

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

November 22, 1910

No. 47

Forty-Seventh Psalm

O clap your hands, ye people all,
And to the God of triumph shout;
The Lord Most High is terrible
When men do err and dare to doubt.
He shall subdue the nations all
Beneath his chosen children's feet.
The excellency of Jacob's hope,
For us shall this inheritance be;
For God is gone with trumpet sound,
And shouts are heard of victory.
Sing praises to our God and King;
Let all arouse to sing and praise,
For God is king of all the earth;
With understanding sing his lays.
God reigneth o'er the heathen host,
And sitteth on his holy throne;
The princes are together grouped,
The people of true Abram's Friend;
For shields of earth belong to God,
To e'er exalt and e'er defend.

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED.



"SOME months ago a poor Jewish woman was arrested in Krakau, in Austrian Poland, for having wrapped up herrings and sugar in old copies of Roman Catholic newspapers. She was sentenced to imprisonment for eight days for insulting the state church. Appeal was carried to the higher courts, and the sentence was confirmed. The emperor, however, has solemnly pardoned the offender."

A POST-CARD which weighs four pounds was received through the mail by an Austin (Texas) firm of attorneys some time ago. The card is said to be the largest ever sent through the United States mails. It is thirty-eight inches wide and twenty-six inches long. It was mailed at Enid, Oklahoma. It required one dollar and twenty-eight cents postage to carry it. The sum was all made up of one-cent stamps, which were pasted on the upper right-hand corner of the card. Owing to its enormous size, this unusual piece of mail matter could not be placed in a mail sack, so it had to be carried to Austin as outside mail.—*Houston Chronicle.*

The Gentle Rain

O, THE rapture of beauty, of sweetness, of sound,
That succeeded that soft, gracious rain!
With laughter and singing the valleys rang round,
And the little hills shouted again.

The wind sank away like a sleeping child's breath,
The pavilion of clouds was unfurl'd;
And the sun, like a spirit triumphant o'er death,
Smiled out on this beautiful world.

—*Southey.*

The Literary Workshop

Avoid Trite and Indefinite Expressions

AVOID combinations of words that are trite and that do not definitely express the meaning. For example, the phrase "along this line" or "along these lines" is objectionable, for the reason that it is hackneyed and also lacks in specificness. Instead of saying, "It is my ambition to become a writer, and I expect to devote my spare time *along this line*," one should say, "It is my ambition to become a writer, and I expect to devote my spare time to the study necessary for the profession," or "to the study of such subjects as will fit me for the profession." Some expressions are merely trite; these should be avoided as marring greatly the rhetorical effect. The following phrases and quotations are censured by critics as hackneyed, and, hence, as out of place in a literary production:—

Trite Expressions

He is all in all to her.
A poor specimen of humanity.
Those present had an enjoyable time.
Greatly in evidence.
Last but not least.
Everything went along smoothly.
An imposing spectacle.
She made a pretty picture.
The house stood nestled among the trees.
The valley lay nestled among the trees.
All nature seemed clad in holiday attire.

This meets a long-felt want.
As luck would have it.
She waited in breathless suspense.
Reduce order out of chaos.
She was imbued with the enthusiasm of the occasion.
Spurred on by the hope of victory.
Keep in touch with those with whom we come in contact.

Newspaper Mannerisms

Enthused.
Sundayed.
Trip the light fantastic.
Cupid has been busy.
Method in his madness.
Monarch of all he surveys.
Sadder but wiser man.
She favored them with several selections.
The music discoursed sweet strains.
He did justice to the occasion.
Social function.
The fair maiden.
The proud possessor of a boy.
Keep abreast of the times.
He was the recipient of many congratulations.
Counterfeit presentment.
White-robed innocence.
Bold as a lion.
Quick as lightning.
It seems an age.
The shades of night.
He was born under a lucky star.
Many-tongued rumor.
Loud as the roar of Niagara.
His untiring efforts to please were finally rewarded.
There is method in his madness.
Variety is the spice of life.
The best-made plans of mice and men, etc.
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
Make hay while the sun shines.
All is not gold that glitters.
When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.
Music hath charms, etc.

—*Correct English.*

"New Education"

A SIXTEEN-PAGE monthly devoted to practical education in school and home. It contains each month questions for home study in theory and practise of teaching, American literature, history of education, physical geography, physics, psychology, algebra, and general history. These lessons are designed to aid young people in securing certificates for teaching. Published at Rogers, Ohio. Fifty cents a year; ten cents a copy.

Principal Contents

	PAGE
A Gospel Worker's Prayer (poetry)	3
A Message to Students	3
Which Kind of Hospitality?	5
Killing an Enemy	5
Oxygen and Ozone, No. 3	6
The Christian's Interest and Principal	8
God's Love	8
What One Missionary Volunteer Is Doing	8
A Nutting Song (poetry)	9
The Doctor's Cow	9
A Pronunciation Match Game	12
A Glimpse Into Heathendom	16
Missionary Martyrs	16
Price of Disobedience	16
Most of Us	16
Did Mrs. Lowell Pardon Him?	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 22, 1910

No. 47

A Gospel Worker's Prayer

I go among unloving hearts, but go Thou with me there,
And let me breathe thy love all day, just as I breathe the air.

In all my long and weary walk among the homes to-day,
Talk thou, as when to Emmaus thy words beguiled the way.

May I through all the noisy streets in thine own peace rejoice,
And hear above the noise and din, thy Spirit's "still small voice."

And help, if, when my body tires, my spirit, too, should sink;
Thou who didst sit in weariness on Sychar's lonely brink.
Since thou thyself hast dwelt in flesh, my frame is known to thee;

And as a brother pitieth, I know thou pitiest me.
Let spoken word and printed page (I leave upon my way)
Be used of thee in bringing some to light of clearer day.
I can not serve thee, though I would, like those strong ones above;

Yet bless this day's poor, feeble work, and view it through thy love;

And bring me safely home to-night, that I my rest may find—
As thou found'st rest at Bethany for thine own weary mind.

So keep us all this day—each day through all the changing year;

So sanctify our working life to glorify thee here.

Yea, cleanse it all, cleanse thoroughly—who can be clean in part?

"Wash me, but not my feet alone," "my hands, my head, my heart."

And when thy church is wholly pure, Kinsman, Redeemer, come,

And take us to the higher work, within our Father's home!

—Arranged and adapted by Ernest Lloyd, 1910.

A Message to Students

[The following article, written by Mr. Howard W. Pope, is circulated in leaflet form by the American Tract Society, New York, Boston, and Chicago.]



MR. GLADSTONE was once asked what was the leading question in England at that time. He replied that there was but one leading question at that time, or at any time, and that was the question of one's relation to the Lord Jesus Christ. He then went on to say that the brainiest men were those who paid most attention to this subject. "I have known personally all the men who have been prominent in England during the last fifty years,—in business, politics, or literature,—and of the sixty most prominent men, fifty-four have been professing Christians."

If Mr. Gladstone was right, and if the question of one's relation to Christ is the leading question which confronts a student, it is very important that he settle it early. Indeed, this question lies at the basis of all education. What is the real object of education?—It is to increase one's capacity to know God, and to make him known to others. This is what education is for, what life is for. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The keenest delight of which we are capable comes to us from knowing God. When the devout astronomer Kepler made his great discovery, he exclaimed, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." There is no greater joy than this, unless it be that of seeing God's character reproduced in our lives. If this be true, then education is not optional with us, but imperative. We are bound to cultivate every talent which we possess, because each is an avenue through which God can reveal himself to us. We are bound to open every window of our soul "toward Jerusalem," and let in the light of God's glorious truth. No wonder the Great Teacher said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Young people have souls as well as minds, and the one needs training quite as much as the other. It is possible to develop the mind at the expense of the soul, and to leave the spiritual nature in a dwarfed and stunted condition. Indeed, is it not possible for a student to go forth with a well-trained mind and irre-

proachable morals, and still fall far short of being a whole man, because he does not know God? "Having no hope, and without God in the world." The Greek student does not need to be told that "without God" means "atheist."

The superior advantages which students enjoy make it doubly important that they should become acquainted early with the Lord Jesus. Education enlarges one's capacity to see and to foresee, to do and to undo. It multiplies his influence, and thus increases his responsibility, since the welfare of others depends upon his action and attitude. No educated person can possibly live a Christless life without leading others to do the same. This consideration should have great weight. A professor in a large military school recently told the writer that it was the thought of his influence with the boys which led him to decide for God, and put himself on record as a Christian.

Peculiar Temptations

Again, the peculiar temptations which confront a student make an acquaintance with Jesus indispensable. Among these may be mentioned:—

(a) The freedom from home restraint. The strong, steady hand of the father and the indescribable influence of the mother are lacking. There is no younger brother or sister to be considered, not even the restraining influence of some one else's sister. The consequence is that one grows selfish, and comes to think that all the world was made for him.

(b) The petty vices which prevail so commonly among students. By the side of the writer in college sat the valedictorian of the class. He was a well-disposed man, but he had no religious principles. When others drank, he was not strong enough to refuse. After graduation he studied law, and became one of the most brilliant and promising lawyers in the State. Temptations now grew stronger and more frequent, and having no acquaintance with Him "who is able to save to the uttermost," and "able to keep you from falling," he soon lost his standing and business, and died a common drunkard.

(c) Not the least of the dangers which confront a student is the temptation to doubt. He lives in an atmosphere of inquiry and criticism. Old theories are

being laid aside, and new facts are constantly being discovered. Possibly he sees some of his instructors, for whose ability he has the highest respect, utterly indifferent to the claims of the gospel. Literature is full of covert sneers at religion. He is just at the age when his critical faculties are being developed, and he begins to question everything which he once believed. Add to this the natural willingness of the heart to have it so, and you have a combination of circumstances calculated to shake the strongest faith. Some indeed think it is a sign of superior intellect to doubt, but this is a mistake. It is sometimes a sign of spiritual blindness, and often of moral obliquity. A large part of the skepticism of students is of the heart rather than of the head.

Without Christ you can never have a satisfactory philosophy of life. "Whence did I come? What am I here for? Whither am I going?" These are questions which will forever remain unanswerable. Life will be an enigma, and doubts will darken your dying hour. Become acquainted with Christ, and doubts begin to disappear. You see what kind of man you really are, and in the person of Christ you see what you ought to be. You also discover how this change is to be wrought,—through Christ's death for you on the cross, and the reproduction of his life in you by the Holy Spirit. This is no dream or fiction, but a blessed reality, and he who commits the keeping of his life to the Lord Jesus will soon find it so.

Without Christ you can never do your best work. You have insatiable cravings which no one can satisfy but the Lord Jesus. You have a fund of energy which no one can control, doubts which no one can dispel, and powers of usefulness which no one can develop so well as the Saviour. Jesus Christ is as indispensable to a thinking man as sunshine to a flower.

Consider, too, the inconsistency of searching all creation for facts, and yet ignoring the greatest fact in the world's history,—that Christ died and rose again. This alone, the best-attested fact in history, makes the appeal to become a Christian supremely rational. If you refuse the appeal, it devolves on you to give the reason why.

One's capacity to know God weakens by disuse, and may be utterly lost. Charles Darwin said in early life: "I believe God will reveal himself to every individual soul, and my most passionate desire is a deeper and clearer vision of God. But one can easily lose all belief in the spiritual by giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things." Near the end of his life he said, "In my younger days I was deeply religious, but I made my mind a kind of machine for grinding out general laws in the material world, and my spiritual nature atrophied." His last days were clouded with sadness and spiritual gloom.

Rev. J. Douglass Adam, D. D., of New York, said at a Northfield Conference a few years ago, "A friend of mine was once on a parliamentary commission with Prof. T. H. Huxley. They happened to stay at a little country inn over Sunday. Huxley said to my friend:—

"I suppose you are going to church this morning?"

"I am; I always go to church."

"I know you do," said Huxley, "but suppose this morning you sit down and talk with me about religion—simple experimental religion."

"I will," said my friend, "if you mean it."

"They sat down together, and my friend, out of a deep and rich experience, told him of the cross of Christ and pardoning love; after three hours, tears

stood in Huxley's eyes, and he put out his hand, and said, 'If I could only believe that, I would be willing to give my right hand.' What do you call that but intellectual imprisonment? Huxley was perhaps the greatest scientific enemy of Christianity in our generation.

"The same friend told me that again and again Mr. John Morley would come to him in the lobby of the House of Commons, and put his hand in his, and say, 'I want you to pray for me. I am going to Ireland on important executive business, and I want your prayers.' Morley is perhaps the leading literary agnostic to-day."

What a pitiful picture! Two masterful minds so imprisoned by reason that they could not believe! Conscious of their need of God, and yet knowing not how to approach him! A dying man once said to the writer, "I know I ought to turn to God, but I have had my own way so long that now I lack the power to turn. I have lost control of my own will, and I must die as I have lived."

The conclusion is this, that every student ought to accept Christ, and ought to do it now. If he waits five years, the chances are that he will never do it. Every year that he puts it off he loses something of his capacity to discern spiritual truth and to feel its force.

Besides, every day that he puts it off he loses something which he can never regain, and which God himself can not recover for him. He loses part of his possible destiny, part of that great inheritance of character and influence which God has provided for, as surely by simple neglect as by a life of vice or crime.

Every man wishes to make the most of himself. The only possible way to do this is to decide now, for every moment some part of his inheritance is slipping away, never to be regained. Strictly speaking it is *now* or *never*.

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6:2.

There are three simple steps by which any one may enter the Christian life:—

ACCEPT CHRIST: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." John 1:12.

CONFESS CHRIST: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, . . . thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10:9.

OBEY CHRIST: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, . . . I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." John 14:21.

The first two steps you can take in a moment, the third will require all your life.—*Howard W. Pope.*

The Work of the British and Foreign Bible Society

THE Bible, or parts of it, is now published in 424 different languages. Six new languages have been added during the year: Ongom, the speech of a powerful Bantu tribe in French Kongo; Namau, the tongue of 40,000 cannibals on the south coast of British New Guinea, and four others. In braille type for the blind new books were completed last year in Welsh, Spanish, Italian, Gujarati, and two Chinese dialects, while the reissue of the English Bible has now been completed. In all, 6,620,024 Bibles, New Testaments, and portions were issued last year, an increase of 685,000 over the previous year, making a total of 222,000,000 since that society was founded, 106 years ago.—*Record of Christian Work.*



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.



Which Kind of Hospitality?

THE cookies have given out, but I've discovered some tarts," declared Agatha, gaily, through the pantry window, to the young people on the piazza. "They're only shells, though—we'll have to fill them. Tom can get the quince; it's down cellar in the jelly closet—he knows the way. I sent him there for preserves last week."

Tom, one of the guests, half rose, but Ida was before him, explaining hastily that he would surely bump his head on a furnace pipe.

"He wouldn't," reproved Agatha, as her sister returned. "And I believe in making these greedy young men work for their treat! Harry, there's lemonade in the refrigerator, and, Phil, you'll find glasses in the dining-room closet."

But again Ida was too quick, and it was she who brought the tinkling tray with everything required. Later, when the guests had departed, Agatha confronted her.

"Why shouldn't the boys help, Ida? They always do at the Ross's and the Benson's and the Pendletons's. Don't tell me you've got some absurd notion that it isn't proper or correct. Don't!"

"I won't," promised Ida, cheerfully. "I know they help at many places, and it's certainly jolly. But—well, I overheard mother and granny talking to-day. You remember last week when it blew up cold, suddenly, and drove us in from the piazza? Granny was saying, in a sort of worried way:—

"It was one of my wakeful nights, and I was shivery, so I put on my flowered dressing-gown and tied a handkerchief over my head and slipped down to the kitchen to sit a while by the stove; and when I opened the door, the place was full of young folks. A perfectly strange young man, with a molasses jug in one hand, offered me a chair with the other. They were very polite, and nobody laughed, but, Mary, you know how resolved I've been not to grow careless in dress as I grew old. I really strive hard to be presentable, and I haven't been so mortified in years! If I'd only known the girls were having a candy-pull!"

Agatha giggled reminiscently. "She did look funny, poor dear, but I'd no idea she minded."

"Of course she minded! But that isn't the worst. Mother said mournfully that times had certainly changed; a woman's coal-bin used to be her castle, and her refrigerator as inviolable to invasion as if it flew the red cross. 'My room is still my own,' she said, 'but I almost feel my home isn't, with my cellar and kitchen open to everybody. I feel like a captain with all his passengers overrunning the bridge. I feel crowded out.'"

"Did mother say that?"

"Yes. Of course she began to take it back next minute for fear it sounded selfish, but she said it, and she meant it. And I've been wondering if there aren't

almost as many kinds of hospitality as there are kinds of families, so that when a whole household is happy-go-lucky and doesn't care for domestic reticences, it offers one kind, and that kind is right; but when it isn't, the same kind would be all wrong. Only there are so many other good kinds—and they needn't be formal, either—that even an orderly captain and a happy-go-lucky crew like mother and us can surely find a compromise sort that will be satisfactory all round."

"Your metaphor is mixed," said Agatha, thoughtfully, "but your conclusion is clear."—*Youth's Companion*.

Killing an Enemy

"THAT man has a perfect spite against you, father!" sighed Mrs. Daniels, looking after the angry face of a neighbor, who strode by the gate without so much as a monosyllable of answer to the friendly greeting called out to him. "It didn't need that 'spite' fence to show it, and he gets sourer and more hateful every day."

"Yes, I think he does," assented the farmer, cheerfully. "I'll watch my chance with him."

"You be careful, father!" urged his wife, anxiously. "He's an enemy."

"Yes, I know it," said her husband again. "I'll have to kill him some day."

"Father!"

"When I get a good chance. It may come any day if I'm on the lookout for it."

A few days later the disgruntled neighbor came hastily up the walk to the farmer's door. The "spite fence" had made it impossible to come across lots any more, no matter what the hurry.

"My cow's got choked!" he said shortly, "and there's nobody on the place to go for the veterinary. I want to use your telephone a minute, if you'll let me."

"Certainly," said the farmer, promptly; "but he may be some minutes getting here. Let's you and I go over together now; I've had some little experience with animals."

The cow was a valuable one, and the neighbor, who was not a farmer, and had no experience with animals, was greatly troubled.

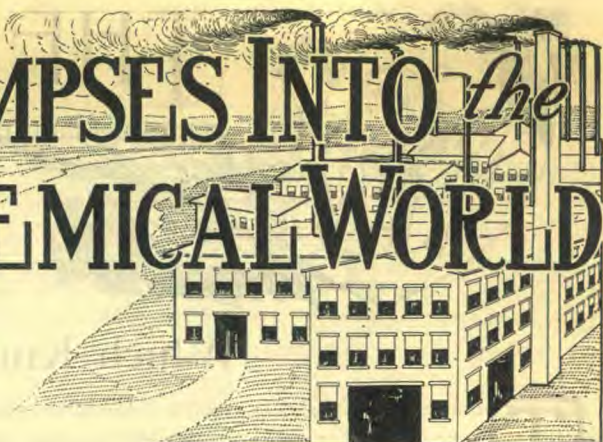
"Swallowed an apple, got it down so far she can't get it up by her own efforts," he volunteered gruffly.

The farmer threw a rope around the neck of the suffering creature, and tied her to a beam, then with strong, capable hands gently worked and "massaged" the apple forward and upward toward the head and mouth. Suddenly the cow gave a good cough, and the apple rolled on the floor.

That afternoon there was a sound of hammer strokes between the two houses. The fence was coming down. The enemy was "killed."—*Selected*.



GLIMPSES INTO *the* CHEMICAL WORLD



Oxygen and Ozone — No. 3

THE birthday of chemistry has been said to date from the discovery of oxygen on Aug. 1, 1774, by Joseph Priestley, of England. While the ancients had considerable chemical knowledge, the discovery of oxygen made possible the first true explanation of combustion, and therefore the first real knowledge of chemistry as a science. The importance of this element is at once shown from the fact that it enters into combination with every other known element except fluorine, and a few recently discovered and rare gases. One investigator says it seems probable that about one half of our planet consists of oxygen; and that eight ninths of the weight of water, and one fifth of the weight of the air is oxygen. Rocks are nearly one half oxygen, and all living bodies contain a very large percentage of it. Oxygen is essential to the vital processes of all animals, and of most plants.

"Wherever a living being inhales the breath of life, whether from the fresh air of the mountain tops, or from the populous streets of the swarming metropolis, or from the solitary deck of the bark that creeps with the ocean's currents, or wherever the humbler servants of man's table find their way through unexplored depths of the ocean and pluck from its waves the modicum of life-giving gas dissolved within them, there is this wonderful agent, which has no other substitute, sustaining by active processes, truly chemical, that vitality of man or of beast which gives to nature its forms of highest beauty and most admirable intelligence."

It has been estimated that there is in the atmosphere alone over two and one-half million billions of pounds of this gas. The amount used annually in respiration, and all forms of combustion, is about two and one-quarter billions of pounds. Since about five hundred quarts of oxygen are required to weigh a pound, its abundance is evident.

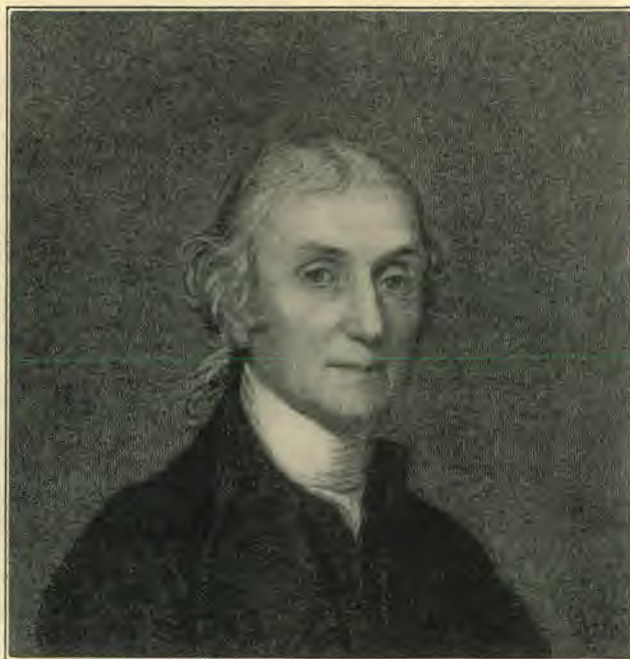
Oxygen is also necessary to all combustion. Before Priestley's notable discovery, the Phlogiston theory of fire had been held for nearly a century. Phlogiston

was a supposed constituent element of all combustible bodies, which was supposed to be given up by them during the process of combustion. While the French chemist, Lavoisier, is given credit for the overthrow of the Phlogiston theory, he made use of Mr. Priestley's discovery in arriving at his conclusion; namely, that the combustion of a substance is occasioned by the rapid union of oxygen with that substance.

Dr. Priestley's Life and Work

It may not be amiss to give a brief sketch of Dr. Priestley's life and work as given by Mr. Appleton, before noticing the properties and uses of oxygen in detail. "Dr. Joseph Priestley was an English clergyman and student of natural science. He lived in a time when men's minds all over Europe were strongly drawn toward the pursuit of chemical knowledge. In fact, at almost the same moment that Priestley was enthusiastically conducting his experiments, Scheele was also producing oxygen in his apothecary's chamber in Sweden. And the brilliant Lavoisier, prominent among the men of distinction who thronged the gay capital of France, was also working in the same direction.

"Priestley's life included ample materials for a romance. On the one hand, the ingenious discoverer in



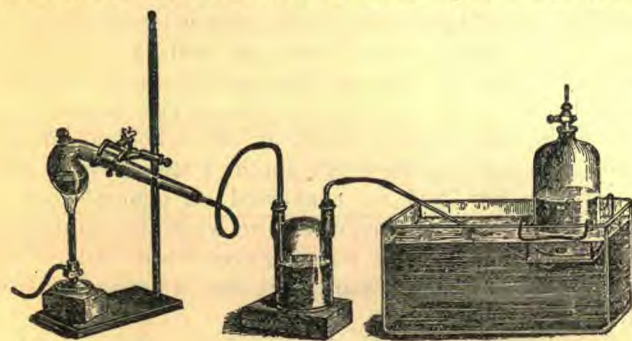
JOSEPH PRIESTLEY

physics and chemistry, and the friend of that Benjamin Franklin who was then minister at the brilliant court of France from a handful of colonies that appeared capable of being plucked up by the roots, but were instead destined to grow to an unrivaled empire—himself a figure in a romance; and, on the other side, a preacher to a dissenting congregation; a victim of public odium for his liberal opinions on religious and political subjects; his house set on fire by a mob, his apparatus wrecked, his library cast to the winds; finally, an emigrant with his wife and children to a village in Pennsylvania, then almost unknown, whose little burial-ground still gives his bones repose,—these are but brief suggestions of the trials of this perturbed spirit in his life sadly driven about and tossed, now cherished as one of those who in the realm of thought

has made no mean contribution to the glory of the English name.

"Like many other discoverers, Priestley was, to a certain degree, anticipated. Thus a certain John Mayow, an English physician, fully a hundred years before the time of Priestley's experiment, enunciated the doctrine that the atmosphere contains an air in a certain sense the essential food of animal life and flame. But these wonderful views of Mayow brought forward too early for the state of thought at his time, lay dormant and unproductive for an entire century.

"The pneumatic trough was the invention of Priestley. The name may be appropriately applied to almost any vessel of water in which may stand the open mouth of a bell glass suitable for containing gas. The water serves at once to seal the mouth of the jar, and also to afford a material through which also the gas from the tube may freely and conveniently flow into the bell glass. Before Priestley's time, gases had been collected in bladders or varnished bags, but the new contrivance furnished a much superior means of



THE PNEUMATIC TROUGH AT THE RIGHT

detecting small quantities of gas and working with them. Again, for all the ordinary purposes of experimenting with gases, no appliance superior to that of Priestley's has yet been devised."

Although Mr. Priestley, at the time he discovered oxygen, was on the lookout for new gases, this important element was discovered in a very casual way. According to Mr. Philip, Mr. Priestley "was very proud of a burning-glass which had come into his possession, and was going round in his laboratory one day concentrating the rays of the sun on all kinds of substances. Among the materials which he thus happened to expose to the heat of the concentrated solar rays was oxide of mercury, which, as we now know, is very readily split up into its constituent elements, oxygen and mercury, by heat.

"Mr Priestley observed that a gas was given off from the mercury oxide, and when he had collected some of the gas, he was able to show that a candle burned in it with a remarkably vigorous flame. This surprised him greatly, and he did not know how to account for it. Further experiments showed him that the gas possessed all the properties of common air, only in greater perfection. He had, in fact, discovered oxygen, and all as the result of curiosity about the powers of his newly acquired lens."

Properties of Oxygen

It is a transparent, colorless, and odorless gas. These qualities are apparent from the properties of the atmosphere throughout which this gas is thoroughly diffused and intimately intermingled.

"Of the chemical powers of oxygen the most striking and important seems to be its marked tendency to combine with other elementary substances. In many cases this combination does not commence except when

the substances are heated. Thus the noble buildings of a city are every day and every night continuously and harmlessly bathed within and without by that same oxygen that, in time of conflagration, is ready chemically to combine with their elements, and as a result to reduce the metropolis to ashes. But such combination, once inaugurated, often itself affords sufficient heat not only to make the process continue, but also to generate that flame or fire which is the token of what is ordinarily called combustion."

When a piece of iron rusts, the chemist says it is oxidizing, that is, oxygen is uniting with the metal. The iron in reality is burning up. If the process is allowed to continue, the iron in time will disappear. A similar action is taking place when wood decays. When a piece of coal burns, oxidation is also taking place. Certain oils, especially linseed-oil, when exposed to the air gradually absorb oxygen, and become solid. Such oils are called "drying oils."

Combustion is oxidation attended with heat and light, that is, the oxidation is so rapid that the heat and light consequent upon the oxidation can be detected. Things burn so much more readily in pure oxygen that if the atmosphere consisted of undiluted oxygen it would be next to impossible to extinguish fires once started. Therefore the oxygen of the air is greatly diluted by being mixed with nitrogen.

A bit of steel wire, placed inside a glass jar filled with pure oxygen, will burst into brilliant burning if started at one end in a suitable manner. If a small piece of burning phosphorus is placed inside a jar of pure oxygen, as shown in the illustration, it will burn with wonderful brilliancy. A small taper that has just been blown out, but which still contains a small spark of fire at one end, will instantly burst into flame when introduced into a jar of oxygen.

When iron rusts slowly, the heat is imperceptible; but when greasy rags, tow, and other light material are thrown in a heap, the heat produced by the oxidation of the oils may, in time, be sufficient to raise the mass to the temperature of ignition. The same thing may take place with hay, if not thoroughly cured. This kind of action, known as spontaneous combustion, is not infrequently the cause of disastrous fires. Under certain conditions iron pyrites (pi-ri'tes), or "fool's gold," oxidizes in the air at ordinary temperatures. The spontaneous combustion of some kinds of soft coal is supposed to be due to the oxidation of iron pyrites disseminated through the coal.

Oxygen can be condensed into a light-blue liquid, a little denser than water, through cold and pressure. By increasing these it may even be condensed into a solid. Liquid oxygen is strongly attracted by the magnet.

Ozone

Ozone is a form of pure oxygen; and yet it is an irritating poisonous gas, while oxygen is a life-giving gas. There are several other elements, such as phosphorus, carbon, and sulphur, that have what are known as allotropic forms. Diamond, coal, and graphite are allotropic forms of carbon. They consist of the pure element only, and yet differ much in their individual properties.

The explanation given of this phenomenon is that the different forms contain a different number or a different arrangement of the atoms in the molecule. Ozone, for example, has three atoms of oxygen in the molecule, while oxygen has only two.

Whenever an electric machine or induction-coil is operated, and the sparks allowed to strike through air

or oxygen, some ozone is produced. Therefore the peculiar odor of ozone is usually apparent about an electric machine in action. It was given the name ozone, which means *to smell*, from its peculiar odor.

Ozone exists in the air, but its presence is not perceptible in the ordinary dwelling, and seldom in large cities; but in the country it can frequently be detected in the atmosphere. If a piece of starch paper is exposed to the breeze for some time, it will, if ozone is present, show a blue color.

Ozone may be liquefied at ordinary pressure by reducing the temperature to 106° C. below zero. It is believed to have a beneficial effect in destroying disease germs, and in oxidizing decaying organic matter.

F. D. C.

The Christian's Interest and Principal

A CONFIDENTIAL clerk in Wall Street, New York, had an agreeable surprise recently. One of the large stock operators called him into his private room, and said to him: "I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now I am in good health, and don't intend to die soon, and so I will help in the meantime by paying you legal interest on the amount. Here is a check for six hundred dollars, to pay the first year's interest." The clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in hand rendered the prospect a reality. This is, in a far higher sense, the believer's position. He does not have to wait for death to receive his inheritance, though the principal does come then, but daily grace is the interest and promise of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—*The Sunday School Banner*.

God's Love

MARGARET MEREDITH tells how a notorious rough, named Ike Miller, the terror of a mining district in the north of England, was converted. Henry Morehouse, a young evangelist scarcely out of his boyhood, was preaching to a company of these miners, when Ike Miller came in, and took a seat near the front. Preachers and helpers trembled, for this wicked man had threatened to break up the services. Henry Morehouse preached on God's love in Jesus Christ, and he longed to reach the heart of the wild, grimy miner who sat so strangely quiet, gazing into his face.

After the meeting the men gathered around the preacher regretfully.

"Ah, Henry, you didn't preach right! You ought to have preached at Ike Miller. You had a great opportunity, and you lost it. That softly sort of preaching won't do him any good? What does he care about love? You ought to have told him the dreadful punishment he is going to get." The young preacher only said, in a boyish tone: "I am real sorry I did not preach to him right. I did so want to help him."

Meanwhile the big miner was tramping home. His wife ran in front of the children as he came in, but she stared in bewilderment; he was not drunk; he was not scowling. He put his arms around her, and kissed her, and said, "Lass, God has brought your husband back to you." Then, gathering up the shrinking children, "My little boy and girl, God has brought your father back to you. Now let us all pray," and he knelt down. There was a silence, but for many sobs; he could not think of any words; his heart was praying, but Ike Miller had uttered no prayer since he was a little boy. At last, words from those distant days

came back to him—something that his mother had taught him; and from that hovel floor, in the midst of that remnant of an abused family, to be abused no more, he sounded out in rugged gutters through his sobs:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee."

—*Louis A. Banks, in S. S. Times.*

What One Missionary Volunteer Is Doing

"I RECEIVED a letter to-day," writes a conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, "from one of my isolated young people who accepted the truth about two years ago, and who has faithfully lived it amid much opposition at home and from friends in her former church. She really lost her home for a time, for the truth's sake, gave up a good position in the public schools, and taught a church-school for very meager pay. There are some experiences related in that letter that I will send on to you, which I believe will be helpful to other young people:—

"One night while sitting up with a very sick sister, I gave a Bible reading on the second coming of Christ, and on the resurrection, to two women.

"The day I came home, an old school acquaintance called to me from her porch; I sat down on the step with her, and we conversed on general topics. She finally led the conversation to what she wanted to know, that is, why I was a Seventh-day Adventist. Perhaps it was only curiosity; but it was curiosity that prompted Zaccheus to climb the sycamore tree to see Jesus as he passed. I gave her a Bible reading from memory, on the second coming of Christ. I did not have my Bible, though I usually carry it with me, for I find many opportunities for using it.

"The same day I called on an old woman eighty-two years of age, who is very wealthy, but a miser. I rubbed her hands, knotted and blue with rheumatism, while she told me some of her experiences. She invited me to call again, which I intend to do.

"Sunday I went with my sister and her husband to Sunday-school and church services. The lesson was on "Two Sabbath Incidents," the plucking of the corn, and the healing of the palsied hand. I was in the Bible class. The teacher had been my school-teacher when I was ten years of age. I presume that before the class closed he realized that I am as active in asking questions as when I went to the little red schoolhouse. I really tried to be still, but when they got to quoting texts wrong, I just had to tell them, and they asked me questions, and I asked them some. The teacher asked me if the Lord's day was ever called the Sabbath in the Bible. (He was trying to prove that the Lord's day takes the place of the Sabbath.) My answer was, "No, but the Sabbath is called the Lord's day." Then I quoted Mark 2:28. A woman sitting by me had her Bible, and she turned to the text. I didn't do it to argue, but several of those in the class knew that I keep the Sabbath, and if I had remained quiet, they would have felt that I was afraid. I prayed that I might hold up the light of truth, and the Lord, through the Holy Spirit, graciously brought to my remembrance the things that I had learned. After we had gone into the auditorium, I had a talk with the woman who had sat by me in the Bible class, and we turned to several texts. Hers was the only Bible I saw besides my own and the preacher's."



Children of China.



Indian Child, Central America.



The Little Helper, Japan.



Two Little Girls in New Guinea

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Nutting Song

Ho, for the chestnuts! Ho, for the walnuts!
 Ho, for butternuts, too!
 There's never a nut tastes half so good
 As those that grow in the old home wood,
 All wet with morning dew.

Ho, for the filberts! Ho, for the beechnuts!
 Ho, for the hickories, too!
 We'll gather them in with an eager hand,
 Never forgetting the squirrel band,
 And leaving its rightful due.

Ho, for the chestnuts! Ho, for the walnuts!
 Ho, for the butternuts, too!
 When the king of the north has earth in toils,
 By the blazing logs we eat our spoils,
 A blithe and merry crew.

—Emma C. Dowd, in *Comrade*.

The Doctor's Cow



'M afraid she's done for," said the veterinary surgeon as he came out of the barn with Dr. Layton, after working for an hour over Brindle, who had broken into the feed bins, and devoured bran and middlings until she could eat no more. "But keep up the treatment faithfully, and if she lives through the night, she'll stand some show of getting well."

The doctor walked down the driveway with the surgeon, and stood for a few minutes at the gate under the maple trees that lined the sidewalk, talking earnestly; then he went back into the house by the kitchen door, and his wife met him with the oft-repeated words; "I told you so; I said that boy'd turn out of no earthly account."

"But he has turned out of some account," contradicted the doctor mildly. "In spite of this carelessness, he's been a great help to me during the last month. It was boyish ignorance more than mere carelessness that brought about this disaster. To be sure, I've cautioned him not to leave the door of the feed-room unfastened, for he had no idea how a cow would make a glutton of herself if she had a chance at the bins. But you can't expect a boy who was raised in a city tenement to learn all about the country, and the habits and weaknesses of cattle, in one short month. No, I shall not send him adrift again—not even if poor Brindle dies."

"You mean to say you're going to keep him just the same, John Layton?" cried the doctor's wife. "Well, if you're not the meekest man! Moses wasn't anything to you. He did lose his temper once."

The doctor smiled.

"Yes, and missed entering the promised land on account of it," he said quietly. "Perhaps I'd have done the same thing in his place; but I'm sure that Moses, if he were in my place to-day, would feel just as I do about discharging Harry. It's pretty safe to assume that he, even if he did lose his temper at the continual grumbling of the croakers who were sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, never ordered a young Israelite boy, whose father and mother had been bitten by the fiery serpents, and died in the wilderness, to clear out of camp for not putting a halter on one of the cows."

"John Layton, you're talking Scripture!" remonstrated the perturbed housewife, looking up reprovingly as she sadly skimmed the cream from the very

last pan of milk poor Brindle would ever give her.

"I certainly am, and I'm going to act Scripture, too," declared the doctor with the air of gentle firmness that always ended any controversy between him and his excellent, though somewhat exacting, wife. "Harry's a good boy, for he had a good mother, he says, and he's had a hard life of it, ill-treated by a father who was bitten by the fiery serpent of drink; and because of his first act of negligence I'm not going to send him adrift in the world again."

"Not if it costs you a cow!" remarked the indignant woman.

"No, my dear, not if it costs me two cows," reassured the doctor. "A cow is less than a boy, and it might cost the world a man if I sent Harry away in a fit of displeasure, disgraced by my discharge so that he couldn't find another place in town to work for his board, and go to school. Besides, Brindle will die anyway, and discharging the boy will not save her."

"No, of course not. But it was your taking the boy in, a penniless, unknown fellow, that has cost you a cow," persisted the wife. "I told you at the time you'd be sorry for it."

"I haven't intimated that I am sorry I took the boy in," remarked the doctor, not perversely, but with steadfast kindness. "If our own little boy had lived and had done this thing accidentally, would I have been sorry he had ever been born? Or if little Ted had grown to be thirteen, and you and I had died in the wilderness of poverty, leaving him to wander out of the city to seek for a home in God's fair country, where his little peaked face could fill out and grow rosy, as Harry's has, would you think it just to send him away because he had made a boyish mistake? Of course you wouldn't, mother; your heart's in the right place even if it does get covered up sometimes. And I guess, to come right down to it, you wouldn't send Harry away any more than I would, when the poor boy is almost heart-broken over this unfortunate affair. Now let's have supper, for I must be off; can't neglect sick people for a poor, dying cow. Harry will look after Brindle. He won't eat a bit, I'm afraid, so it's no use to call him in now. By and by you'd better take him out a plate of something; but don't say a harsh word to the poor fellow, to make it any harder for him than it is."

The doctor ate his supper hurriedly, for the sick cow

had engaged every moment of his spare hours that day, and he had postponed a number of calls that were not pressing until his evening round of visits. When he came out to his buggy, Harry Aldis stood at the horse's head, at the carriage steps beside the driveway, his chin sunk on his breast in an attitude of hopeless misery.

"Keep up the treatment, Harry, and make her as easy as possible," said the doctor as he stepped into his buggy.

"Yes, sir; I'll sit up all night with her, Dr. Layton, if I can only save her," was the choking answer as the boy carefully spread the lap robe over the doctor's knees.

"I know you will, Harry; but I'm afraid nothing can save the poor creature. About all we can do is to relieve her suffering until morning, giving her a last chance; and if she is no better then, the veterinary surgeon says we'd better shoot her, and put her out of her misery."

The boy groaned.

"O Dr. Layton, why don't you scold me? I could bear it better if you'd say just one cross word," he sobbed. "You've been kinder to me than my own father ever was,—and I have tried so hard to be useful to you. Now this dreadful thing had to happen, all because of my carelessness. I wish you'd take that buggy whip to me; I deserve it."

The doctor took the whip, and gently dropped its lash across the drooping shoulders bowed on the horse's neck as the boy hid his face in the silken mane he loved to comb. Indeed, Dandy's black satin coat had never shone with such a luster from excessive currying as in the month past, since the advent of the new "groom," who slept in the little back bedroom of the doctor's big white house, and thought it a nook in paradise.

"There's no use to scold or thrash a fellow who's all broken up, anyway, over an accident as you are," the doctor said, kindly. "Of course, it's a pretty costly accident for me, but I think I know where I can get a heifer—one of Brindle's own calves that I sold to a farmer two years ago—that will make as fine a cow as her mother."

"But the money, Dr. Layton! How can I ever earn that to make good your loss?" implored the boy, looking up.

"The money? O well, some day when you're a rich man, you can pay me for the cow," laughed the doctor, taking up the reins. "In the meantime, make a good, trustworthy, honest man of yourself, no matter whether you get rich or not—and keep your 'thinking cap' on a little better."

"You'd better eat some supper," said a voice in the doorway a little later as Mrs. Layton came noiselessly to the barn, and surprised the boy kneeling on the hay in the horse's stall, adjoining the one where Brindle lay groaning, his face buried in his arms that were flung out over the manger.

The lad scrambled to his feet in deep confusion.

"O, thank you, Mrs. Layton, but I can't eat a bite," he protested. "It's ever so good of you to think of me, but I can't eat anything."

"You must," said the doctor's wife, firmly. "Come outside and wash in the trough if you don't want to leave Brindle. You can sit near by and watch her, if you think you must, though it won't do a particle of good, for she's bound to die anyway. What were you doing in there on your knees; praying?"

The woman's voice softened perceptibly as the question passed her lips, and she looked half-pityingly into the pale, haggard young face, thinking of little Ted's, and wondering how it would have looked at thirteen if he had done this thing.

"Yes," muttered Harry, plunging his hands into the water of the trough, and splashing it over the red flame of a sudden burning blush that kindled in his ash-pale cheeks. "Isn't it all right to pray for a cow to get well? It 'most kills me to see her suffer so."

Mrs. Layton smiled unwillingly, for the value of her pet cow's products touched her more deeply than a boy's penitent tears,—particularly when that boy was not her own. "There's no use of your staying in there and watching her suffer, you can't do her any good," she insisted. "Stay out here in the fresh air. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," choked Harry, drying his face on the sleeve of his gingham shirt. He sat down on a box before the door, the plate of food in his lap, and made an attempt to eat the daintily cooked meal, but every mouthful almost choked him.

At about midnight, the sleepless young watcher, lying on the edge of the hay just above the empty manger over which a lantern swung, lifted himself on his elbow at the sound of a long, low, shuddering groan, and in another moment, Harry knew that poor Brindle had ceased to suffer the effects of her gluttonous appetite. Creeping down into the stall, he saw at a glance that the cow was dead, and for a moment, alone there in the stillness and darkness of the spring night, he felt as if he were the principal actor in some terrible crime.

"Poor old boss!" he sobbed, kneeling down, and putting his arm over the still warm neck. "I—I've killed you—after all the rich milk and butter you've given me that's made me grow strong and fat—just by my carelessness!"

In after years the memory of that hour came back to Harry Aldis as the dominant note in some real tragedy, and he never again smelled the fragrance of new hay, mingled with the warm breath of sleeping cattle, without recalling the misery and self-condemnation of that long night's watch.

In the early dawn, Dr. Layton found the boy lying beside the quiet form in the stall, fast asleep from exhaustion and grief, his head pillowed on the soft, tawny coat he had loved to brush until it gleamed like silk.

"Child alive!" he gasped, bending over and taking the lad in his arms, and carrying him out into the sweet morning air. "Harry, why didn't you come and tell me, and then go to bed?" he cried, setting the bewildered boy on his feet, and leading him to the house. "Now, my boy, no more of this grieving. The thing is done, and you can't help it now. There's no more use in crying for a dead cow than for spilled milk. Now come in and go to bed, and stay there until tonight; and when you wake up, the new heifer, Brindle's daughter, will be in the barn waiting for you to milk her. I'm going to buy her this morning."

Five years after that eventful night, Harry Aldis stood on the doctor's front porch, a youth of eighteen, bidding good-by to the two who had been more to him than father and mother. He was going to college in the West, where he could work his way, and in his trunk was a high-school diploma, and in his pocket a "gilt-edge recommendation" from Doctor Layton.

"God bless you, my boy! Don't forget us," said the doctor, his voice husky with unshed tears as he wrung the strong young hand that had been so helpful to him in the busy years flown by.

"Forget you, my more than father!" murmured the young man, not even trying to keep the tears out of his eyes. "No matter how many years it may be before I see you again, I shall always remember your unfailing kindness to me. And can I ever forget how you saved me for a higher life than I could possibly have lived if you had set me adrift in the world again for leaving that barn door unfastened, and killing your cow? As long as I live, I shall remember that great kindness, and shall try to deserve it by my life."

"Pshaw, Harry," said the doctor, "that was nothing but common humanity!"

"Uncommon humanity," corrected the youth. "Good-by, Mrs. Layton. I shall always remember your kindness, too, and that you never gave me any less butter and cream from poor Brindle's daughter for my grave offense. You've been like an own mother to me."

"You've deserved it all, Harry," said the doctor's wife, and there was a tear in her eye, too, which was an unusual sight, for she was not an emotional woman. "I don't know as it was such a great calamity, after all, to lose Brindle just as we did, for Daisy's a finer cow than her mother was, and there hasn't been another chance since to get as good a heifer."

"So it was a blessing in disguise, after all, Harry," laughed the doctor. "As for you, you've been a blessing undisguised from that day to this. May the Lord bless and prosper you! Write to us often."

Four years passed, and in one of the Western States a young college graduate stepped from his pedestal of oratorical honors to take a place among the "rising young lawyers" of a prosperous new town that was fast developing into a commercial center.

"I am doing well—splendidly," he wrote Doctor Layton after two years of hard work, "and one of these days I am coming back to make that promised visit."

But the years came and went, and still the West held him in its powerful clutch. Success smiled upon his pathway, and into his life entered the sweet, new joy of a woman's love and devotion, and into his home came the happy music of children's voices. When his eldest boy was eight years old, his district elected him to the State senate, and four years later sent him to Congress,—an honest, uncompromising adherent to principle and duty.

"And now, at last," he wrote Doctor Layton, "I am coming East, and I shall run down from Washington for that long-promised visit. Why do you write so seldom, when I have never yet failed to inform you of my pyrotechnic advancement into the world of politics? It isn't fair. And how is the family cow? Surely Madam Daisy sleeps with her poor mother ere this, or has been cut up into roasts and steaks."

And to this letter the doctor replied briefly but gladly:—

"So you are coming at last, my boy! Well, you'll find us in the same old house,—a little the worse for wear, perhaps,—and leading the same quiet life. No, not the same, though it is quiet enough, for I am growing old, and the town is running after the new young doctors, leaving us old ones in the rear, to trudge along as best we can. There isn't any 'family cow' now,

Harry. Daisy was sold long ago for beef, poor thing! We never got another, for I'm getting too old to milk, and there never seemed to come along another boy like 'the old Harry,' who would take all the barn-yard responsibility on his shoulders. Besides, mother is crippled with rheumatism, and can hardly get around to do her housework, let alone to make butter. We're not any too well off since the Union Bank failed, for, besides losing all my stock, I've had to help pay the depositors' claims. But we've enough to keep us comfortable, and much to be thankful for, most of all that our 'famous son' is coming home for a visit. Bring your wife, too, Harry, if she thinks it will not be too much of a drop from Washington society to our humble home; and the children, all five of those bright boys and girls,—bring them all! I want to show them the old stall in the barn, where, twenty-five years ago, I picked their father up in my arms early one spring morning as he lay fast asleep on the neck of the old cow over whose expiring breath he had nearly broken his poor little heart."

"Yes, father, of course, it has paid to come down here. I wouldn't have missed it for all the unanimous votes of the 'third ballot' that sent me East," declared the United States senator at the end of his three days' visit. Long ago, the Hon. Henry Aldis had fallen into the habit of addressing Dr. Layton, in his letters, by the paternal title.

"It doesn't seem possible that it is twenty years since I stood here, saying good-by when I started West. By the way, do you remember what you told me that memorable night when the lamented Brindle laid down her life because of my carelessness, and her own gluttony? I was standing at the horse's head, and you were sitting in your buggy, there at the carriage steps, and I said I wished you'd horsewhip me, instead of treating me so kindly. I remember you reached over and tickled my neck with the lash playfully, and told me 'there was no use in thrashing a fellow who was all broken up, anyway, over an accident.'"

The doctor laughed as he held his arms more closely about the shoulders of Senator Aldis's two eldest boys; while "Grandmother Layton," with little Ted in her lap, was dreaming again of the little form that had long ago been laid in the graveyard of the hillside.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "I remember. What a blessed thing it was I didn't send you off that day to the tune the old cow died on," and he laughed through his tears.

"Blessed!" echoed Mother Layton, putting down the wriggling Ted. "It was providential. You know, Harry, I wasn't as kind-hearted as John in those days, and I thought he ought to send you off. But he declared he wouldn't, even if you had cost him two cows; he said that if he did 'it might cost the world a man.' And so it would have, if all they say you're doing out West for clean government is true."

Senator Aldis laughed, and kissed the old lady.

"I don't know about that," he said modestly. "I'm of the opinion that he might have saved more of a man for the world; but certain it is, he saved whatever manhood there was in that boy from going to waste by his noble act of kindness. But what I remember most, father, is what you told me, there at the carriage step,—that when I became a rich man, I could pay you for that cow. Well, I'm not exactly a rich man, for I'm not in politics for all the money I can get out of it, but I am getting a better income than my leaving that

barn door open would justify any one in believing I ever could get by my brains; so now I can pay that long-standing debt without inconvenience. It may come handy for you to have a little fund laid by, since the Union Bank went to smash, and all your stock with it, and so much of your other funds went to pay the poor depositors of that defunct institution. It was just like you, father, not to dodge the assessments, as so many of the stockholders did, by putting all your property in your wife's name. So, since you made one investment twenty-five years ago that hasn't seemed to depreciate in value very much,—an investment in a raw young boy who didn't have enough gumption to fasten a barn door,—here's the interest on what the investment was worth to the boy, at least a little of it, for I can never begin to pay it all. Good-by, both of you, and may God bless you! Here comes our carriage, Helen."

When the dust of the departing hack had filtered away through the morning sunlight, two pairs of tear-dimmed eyes gazed at the slip of blue paper in Doctor Layton's hand,—a check for five thousand dollars.

"We saved a man that time, sure enough!" murmured the old doctor softly.—*Emma S. Allen, in the Wellspring.*

A Pronunciation Match Game

No pleasanter or more instructive entertainment for the young people of the family, or for the whole family for that matter, could be devised than a pronunciation game, to be played around the sitting-room table in the evening.

Here is the way to play it: Appoint some one leader, and let him give out the words by spelling them. A prize of some kind may be offered, and the player who makes the fewest errors wins it. Care must be taken to select words of common use that are generally mispronounced, of which there are more than one would think without making a list of them.

The following are suggested for the first game:—

Ad-dress — accent on the last syllable, both as noun and as verb.

A-dult — accent on the last syllable.

Ap-pa-ra-tus — accent on the third syllable, with the "a" as in "rate."

A-cous-tic — accent on the second syllable, with the "ou" as in "our."

Au-to-mo-bile — accent on the third syllable, and "bile" as in "bil," not "beel."

Bi-cy-cle — accent on the first syllable, with the "i" long. The "y" in this word is not long, as it is in the single word "cycle," but has the sound of "i" in "ill."

Caf-fe-in — accent on the first syllable.

Cic-a-trix — accent on the first syllable.

Cic-a-tri-ces — accent on the first and third syllables, with "tri," as in "trial."

Clem-a-tis — accent on the first syllable.

Co-ca-ine — accent on the first syllable, the "a" in "ca" obscure, and "ine" as "in." It is universally pronounced "co-cāne."

Cor-net — accent on the first syllable.

Dis-course — accent on the last syllable.

Ec-se-ma — accent on the first syllable.

Ex-em-pla-ry — accent on the first syllable, with "ex" as "egz."

Gla-di-o-lus — accent on the second syllable, with the "i" as in lime.—*Selected.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

No. XLI — The Home of the Saved

SYNOPSIS.— Since God formed the earth to be inhabited, and created it not in vain (Isa. 45: 18), it is an adequately justified inference that those scriptures that *seem* to teach that this earth is to be the eternal home of the saved do *really* teach that, notwithstanding many seem to have a contrary view. When we are told that God's throne is to be here (Rev. 22: 3), that surely should suggest to our minds that the divine re-creative touch after the sin-consuming fires of the last days (2 Peter 3: 10, 12) will make of this once-fallen world the heavenly country spoken of by Paul (Heb. 11: 16) and by Peter (2 Peter 3: 13). The enrapturingly glorious earth described in Revelation 22 should surely meet every demand of the heaven-longing soul.

Questions

1. What was God's original plan for the earth and its inhabitants? **Isa. 45: 18.**
2. Although sin has interrupted God's plan, what assurance have we that his plan will finally be accomplished? **Micah 4: 8.**
3. How much has God invested in the home of the saved and its prospective inhabitants? **John 3: 16; Luke 19: 10; Col. 1: 15-17.**
4. Who will be privileged to inhabit this home? **Matt. 5: 5; Rev. 5: 9, 10; Rev. 22: 14, 17.**
5. Who besides the redeemed will live in the home of the saved? **Rev. 21: 3; 22: 3.**
6. How long will this home endure? **Isa. 65: 21, 22; Dan. 2: 44.**
7. Mention one way in which the inhabitants will show their loyalty to the Ruler of the universe? **Isa. 66: 22, 23.**
8. Can we fully comprehend what this home will be? **Isa. 64: 4; 1 Cor. 2: 9.**
9. Where will it be? **Matt. 5: 5; Rev. 21: 2, 3.**
10. How do we know that God is preparing a beautiful home for his children? **Isa. 35: 1, 2; 55: 13; Rev. 21: 2.**
11. How does John describe the metropolis of the earth made new? **Rev. 21: 10-23.**
12. Show that no strife will enter the city in that home land. **Isa. 11: 6, 9; 32: 18; 60: 18; 2 Peter 3: 13.**
13. Why have we ample reason for believing that it will be a very happy home? **Isa. 33: 24; 35: 10; 65: 19; Rev. 21: 4.**
14. When will the redeemed take possession of it? **John 14: 1-3; Rev. 11: 15.**
15. What admonition is given to the prospective inhabitants of the home of the saved? **2 Cor. 7: 1; James 5: 8.**

Notes

10. "In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. There the heavenly shepherd leads his flock to the fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are the ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the wide-spreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits.

On these peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home."—*Great Controversy*, page 675.

11. "One writer says of the blending of the colors in the arrangement of these stones in the wall: 'In looking over these various classes, we find the first four to be of a green or bluish cast; the fifth or sixth, of a red or scarlet; the seventh, yellow; the eighth, ninth, and tenth, of different shades of lighter green; the eleventh and twelfth, of a scarlet or splendid red. There is classification, therefore, in this arrangement; a mixture not dissimilar to the arrangement in the rainbow, with the exception that it is more complex.'"—*Our Paradise Home*, page 160.

13. "Pain can not exist in the atmosphere of heaven. There will be no more tears, no funeral trains, no badges of mourning. . . . There is the New Jerusalem, the metropolis of the glorified new earth. . . . In the city of God 'there shall be no night.' None will need or desire repose. There will be no weariness in doing the will of God and offering praise to his name. We shall ever feel the freshness of the morning, and shall ever be far from its close. . . . The light of the sun will be superseded by a radiance which is not painfully dazzling, yet which immeasurably surpasses the brightness of our noontide. The glory of God and the Lamb floods the holy city with unending light. The redeemed walk in the sunless glory of perpetual day."—*Great Controversy*, page 676.

14. "Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each is bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright, silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we shall shout evermore;
We're home at last, home at last!"

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4—Lesson 8: "Successful Careers," Chapters 35-38

NOTE.—Have you a file of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR? If so, turn back and read once again the splendid article on "Good Reading" in the issue of Aug. 30, 1910. It contains valuable suggestions on how to read.

Test Questions

1. How does the life of William Marcy show the importance of a teacher's influence? What special encouragement is his life to boys? What offices did he fill in the president's cabinet? Why are the following dates important in his life,—1800 or 1801, 1808, 1812, 1821, 1829, 1831, and 1833?
2. How did Leland Stanford become a lawyer? Observe how he entered heartily into both mental effort and physical work.
3. What motives gave birth to the idea of trans-continental railroad? When was the railroad begun? When completed? How was the continent informed of this event?
4. Name and locate a well-known university founded by Mr. Stanford.
5. What characteristics in Mary Lyon do you especially admire?
6. What led her to found Mount Holyoke Seminary? To what extent has it proved a world-wide blessing?
7. What did Miss Lyon say when the seminary was threatened with an epidemic? Do you not think it would be a good motto for every-day life?
8. Why do you think Horace Clafin was exceptionally successful in his mercantile work?
9. Relate the incident which shows that he esteemed his principles above worldly gain. How did the Civil War attest his honesty?

Notes

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY is a coeducational institution, situated about thirty-five miles east of San Francisco, at Palo Alto, California. The campus comprises nine thousand acres. The architecture is patterned after the old Spanish missions of Mexico, being of buff sandstone with red tile roofing. The buildings are grouped in the form of two quadrangles, one inside the other. One of the most striking architectural features is Memorial Arch, one hundred feet high, ninety feet wide, and thirty-four feet deep, with an archway of forty-four feet spanning the main entrance. A frieze twelve feet high, representing the progress of civilization, surrounds the arch. Memorial Church was erected by Mrs. Stanford in memory of her husband. Its spire rises to a height of one hundred eighty-eight feet, and its organ has forty-six stops and three thousand pipes. In the tower is a chime of sweet-toned bells. Both Memorial Church and Memorial Arch were left in ruins by the earthquake of 1906, but have been rebuilt. This university has an endowment amounting to thirty million dollars, two thirds of which is productive of income. Its library contains ninety thousand volumes.

MARY LYON has left for us another inspiring motto in the words, "If you want most to serve your race, go where no one else will go and do what no one else will do." Fidelity Fiske, who gave her life for the uplifting of the women of Persia, gained much of her missionary enthusiasm from Mary Lyon. While Miss Fiske was connected with Mount Holyoke Seminary a call came for a volunteer to work in Persia, and she responded. Miss Lyon's interest is shown by the fact that she rode with her thirty miles, through a blinding snow-storm, that she might ask her mother's permission. This was given in the words, "Go, and the Lord go with you." Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Murray, missionaries in South Africa, read the marvelous life of Mary Lyon. "So thrilled were they by that story of heroism," says Dr. Pierson, "that they sought to obtain everything that could further inform them of the subsequent history of Mount Holyoke Seminary and its pupils." Through the influence of the knowledge thus gained the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, was founded. Through its influence other schools of like character were soon established; and for thirty-five years these schools have done such a marvelous work for almost the whole of Africa that they are spoken of as "the light at the Cape of Good Hope."

Junior No. 3—Lesson 8: "How the World Is Clothed," Pages 192-219

Test Questions

1. FOR what are the Pribyloff Islands noted? What would you see and hear if you were there in summer?
2. Name and locate six islands or groups of islands where seals are found.
3. Describe the appearance of an old seal; of a seal puppy. How do they manage to move about?
4. How is the killing of seals regulated by law?
5. Name nine cities which contain large fur-dressing establishments. How long have the Chinese worn furs?
6. After reading chapter twenty-seven, tell as nearly as you can how furs are dressed and dyed. Mention some furs which are never dyed.
7. What animals help to provide the world with hats? How do we get our straw hats?
8. What shows that hats were used in Bible times? How do you like the hats of the Middle Ages? What does Mr. Carpenter say about the hats worn by the Chinese? the Koreans? the East Indians? the Russians?
9. How was the first felt made? How is it now made?
10. Where does the finest hat fur come from? How is the fur obtained? What is "carroting"?
11. Tell how the fur of the beaver, rabbit, or coypou is separated from the hide, preparatory to being pressed into felt.
12. After the felt hats are molded into shape, what finishing touches are required before they can be put on the market?



X — Visits to the Sepulcher

(December 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 20: 1-18; Matt. 28: 1-15; Mark 16: 5-11; Luke 24: 3-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Matt. 28: 6.

The Lesson Story

1. When Mary Magdalene, who reached the tomb first, found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher of Jesus, and that he was not there, she at once ran and told Peter and John. While she was gone to tell the disciples what she found there, the other women came to the grave. "And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great." "And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

2. "And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: and as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?" "Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him." "Remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." "But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

3. "And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulcher; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid." "And they remembered his words, and returned from the sepulcher, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest." The women were so filled with fear and joy that they "did run to bring his disciples word."

4. Then Mary "cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulcher. So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulcher. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

5. "Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw, and believed." The disciples as yet "knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home."

6. When Peter and John returned to their homes, Mary remained by the empty tomb, and she stood without weeping. "And as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulcher, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

7. Mary felt that she must find Jesus. "And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Mary thought it would be a great privilege to care for the crucified body of Jesus. If that sepulcher were thought to be too good, she would provide another burial-place for the Lord. She had done what she could for him while he lived, and now he was still precious when she thought he was dead.

8. Then in a voice she had often heard, "Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her."

9. After Jesus had ascended to heaven and received the assurance from his Father that his sacrifice for the sins of men had been accepted, he returned. As the women went to tell the disciples what they had seen, "Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshiped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

10. "Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you. So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."

11. Jesus had told the disciples over and over again that he would die and be raised the third day; but they were only made sorry, and did not understand what he meant by rising from the dead. Mary "went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not." The words of those who had seen Jesus seemed to the disciples as "idle tales, and they believed them not." They might have been glad and rejoicing that Jesus was alive at the time they were weeping and mourning as though he were dead.

Questions

1. What did Mary find when she came to the tomb of Jesus? To whom did she then go? While she was gone, who came to the tomb? What did they see? What did they not find?

2. How did the women feel when they could not find the body of their Lord? Whom did they see? How were they dressed? How did the women feel when they saw these strangers? In what way did they show their reverence? What questions did the angels ask them? What did one of them say? What did he tell them to remember? What word was sent to

the disciples? Which one was specially mentioned?

3. How did the women leave the sepulcher? What shows that they felt afraid? What did the women then remember? To whom did they tell what they had seen and heard?

4. When Mary found Peter and John, what did she sorrowfully say? What did the two disciples then do? How did they go? Which reached the tomb first? What did he do? What did he see? What did he not do? Who followed John to the sepulcher? Tell what he did. What did he see? How were the grave-clothes arranged which Jesus had worn?

5. Who followed Peter into the sepulcher? What did the disciples not yet know? After this visit to the grave, where did the disciples go?

6. Where did Mary remain when Peter and John left her? What was she doing as she stood there? While weeping, what did she do? Whom did she see? What question did they ask? How did she reply?

7. As Mary turned away from the angels whom did she see? Whom did she suppose him to be? What did Jesus say to her? What was her reply? What privilege did she desire? How did she still regard Jesus?

8. How did Jesus reveal to Mary who he was? In what way did she show that she knew the Lord? What did Jesus tell her not to do? Why? What was she to tell the brethren? Where did she then go? What did she say?

9. What assurance did Jesus receive from his Father? After this whom did he meet? What were his words of greeting? What did the women do as they saw the Lord? What did Jesus say to them? What did he say they should tell the disciples?

10. While the women were on the way who came to the city? To whom did these watchmen go? What did they tell the priests? What did the priests and elders do when they heard their report? What did they give the soldiers? What did they tell them to say? What crime did they thus commit? What did they say they would do if the report came to the governor? What did the soldiers do? What false report is reported among the Jews?

11. Repeat the memory verse. What had Jesus repeatedly said to the disciples? What did they not understand? What were they doing when told that Jesus had risen? Did they believe what Mary said? How did the words of those who had seen Jesus seem to the disciples? What might they have been doing?

2. What did the other women do? Luke 24:3.

3. As they were perplexed over the empty sepulcher, who stood by them? Verse 4; Mark 16:5.

4. What words of assurance did the angel speak? What gentle reproof was given? Matt. 28:5; Luke 24:5.

5. What comforting message did the angel announce? Matt. 28:6; Luke 24:6-8.

6. What were the women told to do? Matt. 28:7; Mark 16:7; note 1.

7. What response did they make to the command of the angel? Matt. 28:8; Mark 16:8.

8. As soon as Peter and John heard from Mary the news of the resurrection, what did they do? John 20:3.

9. With what haste did they go to the sepulcher? Who arrived first? What did the other disciple (John) see? Did he go in? Verses 4, 5.

10. What did Peter do as soon as he reached the tomb? What did he see? Verses 6, 7; note 2.

11. Seeing Peter's boldness, what did John do? Verses 8, 9; note 3.

12. After visiting the tomb, and assuring themselves that Jesus was not there, to what place did they go? Verse 10.

13. To whom did Jesus first appear after his resurrection? Mark 16:9.

14. Under what circumstances did Jesus appear to Mary? What comforting words did he speak to her? John 20:11-18; note 4.

15. When Mary told the disciples that the Saviour was risen, how were her words regarded? Mark 16:10, 11.

16. As the other women went to tell the disciples, who met them? What message did he give them for the disciples? Matt. 28:9, 10.

17. When they told the disciples that they had seen Jesus, how was their story received? Luke 24:9-11.

18. While the women were going to tell the disciples, what word came to the chief priests? Matt. 28:11.

19. What did the Sanhedrin deliberately decide to do? Verses 12-14.

20. What evil report followed their action? Verse 15.

Notes

1. "He goeth before you." It is not in past traditions however holy; it is not in past conceptions of truth, however much they may have been blessed; it is not in dead creeds written by men however good; it is not in plans once successful, that our success lies; it is in following the present living Christ in his work to-day, out into the great field where the need lies.

"Tell his disciples *and Peter*." Poor, discouraged repentant Peter. He is not forgotten by his Lord. The last time he had seen him was after his threefold denial. Now when risen from the dead, Jesus remembers his sorrowing disciple, and fearing in his despondency he will conclude the Master does not care for him, he asks that Peter especially be told that he is risen from the dead. We have the same loving, compassionate Saviour to-day.

2. Seeth the napkin "wrapped together in a place by itself." God is a God of system and order — no disorder seen even in the grave. No haste displayed in leaving the tomb. In that napkin wrapped up and placed by itself is given the lie to the tale told by the soldiers that while they slept the disciples stole away his body. Had thieves disturbed the tomb they would not have waited to place things in order.

3. The individual characteristics of Peter and John are seen in their visit to the tomb. Peter, rash and impetuous, went into the tomb as soon as he reached it. John, more cautious and deliberate, first looked in, going in later.

4. After visiting the sepulcher the disciples went to their home. Not so with Mary. She could not go home. She had lost her Lord, and could not rest till she had found him. She remains by the sepulcher to weep. It is always to such anxious souls that the Lord appears. While weeping, her Lord appears with words of comfort. She was the first to greet him when risen from the dead.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



X — Visits to the Sepulcher

(December 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 20:1-18; Matt. 28:5-15; Mark 16:5-11; Luke 24:3-12.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 82; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol III, chapter 14; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 28:6.

Questions

1. What did the women find on arriving at the sepulcher? What did Mary Magdalene do? What did she say? John 20:1, 2.

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.

Now

WISDOM too late they learn who learn not now;
Vain is the search for fruit on winter bough.

—Frederic R. Marvin.

A Glimpse Into Heathendom

THE old Bara king of Madagascar has just died, and more than one thousand oxen were slaughtered for his burial. Drumming and screaming went on throughout the night. One of his seventy-five wives, a beautiful young woman, was killed to accompany him to the spirit world, and a number of his slaves will soon doubtless meet the same fate. The remainder of his wives, women of the best families, were distributed around to various raw chiefs without the least regard to their own wishes. Meanwhile, the French Republicans are too busy closing mission schools to think of suppressing these excesses.—*Selected.*

Missionary Martyrs

BEYOND the great wall of China, in the plain of Yengchou, there lives a farmer who, before the Boxer massacres, had a friend who was a Christian. The follower of the Master tried hard to lead the farmer to Christ, but without avail. Then came the Boxer uprising, and the Christian, with many others, was murdered. One day, some time later, the farmer, walking across the fields, found a scrap of paper on which was printed the story of the prodigal son. He read it. He pondered. "Is this the God whose followers we have slain?" When the little church was rebuilt, he was one of the first to ask admission.—*Selected.*

Price of Disobedience

THE greatest financiers in the world, the Rothschilds, exact the strictest obedience to orders from their employees.

"They once had an agent here," a New Orleans man recently said to a reporter for the *Picayune*, "a fine fellow. They telegraphed to this agent at a certain season to sell their cotton holdings, but he knew the price would go higher, and therefore he didn't sell till four days later. In consequence he netted an extra profit of forty thousand dollars to his firm.

"When he sent the Rothschilds the money, and announced joyously and proudly what he had done, they returned the whole amount, with a cold note that ran:—

"The forty thousand dollars you made by disobeying our instructions is not ours, but yours. Take it. Mr. —, your successor, sails for New Orleans today."—*Selected.*

The Surprised Woman

A NEGRO woman was running for a passing car. A dray came between her and the car just as the door was shut and the motorman started to turn his power lever. The woman was resigning herself to her disappointment when a business man just behind her caught the eye of the motorman and waved a request to stop an instant longer. As the surprised woman stepped into the car, the man nodded "Thank you!" to the motorman for his courtesy. A simple incident, was it not? But how much happiness there is caused simply because there are those who do not miss opportunities like this!—*Selected.*

Most of Us

LOOK wiser than we talk.

Find fault, because we're near-sighted.

Make mistakes; only a few profit by them.

Do best in after-life what we played at most in youth.

Enjoy ourselves most when we forget ourselves most.

Can talk, but only one here and there can really converse.

Wish to be loved, but overlook the proviso: We ourselves must love first.

Would get on better if we gave as much attention to fair work as we do to fair play.

Fail to grow because we hold to the impression that we're contained between our hat and our boots.

Would enjoy greater privileges if only we showed ourselves more appreciative of their accompanying responsibilities.

Would be better off if we'd give more thought to how much we could do without, and less to how much we could accumulate.—*Warwick James Price.*

Did Mrs. Lowell Pardon Him?

"SIMPLICITY" is a relative term when applied to one's manner of living. There are those to whom it means dinners of not more than four courses, and to others it may signify a bowl of bread and milk on the kitchen table. An amusing story of James Russell Lowell and an English earl, which is reprinted in the *Louisville Times*, is apropos of this reflection:—

One day Lowell met in Boston an English peer, who had been a great friend of his in London, and he invited the peer out to Cambridge to dinner. About this he had some misgivings, for he lived very simply, keeping only one servant. He even went so far as to say, as the horse-car jangled Cambridgeward:—

"You know, Lord —, we are very simple people, Mrs. Lowell and I."

"O," said the earl, "I love simplicity!"

This remark fortified and comforted Lowell. It kept up his fortitude even when Mrs. Lowell informed him, when he got home, that there was nothing for dinner but creamed fish. But his spirits must have sunk a little when, at table, he essayed to help the simplicity-loving peer to the only dish, and the latter said, politely:—

"If Mrs. Lowell will pardon me, I think I will omit the fish course."

—*Youth's Companion.*