


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII


September 13, 1910

No. 37

A Prayer



TEACH me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power,
Make as simple as a flower
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.
Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarrys in that cooling tent.
Let me also cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot,
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.



— *Edwin Markham.*



THERE are three hundred thousand absolutely dark bedrooms in the tenements of New York City.

"THE Department of Agriculture is planting this year more than ten tons of tree seed in the national forests,—a total of about three hundred million seeds."

HALF of the work required for a bachelor's degree from the University of Chicago may be done by correspondence, and no fewer than ten thousand students have taken advantage of this permission.

"No fewer than three instances of two generations being in the same graduating class were reported in the newspapers at the end of June, and perhaps there were others. In two cases—one in Illinois and one in Missouri—a father and son were graduated together. In Michigan it was a mother and daughter who received their degrees on the same day at the State university. It is characteristic of the American spirit that the older generation purposes to stay young, and not to be left behind by the sons and daughters."

SEVENTY cities of the United States have adopted the so-called commission plan of government, which originated in Galveston, Texas, after the great flood of 1900. "The commission plan is in essence nothing but the substitution of five men, including the mayor, for the old council or board of aldermen of one or two chambers, together with a number of administrative boards or departments. To prevent danger of an autocratic control of the city by the commission, the recall and the initiative and referendum have become essential adjuncts to the plan."

"Remember Now Thy Creator"

We can love our Father in heaven, though he dwells in light inaccessible, if we but have a record of his words of love, or of the sacrifice for us of his Son upon the cross.

We find ourselves in a world of disappointment, affliction, and bereavement; we want something to buoy us up when sorrows come. Yonder is one, who for many years labored hard to acquire a fortune. He was so far successful as to lay up a considerable sum; but in an unlucky hour he has suddenly lost it all.

He turns his eyes upon an institution of learning, and, panting after less perishable riches, enters its gates. See! he labors with ardor and with hope; he endures privation, mortifies his pride, keeps his body under, and night after night, breaking off his slumbers in the midst, and rising to turn his eyes upon the page, he cries after knowledge, and lifts up his voice for understanding. Already he has passed the threshold of Fame's temple, and its innermost recesses loom upon his vision. But look again; enter his dormitory. There he is, half dressed, seated on his bed, leaning his drooping head upon the bosom of his kind and sympathizing roommate. He speaks in whispers, and ever and anon an ominous cough arouses him. As you turn to the anxious countenance of the physician, and read upon it, There is no help in man, none in means, do you not cry, involuntarily, "O Saviour, bless the dear one"? You know he needs God's blessing. Come again to his bedside, when the bustle of

alarm has ceased; and as you see him lying, pale and emaciated, upon his couch,—a couch unattended by a mother's footsteps, unsoftened by a sister's hand, uncheered by a father's prayers,—feel his heart; it may be he has forgotten God; perchance blasphemed his name, and despised his people; but *now* he prays. O, his soul is *desolate* in the earth! it has deep wants, and turns to religion, as the needle to the pole. You take the Bible and read to him. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" "Our light affliction which is but for a moment," etc.; "All things work together for good to them that love God."

You may read to him from Plato, from Shakespeare, or from Milton, and he will turn away unsatisfied; but these sentences are music to his troubled soul, and balm to his suffering body.

ARTHUR V. FOX.

Jacob's Dream

JACOB's heart because of trouble was depressed
As at night upon the ground he sought to rest,
With his head upon a stone,
In the wilderness alone;
To the Lord he called and all his sins confessed.

Satan, sneering, said, "You stole your brother's right
And his blessing, ere from home you took your flight;
You can never be forgiven
By your fathers' God in heaven,
For your sins are very grievous in his sight."

Then did Jacob wrap himself in dark despair,
For he thought the God of mercy was not there;
But he soon forgot his woes
As in sleep he found repose:
By a dream the Lord convinced him of His care;

For he looked on him in pity from his place;
And he sent an angel host to show his grace;
Down a ladder bright they sped
To the weary wanderer's bed;—
At the top behold the Saviour's lovely face!

O the promises of blessings he received
From the dear, forgiving Lord whom he had grieved!
He awoke from out his sleep,
But no longer did he weep,
For in Jesus' tender mercy he believed.

On the spot he made a pillar of the stone;
As he said, "The Lord hath left me not alone;
I have seen his shining face
In this wondrous, holy place,
And to me his loving-kindness he hath shown."

DORA BRORSEN.

Oakland, California.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1910

No. 37

The Evolution of Expressed Thought

F. W. FITZPATRICK

(Concluded)



It is an interesting but too long a task to trace this transition, where a sign ceases to represent a real object and simply recalls to mind the sound of the word that has been selected as its name, all through the inscriptions and papyri and clay tablets of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Chinese, the Babylonians, and the Medes.

The Chinese language and writing of to-day has grown but little from that old form. They have no grammar, at least as we understand the term; a word can mean twenty different things, dependent upon its position in a sentence. And so it is with the old phonetic writing. A sign meant this or that, dependent upon its position with other signs; and then again minor signs accompanied it to still further explain it. Note the terra-cotta tablets found at Nineveh; they are veritable graphic concordances. There are three columns of signs: the central one is composed of the cuneiform characters to be explained, the column to the left gives the phonetic form, and that to the right the Assyrian equivalent.

The Egyptians were the first to drift into some semblance of an alphabet system, but they gave up their old ideographic forms most reluctantly, and only because commercial and other necessities demanded the clearer, and in every way better, mode of intercommunication; for those old forms had religious and historical significance, and, in some cases, were really objects of veneration. Indeed, some of them were believed to have been revealed to them directly by their great god, Thoth!

Such transitions were easier far to a people less susceptible to the claims of tradition. The Japanese, for instance, about the third century of our era, borrowed, we may say, the Chinese language in its entirety. They took its idioms and syllables and comparatively new form of alphabet, impressed upon all of these their own phonetic sounds, and where the Chinese used but monosyllables, they, a polysyllabic people, fixed up the words of more than one syllable by as many single signs as they had syllables, and for centuries have gotten along with the old *man-yo-kana* of the forty-seven borrowed Chinese characters.

But we are getting ahead of our story.

The Mexicans, the Chinese, and the Assyrians did not get beyond the idea of a syllable. The Egyptians went marching on. They conceived the notion of letters that represented not only vowels but consonants, a sort of abstraction of the vocal sounds that allowed of what might be called "clearer motion." Their vowels, as we may notice in the Coptic of our own time, were vague sounds.

The Phenicians completed the work, and gave the world an alphabet of twenty-two letters, a dozen of which may be traced back to the old hieratic writing of two thousand years before our era.

All the modern alphabets, excepting perhaps the Korean,—that takes its characters from the earliest Chinese figures,—are Canaanitish in their derivation, and it is well established that the Phenician alphabet is the male ancestor of all the alphabets of Europe and of Asia.

The most archaic of Grecian alphabets, attributed by them as a heavenly invention of that fabulous personage, Cadmus, are manifestly borrowed from Phenicia. The oldest Greek alphabet that we know of, that given us in the inscriptions found upon the island of Thera, dating back to the eighth century before Christ, proves this most conclusively. The Greeks soon modified these configurations and characters, and before long their writing lost all semblance to its prototype. The Greeks always were great fellows to borrow something particularly good from their neighbors, and then perfect it to the point where the lender could not recognize it.

At first they, like the Phenicians, wrote from right to left. Then they took the notion to write the first line from right to left, the next one from left to right, and following down so, alternately, first one way and then the next. Presumably they did that to imitate as nearly as they could on a flat surface the serpent-like inscriptions they were then engraving on their vases, beginning at the top at the right and winding on down around and around. Later they adopted the left-to-right system altogether. Kirchhoff has cleared up many cloudy points about the early Greek writing, how those in the West adopted an alphabet of twenty-five letters, while those of the East stuck to their original twenty-six, the Ionians using but twenty-four, whereas the Eolo-Dorian alphabet had twenty-eight. About the fifth century before our era, and as a consequence perhaps of a great convention of school-teachers (?), they abandoned all these different alphabets, to settle upon one, a modified Ionian of twenty-four letters, and made it the standard for all Greece.

The Hellenic colonies that settled in Sicily and toward the center of Italy, carried thither their Eolo-Dorian alphabet, and it is the root of the Etruscan and Latin alphabets from which all western European alphabets have sprung.

If you have time and opportunity, follow the Phenician inspiration, as it might be called, through all those early ramifications. You will be able to trace it through the famed inscriptions of Mescha, the king of Moab; that other inscription you will find upon each of the bronze and iron weights of Nimrod, and that inscription upon the sarcophagus of Eschmounasar in the Louvre. You can trace it down all through the Semitic writing and the early Hebrew,—not that square Hebrew we are used to and that dates back only to the first century of our own era, but the good old Hebrew untainted by Greek and other Gentile influences.

The Syrians were the first to join their characters together as we do in writing, and from them sprang the Auranian and Sabian alphabets, examples of which writing we have in the inscriptions found about Sinai; they, in turn, were the progenitors of the Arab alphabet that, unchanged to-day, is used in the later magnificent manuscripts, the *veskhk* or "copyists' alphabet."

The influence of this Syrian formation is seen even in the Chinese and other Oriental alphabets. In the seventh century A. D., certain Nestorian monks penetrated into Tartary and did much to improve if not change that people's inscription of *Si-ngau-fou*. The Mongols, Manchus, and Kalmucks followed suit.

Interesting, but too confusing and long, are the twistings and turnings of the Phenician root through the *magadhic* and other alphabets of India, of Numidia, and of Ethiopia. Nor can we take the time to even glance at Zeudish, the Pahlavic, the Himyaritic, and the other thousand and one subdivisions of our subject.

As peoples and religions grew in strength, so, in the same ratio, was their mode of writing learned by or imposed upon other peoples; hence it is that one epoch in history shows the preponderance of one system or language over that of another, perhaps inferior to the former. It was evolution, if you wish, but not an evolution based upon scientific progression. Now no nation penetrated further into the "contiguous territory of the enemy" than did the Romans, so it can not be matter for much surprise that the Latin alphabet was carried so far and wide. And where it was not implanted on the point of the lance as it were, made the "official" alphabet of the conquered region, it was more peacefully introduced by the apostles and early missionaries of the church.

The formation and application of the Latin alphabet, with its resultant writing, may be divided into three sections for our study. The first comprises the period from its beginning up to the thirteenth century A. D.; the second on up to the sixteenth century; and the third to our own times.

During the first, and much of the second, period, capitals were used in all inscriptions upon all coins and other important places, but they had lost much of their majestic form and regularity; they hardly bore any resemblance to the fine old lettering found upon the friezes of the earlier temples and basilicæ. They became well named; they were called "rustic." To hide the fact that people could not draw them as accurately as of old, the corners were rounded off, exaggerated tails were affixed, and much flourishing was resorted to. Besides, much less capitalization was used; little letters predominated in the manuscripts of that period. The goose-quill came into use about the seventh century, and was responsible for much cursive, scratchy writing.

The second period might be called a perfecting, upon almost entirely new lines, of the first's debased forms. What we call the "Gothic," a really pretty writing, came into vogue. It lent itself admirably to the art of the illuminator, who reached the very top-most rung of the ladder of perfection in the fifteenth century. The missals and Bibles and public documents, yes, even the private letters done by the scribes of those days, were marvels of pictorial as well as of chirographic art.

The multiplicity of deeds and other legal forms, the exigencies of commerce, and the growing tendency

of men to record events and impressions, and the awakening of the peoples from the literary lethargy of the Middle Ages, impelled inventors to devise something easier, cheaper, and quicker than fingers and pens to make books and copies. Guttenberg supplied the needed improvement, and from his time may be dated the downfall of writing as an art. Stenography and the typewriter have completed the work.

Some scientists are craning their necks awaiting the coming of some new form of writing or alphabet. They argue that we have reached but another step in the evolution of language and expression; that Volapük, Esperanto, or some other mode of expression and signs not now thought of, will be the perfected outcome of their efforts. Our best authorities agree, however, that we have built the completed structure, that nothing better can be done. We may devise new and more rapid typesetting processes, and speak into phonographs that will reel off finished books at the other end, but our alphabet, our expression, our form of speech, and its reduction to legible duplication can not be improved upon. And why are they not right? Is it not so with art, for instance? We have photography, engraving, lithography, for *re-producing* pictures; automatic tools, pneumatic carving appliances for statuary, wonderful facilities for building that our fathers knew not of; but I think the reader will agree with me that the limit of perfection and beauty and originality in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture was reached some time ago.

"God Shall Hear"

IN ancient times a meaning was attached to nearly all names, the significance of which had to do with the character of the individual, or with some incident relative to his birth. Do you remember the meaning of Ishmael—"God shall hear"? He was so named by the angel of the Lord. "Because," said he, "the Lord hath heard thy affliction." One can not read the chapter in which this text is found without being moved to a deeper love for the God of Abraham, and a more abiding trust in the One who sent from the courts of glory a ministering spirit to comfort a poor Egyptian servant, weeping in the wilderness.

At the birth of Isaac, Ishmael, until that time regarded by all as the heir to Abraham's great wealth, lost his right to his father's inheritance. Sarah said, "The son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." And more than this, he was separated from his father, whom he doubtless loved. In a single day, he lost wealth, father, home, and friends; his prospects were blighted, his hopes shattered. Sent away from the familiar and pleasant surroundings of his childhood, he and his mother were wandering in the wilderness of Beersheba, helpless, hopeless, friendless, and alone, with hearts aching from a feeling of injustice. "And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child."

And yet, while conscious of his wretchedness, Ishmael laid hold of another legacy which had been imparted to him in his early childhood—a legacy far more precious than that of kings. He had been taught faith in the God of Abraham. Each morning and evening he had listened to his father's prayer. Perhaps it was the evening hour, and he was longing to

be again at his father's side, to experience the blessing of the hour of prayer; but he knew that this could not be, and in his desolation, expecting soon to die, his thoughts turned toward God.

"And God heard the voice of the lad." He who had said, "Thou shalt call his name Ishmael ["God shall hear"]," fulfilled the promise contained in the name. "And the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. . . . And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad to drink. And God was with the lad." He also made Hagar a promise, much coveted by mothers at that time—"I will make him a great nation."

Are there any young people who read this who are in perplexity, who know not which way to turn, who are looking forward to the responsibilities of life, and know not how best to fit themselves for life's duties? Is the God of Abraham your God? He is the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and forever. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." I wonder if there are any boys and girls about fourteen years of age—Ishmael's age—whose outlook seems as dark as was his. God has a plan for you, or you would never have been born. Have you made known to him your aspirations, and asked him to make you strong for the path of duty, and a worker in the great cause of truth? If so, he has surely heard you. The omnipotent, omniscient God delights in such communion, and he will show himself strong in behalf of him whose heart is perfect toward him. Doubtless the angel of God has visited you in the silent night-watches, and you have heard a voice saying almost audibly, "This is the way." O, how happy we should be to have the companionship of angels, and how careful to heed the warnings given! "He that is faithful in that which is least will soon hear the invitation, 'Come up higher.'" Every mistake, every fault, every difficulty conquered, the trials which seem so great that we feel we can not bear them, may become stepping-stones to better and higher things. It is through such experiences that all who have ever made life worth living have achieved success. Let us, in days of shadow as well as sunshine, turn our thoughts to the God who so quickly answered the prayer of the boy Ishmael. "God shall hear;" and if we listen, we will hear him say to us, "Fear not."

WINIFRED L. HOLMDEN.

What One Pastor Did

Two poor boys were working by the day in a large foundry, with no other thought than that there was their life's work. One day their pastor came in; during a brief conversation he said, "I want you to go to college." This was as far from their dreams as flying to the moon. But the germ thus planted began to grow.

In a few days the pastor called again. "You must go to college," he said.

"It's for rich boys, and we're poor," was the reply.

Then the pastor assured them that there was a far larger number of poor boys in college than of rich boys; and the idea continued to grow.

He kept this up through several weeks and finally said, "If you will go to college, our church will pay your tuition." The boys were dumfounded. They did not dream anybody had that much interest in

them. I can not tell the whole story; but that faithful and earnest pastor followed up this work until the next September these two boys became students in a Methodist university.

They were graduated; one became a physician, an ornament to his profession, a lover of God and of man, influential in every good thing in his town. The other boy was the minister who told me the story, now pastor of an influential church, a blessing to a large congregation, an inspiration to the hundreds of young men and young women who hear him preach from Sunday to Sunday.

The transformation came about because this faithful pastor persuaded these two boys of the value and possibility of an education. Tears, expressive of sweet joy and devout gratitude, chased one another down the cheeks of this man as he thanked God for the pastoral care that was given two poor boys back there twenty-five years ago.

I am wondering whether, in that whole summer, that pastor did in all the rest of his pastoral labor as effective pastoral service as he did in the brief time he spent with these boys in the foundry.

Why may not each of our colleges have next September at least two new students from each church within its patronizing territory? A little faithful, persistent pastoral labor will bring it about.—*Christian Advocate*.

Useless Promises

"JUDGED am I by what I do, and not by what I say; Useless are the promises that lie undone each day. Let me ever keep in mind that actions are the test; Learn I must to be sincere and do my very best."

Rejected, but Not Lost

THE old wire-covered door stood idly against the wall of a house. It had been the door of a chicken yard, but its usefulness was over. Its wood was brown and warped by the weather, its hinges rusted and broken, and it had been put by as good for nothing. But the honeysuckle found it, and crept silently up and up, spreading its green fingers lovingly over rusted wire and rough framework, until finally the whole door was hidden in a lace-work of green; then the blossoms began to appear, bursting into white and gold sweetness, until the old door was a mass of beauty. They found it on the day before Children's day, and stood in wonder over it, and with sudden inspiration cut off the vine at the roots and carried the old door into the church, where it leaned its glorified height against the pulpit wall next to the choir. No one looking upon that mass of lovely green and white leaves and blossoms would have dreamed the foundation was an old chicken-house door. It was glorified and made fit for the house of the Lord. That is the way Christ may come to our lives, and glorify them and beautify them, even in all their ugliness and uselessness. It was not the glory of the wooden frame or the chicken wire, even had they been new and fresh, that shone in the church that day, but the glory of the life that had come to dwell upon it, and twine about it, and interlace every portion of it, and blossom in light upon it. That is what Jesus will be to you and me.—*The Evening Star*.

A BITTER jest, when it comes too near the truth, leaves a sharp sting behind it.—*Tacitus*.

GOOD MANNERS

Table Etiquette

THERE is no place, perhaps, where one is judged more severely for ill manners than at the table. The world has come to look upon a person's behavior at the table as an index to his character. For a few weeks some of the more important rules of table etiquette will appear in the INSTRUCTOR.

An "unwritten law obliges men and women of gentle breeding to be agreeable and amiable at table."

"An elderly woman who looked as if she might have belonged to the 'Sunshine Society' all her life, was asked by a friend for the secret of her never-failing cheerfulness. She replied: 'I think it is because we were taught in our family to be cheerful at table. My father was a lawyer, with a large criminal practise. His mind was harassed with difficult problems all the day long, yet he always came to the table with a smile and a pleasant greeting for every one, and exerted himself to make the table hour delightful. All his powers to charm were freely given to entertain his family. Three times a day we felt his genial influence, and the effect was marvelous. If a child came to the table with cross looks, he or she was quietly sent away to find a good boy or girl, for only such were allowed to come within that loving circle. We were taught that all petty grievances and jealousies must be forgotten when meal-time came, and the habit of being cheerful three times a day, under all circumstances, had its effect on even the most sullen temper.'"

It is said that Orientals had no family ties of affection until they began to eat at a common table. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the happy, well-regulated meal hour may do much toward creating and cementing strong family and friendship ties.

"The habit of finding fault with the food or the table service indicates a lack of good training that should be overcome, no matter what age the faultfinder may have attained. Neither by look nor tone should such annoyance be shown, and a semblance of trying the food, rather than the ignoring of it entirely, is desirable."

Choose cheerful, helpful subjects of conversation;

avoid reference to illness, suffering, trouble, calamities, and all differences that would be likely to cause exciting or unpleasant emotions on the part of any one at the table.

Never be in haste at the table. The time to make haste is before the meal-time, so that one can always come promptly to the table, and, while there, can be at ease. Every one should endeavor to make the meal hour pleasant and profitable. "Food well chatted is half digested."

As an invited guest, never be late for dinner. Be equally careful not to anticipate by many minutes the time indicated on the dinner cards. The hostess need



From "Correct Social Usage"

READY FOR LUNCHEON

not wait dinner more than fifteen minutes for a tardy guest. At formal functions she would hardly be expected to keep a large number waiting past the time for any guest.

Gentlemen should wear coats at the table.

A gentleman who accompanies a lady to the table draws out her chair, and observes that the ladies are seated before he takes his place.

Gentlemen never seat themselves until the ladies are seated, or until the hostess gives the signal for all to be seated. The hostess also gives the signal for rising.

Never come to breakfast table with hair uncombed. Let the morning toilet be simple, but fresh and tasteful. One husband paid a pleasing compliment to his wife when he said, "We always think of her as a morning-glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table."

The guest of honor, if a woman, should be seated

at table at the host's right hand; if a man, he is given the place at the right of the hostess. At formal dinners, this rule does not hold. Gentlemen and ladies should be alternated at public functions, and they should be served as seated, though ladies are served before the gentlemen when the host does the serving. Do not place members of the same family side by side, if any other arrangement can be made.

"If you are attending a somewhat formal dinner, remember that the conversation is never general on these occasions, and that you are expected to confine your attention to the two persons between whom you are seated."

Laying the Table

Cover the table with a silence-cloth, which is usually made of double-faced Canton flannel or felt.

On the silencer lay a pure white damask cloth. "An ample and well-laundered cloth is a matter of prime importance; it should be ironed almost without starch and in as few creases as possible. When spread, its long central crease should divide the area of the board exactly in half, and it ought to be wide enough to hang in folds to within twelve or eighteen inches of the floor. A white lace, or white embroidered, center-piece is preferable to the squares or circular pieces ornamented with colored embroidery."

Place a service plate in the center of each cover, allowing from twenty-five to thirty inches in length and fifteen inches in depth for each. The plate, as well as all cutlery and silver, is set one-half inch from the edge of the table.

The small individual butter plates do not now appear on the well-set table.

Place knives at the right of the plate, with the cutting edge toward the plate; spoons to the right of the knives; and forks to the left of the plate. Place bread-and-butter plates (not used at formal dinners) at the left of the plate, and the glasses at the upper right-hand corner. At formal dinners it is customary to place at the left of the forks, or in the plate, the

napkins (dinner size), with a roll, a piece of dinner bread, or stick between the folds, but in sight.

Spoon holders are seldom used; but if one does appear on the table, place the bowl of the spoon in the holder first.

Toothpicks should not be placed on the table. "None but the hopeless provincial and vulgarian uses a toothpick in public."

Finger-bowls are provided with the fruit course, for each person at the table. Place on a dessert plate a small doily, on this the finger-bowl half filled with water. In this may be dropped a small flower or leaf. It is proper for one to appropriate the flower for the buttonhole or as a souvenir.

Knives and Forks

Take hold of the knife by the handle, allowing the forefinger to rest on the upper part of the blade.

Use both knives and forks in the order in which you find them, beginning with those farthest from the plate.

Don't put your own knife into the butter, saltcellar, or into any general dish.

The knife is used only for cutting. When it is laid by and the fork taken into the right hand, the knife should be laid on the plate. To rest the tip of the blade on the edge of the plate and the end of the handle on the cloth, or to lay the knife across the farthest edge of the plate, is incorrect. The knife and fork, when not in service, must rest wholly on the plate.

Don't drum on a knife to distribute salt over the food. Enough can be quietly lifted on the tines of a fork to season the food.

Never play with your knives, forks, or glasses, but cultivate repose at the table.

Never put your knife in your mouth, nor use a spoon when a fork will serve. Forks may be used for eating ice-cream; lettuce and salads are folded or cut with the side of a fork, never with the knife. Even small vegetables, like peas, are eaten with a fork.

(To be continued)

"Bethany"

AN inspiring feature of the popular "Winona Assembly" at Winona Lake, Indiana, and one which perhaps is unsurpassed in effective and far-reaching results, is the Bethany Twilight Service. As the last rays of the setting sun glimmer through the beautiful grove, a company of several hundred young women, known as "The Bethany Circle," gather in Bethany Hall, where, under the direction of their beloved leader,—a woman of deep consecration and love for girls,—the heart is uplifted to God in prayer, Scripture reading, and song; and here, free from all formality and embarrassment, the girls gain strength from the recital of the day's experiences in the Christian warfare, of plans, and hopes, and aspirations; and one is forcibly reminded that, as of old, Jesus again loves to meet with his friends at Bethany after the weary toils of the day, and renew the tenderness of friendship manifested so beautifully toward Lazarus and his sisters, as left on record in the inspired Word.

The favorite song—a part of every service—is as follows:—



"When silently the night shades fall,
In sable mantle dressed,
And earth in holy calm and peace
Is gently lulled to rest,
There comes from out the stillness deep
A whisper sweet and low,
That brings into the weary breast
A peace it fain would know.

"When twilight falls o'er land and sea,
And shadows come and go,
Mid silent tread, mid zephyrs sweet
That gently onward flow,
There seems to be a softer strain
That whispers to my soul,
And Jesus, heav'n, and all things pure,
Come in and take control.

"Divinely sweet is such an hour,
When Jesus draws us near,
With fond caress and tender smile,
His loving words to hear;
But sweeter far than this 'twill be
When life's twilight shall come,
If Jesus speaks his fond 'Well done!
Come reign with me at home.'

CHORUS:

"Holy twilight hour, blessed twilight hour,
Through thy wooing Jesus speaks and bids me
come.
Holy twilight hour, blessed twilight hour,
Through thy tranquil dream the heart sings
'home, sweet home.'"

The Bethany Circle is termed "a training-school where young women learn how to live the life that counts." It was started about ten years ago by the present leader, Mrs. Carrie Stewart Besserer, with a very small company of young women, but each year the number has increased, until at the present time there is an enrolment of twenty-five hundred. The annual reunion occurs at Winona, during the Chautauqua assembly, but throughout the year a chain of correspondence and literature binds the members in a world-wide circle, which is strengthened by the daily prayer season for one another and for unsaved friends.

The badge of membership seems to consist in a serene and happy countenance, revealing a joy and satisfaction in the life which is so vainly sought in the allurements of the world. The unyielded and unsatisfied heart is quickly drawn to this circle by the hearty clasp of hand and the cheery welcome of Christian colleagues, and many young women have responded to the voice of the Spirit, which speaks so audibly at this quiet hour, and have dedicated their lives to Christian work at home and in foreign fields.

The "pillow text" adopted by the circle this year is Isa. 41:10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The pledge is as follows:—

Relying on Jesus Christ for grace and on my Heavenly Father for strength,

I will not

Have ears for that evil report about another, which I would grieve to have another harken to about myself.

I will not

Have eyes for that error of another, which I would long to have go unnoted in myself.

I will not

Have a tongue for that frailty of another which, if my own, I would crave to have sheltered in kindly silence; for Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto me."

I will

Make Jesus the King of my life, and try always to do unto others as I would have others do unto me.

Are there not other young people who could with advantage to themselves and others, put this pledge into daily practise? GRACE D. MACE.

Before We Get to the Tunnel

It was yet broad daylight, and we wondered for a moment why the trainman should come through the car with a lighted taper and kindle the light in every gas-jet overhead. Outside the sun was shining brightly. How dim the light which had been set aflame seemed in comparison with the great flood which came pouring down from the king of day! Why this waste of light in the daytime?

Then suddenly, with a rush and a gurgle, the train plunged straight into the dark. Ah, now we understood why the lamps were lighted! We were coming to a long tunnel. Had it not been for those bright lights up above us, we would now have been sitting in the deepest shadows. Before we reached the tunnel, the lamps were lighted.

A great bridge is being built at one place down in the Delaware Water Gap. The material used is ce-

ment. With this dust of rock, high arches are being constructed, deep foundations laid, and lofty towers raised. Will these parts stand the tremendous pressure that will be placed upon them by and by?

We ask the question, and the master mechanic takes us out where the work is going on. A smile is on his face as he says: "Have no fear about the strength of the bridge. It is being re-enforced everywhere."

Re-enforced? the term is new to us, and we ask for an explanation. Then we are brought over to the piles of strong steel beams and supports and braces which lie near the spot where the bridge is being laid across the stream.

"These enter into the construction of the bridge. You will not see them, for they will be entirely buried by the cement compositions. These will give the needed strength. By means of these we re-enforce our structure."

Before the strain comes, the bridge is re-enforced with sinews of steel. So lofty houses are erected now, and they bear all the burdens that may be placed upon them. In the time of the terrible earthquake which shook San Francisco to the foundation, few buildings stood the test save those which had been re-enforced with ribs of steel.

To-day a young man sits reading the Bible. The morning is new. Out in the streets men are hurrying to their work. The cars are crowded to the doors with those who will soon be face to face with life's duties. Still here this young man sits, calmly reading the Word.

"How do you get the time to do it?" we ask. "The day is so short! There are so many things to do! Can you spare the moments just now for this study?"

"I am going soon to meet the world," he quietly answers. "I know what is coming to me. There will be times when my work will try me. I shall need more strength than I have myself. That strength I am gaining now. I could not afford to let my hour with God go by. I must have him with me at every step, all day."

Lighting the lamps before the tunnel is reached.

All alone an old lady sits holding the Book in her hands. The silver of time is in her hair. Now her eyes are dim. The Book is there, but she can not read it. Soon she will slip away from life. Ask her about it now, and she says:—

"I take so much comfort in thinking of things I learned long ago when my sight was good. So many precious passages come up to my mind now that I can not see to read. I would be so much more lonely if I did not have these words to think about."

No darkness now in the tunnel for this dear friend. The lamps have all been lighted while yet it was day, and she could get ready for this time of waiting in the silence. The beams of steel have been built into the structure of her life, and she is not afraid of anything that may come to her.

Few but have lived long enough to know that shadows do come into these lives of ours. We can not escape them; it would not be best that we should. Only through testing does strength come. What shall we do, then, to make ready for the dark day and the time of trial?

Light the lamp beforehand. Make the life strong while yet there is time for thought, study, and dwelling close to the heart of God? Are we busy? So much the more reason why we ought to take time to be alone with the Father. So we may grow into

the habit of doing everything just as if he were right by our side. Then nothing can startle us. The long tunnel has no dread for us. No matter how heavy the strain, we can bear it, for he is near to strengthen and help us.

One of the great men of our country once said: "I have so fixed the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God to bless it. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without sending my thoughts heavenward."

So he lighted the lamps before he came to the tunnel. So may we all come to live every day and every hour in God's presence.—*Edgar L. Vincent, in the Wellspring.*

The Sabbath

'Tis Sabbath eve; and in the west
The golden sun has gone to rest.
Now silent falls the evening shade
O'er vale and hill, o'er field and glade.

The graceful pine sways in the breeze;
The birds sing sweetly in the trees;
A silent hush, a sacred peace,
Bids man from worldly cares to cease.

A call to praise and earnest prayer,
Seems floating through the ambient air;
And angels whisper from above,
Sweet messages of joy and love.

'Tis holy time, God's day of rest;
'Twas made by God, by him 'twas blessed.
In paradise this day was given,
A binding link 'twixt earth and heaven.

O Sabbath day! within thy calm
The troubled spirit seeks its balm;
And heav'n bends low its child to greet,
Alone with God in prayer so sweet.

May all thy holy hours of rest
Be welcomed to this weary breast,
Until, life's sinful voyage o'er,
We'll greet thee then on heav'nly shore.

JESSIE PEARL GRENNER.

A Heart's Longing Ungratified

WHEN but three years of age, a baby boy met with an accident which at the time gave his mother but little concern. In a few months, however, it became evident to the mother that something serious had befallen her baby. The family physician was consulted; the brain had been injured, and he was doomed to a life of invalidism. Tenderly did the mother love manifest itself, and for seventeen years she attended to his every want. He remained a babe during all those years, as neither body nor brain developed.

When the boy had reached his twenty-first birthday, a friend who was visiting the mother, mentioned the greatness of the burden which had been borne all those years. "Have you not wished the boy dead? has not the burden been too heavy to bear?" Tears sprang to the mother's eyes, as she replied: "Yes, he has been a care; for seventeen years I have carried him and tended to him, for he has been but a baby all that time. And yet could I but once have his eyes fixed upon me in recognition, could I but once hear from his lips, 'Mama, I love you,' this would amply repay me for the burden I have carried."

God has carried us since we first breathed the breath of life; he has supplied our every need; he has dealt with us patiently, tenderly; he longs for our

recognition of his love, and when from a full heart we praise him, calling him "Father," he is pleased, satisfied. Have you, reader, thus recognized him? Do you, at every opportunity, press in your testimony of praise and thanksgiving? While it is true we are all cripples spiritually, yet that condition can be altered by the Spirit of God. He removes every hindrance to our full development, and urges us on to the attainment of God's standard, the stature of Jesus Christ. The nearer we approach to this standard, the more fully will we appreciate God's tender love, and the more abundant will be our praise and thanksgiving.

JOHN N. QUINN.

The Man Worth While

If there's one thing in this world
That is worthy of the prize,
It's the man with aspirations
That are lofty as the skies,—
With a heart full of affection
And a zeal that never dies;
It's the man who's always ready
When other men are not;
It's the man who keeps his promise,
And is "Johnny-on-the-spot."

E. E. TROWBRIDGE.

The New Prince of Wales



KING GEORGE has not waited so long as did his father before creating his son Prince of Wales, for within less than two months of his succession to the throne, on the occasion of the boy's sixteenth birthday, the king conferred the title.

The Princes of Wales were originally the native rulers of the principality, who governed it as suzerains of the English crown. The transfer of the title from the Welsh to the English occurred, according to the common story, in 1284, when Edward I, a few weeks before the birth of his second son, promised to give to the Welsh a prince "free from any blemish upon his honor and unable to speak a word of English." He sent his queen to Wales, and the son was born at Carnarvon Castle, without any blemish on his honor, and unable to speak a word of English, or of any other language, for a year or two at least.

The title as borne by a son of the king was thus in its origin wholly unconnected with heirship to the throne. But the first English Prince of Wales did actually become king, as Edward II, in 1307, for his elder brother died before their father. The title was then merged with that of the king, and ever since has been conferred by special act of the king upon his eldest son, the heir apparent to the throne.

If the heir to the throne should die before his father, his son, if he had one, would be made Prince of Wales; but the title of Duke of Cornwall would not descend to his son, for this title belongs to the eldest surviving son of the king. There have been six Dukes of Cornwall who never were made Princes of Wales.

There are no estates in Wales from which the prince receives revenues, but as Duke of Cornwall he inherits landed property which brings in about half a million dollars a year. As this is considered sufficient for the proper maintenance of a sixteen-year-old heir to the throne, King George has asked for no grant from Parliament for his son.—*Youth's Companion.*



Children of China.



Indian Child,
Central America.



The Little Helper,
Japan.



Two Little Girls in New Guinea.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Problem in Threes

If three little houses stood in a row,
 With never a fence to divide;
 And if each little house had three little maids
 At play in the garden wide;
 And if each little maid had three little cats
 (Three times three times three);
 And if each little cat had three little kits,
 How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends
 With whom she loved to play;
 And if each little friend had three little dolls
 In dresses and ribbons gay;
 And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
 Were all invited to tea,
 And none of them should send regrets,
 How many guests would there be?

— *The Child's Hour.*

The Flowers That Came in Time

A True Incident

A VIGOROUS knocking! Then the kitchen door pushed open, to disclose Mary, my washerwoman.

"I can't come to wash to-morrow. I've got to go to a funeral — my chum's little girl's, little Lena."

A big, raw-boned, carrot-haired Irishwoman is Mary; yet with gentleness of heart as genuine as the roughness of her hands, she told the story of little Lena and the flowers.

Lena's way in life had not lain along flower-bordered paths. Flowers did not belong to life at all in her experience. What belonged to life was work; work, and want, and worry, and — worse things. Yet, by a merciful provision, the hands and heart of Lena, that had cracked and bled at first in the struggle with work, — and the worse things, — grew hard and callous after a while, and did not feel the hurt so much.

There was no father now. There had been once, — a father who had lived violently, till he died violently. After that happened, life became less cruel for Lena and her mother and the little boys; but it was still hard, harsh, bare.

Lena's mother, with Mary, her chum, scrubbed buildings in the city parks. That meant thirteen hours a day away from home. "It's a good thing I've got somebody to leave with the little boys while I'm away," Lena's mother had said. "Lena's a big girl now, — eleven, goin' on twelve, — plenty big enough to see to cookin' for the boys, and 'tend to the house and the work, and to have my coffee ready when I get home. And she goes to school, too."

So busy Lena, in the one basement room that was "home" for four, cooked meals on the little low gasoline stove, made the two beds, did dishes, and swept and scrubbed the "house." Wash days she got up early, so that she could leave the clothes on the line in the basement by the time she went to school.

Monday night it happened. Almost seven o'clock it was — time for mother to come; and her pot of coffee boiled fast and furiously over the gasoline. Somehow, as Lena whisked about in that crowded room, a flame from the low little stove leaped out and snatched the hem of her calico; and Lena, with flames streaming high over her head, rushed screaming into the windy street.

Poor little burned shoulders! Poor little back and

limbs! She could lie only on her hands and face; and she had lain so, not daring the agony of moving, from Monday night till Sunday.

"Great exhaustion," the doctor said, "from shock and pain." The little thread of life seemed ready to part.

Sunday afternoon the school-teacher came carrying a message. Not words — and for that the school-teacher was thankful. Words forsook her utterly at the piteous little sight. The school-teacher's message was flowers — a bunch of pinks was all; but such flowers Lena had never touched nor thought to touch.

"The little girls in your class sent them," the teacher succeeded in saying.

The weary, weary little face, lying sideways on the coarse sheet, took on a look of scared wonder.

"For me —" in a sobbing whisper, "those flowers for me, — now?"

For answer the teacher laid the pinks beside the wondering, frightened face.

One hand — what a little, little hand, to be so cracked and callous — ventured forth to clasp the flowers. Over her anguished eyes she spread their fresh coolness; across her rigid lips she laid their sweetness, to breathe it in, and in. Then again little Lena questioned tremblingly, —

"For me, — for me, — now?"

The teacher bent close to hear the next weak words: "I didn't think such nice flowers could be for me, — now, — because" — for a little space there was an aching silence; then the pitiful, pain-broken little voice poured out its quivering protest against the way of the world that *waits*, when it has sweetness to send — "I thought, — O! I thought, — I thought you'd got to be *dead* before anybody'd ever send you any flowers."

She grew quiet soon, and lay still, her fingers clinging, clinging to the precious flowers. Glad content smoothed out the pain-wrinkles from her brow and face.

"Ain't it nice!" breathed little Lena. "Ain't it nice that you don't have to wait till you're dead to have somebody send you flowers!"

A happy shining was in the eyes that had been so hot and anguished. Then the lids drooped, drooped, closed over the shining, and shut it in safely forever, as she passed from pain into rest. — *Zillah Foster Stevens, in the Sunday School Times.*

The Boy Who Forgets

I LOVE him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossip things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets some one's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his worktime, his play.
This is why I am taking his part;
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it with all of my heart:
I love him for what he forgets!
—Pauline Frances Camp, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Boy Who Couldn't Be Trusted

HARVEY held up his fingers, as if there was something in them, saying, "Speak for it!" then waited for his dog to take a seat on his hind feet and bark a request for it. But the dog did no such thing. Instead, he poked his nose between the rails of the fence, and looked surly.

"Why, what a dog!" said Harry Wheeler, who was visiting Harvey, and waiting to see the dog perform. "Now my Trusty, the minute I bring him anything and hold it up so, will speak just as plain. Everybody knows what he says."

"This dog used to do so," Harvey said, looking crossly at him. "I'm sure that I don't know what's got into him; he doesn't mind at all. He ought to be whipped."

Just then Harvey's sister came out to see the fun. She was in time to hear what was said. "I know just what's got into him, Harvey Barr," she said; "and if I were a dog, I would do exactly so. He doesn't believe a word you say. You cheat him all the time. You snap your fingers and say, 'Speak for it!' and you haven't got a thing for him, and he knows it. What would he speak for? If I had a dog, I wouldn't cheat him."

"Pshaw!" said Harvey; "as if a dog knew when he was cheated!"

"Why, of course he does. If he didn't, why wouldn't he mind when you spoke to him? He used to ask nicely for things, but now he knows you are just doing it to fool him."

"Well, he ought to mind, whether I have anything or not," Harvey said. "A dog ought to mind. Anybody who won't mind isn't worth a penny. Papa makes us mind, whether he has anything for us or not."

"O Harvey, as if papa ever cheated us! You never heard him say, 'Come here, and I'll give you something,' and then not do it after all."

"I don't care; if he *did* say so, we would have to mind him."

"But he *won't* say so ever, because it isn't right; and I don't think that it is right to treat a dog so. It just ruins him; mama said so. She said that Aunt Hattie was bringing up Tommy just as you bring up your dog. She tells him to be a good boy, and she will bring him something; but she always forgets it,

and Tommy knows that she will. He says: 'O, pooh, she won't!' I suppose that is exactly what your dog is saying to himself now."

"Boys are boys, and dogs are dogs," said Harvey; but he jumped down from the fence, and went away. He had made up his mind that there was no use in trying to have the dog "speak." Whether it was bad bringing up or not, he *wouldn't* mind.—*Our Boys and Girls*.

The Thousand-Dollar Brooch

A FRIEND of mine was telling me of an occurrence that to my mind very forcibly illustrates the point that I want to make. He had in his acquaintance a man who was rapidly making a fortune. He planned on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage to give his wife a beautiful diamond brooch. He thought it would be pleasing to her, and since they had lived happily together for those twenty-five years it would be perfectly proper and beautiful for him to give her this gift, and he was so absorbed he could not keep his plan secret. He confided it to her, and of course she had to tell her nearest friends, and so it got out that on the night of their twenty-fifth anniversary he was to present her with this beautiful brooch, for which he had planned to pay one thousand dollars.

But one night he was saying his prayers, and that diamond brooch, which he had not yet purchased, came up and shook itself in his face, and he tried to avoid thinking of it, but could not. Finally he ended his prayer, and after he had retired, his mind was led into this channel of thought: "A thousand dollars for a diamond brooch! and it will not add one whit to her attractiveness, and here is a great, big city in the hot summer months and practically no aggressive church work, and certainly no evangelistic work, and no money at hand to carry any on; with a thousand dollars handed over to my pastor, we could run for three months, a red-hot evangelistic campaign that would set this city on fire." And more and more that thing bothered him. He saw the people swayed by the gospel when otherwise they would be swayed by all sorts of amusements and worldliness. He went to his wife and told her that he had concluded that the thing to do was to put that one thousand dollars into the hands of his pastor, and he explained the purpose to her. She was not a Christian; she thought it was fanaticism.

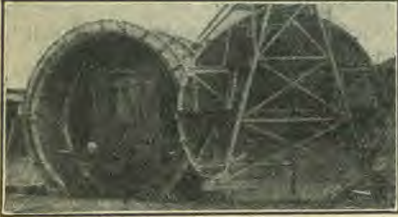
Finally he called his pastor in and told him about it. He did not offer any suggestions as to the solution of the problems, but said: "If it is put in my hands, I will use it as unto God." The money was put in his pastor's hand. The wife would not allow any anniversary celebration at all. He was humiliated, and she was more so. But the pastor went to work to employ a number of helpers, districted the town, and went to work on a great revival; the first soul converted was that man's wife. Before the campaign was over, his daughter and son were both converted. At the expiration of the three months, in that one church they received over three hundred as the result of that campaign.

Look at the contrast: a thousand-dollar brooch on the breast of an attractive woman and his wife — and a lost city; why a thousand dollars may mean in the end the salvation of an empire. Our plans must be subject to his will; our financial plans, plans for pleasure, domestic plans, must be turned over to him.—*Dr. Len G. Broughton, in the Golden Age*.



Disinfecting Railway Cars

A GERMAN engineer has solved the difficult problem of sterilizing a railway-coach quickly, thoroughly, and inexpensively, without taking out fittings and hangings. It is easily understood that cars may readily



be carriers of disease germs, and of more repulsive, if less dangerous vermin. The German coaches, returned from Russia, are often in filthy condition.

By the newly devised plan, each is run into a specially constructed steel cylinder, at the Potsdam shops, sealed in, and heated by steam-coils to 140° Fahrenheit. Air is then pumped out until such a vacuum is formed within the cylinder that water will boil in it at that temperature. Thus all moisture is evaporated from the car without injury from great heat. For special purposes of disinfection the cylinder is then filled with a formaldehyde gas, which kills all insect and germ life in the car. In twenty-four hours the car is again ready for service.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Wonderland for Birds

IMAGINE an enormous box floating in the water—a box a quarter of a mile in length and a hundred yards wide. Can you imagine it? If you can, and can also imagine that box as nearly three hundred feet in height, you have a pretty good idea of Perce Rock, in the Gaspe Basin, off the New Brunswick coast.

The top of this huge rock is as flat as a table, and is the home of the two worst enemies among sea-birds—the sea-gulls and the cormorants. These two kinds of fowl fight like cats and dogs. They seem to have agreed, a long, long time ago, that the gulls should own and occupy one half of the rock's top surface, and the cormorants the other half, and each side keeps a standing army of picket or camp guards to watch the other side.

The female birds of each kind have their nests, and lay their eggs upon this rock, and both eggs and young birds have to be constantly protected, for the gulls will destroy eggs and chicks of the cormorants when the least opportunity offers itself, and the cormorants will return the compliment with interest, so to speak.

From the deck of a steamer, at a distance of two miles, by using a strong field-glass, one can easily see the two lines of guards, facing each other, marching up and down the regular beats.

Of course these guards must eat, as well as the other birds. The way they do it is this: One half of the gulls and one half of the cormorants go at one time, but in opposite directions, feed, and return to let the other half go. Those not on guard laze in the sun ready to take up guard duty at any time.

The guards are ever on the alert for an opening through the opposing forces, and if, for instance, the

cormorants think that more than the usual number of gulls are absent from the rock, they will give a signal and "rush" the gulls, destroying chicks and eggs as fast as possible before the entire body of gulls return. Perhaps the gulls start the fight. But no matter which side starts it, there is certain to be a furious battle; for just the instant an assault is made, the alarm is given, and all absent gulls and cormorants come swiftly back. As soon as all get together, and the fight begins, all the birds rise up straight in the air, and commence the most awful noise that ever came from living creatures' throats. They snatch out feathers, strike hard and often disabling blows with their large wings, and all squawk and scream and roar until one would think there was a terrible storm. They fight until exhausted. Then they settle down on the rock—each bird on his own side—and begin the watching over again.—*Walter K. Putney, in the Wellspring*.

Where Ciphers Count

HERE is a peculiar and perplexing problem: A friend asks us to multiply \$5 by \$5. We do so, and announce the result of \$25. Now, multiply 500 cents by 500 cents, give the answer in cents, pure and simple, not as fractional parts of a dollar. We do so, and are surprised to see the figures climb up to 250,000 cents, which is \$2,500. As \$5 and 500 cents are equivalent, the result is puzzling. It can not be argued that decimal marks should be used. A cent, as such, is a distinct unit, as is a dollar, and as the result is to be announced in cents, the decimal can not be pleaded in extenuation of the surprising result. But there is clearly something wrong. Can any reader explain it?—*Selected*.

The Thornless Cactus

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent drift of criticism, it is being conceded that Mr. Burbank's thornless cactus is going to be a plant of immense value, both for forage and as a food plant. This new plant will come true from graft, and is being reproduced in that way, and also by breaking off the leaves and planting them. When the young plant is three years old, it stands six feet high, is as much in circumference, and weighs five hundred pounds. There will be five hundred thousand plants distributed during the current year, and these will be distributed through the Gulf States and in California. Four tons of the fodder is said to be equal to one ton of alfalfa, and one acre of land will produce as much as four acres of alfalfa. We must also take into account that this cactus will grow where the alfalfa will not, on the most unproductive soil, and needs no irrigation whatever. Then we have ten to twenty tons of fruit per acre, and this also has a commercial value. It can be used for making sirup, boiled or canned. The leaves are said to be very similar to eggplant, as a salad, or fried. Mr. Burbank does not claim, and never has claimed, that this is the only thornless cactus in the world, but he has developed a variety superior to anything before known. An acre of this plant will support five to ten dairy cows, while hogs and sheep do admirably feeding on it. It serves for drink as well as for food, as it contains such a large percentage of water.—*The Independent*.

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON Corresponding Secretary

Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

XXXIV — The Ordinances of the Lord's House

SYNOPSIS.— Before the coming of Christ there were symbolic ordinances by which God's people kept in mind, and showed their faith in, the great sacrifice. The death of Jesus brought an end to all these services. John, the forerunner of Christ, administered the rite of baptism as a symbol of cleansing, and to show faith in the coming Redeemer. After his resurrection, Jesus commanded that all who should accept the gospel should be baptized. It shows faith in his atonement, and is a symbol of the putting away of sin. On the night of his betrayal, while the last efficacious passover was being celebrated, Jesus instituted two ordinances for the Christian dispensation,—the ordinance of humility, or feet washing, and the Lord's supper. By the former we keep in mind his lessons of humility, and pledge ourselves to unselfish service. The Lord's supper is emblematic of his death for us, and helps to keep in mind his promised return.

Questions

1. In the former dispensation what formed a part of the divine worship? **Heb. 9:1.**
2. What was the general character of these ordinances, and until what time were they in force? **Heb. 9:10; Col. 2:14.**
3. What outward rite was administered by John the Baptist, who came at the close of the old, and the beginning of the new, dispensation? **Luke 3:2, 3.**
4. Why was Jesus, who had never sinned, baptized of John? **Matt. 3:15; 1 Peter 2:21.**
5. Just before his ascension, what commission did Jesus give his disciples? **Matt. 28:19.**
6. What experience should precede baptism? **Acts 2:38; Rom. 6:2.**
7. Of what is baptism a representation, and what should be the manner of life after it? **Rom. 6:4, 6, 13.**
8. At the time of the last passover celebrated by Jesus, what spirit were his disciples cherishing? **Luke 22:24.**
9. By what direct statement did Jesus seek to correct them, and how did he speak of his own position among them? **Verses 25-27.**
10. What practical demonstration was given of his willingness to serve? **John 13:4, 5.**
11. In what words did Jesus show the necessity of his followers continuing to practise this ordinance of humility? **Verses 12-17.**
12. While eating the passover, what did Jesus do with some of the bread, and what did this represent? **Luke 22:19.**
13. What was done with the cup of wine, and what did this represent? **Matt. 26:27, 28.**
14. What is shown forth as often as this ordinance is observed? **1 Cor. 11:26.**
15. In what spirit should we come to the Lord's table? **Verses 27-29.**

Notes

1. One of the most forcible methods of teaching is by means of illustrations. In the former dispensation the truths of the certain penalty for sin, and the ample remedy provided for escaping its consequences, were constantly kept before the people by the acted parable of the sanctuary service.

2. The death of Christ is the great central fact to which the whole typical service pointed forward. When he died, all these ordinances came to an end.

4. "Jesus did not receive baptism as a confession of guilt on his own account. He identified himself with sinners, taking the steps that we are to take, and doing the work that we must do. His life of suffering and patient endurance after his baptism was also an example to us."—*"Desire of Ages," page III.*

7. By being baptized one not only professes faith in the death and resurrection of Christ, but also declares that he has died with him. Having died to sin, it is fitting that one should be buried in baptism, and rise from the watery grave to lead a new life. But it is no more appropriate that an unrepentant person be baptized than that a living man should be buried.

11. "That his people might not be misled by the selfishness which dwells in the natural heart, and which strengthens by self-serving, Christ himself set the example of humility. . . . Now, having washed the disciples' feet, he said, 'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.' In these words Christ was not merely enjoining the practise of hospitality. More was meant than the washing of the feet of guests to remove the dust of travel. Christ was here instituting a religious service. By the act of our Lord this humiliating ceremony was made a consecrated ordinance. It was to be observed by the disciples, that they might ever keep in mind his lessons of humility and service."—*"Desire of Ages," pages 649, 650.*

13. "In partaking with his disciples of the bread and wine, Christ pledged himself to them as their Redeemer. He committed to them the new covenant, by which all who receive him become children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. By this covenant every blessing that heaven could bestow for this life and the life to come, was theirs. This covenant deed was to be ratified with the blood of Christ. And the administration of the sacrament was to keep before the disciples the infinite sacrifice made for each of them individually as a part of the great whole of fallen humanity."—*"Desire of Ages," pages 656, 659.*

14. "The communion service points to Christ's second coming. It was designed to keep this hope vivid in the minds of the disciples. . . . Unspeakably precious to them was the thought, 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.'"—*"Desire of Ages," page 659.*

Reading Course Honor Roll

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

Mrs. John Cornell, Kansas.	Hattie Cady, Minnesota.
Miss Hazel Hicks, Kansas.	Louise M. Whitcomb, New Jersey.
Miss Opal Carner, Kansas.	Bernarr Whitcomb, New Jersey.
Miss May Whitlo, Kansas.	Marguerite Madden, New Jersey.
Mrs. Maude Haley, Kansas.	Stella E. Williams, New Jersey.
Mrs. Belle Higgins, Kansas.	
Miss Mable Deihl, Kansas.	
Miss Amy Hayden, Kansas.	
Willie Hayden, Kansas.	

Steadfast to the End

TAKE heed, my brethren, lest there be
In you a heart of unbelief,
Nor from the living God e'er flee,—
He only giveth full relief.

But now, while it is called to-day,
Another in the faith exhort,
Lest you be hardened, turned away,
Or in deceitful sin resort.

For we with Christ partakers are
If we hold steadfast to the end
Our hope and confidence, though far
In devious ways the Master send.

Behold, my brethren, while 'tis said
To-day, if ye will hear his voice,
Look unto Christ, the living head,
And in thy heart make him thy choice.

MAX HILL.

Sanitarium, California.

Winning Homes and Hearts

A REMARK of a native of India shows the quiet power of medical missions. He said: "We are not afraid of your books, for we need not read them; we are not afraid of your schools, for we need not send our children to them; we are not afraid of your preaching, for we need not listen; but your zenana workers get at our homes, and your doctors get at our hearts, and when you have got our homes and our hearts, you have all.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

One Way Still Open

IN the early days of Britain, when the Christian Cuthbert and his companions were driven from the bitter land to sea, and then were cast upon a dreary shore by a terrible storm, they cried, "No path is open for us; let us perish: we are driven from land to sea and from sea to land." But Cuthbert answered, "Have ye so little faith, my comrades?" and then lifting his eyes to heaven he prayed, "I thank thee, Lord, that the way to heaven is still open." When there is no other way to look for help, we may look up.—*Our Young Folks*.

Fault-Finding

It is not meet each nice offense
Should bear its comment!
—*Shakespeare*.

Evil Temptations

GOD wants us to turn from evil and be faithful overcomers. Not only are we to turn from evil, and avoid it, but we are to seek strength from God that we may be able to face it and conquer it.

God tells us that his grace is sufficient for all, and that he is a very present help in every time of trouble. If we could only grasp by faith the full meaning of these two passages, how many times, when we seem tempted almost beyond endurance, would we find sweet peace, and the temptation vanish!

Although we sometimes feel that we can not endure the trials that befall us, we know God will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way of escape. So when the temptations come, let us always look for the way of escape, for it is just as surely there as is the temptation itself.

We are admonished to resist the devil, and he will flee from us; and the only way we can do that is to have our hearts stayed on God and his truths, and then when temptations come, look to him in earnest prayer, and Satan will surely flee.

Again, we are told to put on the whole armor of God, that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. There never was a time when it was more needful to put on the whole armor of God than at the present moment. Sin and wickedness abound on every hand; Satan is surely trying to lead people astray. And now that the Judgment day is so swiftly approaching, let us strive to have our hearts cleansed from all unrighteousness, that when we come up to be judged, we will hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," for it would be a terrible doom to hear the words, "I know you not."

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

ELVA RHOADES.



XIII — Christ's Prayer for His Disciples

(September 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." John 17:20.

The Lesson Story

1. The last words of Jesus on the night of his betrayal were full of hope and courage. The disciples had often heard him pray, and now that he was soon to leave them, he poured out his whole soul in prayer for them and for all who should believe in him. He first prayed for himself. As he lifted up his eyes toward heaven, he said: "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

2. Then he prayed for his chosen disciples who had continued with him till that hour: "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word. Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee. For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me."

3. Jesus knew he was leaving his little band of followers alone in the world, and he said: "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine. And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are. While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled."

4. Still Jesus pleaded for his disciples: "And now come I to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves. I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

5. Then Jesus prayed for each one of us in these words: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them

also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them: that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved us." When Jesus prayed so earnestly for us, we surely ought to pray for ourselves and for one another.

6. Jesus longed for the time to come when his children can be with him in heaven, so he prayed: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovest me before the foundation of the world. O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee: but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me. And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."

Questions

1. How did Jesus talk to the disciples on the night of his betrayal? After he had thus spoken, what did he do? For whom did he first pray? For what did he ask his Father? What power did he say had been given him? How is eternal life obtained? What did he say he had done while in the world? For what glory did he plead?

2. To whom had Jesus manifested the Father? What did he say his disciples had done? What had they known? What had he given them? How had they treated his words? What had they known and believed?

3. For whom did Jesus specially pray? Why? What was he about to do? Whom was he leaving in the world? What did he ask his Father to do? What did he say he had done while with his disciples? How many of them had he lost?

4. What had the world done to those who followed Jesus? Why? For what did Jesus not pray? What blessing did he ask for those who loved him? Through what were they to be sanctified? Where were they to be sent? In what way? What did he do himself for their sakes?

5. For what others did Jesus pray at this time? What did he ask for them? Why did he wish them to be one with him and the Father? What had he given them? How much does God love those who are united to Christ? For whom ought we to pray?

6. What did Jesus further ask for those who had been given him? Why does he wish them to be with him?

TIME: The night preceding the crucifixion day.

MEMORY VERSE: John 17:20.

Questions

1. After finishing his instruction to the eleven, what did Jesus do? Give the opening words of his prayer. John 17:1; note 1.

2. What power had been given him? For what purpose? Verse 2; John 6:37.

3. What is eternal life? John 17:3.

4. What had Jesus done on earth? Verse 4.

5. For what did he ask? To whom had he manifested the Father's name? How had those given him related themselves to the Father's word? Verses 5, 6.

6. What did Jesus say these followers knew and believed? Verses 7, 8.

7. For whom did he pray? For whom did he not pray? To whom do those who believe on him belong? In what way did Jesus also claim them? In whom is Christ glorified? Verses 9, 10.

8. What did he say concerning himself? What of the disciples? Into whose care and keeping did he commit them? What would thus result? Verse 11.

9. How had he kept his disciples? What reference did he make to the absent one? Why had he spoken these things in the world? Verses 12, 13.

10. What had he given them? Why were they hated by the world? Verse 14. How did he comfort them, in view of this hatred? Verse 16. For what did he not pray? What was his request? Verse 15.

11. Through what were his followers to be sanctified? What is truth? What had Jesus himself done? For what? Verses 17, 19.

12. With what exalted commission had his disciples been endowed? Verse 18.

13. For whom, besides those present, did Jesus pray? What blessing did he ask for them? What would be the effect upon the world of this oneness among his followers? Verses 20, 21. See "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 520, last paragraph.

14. In what did Jesus glory during his earthly ministry? Verse 4; John 6:38.

15. When Christ's glory is revealed in us, what will be the result? Who dwells in those who are united in the love of Christ? What will the world thus know? John 17:22, 23.

16. What feature of Christ's prayer remains unfulfilled? What did he want his loved ones to see? Verse 24; note 2.

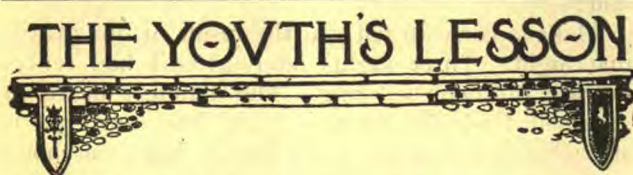
17. Of whom is the world in ignorance? How had this essential knowledge concerning the Father been placed within reach of all? Verse 25; John 15:22.

18. To whom had Jesus declared what is comprehended in his Father's name (Ex. 33:18, 19)? What would he continue to do? With what result? John 17:26.

Notes

1. It is the Son of God addressing his Father and our Father. John 20:17. Divinity in humanity is pleading with divinity for humanity. No other such prayer can be found upon record. It is the outbreathing of divine love for God's own in a sinful world. Ponder the prayer. Become familiar with its words. Every sentence is full of divine meaning. Let it become Jesus' prayer for you. Peter and James and John and the other apostles are dead. But the prayer is still for those who are "in the world" but "are not of the world." Hence it is for us. John 17:20.

2. "When the great sacrifice had been consummated, Christ ascended on high, refusing the adoration of angels until he had presented the request, 'I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.' John 20:17. Then with inexpressible love and power came forth the answer from the Father's throne, 'Let all the angels of God worship him.'" —"Great Controversy," page 502.



XIII — Christ's Last Prayer With His Disciples

(September 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 17.

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

PERSONS: Jesus and the eleven.

PLACE: On the way to Gethsemane.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00

SIX MONTHS - - .50

CLUB RATES

5 or more copies to one address, one year, each - - \$.75

5 or more copies to one address, six months, each - - .40

5 or more copies to one address, three months, each - - .20

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

Learn Your Own Work

HE who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

— Lowell.

Murder Through Neglect

IN the Arizona desert there is a well fifty-five miles from any other water. Within fifteen or twenty miles of it, bones lie scattered all around of men and their horses that might have reached it had it been possible to know, on that featureless plain, where to find it. As close as five miles stand two wagons, each with skeletons of its party huddled around it. And at the very gateway of the enclosure a prospector was found one morning, lost and dead. Finally an owner erected a lighthouse. He planted a tall cottonwood pole and strung a lantern upon it, and that has been kept always lighted. We shiver to think that former owners could have been willing to neglect this—to rescue perishing fellow men by so plain a means. But are you and I doing worse than that? Are we leaving our fellows in a more dreadful danger? Neglecting to hold out to them the light of salvation?—*The Epworth Herald*.

The Hague Peace Palace

ALTHOUGH the corner-stone of the Hague Peace Palace was laid during the sessions of the Second Hague Conference, in 1907, the building is far from complete yet. It is expected, however, that it will be finished before the Third Hague Conference assembles, in 1915. A specially happy feature of the palace is the intention of all the nations to contribute something to its construction or adornment. The United States will give a large marble group representing the purpose of the palace, "Peace Through Justice;" England, four stained-glass windows; France, a picture by Bernard, and Gobelins tapestries; Holland, a collection of paintings by Ferdinand Bol and seven stained-glass windows; Germany, the monumental entrance gates to the grounds; Italy, marble for the corridor; Austria, bronze and crystal candelabra; Russia, a jasper vase over eleven feet high for the central hall; Norway, granite for the entrance slopes; Denmark, porcelain for the fountain in the courtyard; Switzerland, works for the clocks; Mexico, onyx for the staircase; Argentina, a replica of the statue of Christ of

the Andes; Belgium, the bronze doors of the building; and Japan, gold-embroidered tapestries. In more senses than the construction, this building will be the first truly international edifice in the world.—*The Independent*.

Finish Thy Work

No other hand thy special task can do,
Though trivial it may seem to thee.

Thou canst not shirk

God-given work

And still be blest of Heaven, from sin be free.

O idler in life's ripened harvest-field,

Perform thy task, that rich thy work may yield!

Ah, sweet the thought that comes at set of sun,

If finished is the work of that one day.

But O the joy

Without alloy,

Awaiting him who at life's close can say,

"I'm ready, Father, to go home to thee;

The work is finished which thou gavest me."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

I Can Afford

To be honest, strictly honest, with God, myself, and fellow men; to be teachable, even as a little child, and a humble learner in the schools of God's appointment; to be calm and pleasant when met with words that savor of harshness and mistrust; to believe that right makes might, and trust for reward in its ultimate triumph.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

The Efficacy of Prayer

ONE night, during prayer-meeting, a woman came into my church and sat down next to the door. She heard the testimonies given by the people about prayer, and she heard the long list of requests for prayer sent in during the week and deposited in the prayer-box outside the door. One after another was read, and we had prayer; then she got up and said:—

"I am a stranger in this house. I have come here because I have heard that you people have a way of praying for other people, and that you believe in prayer under all circumstances. I am a heart-broken mother. My boy has been away from home a year, and I do not know where he is. I can not find out. I have tried in all ways I know, but can get no information. I am so burdened for him; he is my child, and he is my only boy, and I have come to ask you, if it is true that you pray for things that you want, to pray for me."

We got down and prayed for her, then dismissed and went home, making no ado about it. We heard nothing more until, about six months later, she dropped in again at the prayer-meeting. We never would have recognized her, but she made herself known as soon as the hour for testimony arrived. She arose and said:—

"I have come to tell you the result of our prayers that night. Three nights later, after I had retired, I heard my door-bell ring. The minute I heard the door-bell, I felt the nearness of my boy, and I got up and went to the door. I felt that he had come home, and when I got hold of the door-knob, I could hardly turn it; but when I did, a great, big, strapping fellow flew into my arms, and said, 'I have come home to stay, and I have come home a Christian!' Three nights before, he afterward explained, he was converted. He was walking past a church, and saw a sign about a revival, and went in, and that night was converted."—*Dr. Russell H. Conwell*.