

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

September 6, 1910

No. 36

## Try Again!

If at first you do succeed,  
Try again!  
Life is more than just one deed;  
Try again!  
Never stop with what you've done,  
More remains than you have won,  
Full content's vouchsafed to none;  
Try again!

If you've won on lower plane,  
Try again!  
Life is more than one campaign;  
Try again!  
Send your gridirons to the fore,  
Strive to seize one standard more,  
Still ungained are palms galore;  
Try again!

If at first you do succeed,  
Try again!  
For future harvest sow the seed;  
Try again!  
Rise with sacred discontent;  
Realize that life is lent  
On highest searches to be spent;  
Try again!

—Driftwood.





MRS. ELLEN G. FOSTER, a prominent lawyer in the city of Washington, and a notable worker in the W. C. T. U. organization, died on the eleventh of August.

TOKYO, Japan, has been visited by floods, which have made hundreds of thousands of people homeless, and destroyed thousands of others. The government made heroic efforts to provide shelter and food for the suffering hordes of men, women, and children.

A CANAL is to be built across the narrowest portion of Scotland, connecting the Firth of Forth with the Firth of Clyde. It will be one hundred forty-eight feet wide at the bottom, so as to accommodate the largest battle-ships. The new route would save three hundred miles from London to Glasgow alone, and would on many steamer routes save one or two days.

STAUNTON, Virginia, about the middle of August, was much alarmed over several cave-ins that occurred in one section of the town. Three houses disappeared into gaping holes, and several others are endangered. Among these are the post-office, a church, and large school building. The explanation given for the strange phenomenon is that water has been dissolving the limestone rocks underneath that section of the city.

"A CHRISTIAN can not help others where his own footing is uncertain. He can not lead others to abide in Christ if he himself abides partly in the world. He can not speak convincingly of joy and peace unless he has them steadily in his own soul. He can have power and value only by following Christ closely himself."

A BAND of vaudeville actors in Pennsylvania was recently tarred and feathered by a company of farmers, who, while in attendance at one of the performances, were incensed at the questionable language used by the actors. The majority of the farmers led their lady friends out of the building, and then returned with the necessary material for impressing the actors more strongly with the fact that they demanded clean shows.

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Full Page  
Illustration from  
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By Arthur W. Spaulding

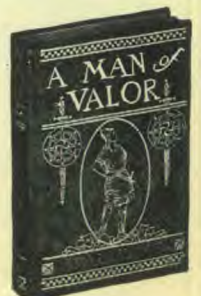
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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

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No. 36

## The Evolution of Expressed Thought

F. W. FITZPATRICK

IN writing to a friend, did you ever stop to think how wonderful it is that you can thus convey to your friend the duplication of your thoughts, the innermost workings of your mind? Probably you have not.



THE CAIRN



ORAL TRADITION

Familiarity with wondrous things breeds a species of contempt for them. We accept writing and printing, travel by rapid train or in an automobile or balloon, the sending of wireless messages, all these things as mere matters of course, and marvel not. With writing it is much as with all the other inventions that have been carried to a high degree of perfection and simplicity. We are so far from the clumsy beginnings of the thing, we are so very familiar with it only in its perfected form, that few of us ever bother our minds as to how it came about or the steps through which it has progressed to its present perfected state. Had it not been for writing, "speaking signs" in some form or other and of however rude a character, what would we know to-day of what took place yesterday or a hundred or a thousand years ago? Yet less than a century ago it was still impossible to write the correct history of those signs, the forerunners, or the forebears, of our modern writing; but researchers into archeology, and learned philologists have delved into the antiquities of Egypt, of the Orient, of Mexico, and the older civilizations, and have been able to decipher the meanings of the signs and writings they found, and have done it so well that to-day we have positive information where even but a few years ago all was conjecture. The findings of these men makes interesting reading.

In the earliest times, man sought to leave behind him or to communicate to his fellows his thoughts or a simple record of what he had done. To accomplish this he had recourse to the most elementary means, fit only to give the slightest idea of the fact he wished to state. He associated the idea with the physical objects made or observed by him. Later on, as he grew wiser, he discovered a mnemonical aid to his own remembrance of what he had done or to the perpetuation of that information to others in the shape of fashioning out of natural objects, boulders, tree limbs, etc., rude representations of this or that. Later still he began to draw rough outlines of animals or men, with

dried clay, upon the smooth surfaces of rocks. Then he discovered several pigments, and filled in solidly with color between those outlines he had learned to draw.

The artist Alexander beautifully illustrates this process of evolution of the art of writing, or, as he shows it, printing, in his masterly series of paintings in the lobby of the Library of Congress at Washington. In one panel he depicts a lot of primitive men building up a heap of stones by the seaside, a "cairn" to mark one stage in the journey of that tribe. In the next panel is shown an Arabian story-teller declaiming to his people "tradition." Following these panels is one wherein an Egyptian workman is cutting hieroglyphics over a portal to a temple; then follows an American Indian "picture-writing," or telling the story of his people's wars by depicting warriors, horses, and arrows in distemper color upon the crudely dressed skin of a deer. Next is a monk in his cloister cell, patiently toiling away at illuminating a manuscript, telling



HIEROGLYPHICS



THE PICTOGRAPH

ing us the story of the Middle Ages; and then comes Gutenberg and his assistants at work about his printing-press, the most useful invention of all times.

But, to get back to our great-grandfathers' forefathers. From drawing upon smooth surfaces, it was but a step to incising similar pictures with a sharp instrument upon trees, or even engraving them upon rocks. Some primitive tribes, however, had the draftsman's bump so little developed that they never got to the picture stage, but were content with certain rudimentary combinations of straight and oblique lines, that meant something to themselves, and that it has taken us an age and many sulphurous exclamations to decipher. They traced these lines upon skins and



THE MANUSCRIPT



THE PRINTING-PRESS

upon dried leaves, and did get far enough along to cut them into trees and rocks. Others used bits of grass-woven string, knotted here and there to mean certain things. The fellow who ties a knot in his handkerchief to remember something he has to do during the day, is but reverting to the expedients of his ancient tribal forebears.

Chinese tradition has it that this knotting of strings and also the cutting of little twigs to varying lengths originated in Hoangho, and, as a matter of fact, the



more or less barbarous tribes, the Miaos and others of southwestern China, still use those modes of communication. In Peru, under the Incas, knotted strings of different lengths and colors were the mediums of a really high order of "speaking-signs," in which much subtlety of expression was possible.

One of the sacred books of China, the *y-King*, describes a lot of mysterious signs invented by their famed king, Fou-hi, that were nothing more than representations of knotted strings affixed to twigs that in turn were notched. These notched sticks, *khi-mous*, were used by the Tartar chiefs in transmitting their orders until the introduction of the *ouigour* alphabet of Syrian origin. When the Germanic peoples first became acquainted with the Latin letters, they called them *buchstaben*, associating them in their minds with the notched sticks of their ancestors. And the Scandinavians still have their *bak-stafin*, or divining-rods, undoubtedly traceable back to the same origin.

Our North American Indians intercommunicated, and recorded events, by means of as rudely drawn picture-signs as we were guilty of in our early childhood, before we graduated into the colored pencils and ground-glass stage of our existence. Yet they managed to convey much information by those selfsame rough pictures, their history, their mythologies, their medicine prescriptions, and a host of other matters. The farther south you trace these Indians, the higher cultivation do you find, and the nearer approach to refinement of expression as well as of execution in their pictures. When Cortez first penetrated into Mexico in 1519, he found that the people had carried their picture language to such perfection that it was indeed an art. In this ideographic painting, they used the same tropes and figures of thought as we do in speech, metaphor, metonymy, and synecdoche. In that they resembled the Egyptians; could they have been of common origin? Both peoples used a part to represent a whole, or even an entire class. For instance, did they wish to convey the idea of retreat, they merely drew a lance or an arrow and a pair of human legs running from the lance. That was as clear to them and to our scientists to-day as if they had drawn two full bands of warriors, one fleeing from the other. Certainly it involved much less work, a sort of Pitman stenographic system, that gives us an arm brandishing a sort of hatchet against another arm protected by a shield as signs to show that such a man successfully withstood the attack of such another. This manner of abbreviation must not be confounded, however, with the Chinese *hoei-i* signs or combinations. The two systems are radically different. With the Chinese it was merely a qualification, a sort of constant adjective formation. With them a bird and a human mouth pictured together meant to sing; an eye in water, tears; an ear between two flaps of a screen door, to listen, etc.

With the more cultivated nations, this picture language soon grew into a veritable science, too involved and subtle for the ordinary mortal; it became the mode of communication between the official and the priestly classes, and its deciphering to-day involves the greatest research into, and most intimate familiarity with, their ways and ideas. Unless you know that they thought the vulture bred from the female alone, how could you surmise that that bird was the Egyptian symbol of maternity? Or that the goose stood for filial devotion, if you had not learned that the Nile goose was supposed to care for the parent bird until the lat-

ter finally shuffled off into the green lotus fields of goose heaven?

This picture painting and engraving was not only done upon smooth rocks and tree trunks, but was used architecturally to decorate the portals of the temples; in fact, whole fronts of buildings were so covered, and became lasting inscriptions; aye, complete histories of the times and the people. But these were immovable books, so to speak. A demand arose for something that could be carried away if the people were attacked, or that could be moved if they found a more fertile country; some durable record, but one that could be transported more easily than could a temple or a tree. So they took to drawing their figures upon dried skins, broad palm leaves, and rudely woven stuffs. Some enthusiasts, notably the Polynesians, used their own skin for that purpose. That, possibly, was the beginning of tattooing. Upon those stalwart islanders you could read the story of their lives, their feats of valor, their exploits, even the record of their obligations and debts. We still brand our cattle with certain signs that set them apart as ours; our sailormen still tattoo certain signs of their trade upon their chests and arms, and it was not so many centuries ago that our fathers branded criminals with a letter that stood for the crime of which they were found guilty. Some one has said that it takes a thousand generations to completely eradicate all trace of a custom!

Soon these peoples, as conditions changed and civilization progressed, wrote or made signs and figures more and more frequently, until by dint of freedom in drawing, practises, and much abbreviation, they reduced their different series of figures to merest signs, a system almost tachygraphic, and to us, at this late date, bearing little resemblance to the forms they are supposed to represent. They grow more and more cursive. Witness the hieratic writing upon some of the older papyri. This again was improved upon, and all semblance to the old forms is lost in the writings we find that were executed under the later Pharaohs and Ptolemies, demotic writing.

In China these picture-signs were even more conventionalized than among the Egyptians or Mexicans. They became mere up and down strokes, with a few side ones thrown in to keep peace in the family. The writing ceased to be figurative to become purely semeiographic or formations representing clusters of ideas or ideograms. And thence grew the cuneiform writing, each sign bearing no longer any semblance to a picture, but having a defined value mnemonically, and many of them even phonetically.

We are passing from one system to another,—half an hour to cover all of them! Do you want an idea of the time taken for the evolution of picture writing? From the time we know some peoples were using it —there is every reason to suppose, too, that others used it centuries before that—to the period we have just glanced at, when it began to be cumbersome and grew into cuneiform and other conventional lines, over fifteen centuries had elapsed.

Our scholars have deciphered nearly all of these forms, excepting only the Hittite inscriptions and the *katoun* signs upon some of the Yucatan monuments that still remain closed books to them and, needless to add, spurs to redoubled efforts toward getting at their true meaning.

(To be concluded)



### Florence Nightingale Dead

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the heroine of the Crimean War, and the founder of the modern system of army field-hospitals, died on the fourteenth of August, in her ninety-first year. She was never married, having devoted her life to the cause of saving life and diminishing suffering in times of war and pestilence, and to the general improvement of hospital service at all times and everywhere.

It was long before the day of the active suffragette, and in the midst of the very time when it was considered bad form for a woman to stir out of her limited sphere, that Florence Nightingale accomplished the work that made her name great and enduring. She had not alone the sickness at Scutari and the cholera at Balaklava to fight with; there was the prejudice against a woman engaging in a nursing campaign.

But Florence Nightingale, having once earned her place, never lost it. An invalid, as she was, from the effects of her hard work, and cholera, too, she retired early from the public view, and in the shelter of her chosen niche seemed even more heroic than before.

She was born in Florence, Italy, but was the daughter of an English gentleman. The family soon returned home to Lea Hurst, the Nightingale place in England, and here the young woman grew up. Her father had many medical books in his extensive library, and these she read and studied, obtaining an unusual sort of education. It is recorded of her that before she was seventeen, "she was skilled in science, the classics, and mathematics; had a wide acquaintance with standard literature, was a fair artist, a clever musician, and an excellent linguist, speaking French, German, and Italian."

When she was eighteen, she was taken to London to be presented at court. She met Elizabeth Fry, the reformer, who had done much for the betterment of conditions in English prisons. It was by talking to this woman that Miss Nightingale was first attracted to the idea of hospital work. She spent nine years visiting the continental cities, and studying their nursing sisterhoods. In 1851 she enrolled herself as a voluntary nurse in the training-home at Kaiserswerth, in Germany. Later she studied in a Paris hospital, but her health broke, and she returned home to Lea Hurst.

The Crimean War started, and it soon became known in England that the enemy was nowhere nearly so dangerous to the British troops as were the conditions of the camps and the hospitals in which the sick were put.

Sir Sidney Herbert, at the head of the war department, said it was a woman's task that had to be undertaken at the Crimea. In 1854 she left with a party of thirty-four nurses to take up the work.

The surgeons and officers at first fought her every effort; but she had the most lion-hearted courage, and fought back. By dint of her perseverance, and the real and great good that every day made it clearer she was accomplishing, she won them all over.

When once the luck turned in her favor, the British people could not do enough to show how they de-

lighted to honor her. The reception on her return would have been great and ostentatious had not the woman, who heartily disliked public show, managed to come back at a time when she was not expected, and under an assumed name. But the British people raised a fund of two hundred fifty thousand dollars, which was given to her. This she accepted, not for herself, but to apply to a school for nurses which she established in London.

She superintended the training-school for many years, but she retired in the eighties to take the rest that she had earned. Her life at her place in Derbyshire was quiet, but not uneventful. She had visitors of the most distinguished sort, and all kinds of persons made pilgrimages there to talk to her. Americans, particularly, liked to visit her because the suggestions and advice she gave to the nurses during the Civil War were highly appreciated.

In 1907 she was gazetted as the recipient of the Order of Merit for British subjects who have won conspicuous distinction in the naval or military service, or in letters, art, or science.

She is supposed to have been the first woman to be so honored. The next year she was given the freedom of the city of London, a rather long-deferred honor. The only other woman who ever received the freedom of the city was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She was also one of the Order of the Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem.

Only recently, on the occasion of her ninetieth birthday, King George sent her a message of congratulation. Her friends had not told her of the death of King Edward, fearing that the intelligence would be too much of a shock to her. King George's messages were read to her as coming from "the king."—*Washington Herald*.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

### The Sage-Hen

THE sage-hen, or the sage-turkey, is a fowl well known in the Northwestern States. It takes its name from the sage-brush, so plentiful in that country. Its color is very much the same as that of the sage-brush, so much so that it is difficult to detect the birds until one is upon them, or until they go into the open, which they seldom do. Their color is a great protection to them, otherwise they would be killed ruthlessly by hunters, since they are considered a great table delicacy.

They gain their food by picking the many bugs and worms from the bush. They need but little water, and go without any much of the time.

The sage-turkey bears a strange resemblance to a domestic turkey as it slowly walks along, with a dignified air, holding its head high above its body. It seldom flies, unless pursued. The young are brown and white spotted, with feathered legs, which resemble stocking legs. They are interesting and delicate. Their mother's call resembles that of a quail more than any other bird I know, and the little things answer her in the same way, only softer and lower.

An old legend is, "The sage-hen flies with the snow," that is, she disappears when the shooting season comes.

H. P. DOWNS.





# THE HOME CIRCLE



Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourteous.—Mrs. E. G. White.

## Woman's Province

"A MAN may build a mansion,  
And furnish it throughout;  
A man can build a palace,  
With lofty walls and stout;  
A man can build a temple,  
With high and spacious dome,  
But no man in the world can build  
That precious thing called home.

"It is the happy faculty  
Of woman, far and wide,  
To turn a cot or palace  
Into something else beside—  
Where brothers, sons, and husbands, tired,  
With willing footsteps come—  
A place of rest, where love abounds,  
A perfect kingdom—home."

## A Hint for Older Sisters

**N**OW, Flossy, be good, and sit perfectly quiet." Flossy's sister Avery did not realize how difficult a thing she had asked of the small girl with the crown of soft yellow hair. Sitting still is possible, and so is being good, but the two in combination present almost insurmountable difficulties.

The older sister who calls on restless Bobby or Charlie to sit down in the corner and be a good little boy, betrays an ignorance of human nature which does her no credit. There never yet was an active, eager little lad capable of such a feat. Bobby may be made to sit still if a policeman mounts guard over him, but if you want him to be good, give him something to do.

A tactful older sister solved the problem not long ago when her mother's sudden indisposition left her with the housework on her hands, and, in addition, the responsibility of a diminutive brother and sister. This girl did not ask them to sit down and be good. She was too sensible to demand impossibilities of four years and six. And yet it was important that the children should be good and quiet, leaving her free to do her work, and leaving the sick mother undisturbed. She brought down the button bag and summoned to her side the restless pair.

"Now, I want these buttons picked over very carefully," she said. "I want all the buttons that are alike to be put together. When you are sure that you have all the buttons of any particular kind, you may string them together with linen thread, and tie the ends of the thread."

That occupation lasted till it was time for the naps. The flaxen head and the golden one were close together throughout the exciting process of matching the buttons. Little piles of buttons fringed the hearth-rug. One or two odd specimens were the occasion of a great deal of anxious discussion. And the absorbed babies were both good and quiet, but because the right sort of occupation had been found for them.

Even the small boys and girls who are dressed up for a visit, and who can not be allowed to play for fear of marring their immaculate appearance, can be given something to occupy them. Sometimes they are wise enough to discover an occupation for themselves. "There are six hundred thirty rosebuds on the wall-paper in this room," announced a small boy who had

been sitting with his hands on his knees, waiting for the hour when he should start. Knowing the dangers of idleness, he had occupied himself by counting the flowers on the rather elaborate pattern of wall-paper. It is not often that the little folks are capable of such foresight and wisdom, but the older sister should be capable of both. If you want the younger children to be good, give them something to occupy their active fingers and restless minds.—*Girls' Companion*.

## When Mother Overslept

A TIRED mother overslept one morning. Just how she happened to do it no one could explain; for, as a rule, mothers are the last persons to oversleep. But on this particular morning, the girls were half dressed before they discovered that there was no stir in the room occupied by mother and the baby.

Nell was starting down the hall to rouse the sleeper when Edith caught her arm. "Suppose we let her sleep. She must be dreadfully tired."

"But there's all the work to be done," objected Nell, opening her eyes.

"It's a holiday. We can do it ourselves."

Immediately a hush descended on the household. The girls went about on tiptoe. Father was taken into the secret, and approved. They ate their breakfast, chatting in subdued voices, and exchanging anxious glances when the coffee-cups rattled, or a spoon dropped.

The plot thickened. Now they were ambitious not only to let mother sleep, but to get as much of the day's work as possible out of the way before she should awake. Softly, as if shod in velvet, the deft maids stole from room to room, with broom and dusting cloth. And as one room after another took on its morning air of freshness and order, the conspirators exchanged looks eloquent with satisfaction.

The smiling girls were sitting over the mending basket when a dismayed voice made itself heard:—

"Girls, why—what time is it? Can it be possible that I have slept till nearly eleven?" And then a little later, when mother came out into the living-room, after a hasty toilet: "What! all my work done? I'm beginning to believe in fairies."

"Your sleep did you good," father said at noon, with an approving glance at the face across the table.



But the color in mother's cheeks and the light in her eyes were not altogether due to the fact that she had had several extra hours of sleep, and less work than usual.

If there is anything that can be depended on to keep mothers young, it is the atmosphere of consideration at home. If you doubt it, just try letting your mother oversleep some day before long.—*Girls' Companion*.

#### If I Ought To

THERE'S a voice that's ever sounding,  
With an echo oft rebounding,  
In my heart a word propounding,  
Loudly speaking, never still;  
Till at last, my duty viewing,  
Heart replies to charge renewing,  
Let my willing change to doing,—  
If I ought to, then I will.

MAX HILL.

#### Conquering Self

THE great Elector of Brandenburg, in his youth once visited The Hague, and was drawn into the company of a number of young immoral noblemen, who tried to captivate him. They arranged a banquet which lasted well on into the night, and all were drunk with the exception of the prince. Suddenly a number of pretty but lewd girls appeared, who were greeted by the noblemen with cheers. The prince arose from his seat, blushing in shame and anger, and made for the door. "Stay," cried the young men, "the best is coming now." But he replied, "I owe it to my family, my honor, and my fatherhood that I leave this place *at once*." He did so. Early the next morning he rode out of the city to the camp of Frederick of Orange, who was besieging the fortified city of Breda. When Frederick heard the cause of the prince's hasty departure from The Hague, he cried: "Your flight shows more heroism than my capture of Breda will. Who has so early learned to conquer himself will find naught impossible of achievement later."—*The Expositor*.

#### Encouraging Use of the Hands

KING GEORGE V, the new ruler of England, has given his approval to a plan to increase the number of schools in England which teach young boys how to use their hands in connection with their brains. The king said:—

"Nothing can be more useful to a young person than knowing how to make the hands and head work in harmony."

Ruskin, the world's most famous writer on building, architecture, and art, wrote of this long ago:—

"I was born with the love of writing in my heart, but when I was quite young, I found it would not profit me to have my hands idle. If I was to write intelligently about things, I must know how to do them with a certain degree of perfection. So, although I never became a brass worker or a carpenter or a stone-mason, I taught my hands how to do these things, and so gained additional knowledge for my brain and soul.

"Idle hands! What mischief they have wrought in this world! God intended we should use all parts of our body to high ends, and in this purpose the hands play no small part. One may intend to become a minister, a lawyer, or an artist, but that does not excuse failing to educate the hands to do helpful work."—*The Boys' World*.



#### Infant Paralysis

**A** COMPARATIVELY new disease, infant paralysis, has caused much alarm the past summer in many of the large cities. It appears to be a germ disease which attacks the spinal column. The germ has not yet been discovered. The disease has been found to be extremely contagious. In Springfield, Massachusetts, the Sunday-schools were suspended during August, children were excluded from the public grounds, and quarantine regulations doubled. These precautions have decreased the malady nearly seventy-five per cent.

Miss Balz, a Burlington (Vermont) nurse, has succeeded by her course of treatment in working many cures of the new malady. Her mode of procedure is revealed in the following rules:—

"Begin with an alcohol bath, rubbing thoroughly the wasted limbs.

"Follow with a rub-down with olive-oil.

"Then administer another alcohol bath.

"Rub afflicted limbs with rough towel. Get them red and tingling.

"Knead deeply about the spine as the massage progresses. Increase the severity of the massage as the little patient is able to stand it."

#### The First Moving Pictures

MOVING pictures originated in an experiment to show both sides of a shilling at once. In 1826, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, Sir John Herschel asked his friend, Charles Babbage, how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it before a mirror. This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning on a large table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with a rotating coin, both sides can be seen at once.

Babbage was so impressed with the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Dr. Fitton, who immediately made a working model.

On one side of the disk was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty bird cage. When the card was revolved on a silk thread, the bird appeared to be in the cage. This model, called the thaumatrope, showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effect.

The eye retains the image of the object seen for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed.

Next came the zoetrope, or "wheel of life." A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots, and within the cylinder was placed a band of drawings of dancing men. On rotating the apparatus, the figures seen through the slots appeared to be in motion.

The first systematic photographs of men and animals taken at regular intervals were made by Edward Maybridge in 1877.—*Our Young Folks*.

A St. Louis medical college has established a chair of hydrotherapy, which has for its object instruction concerning the science of applying water to the body for hygienic and medical purposes.



Selections From the Books in the Senior  
Reading Course No. 4

From "Successful Careers," Pages 79, 80



R. FIELD crossed the Atlantic to England over forty times in consummating his plans, and interesting capitalists and men of science in the Old World in the enterprise. He labored thirteen years before he was ready to lay the cable. Many practical and scientific questions arose about the size and character of the cable, some of which they could not solve without actual trial; and it consumed months and years to dispose of these perplexing issues.

At length the cable was manufactured, and was ready for use. The "Great Eastern" was secured, on which it was loaded, to be payed out as the majestic steamer sailed over the sea. It was a time of intense interest on both sides of the Atlantic; and the people anxiously waited to learn the result. Nor were they obliged to wait long. What was their disappointment to learn that the cable parted in mid-ocean. This was exactly what some unbelievers in the project predicted; and they exclaimed, "I told you so. It never can be done." One trial of laying the cable was enough for many lookers-on; a second trial would prove no more successful.

But Mr. Field saw nothing in the failure to daunt his ardor. There was a tremendous obstacle in his way, but he expected to overcome it. After two years more of work, preparing for a second trial, the "Great Eastern" sailed again, with the cable on board. Everything prospered to awaken the highest hopes, until in mid-ocean the cable parted again, and another failure was recorded.

Now many friends of the enterprise lost heart. Every member of the syndicate but one advised Mr. Field to abandon his purpose. "Only a waste of time and money," they said; "two trials are enough to prove that no cable can bear the ocean pressure." But Mr. Field was not accustomed to despair. He was a persistent and irrepressible worker, and he believed in the cable as he believed in God. He did not even entertain the question of abandoning his purpose. He went to work with unabated zeal to prepare for another trial. And now his perseverance was rewarded, and the cable was triumphantly laid, and communication established between the two continents. "What hath God wrought!" was the first message he sent over the Atlantic cable.

From "Story of John G. Paton," Pages 91, 92

One morning, the Tannese, rushing toward me in great excitement, cried: "Missi, missi, there is a god, or a ship on fire, or something of fear, coming over the sea! We see no flames, but it smokes like a volcano. Is it a spirit, a god, or a ship on fire? What is it? What is it?"

One party after another followed in quick succession, shouting the same questions in great alarm, to which I replied: "I can not go at once; I must dress first in my best clothes; it will likely be one of Queen Victoria's men-of-war coming to ask of me if your conduct is good or bad, if you are stealing my property, or threatening my life, or how you are using me."

They pleaded with me to go and see it; but I made much fuss about dressing, and getting ready to meet the great chief on the vessel, and would not go with them. The two principal chiefs now came running and asked, "Missi, will it be a ship of war?"

I called to them, "I think it will; but I have no time to speak to you now, I must get on my best clothes!"

They said, "Missi, only tell us, will he ask you if we have been stealing your things?"

I answered, "I expect he will."

They asked, "And will you tell him?"

I said, "I must tell him the truth; if he asks I will tell him."

They then cried out: "O missi, tell him not! Everything shall be brought back to you at once, and no one will be allowed again to steal from you."

Then said I: "Be quick! Everything must be returned before he comes. Away! away! and let me get ready to meet the great chief on the man-of-war."

Hitherto no thief could ever be found, and no chief had power to cause anything to be restored to me; but now, in an incredibly brief space of time, one came running to the mission house with a pot, another with a pan, another with a blanket, others with knives, forks, plates, and all sorts of stolen property. The chiefs called me to receive these things, but I replied, "Lay them all down at the door, bring everything together quickly; I have no time to speak with you!"

I delayed my toilet, enjoying mischievously the magical effect of an approaching vessel that might bring penalty to thieves. At last the chiefs, running in breathless haste, called out to me, "Missi, missi, do tell us; is the stolen property all here?"

Of course I could not tell, but, running out, I looked on the promiscuous heap of my belongings, and said, "I don't see the lid of the kettle there yet!"

One chief said, "No, missi, for it is on the other side of the island; but tell him not, I have sent for it, and it will be here to-morrow."

Selections From Reading Course Books for  
Junior Course No. 3

From "How the World Is Clothed," Page 163

SUPPOSE we go back to the days of the colonies, and see how the foot-gear of our forefathers was made. Thomas Beard was the first shoemaker to come to Massachusetts. He arrived in the "Mayflower" in 1629, bringing a supply of hides with him. Others of his kind followed, and they soon began making boots and shoes of American leather. At that time it was common for the cobblers to journey about from one farm to another, staying at each house long enough to make the home-tanned skins into shoes for the family. It is said that the wooden lasts were sometimes whittled out to suit the biggest foot among the men, and that they were then pared down for the women and children according to the sizes needed.

From "Those Bible Readings," Pages 23, 24

Just as grandma had finished quoting her verse, the door-bell rang. "Good evening, Neighbor Jones; we were just in the midst of our family Bible study. I suppose you will join us for a few minutes. Elsie, please hand Mr. Jones a Bible."

"I didn't mean to intrude, Mr. Hartman, but I hardly think a little Bible study will hurt me any. I'm almost ashamed to say that I don't know very much about the book, though I've been a church-member for a good many years."

"The truth is," said Sister Hartman, "there are none of us any too well posted. I tell you, Mr. Jones, the Bible is a large book, and it will bear much study, for it is our guide to a better country, even an heavenly."



"We were studying the signs of the second coming of Christ as you came in," said Brother Hartman. "We have instituted this study chiefly for the benefit of our children, that they might be able to give an answer to those who should ask them the reason for their faith."

"Then you don't think it is enough for them to say that they believe as they do because father and mother do?"

"No, no, indeed! we should all have a 'Thus saith the Lord.' Beth, will you read Matt. 24:3? You can read pretty well for a little girl, so you need not be afraid of Mr. Jones."

"Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" read Beth slowly.

From "Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 22, 23

Leaving at Tahiti that portion of the crew whose choice it was to remain, Christian, accompanied by eight of his shipmates who decided to cast in their lot with him, sailed away from Tahiti forever. But this number was not all, for six of the native men, and ten women, and a girl of fifteen, were taken on board as wives and servants, the sailors having determined to seek some place where they could live secure from the danger of discovery. It is said that Christian, having seen an account of the discovery of a lone island in the Pacific Ocean, by Captain Cartaret, in the year 1767, directed the course of the ship to that place. It was named Pitcairn Island, after the young man who descried it, he being, as the story goes, a son of the Major Pitcairn who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill.

On the twenty-third day of January, 1790, the "Bounty" reached her destination. The island, though small, being about five miles in circumference, and scarcely more than two miles across at its widest point, was thickly covered with a luxuriant growth of trees.

As day after day passed, and no one appeared to molest them, the mutineers began to feel more secure and safe, and preparations were made for a permanent settlement. Their supply of water, though not abundant, was sufficient for their requirements, and the plants brought with them from Tahiti would, in due course of time, be able to supply their every want. But, first, all trace of the ship must be destroyed. She was driven near enough to the shore to allow of her being fastened to a tree by means of a rope. Everything that could be of service to the settlers was removed. For greater safety, one little child was brought ashore in a barrel, as the landing-place for boats was very dangerous. When all had been removed from the ship, she was set on fire, and destroyed.

### Quetzalcohuatl

WHEN the Aztecs came wandering into the valley of Mexico from their unknown home far to the northward, their leader assured them that wherever they saw an eagle, their tribal emblem, resting, that would be the place to found their city.

They led a nomadic existence for over one hundred years, warring with the other tribes of the valley, until finally one day some of them who were out on the border of the lake saw a very large eagle sitting on a bunch of cactus on one of the small islands in the lake, holding an immense rattlesnake in his mouth.

They immediately ran to the high priest of their tribe, and related what they had seen. On hastening to the place, the priest saw the eagle still sitting there, and proclaimed that this was the site of their capital city. They went to work, and although few in number and reduced to great poverty by continual fighting with the warlike tribes which surrounded them, they laid the foundation of the future city of Mexico in 1325, calling it Tenochtitlan. They soon began to prosper, and when Cortez entered the city in 1519, they controlled the country from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. There were some tribes that they never succeeded in subduing, among which the most famous were the Tlaxcalans, the Huastecas, and the fierce tribes to the south, some of which, notably the Tlaxcalans, helped the Spaniards against the hated Aztecs. The city was magnificent, being built on a number of small islands, connected with each other by causeways, each one having a drawbridge in the center rendering it inaccessible to their enemies. They were highly civilized, being well educated in the arts and sciences, and had a strong government.

These tribes would never have been so easily conquered by the Spaniards but for a tradition that had been handed down for generations, of a god of peace named Quetzalcohuatl. He is described as a tall, white man, with flowing beard, who taught the people of the arts of government and farming, and did not permit any sacrifices except those of fruit and flowers.

He was compelled to leave the country through the jealousy of some of the other gods, but promised to return. The people were looking and longing for his return to free them from the bloody reign of the Aztecs, with their frightful human sacrifices.

When the Spaniards appeared, many of them thought they were the descendants of their beloved god Quetzalcohuatl, and that he would soon follow, and so made little resistance at first, and when they found out their mistake, it was then too late to drive the invaders out.

These legends all show that people in all ages of the world and in all countries have felt the need of a Saviour, and have been watching and waiting for him. How sad it is that these poor heathen, as we call them, in coming under the influence of a so-called Christian nation, are more ignorant and degraded than in their former state, Jesus being little more than a name to them. They still worship their idols of wood and stone, gold and silver, under the name of saints.

MAY L. HANLEY.

Thomas, Oklahoma.

### Consume Your Own Smoke

THIS advice, given by Dr. William Osler to young physicians, is of great suggestive value for all classes of men and women: "Learn to consume your own smoke. The air is darkened by the murmurings and whimpers of men and women over non-essentials, over trivial vexations and discomforts that are inevitable incidents in the hurly-burly and strain of everyday life. Things can not always go your way. Learn to accept in silence life's aggravations; cultivate the habit of taciturnity; do not talk about your troubles; consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaining. . . . We are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happier."—*William J. Hart.*





Children of China.



Indian Child,  
Central America.



"The Little Helper",  
Japan.



Two Little Girls in New Guinea.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## When Some One's Late

SOME one is late,  
And so I wait  
A minute, two, or ten;  
To me the cost  
Is good time lost  
That never comes again.

He does not care  
How I shall fare,  
Or what my loss shall be;  
His tardiness  
Is selfishness  
And basely rude to me.

My boys, be spry,  
The moments fly;  
Meet every date you make.  
Be weather fair  
Or foul, be there  
In time your place to take.

And girls, take heed,  
And work with speed;  
Each task on time begin;  
On time begun,  
And work well done,  
The highest praise will win.

MAX HILL.

## A Corn-Field Story

**T**HE Hess children lived on the corner. There were five boys, all as bad as boys can be; and their little sister Helen was no better. It would be useless to tell in detail all the wrong things they did. But this much is certain: they were not truthful, they were not clean, they were not honest, and they used language that no refined boy or girl would allow to touch his or her lips. But they knew many interesting games. They had a fine swing and hammock, and they were not afraid of anything. So it was that their company had some attractions for other children in the neighborhood.

Louise Holden found them very interesting. She would stop at their gate and talk to them every time she had occasion to pass. She would play with them, running across lots as fast as she was able, and climbing the fence into the Hess yard. She invited them to come over and play with her, and they immediately accepted her invitation. Mrs. Holden reasoned with her, telling her that when a little girl's habits and character were being formed, it was necessary that she should see and hear only what was right.

Louise listened, but did not heed. "I'm sure it will not hurt me, mother," she said, "I'm always careful to tell them about it when they use naughty words."

"But their company will have an unconscious yet powerful effect on you. You will be a different woman if you make companions of evil people while you are young, from what you would be if you chose good people for companions."

The conversation ended; but both Louise's father and mother continued to think on the subject.

The last of May came. Mr. Holden had a man plow the half-acre lot in the rear of their home. He began to get down his seeds, to sort them, and to arrange for their planting.

Louise, since she had been old enough to walk, had dropped the corn. The first time, her father had carried her and the measure, and her baby hands had cast the seed far. Louise always claimed the pop-corn as her especial property. Each fall she put it away in the attic to dry, and on certain afternoons during the winter she entertained her little friends with popping corn.

This year the furrows were made ready for the corn to be dropped. Louise suggested that the sweet corn and pop-corn be planted side by side in long rows, reaching from the kitchen fence far out to the road.

"It would look so nice, father," she insisted. "I do not like to see the stalks scattered over the place."

"The sweet corn may spoil your pop-corn," he said. Louise, who knew little of gardening, looked upon this as one of her father's little pleasantries.

"You're always afraid something will spoil something else," she laughed. "Just as you are afraid that the Hess children will spoil me. They can't. I'm big enough to know that I shouldn't use naughty words, and throw stones, and swear."

The last was so funny that she laughed heartily.

Mr. Holden was called away during the week, and would not be able to return home until Saturday evening. His little daughter, unheeding his suggestions as to the best way to plant corn, began her work one morning, and planted the pop-corn side by side with the sweet corn.

The work was done when Mr. Holden returned, and could not be undone.

In due time the tiny plants peeped through the soil. After a time the stalks stood high. The sweet corn stood several feet higher than the pop-corn stalks, over which it waved its tasseled heads. The sweet corn stood on the river side of the field; and the summer winds, coming down the river, bent it over the smaller stalks, until sometimes the pop-corn was almost hidden from view.

There was an abundance of fine, big roasting-ears, which Louise ate with as much enjoyment as she had devoured the popped corn during the winter. The pop-corn stalks were heavy with ears.

"They were never so full before," cried Louise. "I shall have more than I ever had. I may have two bushels of ears. If I do, I mean to give half of them away, for a bushel will be all I can use."

She talked a great deal about the size of her crop, and boasted not a little of herself as a farmer. Then the time came to take in the corn. The frost had come, and the corn leaves were brown and stiff. What delight to carry the corn onto the back porch, where later she and her father would husk it! She was all excited as she ran to and fro.

But all this time a great influence had been at work. Silently, subtly, yet with power, had it accomplished its work. During the summer, when the soft winds had come up from the river and rustled the corn, the tassels of the sweet corn had scattered their yellow powder over the short pop-corn stalks. Then nature had performed her wonders. When Louise husked her corn, she found on each ear a grain of sweet corn alternated with the pop-corn. Her crop was of neither variety, but a mixture of both, and utterly worthless, in spite of its quantity.



"I do not understand how that could have been done," she cried. "The stalks simply were near each other."

"Neither can you understand how evil companionship destroys a girl's sense of refinement and honor. It works like the powder from the corn tassels—silently, unseen, subtly. We know of its influence only by beholding the results. Then it is too late."—*The Girls' World*.

### Spare Moments

A LEAN, awkward boy came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. Slade," he said.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should like to see Mr. Slade, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes maybe you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight." And without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"May I see Mr. Slade?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must. He does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone.

She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such a fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:—

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened the business, but I know that, after talking a while, the principal put aside the volume that he had been studying, took up some Greek books, and began to examine the newcomer. The examination lasted for some time. Every question the principal asked the boy, was answered as promptly as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here was a poor, hard-working boy, with few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments.

Truly spare moments are the "gold-dust of time." How precious they should be! What account can you give for your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be gained by improving them, and there are many, very many, other boys, I am afraid, who are in jail or in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale-ship, in the gambling house, in the tippling-shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful course, might answer: "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to swear and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand."

"It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates."

Then, be very careful how you spend your spare moments. The tempter always hunts you out in small seasons like these; when you are not busy, he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments!—*Selected*.

### William and Mary College

WHEN the Civil War ended, the famous old William and Mary College was ruined. Its principal building was lost, its means of support gone, and its remaining halls silent, deserted of all students and professors. As soon as possible the president gathered a few pupils about him, and for a dozen years or more, till 1881, kept college, till finally his last pupil drifted away. For seven years afterward, the venerable president rode in from his country home five mornings of every week during term time, and formally "opened college" alone, ringing the great bell, and reading prayers in the dim and ghostly chapel, that the charter of the institution might be preserved. It is good to know, in the face of such unselfish perseverance, that the venerable president lived to see his college halls again filled with young and enthusiastic life.—*The Well-spring*.

### Good Books and Bad Boys

A DRUNKARD for a father, not many school advantages, and the responsibility of helping to support a family at the tender age of thirteen, could not keep one boy I know of from making the most of himself.

His first work was in a grocery store, his next in a small drug store washing bottles and waiting on customers at the soda-fountain.

One day a man took notice of the hard-working and faithful boy, and became interested in him. To his sorrow he found that John and bad books had close companionship. He saw that the lad liked to read, and that unless his tastes were changed, this trashy literature would prove his ruin.

Accordingly he made John an offer. If he would agree to read Scott's "Ivanhoe" and Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" and "Conquest of Mexico," he would give him a six months' subscription to the local library. The boy accepted the offer, and went to work at his task. But no more cheap novels for him after that! When six months were up, John paid for another half-year's subscription from his own wages.

Though cut off from an opportunity to learn in school, he had now found another way to make himself a man of learning. Through his books he could commune with the great men.

But in all his desire for learning, he did not forget to attend faithfully to his work. Others noticed it. Among them was a merchant who thought to himself, "There is the boy I want to work for me." He offered John a position, with a raise of salary. The place was accepted. John had to sleep in the back room, but to have a room like this just suited him. There, standing on a dry-goods box, he used to deliver orations based upon the thoughts gleaned from his favorite readings. He developed. His twenty-fifth birthday found him a well-read, active young citizen on the road to national distinction. That young man was the late Governor John Johnson, of Minnesota.

E. C. JAEGER.



## THE CHILDREN'S COOKING CLASS

CONDUCTED BY D. D. FITCH

### Yeast Bread — No. 6

THERE are many different ways of making bread. Try it this way first, then later you can try the way some one else thinks is best.



To do satisfactory work, you will need a thermometer.

In the evening take one quart of water at 104°, add to it enough flour to make a

thin batter, and then add one half of a yeast-cake which has been dissolved in a cup of tepid water; beat this in thoroughly, adding enough more flour to make a stiff sponge. The reason for using tepid water for dissolving the yeast-cake is that we do not wish to scald the yeast germs by placing them in the hotter water which we used to warm the cold flour. The temperature of the batter when finished should be about 85° or 90°. If you have no place that will be warm all night, wrap your sponge, which should be in a vessel sufficiently large to hold it without its running over, in a blanket or some papers. The time of year and the climate will make a great deal of difference as to how much protection should be given.

Early in the morning add one quart of water, at 85° temperature, and enough more flour to make a stiff dough. Knead this on the molding-board until it is very smooth. Return the dough to the vessel, and allow it to rise until twice its original size. To prevent a hard crust from forming on the top, oil the dough a little. The room in which the bread is worked should be warm, since chilling is not beneficial to bread. After it has risen, divide your dough, and shape it into loaves, and put them into oiled tins. Bakers allow their dough to rise twice before making into loaves, which makes the pores smaller and the



KNEAD INTO ROUNDED LOAVES

bread more tender; but it also robs the bread of some of its nutritive value. The loaves should be so shaped that they will have a smooth rounding top, and any unevenness should be in that part which rests on the tin. Allow the loaves to rise until they, too, are twice their original size; then carefully place them in the oven, and bake slowly for fifteen minutes, then with a good steady heat for one-half hour, and finish with a slow heat for the last fifteen minutes. "The loaves should be small, and so thoroughly baked that so far as possible, the yeast germs shall be destroyed. When hot or new, raised bread of any kind is difficult of digestion. It should never appear on the table. This

rule does not, however, apply to unleavened bread." If your bread should not prove to be a success, lose no time in idle mourning; try again.

The following story, which is told in "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, page 684, may be of interest right here: "An instance was related to me of a hired girl who made a batch of sour, heavy bread. In order to get rid of it and conceal the matter, she threw it to a couple of very large hogs. Next morning the man of the house found his swine dead, and, upon examining the trough, found pieces of this heavy bread. He made inquiries, and the girl acknowledged what she had done. She had not a thought of the effects of such bread upon the swine. If heavy, sour bread



DON'T FAIL TO TRY TO MAKE GEMS

will kill swine, which can devour rattlesnakes and almost every detestable thing, what effect will it have upon that tender organ, the human stomach?"

### Buns

If you have a piece of dough left that is not large enough to make a full-sized loaf, it would be nice to make a few fruit buns. Cut the dough in pieces about the size of a walnut, roll each until it is quite round, then with the rolling-pin flatten it, lay on it a few washed, seedless raisins which are free from water,

then gather the edges of the dough together. Place these, with the smooth side up, about two inches apart on an oiled baking pan, and allow them to rise until they have doubled their size, then bake them for about twenty-five or thirty minutes. When you take either these or your bread out of the oven, rub the top with a brush or cloth dipped in oil; this gives the top a glossy finish.

Our next lesson will give the recipe for making strawberry fruit ice.

### The Indispensable Cook

We may live without poetry, music, and art;  
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;  
We may live without friends; we may live without books;  
But civilized man can not live without cooks.

He may live without books — what is knowledge but grieving?  
He may live without hope — what is hope but deceiving?  
He may live without love — what is passion but pining?  
But where is the man that can live without dining?

— Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton).



# Missionary Volunteer Department

MATILDA ERICKSON . . . . . Corresponding Secretary  
M. E. KERN . . . . . Secretary

## Program for the Missionary Volunteer Society

NOTE FOR LEADERS.—The INSTRUCTOR for August 23 and 30, Missionary Volunteer Leaflet No. 29, a blank Reading Course certificate, and a set of the books to be used in courses beginning October 4, will be needed to fully carry out this program. From these sources can be gleaned the necessary material for the short talk on "The Reading Courses for This Year." Let this talk explain just how to enroll. Show that all the books need not be purchased at once. Speak of the help to be obtained from the weekly outlines, or questions in the INSTRUCTOR, of the possibility of keeping up in this work, and of the importance of sending the written reviews to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. The selection of music and Scripture reading for this program is left with you. Let the testimonials under "Appreciation" be distributed, and read by different individuals. The same plan should be followed in reading the selections from the books. Fearing that some may fail to have the books, we are putting short selections from all, excepting "Christ's Object Lessons," in the INSTRUCTOR. For the reading in "Christ's Object Lessons," a few paragraphs on pages 339 and 340 will be good.

READING—"Spare Moments," on page eleven of this paper.

Exercise—"Appreciation," on this page.

Paper—"Why We Should Take One of the Reading Courses."

Readings—Selections from the books in the Reading Courses.

Short Talk—"The Reading Courses for This Year."

Enrolment.

We suggest that at this meeting you elect some one whose duty it shall be to make the Reading Course in your society a success. Such a person might be known as your society educational secretary. Suggestions will be given later in regard to the detail duties of this officer.

## Appreciation

### Words From Missionary Volunteers

"THE Reading Course has helped me to gain a clearer view of the whole question of the great controversy between good and evil. One of the benefits which I have received is a knowledge of the skilful ways of Satan in leading people astray and the means through which we can successfully withstand him."

LYDIA STICKLE.

"The Reading Course has been a great help to me in seeing clearer the great controversy between good and evil. It has also been a help to me in remembering portions of Scripture, and in keeping many points of truth in my mind."

VIOLA O. C. WHITE.

"In reading over the pages of this book in the Reading Course, I have learned that the prophecies are sure and that God is unchangeable, and I have learned more of the Bible truths."

MARY B. PEARSE.

"The lessons of the Reading Course have been a great help to me as a canvasser. I have also been doing some Bible and paper work from house to house, and the Reading Course has helped me to keep many points of doctrine in my mind, also many scriptures."

GEO. J. SCHARFF.

"Indeed I took the course this year. I liked the other one so much that I could not afford to miss this one."

"The course has been of inestimable value to me. From it I have learned to depend upon God for guidance and help even in the little things of life. I have learned to pray more when difficulties and trials are hardest."

"I have greatly enjoyed 'Quiet Talks on Service,'" writes a conference secretary, "and I have similar reports from

many throughout the conference." Of this same book another says, "I have read it twice;" still another, "It is so good I wish I could remember every word."

"Even though I am very busy with my school work and daily duties, I do not feel that I can afford to miss the Reading Course."

### Words From Conference Secretaries

"The Reading Course is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the lines of work in our field."

LILLIE GEORGE.

"I have received many letters telling of the blessing which the reading of 'Great Controversy' has brought to our young people, and of the determination that it has given them to be something more, and do a definite work for the Lord."

LILA HOOVER.

"One girl became so much interested in Bible study in connection with the Reading Course that she committed the book of John to memory."

HELEN MCKINNON.

"In our conference we have one young girl who has been taking the Reading Course. She was not old enough to take it when I first began writing about it. She had never attended public school to any considerable extent, having always been taught by her mother at home. Last fall, at camp-meeting, I talked with her about the course, and her mother told me that she would have her take it up when they returned home. She entered high school, and her mother soon found that her school work was taking the time she should devote to studying the Reading Course. She went to the principal of the school, and told him that her daughter must drop some of her work. He urged that it would take her so much longer to finish school if she did not follow the outlined course, but the mother told him that her daughter must drop some of her work because she had something more important to study at home. If the parents could only realize and appreciate the help that the course gives the young people, it would be a great blessing to our work."

MRS. RICE.

"After reading 'Great Controversy,' she said that she was now an Adventist because of her own experience. We have some young men in the canvassing work to-day who, I believe, got their inspiration from reading 'Great Controversy' in the Reading Course. They have shown a special interest in that book, and are now working for it in the field."

H. L. SHOUP.

"The sanitarium young people have taken up the work very thoroughly. A physician at one of our sanitariums says that it has been the making of some of the young people there. Those of them who are not old enough to take up the regular course are studying the one arranged for juniors. One young lady is now in South Lancaster as a result of the interest which the Reading Course gave her in the work of the Lord."

MRS. L. S. WHEELER.

"I believe that the Reading Course is one of the strongest factors in maintaining the interest in our young people's societies. One thing that has interested me is the fact that those who have taken the course once always take it again."

MRS. MACMAHAN.

"I think that we can all realize that the young people who are brought into the truth through reading are the most stable members we have. In one of our churches there was a family which took up the Reading Course. There were four children in that family, and to-day they are in school and planning to stay there as one of the direct results of the Reading Course. This course is placing an ideal before our young people, and giving them something to work to."

W. E. STRAW.

## Reading Course Honor Roll

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

Miss Lena A. Brown, Kansas.	Lulu Pond, Western Wash-
Miss Estelle Hull, Kansas.	ington.
Miss Pearl Pride, Kansas.	Benjamin Smith, Western
Miss Manina Wammack,	Washington.
Kansas.	H. W. Larson, Western
Thompson Wammack, Kan-	Washington.
sas.	Julius Bartleson, Wisconsin.
Mrs. Cox, Kansas.	Eugene Christensen, Minne-
Raymond Davis, Kansas.	sota.
Mrs. S. Davis, Kansas.	Alice Riechel, Minnesota.
Mrs. Murphy, Kansas.	Alberta L. Pruett, Minnesota.
J. C. Harnig, Kansas.	Harold McCumber, Minne-
Miss Goldie Feast, Kansas.	sota.
Miss Eunice Feast, Kansas.	Luella Crane, Minnesota.
R. H. Kelley, Kansas.	Edna Travis, Cumberland.
Miss Emma Neff, Kansas.	Ernest D. Haskell, Cumber-
Miss Ada Mae Philipps,	land.
Kansas.	Marion E. Whitcomb, New
John Cornell, Kansas.	Jersey.





## XII—Jesus Warns His Disciples; Promises the Holy Spirit

(September 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 16.

MEMORY VERSE: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16: 33.

### The Lesson Story

1. Jesus told his disciples of the things they should suffer, so that when persecution came they might remember his words, and not be discouraged. They would also remember his patience and love toward those who hated and shamefully treated him, and they would try to follow his example.

2. "They shall put you out of the synagogues," said Jesus, "yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things they will do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you."

3. Further, to show his love and care, Jesus spoke words of comfort while yet with the disciples. He "loved them unto the end," he knew that when he should be gone they would be lonely, and that they would long for his help and presence. "But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? but because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."

4. Then he showed how necessary it was that the Holy Spirit should come, and told them the work he was to do. "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged." Jesus knew that he would conquer Satan, that he would buy back the world lost by sin. By faith he heard the song of the redeemed in the new earth, and this gave him courage to meet Satan in the final conflict, though he knew he would die.

5. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak, and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you. A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.

6. "Then said some of his disciples among themselves, What is this that he saith unto us, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me: and, Because I go to the Father? They said therefore, What is this that he saith, A

little while? we can not tell what he saith. Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me? Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. . . . And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

7. "And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs [parables]: but the time cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you plainly of the Father. At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God. I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father.

8. "His disciples said unto him, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb. Now are we sure that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask thee: by this we believe that thou camest forth from God. Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

9. "These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Jesus never tells us to be discouraged. We may try to do right and fail, but still he is kind and forgiving. He says to us, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world." Christ is stronger than Satan, and "we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." As long as we trust in him, our adversary can not touch us, and we are safe. To us is given the promise: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

### Questions

1. What did Jesus tell his disciples? Why did he speak of such things? Of what would they think when persecuted? What would they then do?

2. From what places did Jesus say his disciples would be put out? What would those think who killed them? Why do people ever persecute others? When persecution comes, what would Jesus have us remember? Why did he not say these things at the beginning of his ministry?

3. How did Jesus ever feel toward his disciples? How would they feel when he had left them? Where did he tell them he was going? With what were their hearts filled on account of the things he said? What truth did he then tell them?

4. Why would the Holy Spirit reprove of sin? Why of righteousness? What testimony does it bear concerning the prince of this world? What did Jesus know concerning his warfare with Satan? What did he buy back by laying down his life? At what price? What gave him courage though facing death?



5. Why did Jesus not say all he desired at this time? Who did he say would guide them into the truth? Of whom would the Comforter not speak? What will the Holy Spirit show us? Whom does he glorify? What did Jesus say about the disciples seeing him?

6. What questions did they then begin to ask among themselves? What did Jesus know they desired to do? What did he say? What did he mean by this? What did Jesus say of their sorrow? Why would they be sorrowful? What would make them rejoice?

7. What promise was given at this time? Why need not Jesus pray to the Father to persuade him to love us? What did Jesus say to make his meaning clear when he said, "A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me"?

8. How did the disciples show that they then understood his meaning? Of what were they sure? What did they believe? What question did Jesus ask? What did he say would be done that very hour? How would he be left in his hour of trial? Who would still be with him? Are we ever entirely alone?

9. For what purpose did Jesus speak the words we have studied? What shall we have in this world? How should we feel when in trouble? Why? How should we never feel? When we fail and do wrong, how does Jesus still regard us? What does he say? Who is greatest in the world? In whom may we always abide? When, only, are we safe? What promise is given to those who overcome?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XII—Jesus Warns His Disciples; Promises the Holy Spirit; Prayer in Christ's Name

(September 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 16.

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

PLACE: On the way from Jerusalem to Gethsemane.

TIME: The night preceding the crucifixion day.

MEMORY VERSE: John 16: 33.

#### Questions

Jesus Warns His Disciples

1. What was Jesus' purpose in opening to his disciples future events? John 16: 1.

2. What did he say would be done to his disciples? Why? Verses 2, 3.

3. What further reason did he mention for explaining these things to them? Why had he not told them these things at the first? Where did he say he was going? What was the effect of his words upon the eleven? Verses 4-6.

Promises to Send the Spirit

4. What was expedient? Why? What did he promise to do when he should leave them? When the Comforter should come, what would be his work? Verses 7-11; note 1.

5. What did Jesus at this time long to do? What prevented him from doing this? Verse 12.

6. Upon whom must he depend to do that which he was himself restrained from doing? What would the Spirit of truth do? Of whom would he speak? Whom would he glorify? Verses 13, 14; note 2.

7. How did Jesus explain the expression "he shall receive of mine"? Verse 15; note 3.

8. What did Jesus mean by the two periods of "a little while" which he spoke about? Verses 16-22.

Prayer in Christ's Name

9. What promise did Jesus give to those who ask in his name? Verses 23, 24.

10. How had he taught? At some future time, what change would take place in his manner of teaching? Verse 25.

11. What assurance did Jesus give of the Father's regard for our prayers? Verses 26, 27.

12. From whom did Jesus proceed when he came into our world? To whom was he now about to return? Verse 28.

13. What did the disciples think they now fully comprehended? Verses 29, 30.

14. What searching question did Jesus ask? What statement did he make? What did he mean by "every man" being "scattered" unto "his own"? Verses 31, 32; note 4.

15. Give another reason why he told the disciples these things. What did he say they would have in the world? With what words did he offer them cheer? Verse 33.

#### Notes

1. Christians pray to God to send them the Comforter—the Holy Ghost. This is proper and right. But we may forget that sometimes the only real comfort the Holy Ghost can administer to us is to reveal our unconfessed and unforsaken sins. To get these put away, is the best and most lasting comfort that he can bestow. Isa. 57: 17-21. If he thus comes as a *reprover*, we must still count him as the *Comforter*. But to experience the comfort, we must immediately confess the sin to God, and make right any wrong we may have done others. This done, there will be no disappointment in experiencing the promised comfort. Acts 2: 37-39; Rev. 3: 18, 19.

2. "The work of the Spirit in believers: (1) Teaching (John 14: 26); (2) guiding into all truth (John 16: 13); (3) bearing witness (John 15: 26; Acts 5: 32); (4) giving life (Rom. 8: 11); (5) bestowing the living water (John 4: 14; 7: 38, 39); (6) bestowing gifts, as of teaching, tongues, etc. (1 Cor. 12: 7-11); (7) shedding the love of God abroad in them (Rom. 5: 5); (8) producing goodness and high morality (Gal. 5: 22, 23; Acts 11: 24); (9) bestowing power (Acts 1: 8; Rom. 15: 19); (10) bestowing wisdom (Eph. 1: 17)."—*Peloubet's Notes*.

3. Here is an exhibition of the faith of Jesus. With no home, no earthly honor or wealth, and within a few hours of a criminal's death, he promised his believers a share in all the riches and glory of heaven. Being the Father's, he claimed these treasures as his own, and if his, then ours. He had given up all, he claimed all. 2 Cor. 8: 9. If we renounce all, like him, we may claim all. Rom. 8: 32.

4. Peter and the rest had avowed their allegiance in strong terms (Matt. 26: 33-35). They were now within two or three hours of their great test. For it they were unprepared. Jesus knew better than they the strength of the temptation awaiting them. The Shepherd was to be smitten (Zech. 13: 7), and the sheep scattered. (See margin, John 16: 32). It will be observed that this final stroke to the eleven came suddenly. Another similar hour of trial awaits the remnant. But a living faith and trust in God and his Word will pass the believer triumphant through this final test into the city Jesus has gone to prepare for his saints.

#### Ten More Flies Wanted

"A BUSINESS firm that has been successfully manufacturing fly-paper for twenty years, has offered ten thousand dollars to the person who will discover an ingredient that will attract ten more flies than ordinary to their paper. Do you not believe that the real Christian should be filled with the insatiable desire to get more; to *study*, and seek continually how to become more attractive in conversation, appearance, congeniality, and in tactfulness, in order to lead men to Jesus Christ?"

PUTTING the word *done* opposite a purpose is a wonderful incentive to a large achievement in the next attempt.—*Lyman Abbott*.



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## I Only Know

I KNOW not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I can not drift beyond his love and care.

—Whittier.

## A Call From Arabia

A CURIOUSLY pathetic note, both of discouragement and of hope, comes from Arabia, through the American consul at Aden. The sultan of Abdali is anxious to introduce irrigation and modern farm machinery, and to begin cotton raising. He said to the consul: "The world is changing, and we must change, too, or we shall not survive. My people are poor. They have no roads. They do not know things in the world. When they do know, they will change. If some one would come and teach them, they would be glad. It is no use for them to buy seeds, for they know not how to grow crops. It is no use to buy your agricultural machinery, for they know not how to use it. If some man would come to teach us, we would make him our brother. It is my ambition to have one man come to teach English and the new sciences to my children, and another to teach my people how to make their crops grow." Here seems to be a field ripe for the harvest.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Special Announcement

ALTHOUGH the Fireside Correspondence School is open to the admission of students every day in the year, it has been decided to have a—

### Special Opening

for the winter, on October 3. The long winter evenings are the most favorable time for many of our students to pursue their studies. It will be to the advantage of both the students and the school to start the winter's work together.

### Terms

It has been thought best to make a slight advance in the rates of tuition, in order to give our students

better service. But all who enroll before Oct. 3, 1910, will be admitted at the old rates, which will be found in our calendars already distributed, and in a special insert in the new edition of our calendar just out. Those who enroll after October 3 will pay the new rates, which are found in the body of the new calendar. Understand that the tuition is the only feature of expense affected by this change. The matriculation fee, books, and postage remain the same.

## New Studies

In the new calendar will be found a description of six new studies to be offered this year; namely, Second year New Testament Greek, first year Latin, algebra, stenography, typewriting and office routine, penmanship.

## Instructors

Regular instructors in the various subjects have been chosen for the coming year. Their names are printed in our new calendar in connection with their subjects.

Send for calendar, and tell your friends about our special opening. Address Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

## What Might Have Been the Increase?

SUPPOSE you had done the good act God impressed you to do ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago, but which you did not do, what might have been the harvest now had it gone on living and reproducing in the lives of others until to-day?

Or what would that gift you withheld a few years ago have produced for your account on high, as well as for your Master, had you bestowed it upon God's cause instead of investing it as you did? These are thoughts worth pondering; for even now it may not be too late to gain some increase by putting our gifts out upon interest in Christ's gospel exchange market-place. Think of what the wid-

ow's "two mites" have accomplished! Here is an illustration:—

"A pathetic gift, consisting of two 'George III' sovereigns and a half-crown, has just been received at the Bible House in London. This money was collected by a little girl, only seven years of age, who died of scarlet fever seventy-five years ago. She had intended to give it to the Bible Society; but after she entered into her rest, the coins were put away with some other cherished relics of the child, and only recently they came to light again."

Have you treasure stored away somewhere as useless as were these two sovereigns and a half-crown hidden for seventy-five years among treasured keepsakes of the little English girl? T. E. BOWEN.

A PROSPECTOR was once certain of finding silver in a particular locality. For many months he explored the hillside, and dug in one place after another, but finally lost courage and gave up his quest. Not long afterward the richest silver-mine in all that region was discovered about six feet from where he left off digging.—*Selected*.