







YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE LITTLE GLASS HOUSES.

There are rows of little houses,  
Marked "To Let," in Pantry Lane,  
That 'ere the summer season's past  
Will all be full again.  
They're made of glass, and spick and span  
Outside as well as in;  
And each is covered snugly  
With a tiny roof of tin.

The occupants are searched before  
They are allowed to pass;  
For people should not carry stones  
Who live in homes of glass.  
Gay Mrs. Cherry is among  
The very first to come;  
And then the Berry family,  
And Mr. Purple Plum.

The Apple tenants soon move in,  
And live in sweet accord;  
While sometimes, for variety,  
They take a friend to board.  
Miss Currant and her sisters  
In their crimson frocks appear,  
While Mrs. Peach is seldom seen  
Till later in the year.

Then comes blue-blooded Madam Grape,  
Of Spanish lineage rare,  
Who wears her glowing rubies  
With a truly regal air.  
But she is never haughty,  
And she never even hints  
That she feels herself above her  
Neighbors Raspberry and Quince.

They're very quiet neighbors,  
Never quarrel or dispute;  
I would that all our family trees  
Could boast such pleasant fruit.  
For when you call upon them  
They are sweet as they can be,  
And most delightful company  
At dinner or at tea.

—Pauline F. Camp.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AND MARTYRDØM.

In connection with the tercentenary of the King James Bible, many interesting facts have been brought to light. But none among them is more interesting than the fact, that its history is written in blood—the blood, or at least persecution, of some of its translators. "The Outlook" brings out this fact quite admirably, when it says: "The German Bible was the work of Luther, whose genius made its language the speech of Germany. The English Bible was the creation of generations of Englishmen in the years of heroic history. It was born in storm and fire, and the blood of martyrs was shed for it. Wycliffe died of his tremendous labors on it as truly as if he had been burned at the stake; Tyndale, scholar and hero, of dauntless courage and loving heart, gave the translation its noble rhythm, the pulsation of its life, its restrained richness, and its impressive earnestness, and, after eight years of tireless work and narrow escapes from his persecutors, was hunted down, strangled and burned, Miles Coverdale, who brought to the work a quick feeling for harmony, a musician's sense of cadence, and a command of the happy phrase, was deposed and banished, Matthew's Bible, which appeared in 1537, was edited by John Rogers, the first martyr under Queen Mary; the Geneva Bible was made by exiles. Into the translation, as into the original, life was poured without measure. From Genesis to Revelation, from the making of the first manuscript to the completion of the English translation, the Bible took form in the deepest experiences of life, and was fashioned out of the sacrifice

which it recorded from age to age." No wonder it appeals to the English heart as no other book can.

Likes "Herald."

(From a letter.)

"...It is with great pleasure that I read the 'Herald.' I rather like the new style of a 'full sheet.' With the best wishes for the future, I am

Yours truly,  
L. A. Knutsen,  
Conrad, Mont."

THE REAL TROUBLE WITH CHURCH MEMBERS.

Many things are said about the shortcomings of church people that may be quite true; but they only touch the surface of things. The current diagnosis is only skin-deep. In a very sensible address before a church club recently, a speaker went a little deeper in his diagnosis. He made the great deficiency among church people consist in the absence of a pervading, personal spirituality.

These are his words: "There has been a great deal said of late on 'Why Men Do Not Go to Church.' A multitude of answers has been flashed back by our newspapers, periodicals, upon our lecture platforms and the platforms of many churches. Some tell us that it is the Sunday newspaper, without which, I am very frank to say, we would be just as well off; some tell us that our physical bodies need rest, that our sermons are bad and the music intolerable; others tell us that our business pursuits are imperative and that we have no time. It is none of these things, however. It is simply because we lack a deep, personal spirituality. We do not seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." There is where the real seat of the trouble

lies. The Church has never been more active along certain lines than it is today, but it could easily be more spiritual in its ideals and its activities.

DISEASE GERMS, PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL.

Boards of health in all the greater and in most of the lesser cities are fighting the disease germ in every way possible, and the result has been a marked decrease in the death-rate. Sanitation has become a very practical science and is working wonders. But along with this movement has come a sensitiveness on the question of germs which leading physicians are beginning to laugh at. Mothers are warned against kissing their babies even, and the old method of giving vent to affection so natural and beautiful in the family circle is voted to be quite unsanitary. So far have many carried the sanitary idea in their fear of the mischievous germ that a well-known physician has almost begun to wish that the microbe had never been discovered. But there are spiritual microbes. They manifest themselves in three specific ways as "lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, and as pride of life. They are strongly reinforced by the microbes of doubt and unbelief. The air is full of them, and the wrecks of human character they are responsible for can not be numbered. And yet who fears these microbes? There are fathers and mothers who go into hysterics when their children come into close contact with the physical microbe who will not lift a finger to protect them spiritually. They are perfectly willing to expose them to all kinds of temptation, and are wilfully blind to serious faults of character which they allow to go uncorrected until they are hopelessly beyond the reach of all Christian influence. If some parents were as indifferent to the needs of their children's bodies as they are to the needs of their souls, they would be open to the charge of murder.

A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR ON THE BIBLE.

"I contend that we are not only impoverishing life and literature by the neglect of the English Bible, but that we have already impoverished life and literature. Knowledge of the English Bible is passing out of the life of the rising generation, and with this knowledge of the Bible there is fast disappearing any acquaintance with the religious element which has shaped our civilization from the beginning." Thus spoke the head of Columbia University some time ago. It is a forceful way of saying, that the divorce of religion from education can not long be continued in this country without tearing down the pillars on which our Christian civilization rests. Both England and Germany, and the Scandinavian countries as well are in this respect far better off than the United States is. Luther was practically the founder of popular education, and the Word of God was made an inseparable part of that education. Nowhere in the world is this idea more deeply rooted than in Lutheran countries. It is because a Lutheran finds it impossible to conceive of a sound education apart from the Word of God. In England the same conviction still prevails. Speaking of the contrast between England and America in this respect, one of the leading educators of the former country, Sara A. Burstall, points out what is best in English education thus: "Chief of these good things is that simple religious education, which is given in all types of English public schools, in one form or another, which satisfies a deep

instinct of the Nation, and to which so far we have held firm, in spite of the difficulties and anomalies it has entailed in a free and heterogeneous modern community. America, faced with our difficulties, sought the easy way out, the secular solution, which some parties among us advocate here. Today many of her wisest educators would give much to go back and stand where we are." Alas for that "easy way out"—the secular solution! Who could not wish that religious education in some way might become part and parcel of our national system? "Lutheran."

HOW THE CHRISTIAN GROWS

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said to a friend: "Come with me out to my farm, and I will show you what a tree can do when you give it a chance!" And what was the secret of that grand old tree's magnificent success, but that it had kept on steadily enlarging year by year its susceptibility, or taking power, until at length there was as much of the tree below ground as there was above, and until the aggregate of its leaf surface is reckoned no longer by square yards but by square rods?

Our orchards, vineyards and grain fields—why do they find themselves in the condition they are to make their yearly contributions to the world's need but that they have been as quick to seek and as free to take as they now are ready and generous to give? What have their restless rootlets been but so many busy fingers, spread out in all directions to feel after and find whatever the friendly soil has been free to furnish? And what have the leaves been but so many beseeching and eager palms extended to welcome the help which has been offered them in the air and in the summer's sunshine and showers? Vines and trees are generous givers only because, first they have faithfully kept themselves in constant touch with their own proper sources of supply; because, second, they have been diligent to improve their opportunity of constantly receiving and appropriating the provision offered, and because, third, they have been careful to enlarge their power of appropriation to meet their continually growing needs.

Why is it that some Christians we see are branches clustered always with spiritual fruit, ready always with their cheerful gifts of time, thought, prayer, sympathy, money, as opportunities arise or fit occasions are presented? For the like three reasons, and for these only—because they keep themselves by an unwavering trust in closest touch with Christ, the true Vine; because mind and heart are thus kept uninterruptedly open to receive the life He is ever waiting to impart, and because along with these is a constantly growing susceptibility welcoming the larger and yet larger gifts of His hallowing love.

"IN A MINUTE."

Ethel was out on the long plank

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MAN'S PENNE, SKRIVEPAPIR  
OG ALT SOM FAAES I EN MO-  
DERNE BOGHANDEL.

wharf when the dinner bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to herself. But the baby ducks were hungry; and it was such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big, brass dinner bell, just as she had done ever so many times before. She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her. The old mother duck spied him as he came bounding over the planks.

"Quack!" she called loudly. And what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings scrambled and scrambled, and into the water they went with a splash.

"Quack!" said the mother duck again; and all the little duckies swam hurriedly after her, and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel, in astonishment, "they didn't wait to gobble another piece; they minded their mother the very first minute she called them."

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then gave her basket to Bruno and ran quickly up the wharf, across the street, and into the house.

"Late, as usual," said Brother Hal, as Ethel came in; "it's twenty minutes instead of one that you have waited this noon."

"But it's the last time I'll be late!" said Ethel, decidedly, — "cause—cause—it is!" And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson well, and nobody but the big white mother duck knew who taught it to her. And I'm sure that she will always keep her secret. Because why? Because she can't tell it, that's all.

CRUEL.

A New York lawyer said at a dinner, apropos of a certain legal decision:

"It was a cruel blow, as cruel as that which a Bayside cook served on a tramp. This filthy tramp, knocking at the kitchen door, whined:

"I'm terrible hungry, lady. Could ye gimme a small wedge o' fresh pie?"

"We're just out of pie," said the cook, "but here's a cake for you."

"And she handed the tramp a cake of soap."

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