

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

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No. 35

## The Conquering

THIS, that my hand must never touch;  
This, that my eyes must never see;  
This, that my heart has craved so much;  
This, that was never meant for me,—  
I will not say, that the world may hear,  
"I have not longed for it; no, not I!"  
I will say, "Though lovely and fair and dear,  
It is mine to conquer, and put it by."

Now, mine the sacrifice, mine the pain  
And the bitterness, till the struggle cease.  
Then, mine the glory, and mine the gain,  
And mine the triumph, and mine the peace.  
O hand, be steady! O heart, be strong!  
'Tis not for this we shall faint and die.  
Though tempted sorely and tempted long,  
It is ours to conquer, and put it by.

"But what of thy dearest?" saith One to me  
(In the time to be, when the years are done),  
"The earth-thing dearly beloved of thee?  
Thy heart's one treasure — or hath it one?"  
O, white the lips that have kissed the rod!  
But strong the heart that shall make reply,  
"I am what I am by the grace of God  
And the strength that conquered and put it by."

— Esther Clark, in *Christian Endeavor World*.





# Pleasure, Profit, and Progress

Your success or failure in life will largely depend on the way you spend your spare time.

"If you should read with the one object in view to improve the mind, and should read only as much as the mind could comprehend and digest, and should patiently persevere in such a course of reading, good results would be accomplished."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, page 465.*

## The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

offer to all our young people the opportunity to do this

### The Senior Course

"No reading is so profitable as biography; and no biography is so profitable as missionary biography."—*Amos R. Wells.*

#### Successful Careers

This book contains fifty short biographical sketches of successful men and women, in which an effort is made to show the turning-point in each life. The importance of little things and the tremendous consequences of decisions are emphasized. A few of the subjects are as follows:—

*Abraham Lincoln.*—The Life Sketch That Inspired Him to Excel.

*Oliver Cromwell.*—The Mother's Teaching That Shaped His Life.

*James Abram Garfield.*—The Malady That Turned Him From Sailor to Scholar.

*Henry Wilson.*—The Village Lyceum That Transformed the Cobbler Into a Senator.

*Mary Lyon.*—The Rejected Offer of Marriage that Laid the Foundation of Holyoke Seminary.

Cloth ..... \$ .75

**The Story of John G. Paton** is a classic in missionary biography. The whole story reads like a romance, and is much more interesting, because its thrilling adventures were experienced in a work undertaken for the honor of Christ and the love of the island people. The triumphs of the gospel are incentives to missionary endeavor.

Cloth ..... \$ .50  
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#### Christ's Object Lessons

What a delight to listen again to the stories Jesus told! Spring-time will blossom with new meaning to those who study the precious lessons of this book. It will open to us God's great book of nature, a never-failing source of delight and instruction.

Cloth ..... \$1.25

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered; for they are gone forever."—*Horace Mann.*

### The Junior Course

#### How the World is Clothed

Frank Carpenter is a capital storyteller, and in this one of his latest books he tells the stories of what boys and girls wear in all parts of the world, and how their clothes are made. It will be a revelation to some of us to visit with him the factories where the cloth for our own garments is woven. Much will be learned in these travels of the great world of industry.

Cloth ..... \$ .60

#### Story of Pitcairn Island

Pitcairn Island, one of the smallest dots in the South Seas, has long been of interest to Seventh-day Adventists. Its inhabitants descended from some of the mutineers of the English ship "Bounty," and wives taken from Tahiti. The strange beginning, the loneliness of the island, the burning of the "Bounty" to conceal their

identity, and their absolute isolation from the rest of the world, their discovery by an American ship in 1808, the reign of evil when unsubdued by Christian influences, the efforts to educate their children, the coming of the light of the third angel's message, and the sending of the ship "Pitcairn," and all the scenes enacted on this little island only five miles in circumference, written by one who heard these stories rehearsed over and over again, and who helped to make part of the history, makes the book a fascinating one for young or old.

Heavy paper ..... \$ .50  
Cloth ..... 1.00

#### Those Bible Readings

This is present truth in story form for boys and girls, and can not fail to result in pleasure, profit, and progress to every boy and girl who reads it. There is nothing more important than to know the truth for this time. Then only, can we give a reason for the hope that is within us.

Cloth ..... \$ .75

"Resolved to do a little reading every day, if it be but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of a year."—*Horace Mann.*

"It is not the reading of many books which is necessary to make a man wise or good; but the well reading of a few, should he be sure to have the best."—*Baxter.*

### Join the Ever-Enlarging Spare-Minute Circle

and take one of these excellent courses. The work begins in October. Outlines, suggestions, and notes will begin in the

### YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of October 4.

Order "The Story of Pitcairn Island" and "Those Bible Readings" from the Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, Cal. The other books needed in the courses, and the Youth's Instructor, should be ordered from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C.

Order the books now, at least the first one, and send your name to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary for enrolment.



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 30, 1910

No. 35

## What Says the Word?

MAX HILL

O STUDENT of the Holy Word,  
I would inquire, my heart is stirred,  
For doubts will come and questions rise,—  
My soul for greater knowledge cries.

Tell me the truth, how readeest thou?  
Shall all things stand as they do now?  
Methinks the Word of God must give  
Some ray of hope by which to live.

The storm-clouds roll on land and sea,  
For wind and wave to death agree,  
The earth is reeling to and fro,—  
Speak not the elements of woe?

What means the nations' angry roar?  
The war alarms from shore to shore?  
Do men and nations threatening stand,  
And no one know or understand?

A God of love that Word extols;  
The universe his power controls;  
Will he permit his wrath to fall  
On sin-cursed earth, nor warn at all?

The sparrow in his love he notes;  
He decks the lilies' spotless throats;—  
What is a man worth in his sight!—  
The God of all, he must do right.

So tell me, student of the Word,  
Have you not read, have you not heard,  
Some message of the future day?  
Some word to point the darksome way?

Speak, if the tokens you discern,  
Tell me the way, for I would learn;  
The God of love must bid thee speak  
The Word of life to all who seek.

## "Once a Student, Always a Student"

WINIFRED L. HOLMDEN

**T**HE foregoing notice appeared recently in a well-known business journal, as an advertisement for the purpose of soliciting students to attend a certain business college. The thought which they desired to convey was this: "If you once enroll to take the course we offer, and follow faithfully the work outlined, we will stand by you. When you are prepared to enter the business world, we will find you a position. If for any reason you should lose your place, just let us know, and we'll find you another; or if a little experience reveals defects, and proves that you are not quite ready to give satisfaction, come back. We will receive you, give you a few finishing touches, and send you out again. Once ours you are always ours, and we will stand by you in adversity as in prosperity."

Isn't that a good advertisement? Every boy and girl, young man and woman, is glad to attend such a school, for if they have any stick-to-it-iveness, their success is assured. I have known such schools, and their students always speak good words for them.

As I read that line, I thought of the advertisements the Saviour has written in the great Journal of the kingdom of God. No school established for the purpose of giving a worldly education would dare to offer such inducements as we find in the Guide-book to eternal success. Listen! "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And when we go with trembling hand and fearful heart to perform the first duties under the direction of the Master, we hear him say: "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." With our Teacher right at our side to encourage and instruct, how would it be possible to fail?

But suppose we heed not his instruction, and our first attempt does prove to be a failure, and we become disgusted with ourselves, and discouraged because of our unfitness for the tasks in hand, and we even fear that our conduct has been such as to cast

reproach upon the great Educator in whose school we have enrolled, and we say with David, "O God, thou knowest my foolishness. . . . Let not them that wait upon thee, be ashamed for my sake,"—listen to the words of cheer at such a time: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake." "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."

Every day we read of bankruptcies and failures in the business world, but the Lord has promised us that we shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end. Could any worldly enterprise be as sure as this?

Then let us be of good courage; and if we have not already done so, let us not delay to register in the school of Him who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

### Observations in Japan

WE sometimes hear it said that to the mind of Westerners the Chinese do many things backwards. While passing through Japan, I observed that this was true of the Japanese also. In fact, since knowing something of both nations, I think that Japan does more things backwards than does China.

One of the things I noticed when I first started out in a 'riksha in Tokyo, was the strange motion of a carpenter. He had a large hand-saw, but instead of bearing upon it as he pushed it from him, he did so as he drew it toward him. The plane worked in the same way. The man would reach out and jerk the plane toward him, and the shavings would testify to the efficiency of the effort. These peculiarities do not exist in China, for there both the saw and the plane are pushed largely in the same way as they are in America. The Chinese saws, however, are all after the fashion of buck-saws, and have strings on the back, which are twisted up to tighten the blade.

I also noticed a plasterer, or rather plasterers, as it takes two to complete the operation. They had a



large basin of mud, which looked as if it was made of water, lime, clay, and grass. One man stood by that with a long-handled paddle which was about as large as a man's two hands. He would reach down into the basin and get a daub of mud on his paddle, then the man who put it on the wall would take it from the paddle onto a little board he held, and from that, with his trowel, would put it on the wall. It looked like a very slow process to one who knew how the "mud flies" in such operations in America.

Another peculiarity shared by both Japanese and Chinese is that of yelling while they work, especially when they lift. You know that in America a man holds his breath when he lifts. I first noticed this peculiarity of the Japanese while at Kobe. Just about one-half hour before our boat was scheduled to leave port, I saw a boat-load of large bundles of something come up to be loaded onto our ship. I thought, That load of stuff will never get in before time for us to leave; for three or four men had to pick up every bundle and put it upon a little platform, and then as many more pick it up and roll it into the boat. But I noticed a peculiar noise, so went to the side of the boat and watched the men at work. One man would hum a queer little tune, the like of which I had never heard, until they all got hold, and then all would join in; and the harder they lifted, the louder they yelled. It was almost as regular as clockwork, and the way those bundles disappeared was remarkable. They were all in before the half hour was up.

What did those people get for all that hard work? Only enough money to buy food to keep body and soul in working order, and a few clothes; and with many of them the clothes they got were indeed *very* few. There they were leading such a life as that with no hope of anything better in this world or in the next.

Do you want to help bring the light of truth to them? There are three things then to do: Pray for them and the workers there; give a portion of what God gives you; prepare to come over and help us as soon as the Lord may call you.

C. SPARKS.

*Hankow, China.*

### Compassion, yet Unexpressed

THE train from New York City rolled into the Union Station in this city, and through the train-shed gates poured the passengers, many of whom gave evidence of their return from a pleasant summer vacation. Friend clasped hand with friend; wife met husband with affectionate greeting; a sweet-faced grandmother, whose silvery hair was a crown of glory to her, was greeted by a loving son and an enthusiastic and affectionate granddaughter, and as she moved on through the waiting-room toward the car line, supported on one side by her son and on the other by her granddaughter, her face aglow with love and happiness, it was a pleasing scene to witness, one calculated to make angels rejoice. Not all those in waiting had such pleasing experiences, for as the last of the passengers ebbed out of the station, they turned away in disappointment at not greeting the loved ones for whom they had waited.

"Have you been sick very long?" caused me to turn, and I looked upon a different scene. The question was addressed by a colored porter to an Italian woman with a boy of about six years of age clinging to her. Her hair was dishevelled, her clothing appeared insecurely fastened to her body, her bundles

were those of a person but recently arrived from the land of the pseudo-Vicar of Christ. Occasionally the body bent forward as if in pain, and the face was haggard and perplexed, and her eyes expressed a sense of strangeness, of loneliness. I watched the scene with interest, standing ready to respond to any demand for help, and to do what I could for her should the porter in any way neglect her or fail to do his duty. Others looked on, but the majority of them drew away from her, afraid lest they should be called to assist such an one. The porter did his duty faithfully, and remained with her until she reached a place of safety.

I thought: How true to some of life's experiences! At times we are sin-sick and sorrowful, distressed, and feel ourselves to be alone, ready to join in the lament of the psalmist, "No man cared for my soul." Then some servant of God joins us, questions us, offers to assist us, and leads us to the only place of refuge, Jesus Christ. Again we feel that no one has any sympathy for us, no one understands, we must struggle with our burdens alone, and yet just at this time, the One infinite in compassion is not "afar off," but "a God at hand," ready to respond to the faintest whisper of the heart desiring his help. The land from which she came is a land of "sunshine and song," yet in both her appearance and experience how thoroughly she misrepresented its beauty and its joy. The land of our nativity is a goodly land, a "land flowing with milk and honey," and should not all its children be so filled with its glory and its delight that their lives will be a continual incentive to others to join them in their journey toward the land of promise, of which Canaan in the time of its greatest glory was but a dim shadow? May it be true of each of us in our experience spiritually, as Jehovah said of Israel: "I clothed thee also with brodered work, and shod thee with badgers' skin, and I girded thee about with fine linen, and I covered thee with silk. I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head. Thus wast thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and brodered work; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey, and oil: and wast exceeding beautiful, and thou didst prosper into a kingdom. And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God."

JOHN N. QUINN.

### "I Had a Friend"

MRS. BROWNING once asked Charles Kingsley the secret of his life. "Tell me," she said, "that I may make mine beautiful." He replied, "I had a friend."

There is an art in friendship. There is an education in it that is of priceless value. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Who has not caught the inspiration of exchanged thoughts? Who has not felt the refining, elevating influence of coming into contact with pure, energetic minds? Who has not found friendship a door out of self, out of smallness into a life teeming with possibilities for usefulness?

Those who do the most good are those who love most. How stingy we are! And as a result how narrow our lives, and how limited our usefulness! Some are too busy to cultivate friendship. Some have the time, but not the courage. They feel that they are



not needed nor wanted, and, clam-like, they shut themselves away from other people. There are others who assert that none can be trusted; and for fear of hurt to self, they enter little into the joys and sorrows of those around them. They safeguard themselves, but at a fearful cost. Their lives are barren. They do not inspire confidence and love in those about them; for "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

If you would grow, have friends. If you would make life beautiful, cultivate true friendship. Do not be above it. God had a friend; and his name was Abraham. Jesus had friends. He said to his disciples: "Ye are my friends. . . . Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." He knew them altogether, their sins, their failings, yet he trusted them. He gave to them the best there was in him — in reality he gave them himself. And often his pure, sensitive, sin-hating nature was pained by their selfishness, yet he never spoke of it. With pitying tenderness he ever sought to draw their minds away from self and narrowness, into a pure channel of thought. He never dissected the character of one friend to another; he never laid bare the secrets of one to another. His relation to each was distinct, and as many as sought him, he received. He confided to them the most precious secrets of his life — the things the Father had made known to him; and in return, he longed for them

to trust him implicitly. He longed for their appreciation and sympathy in the dark hours of trial. But human hearts were the same then as they are to-day. "Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none." "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

He is the same friend, the same loving Jesus to-day. He wants us to cultivate his friendship, to come into touch with his mind, to imbibe his spirit. He longs to share our joys and to bear our sorrows. He longs to awaken us to our privilege of co-operating with him in the art of making friends. All around are those who are needing comfort, who are looking for some to take pity. They are bravely hiding aching hearts behind smiling lips, while disciple-like, we are asleep. Often to-day angels of God do the work of comforting that we might do, ought to do, and would do if we were properly related to each other and to the Friend of all. Jesus wants us to awake to the ministry of friendship — of love. And when we shall stand before him perfect, we shall each, like Kingsley, ascribe our victorious life to the fact that we "had a Friend."

BERTHA ILIFF.

Madison, Tennessee.

## Good Reading



HIS subject may be considered from the view-point of the character of what is read, the manner of reading, and the potency of the exercise as a character builder.

Let us first note briefly the utility of good reading. Over the entrance to the library of ancient Thebes was the inscription, "Medicine for the Soul." This suggests the invigorating, curative effect of good reading. But perhaps its chief therapeutic value lies in the way of prevention. A mind and heart filled from the fountain of truth will not desire to go to broken cisterns to quench thirst. The harvest of knowledge and truth gained from books of worth makes other things appear insipid and unattractive.

Disraeli said, "A virtuous writer communicates virtue." Why not? Many prison cells, according to the confession of the inmates, are filled with those who were made criminals by the dime novel. But we do not need to reason negatively. Many of the world's best and greatest men assert strongly that they owe their good fortune in choosing the better way to some book read in youth. The grace of the cultured Italians is said to be due to the many works of art which their land possesses, these silent letterless masterpieces of the great painters and sculptors having communicated to those who lived among them their own grace. Even more effective is the book which persuasively and definitely tells one the exact course to pursue.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says "a place for books will cry to be filled until it gets its prayer answered;" so a heart and mind that has received from a book an inspiration for a new and truer life, will cry and try until it gets its prayer answered.

If you read carefully the testimonies given in next week's paper of those who have taken the Reading Course for the past year, you will observe that many of these corroborate the statements just made. Then it is for us who want to *be*, and who want to *serve*, to form the habit of reading books and magazines of worth.

The happy home is regarded as the panacea and the preventive for the ills of life. Dr. Thomas C. Hall says, "In many cases a happy home would have prevented the attractions of the barroom ever gaining a hold upon the young life, and the drug habit has arisen directly out of the misery and discomfort that ignorance of home making has caused."

Observation shows that the home where good reading is a part of the daily family exercise, is almost immune from the blighting evils of intemperance. So well recognized is the close relation between the good reading habit and the happy home that an artist who wishes to depict such a home usually represents the family gathered about the table or fireside reading.

"The comfort and assurance afforded to ships furnished with wireless apparatus is one of the remarkable things about it. There is little of the hysterical terror of old-time shipwrecks, for there is always the confidence that help is coming, when the terse, matter-of-fact message stating that the ship is in trouble has been sent out. It does not take many minutes, ordinarily, to get an answer."

So the good-reading habit of a boy or girl is the mother's comfort. She feels that her child is always within calling distance, as it were, of help, of restraining, guiding counsel. It gives her confidence that he can not wander far from right principles so long as he



voluntarily chooses the companionship of good books. It is a holding anchor,—one which all parents, however, do not recognize. Some one has said that "a house without books is like a house without windows." In this age of splendidly lighted houses, no parent would expect to keep his child attached to the old homestead if he refused to have any windows in the house. Neither can the parent expect to hold his boy to the home hearth if he does not provide good reading-matter for him, and does not help him to form a good-reading habit.

#### How to Read

The manner of reading is quite as important as the fact that we read. Goethe said, "I have been fifty years trying to read books, and I have not learned yet." Then the ability to read well and effectively must be cultivated, must be studied.

Rapid reading is not necessarily a sign of culture, or even of knowledge, though it is said "Thomas Carlyle read on an average a dozen books a day. Of course he examined them chiefly with his fingers, and after long practise he was able to find at once the jugular vein and carotid artery of any author." But it takes long practise to be able to seize so quickly the vital part of a book. Most of us must read slowly and thoughtfully, and then we may perhaps overlook it. But get it we should, even if a second reading is required. And this main thing should be made our own. As Beecher said of his reading, it was "like the rain-drops which, pattering down on the lake, became the lake itself." Thus does every good reader absorb the author's thoughts, making them a part of his own thinking, and therefore a part of himself.

If we read with a purpose, we are much more likely to read well. One great reader and thinker said his three reasons for reading were:—

1. To know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day.
2. For the knowledge which he especially wanted to use in his work.
3. For what would bring his mind into a proper mood.

These definite, active purposes will make the reader thoughtful and alert, will cause him to fletcherize what he reads that it may be properly assimilated. The careless reader is compared to the whittling boy; he benefits neither himself nor any one else by the operation.

Mr. Alexander's rules for reading effectively may be of interest to some. He says:—

Read only so fast as you can think.

Read with a dictionary at hand.

Explore all allusions to matters in other literature so far as possible.

Read imaginatively.

Read for a purpose.

Mark passages that contain great ideas or beautiful expressions.

While reading observe the author's assertions of opinions and experience; then affirm mentally your agreement or disagreement with his opinions and the similarity or dissimilarity of your experience.

Read aloud frequently from poetry, oratory, and the finer prose.

Read whole pieces of literature rather than extracts or quotations.

Avoid the reading of many newspapers, magazines, and novels.

Upon reading any standard work, employ a method of reproduction, as a written abstract, outline, or an extemporaneous speech or oral reproduction.

#### What to Read

In this age of book-making no one need be left to hunger for good reading as did Abraham Lincoln. It is estimated that throughout the world the average daily output of books is two hundred. And if all that are written were published, we should indeed be surfeited. The Macmillan publishing house one year accepted out of three hundred fifteen manuscripts submitted to them only twenty-two. Another large house said that their accepted manuscripts averaged only thirteen out of five hundred.

The possibilities in rapid production of reading-matter is as astonishing as the multiplicity of manuscripts. "One New York house has been known to take an order on Monday morning to manufacture two thousand copies of a book of three hundred fifty pages by the following Wednesday night. The type was all set the first night; the next day the presses were started; and on the third day the covers were on. By the end of the week ten thousand copies had been turned out."

These facts throw upon each one of us the responsibility of choosing what we shall read. Fortunate is the Missionary Volunteer who has the benefit of the counsel of so strongly an organized department as that of the Missionary Volunteer Department to counsel him as to helpful books. Doubly wise is the young person who enthusiastically compasses the Reading Course as outlined year by year. But wiser still is he who does not confine himself even to this well-selected course; but chooses other good books from the great variety offered all,—books of travel, biography, history, science, religion, and ethics. Dr. Abbott calls history the backbone of the library curriculum. "Without it," he says, "there can be no thorough acquaintance with theology, philosophy, political economy, or social conditions and affairs." To no one more than to a Seventh-day Adventist young person should history be made the backbone of his reading course. So important, too, are books on natural science that Dr. Abbott hardly wanted to make them second to history. Some attention must be given to all the various educational lines of reading.

Books are our life teachers. We must early learn to take what they proffer us, accepting most readily the offers of the Book of books. If we have even now read at all widely and wisely, we feel much as Charles Lamb expressed himself when he said: "I wish to ask grace before reading more than grace before dinner," his gratitude for books surpassing that for food.

The president of Oberlin College once said: "Stay persistently in the presence of the best." This counsel is as forceful when applied to our reading as to our daily associates. Let us choose our books by this wise counsel.

F. D. C.

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EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept; people look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.—*Cecil*.

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I SINCERELY trust that public sentiment will be so aroused, and will make itself felt so effectively, as to guarantee that this is the last prize-fight to take place in the United States.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.





## Salt Houses

**W**RITING from Chile, South America, Elder F. H. Westphal speaks of a certain section through which he was passing that contained large quantities of salt. He says:—

"Yesterday we journeyed all day by railroad toward the south, and passed through many valleys that are covered with cakes of salt. The salt rock is about a foot thick, and is broken up so that it has the appearance of a lake covered with ice, that has been deprived of all the water underneath. It looks as if these valleys were once filled with salt water, and the water had dried out and left the salt.

"Many of the houses are built of salt, and if it should rain, they would surely melt: but it never rains; so such houses, if not shaken down by an earthquake or windstorm, may last until the Lord comes."

Eskimos build homes out of ice; Africans of poles and mud; and bricks, cement, and wood materials are common to us all; but to think of living in a salt house is certainly new to most of us. Brother Westphal speaks of these salt houses lasting until the Lord comes if not shaken down by earthquake or storm; but a time follows that event when houses can be made of gold and silver and beautiful stones, and they will last forever and ever. No earthquake nor windstorm will ruin them. This will be the inheritance of those who belong to Jesus when he finally sets up his kingdom in the earth.

T. E. BOWEN.

## Hints for Voice Management

DON'T neglect the cultivation of your voice. The charm of a beautiful voice lingers in the mind forever. It stirs the heart.

Don't neglect daily breathing exercises. Only the one who knows how to breathe properly is going to get the most out of his voice. Deep breathing clears the voice, and gives it fullness and softness.

Don't breathe through the mouth but through the nose, and inhale as deeply as possible.

Don't always try to speak in a "sweet low voice." Cultivate variety. Let the tones be gay, warm, and vivacious.

Don't think you can have a good speaking or singing voice unless you stand erect, with a free, light, buoyant carriage of the body, with the weight carried well on the balls of the feet.

Don't, when sitting, settle down in a collapsed attitude, with all the weight resting on the small of the back. Hold the chest high, take long breaths, and expand the lungs.

Don't let a sleepy, dreamy, unsocial temper control you, so that you speak in a dull, thick tone at the back of the throat, which is the most trying of all voices to understand.

Don't take life too seriously if you want a melodious voice. Relax the strained muscles of the face and neck, and look and be happy and contented.

Don't tire the voice. If the throat is sore, keep the tongue quiet. Common sense is as important a quality in training the voice as it is in everything else.—*Christian Guardian*.

## The Mighty Arcturus

THE planet Mercury moves round the sun in an orbit varying from forty-two to twenty-eight millions of miles, its mean distance from the sun being something over thirty-five millions of miles. The star Arcturus would occupy not only the whole space filled by the sun, but also the whole space that is belted by this planet in its orbit round the sun, equal to a circle with a diameter of seventy millions of miles! If Arcturus should come as near the earth as is our sun, the heat would be so terrible that this great globe would be vaporized, a mere mixture of gases passing into the infinite space; for Arcturus is believed to be six thousand times hotter than the sun.

Listen once more to the voice of God in the question that he asked Job, "Canst thou guide Arcturus?" and you may realize in some degree the lesson that God intended to teach by the question—the mighty power of the great Creator, and perhaps, also, something of your own infinite smallness.—*W. J. Knight, in Present Truth*.

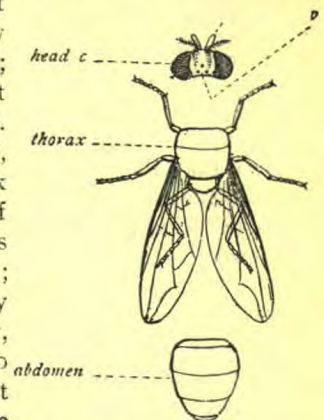
## Flies: Talk to Children



"DEAD flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to smell badly; so doth a little mischief mar a whole life." Eccl. 10: 1.

This is the fly season; wherever you are, you have some fly or another with its thousands of eyes upon you. They are the commonest of creatures, indeed, too common—if flies will forgive the remark! And yet although they are so common, there are certain questions about a fly which you would find difficult to answer. How does a fly walk on the ceiling? Why do you so often find dead flies on the window-panes? Why do some flies buzz and others not buzz? Can flies see in the dark? When you try to catch them, why is it they see your hand so quickly? What do they eat? Are little flies children of the big flies?

You know the fly belongs to the largest family in the world—insects. Insects are so called because they look as if they were "cut into," as it were. They have no neck to speak of; they are in three parts, just held together by a thread. First the head by itself, then the chest with the six legs, and then the rest of the body. When a fly is born, he is born full-grown; and he never grows any more. "O!" you say, "that is strange." But no more strange than that some full-grown people should be bigger than other full-grown people. A fly has babies, but they are not at all like their parents—not a bit! So not even the greatest flatterer could say, "How like his father!" Like a moth or daddy-long-legs, the fly lays eggs which hatch out into small worms, very much like those little grubs that you see in cheese and in nuts. Indeed, cheese-mites are first cousins to the tiny fly grubs. Their great business is to eat and grow; and they grow so



C. Compound Eyes  
O. Ocelli, Small Simple Eyes



fast, and eat so much, that at last their coats are too small for them. When your coat is too small, your mother puts the buttons forward a little; the fly's mother can not do that. So when he has eaten too much, the only thing is for him to stop eating. And inside his coat there is a larger coat, all crinkly and folded up. Then the old coat cracks off, and the new coat remains; but it is many sizes too big for him. So



FLY'S FOOT (MAGNIFIED)

he blows it out with air, which he sucks in through his tubes; and then he goes to sleep again.

But the most wonderful changes are going on, until at last one day out into the sunshine comes a fly. How does it get out? When you open a match-box, you touch the spring, and open flies the box. Only he is inside, and, like a chicken in the egg, he hammers away with his head until out he comes. Then he unpacks his trunk and his six legs and his feelers and wings, and off he flies. And he is just as big then as on the day of his death. Live he ever so long, he will never grow.

Flies are very light, for they have air-bags underneath their stomachs. And they buzz and paddle about in the air very quickly, their wings beating six hundred times to a second. A fly can beat a race-horse. A fly, I suppose, talks just as an ant talks! He has the same sort of feelers as an ant has; and ants, when they meet in the road, very often cross their feelers and talk to one another. I should very much like to hear what an ant says, but we have not discovered the cipher of their language yet. We shall find the "Rosetta stone" of that one day, I dare say. Every now and then you see flies buzzing around one another, and stopping for a chat in the air. What do they talk about?

Do you know what the trunk of a fly is? It is a long, thin tube for sucking up juices, for flies eat things that are decaying. Do you know where the fly's eyes are? Three of them are on the top of the head, but his whole head is one mass of eyes, so that the fly can look at once nearly all round. I can not describe it; you must look for yourself through a microscope; and at the same time, you should look at the fly's foot. It has claws which fit into the smallest crevices, and two pads covered with long hairs, and each hair has sticky fluid on it. That is why a fly can walk on the ceiling upside down.

The other day I heard one little child say to another, "You haven't the heart of a fly, or you would not do that." I thought to myself, that is rather unfair to a fly, because a fly has a very big heart, for a fly. A heart that reaches all over his body, from end to end; and a plucky little creature a fly is.

I am always very sorry for flies, though I can not say that I love them; for I am glad that as we get cleaner in our habits and in our houses, the flies get scarcer. Why? Because flies' eggs are laid in dirt; and wherever there are many flies, there is sure to be

much dirt. Thirty years ago there were many more flies than now. But I am always very sorry for flies, because in the autumn they die of a terrible disease. When we come down in the morning and look at the window-panes, we say, "Ah! there are six dead flies on the window-panes." And there is a kind of white stuff about them adhering to the glass. A few years ago in France, it was found that the silkworms were dying of a terrible disease, and men were sent into the district to find out about it. And those men were so clever that they stopped the disease. It was very much the same disease that a fly dies of. But there is no M. Pasteur to look into the illness of flies, still less to cure them. A mold eats into them, eats them hollow, so that only the case is left. A fly weighs very little, a couple of thousand of them to an ounce; but a dead fly is pathetically lighter still.

The wise man of olden days said that dead flies in the sweetest perfume will cause it to decay and smell horribly. And he said that in exactly the same way one foolish deed would work mischief throughout a whole life. How many sad stories of men's lives there are which can be summed up in those lines of the poet:—

"The little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute."

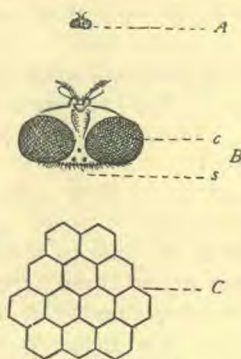
Be careful to keep your life sweet and clean. One meanness, one falsehood, may mar so much. So much harm is made by one "dead fly in the ointment," one bad thing that gets into the mind and heart, and stays there.—*Rev. Bernard J. Snell, in the Expositor.*

### Choosing the Mountain Road

THERE is always one boy in a school, or in a home, perhaps, who invariably chooses the hard job. If one proposition in algebra looks far more difficult than the others, he's at that first; if no man is quite big enough to hold center-rush down, he trains for center-rush; if there's a leaky old boat on the pond behind his house, and everybody declares it's good for nothing but to be smashed up into kindling-wood, he's out in a minute, bartering for the hulk, ready with wood and paint and putty to make it all over again. He begs these jobs; he starts at them with a vim and a dash; he generally finishes with a whole boat, trim and trig on the water, and a record for magnificent playing at center-rush when the season triumphantly closes.

One such boy was recently on a tramping trip in northern Vermont. The farmer, beside the highway, stopped genially to direct his journeying from Barton Landing to Lake Memphremagog. "It's a purty road," drawled the farmer, "all along the river-level, an' dretful easy goin'." "But," cried the boy, impulsively, "isn't there a path over the mountains?" "A road over the mountings?" queried the countryman. "Yes, there be, young feller—a scrabbly, rutty, cart track, an' no houses in sight nuther. You don't want'er take that!" "But I do," laughed the boy, "I always go the mountain road—that's the fun of tramping." And the farmer returned home assured down to the depths of his mentality that he'd had to do with a lunatic. He even looked furtively round to see if the mad young creature was following.

But he wasn't mad. He was sane, clear-headed, manly. For the boy who loves the hard things in life, who always goes the mountain road, who wishes to take the doubtful place and engineer the hopeless situation, is the boy who'll count for something in life.—*The Wellspring.*



A. Head of Fly, Natural Size  
B. Head Enlarged Eight Times  
C. Portion of the Surface of a Compound Eye, Highly Magnified





Children of China.



Indian Child,  
Central America.



The Little Helper,  
Japan.



Two Little Girls in New Guinea.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Christ Is Coming

LITTLE children, Christ is coming,  
Coming through the flaming sky,  
To convey his trusting children  
To their glorious home on high.

Do you love the Lord's appearing?  
Are you waiting for the day  
When with all his shining angels  
He will come in grand array?

All who keep the ten commandments  
Will rejoice his face to see;  
But the wicked, filled with anguish,  
From his presence then will flee.

Now while yet probation lingers,  
Now while mercy's voice is heard,  
Haste to give your heart to Jesus,  
Seek to understand his Word.

Quickly help to spread the message;  
You to Christ some soul may turn,  
Though the multitudes his goodness  
And his tender love may spurn.

Little children, Christ is coming,  
Even God's beloved Son;  
When in glory he descendeth,  
Will he say to you, "Well done"?

DORA BRORSEN.

## Ruth's Angel

ELVIRA WEBBER



RUTH sat on the door-step in front of the piazza, humming a little soft tra-la-la, and looking at the apple trees, where bushels of hard, red fruit gleamed. One hand was on the edge of the step, and the other was doubled up under her little fat, white chin.

Suddenly Ruth looked at her hand,—the one that lay on the step. Then she snapped it vigorously. A little green worm had crawled along the edge of the step, and was putting his head on it, first this way and then that, as if trying to determine whether he had better climb such a high, warm mountain.

"Nasty, dirty little thing!" cried Ruth, "saucy, saucy little thing!" and she ran away, shaking herself all over, as if she thought she was covered with saucy, dirty little things.

She fled into the orchard under the high-top-sweet tree, and picked up a juicy apple or two. Then she watched the bees buzzing around the hive, and the geese washing in the pool. Finally she went back to the piazza, and curled up in the sun on a big sofa cushion.

All along the piazza was a hedge of running nasturtiums; some of them even went to the top of it and it was bright with blossoms.

She lay looking at the beautiful flowers and the curious foliage, and — she saw a little green worm just like the one on the step! then another! and another!

There were lots of them, she discovered, on the edges of the parasol-shaped leaves, and in the throats of the yellow blossoms. She concluded that the nasturtium vines must be the home of the little green tribe, and her interest in them grew.

She wondered if the little green worms ever had "aches,"—they ate green stuff. Was that what made them green? for they were just precisely the color of the nasturtium leaves. Mama said people's bodies were made out of what they ate.

Ruth saw where the little worms had taken whole dinners out of the parasols, but there were lots of whole ones left,—lots and lots of them! She saw how daintily they were veined, each vein running to the little handle, and that the under side was a more delicate shade of green than the upper. She remembered how misty and pale they looked in the morning with the dew on them, and wondered if the worms got under them at night, and when it rained. She would notice sometime.

And then the blossoms! They must be the real houses where the worms lived! Fancy living in a lovely home, all velvet, from the palest shade of cream down to a golden brown, shut in by silky, fringy curtains, and with a whole chandelier of yellow torches to light it when night came!

Perhaps the torches were to show the way to the loveliest place of all, for under them was an arching doorway, and down a long, long velvet walk that grew smaller and smaller as the end came, was the honey-cellar. Ruth got up as she thought of it, and ate drop after drop of the delicious honey, cellar and all, wondering what the little worms would think when, at the end of their long walk, they would find only a round, open window, and no honey at all.

She guessed that most little girls would like to have a home like that, spicy, and clean, and fragrant, and velvety underfoot and overhead and everywhere. Why, they were like princesses, the worms, with nothing to do but eat, and rock in the wind, and sleep, and, when they wished, a whole forest of parasols to scurry under and sit on!

"God is better to them than to me," sighed Ruth, with a jealous twinge when she thought of the parasols, and the velvet walls, and the honey-cellars.

"But I'll have a beautiful, beautiful house some day! The minister said so. It's good here, but *then* I'll be like an angel, and go flying all around among the heaven — heavenly things, and the shiny gold, and find the big palace I like best."

Such things weren't for worms! They could never be angels! She was sure of that. But what did become of them in the winter-time?



One evening mama had company. Ruth was running past the library door to her favorite corner in the window-seat, when she noticed a little green worm just starting to crawl up on the inside of the door. This door opened onto the piazza, and of course Ruth knew that he had crawled in.

She brushed him back, careful not to hurt him. "You musn't come into my house!" she said, and ran on to her corner.

The next afternoon, when Ruth went into the library to practise her music lesson, there was the little worm in the very same place.

"What made him go back there?" she wondered, and she sat down on the floor to look at him. Somehow he didn't look the way he did the night before. There were two shoulder-like bunches coming out on each side of him, and the rest of him was queer, too. How strange! Ruth looked him over a while, then she called mama. "What's the matter? Is he sick?" she asked, looking up earnestly into her face.

"O, no," mama said, "he's sleepy."

"Do I look like that when I'm sleepy?" Ruth asked; "all bunches?"

Mama laughed. "No, but the little worm is going to sleep a long, long time — a good many days and nights, and weeks, too. We'll let him stay there and watch him."

The little worm kept changing till he looked very funny, Ruth thought; and when she put her finger on him, he was hard.

One day mama went past hurriedly, and her dress hit him. Ruth, who kept him in mind pretty well (she wanted to see him wake up), heard him drop, and ran to pick him up.

"What shall I do now?" she asked.

"Find a little box for him," mama said; and Ruth did so.

She put it on the mantel-shelf, and one day, weeks and weeks afterward, she took it down. The little worm's skin was splitting open. Ruth looked ready to cry.

"Is he dying?" she asked.

"O, no," mama said, "he's only going to change his dress."

How queer! Ruth wondered what sort of dress he would put on.

One evening a day or two after, she sat in grandma's lap before the open fire. The lamp had not been lighted, and only the glow from the firelight mellowed the dusk. Ruth's head lay on grandma's shoulder, and she was watching the queer shadows moving on the ceiling.

Suddenly a pair of little white wings started from the mantel-shelf, and went fluttering over her head. Ruth leaped up, and exclaimed, "O grammie, grammie! he's — that little worm is going to be an angel!"

### A Turning-Point in Jenny's Life

"Up, up, my dear; breakfast will soon be ready. The birds are all up and singing," said Mrs. Miller as she stooped to give Jenny her morning kiss.

"O mama," cried Jenny, merrily, "may I take Rover and go to the woods to pick berries to-day?"

"Well, we'll see about it, dear, after breakfast," answered Mrs. Miller.

"What a quick little girl I have," said Mrs. Miller a few minutes later, when Jenny appeared with her

locks combed, and her face washed ready for breakfast.

"Mama, it seems as if the breakfast is as lovely as the morning," said Jenny, as she eagerly pulled her chair up to the table. "May I go, mama? I want to so much," she asked, as she finished her last dish of sauce.

"Well, I see no reason why you should not, but you must take Rover with you, and he will have to have his breakfast first."

Jenny sprang to the door, and called Rover. She admonished him to eat in a hurry so they could go to the woods, and Rover acted as if he understood, by the manner in which he devoured his food. Meanwhile, Mrs. Miller busied herself in fixing the lunch and getting the berry baskets ready.

"We are all ready, Rover, and good-by, mama," cried Jenny, in one breath. Rover sprang out of the yard with a bound, and Jenny ran along behind him, singing merrily. The bright summer sky and soft, fresh air filled her heart with inexpressible joy.

"O, what a lot of beautiful red berries there are!" exclaimed Jenny when she had reached the woods. "I can easily fill all my baskets."

Jenny worked faithfully all the morning, singing while she was picking. Rover chased around in the woods, after different wild animals, but did not go far from his little mistress.

"My basket is filled at last, and now I will wash my hands in the brook, and enjoy my dinner under one of these shady trees," she thought as she rounded up her basket.

When she opened her lunch, the cake and pie and other delicacies made her mouth water and the capacity in her stomach grow larger. Rover also retired under the tree and lay panting by Jenny's side. Rover fastened his hungry eyes on Jenny, but she did not seem to be conscious of his presence, for all the dinner he got was a few scraps she left.

After resting a few minutes, Jenny continued picking till about five o'clock in the afternoon, when she had filled her other basket.

"Rover, we must go now," she said, as she handed him her dinner pail to carry. The red rays of the setting sun fell beautifully on the landscape, and the cool evening air refreshed her. Suddenly she heard a quick rustle in the weeds near the roadside. Rover immediately dropped the dinner pail, and sprang into the tall weeds. In a few seconds he triumphantly rushed out of the weeds, dragging a long rattlesnake, which he had killed.

"O Rover, what a good dog you are!" instantly exclaimed Jenny. "You have saved my life."

As she stooped down to pat him, the thought of her selfishness flashed into her mind. She put down her baskets, and threw her arms around Rover's neck, and wept.

"You shall certainly have a big supper, Rover," she said, repentantly. Rover appeared to understand all, by the way he wagged his tail. It did not take them long to reach home, and for the whole story to be related.

"O mama," said Jenny, "I never realized before how selfish I am." This weak point in Jenny's character became after this her strong one. E. K.

To realize God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation.—*Fenelon*.



# THE CHILDREN'S COOKING CLASS

CONDUCTED BY D. D. FITCH

## Sticks — Lesson No. 5



**P**ERHAPS this will be considered our most interesting lesson, though possibly you may prefer the one on making strawberry fruit ice.

See that you have a good fire, one that will hold the heat in the oven well. Get your flour, oil, salt, mill, rolling-pin, bowl, pie maker, and a molding-board if you did not find something with a cold surface, as was suggested in our last lesson. To one quart of pastry flour, well sifted, add a little salt; and two tablespoonfuls of oil. With your hands, which, of course, are clean, rub this until there are no lumps; now add enough cold water (about three fourths of a cupful) to make a very stiff dough.

Knead this thoroughly, and then grind it through the mill. Roll it out on the board with the rolling-pin until it is about as thick as your finger. Now comes the fun! With the pie maker, divide the dough into long, narrow strips about as wide as your finger, then with a knife, divide these strips into pieces about three inches long. Move these onto a baking tin; perforated tins are better than solid ones. Bake the sticks until browned and brittle.

Whether served warm or cold, they add to any menu.

### Rolls

To make rolls, take some of this same dough and roll it out about twice as thick as you did for the sticks, and cut it into wide strips with a knife. Then roll these under the palms of the hands until they are round, cut them into desired lengths, and bake.

Next we shall make gems or puffs without baking-powder or soda. We hope you will be as successful in making the batter breads as you have been in making the dough breads. So many people think it is impossible to make light gems without baking-powder that I want you to be able to show them it can be done. "The use of soda or baking-powder in bread making is harmful and unnecessary."—*"Ministry of Healing,"* page 300.

There is one thing more I wish to speak of in this lesson, and that is to lay down a rule that will be more difficult for most of you to follow than any other that I shall give you. It is this, "You should never let a morsel pass your lips between your regular meals." I hope you will learn this lesson if you do nothing else.

### Gems

If you do not have cast-iron gem pans, such as are shown in the illustration, you will not be likely to succeed in making good gems. You will need an oven with the heat just right. You

should have some one of experience regulate it for you, as it is one of the things that you must learn by practise.



IRON GEM PANS

For making gems, a bowl holding about two quarts, with sloping sides, is most practicable. You will also need a batter whip (a Dover egg beater is convenient, but the whip will do), a granite-iron spoon, and a smaller bowl in which to beat the whites of the eggs.

Break an egg, and drop the white into the small dish, and the yolk into the large dish. Add a little salt and one and one-half cups of milk to the yolk; have the gem irons hot, and the oil and swab near by.

With a Dover egg beater, beat the white of the egg until it is very stiff, then give the egg beater a few turns in the milk to remove any of the white that adheres. With the batter whip beat the egg yolk and milk to a froth, and then sift in one and one-half cups of bread flour, beating, *not stirring*, vigorously all the time in such a manner as to incorporate as much air as

possible. After several minutes of this vigorous beating, *fold in carefully* the beaten whites. If convenient, have a spoon which at one dipping will fill level each cup of the irons. It may be easier to pour the batter into a pitcher and then into the oiled irons. Place at once in the oven.

You can vary this recipe to suit your own taste by using Graham or whole-wheat flour, or corn-meal; but better success in each case will follow if one third or one half of white flour is used.

Seeded raisins, chopped dates, or nut meats may be added if desired. Some add sugar, but this is not necessary. The first trial may not prove a success, but by continued efforts you will soon be able to obtain satisfactory results.

Our next lesson will be on yeast bread, so you may be learning what you can on that subject. We give below a few *don't's* in regard to bread making and bread eating:—

Don't try to make good bread from cheap flour.

Don't try to make good bread with poor yeast.

Don't use milk in yeast bread.

Don't serve hot yeast bread.

Don't serve bread that has the least taint of sourness.

Don't use baking-powder or soda in any kind of bread. It is unnecessary.

Don't serve bread that has not been well baked.

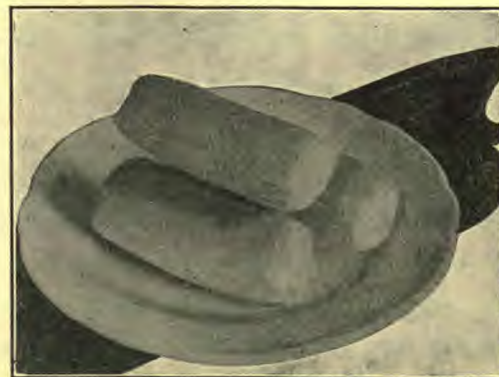
Don't stop trying until you can make good bread.

Don't hope to make good zwieback out of poor bread.

Don't forget that there is religion in a loaf of good bread.



DELICIOUS STICKS



A PLATE OF ROLLS

GEMS should be placed in the oven so as to bake on the top first, and afterwards on the bottom. They are best served hot. They should be broken open, and never cut with a knife, as this makes them heavy.





### A Prayer

KEEP, Lord, thy child in poverty  
If wealth must dim his eyes  
To the beauties of thy pictured earth,  
To the glory of thy skies.

And in thy mercy send defeat  
If victory's fruit must be  
Indifference to his neighbor's need —  
If victory cost him thee!

— C. F. Saunders, in *McClure's Magazine*.

### Why Not Show It?

**M**ANY a young man would give his week's wages to feel his father's arm thrown over his shoulder once in a while, and hear him say, "Well, my boy, how goes it to-day?" O, we are too sparing of our cordialities, too much afraid of being thought demonstrative or gushing. For our part, we had rather people would gush a little than let their love or kind feelings just drip, like icicles under compulsion of a winter sun. How much happier we should all be if we thought more about making others happy! "Let your light shine," says the Scriptures; yes — but also let your heat be felt.—*Christian Herald*.

### When First Called

THE following story is told of a little black boy in East Africa. The teacher in the mission had just explained the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. One of the large boys said he wanted to follow Jesus; and the little boy said the same.

"Have you felt for some time that God has been calling you?" asked the teacher.

"O, no! it is only to-day; but I listened right off when he called," was the sincere answer.

How many of us "listened right off"?—*World Wide Missions*.

### Be Greater Than Your Position

A DISTINGUISHED theological professor once said: "If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make himself as big a man on the inside as possible."

Young men too often want to be big men on the outside; to occupy positions which would fit them as a turtle's shell would fit a clam.

Never mind your position, young man. Whatever it may be, try to fill it. The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial, but because it is a small position is no reason why you should be a small man. You may be big inside, you know, if you are small outside.

The young man who applies himself in internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power he possesses. At any rate, better be a big man in a small place than the opposite. A pinch of powder in a small cartridge can make a good deal of noise, and drive a bullet a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?—*Success*.

### Juggling With Honor

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was a Western ranchman, one of his cowboys once roped and triumphantly branded a maverick that had strayed in from a neighbor's range. Roosevelt dismissed the young man on the spot, with the brief explanation: "If you would steal for me, you would steal from me."

That cowboy learned then and there what an honest man thought of meanness. There can be no dignity in a life that juggles with honor, or in a life that is continually evading truth. It is, moreover, a poorly paying business, for it takes time and effort, and the odds are all against success.—*The Wellspring*.

### A Morning Prayer

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.*

### The Christian View

AN old colored "mammy," when asked about her rheumatism, gave an answer from which many of us might well learn a lesson. She said:—

"Rheumatiz! Well, dar; I dun forget all about habin' it, fer yer see, honey, I has so many blessings to tink

about dat I don't git time to tink about little troubles. I has enough twinges from de rheumatiz to remind me dat I is not yet in de promised land, but grace enough to keep me from totin' out a ting like dat, when I's got my soul full ob de love of God. Some folks enjoys bein' miserable, an' so trots out dere aches an' pains an' troubles, as dough dey was de greatest tings in de world. No, no, honey dear, what for should I hand yer a weed, when I can gib yer a rose, or a cloud instead ob a sunbeam, or talk to yer about rheumatiz when I can tell yer about love? I's all right."

### Gladness

If you have a word of cheer,  
Speak it where the sad may hear.  
Can you coin a thought of light?  
Give it wings, and speed its flight.  
Do you know a lilting song?  
Pass the roundelay along.  
Scatter gladness, joy, and mirth  
All along the ways of earth.

— A. M. Worden.

"Just in the measure in which we learn to live for spiritual and unseen things, do we find contentment amid earth's trials and losses."





M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

## Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

### XXXIII—The Christian Church; Its Organization, Work, and Power

NOTE FOR LEADERS.—The paper for next week will contain the Reading Course program for the society meeting. One number will be a short paper on "Why We Should Take One of the Reading Courses," to be prepared by a member in your society. Make the assignment at once, that the person may have ample time to prepare a good paper.

SYNOPSIS.—The church is the collective body of believers in Christ, of which he is the head. It is organized for the building up of its members in the divine life, and the preaching of the gospel in all the world. These things can not be accomplished without organization. Governments, therefore, are among the gifts of the Spirit, and should be respected by all. The church is a self-governing body under the leadership of Christ, and when it proceeds in the proper way, its actions are confirmed in heaven. The most difficult questions of doctrine or policy should be settled by the general church council. The church chooses its officers and ordains and sends out ministers to preach the gospel, and it is its duty to look carefully to their teaching and conduct, and to recall any who do not properly represent the Lord's work. The details of church organization should be worked out to meet the conditions of the place and time. God would have a pure church, with which he can quickly finish his work.

#### Questions

1. What is the church? Eph. 1:22, 23; 1 Cor. 12:12, 27.
2. Who is the head and guardian of the church? Col. 1:18; Eph. 5:24, 25.
3. What is one great purpose of the organization of the church? Eph. 4:12; Acts 20:28; 1 Tim. 3:15.
4. What work is committed to the church? John 17:18; Matt. 28:19, 20; Mark 13:34.
5. How only can these objects be accomplished? 1 Cor. 14:33, 40.
6. What gift of the Spirit is mentioned that pertains to the order and organization of the church? 1 Cor. 12:28.
7. What should be the attitude of the members toward those whose duty it is to administer the affairs of the church? Heb. 13:7, 17; 1 Tim. 5:1, 17.
8. What is the controlling power in the church, and how may it be exercised? Matt. 18:17.
9. When the church proceeds according to God's directions, how are its decisions confirmed? Matt. 18:18; 16:19.
10. When difficult questions arise that can not be settled in or between the local organization, what should be done? Acts 15:2, 22, 23.
11. How are men chosen to preach the gospel? Gal. 2:9; Acts 13:1-3.
12. How is the government of the local church provided for? Acts 14:23.
13. What other officer is mentioned? 1 Tim. 3:10.
14. What is the duty of the church with regard

to the teaching of its leaders? Titus 3:10, 11; 2 John 9-11.

15. What apostolic example is given of adapting the organization to meet the conditions? Acts 6:1-4.

16. When the church follows the instruction of the Lord, what will result? Eph. 5:26-28; Matt. 24:14.

#### Notes

1. The church of God on earth is that part of the family of God which is on earth, those who have accepted the gospel. The local organization is spoken of as a church (1 Cor. 1:2); and all these together are spoken of as the church of God. Gal. 1:13.

5. "There is order in heaven. There was order in the church when Christ was upon the earth, and after his departure order was strictly observed among his apostles. And now in these last days, while God is bringing his children into the unity of the faith, there is more real need of order than ever before; for, as God unites his children, Satan and his evil angels are very busy to prevent this unity and to destroy it."—*Early Writings*, tenth edition, page 97.

8. It is very evident that the church as a whole manages its affairs under the instruction of the Lord through his appointed agencies.

10. "This was an important question, and one which affected the church in a very great degree. . . . The matter resulted in much discussion and want of harmony in the church, until finally the church at Antioch, apprehending that a division among them would occur from any further discussion of the question, decided to send Paul and Barnabas, together with some responsible men of Antioch, to Jerusalem, and lay the matter before the apostles and elders. There they were to meet delegates from the different churches, and those who had come to attend the approaching annual festivals. Meanwhile all controversy was to cease, until a final decision should be made by the responsible men of the church. This decision was then to be universally accepted by the various churches throughout the country."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, page 369.

11. "These apostles were therefore dedicated to God in a most solemn manner by fasting and prayer and the laying on of hands; and they were sent forth to their field of labor among the Gentiles.

"Both Paul and Barnabas had been laboring as ministers of Christ, and God had abundantly blessed their efforts; but neither of them had previously been formally ordained to the gospel ministry by prayer and the laying on of hands. They were now authorized by the church, not only to teach the truth, but to baptize, and to organize churches, being invested with full ecclesiastical authority."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, pages 347, 348.

12. "Churches were duly organized in the places before mentioned, elders appointed in each church, and the proper order and system established there."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, page 368.

14. "I saw that the church should feel their responsibility, and should look carefully and attentively at the lives, qualifications, and general course of those who profess to be teachers. If unmistakable evidence is not given that God has called them, and that the 'woe' is upon them if they heed not this call, it is the duty of the church to act, and let it be known that these persons are not acknowledged as teachers by the church. This is the only course the church can take in order to be clear in this matter; for the burden lies upon them."—*Early Writings*, tenth edition, page 100.

#### Reading Course Honor Roll

##### Names of Those Who Have Recently Finished One of the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Marie Kloss, Minnesota.	Raymond Deihl, Kansas.
Margaret Holden, Western Oregon.	Evaline Hayden, Kansas.
W. Everett Burden, Western Oregon.	Miss Elma Ulm, Kansas.
Lillian M. Peterson, Wisconsin.	Miss Ida Hayden, Kansas.
Miss Moyle Johnson, Wisconsin.	Miss Lola May Brown, Kansas.
Miss Clara Standish, Southern New England.	Miss Susie Maxted, Kansas.
Miss Gertrude Hutchinson, Central New England.	Everett Wren, Kansas.
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	Miss Jessie Pride, Kansas.
	Miss Mattie Hayman, Kansas.
	Miss Eva Wheeler, Kansas.
	Miss Frances Dingee, Western Pennsylvania.





## XI—The Vine and the Branches

(September 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." John 15:4.

### The Lesson Story

1. As Jesus walked toward the mount of Olives in the bright light of the passover moon, he again began to teach his disciples, saying, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." The priests and Pharisees tried to destroy this Vine, and they abused and trampled on it till they thought they had killed it. But the heavenly Husbandman watched over it, and its branches still bear fruit, and other branches may be grafted into it.

2. "Abide in me, and I in you," continued Jesus. A branch cut away from the vine soon withers and dies. It must remain connected with the parent stock night and day, and must receive sap and nourishment every moment. A branch can bear no fruit unless it is thus connected with the vine. So the Christian must abide in Jesus. "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." Without Jesus we can not overcome even one sin or temptation.

3. "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." When we come by faith to Jesus for strength and help, the fruit of the Spirit will be seen in our daily life. This fruit is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." We partake of the strength and life of the true Vine by faith and through the study of the Bible, and through prayer. Like the disciples, we become clean through the word Jesus speaks unto us.

4. "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." When the vine-dresser sees his vines bearing but few grapes, he cuts away the useless wood, and trims the vines closely that they may bear more fruit. Our Heavenly Father does the same with the branches of his Vine. He takes from his children the things they should not have, thus leading them to think more of heavenly things that they may bear fruit to his glory. We admire trees and vines loaded with fruit, and the Saviour said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

5. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." It is not enough to profess to be a Christian, to be connected with the true Vine. It is what we do that shows whether we are living, fruit-bearing branches, or whether we are dead in sin. It means much to abide in Jesus, to bring him into our work and play, and into all we do or say. "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

6. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." It is through his Word that Christ abides in us. As we receive and believe the words of Jesus, we receive life from him as the branch from the vine. We live "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." We will live as he lived, and bear the fruit that he bore. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you."

7. "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," said Jesus; "continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

8. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." "And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning."

9. Jesus knew his disciples would not have an easy time, but he said: "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also. But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me. If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloak for their sin. He that hateth me hateth my Father also. If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father. But this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated me without a cause."

### Questions

1. Toward what place did Jesus and the disciples go after leaving the upper room? What did the Saviour begin to do? What did he say of himself? What of his Father? How had the priests and Pharisees treated the heavenly Vine? What did they finally think they had done? Did they succeed? What does Jesus say of this experience? Rev. 1:18. What may be said of the branches of the Vine?

2. Where did Jesus tell his followers to abide? What is the result when a branch is severed from the vine? How long must it abide in it to live? What does the vine do for its branches? When does a branch bear no fruit? What lesson was taught by this?

3. Who are the branches of the heavenly Vine? Which of them bear much fruit? How much can we do without Jesus? Acts 17:28. What fruit do we bear when we abide in him? How do we receive life from him? How are we cleansed from sin?



4. What is done to branches that bear some fruit? How does our Heavenly Father treat them that they may bear more? What trees and vines do we admire most? By what are we known as to whether we are true disciples or not?

5. What is done with branches that bear no fruit? What did Jesus mean by this? How may we know whether we are dead or living branches? What is meant by abiding in Jesus? What will finally be done with the dead branches?

6. What promise is left for those who abide in the Lord? In what way does he abide in us? By what do we live? In what will we be like him? For what have we been chosen and ordained?

7. How much has Christ loved us? What should we do to abide in his love? In what way did Jesus give us an example in this? Why did he speak these things to the disciples? What command did he leave us?

8. How can one show the greatest love for his friends? In what way may we become friends of Jesus? Why does he not call us servants? What does he call us? What is the difference between a servant and a friend? What does Jesus wish his friends to do? Why? In what way can we witness for him?

9. What words of comfort did Jesus speak to his disciples? Why do worldly people not love the friends of Jesus? What does he tell us to remember? Why did those to whom Jesus spoke have no cloak for their sin? Why did they hate him? What scripture was thus fulfilled?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XI — The Vine and the Branches

(September 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 15.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 73; *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACE: On the way from the upper chamber at Jerusalem to the garden of Gethsemane.

PERSONS: Jesus and the eleven.

TIME: The night preceding the crucifixion day.

MEMORY VERSE: John 15:4.

#### Questions

1. To what did Jesus liken himself? What position does his Father occupy? John 15:1; note 1.

2. What would be done with every unfruitful branch? With every fruitful one? Verse 2; Rev. 3:19.

3. How are God's children made clean? What one imperative condition of true discipleship did Jesus set forth? What are the results of not abiding in the Vine? John 15:3-7; note 2.

4. How can we best glorify the Father? Verse 8. Compare with Gal. 5:22-26.

5. By what words does Jesus seek to show the depth of his love for us? How only can the disciple abide in Christ's love? John 15:9, 10.

6. Why did he tell his disciples these things? Repeat the new commandment. Verses 11, 12; note 3.

7. What is the greatest pledge a person can give

of his love for another? How do we become friends of Jesus? Explain the difference between being a servant and a friend. Verses 13-15.

8. Of what did he remind the eleven? What had he ordained them to do? What did he say of the fruit of his labor? Verse 16. Compare with Mark 3:13-15.

9. What command did he repeat? What would be the attitude of the world toward them? How did he seek to encourage them? John 15:17-21.

10. How had the Jews been made responsible in a special sense for their treatment of Jesus and the truth taught them? Verses 22, 24. See also John 9:39-41.

11. What is involved in hating Jesus? What scripture had the Jews fulfilled? John 15:23, 25.

12. What further testimony did he say was to be given concerning his work? What important work should also devolve upon the eleven? John 15:26, 27.

#### Notes

1. "The Jews had always regarded the vine as the most noble of plants, and a type of all that was powerful, excellent, and fruitful." "Jesus and the disciples were on the way to Gethsemane. . . . The moon is shining bright, and reveals to him a flourishing grape-vine. Drawing the attention of the disciples to it, he employs it as a symbol."—"Desire of Ages," pages 674, 675. Isa. 5:1-7.

"What a beautiful and appropriate type does the vine afford of the mystical body of Christ." "Christ is not the trunk, nor the branches, but the whole vine; they are members of his body, of his flesh, of his bones. Col. 2:17, 19."—*Peloubet's Notes*.

2. "'He taketh away.' Because their presence injures the other branches; and their remaining is of no benefit to themselves. As long as there is hope of their bearing fruit, they are permitted to remain, and are pruned and cared for. (See Luke 13:6-9.) If this is of no avail, they are taken away, by the natural withering away of those who draw no nourishment from the true vine. They lose their interest, and practically sever their connection with Christ and his church."—*Peloubet's Notes*. 1 John 2:19; Jude 12.

3. "'That my joy.' The same kind of joy that I have, and to be obtained in the same way. This joy is (1) the joy of a free activity in doing right, like the joy of motion in health, like the song of a bird in the morning; (2) the joy of entire consecration and submission to God; (3) the joy of doing good, of self-denial for others; (4) the joy of perfect faith in a wise and loving God, committing everything to his care; (5) joy in the conscious love of God to us, communion and friendship with him; (6) the joy of loving others; (7) the joy of seeing others saved; (8) the joy of victory; (9) in the end, outward delights and pleasures to correspond with the inward joy."—*Peloubet's Notes*.

#### To Help in Time of Temptation

God is better served in resisting temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.—*William Penn*.

Learn to say No; it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them we shall find a nest of honey within them.—*John Bunyan*.

#### Lost His Situation

It is related of Billy Bray, the Cornish evangelist, that on one occasion Satan came to tempt him to stay at home, sit at his ease, and take a good rest on Sunday. The devil approached Billy Bray in a most unexpected, and even innocent way. Said the devil to Billy: "You have worked hard all the week, Billy, and you need one day's rest in seven, and here you are walking twenty miles and preaching three times on Sunday! You ought to rest, Billy!"

Turning to his wily adviser, Billy said: "Thee is a pretty feller to give a man advice. Thee had a good situation theeself, and thee lost it; and thee wants me to lose mine, too, does thee?"—*The Expositor*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## The Common Lot

THY woe is but a single leaf  
In the green garland of eternal grief.  
—Herman Hagedorn.

## A Successful Week's Work

NINETY-ONE dollars' worth of orders in a single week does well for a young girl, don't you think? That is what a South Lancaster student has done. Why should any young person of ambition and courage be debarred the privilege of an education when the opportunity for earning one's own way is so plain and unmistakable? One merely needs an earnest purpose to give direction to one's efforts.

## Practical Suggestions From "Special Testimonies to the Church"

COLD, philosophical speculations, and scientific research in which God is not acknowledged, are a positive injury.

We need young men and women who have a high intellectual culture, in order that they may do the best work for the Lord.

In urging our way upward, heavenward, every faculty must be kept in the most healthy condition, to do the most faithful service.

Let every one resist the temptation to use wine, tobacco, flesh-meats, tea, or coffee. Experience has demonstrated that far better work can be accomplished without these harmful things.

Instead of drinking copiously of the streams of salvation, so freely offered through the influence of the Holy Spirit, you turned to common sewers, and tried to satisfy your soul-thirst with the polluted waters of human science. The result has been parched hearts in the school and in the church.

The approval of God rests with loving assurance upon the children who cheerfully take their part in the duties of domestic life, sharing the burdens of father and mother. They will be rewarded with health of body and peace of mind; and they will enjoy the pleasure of seeing their parents take their share of social enjoyment and healthful recreation, thus prolonging their lives. Children trained to practical duties of life, will go out from the home to be useful members of society. Their education is far superior to

that gained by close confinement in the schoolroom at an early age, when neither the mind nor the body is strong enough to endure the strain.

No trace of luxury, ease, selfish gratification, or indulgence was brought into his [Christ's] life, which was a continual round of self-denial, and self-sacrifice. In accordance with his humble birth, he had apparently no greatness or riches, in order that the humblest believer need not say that Christ never knew the stress of pinching poverty.

Teachers are to do more for students than to impart a knowledge of books. Their position as guide and instructor of youth is most responsible; for to them is given the work of molding mind and character. Those who undertake this work should possess well-balanced, symmetrical characters. They should be refined in manner, neat in dress, careful in all their habits; and they should have that true Christian courtesy that wins confidence and respect. The teacher should be himself what he wishes his students to become.

## Moving-Picture Shows

A RECENT investigation of moving-picture shows in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, revealed the following facts: Of 290 films examined, 40 per cent were unfit for children to see; 13.4 per cent represented robbery; 13.1 per cent, murder; 8.2 per cent, indecent suggestions; and 5.8 per cent domestic infidelity. Others represented suicide, kidnapping, and loose ideals of marriage. It was also found that more than one fifth of the evening audiences was under eighteen years of age.

These conditions in Cleveland are not exceptional, but may be considered fairly typical of conditions in other cities. The influence of suggestion is generally recognized and acknowledged, and information gathered from police-court records, reveals the moving-picture shows as schools of crime that require immediate attention at the hands of the proper authorities. Almost daily there is brought before the children's court in New York for a violation of the law, some juvenile prisoner whose act was inspired by moving pictures.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

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