. For twenty-five cents a set, the Review and Herald Publishing Association will mail these papers, one each week, to any address which you may furnish. Try the plan, and give your friends the privilege of knowing the precious truth which you hold dear.

Surprising results have also been seen in using the Present Truth Series for house-to-house work. Some societies take a number of sets, and distribute them systematically from week to week, covering the same territory each time. Scores of persons are now rejoicing in the truth through efforts of this kind.

Does it pay to leave literature on the street cars? Brother Ernest Lloyd tells of a young street-car conductor who was frequently annoyed because Adventists who often rode on his line left tracts in the cars. Being prejudiced, he usually threw them away. But the day came when the tables turned. His eye was caught by the title of a tract on the Sabbath question. He picked it up, read it, then stowed it away in his pocket. After that he carefully saved all tracts left on the car, and read them as he had opportunity. The result was that he read himself into the truth, and is now an earnest, energetic worker for God. Doesn't that encourage you? Then scatter the "speaking leaves" broadcast. Sow beside all waters. It is ours to sow the seed; with God rests the harvest.

There are many other things that you can do in God's vineyard, aside from what has been mentioned.

You can learn to give Bible studies.

You can conduct cottage meetings and Sunday schools.

You can sing or distribute papers and flowers in the hospitals.

You can write letters to isolated young people, to missionaries, or to the aged and lonely.

You can do Red Cross work.

You can sell magazines and books.

You can place a reading rack in a suitable place, and keep it filled with neat, clean copies of our papers.

You can lend truth-laden books to your friends and neighbors.

You can help in the activities of the church, Sabbath school, and Missionary Volunteer Society.

You can do scores of kindly acts for those who are poor or ill or discouraged, if your eyes are open and your heart in tune with your Master.

You can take as your motto, "Others," and carry out the spirit of it in all that you do. The doors of service stand wide open. Will you enter?

ELLA IDEN.

Our Counsel Corner

ARE there no Bible Year leaflets to guide us in our daily reading of the Bible this year?

Yes, there is a Senior and also a Junior Bible Year leaflet. Be sure to get the one you need. Write at once to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary about it.

I greatly desire to become a more efficient personal worker. What books would you recommend to me for study?

There are numerous good books for personal workers to study. Some of these that have been sadly neglected by many Missionary Volunteers are the

"Testimonies for the Church." "I do not know an earnest and successful personal worker in our church," said a friend the other day, "who is not a diligent student of the Testimonies." If you have been neglecting this great source of help, will you not begin today to study them? Watch this paper for helpful suggestions for making this study most profitable.

My heart longs to get more out of the Morning Watch. Somehow it does not seem to revolutionize my life. It does not bring me the success I seek. Why is it?

"Under the tension of four or five pressing duties," writes Prof. C. L. Stone, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Columbia Union Conference, "I opened my Bible to the Morning Watch text. It said, 'I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord; and thy law is my delight.' Is this my delight? 'Yes,' came my soul's answer; for, running through all duties and all purposes, there is the main, great, guiding purpose to please and obey God. The tension was gone, and the next expression in the text was so appropriate and precious: 'Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and let thy judgments help me.'"

Now, may I ask *you* a question? Do you go to your morning appointment with God for strength to carry out *your* plans for the day? or do you turn all your plans over to him for revision, and then, lingering in his presence till you understand *his* plan for you today, do you plead for strength to be true to it? M. E.

Pluck Wins

"PLUCK wins! It always wins! Though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go,
Still pluck will win; its average is sure.
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works."

The Sabbath School

III — The Story of Eden

(January 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 2:4-25; 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 52-62; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 33-42.

"Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his feet?"

Questions

1. What special place did God provide as a home for Adam and Eve? What was in the garden? Gen. 2:8, 9, 15. Note 1.
2. How was the ground watered? Verses 10, 6.
3. What was brought before Adam? For what purpose were they brought before him? Verses 19, 20.
4. What did the Lord say concerning the man? How did he provide a companion for Adam? Verses 18, 21, 22.
5. What permission was given the dwellers in Eden? What were they forbidden to do? What was the penalty for disobedience? Verses 16, 17. Note 2.
6. What warning did the angels give to Adam and Eve? Note 3.
7. What is said concerning the serpent? Gen. 3:1, first part. Note 4.
8. What conversation took place between the serpent and Eve? Verses 1-5. Note 5.
9. Whom did Eve obey—God or Satan? Verse 6. Note 6.
10. How did Adam and Eve try to hide from their heavenly Father? Verses 8-11.
11. Whom did Adam blame for his sin? Upon whom did Eve place the blame? Verses 12, 13.
12. Between whom did God put enmity? Verse 15. Who is meant by the "seed"? Gal. 3:16. Note 7.
13. What came as the result of Adam's sin? Verses 17-19.
14. How did the Lord guard the tree of life? Verses 22-24.
15. What wages do we receive for sin? What does God promise as a gift? Memory verse.

Subjects for Study and Discussion

- What is the difference between a test and a temptation?
What is the strengthening influence of choices made between good and evil?
Of what present-day habit are we reminded in the excuses given by Adam and Eve?

Notes

1. "In this garden were trees of every variety, many of them laden with fragrant and delicious fruit. There were lovely vines, growing upright, yet presenting a most graceful appearance, with their branches drooping under their load of tempting fruit, of the richest and most varied hues. It was the work of Adam and Eve to train the branches of the vine to form bowers, thus making for themselves a dwelling from living trees covered with foliage and fruit. There were fragrant flowers of every hue in rich profusion. In the midst of the garden stood the tree of life, surpassing in glory all other trees. Its fruit appeared like apples of gold and silver, and had the power to perpetuate life."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 47.

2. "The tree of knowledge had been made a test of their obedience and their love to God. The Lord had seen fit to lay upon them but one prohibition as to the use of all that was in the garden; but if they should disregard his will in this particular, they would incur the guilt of transgression. Satan was not to follow them with continual temptations; he could have access to them only at the forbidden tree."—*Id.*, p. 53.

3. "The angels warned them to be on their guard against the devices of Satan; for his efforts to ensnare them would be unwearied. While they were obedient to God, the evil one could not harm them; for, if need be, every angel in heaven would be sent to their help. If they steadfastly repelled his first insinuations, they would be as secure as the heavenly messengers."—*Ibid.*

4. "In order to accomplish his work unperceived, Satan chose to employ as his medium the serpent,—a disguise well adapted for his purpose of deception. The serpent was then one of the wisest and most beautiful creatures on the earth. It had wings, and while flying through the air presented an appearance of dazzling brightness, having the color and brilliancy of burnished gold."—*Ibid.*

5. "The angels had cautioned Eve to beware of separating herself from her husband while occupied in their daily labor in the garden; with him she would be in less danger from temptation than if she were alone. But absorbed in her pleasing task, she unconsciously wandered from his side. On perceiving that she was alone, she felt an apprehension of danger, but dismissed her fears, deciding that she had sufficient wisdom and strength to discern evil and to withstand it. Unmindful of the angels' caution, she soon found herself gazing with mingled curiosity and admiration, upon the forbidden tree."—*Id.*, pp. 53, 54.

6. To Eve it seemed a small thing to disobey God by tasting the fruit of the forbidden tree, and to tempt her husband also to transgress; but their sin opened the floodgates of woe upon the world. Who can know, in the moment of temptation, the terrible consequences that will result from one wrong step?"—*Id.*, p. 61.

7. In this text we have the first promise of a Saviour from sin. God put enmity to sin into the heart of man. Satan bruised Jesus on the cross, but his victorious resurrection proved that it was a bruise on the heel, soon cured. But the time will soon come when Satan will die as a serpent wounded in the head.

Protection

SOME years ago the king of Abyssinia took a British subject prisoner. They carried him to the fortress of Magdala, and in the heights of the mountains put him in a dungeon without cause assigned. Britain demanded his instantaneous release. King Theodore refused, and in less than ten days ten thousand British soldiers were on shipboard and sailing down the coast. They marched seven hundred miles beneath the burning sun up the mountains to the very dungeon where the prisoner was held, and there they gave battle. The gates were torn down. Presently the prisoner was lifted upon their shoulders, carried down the mountain, and placed upon the white-winged ship which sped him in safety to his home. It cost the English government \$25,000,000 to release that man. I belong to a better kingdom than that, and do you suppose that earthly powers will protect their subjects and God will leave me without help?—*Expositor*.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued Tuesdays by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - - Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75
Six months - - - - - 1.00

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	- - - - -	Each	\$1.25
Six months	- - - - -		.75
Three months	- - - - -		.40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

It Passed!

ON Aug. 1, 1917, the Senate of the United States passed by a vote of 55 to 32, the resolution to submit a prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution, to be approved or rejected by the various States. On Dec. 17, 1917, the House of Representatives passed the same resolution by a vote of 282 to 128. The temperance people have been much concerned over the fate of the bill in the House; but the House stood for the right, and passed the bill by a large majority.

The Senate has to vote on an amendment to the resolution, since the House gave the States seven years for ratification, while the Senate gave only six.

Ratification of the measure by thirty-six States, three fourths of the States of the Union, is now necessary to make national prohibition a law of the country. Thirteen wet States can defeat the measure. Now is the time for work. We must educate, agitate, and vote. We must not allow the indifference or ignorance of any to snatch the great prize of national prohibition from our hands when it is almost within grasp.

Why Neglect Our Reading?

SHORTLY after the beginning of the European war, reports reached this country from England to the effect that church attendance in the British Isles had greatly increased. This would indicate a seriousness of thought on the part of the English people worthy of favorable comment.

A recent canvass of several of the larger city libraries of this country revealed the fact that our entrance into the war had produced a similar effect on the quality of reading matter called for. Apparently people are thinking harder and studying more than in the days of peace.

Colleges have lost a large per cent of their students. These men find serious study more difficult in camp. Quite frequently one sees the soldiers in khaki making use of the valuable resources of the public library. This is as it should be.

Many of us have been tempted to say, "When the war is over I will read such and such a book, but at present I have not time." This war has made it doubly necessary to guard against the loss of time as well as against the letting down of the bars in the matter of self-improvement. What a pleasure and a benefit it is to delve into the inner recesses of the library, getting a taste here and there of the fruits of great minds—getting acquainted, as it were, with inspiring characters of history and literature.

We will have a better appreciation of the value of

time if we persistently refuse to allow our mental progress to grow slack. Every ounce of effort, every bit of determination put forth in honest and patient study, brings its reward in character.

We would not be like the soldier who said, "Why should I do any more studying when I may be shot in another six months?" It were better to follow the advice: "Plan as though time were to last for eternity; work as though this were your last day on earth."

Constant advancement and growth until the end, is a man's duty to himself.

P. N. PEARCE.

Perfect Obedience

ENOCH walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." Gen. 5:24.

"Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." Gen. 6:9.

These two antediluvian patriarchs are types of what God's people should be today. They were righteous, perfect men; they walked and talked with God.

To one, because he walked with God,—in harmony with God in all his dealings,—came the wonderful experience of being taken into the actual presence of his Maker without seeing death. Only one whose relations with God on earth are close and intimate, could be taken into his presence and live. But to Enoch there was no difference; he walked with God on earth so sincerely that he could walk with him in heaven.

To Noah, because he walked with God perfectly, came the opportunity of doing a great work for the race, the new race that was to spring from him. Because he was perfect in the evil world before the flood, he could be used by God to build the ark to the saving of his house, was worthy of divine protection through the most awful catastrophe the earth has ever seen, and intrusted with the task of peopling the world and rightly instructing his descendants after the flood.

"Be ye perfect," is the admonition that comes to the world today; and to the perfect ones, and to them only, is the promise of being taken into God's presence. Such a life can be lived—Enoch and Noah lived it; the reward is as sure as was theirs. With such examples, and with the instruction of God's Word and the guidance of his Holy Spirit, every soul today may truly "walk with God," perfect in his generation.

MAX HILL.

The Silver Thimble Fund

AN Englishwoman wishing to do "her bit" thought to collect silver thimbles from the homes of the Englishwomen, and convert the silver into money to help in the war. Her service resulted in the securing not only of thousands of discarded thimbles, but of silver pieces of all kinds, the Silver Thimble Fund finally reaching the surprisingly large sum of \$75,000. It was devoted to the following charities:

- 7 motor ambulances.
- 5 motor hospital boats for Mesopotamia.
- 1 disinfector.
- \$10,000 to Navy Employment Agency for Disabled Sailors.
- \$11,250 to the Star and Garter Fund.
- \$50,000 for disabled soldiers and sailors.
- \$1,110 in small grants to hospitals and supply bureaus.

"THE man who trusts in God is backed by the unlimited resources of the bank of heaven."