

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

February 25, 1913

No. 8



ONE OF OUR NATIONAL PARK GEYSERS



"Do your best every time, even in small matters; whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

OVER ten thousand dollars was received by the government at the recent auction sale of "dead letter" articles.

By authority of the new Chinese Republic, the native style of dress of both men and women is to be supplanted by the European style.

DURING the last thirty years ten thousand young men and women have attended Mr. D. L. Moody's schools at Northfield, Massachusetts.

RECENT experiments have shown that a single thread of a web made by a spider supported endwise a weight of seventy-four times the weight of the spider itself.

HOOKEWORM disease costs Arkansas more than one fourth of its annual cotton crop, according to the Hon. George B. Cook, superintendent of public instruction. Physicians and teachers are cooperating vigorously with the State board of health in the campaign for rural sanitation in that State.

"JAMES OTIS," one of the best known and most prolific writers for boys died the other day, a white-haired man. His real name was James Otis Kaler. In his youth he went to Boston and asked for work on the *Boston Journal*. The managing editor, thinking to get rid of him in the least painful manner, told him to go out and see if he could write anything new about Boston Common; if he could, he should have a job. In a little while the young man came in with an interesting article about the initials that idlers had carved on the seats. There began his career as a writer. In letters meaningless to others he had found the word Opportunity."

FOUR States—Colorado, Idaho, Washington, and Wyoming—have women at the head of their State school systems; and there are now 495 women county superintendents in the United States, nearly double the number of ten years ago. Wyoming has a woman State superintendent; the deputy State superintendent is a woman; and of the fourteen counties in the State, all but one are directed educationally by women. In Montana, where there are thirty counties, only one man is reported as holding the position of county superintendent.

THE wearing by women of hat pins that are a menace to the traveling public must be prohibited in Massachusetts. This is the conclusion of a legislative committee which recently recommended the adoption of a law making it a misdemeanor for a woman to permit the pointed end of a pin to protrude more than half an inch from the side of her hat, unless the end is covered with some device rendering it harmless.

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# The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 25, 1913

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## The Song of Life

I'll not complain because He wills it so;  
This life below must have its ups and downs,  
Its troubles, heartaches, and its frowns;  
But what he does for me is best, I know.

Sometimes my heart in vain doth sigh for rest;  
The road is rough and thorny all the way;  
But I will bravely journey on and pray,  
For what he doth for me, I know, is best.

Give up? — O, no! I'll ne'er give up the fight;  
Too well I know that victory waits for me:  
And I'll rejoice throughout eternity  
If I persist in struggling for the right.

Then hush, my soul! To you it hath been given  
To sing for those who need to hear your song;  
Sing on! sing on! The time will not be long  
When they shall hear you sing again in heaven.

HERBERT M. KELLEY.

## Glimpses of Burma—The Burman Himself

R. B. THURBER



THE Burman thinks his land is a good place in which to live, else why is he so willing to stay here and the foreigner so willing to come? If the latter is like himself, he must be here for the pleasure it brings, for the Burman's conception of happiness is not that which is found in anticipation—in sacrificing for the future. He sees no satisfaction in the acquiring of wealth as such, but only in its spending. Because money does not have time to settle on him, he has made his land a more attractive country than many in the East; for even that gaiety which is but the gloss of happiness has its lure. His is the bliss of the untutored mind, the optimism of the simple life. The wants and worries of modern civilization have small place in his daily—no, not routine, for he hates it—change. Did they but know it, Epicurus is the patron philosopher of these people of the "silken East."

The Burman is such a man as you would look at three times in the street. Let us bother one of a type who is approaching us, by indulging in a stare which he has brought upon himself by dressing in so much color. And what an exquisite taste he has for color and its combinations! Not such combinations and hues as Americans would put into a smart make-up, but such a color scheme as we would put into a room,—ideal for the Burman, and much admired by the visitor to these shores. His head-piece is of a delicate tint of green silk, his coat of white, his lower garment of dark-green changeable silk, and his shoes are covered with olive velvet. The "soft" tints of pink and red are also favorites. No hideous stripes and sharp contrasts of gaudy colors are to be seen.

As to the form of his dress and the method of his dressing: Take two yards of silk and wrap it around the head at the temples, tucking in the end so that a corner waves plume-like, and you have his hat; tighten a little the loose flow of a kimono, and you have his coat; extend a flour sack to the size of a barrel, cut out the bottom, put it on over the head and lower it till the top reaches the waist and the bottom just clears the ground; overlap the ample girth in front, twist it into a knot and tuck it inside the belt thus formed, and you have the "trousers;" for shoes, take soles and make uppers sufficient to form a little three-cornered pocket for the toes, or two pieces of padded tape may rise from between the toes and fasten at the sides. His diminutive turban gives him a jaunty appearance, his

coat makes him look cool, his hobble-like skirt shortens his step, and his sandals cause him to drag his feet. The educated classes of people in the towns are now affecting Western shoes and stockings and an almost European coat. The modern umbrella, common the world over, has largely displaced the flat, Japanese type. The women dress in the same way as the men, except that they have no head-dress and their coats are cut to a little different pattern. The people are of medium height or small. Very tall or very stout men are few.

The true Burmese trousers are said to be tattoo. Most of the men and boys are tattooed from the waist to the knees. The tailoring of this pair of trousers, which are guaranteed not to rip or wear, is a painful ordeal of boyhood. There is a tradition that at first the higher classes in the towns adopted this method of distinguishing themselves from the jungle people; later, the latter followed the townspeople so as not to be thought ignorant; and now this disfigurement is going out of style because it is said to mark the countryman. Besides these trousers that won't come off, the Burman wears a thin, tight shirt and flowing Chinese trousers for underwear.

A look into the face of our subject reveals his relation to his neighbors of China and Japan. But his eyes are more open and less oblique than theirs. He can not grow a full mustache or beard, and the few hairs that do appear are naturally not welcome. Partly to save shaving, he carries in his pocket a small pair of pincers, and has recourse to pulling out the intruders by the roots, as he waits in public places.

The Burmese are generally tidy and clean about their persons, and just the opposite about their surroundings. There is great hope, however, for a man who comes "next to godliness" in his daily bath. The favorite bath-rooms are front yards and village well sides. By a dexterous manipulation of garments they maintain decency, and yet get a thorough scrub and pour. Usually the clothing is washed at the same time, a stone doing duty as a wash-board, and a beating with a club is substituted for boiling. There are two changes of clothing, and part of one is worn and part washed, while the other dries.

The visitor is impressed with the happy expressions on the countenances of these people; and if he is kept awake at night by the velled songs of a belated joy walker, he feels that dull care rests lightly upon their shoulders. They are indeed a jolly people. This, with



the abundant fresh air of their open houses and their frequent bathing, grants them quite good health in spite of the food they eat, which is usually abominable. The inside of the platter remains unwashed. In the case of many, they are good-looking until they open their mouths.

Rice and curry are the bread and butter of Burma. Rice is the staff of life, and curry is the rod. Curry can not be described at one sitting. Like American hash, it may be anything, and tastes like everything. It has a meat basis,—fish, flesh, or fowl,—contains bits of a variety of vegetables and spices, and has the consistency of a stew. But if the uninitiated should shut his eyes and taste it, he would affirm that it consisted of stewed peppers; for chillies are freely sprinkled in. One little chilli in a curry sufficient for a large family is enough to cause an unwhipped alimentary canal to call lustily for water; but these people can eat the little vegetable misnomers down raw and unaccompanied, without a change of expression.

*Ngapi* is a representative of Burmese dietary abominations. It is simply rotten fish. The smell of it beggars description. It combines all the offensive odors we have ever sensed. Yet this outrage to the olfactory organs is one of the most toothsome titbits of a whole people. The writer has seen poor people licking the juice of the stuff as it dripped from loads of it in freight-cars at the stations. Still, the Burmans do not have a monopoly on disgusting foods.

In common with most of the natives of east India, the Burmese indulge in the use of a preparation of betel leaves and lime, called by them *kun*. When chewed, this produces a red juice, and the first sight of an open mouth containing it is as startling as the bursting of an artery. In time the teeth turn black. If to this is added crooked and rotting incisors, and a stench for breath, as is often the case with the jungle people, the facial orifice is a forbidding cavern to the assiduous users of the tooth-brush and the mouth wash. The use of *kun* is not universal, however, and lately the cigarette is being substituted for it,—not to say that this is an improvement, except in appearance.

Both sexes, all ages, smoke, smoke, smoke,—anything from leaves and chopped wood to opium. Tobacco is most commonly used, but it is not chewed, smoked in a pipe, nor taken as snuff. Most of the cigars are cheap and large—swelled so with sawdust stuffing and corn-husk cover that the lips can not be gotten over the near end with propriety.

The Burman is respectful in the presence of authority, and his manners are good. As a social companion, he is a very likable person indeed. He is nearly always at leisure for a visit, and few can be as pleasant as he. But his "little behindhand" is well developed, and business and managing ability is lacking. Burma's business is managed by its women. I verily believe a Burmese woman would rather sell something than eat. Her glory lies in bargaining and making change, while her husband passes her the goods.

The Burman is slow to wrath, but quick when he gets there. He is not often seen fighting, but seems temporarily insane when he does begin, and fights to kill. Perhaps because the terrible consequences are known, every non-participant in a combat tries to stop it. I have witnessed a number of encounters between both boys and men, and every time the combatants were separated by their friends. What a contrast to the "chip on the shoulder" attitude of many professed followers of the Prince of Peace!

As to grace of carriage, dignity of bearing, and pride of race, the Burmese people are made of the stuff that kings are made of. They revel in color and music, show and display. They are artists, but not artisans. Not having learned how to obey, they can not command. Their strong traits and good traits are not of the sort that long endure in this modern workaday world, more's the pity. Should time last, their fate would be assimilation. But should this come, those who know them best hope that their general likableness may be transmitted.

### Loyalty to the King

GEORGE V, king of England, decides to visit British possessions in the West Indies, and a few months previous to his departure for the islands, notifies his subjects there so they may know when he may be expected. The message of the king is sent to government officials, who receive it with indifference. The people also treat it with indifference, remaining absorbed in their own interests. The king arrives, and finds that no preparation has been made to receive him. Evidently he is an unwelcome visitor; and should he place an estimate on the loyalty of his subjects in the West Indies, it would be a very low one indeed.

British subjects, wherever found, would not so treat such a message from their king. On receipt of the word notifying them of the visit of their sovereign, committees would be appointed, bands of music would be engaged, the streets would be thoroughly cleaned, bunting and flags would be displayed everywhere; and when the king arrived, he would be greeted by cheering thousands, each person clothed in his best garments. All this to give evidence of their loyalty to the ruler of the world's greatest kingdom.

Jesus Christ, the King of kings, is soon to return to this world, and by the mouth of his servants who are conversant with the teaching of his prophets, he is sending to all people the proclamation of his second advent. Loyal hearts are responding, and are preparing to receive their King with enthusiasm when he appears in his own glory, the glory of the Father, and of all the holy angels. The indifferent are not to be classed with the loyal subjects of the King; he places them with the wicked servant who, knowing his Lord's will, did it not. The message of our Lord's second personal coming is God's present test to reveal his loyal subjects. His word is being proclaimed to the uttermost parts of the earth, and at last when he shall appear in the clouds of heaven, loyal hearts will say, "This is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Those who rejected his word will, in agony of soul, pray for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, so that they may be hidden from the face of the Lamb, and from him that sitteth on the throne. "Transgression has almost reached its limit, and a great terror is soon to come upon human beings. The end is very near. God's people should be preparing for what is soon to break upon the world as an overwhelming surprise."

Reader, are you loyal to Christ, or are you not? Remember, if you are not with Christ, you are against him, and being against him, you will not be able to stand in the day of his appearing. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," but open the heart to Christ, who will abide with you, transform you, and when he comes, gather you, because you are in him.

JOHN N. QUINN.



### There Is a Word

THERE is, there is a cheering word,  
For God has manifest his love;  
His heart has felt, his ear has heard,  
His voice has spoken from above.

Of old he spake, when earth was young,  
The patriarchs to guide and cheer;  
By prophets were his praises sung,  
His seers the way of life made clear.

As men the path of duty trod,  
God's voice was heard, his glory shown;  
And Enoch walked and talked with God,  
And Noah made his message known.

One hundred twenty years he told  
Of dire destruction waiting man,  
And deep the mighty billows rolled  
In working out God's righteous plan.

When Israel wandered from the way,  
God's seers foretold the course he planned —  
A mighty nation's conquering sway,  
And bondage in a foreign land.

It came, and Israel served a king  
Who knew not God the Holy One,  
Who taunting bade of Zion sing  
In fields and groves of Babylon.

Through all the ages thus he spake  
To men and nations of the plan  
Designed the course of sin to break,  
And bring the gift of life to man.

The prophets sang in joyful strain  
Of him whose sacrifice complete  
Would take away sin's awful stain,  
And all the powers of wrong defeat.

He came, with healing in his wing,  
And angel hosts proclaimed the morn  
When Christ, the Saviour, Priest, and King,  
In lowly Bethlehem was born.

God speaks — the future stands revealed,  
That all the world may read and know;  
And every word with truth is sealed:  
The God of heaven speaks — 'tis so.

Then seek his Word and learn his will,  
And thou the way of life shalt see;  
He gave the Word, he will fulfil  
As speaks the word of prophecy.

MAX HILL.

### Displaying No Lights

A THRILLING story is told by a traveler who once roamed the ocean wastes. He was voyaging in a sailing ship, in the loneliest part of the South Pacific. Night was coming on, and a fresh gale was blowing. He overheard the mate ask the captain whether he should set out, as is the usual custom, the red and green running lights. The captain thought a moment and then said: "They are worth fifty dollars. We might lose them in this storm. Don't put them out!"

The mate did as he was ordered. No lights were displayed, and the ship dashed along through the rising gale. There did not seem to be the remotest chance of meeting anything that dark night in regions so far off from the usual lines of ocean traffic. But suddenly there came a shout from the lookout, "Ship ahoy!" The weird shape of a big steamer towered above the plunging sailing craft, seemingly right over her bows. There was no time to alter the course, captain and crew held their breath in one awful moment of suspense — and then the black monster rushed past, almost grazing the sailing ship's side, her screw throwing the splashing spray on the deck of the craft she had well-nigh sunk. It was a "close shave"! And all because a too frugal captain, simply because he did not wish to risk the loss of fifty dollars, had

imperiled the lives of his crew, and the safety of his ship with its valuable cargo. He was displaying no light, when the law said that he should do so, and though he escaped in this case, his fault was as inexcusable as if his ship had been sunk.

There is a sequel to that story. Some years afterward that delinquent captain found out the name of the unknown steamer. It was the steamship "Challenger," carrying a British scientific expedition to remote parts of the world, in whose log-book occurred an entry to the effect that "in longitude —, latitude —, weather thick and stormy, passed an unknown schooner, carrying no lights." There seemed no probability whatever of meeting another vessel in those isolated seas, but in life it is the unexpected which sometimes happens, and so it proved in this case.

Displaying no lights! On the broad, billowy ocean of life there is much reckless navigation of this sort. Many voyage along guided by no principles, using no precautions against moral disaster, and giving forth no Christian witness as they rush on their murky way. Yet there is no telling with whom or what we may at any time come in contact in this world, and therefore our side-lights should always be kept brightly burning, both for their sakes and our own. There is a familiar story of a blind man who went through the town on a dark night carrying a lantern. Some one asked him, "Why do you carry a lantern, when you can not see its gleam?" "I carry it," said the man, "so that no one will run over me." That blind man was a practical philosopher — he knew that in this world of bewildering interests, intricate labyrinths, and perplexing problems where many men and matters constantly confront and challenge us, it is necessary for us distinctly to define our own moral position, while taking account of that of others. It is as needful for them to see where we are as for us to see where they stand. In these complex circumstances our witness to the truth should be as clear and constant as that of a north star. It should never be necessary for anybody to ask how we stand religiously — so brightly should we let our light of spiritual living shine forth over the shadowy wastes of life.

Disaster sooner or later awaits the ship or soul that makes no sign and answers no hail of "Whither bound?" Run up the signals of a Christian profession, keep ever burning the starboard light of faith, the port light of prayer, and the masthead light of hope, and your earthly voyage, when it is run, will happily terminate in a heavenly harbor, whereinto you shall be given an abundant entrance.—*New York Observer.*

### Your Call to the Work

"I CALL upon all who possibly can to connect with the work, and do it now." These words are in the Week of Prayer Reading for Sabbath, December 14, under the title "For a Witness Unto All Nations," and are a trumpet-call to every soul at this critical time.

Great crises from time to time come in the history and experience of God's people, calling upon all to arise and engage in a decided warfare against the evil that threatens to overwhelm their righteous cause. Such a crisis is a test of the loyalty and faith of the Lord's people, and it also gives him an opportunity to show himself strong in their behalf. The psalmist said: "He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong



for me. They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay."

A crisis came when the Midianites and the Amalekites and the children of the East came against Israel "as grasshoppers for multitude," "and left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass." "And because of the Midianites the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds." Israel was greatly impoverished, and cried unto the Lord. The Lord chose from among them a pious man, Gideon, full of zeal and valor; and "the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet; and Abiezer was gathered after him. And he sent messengers throughout all Manasseh; who also was gathered after him: and he sent messengers unto Asher, and unto Zebulun, and unto Naphtali; and they came up to meet them." Thus thousands responded to that trumpet-call at that critical time, and the great multitude that rose up to defy and oppress Israel were wholly defeated and routed. But the victory belonged to the Lord and his three hundred men of faith, zeal, and courage.

Another crisis came upon the people of God in the days of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, when it was said to him: "There cometh a great multitude against thee from beyond the sea on this side Syria; . . . and Jehoshaphat feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah. And Judah gathered themselves together, to ask help of the Lord: . . . and all Judah stood before the Lord, with their little ones, their wives, and their children." Let us briefly follow the story of their deliverance. "Then upon Jahaziel . . . came the Spirit of the Lord in the midst of the congregation; and he said, Harken ye, all Judah, . . . Thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's. . . . To-morrow go out against them: for the Lord will be with you." On the morrow, while they were singing praises to God as they went out against the enemy, the enemy was smitten; for they fell to fighting among themselves, and "every one helped to destroy another." When the people of Judah looked toward the multitude, "behold, they were all dead bodies fallen to the earth, and none escaped."

What the Lord did for Gideon and for Jehoshaphat he is waiting to do for all his people now who respond to the call to "come into line." There never was a more critical time than the present. The kingdoms of this world are surely preparing for Armageddon. The churches are working with all their energies and talents to bring about a church federation, and thereby a union of religion and the state, which is the prophetic "image to the beast," and at last to enforce the "mark of the beast." Freedom to serve God according to his Word will be denied, and those who dare to assert their liberty to "keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus," will be assigned to persecution and death. Violence and lawlessness are alarmingly increasing in every land, and a thousand evils are disturbing the peace of the world, while the "king of the north" (see Daniel 11) is hastening toward "his end, and none shall help him." Following this is the deliverance of God's people, when the great Prince, Jesus the Son of God, stands up to deliver them. Dan. 12:1-3. None who stand idly back now in the face of this flood of wickedness will be among the delivered ones. Unless we hasten to take the place appointed us by Heaven in the work of God in the present crisis, our names will not be found "written

in the book." The prophet Jeremiah saw the conditions of our day, and he said, "I am pained at my very heart. . . . I can not hold my peace." Should we not feel as Jeremiah felt? Should not we be about our Master's business?

If you need a training for the work, do not delay to obtain it. Our institutions, educational, publishing, and medical, are inviting you with open arms, and will meet your needs in the work you may choose. The great continents of Asia, Africa, Europe, America, and Australia, as well as the islands of the sea, are loudly calling for valiant missionaries, for their fields are white unto harvest. Moreover, "the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come." "What doth hinder?" "Come; for all things are now ready." Now listen to the bugle-call: "I call upon all who possibly can to connect with the work, *and do it now.*"

G. F. JONES.

### Every-Day Religion

SHE was young and very enthusiastic, and so, encouraged by the evangelist's kindly interest, she was confiding to him her plans for coming usefulness.

"I shall be a settlement worker," she told him. "I mean to go among the very poor and tell them the story of the Christ. I think perhaps it is meant that I shall work differently from most settlement workers, for I believe it is more important to attend to spiritual matters first than to teach."

It was the following day that Marguerite Matthews began her chosen work, calling first upon an old and decrepit couple in a forlorn attic. She announced her errand bravely. "I have come to read the Bible to you," she said gently. "I want you to be Christians, and the Bible tells you how to be."

The man eyed her sharply, shrewdly. "How," he demanded, "how do you know we ain't?"

Startled, the girl could only gasp.

"Well," the man said, after watching her for a minute with something akin to amusement in his faded eyes, 'ef it'll do you any good to know, I ain't. She is though; and I'm goin' to tell you what made her. We was both sick, an' a minister come to see us. I expected he'd do just as you hev. 'Nd I got ready to say some pretty big words to him soon as he fetched out his Bible. 'Stead of that, what did he do but shake hands as if we was friends o' his'n, and then says he, 'May I build the fire?' An' out he went an' come back with kindling and other things, and before he left we was all fixed up comfortable. Next day he come again, and the next, and in all the time he kept coming he didn't read a word out of the Book we both knew he took his orders from. And one day my wife — she's par'lyzed now so she can't talk — she said to him, 'Why don't you read the Bible to us?' And he smiled and says, 'Be you ready to hev me?' Then he read and prayed and — well, Miss, she's been a Christian ever since — and sometimes I —"

Marguerite Matthews' brown eyes shone with a new light as she quietly unfastened her cloak. "I'm so glad I came here first," she said simply, "for this is truly my first missionary call. You have helped me very much, Mr. Garnet. May I do something to help you? May I not brush your wife's hair while you are thinking of something else you'd like done? And then I hope you'll be ready to tell me that you, too, have decided to be what you say your wife is, what I am trying to be, and what your friend the minister was."



The old wife laid her hand upon the man's bowed head, while she tried to speak. John Garnet nodded understandingly.

"I said when I found two folks that would help before they preached, I'd think it was real," he said slowly, "and I've been waiting. Ef the Lord wants me, I'm ready to believe in him. There has been lots of folks here who've read the Bible to us, but you've done what they ain't another one has done. She's—she's wanted her hair fixed nice,—'fore she was sick no one ever kept their hair nicer than she did,—but my rheumatiz won't let me do much, and so she's had to get along with just plain combing."

The woman in the bed smiled wistfully and gratefully, at the sweet face of her visitor, while the unintelligible voice addressed the old man.

"She says there ain't no backing out for me," he said. "No, dear heart, there ain't. And I ain't going to, neither."—*Selected.*

### A Boy's-Eye View of the Lesson

[The following description by a boy of the teaching of a lesson on the first chapter of Genesis, shows the helpfulness of concrete illustrations in Sabbath-school teaching. The last paragraph contains a suggestion for teachers that may be worth their consideration.]

TEACHER began the lesson last Sunday by showing us a picture of the court-house.

"Who built it?" he asked.

"I don't know," scowled George Jones. "I wasn't here then."

Teacher gave him a reading-glass, and had him look through it at the names on the corner-stone, where it says, "Built by J. L. Carson, Contractor."

"Now," said teacher, "if I should ask you who built the world and the universe, I suppose you would answer as George did, that you don't know because you were not there. But if you look close, you can find the name of the one who was both architect and contractor. Where do you see it, Fred?"

"In the first verse of the Bible," Fred answered.

"Right," said teacher, and he had us all repeat it.

"Where else, Carl?" he went on.

"Everywhere," said Carl, "rocks, flowers, birds, stars, everything. Nobody but God could have made a world like this."

Then he had us look up Ps. 19:1 and read it three times, till we could say it with our eyes shut: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

"A man down at the livery-stable said there ain't no God," spoke up George.

"Yes," answered teacher, not looking a bit troubled. "I suppose he said the forces of nature made the world."

"Did he say he didn't believe there was any J. L. Carson, architect," went on teacher, "and that the forces of modern machinery built the court-house?"

"No, sir," said George. "He knows Mr. Carson; lives right close to him, and it wouldn't be any sense to say that machinery built the court-house without any men to run it."

"George," replied teacher, earnestly, "you have given a splendid answer. It isn't reasonable to think that any forces made this intricate, beautiful, carefully planned world without a great mind to direct them; and when we know God through faith in Christ, and live close to God through obedience to his Holy Spirit, then we can not doubt that 'in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'"

"I don't see how he did it," spoke up Bert.

"How does it say in the lesson that he did it?" asked teacher.

"According to verse 3, he just spoke and somehow it was there," answered Bert.

So teacher had us count how many times God spoke and something was created. We found eight places where it said that.

"How could his saying it make it so?" asked Fred.

"I don't fully know," answered teacher, "but I think most of the telling how is left out. When we say Mr. Carson built the court-house, do we mean that he cut the rock and mixed the mortar and nailed the boards with his own hands?"

"No, sir," said Frank. "He had a lot of men to do the work. My father was one of 'em. Old Carson, he just bossed."

"Yes," smiled teacher, "he said let there be windows here and doors here and a dome there, and windows, doors, and a dome were made. That doesn't tell just how all the work was done. Neither does the Bible tell just how God's word 'bossed,' as it were, the forces by which he carried out his plans."

Then he had us read our lists of what was made on each day. He put it on the board and explained about the firmament, and all that.

"What kind of being would you imagine God to be from the world he has made?" was the next question.

So we said, "Powerful, orderly, thoughtful, loving," and Carl thought he must have loved beautiful things because he made so many of them.

"What did he say about his work when it was done?" teacher asked me.

I told him he called it all good.

"I don't see how it could all be good," spoke up Frank, "when there are weeds, and drought, and lions, and snakes, and whisky, and being sick."

"Ah, my boy," answered teacher, "that's the sad part of the story. We shall have that Sunday after next. All animals were friends of man, and there were none of these evils until the curse of sin blighted the earth; and some day, through the victorious Christ, we shall again be free from these dread enemies." Then the bell rang.

As we went out, teacher gave us each a sheet of paper with five questions on it, and blanks for us to write in the answers and bring next Sunday. The questions are: 1. Whom is man like? 2. What is he made of? 3. Where did Adam live? 4. What was his business? 5. What must he not do?—*Sunday School Times.*

### A Little Child

THE teacher had stepped out of the room, and upon returning, found one of her small charges in tears, where, a moment before, peace and quiet had reigned. A very sober class sat for a short time in silence, thinking the matter over. Suddenly, the one who had been so mischievous, slipped an arm about his little comrade's neck, and whispered, "Please forgive me." Tears changed to smiles, the hurt was healed, and the wrong forgiven.

It was said of the beloved Lincoln, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." If we could all learn the lesson taught by the little child, there would be much less unhappiness and misery in the world.—*Selected.*



# GOOD MANNERS

## A Girl's Financial Obligations



I HAD a girl about seventeen years of age make me a visit not long ago, and I am sorry to say that the pleasure of the visit was somewhat marred by a number of little happenings revealing a trait of character in the girl that I did not like. When her trunk arrived in the evening of the day she reached my house, there was an express charge of thirty-five cents to be paid. My young guest was out at the time, and I paid the expressage myself. My guest was quite aware of the fact that I had done this, but she did not offer to refund the money during the week she was at my house. My telephone is one of the kind that costs five cents every time it is used. My girl guest used the telephone every day and sometimes two and three times a day, and not once did she offer to pay for it, although she knew that some one must pay five cents every time it was used. When it came to car fares, not once did she offer to pay her own, and we were "on the go" a great deal. She did not bring any stationery with her, and she seemed to have no hesitancy about sitting down at my desk and using my stationery, and the stamps on nearly every letter she wrote came from my stamp box. Once when we were down-town, she borrowed twenty-five cents, and did not return it. A telegram was delivered at the house for her, and there was a charge of ten cents for delivering it. This I paid, and I never heard anything about being reimbursed for the ten cents. Now what do you think about that? What I think is perfectly clear in my own mind. I think that my young guest has a defect in her character that needs immediate attention. She is not a poor girl. She spent money freely while she was at my house. Had she been a poor girl, this fact could not have excused the things I have referred to. It may sound harsh, but to my mind such things come under the head of petty meannesses. They constitute a most objectionable form of thrift. They indicate a lack of propriety that is most reprehensible. They form a kind of stinginess that really borders rather closely on dishonesty. They make it impossible for some people to invite a guest of this kind twice. I feel free to say that I do not want this girl to visit me again.

I have a young girl relative in a boarding-school, and in one of her letters home she wrote this:—

"It is just awful the way some of the girls here borrow things and never return them, not only clothes, but money. Several of the girls owe me sums ranging from ten to fifty cents, and none of them have said anything about returning the money. My roommate has used more of my best stationery than I have, and I am sure she does not seem to hesitate about using my post-cards and stamps."

Now that sort of thing is really "just awful." It indicates a looseness of moral principle, an indifference to a proper sense of real honesty. I once heard a girl

say when I had paid her car fare three times in one afternoon, "I am fifteen cents ahead on car fare." She said it laughingly, but it jarred all the same. It was a bad sort of way to get "ahead" on her finances. A woman once told me that she was sorry that an old friend of hers whom she had not seen for years had made her a visit of two weeks, because in the years that had elapsed the visitor had developed a kind of downright meanness in small financial obligations, although she was the wife of a man of wealth, and her hostess was the wife of a man on a small salary. She did not hesitate to allow her hostess to assume all kinds of small financial obligations for her, even to the extent of paying for the laundry work she had put in with her friend's work of this kind. That was "small" to the limit. The friendship of years was lessened by this pettiness on the part of one who was abundantly able to pay her own bills.

Now, a girl can not be too particular about small financial obligations. The smaller they are, the meaner it is not to pay them. Not long ago I was on a car with a young girl friend who discovered that she had not a cent with which to pay her fare. I gladly paid her car fare for her, and told her not to think any more about it, and I did not until the next morning when the postman brought me a note from my young friend enclosing five cents and thanking me in a very pretty way for paying her fare the evening before. I liked that, although she would not have fallen in my estimation had she not returned the five cents I had lent her, for it was not given as a loan, but as a small favor. It would have been proper for the girl to receive it from me, particularly as she was the daughter of a very old and close friend of mine. Yet that girl pleased me by returning the five cents I had paid for her. It gave me an insight into her character that was pleasing. She will never achieve the unenviable reputation of getting "ahead" in her finances at the expense of her friends. She has a high sense of propriety and genuine honesty that is much to her credit. The borrowing habit is a bad habit for a girl to cultivate,—a really self-respecting girl will keep clear of it,—and when one borrows and does not pay, the nearness to downright dishonesty is so apparent that it is sometimes hard to draw the line between the two. A good plan is to borrow not at all, and to pay one's way when one is a guest in a home. There are times when one can allow a friend to pay a car fare without any special sense of obligation, but there is never a time when one can actually borrow even five cents without being under strict obligation to repay the money.

I recall an instance of a girl of small means borrowing fifty cents of a girl who had a large income. Several weeks later the girl who had borrowed the fifty cents was heard saying to another girl:—

"I owe Lennie Blank fifty cents, but I guess she  
(Concluded on page fourteen)





### Dog Goes to Doctor



AN intelligent bull-terrier named Tobe, which is owned by Mr. Hal G. Hotchkiss, of Topeka, Kansas, had one of his hind legs broken, supposedly by an automobile, says *Our Dumb Animals*. He was taken to the office of Dr. Otto Kiene, who skilfully set the broken limb. For some time Tobe trotted about with the injured member held tight in a plaster cast. A few days later Tobe got into a fight with another dog, which tore the cast from his leg, which was again broken in the same place. Tobe at once hobbled to Dr. Kiene's and waited at the door until the doctor returned. He was taken inside, and a new cast was put on his leg, after which, as we are informed in a letter from Mr. Hotchkiss, he made his way straight home, a distance of about two miles.—*The Boy's World*.

### The Alpine Grass Slope

DURING the last year or two there has been an extraordinary number of Alpine accidents, and in several instances they arose from a disregard of the danger of a grass slope. The inexperienced mountaineer thinks that a grass slope must be safe, and setting his foot on the inviting green, discovers that it is every bit as dangerous as the ice, if it is steep and terminates in a precipice. The short Alpine grass is remarkably slippery, and many a tourist who had safely traveled over rock and glacier has fallen victim to the treacherous slope where the verdant patch and mountain flower tempt the climber. We are comparatively safe when a thing is nakedly evil and the situation confessedly dangerous, but the green slope lures us to our doom.—*The Duty of Imperial Thinking*.

### The Kindly Light

SOME years ago, in New England, there was, as we all know, a young girl named Laura Bridgman. She had been blind and deaf and dumb from her second year. Her only contact with this world was through her sense of touch, and even that sense had not been cultivated. When she was eight years old, Dr. S. G. Howe, one of the greatest of American philanthropists, became interested in her pitiful condition, and sought to help her.

He began by taking her hand in his and reading aloud to her for a quarter of an hour. This he did at the same time every day. Then about the tenth day he omitted the reading, and watched to see if she noticed the omission. Week after week passed, but she gave no sign.

Finally, one day when the usual hour had come for the reading and he did not begin, she gave unmistakable signs of annoyance. That marked the first great step. Soon, he tells us, her advance was rapid. In time, Laura Bridgman, through Dr. Howe's efforts, became an educated and intelligent woman, alive to all the throbbing life of the great world.

When we read this remarkable history, the tremendous significance of one particular moment in her development must impress us. It was a mighty moment

when the conviction seized her: "*Some one is trying to tell me something!*" Ever afterward her great purpose in life must have been to learn what that some one had to tell her.

Many, with more advantages at birth, have gone through a similar experience. They have looked out on the world, on its joys and its sorrows, its blessings and its tragedies; and found it all meaningless. Then one day it has flashed across them: "*There's a meaning in these things! Some One is trying to tell me, and make me understand!*"

Then there remains for such a one, as for Laura Bridgman, just one thing—to try to learn what that Some One would say.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Prof. Thaddeus Lowe

PROF. THADDEUS LOWE, inventor, scientist, railroad builder, premier, American aeronaut, and one of California's most distinguished citizens, died on the morning of Jan. 16, 1913. He was eighty years of age.

Professor Lowe was born in Jefferson, New Hampshire, Aug. 10, 1832. From early youth he showed unusual mechanical ability and inventive genius. He first won fame as the builder and operator of a balloon for war purposes. He was called on by President Lincoln during the civil war to aid the Union army defending Washington in locating Confederate troops which threatened the nation's capital. Carrying with him a huge camera, which he made for the purpose, Professor Lowe made numerous ascensions, flying over country infested with Confederate troops and securing photographs of fortifications and camp arrangements, which were of immense value to the Federal forces.

His career as a war-time aeronaut was fraught with danger. Many times he narrowly escaped capture. He was credited by government officials and army officers with saving Union troops from defeat and annihilation at the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia. In 1861 he demonstrated the value of balloons for use in war by flying from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Charleston, South Carolina, a distance of more than eight hundred miles.

Professor Lowe has been a resident of Pasadena, California, since 1888. Mt. Lowe, near Pasadena, was named after him. The incline railroad, which is now operated by the Pacific Electric Company on that mountain, was designed and built by him.

Soon after his arrival in California he turned his attention toward the making of cheaper gas. From methods then in vogue he evolved the present-day formula for manufacturing water-gas. Although this formula is in use in almost every city throughout the civilized world to-day, he did not realize large financial returns from his invention.

Several years after perfecting his new method for the manufacture of gas, Professor Lowe astonished the business world with a method for making artificial ice. From his original invention has been perfected the present-day methods of ice manufacture.

In addition to achieving distinction as a daring aeronaut, as an inventor, and as an enterprising business man, Professor Lowe also became widely known as a man of letters. His interest in astronomy resulted in his providing the necessary funds with which to build the big observatory now located on Mt. Lowe. Until the completion of the Carnegie Solar Observatory on Mt. Wilson, the Mount Lowe Observatory was one of the largest and most completely equipped in the country.



A few days before he passed away, he was planning the construction of a dirigible balloon which would be devoid of the elements of danger which mark present-day aerial vehicles of that kind.—*The Tribune*.

### A Rhine-North Sea Canal

THE German government is considering the gigantic project of linking the Rhine and the North Sea by a \$60,000,000 canal. The plan that is now most favored is to start the canal at Wiesdorf, not far from Cologne, run it parallel with the Rhine past Düsseldorf to Duisburg, and from there continue it straight to Ditzum, on the Ems River opposite Emden. The length of this course is 169 miles. Such a canal would drain vast stretches of the moors and marshes of north-western Germany; it is estimated that it would reclaim enough land to support 100,000 persons. The canal would allow steamers to make quick time from the Rhine to ports in northern Great Britain and in the Scandinavian countries, and it would probably increase the ocean-going commerce of many inland ports that are at present isolated. The running time of a steamer from Cologne to Emden and back, by way of Rotterdam, is 132 hours. By way of the canal it would be reduced to 79 hours.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Agricultural Remarks

#### THE CORN

THE corn is an industrious plant,  
As even chronic grumblers grant;  
Though all the world should stop and play,  
'T would keep on stalking night and day;  
And though it has so many ears,  
It never tells a thing it hears.  
It would be well did all abstain  
From gossip, like this golden grain.

#### THE BEANS

The beans, I fear, are wont to mix  
From early youth in politics;  
They're always clambering round the poles,  
Aiming, methinks, at lofty goals;  
And though it may appear to us  
Their methods are circuitous,  
I think that like the suffragette  
The bean will surely get there yet.

#### THE LETTUCE

The lettuce is a sleepy-head;  
It lies the livelong day in bed;  
And should we cause it to appear  
At dinner, 'twill be late, I fear;  
Not by persuasion but by force  
It comes,—before dessert, of course,—  
And like as not by some strange hap  
All curled up for another nap!  
I wonder why they will invite  
A thing so very impolite.

—*Harper's Monthly*.

## Star Colors

CLAUDE CONARD



It has cleared off again to-night, seemingly for our special benefit. The stars are inviting us to come outside; so we must spend a little time with them.

With our past few studies in mind, it seems that we can see to-night many more stars than usual. Some look so very near, and others, shining dimly, seem far away. We have learned that many are much larger than is our sun, and a very few that we can see are smaller.

Let us consider closely some of the brighter ones, to see if anything more can be learned about them. There are to-night in full view more than half a dozen of the brightest stars in the heavens. We shall find the names of a few.

Now, well over to the westward yet still high above the horizon, is the Pleiades group, which can be readily identified. This familiar cluster will make a good starting-point. A little to the eastward and south of the Pleiades there is a bright star called Aldebaran (āl-deb'a-ran), an Arabian name meaning *to follow*, because this star always follows the Pleiades.

Higher in the sky and more nearly overhead is another and brighter object, which you may recognize as Capella (kā-pē'lā), many times larger than our sun. Look closely at these two stars before we go farther. Can you see any difference other than that the last-named is somewhat the brighter? Ah, that is the point; they are not exactly the same color. Aldebaran is a ruby red, while Capella is a soft yellow. Had you ever noticed that before?

Now look farther to the south and note two other bright stars comparatively close together. These are in the group, or constellation, called Orion (ō-rī'ōn). The one nearest to Capella is Betelgeuse (bet-el-gerz'), and is also of a ruby red, like Aldebaran. The other star, Rigel (rī'gel), is white, tinged with blue.

Still farther to the south and westward is our old familiar friend Sirius (sīr'i-ūs), the brightest star in all the heavens. It, too, is a brilliant white, while Procyon (prō'si-on), lying to the north and farther eastward, is yellow. Yet farther north and almost directly overhead are the twins, Castor (kas'tor) and Pollux (pol'luks), the former being white, and the other, which is the brighter of the two, is a pale orange, or at times almost red. Just well above the horizon away over in the east is Regulus (reg'ū-lus), another star of brilliant white.

In the six or eight which have been named, we find stars white, yellow, red, and orange. Other colors could be seen if we should watch throughout the night.

Rising at about half past two or three o'clock in the morning, keeping well down near the horizon as it crosses the southern sky, is the brilliant red star called Antares (an-tā'rēz). In watching it carefully, it will be seen that its twinkling shows a tinge of green. Astronomers tell us that this greenish hue is caused by a little star of that color which lies close to the mighty Antares.

Although we can see clearly in the brighter stars some difference in color, yet among the fainter ones, with the telescope, is shown an almost unlimited variety. There are purple, blue, gray, green, buff, silvery white, and copper, with shades unnumbered in the different hues. In a single small star group visible with the telescope from countries south of the equator are two red stars, two bright green, three pale green, and one greenish-blue.

We on this earth who are accustomed to the yellow rays from the great star which gives us light, can scarcely imagine a green, or purple, or blue sun shining in the heavens. Our curiosity must remain unsatisfied until from the earth made new we are permitted to follow the Lamb of God "whithersoever he goeth."





## The Sunbeam's Lesson

"O, DEAR!" said a little sunbeam,  
"I am so very small.  
I think I'll just stay at home to-day,  
I can do no good at all."

"No, no," said the sun, her father,  
"Just shine with all your might;  
If you only do what is meant for you,  
You will find it comes all right."

That eve as the sun was setting  
Came the little sunbeam bright;  
"Well," said the sun, "what have you done  
Since morning's early light?"

"O father, I'm glad you sent me;  
I found a room so sad,  
Where a poor child lay on a couch all day,  
With nothing to make her glad."

"So I shone with all my little might,  
And she said, with a feeble smile,  
'When I get to heaven, I mean to ask  
To sit in the sun all the while."

"Dear sunbeam, I am so glad you came  
To cheer my lonely room;  
Mother's away at her work all day,  
And you seem to lighten the gloom."

"I stayed as long as I could to-day,  
And please may I go to-morrow?  
What joy to feel I can help or heal  
Some child in her lonely sorrow!"

The father said, "Dear little sunbeam,  
Go to sleep, and no care borrow;  
If you do to-day what comes in your way,  
God will send you more to-morrow."

— Selected.

## Tad's Sister



HE was only an ordinary girl with a school bag hanging over her arm, and as my mind was busy with other objects, I should scarcely have noticed her at all had it not been for the kind words I heard her utter. I was waiting on a street corner for a car, and she, with some other children, was standing there, too.

"O, come on, Daisy!" one of her companions exclaimed; "what are you waiting for, anyway?"

"I am waiting for Tad, of course," she answered good-naturedly.

"O, well, let's not wait for him!"

"Why, I promised him, you know," was the serious reply, "and I couldn't go without him, Sarah."

"Well, he's only your brother. You needn't be so particular about keeping your promise to him."

"But I need to be particular about keeping my promise to anybody, to my brother just as much as to anybody else," Daisy replied firmly, but in the same low, sweet tone. "I never disappoint Tad if I can help it, and he knows it, too, and depends upon me. Mama says breaking a promise is as bad as telling a lie, and I don't want to do that, you know."

"Well, what is he about? Where is he, anyhow? He ought to be here by this time," remarked one of the boys.

"He went home at two o'clock to go on an errand for father, and he was to meet me here to go with me to the concert."

"I'm afraid we'll be late," grumbled another lad.

"Yes, we shall!" some one else said.

"Then suppose you all go on and don't wait for me," Daisy said, quietly. "I shall not mind, but I wouldn't go without Tad for anything."

"O, it wouldn't be nice to go without you!" Sarah objected.

"Well, here he comes now," cried the boy who had spoken; and just then a lad of about ten years could be seen hurrying along the street. In a few moments

he joined the group, and asked anxiously, "I didn't keep you waiting long, did I?"

I looked at Tad, and saw there was nothing about him that would attract the attention of a stranger, except it might be his bright, happy face; but his sister's eyes rested upon him lovingly, as she replied, "Only a few moments, Tad."

"Here, Daisy," said he, "I brought your waterproof and overshoes. It looks cloudy, and I'm almost sure it will rain before we get home. No, you needn't take them;" and he held on to the bundle he had in his arms. "I can carry them; I just wanted you to know they were on hand."

"O, thank you, Tad," the girl said, heartily; "I shall probably need them."

They were starting off now, and as Sarah took her place hastily beside Daisy, she remarked, wonderingly, "How polite you two are to each other! Do you always act that way?"

As they hurried on, I caught only a part of Daisy's surprised answer, and that was, "Of course: why shouldn't we?"

And the question will bear being repeated with some addition: Why should not all sisters and brothers be happy in the same love and confidence that Tad and Daisy gave to each other? — Selected.

## A Determined Boy

A boy, whom we shall call Jim Dawson, came one day to a mission school in the Appalachian Mountains. He was dressed in a pair of trousers, a shirt, and one suspender, and he presented himself before the teacher and said: "The purties [meaning wild flowers] is callin' me mightily out in the mountings, the brooks is a runnin', the birds is a singin', and looks like I'd jes have to stay with 'em; but it's comin' to be so now a boy don't amount to nothin' 'less he's eddicated, and I reckon I'll come to your school."

The teacher asked, "Have you any money?"



"Why, no," said Jim, "I ain't got no money; I 'lowed you uns had the money."

"O, no," said the teacher, "we haven't any money, and you have to pay to come to this school."

And Jim trudged back eight miles to his little mountain cabin. There is no need to tell the number of times he came, the plans he evolved, all of which proved futile, till finally he came one day with a look of triumph on his face.

"I've got a mighty fine hawg out thar in the mountings; she hain't no ornery kind of hawg; she's a mighty fine un; I reckon I'll bring her in; she won't last so mighty long, but I reckon you'll let me stay till I larn up my hawg."

And the teacher agreed to let him stay until he "larned up his hawg," and Jim went back to his "mountings." But what was his horror to find that during the day the hunters had been there and the dogs had killed his hog! He came back the next day, the tears filling his big blue eyes as he stood before the teacher and told the story of his loss, and said: "I'll jes go back to my mountings and die thar! Thar hain't no chance for sech as me. I'll go back to my mountings and die thar."

That was too much for the teacher, who told him he might stay; and the story reached a Sunday-school in Massachusetts, and they "adopted" him. He was given four years in the mountain academy. Then he took an examination which gave him a certificate to teach. He went over on to the Yellow Horn, one of the most forlorn places in the mountains, and there he taught and established a Sunday-school and a Christian Endeavor Society. When he left, the old men fairly fell on his neck, and one of them said:—

"Thar hain't no tellin' what Jim Dawson's been to us here in the mountings; he has been a teacher and a preacher and a lawyer and jedge and a peacemaker. Thar hain't no tellin' what Jim Dawson has been to us here in the mountings."—*The Wellspring*.

### The Little Martyr of Chicago

It must have been more than fifty years ago that a little Norwegian boy was invited by some of his older schoolmates to take a walk and have some fun. As they lived in the suburbs, it was not far to the great vegetable- and fruit-gardens of those early days, and having reached these, they paused and declared they were going to have a feast from the melon patch.

"You are not going to steal, are you?" asked the alarmed foreigner; "because if you are I am going home. I should rather die than steal."

"O, what's the use being so babyish? It isn't stealing to take what melons you want to eat; come on or we'll drown you," said the boys.

"It's taking what does not belong to you, and that's stealing, and I will not go," answered the little Norwegian. "Well, let's duck him," said the hard-hearted fellows; "he'll give in quick enough then."

The innocent child tried to escape by running as fast as he could toward home and safety, but was soon captured, taken to the river and plunged under the water. "Will you go with us now? Hurry with your answer, for the moon will soon be up, and then the cops will get us sure."

"No, I will not go; I should rather die than steal," repeated the little boy. This was his unvarying reply, though immersed again and again, until life was extinct.

I was a young girl when the little martyr went to

his death, but the incident has never been forgotten; some verses written by Amos R. Wells, and published in the *Student and Schoolmate*, a periodical issued by Fowler and Wells, helped to fix it in memory. They began,—

"Hew the marble, lay the corner,  
Let the monument arise,  
For another hero's fallen,  
And his name shall pierce the skies.

"Mightier than Ajax was he,  
Nobler than a Caesar born;  
And his name immortal shall be,  
Spurning death with marble scorn."

Men have been "tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection:" they have died on the rack, and in the flames, and in a thousand cruel ways rather than give up the precious doctrines of Jesus, but not one of them was more loyal to God than was little Iverson.

Not even once would he yield to the tempter and let wrong-doing have place in his life, having been taught by his pious parents that the boy who drank the first glass of beer became the future drunkard, that the child who tortured animals, by and by murdered his fellows, and that the little one who stole a marble, sometime became a highway robber; that he must take no first step on the wrong road if he wanted to be God's child, and live forever in the beautiful home promised to the good.

How many of our boys would rather be drowned than take the first step in the robber's course? All of them, I trust; for remember, it is just as important that you be faithful to principle as that you be faithful to doctrine. Doctrine is given that, "looking off to the reward," you may be steadfast in the right. You are not to lie, steal, or do anything that God has forbidden, because by doing these things you not only poison the springs of your own life, but help to corrupt the world. To disobey God is treason, and the punishment for treason is death. Obey and live.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

*Piercetown, Indiana.*

### Small Beginnings of Famous Americans

JAY GOULD was a book agent.

Henry Villard was a reporter.

Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a printer.

Andrew Carnegie was an office boy.

Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter.

Daniel Drew began as a cattle-trader.

Cornelius Vanderbilt ferried his own boat.

John Jacob Astor sold apples in the streets.

Henry H. Rogers was a grocer's delivery boy.

William Lloyd Garrison was a printer's devil.

Thomas Edison began as a telegraph operator.

John D. Rockefeller worked in a machine shop.

John Wanamaker began life at a dollar and a quarter a week.—*The Westminster*.

### In Bathing?

A FEW years ago a policeman shouted to a boy in the canal at Preston, England, "Hello! Why are you bathing there?" "Please, sir, I'm not. I'm drowning," was the boy's answer, and he sank almost immediately. The policeman dived and rescued him. Many persons who are supposed to be having a good time in the world are really losing their lives. It is the duty and privilege of Christ's followers to rescue them.—*From "Living Water."*





M. E. KERN  
MEADE MACGUIRE  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Field Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

## Society Study for Sabbath, March 8

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "Great Controversy" (ten minutes).
3. Mission Study (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

### Suggestions for the Program

1. Song service; review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; report of work.

2. Base your Bible study for this week on "Great Controversy," chapter 29. Notice the Bible references used in this chapter.

3. A brief sketch of the life and work of Robert Moffat, and another of David Livingstone, about seven minutes each. If all are familiar with these, take two who are not so well known,—Schmidt, Vanderkemp, Lott Cary, Gobat, Krapf, Cox, Taylor, Crowther, Mackay. In the lives of these men may be found plenty of thrilling experiences. To the list already given the names of Bishop Hannington, Adolphus Good, and others might be added. Brief biographies of all these men, except Lott Cary, can be found in "Into All the World." If possible, consult also "Daybreak in the Dark Continent," "Price of Africa," "Uganda's White Man of Work," etc. Notice in this paper the selections entitled "Messages From World-Winners." Lott Cary's name is not often seen in print, but, nevertheless, he deserves being mentioned. He was one of two colored men who pioneered the work of the American Baptists in Liberia, entering there in 1821. Lott Cary had been a slave, but purchased his own freedom, and then went to Liberia to work in the colony which had been founded for the benefit of emancipated Negroes. Many emigrated from the United States. After fifteen years there were five churches in the colony, but so many missionaries succumbed to the trying climate that the mission was suspended in 1856.

4. Testimonies suggesting the things that have been a source of spiritual help the past week.

## Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

### Senior No. 6 — Lesson 21: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 57-61

1. WHAT warning next came to Eli? Give an account of the battle which resulted in its fulfilment.
2. How was the ark employed to punish the Philistines? What was done to remove the plague? Contrast the courses taken at Beth-shemesh and Kirjath-jearim, in regard to the ark. What efforts did Samuel make in behalf of backsliding Israel? With what success were they blessed?
3. How was the religious training of the young provided for? Outline the course of study of the schools of the prophets.
4. Explain the true object of education. The teacher's aim should be what? In what has God revealed himself to us? State how the study of these will help us. How does true religion benefit? What is said of physical training? education in the life to come?
5. What brought about Israel's desire for a king? What was done concerning their requests? Why had they rejected Samuel?
6. Rehearse the circumstances of Saul's anointing; the acknowledgment of him as king at Mizpeh; his assumption of authority.
7. State how he was tested; what course he took, and what this proved. What further perversity did he manifest? How was he rebuked? How was his selfishness next exhibited? Mention some lessons which you gain from this chapter.

8. Relate the account of the final testing of Saul, and of his rejection.

9. Draw lessons from the development of his sinful course.

### Junior No. 5 — Lesson 21: "Pilgrim's Progress,"

Pages 258-280

1. OF Mr. Fearing's characteristics, what did Mr. Great-heart say? of his conduct at the different places on the way to the Celestial City?
2. Wherein was Mr. Fearing's imperfection? What similarity did Christiana, Mercy, Matthew, and James find in his and their experiences?
3. To what erroneous principles did Mr. Self-will hold? Of what things had Mr. Honest taken notice?
4. Tell of the welcome received at the inn, and of the first day's stay there.
5. What explanation did Mr. Honest give of points in Isaiah 53? Describe the battle with the giant Slay-good.
6. Relate the story which Feeble-mind told. What invitation did Gaius extend to him? What remark concerning God's providence did this call forth from him? When he heard of the calamity which had befallen Mr. Not-right, what comment did he make?
7. How was Gaius's thoughtfulness shown as the pilgrims were departing? What did Mr. Great-heart urge Feeble-mind to do? What was his reply? Who now came along to accompany him?

### Messages From World-Winners

"He who loves not, lives not;  
He who lives by the Life can not die."

"I know that treasure must be expended and lives sacrificed if this region is to be evangelized. But with the difficulties and perplexities in full view, I urge that we take up this work."—*Adolphus C. Good.*

"Abraham once went—he knew not where; I will trust in Abraham's God."—*Melville B. Cox.*

On his way to the mission field Mr. Cox visited the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut. On taking leave of a young friend, he said, "If I die in Africa you must come and write my epitaph." "I will," said the friend; "but what shall I write?" "Write," said he, with peculiar emphasis, "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."

"The resurrection of East Africa must be effected by our own destruction."—*J. L. Krapf.*

Although bowed down with sorrow at the death of his wife, Mr. Krapf wrote thus to a friend:—

"Tell our friends at home that there is now on the East African coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world; and as the victories of the church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore."

Arthur T. Pierson writes thus of Krapf: "Livingstone and Krapf were singularly alike in character and career: in both were the same great faith, heroism, constancy, and simplicity of aim. If Livingstone was 'the missionary general and explorer,' Krapf was 'the leader in the recovery of the Lost Continent,' whose pioneering inspired the later travels of the illustrious seven of whom Livingstone was the greatest. Both died on their knees, Krapf in retirement at Kornthal, Livingstone in the grass hut at Ilala."



"I am about to die for the Baganda, and have purchased the road to them with my life."—*Bishop Hannington's dying testimony.*

"You sons of England, here is a field for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents; you will find scope for the exercise of them all. You men of God, who have resolved to devote your lives to the cure of the souls of men, here is the proper field for you. It is not to win numbers to a church, but to win men to the Saviour, who otherwise will be lost, that I entreat you to leave your work at home to the many who are ready to undertake it, and to come forth yourselves to reap this field now white to the harvest. Rome is rushing in with her salvation by sacraments, and a religion of carnal ordinances. We want men who will preach Jesus and the resurrection. 'God is a Spirit,' and let him who believes *that* throw up every other consideration, and come forth to teach these people to worship him in spirit and in truth."—*Mackay's last message from Usambara, Lake Victoria.*

David Livingstone's last public words in Scotland:—"Fear God and work hard."

"Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond . . . so powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of the Lord that I should go; I will go no matter who opposes."

"People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. . . . It is emphatically no sacrifice, say, rather, it is a privilege. . . . I beg to direct your attention to Africa; I know that within a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun; I leave it with you."—*David Livingstone, December, 1857, Senate House, Cambridge.*

### A Happy Retort

ONE day when Judge Gary, of Chicago, was trying a case, he was much annoyed by a young man in the rear of the room who kept moving about, shifting chairs and poking into corners. Finally the judge stopped the hearing and said: "Young man, you are disturbing the court by the noise you are making. What excuse have you to offer for your conduct?"

"Why, Judge," said the young man, "I've lost my overcoat."

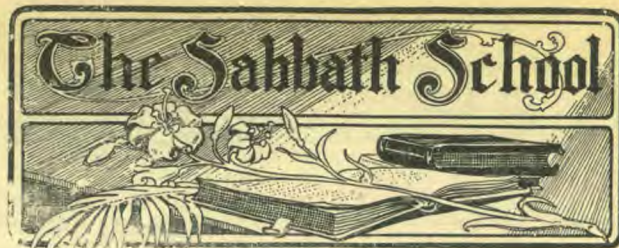
"That's no excuse," retorted the judge. "People often lose whole suits in here without making half the disturbance."—*Selected.*

### A Girl's Financial Obligations

(Concluded from page eight)

can afford to lose it a good deal better than I can afford to repay it, with all the money she has. If I had as much money as she has, I don't think that I would mind if some one should borrow fifty cents or a dollar of me and never pay it back."

Now the question of the financial standing of those from whom we borrow does not enter into the matter when it comes to the duty of repaying what one borrows. One is under as much obligation to repay five cents borrowed of a millionaire as one is to repay this sum borrowed from the poorest girl one knows. Pay what you owe, no matter to whom it is owed. And never "get ahead" at the expense of your hostess nor at the expense of any one else.—*Girls' Companion.*



## X — Coming Out of the Ark

(March 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 8: 1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Ps. 37: 7.

### Questions

1. What proof have we that the Lord does not forget those who trust and obey him? Gen. 8: 1. Does he forget his children now? Note 1.

2. How did God cause the flood to leave the earth? What did he stop and restrain? Verses 1, 2.

3. How long before the waters abated? Verse 3.

4. When did the ark cease its journeyings? Upon what mountains did it rest? Verse 4; note 2.

5. Had the waters all dried up at this time? What were then seen? Verse 5.

6. After forty days what did Noah do? What did he send out after this? Why? What did the dove not find? Where did she go? Why? How long before the dove was sent out again? When did it come back? What did it bring? What did Noah know by this? How long before the dove was sent on another errand? When did it return? Verses 6-12; note 3.

7. At what time did Noah remove the covering of the ark? When was the earth dried? How long was Noah in the ark? Verses 13, 14; Gen. 7: 11.

8. What did God tell Noah to do? Who came out with him? Where were the people who had not believed the flood would come? Gen. 8: 15-19.

9. What effect did the flood have upon the earth? Note 4.

10. How were coal-beds formed? What causes earthquakes? Note 5.

11. How will the earth again be destroyed? 2 Peter 3: 6, 7.

12. What did Jesus say of the days preceding its destruction? Matt. 24: 37-39. Why did the people not know about the flood? Will the people know that the earth is to be destroyed again? Can they know?

13. How should we show our faith in what God has spoken? Matt. 24: 42; 2 Peter 3: 14.

### Notes

1. "The waters rose fifteen cubits above the highest mountains. It often seemed to the family within the ark that they must perish, as for five long months their boat was tossed about, apparently at the mercy of wind and wave. It was a trying ordeal; but Noah's faith did not waver, for he had the assurance that the divine hand was upon the helm."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 105.*

2. "As the waters began to subside, the Lord caused the ark to drift into a spot protected by a group of mountains that had been preserved by his power. These mountains were but a little distance apart, and the ark moved about in this quiet haven, and was no longer driven upon the boundless ocean. This gave great relief to the weary, tempest-tossed voyagers."—*Ib.*

3. "Noah and his family anxiously waited for the decrease of the waters, for they longed to go forth again upon the earth. Forty days after the tops of the mountains became visible, they sent out a raven, a bird of quick scent, to discover whether the earth had become dry. This bird, finding



nothing but water, continued to fly to and from the ark. Seven days later a dove was sent forth, which, finding no footing, returned to the ark. Noah waited seven days longer, and again sent forth the dove. When she returned at evening with an olive leaf in her mouth, there was great rejoicing. Later 'Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry.' Still he waited patiently within the ark. As he had entered at God's command, he waited for special directions to depart."—*Ib.*

4. "The entire surface of the earth was changed at the flood. A third dreadful curse rested upon it in consequence of sin. As the water began to subside, the hills and mountains were surrounded by a vast, turbid sea. Everywhere were strewn the dead bodies of men and beasts. The Lord would not permit these to remain to decompose and pollute the air, therefore he made of the earth a vast burial-ground. A violent wind which was caused to blow for the purpose of drying up the waters, moved them with great force, in some instances even carrying away the tops of the mountains, and heaping up trees, rocks, and earth above the bodies of the dead. By the same means the silver and gold, the choice wood and precious stones, which had enriched and adorned the world before the flood, and which the inhabitants had idolized, were concealed from the sight and search of men."—*Id.*, pages 107, 108.

5. "At this time immense forests were buried. These have since been changed to coal, forming the extensive coal-beds that now exist, and also yielding large quantities of oil. The coal and oil frequently ignite and burn beneath the surface of the earth. Thus rocks are heated, limestone is burned, and iron ore melted. The action of the water upon the lime adds fury to the intense heat. As the fire and water come in contact with ledges of rock and ore, there are loud explosions, and volcanic eruptions follow. These often fail of giving sufficient vent to the heated elements, and the earth itself is convulsed, the ground opens, and villages, cities, and burning mountains are swallowed up."—*Id.*, page 108.

## X—Taking Away the Typical Service

(March 8)

### Questions

1. WHAT statements indicate the insufficiency of the sacrifices which were offered according to the ritual service? Heb. 10: 1, 4.

2. What argument did the writer of Hebrews make to prove that there was no perfection through the Levitical priesthood? Heb. 7: 11; note.

3. The insufficiency of this system of sacrifices made it lack what characteristic? Heb. 10: 2.

4. What shows that the ritual service of the earthly sanctuary was not intended to be permanent? Heb. 9: 10.

5. What time is meant by "the time of reformation"? Verse 11.

6. When this time came, on account of the inherent weakness of the ceremonial system what was done to it? Heb. 7: 18.

7. In the new order, who took the place of the priests of the typical service? Verse 28.

8. What sanctuary took the place of the earthly sanctuary? Heb. 8: 1, 2.

9. What sacrifice took the place of the many sacrifices offered by the priests in the earthly sanctuary? Heb. 10: 11, 12; 9: 26.

10. What expressions show that the new order of things brought in at "the time of reformation" was better than the old? Heb. 7: 19, 22; 9: 23.

11. What prediction made through the prophet Daniel concerning the taking away of the typical service by the Messiah was thus fulfilled? Dan. 9: 27.

12. At the death of Christ what remarkable occurrence indicated that the sacrifice of the earthly sanctuary was to cease? Matt. 27: 50, 51.

13. What indicates that Stephen in his preaching explained to the people that the typical service had been taken away? Acts 6: 13, 14.

14. What charge brought against the apostle Paul shows that he was teaching that the real service had

taken the place of the typical service? Acts 21: 27, 28.

15. What blessed experience is made possible through the one true offering? Heb. 10: 14.

16. When Jesus had made purification of sins, where did he take his position? Heb. 1: 3.

17. Upon what work did he then enter? Heb. 8: 1, 2.

18. Where and to whom are we now to look for help in overcoming sin and living the triumphant life? Heb. 12: 1, 2.

19. What prayer of David will thus be granted? Ps. 20: 1, 2.

### Note

The Levitical priesthood was not an end, but a means. There was no spiritual efficacy in the ceremonies of the ancient ritual, and salvation could not be secured by following the duties prescribed in the Mosaic law. This whole system was intended to reveal Christ and his salvation to the people. To those who discerned this purpose and looked beyond the type to the reality, a present salvation was just as real an experience as is possible since Christ was manifested in the flesh.

### Perseverance

ONE of the greatest blessings that may come to a man upon this earth is that of being endowed with the mental quality known as perseverance. In accord with a natural law, the person firm and persevering in any course or resolve is the one that wins. All down through the ages this has been demonstrated. Jacob ever remained firm in his purpose to secure Rachel for a wife; and after a service of fourteen long years it came about that he not only realized his hope, but "increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maid servants, and men servants, and camels, and asses." Throughout years of public ridicule Columbus tramped over a portion of Europe in an endeavor to put into execution his plan for determining that the world is a globe; and at last his tenacity of purpose resulted in the discovery of America. Carlyle's first volume of the "French Revolution"—a manuscript of several hundred pages, the writing of which had taken many long days of research and labor—was lent for a neighbor's perusal. The neighbor left the manuscript lying on the parlor floor; the maid of all work used it to light the kitchen fire. It came as a terrible blow to the author; but with his determination of purpose, and without a draft or even a single note, he rewrote the whole thing. Audubon, the great ornithologist, placed two hundred of his most valued drawings in a wooden box and gave them into the hands of a relative, with the admonition that they have exceptional care while the owner was away for several months on a matter of business. Upon returning and opening up the treasure, however, Audubon found that rats had gnawed the sheets of paper into small bits. Did Audubon sit down and mope?—Not by a great deal. He took up his gun, note-books, and pencils, and went to the woods again in the knowledge that he might then make even better drawings than before. The result was that at the end of three years his portfolio was refilled.

All barriers fall in front of perseverance. It is an inseparable element of success. It is indispensable to the fellow that must go out and do battle, and its presence ever acts both as a balm for wounds received in the conflict and as a strengthener for the next onslaught, and the next, and the next, until victory is won.

"Persist if thou wouldst truly reach thine ends, for failures oft are but advising friends."—*Ambition.*



# The Youth's Instructor

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## What Would It Find?

If you and I to-day  
Should stop and lay  
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will—  
Fall down to lie quite still;  
And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find  
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,  
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep  
Our life-work going; seek  
To carry on the good design  
Distinctively made yours, or mine,  
What would it find?

—Selected.

## No Law Against Beer in Covered Glass Jars!

ACCORDING to a decision of the District of Columbia Excise Board, "rushing the growler," or, in other words, allowing beer to be sold in pitchers or pails, was prohibited, but by a decision rendered recently by the board, a glass jar with a wire contrivance that seals the top of the retainer, comes within the meaning of the new regulation. The jar may be of a quart capacity, or half-gallon, or even more, and may be used if filled in the place where the beer is sold. The rule laid down by the board, however, is that the jar while being conveyed from the saloon to the place where the beer is consumed, must be covered with paper or incased in a paper bag. In consequence of this ruling, liquor dealers are laying in a large stock of these glass jars. "O consistency, thou art a jewel!" how hard men try to "regulate" the liquor traffic!—*Union Signal*.

## Wanted to Be Chief

DR. C. L. WHITE, of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, in his address before the Northern Baptist convention, told of a young colored man who was found working as furnaceman, but who had desires for an education. He was asked what he wanted to be. He replied, "An engineer."

"What kind of engineer: civil, mechanical, electrical, stationary?"

"No, sir. Chief engineer."

Every Christian worker needs the laudable ambition of desiring to excel in his work. Too frequently we permit ourselves to be satisfied with defective Christian work, where in our daily business we insist on holding ourselves to a stern accounting. When we enter upon the work of a committee or of an office, let us determine it is going to be done in a manner pleasing to the King.—*Selected*.

## The Black Boy's Message

SOON after the war, when Gen. Oliver O. Howard, who died only three years ago, visited one of the schools of the American Missionary Association, he saw the little ragged fellows as they came "out of the narrow cabins, up from each cellar's burrow," and he "stretched over those dusky foreheads his one-armed blessing," saying,—

"Who hears can never fear for or doubt you.  
What shall I tell the children up North about you?"  
Then went round a whisper, a murmur, some answer devising;  
And a little black boy stood up, "Massa, tell 'em we'se risin'!"

That little black boy is to-day Maj. Richard Wright, president of the Agricultural College for Colored Boys and Girls of the State of Georgia.—*The Well-spring*.

## Satan Tempts, but God Tests

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small," says the wise man. Many regard adversity as a legitimate excuse for relinquishing principles and practises that are heaven-born and heaven-commanded.

Adversity may be brought upon us by the enemy to tempt us to loosen our hold upon God, and the Lord permits it to test our strength. We may not be cognizant of our real weakness, and only by allowing a test to come to us can he cause us to realize our condition. If we fail in the test, it is made evident even to ourselves that our strength is small. We know that the omnipotent arm of the Lord is ours to command in our behalf at all times, so we have no valid reason for failing in time of adversity.

If we fail, it is because we are trusting to our own small strength instead of grasping the omnipotent arm so lovingly and longingly outstretched to us. Let us not faint when so great strength is freely offered us.

## Loaded for Rabbit

A FUNNY incident occurred in western Massachusetts last November. A party of hunters came upon a bull moose which had escaped from a reservation, but their guns were all loaded for rabbit. There was the big beast, staring angrily at them; and there were those ineffectual little pellets in their guns. The bull moose seemed to sense the situation and charged the hunters, who were obliged to run for their lives.

How often this happens in more important hunting! Nay, is it not usually the case that we go out hunting for rabbits, when the woods are full of bull moose? We go out after small thoughts, trifling thoughts, little, easy thoughts, when the big thoughts, the epochal thoughts, the revolutionary, vitalizing thoughts, are right at our hand, ready for capture.

We select little books, inconsequential books, while it is just as easy to pick from the shelves the great books, the books that will inspire our lives to grand activity.

We choose the little tasks, the rabbit tasks, the soft, cottony, furry tasks; we seldom deliberately hunt up the tasks that are worthy of men and women, the tasks that call for muscle and make muscle, that require determination and courage and make courage and grit.—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World*.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."