

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

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No. 15



Painting by Jean Benner

THE SISTERS OF CAPRI



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, April 29

No regular program has been arranged for this meeting. Doubtless every Missionary Volunteer Society feels the need of time to consider questions related to the well-being of its own organization. Opportunity for the study of these topics of local interest is now given.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 27: "Christ's Object Lessons," Pages 62-89

Test Questions

1. How does the parable of the seed reveal God at work in nature? Show its application to the spiritual life.

2. Why is faith necessary on the part of the sower?

3. What do the germination of the seed and the growth of the plant represent in the Christian experience?

4. Note the necessity of continual advancement.

5. What is the object of the Christian life? How may this end be reached?

6. How has God by his dealing with Satan illustrated the truths brought out in the parable of the tares?

7. By what means is Satan seeking to sow tares among the good seed of the kingdom?

8. How should these disloyal members be dealt with? Why?

9. Why was the parable of the mustard-seed given?

10. What special truths are brought out in its application?

11. Mention ten helpful lessons which may be learned from seed-sowing and the growth of the plant.

12. In what practical way should these lessons be impressed upon the minds of children and youth?

Junior No. 3 — Lesson 27: "The Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 96-117

Test Questions

1. GIVE an account of the first celebration of the queen's birthday.

2. How did the women dress at that time? What improvement had there been during the fifty years?

3. Who was Mr. Carleton? and how did he come to the island?

4. What did he do for the islanders?

5. How did the people greet Sir Fairfax Moresby? What did they now hear for the first time in their lives?

6. What did the admiral do for Mr. Nobbs? Who remained on the island as his substitute? Tell about Mr. Nobbs meeting the queen.

7. How did Matthew and Daniel McCoy meet their death?

8. Name two calamities that came to the islanders which, but for timely help, would have proved very serious.

9. What happened to Reuben Nobbs after he returned to Pitcairn?

The Battle-Field for 1911

THE greatest contest between the temperance and liquor forces during the coming year is to take place in the States of Maine, West Virginia, and Texas. In the former State, the fight of the temperance forces will be to retain the present constitutional provision prohibiting the liquor traffic, while in West Virginia and Texas the fight will be directed toward the adoption of a prohibitory amendment to the constitution.

For twenty years the liquor forces of the nation have made every possible effort to get resubmission in Maine. The time has at last arrived. Although the present legislature was not elected specifically on the question of resubmission, a constitutional majority in both houses have shown themselves favorable to the proposition of again putting the question up to the people. The battle, therefore, is on, and the liquor crowd is to have an opportunity to show itself in the Maine election. To say that the brewers' organizations of the nation and the National Liquor Dealers' Association will leave no stone unturned, is to put it mildly. Every ounce of influence that the liquor traffic can command will be used in the Maine campaign. Every dollar that can be collected from the millions representing the liquor forces and their friends will be put into the fight, and every means both fair and foul will be employed to make an example of Maine that will help the cause of liquordom throughout the nation.

In the States of Texas and West Virginia, although the fight may be less spectacular, it will be none the less persistent. The various branches of the liquor traffic now doing business in these States will fight with a desperation that will have practically no limit, in the effort to hold their own and to keep these two States under the control of the saloon.

These contests will be worthy of the best fighting the Christian manhood and womanhood can do. The temperance forces of these States will need every bit of encouragement available from the other States. In fact, the united forces of righteousness in America will need to show themselves in no uncertain way in these three contests if the winning campaign against the liquor traffic in this country is to go steadily forward.— *The American Issue.*

"It is noble to be pure,
It is right to be honest,
It is necessary to be temperate,
It is wise to be industrious;
But to know God is best of all."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

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Woman's Responsibility

WINIFRED P. ROWELL.

IN heathen countries the birth of a girl child into a family is reckoned a calamity; to be the mother of girls only is regarded as a curse laid upon a woman by the gods; woman is looked upon as merely a piece of property, an inferior being without intellect and soul. Nevertheless, missionaries who have spent their lives in a study of conditions in these countries give as one of the most potent reasons for the slow progress of Christianity, the ignorance and superstition of these debased and degraded women.

In Mohammedan countries, where the degradation of womanhood is most complete, the fewest gains are made to Christianity. Dr. Zweimer, the great authority on Mohammedan missions, lays this to the enslavement of Mohammedan womanhood. According to him, it is in this poisoning of the springs of home and social life that the arch-enemy has shown his greatest subtlety. By the degradation of woman the whole fabric of social life is made rotten; for if a man can not respect his mother, how shall he fully respect himself and his fellows? And what ideas of truth and morality and justice can he draw from one whose mind is groveling in the dust of ignorance, fanaticism, and superstition?

Realizing the power of an enslaved and degraded womanhood to hold a race in slavery and degradation, consider the responsibility of woman in the countries where the religion of Jesus Christ has placed her at man's side, a helper and an equal. From the very conditions governing her life, she is the heart of the home and of society. As mother, wife, sister, friend, she has the making or marring of the manhood of the nation.

Ruskin puts it very strongly, but with much truth, in his lecture on "Queen's Gardens," when he says, "It is the type of an eternal truth — that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she has braced it loosely that manhood fails." The same writer further arraigns woman in these words: "There is not a man in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery, but the guilt of it lies with you."

Whether or not the great critic's charge be true in its extreme application, history affords abundant evidence that it is essentially well-founded. How many men who have attained to well-earned fame have laid their trophies at the feet of a white-haired mother! Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, Ruskin himself, and a host of others rise to the mind involuntarily. "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my mother." How many men — and women — of humble station have voiced this sentiment in their hearts in the faithful performance of their duties.

On the other hand, how many a Byron or a Nero of greater or less eminence, has cursed the mother who, by her weakness, her folly, or her vice, has formed him for a life of ignominious defeat. The world's criminals, for the most part, are made in homes where *home* and *mother* are mere names of meaningless mockery, or where death or misfortune has too soon robbed the child of the parent at whose knee God ordained he should learn his fundamental lessons in the school that, according to his plan, should end only in eternity.

But not only in her capacity of motherhood does the world acknowledge its debt to woman and its need of her. Bunyan owed his conversion, under God, to the practical Christianity of his wife, and to two religious books that she brought him. John Stuart Mill in dedicating one of his last-written books to his wife, calls her the inspiration of his thoughts in their inception, the critic whose judgment he most craved in their expression. A famous Swedish author, writing after the death of his wife, said that strict justice would demand the inscription of both names in joint authorship of his books, since his success had been due in great measure to the encouragement afforded by his wife's persistent faith in his powers, the inspiration of her suggestions, and her patient and discriminating criticism of his manuscripts. Over and over has such testimony been recorded.

Sadly, too, we must acknowledge that many careers that have shot upward with meteorlike brilliancy, have been as quickly engulfed in darkness because a wife failed in some crisis. Pride and extravagance, superficiality, pettiness, ill-humor, slovenliness, weakness of heart and will, — for such faults as these in the home many men who began life with bright prospects have had to live crippled and distorted caricatures of the lives God meant them to live.

As mother or wife, woman holds a responsibility in the world's work that is recognized by all; scarcely less is her responsibility in the relations of daughter, sister, and friend. What possibilities of loving service are bound up in the very word daughter. In the little intimacies of family life, the delicate sympathies and refinements of heart culture owe much to the nurture of a sister's gentle hand.

A young man's idea of womanhood is largely determined by the sort of woman his sister is. I heard a boy declaiming once on the changeableness and unreasonableness of girls. I was not surprised to hear him tell a tale of his sister's fickleness and unreasonableness. Another young man I know whose courtesy and quiet thoughtfulness for women, young and old, have won my heartfelt admiration. But I, who know his home life, know that this courtesy and thoughtfulness are the outgrowth of an unusually frank and beautiful intimacy between him and an older sister. The beauty and helpfulness of this relationship is exemplified in the lives of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, of Sir John and Caroline

Herschel, of Charles and Mary Lamb. What a pity that so few of us realize the possibilities of our earthly relationships until great gulfs of misunderstanding and reserve are fixed between us and our loved ones!

The word friend is a large one. Jesus says, "I have called you my friends." "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." A friend ministers to both physical and spiritual needs, comforts, counsels, supports, is a keeper in the truest sense. Woman was created primarily to fill this need,—to be a *helper*, first in the narrower circle of her home, then in the larger world of humanity, wherever human sympathy and tenderness and charity are needed; to be a friend to those in physical need, a friend to the helpless, the erring; a friend to the strong, that they may use their strength for truth and right; a friend to the weak, that they may become strong.

In a biography I read recently of Alice Freeman Palmer, for six years president of Wellesley College, the element in Mrs. Palmer's character that most impressed me was her many-sidedness and her capacity for inspiring friendships with all sorts and conditions of people. Washerwomen, college presidents, street children, celebrated authors, all render tribute to her as one who touched their lives with healing in a time of need. What fulness of joy would be added to the world if each young woman would early accept her responsibility as a friend and helper of humanity,—a humanity that is world-wide, embracing even her suffering sisters in darkest heathendom!

Characteristics of the Woman of Strength

MISS ALMA J. GRAF, preceptress and instructor in Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan, was asked to contribute an article for this number of the INSTRUCTOR, on the elements of character that make for strength in woman. Miss Graf appealed to her girls for their opinion on this subject. Thirty responded to the request for each to note five elements of character in the really strong woman. The following excellent summary and statements reveal the result of this effort:—

Unselfish service and ready sympathy, 30	Self-control, firmness, 14
Spirituality, 29	Good judgment, 10
Quiet dignity or refinement, 23	Purity, virtue, 9
Sincerity and loyalty, 20	Neatness in dress, 9
Strong personality, 14	Cheerfulness, 6
Intelligence, 14	Deference to parents and the aged, 5

A strong woman lives a good Christian life, which helps and encourages others. A. R.

A strong woman has so real a hold upon God that the quiet decisions for right made *daily* reveal this living connection.

Her strength is a quiet strength, which comes from a realization of in what true strength consists, yet, with all her quietness, she is able and ready to be heard when occasion demands.

As a result of the foregoing, her great charm will be found in her real sincerity, great compassion, and ready sympathy. G. M.

Industrious —

"He that riseth late must trot all day."

Purposeful —

"Many have failed because they had too many irons in the fire."

Stick-to-it-iveness —

"The law of the soul is eternal endeavor, that bears a man onward and upward forever." B. S.

She is a strong woman who in every act of life gives evidence of her love for God and for all that is beautiful and noble.

She is sincere in her every-day life, too noble to stoop to that which is mean or small.

She is always retiring or quiet, though still human; she stands for principle when occasion demands.

She is orderly, neat, and clean in her dress and work.

She is broad-minded, sympathetic, practical, and adaptable. R. K.

Determined decision —

"The world turns aside to let [wo]man pass who knows where [s]he is going." E. M. V.

She is willing to bear burdens without complaining. G. R.

A woman's strength lies in her gentleness of manner, her modesty and purity, her implicit faith in her Saviour, her ability to sympathize, and her true womanly dignity. H. A. B.

She is an inspiration to great and noble deeds by being a "womanly woman." F. G.

She realizes that she must never sacrifice principle for anything, but everything for principle.

"The secret of being a saint is being a saint in secret."

"Character is made by many acts, but it is lost by a single act." E. L. W.

Sheriff Thorne

[The author of the following poem is Mr. Trowbridge, of Boston, Massachusetts. He also wrote "Darius Green and His Flying Machine."]

THAT I should be sheriff, and keep the jail,
And that yonder stately old fellow, you see
Marching across the yard, should be
My prisoner,—well, 'tis a curious tale,
As you'll agree.

For it happens, we've been here once before
Together, and served our time,—although
Not just as you see us now, you know,—
When we were younger both by a score
Of years or so.

When I was a wild colt, two-thirds grown,
Too wild for ever a curb or rein,
Playing my tricks till—I needn't explain—
I got three months at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

The fodder was mean, and the work was hard,
And work and I could never agree;
And the discipline,—well, in short, you see,
'Twas rather a roughish kind of card
That curried me!

A stout steel bracelet about my leg,
A cannon-shot and chain at my feet,
I pounded the stones in the public street,
With a heart crammed full of hate as an egg
Is full of meat.

The schoolboys jeered at my prison rig;
And me, if I moved, they used to call
(For I went with a jerk, if I went at all)
A gentleman dancing the Jailbird Jig
At a public ball.

But once, as I sat in the usual place
On a heap of stones, and hammered away
At the rock, with a heart as hard as they,
And cursed Macadam and all his race,
There chanced that way,

Sir, the loveliest girl! I don't mean pretty;
But there was that in her troubled eye,
In her sweet, sad glance, as she passed me by,
That seemed like an angel's gentle pity
For such as I.

And, sir, to my soul that pure look gave
Such a thrill as a summer morning brings,
With its twitter and flutter of songs and wings,
To one crouched all night long in a cave
Of venomous things.

Down the broad green street she passed from sight;
But all that day I was under a spell;
And all that night—I remember well—
A pair of eyes made a kind of light
That filled my cell.

Women can do with us what they will:
'Twas only a village girl, but she,
With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was, and the self I still
Might strive to be.

And if in my misery I began
To feel fresh hope and courage stir,
To turn my back upon things that were,
And my face to the future of a man,
'Twas all for her.

And that's *my* story. And as for the lady?
I saw her,—O, yes! when I was free,—
And thanked her, and — well, just come with me:
As likely as not, when supper is ready,
She'll pour your tea.

She keeps my house, and I keep the jail;
And the stately old fellow who passed just now.
And tipped me that very peculiar bow —
But that is the wonderful part of the tale,
As you'll allow.

For he, you must know, was sheriff then,
And he guarded me as I guard him
(The fetter I wore now fits his limb):
Just one of your high-flown, strait-laced men,
Pompous and grim,—

The Great Mogul of our little town.
But while I was struggling to redeem
My youth, he sank in the world's esteem;
My stock went up, while his went down,
Like the ends of a beam.

What fault? 'Twas not one fault alone
That brought him low, but a treach-
erous train
Of vices, sapping the heart and brain.
Then came his turn at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

It seemed, I admit, a sort of treason
To clip him, and give him the cap
and ball;
And that I was his keeper seemed
worst of all.
And now, in a word, if you ask the reason
Of this man's fall,

'Twas a woman again, is my reply.
And so I said, and I say it still,
That women can do with us what
they will:

Strong men they turn with the twirl of an eye,
For good or ill.

— John Townsend Trowbridge.

When the Country Girl Goes Away to School

A PROFESSOR in a Western college said, "I wish some one would tell country girls about their clothes. They come from well-to-do and even wealthy farms and ranches, and spend a good deal on clothes, but they do not wear them right or suitably. For instance, the girl with a showy party dress appears on the campus clad therein, with white kid shoes and other harmonious appurtenances. The girl is well dressed, but not for that place or occasion."

One can but feel that this is an exaggerated case, yet there are many modest country girls who do not quite know what is suitable to wear, or, knowing it, feel so free and untrammelled away from home for the first time alone, that they are tempted to put on more showy clothing than the occasion warrants. The highest art in dressing is to dress for the occasion, and you can hardly err in simplicity. A simple blue sailor suit, a plain tailored jacket suit, a party dress, and plenty of neat shirt-waists, and a few finely fitted skirts, about sums up the needs of the going-away-to-school girl.

Make a point of having everything as good as you can, and a double point of having it simple. Even the party dress, which allows of more margin for furbelows, is daintier if not overtrimmed. The hideous, ready-made, cheap lingerie gowns, inset with cheap, tawdry lace, are an offense to the well-bred taste. They remind one of a patchwork quilt made up of very small and curious-shaped pieces, which, by some wonderful good luck, finally turn out to be something. Rather spend your money for fine, dainty material, and then have it made up exquisitely, than to spend it on much crazily inset laces and embroid-

eries. Laces may be combined beautifully, but they must be beautiful laces in the first place.

I know a college girl who insists upon plainly made clothes. She can not be coaxed into extravagancies of trimmings. The plainest of plain shirt-waists are her favorites, with plain skirts that fit to go with them. Plain, untrimmed sailor suits are close seconds in favor. A tailor suit for the street, and a long coat for travel, and none of the things showy, that is the motto of one girl, at least, and it is a good one.

Be exquisitely neat in dressing. Be sure that every hairpin is in place before you leave your room. Be sure your hair is done so securely that you need have no further thought thereof. Keep your hands away from your coiffure entirely once you have left your room. It certainly shows lack of poise to be fussing with your hair. If you can not do it up so that it causes you no anxiety lest it fall down, then simply braid it, and tie it up, anything to give you entire freedom from thought of and anxiety about it.

Another vulnerable point is the connecting belts. Be sure that they are fastened together beyond divorcement. Then, as with your hair, keep your hands off your waist line. The girl who is always fumbling to see if her waist and skirt are together, and her placket fastened, is not a pleasant sight nor companion. She should be wholly

free from anxiety about her toilet. Take time in dressing to fasten everything in its proper place, beyond slipping. This is better than beauty or even smartness; it is sanity and comfort.

The habit of dressing carefully once attained is never lost. It is a satisfaction and a comfort, and it gives a girl a poise and calmness that no half-dressed, nervously fumbling girl can know until she, too, learns the better way.

ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.

Sixteen and Sixty

"YOUR mudder is suttently a mighty nice-lookin' lady. Seems like she look better'n you do. De ole folks has de 'vantage nowadays, sho' 'nuff."

These words were addressed to a young girl whose sweet-faced mother had just passed out of the room.

"Then probably I shall look better by and by," replied the girl, with a smile.

With a solemn air the old "aunty" looked at the girl, as she said, "Dat 'pends 'pon whether yo' gettin' ready to look better, chile."

Cultivating those inward graces of the mind and heart which shine through the face will help more in this "getting ready" than all the prescriptions of the so-called "beauty-doctors." Frances Willard once said: "Not every woman can look well at sixteen; but every one can at sixty."—*The Wellspring*.

"The First Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller

THIS is a most excellent treatise for children and all beginners in bird study. It tells many interesting things about our feathered friends, and while technical terms are omitted, the careful reader will soon be enabled to recognize many birds by the description given of their habits. Simple, practical instructions are also given for the study and identification of birds. Leading us first to an interest in, and a love for, these creatures, we are taught how to form their acquaintance. Order from the Review and Herald Publishing Association. Price, in cloth, \$1.



WE ALL TALK TOO MUCH

Marriage—the Goal of True Affection

C. C. LEWIS



IT is a matter of the utmost importance to all young men and women to know how to relate themselves properly to one another. The proper association of ladies and gentlemen is a blessing to both. Men receive from such association a refining, subduing influence. Women receive strength and integrity of character. But improper associations produce evil results.

In their intercourse with one another young people should maintain a proper reserve. They should associate together as friends and companions in a frank, manly and womanly way; but at the same time there should be a bound of reserve through which no one would dare to break. Womanly reserve and modesty constitute a bulwark of purity and safety. When we forget this proper reserve, we fall into danger.

Reserve and Modesty

It would be wrong to tell young people that they should not delight in one another's society. God has planted the social instinct in their hearts, and it is natural for them to like to be together; but it would not be wrong to say that they should be modest and reserved in their associations with one another. They should not feign regard for another which they do not possess. They should not lead another on to bestow affection which is not returned, nor should they allow another to go on thus of his own accord. A quiet manner of dignified reserve is usually sufficient to set another right in this matter. Young people should learn to be happy and cheerful together without being sentimental and silly.

It is an unwise custom to get to "going with" some one all the time. Many seem to think this the proper thing to do, as if all the boys and girls must be paired off before the eyes of the community; and if any little thing by chance disturbs this arrangement, there must be a great ado of fluttering about until another adjustment is made. Thus it often happens that boys and girls pass through a long course of these slender attachments, like a humming-bird flitting from flower to flower, but seeming to be never satisfied to alight. Such associations dissipate the affections until the owner is scarcely able to recognize or bestow true affection. Perhaps it is too much to expect that there should be in every case only one such attachment, and that the final one for the journey of life; but we should certainly approach as near as possible to this ideal. In the journal entitled *Life and Health*, Washington, D. C., were found these words: "Most of the divorce cases are the result of matches contracted before a girl is old enough to be governed by her intellect rather than her impulses."

Be Sensible

But when at last the time shall come—as come it doubtless will—for our heart to be pierced with Cupid's sharp arrow, then let us try to be sensible. If we can not be as sensible as we would like, let us at least be as sensible as we can. It is surprising sometimes to note how foolish otherwise sensible people may become in regard to these matters of affection. Good taste indicates that they should be conducted with a quiet and becoming dignity. It is not best to wear one's heart upon the sleeve. The less publicity one attracts, the better. Not that it is a matter of which to be ashamed; on the contrary, no man has

fully lived until he has sincerely and purely loved a noble woman. But such relations are too delicate and too sacred to be needlessly exposed to public gaze.

The Goal of Affection

Marriage is the goal of true affection. But we should not rush to the goal with unseemly haste. Better consider the step long and deeply. It is one of the most important issues of life. Above all things else that are kept, keep thy heart with all diligence now. The forces which you admit enter for weal or woe. Be sure you want them to stay before you unbar the gates. Once in, it will be difficult to expel them, however treacherous they may prove. Even if they are driven out, the fortress may be injured beyond repair.

The Education First

This is no child's play, this matter of choosing a companion for life. Better leave it until a reasonably good education is acquired. This will bring you to a proper age for marriage. If a man, you should be twenty-five years of age; if a woman, at least twenty-one. Authorities agree that not until this age are the physical powers sufficiently mature to properly discharge the grave responsibilities of married life. Nor is the judgment sufficiently well-equipped. And this emphasizes the necessity of deferring this step until the education is complete. You will need all the judgment and wisdom a good education is likely to give you to wisely select a companion for life or properly manage one after the selection is made. And you will need just as much wisdom to know when and how to be managed.

Select Your Business First

Prudence also would indicate that it is wise to defer marriage until the life-work has been selected and fairly well established. It is but reasonable to suppose that one's companion should be in sympathy with one's work, and a true helper in the successful accomplishment of that work. But if the companion be selected first and the work afterward, it is a mere chance if they fit well together. To the man, even after the life-work and the companion have been selected, there comes an additional reason why the marriage should be deferred until his business is fairly prosperous. He ought to have something to offer his wife as a token of his love and of his worth. It ought to be at least enough to prove his ability to provide a respectable living.

Be Not Unequally Yoked

This discussion of the keeping of the heart in its relation to the life issue of marriage can not properly close without reference to the exhortation of Scripture, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The principle is broad enough to include other relations, but it is especially applicable to matters of religion. By "unbelievers" evidently are meant those who do not believe in and love Jehovah, the true God, and who do not trust in Jesus Christ, his Son, for salvation; and the exhortation, or rather command, is given men or women who do thus believe and trust. The wisdom of the requirement is apparent.

(Concluded on page fourteen)



THE HOME CIRCLE

*She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a maiden bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride,—
God in his mercy may do much to save her;
But what a case is he in that shall have her!*

—Poor Richard.



An Acceptable Hostess

HATTIE B. HOWELL



OUR good editor suggests to us a really delightful topic for reverie, just that sort of topic for the twilight hour when lights are dim and shadows deepening. So, girls, if we could all draw up our chairs around the fireplace for a *causerie* and mingle our reminiscences and our ideals, I think with our mind's eye we should see there in the firelight the acceptable hostess. When we think about her, memory drops the curtain before every unlovely recollection, and conjures up for us that most delightful visit of our lives; for who of us but has sometime been her guest, the guest of the acceptable hostess?

The room is dark now, but we can see her standing there in the glow of the fireplace. Her manner is no less gracious and cordial than the day she received us and the day we said *auf wiedersehen*. Neither personal beauty nor apparel constitutes her charm as hostess. Of course, regardless of features, her face is beautiful to us because of the soul beauty it wears. Her clothes impress us chiefly for their simplicity and neatness and the rare good taste with which they are selected and worn. Whether cloth, silk, muslin, or print, she always makes it possible for her guests to be better dressed than she.

When the invitation to her home came to us, we knew we had received the greatest compliment she could extend to us, but just how genuine her welcome was, we sensed more fully as the visit progressed. She invited us because she wanted to make us happy and because she was sure she could.

No long recitals of personal or family difficulties awaited us. We found our hostess interested in the progress of the world, its men, its books, its letters, its art; we found her interested in her guests, their life, their aims, ambitions, pursuits, and welfare. She had the knack of making herself companionable in an edifying way. Every day gave fresh evidence of her appreciation of our needs and our individuality, and showed the warmth and generosity of her own soul by a thoughtful and delicate adaptation of some of the details of the routine of her home to our habits and comfort.

She gave us the best she had, but indulged no excesses for our entertainment. We had a feeling of having shared with her and hers their abundance or their "content with little." The acceptable hostess never embarrassed us with a conspicuous effort to make us happy, her tactful understanding of the fitness of things seeming always to tell her just the suitable degree of effort to make for our entertainment.

How delightful it is even now to recall the genial, unostentatious hospitality of that home, and that never-to-be-forgotten first meal. On entering the dining-room, the greeting which our poet Longfellow put into the mouth of the Indian host in his tale of

Hiawatha, met us, "Happy are my eyes to see you, when you come so far to see us."

While entertaining is not a gastronomic affair, we recall with great pleasure the meals which our acceptable hostess set before us. Her whole heart must have been in their planning and preparation, and each must have been served according to Sydney Smith's recipe, not his proverbial one for salad,—a little of everything and a great deal of madness,—but his dinner recipe, plenty of honest joy, which warms more than dinner or wine. The beautiful simplicity of our hostess's home culminated in the dining-room—becoming the "cardinal virtue of her meals."

In a word, our acceptable hostess interpreted to us the counsel of Emerson, "Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed, but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things."

Besides always knowing the most acceptable thing to say, our hostess's conversation was a model of human kindness. Free from malice, devoid of gossip, her speech betrayed the atmosphere in which her mind dwells. Finding no bones fetched, we were sure none would be carried; so when we parted, though she did not break between us a die, as the ancient Greek host did, for a "true-love token," we mentally trothed our fidelity to her friendship. Some one asked, "Could a nobler creed or code of manners be formulated than that of the grave-faced children of the desert?" "He who tastes my salt is sacred," says the Arab host. "Whose bread I have eaten, he is henceforth my brother," says his guest. Should we, with higher incentives to honor, display less of loyalty to our hostess, whoever she may be, than our Arab sisters?

But, girls, the hour is late, so we must let the vision fade. Hark! methinks I hear a farewell sigh, a suppressed wish to be like our acceptable hostess. Dear girls, if we were longing to be poets instead of hostesses, the ambition might be vain. As it is, let us take courage from what some one has written: "There are born hostesses, like poets, but a hostess can also be made, in which she has the advantage of the poet."

Loyalty to Home

A YOUNG girl attending a school some distance from her home was one day in her room surrounded by companions who were busy with embroidery and bits of fancy work. Some one asked for a needle, and the young hostess brought a needlecase. As she offered it, the one who had made the request glanced at it with a slight laugh and a perceptible lifting of eyebrows. It was an inartistic, old-fashioned, homely little needlecase; but its owner drew it back almost

as if the look had been a blow, and smoothed it with caressing fingers as she said: "My mother made it."

Love, loyalty, and a touch of defiance were in the words. What did these gay girls know of the plain little home and the dear, old-fashioned mother whose toil-worn fingers had sewed the bits of ribbon together and shaped them into a gift for her girl? The daughter saw it all as in a vision. These stylish young friends were good enough, but the old home and those it held were her dearest treasures on earth, and no sneer should touch them or their ways in her presence. Word and action showed the fiber of the girl. Had she been weaker or less loving, she would have been ashamed of her little possession and the home conditions it represented; and if she did not disown or apologize for it, she would at least have kept it carefully out of sight thereafter.— *Selected.*

No Secrets From Mother

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother, do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, we mean, of course. The girl who frankly says to her mother: "I have been there. I met So-and-so. Such and such remarks were made, and this and that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them, that they rebuke and scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not yet know, girls, just what is right and just what is wrong. You can not be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will not be likely to do anything very wrong if, from the first, you have no secrets from your mother.— *Selected.*

Two Girls — True Incidents

A FRIEND once gave me this story. He said: "I had a bit of experience that I never shall forget. I came across a girl who had just finished the high school. Her father was a blacksmith, one of the poorest men in the community, and people said that she was the brightest child in the school, and it was such a pity that her father was not able to educate her. I went to him, and said: 'Will you let me have this child for four years? I will send her through college, and give her the education she wants.' The father consented. So I took charge of the girl for four years and graduated her, and paid every dollar of the expense.

"When she got out of school, she became a veritable butterfly, light-headed and frivolous. She finally married, and never even thought enough of me to invite me to her wedding; and has never written me a line since the day she married, nor sent me a mes-

sage." He said it hurt him. "Actually," he said, "I had become so wrapped up in the child that I loved her almost with a father's affection, and for a long time the thing burned in my soul; but after awhile I began to feel, 'Well, I got the blessing; for I never did enjoy anything as I did sending that money to pay her expenses. I got enough out of four years to last. Never mind whether I ever hear from her or not.'"

Another friend gave me this story. He was on a railroad train going to Waco, Texas. It was a very cold day. On that train there was an old woman going far out West. She was bending on a staff, and could hardly walk. Her face was wrinkled, her shoulders bent. As they came into a certain town, this friend of mine saw that a young woman, a girl of refinement, splendidly dressed, was greatly interested in that old woman. She kept her eyes on her. Just as the train pulled in, she went out of the car to a lunch-counter and got a cup of coffee and a sandwich. Returning, she walked up to the woman, who sat looking out of the window, and said, "Mother, wouldn't you like to have a cup of coffee?" The woman looked up, and said, "Why, honey, what did you do that for?" The girl said, "I thought you might like a cup of something hot." "Honey, what made you call me mother?" "Because," she said, "I do not feel as if any word fits you but mother."

By this time the woman had taken the cup and saucer, but she could not hold them. So the girl sat down and held the saucer. The woman took a sip or two, then said: "Honey, I was looking at that coffee, wishing I had some, and when you came in I said, 'I wish I were young again; I would have a cup, too.'"

Just as the girl started back, the woman said, "Well, honey, I don't know where you are going nor where you've been, but I know you are a Christian." And my friend said he looked at the girl, and over her face there played a beautiful sunlight. She had found happiness. And where did she find it? Not in the course that the world is following. She found it by lifting somebody else's burden. That coffee cost five cents, and the sandwich ten, and I would have given fifteen dollars to feel as she felt, and would have thought I had made a good investment.

If we could get our girls to look for pleasure in that way, and take less concern about themselves, the doctors would not have so much to do.— *Dr. Len G. Broughton, in the Golden Age.*

Little Wait-Awhile

SHE often said, with a slow, sweet smile,
 "I will do what you wish, but — wait awhile."
 It may be a task by the mother set,
 A duty owed to a helpless pet,—
 A ready promise, an easy smile,
 Is all you get from Wait-Awhile.
 She's honest and loving, she's sweet and gay,
 Yet with sorrowful hearts we often say,
 "Beware, little maiden, lest you wait
 Some sorrowful day till it is too late."

— *M. F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.*

"SHE seems to be very fond of music."

"Yes, indeed. You'll always find her at the piano when her mother is washing the dishes."— *Detroit Free Press.*

Grace of Body

LENNA W. SALISBURY

DID you ever think of it, the average girl spends fifteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in one of two positions,— sitting or standing? Is it not worth while, then, to give some thought to the question of whether she is standing and sitting correctly? Very few people carry themselves correctly without some instruction or training, owing to our incorrect ways of dressing and our sedentary habits of life. If we dressed as simply as some of the so-called uncivilized peoples, and gave our bodies the same freedom they do, we would naturally have the same graceful carriage which many of them have.

It is natural and proper to wish to look as well as possible, yet all will admit that no one can look really well without a good carriage of the body. The effect of the most attractive face is spoiled by round shoulders, a flat chest, and a "slumpy" figure. Most people who stand or walk badly do so through carelessness or from lack of knowledge of how to do differently. But far more important than the question of appearance is that of health. Incorrect standing of itself often brings on or aggravates conditions which produce ill health and disease, and for that reason alone, no one can afford to stand badly.

Learning to stand well is not such a hard matter after all, and the earlier in life one learns how, the better it is; for Solomon's "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," applies with as much force to the physical as to the moral being.

We rightly devote many years to the development and training of our mental powers. If, as we have been told, "true education consists in the harmonious development of the mental, moral, and physical powers," is it unreasonable to say that a few moments devoted each day to the training of our bodies is nothing less than imperative?

Granting that a good carriage is important, how shall it be acquired? Many and varied are the different methods recommended by different teachers to this end; but all agree on these two points,— the weight of the body must be carried on the balls of the feet, and the chest must be kept raised.

Nineteen persons out of twenty stand with the weight of the body resting on the heels. You can easily find out for yourself whether you are one of the nineteen, by standing in front of a mirror large

enough to give you a view of the upper part of the body. With your side to the mirror, rise slowly on the toes, and then as slowly let the heels sink. If in rising there has been no moving forward from the position you were in when you were standing with heels on the floor, or as the heels were lowered no swaying backward, you may feel sure that your weight is properly poised. Try the exercise and find out.

If you have been standing with the weight on the heels, the following exercises will help you to get your weight forward: Stand with the right foot a little in advance of the left, with the weight of the body on the back foot. Slowly sway forward from the ankles, transferring the weight to the front (right) foot. Take the same on the left side, repeating the exercise several times. Then, standing with your weight on your heels, slowly sway the weight over the balls of the feet. Hold the position a moment, till you become a little accustomed to the position; then repeat the exercise till you are fully conscious of the difference in poise. You will not be able at first to maintain this position continuously, but hold it for five minutes several times a day, till you gradually become accustomed to it, and it is natural. You will feel, perhaps, that you are tipping forward too much, but you are not; and soon the feeling of lightness on your feet which will result will more than compensate for the time and effort spent in the practising.

Few persons realize how essential to good carriage is the raising of the chest. Stand again with your side to the mirror. Perhaps you usually stand with the hips forward, the chest relaxed, and the head slightly hanging. Forcibly lift your chest, hold the position a moment, and note the improvement in your appearance. The abdomen will be drawn in, the hips brought back, the head

raised. A few years ago we used to be told to put our shoulders back and to straighten up, and trying to do this we went about in a most uncomfortable and strained position. Nowadays we are enjoined to raise the chest and keep it continually lifted and active, and we find the desired result is obtained in a vastly more comfortable way. It is true that keeping the chest raised will at first give you a tired feeling between the shoulders, but with continued practise this will pass away, and surely the end justifies the effort.

To help in lifting the chest, place one hand on



INCORRECT STANDING POSITION



CORRECT STANDING POSITION

the chest, and push up strongly against it, at the same time taking a deep breath. Repeat this several times. Then with the arms hanging a little in front of the body, push strongly down with the palms of the hands, and at the same time lift well with the chest. Take this exercise at least ten times. Be careful in taking it not to lean backward, and be sure that your weight is on the balls of the feet.

Now if you have the weight well forward, the chest lifted, and then stand as "tall" as possible, with the feeling of pushing up from the crown of the head, you should have the normal and correct carriage of the body. Remember that you need not think of the shoulders at all.

Girls who sit a great deal, whether they are studying, sewing, writing, or practising at the piano, should always remember that the express work of the spinal column is to keep the body erect. If you need to lean forward, let the movement be from the hip joint rather than a bending of the spine. Incline the body forward in writing or sewing at the machine, rather than bending, and you will thus avoid that ugly curve in the upper part of the spine, the flat chest, and the bad position of the head which inevitably result from the bending forward. It is easier to lean than to bend when once you are used to it, and it is the only correct way.

If you are compelled to practise several hours a day at the piano, take the following exercise three times at intervals of a half-hour: Drop the hands at the sides, take a full deep breath, and at the same time slowly bend the head back as far as you can, at the same time keeping the body erect. This will rest you and keep the back straight. These exercises are worth while.

Playing Hymns

EVEN if the money for lessons and new music fails, no girl need complain of lack of progress if she will persistently make the most of the musical possibilities of the hymn-book.

Most persons, even some fair pianists, play hymns poorly. They play them too fast, too jerkily, or they do not strike the two hands together, or they make "hay" of the harmony, or blur the chords by slovenly pedaling. The girl who will make of hymn-playing a fine art will give herself no mean musical education.

The first step is the mastery of the tempo, neither a jig nor a lagging measure. Note the crisp yet majestic tempo the organist uses in church. Play slowly enough to allow an imaginary singer to give full value to the sacred words. Overcoming a nervous temptation to rush is often the excellent result of a serious course of hymn study.

The hymn-book is a valuable school of accuracy in reading music. The price of swift and sure reading is long and frequent practise. Hymns are so short you can find odd moments for them many times a day, and yet give them attention enough to make sure of every note. Being written for four voices, hymns make a considerable demand upon the eye. To insure absolute correctness, play a hymn over and

over, each time listening to a different voice. In soprano and bass there will probably be no error; but it is easy to vulgarize the harmony by slipshod reading of contralto and tenor.

Good reading requires a clear understanding of time. A careless reader usually offers merely a rough approximation of the composer's time; but a determined student will regard the difficulties of the songs of the church as so many opportunities to acquire accuracy. Deliberately look for dotted and double-dotted notes, and make sure to give them their values.

The great prize to be won in the school of the hymnal is a perfect legato touch. Remember that under your fingers four voices are singing, that contralto and tenor, as well as soprano and bass, must each be played so smoothly and connectedly that no note of any phrase stops sounding before the next is struck. Do not use the pedal to drown faulty



CORRECT AND INCORRECT SITTING POSTURE

connections. You have not conquered until you can play your hymn smoothly, without any help from the pedal. That done, you can use the pedal for its legitimate effect—beauty of tone.

When you play a hymn with a perfect legato, you have fingered it well, for connected playing is impossible otherwise. Bad fingering leads to skips and breaks; therefore, a marked advance in the vitally important art of fingering is one benefit to be expected from a systematic legato playing of hymns.

The use of the pedal may also be learned from playing hymns. The pedal is too often worked by a thoughtless foot, when the impulse should come from the ear. When you play, train yourself to listen to the quality of the tone, sensitive to the slightest running of one chord into another. Hymns, because of their brevity, are good to practise listening on, good to teach the simple principles of artistic pedaling.

This listening is important in more ways than one. While bending your ear to catch every modulation of the music, every effect of the pedal, you are incidentally educating it to new pleasure in harmony, enriching and deepening your own capacity for musical enjoyment.

There is one more lesson to be learned from the hymn-book. If you know something of transposition, there is no better practise than reading hymns in one key and playing them in another.—*Youth's Companion*.

Sense and Silliness in Dress

MRS. M. A. LOPER

THE girl who exhibits good sense in the matter of dress, is as conspicuous as the boy who manifests the same characteristic in regard to the use of tobacco, intoxicants, and profanity, and all the varied social problems which confront him in every-day life.

The twentieth century is marked by a silliness and extravagance in dress which are a curse to humanity. Were erroneous ideas in this direction entertained by the very rich only, the harm would be reduced to a minimum. But the deplorable fact is, they permeate every class of society, and have come to be all but universal. How many church congregations there are where the wealthy Pharisees dress with such extravagance that the poor publicans remain outside the temple walls. And how many in the humbler walks of life subsist upon meager fare, while many others sell themselves, soul and body, in the frantic effort to keep pace with the follies of the fashionable world, seemingly giving credence to the idle saying, "As well be out of the world as out of fashion."

Several months ago my attention was arrested by a unique millinery opening in the display window of a hardware store. There were the butter-bowl hat, the dishpan and oval wash-basin shapes, the sailor, etc., the wire cake-beater taking the place of the plume, and the fancy cookie-cutter the rosette, while rope was used to represent cord-and-tassel effect. But especially fancy was the showy tin turban, ornamented all around with paring-knives, whose glittering blades pointed conspicuously upward. Cards bearing fashionable prices also were attached to the hats. Then there were pieces of raveled rope, representing switches and rats. The whole constituted a unique travesty on woman's head-gear, which could be easily pardoned considering the aptness of the application.

The girl who undertakes the task of displaying the latest fads in millinery, may be able to appreciate the effort to please put forth by the accommodating proprietor of a fashionable millinery establishment, of whom it is said that, upon being asked for an up-to-date hat, he politely requested his fair customer to be seated for a moment, as the style was just changing.

Surely the twentieth century is remarkable for the swiftly succeeding revolutions of the kaleidoscope of fashion. What is true of woman's head-gear is true to some extent of every other line of dress for men, women, and children. But it would seem that silliness had reached its limit in some of the latest productions. Those who wear them need not be surprised should they elicit adverse criticism from persons of sense, or coarse jests from the rabble of the street.

What is more shocking to one's sense of propriety than a wasp-waisted young miss, whose cheeks suggest the snowy whiteness of the Alps, or the reddened glow of a summer sunset, attired in a Dutch wind-mill hat, an immodestly thin waist over gaudily beribboned underwear, a hobble skirt, tinkling garters, French-heel shoes, and her rats supplemented with yards and yards of wired ribbon protruding in the form of a peacock's tail?

Silliness in dress is always accompanied by silliness in manners. The sensible boy is never charmed by a walking show-window. He is never captivated by

one whose strenuous efforts put forth for that purpose cause her to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the public.

The dress is the index of the character. The outward appearance is but the reflection of that which is within. Individuality is especially observable in one's apparel. One's influence in the world is largely molded by his outward appearance. The girl of sense reveals that characteristic in sensible dress. She regards health of paramount consideration, and dresses accordingly. She is not ashamed of the slight increase in waist measure due to winter underwear when the atmosphere demands it; for she sees no special beauty in the goose-flesh arms of silly girls who persist in wearing thin waists and summer underwear, at the peril of health and even of life itself.

The sensible girl wears that which is most becoming to her and most consistent, all things considered, and which reveals intelligence and refined taste without regard to whether it is the latest fad of the fashion-plate. If she has wealth, her dress does not advertise the fact. She avoids extremes in dress as she would attracting undue attention to herself in any other way.

The girl who carries with her an air of extravagance; who wears that which provokes just criticism, and which creates envy on the part of her poor acquaintances, overlooks the fact that one's influence should be a blessing to the world, and should reach out to help tempted souls who are struggling with poverty.

The secret of sensible dress lies in avoiding fads, and in dressing so as not to attract attention, either because of devoting too much thought to one's attire, or because of a lack of due attention to details. A soiled collar, a ripped glove, a rusty shoe, or a torn garment is not to be tolerated if one would be well dressed. These are small things, but they are little foxes which destroy the vine of good influence. Sensible dress stands for cleanliness, simplicity, health, and comfort. I once heard a university quartet render impressively a bit of painful truth something like this:—

"A little corn on a maiden grew—
Listen to my wail of toe!
She put a No. 3 foot into a No. 2 shoe—
Listen to my wail of toe," etc.

And, O, how many "wails of toe" there are from this same cause! Tight clothing of any kind is not tolerated by one who has a right appreciation of what it means to dress in a sensible manner. There is torture but no beauty in the deformed Chinese foot, or the painfully distorted French-American waist.

Surely it is high time that professed Christians raised aloft the standard of good sense in matters of dress. Those who are really tracing the divine footprints from Bethlehem to Calvary are marked by neatness and simplicity in dress. They realize that to display fashionable apparel is not the most important feature of every-day life. We are in the world for use, not ornament. The gospel must be carried to all the world in this generation. Instead of becoming more and more extravagant in dress as one grows older, is it not better to increase our donations to missions in the ratio of the passing years

—give five times more to missions this year than we did five years ago?

How many of us would be pleased to have the world see a published statement of our donations to missions and our needless expenditures? The fact is, many of us give so little to missions that it might be a means of increasing our efforts for good if we would keep a memorandum of personal expenses and gifts to missionary work.

One of the most effectual cures for silliness in dress is a thorough acquaintance with the dire needs of darkest heathendom. Remember, dear reader, that China's millions, India's millions, Africa's millions are calling for just the light which you possess, and which your economy in dress may help to give. Ten dollars devoted to silliness in dress may cause the ruin of more than one soul within the sphere of your influence, while the same amount sent as a ray of gospel light to penetrate heathen darkness, may save many souls to all eternity. Self-denial may mean the finding of the lost sheep, the return of the prodigal to the Father's house. If only the readers of the INSTRUCTOR would give to mission work every dollar which they now spend needlessly, the work would receive such an impetus as would hasten the glorious coming of the King; and they would become so interested in the salvation of souls that their own salvation would cease to be a matter of anxiety, and the matter of dress would easily adjust itself. How many will try this plan for the year 1911?

Your Letter, Lady, Came Too Late

[A young Georgian was engaged to be married to one of the most beautiful and brilliant belles of Savannah when the war broke out. But he was taken prisoner, and died in captivity. Only a few hours after his death, a cruel, cold, heartless letter to him came from this young woman, who, during the young man's absence, had become infatuated with a certain colonel of General Wheeler's staff. This letter occasioned the following poem, which was written by a Confederate army officer who was a special friend of the dead soldier. We are indebted to "Heart Throbs," a book of unique prose and poetical selections, for this poem and its story. While the poem is faulty in its theology, yet its message to the young woman inclined to treat lightly the affections of another, and who willingly sacrifices true worth for show and wealth, is so strong that we can but give it a place in this special number.]

YOUR letter, lady, came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own.
Ah, sudden change — from prison bars
Unto the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed
To live for his disdain,
Could he have read the careless words
Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait
Through many a weary hour,
That o'er his simple soldier faith
Not even death had power.
And you — did others whisper low
Their homage in your ear,
As though among their shadowy throng
His spirit had a peer.

I would that you were by me now,
To draw the sheet aside,
And see how pure the look he wore
The moment when he died.
The sorrow that you gave him
Had left its weary trace,
As 'twere the shadow of the cross
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah, trust of fickle maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when these valleys bright in May
Once more with blossoms wave,
The northern violets shall bow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear
For him who kissed unto the last
Your tress of golden hair.
I did not put it where he said;
For when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've seen your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it — cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For what is worthless all;
What manly bosoms beat for them
In folly's falsest thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
His sorrow has an end;
Yet would that you could stand with me
Beside my fallen friend.

To-night the cold wind whistles by
As I my vigil keep
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds his form,
Yet death exalts his face;
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine with lights
And ring with merry song,
And you be smiling as your soul
Had done no deadly wrong;
Your hand so fair that none would think
It penned these words of pain;
Your skin so white — would God, your heart
Were half as free from stain.

I'd rather be my comrade dead
Than you in life supreme;
For yours the sinner's waking dread,
And his the martyr's dream.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come:
He chose his way, you yours; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom.

— Col. W. S. Hawkins, in "Heart Throbs."

Exclusive Friendships

THERE are some friendships which glory in being exclusive. Take the case of Milly and Mary, for instance. As their affections for each other grew, it seemed to crowd out other affections. Milly was a little jealous of the girls who had been especially intimate with Mary before her own intimacy began, and Mary had the same feeling toward Milly's old friends. The result was that they saw less and less of other girls and more and more of each other. They walked to and from school together. At recess they were always to be seen with their arms about each other's waist. Neither liked to accept an invitation which did not include the other.

If they were separated during vacation, as sometimes happened, they wrote to each other daily, and no matter how good a time they might be having, openly rejoiced to have it end, that they might be together again.

These intimate and exclusive friendships are very likely to appeal to the imagination of young girls, but there is a great deal to be said against them. The best friend for you is not the girl who has no eyes for any one but you, but the one who has many friends and love enough to go round. The affection which shuts out all but the two most concerned is too selfish to be desirable. No girl can restrict her friendships to a single person without narrowing herself. It is as big a mistake as to read only one book or eat only one kind of food.

These intense friendships are very likely to come to a sudden and violent end. They break down by their own weight. They exact too much to be enduring. Sooner or later something happens, and the breaking off of such friendships generally means that hostility takes the place of the overardent affection.

Don't restrict yourself to one friend, however charming she may be. Don't let yourself feel that you can't be happy anywhere without her. You may prefer roses to violets or lilies-of-the-valley, but that is no good reason for weeding the latter plants out of your garden. The sensible way is to enjoy the fragrance of all sweet flowers, and the friendship of all sweet girls.—*Girls' Companion*.

The Young Woman as a Teacher

SHE could not have escaped being a teacher if she had tried. To be sure, she might never have entered the schoolroom as such, but a teacher she would have been, nevertheless, always and everywhere. Was it that she came of a generation of teachers? Hardly, for, though Israel was chosen as a nation of teachers, not all appreciated the gift or exercised it.

"Even a child is known by his doings." When but a child, this young woman gave evidence of possessing the peculiar gift which determined the choice of her life-work. One and all who knew her best in her home declared, "She will be a teacher." They might well have said, "She *is* a teacher;" for, at work or at play, in the learning of poem or song, in all the home tasks and pleasures with the other children, she taught, doing it simply, naturally, unconsciously, "as to the manner born."

When she entered school, the keen observation which made her concepts more accurate and vivid than those of her playmates, easily marked her as the "scholar" of her class; the serious, thoughtful face gave evidence of a mind quick to discover logical relations and form judgments, while the resulting memory was trained in power and effectiveness.

"A precocious child," you say. Yes, she was all of that, but much more. Many pupils who are such a joy to their teachers in these early years, fail signally in the later test of application. Not so with my bonny blue-eyed pupil; her early accomplishment in the home did not fail her in school-days. Always unconscious of her superior gifts, with a modesty which prevented her airing her knowledge, and thus being regarded by her schoolmates as a "conceited prig," her only thought seemed to be that of helpfulness. Ever ready to help another to see what she herself learned so readily, and this with the most perfect understanding of the difficulty in the mind of the other, she was a valuable little assistant to her teacher.

Nor did she think *for* others, but instinctively proceeded from known to unknown, often rivaling her teacher in her ability to grasp the situation, and ask the question the answer to which would throw light upon the difficulty—that rarest of arts in the true teacher, alas! so often lacking. This is why the virtuoso is often unable to impart his skill, and the lightning calculator is a useless prodigy. Indeed, the master of a subject is often least fitted to teach elementary students, on this account.

But with all the gifts of natural ability, my little pupil-teacher felt the need of training for the profession which seemed to have been chosen for her,

and to which she had consecrated herself in loving service to her Master. She longed to have the "filled hand" of true consecration, and nothing short of the best training could satisfy her. To make the most of herself, physically, mentally, and spiritually, was her aim in study. To a broad foundation of general culture, she added special training in normal lines, not forgetting the wonderful study of child life with which she was to deal.

This preparation could only be obtained in a school which gave the Bible its rightful place in education. "In the presence of such a Teacher, of such opportunity for divine education, what worse than folly is it to seek an education apart from Him,—to seek to be wise apart from Wisdom; to be true while rejecting Truth; to seek illumination apart from the Light, and existence without the Life; to turn from the Fountain of living waters, and hew out broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

In dress, in deportment, and in those deeper realities of which dress, deportment, and the choice of associates are but the outward expression, she was a teacher, because she was an example; because she realized in some degree the sacredness of the work in which she was to engage; for to be a teacher in any line means much, but to be a teacher of little children means to be a teacher indeed. No hollowness of mere profession, no blandishments of insincerity, could deceive them long. She knew that the power of the greatest Teacher lay in the fact that "what he taught, he was."

To give the best service her body must be trained and developed so as to be the ready servant of her mind, the temple of the Holy Spirit. How important, then, the care of her health! What a privilege to have every physical power in the best condition, "kept for the Master's use"!

And so, when as a young woman, with brain, hand, and heart trained, she entered upon the work of teaching,—"*the nicest work ever assumed by men and women*,"—it was not without some sense of her privilege and responsibility.

Not for a consideration of mere salary, not for promotion or position to be gained other than by merit, would she sell her services; nor was she willing to give any instruction upon which she could not consistently ask the blessing of the great Shepherd; for would he not one day ask, "Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock?"

Her aim should be that of all true education since our first parents studied in the Edenic school,—the development of character,—"*the restoration of the image of God in the soul*." And how inspiring the thought that a special work will be done by the children in preparing the world for the Lord's soon coming! Who would not wish to have a part in training the children for a work which can be done by no others? and who is so well fitted to give this training as a young woman? "Who knoweth but thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

For the accomplishment of this high aim, what a wealth of means: God's Word and works, the great lesson books, with Jesus as the model teacher in their use. And the reward will be not only the joy of service and of souls saved, but the promise of the prophet, "And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Do you wonder the teacher finds joy in her chosen work?

JESSIE BARBER OSBORNE.

Marriage — the Goal of True Affection

(Concluded from page six)

The marriage relation should be one of closest sympathy and union; else how can the "twain become one flesh"? But how can those who radically disagree in belief in regard to vital questions be of one heart and soul as man and wife should be? There are indeed some men and women broad-minded or indifferent enough to grant to a companion liberty of conscience and religious belief; but are toleration and indifference a proper basis for the building which man and wife have covenanted to erect? — Nay, verily. It needs the most perfect union and the warmest sympathy to complete this work properly. Whose cast of mind shall the children inherit, whose example follow, the father's or mother's? If either or both, there is ground for alarm. A house divided against itself can not stand.

These considerations emphasize the importance of delaying marriage until the persons become settled in their religious belief, and then choosing in harmony with that belief; for whoever enters the marriage relation with one of opposite belief or of no belief, not only goes contrary to the Word of God, but as a result invites disunion and sorrow into the life. Not often does a believing wife or husband win an unbelieving companion to Christ. Rarely are promises made before marriage to gain the object of desire carried out after the object is gained. There is, of course, the possibility, but it is not strong enough to warrant the risk. Let the unbelieving party first believe, apart from the consideration of marriage, and demonstrate his faith by his life. Then, and not till then, should two dare take the risk of uniting life with life.

But it sometimes happens that after marriage one of two unbelievers accepts Christ, or one of the contracting persons, believer or unbeliever, changes his or her belief. The only course then to be pursued is for both persons to make the best of the situation, exercising wisdom and patience, each mutually agreeing to grant full liberty of conscience to the other.

Among all the issues of life there is none concerning which it is more important to keep the heart with all diligence than that which is founded upon the heart's affections.

Important Extracts

The following extracts upon marriage from an author and lecturer of international reputation should be carefully considered by all who contemplate taking the important step which will affect not only this life but the next:—

Satan "is busily engaged in influencing those who are wholly unsuited to each other to unite their interests. He exults in this work, for by it he can produce more misery and hopeless woe to the human family than by exercising his skill in any other direction."

"If men and women are in the habit of praying twice a day before they contemplate marriage, they should pray four times a day when such a step is anticipated. Marriage is something that will influence and affect their life both in this world and the world to come."

"No earthly ties, no earthly considerations, should weigh one moment in the scale against duty to the cause and work of God."

"Let the questions be raised, Will this union help me heavenward? Will it increase my love for God? Will it enlarge my sphere in this life?"



IV — The Vision of Peter

(April 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10: 1-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Acts 10: 4.

Questions

1. What did the Jews suppose themselves to be? How did they regard other nations? What did they have no disposition to do? How did even the disciples of Jesus feel toward the Gentiles? Note 1.

2. How many did Jesus die to save? John 3: 16. How did he make all men equal in his sight? How many are invited to come to Him for salvation? What does God not take into account in dealing with men? How many of the nations were his disciples commanded to teach? Who will be saved? Note 2.

3. What certain man lived at Caesarea? What office did Cornelius hold? Acts 10: 1; note 3.

4. What was the character of Cornelius? How did he help the people? To whom did he pray? Verse 2.

5. What did the Lord give Cornelius? What time of day did he have his vision? What did he see? How did Cornelius feel when he saw the angel of the Lord? What question did he ask? What was said in reply? What was he told to do? Where did the angel say he would find Peter? What did he say that Peter would do for Cornelius? Verses 3-6.

6. Whom did Cornelius call as soon as the angel had departed? What did he declare to his servants? Where were they then sent? Verses 7, 8.

7. How was Peter prepared to receive his visitors? What did the Jewish law forbid? How was the association of Jew and Gentile regarded? Note 4.

8. How long did it take the messengers from Cornelius to reach Joppa? As they neared the city, what did Peter do? What time of day was it? What is said of Peter at that time? While the meal was being prepared, what was given him? What did he see? Verses 9-12.

9. What did Peter hear? What was he told to do? What reply did he make? What did he hear the second time? What did the voice say? How many times was this repeated? Then what took place? Verses 13-16.

10. Did Peter understand the meaning of the vision given him? While he was thinking about it, who stood before the gate? What question did they ask? What did the Spirit of the Lord say to Peter? What was he told to do? Who had sent these men? Verses 17-20; note 5.

11. Where did Peter then go? What did he say to the men? How did they reply? Verses 21, 22.

12. What did Peter invite them to do? How long was it before he returned with them? Who went with him? Why? Verse 23; note 6.

Notes

1. The Jews thought themselves the favored people of God, and supposed that the people of other nations were not to share the blessings given them. They had no disposition to impart to the heathen the knowledge which they possessed of the true God. Even the disciples of Jesus were filled with prejudice and national pride, and they had no desire to give the gospel to the Gentiles.

2. Jesus died to save all men. He "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." All are invited to come to him and live. "Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference." "There is neither Greek nor Jew, . . . bond nor free," with God. Christ commanded his disciples, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

3. Cornelius was called a centurion because he had charge of one hundred soldiers. His company was composed of Italian soldiers.

4. The Lord prepared Peter to receive the messengers from Cornelius by giving him a vision. According to the Jewish law he could not associate with the Gentiles. The touch of the Gentile was supposed to defile the Jew. His food was an abomination. There was no social nor religious association between them.

5. The men from Cornelius stood before the gate and called. They called to the porter whose duty it was to attend the gate that led through the entrance into the interior courtyard. Had they entered instead of standing without and calling, they would have given great offense, for they were Gentiles.

6. Peter knows that this association with Gentiles will bring upon him the criticism of his brethren in Jerusalem, so six of the Jewish brethren from Joppa accompany him as witnesses. See Acts 11:12.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



IV — The Vision of Peter

(April 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10:1-23.

PERSONS AND PLACES: Cornelius and his household in Cæsarea; Peter at the home of Simon in Joppa; messengers; certain brethren.

MEMORY VERSE: ACTS 10:4.

Questions

1. What Roman officer dwelt at Cæsarea? What position did he hold? Acts 10:1; note 1.

2. What was the character of Cornelius? Verse 2.

3. Who appeared to him one afternoon? Verse 3.

4. How was he affected? What did he say? What comforting assurance was given him in reply? Verse 4.

5. What did the angel tell Cornelius to do? What five facts did the angel know in regard to Peter and his whereabouts? Verses 5, 6.

6. Who were called, and upon what errand were they sent? Verses 7, 8.

7. About noon the following day, as they drew near Joppa, what was Peter doing? Verse 9.

8. While Peter was waiting for food, what experience did he have? Verse 10; note 2.

9. Relate the vision. Verses 11-15; note 3.

10. How many times was it repeated? Verse 16.

11. What was the significance of the vision being repeated? Gen. 41:32.

12. Did Peter understand the vision? Acts 10:17; note 4.

13. Who then stood at the gate? Verses 17, 18.

14. What word did Peter receive? What did the Spirit bid him do? Verses 19, 20.

15. How did Peter introduce himself to the men from Cæsarea? Verse 21.

16. How did they present their request from Cornelius? Verse 22.

17. How did Peter show a Christian spirit toward the Gentile messengers? Who went with him to Cæsarea? Verse 23.

Notes

1. The "band" means a Roman cohort. The Roman army was divided into legions, each legion into ten cohorts, each cohort into three maniples, and each manipule into two centuries. A centurion was the officer in command of a century, which consisted of a hundred men. Originally the members were recruited in Italy.

2. The visions given to Cornelius and Peter, like those given to Saul and Ananias, recorded in Acts 9, show very clearly how God plans and directs events so as to instruct and save those who love truth and righteousness, and sincerely desire a knowledge of God.

3. The Jew considered the touch of the Greek as defiling, "his food was an abomination to the devout Israelite, and his religion blasphemy." Peter "knew that the Gentile was to be saved. The Old Testament declared it on every page. The Lord Jesus confirmed it. But how should it be accomplished? It was accomplished. The prejudices and the convictions of the ages gave way. . . . And he who knows what human nature is must admit that no earthly power could have solved the problem in a single generation. Only God could."—*Abbreviated from J. M. Stiffler, "The Acts."*

4. It was hard for Peter with all his Jewish prejudices to understand the vision. God was preparing his mind for the messengers who were on the road from Cæsarea. If Peter had fully accepted this call from God to labor among the Gentiles, his life-work might have equaled Paul's. The vision was not given to sanction the eating of flesh of unclean animals, but to teach Peter that he "should not call *any man* common or unclean,"—that the Gentiles were as precious in God's sight as the Jews. Acts 10:28.

The Girl Without a Piano

THE girl without a piano probably looks upon herself as shut out of the joy of making music for her corner of the world. That is a mistake. Fifty years ago, pianos were rare, but that did not mean there was no music made in American homes.

There are the banjo and guitar, two favorites among musical instruments, the cost of which is moderate. For home music, these do as well as the more expensive instruments. The banjo is a jolly little instrument, especially adapted to accompaniments, but capable of producing considerable lively music. The guitar is more associated in our minds with romance, and is a more ambitious instrument. In the hands of a real artist the guitar yields surprising results, and even one who is but little versed in its use, can win from it sweet strains that reach the heart more quickly, sometimes, than the more pretentious music. The mandolin is another little instrument which is capable of giving a great deal of pleasure both to the performer and to others. Where there are two sisters, or two girl friends, both of whom are music lovers, one of them might learn the mandolin, and the other the guitar. A great deal of music is written for the two instruments together, and the effect is charming.

Perhaps some of you will object that the girl whose father can not afford to get her a piano, will be shut out of taking music lessons. But a very few lessons, half a dozen, say, will be sufficient to start a girl well on the way to skilful manipulation of the instruments referred to. Indeed, plenty of girls have acquired a fair mastery of the instruments without any teacher, relying altogether on an instruction book.—*Girls' Companion.*

"INTIMACY is no excuse for discourtesy. The girl who says to an intimate friend, 'You look like a fright in that hat,' would never think of addressing such a remark to a comparative stranger. It is a pity when love's ties are made an excuse for speeches which bruise and wound."

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Keep Pegging Away

MEN seldom mount at a single bound
To the ladder's very top;
They must slowly climb it, round by round,
With many a start and stop.
And the winner is sure to be the man
Who labors day by day;
For the world has learned that the safest plan
Is to keep on pegging away.

You have read, of course, about the hare
And the tortoise,— the tale is old,—
How they ran a race, it counts not where,
And the tortoise won, we're told.
The hare was sure he had time to pause
And to browse about and play,
So the tortoise won the race because
He just kept pegging away.

A little toil and a little rest,
And a little more earned than spent,
Is sure to bring to an honest breast
A blessing of glad content.
And so, though skies may frown or smile,
Be diligent day by day;
Reward shall greet you after a while
If you just keep pegging away.

—Nixon Waterman.

THE lessons of the Missionary Volunteer Department are on the second page of this number.

What Some Are Doing

SOME of the teachers and students at one of our schools devoted one day to the selling of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. Two hundred thirty-five papers were sold, giving a profit of \$14.81 to be applied on the new electric-light plant.

The members of the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, church have planned to sell one thousand copies of this paper, and devote the proceeds to their church building fund. One of the little girls sold ten copies. Doubtless she will do much more.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul churches voted to send this Temperance number to every English-speaking minister and Sunday-school superintendent in the two cities.

The Baltimore, Maryland, church have sent in an order for eleven hundred fifty copies. The Chesapeake Conference, of which Baltimore is a part, plans to more than double what it did last year in the temperance campaign.

The missionary secretary of the Southern California

Conference writes that last year the conference circulated five thousand copies. This year the orders already total nearly fourteen thousand, and more are coming.

Such whole-hearted responses on the part of our churches and conferences are very encouraging, and we believe great good will be accomplished by this energetic campaign.

The Best of Pictures

Go where you will throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours, and I challenge you to find among the children of men a more pleasing aspect than that of a smiling, rosy-cheeked, twelve-year-old girl garbed in a neat, loose-fitting house dress and a dainty white apron, while with a snowy towel in her hand she is engaged in drying the dinner dishes. It is much to be regretted that we do not give its just measure of honor and praise to this exalted home life. There is certainly need of a great poet, or painter, or artist, or all of these, who will, by means of their high art, divert the attention of many young girls from the airy phantoms which they are now chasing, and help them to fix their affections upon the things that make for more substantial character. If our novel writers and magazine artists would cease painting so many pictures of precocious, love-sick debutantes and pampered, sentimental summer girls, and would give us more illustrations of such types as the sturdy, simply clad young homemaker and the rosy-cheeked, unpretentious country maid of the better sort, they would thus contribute not a little to the moral and spiritual uplift of the race.—William A. McKeever.

Have Something to Do

IT is probable that many girls think it would be a fine thing to have nothing at all to do, and every desire gratified without any effort on their part. Some of you imagine that you would be quite happy under those conditions. When we hear girls talking in that strain, there comes to mind the words of Charles Kingsley: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle do not know."

To have something to do, and the health and strength and ability to do it, is just the very best state of affairs we know of for any man or woman or boy or girl. To be busy, to work, is exactly what we are here for. God never intended that any one able to work should lead an idle life. His Word is full of admonitions to industry and condemnations of idleness.

The one who would be indolent if he could is lacking the spirit of true manliness. It is a fine thing to be given the privilege of working, and to be numbered among those who are doing something.—Girls' Companion.

ONE of our latter-day philosophers tells us that "happiness is a matter of habit; and you would better gather it fresh every day, or you will never get it at all."