

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII

August 3, 1909

No. 31



The Temperance Number of the INSTRUCTOR

Its Present Mission

To Serve at Camp-Meetings

THE following letters suggest ways in which it should still be allowed to serve:—

Miss Bertha Lofstad, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the British Columbia Conference, shows how readily and generously it can be used at camp-meetings. Writing of a camp-meeting with an attendance of seventy, she says: "At our camp-meeting in the eastern part of the province, we had a temperance rally; and after the meeting we sold five hundred copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR in just a few minutes."

Miss May Bell, Missionary Volunteer secretary of South Idaho, says: "One evening during our camp-meeting, a temperance program was given by the Missionary Volunteers. This was well advertised throughout the city, for a young lady who canvassed the town for the Temperance INSTRUCTOR, mentioned it wherever she went. The meeting met the hearty favor of the townspeople. When a call was made for signers to the temperance pledge, over one hundred came forward and signed it."

To Be Used by Canvassers

One of our canvassers, L. H. Crossland, of Cooper, Texas, recently sent the following letter to the publishers:—

"DEAR FRIENDS: I send a money-order for one dollar, for which please send me twenty-five copies of the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. It is the best thing I have ever seen on temperance. I am canvassing for 'Bible Readings,' and I thought it would be well to have a few copies of this paper to give away. Pray that the seed I sow may bear fruit unto life everlasting."

Mrs. Alice Morgan, of San Jose, California, writes: "I received the twenty-five numbers of the Temperance YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am well pleased with them. They are good, from cover to cover. I enclose two dollars, for which please send to my address fifty numbers more."

Used by Sunday-School Superintendents and W. C. T. U. Leaders

Miss Lillie George, of St. Louis, Missouri, writes of a Methodist Sunday-school superintendent who bought three hundred copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR for use in his Sunday-school.

A young man, who is interested in the circulation of this number, secured an order of five hundred from a State W. C. T. U. president.

The Good It Has Done

Mrs. Fred Nelson, of Galesburg, Illinois, writes: "The INSTRUCTOR is praised by all. I love it. A few days ago, when my next-door neighbor called, I let her have a copy of the Temperance number. On returning it she said it was excellent; that her husband and herself had read it through. She said her husband became suddenly ill on a recent night; his life was in danger, from heart trouble. The doctor forbade the use of tobacco entirely, as this had, to a great extent, caused his affliction. Being a lover of the weed, he knew it was going to be very hard to give it up. His wife gave him the paper to read I had given her, and its contents convinced him that he must abandon the habit: and now he has."

"One of my prison correspondents, president of the Christian Endeavor Society of a Michigan prison, writes that he enjoyed the Temperance number I sent him. This brother is now preparing himself to become an evangelist on his release. Another young man of that prison, who has recently been converted, was so anxious that his father should read the Temperance INSTRUCTOR that he sent it home, without permission from the one who lent it to him. His father has ruined his home through drink. The one who had lent him the Temperance number was glad that this young man had sent it home when he learned of the sad condition of the young man's friends, but said he regretted losing it for himself, as he wanted others to read it. I gave him other copies of the number."

"I thank God for a part in the good work of rescuing souls, and I thank God for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. May he richly bless its editor and her coworkers and all its readers."

Its Circulation by States

With one exception the same twelve States now lead in the circulation of this special number that were in the lead March 28, 1909. Canada, with its small numbers, stands as tenth in a list of fifty-one. California still heads the list, having disposed of nearly ten thousand copies. Then come Washington, Michigan, Colorado, Oregon, Iowa, Indiana, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Canada, New York, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Oklahoma, Ohio, Tennessee, Minnesota, Texas, Kansas, Idaho, Wisconsin, Maine, Montana, and on down through a list of fifty-one.

Orders are still coming, but not as generously as at first. This number is as timely as ever. Let us do our part while there is opportunity. A number of young persons are earning scholarships selling it, and all report that it secures ready sales.

Address—

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

Takoma Park Station

Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 3, 1909

No. 31

The Better Way

Who serves his country best?

Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:
There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?

Not he who guides her senates in debate,
And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;
Not he who wears the poet's purple vest,
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:
There is a better way.

He serves his country best

Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone:
There is a better way.

He serves his country best

Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all may read:
This is the better way.

— Susan Coolidge.

Chile, South America

In the war between Chile and Peru, Arturo Prat was instrumental in capturing a large war-vessel of the Peruvians. He, with a few men on a small vessel, attacked the war-ship. Its officers thought there was little danger, so made no special effort to resist the attack until Arturo Prat, with a few others, boarded the vessel and demanded its surrender. This com-

giving the message to a dying world before the Lord shall come. We ought to board the vessels of the enemy, and snatch the captives from his hands. There are ample reasons for such earnest effort on our part. If we are true to the government of heaven in such a time as this, we shall wear the badge of God's kingdom forever. Those who sigh and cry because of



MONUMENT TO ARTURO PRAT, VALPARAISO, CHILE

mand was heeded; and although one of the servants on the war-vessel shot Mr. Prat from behind and killed him, the vessel of the Peruvians remained in the hands of the Chileans.

In every part of the republic there are to be found pictures of Arturo Prat as a man highly honored by his nation. His courage and interest in his country are often referred to in public addresses. A badge of the nation is always displayed in his photographs, which are found in many homes in Chile. Monuments have been erected in memory of him, of which the one in the accompanying picture is a sample. This monument is found in Valparaiso, the seaport of Chile. In the great catastrophe that came to the city a few years ago, this monument was not damaged.

The courage and interest that some manifest in an earthly nation should put many of us to shame who are the representatives of a heavenly kingdom. We know that soon Jesus will come to gather home his people, and therefore we ought to be up and at work,

the iniquity done in the land shall receive the seal of God, and thus be honored through the eternal ages.

The gospel work is moving on in foreign lands, and soon it will be finished. Only the last few weeks we baptized nineteen persons here in Chile. But there is so much to do, and the workers are so few, that we ought earnestly to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the harvest-field. And while we pray, we should ask him if he does not want us to go.

F. H. WESTPHAL.

Try This Shoe

It is the only shoe which brings entire satisfaction to the wearer. It is neither too tight nor too loose. It is made on the last of solid comfort, and exactly fits the natural foot. It is the neatest shoe known, and insures to the wearer a graceful carriage, an attractive gait. It is made for the trade to be found in every household, appropriate to king and peasant.

alike. It will not injure the feet, but may be had in size sufficient to cover with ease the corns of envy, the bunions of selfishness, the enlarged joints of worldliness, and the swollen conditions and aches and pains due to worry and self-conceit. In fact, this shoe, if perseveringly worn, is warranted to cure the foregoing and all kindred troubles, and is reliable in all kinds of weather and in any climate. The sole is made from the choice leather of good gospel. The uppers are cut from the durable fabric of constant service, and they are sewed together neatly with silken threads of righteous zeal. The common-sense heel is attached with the nails of determination, and the strings of stick-to-it-iveness prevent any appearance of neglect that might otherwise become visible. This shoe has eyelets of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, virtue, knowledge, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity, etc. The brand of this shoe is as old as the needs of the human family. Its design has withstood all the fleeting changes of the kaleidoscope of fashion; for it is perfect, and therefore is not subject to any improvements. It is formed by the divine Hand, and is offered gratis to all who will wear it.

It is said of him who wears this shoe, that his feet are "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

As I look out upon the summer landscape before me, beyond the beautiful orchards and fruitful vineyards, close against the blue-tinted horizon rise in sublimity the snow-crowned peaks of the grand old Sierras, with their nearer foot-hills presenting a sturdy aspect. No one accustomed to mountain climbing thinks of describing the shoes usually worn on such occasions as "beautiful." But here is the shoe worn by those who publish the tidings of salvation, and even after a rugged mountain climb it remains "beautiful." It has been tested by the good of all ages, and is warranted never to wear out. It means comfort to the wearer, and when rightly appreciated, he will exchange it for no other. Reader, are you wearing this shoe? If not, you are not at ease.

To be sure, this shoe is not suited to the immoral dance, the low-toned skating-rink, the vaudeville stage, the motor-cycle escapade, etc. It is never worn on occasions where modesty is wanting, for it does not serve the purpose sought. It never fits "feet that be swift in running to mischief," or feet that "run to evil, and make haste to shed blood." No, it is not that kind of shoe.

There is a bogus shoe on the market, which has had an extensive patronage ever since Eve first tried it on. It has been changed in style many times to suit the whims and caprices of fashion. It is manufactured by Satan; it bears his stamp, and therefore may be readily distinguished as a counterfeit. The sole is made from a very heavy stock of selfishness. The uppers are cut from the shoddy fabric of worldliness, and are sewed with the unreliable threads of envy and personal ease. The long-pointed, nonsensical wooded heels of fashion are attached with nails of immodesty, and the unreliable strings of silly romance connect the eyelets of lying, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, sedition, heresy, self-praise, laziness, drunkenness, gluttony, reveling, gossip, slang, and profanity. Those who persist in wearing this shoe experience great

discomfort, arising from the use of the narrow last constructed on the principle of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." They suffer from corns of friction, bunions of pride, enlarged joints of egotism, frequent aches and pains of covetousness, etc. This shoe brings to the wearer discomfort and dissatisfaction, and if worn through life, will prove his eternal destruction.

The kindergarten chorus, "Little feet, be careful where you take me to," etc., expresses a sentiment which every older person would do well to practise. The feet follow out the purpose indicated by the brand of shoe which is worn. Each individual makes his own choice of brand.

My young friend, which brand of shoe do you wear? It pays to keep the feet "shod with the preparation-of-the-gospel" shoe. It has, as its premium, immortal life and a home in that upper and better country where nothing ever will be permitted which does not bear the impress of the divine. If you are not already wearing it, try the gospel shoe, and never discard it. If you are not accustomed to it, it may seem a little peculiar to you at first, and you may be tempted not to give it a fair trial; but do not follow the impulse of feeling. The oculist advises his patient who has long neglected the needs of his eyesight, to persist in wearing his newly fitted glasses, even though at first they may not feel natural. So if you have been wearing the counterfeit of the gospel shoe until your feet are sadly out of shape, secure the genuine brand, and persistently wear it, and the deformity will be overcome.

David tells us what kind of shoe he was wearing at one time, when he says, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked." But how different was his experience when he wore the gospel shoe: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Do not permit Satan to deceive you into wearing the wrong kind of shoe. Accept of nothing but that which bears the divine impress, and you will find comfort all along the rugged upward way which leads from earth to heaven.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

"Before Honor Is Humility"

DR. MORRISON, the missionary to China, was an indefatigable worker. As his labors were numerous, and almost too much for one to accomplish, he greatly needed some one to help him, and he wrote home to the Missionary Society, in England, to send out another missionary. When they got his letter, they at once began to inquire among their friends for a suitable young man to assist Dr. Morrison in the Chinese field. After a time a young man from the country — a pious young man, who loved Jesus Christ — came and offered himself. He was poor, wore poor clothes, and looked rough and unpolished. He went to these gentlemen and had a talk with them. They then said he might go out of the room, until they had consulted with one another a while. When he had gone, they said they were afraid the young man would never do to help Morrison; and it would not be wise to send him as a missionary, because of his lack of training. Finally, they said to one of their number, "Doctor, you go out and tell the young man we do

not think him fit to be a missionary, but if he would like to go out as *servant* to a missionary, we will send him." The doctor did not like to do this, but he told the youth that they did not think he had sufficient education, and that he lacked a great many other qualities necessary for a missionary; but if he would go as a servant, they would send him out. Without any doubt, a great many would have said, "No, you don't do any such thing; if I can't go as a missionary, I won't go at all; you don't catch me going as anybody's servant." But this youth did not belong to that stripe. He calmly said, "Very well, sir; if they do not think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant; I am willing to be a hewer of wood, or drawer of water, or do anything to advance the cause of my Master."

He was sent as a servant, but very soon became an active missionary; and turned out to be Dr. Milne, one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went out to any country. *His success sprang out of his humility.*

Remember to-day, "Before honor is humility," and, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister [servant]." ERNEST LLOYD.

Religious Feasts — Lent

"TO-MORROW is a *fiesta*, and there is no school," said the boys as they stood chatting around the huge white pillars of the *liceo patio* (high-school court). "What day?" I asked. "O, meat Tuesday," was the reply, "the last day before Lent." It seemed to me that feast days were numerous, so I procured a catechism and found that, besides Sundays, thirty-eight such days of the year are regarded as holy time in which all work is to cease. Besides these thirty-eight, there are fifty-six movable feasts, whose dates vary. Each one brings with it some special form of religious service. On page 156 of Ripalda's catechism, I read, "The third commandment is to sanctify the fiestas." Many of the feast days are regarded with more reverence than is Sunday.

On meat Tuesday, I visited several churches. Many worshippers were kneeling or sitting on the stone floors. In all the churches, Mary, the mother of Jesus, is a central figure. The catechism enjoins a sincere worship of her as security to eternal salvation. Making my way to the church, I noticed long paper signs pasted diagonally on almost every door, including some haunts of questionable character. They read, "Honor and glory to Mary the immaculate."

Offerings Not to Be Forgotten or Neglected

At a little distance within the church door was a table covered with a black spread, on which was a box to receive gifts for prayers for souls. Several other tables were begging gifts for various purposes, and a small boy in a shabby red cloak ran about with a platter to accommodate those who might fail to see the tables. The altar, with its twelve candles burning brightly, was very pretty. At a short distance from the altar on the right side of the room was a stairway leading to a covered alcove, where a priest stood repeating short prayers. His sonorous tones were answered in a still deeper key from the back corner of the hall. Just below the priest, a vocalist and organist filled each interim with music.

From this church I stepped over to the cathedral. I was met by an old man clad in a red robe and carrying a whip of braided rawhide. He seemed eager

to show me the sights, so I followed him. In one small room opening from the main hall were two busts of the archbishop. The kneeling-bench before the bust to the right was spread with a rich carpet, but I did not kneel upon it.

The servant then took me into a room containing the life-size oil paintings of thirty-four archbishops of what was termed "Upper California," who held office between the years 1549 and 1864. A tablet on the wall fixed July 31, 1549, as the building date of the cathedral. It appears to be a comparatively new structure, so well is it kept in repair.

In order to enter the next room of paintings, we were obliged to pass through a priest's study. He was sitting on a low bench, with two books on his knees, and a cigarette in his mouth. I had been told that the priests smoke, drink, and indulge in card playing. This little encounter gave some evidence as to the verity of the reports.

I soon found myself surrounded by rare productions of art. A gentleman handed me opera-glasses,

and nodded toward a large painting of the Madonna. I took the glasses, and, following a time-worn custom, placed a silver coin in his hand. I scrutinized the painting, valued at a million dollars, but I confess that I failed to see wherein it excelled many other paintings of less value.

Again I entered the huge auditorium. On either side were artistically topped booths, with small square black-screened windows on either side. Each booth



INTERIOR OF GUADALAJARA CATHEDRAL

bore these words, "Sins pardoned." One of them contained a priest listening, first on one side then on the other, to women making their confessions.

I did not stop to listen, but sought the back of the room and gazed toward the altar through a series of gilded marble archways, shown in the picture. These arches were supported on either side by six great pillars, some three feet in diameter and twenty feet in height. Just to my left was a table of candles beneath a large painting. A number of persons were kneeling before it. A great number of wax figures were hung upon a board above the table. They were six or eight inches in length, and represented men, horses, heads, and one leg that must have been the leg of a soul or the soul of a leg, I could not determine which, for I was merely told that these all are the souls of the departed.

Not only the poor and ignorant, but the wealthy and educated classes are numbered among the most ardent worshippers. The great problem is how to reach these persons, who in their own eyes are "rich, and increased with goods" above all others of the earth. May God use you, dear reader, in the solution of this great question.

W. A. YARNELL.



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."

He Has No Right

I REMEMBER one time being called upon as a physician, before I entered the ministry, to attend the bedside of a man who was dying. His wife had sent for me, not thinking that I could do him any good, but just hoping against hope. Just before he died, he called his children around the bed, then he called for his wife, and she came and knelt by the side of the bed and took hold of his hand, crying, and tears were running down his cheeks as he said, "Wife, don't cry. I am sorry that I have so lived that now I am lost. I do not want any one of the children to follow in my footsteps. Try to raise them the best you can; raise them so that they will meet you at last in heaven; but, wife, I won't be there."

I never had a thing that came nearer breaking my heart than that. One of those children was large enough to know what that meant, and his little heart was broken. The wife could not stand it. She fainted and fell to the floor. We had to take her up and carry her into another room; and I stood by him and held his hand, trying to talk to him the best I could, and I saw him die without hope. There never was a couple that loved each other any better than they did, so true, so beautiful, so perfectly did they blend in everything except in religion. But listen! I do not believe that any man has the right to marry a woman, grip her heart-strings, and then leave her with such a hopeless, heart-broken life as that. You have no right to do it. It is an awful thing to pass away and leave behind you those that love you, and who have no hope in your salvation.—*Dr. Len Broughton, in Golden Age.*

A Young Woman's Wrongs

"LITTLE girls," says Frances Power Cobbe in her most admirable book on the "Duties of Women," "little girls may fitly play with toys and dress dolls, and chatter in the nursery for hours over some weighty concern of the baby house; but it is a pitiful sight to see grown women making all life a child's play. Rise, I pray you, to the true dignity of a human being, to whom petty feelings and small vanities and servile, wheedling tricks must be repugnant and abominable."

The dialogue over a china teapot, which Constance Cary Harrison puts into the mouths of two of her characters, points wittily the moral I would teach. "Is it not consummate?" asks the husband. "It is indeed. O Algernon! do let us try to live up to it," responds the wife. Some women, and men too, for that matter, have nothing nobler to live up to than a china teapot with a crack in it. It is one great danger of the modern life of women, whether they are rich or poor, that some such small, dwarfing ambition may be the goal of life. This age, without much cynicism, might be called the age of bric-à-brac, the

age of expensive tidies and costly nothings—things well enough in their way, but not large enough to fill the soul. O! remember that there is something better to live up to than cracked china and yellow lace and the last waltz or polka, or the latest crochet stitch. Nothing but God can fill the soul.

Remember What Others Have Done

Will it not help you in realizing this high ideal to remember what your sisters have been and done and dared? It has been well said that in every walk of life we should think of those who have most honored that particular station, and catch the inspiration of their lives. Thus the slave may proudly exclaim, "Frederick Douglass was a slave;" the blacksmith may cry, "Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith;" the shoemaker, as he plies his awl, may remember that William Carey and Admiral Shovel and J. G. Whittier were shoemakers.

Every woman may remember that as heroic, steadfast blood as ever flowed, has flowed in woman's veins. As high aims, as noble purposes as ever actuated human souls, have inspired the breasts of women. If you are of a literary turn and desire to have a name in letters, do not be disheartened, but remember Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot were women. If you would be an artist, strive not for mediocrity, but for the highest place, remembering Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer are women. If you love to study the works and plans of God's universe, remember that the gates of science are no more closed to you than to your brothers, for Caroline Herschel and Maria Mitchell were women.

Does your heart burn with philanthropic zeal to do great things for your day and generation? The way is fully open. You have not to blaze an unknown path, for Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix and Sister Dora were women.

Do you feel within you the strivings of the spirit to do and dare great things for God? Just so has he striven with others who nobly yielded themselves and chose nothing less than God. Perpetua and Felicitas were women, and yet they, in the public arena, flinched not, nor denied their Lord by word or sign, when placed in the swinging net, to be gored to pieces by wild bulls.

Or is it in the quiet home circle that you find your mission? Most of you, I trust, will find your life-work there, for it is a life no less really rich and full than the life of the artist, philanthropist, and heroine. Is it your mission to cheer the aged father, to comfort the weary mother, to share a husband's cares, or steady a baby's first, timid step?

Then remember that ten thousand times ten thousand women who have been before you, have set the pattern of noble, modest womanhood, full, symmetrical and well-rounded as any man's could be.

Let me call to your mind the familiar words of the noble wife of a noble president. Thus wrote Mrs. Garfield, ten years before her husband thought of being president:—

"I am glad to tell that out of the toil and disappointment of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory.

"I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am compelled to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed to be flowing down through my spirits into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this old truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits."

There spoke out the true, large-souled woman. Just as noble, just as honorable as the good bread maker, as when she became the good president's wife.

Corroded Souls

I must dwell very briefly on my last point—the deadliest wrong you can inflict upon yourselves is to allow your souls to be corroded with the spirit of worldliness.

There is nothing so foreign to a true woman's nature as worldliness, godlessness. In a man it is unnatural, hardening, and debasing; in a woman it is atrocious and horrible. As much as her finer nature raises her nearer the angels, so the deadening and blunting of this nature brings her nearer the devils than a man often falls.

"I feel very keenly," writes one, "that even among some of our Christian girls there seems to be such an utterly indifferent attitude to a thoroughly consecrated life. They like to keep just as near the border as they can, so that their associates will not suspect they are trying to lead a Christian life."

"Indecision in religious matters, hesitancy, want of singleness of aim, a desire to serve God and Mammon, a desire to make reservation," says another, "is one evil that girls are prone to."

O young woman! would that some word of mine might show you how a whole-hearted consecration to Christ glorifies and ennoble your treasure of womanhood. It does for the jewel of your life what the lapidary does for the rough, unsightly stone from the diamond mine; it makes it glow with a heavenly light. There is nothing so distorted, and perverted, and deformed, as a godless womanhood; there is nothing so beautiful and precious as a godly womanhood.

If you care not for the redemption of your own soul, remember the other lives which your loss may involve. We mourn a disaster to a great ocean steamer, because so many millions of treasure were wasted, and because a thousand lives were imperiled. Let every godless woman remember, if she cares not for her own distinction, that she imperils with herself a thousand other lives. If the deadly waters of worldliness and godlessness leak in, the fires of love, of home affection, of wifely and motherly devotion, will slowly but surely be extinguished; the precious cargo of peace and good-will and modest, unselfish care for others, with which every true womanly life is freighted, and without which the world would be far poorer, will be lost, and a thousand lives, of those yet unborn, down to the third and fourth generation, will be imperiled.—*"Looking Out on Life."*

Questions and Answers

I Wish to Know



THE Question and Answer department that was at one time called for by some of our readers, and seemed to be appreciated by many, will again have a place in the paper, provided there are those who have questions relating to social life upon which they desire information. The following questions have been suggested:—

Should a lady remove her combs in public places, and use them in rearranging her hair?

She certainly should not do so in church, or in a lecture hall. The *Washington Times* recently represented it as being decidedly out of keeping with good form for a lady to remove either her side- or back-combs in any public place.

Should one use the word dandy?

The word has its place in good English. It is properly applied to a "man excessively and ostentatiously refined in dress and affected in manner." Such a person is a fop, dandy, or dude. Anything resembling or characteristic of such a person, is said to be dandy, as dandy airs. But the common use of the word dandy is not according to good English. It is slang, and cheap slang. Some well-meaning girls, by association thoughtlessly take up the use of this frivolous word, and it detracts from their otherwise sensible and praiseworthy deportment.

Do you not think people in general should take greater care not to cleanse the nose in public?

I do. Had I not felt so in the past, I should certainly feel so after making some recent observations. While attending a stereopticon lecture not many weeks ago, I chanced to sit a short distance behind and toward the side of a young woman, who doubtless thought, because the lights were lowered, she was unobserved; but not so. There were several persons who were almost compelled to witness the most protracted and thorough effort to renovate with the fingers the nasal cavities of objectionable matter that I dare say was ever made in public. These heroic exertions were accompanied by unique facial contortions. Several times it was thought that she had certainly exhausted her resources, and one observer remarked that she was sure the effort would not need to be repeated during the season. But, alas! the young woman would begin again, as if nothing had been accomplished before.

This description looks bad in print; but had you been an observer, I know you would agree with me that it is less objectionable than the reality. Were it not that it is exceedingly common to see persons performing the same operation, though it may be less energetically and lengthily, in church service and in other public places,—persons whose culture, position, and work should absolutely preclude any such effort in public,—I should not countenance a recital of so unpleasing an act. But it may be some may hereby be dissuaded from doing that which should not be tolerated even in a little child.

Is it impolite to make a noise with the lips when chewing food?

It is certainly a breach of good form, because it is a habit that gives one's friends at table an exceedingly unpleasant sensation. Keep the lips securely closed while masticating food. If you are not sure of your own adherence to this rule, ask a sincere friend to make observations, and report later to you.



Deo Gratias

ALL nature's children give God thanks,
His loving thoughts proclaim;
Where windflowers blow,
Where moss-wreaths grow,
Are whispers of his name.

Where sea-waves break in music,
Where rock-streams foam and sing,
Where brooks sing low,
Or rivers flow,
Float anthems of the King.

Where lichens write their legends;
Where glaciers, sculpturing, tread;
Where pearls lie deep,
And granites sleep,
Love's rapture-heart is read.

Where bees hum in the clover,
Where moths spin silken thread,
Where birds' wings beat,
The winds repeat
The words Love's lips have said.

Where cloud-rifts span the azure,
Where rainbows span the foam—
Earth's one vast fane
Proclaims Love's name,
Through light's ethereal dome.

We join in nature's anthem,
The rapture of her songs;
To him we raise
The heart of praise
To whom all praise belongs.

—George Klinge, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Flies and Disease

HAS it ever occurred to you why the presence of a fly in the milk causes a feeling of disgust? Even when we do not think of the associations of the insect, its presence in food causes a very different feeling from that produced by the bee in the honey. The latter we naturally regard as "clean," the former as "unclean."



Is this an unwarranted prejudice, or is it an instinctive feeling wrought in our very being because of the dangerous character of the fly?

The bee feeds in flowers. Its habits are essentially clean. The fly feeds on your table, of the clean food you have provided for it and invited it to by your unscreened windows; but that is not the only place it feeds.

What quickest draws a swarm of flies in hot weather? Is it not the cesspool, the filth pile, the foul water-closet? In fact, it is in filth that the fly breeds. The mother fly hunts some pile of filth in which to deposit her millions of eggs, in order that the young (maggots) may have abundant organic matter on which to grow.

But what of all this? Is not what we call "filth" merely a sentimental idea, the result of our education? Is there anything essentially bad in what we call "dirt"? Is not that instinct which prompts us to avoid these "unclean" things merely the result of education?

The question may be best answered by considering some of the results of filth. In the first place, it is

now known that a large proportion of diseases are caused by minute organisms, transmitted, either directly or indirectly, from a person or animal having the disease. Among these communicable or infectious diseases are typhoid fever, summer diarrhea, and dysentery, which are not inappropriately called filth diseases. The discharges of patients having one of these diseases contain germs capable of transmitting the disease to others, most frequently by means of infected food or contaminated water.

At one time summer diarrhea was believed to be prevalent in summer because of the hot weather. It is now known to be due partly, at least, to the greater number of flies during the heated season, which infect milk and other foods.

When it is remembered that the fly is hatched in filth, and grows up in filth, going straight from some filth pile, which contains perhaps the germs of deadly diseases, to the dairy, the kitchen, the pantry, or the dining-room, there to fall into the milk or walk over the food, it can be readily understood why the fly helps to transmit disease. When lime has been thrown in an outhouse, partially covering the filth, the sight of flies with whitened legs walking over the food in the dining-room furnishes a significant object-lesson.

What are some of the remedies for the fly evil? First, cleanliness. Do not tolerate any open garbage pail, stable filth, privy buckets, open closets, and the like. Have garbage pails and similar receptacles fly-tight, have them emptied frequently and cleansed thoroughly. Do not permit a manure pile anywhere near the house. The stable should be a good distance from the dwelling, and the stable filth should be either kept in fly-tight receptacles or scattered on the land at frequent intervals.

The house should be well screened, and any flies which gain entrance should be promptly destroyed.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

The World's Largest Book

THE largest book ever printed is a colossal atlas of engraved ancient Dutch maps. It takes three men to move it from the giant bookcases in which it is stored in the library of the British Museum. This monster book is bound in leather, magnificently decorated, and is fastened with clasps of silver, richly gilded. It is also fastened to its place with a solid silver chain. It is not likely to be stolen, however, for it is seven feet high and weighs eight hundred pounds. This, the largest book in the world, was presented to King Charles II before he left Holland in 1660.—*Round Table*.

The Utility of a Coconut Tree

THE long hard trunk of the cocoanut tree is used for pillars for houses standing in the edge of the bay. The house I now sit in has some cocoanut-tree pillars. They last well in salt water.

Some of the trunks are crooked and make good seats, while others are tall and straight, growing to the height of a hundred feet. The cocoanuts come out in clusters, like a huge bunch of grapes. They drop generally when they get dry. Each cocoanut is incased in a thick husk, which prevents the nut inside from bursting in the sun. This husk dries as the nut ripens.

The husks serve for firewood and scrubbing-brushes. As a brush, they are excellent for cleaning floors. The hard shell of the cocoanut is chipped off by the use of

a hatchet or *machete* (a long knife), and used for wood.

The cocoanut meat is grated, and the milk is extracted. When the milk is allowed to stand for a time, cream rises, which can be made into butter. When oil is wanted, the cream is boiled down and allowed to set. The oil is then skimmed off, and put away for use. Cocoanut-oil and milk are much used in cooking. Bread made with this kind of milk is delicious. Cocoanut pie, with the grated cocoanut, is also often made.

Cups can be made from the shell of a cocoanut, if sawed right. The leaves are of a lanceolate shape, parted to the large midrib, which of itself is a good-sized club. The cocoanut tree is an endogen, and so its leaves are parallel veined. The little midribs of the leaflets that join the large midrib make excellent tooth-picks. These large leaves are used to shade dories, or canoes, and they also make excellent mats for washerwomen to put clothes on. The bushy stem that holds the cocoanuts are used for brooms, with which to sweep the yard. When a cocoanut sprouts, a sponge is formed inside, which is sweet and palatable to some.

When a laborer is thirsty, he takes a young cocoanut and cuts it open, and his desire is met by a delicious drink. A chip of the green husk serves as a spoon to scoop out the soft young cocoanut that is just forming, and that is good eating.

All these uses, and more, make the cocoanut invaluable in these districts where hundreds of thousands are sold monthly to schooners and steamers that come from far-away ports for the nuts. Groves of cocoanut trees are seen everywhere in this country. Five years are required for a cocoanut tree to bear.

Bay Islands.

F. E. CARY.

Notes From the "Crusader Monthly"

A LAW prohibiting the advertising of intoxicating liquors in any newspaper in Maine has just been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of that State.

A bill has passed the Prince Edward Island Legislature which prohibits the soliciting or canvassing for liquor orders in the island. The offender in this matter will pay a penalty of five hundred dollars.

Since the Russian government refused to sanction prohibition in Finland, on the ground that the government needed the revenue, over three hundred thousand Finns have signed an agreement to boycott saaloons from June 1 to December 1.

Germany has a unique law which provides that a man, earning sufficient money to support his family but dissipating his wages by vicious habits, may be declared a minor, and his employer be empowered to pay his wages to a guardian, who uses the money for the support of the man's family.

An Industrial School on the Island of St. Helena

THERE came to the island of St. Helena, not many miles from the city of Charleston, South Carolina, two refined, educated women, who interested themselves in the uplift of the blacks. They found the people superstitious to the last degree, and still practising many of their African rites. They could not count their fingers, did not know how to open a book, had never been away from the island, and knew of no city but Charleston. Their huts, of two rooms, had the earth for a floor. In them lived as many of these degraded beings as could be crowded together, and morality was, of course, unknown.

A normal and industrial school was started on the island, and young colored men and women went out from it into the public schools that were started there. These teachers had been trained to give instruction in agriculture, sewing, and the care of the home, as well as in books. They interested the people in buying land and securing homes, as well as in schools.

Thirty years passed by. A gentleman who had known these negroes before this school was established, in revisiting the island, said the people did not seem to belong to the same race. "Contented and prosperous, the negro farmers, well clothed, well fed, lived in neat, white cottages in the middle of their own well-tilled fields, where corn, potatoes, and cotton flourished."

The merchants on the island found the average bad debt small, and two constables sufficed for six thousand negroes. In the year 1893 dreadful floods took from these people nearly everything that they possessed, but in spite of this terrible calamity, followed by years of drought and low-priced cotton, the island to-day presents a colony of patient, hard-working people that are a monument to what teachers properly trained for their work can accomplish. Though there are between six and seven thousand blacks and only thirty whites, crime is unknown, and the fear of it never enters the minds of the Northern and Southern whites, who live together in the greatest harmony. The story of the colored people of the island of St. Helena is not an isolated one. There are many schools in the South that can show like results of the practical training of teachers.

— H. B. Frissell, *Principal Hampton Institute.*



FLOATING COCOANUTS TO MARKET, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Cabin John Bridge

By direction of the government, the name of Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, has been restored to its place on Cabin John Bridge, near Washington, D. C., from which it was erased by order of the government in 1862. When Mr. Davis was Secretary of War, this bridge was built by the navy department, and his name carved thereon. Not long after the beginning of our Civil War, it was chiseled off.— *Children's Visitor.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Looking Toward the Light

I WALKED beside the garden wall, and
I saw the roses nod;
Their stiff, straight stems grew up so tall
From low down in the sod.
I asked them how they got their height;
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

I walked through meadows broad outspread,
I found a buttercup;
The bees which fly about her head
Her honey freely sup.
I asked her how she got so bright;
She answered, "Looking toward the light."

I walked along within the groves,
I saw a lily there;
Her petals whiter were than the doves,
Her leaves were very fair.
I asked her how she got so white;
She answered, "Looking toward the light."

If, then, by looking toward the light,
The lily and the rose
And yellow buttercup got bright
(And by the light it grows),
If, then, I look unto the Light
May I not get so pure and bright?

JULIA ROSS.

Dog That Rings Fog Bell

No animal in the world equals a dog as a faithful sentinel when it comes to "keeping watch and ward" in the interests of its master. Some dogs



may be taught to perform duties of an unusual nature. Off the shores of Alaska, on a small, rocky island, is a little light station, connected with which is a fog bell. During the continuance of dense fogs, which frequently prevail, the bell is used to warn vessels of the danger of approaching too near the island and coast. The light-keeper has a large and very intelligent shepherd dog that answers to the name of Don Carlos. This dog has been trained to toll the fog bell when the weather is very heavy. So well trained is Don Carlos that, when the fog comes rolling in, he rushes, unbidden by the keeper, to the bell, and begins to tug at the rope and to sound the alarm. This the faithful fellow continues to do until relieved by his master. Don Carlos often takes his turn at the bell during the night, when the keeper is busy looking after the light.

"I do not see how I could get along without Don Carlos," the keeper declares. "I am all alone, and have no other assistant; but I can always rely implicitly on my dog. He knows his duty and faithfully performs it, whether told to do so or not."—*J. Mayne Baltimore, in Nashville Visitor.*

The Youngest Police Officer in the World

SAN JOSE, California, can boast of having the youngest and smallest regular policeman in the whole world. His name is Charles Schneider, and he is seven years old. This little fellow was picked up as a waif on the streets of San Francisco recently by a kind-hearted soldier, and taken to San Jose. At length the boy was turned over to the police department there, which made very diligent search for his parents. The boy claims that he has a father and mother somewhere, just where he doesn't know. It was ascertained by the detectives that the child's parents separated some time ago, and then both disappeared.

At police headquarters poor little Charlie realized his predicament and wept sorely; but finally, through the efforts of the big, burly chief of police, and officers, and the kind-hearted matron of the jail, his tears were dried.

He is a manly, bright-eyed little chap, and soon won the hearts of the entire force, and was installed as a favorite. It was at length decided to create Charlie a full-fledged police officer, and a bright, glittering star, a suit, and a regular helmet were given him. On the record book he was regularly enrolled: "Charles Schneider, Police Officer No. 18." The little fellow is delighted with his sudden promotion. He hasn't "made any arrests" since his appointment, however, but spends a good part of his time riding around with the chief in a big red automobile, to the great curiosity and envy of every other little chap in San Jose. He makes his home with the probation officer, George Lee. Little Charlie is now a great favorite with all the officers, and makes himself very useful in many ways. He enjoys the distinction of being the youngest regularly commissioned officer in the world. The detectives are still endeavoring to locate Charlie's parents, thus far without success.—*J. Biltmore, in Children's Visitor.*



Children's Visitor

CHARLES SCHNEIDER

Letters to a Grandson — No. 8

GREENFIELD, N. H.

My Dear Boy,—

My oldest cousin—seventy-five years of age—wrote me that she had looked forward with much pleasure to my proposed visit this summer. One delightful morning four weeks ago, my niece and their hired man brought me up over the mountain down into the valley some four miles to the Greenfield Railroad station, on the Boston and Maine road. The mountain pastures that were nearly bare fifty years ago, with here and there a tree for shade, had, in the passing of the years, been covered with a growth of pine. Within the past year or two this timber had been cut off, and converted into lumber by a portable sawmill, which had now been moved on lower down to continue its work, leaving a very large pile of sawdust as a monument of the enterprise and industry of the present day. This sawdust is being utilized by farmers for packing ice and bedding their stock.

As our faithful horse toiled up the winding road, the view was very fine—mountains to right of us, mountains to left of us—on we meandered. It was

a woody road most of the way. I saw several lady-slipper orchids in bloom. The road follows a dashing mountain brook, which early in spring-time plunges over its rocky bed, and in summer mingles its music with the wind harp in the trees overhead.

As we came down through the valley, we passed a fine large white farmhouse, whose owner I remember seeing at work in that garden when I was a girl. Now his white-haired son, bent, and busy with his hoe, seemed to place me back in the past more than



ZEPHYR LAKE, GREENFIELD, N. H.

forty years. Thus does the wheel of time, revolving, take you and me into the misty future.

We passed the site of the schoolhouse where I once went as a scholar—later as a teacher. The building is gone, and, as in so many other localities, the few scholars are carried by conveyance for the purpose, to the middle of the town. My teacher there, and many of the scholars, are sleeping their last sleep. Still the pine trees are left to murmur on the shore of the pond where we used to gather high blueberries and white pond-lilies.

We passed in sight of the home where I spent several of the years of my "teens,"—a fine farm on a hillside, with large two-story white house having green blinds, and verandas on two sides. My chamber was a beautiful large southwest room, the walls of which were decorated with landscape paintings—a fashion that prevailed at one time in New England. How many times as a girl I watched from the west window the beautiful sunsets on distant Mt. Monadnock, and from the south windows the tranquil moonlight views, out and beyond.

In each of the two windows of the waiting-room at the station were glass jars filled with luxuriant wild ferns and branches of meadow pinks,—the wild azalea,—whose delicate color and exquisite perfume so delighted my child heart. They carried me back through the years to the time when I knew of only one bush of this kind, and a dear schoolmate and I used to meet at the long-abandoned place and avail ourselves of the otherwise unappropriated beauty. Later we had a cluster of them growing in our front yard.

The papers contain many accounts of drowning, as is usual at this season. I do hope you will remember to be very careful not to let your youthful exuberance run away with your better judgment. Some children and young people delight in rocking a boat or doing some reckless thing to frighten others while out on the water. If these things did not so often result in the death of others than the perpetrators, they would not be so sad. If it seems necessary to change seats when in a boat, caution all to be careful to upset the equilibrium of the boat as little as possible. Do not forget what I told you about my uncle who went in bathing when a young man, and remained in too long,

with the result of a fever, then a fever-sore, and the loss of his leg to save his life. It caused much suffering and sorrow not only to himself, but to his mother. Spare yours. Do not go in bathing when overheated, nor too soon after eating. GRANDMA.

"Catch Them While They Are Kids"

"NOBODY never comes in here, and nobody never goes out. My paw just grewed up, and never knowed nothin', and so did his paw before him. Sometimes when I be hoein' corn on the mountainside, I looks up the creek and down the creek, and wonders if there ain't nobody never comin' to larn me nothin'."

With these words a well-known Kentucky author headed a newspaper contribution on educational conditions. They were the words of a small backwoods Kentucky boy, who thus unconsciously voiced the cry not only of the thousands of children in Kentucky, but of the thousands and the tens of thousands of children of the South who are growing up without any school privileges whatever. . . .

Computing an average from six States south of Kentucky, I find that thirty per cent of the white children between the ages of ten and fourteen are not in school. Think of it; thirty per cent of the white children out of school at that period which should be most sacredly guarded because it is the golden educational period in the life of every boy and girl!

I have read a book which tells of the efforts of one to uplift his fellow men, and how one girl pathetically shook her head, saying, "O, why didn't you catch me while I was a kid?"

My friends, there are hundreds of thousands of children in the South to-day capable of becoming worthy citizens if we can but catch them while they are yet young. We can do this only through the school; we must put them in school, but we can not do it by merely legislating to that effect. . . .

In the first place, we must have thousands of additional schools and teachers. There is not a Southern



OTTER LAKE ROAD, GREENFIELD, N. H.

State to-day where school attendance could be made a test of the efficiency of the protection of the children, because there are not schools enough to enrol the children if they were all dismissed from the mills.

There are thousands of children living in the rural districts of the South who have never had a school within their reach, like the little boy who looked up the creek and down the creek, watching for some one to come and "larn" him something.

We must have not merely more schools, but better schools,—schools that appeal to the children, that respond to their needs.—*Mrs. H. W. Mengel, in an address before the National Teachers' Association, 1908.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Present Condition of the Negro Socially, Religiously, and Educationally

NOTE.—In addition to the article by C. P. Bollman, use also in your program, "Catch Them While They Are Kids," on page eleven, and "An Industrial School on the Island of St. Helena," on page nine.

Socially

THE social condition might be summed up in the statement that the negro has no social standing in the South so far as white people are concerned. The South is practically a unit in opposition to anything that in the slightest degree looks in the direction of social equality of the races.

The colored people themselves are divided into different classes of society, about the same as the whites. The colored "upper ten" is fully as exclusive as the corresponding class among the whites. But the very best class of colored people are as far removed from social recognition by the whites as the lowest class. No amount of wealth or education entitles any person of African descent to any social recognition whatever among white people. Audiences of educated white people will sometimes fill to overflowing a public hall or other auditorium to listen to an address by Booker T. Washington, or by such a man as the late Professor Council, of Normal, Alabama, but no Southern white man would invite even the most gifted colored man to his home. If any Northern white man resident in the South were to do such a thing, himself and family would be promptly ostracized by his white neighbors.

Colored men and women are to some extent accorded the professional titles that belong to them. The colored man in the legal profession is Lawyer Smith or Attorney Jones. The colored educator who has taken a degree is sometimes called professor. But Southern whites do not address any colored person as Mr. or Mrs. or Miss. Nor are colored people spoken of as ladies and gentlemen. No white woman is allowed to board or leave a car without assistance if within reach of the conductor, but no such courtesy is shown a colored woman. A Southern white man, especially of "the old school," may even give his seat in the car to an old colored mammy, but he does it in an entirely different way and from a different reason than that which moves him to offer his seat to a white woman. In these things, is the real color-line of the South.

In the South the color-line means no social equality of the races and no political power for the negro. Aside from these two things, all manner of kindness, assistance, and even respect, is shown by Southern whites to negroes, especially by the older people, who, while children, were nursed by colored mammies and played with colored children on the plantation. In some respects the two races are much farther apart in sympathy and good fellowship now than in slavery times; and the breach is constantly widening. This is especially true in labor circles, as is illustrated by the recent firemen's strike on the Georgia Railroad.

Religiously

The more intelligent negroes differ but little from the whites in their religious experiences and tendencies, but as a race they are rather more emotional than the whites.

In slavery times Christian masters felt some responsibility for the religious instruction of their slaves, and more or less attention was paid to teaching them the fundamentals of the Christian religion. This was sometimes done by the master himself, but perhaps even more frequently by the mistress or by some of the older children of the family. Then, too, in slavery times galleries were provided in many of the churches for the negroes, and the family servants enjoyed the ministrations of the same ministers who instructed their masters.

With the coming of emancipation and reconstruction, all this was changed, and the negro was suddenly thrown upon his own resources for religious instruction, supplemented to some extent by the not always wisely directed efforts of Northern missionaries. The result has been anything but good. The religious and moral standard is low among the great mass of colored people, nor are they altogether to blame for this, since the example, and even the direct influence, of the whites has too often been far from what it ought to be. It is, however, a gross injustice to the race to say that there is no virtue among them. It is by no means certain that virtue is any more rare among negroes than among a corresponding class of white people.

Educationally

Educationally, the colored people of the larger towns and cities have made considerable progress, but a reaction seems to be setting in. For various reasons, education has not leavened the whole population to the extent it should. An undue share of attention has been given to providing facilities for literary and scientific training rather than to manual training. The drift of the educated negro is North, West, and East. The most of them are educated in cities, and when they are graduated, they do not gravitate toward the rural districts. Thus their influence is lost to that part of their own race where it is most needed.

That which is most imperatively demanded by the situation is educational facilities that will reach not only the more favored members of the colored race, but that will reach and leaven the race itself, elevating them, not necessarily to the plane of the learned professions, but to the plane of intelligent, self-respecting industry; not simply in the mechanical trades, but of the corn-field and cotton patch.

In any educational system that is to really benefit the colored people, there must be a strong moral and religious element. The negro needs the gospel in its purity and power no less than do other races. In endeavoring to help them, this should never be forgotten. The colored people of the South need the third angel's message.

C. P. BOLLMAN.

Institutes and Conventions

WHILE we have not held many institutes or conventions in the Indiana Conference, yet those we have held have been of great value to our young people, as well as to the churches with which they are connected. Since the last General Conference, we have held four State conventions and as many district conventions, bringing the young people of several churches together for prayer, Bible study, the devising of plans for local missionary work, and for interesting them in the regions beyond.

Among the subjects that have been discussed by our young people in these conventions are the following: "Practical Work for Young People," "The Missionary Volunteer Movement," "Reading Courses," "Standard of Attainment," "Young People's Libraries," "Our Young People and Our Educational Work," "Spiritual and Social Needs of Our Young People," "Our Young People and Missions," and "Christian Stewardship."

I have been deeply impressed with the educational value of these gatherings. Timid, backward young people, who have had very little experience, have developed wonderfully as burdens of responsibility have been placed upon them. These conventions have been training-schools in a certain sense, in that they have inspired the youth to greater effort in the work, and enabled them to "act a part in well-organized plans" for its advancement. They have had the privilege of planning as well as executing, and of doing things, that is, of learning by doing. And also as young people and older ones have united in these meetings, we have been reminded more than once that this is one means of turning the hearts of the parents and children to one another.

We have tried to so plan for the social phase of the convention work that our young people may be benefited socially by their mingling together. In two of our conventions, one part of the program has been an evening reception, illustrating proper social recreation for young people. We have earnestly sought to make this feature an enjoyable and profitable occasion, instructive and uplifting in character, promoting moral and spiritual growth. Our young people need to know how to mingle socially with one another and with those not of our faith, without compromising the principles of truth which are to guide them in every act of their lives. Each one is to be "an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

We deeply sense our great need of a larger measure of the Holy Spirit than we have ever known, that the great work for and with the youth may not be marred in our hands. For this we are earnestly seeking and praying.

MRS. R. W. MCMAHAN.

Gleanings From Letters

MISS FLORENCE VAN DORN writes from Smithland, Iowa: "Our little society is getting along well. We are trying to do all the missionary work we can. We are holding some cottage meetings now, and are also working with tracts; all with good success."

One secretary says of the Reading Course, "I believe that the reading of 'Great Controversy' has given a real spiritual uplift to many this year."

The Missionary Volunteer secretary of Upper Columbia writes: "Of late I have been looking back a little over the three years of my stay in the office here. I remember that the first quarter's report after I came into the office reported one dollar for foreign missions, and forty cents for home missions. Truly we have reason to be thankful that our young people are beginning to appreciate the burden of this message, and are learning along with their elders to sacrifice for its support and furtherance. For the year closing December 31 all the money from the Missionary Volunteer Department amounted to \$617.89. Taking out what has been paid toward the Seminary Fund, we have a total of \$434.89; \$325.12 of this was for foreign missions, \$64.83 for home missions, and \$44.94 for the local work of the societies."



The Christian a Reflector



PERSIAN legend says that a king desired to have built a temple worthy of the sun. He offered a great prize to the builder who would erect the most worthy temple. One built a magnificent granite temple. Another built one of burnished metal. A third built a temple of glass. The king praised each builder, but he awarded the prize to the one who had built of glass. He said: "Behold, the sun's true temple! built not to reflect the glory or genius of man, but open on every side for the sun to enter and pour forth his own glory and beauty. Lo, the sun himself has awarded the prize, for he has entered and possessed it for himself."—*Expositor*.

"It Tangled Itself"

A CHILD who was winding worsted came to her mother to get a snarl untangled. "It just went and tangled itself!" she insisted. The mother smiled and showed her how a little patience and a little foresight might have helped the skein to run clear; but she helped her. Can we suppose God will not be as kind when we come to him with our life-tangles, most of which are our own fault, even when we like to lay the blame off on circumstances? He does help us. Bring the life-skein to him. He knows how to make it all run smooth and clear, no matter how many twists and "snarls" we have put into it.—*The Well-spring*.

What a Scroll Did

LESS than thirty years ago it would have been very dangerous for any man or woman in Korea to have a Bible or to take one into his country. A Korean officer was sent to Japan in 1881 to see how the people farmed there.

In the room of a man whom he called upon, he saw a scroll on the wall. On this scroll he read the beatitudes. The Japanese man asked him if he did not want to carry it home with him.

If the officer had taken it home, he might have been killed. He told this to the Japanese man, and said that he did not dare to carry it with him.

In the king's palace in Korea the officer had a friend who hated Christians. But the officer talked so much about the scroll in Japan that his friend said he must see it. There seemed to be no way of getting it to Korea. Finally, one day, the Japanese sent to Korea for a teacher for one of their colleges.

This friend of the Korean officer was sent to do the work. He hunted up the man with the scroll. The man gave him a Bible, and showed him where to find the sermon on the mount. When he had read much in God's Word, he became a friend of Christ. After several years, it came time for the New Testament to be translated into Korean. This man was chosen to do this service for God.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World*.



VII — The Sermon on the Mount (Continued); the Father's Care; Judging

(August 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 19 to 7: 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6: 21.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus wishes his people to live as if this world were not their home, so he said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and dust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

2. "The light of the body is the eye." If the eye is diseased, the whole body is darkened, but if the eye is clear, or "single," "thy whole body shall be full of light." Jesus taught that we must not be half-hearted in our trust and obedience, but be ready to do all he commands. One sin cherished in the heart will cause darkness, just as a very small speck in the eye will obscure the sight. "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

3. "No man can serve two masters," Jesus said, "for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and Mammon [riches and worldliness]." If we spend our time seeking to gain earthly riches and the pleasures of the world, we shall lose all desire to serve God, and we shall love the things of this world more than heavenly things.

4. Jesus taught that we should not be anxious about the things we need in this life. He said: "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

5. He pointed to the birds, saying, "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" But the birds do not sit idly on the trees waiting for God to give them food. "That thou givest them they gather." They do their part, and God provides for them. So we should be willing to work and to use the wisdom God gives in obtaining the blessings he wishes us to have. At the same time he does not wish us to be anxious as though we had no kind Heavenly Father who bestows all we need. "And which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye [anxious] thought for the rest?"

6. Neither should we be anxious about what we shall wear. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" When we are willing to be simply dressed in what we really need, we shall be spared much anxious worry.

7. Jesus continued: "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

8. The Saviour knows it is easier for us to look at the faults of others rather than our own, so he gave this warning: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?" To those who are watching for faults in others, Jesus says: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Questions

1. How would Jesus have his people relate themselves to this world? What should they not lay up on earth? What often happens to treasures here? Where should our treasure be? What is said of treasure laid up there? Why should our treasure be in heaven? Matt. 6: 19-21.

2. What is the light of the body? How may the body become dark? What truth did Jesus teach by this illustration? What causes darkness in the heart? When our light becomes darkness, what is said of that darkness? Verses 22, 23.

3. How many masters can we serve at one time? Why can we not serve two? Whom did Jesus say we can not serve at the same time? How may we lose all desire to serve the Lord? What will we then love most? Verse 24.

4. What did Jesus teach about the things we need in this life? For what should we take no anxious thought? What question did he ask? Verse 25.

5. What did he say about the birds? What question did he ask? How do the birds get their food? What lesson may we learn from them? Who will give us all we need? What question did Jesus ask to show that we can not provide for ourselves? Verses 26, 27; Luke 12: 25, 26.

6. About what else should we not be anxious? What lesson did Jesus teach by the lilies? Repeat Matt. 6: 28-30. How may we be spared much worry? Verses 28-30.

7. Concerning what should we not take anxious thought? Who are seeking after these things? What does our Heavenly Father know concerning us? For what should we first seek? What promise is given if we do this? For what should we take no thought? Why? Verses 31-34.

8. With whom is it easy for us to find fault? What warning did Jesus give about judging others? Why should we not judge others? If we do judge, what is it like? Why can we not pull a mote out of the eye of our brother? How does a "mote" compare in size with a "beam"? What truth did Jesus teach by this comparison? What does Jesus call those who attempt to judge their brethren? What does he say to those who are watching for faults in others? Matt. 7: 1-5.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII — The Sermon on the Mount (Continued); the Father's Care; Judging

(August 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 19 to 7: 6.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Luke 11: 34-36; 16: 13; 6: 37-42; Rom. 2: 1-3; 14: 1-13; James 2: 12, 13.

LESSON HELPS: "Mount of Blessing," pages 169-209; "Desire of Ages," chapter 31.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 6: 21.

Questions

1. Where should our treasure not be deposited? What becomes of earthly treasures? Matt. 6: 19.
2. Where should we lay up treasure? Verse 20.
3. What great principle is involved in the placing of our treasures? Verse 21.
4. How does Jesus further show the importance of seeking God with singleness of purpose and heart? Verses 22, 23; note 1.
5. What great truth does he declare regarding our service? Verse 24.
6. What should we regard as secondary to the true service of God? Verse 25; note 2.

The Father's Care

7. By what illustrations does Jesus show God's care for his children? Verses 26-30.
8. What instruction is given in reference to being anxious concerning temporal things? Why is this not necessary? Verses 31, 32.
9. What should we first seek? What cheering promise is made to those who do this? Verse 33.
10. What did Jesus say in reference to worrying about things in the future? Why should we not do this? Verse 34.

Judging

11. What does Jesus admonish us in reference to judging others? Matt. 7: 1.
12. By what principle will God judge us? Verse 2.
13. Where should the work of judging begin? What comparison is made? Verse 3.
14. What should we do before beginning the work of reforming others? Verses 4, 5; note 3.
15. What counsel should we follow respecting those who will not hear God's truth? Why? Verse 6.

Notes

1. The direction of the eye shows the purpose of the man as does the laying up of treasures the affections of the heart. He who has a single purpose to do God's will, who steadfastly looks to God, will be guided and filled with the light of God. He whose purpose is turned upon the low, dark ambition of selfishness, worldliness, and sin will become a body of darkness. And if he who has known the light, turns to the darkness, great is that darkness.

2. The injunction is not an excuse for laziness, shiftlessness, thoughtlessness. "Take no anxious thought" is the better expression. God demands prudence, industry, care in his service, but having done our duty in his fear and by his grace, do not worry. Leave results to him.

3. Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith.

"What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak,
Be thou the true man thou dost seek."

We may join Christ's condemnation of sin; but with him we should love the sinner, and endeavor to save him from sin. Never is it for us to count a soul irretrievably lost; that Christ can save him has been demonstrated in that he has saved us.

A Hymn of Trust

We know not why our path seems hung with shadows,
And every earthly hope to flee away;
But there's a hand that meets ours in the darkness,
And holding this, we can not go astray.

We know not how the burden will be lifted,
The heavy cross that we have borne so long;
But underneath we feel, though faint and weary,
The everlasting arms are sure and strong.

With eye of faith we look beyond the shadows,
With heart of hope we lift the heavy cross.
There's One who knows it all, and he hath promised
A heavenly recompense for earthly loss.

—Will Carleton's Magazine.

Rules for Christian Juniors

1. HATE the wrong, cling to the right.
2. Be kind.
3. Let others have the honors.
4. Be diligent, not lazy.
5. Be joyful and hopeful.
6. Be patient in trouble.
7. Always remember to pray.
8. Be ready to help others.
9. Be kind to those that are unkind to you.
10. Sympathize with others in their joys and troubles.
11. Don't be conceited.
12. Live peaceably with everybody.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Daysey May Honors Mother

SATURDAY was Mother's day, and there are a few who were so busy they didn't observe it. But Daysey May Appleton was not in that number; no, not she! Daysey May arose early, and putting on her best clothes, ate a breakfast that mother had prepared, and then, leaving the dishes for mother to do, walked to the greenhouse, where she invested in a dozen snow-white carnations. "Some may wear only one," said Daysey May, "that being the badge selected for Mothers' day, but I think mothers can't be honored too highly, and will wear a dozen." Daysey May paraded the streets till noon, when she went home, ate a dinner mother had prepared, grumbling because it didn't suit her, and then, after telling mother how to iron her shirt-waists, went off to take a nap, leaving the dishes. Daysey May felt guilty upon awakening. She had slept two full hours of a day that she should have spent in honoring mother. She got up hurriedly and dressed, and left the house again, wearing her dozen snow-white carnations, and to every friend on whom she called that afternoon she told how sweet, how uplifting, and how noble it was to set aside a Mothers' day, and how she intended to observe it as long as she lived. Daysey May was invited out to supper, and when she got home at ten that night, mother was still ironing shirt-waists. "Dear mother is slow," said Daysey May to herself in her mirror, "but she is good, and I am glad I have honored her all day."

Then she went to bed, satisfied that one worthy day's work was done.—*Atchison Globe*.

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What Have You Done?

IN the North Pacific Union one young woman has already sold nearly seven hundred dollars' worth of books during the vacation season. She intends to make her sales reach one thousand dollars. One young man in Manitoba sold over one thousand dollars' worth of books in thirty-four days. And a number of persons have already earned scholarships.

What have you done? There are yet more than thirty-four days before the schools open,—time enough to earn more than one year's schooling,—time enough in which to sow the seeds of truth in many communities.

One young man who has been canvassing for the Temperance INSTRUCTOR secured an order for five hundred copies from one W. C. T. U. lady. Have you done as well?

Surely there is much to be done in our Lord's vineyard. Let us improve the hours left us in which to work, before the darkness of sin's eternal night settles upon the world.

An Outing Prayer

A BUSY man had been granted a day's leave from his work. He had decided to spend at least a portion of the time at the beach with his wife and children. But while anticipating a pleasant and profitable day socially and physically, he did not forget his Christian obligations and privileges. Before leaving home, he asked the Lord to help him to improve opportunities to succor those who needed spiritual encouragement or instruction, if any came his way. He did not forget his prayer, and so kept watch for persons whom the Lord might send to him for help.

Walking along the pier, he saw a lad in trouble over his crab line. The gentleman helped him out of his difficulty, and then volunteered needed counsel about the habit of swearing. It is to be hoped the boy will profit by the advice.

But the gentleman still kept in mind his prayer to be of help. And on his way home a larger opportunity presented itself,—the opportunity of cheering and encouraging one who was endeavoring to drown sorrow and loneliness in drink, but who was ashamed of the fact,—the opportunity of showing real friendliness that may in time win one to him who is the Friend of all sinners and to the last gospel message of mercy to the world.

Should not every Christian go to his recreation as well as to his work with this same prayer in his heart, "Lord, help me to-day to be of real help to some one in need of the better life"? And should he not then be watchful all the day lest one whom the Lord would have him help should be passed by unnoticed?

A Dying Testimony

WHEN the illustrious John Selden was dying, he said to Archbishop Usher: "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts [he had eight thousand volumes in his library] on various subjects; but at present I can not recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save from the Sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'" Titus 2: 11-14.

Opportunities That Stay by Us

WE often speak of opportunities as if, in the nature of the case, they were evanescent, fleeting. As a matter of fact, an opportunity often roosts over our front door year after year, unrecognized, unimproved. How many a man has wrung a scanty living from soil overlying wealth in the shape of coal or oil. How many go through their lives ignorant, within five miles' walk of libraries whose shelves are crowded with volumes containing information on an almost infinite variety of subjects. Thousands live their lives out, complaining that they are without friends, and yet, within a stone's throw, there are noble natures which might enrich their own if they so chose.

The opportunity which flashes upon us like a meteor is more likely to be recognized than that which comes unnoticed, and sticks by us like our shadow. But the latter, as well as the former, is worth recognizing and worth improving.—*Young People's Weekly*.

"Watch Me"

A WEE girl found it very hard to remain in the garden or on the lawn of the home. Frequently in the midst of her play would come a desire to run off somewhere, anywhere. Once she yielded to this desire, and got into trouble that brought tears to her mother's eyes. Seeing how serious a matter it was to her mother to have her baby running away, this same baby resolved on a plan of her own to help her mother in caring for her. This was the plan: whenever she felt the desire coming upon her to escape from bounds, she would toddle to the door and cry out: "Mama, you better watch me quick, 'cos I'm 'fraid I'm going to run away." Then the mother would come out and stay with the tempted suppliant until the play became engrossing once more.

Here is the secret of triumph over our besetting sins and temptations. When they come upon us, we may, we can, we ought, to call for the helpful presence of God. He has said: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee."—*East and West*.