

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE MASTER'S SONS





CHICAGO has one telephone for every nine inhabitants, while England has one for every one hundred inhabitants.

NEW YORK alone has five thousand physicians. In heathen lands there is only one medical missionary to every 2,500,000 persons.

WHAT is to be the largest private telephone exchange in the world is to be installed in a New York hotel, at a cost of \$28,334 a year.

FRANCISCO MADERO, JR., the revolutionist leader of Mexico, eats no meat, neither does he drink or smoke. He merely omits these things because he believes himself better without them. They are not fads.

"WOMEN in the East are coming to their own. The daughter of the Japanese ambassador to London is at Oxford University, and the Chinese minister's little girls are attending an English school with English girls."

CHOPPED hair has been successfully substituted for skin in skin-grafting, by a French surgeon. The freshest or newest parts are cut into small pieces, so as to form a coarse powder. This is sprinkled over the wound, and a bandage applied. After a time a new skin develops.

SINCE the beginning of the present year there have been thirty-one aviators killed. This seems a very large number of fatalities from one source; but during 1910 there were five hundred boiler explosions in this country alone. These killed nearly three hundred persons, and injured more than five hundred others.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT celebrated their silver wedding on the nineteenth of last month. All surviving members of the families of former presidents were invited to the White House as guests of the President and his wife at this event. These, with other invited guests, made a company of several thousand persons.

THE action of the infantile paralysis germ, which has been discovered by the Rockefeller Institute, is to attack the marrow of the spine and brain. Infection is imparted through the nasal discharges, which often last for several weeks after recovery is well advanced. The infection may be carried by those in good health.

Photographing the Sea Bottom

IN France experiments have been made that promise considerable success in submarine photography. A specially constructed camera was carried down by a diver to a depth of twenty-two or twenty-three feet, and, with an exposure of half an hour, negatives were obtained which were fairly satisfactory.

It was found that the best results were obtained by placing a blue glass in front of the lens. It is intended to have improved lenses specially constructed for under-water work in France.

Flash-light photographs of the sea bottom during a storm have been obtained. This light was furnished by an alcohol lamp fed from a reservoir of oxygen. Magnesium powder was projected into the flame through a tube from the shore. It is thought that such flash-light photographs may be made at any depth to which a diver may descend.—*Selected.*

GENERAL BOOTH was accustomed to hand to emigrants sent to Canada under the auspices of the Salvation Army a card bearing the following message, which is wise counsel for the stay-at-homes as well as for the emigrant: "God carry you safely to your new home. Fearlessly calculate upon hard work. Bravely meet difficulties. Do your duty by your families. Help your comrades. Make Canada a home that will be a credit to the old land. Put God first. Stand by the army. Save your souls. Meet me in heaven!"

Madero, Reyes, and De la Barra

MEXICO gains much by General Reyes's patriotic acknowledgment of Madero's political supremacy. "The strength of Mexico," said Diaz's son a few days ago, "lies in the army. Whoever has the army has Mexico." Reyes has been called "the idol of the army." Officers of the army, as well as the rank and file, heartily dislike Madero. Several of the prominent officers were saying privately last week that the election of Madero would speedily be followed by their resignations. Reyes, as a candidate, could have had the support of the army, with all that this implies. But his candidacy might have caused civil war. He now declines to seek or to receive a nomination, and consents to serve his country as a subordinate and an assistant of the successful revolutionist who is the logical candidate for the highest office, and who deserves to be elected. As minister of war, General Reyes will hold a place in which his military popularity can be used to the greatest advantage in pacifying the federal army and completing a peaceful reorganization of it. This agreement between Madero and Reyes is one over which the Mexican people should rejoice. The result of the coming election can now easily be foreseen. Mexico will be fortunate also in having at the head of Madero's cabinet the scholarly gentleman, expert legislator, and wise diplomat, President de la Barra. It seems impossible for Cientifico conspirators or revolutionist malcontents to gain anything in a movement against the patriotic combination formed on Saturday last at the Mexican capital.—*The Independent.*

"Be a breeze from a mountain height,
Be a fountain of pure delight,
Be a star serene,
Shining clear and keen
Through the darkness and dread of night;
Be something holy and helpful and bright—
Be the best that you can with all your might."

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The Youth's Instructor

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The Value of Poetry

G. A. SANDBORN

"God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls,
A blessing to his kind."



THE question is often raised, "Of what value is poetry?" But I shall venture to say it is not by those who have tasted the joys and benefits of poetry — who have made it a part of their lives. Great stress is laid upon deep scientific studies, abundant research is made in historical lore, knotty problems of theology are attracting the attention of scholars, but these things, which may well be termed externals, seem, in our time, to have crowded out, to a large extent, that which has to do with the inner nature of man. These alone tend to make the mind of man a machine, to be defined, made after a formula, and measured by the calipers. After years the mind becomes set to these forms, and the deeper inner emotions of man, which we perhaps can not define and analyze, but are nevertheless an important part of his being, are crowded out. It is thought by some that the most melancholy confession ever made by a man distinguished above his fellow men for intellectual ability, is to be found in Darwin's autobiography, where he finds that, at the end of his life, Shakespeare and the other poets whom he loved in his youth, had ceased to be anything to him or give him any pleasure,—his mind through long custom having become a machine for working out scientific hypotheses. So for such things as the survival of the fittest, the origin of the species, and the descent of man from apes, he threw away the poets, and with them the deeper well-springs of life, the whisperings of that spirit within him which had to do with things eternal. I would not be understood as wishing to give poetry and literature a predominate place to the exclusion of other essentials, but the pendulum has in this age swung so far toward scientific lines that it is very unlikely that too much stress can be laid on the literary.

Another enemy to poetry is the spirit of commercialism that rules man to-day. The almighty dollar sits as a god before whom men bow in obeisance. From the day laborer shoveling dirt to the highest in the nation, we find the devotees of this god. Even the hand that wields the pen, that perhaps in ages past has been freer from the grasp of commercialism than any other, is now brought under its influence, and a syndicate of authors is formed to get a corner on literature and verse.

Beyond and above these externals there is a higher and better life. We must have true culture to obtain the full benefits and true joys of life. One writer has said, "The education fails which does not foster personal culture and social efficiency." It is in literature, and especially in verse, that we find portrayed all human passions, desires, and aspirations; and becoming acquainted with these feelings and knowing how to portray them are needful to

culture. The poet expresses in beautiful language what we have often felt, but could not express. Our hopes are indeed "vague and ill defined," but how beautiful they seem when expressed in such words as these:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Or the words of Bryant, as the waterfowl soaring through the sky passes out of his sight:—

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Or who could use words that bring to us more vividly the sharp stings inflicted by men, than Shakespeare?

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not."

An acquaintance with nature is also necessary to culture, and where do we find nature taught better than by Wordsworth, Tennyson, Lowell, or Bryant? What a clear picture we form from just a few words of Bryant's "Snow-Shower":—

"Stand here by my side, and turn, I pray,
On the lake below, thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink into the dark and silent lake."

Or the lines on the daffodils from Wordsworth:—

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

Nature is God's great lesson book from which we are to learn of him. Throughout the ages, poets with their clear vision have seen these lessons, and left them for us. I can not but think that many of them were inspired of God as they wrote such lines as Bryant when speaking to the fringed gentian:—

"I would that thus when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart."

And from Thanatopsis:—

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the draperies of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Throughout eternity we are to study the perfect and beautiful works of God, and we can not but believe that God's arrangement in glory is the highest form of culture. It is pleasing to God, I believe, that we strive after that beauty of life and character here. We gain it by association, and it is our poets who have seen and portrayed the beauties of life, and with them we may associate. The following comparison, while the subject is not itself one we would call beautiful, shows well the power of the poet to give charm and beauty. In plain prose we have this account:—

"The king of Persia at the battle of Salamis opposed the Greeks with a large navy and a mighty force of men. He was completely routed after a single day's fighting."

Note how much more is brought to our minds, and how much more pleasing the same event, as expressed by the poet Byron:—

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er the sea-born Salamis,
And ships in thousands lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?"

The right study of poetry does not lead away from the Bible and God. On the contrary it leads to God. It is unfair for any one to pick out some particular selection from poetry or literature, and, because he finds in that some things that are not elevating or are even absolutely pernicious, to judge all by that. We believe in the study of science, yet we draw the line between false and true science,—the science which elevates, and that which degrades. We study theology, but are taught to discern between the false and the true. So in poetry, we are not to throw aside the vast amount of good it contains because the muse has in some cases been used for an evil cause. Such a principle, if followed, would force us to lay aside all books, because some are not good; yet this judgment has again and again been passed on poetry.

Time will not allow us to dwell on the good that poetry has done during the years of history as an inspiration to good movements. In our own nation, Lowell, with his patriotic appeals, and Whittier, with his "burning lyrics," were among the powerful champions of the cause of antislavery. And nearer still to our hearts are the poems of Annie Smith and others in the early days of our message, which cheered the people of God so many times when the way seemed dark. Perhaps more of the poetic spirit will return when the trials of the last days break upon us, and the deeper well-springs of our hearts are again stirred as they were then.

A well-known writer has written of poetry:—

"If we think of poetry as that subtle fire and inward light which seems at times to shine through the world and to touch the images in our minds with ineffable beauty, then poetry is a momentary harmony in the soul, amid stagnation or conflict,—a glimpse of the divine, and an incitation to a religious life."

The writers of the Bible realized this great value in poetry to influence man. No more beautiful words were ever written than those in Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;" or of Solomon, "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as

a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." Israel of old chanted the psalms of their poet-king. Such a psalm as the twenty-fourth is poetry of the highest order:—

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory." So to those who have not let the pursuit of barren knowledge deaden their sense of beauty, or the study of statistics destroy their imagination, this book must be what it is called, "The Book Supreme," not only as a moral guide, which it is, but as an expression of the beautiful in literature and poetry.

Lastly, but by no means least, the love of poetry is its own great reward. When you are tired and weary, when troubles oppress you, when you are aroused to anger in some strife, when heart-sick at the malice of your enemies, or sometimes even wounded deeply by the ingratitude of friends, turn to some quiet corner with the poets. They will pour an anodyne on your soul, and as you close the door and reach up for some favorite volume, you can well say, "Here I find rest."

A Home-Grown Talent

A GIRL who worked down-town, and who was out on the street more or less during the day, was a wonder to her friends because of her keen enjoyment of every-day affairs.

"You're the greatest girl I ever saw for catching the amusing or interesting side of what's going on around you," one of her friends said one day. "I wish I had the knack, but I haven't."

"Cultivate it," was the other girl's laughing advice. "O, yes, you can," as her friend shook her head doubtfully. "My own knack, as you call it, is largely home-grown. You know Grandfather Tinley can't get out on account of his rheumatism, and his eyes have grown so dim the last year that he can't read much of any. He's always been active, and interested in what was going on in the world, and it's pretty hard for him to be shut away from it altogether, as he is now. He's always so glad to have me get home at night, and so eager to know what I've seen and heard during the day, that I've fallen into the habit of keeping my eyes and ears open for anything funny or interesting that I can tell him at night. And when one is looking for the amusing and interesting things, it's surprising how many one finds."

For the sake of an old man whose active enjoyment of life was over, this girl had cultivated the habit of looking for the amusing and entertaining side of every-day happenings, and the habit had made her an unusually interesting and attractive companion, much in demand among her friends.

There are but few, comparatively, who have wonderful experiences, or great wit, or knowledge, to make them interesting to others. So those who have the happy knack of catching the bright things of life, not only find entertainment for themselves, but for others as well.—*Alice L. Griggs.*



Menace of the Mongoose



HERE is just one animal of which Uncle Sam is afraid. It is the mongoose, a small mammal native to southern Asia, which is especially famous as a snake-killer. Also, it is death on rats.

Because of this latter fact it was imported into Jamaica thirty odd years ago. But, unfortunately, the rats took to the trees, and the mongooses proceeded to feed upon other kinds of game, particularly chickens. They have also killed nearly all of the ground-nesting wild birds on the island, and sucking pigs are not disdained by them.

Many attempts have been made to introduce the mongoose into the United States, but unsuccessfully as yet, because the government authorities are always on the watch, and anxiously exclude any specimens that arrive at our seaports on shipboard.

The mongoose multiplies at a fabulous rate, and, if it onces establishes itself in this country, it may easily do fifty million dollars' worth of damage per annum. — *Selected.*

A New Kick in Swimming

UNTIL August, 1910, all attempts to swim from Charlestown Bridge to Boston light, a distance of ten miles, had ended in failure. Then a fifteen-year-old girl, who weighed less than one hundred fifteen pounds, did what the others had been unable to do. It took her six and a quarter hours; for to avoid bad water she had to go a distance of twelve miles. Yet she neither stopped for rest nor changed her stroke. This young girl has since made the distance from New York to Coney Island.

The *Youth's Companion* gives the following description of the stroke by which this famous swimmer has made her record:—

These remarkable exploits have been accomplished by virtue, in no small measure, of a peculiar form of the old breast-stroke, which she seems to have hit upon quite by accident, when, as a child of ten, she first began swimming. The timing of this new stroke is exactly the same as that of the old—the legs recover as the arms pull, and the breath goes out as the hands shoot forward. The arm action is the same; the difference is in the kick.

In the kick, instead of the common frog-like drawing up of the legs, the thighs are kept motionless in line with the body, and the entire movement is at the knee. From the extended position of the "slide," with the legs straight and side by side, the swimmer first crosses one ankle over the other, turns the toes toward the shins, and then flexes both legs to a kneeling position (Fig. 1). This is the recovery. To make the kick, the feet are uncrossed, the toes turned away from the shins, so that the leg and the foot make a nearly straight line. Then both legs are straightened sharply (Fig. 2).

In other words, both legs make simultaneously the same movement which they make alternately in that fastest of all sprinting strokes, the "crawl," and which the under leg alone makes for the "scissors kick" in the "trudgen" and other forms of the side-stroke; and the new stroke therefore appears to be a logical step in the development of swimming that has been going on during the last ten years.

The advantages are clear. It is evidently a much more natural movement than the old "frog" kick, and correspondingly easier to learn. In addition, it puts the work on the large

muscles which lie along the front of the thigh, and which are in most persons the strongest and the most used of all the muscles of the body. It is the only form of leg movement that allows one limb to take shelter behind the other, and so combines the resistance to the water of one leg only during the recovery with the propelling force of both legs during the stroke. Since the thighs are always in line with the body, their resistance becomes the least possible; and there is no lapful of water to be dragged along in the skirt of the bathing-suit.

Enthusiastic believers in the new stroke declare that of all strokes it is the most economical of strength, and the one, therefore, that will keep a swimmer going for the longest time and over the greatest distance. How far this is true, time alone can tell. The new stroke has sprung suddenly into fame; it has not yet been tested by swimmers of all ages and figures. If a prophecy may be ventured, it is that this new form of the breast-stroke will completely supersede the old as a stroke for beginners, and as a working stroke for persons of short, stocky build. For slender, long-limbed swimmers, it is by no means clear that the old "frog" kick is not the better.

But one thing is certain. When a slip of a girl accomplishes a feat of endurance in which many men have failed, her method must be a sound one, and her peculiar stroke something well worth the attention of other girl swimmers.

Largest Bird That Ever Lived

THE moa, a species peculiar to New Zealand, is supposed to have been the largest bird that ever lived on the earth. Probably it was no taller than the giant ostrich of Madagascar (the original of the fabled "roc"), but it was much heavier, a full-grown specimen weighing as much as one thousand pounds.

The moa was extremely stupid, and very slow and clumsy in its movements, its legs being enormously heavy and bulky. Not only was it incapable of flight, but it could not even run fast.

Apparently, the species was wholly wiped out, about five hundred years ago, by an extraordinarily cold winter. The birds gathered about hot springs in flocks, for warmth, but perished in great numbers, the result being that their bones are dug up by the ton in some places, particularly in swamps, at the present time. An egg of this remarkable bird is as large as six ostrich eggs, and a silk hat would just about make a suitable egg-cup to hold its contents.— *Selected.*



Automatic Water Finder

THE hazel twig as a water finder has been supplanted by a remarkable invention consisting of a simple apparatus. The principle on which the instrument works is the measuring of the strength of the air currents which flow between the earth and the atmosphere. These are always strongest in the vicinity of subterranean watercourses, the flowing waters of which are charged with electricity to a certain degree. The apparatus takes the form of a box-shaped instrument fixed on a tripod, with a dial on which a needle is used to indicate the presence of water. If the needle remains stationary, it may be taken for granted that no subterranean spring exists; the spot where the greatest movement of the needle is obtained is that where well-boring operations should be made. The water finder is an English invention, and it is manufactured in Liverpool, England.— *Technical World Magazine, Chicago.*



WATER FINDER



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.

Father

[The writer of this article is a clergyman of distinction who has received the highest honors within his own denomination.]



ONE can not put the spirit of life's deepest experience into words, but perhaps I can reveal some hint of what the words "my father" meant to me. My first clear memory of him is when, one spring day long ago, he came up the path, under the trees, to the big, old, ramshackle house where we were all watching and waiting for him. Beyond that day, in the mists of earlier years, there is a strange medley of white tents, blue uniforms, and the sharp bugle notes of the recruiters' camp. Even now I never hear "taps" or "reveille" without feeling the weird impressions of my father's memory through the soul of a little child.

But years had passed, and as he came up the walk, weary and worn from the experience of camp and tramp, and of disease, which never quite left him again, he was my hero, and he is so still. That day marks a new epoch in a boy's life. Before he could quite walk about like other men, the funeral car of Lincoln passed not far from our door, as his body was carried to its grave in Illinois. We two stood together with bared heads that day. I hardly knew why, but I knew my father bowed, and that was enough for me.

What wonderful stories he told us then and afterward about the great armies, the awful battles, and the weary months of sickness in a Kentucky cabin high up among the foothills of the mountains. How he made us understand the story of slavery! He had been an abolitionist. I was born in Illinois in the year of the Lincoln-Douglass debates. What love my father had for Lincoln! That year saturated me with a love for the Union and a vivid consciousness of what it cost in blood to make it all free. It has remained to this hour a passion which seems as I write to beat and throb within me. And father awakened it all in a boy of seven by the tender glow of the sweet intensity of his own experience. These were the beginnings of a companionship which ended only with his death. How it came about I do not know, but I understand now that he was the dearest friend, the most intimate heart-comrade, that I ever had among men.

Ours was a very simple home. It was under a rented roof, in a little village up near the sky. There was a brood of seven; six were boys. There was no "hired girl." There was no village bakery, no ready-made clothing store. Father was a village carpenter. His two hands fed and clothed and housed the nine of us. Mother cooked, and scrubbed, and washed, and mended the whole day long, and sometimes far into the night. She was our bondswoman, our slave. God bless her memory, as she rests from drudgery.

There are men in whom the woman also dwells, making their characters more perfect. These are not

weak men, but they are gentle men. My father was a manly man. He had courage of the highest order. He lived his own good life with God. One of his first gifts to me was a little Bible, and he told me many things about it which were wiser than the words of scribes and Pharisees, and have lasted longer. In the village where we lived, religion was and is still represented by two small, factional, quarrelsome churches. I early learned that the minister across the way held my father to be a dangerous man. I found out that the very goodness and nobleness of my father's life were added evils, because he was an "unbeliever." After he was dead, I found a bundle of old letters, copies of those he had written to that minister many years ago. The literature of worship and devotion contains nothing more reverential than those old letters. There is not a word of bitterness or resentment, but there is a splendid protest against the bigotry which denied to him who loved the Lord Christ with his whole soul the name of Christian because he could not believe the doctrines of a narrow creed. He told the story of his gentler, kindlier faith in words I have echoed in the world these many years.

What I mean by the woman in my father is best explained by his experience in the war. He never told it all in words, but I understood. He was not a successful soldier. He came home a lieutenant, but he brought no badges won by killing other men. It was all distasteful to him. The glamor of it never hid from him its horrible realities. In abolition days he braved personal danger again and again. He would help a slave away at peril of his life. But I would as soon think of Jesus soldiering as think of my father deliberately killing any one, even in battle.

But he had moral courage. Once he revealed it at the cost of friendships dear to him. It was in a political convention. He had been elected as a delegate without pledge, but as a known supporter of a certain candidate. In the convention he came to a clearer understanding of the issues involved, and by the change of his vote nominated the man whom he went to oppose. Politicians seldom understand that class of men with whom intelligence and integrity are inseparable. He was under suspicion for years. But when the congressman whom he had nominated came to him afterward, and out of simple gratitude offered him a lucrative position in Washington, for which he was well fitted, he declined it, and went back to his carpenter's bench.

One day when I had crossed the moral danger line of youth, he called me into the shop. Sitting on his work-bench, among the tools and shavings, he opened the soul of a man, and a woman, too, to me. He told me things boys ought to know. He taught me to honor and respect every mother of men. He led me into that great thought of moral obligation and responsibility to others which in these later times is becoming the basis of social ethics and Christian fel-

lowship. He made me blush and burn and sweat as he went on in his gracious way. I came out of that experience like one who has had his baptism of fire. And yet there was not a sharp word in it all. From where I sit as I write these words, I look back to that place where I was born again, as from above, with a blessed memory of the sweet compassion and clinging solicitude with which he put his hands upon my shoulders, looked into my eyes, and searched my soul, as he called me back to the true path.

One thing I never could get accustomed to in my father as long as he lived. That was what seemed to me his weak business sense, his poor management. He did not seem anxious to "make" money. He could not, or would not, drive a keen bargain. He insisted upon taking men at their word. He was often disappointed, but he would not change. It was only after he had gone and I sat down to think it over that I saw the spirit as it was in him. With two hands he supported nine, and paid his bills. He wore mostly second-hand clothing all his life. He never complained. He never let us know. He would sometimes brag of what a bargain he had made when he bought an old coat for a few dollars. That was the limit of his shrewdness. Here is the pathos of it now. I understand that he deliberately chose poverty, and was entirely content with his toil, rather than surrender to what he believed to be the methods necessary for wealth and place. I wonder if he was right. He died under another man's roof. He never owned a foot of ground on God's green earth. He would be called a business failure anywhere in the world. That is the debtor side. Here is the credit side: He left a name without a stain on it. He is a proverb in that village now, for probity and kindness. I think of him as the best man I have ever met. He is the holiest influence that has shaped my life.

Before he died, I learned another thing that almost breaks my heart. He told me of a dream of his youth that never came true. His youth was shut in by poverty. He was obliged to give his parents all his earnings until he was a man. He married young. The little children came. Four years of war and army life left him with shattered health and fortune. Only a carpenter's trade was within his reach, with honor. Yet always, away on into middle life, he longed and hoped for a way out, to a work which appealed to him. He wanted so much to be a minister of Jesus Christ. When I looked upon his dead face in the coffin, there swept over me the meaning of the tragedy of unfulfilled desire. So all my life I have tried to speak for him, and tell the story of his great faith.

Sometimes, however, as the years bring their deeper insight into life's mysteries and values, I have often wished for one hour with him in that old shop where he did so much for me. I would like to make him understand that his life was not a failure. I would like to tell him that no change of occupation could have increased his usefulness. I would like to have him see my soul, and hear what people say of him to me.

No bishop ever consecrated him. No hands were ever laid upon his head to set him apart for the church. But One greater than bishops anointed his soul and consecrated him. His workshop was a beacon light of honor, truth, and love. Next to Jesus he is to me the gentlest memory, the sweetest influence, the kindest, manliest man I have ever met along the way of life. His memory to me is as a guardian angel now.

I must meet him some day, therefore I must keep my hands clean and my soul white.

Is the portrait overdrawn?—I do not know and can not tell. It is inseparable from all the best in me. We can not fathom our own souls, but this I know: The years draw on. I see the edge of the unseen. And somehow in my dreams of heaven and immortality my father is to me almost what I want God to be.—*The Independent.*

Perplexing Mother Topics

[This department does not purpose to give instruction to parents directly. But since the principles and methods governing the relation of parents with their children are often the same as those that should direct the dealing of the older children with their younger brothers and sisters; and since many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will become home-makers and parents, it is not unwise to present here any article that makes for the betterment of the home life.]

THE domestic happiness of many homes is spoiled because of the thoughtless ignorance of the mother in the discipline of her children. Many a child's sweet disposition and gentle nature are changed until she becomes irritable, nervous, and disrespectful; yet her mother does not realize that she herself is to blame, but begins to feel that her children are an annoying burden instead of a delight to the household.

She brings a great deal of this on by her voice. Whenever she corrects the child, it is done in a vexed tone, sometimes keying it up to a high pitch, which only irritates the object of her easily aroused anger. This she repeatedly does for every little offense until it becomes a habit. Her face begins to portray the tone of her voice, and each time she allows herself to become angry, she loses a portion of her self-control. If a mother only knew how much her discipline was controlled by her voice, she would lower the pitch and see that it had firm yet gentle qualities.

Many argue with their children over trivial matters, forgetting that children, when allowed, will take advantage, will be unreasonable, and generally enjoy a scene, particularly if they are the principal actors and have a chance of being victorious. Any child with the average amount of temper will enjoy the process of rebellion when put under restraint, of crying, screaming, stamping its feet, banging doors, in fact, throwing herself in the limelight in a very dramatic fashion. It enjoys the power of being able to horrify and nonplus the whole family—glories in it, and each time an occasion presents tries to make it more emphatic, and to see what new effects will be brought forth by its conduct.

Too often does the mother acknowledge defeat after a tirade with the words, in a fretful voice, "I suppose you can this time," or similar answers. When next time comes, she gives in again. Each time the child wins it has more confidence, tries again, grows more disrespectful, says: "I won't;" "I don't have to;" and soon comes to disregard the mother's authority almost entirely.

I should like the mothers who read this article to try this suggestion: Write on a card these directions, and place where you can daily see them:—

"In disciplining my children I will do these things:—

- "1. I will keep my voice gentle, low, and firm.
- "2. 'No' must mean 'No.'
- "3. They will not be permitted to argue.
- "4. They must not be disrespectful to me in manner, words, or tone of voice.
- "5. They must mind quickly."—*Selected.*

Our Trip to Honduras

[The following article is part of a letter written by Mrs. Karl J. Snow to some friends, describing her recent trip to Honduras. Mr. and Mrs. Snow went as self-supporting missionaries to their new field of labor. Mr. Snow has been connected with the printing-office of the Foreign Mission Seminary for several years past. The drawings illustrating the article were made by Mr. Owen.]



OUR journey to Honduras was full of interest. We went to join Mr. Herbert Owen in missionary school work at Siguatepeque. It was early in February that our company, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lofton, Mr. Snow, and myself, left New Orleans for the Central American coast.

When we started down the river, it was cloudy, cool, and windy; but we were informed that it would warm up as soon as we entered the Gulf. We had with us five geese and thirteen chickens from Nashville, also a printing-press, and forty-five hundred pounds of tools and supplies for the school, aside from our baggage. The geese and chickens were placed in the open on the second-class deck, where they had plenty of sunshine and air, and where we could look after them. They seemed at home, and layed every day. We gave the eggs to the captain.

Just before reaching the Gulf, we had our supper; and when our boat entered the Gulf, it took on a different motion, which made us a little uncertain about our feelings. We didn't know what might happen during the next five minutes. Mrs. Lofton was seasick the first night, Mr. Snow the next morning, and the rest in turn. I lost a few meals, but suffered no serious disturbance. The steward was very kind to us and served meals on deck to those who were sick, which was not usually allowed.

We enjoyed seeing the schools of beautiful silverfish. I counted fifty flying in the air at one time. We also saw some large porpoises when we first entered the waters of the Gulf.

Belize was our first stopping place. We cast anchor in the harbor about a mile from shore, and small boats came out after the passengers. The little town looked beautiful from the bay, its buildings being all white, and nestled among the green foliage of the palm-trees. Most of the passengers went ashore. I took some kodak pictures while there. We saw the Honduranian gunboat in the harbor. While on shore we obtained some sea-beans, shells, and licorice berries, and we learned how to eat green coconuts. We saw coconuts, breadfruit, mangoes, and marinones growing. It was very warm, and the sun seemed unusually bright. Ten thousand gallons of coal-oil and four large barges of other freight were unloaded at this place. We remained here nearly two days. Tuesday morning we landed at Puerto Barrios. Here cattle,

thirty tons of coal, and much other freight were unloaded. The mountains, as seen from Puerto Barrios, are beautiful. While we were at this place, large sharks, some of which were eight or ten feet long, played around our boat.

On the fifth night we arrived at our port; but as it was late, we could not land until morning. We were in sight of five war-ships, and we saw the gunboat "Hornet." The sailors from the United States "Takoma" and the British man-of-war came on board to see if we had any mail for them. Gen. Lee Christmas also came on board. When we pulled up to shore, we heard all sorts of rumors. Some said the port was quarantined for yellow fever, and that we could not go back on the boat.

On account of the war in Honduras, our cablegram had not reached Mr. Owen. However, he had come to the coast to meet us one week before; but upon being informed by the American consul that word had been sent to Mr. Snow not to come until the war was over, he started for the interior two days before we arrived. We sent a telegram after him, and waited at the home of Brother Hamilton, a native. This faithful brother was very feeble. With his companion he has kept the light of the third angel's message burning at Puerto



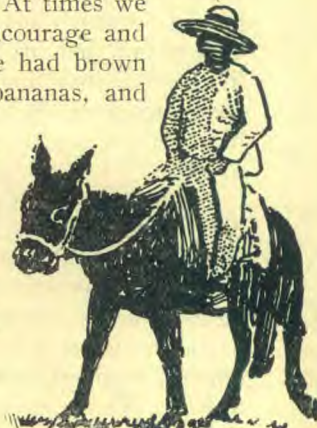
GOING DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE

Cortez. Puerto Cortez is two miles long and twenty rods wide. The railroad track runs the entire length of the town, with a single row of houses on each side. There is a mule car which goes back and forth between trains. On account of the war there were a great many soldiers marching around, armed with rifles and machetes, and there seemed to be considerable excitement. We learned that the wires were cut, and we could get no message through, so Mr. Snow boarded the train and went to the end of the line to see if anything could be done toward getting word to our people that we were at the port. He found that the wires were all right from there on, so sent messages to different places. One of them reached Siguatepeque and was sent back, reaching Professor Owen on his way home. He immediately wired Mr. Snow that he would return, and asked us to meet him at the end of the railroad.

While waiting in Puerto Cortez we found much to interest us. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton depend upon a few banana-trees and the rental of a small house for their support. Brother Hamilton is partly paralyzed, and can do no work. At times we sang to him, which seemed to encourage and help him bear his affliction. We had brown beans, rice, raisins, coconuts, bananas, and pineapples to eat.

The native stoves used on the coast are wooden boxes on legs. Across the top of the box are placed strips of iron, then shorter ones across these, which are adjusted to suit the kettle. To bake, the dough is placed inside an iron kettle and covered.

In the back yards there are little chicken parks made of a



kind of bamboo which grows here. Our fowls seemed very glad to get out into the sand. Sometimes these bamboo yards are used for bath-rooms. One day I looked out and saw a native girl trying to give herself a shower-bath by dipping up water and pouring it over her head.



SETTING BOUNDARY OF SIGUATEPEQUE SCHOOL FARM

The women at the port, as well as inland, use their scraps of cloth for making aprons. Sometimes one apron will consist of from ten to fifteen pieces of different colors. The people go bareheaded a great deal. Many of the houses have palm-thatched roofs.

We were very glad to start on our inland journey. It did not take us long to pack our belongings. Sister Hamilton went down to help us on the train with our hand-baggage. We went first-class, but both men and women smoked in the car. We spent most of our time looking out of the window, for there was much to see as we wound around among banana plantations, palms, and large trees covered with most beautiful flowers. The road was rougher than any I had ever been on, but I enjoyed the ride. There were British and American marines on the train. The British flag waved from the engine, and the United States flag from the end coach. Once in a while we would see a small native hut, with some pigs around it, and a few nice orange-trees. The land was wooded most of



BOATS AND HORSES TAKE THE PLACE OF RAILWAYS

the way to the end of the railroad, only in cleared places for banana plantations. We saw car-loads of green bananas beside the road, ready to be shipped. I learned that one can get just as good bananas in the States as here.

At one place where we stopped, the British men closed a saloon and locked up the man in charge.

Professor Owen was at the end of the line to meet us. I was so anxious to see if he was there that I did not notice that our car had been loosened from the rest of the train and was running down the hill. It ran off the end of the track, breaking the tiers which were crossed at the end to stop it, and buried its two front trucks in the sand. Had it run a few more feet, it would have gone down a steep bank fifty feet or more high, into the river. We escaped any injury, but we trembled when we saw the bank, and realized how nearly we had come to going over. We know not how many times the angels of God keep us from danger.

The engineer came to us and asked where we were going. He said that we were foolish to make such a trip inland when there was war; that he had been in the country sixteen years, but money could not hire him to make the trip at such a time.

We stopped all night with an English family who keep a store at Pemaienta. They had just one room in which to lodge people; but we were made as comfortable as possible, and were thankful for a place in which to rest.

The next morning we rose early and prepared for

our inland journey. We bought some sun-hats, packed our saddle-bags, and leaving the rest of our baggage to be brought later, we started. We went down to the river bank and were taken across in a dugout canoe. On the other bank three mules and two horses were saddled, ready for us. As this was my first experience traveling in this way, I found it rather difficult at the start. I was unfortunate in choosing the hardest horse to ride, and soon began to think I should never be able to reach the interior, my muscles becoming so sore it seemed as if I could not endure the ride much longer. Finally I traded horses with Mr. Lofton, and found to my great relief that I could ride with comfort, and from that time on I enjoyed the trip. At first we rode over an old railroad bed, the government road.

At nine o'clock we came to a small native village, and asked for breakfast at one of the huts. While the women were preparing the meal, we sang to them, Mr. Owen singing in Spanish, and the rest of us humming our parts. When all was ready, we sat down to the table and ate eggs, torteas, and brown beans. Then we started on, and made no stop for dinner. Toward night we came to a sugar ranch, where there was pasture for our horses. It was one league from Santa Cruse, where the government forces were encamped; but as it was dangerous to pass the pickets after dark, we stopped for the night. The house here had one room, porch roof, and kitchen. The kitchen was open, so the smoke could escape. Our supper consisted of torteas, brown beans, eggs, and orange-leaf tea. After chewing some sugar-cane, we prepared for the night.

There were four beds and five hammocks in a room about twelve by sixteen feet. There was one window, which was closed, but there were holes near the roof that let in fresh air. This was a mud house, with tile roof and dirt floor, the walls being a frame work of wood filled in with mud.

I didn't sleep much that night. I was tired from riding, sore from many tickbites, and was sleeping in a hammock, while rats, cats, dogs, and chickens were walking around underneath our beds. One of the natives smoked in the night, but the fumes soon went out through the holes near the roof.

Not far from the house the next morning, we saw a lizzard about two feet long, which one of the men shot, as these animals do much damage to the crops.

We passed some government soldiers who were out after cattle. Then we met some mounted generals, one of whom was the chief, General Carias. They spoke to us, and rode on; but soon one of them came



THE MAIL TRAIN

back and rode on ahead of us, then returned. We learned that he had gone to tell the pickets not to molest us, but to let us pass on, and for one of them to tell us he would come back and give us passports, so we could go through the next town.

We rode past the pickets, and on ahead we could

see a band and many soldiers coming toward us. Going to one side, we saw they had a dead body, taking it for burial. We then went to the town, where the people were expecting a battle at any time. We had to wait several hours for our passports. After dinner we started, and when we rode near the pickets, the soldiers called to us. We halted, and showed our passports; then we were allowed to continue our journey.

With such a late start, we had to stop for the night wherever we could. By dusk we came to a house, but found its occupants had gone to the mountains, as most of the families were in hiding, and the men off to war. It was a good place for the mules. There was a large shed with a fence around it. Here we hung our hammocks for the night. The men hobbled our horses and mules, so we would not have to hunt for them in the morning; then built a fire, as it was cool and damp. We feasted on oranges from near-by trees. Mrs. Lofton and I were so fatigued we went to our hammocks early. The men sat around the fire and smoked their clothes to kill the ticks. After all was quiet, one of the hammocks went down, giving Brother Lofton's head a hard bump. After this I tried to sleep, but could not. When I thought it was nearly morning, I heard a terrible noise, which proved to be a mule fight. I asked for the time of night, and was told that it was not quite eleven. This was a long night. One mule tried to get over the fence into the place where we were. We were also visited by pigs and various other undesirable creatures.

We started early the next morning, hoping to get to the end of our journey that day. We filled the empty saddle-bags with oranges, which were the best I had ever eaten. We went down mountains and up mountains, winding around back and forth. In going up one mountain we made one hundred complete turns. The horses would go around places where it seemed they would surely fall. Often we would look down on our riding-skirts and there would be a large brown spot of ticks, which we would whip off with a branch. But many found their way to our bodies, and we had to pick them off one at a time.

We thought by getting an early start we could reach Siguatepeque that night, but found we would be very late. We took a vote as to whether we would travel by night, and decided to try it, as we dreaded to sleep out another night. It was pleasant traveling when the sun was going down, but we soon reached a deep valley where the darkness came on so fast that we could hardly keep track of one another. Only our straw hats and the white oilcloth around our bundles



HONDURANIAN OX-CART

could be seen, unless our mules fairly touched one another. As we were going along, Mrs. Lofton's mule jumped a ditch, and in the dense darkness she was not prepared, and was thrown. She was hurt, but not seriously. Her glasses, unfortunately, were broken. We decided to stay where we were until morning; in fact, we could hardly do otherwise.

Soon a bright fire was blazing, in spite of the drizzling rain. We had left our raincoats with our bag-

bage, as no one expected rain; so we protected ourselves as best we could under umbrellas and pieces of oilcloth. We women sat around the fire while the men rigged up a one-sided tent out of our hammocks, to keep off the rain. They stretched a rope between two trees, and used hat pins, nails, and whatever could be found for the tent, which was on the side-hill before the fire. The men took turns watching the fire, while the rest of us, wrapped in our blankets, tried to sleep. We were glad to see daylight, and were soon on our way, as we had only six miles more to go. The trail became better as we neared Siguatepeque. We were all eager to get a glimpse of the "palace" after we



RETURNING FROM MARKET

entered the beautiful valley. We rode into the town five abreast. No one was looking for us so early in the morning, so we rode into the yard before any one saw us. It was indeed a glad meeting. We found it so cold that we had to borrow underwear to keep warm. Our rooms were ready for us, and we soon felt at home.

That evening we held a little thanksgiving service, feeling indeed grateful to our Heavenly Father for the watch-care that had been over us.

Life in Epigram

CAPACITY seldom lacks opportunity.

Being simple is not the same as being silly.

Weak men have wishes, strong men purposes.

Are you a pusher? or are you pushed?

The trouble with easy-going people is that they make it hard going for others.

Apostolic succession is apostolic success.

To secure wealth is hard, to keep it is harder, but to spend it wisely is hardest of all.

A real conversion means a brand-new missionary.

The reason why so many people seem small to you is that you measure them by yourself.

There can be no real love when duty is neglected.

Character is what a man is — in the dark.— *Bishop Berry.*

"I'll Try to Be"

A MAN had been drinking heavily, and yet he was not so intoxicated that his senses were entirely gone; but he was in an ugly mood, and began to use language of which he should have been much ashamed. A little girl heard him, and was shocked.

Stepping up to him, she said, "Mister, why don't you be good?"

The man was dumbfounded for the moment. He simply glared at the little girl who dared to reprove him.

"Are you good, yourself?" he asked, sarcastically.

"I try to be," was the brave girl's ready answer.

"Well — er —" began the man, manifesting some degree of shame, "I'll try to be, too!"— *Selected.*



The Tour of a Smile

My papa smiled this morning when
 He came down-stairs, you see,
 At mama; and when he smiled, then
 She turned and smiled at me;
 And when she smiled at me, I went
 And smiled at Mary Ann
 Out in the kitchen, and she lent
 It to the hired man.
 So then he smiled at some one whom
 He saw when going by,
 Who also smiled, and ere he knew
 Had twinkles in his eye;
 So he went to his office then
 And smiled right at his clerk,
 Who put some more ink on his pen
 And smiled back from his work.
 So when his clerk went home, he smiled
 Right at his wife, and she
 Smiled over at their little child
 As happy as could be;

And then the little child, she took
 The smile to school, and when
 She smiled at teacher from her book,
 Teacher smiled back again.
 And then the teacher passed on one
 To little James McBride,
 Who couldn't get his lessons done,
 No matter how he tried;
 And Jamesy took it home and told
 How teacher smiled at him
 When he was tired, and didn't scold,
 But said, "Don't worry, Jim!"
 And when I happened to be there
 That very night to play,
 His mother had a smile to spare,
 Which came across my way;
 And then I took it after while
 Back home, and mama said:
 "Here is that very selfsame smile
 Come back with us to bed!"

—Wroe's Writings.

Seeking to Follow the Master



IT was June, and among the church-members in the little town of York there was much excitement; for the time of the annual camp-meeting was near at hand, and most of the little company living there were planning to attend this gathering.

Especially among the younger members was there a delightful thrill of expectancy; and who could wonder at it? School had been out only two weeks, and after the long months of confinement in the study-room, who would not be on tiptoe of excitement at the prospect of ten days of camp life, surrounded by many others of his own age, and having the same motives and hopes? Then, too, there was the making of new friends to look forward to, as well as the meeting of old ones.

For two little fourteen-year-old girls the days before time to start were entirely too long. Laura Hill and Helen Ford had been counting the days since there were seven long ones to pass, and now only one remained. Laura laughingly proposed that they try their childhood's plan of going to bed early that last night, as the best means at hand for shortening old Father Time's journey. The plan worked well; and it was not long, at least to them, until ten o'clock that bright Thursday morning had come, and they were seated in the car, on their way to the camp-ground.

We can not trace their doings through those happy ten days; but the early morning meeting for young people found them always in their seats, and they never failed to be ready for the afternoon service in the youth's tent, and on Sabbath their bright faces and ready answers made them welcome members of a Sabbath-school class.

As the meetings progressed, the interest of the young people deepened, and a new and very precious experience came to many of them; and when the farewell meeting came, many young hearts felt that life would be different, even brighter and happier, than it had been before. A part of their closing service hour was given to testimonies of praise and gratitude for the blessings received, and then the leader took a few minutes for giving brief, definite suggestions as to

how the blessings just received might be kept, and how they might be made to multiply.

At last the good-bys had been said, and the campers were speeding toward their homes. Monday night found many of them tired, and ready for a good night's rest. Tuesday and Wednesday were busy days, getting things settled back into running order at home; and prayer-meeting in the little town of York came truly as a test of one's loyalty to duty.

Among the first to be present were Laura and Helen, and while the meeting seemed different — not quite so much their own — from the young people's meetings at camp, nevertheless they had purposed to multiply their blessing, and they realized that faithfulness to the prayer-meeting was one way to do this. The organist had been detained for some cause, and when the leader asked if any one would volunteer to act in her place, Helen responded. It was a sacrifice of her own desires, for she would have preferred to sit with Laura and sing, but one way to keep the blessing is service, and Helen recognized an opportunity.

As the sweet young voices swelled out in the song, they were truly an inspiration to those who, though weary in body, had put forth the necessary effort to be present and on time. Later in the service both girls were prompt to bear testimony, and although it was not so easy as when they were with those of their own age in the meetings held during the past ten days, still it was done for love of a Master who never fails to see and reward any effort put forth in his name. His blessing strengthened the young speakers themselves, and their testimonies were an encouragement to the older members who were present, and a few other young people who had come to the meeting were led to add their words of gratitude to the Lord, and thus the blessing multiplied.

Sabbath morning found our two young friends early in their places at Sabbath-school; and with well-learned lessons, they were contemplating a pleasant time together. Both loved their teacher, and here for a little time they would be associated with those of their own age, and would feel freer to express their thoughts and ask questions. However, the unexpected often happens, and this morning the primary

teacher was at home with a severe sick-headache. Six wee folks were without a teacher, and the superintendent had appealed to two or three of the older members in vain, when he came over to the junior class and asked Miss Blake if one of her class would not take the little ones for the lesson hour. Miss Blake turned with the request to Laura. She had not been first choice, and she did so want to stay with her own class, but after just an instant's struggle with her own wishes, Laura smiled, and went out to the little folks.

The church at York was a small one, and had no pastor located there, so Sabbath-school was their only service; but there were twelve young people among the number, and they had decided at camp-meeting that they would organize into a Junior Society after their return home. To-day they remained after Sabbath-school and formed their society. Helen was elected organist, and Laura secretary. After the usual work of organization, a part of their hour remained, and the leader suggested that they

might spend it profitably in reviewing the week's Morning Watch verses, as they had done at camp-meeting. Alas! the attempted exercise revealed the fact that in the bustle of breaking camp, coming home, and getting settled, some had allowed the Morning Watch hour to be crowded out, and a blessing that God had meant for them had not been received because of their failure to ask for it. Laura Hill and Helen Ford,

however, had put forth the extra effort required to spend this morning hour with the Master; and while it had brought its blessing to them each day, they realized an added blessing to-day, both in being able to recite the Bible verses when called for and in the knowledge that by their course of action they had fulfilled the Saviour's wish that his disciples provoke one another to good works, for there were those present who determined that they would put forth a greater effort to be faithful to the morning prayer and to the storing of their minds with God's Word.

The year rolled by, and camp-meeting time came again. We must not conclude that there were no trials, no struggles, no failures, no discouragements in Helen's and Laura's experiences; for these come to all who seek to live right, and it requires a firm purpose and a resolute will to follow the Master. The difference between one who is not a Christian and one who is, is not that one falls and the other does not, but it is that the Christian, though he falls, is not content to lie there, but gets up and tries again.

It was with even more eagerness than they had felt last year that the two girls made preparations for camp-meeting; for each had purposed to follow her Lord in the symbol of his death and resurrection.

After ten days of pleasure and profit, the campers assembled on the banks of the Big Blue River to witness the baptismal scene, and among the twenty-five candidates there were none of whom more persons thought, "I am sure that one is ready for this rite," than of Laura Hill and Helen Ford.

CLARE ASHTON.

Educating a Chimpanzee

You haven't forgotten Susie, the little chimpanzee that Professor Garner brought from Africa with the avowed purpose of endeavoring to make the little lady as accomplished as any child of the same age! Well, Susie's education has been going on steadily at the University of Pennsylvania, where she has a room to herself, and every attention, and it is time now to report progress.

Susie now wears rompers. As she romps every moment of her waking time, when not busy with her studies, it is appropriate that she should wear rompers, but it was not without patient persistence that this first step in her education was accomplished. Susie objected strenuously to the rompers. Now she not only wears them from the time she gets up in the morning until she retires to her own special little couch at night, but she insists on wearing them, and puts them on and takes them off herself, like any



SUSIE TAKING A COLOR DRILL

other well-regulated little girl of her mature age.

Susie was rather a wild little girl when she first came to the university. Now she sits in a chair and eats her dinner with a fork, opens and closes doors when she walks around her little domain, says good-by with a shake of her little paw in the conventional child way, and advances to greet visitors with her hand extended in the most ladylike manner imaginable. Susie is now over thirteen months old, with the intelligence, alertness, and sense of a child of twice that age. The monkey, in comparison with man, develops fast.

The sense of color distinction of the little chimpanzee has improved with her education, so that now she never makes a mistake when told to open the red, the blue, or the white lid of a row of varicolored boxes. With unerring accuracy, she will hand a cube, a ball, or a square to the visitor, when told to do so by her owner. She will take the lid off her little box of "jacks," spread these out before her, and select one, two, or three, and gravely hand them over as told.

The favored children of the neighborhood who have been permitted to come in and play with Susie are delighted with her, and Susie is no less delighted with them. She plays their games with wonderful

intelligence. Hide-and-seek came naturally to Susie. She plays this game with perfect regard for the rules, and will play it tirelessly as long as a child remains with her. She will chase the children round and round, will run and dare them to follow, and, in a word, has every attribute of the "kid" in her antics and her mannerisms. Only one thing seems to puzzle Susie. She can not understand why the children are unable to climb the posts up which she darts, to slide quickly to the bottom. She will pull a playmate by the hand, and when she has got the child near a post, will endeavor to drag him up by main force. Then she will climb rapidly to the top, slide down, repeat the operation a few times, and again try to drag the child playmate up the post. She evidently thinks the youngsters clumsy rompers, far inferior to a chimpanzee in athletic accomplishments.—*J. Preston, in St. Nicholas.*

Fun in Japan

WHERE we have one toy, the Japanese have a thousand. Everything in art and nature is imitated in miniature. Toys can be bought for half a cent, and elegant ones for eight or ten cents. There are stands on the street kept by old women, where little girls can buy a spoonful of batter and bake their own toy cakes. Then along comes a man with a long bucketful of soap-suds, of which he sells a cupful for the hundredth part of a cent (they have coins as small as that) to children who blow soap-bubbles through bamboo-reeds. The babies make mud pies and play at keeping house, just as ours do. They are taught always to be polite, and say, "Thank you." If you give a child a penny, he will not only thank you at the time, but whenever he meets you again.—*Selected.*

Four-Footed Sufferers

RHEUMATISM is not an uncommon form of disease with dogs that are kept in an outdoor kennel, and means the same distressing suffering which is undergone by the human victims of this malady. Many a one who considers herself tender-hearted is in reality guilty of gross cruelty in this matter. The dog is fastened near the door of his kennel by a chain too short to allow anything worthy to be called exercise. Here he is kept in heat or cold, wet weather and dry. The suffering undergone by these poor loyal defenders of their owners' property is enough to touch the hardest heart.

Often an attack of rheumatism is brought on by giving a dog a bath, and then turning him out into a cool wind to dry off, or allowing him to sleep in a damp bed. Sometimes the attack takes the form of extreme lameness, and often the poor creature is so sensitive that a mere touch will evoke a howl of protest. The sufferer is also feverish.

Diet and warmth are two important things to be considered in aiding recovery. No meat should be fed, and the animal should be warmly housed. A mild purgative should be used. A good liniment applied to the swollen joints may have a helpful effect, but it is necessary to assure yourself that it contains no poison, as the dog is almost sure to lick the parts affected, and certain liniments would be likely to produce disastrous results.—*Selected.*

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—*Ausonius.*



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, July 29

LEADER'S NOTE.—For July 29, every society provides its own program. Some societies will probably have a field day. One Friday afternoon last February, as the employees were hastening out of the Pacific Press building, one of the young men shouted to another, "No young people's meeting tomorrow, we're going out into the highways and hedges." We need our meetings. We can not get along without them. But it is an excellent plan to give the time of the regular meeting once in a while to field work. The influence is magnetic. It is inspiring to know that at just that time every member of the society is "doing something"—reading to an invalid, singing to some shut-ins, helping to hold a meeting, distributing papers, or doing one of the many other kind deeds that Missionary Volunteers may do.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course Members

ALREADY there have come to the Missionary Volunteer Department names of persons who have completed one of the courses for this year. When will your name reach this office? Has your review of the last book in the course been sent yet to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary? If you can not complete the work promptly, do not fail to persevere. He who refuses to give up knows no failure.

Morning Watch Thoughts

"You have never stood in the darkness." These words were used by Red Indian Chief as he pleaded that to him and to his people might be sent the white man's Book from heaven. Here is a poem based upon the words of the Indian's plea:—

"You have never stood in the darkness
And reached out a trembling hand,
If haply some one might find it,
In the awe of a lonely land,
Where the shadows shift so strangely,
And the quick heart-beat is stirred,
If only a leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.

"You have never stood in the darkness;
You do not know its awe;
On your land a great light shineth,
Which long ago you saw.
For the light of the world we ask you;
We plead for the Book which shows
The way to win to his footstool,
Which only the white man knows.

"O voice from out of the darkness!
O cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blast of clarion,
Nor call God's host in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us,
Let ours do their work to-day,
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away."

Should God transplant us into some dark heathen land, take from us the knowledge of the gospel, and then just for one month leave us to grope in darkness as do the unfortunate millions who know not God, I wonder how the experience would affect our lives. Do you not think that more of us would be studying missions? Do you not think that more of us would say, "Here am I; send me," and, "Here is my money, use it to send the gospel to those who are dying without hope"? Shall we not this week pray God to give us the true missionary spirit? Let us pray for the mis-

sionary heroism of Horace T. Pitkin, who was killed by the Boxers in 1900. His last recorded words, spoken to his Chinese helper while the devilish crowd were swooping down upon the mission, were: "Lao-man, tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that, when he is twenty-five years of age, he should come to China as a missionary."

God had only one son, and he was a missionary. Are you following in his footsteps?

What Our California Friends Have Done

ONE of our brethren in Southern California undertook to interest the business men in a certain town in the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. His plan was to have them pledge to buy copies for distribution. The indifference manifested the first day was rather discouraging. The brother made this a subject of special prayer, and was impressed to work harder the following day. As he called on the men the next day, he asked them to read the article on page thirty-two, entitled "A Bottle of Tears," which he had marked, and said he would call again a little later. On his return calls, he collected over twenty-two dollars, and received pledges of hearty support of the leading business men in plans for a temperance campaign.

You can help in the distribution of this paper with its temperance message. Order at least fifty copies of your tract society at once. In this quantity they cost four cents a copy.

Miss Irma Lewis and Miss Emily Johnson recently spent a day at Ventura in the interest of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR work. They made arrangement to place three hundred fifty copies of the paper in the schools at that place, and the same number in the schools of Santa Paula. The teachers and W. C. T. U. workers at each place showed much interest in the work. Floyd Ashbaugh and Charles Campbell later visited Oxnard and Fillmore, and disposed of one hundred fifty copies in these towns, placing some in the schools. The Missionary Volunteer Society gave a temperance rally at the high-school auditorium May 11.

Bright and early Thursday morning, April 13, a little company of fourteen young men left Fernando Academy to spend a day in the city of Los Angeles with the INSTRUCTOR. They were enthusiastic, and anxious to get started; so some of the boys began the good work on the car going down. Some, for the first time, experienced the joy of talking to people about their souls' salvation. About two hundred papers were disposed of, and a few yearly subscriptions taken during the day.

It is alarming to note the condition of mind that some of the people are in. It seems that many have turned against all that is good and pure. It only inspires one with greater zeal to go out and gather in the honest in heart that remain in these wicked cities. Altogether, they had a profitable day, and thank the Lord for the good spirit that these experiences bring into the school.

The Old and the New

LONG, long ago, man spread his sails, the wildest seas to dare —
But now he scorns the raging main and rides upon the air!
— St. Nicholas.



IV — Paul's Second Missionary Journey Commenced; Antioch to Philippi

(July 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 15:36 to 16:15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

Questions

1. After continuing his labors at Antioch for some time, what did Paul say to Barnabas? For what purpose? Acts 15:36.
2. What had the church at Antioch once done with Paul and Barnabas? What spirit now burned in their hearts? Which field was the most needy? Why? Note 1.
3. Whom did Barnabas wish to take with them? Why did Paul object to this? How was the matter decided? To what place did Barnabas and Mark sail? Where did Paul and Silas go? Verses 37-41.
4. What could Paul not overlook? What did Barnabas desire to do for Mark? What was the result of the disagreement? How did Mark improve his opportunity? Note 2.
5. What cities did Paul and Silas visit? Review the former experiences of Paul at these places. Acts 14:8-20. What young disciple did Paul find at Lystra? Of what nationality was his mother? his father? Acts 16:1.
6. What training had Timothy received when a child? When had he become a believer in Jesus? Note 3.
7. Who spoke well of Timothy? What did Paul desire him to do? Verses 2, 3.
8. How did Paul come to regard Timothy? How was Timothy later set apart to the ministry? What record did Paul leave concerning him? Note 4.
9. As they went through the cities, what did Paul leave with the churches? By whom was this letter, or decree, written? What was the effect of this work with the churches? Verses 4, 5.
10. Throughout what regions did the apostles labor? Where were they forbidden to preach the word? When they reached Mysia, where did they plan to go? What prevented their going? Passing by Mysia without preaching, where did they go? Verses 6-8.
11. Of what do we have an example in Paul's experience in traveling? How was he guided in the right way? Why was he forbidden to preach in Asia? What was done later in that province? Note 5.
12. What appeared to Paul one night? What did this man of Macedonia say? What did Paul at once endeavor to do? What did he understand by this vision? Verses 9, 10; note 6.
13. Name the persons associated with Paul in this missionary tour. Who probably joined him at Troas? Note 7.
14. To what city did they first come, on the voyage? What city did they reach the next day? From Neapolis, where did they go? What is said of Philippi? How long did they remain there? Verses 11, 12.
15. Where were services held at Philippi? What did Paul do on the Sabbath day? To whom did he speak? Verse 13.

16. Who is mentioned as listening to Paul's preaching? From what city did she come? What was her occupation? In whom did she believe? What was her heart open to hear? How did she show her faith and obedience? How did she manifest the spirit of hospitality? Verses 14, 15.

Notes

1. Paul and Barnabas remained for some time with the home church at Antioch, which had laid hands on them and then sent them away to the regions beyond (Acts 13:1-3). But the missionary spirit burned in their hearts, and they planned to return to their mission field, which needed them more than the home field, where were many teachers and preachers. The churches separated from the home land were exposed to temptations, to errors, and to dangers, and had much need of care and training.

2. Paul could not overlook the former failure of John Mark (Acts 13:13). Barnabas wished to give him another chance, believing that he would now prove faithful. The result was a division of territory, and two missionary companies instead of one. It is a pleasure to note that Mark developed into a self-forgetful, courageous worker. Paul later mentions his faithfulness. See Col. 4:10, 11; 2 Tim. 4:11. Barnabas is not again mentioned in the Acts.

3. Timothy had been carefully instructed in the Scriptures by his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois. See 2 Tim. 1:5; 3:15. He had listened to Paul's words and witnessed his sufferings at the time of his former visit, and had become a firm believer.

4. Paul's choice was a good one; for Timothy was a great help and comfort to him through the whole course of his ministry. Later Timothy was set apart for the ministry by the laying on of hands. See 1 Tim. 4:14; 2 Tim. 1:6; 4:5. Paul calls him not only his dearly beloved son (1 Cor. 4:17), but also his brother (2 Cor. 1:1), the companion of his labors, and a man of God, saying that none was more united with him in heart and mind than was Timothy.

5. In verses 6-8, we have an example of God's guiding providence. Every way but the right one was hedged up, and thus they learned the right way. They were forbidden to preach in Asia, for another work was waiting for them. Later Paul raised up the seven churches of Asia to which the messages of Revelation 2 and 3 are addressed.

6. Macedonia was the region north of Greece, now a part of the Turkish empire.

7. Paul's company had included Silas and Timothy. It is thought that Luke, the writer of the Acts, joined him at Troas, as the pronoun "we" is used in verse 10 and onward.

10. What region is especially mentioned as visited by the apostles on this tour? Verse 6.

11. How were they especially directed in their labors? Verses 6, 7.

12. To what place did they come? Verse 8; note 6.

13. What appeared to Paul in the night? Verse 9.

14. After this vision, what did Paul and his companions set out to do? Of what were they assured? Verse 10.

15. By what course did they sail to Macedonia? What important city did they first visit? Verses 11, 12.

16. What did they do on the Sabbath? Verse 13.

17. Who is mentioned as first accepting the gospel message at Philippi? Verses 14, 15; note 7.

18. What indicates that this was a case of thorough conversion? Verse 15.

Notes

1. One striking characteristic of Paul's labors was his watchfulness over those whom he brought to Christ by his ministry. Not content with having raised up a church, or secured converts to the faith, he "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears," so that he might "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." See Acts 20:31; Col. 1:28; 2 Cor. 11:2. Gospel workers now may very profitably reflect on the diligence of this great evangelist.

2. "There was a sharp contention between Paul and Barnabas concerning Mark, who was still anxious to devote himself to the work of the ministry. This contention caused Paul and Barnabas to separate, the latter following out his convictions, and taking Mark with him in his work. Paul could not, at that time, excuse in any degree the weakness of Mark in deserting them [Acts 13:13] and the work upon which they had entered, for the ease and quiet of home; and he urged that one with so little stamina was unfit for the gospel ministry, which required patience, self-denial, bravery, and faith, with a willingness to sacrifice even life if need be. Barnabas, on the other hand, was inclined to excuse Mark, who was his nephew, because of his inexperience. He felt anxious that he should not abandon the ministry, for he saw in him qualifications for a useful laborer in the cause of Christ. Paul was afterward reconciled to Mark, and received him as a fellow laborer."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), pages 46-48.

3. "If Silas had not returned to Jerusalem, but had remained in Antioch, he had doubtless recommended himself to Paul by some special proof of fitness for dealing sympathetically with the relations of the Jewish Christians and the Gentile converts. This sympathy on the part of Silas would be the more marked and significant as he was himself almost certainly a Hebrew; otherwise we can not account for his high position in the Jerusalem church, although his Roman citizenship is implied in Acts 16:37."—*Expositor's Greek Testament* (Knowling), Vol. 11, page 331.

4. Timothy no doubt accepted the gospel under Paul's ministry on his first missionary journey, and probably was an eyewitness of his persecution at these places. In the interim between the first and second visits he had become favorably known in the regions about his home as a consistent adherent to the Christian faith. Paul "did not venture to accept Timothy, an untried youth, without diligent inquiry with regard to his life and character. After fully satisfying himself on these points, Paul received Timothy as his fellow laborer and son in the gospel."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 73.

5. "Paul, with his usual good judgment, caused Timothy to be circumcised; not that God required it, but in order to remove from the minds of the Jews an obstacle to Timothy's ministrations. Paul was to labor from place to place, in the synagogues, and there to preach Christ. If his companion should be known as an uncircumcised heathen, the work of both would be greatly hindered by the prejudice and bigotry of the people. The apostle everywhere met a storm of persecution. He desired to bring the Jews to Christianity, and sought as far as was consistent with the faith to remove every pretext for opposition."—*ib.*

6. In verses 4, 6, 7, Luke, the writer of the Acts, speaks of Paul and those who were with him in the third person: "They went through the city," "When they had gone," "After they were come." This would indicate that Luke was not one of the company. In verse 11 he changes to the first person, "We came with a straight course," etc., which would indicate he was one of the company, having evidently joined Paul and Silas at Troas.

7. "The luxurious extravagance of the age created a large demand for purple in the market of Rome, and Lydia found room for her profitable trade among the citizens of Philippi."—*Farrar's "Life of St. Paul,"* page 276.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



IV — Paul's Second Missionary Journey Commenced; Antioch to Philippi

(July 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 15:36 to 16:15.

MEMORY VERSE: Mark 16:15.

Questions

1. After spending some time in labor at Antioch, what did Paul propose to his companion in labor? Acts 15:36; note 1.

2. What contention arose between Paul and Barnabas at this time? Verses 37, 38; note 2.

3. What was the result of this contention? Verse 39.

4. Who became Paul's companion in labor on his second missionary tour? Verse 40; note 3.

5. Where did they go? Verse 41.

6. What young man did Paul find at Lystra? What is said of Timothy's parentage? Acts 16:1.

7. What report did the church give concerning him? Verse 2. What is said concerning his early training? 2 Tim. 1:3-5; 4:14, 15; note 4.

8. What requirement in Timothy's case showed the tactfulness of the great apostle? Verse 3; note 5.

9. When they went through the cities, what did they do? With what result? Verses 4, 5.

The Youth's Instructor

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CHEER up! for the folly of whining
Is close to the sin of a lie.

—Amos R. Wells.

Improving an Opportunity That Many Would Have Passed By

GOVERNOR WILSON of New Jersey recently related in an address an incident that occurred a number of years ago. He said:—

"I was in a barber shop, in the chair, and I was aware that a personality had entered the room. A man came quietly in upon the same errand as mine, and sat in the chair next to me. Every word that he uttered, though it was not in the least didactic, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him; and before I got through with what was being done to me, I was aware that I had attended an evangelistic service—for it was Mr. Moody in the next chair.

"I purposely lingered in the room after he left, and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name; they did not know who had been there; but they knew that something had elevated their thought. And I felt that I left that place as I should have left a place of worship. Mr. Moody always sought—and found—the individual."

The Infiniteness of Service

OUR part is to do. If the act is a worthy one, the Lord himself—the inspirer of every good deed—will not allow it to return unto him void. It will accomplish that whereunto he sent it. There is "a story told of a musician who, going down the streets of this city, saw a beautiful painting. It was the picture of a lost child, with its hand outstretched and no one to take it. I have seen the picture. It is beautiful; no man can look at it and not feel an impulse to do something for the relief of children. This musician had his heart and brain so aroused by the painting that he went back to his room and sat down and wrote a piece of music. A poet heard it and wrote a poem; a rich woman read it and turned over her entire fortune to establish a home for children—waifs of the streets. Here you have a conception of the infiniteness of service. First there was the painter who painted that picture; the picture inspired the musician, he in-

spired the poem, and the poem inspired the endowment of the home. And to-day every child trained in that home that goes out to bless humanity touches other lives, and blesses them, and so it goes on, until the work of that painter literally encircles the globe, and touches millions of human hearts."

Thus was it with the widow's mite, and with the broken box of spikenard. Thus it will be with our own simple efforts to follow in the Master's way, doing kindly deeds by the way.

How beautiful it is that God does not hold us responsible for results; we are to sow the seed, and he will water and cause to bring forth.

With this generous provision, it would seem that there would be no unimproved opportunities, no idle or careless moments, no pocket without its life-giving tract or paper awaiting willing readers.

Fifty years ago a child gave a penny to the mission fund. A tract, costing just one penny, was bought with it, and some one gave it to the son of a Burman chief. He traveled two hundred fifty miles to learn to read it. Christian teachers taught him, and God gave him a new heart. He returned to his home, preached to others, and fifteen hundred heathen were converted.

Let us work while the day lasts. If He whom we serve can use a child's penny for the conversion of fifteen hundred persons, he will make fruitful our efforts; for he is no respecter of persons. He notes only the consecration of the heart.

The Armor and the Cross

ONE of our missionaries was recently speaking to a Chinese audience regarding the Christian armor mentioned in Eph. 6: 13-17. He had discoursed quite lengthily upon the mysterious loincloth of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shoes of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, when, wishing to impress upon his hearers the need of pressing forward thus clothed, he appealed to them.

"What part of the body is not protected by this armor?" he asked. "The back," some replied, while from another came the response, "Ah! but on the back we must bear the cross of Jesus."

Although to the missionary perhaps this was an unexpected answer, was it not a good one? Must not every one of us, even though securely protected by this gospel armor, go forward manfully bearing his cross? Jesus, our great example, silently, cheerfully bore the cross through all his earthly life, until at last it became to the Christian, gloriously beautiful,—the emblem of the greatest sacrifice which even the God of the universe could make.

But how glad we should be that ours is to be worn on the back, where, though it may be felt by the wearer, it need not be seen. Some people always prefer to keep their crosses before their eyes, and are therefore continually unhappy. Wearing it thus, of course they blindly fall into the pitfalls and snares of the enemy. Let us wear the cross where it will not interfere with our armor, and—

Fix our eyes on our Commander,
Cheerily, bravely journey on;
Knowing the cross ere long will lighten,
And we shall sing redemption's song.

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL.

Changsha, Hunan, China.