

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII

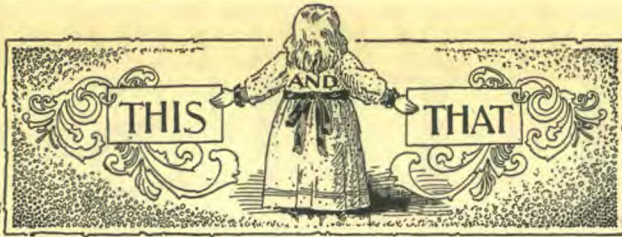
June 1, 1909

No. 22



*From Hoffman's painting*

"MAGDALENE"



A PERSON loses at least a pound in weight each night, says the *Agriculturist*, from exhalations from the skin and lungs. This statement, if only partially true, makes thorough ventilation of both room and bedding imperative for the maintenance of health.

"THE fine of \$1,808,753 imposed upon the Waters-Pierce Oil Company in the suit of the State of Texas against that company for violation of the antitrust law has been paid. Officers of the company carried the money in an automobile from a bank to the State treasurer's office in Austin."

I WILL place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given or kept as by giving or keeping it shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hope for both time and eternity. — *Livingstone*.

SUNDAY, May 9, 1909, was Mother's day. Washington, D. C., observed it in common with other cities. The idea originated with Mrs. Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia. Her suggestion for the observance of the day is that every person shall wear a white flower in honor of his mother, and if she is living, he shall visit her if possible, or if not, telephone, telegraph, or write her. A year ago the question of observing the day was discussed in the United States Senate, introduced by Senator Burkett, of Nebraska. No final action was taken, but many senators observed the day by wearing white carnations.

THE birth of an heir to the queen of the Netherlands on the morning of April 30 has relieved the people from the fear that their country would at her death devolve upon a German prince, Grand Duke William of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, as next of kin, and so lose its independence. Twice before they have been disappointed in their hopes, so now they are wild with joy, although it is regretted that the infant is not a boy. The princess will receive the names of Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina. Queen Wilhelmina was born in 1880, ascended the throne in 1890, and was married in 1901 to Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.— *The Independent*.

"IN a test suit brought by the government, the American Sugar Refining Company (or sugar trust) was recently found guilty of defrauding the Treasury by a device attached to the scales which determined the weight of the company's imported raw sugar, on which duties are paid. The penalty fixed by the verdict in that suit was \$134,116. The government at once set out to collect from the sugar trust about two million two hundred fifty thousand dollars more, alleging that the Treasury had been defrauded of this sum, at least, by the false weighing of cargoes not involved in the suit which we have mentioned. The sugar trust practically admitted the justice of the charge and settled with the government by paying \$2,269,897 in cash, this sum including the \$134,116 awarded in the suit that was tried. This payment was made by advice of the trust's counsel."

### "I Must"

"JESUS continually perceived his high relationship, and felt the constraints of that relationship,—'I must be about my Father's business;' 'I must preach the kingdom of God;' 'I must abide at thy house;' 'I must work the works of him that sent me;' 'The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders;' 'The Son of man must be lifted up.'" Whenever the 'I must' of personal responsibility prevents the necessity of the 'you must' of authority, the happiness of all concerned is increased.

### A Valuable Book

DID you say Ā'mōs for Ā'mos, or wōnd (ou as in hour) for wōnd, in your last talk before the young people's society? Did you in your Bible reading last week in the cultured home of Mr. B call Dē-cap'o-lis Dē-ca-pō'lis? If you did, your error detracted in a degree from the high influence you should have exerted as a representative of the glorious advent message.

Why not secure a copy of the "Speaker's Manual of Pronunciation," which gives the preferred pronunciation of nearly two thousand words that are frequently mispronounced?

A handsome copy, bound in red leather, can be obtained for fifty cents. A copy in cloth can be purchased for twenty-five cents. Address Review and Herald, Takoma Park, D. C.



"SMILE awhile.  
While you smile,  
Another smiles,  
And soon there's miles  
And miles of smiles,  
And life's worth while  
If you but smile."

### Why Not Have Peace?

THE funded debt of the German empire, on which interest is paid at from 3 to 3½ per cent, is about \$800,000,000, while that of Prussia is about \$1,850,000,000, at the same rate of interest. This seems crushing enough, but it is not enough. The imperial government plans to float another loan of \$80,000,000, and Prussia will call for a popular loan of \$122,000,000 at 3½ and 4 per cent. All this the people will have to pay in increased taxes; and these taxes are for increased military expenses, for larger army and more "Dreadnaughts." How long will the people be willing to endure such exactions? Even the rich United States will have to borrow money, because our income is not sufficient to pay our expenses, and chiefly for war in time of peace, for a bigger navy, and for pensions which seem never to be reduced. It is amazing how patient the people can be under these burdens, and with what simplicity they believe that to be prepared for war is the best insurance for peace. The best insurance is a public sentiment which demands that all differences whatever between nations shall be settled by arbitration. We would have the United States press and insist on agreements between the nations; but first our own Senate should be taught the lesson.— *The Independent*.

# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 1, 1909

No. 22

## Jabez

**T**HE introduction of this man into the Bible record is very abrupt. In 1 Chron. 4:9, 10, his history is given, and nothing more is found in the Bible concerning him. Like Melchizedek and Elijah, he appears on the stage suddenly and unheralded. No mention is made of his father or his mother, nor of the family or tribe to which he belonged. It is not stated that he was honored with any official responsibility, nor how long he lived, or when he died.

At the time of his birth his mother was burdened with some great sorrow; perhaps her own life and that of the child were endangered; but whatever the cause, she memorialized her grief by calling her son Jabez, that in future years the mention of his name might recall her grief, and how it had been turned into joy by God's deliverance. This experience doubtless encouraged the godly mother faithfully to instruct her child in the way of righteousness and to bring him up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

He was not an idolater, but kept himself aloof from the idolatrous tendencies and practices of the heathen about him. He was an Israelite, and "was more honorable than his brethren," and "called on the God of Israel," for whom he had great reverence, and with whom he walked in daily accord.

The prayer of Jabez, embodied in one sentence, is a model of brevity and directness. It contains no vain repetitions, but simple faith is exhibited in each petition, and confidence and assurance in that his prayer was heard. His faith was rewarded; for the record says, "God granted him that which he requested."

His prayer is indicative of importunity; for like another Israelite before him, who was a prevailor with God, he cries out in the anxiety of his soul, "O that thou wouldest bless me indeed!" He could not walk alone, so reaches out and takes hold upon divine resources, unwilling to break the connection except he receives the coveted blessing.

He was not a millionaire, nor a land monopolist. His property holdings were meager, so that his efforts to aid in publishing the message of the gospel truth to those about him were circumscribed and hindered. The burden of his mind revealed itself in the petition, "O that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast!" In his poverty God had tested and proved him. "And God granted him that which he requested." His coast was enlarged, and he was "blessed indeed" with grace and wisdom to use to the glory of God.

The plea of Jabez that the hand of God might be with him is additional evidence that he would walk with God, that he could not journey alone, and that uninterrupted and perfect fellowship was most desirable, and must be continued and strengthened between him and the one who so graciously blessed him.

That this man realized his helplessness, and understood how dependent he was on a power outside of himself, is shown by his prayer, which expresses faith in the keeping power of God. The evil he saw in the lives of those about him, and that troubled his own heart, caused him to flee to his only refuge, and to

lay hold upon that power, which he well knew was able to keep him from evil. His heart was grieved at the approach of evil. His soul loathed it, and he earnestly prayed that no evil, with its accompanying grief, should darken his pathway. He must see of the salvation of God and experience its joy. "And God granted him that which he requested."

Jabez was noble and generous. Tradition says that he instituted schools where the youth of his time could be taught the knowledge of the true God. Heathenism and the spirit of worldliness bore sway, and was greatly in the ascendancy in the schools about him. But he had a zeal for God and his word, and did what he could in the interests of Christian education. It was in view of this, and the many other excellent qualities possessed by Jabez, that he was said to be "more honorable than his brethren." R. M. KILGORE.

## Mexican Church Festivals

### Blessing the Animals (January 17)

I HAVE just returned to my study from a service at one of the central churches. Nearing the churchyard, I noticed a woman with a black hen under her arm. The hen was adorned with a black ribbon about her neck. The woman walked up within a few feet of the open church door, and there, amid other worshipers with their dogs or cats or birds, sank upon her knees in silent devotion. Near by, under a churchyard orange-tree, a poorly clad, barefoot woman was pasting decorations on her pet dog. A frilled tissue-paper collar with a head-dress of like material and other embellishments were pasted upon the pet, much to the satisfaction of both woman and dog.

On all sides were canaries, doves, pigeons, and other birds in their cages, trimmed with fancy patterns of bright-colored paper. I noticed an opossum in full dress, having a cap and cloak fitted neatly over its fluffy coat. Some of the animals wore ribbons of fine texture, but the larger part were adorned with red, green, or blue designs in paper. One girl held a beautiful peafowl, and another led a goat richly dressed.

The hour had come for the blessing. Quickly the expectant crowd gathered beneath a projecting veranda of a second-story window. On the left side on the veranda stood the black-robed priest, evidently reading something from a small book. To his right stood a small boy with a large brazen candlestick holding a lighted candle. To the right of the small boy stood a larger boy holding a crucifix before him. In a moment the priest closed his book, a third boy handed him a horn-shaped vessel with perforated covering and filled with water. The priest grasped the horn with both his hands, and showered the water to right and left over the people below, who held aloft their treasured pets so that they might not fail to receive a due portion of the holy water. The feast was over. The worshipers, chatting and laughing merrily because of the water falling into their eyes or upon other unfavorable parts of their bodies, dispersed, making room for new throngs beneath the window.

As a new crowd gathered on the coveted ground, roosters crowed lustily, and dogs barked gleefully, as

if expecting a very extraordinary treatment. With this second group of animals, the first form of service was repeated. Thus the horns of holy water were showered upon the waiting throngs time after time for two hours, each time upon a new group of recipients.

There seems to be a well-observed unwritten law that the smaller animals are to be blessed first. Every animal, however, whether it be of the clean or unclean class, may receive a due portion of the holy water. Even rabbits and pigs are among the number blessed. Horses, well fed and carefully groomed, and cows with their horns trimmed gaily, are the last to share in the service. Many of them have their necks pulled and backs beaten as they are unwillingly approaching the veranda. We are reminded of even more cruel treatment employed in ages past to induce human beings to share in religious rites.

The service commemorates the work of St. Anthony, a "saint" who advocated kindness to animals. The worshipers believe the service right and proper. They are in a large measure excusable, since they are thus instructed from babyhood. Most of them have never looked inside a Bible, and believe that every word falling from the lips of a priest is inspired.

We who understand the Bible have often read how Christ took the children in his arms and blessed them. We have read, too, of swine, dogs, rabbits, and other animals being pronounced unclean, but in no instance have we any record of the blessing of a dumb brute except in cases where the blessing of the Lord rested upon a man's property. Not even the animal that bore our Saviour in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem received a sprinkling of holy water.

So in this fair land, the precepts of God are lightly esteemed, while the priests teach "for doctrines the commandments of men." W. A. YARNELL.

### Responsibility

LIFE on a farm tends to develop a boy's sense of responsibility. As soon as the average farmer boy is old enough, he is made responsible for little tasks, such as bringing wood and water for the kitchen, helping his mother, or doing chores around the barn. As he grows older, his responsibilities are increased. He is held accountable for the performance of these duties, and if they are not well done, he is required to do them over. In this way he learns to be particular about small things, and when one properly performs the smaller task, one isn't likely to neglect the greater ones.

Then he must learn to care for the tools he uses. If he doesn't return them after using them, when they are wanted next time no one will know where they are. After much time has been spent hunting for them, they will be found, perhaps badly rusted and in no condition to be used. The boy who last used them is liable to receive something to make him remember to take care of them next time. He must also learn to close gates after him, and to promptly repair any break in the fences, for the cattle always seem to be looking for such things, and may get out and destroy many dollars' worth of crops.

He feels that he is responsible for the condition of the stock for which he is caring. If they are poor, ill-kept animals, he feels ashamed of them, and does his best to make them look well. Again, in putting in the crops he has to be responsible for his team. If, for instance, he is working a team and runs into a

bumblebee's or a yellow-jacket's nest, his first thought is not of himself, but of his team. He has no boss to tell him what to do, either. He must use his own judgment, and get them out of harm's way as soon as possible.

He must also do his work well in preparing the ground for crops, for upon this much depends. A good crop can not be raised on a field that has been only half prepared. He knows that if he is to get a plentiful crop, he must get the seed in the ground in proper shape, and also take good care of the crop after it has been put in. So he learns to be responsible for his work.

Thus we see that life on a farm develops a boy's responsibility, and fits him to hold the highest positions of trust and profit. That such boys are able to secure high positions is shown by the fact that of more than thirty men—directors of a large banking house in one of our large cities,—all but two were country bred. HOWARD A. MAY.

### As Many of Us Err

MOST errors of pronunciation occur, not in formidable polysyllables, but in common words of one or two syllables. An example of this is the little adverb again (a-gĕn'). Not infrequently, this word is used in metrical composition to rhyme with syllables containing long *a*; as,—

"When shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever?"

When shall peace wreath her chain,"—etc.

Happily, not all poets are such reckless rhymsters. Hence we sing:—

"Tell it again! Tell it again!

Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,

Till none shall say, of the children of men,"—etc.

Another word often mispronounced is "water" (wau'ter), which is incorrectly made to sound as if spelled w-o-t-e-r. A similar mistake is frequently made in the word "want" (waunt); while a reverse error gives an incorrect pronunciation to "wash" (wōsh).

"Sirup" (sĭr'up) would need to be written with two *u*'s, were its common erroneous pronunciation correct,—"surup." This error is not wholly illogical, as we must pronounce "sir" as if it were spelled with a *u*; but we can not reasonably plead the inconsistencies of English orthography as an excuse for the mispronunciation of such simple words as those herein noted.

Local usage is largely responsible for the fact that many persons of fair education use short *a* instead of Italian *a* in "aunt," "half," "calf," "laugh;" and many use the sound of *au*, instead of Italian *a*, in "launch," "taunt," "vaunt," and other similar words.

The occurrence of "Italian" (ĭ-tal'yan) in the preceding paragraph, is a reminder of the prevalent error of giving long *i* sound to the initial letter of that word. Another proper adjective which often announces the speaker's lack of familiarity with a dictionary is "English" (ĭn'glish). Among proper nouns that betray such want, are "England" (ĭn'gland), "Asia" (ā'shĕā), "Persia" (pur'shĕ-ā), "Greenwich" (grĭn'nĭj, when referring to the English town), and "Norwich" (nōr'rĭj, for the English town).

A provincialism which clings tenaciously to the speech of residents of certain localities, is the use of the *aw* sound, instead of short *o*, in "god," "gospel,"

"gone," "long," "lost," "gosling," "coffee," "dog," "off," "office," "offer," "often," and many more. Likewise, in some sections, the short sound of *oo* is generally used, instead of the long, in "root" and "roof."

Even some of the residents of Cripple Creek, Battle Creek, and other towns having "Creek" (*kräk*) as a part of the name, indicate, in their oral speech, that a spasmodic pain (*crick*), instead of a stream, is the source of the name.

An intimation that any of my readers are wont to speak of superfluous articles as "extry," might seem like a charge of plebianism. I suspect, however, that some can not deny the use of "punk'in" in lieu of the good English word "pumpkin."

For short words encountered first in print, persons are prone to adopt what seems to them to be the inevitable pronunciation, without consulting a dictionary; as if the spelling of all short words were phonetic. That such a presumption is not warranted, is illustrated by such familiar examples as "balm" (*bäm*), "sword" (*sörd*), and "often" (*öf'en*).

Instances of misplaced accent are furnished, by many persons, in the words "illustrate" (*illus'trate*, not *il'lustrate*), "interesting" (*in'teresting*, not *inter'est'ing*), "peremptory" (*per'emptory*, not *peremp'tory*), "frontier" (*fron'tër*, not *frontier'*), "obligatory" (*ob'ligatory*, not *oblig'atory*), "romance" (*romance'*, not *ro'mance*), "improvise" (*improvise'*, not *im'provise*). But I am drifting into polysyllables. I will desist.

Verily, accuracy of pronunciation is not a vital issue, yet neither is it unimportant; for it affects one's prestige, and it also tends to exactitude in other matters.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

### Working to the Front — No. 1

#### The Assets of Youth

ONE of the greatest blessings God has given to a young man is his youth. Youth places one on vantage-ground. Its energy and spirit make it possible to accomplish much that old age does not ordinarily attempt. If we take a bird's-eye view of the world's history, we shall find that young men have taken a large part in the world's work.

Gaunsalaus in his book, "Young Men in History," gives us the following data: At fifteen Victor Hugo presented a poem to the Academy; at sixteen, Bossuet dazzled by his eloquence all who heard him, and Leigh Hunt was a prolific writer of verses; at seventeen, Michael Angelo had room in the palace of Lorenzo de Medici, Mozart had entranced the courts of Germany, Alexander Hamilton commanded the attention of his country; at eighteen, Charles Spurgeon was pastor of a congregation, and Zwingle had read the New Testament so well as to doubt the authority of the church; at nineteen, Bach was an organist at Armstadt, George Washington a major, Bryant had written "Thanatopsis," George Stephenson was carrying in his brain an improvised steam-engine, and Galileo was awake to the secret of vibrations of the bronze lamp of Pisa Cathedral. At twenty, Robert Hall had an enthusiastic audience, Alexander mounted the throne, and Weber was producing symphonies. At twenty-one, Beethoven had a great name in music, and William Wilberforce was in Parliament. At twenty-two, Alfred began one of the most magnificent reigns England has ever seen, Savonarola was robbed with a splendid name, and Rossini had excited an enthusiasm

unequaled in the world of music. At twenty-three Whitefield was preaching in the Tower Chapel at Boston. At twenty-four, Bismarck was captain of the king's cavalry, and at the same age Alexander had taken Thebes and crossed the Hellespont. At twenty-five, Coleridge had written "The Ancient Mariner," Huss had become a flaming herald of truth, Franklin had written the "Wisdom of Poor Richard," and Roger Williams had aroused the intolerance of New England. At twenty-eight, Napoleon had revolutionized Europe, and Arminius had liberated Germany. At thirty Reynolds was the greatest portrait painter in England. Many of these men owe the grandeur of their lives to the seemingly insurmountable difficulties that loomed up before their path. Many of these had wasted a portion of their days foolishly; but they saw their mistake, "took opportunity by the forelock," and redeemed the time. They would never let the greatest error in their lives discourage them.

We should learn to build solidly, making haste slowly. Bishop Hall says, "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." Some farmers put up a fence of faulty material, in a day, as it were, and afterward spend much time in repairing it, using hours they could have turned to many dollars, and other good uses. It may be that some of you are putting into your character unreliable material, and putting it in in such haste that it will require a great share of your future time to keep it patched up, and it may then be of no practical value.

Youth is the period of habit-making. Good habits are the largest factors for the saving of time, energy, and waste that come in life. Habits allow one without conscious effort to do the right thing at the right time. Few habits are formed after the age of thirty. One of the most valuable habits is that of exactness, of telling things just right, of absolute truthfulness whether the matter be great or small.

"Another asset of youth is the love of enduring hardships and of overcoming difficulties. Says the proverb, "The glory of a young man is in his strength." If this habit is early learned, it becomes a life-habit of great worth.

J. C. JAEGER.

### The Book of Revelation

IN the book of Revelation God has written his last message to mankind. "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, page 302, says: "All through the book of Revelation there are the most precious, elevating promises, and there are also warnings of the most fearfully solemn import." They "are to occupy the first place in the minds of God's people." Because of the warnings contained in this book, the enemy of man is endeavoring to hide it from the attention of those who need it. The spirit of prophecy mentions this especially ("Christ's Object Lessons," page 133): "Satan has blinded the minds of many, so that they have been glad of any excuse for not making The Revelation their study."

In the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (March 3, 1909), we recently noticed the following thoughts expressed by a minister. The *Advocate* has been publishing a series of book studies of the Bible, and this article was on the book of Revelation. After discounting "the so-called 'futurist' exposition of the book, and also the 'continuous-historical' interpretation," he says:—

"We search no longer in this book for Turkish armies and forecasts of Mohammed, and the pope of

Rome. . . . We see simply a majestic picture of the end of the old covenant and the inauguration of the new."

For a minister utterly to cast away all the important truth contained in this book is bad enough, but when a denomination will publish such an interpretation in their official paper, and thus place their seal of approval upon it, many will cast aside the book of Revelation as unworthy of serious thought. To be told that all those wonderful prophecies are in the past will be a welcome "excuse" to many not to study this part of the Bible.

C. E. HOLMES.

### Reserve Power

WHAT is it? What does it do for one who possesses it? What is man without it?

The prefix "re" means to return, repetition. "Serve" is taken from the Latin word *servo*, to keep. Hence one having reserve power will have a storehouse from which ammunition can be instantly drawn for any emergency.

One supreme effort is not sufficient. In life's career heaven lies up-stream, and we must learn to come fearlessly against the tide again and again. If we must occasionally retreat, let it be as the lion couching for another spring, or the storm-cloud gathering power.

Show me a man with a large reserve power, and I will show you a winner every time. Tell me how much one has patiently toiled, in obscurity, storing life's granary, and I will tell you how far he will triumph in an emergency. As one has well said, "Solitude is the mother country of the strong."

Every one acquainted with the splendid victories of Napoleon knows they were due to the resistless charges of the imperial guard. At Waterloo, when his star went out in darkness, it was owing to the fact that this reserved force had been diminished by the attack on the right flank, so that when he partially broke the British line, he could not follow up his success with a deadly blow.

In life's battle we must be prepared for the unexpected, for emergencies, for unlooked-for crises. A French proverb says, "Nothing is sure to happen but the unforeseen."

Let's make daily preparation for any crisis. Have oil in your vessel with your lamp. Lay up a supply of gray matter under your hat. Too many of us cram for the occasion, like a turkey stuffed for Thanksgiving, and starve the rest of the year. Manufacture ammunition even though you may not have use for it for years. If this is not done, I suspect we shall feel as the hunter did when, faced by a grizzly, he discovered that his gun was empty.

This reserve force not only enables us to accomplish a great deal more, but it makes life's work much easier. It takes time, patience, and toil to store away this reserve power, but it is cheapest in the end. As William Mathews says:—

"Does not all experience show that in the long run it is easier to be than to seem,—to acquire power than to hide the lack of it? Was there ever a lazy boy at school or a student in college who did not take infinitely more pains to dodge recitations and to mask his ignorance than would have been necessary to master his lessons, however dry or crabbed? Is there a mechanic who scrimps his work, that does not cheat himself in the end? Depend upon it, reader, there is

nothing more exhausting than the shifts to cover up ignorance—the endless contrivances to make nothing pass for something, tinsel for gold, shallowness for depth, emptiness for fulness, cunning for wisdom, sham for reality. Add to this the perpetual fear of detection,—the constant trembling lest some blunder should expose one's emptiness, lest some shaft should penetrate a weak joint in the harness,—and it will be seen that no other possible procedure is half so labor saving as thorough knowledge, exact training, profound and varied culture, the careful composition, and the constant renewal of our spiritual reserve."

The race-horse that dies as he breasts the tape ahead of his competitors, the bank that is drained by a day's run, the man with only one idea, the candidate elected by one vote, the man who tries to do his best at his first speech, and succeeds, the one who "just did make it," is not the true ideal. This "skin-of-the-teeth" theory may do if we are in a railroad accident, but not in life's race for success. I had rather be a full glass running over than one one-half full trying to slop over, wouldn't you? Let's give full measure in everything.

"How easily he does this!" we often hear. Aye, but could you look behind the curtain, you would behold days, months, yes, years of patient study and toil. Much midnight oil has been burned. There have been headaches, backaches, and heartaches galore. This diluted kind of thinking never will work wonders. The "non-committal" man comes against an issue obliquely, and never will make much of a dent in the armorplate of time.

"How sweetly he takes trials and afflictions!" Could the closet and the quiet nook by the roadside tell their secrets, you would see where he gets the reserve power that enables him to do this. We glide easily over this fair country at the rate of fifty miles an hour, but the men at the throttle and tender, with grimy hands and faces, are constantly lathered in sweat. We must work to win.

Now, friend, how much of this reserve power have you? How much of that pent-up force is there in your make-up? Can you come against an issue with repeated power? Have you the gift of continuance—"come-at-it-again-ive-ness,"—well developed?

It does not matter so much how many times we go down, but it does matter whether we stay down or not. Washington lost more battles than he won, yet at last he stood at the head of this great nation.

I have on my desk a little wooden man on a heavy base, and so constructed that it is impossible to make him take any other position than a perfectly upright one. Turn him down forward, backward, to either side, or stand him on his head; and on removing the hand he immediately bobs up again with a provoking little jerk of the head, as much as to say, "You can't do it." I get an excellent lesson from him. So many times when we are thrown to earth, we come down like a soggy brick, instead of catlike, ready for another spring. The harder a rubber ball is thrown to earth, the higher it rebounds. So shall we if supplied with reserve power. Never, O never! let the earth meet your back.

No longer be tethered by incapacity. Draw freely from heaven's storehouse. Replenish the mind, heart, and life with that vital, living material that will give reserve power. Then when suddenly faced by the great opportunity, tap your "think-tank,"—and lo, it's done.

CHARLES G. BELLAH.



# THE HOME CIRCLE



"Tis woman's to bind up the broken heart,  
And soften the bending spirit's smart;  
And to light in this world of sin and pain  
The lamp of love, and of joy, again."

## Some Helpful Touch

ALL the world over are shoulders bowed with care;  
All the world over are livers on hard fare:  
We walk on lightly, smiling as we go;  
Wearily they trudge along, sorrowful and slow.

Shall we forget them, we who bear no load,  
Leaving them uncomforted on their toilsome road;  
Careless of their empty hands, since our hands are brimmed;  
Satisfied with sunshine, while their days are dimmed?

Every smallest hand can lend some kind or helpful touch,  
Lift the weight a little, and the many make the much.  
Shared feasts are savory feasts, shared joys are best,  
And the sharers and the shared-with both alike are blest.

—Susan Coolidge.

## The Sweet-Voiced Girl

"WHAT a sweet voice that girl has!" I heard some one say as Elizabeth ran across the street to meet Emily, calling out her cheery good morning. It was indeed a sweet voice, and had carrying power, clear as a bell or a bird note, yet it was not loud. Voices are as different as faces. We pay a great deal of attention in this country to training the singing voice, and we are willing to pay teachers large prices to develop the fine soprano or the rich contralto that every one admires. But far too little trouble is taken with the speaking voice, and it is a pity, for we sing only occasionally, and most of us talk from morning till night.

If you hear a group of girls talking on the campus or in a street-car, you are often pained by the lack of melody in their voices. Some are harsh and rough, others are nasal; some are muffled and croaking; a few are pure and silvery. Shakespeare, who was an acute observer, in speaking of one of his heroines, said: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." First and last, you find a great many references to voices in Shakespeare. There are families in which each member seems to try to speak so loudly as to drown the rest. This is always a mark of very ill-breeding. No well-bred person screams or shouts in the family or elsewhere. A low voice may be heard quite as effectively as one that is loud and shrill, if its possessor has learned the art of managing it properly. Even in a large building, a person who speaks slowly, giving every word its full value, and throwing the voice from the chest instead of from the head, will be heard distinctly.

In order to have a full, agreeable voice, a girl should practise deep breathing several times a day in the open air. The voice is the expression of health, strength, character, and personality. The lips, the teeth, the roof of the mouth, the palate, the vocal cords, and the lungs are all involved in this voice of ours, which is our peculiar endowment, and lifts us up to the highest plane in creation.

I will suppose that some girl for whom I am writing has contracted a slovenly way of talking, that her voice is not pleasant, and that her enunciation is indistinct. How shall she break herself of these bad

habits?—Just as she would break herself of a bad habit in any other direction; she must set herself to work about this and be in downright earnest if she is to accomplish anything worth while. She must remind herself constantly, if she is accustomed to shriek, that people around her are not deaf, and that if they were, they would hear her as easily if she spoke low as if she spoke loudly. Every time she begins speaking as if she were a soldier on the war-path, let her call a halt, and drop her voice a tone or two. If she has the heedless habit of omitting the final g and saying "mornin'" for morning, and "evenin'" for evening, let her remedy that. If she runs her words together, as too many of us do, under the impression that there is no time to spare, and that words must tumble over one another as water tumbles over rocks, let her pause and go more slowly.

Two girls the other day were discussing a third, who was a student in a New England college, but was a native of India,—a high-caste girl who had been taught English in her babyhood. "You should hear her perfect English," one said to the other. "She speaks more slowly than we do, and her voice is like music. She is never in the least in a hurry, and there is the prettiest little accent, like a fragrance." We often notice this crystalline perfection in foreigners who have acquired English and speak it less recklessly and with more precision than we who are to the manner born. Dear girls, take your time. There is plenty of it. Neither rush, nor shout, nor cackle, nor make a shrill clamor when you are talking, but remember Shakespeare's low and gentle voice, which is an excellent thing in woman.

Of course, no girl who respects herself ever fumes, frets, or scolds. There is a scolding voice, and there is a fretting voice, and both are most repellent. Fancy coming suddenly into the presence of a girl whom you have always thought lovely and attractive, and finding her storming and using invectives, and finding fault in a coarse, hateful way; that would show you that her character had a very seamy side. You could never have the same opinion of such a girl again. It would be as if under the fair outside you had seen a glimpse of something dark and repulsive within. Probably few girls offend by passionate vehemence of this kind, yet now and then one who has not learned self-control may be betrayed by her temper, and her voice may reveal a state of things that those who love her must deplore.

Not only should you be careful about your voice in private, but do not overlook the fact that in public places a girl's voice should not be so raised as to make her conspicuous. If you are in a car, make it a rule neither to discuss your friends nor mention absent persons by name. This is a little world, and you never know but somebody may be near you who knows all about yourself and the persons about whom you are talking. A girl may live in New York, Philadelphia, or Louisville, and she may be talking in San Fran-

cisco or Calcutta or Bombay with a friend about another friend whose home is in Columbus or Tallahassee, and some unknown passer or person standing or sitting near, may hear secrets not meant for outsiders, and may know perfectly well the people who are mentioned. As you grow older, you will more and more be amazed to discover what a little world this is, and how likely people are to have met other people all around the globe.

Refinement and intelligence are shown by the voice as quickly as by the face. Illiterate people sometimes have sweet voices, especially in some countries; but in ours, with our harsh climate, keen winds, and frequent changes of weather, we shall not have the velvet voices of our English cousins unless we make it our ambition to obtain them. Climate, of course, has a marked effect upon the voice. The dweller in the mountain and the dweller by the sea speak in different cadences, but you girls, wherever you are, may have sweet voices if you want them. You will not have them, it may be, without an effort and without taking pains, but the effort is worth making. Don't be affected. If you are taught to use the broad "a" in school, and if you have been accustomed to it at home, you are fortunate, for it is correct and pleasing, but it is rather amusing to hear a girl attempt the broad "a" if she merely pins it on her speech like a bow on a dress — uses it sometimes, and sometimes forgets it. Above all things, be natural. *Affectation is a badge of insincerity, and shows a shallow character.* Be yourself, but make yourself in everything as delightful as you can.—*Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, in "Happy School-Days."*

#### The Ladder of Success

WILL crown.  
Your work  
At last  
Success

With fret and frown,  
Though oft you'll meet  
Walk in the light.  
Keep honor bright.

The day of little things.  
Despise not, nor neglect,  
Is traveling with wings.  
Remember that old Time

And love your work with all your heart.  
Strive hard to do an honest part,  
To do more perfect work you'll try;  
And day by day, as time slips by,

To do with your might what your hands may find,  
The very first step is to have a firm mind,  
If in this small ditty you'd find any sense.

At the foot of the ladder be pleased to commence

—*Elizabeth Rosser.*

#### The Indian's Prayer for a Missionary

THE firelight gently touched the silvery hair of a dear old lady as she adjusted her spectacles, started her knitting needles on their gentle amble, and went on to say: "You know we went to Oregon as missionaries in our young days. The people seemed to think that Brother Smith had a pretty good helpmeet, but the Father saw it in quite another light. I was his child; and I wanted to serve him faithfully, but I did not want to leave my friends, and go around Cape Horn, and spend the rest of my days among those abominable savages. I had too much sense to air my rebellion; but sometimes my soul was so full of bitterness I was almost ready to ask, like Elijah under the juniper tree, if I might not die, and be rid of my meanness. I did not dare tell my husband; for I knew his heart was set to obey the Lord, and I

was afraid I would be taken out of the world if I stood in his way.

"I carried a heavy heart, I can tell you, for the first year or so of our missionary life. Everything disgusted me; and I had all I could do to behave myself amiably toward my husband. You think I ought to have known better? To be sure I ought, but, you see, I had put all my strength into preparing myself to do some fine, high sort of work; and while I was passably intelligent in books, and all that, in spiritual things I was about as ignorant as a Hottentot. The Lord had to resort to extreme measures to show me what a pagan I was.

"You see, one night we had to cross the Columbia River in a canoe, with two Indians to paddle us over. The tide was going out, the wind blowing tremendously, and the waves were fearful. I became so frightened that I screamed with terror. The Indians had taken to calling me their chief; and I believe that, considering the light I had, I was the chief heathen in the Territory.

"'What ails my chief?' asked one of the Indians who had all he could do to keep the canoe right side up.

"'O, we're going to the bottom!' I shrieked. 'We'll all be drowned!'

"'My chief must get down in the bottom of the boat!' he said, imperiously; 'and I'll pray to my god to make her quiet.'

"I went down as if I had been shot. O, how the iron entered my soul! I, a missionary, forward for prayers, and a heathen praying for me! I pressed my cheek hard against the grit and pebbles in the bottom of the boat. He threw a dirty blanket over me, and I heard him mutter his prayer. I could give you every syllable of it, in the very words of his native jargon, just as he said it!

"This is about what it was in English: 'O my totem! My chief is scared. When she screams, she makes our hearts like water. Give her a brave heart, and carry us safe to land.'

"I suppose he thought his prayer answered; for I was so mortified, I scarcely cared whether we swam or sank.

"Well, for a whole year after that I scarcely said one cheerful word. I believe I didn't smile once. My husband used to say: 'O my dear, dear wife! I killed you that night when I insisted that we should cross the river in the canoe!'

"'No,' I'd say, 'it wasn't that. I can't get that Indian's blanket off me; that's all.'

"One day I sat by myself down beside the river. It was very wide there, and I looked off over the waters, and away at the hills and the sky, all so beautiful and good. 'God must love us,' I said to myself, 'to make this world so lovely for us. He is good! yes, he is good, and he loves us all; he loves even me! I do thank him that he loves me!' and the next moment, the blanket was gone!

"I ran to the house laughing, and crying, and praising God. My husband caught me in his arms.

"'O!' he cried, 'you've lost your reason!'

"'No, no! I've got the blanket off my heart! I'm free! I'm free in the Lord!'

"And from that hour there was nothing that seemed hard to do for God."—*Mrs. J. F. Willing, in Sunday School Illustrator.*

"MONEY starts a feverish thirst it can not quench."





**A New Labor-Saving Scheme**

**P**HOTOGRAPHING life assurance applications instead of copying them by hand is one of the recently devised labor-saving arrangements. One of the big New York companies photographs one hundred a day. All applications, instead of being laboriously copied by hand, are now quickly and accurately reproduced by photography, and the results show considerable saving of expense. Photographs are taken directly on what is called "insurance bromide paper," which is made up in rolls one hundred feet long and eleven inches wide.—*Round Table.*

**Booby Fish**

THESE are peculiar and pretty fish when seen swimming in the water, but very singular in make-up and appearance when critically examined. Their average size is twelve by eight inches, and they are a blue-green, with splashes and dots of various colors.

When seen out of water, they give the impression of fish in the last stages of consumption. They appear to be only skin and bone, the bones standing out prominently their entire length. They evidently do not possess solid flesh, but are made of a substance between flesh and jelly in consistency.

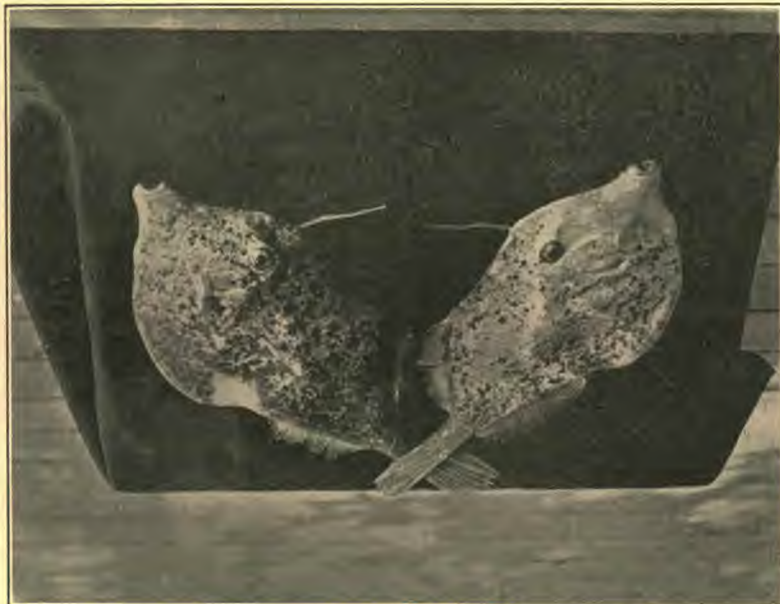
Their large eyes, the size of silver dimes, stare at one in a very pathetic manner, and their little round mouths, puckered up continually, emitting a sound like a nursing child, seem to be pleading for food, as if starving.

Booby fish go in pairs, and act so strangely as to appear to be idiotic. They will start off together with a rush, as if in pursuit of prey, stop suddenly and just drift, as if they had forgotten what they started after, then rouse and dart off a few feet in some other direction, and stop again, repeating the maneuver over and over. Occasionally they will entwine their long slender appendages, and float off together.

If in their travels their noses happen to bump against a bridge pile or an upright post, there they will stay, sucking away at it, until some swish of a ripple, or a wave, washes them on past it.

Because of their singular ways, they have been named the booby or idiot fish. The large breast-bone, when carefully cleaned, makes an excellent paper-cutter.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



INTERESTING SPECIMENS OF THE BOOBY FISH

**Value of Radium**

WHILE a learned scientist was lecturing on the wonders of radium recently, he dropped a glass tube containing a few grains of the precious metal. It was of such great value that the room was cleared of students and every speck of dust collected with the greatest care; then it was taken to the laboratory, dissolved, recrystallized, and the radium extracted from the refuse with the loss of only an infinitesimal fraction. A quarter of an ounce of radium would be worth nearly two hundred fifty thousand dollars. A speck which the Hon. Sydney Holland used in some experiments carried on in London recently was valued at four thousand dollars.—*Young People's Weekly.*

**Orders by Pigeon-Post**

AN entirely practical use of homing pigeons was cited recently in the London *Daily Mail*. The inventor of the system is a butcher's son, who employs his birds regularly to carry orders from outlying districts — presumably where there are no telephones — to his father's shop. The plan works excellently.

"When the boy goes to collect orders, he takes six of his fastest birds in a trap with him. After he has gone a mile or two and collected a dozen orders, he liberates a pigeon with the slips enclosed in a little metal case attached to the bird's foot. Before five minutes have elapsed, these orders are in the delivery wagon on the way to the customers.

"At the various stages of his round, which usually takes three hours, the other birds with more orders are set free, and by the

time the shop is reached, all the orders received by this pigeon-post have been despatched."—*Selected.*

**A New Flagpole for Great Britain**

THE south magnetic pole now flies a union-jack. This is the work of the side expedition. The main one, under Lieutenant Shackleton, of the British navy, has made a record for "farthest south," 88° 23', or a little less than one hundred miles from the pole, which bears comparison with Peary's farthest north, 87° 6', or two hundred three miles from the pole. Lieutenant Shackleton's company crossed a tremendous glacier and reached a plateau about ten thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, stretching away apparently to the pole. The return, during which the party climbed the volcano of Mount Erebus, was fraught with suffering from cold, hunger, and disease, but was full of valuable scientific discoveries. A motor-car, from which much was hoped, proved useful in laying depots of food on the sea-ice.—*Young People.*

# Children's Page



## Weighing Only What We Are

**A** LITTLE boy was on the scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled out like a frog. But the playmate was a wiser boy. "Oho!" he cried in scorn, "that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!" How true this is of us bigger children who try to impress ourselves—and, yes, sometimes God Almighty—by the virtues we should like to have! It doesn't do any good. "You can only weigh what you are."—*Wellspring.*

## The Little Doctor

As Dr. Byron was one day passing into his house, he was accosted by a little fellow, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a marketman.

"No, sir; my father is," was the prompt answer. The doctor said, "Bring me in some squash," and he passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few minutes the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The doctor told him he was welcome to it, but the child would not take it, saying his father would not like it. Such singular manners in a child attracted the physician's attention, and he began to examine the boy attentively. He was evidently poor; his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many colors that it was difficult to tell the original fabric; but they were scrupulously clean and neat withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, who held him at arm's length and examined his face.

At length he said: "You seem to be a nice little fellow; won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?" "Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a boy with a bundle down-stairs waiting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else.

"Send him up," was the answer, and in a few minutes he recognized the boy of the squashes. He was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed, and a little bundle tied in a homespun checked handkerchief on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying, "I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you, and be a doctor," said the child.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, and as he recalled his

former conversation, he silently felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said that you were a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother,—what did she say?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do what he said he would, and God had provided for me." And the boy said, "I have on a new suit of clothes, and here is another in the bundle," undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two little shirts white as snow, and two neat checked aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother would have done it.

The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the fearless, undaunting trust with which those poor parents had bestowed their child upon him—and such a child! He thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and above all he thought of the Child that was carried into Egypt—that divine Saviour who had blessed the little children. And he called for his wife, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all 'young children.'"

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife; "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.' Let us take this child in his name, and take care of him."

From that hour the good people received him to their hearts and home. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this boy, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age—a protector to their daughter, and more than a son to themselves. All this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care, and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.—*Parlor Magazine.*

## A Queer Caller

ONCE there was a dear little brown-eyed girl, named Margaret, who loved everybody, and whom everybody loved. Her papa was a minister, and scarcely a day passed that there were no callers at the parsonage.

Margaret became so used to seeing some one every day that when she went to visit her grandma, who lived in a quiet corner of a quaint old town, she felt lonely, and often asked her grandma why there were no callers.

"Well, Margaret," said grandma one day, "if we can't have a caller, we can go calling." So they went down the garden path and through a little gate into Mrs. Cady's yard. They found Mrs. Cady sewing on the shady porch. She brought out an easy chair for grandma and a pretty little chair for Margaret, and after a short time went back into the house, and soon returned with a pitcher of lemonade and a plate of delicious little cakes.

Margaret began to think it was much nicer to call than to receive callers, and she thought if she were grandma, she would call on Mrs. Cady often.

On their return home, *they* found a caller,—one who had come while they were away, and was waiting for their return.

As soon as they came in at the kitchen door, they heard him talking to himself in the parlor. When Margaret heard him, she opened her eyes in wonder, and even grandma looked surprised; but when Margaret saw him, she jumped upon a chair, and, holding her skirts tightly about her, shrieked aloud, while grandma only laughed.

It did not take grandma long to seize the broom and drive the caller, not only out of the house, but out of the yard as well.

Wasn't that a strange way to treat a caller? You will not think so when I tell you that the caller was a big fat black pig, who, finding the kitchen screen not quite shut, had opened it with his long snout and gone in.

Evidently he meant no harm; he only wanted to be friendly, and was no doubt much surprised at his reception.

EVA M. TURNER.

### Letters to a Grandson—No. 2 Introduction (Concluded)



HE beautiful long evenings from "lighting up" till the Boy's bedtime were for reading, interspersed with stories. Here came history, so fascinating to the Boy, and, O, so many stories of when grandma was a little girl in New England! Then, too, away back, his great-grandpa's mother had lived in Boston; maybe that had some connection with the fact that the Boy wanted, *very much*, to go to New England.

Those last two words always found a tender spot in grandma's heart. The thought of childhood days spent there was like the echo of far-away music to her. Such glorious spring-times, with their bursting buds and bubbling bird songs! Such delightful summers when she and little brothers used to carry the mid-forenoon lunch to the haymakers and be permitted to share it with them in the cool shade of the stately maples! There was the memory of the dear old home with its hallowed associations—two grandmas and a great-grandma, whose cheeks were like strawberries and cream, and who could read by moonlight without glasses; white tablets in the rear of the little village church now marked their resting-places. There was the little red schoolhouse, and the near-by dashing brook into which grandma was pushed by a mischievous boy schoolmate when they were only three years old, from which his big brother had rescued her. There were the old apple orchards—August, pumpkin, pound, and green sweets, sops of wine, pearmain, pippin, nod-head, sheep nose, Connecticut, and Rhode Island greenings, Roxbury and golden russets, Baldwin, scraper, and many whose names were forgotten. Even through all the long

years the breath of their bloom and beauty seemed little short of Edenic. There were the grape-vines climbing to the top of high maples,—the aroma of those grapes, when gathered, filling the whole house,—the large cherry-tree by the kitchen window, where the birds and the children found enough and to spare. There were the two long rows of currant bushes,—red, black, and white,—under one of which the little white chicken, with the broken leg, was buried in a home-made coffin lined with cotton batting. There was the old fireplace in the back kitchen, where the "sugaring off" was done, and the barrel of boiled cider apple sauce was made; where earlier another grandma roasted her goose, and baked her biscuit in a Dutch oven, and roasted potatoes in the hot embers,—the brick oven where once every week through all the years were baked such beans, and brown bread, and Indian pudding as are now only a delicious and fragrant memory. There was the mountain down which came a dashing brook—foam-lashed by the spring-time melting snows, and bordered on either side by old-growth pines. There was the memory of autumns,—surely it was not the glamor of intervening years that clothed them in brilliant and indescribable glory,—and winter, when the snow covered the high stone walls, and the sleigh-bells jingled a brave accompaniment to the laughter and frolic of groups of merry children on their way to and from school.

O, it seemed as if there was no end of stories that the Boy called for, until grandma said it sometimes seemed as if she must go back into the years and be a little girl over again, so she could have more stories to tell.

Well, the Boy wanted to dig up the things he had planted, to see if they had sprouted, and he wanted to go where the stories grew. The old "forty-niners" were staid, quiet, home-loving people, but the fabulous tales of the golden El Dorado on the far Pacific slope would not let their hearts rest till they had followed the long trail across the plains (where many bones were left to bleach), or by way of the Isthmus had gone in quest of the golden treasure. So there was something inside the Boy that would not *down*, and that kept whispering, *Sometime, sometime*. He could see why the Rome of Romulus and Remus "was not built in a day," but often he could see no reason why *his* Romes could not be built in less time than that.

A moment's pause after the first two questions, then came the announcement, "Not this year, but next year." "But how will you earn the money?" said grandma. "O, chopping wood, picking berries, selling flowers." Now it had been such an easy thing for the pennies to slide after candy, gum, toys that were soon reduced to common fractions (very common), that grandma thought that when the Boy announced that he wouldn't "spend one penny" that wasn't "really necessary," it would be a good thing for him to have an object in view to plan for, however improbable the accomplishment. She didn't think it best to tell him he couldn't do it, fearing it would discourage him. She never made him feel otherwise than that he might be perfectly competent to build all his castles and carry out his projects—*sometime*. Often because she knew there must come discouragement if things were attempted at once, she would suggest postponement, saying, "Yes, when you are a little older," or, "When you have a little more education."

It was three miles through the woods to the nearest school,—absolutely no road in winter, and it is doubt-

ful if even the foxes and rabbits could find it in summer. The studying was principally done at home with grandma, only one winter they had spent in the city, where he had attended school. Now, behind the screen, just between you and me, the Boy didn't love to study. It isn't "telling tales out of school," or revealing family secrets, to say this. It was no "state secret"—he said it himself; but somehow grandma had helped him to feel that an education has not only a money value, but a far greater value than can be represented by money, so he studied fairly well, improving each year. There were, however, so many side issues and attractions that the study part of the program was decidedly perpendicular, up-hill work. He could catch a chipmunk with his hands, or a humming-bird, climb tall trees, and his arms had grown strong propelling the oars, while many tiny fleets testified to his constructive ability; he had even acquired considerable skill with hammer and nails, so that he pounded his thumb much less frequently than formerly. But book study was altogether another thing. There are some natures that can rise even more rapidly than a rocket, and the years from ten to eighteen or twenty are usually most likely to produce this phenomena. They often descend with the velocity and momentum of cannon-balls in rapid transit.

When the Boy made the proposition to earn enough to defray the expenses of both, on a New England trip, grandma met it with the suggestion that he try to earn enough for his own expenses, and she would see if she could not study out some way to get the amount needed for herself.

There were several things to be thought of. First of all, what about grandpa and the kitty? Then when they really came to think of going away, as they did two years later, there were so many, many things to leave,—at what time of year should it be? The myriad of spring-time wild flowers—how could they afford to miss them? Then the garden of fruit, vegetables, and flowers needed them in summer; in autumn so many things to be prepared for winter; and in winter there was the broad, glassy surface of the lake for skating—often with the sail his uncle made—and ample opportunity for coasting and skeeving. Nothing better could be hoped for in these lines.

There is so much that is beautiful to see, and so much to learn of people and things in traveling! If they only had wings, or air-ships were perfected, so they could cross the broad Atlantic as Rollo and Jane did, and go with them through the countries of Europe as the books told which charmed grandma as a child, and which she had reread to the thoroughly appreciative audience of one small Boy,—could they hope by Loch Lomond, the lakes of Killarney, or by the blue Mediterranean to see anything more beautiful than their own dear lake? It was never monotonous; it had so many moods. Its buoyant, dancing waves when the breezes played across it; its foam-capped billows when the high winds swept over its surface, and those mad, dashing, leaping waves breaking on the rocky cliffs along the shore, looking like grim, armored warriors in conflict; the evenings when scarcely a ripple stirred its surface; and those sunsets that only angel brushes could paint—gold and pearl and pink and amethyst, with so many forms never yet named in earthly lore,—all possessed a charm that never palled.

Years roll rapidly, and when the boy was thirteen, the family conference decided that, all things con-

sidered, grandma might now spend a year in New England, visiting friends, and the consensus of opinion was that it would be best for the Boy to attend an excellent school where manual work would combine with intellectual. It is a trying ordeal to a very much alive American boy who has led a very active life chiefly out of doors to be shut up in the house with division and decimals, nouns, verbs, and participles. The best teachers now believe that more can be accomplished intellectually if a portion of the time is spent in physical training, and that there is nothing better for muscular and mental development than real, practical work. This morning I heard a man of the world say, "The game of football as it is conducted, is worse than prize-fighting."

The Boy had seen something of the world. He had spent some time in Wisconsin and Michigan. When his uncle and aunt came on a visit, they had taken him and his grandma on a delightful trip up around the Georgian Bay. Kind neighbors spent one winter in charge of a summer hotel in Algonquin Park—a government reservation in Canada, consisting of several thousand acres, and containing moose, deer, bears, wolves, and many wild animals. They invited the Boy to spend two weeks with them. Grandma said the invitation was most kind, and if the Boy would make up his studies ahead, and chop wood enough to pay his fare, he could go; which he did.

When the plans were all talked over with the Boy, he could see that they were best, and readily acquiesced. Every arrangement being completed in time for him to enter school, in the beautiful month of September, grandma and the Boy came to Toronto. She did not have to change cars here, but he was to look up the train and go a few miles out on a branch road to his school. He found his train, came back to the window where grandma sat, told her, and saying good-by, again was gone,—the Boy, with bright, glowing dreams of a happy future, and grandma, thinking of the past as well as the future, and knowing that wherever she went, those bright, happy eyes and rosy cheeks would ever seem just around the corner, ready to appear at any moment. The kind Father who had led them thus far would not desert them now. Like Abraham of ancient story, they "went out, not knowing."

The Boy had been taught to keep an account of all the little items of his income and outgoes, and had tried to be careful in regard to the latter, and when fitted out for school, had enough to buy his books, and pay part of his tuition. It occurred to his grandma that maybe other boys and girls would enjoy reading the letters she hoped to send him, and so the editor has kindly allowed them to appear in the INSTRUCTOR.

GRANDMA.

### No Sand in Sandpaper

"THERE is no sand in sandpaper," said the manufacturer. "It is a powdered glass that does the business. That's where the broken bottles go to."

He nodded toward a pile of broken bottles in the yard. "We powder the glass into half a dozen different grades," he said. "We coat our paper with an even layer of hot glue. Then without loss of time, we spread over the glass powder. Finally we run a wooden roller lightly over the sheets to give them a good surface. When, in the past, sandpaper was made of sand, it wouldn't do a quarter of the work that glass paper does."—*The News*.



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

### Missionary Volunteers, Notice!

DURING the General Conference, the Missionary Volunteer Society lessons will be based on the *General Conference Bulletin*. The society which fails to supply itself with copies of this paper will lose much. Price, fifty cents. Address D. W. Reavis, Takoma Park, D. C.

### Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of College Place, Washington

FOR a number of years Walla Walla College has had an organization of missionary workers among its teachers and students; but the year 1908-09 has marked new progress in the history of the society. Under a new organization, about one hundred forty students and teachers have pledged themselves to active service in the work of the Lord.

On Tuesday evening, at half-past five, the usual time for the beginning of the study hour, a double bell sounds from the belfry, telling to all that this is the evening for our students' missionary meeting. By 5:45 quite a number have assembled in the college chapel. It can be seen that these are really interested in the work, from the fact that they so willingly give up the study hour.

Our programs during the winter have been varied. Talks and studies by members of the society and visiting friends have been mingled with the reports of actual work done. For the carrying forward of a more systematic work, the society was organized into bands. The work of wrapping and mailing papers, as well as distributing them in the city, is accomplished by the literature band. The members of the ministerial band, the canvassers' band, and the Christian Help band, do their part in carrying forward their respective lines of work.

Among the various subjects upon which programs have been based is that of temperance. All were aroused to the importance of the work. Aside from interesting papers and talks by students, two outside speakers were present — the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Washington, and the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association from the city of Walla Walla. At the close of the program signers for the temperance pledge were called for. A surprisingly large number responded. Of these the majority chose the total abstinence pledge, which includes tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as alcoholic drinks.

A special program was given by the young ladies of the society, the topic being, "Women's Work in the World." Many beautiful characters were presented in their true light before a large and attentive audience.

Surely the work of the young people's missionary societies is not the least of the many phases of this message, as it is being carried forward. We extend greetings to the other societies which we know are striving, as is this one, to carry the gospel to the world in this generation. FEDALMA RAGON, *Secretary*.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

#### Lesson XXXIII—"Daybreak in the Dark Continent," Chapter VII

Heralds of the Dawn

Notes

FIFTY years ago, Karpf, the missionary, was laughed at for his dream of a chain of missions across Central Africa, from ocean to ocean. Now his dream has come true. Thirty years ago Uganda was a pagan state, where savagery was rampant. Now, as the result of a most heroic struggle, of its seven hundred thousand inhabitants, three hundred sixty thousand are strong Christians. In Cape Colony, where Moravian missionaries tried to work nearly two centuries ago, they were treated as criminals for attempting to reach the blacks. Now Cape Colony alone has seven hundred thousand Protestants, and two hundred thousand of these are colored.—*Missionary Review of the World, July, 1908.*

The Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River in south-eastern Africa, form the largest cataract in the world. They were discovered in 1855 by Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary and explorer, and were found to be twice as high and three times as broad as Niagara. Carved upon a tree near by, the initials "D. L." are still discernible, and in his book the missionary confesses that this was the one occasion in his life when he was guilty of this form of vanity. These initials are carefully preserved by the officials of the British South African Company, to whom they were pointed out by a native who saw them carved.—*The American Church Sunday-school Magazine.*

"A revised edition of the Kafir Bible has just been completed in South Africa."

### The Joy of Freedom

"I NEVER shall forget," says "Rusticus," "a scene which I witnessed in my boyhood. A young man in our town had been tried for murder and condemned to die. He had been shut up for weeks in the condemned cell, with manacles upon his ankles and wrists. The governor pardoned him. I stood with some of my schoolmates near the door of the jail when he was brought out, the fetters having been taken from his limbs. As soon as he reached the threshold and the jailer said, 'You are free,' he sprang out into the bright sunshine with the bound of a hunted deer. He shouted at the top of his voice. He could not walk, but ran to his home, crying, 'I am free! I am free!'"

And if the breaking of a prisoner's fetters gives such joy, what joy should there be to one who is delivered from the bondage of sin; who has worn the chains of passion, and habit, and appetite; who has struggled, and toiled, and fallen again and again, but who at last has been made free. Thanks be to God for the multitude who have proved this joy! They have gone through darkness and sorrow, through tears and trials, but at last they have been made free: the snare is broken, and they have escaped; the chains are sundered, and the soul is unfettered, and now instead of the fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, there is before them the light, and hope, and joy, and life immortal in the kingdom of God.—*Common People.*

"ECUADOR is the Switzerland of America."



# THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

## XI — The Woman of Samaria

(June 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4: 1-42.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." John 4: 14.

### The Lesson Story

1. When Jesus knew that discord might come between his disciples and those of John, "he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee. And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour."

2. While his disciples were gone to the city to buy food, a Samaritan woman came to draw water from the well, and Jesus said to her, "Give me to drink." The woman replied, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

3. "The woman said unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle? Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

4. "The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly.

5. "The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

6. "And upon this came his disciples, and marveled that he talked with the woman: yet no man said,

What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her? The woman then left her water-pot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city, and came unto him.

7. "In the meanwhile his disciples prayed him, saying, Master, eat. But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of. Therefore said the disciples one to another, Hath any man brought him aught to eat? Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." When Jesus saw the people of Samaria coming out to see him and hear his words, he no longer felt hungry and weary. He was willing to go without food that he might instruct them. He saw the people about him as fields of grain white to harvest. "And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

8. "And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did. So when the Samaritans were come unto him, they besought him that he would tarry with them: and he abode there two days. And many more believed because of his own word; and said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

### Questions

1. Why did Jesus leave Judea and go to Galilee? Through what country did he pass on the way? To what city did he come? Who once owned the land near the city? What famous well was there? Why did Jesus stop on his journey? What time of day was it? John 4: 1-6.

2. Where were the disciples while Jesus was resting? Who came to the well while they were gone? Why did she come there? What did Jesus ask of her? How did she reply? What did Jesus say to her?

3. What did the woman say to this? What questions did she ask? What did Jesus say of those who drank from Jacob's well? What of those who drank the water he would give them? What would it become in them? What truth was he teaching in these words?—The same that he had taught to Nicodemus concerning the new birth. John 4: 7-14.

4. Did the woman understand the Saviour's meaning? What did she say? What did Jesus tell her to do? How did she answer? In what words did Jesus show he knew about her past life? John 4: 15-18.

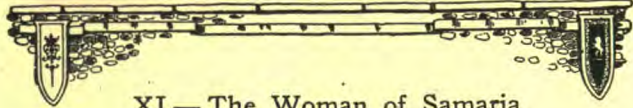
5. What did the woman say she perceived? Where did she say her fathers had worshiped? Where did the Jews say men should worship? What did Jesus tell her? What did he say of the Samaritans' worship? Whom did the Jews worship? Through whom did salvation come? How should we worship God? For whom does the Father seek? For whom was the Samaritan woman looking? What did she expect Christ would do? What did Jesus tell her concerning himself? John 4: 19-26.

6. Who came while Jesus talked with the woman? What caused them to wonder? Where did the woman then go? What did she forget? What did she say to the men in the city? What question did she ask them? What was the result of her words? John 4: 27-30.

7. What did the disciples beg Jesus to do? How did he reply? What question did the disciples ask one another? To what did Jesus liken the people about him? What reward did he say the reapers would receive? John 4:31-36.

8. Who believed on Jesus in Sychar? Why? What did the people ask Jesus to do? How long did he stay with them? Why did many more believe on him? What did they say to the woman who talked with him at the well? John 4:31-42.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### XI — The Woman of Samaria

(June 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4:1-42.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 19; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, chap. 10.

MEMORY VERSE: John 4:14.

NOTE.—It was about this time that John was cast into prison, as recorded in Luke 3:19, 20, for reproving Herod for marrying Herodias, his brother's wife. He was probably imprisoned in the castle of Machaerus (the Greek name means, The Black Fortress), east of the Dead Sea. Jesus went to Galilee on hearing this, and on his way passed through Samaria.

#### Questions

1. That no strife might arise over his own and John's labors, what did Jesus do? Through what section of Palestine did he pass? John 4:1-3.
2. As he came to Jacob's well, what did he do? Through what region did he pass to reach this well? Near what city was the well? Verses 4-6; note 1.
3. Who came to the well? Relate the conversation that took place. Verses 7-10.
4. What did the woman understand the living water to be? Verses 11, 12.
5. What reply did Jesus make? Verses 13, 14.
6. What conversation followed? Verses 15-18.
7. Of what did Jesus' words convince the woman? Verse 19.
8. What old controversy did she bring up in trying to turn the conversation from her soul's condition? Verse 20.
9. What emphatic reply did Jesus make? Verses 21, 22.
10. What only is the nature of true worship? Verses 23, 24.
11. In whom was the woman's hope? Verse 25.
12. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 26.
13. What did the disciples find on their return? How were they affected? Verse 27.
14. What message did the woman bear away? What was its effect? Verses 28-30.
15. Relate the conversation which then occurred between Jesus and his disciples. What was the work of Jesus? Verses 31-34.
16. What did he say in order to arouse them to a sense of God's urgent demands upon them? Verse 35; note 2.
17. Who receives wages? What principles of sowing and reaping did he enumerate? Verses 36-38.
18. What was the result of this one woman's work? Verse 39; note 3.
19. What urgent invitation came to Jesus? What was the result of his work in Samaria? Verses 40-42.

#### Notes

1. Jacob's well is not mentioned in the Old Testament. It is located near Shechem, otherwise known as Sychar, a name of reproach applied by the Jews to Shechem.

2. One practical lesson to be gained from the narrative of this woman from the city of Sychar is that she began her work near her home. That is where we ought to begin. To the man whom the Saviour healed in the country of the Gadarenes, he said, "Go home to thy friends, and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Mark 5:19. The world now is "white already to harvest," and faithful, home missionary work is the need of the hour.

3. Such is the effect of simple witness borne for Christ. We would scarcely have selected this woman as the one to bring a revival of godliness to the wicked village of Sychar. But many "believed on him for the saying of the woman."

#### "A Well of Water"

IN Flanders, a pretty legend is told of a farmer's field where a clear fountain constantly sent forth an abundant flow. But the owner was a churlish fellow who would not allow the villagers to come near his fountain. Even in time of drought, when he had plenty, and they had little or none, they must not taste the water from his fountain. But according to the legend, one day a bright young girl, whose heart was full of pity and love, ventured to the fountain. She filled a vessel with water, and sprinkled it over the neighboring common; and wherever a drop fell, there sprang up a crystal fount. The world is often just as niggard and churlish with what it has. Jesus says, "Not as the world giveth, give I." His true disciples are generous—always giving, sharing, spending to bless others. If you have "living water" in your heart, let it flow. Help to scatter it over the whole earth. Perhaps, where only a drop falls, there may one day be found "a well of water springing up unto eternal life."—*Rev. A. Averell, in the Quiver.*

#### Courage

COURAGE is a word of purely classic origin—"cor," the heart. I do not know what courage is. Do you? I have seen young men meet death face to face without a thought, and their lives flash out at the cannon's mouth. I call that daring. They thought it duty. Where duty called, these noble youth dared to die.

Much as I honor this high courage, pathetic as the remembrance is, deprecating nothing of my own heart's heroes, I know there is a higher courage yet. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Above all the world's heroes I put him who, in his own quiet thought and solitary life, controls himself in obedience to the love of Jesus Christ. It is easy enough for the honor in it, for the praise and self-gratulation that follow, to be brave. That is nothing; it is common. What we want is to dare to do; think right. As a man thinketh so is he.

I care nothing for your words. What are you? Who and what are you in the quiet hour? Are you brave? Can you conquer all evil, call up all good, repress all malignity, in your real life? O, then, happy are you! That is the only courage worth while.—*Washington Herald.*

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Do It Well

"If a task is once begun,  
Never leave it till it's done;  
Be the labor great or small,  
Do it well, or not at all."

## The Riots at Adana

THERE have been several recent outbreaks of fanaticism in Asia Minor, and the danger is not entirely over, but it is believed that there will be no more serious massacres. The reason why the riot was unchecked for many days was because the local authorities were uncertain of the outcome of the struggle in Constantinople, and feared to take any decisive action, lest they should find themselves upon the wrong side. Accordingly they let Turks and Armenians fight it out among themselves. The few Turkish soldiers that were stationed to guard the mission buildings at Adana and Hadjin deserted, leaving the hundreds of girls in the mission schools unprotected. After the disorder had abated, many of the girls were sent down to Mersina to avoid the pestilence which followed the massacres.

There were fourteen hundred sick and wounded in Adana. Smallpox and other epidemic diseases have broken out. Great numbers have perished from starvation. A large part of Adana has been burned, including the Jesuit and Armenian churches and schools. The American mission building, the Catholic sisters' school, and one Gregorian church have been saved. The bodies of the murdered Armenians are being gathered up in carts and dumped in the river. Rev. Mr. Gibbons, of Hartford, Connecticut, reports counting a dozen cart-loads being carried to the river within half an hour on Saturday morning.

Latakia is filled with refugees from the adjacent villages which have been destroyed by the Mohammedans. The number is estimated at five thousand, and the supply of food and medicine is altogether inadequate. The government at Constantinople is doing what it can to check the disorders in Asia Minor. The governor-general of Adana, who was placed in power by Abdul Hamid, has been removed, and a new governor-general sent to the province, with three thousand reliable soldiers from Salonika. A military tribunal has been organized to court-martial the leaders in the massacre. Parliament has appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers in that region.—*The Independent*.

## "Have You Seen Him To-day?"

I CAN never forget these words, and the strange thrill they awakened in my heart, as they fell from the lips of one who surely sees Him each day, and carries with her always the light of the vision in the shining of her face.

I had watched her face, as she stood before a great concourse of people to whom she was asked to speak. It was not beautiful, as the world counts beauty, but its look of quiet peace and radiant joy, such as all the happiness of the world can not give or its sorrows take away, filled my very soul with longing.

As she began to speak, I listened, every nerve awake, hoping to learn the wonderful secret. She read us the "Vine chapter" of St. John, and spoke of the necessity of our abiding in the Perfect Life if we would live ourselves.

Yes, I knew this; I had tried to "abide," and yet at times there was a vagueness, an unreality about it all, that broke the completeness. "Have you seen him to-day?" she went on. Ah! there it was! the secret of it all,—those eyes had "seen," therefore the heart must "abide." No wonder the face glowed with peace and joy. She had seen him, Jesus, the Christ, to-day! The message she brought was from him! No wonder our hearts burned within us!

I asked the question of myself,—I had gone into my closet of prayer, had called upon his name,—had told him my desires, asked pardon for my sins, but—had I seen him?

I had left my message, but had I waited for an answer? Had I spoken with him face to face? O, what had I missed! I had run, heedlessly, into the day, with its duties, its temptations, without the vision that would have lightened and made clear my way. I had been trying to show the world a Christ I had not seen myself.

Reader, have you seen him to-day? I do not mean have you prayed to him, have you knelt before him, but have you seen him in all his beauty, his holiness, his helpfulness, and yet in his humanity?

If you have not, come now. He waits to welcome you.—*Deaconess Advocate*.

## The Dead Millionaire

THE gold that with the sunlight lies  
In bursting heaps at dawn,  
The silver spilling from the skies  
At night to walk upon,  
The diamond gleaming in the dew,  
He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,  
Some silver, crushed from stones.  
The gold was red with dead men's blood,  
The silver black with groans;  
And when he died, he moaned aloud,  
"There'll be no pocket in my shroud."

—Joaquin Miller.

## This I Know

"I KNOW not by what methods rare,  
But this I know — God answers prayer.

"I know not when he sends the word  
That tells us fervent prayer is heard:

"I know it cometh soon or late;  
Therefore we need to pray and wait.

"I know not if the blessing sought  
Will come in just the guise I thought.

"I leave my prayers with him alone  
Whose will is wiser than my own."