

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Heroism

A tone of pride or petulance repressed,
A selfish inclination firmly fought,
A shadow of annoyance set at naught,
A measure of disquietude suppressed,
A peace in importunity possessed,
A reconciliation generously sought,
A purpose put aside, a banished thought,
A word of self-explaining unexpressed,—
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-restraints ;
Yet he who proves them so must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold.
They are the trifles that have made the saints.
Give me to practise them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold.

— *Selected.*



FRANCISCO I. MADERO has been elected president of Mexico.

JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN, oldest member of the United States Supreme Court, died October 14.

RUBY CITY, Alaska, is receiving stampedeers by hundreds. Rich gold-diggings have been found on several creeks.

AVIATOR HANS SCHMIDT, of Berne, Switzerland, was burned to death, October 14, by the exploding of his gasoline tank, while in flight.

PELLAGRA, according to the latest investigations, is probably "due to the bite of a gnat or midge, whose activities in the early spring produce the well-known seasonal outbreaks or relapses of the disease."

AN eminent physician, in his efforts to discover a remedy for one of our most serious diseases, made six hundred six experiments. The last one gave him the long-sought-for remedy. The discoverer's perseverance and patience have been memorialized by the medical fraternity's naming the remedy "606."

THE mystery of the sphinx, it is said, has been solved. It is merely the body of a lion carved out of solid rock with the head of King Cephren, who was reigning at the time it was built. Cephren built the second pyramid. He was a ruler of the fourth dynasty. The age of the sphinx has been fixed at the year 2850 B. C.

THE hookworm disease, from which fifteen to thirty per cent of the rural population of our Southern States suffer, is now said to be as curable as it is common, and can be prevented by the most simple improvement in sanitary conditions. Twenty-five cents' worth of thymol and a day in bed will, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson, cure it.

THE degree of Doctor of Laws has recently been conferred upon the distinguished labor member of the British cabinet, by the Birmingham University. Mr. Burns was a mechanic, and obtained his education in the London night schools. In this age of evening and correspondence schools it is rarely that one who desires an education can not have it.

THERE has been an arrangement made whereby an exchange of distinguished men is to be made hereafter each year between the United States and Japan. "The Japanese government nominates the Japanese exchange lecturer, and he is received by Brown University, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Illinois, and Minnesota; while in the alternate years these six great universities select some prominent American to go to Japan."

"THOMAS EDISON has invented a process by which nickel paper can be produced by electricity. It is most likely that this new paper will be used instead of the paper upon which books are now printed. It has the advantage of being indestructible, and is so thin that all the matter contained in the Encyclopedia Britannica could be printed in one comparatively thin volume; the page can be readily turned. It is so light in weight, and the page can be made so extremely thin, and at such a small cost, that a forty-thousand-page book would be only two inches thick, weigh only one pound, and cost one dollar and twenty-five cents for the nickel used."

Can You Spell?

WHEN a boy, in writing a letter or an essay, misspells two or three words, he gives evidence that he does not understand his own language, and his work is blotched. It looks very much as he would if he put on a suit of new clothes and left his hands and face unwashed. Observers would say there was something wrong about him right away.

Young people who seek positions in the employ of cities or the government find they must take civil service examinations. One of the tests of these examinations is spelling, and a poor speller is rated much lower than one who spells correctly.—*Boys' World*.

Redemption

THE way is wide 'twixt innocence and guilt.
The mighty Saviour spanned the dark abyss,
And now invites us by the way he built
To come inherit an eternal bliss,
Never another work so grand and good,
Nor ever love so little understood!

In worldly schemes, the brightest and the best
Give little thought of how to help the weak,
To lift mankind, and make them truly blest,
And words of comfort to the weary speak;
But Jesus shows a higher, holier way,
And makes as purest gold the man of clay,
Yes, as the golden wedge of Ophir he
Shall shine for God, and still more precious be.

MRS. PAULINE ALDERMAN.

A "Museum of Words"

AT Paris Monsieur Ponge has undertaken the foundation of a "Museum of Words," based upon phonographic records. The intention is to obtain registers of all forms of speech in France, including the various *patois* of different regions, villages, and cities, and also popular songs and street cries. Among other things registered by Monsieur Ponge are the songs of children dancing in circles, and the cries of sellers of fish and vegetables, together with the talk going on between sellers and buyers. The museum is to have a scientific character, since microphotographs of the impressions made by the voice in its various forms are to be preserved, and a complete "phonetic chart" of French vocal utterance is aimed at.—*Youth's Companion*.

"If you look on the bright side of things, it takes the drudgery and worry and pain out of life, snatches the sting from poverty, robs defeat of its conquest and disease of its worries."

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VOL. LIX

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"A Shrine in the Desert"

G. W. REASER



O Spain, doubtless, belongs the honor for the discovery of the New World. The religion of Columbus and of Spain was Catholicism. Spanish explorers took possession of all lands discovered, with the scepter of Spain in one hand and the emblem of the Papacy in the other.

The Spanish were the first of the European nations to make settlements and erect cities in the present territory of the United States, as well as in Mexico. The foundation of St. Augustine, Florida, was laid by Spanish hands in the year 1565, and Santa Fé (holy faith), New Mexico, several years later.

Wherever the sword of Spain made successful conquest, the padres, or fathers, followed closely in its wake, to establish the Catholic religion. One of the principal adjuncts to their work—apparently essential to success—was the erection of groups of buildings called missions. With these padres were men highly skilled in the art of constructing buildings, after the beautiful Moorish and Spanish styles of architecture. The site chosen for one of these missions was universally where mother nature was lavish in the production of the essentials of life, and, also, where a considerable number of natives were closely adjacent to the mission farm. The elaborate buildings erected, represent an incalculable amount of patient toil and sacrifice on the part of both padres and natives.

Mexico and Central and South America furnish hundreds of examples of these old Spanish missions. Around each of these there clusters, in many minds, a halo of glory. In fact, the whole system was cleverly designed to impress the superstitious mind with awe and reverence. As tourists visit these shrines, many feel that they are treading on holy ground. A peculiar interest seems to attach to that which is ancient, whether it be the castles of Great Britain and Continental Europe, the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh or of Yucatan and Mitla. The call to worship by the sweet-toned mission bells is still enchanting music to the ears of many.

To connect their cities, and also these missions, one with another, the Spanish government constructed extensive public highways. The name given to such a thoroughfare was *El Camino Real*, literally, "the

road royal;" but in better English form, "the king's highway." It is still evident that one of these public highways began at Vera Cruz (true cross), the landing-place of the Spaniards, and from there, ascending the mountains through tropical forests, entered the city of Mexico, and then, crossing the great tablelands to the Pacific Ocean, skirted the latter to San Francisco, a total distance of about three thousand miles. If the reader should chance to travel over what is now a splendid automobile boulevard, from San Diego to San Francisco, California, a distance of over six hundred miles, he would see frequent iron sign-boards to mark the way, bearing the brief inscription, "*El Camino Real*."

The most prominent examples of the old Spanish missions in the United States are the chain of California missions along the above-mentioned boulevard, and those located at St. Augustine, Florida; San Antonio, Texas; Santa

Fé, New Mexico; and Tucson, Arizona. The former, beginning at the south, include the missions at San Diego (St. James), San Juan (St. John) Capistrano, Los Angeles (the angels), San Gabriel, San Fernando (St. Ferdinand), Santa Barbara, Santa Maria (St. Mary), San Luis Obispo (St. Louis the bishop),

Monterey (king's mountain, or king's wood), and lastly, the mission of Dolores (pain or sorrowful), located in the Mission District, at the end of Mission Street, in the city of San Francisco. Of the California list, by far the most beautiful in architecture and environment, is the famed Santa Barbara Mission, picturesquely located in the city of the same name.

Perhaps the reader would be interested in a brief historical sketch of the San Xavier (give X the sound of H) Mission, which is conceded to be the most beautiful example of mission construction in the United States. The accompanying picture will give some impression of its exterior beauty. It was founded in the year 1692, by Padre Kino. Only once since that date has it been temporarily abandoned, which was occasioned by the massacre of all the resident padres at the hands of the cruel Apaches. In 1780 it was again occupied as a mission, and it was the padres of that period who conceived the project of the erection of the present beautiful buildings, a labor that occupied their hands for more than fourteen years.



The site is ideal. The church crowns a low hill, some nine miles southward from the city of Tucson. It is executed in the Moorish style of architecture, and is constructed of brick and stone, in the form of a cross, and is surmounted by two artistic towers and a large, central dome.

But if the exterior arouses admiration, still more does the interior; for here was lavished the highest art that the skill of the epoch could produce. The walls, ceilings, and pillars are one harmonious blending of frescoing, carving, and painting, while above rises the beautiful dome. Two of the larger frescoes are intended to represent the Last Supper and the descent of the Holy Ghost. The altars, with their strange carvings and life-size statues of "saints" and "martyrs," are the handiwork of artists of rare ability.

Almost a century before the birth of American independence the Catholic padres were saying mass, tilling the fertile soil along the Santa Cruz River, and erecting the buildings of the San Xavier Mission out here in the desert, at least five hundred miles from civilization. The strange, wild men, to whom they came to impart their religion, were their only companions.

Within a stone's throw of the mission, rises a high, cone-shaped hill called "the Mountain of the Holy Cross." For many years it has been the custom of the Indians to resort to this hill to offer their superstitious devotions at the foot of a cross, erected in the center of the now dead, but once active crater; for the hill formerly belched forth fire. In 1908 a grotto was hewn from the solid rock on the north side of this mountain, which thenceforth became the central shrine for the worshipers. Within the grotto is an altar, and above, standing within a niche hewn from the rock, is a life-size statue representing the Virgin Mary. The figure is made doubly impressive by having the appearance of suddenly stepping from the mountain.

The squalor and pitiful ignorance of the Indian population of a large adobe village which adjoins the mission, certainly can not be regarded with pride by the Catholic Church, after two centuries of effort, presumably for their uplift and education. Yet, doubtless, some of the brave men who pioneered the work of "the church" through so many difficulties and hardships, were possessed of the true missionary spirit. On the other hand, we are told by the Mexican people that many were very exacting in their demands upon the natives, seeking their money rather than their souls' salvation.

If, with the meager light which shone upon their pathway, some of the mission padres were faithful, and willing to endure hardships, should not those upon whom is focused all the light of past ages, and to whom Heaven has entrusted the work of giving the last warning message to the world, go forward, undaunted in their work, with a zeal that can not be quenched?

Acknowledging Defeat

A MAN who, having gone down before the strength or skill or wisdom of an adversary, willingly acknowledges his defeat, is regarded with more favor by the world than is he who sulkily seeks excuses for his failure. During the Indian war, a chief was brought into the presence of a general of the United States army, whose soldiers had defeated the Indians. The chief

bowed his head before the general, and extending one hand, acknowledged the supremacy of the United States. The other hand was concealed. The general refused the proffered hand, demanding that both hands be extended. Reluctantly the other hand was brought to view, disclosing a tomahawk. It was but lip surrender, a forced acknowledgment of defeat. Had opportunity presented itself, undoubtedly the tomahawk would have crashed into the head of the general.

At the close of the Revolutionary war John Adams was sent as the first minister of the United States to the court of St. James. His appearance before the king was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. He stated his mission, expressing a hope that "the good old humor" might be restored between the branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. The reply of the king, who was not noted for eloquence, contained a spirit of manliness and a touch of pathos. He said:—

"I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by my duty to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but when the separation became inevitable, I said, and I saw now, 'I will be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power.'"

God has a controversy with the nations, with all men. He desires that his sovereignty shall be acknowledged. He extends both hands to sinners, demonstrating that on his part there is no enmity against men. All day long he stretches out his hands to the disobedient and gainsaying, urging them to surrender, that he may bless them with peace. Too many are like the Indian; they desire God and eternal life, yet are unwilling fully to renounce the world. One hand is extended to God in the hope of receiving his blessing; the other is extended to the world to receive its pleasure or wealth. The friendship of the world being enmity against God, the world must be renounced before the soul is accepted of God. When the surrender is made, when both hands are extended to the Almighty, he takes both of them in his, lifting the sinner out of the world's pit of corruption, raising him to sit with princes, even the princes of God's people. Jacob became God's prince when he surrendered; every other person who surrenders is made a prince, yea, a crown prince, as he is joint heir with Jesus Christ, who is the crown prince of the universe. Jesus sits at the right hand of God, by virtue of his being the first-born of God, "angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him."

God's way of peace requires that we acknowledge our own helplessness and his almightiness; our own impotency, his omnipotence. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Acknowledge God's love, and let it win its way into your heart. It will conquer enmity and every evil thing, for the greatest thing in the world is love, the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit. "Who is on the Lord's side?" was the cry in the old days; it is the cry still, as the need of this time is a full renouncing of self and the world, and a complete accepting of God. Reader, on whose side are you? If on God's side, you are sure of victory; if not, eternal disaster awaits you. In God's name, surrender, and thus escape the wrath which is soon to break upon the rebellious. We are not "the children of wrath, even as others;" for God hath "delivered us from the wrath to come."

JOHN N. QUINN.

The Mansions Fair

[Tune: "Sweet By and By"]

THERE are mansions awaiting the just
When the captives of earth shall be free,
When the millions now sleeping in dust
Shall awaken their Saviour to see.

CHORUS:

O, those mansions are fair! they are fair!
There is resting at last over there, over there;
And those greetings so sweet, will be sweet
When our loved ones in glory we meet.

In that beautiful city of gold
Are the treasures that never decay,
And we hear that the half is not told,
And we long for that glad, happy day.

In exchange for this earth soil and dust,
We'll receive there a robe bright and fair;
For the tinsel and dross of earth rust,
The white raiment of righteousness rare.

We are waiting and watching for thee,
Blessed Saviour! O make no delay!
Then the poor and the sorrowing shall be
All at rest in that bright, cloudless day.

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.

Remarkable Exhibition of a Wonderful Memory

BISHOP WILLIAM PARET, an Episcopalian clergyman whose interesting "Reminiscences" are now running through the columns of the *Churchman*, in giving his experience in educational work for young men having the ministry in view, records this interesting incident:—

"Needing a teacher in Hebrew for my class, Rabbi Szold, one of the oldest and most respected of the rabbis, offered himself. I protested that he was too eminent a man, and I had so little money to offer that I was sure he would not accept it. He answered that he did not want and would not take a dollar. He was 'Rabbi Emeritus,' laid on the shelf because of age, and had nothing to do. Meeting with some young, bright minds two or three times a week would be a help and a pleasure to him.

"At his request I was present at some of his lessons. At the first he asked me where he should begin. I replied, 'I suppose with the alphabet and the Hebrew grammar.' But he said, 'No, begin with something from the Bible.' So we took the twenty-third psalm in Hebrew. Opening the Bible, I offered it to him, but he said that he did not need it. From memory alone he went through the psalm, teaching the alphabet as he went, and giving every letter and every vowel point. Then he did it again, and gave a beautiful (Jewish) exposition.

"At the next lesson, again he asked me to name the passage, and I suggested the ninth chapter of Genesis, and offered him the Bible. But he said he did not need it; and as accurately as before he repeated twenty verses, word by word, and letter by letter.

"At the third lesson, I named one of the very dry chapters in the book of Chronicles; and again he declined to take a book. When that lesson was ended, I asked, 'Rabbi, how much of that Old Testament do you know in this way?' Pointing to his head, he answered, 'From the first verse of Genesis to the last of Malachi it is all there.' As I said that it was almost incredible, he told me to try him,—to open the Book anywhere, and read two or three verses. I then opened at random, somewhere in the book of Kings, and when I stopped reading, he took it up and went on with the chapter without a mistake. This trial was made four times, and he never faltered.

"He then said, 'It is not so wonderful; I am more than eighty years old, and that Book has been the Book and the work of all my life.' When all his teaching was ended, I offered him two hundred dollars, but he absolutely refused to take it; and all I could do for him was to get from England three or four rare volumes which he much prized." G. W. AMADON.

Led to Christ by a Tract

IN a certain village there resided an old man, feeble in body but powerful in prayer. Among his experiences was the following:—

"I was walking near Colchester, one dark night," he said, "when a man overtook me in a cart. I asked him for a lift.

"'Jump in,' he said, and on we drove.

"Fourteen or sixteen years later I was requested to visit a dying man at Colchester. When I entered the room, he looked at me, and after a pause said, 'Do you know me?'

"'No.'

"'Do you remember walking at a certain place one dark night, many years ago, and asking for a lift?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'You gave me a tract when you bade me good night, and that tract led me to Christ.'—*The Crisis*.

Always Unprofitable

You may worry when you're weary;
You may worry when you're well;
You may worry when life's dreary,
Or when buds begin to swell;
You may worry in December,
And keep worrying in May;
But in any case remember
That you can not make it pay.

You may worry when disaster
Hovers o'er you in the night;
You may worry when your master
Has declined to treat you right;
You may worry when they've taken
The last chance you had away;
But the fact remains unshaken
That you can not make it pay.

—*Record Herald*.

Seed Thoughts

WE are doing the greatest good to ourselves when we are doing the most good to others.

We are doing the greatest harm to ourselves when we are doing nothing for others.

It is impossible for us to serve our own best interests without being a means of serving the best interests of others.

It is always a greater blessing to be a giver than to be merely a receiver.

He who serves another for good really occupies a higher and more enviable position than he who is simply the recipient of favors.

It is the highest and greatest pleasure of our Creator to do good to his creatures; and it should be our highest and greatest pleasure to do good to one another.

J. W. LOWE.

WHAT an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man and fix our attention on his infirmities!—*Addison*.

Divine Origin of Giving to Missions

N. Z. TOWN



GOD so loved . . . that he gave his only begotten Son," that we might not perish, but have everlasting life.

"Christ . . . hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."

"The Holy Spirit, whom God hath given to them that obey him."

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

The foregoing scriptures and many others which might be quoted, show that the foundation principle of the gospel is giving. The Lord *gave* his only begotten Son. Christ *gave* himself. The Holy Spirit is *given* to us. Every true child of God possesses this same spirit of giving. Concerning the Macedonian brethren, Paul says:—

"For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power" they gave of their own accord.

Our giving is the test of our love. We often pay the price of our spiritual destitution by withholding more than is meet. We can keep our religion only by giving it away. As Christians, we grow only as we give, and we shall never prove the Lord and receive his largest blessing until we reach the standard of giving set up in his Word.

Interest Dependent on Investment

Our interest in the cause of missions will depend on the amount we have invested in them,—not of money merely, but of thought, of time, of effort, of self. It is how much of ourselves we put into a game, into a study, into a business, into anything, that measures our interest, and determines whether we shall meet with failure or success.

During the Russo-Japanese war, a returned missionary from Japan was addressing a crowd of East Side children in New York City, showing what good could be done by the sending of comfort packages, picture cards with Scripture verses on them, to the Japanese soldiers. Instantly at the close of the address, some of the boys crowded around the speaker, and said: "Us fellows are goin' to send some pictures to them Jap soldiers." Information aroused interest, and interest, like the gathering steam in the boiler, sought some way of escape and expression.

Whatever we give, whether money or personal service, it should, as far as possible, be of our own—a part of ourselves. Money which one can earn, or save by self-denial, will reveal one's interest more than any sum which one might receive from parents or friends.

How We Should Give

In 1 Cor. 16: 2, the Lord tells us how we should first lay by in store that which we are to give. According to this text, giving should be—

Individual—Every one is to give.

Systematic—Every week.

Proportionate—As God has prospered us.

INDIVIDUAL.—Every one should give something. It is said that in a certain Sunday-school in New Jersey, during a period of ten consecutive years every member of the school made an offering every Sunday without a single omission. When the system was first put in operation, the school had about five hundred pupils, and, with the exception of about twenty, each of them

brought an offering. The following Sunday, the number of non-contributors was reduced to fifteen, and so on for several Sundays, until finally every member of the school contributed. This went on for a month without an omission, then for six months, for a year, two years, five years, and then ten years. When the plan was first introduced, two little newsboys who were members of the school, and who had no home, resolved that they would give systematically with the rest, and so they pledged between them one cent a week. The first Sunday one of them brought the penny, which represented one-half cent from each, and the next Sunday the other boy gave the penny, but it was not long before each of them was giving a penny a week, and more, because of an awakened interest and an aroused sense of responsibility.

SYSTEMATIC.—The only right method of benevolence is not based on fancy, caprice, or feeling, but on principle. This calls for the setting aside, at certain times, of certain definite amounts for the Lord's work. System enters into our whole life. We eat systematically, sleep systematically, work systematically; why should we not give systematically?

PROPORTIONATE.—There are some who give systematically, but not proportionately. Some who learned in the kindergarten the song "Hear the pennies dropping," have been giving pennies ever since. Penny-giving is all right for those who can not give more, but if those who could give more would stop their penny-giving, and give proportionately as the Lord has prospered them, it would mean a great gain to the mission fund.

We should give until we feel it. Cyrus Hamlin, the founder of Robert College in Turkey, declares that his becoming a missionary was due to a missionary box. When but a small boy, he went one day to the annual village muster, which was always a great occasion in a New England village. He was given seven pennies by his mother, with which to buy his luncheon. As she handed them to him, she said: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into the contribution box at Mrs. Farrar's." As he drew near the house, he wished that his mother had not said "one or two," but he finally decided on two for missions. Then conscience began to work. Two pennies for missions, and five for himself? That would not do, so he decided on three for missions; but he was still not satisfied, and when he reached Mrs. Farrar's door, he said to himself, "I'll dump them all in, and have no more about it." And with this he put all seven pennies into the box. It meant that he himself went hungry that day at the muster. But this conquest for the missionary cause had been made, and it was not strange that in later years such a boy would give his life to missions. It was through missionary giving that his interest was so deeply stimulated that in due time he gave the greatest gift possible for any one to give—himself. We should also give cheerfully. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

At a missionary meeting in a colored church these resolutions were agreed to: "1. We will all give something; 2. We will all give as the Lord has prospered us; 3. We will all give willingly." One of their number acted as secretary to record what each gave. Among those who came was a comparatively rich

old man, almost as wealthy as all the others put together, who put down a small silver coin. "Take dat back," said the secretary, "dat may be accordin' to the first resolution, but it is not accordin' to the second." The rich man took it up, and went away angry. One after another came up and gave as much as the first one had offered, till he could stand it no longer, and going up to the table, threw down a gold coin, saying, "Dar, take dat." It was given so ill-temperedly that the secretary answered, "No, dat won't do yet. It may be accordin' to the first and second resolutions, but not the last." At last he came up with a smile, and handed a much larger gift. So the secretary accepted it, and said, "That is very well, for it is accordin' to all three resolutions." N. Z. TOWN.

Thoughts on Giving

Decay Assured

AN artist was once asked to paint a picture of a decaying church. To the astonishment of many, instead of putting on the canvas an old, tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur, with carved pulpit, magnificent organ, and colored windows. But suspended from a nail in the wall hung a square box, very simply painted, bearing the legend, "Collection for Foreign Missions," and over the slot was painted a cobweb!

Not by the White Man's Standard

A story is told of an Indian who one day asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The bishop asked, "Why?" He said, "One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give." The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, "Yes." The bishop was about to tell him, "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman who was standing by whispered, "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."

Can We Take Our Money Into Heaven?

An English paper reports a recent epigram by the Rev. S. Chadwick, of Leeds, in reference to the common saying that when he dies, a rich man must leave all his wealth behind him: "That is not true. When you die, you can take your money with you, but you must first change it into the currency of the country to which you are going."

How to Get Interest

"I can't get interested in missions!" exclaimed a young girl petulantly, and, if truth must be told, a bit superciliously, as she left a thrilling missionary meeting in company with an older lady. We were near enough to hear the answer. "No, dearie," came the pitying response, "it is not to be expected you should—yet a while. It's just like getting interest in a bank. You have to put in a little something first; the more you put in, the more interest,—time or money or prayers, it doesn't matter which; but something you have to put in, or you never will have any interest. Try it, dearie; just put in a little something, and you're sure of the interest."

Gold for Her King

An English paper told, a few years ago, of a poor woman in London, bedridden, whose support was only a few shillings a week, but who, every day, studied how

she could save a penny or a half-penny from the cost of coal or meal. At the end of the year she would send the coppers out, and get them changed into gold, and each year she would give one sovereign in gold to the Church Missionary Society. When a visitor remonstrated with her, and said, "It is too much," she said, "I like to give gold to the Lord Jesus."

Charlie Howe's Missionary Nickel, and What It Did

The *Epworth League* of last March gave an interesting story of a child who ministered unto the Lord. He was a close friend and namesake of Bishop McCabe (then Chaplain McCabe). The chaplain was very busy in those days raising money for the missionary society. He talked much of his hopes and successes, and the boy became interested in the work so dear to his friend. One day he came to his mother, saying, "I want to write a letter to Chaplain McCabe, and send this money." He insisted on his mother's holding his little hand and guiding it while he dictated the following:—

"DEAR CHAPLAIN: I am glad you're getting a million dollars for missions. I send you five cents to help, and if you want any more, just write to me.

"CHARLES McCABE HOWE."

Bishop McCabe said last year: "That five cents has won for the church three hundred thousand dollars. It was a great gift and a great letter. I have told the story twenty years, and it always touches hearts and brings a response."—*Sunday School Times*.

Because She Was Blind

A SUFFICIENT excuse for pettishness, and selfishness, and grumbling, one might suppose—but what a reason for giving! At a missionary meeting in Paris a poor, blind woman put twenty-seven francs into the plate. "You can not afford so much," said the man who was holding the plate. "Yes, I can," she answered. And on being pressed to tell how she could give so much, she said: "I am blind; and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in the year for oil for your lamps, when it is too dark to work nights?' They added it up in their minds, and found it was twenty-seven francs. So," said the poor woman, "I found that I save twenty-seven francs in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."—*Selected*.

Reminders

TRUTH is a strong thing; let man's life be true.—*Browning*.

A TRIUMPH is the closing scene of a contest.—*A. E. Winship*.

ONE fault-mender equals twenty faultfinders.—*Earle M. Pratt*.

WHAT is wrong to-day won't be right to-morrow.—*Dutch Proverb*.

WE are only so far worthy of esteem as we know how to appreciate.—*Goethe*.

"KEEP a dog, if you must, but don't impose the animal on the whole neighborhood."

OUR daily duties are apart from religious life just as much as our devotions are.—*Beecher*.

Conquered

I stood beyond the reach of tide
As sun was sinking in the west,
And watched the heaving, rolling sea,
Which never seemed to be at rest.

The billowy waves now mounted high,
Defiantly, toward clouded sky,
And when again my eye I bent,
Were speeding on as though intent
Upon some urgent mission.

Where speed ye, couriers of the deep?
Why hasten? why such pace ye keep?
Some message art ye bearers of?
Or what, perchance, can be the deed
That gives occasion for such speed?

Again I view the angry sea,
Its grandeur and sublimity;
As warriors brave, to mind doth call,
Waves onward sweep; they rise, they fall,
And rise again to greater height.

Heave high, ye warriors great and strong!
The winds in gale doth furnish song
To herald thine approach along;
The sea-birds oft, in dread alarm,
Doth help the swelling note prolong.

The floating bark upon the sea
Doth tremble when it hears of thee:
The men-of-war that sail the deep
Feel insecure when thou dost leap
In towering billows high.

No dread hast thou of leaden hail,
Of armed troops or coats of mail;
The volley of the cannons loud
No terror in thy bosom crowd,
Nor fear hast thou of any man.

Is it then true? Say, can it be
That no one e'er has conquered thee?
That none in all the age gone by
Has caused to cease thy mountings high,
Or changed thy surging to a calm?

But wilt thou listen to a tale
I fain would tell? 'Twas night; a gale
Was in the air. 'Twas on a little inland sea;
The wind blew strong and lashed the deep of Galilee
Into tempestuous, rolling main.

Far out from shore, the sails all furled,
A boat upon the waves was hurled.
The crew, in terror, all in vain
Sought headway 'gainst the storm that raged;
Not long could this continue,—unequal war thus
waged.

In stern of boat lay One asleep,
Unmindful of the raging deep;
Worn out by toil, a rest so worthy of
Had well deserved a place more fair
Than a rude couch of timber bare.

The tempest's fury still increased;
The crew, hope lost, their efforts ceased
From vain attempts the shore to reach.
"What! must we perish 'neath the wave
That doth aboard this vessel lave?"

"O Master! Master! wake and save,
We perish all beneath the wave!
How canst thou lie asleep! Dost thou not care
Whatever fate or lot we share
Amid this raging wild?"

The Saviour rose,—for this was he,—
And looking o'er the storm-clad sea,
His face was calm, no terror there;
He spoke the words, "Be still! O peace!
Be still!" The sea obeyed, the wind did cease.

Yes, all was still. An eye could trace
Not e'en a wavelet on the face
Of Galilee. O waves! I pray your boast recall,
For there is One who rules o'er all,
And thou alike hast felt his power.

W. J. PAULSON.

As a Man Thinketh



IF I were a physical director," said the lecturer, in his informal talk to the young men under the trees at the summer school, "one of the things I should undertake to teach you would be how to put a drunken man out of a room.

"Did you ever try to put any one through a door when he didn't want to go? Even a small boy will seem to have as many tentacles as a cuttlefish, and to be able to fasten them to so many unexpected corners that it will be very difficult even for a person much stronger than he is to manage him. And with a drunken man as strong as yourself, the task is even more difficult; and some of you young men will be holding meetings in rough communities, where it may be worth while to know how to preserve order.

"There is a way to do it. You can catch the arm that strikes at you, and by a little skilful turn, hold a man much stronger than yourself completely at your mercy, unless he happens to know the same turn. But this is not my department, and I leave it to others to show you how it may be done.

"Mine is a similar problem in another sphere of conduct. I want to teach you how to do the same thing with an evil thought. We are too ready to assume that we must think whatever thoughts come into our minds. That is not necessary. You can grapple an evil thought on the very threshold of the mind, and strangle it there. Whether it be a thought of hatred, revenge, or impurity, you need not admit it unless you choose to do so. Brooding is not wholesome. Weakly to push back ideas which you are never

quite able to eliminate is the mark of a feeble will.

"Nor are you to conquer by merely thinking that you will not think certain things. The very action of defining what you are not to think is an invitation to think it. No, that is not the best way. When an evil thought suggests itself to you, urge your will to a mighty effort. Take hold of a great, beautiful truth, and cling to it with all your might. Cry out in your heart, 'God help me!' Shout it aloud, if necessary; but whether you speak aloud or not, bring the whole of your will into action, and link it to the divine will, and grapple that evil thought with heroic resolution.

"This is not a mere theory. Do just as I say, and you will find that the plan works. You can do more than shut out the evil thought; you can strangle it. And when you have done so, you will walk on with a joyful feeling of triumph.

"The habit of conquering will grow upon you. You will be able to shut out the things you do not want to think about. Your physical health will grow with your health of soul. You will go far toward conquering insomnia. Your sound mind will tend to fit to itself a sound body.

"As a man 'thinketh in his heart, so is he.' His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. And purity of heart is easier to attain than some of us suppose.

"Try the method that I suggest. It is simple, logical, and effective. You need not be the victim of your imagination. You may be the monarch of your own mind, the sovereign of your soul. And he that hath learned this godlike power of self-mastery is greater than he that taketh a city."—*Youth's Companion*.

State Railway Systems

A. GREENE HORNE



WE were on the night train from London to Dover, in the same compartment with a man and his wife. We learned later that he was a clergyman from Scotland, taking his annual vacation trip to Switzerland. He appeared to be well traveled.

We entered into conversation regarding the comforts and discomforts incident to travel in the various European countries. I expressed my opinion that there was a decided advantage in the state-owned railways over private ones, referring especially to the German state railways. He dissented very decidedly, saying that in Germany the trainmen are government officers; and if one, not liking his treatments, makes a protest, he is resisting a government official, and is likely to get into serious trouble.

We found later, very agreeably to us, that the rule works exactly opposite. The government holds the trainmen strictly to account if a passenger, through ignorance of the language or otherwise, goes to the wrong destination. Most of our travel was done on through tickets, purchased in London, from Cook's, which outlined our route until we again reached London. Thus we avoided the necessity of securing tickets at strange offices and by means of strange languages; and, moreover, all our dealings could be done in English coin—a decided advantage.

But on our return trip we decided to visit Wittenberg. This involved a stop-over at a small station on our route, and the purchase of local tickets. First, we desired to know whether our ticket permitted a stop-over. With our extremely limited knowledge of German, it was not easy for us to secure the desired information; but the conductor was patient, and finally we were satisfied.

After our arrival at the local station, we desired to know something about the running of the local trains. The station-master looked at our tickets, called other officials in consultation, and finally gave us the desired information. It was apparent that they feared we might have missed our way. All is done in a kindly spirit, with an evident intention to help; and even though one does not understand the words, he can feel the kindly intention. Railway officials on this side trip and on the return trip seemed to have us in mind, for they were careful to come and let us know where to make changes.

I could not help contrasting this with some experiences with American conductors, and with the men who are paid a salary to sit in the "information" bureaus. If a person does not know exactly what he wants, or if he is new at traveling, or a little nervous or hesitating, he is apt to be snapped off with an answer which means nothing to him. How much, ordinarily, does one see of a desire to be really helpful to those who are most in need of help?

I went into a C. & O. office on Pennsylvania Avenue to learn how much more it would cost to go to Chicago via Nashville than via Cincinnati. The only information I could get was that they did not sell tickets via Nashville. I purchased my ticket over another road. In my limited experience with the German roads, and with practically no knowledge of the language, I have seen enough to convince me that passengers receive much more courteous treatment at the hands of

German railway officials than at the hands of American railway employees.

One in America is often surprised at the incivility of the employees in the large railway offices, and wonders whether such conduct is countenanced by the higher officials of the road. Or should one always hold out his hand with a silver piece when asking a question?

One traveler riding in a compartment with us in Germany spoke especially of the faithfulness of the German porter, who for a small sum will take care of one's baggage, and see that one is comfortably located in the right compartment on the next train. When we compared this with the treatment one is apt to receive in America, he said (he was from Chicago): "You must always make them understand that you are not farmers, and that you know your rights, and they will treat you well enough. Here the porters understand that there is a severe penalty if they send passengers wrong." We should think more of the railway companies if they insured courteous attention to "farmers," widows, and those not accustomed to travel. This, from my observation, is the case on the German government railways.

Cultivate Accuracy

ONE of the most serious defects of our modern educational system is that it does not develop the degree of accuracy that is essential to success in almost every line of work. The merchant who employs a high-school boy as bookkeeper, the man who engages a business college girl as stenographer, the singer who calls on a conservatory girl for an accompaniment, all have the same complaint to offer,—a lack of accuracy. Improved educational methods and more care on the part of teachers will help some, but in the last analysis, the remedy must lie with the students themselves.

Don't be more interested in getting through a lesson than you are in getting a lesson. Take time to understand. Look up the new words. If there is a puzzling point in the lesson, don't slip over it in the expectation that it will be explained next day in class. This habit of thoroughness in study is not always productive of high standing at first. It is possible that if you adopt it, you will not in the beginning be able to get through with your lessons. But in the end the method will justify itself. You will discover that the things you have learned in this fashion do not need to be learned over again after a week or so. You will discover that accuracy is getting to be a habit, and therefore simpler, easier on the whole, than to slip over things.—*Girls' Companion*.

JAPAN and the United States lead the world in the number of divorces granted annually. There is no European country with a divorce rate one half as high as that of the United States. The average annual number for Japan for five years ending in 1902 or 1903 is 93,949; for the United States, 55,502; for Norway, 129.

To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.—*Madame Swetchine*.

Suggestions for the Home-keeper

A Paint-Brush Will Get Dust Out of Cracks

better than any duster will, for a cloth can not reach all the corners. Try the brush when you are cleaning base-boards, window-sashes, etc., and you will appreciate it.

In Cleaning White Enamel Woodwork

try using sweet milk and ammonia — two tablespoonfuls of the latter to a quart of milk. This mixture will not turn the enamel yellow, as some cheap kinds of soap are likely to do.

To Wash a Brush and Comb

dip them in a quart of water to which has been added a teaspoonful of household ammonia. All grease and dirt will easily be disposed of. Rinse in clear water, shake, and dry on soft, clean cloths.

It Is a Good Idea

to have glass cut to fit a shelf on which plants stand. The glass is easily cleaned, and saves the wood underneath. A piece of plate glass, cut to fit a window ledge or top of a radiator, will often furnish a convenient shelf. A pretty tea-room has its tables covered with an attractive pattern in cretonne, and this in turn covered with plate glass exactly fitting the tables.

Rugs May Be Prevented From Slipping on a polished floor if a strip of rubber is sewed on the under side at each end.

Boil New Earthenware Dishes

before using them, and they will lose a great deal of their brittleness. Put a large kettle or boiler on the fire, fill it with cold water, and place the new ware in it, taking care that the water covers it completely. Heat the water slowly to the boiling-point; then remove the kettle from the fire, allowing the ware to cool in the water before it is taken out. Glassware may be treated in the same way, especially lamp chimneys.

A Good Medicine Closet

was made by one woman out of a discarded croquet-box. Set upright against the wall in the bath-room, it took but little space. Shelves were placed at convenient distances apart, and the whole closet was painted white, to match the finish of the bath-room.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Suggestions for the Seamstress

Marking a Waist for Hooks and Eyes or Buttons and Buttonholes

THE following simple method will greatly facilitate the work, and is sure to produce accurate results. It is the technically correct way:—

Place the two sides of the waist evenly together at top and bottom, and at the sides. Pin securely at the top and at the bottom, and in two or three places along the sides, so that the two sections can not slip or pull askew. Then, at regular spaces, stick pins through the two sections. Use the pins as one would use tacks or thumb-tacks, sticking them straight down, at right angles, through the goods. Next, with needle and colored thread, mark first down one side of the waist, then down the other, making a tiny stitch at every pin

insertion, and a long basting stitch between. Of course the tiny marking stitches should be sewed through only one side of the waist at a time.

Sewing on Hooks and Eyes

For a waist lining, or for an ordinary tight-fitting waist, the hooks and eyes should be alternated — first a hook and then an eye, again a hook and then an eye, all the way down each side of the waist. The eyes should be placed so that they just reach the edge of the waist. The hooks should be placed one eighth of an inch in from the edge. This gives a perfect adjustment when hooked together.

Adjusting Sleeves to Waist

The best and surest way is to adjust the sleeve to the waist on the person. Then the sleeve can be pinned into place. The principal thing to remember is that the up and down of the goods in the sleeve (the warp of the goods) must hang straight from the shoulder to the elbow. After the sleeve is adjusted and pinned properly at the shoulder, the under parts should be



pinned smoothly together. In this way, the extra fullness will be worked from the under curves upward toward the top of the sleeve, where it belongs, and where it can be pinned into place.

A second way to adjust a sleeve, where notches have been forgotten, is to measure one inch back from the shoulder seam of the waist; from this point, halve the armhole and crease. Then the creased point at the opposite side of the armhole will be the point of adjustment for the seam of the sleeve.

The Old-Fashioned Knot

Fine needle-workers seldom use the old-fashioned knot. Its unnecessary bulk has condemned it except for basting, gathering, the sewing on of buttons, and, occasionally, for flannels. The correct thing is to make two or three tiny backstitches, one upon the other, making the beginning stitches exactly like the finishing-off stitches. The result is very satisfactory.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

“No sensible reason can be given why a man should not walk as uprightly as a woman, or why he should be less condemned than a woman. Man is entitled to no privileges relative to conduct to which a woman is not entitled. God expects one to be as pure as the other, exacting purity of thought and act from both.”



The Baby

Little groping hands, so helpless in their reaching;
 Little eyes that wonder, life's mysteries to scan,
 Gathering ideas from the monody of teaching;
 Time enough for trouble, when thou shalt be a man.

Little arching lips that curve with pain and sorrow,
 Little heart oft heavy for the joys that pass away,
 Leave the coming seasons; let not thy bosom borrow
 Shadows from the future, but just be glad to-day.

Mercy shuts thine eyes to the things that come to-morrow,
 Giving thee the sunshine in childhood's happy years.
 Ah, but later on, when manhood brings its sorrows,
 Will be time enough for sadness, time enough for tears.

L. D. SANTEE.

The Choice

GRANDFATHER DONALDSON rubbed the last drop of liniment into his rheumatic ankles, pulled on his woolen socks, stuck his feet gingerly into his slippers, and, cautiously stretching his legs till they rested on the worn hassock before him, gazed glumly out of the window.

It was raining—an October drizzle. Water dripped from the eaves, and drenched the windows to a murky opacity. It was a bad time for rheumatic ankles.

Grandfather Donaldson leaned back in his rocker, and let his eyes rest on the window at the end of the room. Sometimes the wind shifted and the glass cleared momentarily, permitting him to see the straggling village street, the wide yards, and the old houses opposite. In forty years—he was almost seventy now—there had not been many days when the familiar view was not open to him. Since his wife's death, ten years before, he had visited their children even less frequently than usual. The neighbors would have said that you could almost always find Grandfather Donaldson at home. And the neighbors knew, of course.

While he sat looking at the scene, whose drenched, blurred lines made it all the more poignantly familiar in a country where rain was the rule rather than the exception, his old heart twitched with an ache that hurt worse than the pain in his rheumatic ankles.

Grandfather Donaldson, for the first time in his life, was without a home. The rooftree above him was no longer his own.

Never a wealthy man, his last business venture had proved most disastrous. He blamed only himself for it. The whole family, except Dick, the youngest—and nobody was silly enough to ask Dick's financial opinion—had advised against it. But he had persisted, with the stubbornness of age, and it had turned out just as Anson and Edward and David—Milly's husband—had foretold. Only a month ago he had sold the old house to clear himself of indebtedness, and in a fortnight more he must give possession. He was a very independent old man; but he pocketed his pride, and

wrote to his children—even to Dick—telling them how matters stood with him. O, well, there were so few years left now! He could manage somehow for what little time the good Lord would be willing to lend him.

He wondered why he hadn't heard from the children. Jenkins said there had been no mail for two days; but then Jenkins didn't relish trotting to the post-office in the rain, and he wasn't above fibbing even in the driest weather.

Jenkins, an inefficient old soul that lived next door, "fetched and carried" for Grandfather Donaldson in a fashion peculiarly his own,—a charming fashion it was, if absolute unreliability ever possesses charm.

Grandfather Donaldson got carefully to his feet, and shuffled toward the window. The wind had changed again, it was colder, and a patch of the blue sky—the first in forty-eight hours—showed just above Jenkins's roof. At that moment Jenkins himself came to the door, and Grandfather Donaldson took up an envelope and waved it till he caught Jenkins's eye, when he pointed insinuatingly in the direction of the post-office.

Three quarters of an hour passed before Jenkins left the house. But that, for Jenkins, was unusually quick work. Grandfather Donaldson saw him safely started in the middle of the muddy road,—Jenkins scorned a sidewalk,—and then hobbled back to his chair.

"He'll bring me word from all of 'em!" he said convincingly, "I feel it in my bones."

Sitting there in the old-fashioned, meagerly furnished room that had become almost a part of him, he fell to wondering just what each of the children would say. He was a shrewd old man where human nature was concerned, and he knew that in a crisis even one's children at times fail one.

He had visited them all but Dick, and he loved them in varying degrees, of course; that is, all except Ed's wife. Ed's wife was literary. She wrote poetry in bed while poor Ed ate his breakfast alone! A crime like that was almost as bad as manslaughter in Grandfather Donaldson's eyes. He'd hate to live at Ed's.

He had started to weigh the advantages and disadvantages at Anson's when Jenkins unexpectedly returned, moved into unheard-of action by the phenomenal mail.

"I thought they's goin' to give me the whole post-office!" he grumbled, and, yielding up the three letters, went on out to the wood-shed.

Grandfather Donaldson cleared a space on the cluttered table, put on his glasses, and spread out the letters before him. He was very much disappointed because Dick's postmark was not among them.

"Ecny, meeny, miney—" he began grimly, touching his wrinkled forefinger to each of the envelopes, and



letting it poise wistfully for an instant over the "mo" where Dick's letter might have been.

He opened the letter at his left and read:—

DEAR FATHER: I am glad that you have got rid of the old place at last. I am willing to buy it back for you; but even so you would be confronted with the question of comfort. You say your rheumatism has almost disabled you, and that it is impossible to get adequate attention in so small a place. Since you do not speak of remaining there, I dare say the plan appeals to you no more than to us.

Why not come to us immediately and make your permanent home here? You may have as many rooms as you like, and a "valet for every toe" if you want them. There is not a soul here to bother you—except when Ella is maneuvering one of her social "triumphs;" and even then means of escape are not entirely lacking. There are two new cars and an extra chauffeur at your disposal. Come along and don't waste any time thinking about it.

Write us a few days before you start. Ella joins me in this demand that you make your home with us.

Your affectionate son,

ANSON.

P. S.—I suppose the others will want you just as much as we do, but you must not allow yourself to listen to them. By the way, how's Dick? Poor boy! It's been some time since we have heard from him.

Anson was Grandfather Donaldson's eldest son. He was as successful as his letter indicated, a man whose business filled every moment of his waking hours and disturbed most of his sleep. His wife was as much engrossed by society as he was by business. Yet their "team work" was excellent. Money and society, society and money! It was about all Grandfather Donaldson heard on his infrequent visits there. "Not a soul to bother you" made the old man smile. The great house was eternally overrun. Ella's triumphs were like Ella herself—all-pervasive. And when a triumph wasn't being "maneuvered," the place was filled with tuft-hunters and all sorts of celebrities that were more than willing to furnish the tufts. Grandfather Donaldson was forever bumping into them. "I never go to bed at Anson's that I don't feel as if I were undressing right in the center of the Hall of Fame," he once confided to Dick. And good, good-for-nothing Dick, with that inimitable flicker of his eyelid, had puckered his whimsical mouth for a few bars of "I dreamt I dwelt," breaking off to add: "Well, Dad, you needn't suffer any such embarrassment in *our* little spare six by four."

Dick had been started in business twice, but each time he had made miserable work of it. Anson had offered to give him a third chance, but Dick refused. "If I'm to make good, I'll have to do it from the ground up—get my own start, you know," he said as blithely as if it really didn't matter much whether he made good or not. "So I might as well knuckle down to it."

He was little more than a boy then, and his restlessness had carried him to the West. It had been pretty difficult to keep track of him up to the last two years. He came home for a short visit then. Getting nearer the ground hadn't seemed to help matters much. "I'm just about as poor as ever," he admitted, "but I'm just as happy as ever, too." He talked a great deal about the girl he was going to marry. They were to be married within the next six months. He had a picture of the little home he had bought on instalments—a five-room log house in the barren mining-camp where he worked. When Ella saw the picture, she gave Anson a sidewise glance of appalling hopelessness. Dick had been married a year and a half now. He always wrote that he and his Elizabeth were very happy.

Grandfather Donaldson sighed dismally when he read Anson's postscript. Too bad Dick had to be away off there! Of course he couldn't think of going to

Dick's. It was too far away, they had none of the conveniences; it would be hard for them to make him comfortable, and he feared he would be a burden to them. No, it wasn't to be considered.

The next letter proved to be from Ed's wife. It ran:—

OUR VERY DEAR FATHER: Your letter came to us like a veritable harbinger of glad tidings. So you have had to part with the dear old home! What a heartbreak! What a sundering of precious ties! But how good it must be to you to feel that you are not cast adrift, that the cables of your children's love still hold you. And surely it is time we were given a chance to minister unto you. Surely one at your age is compelled to admit: "We are old, and on our quickest decrees the inaudible and noiseless foot of time steals ere we can effect them."

We are very happy this morning, for a little bird tells us you are coming here to us to pass the many happy days that are sure to be yours.

Your abidingly affectionate

GUINEVERE PEEBLES DONALDSON.

"O my!" groaned Grandfather Donaldson, stuffing the letter into his pocket.

The last letter was from David. David was the son-in-law. A widower with three children, he had married into the Donaldson family, and had straightway acquired the habit of success that had distinguished all except its youngest member. He wrote a cordial, earnest letter, to which Milly appended an eloquent plea. Grandfather Donaldson *must* come to them. There was not the social hubbub and confusion that made Anson's impossible, nor would he ever be put to the ignominy of breakfasting while the mistress of the establishment lay abed composing a sonnet. As for Dick's, that was not to be considered. They were glad their children were grown up; there would be no bothersome, squalling little urchins to distract him.

For just an instant Grandfather Donaldson was glad the children *were* grown up. They were not his grandchildren, and they had never seemed to be. It amused him sometimes, but oftener it gave him a little pang of regret, when people called him Grandfather. "I suppose I must look the part," he said once to a new acquaintance, "but I haven't a really truly grandchild to my name!"

He put the letters down. Going to the window again, he looked out on the familiar scene. He'd soon be leaving it for—where? It was the very hardest question he had ever been called on to answer. The children were separated by several hundreds of miles, and he didn't care to shift from one to the other. His choice must be permanent.

He left the window, and began to hobble stiffly up and down the room. His huge, frosted brows were knotted perplexedly, his bearded face was anxious and undecided. "I'm like an old dog following his tail around, trying to find the right place to lie in," he said grimly.

Why hadn't Dick written? he asked himself disappointedly. To be sure he was farthest away, but he had been written to first. It was so unusual for Dick to lag. Then it occurred to him again that Dick's reply couldn't possibly make any difference in his decision!

What was it he wanted anyhow? he suddenly put to himself. Wasn't it comfort and ease and freedom from care? What else could an old man want? He was tired of Jenkins and his eternal bungling, of the pale, sad meals he had brought in to him, of the lack of everything that brightens and eases age. He wanted cool porches in summer and steam heat in winter, didn't he? He wanted hot water when he wanted it! He liked all sorts of pretty things. He liked Anson's machines with their velvety motion. He liked to be waited

on, since it was absolutely necessary that he *had* to be waited on. He liked luxury, and had had little enough of it! Why shouldn't he take what was so generously offered him? It was so splendid to know that in the midst of such plenty the cost of one's own humble material welfare was completely negligible. What was he hesitating about? Why should he cheat his old bones out of the luxury that was so easily within his reach?

"It's merely a matter between Anson's and David's," he declared, "and it has to be settled right now."

He reached into his pocket and brought forth an old "pocket penny" he had carried for years. "Heads, Anson; tails, David," he said grimly, balancing it on his finger for the flip. At that instant the door-bell rang, and Jenkins admitted a messenger boy.

"John Albert Donaldson, Sr.," was the name on the envelope.

Grandfather Donaldson blinked at it wonderingly. No one had ever addressed him like that before. He tore open the message, and read:—

John Albert Donaldson, Jr., arrived this morning. Weighs eight pounds, and is already crying for his grandfather. DICK.

"Any answer, sir?" the messenger piped, and the old man came to himself with a start. Reaching out eagerly for the telegraph blank, he tried to write; but his hand was too unsteady. He was compelled to pass back the pad. "Can't do it," he said disgustedly. "You will have to write it for me."

The boy put the pad on his knee.

There was a brief silence.

"Coming," Grandfather Donaldson said; and he had to pause to give vent to his chuckling, "just one little word—*Coming!*"—William Chester Estabrook, in *Ambition*.

Animals With Memories

THAT animals of certain species possess highly retentive memories is vividly illustrated by a tragic affair that recently happened in Colorado.

Among the live stock of Antonio Anderson, a successful farmer, was a fine bull that was so docile that Mrs. Anderson herself fed and watered him regularly every day. On one occasion, more than a year ago, while Mrs. Anderson was absent, Anderson gave the animal a cruel beating with a club. The man had forgotten the affair, but had not approached the bull since then until the other evening, when he decided to lead the bull to water. When Anderson drew near, the animal attacked him and gored him to death. Neighbors who witnessed the affair insisted that the bull was mad and should be killed. To show that they were mistaken, Mrs. Anderson stepped forward, rubbed the bull's nose, then put her arm around his neck and led him away. The man forgot his cruel deed, but the bull remembered.—*New York Mail*.

Oil on the Waters

OIL poured upon the surface of stormy water has a wonderful effect in calming it, and many vessels have probably been saved from destruction by this simple means. This curious effect depends upon the viscosity, or adhesiveness, of the oil, which causes it to act somewhat like a skin drawn over the more unstable surface of the water, so that the tendency of the latter to break into spray as it is driven by the wind is restrained. The danger to ships from a high running sea arises from this breaking of the waves. As long as the surface is smooth, the ship rides easily upon them.—*Selected*.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Study for Sabbath, November 18

Missionary Volunteer Methods, No. 17 — Giving to Missions

LEADER'S NOTE.—This should be an intensely interesting program. For the symposium ask each member to bring a text relative to giving. It would be well for the program committee to be prepared to supply those who forget. The three-minute paper on "Giving and Interest" should show how giving creates an interest in the field to which the funds may go. You may remember the story of the little boy who felt that he was a part of the firm because he had contributed a brick toward the building. The article entitled "Thoughts on Giving" will be helpful in this connection. Emphasize the importance of giving regularly, cheerfully, and systematically to some definite object. Many have proved to their satisfaction that the best plan to raise money is by subscription. Do your best to get every member to pledge a certain sum to be paid each week for a quarter, six months, or a year. It might be well to give some definite suggestions for raising money.

The following resolutions were passed at the last General Conference:—

"Whereas, There is a great educational and spiritual value to our youth in rendering definite assistance to foreign missions; and,—

"Whereas, The Foreign Mission Seminary Scholarship fund is greatly needed to assist in quickly preparing workers for the field; therefore,—

"1. *Resolved*, That our conferences be encouraged to complete this fund as soon as possible.

"2. *Resolved*, That the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department keep prepared a list of definite opportunities to help advance the cause, and that the department cooperate with the local conference workers in choosing such of these opportunities as may seem best adapted to the local field."

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Divine Origin of Giving to Missions (ten-minute talk).

See page 6.

The Privilege of Giving (five-minute paper).

Symposium.

Giving and Interest (three-minute paper).

How Shall We Give (five-minute paper)?

All Can Give Something (five-minute talk).

Report of work.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5 — Lesson 5: "The Price of Africa," Chapter 5

Notes

1. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." At the time Mr. Cox went out, there were others who were better able to respond to the call than he was. After the church had called for seven years without getting a response, God saw fit to lay the burden of that needy field on the heart of one of the weakest of his children.

2. What made this man great is the only source of true greatness,—an abiding trust in God. He felt certain that God was calling him there. What the outcome might be was no concern of his. He wrote to a friend: "I thirst to be on my way. I pray that God may go with me there. I have no lingering fear. A grave in Africa will be sweet to me if he sustains me there." Perhaps he thought that he would be a needed sacrifice to lay upon the altar for Africa, that the church might be aroused from her lethargy. The following thought written to a friend shortly before his departure seems to indicate this: "I know that I can not live long in Africa, but I hope to live long enough to get there; and if it please God that my bones shall lie in an African grave, I shall have established such a bond between Africa and the church at home as shall not be broken until Africa be redeemed."

3. The effect of the devotion of the one trusting, loyal soul was not lost upon the church. Before Mr. Cox passed away, unknown to him, five others had volunteered for that field. Even after receiving the sad news of his death, they all sailed for Africa.

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 5: "Uganda's White Man of Work," Pages 111-134

1. WHAT was the general attitude of the natives toward Mr. Mackay as compared with their regard for Mukasa, the wizard?
2. Tell something of the worship of wizards and witches, and why they were so worshiped.
3. Where did Mukasa live? What was the usual proceeding when he was consulted?
4. Why and by whom was it arranged for him to visit Mutesa?
5. Upon what course of action did the missionaries decide?
6. Tell what took place at the interview, and the result.
7. What further discussion was held a few days later?
8. What was Mutesa's final decision?
9. How did Mr. Mackay learn the details of what followed?
10. Relate the story.

Morning Watch Illustrations: Rejoice in Tribulations

MANY people think of God's will as something hard to be endured, when really it is the very best thing that we could ask. Several years ago a woman, with her little baby, was riding in a stage-coach in western Montana. The weather was bitterly cold, and, in spite of all the driver could do to protect her, he saw that the mother was becoming unconscious from the cold. He stopped the coach, took the baby, and wrapping it warmly, put it under the seat, then seized the mother by the arm, and dragging her out upon the ground, drove away, leaving her in the road. As she saw him drive away, she ran after him, crying piteously for her baby. When he felt sure that she was warm, he allowed her to overtake the coach and resume her place by her baby. Can we not imagine her gratitude when she realized that he had saved her life? He had done as God sometimes does, to shake us out of soul lethargy and moral sleep which would end in death.—*Youth's Companion*.

A bee-keeper told me the story of the hive,—how when the little bee is in the first stage, it is put into a hexagonal cell, and honey enough is stored there for its use till it reaches maturity. The honey is sealed with a capsule of wax, and when the tiny bee has fed itself on the honey and exhausted the supply, the time has come for it to emerge into the open. But, O, the wrestle, the tussle, the straining to get through that wax! It is the strait gate for the bee, so strait that in the agony of exit the bee rubs off the membrane that hid its wings, and on the other side it is able to fly. Once a moth got into the hive and fed on the wax capsules, and the bees got out without any strain or struggle. But they could not fly, and the other bees stung them to death. Are you congratulating yourself on having an easy time—no hardness, no difficulties, no cross? Beware lest, like the bees, you lose your wing power and perish miserably in the dust.—*William Hetherington*.



VI — Paul's Defense Before Felix

(November 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 24: 1-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Matt. 5: 11.

Questions

1. Under what circumstances had Paul been sent to Cæsarea? How had his case been made known to the governor? What did Felix decide to do? Note 1.
2. How long a time elapsed before Paul's accusers came from Jerusalem? Who were his accusers? Whom did they bring with them? Acts 24: 1.
3. Who was Tertullus? Why had he been chosen? Who was the judge? How was the case presented? Note 2.
4. When Paul was brought before them, what did Tertullus begin to do? How did Tertullus commence his speech of accusation? What were some of the things that he said in praise of the governor? Verses 2, 3; note 3.
5. After his flattering words to Felix, what did Tertullus do? How many parts were there to this charge? What was Paul accused of doing among all the Jews throughout the world? Of whom was he said to be the ringleader? What did Tertullus say Paul had profaned? Verses 4-6; note 4.
6. According to what does Tertullus say the Jews would have judged Paul? What did he say about Lysias? How did he make it appear? What was the truth on this point? Verses 6, 7. See Acts 21: 30-35.
7. What did Tertullus say that Felix would find out if he would examine the witnesses? When the Jews were questioned, what did they all declare? Verses 8, 9.
8. To whom did Felix then beckon? What did Paul say gave him courage to speak cheerfully in his own defense? Verse 10.
9. How long did Paul say he had been in Jerusalem? How did he answer the charge of making a disturbance among the Jews? Verses 11-13.
10. What did Paul confess in answer to the charge that he belonged to the sect called Nazarenes? What did the Jews call his manner of worship? Whom did he say he worshiped? What did he believe? Verse 14.
11. How did he declare his belief in the resurrection? What did he try always to have? Verses 15, 16.
12. Why had Paul visited Jerusalem at this time? Who had seen him in the temple, and first accused him? Verses 17, 18. See Acts 21: 27, 28.
13. Where did Paul say these men ought now to be? and what should they do? What did Paul call upon his accusers who were present to do? What one thing only had he cried out as he stood among them? Verses 19-21. See Acts 23: 6.
14. Of what did Felix have some understanding? What reason did he give for deferring sentence? What command did he give the centurion? What liberty was allowed Paul? Verses 22, 23.
15. What must Felix have felt? Why did he not wish to decide against the Jews? Of what is there no

record? How long did Paul remain a prisoner, with certain liberties, in Cæsarea? Note 5.

Notes

1. Paul had been sent to Cæsarea under special escort. The soldiers gave to Felix, the Roman governor, a letter from Claudius Lysias, the chief captain of the soldiers at Jerusalem, in which Paul's case was explained. After reading it, Felix said he would hear Paul's accusers when they should come, and he kept Paul in confinement in the palace.

2. Tertullus was a Roman lawyer who worked for whoever hired him, as lawyers do now. He had probably been chosen on account of his superior knowledge of Roman law, and methods of court procedure. Felix was the judge. There were no jurors. Tertullus presented the charges, and these were to be confirmed by witnesses from Jerusalem.

3. Felix was a wicked man and a bad governor, and the Jews hated him; yet they were willing for Tertullus to flatter him, hoping in this way that they might win him to their side, and so get Paul into their power.

4. Inciting disturbance among the Jews throughout the empire was an offense against the Roman law. By the Jews, the Christians were called the sect of the Nazarenes, and their belief was counted as heresy against the law of Moses. Profaning the temple was prohibited by the law of Moses, and the Roman law protected the Jews in their temple worship; hence this latter accusation was a double one. The fact that the accusation involved both Jewish and Roman law made Paul's case the more serious.

5. Felix must have felt that a decision against Paul would be a great injustice, which might bring trouble upon himself. But if he decided against the Jews, he would give great offense to them, and they, knowing many of his evil deeds, might cause him to give account of himself to Rome. Hence he postponed his decision. There is no record that Claudius Lysias ever came to Cæsarea, or that Felix tried to have him come. Paul remained a prisoner at Cæsarea for two years.

12. What hope did he cherish? What did he say was his constant endeavor? Verses 15, 16.

13. After long absence from Jerusalem, what evidence of good will to his people did Paul show? Verse 17.

14. What showed that those Jews had nothing to bring against him? Verses 18, 19.

15. What did Paul demand of the persecuting Jews present? Verse 20.

16. What did Paul say was the only thing that could be truly charged against him? Verse 21.

17. What did Felix propose when he heard these things? Verse 22; note 3.

18. What order did he issue concerning Paul? What favors did he grant him? Verse 23.

Notes

1. Nothing is known of Tertullus except this mention of him. "The description of Tertullus here as an orator indicates that he was a paid advocate."—*Abbott*.

2. "Tertullus here descended to barefaced falsehood. The character of Felix was base and contemptible. It was said that he 'practised all kinds of lust and cruelty with the power of a king and the temper of a slave.' . . . His acts of cruelty and oppression caused him to be universally hated."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 235.

3. "This reference to Lysias may have been a device for turning away the Jews, an excuse for the temporary dismissal of the case, and need not imply that Felix was in doubt regarding Paul's innocence and was waiting for further light. There is no record that Lysias ever came down to Cæsarea, or that Felix made any effort to have him come. It is not probable that the Jews waited long in Cæsarea on such an uncertainty. They returned to Jerusalem with the small satisfaction that if Paul was still alive, he at least was not preaching and destroying the influence of Moses. They seem to have attempted nothing further for two years."—*Student's Life of Paul* (Gilbert), page 193.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI — Paul's Defense Before Felix

(November 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 24: 1-23.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACE: Cæsarea.

PERSONS: Paul, Felix, the high priest and elders, Tertullus the orator.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 5: 11.

Questions

1. Who came to Cæsarea to appear against Paul? Who was their spokesman? Acts 24: 1; note 1.

2. With what words of flattery to the governor did Tertullus begin his accusations against Paul? Verses 2-4; note 2.

3. What charge did he bring against Paul? How did he refer to Paul's religious connections? Verse 5.

4. What did he say Paul was about to do when they took him? Verse 6.

5. How did he represent that Lysias had interrupted the course of justice? Verse 7.

6. What did Tertullus assert the governor would himself learn by examining Paul? Verse 8.

7. What did the Jews present also say? Verse 9.

8. What permission was then given Paul? How did he begin his defense? Verse 10.

9. How long a time had elapsed since Paul arrived at Jerusalem? What did he say was his purpose in going there? What did he say of his conduct while there? Verses 11, 12.

10. What about the charges preferred against him? Verse 13.

11. What confession did he make? Of whom was he a worshiper? What did he say concerning his belief? Verse 14.

What Not to See

WHEN I reached home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copy-book, which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for as she turned over the pages, she knew some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempt. The pages were very neatly written, and I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page, the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into my face with an artlessness that was beautiful, she said, "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course I did not see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead, and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not "see the blots"! When littlenesses and meannesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we would only look away from these to some brighter pages!—*Epworth Era*.

RECENTLY some men came on foot from their village, a distance of one hundred seventy-five miles, to a mission station in the Kongo, Africa, to urge that teachers be sent to tell their people the way of life. They said they had been told that if they would build a church in their village, a teacher would come to show them the way of salvation. They had built a church, and they had waited until the church had gone into decay, but no teacher had come.

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

BE kind, be glad, be true,
Trust God the whole day through;
When things go wrong,
Or troubles throng,
Look up in song,
And all is well with you.

—O. S. Hoffman.

Took It as a Joke

ACCORDING to the papers many perished in the flood at Austin, Pennsylvania, September 30, because they took the warning as a joke. So, too, will it be at the Saviour's coming, when all sinners will be destroyed by the brightness of his coming. Even now the message, "Prepare to meet him," is sounding throughout the earth. But people generally consider it a joke, and scoff at the idea. Soon, however, the cloud that betokens the return of our Lord will appear in the heavens, and then those who lightly regard the warning, will call for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them and hide them "from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

At Washington

AT his own request (according to Secretary Wilson) George B. McCabe, solicitor of the department, and until recently dominating spirit in the enforcement of the pure food law, is relieved from further service on the board. Dr. F. L. Dunlap, the associate chemist, who, according to the Wiley adherents, worked for Dr. Wiley's downfall, is given a long leave of absence. Dr. Wiley, the only remaining member of the pure food inspection board, is reenforced by the appointment of R. E. Doolittle, chief of the bureau of chemistry laboratory in New York City. Until Congress adopts another statute creating a new agency to enforce the act, the decisions of Messrs. Wiley and Doolittle will govern in the matter of enforcement of the pure food and drugs act, subject, of course, to approval by the Secretary of Agriculture. Solicitor McCabe is regarded by friends of Dr. Wiley as the arch-enemy, and there have been demands that he should be dismissed, or "permitted to resign."—*The Independent*.

Are You?

ARE you taking one or both of the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses? If not, you are missing a great deal more than you save by not purchasing the books.

Every boy and girl who reads the INSTRUCTOR would thoroughly enjoy reading "Uganda's White Man of Work," which in paper cover costs only thirty-five cents. Address Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C., if you desire any of the Reading Course books.

What Reading Will Do

A KNOWLEDGE of the great books will beget self-confidence, and that is a good gift of efficiency. I think that history and biography tend especially to do this. In our enthusiasm for the present we must not ignore the past; it has sap for our sinews, inspiration for our hardest endeavor. To cut one's self off from the past is to break with the record of human experiences. The efficient man should find the line of historical continuity which binds him to the race, trace it, and so link himself in the chain of universal endeavor. He discovers that he is what he is because the past has made him what he is; the clash of ancient arms, the rush of centuries, the rise and fall of nations, have all mixed in the molding of a man.—*J. A. B. Scherer*.

Western Colorado

ANOTHER camp-meeting season has passed with its weight of opportunities and responsibilities. There is no other time during the year when our young people are placed under circumstances so favorable for gaining a better experience in the things of God, and for receiving the preparation so necessary for successful missionary effort. If we have permitted this precious season to slip by without drawing nearer the Lord, eternity alone will disclose the results.

While there were fewer cases of conversion this year at our camp-meeting, yet the Lord came very near to the young people, and led to a fuller surrender of self and to a deeper consecration of all to the Lord.

At the beginning of the meeting, bands were organized for prayer and personal work. This plan is not only instrumental in reaching out for the lost, but also has a good effect upon those who thus consecrate themselves to this service for the Lord. A Bethel tent was pitched for the use of the prayer bands, and proved to be most practical.

On the first Sunday afternoon of the meetings the Missionary Volunteers of the conference rendered a Harvest Ingathering program in the large tent. The service, having been advertised in the city papers, was well attended by the public. The offering taken at the close of the service amounted to \$22.61.

A large per cent of our young people are taking the Reading Courses this year, and a goodly number are preparing for the Standard of Attainment.

W. M. ANDRESS, *Secretary*.

DID you ever hear of a man's renouncing Christianity on his death-bed, and turning infidel?—*Josh Billings*.

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—*Solomon*.