

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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"Like as a Father"

SENT up to bed in the dark, alone,  
Where all the corners were weird and dim,  
And the shapes and the shadows waited him  
At every turning; my little son,—  
Sent for some childish mischief done  
At the hour when childish hearts are high  
With joy of the evening's revelry,—  
And his fault at worst was a tiny one!

A wistful moment his feet delayed,  
Waiting to let my face relent,  
And then, a pitiful penitent,  
His faltering, frightened way he made;  
But up in the stairway's deepest shade  
I heard him pause where the shadows crowd,  
And whisper, "Father," and sob aloud,  
"Father, go with me. I am afraid!"

Quick as his calling my answer leapt,  
Strong as his terror my shielding arms  
Folded him close from the night's alarms,  
Sheltered and comforted while he wept;  
And up in the nursery's light I kept  
A tender watch till he smiled again,  
Till the sobs of his half-remembered pain  
Lessened and hushed, and the baby slept.

Father of love, when my day is done  
And all of my trespasses written in,  
Not for a thoughtless or wilful sin  
Send me out in the dark alone;  
But so as I answered my little son,  
Come to the prayer of my pleading breath,  
And lead me safe through the night of death,  
Father of light, when my light is gone!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

### John Knox, the Reformer

THE name of Scotland has long been a synonym for a well-known sterling type of character. At the opening of the sixteenth century the country deserved a far different reputation. Nowhere in Europe had the corruption of Romanism reached a higher pitch. The change that has given to the world Scotch literature, thought, belief, and action; that has added to history such names as James Watt, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Guthrie, and Chalmers, is declared by another Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, to have been for the nation nothing less than a real resurrection from the dead. That result is attributed to the work of one man, John Knox.

There is good reason, then, why the anniversary of such a man's birth should be kept with enthusiasm.

The day of Knox's birth, indeed, is unknown; even that the year is 1505 is not beyond dispute. That uncertainty is but part of the obscurity that veils much of his early life. Of the middle class of society, a student at the University of Glasgow, a priest of the church that he later opposed, a tutor in a noble family, he was obliged to seek refuge because of his association with Scotland's martyr Reformer, George Wishart. He shrank

from invitations to preach even before the little group of refugees until one Sunday their preacher, following a prearranged plan, spoke on the election of ministers, and openly appealed to Knox not to refuse the call, while his hearers heartily gave their assent to this plea. After a struggle for some days the reluctant prophet came before them with a message that gave promise of his future power.

But his time of great service to his country was not to begin at once. The stronghold that shielded him and his comrades was taken with aid from France, and for a year and a half they knew the rigor of life in the French galleys. Release and a brief period of preaching in English churches and as a chaplain of Edward VI, with suggestions of a bishopric, were followed by the accession of Bloody Mary. Knox betook himself to the Continent, where a ministry in Geneva gave him welcome fellowship with Calvin.

On the death of Mary, changed conditions brought him back to his native land, which from that time was ruled by him even more truly than by the one that held the scepter. Summoned before his sovereign, Mary Queen of Scots, to account for some words of his, he was met with her contemptuous question, "What are you within this realm?" The various interviews to which she called him answered her question by their proof that he was a power with whom she had to reckon. Seeking his condemnation on a charge of treason, she could not keep her privy council from following his defense with a unanimous acquittal. It was Mary's head at last, and not his, that went to the block. He stood like an earlier John before another monarch, and it was no yielding on his part that saved him from a like fate.

Knox was statesman and theologian alike, caring for both the civil and the religious welfare of the nation, shaping the confession of faith and the plan of church government as well as guiding wisely in public affairs. A scholar himself, he pleaded strongly for generous provision for education. But for the nobles' greed much more in this direction would have been accomplished in his own time, and even Scotland's notable achievements have not yet reached the ideals of the far-sighted patriot. A leader in the Scotch Reformation, he was also its historian. His account of this movement, while his chief work, is far from being his only one. His writings show that he was a master of language. From them one can understand something of the power of his vigorous speech, which otherwise might remain largely a tradition, as but one of his sermons was published. His voice, the English ambassador bore witness, could put more life into men than five hundred trumpets. His tre-

mendous energy in preaching has been described in the often-quoted words of one who heard him on an occasion when, in his feebleness, two servants lifted him into the pulpit, on which he leaned at first; but before he had finished, "he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it."

Like other Reformers, he had a deep love for the Bible, reading the Psalms through once a month; like them, too, he had a profound conviction of sin and of God's grace. His work for the world was rooted in a personal experience. He was the champion of truths that he had tested in his own life.

Many are his titles to fame, which has rightly linked his name with those of Luther and Calvin; but thought of him is perhaps most often associated with his fierce denunciations of wrong. He did not lack humor and other qualities that

were more attractive, but the times in which he lived called for something else than soft words. Men did not leave one of his sermons in doubt as to what public event or what person in the congregation itself the preacher had had in mind. He answered his critics by saying that from the prophets he had learned "plainly and boldly to call wickedness by its own name, a fig a fig, and a spade a spade." His scorn of tolerance and defense of persecution are to be regretted, but even in these days there



is need of more of the spirit of the man whose fittest epitaph has been felt to be the words at his grave, "Here lieth a man who in his life never feared the face of man; who hath been often threatened with dagge and dagger, but yet hath ended his days in peace and honor."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

### Stepping-Stones or Makeshifts

A YOUNG man was graduated from an Eastern college, and feeling that he had fitted himself with all the appliances of a man, began looking about for work.

He was offered a place as cashier in a store, at twelve dollars a week, but only smiled placidly as he refused, with the words, "Much obliged, but any one could fill that position; I shall look higher."

Next, in turn, he refused the situations of typewriter, bookkeeper, and proof-reader, as places beneath him, both in respect to position and salary. Indeed, he argued the case so well as to convince his friends. "For," he would urge, "if I hold myself too cheap, the world will take me at this valuation, and always keep me down. I must look high, and make it respect me," which contained enough truth to seem unanswerable.

This young man whom we will call Eugene, had a friend whose boyhood was not so fortunate.

He had no rich father to send him to college, and support him in idleness afterward while the world was being educated to appreciate him, so he was obliged to begin work early.

His first position was a humble one—mere y that of stoker in a machine-shop, at five dollars a week. Eugene laughed at him for taking it, but our honest John, though he flushed a little, answered cheerily, "It is a stepping-stone, at least!" and spent every leisure hour in a critical study of the engine.

One day the engineer was taken ill, and John was found to be the only person competent to take his place, which he filled so well that he was retained in the position, at an advanced salary.

Here, though much busier, he still studied whenever possible, and soon discovered means of improvement that brought him into notice—more stepping-stones!

It was ten years later before the two met again, and grasped hands with all the old warmth. John was a broad-shouldered, bright-faced, purposeful-looking man; his friend Eugene had care-lines between his eyes, hollows in his cheeks, and a seedy, uncomfortable look throughout.

"You seem prosperous, John," he said, in a cultivated but lazy voice.

"Yes, I am getting on," was the hearty response; "I am now assistant superintendent of the Phoenix Iron Works, with a fine enough home for any man. How is it with you, Gene?"

"Oh, I've been unlucky!" laughing a little. "The world did not appreciate what I had to give it—has never recognized my talents, in fact. I would not, of course, accept of an inferior place, with my attainments; but when father died, there was little left, and I've been forced to turn my hand to almost anything,—mere makeshifts, you know; nothing I could become interested in, or look upon as a permanency,—and it has been a hard struggle,—a desperately hard struggle!"

He shook his head, with a sigh, and after a few cordial words John passed on, a new thought growing in his alert mind.

"I see," he said; "it is quite plain! I took what came, and made the most of it, thus shaping it into a stepping-stone to lift me higher; but Eugene wanted to begin at the top, and when forced to a lower place, would use it only as a makeshift, to be kicked aside when done with. Thus he has never risen above his old level. Poor Gene! Conceit has been a dead-weight upon him all his life." With this thought, he turned into the great, busy building where he was recognized as master.—*Fanny E. Newberry, in Young People's Weekly.*

### Oscar II, Sweden's Poet King

THE handsomest monarch in Europe, the most democratic, the most intellectual, the kindest-hearted, and in many ways the most admirable is Oscar II of Sweden, a man who deserves a throne in the kingdom of literature, but was not born for a throne in the kingdom of men. He is not, after all, a member of the strictly kingly caste.

The grandson of Bernadotte, a French lawyer who rose to be a marshal in Napoleon's army and then to be king in Scandinavia, Oscar's blood lacks the deep tint of royal blueness. Indeed, he never expected or desired to be king. For forty-six years he had lived the life of a quiet citizen, devoted to the study of languages, music, and literature, and to poetic and historical writing; and when in 1875 the burden of the crown fell upon his head, he accepted it with a sigh of resignation and an impulse of regret.

An unwilling monarch, Oscar has made a good one. Rarely has monarch been so beloved by his people, and all the affection they give him he returns.

He is the most accessible of kings. Any one, from noble to peasant, can gain interview with him. The palace doors swing open to all.

King Oscar's attainments and productions may be noted in detail: he is a linguist of remarkable powers, speaking eight languages fluently, and having considerable knowledge of many more. His spoken tongues include, besides the Scandinavian, those of England, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, and Italy; and in addition to speaking the languages, he is familiar with the literature of these countries, from which he has made many translations.

His poems are numerous, including his "Songs of Nature and the Sea" and other contributions to poetical literature. He has also written many songs for music, is a master of the piano, and ranks among the chief musical connoisseurs of Europe. He is an earnest patron of geographical discovery, has done much to encourage arctic exploration, and is a patron of athletic sports.

Is this kingliness? Well, one rarely has the opportunity to write in such terms of a king, and especially of one who, like King Oscar, has had two kingdoms to govern, and these yoked together like the mule and the ox. It is a difficult task to rule with three chambers, Sweden having two, and Norway one, at odds with the two.

Oscar has found the task too difficult. His efforts to reconcile the conflicting interests of two kingdoms have met with failure, and Norway, breaking the thin rope that feebly held them together, has resumed its old independence.

Will Oscar go to war to bring back his late subjects? The indications do not point that way. Publicly he is obliged to wear an air fitted to the gravity of the situation, but in the privacy of his palace we seem to see smiles of relief wreathing his lips. For a man of seventy-six, and a man to whom kingship at the best must have been something of a burden, to have a chronic dispute on his hands could not have been other than an unwelcome weight; and if we could translate his private thought, it would probably take the form of "Erring brother, go in peace."

It is not with enmity to King Oscar that Norway breaks its bonds. Personally its people love and respect their late king, and would doubtless readily acknowledge that he has done much for the development of the joint country. It is simply that the interests of Norway and Sweden are not akin.—*Search-Light.*

### The Prayer of Faith

THERE is a man now preaching in a Western State whose life history holds a most interesting incident.

During the winter of the Hayes-Tilden campaign he was a member of the House of Representatives in Washington. A keen lawyer and a born leader, he had ambitions, and was working steadily toward the governorship of his State.

When a boy, he had had a strong conviction that he must preach; but as his life interests widened, he had drifted away from church influences altogether, and was even reputed to be something of an atheist. However this may be, he had not, since he came to Washington, attended any church, or had any part or interest in the religious life of the city.

During this session of Congress there was a great revival of religion in his home town, and his wife became deeply interested. Her first thought in her new conviction was for her husband. Daily, when her household duties were over, she knelt in prayer for his conversion.

One morning, while in his seat in the House, listening to a heated debate, the representative was overwhelmed, he says, with the feeling that God—an unseen but potent power—was encompassing him. Morning after morning the impression came over him. He tried to shake it off, and to persuade himself that it was a hallucination which visited him because he had been working too hard. It was to no purpose.

On his return he spoke of it to his wife, and

she in turn told him of her great desire for him. At first he put the idea from him with a laugh.

"I am at the threshold of my career," he said. But one day he came to her and told her, "If I become a Christian, I must preach, and that will mean —"

The tears filled the wife's eyes. "Now I understand! When I was first praying for you, over and over again the question came to me, 'Will you abide by the consequences?' At first I was afraid. I did not know what it might mean, but at last I said, 'Yes, if only he comes to know God as I now know him.' That was only a little while ago."

"And it was only a little while ago," returned her husband, "that I felt I could give up my ambitions —"

"But need you give them up?" she asked.

"No," he returned, "I need not, but I want to—now. I want to give my life to the ministry."

For a moment there was an inner struggle. She would have been, socially, the first woman in her State, and she, like her husband, was ambitious. Then her love triumphed.

The minister has a way of reaching the hearts of men given to few, and his work has been wonderfully successful. And the woman—rarely does one see a face so full of that fine beauty which is the seal of the "peace of God."—*Selected.*

### True Gold

JUST to be tender; just to be true;  
Just to be glad the whole day through;  
Just to be merciful; just to be mild;  
Just to be trusted as a child;  
Just to be gentle, and kind, and sweet;  
Just to be helpful with willing feet;  
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;  
Just to drive sadness away with song;  
Whether the hour is dark or bright,  
Just to be loyal to God and right;  
Just to believe that God knows best;  
Just in his promises ever to rest;  
To all your neighbors just to do  
As you'd have others do to you.  
This is the way to find true gold,  
To be happy all day, and "never grow old."

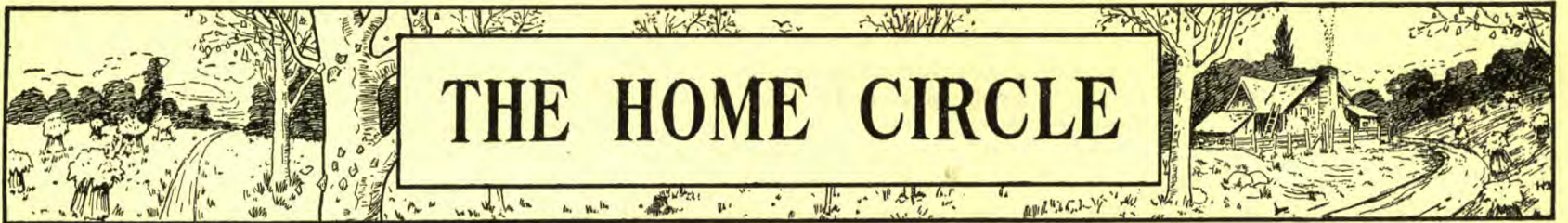
—*Selected.*

### The Captive African Boy

FIFTY years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes, and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. Poor fellow! First he was sold for a horse. Then his buyer thought him a bad exchange for the horse, and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for so much rum. This was called another bad bargain by the man who had bought him, and again he was returned, to be sold for tobacco, with the same result.

Nobody wanted the poor, miserable slave-boy, who was on the point of committing suicide when he was bought by a Portuguese trader, and carried away in a slave-ship. Ah, how little that wretched boy, as he lay chained in the hold of that crowded slave-ship, thought what the future had in store for him, or what great things God would yet do for him. One day an English war-ship that was clearing the high seas of the slavers, bore down upon the Portuguese vessel, and rescued the captives. The African boy was placed under Christian influence, baptized, and educated, and to-day he is Bishop Crowther, Eng'and's black bishop in Africa, where he has founded a successful mission.

It would be a long story to tell all he has done for his poor people in Africa, how he has fought the slave-trade, preached to cannibals, been taken prisoner again and again, and how the Lord has kept him safe in every danger. Twenty-five years after he was made a slave, he found his old mother, and she became a Christian, and died under the hospitable roof of her son's episcopal residence.—*Our Boys and Girls.*



# THE HOME CIRCLE

## The Discontented Daisy

Down in a field one day in June  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Save one, who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near this buttercup  
Who wished she were a daisy,

For daises grow so trig and tall;  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills around her neck  
In just the daises' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome color,  
While daises dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,  
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To find a nice white frill for me  
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said,  
"I think you must be crazy.  
I'd rather be my honest self  
Than any made-up daisy.

"You are nicer in your own bright gown;  
The little children love you.  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,  
We'd better keep our places;  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daises.

"Look bravely up into the sky,  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup  
Just here where you are growing."  
— Sarah Orne Jewett.

## Sealed Clouds

MANY persons "abuse the mails" in a comparatively innocent way. When anything goes wrong with them or their affairs, they fly to the ink-bottle, and the black cloud that overwhelms them, or the dismal fog that chills, is folded into the letter, sealed, and sent away to chill and darken some loved one at a distance.

"I spent three hours last night writing a letter to my brother, only to burn it when it was finished," said a bright young woman to her friend. "You see," she explained, "I had told him all about my little grievances and discomforts and I was afraid, when I read the letter over that it would vex him, and it couldn't help me. Yes, I wasted my time; but isn't that better than to waste his by presenting an overdraft upon his sympathy?"

The wise person learns to distinguish between commendable confidences, which the true friend expects and desires, and the point of the overdraft on sympathy. The latter lies along the lines of little annoyances that brave souls bear alone.

It is selfish to try to throw a part of all our burdens upon the shoulders of those that love us; and especially is the infliction grievous when it comes folded in a letter.

Young people as well as older ones thoughtlessly err in this respect. The son goes into unnecessary particulars concerning the hardships that he is enduring in some field of personal effort. The daughter, launched out perhaps on her first bread-winning venture, recounts all that she has to endure in the way of annoyances and disappointments, and both forget to mention the

pleasant experiences, sandwiched between the ills.

Laura Selford was this kind of girl. Her home being some twelve miles out in the country in a somewhat inaccessible neighborhood, it became necessary, when she secured a position as teacher in the city, for her to board in town.

Once or twice every week Laura wrote home. As the glamour of city life for her wore away, which happened very soon, her letters to her family were anything but cheerful reading.

"Whenever I feel blue or miserable in the evening, I write home to mama," she confided to one of her associate teachers. And though the latter pointedly replied, "'No news is good news' with you," Laura did not take the hint. It was "such a relief," she felt, to share her vexations with the home folks.

If she could have seen the painful, nervous anxiety on her mother's face as the trembling fingers opened her letters, or heard her brother say, "I wonder what's the matter now?" she would have contrived to put a little sunshine in the next one.

"Poor Laura! I wish she hadn't undertaken to teach so hard a school," Mrs. Selford often thought during her own busy hours. And many a night, when Laura was sleeping peacefully in her comfortable bed, the mother was lying awake grieving over an exaggerated picture of the girl's woes.

One day it seemed to Laura that all the ills that a teacher is liable to, had alighted on her head. The principal spoke sharply to her in the morning; Dick Trevers, her worst pupil, broke out defiantly when a visitor was in the school-room; and the climax came when she received a curt note from Mrs. Dale, the director's wife, expressing dissatisfaction concerning an affair of school discipline. Laura filled four pages of large paper with her melancholy story, dwelling on her unhappiness and mortification. She was sure she was going to be discharged, for Mr. Dale was the influential man of the board.

Mrs. Selford shed tears over the letter. A feeling of depression settled on the family that culminated on Friday afternoon in the sending of young Walter to town in a sleigh that he might bring his sister home, baggage and all.

"Why, Walter, what in the world is the matter?" asked Laura, when her brother was ushered into her room at the boarding-house. She had changed her street gown for an evening one preparatory to going to a little party at the home of one of the teachers; her eyes were sparkling with pleasant anticipations, and altogether Walter thought he had never seen her looking so well or so happy.

"Matter?" he repeated with a little scorn; "that's a queer question from you, after the letters you've been writing us! I expected to find you packed up to go home. The sleigh is waiting at the door. Mother's sick with worrying."

Laura's eyes grew big with wonder and incredulity. It is hard for people like her to realize that it is possible, quite unintentionally, to give pain.

"Why," she said at last, "the trouble is all over, Walter. Oh, no, I wouldn't give up my school for anything! The principal complimented me to-day; and now I am able to keep good order, for Dick Trevers has moved to another ward; and, best of all, Mrs. Dale sent me a nice note the next day, apologizing for her hastiness, and explaining that the first note was written without

full knowledge of the unfortunate occurrence."

"Humph! Why can't you put a little of this kind of brightness into your letters to cheer mother?"

"I will after this," said Laura. And she did.

True heroism shows itself in a disposition to protect loved ones from unnecessary pain. Do not enclose in a letter to a friend the storm-cloud that a few hours may dissipate. And when trouble must be written about, catch a little sunshine to illumine the space between the lines.  
— Jane Ellis Joy.

## The Light in Them

"Miss RUGBY, I've been wanting you to come home to supper with me for the last three Sundays. Will you come to-day?"

The deaconess had not been working for Third Street church very long, and wishing to meet the membership in their own homes, gladly accepted the invitation.

"I must run in to see a sick girl for a few minutes, Mrs. Sheldon, but will be around at your house soon."

The call over, Miss Rugby hastened to the home of Mrs. Sheldon.

Miss Mildred Harding was also there, and while Mrs. Sheldon was preparing supper, the deaconess had a good opportunity of getting better acquainted with the young lady. "Miss Milly," as every one called her, was of a retiring, unassuming disposition, but in a short time was talking freely to the deaconess.

"We were once in better circumstances than we are now, Miss Rugby. But papa had losses, and we girls, as well as my two brothers, have had to go out into the world to make money. Em teaches, and I have been clerking for six years in a shoe store on Wright Street, near Hawthorne. You know the neighborhood? It is not a nice part of the city, and most of the customers are poor, and what I used to call common — uneducated and uncultured, you know.

"Mr. Bailey, the proprietor, I felt was below me in station, and at first it was a severe trial for me to stay there. My duties were utterly distasteful to me. Each morning I longed for the close of the day, and the only desire of my heart was to be released from the companionship of such uncongenial persons; but I knew this was not the right way to feel.

"When I looked forward to living such a life for months and years to come, I was utterly discouraged, and I was wretched and miserable. I don't know how long this lasted, when I began to read some of the writings of Mrs. Margaret Bottome. In the store, in my leisure minutes, I am sewing or crocheting for the home folk, so haven't much time for reading, but I use the half-hour on the street-car mornings and evenings in studying the Sunday-school lesson, or in glancing over a paper or magazine. In this way I began to see the beauty in Mrs. Bottome's articles, and something I read from her about that time made such a deep impression on me that I have been a changed girl ever since. She advised Christians to note down each day the good things that happen, and the kind things we see in others. By so doing we shall be happier ourselves.

"I said to myself: 'Minnie Harding, surely you need to learn the lesson of being truly happy! I shall try this plan, but O, what can I find to write? The people I meet are all rough and

uncouth, and sometimes vulgar. But I shall try it, anyway.

"So I bought myself a book, and began to write each day. At first it was hard to find anything to record, but by degrees I began to discover good traits in people that at one time I would not have noticed. Such trifles I used to write down, just to be able to make my record for the day—a seat given me in the car, the holding open of a door for me to pass through, a pleasant 'good morning' greeting from some one, and so on.

"Then I began to observe the general behavior of the customers, and often my first opinion I would change after a second or a third meeting. I remember one man, in particular, of whom I was really afraid at first—he seemed so big and burly and rough! But one day he came into the store leading a tiny child, a little girl, for whom he wanted a pair of shoes. He was so tender in his treatment of her, and she seemed so fond of him, that I altered my first opinion of him and thought he must be like one of Dickens's characters—a diamond in the rough, you know.

"And so it has gone on for a long time, and instead of grieving over my uncongenial surroundings and feeling that I am buried, I am trying to help others every day, and believe that I am in just the place that God wants me. I find so many pleasant things everywhere that the discovery of them has led me to call them 'blessings in obscure places.' Now I am happy all the time!"

"Your face shows it, dear," said the deaconess. "I have greatly enjoyed your little story."

A few days later she handed Mildred a paper, saying: "I found this little poem, and I thought of you. I think it is by Phillips Brooks."

Mildred was just stepping on the car, and while riding to her destination she read the poem:—

"We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us

Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,  
That nothing we call work can find an entrance—  
There's only room to suffer, to endure.  
Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,

Doing the little things, or resting quite,  
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,  
Be just as pleasing in the Father's sight.  
This to me is life;

If life then be a burden, I will join  
To make it but the burden of a song."

"The very thing!" said Mildred to herself. "I shall copy this for Annie Derkins, who thinks her life so monotonous and dull, shut up in a sick-room caring for her invalid mother. I shall paint a little design around the text, 'Casting all your care upon Him; for he careth for you,' and give her a copy of this little poem, too. In this way I can help her, and perhaps her sick mother, too. How many opportunities there are for doing good every day! Another blessing to be thankful for."

As she opened the door of the shoe store and took up her accustomed duties, the proprietor rubbed his hands, exclaiming: "It does one good to look into your happy face, Miss Milly! You are one of the kind that recommends the religion you profess. I wish there were more like you."

Mildred smiled, and this verse came into her mind, "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."—*The Classmate.*

### A Fine Answer

FROM the Alaskan mines comes a story which is worth repeating. A young Swede, whose opportunities had been so limited that he was nothing but a stable boy before he went to the mines, was fortunate enough to secure a good claim, and to dig a considerable amount of gold out of it. His partner, also a Swede, asked him one day:—

"What are you going to do with your money?"

"I mean to do more for the world," was the quiet answer, "than the world ever did for me."

He meant it, too, for this ex-hostler has since given something like fifty thousand dollars to endow a college and a hospital in the far West.

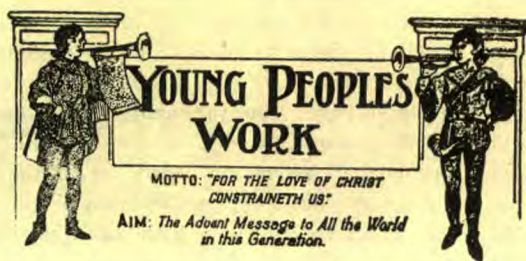
The more one considers the answer and the deed, the nobler they appear.

So many men ask, bitterly, "What has the world ever done for me?" and thus justify the spending of their all upon themselves.

So many workers say, impatiently, "Why should I do better work than the world pays me for?" and thus toil grudgingly on.

So many souls quarrel with life because it does not give them all they desire, and thus become self-pitying, self-indulgent failures.

How different the spirit of this Swedish stable boy, whose generous soul accepted the hardness and indifference of the world, asked nothing from it, but desired all the more to benefit it, and make it a better place for others than it had been for him.—*Wellspring.*



## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul's Sojourn at Rome

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE STUDY: Acts 28:23-31; Phil. 1:12-16; 2 Tim. 1:16.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: 2 Tim. 4:2; Eccl. 11:4-6.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from Life of Paul," pages 280-284.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

Teaches the gospel daily.

Persuades from law and prophets.

Some believe.

Some believe not.

Jews reason.

Remains in his own home two years.

No one forbids him.

### Notes

The Jews appear to have been in no special haste to present their accusations against Paul, doubtless for the reason that they had no real charge which they could prove.

During his imprisonment of two years the apostle seems to have enjoyed the fullest freedom to teach the word, and also to have the freest intercourse with his friends. We are told that he was subject to no restraint whatsoever in preaching, though confined in his "own hired house."

"And that which seemed at first to impede must really have deepened the impression of his eloquence, for who could see without emotion that venerable form subjected by iron links to the coarse control of the soldier who stood beside him? How often must the tears of the assembly have been called forth by the upraising of that fettered hand, and the clanking of the chain which checked its energetic action!"

During his imprisonment Paul seems to have been surrounded with a number of his most valued fellow laborers. Luke remained with him in his bondage. Tychicus was there to carry letters to places where they had visited together. He mentions others also, such as Aristarchus, Epaphras, Andronicus, and Junia as his "fellow prisoners." Rom. 16:7; Col. 4:10-12. The term "fellow prisoners" may simply imply that they dwelt in his house which was also a prison. There were others with him also. His mention

of Demas and Mark is very touching. Demas seems to have been a fellow laborer (Col. 4:14), but had apostatized, while Mark, whom Paul at an earlier period had deemed unfaithful, was now pronounced "profitable."

"Thus while apparently cut off from active labor, Paul exerted a wider and more lasting influence than he could have exerted had he been free to travel among the churches as in former years. As a prisoner of the Lord, he had a firmer hold upon the affections of his brethren in the faith, and his words commanded even greater attention and respect than when he was personally with them." G. B. T.

### A Good Suggestion

It is a temptation to snatch just a few verses for devotional reading, or to hurry over a chapter, preparing a Sunday-school lesson or a Christian Endeavor program. We don't take time to sit down and read a whole book of the Bible at once, like one of the epistles or Gospels, or to read through the whole story of a single character, such as David, for instance. But that is the only way to get the full impression of things in their vividness and entirety. I shall never forget how different the Gospel of Mark seemed to me when I read it straight through, one Sunday.—*Mabel Earle, in Wellspring.*

### "He Is Living"

It is said that Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, was one day preparing his Easter sermon, when it suddenly came upon him like a revelation that the Christ of whom he was writing was living. Springing to his feet, he began to walk up and down in his study, saying, "He is living! He is living!" And the following day he preached such a sermon to his people as they had never heard. This strong conviction of the fact that we represent a living Saviour is what will give force to our efforts in the cause of God.—*Selected.*

### A Vision of the Night

"No, Lord, I can not, can not take that cross;  
Thy hand is holding it to me I know,  
But it involves too much of pain and loss,  
Such crushing down of self and things below!"

Thus spoke I to my Lord, and he replied,  
With O, such mournful pathos in his tone,  
"I bore much more for thee—for thee I died!  
I may not bear this too, alone, alone."

"I only ask thee just to share its weight,  
To take thy part in bearing it with me;  
If thou refuse, I can no longer wait.  
I must seek help, but not again from thee."

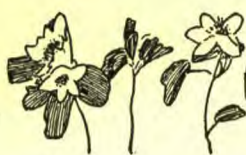
He turned to go; methought I saw a tear  
Stand for a moment in his calm, sad eye;  
Then with a sudden bound, a sudden fear,  
I sprang toward him with a bitter cry.

—*Selected.*

### To Give Is to Keep

THERE is a legend of a golden organ in some ancient monastery which, to save it from robbers, the monks cast into a deep river. In the waters it continued to send forth sweet music, which the floods could not hush. So it is in a true Christian life. The floods do not drown the songs of joy.

A visitor made an appeal to a generous man on one occasion for missions, and he made out a check for five pounds. Before the ink was dry, a telegram was handed to him. He said to the visitor, "I have received bad news. I have lost a great deal of money. Give me back the check." The visitor expected the check now to be canceled. But the gentleman, on receiving it, altered the five pounds to fifty pounds, saying, "God has taught me that I may not much longer possess my property, and that I must use it well while I have it." The only money we keep is that which we give to God.—*Selected.*



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



### Mother's Little Man

EYES of blue and hair of gold,  
Cheeks all brown with summer tan,  
Lips that much of laughter hold,  
This is mother's little man.

Shining curls like chestnuts brown,  
Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid,  
Sweetest face in all the town,  
This is mother's little maid.

Dainty room with snow-white beds,  
Where, like flowers with  
petals curled,  
Fest in peace two dreaming  
heads,  
This is mother's little world!  
— Robert F. Roden.

### Two Boys Who Meant Business

THIS is a true story of two boys who represent the independence and grit of the American spirit.

James Hackett was not in need of additional help, but something about the latest applicant compelled his attention.

"So you want work," he said, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, sir," came the quick and decisive reply from the lips of the applicant.

"It strikes me that you're pretty young for a lumber-mill man." Mr. Hackett could not refrain from smiling at the thought.

"I'm eleven, sir, and if you'll give me a chance, I will show you that I can work."

Mr. Hackett was evidently in good humor, for he called the foreman, and told him to give the boy something to do. Thus it was that John Arola gave the first evidence of the character which should some day make him a power in the State of Washington. His mother was dead, and his father was away in the woods, thus leaving John and his brother Carl, aged thirteen years, to fight their battles with the world. One day the foreman of the mill said to Mr. Hackett, "That's a bright boy you turned over to me."

"Good," said Mr. Hackett. "Raise his wages to one dollar a day."

"He is worth it," replied the foreman.

John was elated at the turn in affairs, but to the surprise of Mr. Hackett he requested permission for his brother Carl to take his place at the mill.

"If he is like you, it will be all right," said Mr. Hackett.

"Indeed, sir, he is just as good a worker as I am," said John, and his face lighted with a look of pride.

Here was loyalty unadulterated.

Carl went to work. He gave satisfaction. John disappeared, and in the rush of business Mr. Hackett forgot to inquire about him until one day he chanced to meet Carl.

"Where is John?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"O," said Carl, "he is attending school."

This was a new phase of the case, and Mr. Hackett became intensely interested in the two boys, who were not only anxious to earn their own living, but who also were planning to acquire an education. By inquiring he learned that the boys were living in a little tumble-down "shack," and that the one who worked in the mill earned enough money to keep both supplied with food and clothes while the younger one attended school. Out of school hours John did

to attend school when not engaged in household duties. In the evening the two lads study and read. They are happy in their independence.—*Success.*

### Jean's Bunch of "Ragged-Robins"

"Two large bunches for two little girls," said Aunt Alice, laughingly, as she laid two great bunches of bright blue "ragged-robins" down in Jean's lap.

"Oh! aren't they pretty?" cried the little girl, burying her nose in one of the bunches.

"As long as Grace is out, you may take your choice," said Aunt Alice; "besides, you're sick and should have the first choice, anyway. Grace can go out and play, while you have to stay in with your poor little lame leg. Now, good-by, dear. Hurry and get well so you can come to see your auntie," and, with a kiss, cheery Aunt Alice left.

Jean looked at the two bunches in her lap. They were of the same size, but one had five or six delicate pink flowers scattered in among the deep-blue ones. They were such a pale, beautiful pink, and they stood out in contrast to the blue one, and Jean had never seen any pink "ragged-robins" before. The other bunch was all blue flowers and buds, but there was not a pink one to be seen in it.

"I'm to take my choice," said Jean softly to herself. "I do want the pink ones, and I'm sick, too. It's hard to sit here with a sprained ankle while Grace is out having a good time. I ought to have the prettiest,—Aunt Alice said so," and then she made a doubtful little face.

She held up the two bunches and looked at them closely.

"Grace may like the blue bunch just as much, or, maybe I might take one or two of the pink ones out and put them in the other bunch."

She tried to pull out a pink flower, but the bunch was tied together so tightly that the

slender stem snapped and the flower fell.

"Oh, dear, that's too bad!"

Just then a girl a little older than Jean bounced into the room, her cheeks rosy and her eyes sparkling from her play outdoors. She ran up to the chair where her sick little sister sat propped up in the pillows.

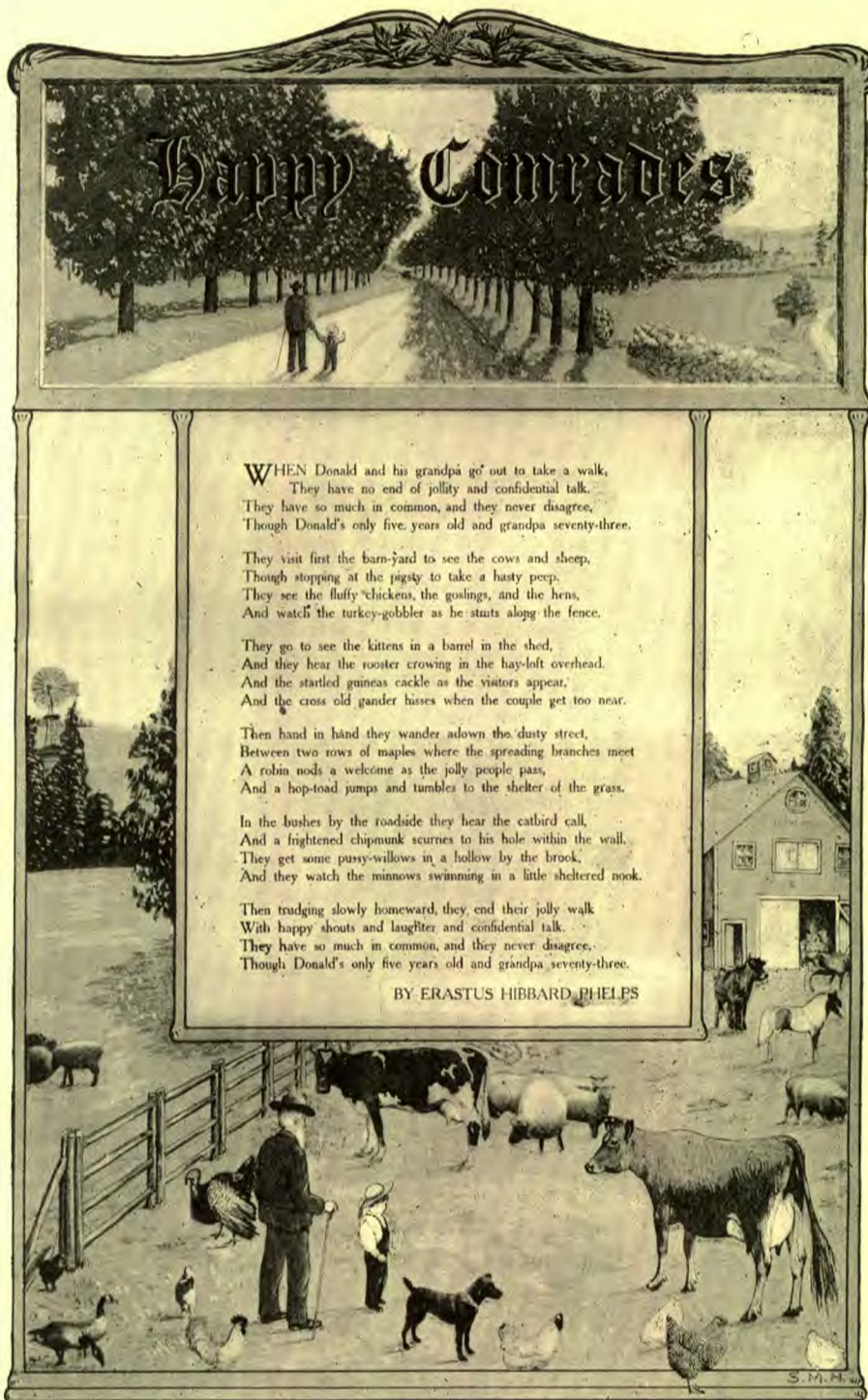
"Was Aunt Alice here? Did she leave those flowers? Aren't they pretty? Which is mine?"

In that minute Jean decided. She handed the bunch with the pink ones in it to her sister.

"That's yours," she smiled.

"Oh, but that's the prettiest," began Grace.

"Well, Aunt Alice said I was to choose, and I took the blue ones, so this is yours. Oh, yes! you must take it, 'cause I said so, and I've chosen."



## Happy Comrades

WHEN Donald and his grandpa go out to take a walk,  
They have no end of jollity and confidential talk.  
They have so much in common, and they never disagree,  
Though Donald's only five years old and grandpa seventy-three.

They visit first the barn-yard to see the cows and sheep,  
Though stopping at the pigsty to take a hasty peep.  
They see the fluffy chickens, the goslings, and the hens,  
And watch the turkey-gobbler as he struts along the fence.

They go to see the kittens in a barrel in the shed,  
And they hear the rooster crowing in the hay-loft overhead.  
And the startled guineas cackle as the visitors appear,  
And the cross old gander hisses when the couple get too near.

Then hand in hand they wander adown the dusty street,  
Between two rows of maples where the spreading branches meet  
A robin nods a welcome as the jolly people pass,  
And a hop-toad jumps and tumbles to the shelter of the grass.

In the bushes by the roadside they hear the catbird call,  
And a frightened chipmunk scurries to his hole within the wall.  
They get some pussy-willows in a hollow by the brook,  
And they watch the minnows swimming in a little sheltered nook.

Then trudging slowly homeward, they end their jolly walk  
With happy shouts and laughter and confidential talk.  
They have so much in common, and they never disagree,  
Though Donald's only five years old and grandpa seventy-three.

BY ERASTUS HIBBARD PHELPS

the housework and cooked the meals. Everything about the old "shack" was tidy. Here was honest effort, youthful independence, and happiness. A few days later Carl requested for himself a short vacation.

"What for?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"Well," said Carl, in a burst of youthful confidence, "John and I are building a house."

"You may have your vacation," was all that Mr. Hackett said, but he did a lot of thinking; and before he went home that night, he instructed the foreman to see that Carl's salary went on just the same. In due time John and Carl completed their "mansion." It has two rooms and the same number of doors and windows. The roof is well shingled. Carl has returned to work in the mill, and John continues

Grace did not fully appreciate the sacrifice, but she did admire the flowers. She ran and got two vases of water, and put both bunches into them, then put them on the table beside her sister, and ran out again.

"I guess I feel better than if I had kept the prettiest," said Jean to herself after Grace had gone, "and, anyhow, I can look at them and enjoy them, even if they are hers."

The next morning, while mother was helping her sick little girl to dress, Grace, who had dashed into the sitting-room to get her school-books, came running in to her sister, exclaiming:—

"O Jean, what do you think? I can't tell the bunches apart. They've both got pink flowers in them!"

Mother carried the little lame girl over to the sitting-room, and there, sure enough, the buds had come out in the night, and one bunch had just as many pink flowers in it as the other.

Jean laughed delightedly, and said: "Mine was the nicest after all, for it was a surprise."—*Anne Guilbert Mahon, in Sunday School Times.*

## Science Stories

### What Chicago's Great Strike Cost

FOR fifteen weeks the teamsters of Chicago kept up a strike, and now they are to go back to work if they can find any. There were 4,250 men thrown out, of whom 2,000 are still without places, the remainder having secured work in other lines or with houses that were not affected by the strike-bound orders or doing business with strike-bound houses. The strike was called on April 6. There are 35,000 union teamsters in Chicago. The cost of the strike to the unions was \$300,000. The wages lost is \$750,000.

The cost of the strike to the employers is \$2,100,000 in wages, and the loss of business is estimated at more than \$12,000,000. The cost of the strike to the city is \$175,000, and to the country, \$100,000. Persons injured by the strike number 450; deaths, 21. To preserve peace there were 2,300 policemen, 1,400 specials, and 3,400 deputy sheriffs. The strike started over an attempt to hold sixteen little tailors who went out on a strike. There was no question of wages or hours among the teamsters, but they went out on a sympathetic strike.—*The Search-Light.*

### The Oil Seed

THE sesamum, or oil-seed, was known in the Levant and southern Europe and Egypt at least four centuries before the Christian era. It was taken to the West Indies by Europeans, and one variety has found its way to Florida and other Southern States, and has crept along as far north as the vicinity of Philadelphia. It was detected by Judge Addison Brown in the ballast heaps at Communipaw, New Jersey. It is known as the thunderbolt flower. The plant is used in Europe and India for a pot-herb, but it is most valuable for the oil it produces. The oil resists putrefaction longer than any other fixed oil, and is considered the most delicate of all the sweet oils, except olive-oil. It is used in India for food and for anointing the body, and for the fragrant oils used in religious ceremonies. It is used in all civilized countries for the same purposes for which olive-oil is used. It is applied to illuminating purposes, to the manufacture of cosmetics and hair dressings, and especially to the manufacture of fine toilet soaps.

It congeals at a much lower temperature than other oils, and is therefore well adapted to cold climates. It has of late years been largely employed in the manufacture of spurious butter, or

oleomargarine. The natives of India make an article of diet of the seeds; and they place the seeds in the graves with their dead relatives.—*Oliver R. Willis.*

### Fresco-Painting

THE term "fresco" means fresh, and, strictly speaking, is applicable only to paintings executed on fresh or moistened plaster.

Fresco-painting is employed chiefly for large pictures on walls and ceilings. This art was understood by the ancients, but was first made of real importance by the Italians in the sixteenth century. Then *buon fresco*, or painting on undried plaster, became the favorite art of the great Italian masters.

The subject to be painted on the wall was first carefully drawn on paper backed with cloth. This "cartoon," as the drawing was called, or a tracing from a portion of it, was then applied to the wall, the outlines were pricked through the paper and cloth into the wet plaster; then a very fine, smooth black powder was blown into the pricked places, and when the original drawing was taken from the wall, a perfectly distinct tracing of it was left behind.

A number of these old pricked cartoons are still extant, and the black dots can be detected in the outlines of some of the most beautiful of the famous old frescoes. Fresco-painting demanded and permitted the exercise of the very highest artistic facilities. As the rapid drying of the plaster required great swiftness of execution, it was impossible to correct a mistake without removing a portion of the plaster, and there were vast spaces to be filled.

The plasterer was obliged to put on the plaster from day to day, as the artist covered it, and a careful examination of some of the noted frescoes will often show where the work of one day is joined to that of another.

Michael Angelo gloried in fresco-painting. The Sistine Chapel, at Rome, is, by many, considered his crowning work.

A large proportion of Italy's finest pictures are frescoes painted by such wonderful artists as Raphael, Correggio, Demonias, Luini, Michael Angelo, Francia, and others equally as noted. Because of the absence of all gloss of surface, a fresco-painting may be seen equally well from every point of view.

One great objection urged against frescoes is that they are not movable. It is, however, possible to transfer them from the wall to cloth in much the same way that oil-paintings are transferred from one canvas to another.—*Selected.*

### How Some Common Things Are Made

MANY a boy has tried, at one time or another, to make shot by pouring melted lead from a height into a basin of water. If he failed, as doubtless he did, it was because of faulty methods rather than a mistaken theory. Shot is so made, and has been for more than a hundred years, but special apparatus is necessary.

Previous to 1782 shot was made by cutting sheet lead into strips of a width equal to the desired diameter of the shot. These strips were then cut into squares, and the cubes thus formed were thrown into revolving cylinders, and left there until the friction and attrition had worn the cubes roughly into the form of spheres.

According to tradition, the present method is the realization of a dream. A Mr. Watts of Bristol, England, dreamed one night that he was caught in a shower, the drops of which were round leaden pellets. He knew that all liquid bodies when they fall have a tendency to assume the spherical form, and the more he thought about his dream, the more it seemed possible of realization. He therefore began experimenting.

His first experiment was made by pouring melted lead from the top of St. Mary Redcliffe church into water. It so far succeeded as to warrant further investigation, and the present method of making shot in specially constructed towers is the outcome.

A shot-tower is usually about one hundred and eighty feet high and thirty or forty feet in diameter. The great height is necessary in order to give the falling globules of lead time to cool before they strike the well of water which forms the bottom of the tower. The larger shot, of course, require a longer time to cool, and therefore a higher tower than the small sizes.

The lead is melted in kettles set in brick ovens at the top of the tower. With it is mixed a small quantity of arsenic or of antimony, which have the effect of hardening it and making it cool more quickly.

The center of the top of the tower is occupied by metal colanders, the size of the holes depending upon the size of the shot which it is desired to make. The colanders are moved back and forth automatically by machinery, as a corn-popper is moved over a fire, but with a quick, jerky motion. The melted lead and arsenic flow through a pipe with an automatic cut-off to the surface of the colander. As the layer of molten metal touches it, the colander jerks sharply forward or backward, thereby freeing the metal cleanly and before it can display a tendency to "string out." The solid portion of the bottom of the colander separates the lead into globules, or drops, which cool as they fall, and by the time they reach the surface of the water are shot.

The processes of sorting for imperfections and according to size are largely automatic, and are interesting because of the extreme simplicity of the devices which do this apparently difficult work.

By a bucket elevator, that is, an endless chain to which are attached small buckets, the shot are brought from the well to the top of an inclined plane. Down this they roll by the force of gravitation; but the lower end of the plane does not quite reach the receptacle toward which the shot is directed. A space, the size of which has been exactly determined by experience, intervenes. As the shot rolls down this plane, the perfect ones, that is, those which are truly spherical, attain sufficient momentum to leap the space at the bottom and fall into the receptacle. The imperfect shot drop through the open space and are remelted.

Sorting for size is accomplished almost as easily. The mixed shot is poured into the top compartment of a device not unlike a case of drawers, each "layer" or "story" of which is a box with a sieve bottom. These drawers are continually oscillated by machinery, so that the shot fall through one layer after another until they reach one the meshes of which will not allow them to pass. When the "bureau" is emptied, therefore, each drawer will be found to contain shot of uniform size.

The only remaining process is the blackening and polishing. This is accomplished by pouring the shot into revolving cylinders called "tumblers," which are partially filled with powdered graphite or black lead. The motion and the consequent shifting of the shot upon each other both blacken and polish them.—*Edward Williston Frentz.*

### The Hearing Ear

It has been said that we have two ears and only one mouth, to teach us that we should hear twice as much as we speak. We miss a great deal by not being good listeners. The world is full of sweet music,—bird songs, the chirping of insects, the sweet murmur of all nature, the breathing of the wind through the trees, the plashing of the waters,—and yet some people never hear one melodious sound as they go through the fields and forests of earth.

God is ever speaking in our ears, in conscience, in his Word, in the gentle voice of his Spirit, but many of us miss all this wonderful divine speech. We ought to train ourselves to listen, to be "swift to hear." Truth comes to us from all sides. Wordsworth says:—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Unless we go about ever listening, we may miss many a valuable lesson, turning away unawares many an angel who comes from God with a message for us.— *Selected.*

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given him shall he pay him again.— *Proverbs.*

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**XII The Transfiguration**

(September 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 9.

MEMORY VERSE: "And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias." Luke 9: 29, 30.

"And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power. And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them. And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus. And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid. And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him. And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves. And as they came down from the mountain, he charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead. And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean. . . .

"And when he came to his disciples, he saw a great multitude about them, and the scribes questioning with them. And straightway all the people, when they beheld him, were greatly amazed, and running to him saluted him. And he asked the scribes, What question ye with them?"

"And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him: and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth and pineth away: and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not. He answereth him, and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me.

"And they brought him unto him: and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming. And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child. And oftentimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him: but if thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us, and help

us. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

"When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead. But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose. And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out? And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting. And they departed thence, and passed through Galilee; and he would not that any man should know it."

**Questions**

1. What did Jesus say to his disciples one day as he was talking with them? After six days what three disciples were chosen to go apart with Jesus? Where did he lead them? For what purpose did they go to this quiet place? Luke 9: 28.

2. As Jesus prayed, what change took place in his appearance? Who were seen with him? What did they talk with Jesus about? Luke 9: 31. Can you explain how it is that Moses is now in heaven? Tell how Elijah was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire. Why do you suppose these two men instead of angels were sent from heaven to comfort Jesus at this time?

3. While Jesus was praying, what had the disciples whom he had chosen to go with him been doing? Luke 9: 32. When they awoke, what did they see? What did Peter at once say? Did he realize what he was saying? How did the disciples all feel?

4. What overshadowed them? What was now heard? Whose voice was it that spoke? What did he say? When the disciples looked again, whom alone did they see? As they came down from the mountain together, what charge did Jesus lay upon them? What did they question in their hearts?

5. When Jesus and the three again joined the other disciples, what did they see? What did the people all do when they saw Jesus? What did he ask the scribes?

6. How did one of the multitude answer Jesus? Describe the dreadful condition of this boy. What had the father asked the disciples to do? What did Jesus tell them now to do with the boy? When he was brought into the presence of Jesus, what did he do?

7. What did Jesus ask the father of the boy? What reply did he make? With what touching prayer did the father now address Jesus? How did Jesus answer him? What did the father immediately cry out? How earnestly was his petition made?

8. When Jesus saw the people come running together, what did he do? What did the evil spirit do when it came out of the boy? What did Jesus then do to the child?

9. What did the disciples ask Jesus when they had entered into a house? What did he tell them? Through what country did Jesus and his disciples now pass?

**THE YOUTH'S LESSON**

**XII—Responsibility of Parents and Church Officers**

(September 16)

MEMORY VERSE: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Lam. 3: 27.

**Questions**

1. How should parents train their children? Eph. 6: 4.

2. What promise is made to those who do this? Prov. 22: 6.

3. How should parents instruct their children in the way of the Lord? Deut. 6: 5-7; note 1.

4. How was Timothy instructed, and by whom? 2 Tim. 1: 5; 3: 14, 15.

5. What part will the children have in preparing the world for Christ's second coming? Mal. 4: 5, 6; note 2.

6. For what should the children be trained? —To be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, ready to go anywhere the Lord may call them to serve. Lam. 3: 27; 2 Tim. 2: 3.

7. What instruction has the Lord given concerning the duties and qualifications of church officers, and their relations to members of the church? Titus 1: 5-9.

8. What kind of persons were chosen to bear responsibility in the early church? Acts 6: 3.

9. What noble example of sacrifice, patience, and faithfulness, does the Lord present for us to study and imitate? Heb. 11: 24-26.

10. Toward what did Moses look? Heb. 11: 27.

**Notes**

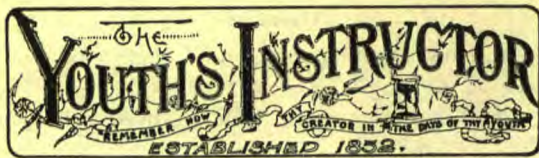
1. We are to acknowledge the Lord in all our ways. We are to teach our children to acknowledge Christ as the One that has bought us with his own precious life. To him we should render a tithe of all our income as a confession of his ownership and our loyalty to him. The children should be taught at an early age to be helpful in the home, and an opportunity should be given to the child, by some means, to earn something. He should be taught to lay aside *the tithe* unto Christ, and, by practising *self-denial*, to make offerings to his cause. The amounts may be small, but the results of this training will be lasting. The children should be represented in the quarterly and annual report of the tithe received by the treasurer of the church.

"Not only does the Lord claim the tithe as his own, but he tells us how it should be reserved for him. He says: 'Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of thine increase.' This does not teach that we are to spend our means on ourselves, and bring to the Lord the remnant, even though it should be otherwise an honest tithe. Let God's portion be first set apart. The directions given by the Holy Spirit through the apostle Paul, in regard to gifts, present a principle that applies also to tithing. 'On the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' *Parents and children are here included.* Not only the rich, but the poor are addressed. 'Every man according as he purposeth in his heart [through the candid consideration of God's prescribed plan], so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.' The gifts are to be made in consideration of the great goodness of God to us."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Nov. 10, 1896.*

2. "As the children sang in the temple courts, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,' so in these last days, children's voices will be raised to give the last message of warning to a perishing world. When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth, the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older workers can not do, because their way will be hedged up."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VI, pages 202, 203.*

It was only a glad good morning  
As she passed along the way;  
But it spread the morning's glory  
Over the livelong day.

—*Carlotta Perry.*



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EDITOR

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

THE Letter Box seems to be almost as popular as any part of the INSTRUCTOR, even men and women with gray hair read its contributions; so Miss Cook's letter of valuable suggestions has been placed in that department this week. All will be interested to note her suggestions for rainy days.

ONE of our ministers who is able to present the truth to the people in a very forcible way, read the Bible through thirteen times before he was of age, and read all our publications as they appeared. It is evident that he thus laid in youth the foundation for his life of service in the cause of truth.

A LITTLE fellow eight years old who is canvassing in Battle Creek, says he expects this year to have money to put in the offering for China and India, because he is doing so well selling papers. He has sold, out of school hours, nearly two hundred papers. Are there not other boys and girls who are thinking of the millions of heathen in China and India?

A WOMAN who could remember only one thing about Mr. McCheyne, said, "I do not remember the texts he used, nor what he said, but he always preached like he was dying to have men converted." If we who believe the third angel's message would preach and work as though we were "dying to have men converted," surely many would be brought into the fold of Christ. Let us do it.

"BEHOLD, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." A man was riding on the outside of a car, which was making good speed. The conductor presently called out, "Hold fast!" He knew there was a dangerous curve ahead, so gave the warning. Our Father sees the dangers of the closing hours of earth's history, and he sends to us the admonition to "hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Heaven is jealous lest we lose our crowns.

### One Step Enough

WE never know what lies before us. Sorrow may be waiting, or sore temptation, or death. We see not a step before our feet. But no matter, if God is leading; for he knows all that lies before us. As we go on, he makes each step plain; and is not that enough?

A young man had almost decided to become a Christian; but one doubt held him back; he did not see how he could continue faithful all through his life. He spent an evening with his minister, talking on the subject; but still his

indecision remained. As he left, the pastor observed how dark it was, and getting a lantern, handed it to the young man, saying, "This little light will not show at once the whole way to your home, but only one step at a time; yet take that step, and you will reach home in safety." As the young man walked homeward, he pondered, "Why can I not trust my Heavenly Father, even if I can not see my way to the end, if he gives me light for one step?"—*Selected.*

### A Scarred Hand

A LITTLE fellow was playing with his mother's finger, on which she had a beautiful ring. As he was twisting it round and round, he noticed an ugly scar upon the back of her hand. "O mother," said he, "what an ugly hand that is!" Her eyes filled with tears.

"Charlie, would you like to have me tell you about that hand?"

"Yes, mother," said he.

"Well, when you were a baby boy, you were romping about the room one day, and you struck your toe against the fender, and fell into the fire. I dropped my work and pulled you out of the fire with that hand. The hot bars and coals made that scar upon it."

"O mother, that is the loveliest hand in all the world, because it is the hand that was in the fire for me."

Jesus has passed through the fires for us; and so he is the one "altogether lovely;" he is the chiefest among ten thousand.—*Record of Christian Work.*

### The Storm

THE rain is dashing with sheets of sleet,  
Where island ledges and lake-line meet,  
Waves, like warriors with spear and knife,  
Rush like gnomes with quivering life.

Lofty evergreens, sunlight tipped,  
Ledges and shrubs in opals dipped,  
Birds that caroled in morning's flush,—  
All are swept by the storm's onrush.

The trees stand firm in their island home;  
The birds have faith that the sun will come,  
For eons have passed since the first great flood,  
Yet the island sturdy and strong has stood.

Heart o'er-swept by the breaking wave,  
Trust God! Look up! Be strong and brave;  
Tempest tossed, or by "Fear not" stilled,  
All is well that the Master willed.

Clouds and blackness will pass away;  
Sometime dawneth a fairer day;  
Though the Father be veiled, he smileth not less,  
And in sunshine or storm stands ready to bless.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

### My Garden Neighbors

A NEW book is just being issued from the press of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, entitled "My Garden Neighbors." It is written by Dr. L. A. Reed, who is well known to readers of this paper. This new book will especially interest all who love nature. It tells of certain birds, animals, and other creatures which at one time or another made their abode in the author's garden. You will want to read of the sparrows who learned to imitate the bluebirds, of the cat that went wild and got too smart to live, of the little chipping sparrow that was miserably imposed upon by a great lazy cowbird, of the bug that was once a god in Egypt,—in short, you will want to read the whole book.

"My Garden Neighbors" contains 256 pages, and over fifty illustrations, of which twelve or more are full page, and four are colored plates, showing seven birds in their natural colors. The frontispiece is a picture of a bluebird sitting on a spray of wild roses, all beautifully colored. The price of the book is one dollar. It will be ready soon, and advance orders are solicited.

Address Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C.



BETHEL ACADEMY, Aug. 14, 1905.

DEAR READERS OF THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: This is a cold, rainy day. But you know such days are just the days to do what we do not take time for when it is clear and bright. As I worked away among the papers with my shears and library paste, I thought of the many boys and girls who find rainy days very disagreeable, and I wondered if any of our INSTRUCTOR readers would be interested in what has kept me so happily busy ever since dinner.

Now, I have not so little to do that I find it necessary to seek employment, even for rainy days; but there is something inviting to me in the quiet corner of a cozy room when there are papers lying about that should be filed, and clippings that should be classified. There is something inspiring to me about a cool rainy day, anyway. It makes me feel like work—quiet, thoughtful work.

Let us come back to the papers, paste, and shears. A dozen large manuscript envelopes entered into my work, also.

After carefully arranging files of the *Review*, *Signs*, *Worker*, and INSTRUCTOR, I found that I had many odd papers. From these I cut the poems, pointed paragraphs, stories, and other articles that I wished to save.

I now labeled my envelopes, "Paragraphs," "Poems," "Biographies," and "Miscellaneous." I have some marked, "Teaching," "Children," and "Language Work." You will suspect now that I am a teacher.

For a long time I have been saving good poems and paragraphs from—just everywhere. I have found some even on torn scraps of paper. Be sure you do not waste beautiful thoughts that way. Put them into your "envelope file." That is what I call my collection of labeled envelopes.

The "language work" envelope filled up very fast, for into it went every story suitable for reproduction or dictation work. Poems, long and short, sad and cheerful, went into a large envelope, while the biographies, paragraphs, and articles on teaching or miscellaneous matter each found its way to its appointed place.

After classifying what I had before collected, I was surprised to find some of the envelopes ready for the next rainy day. Then the scrap-book will take the place of the shears, for the envelopes must be emptied and the clippings put where they can be permanently arranged. My scrap-book is an old "ledger" that I found upstairs in a pile of deserted books one day not long ago. I have cut out every other page to make room for the added thickness. The part that had been used will be occupied by the clippings. The unused portion will be used for work that must be copied.

Everything except the contents of the "language work" envelope will go into this scrap-book. You see these stories must be kept separate so that the boys and girls can handle them easily. But you can have the finest kind of story-book in one department of the large book. Perhaps some of the younger ones will make only a "scrap" story-book. I am sure that these stories read on some future rainy day will be a blessing, not only to you, but to the dear, patient mother, who doesn't "know what to do with those children when it rains."

Of course there are many clippings that will go into my book that may not appear in yours. And I suppose that there are some of the girls who must have a pretty picture or two in the book; and perhaps a fine horse or a noble dog will find his way into some boy's book. But let only the good and beautiful and true appear on the pages, remembering what Paul has said in Phil. 4:8.

Now I must attend to waiting duties, but I shall not soon forget this rainy afternoon, nor the children for whom God has called me to give my life-work.

Yours for that kingdom, to enter which we must become like children. MARY C. COOK.