

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

April 2, 1912

No. 14

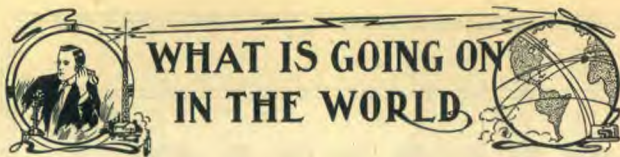
## God Understands

It is so sweet to know,  
When we are tired, and when the hand of pain  
Lies on our hearts, and when we look in vain  
For human comfort, that the heart divine  
Still understands these cares of yours and mine;

Not only understands, but day by day  
Lives with us while we tread the earthly way,  
Bears with us all our weariness, and feels  
The shadow of the faintest cloud that steals  
Across our sunshine, even learns again  
The depth and bitterness of human pain.

There is no sorrow that he will not share,  
No cross, no burden for our hearts to bear  
Without his help, no care of ours too small  
To cast on Jesus: let us tell him all —  
Lay at his feet the story of our woes,  
And in his sympathy find sweet repose.

— Selected.



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY resigned as chief United States chemist, on March 15, 1912.

AN effort is being made by friends of Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, to raise an endowment of five hundred thousand dollars for its seventy-fifth anniversary next October. Two thirds of this amount has already been given.

ON the twenty-third of March public funeral honors were accorded the last of the dead from the battle-ship "Maine." The services over the thirty-four bodies recovered were held at the south front of the State, War, and Navy Department building, after which interment took place in Arlington Cemetery.

THE total value of imports into the Philippine Islands during the year amounted to \$49,833,722, as compared with \$37,067,630 for 1910. The total value of exports was \$39,778,629, as compared with \$39,717,960 the previous year. Exports to the United States decreased from \$18,793,678 in 1910 to \$16,813,864.

MONTPELIER, the capital of the State of Vermont, returned to the no-license ranks in the annual election recently. The city had been in the "wet" column but one year. Six towns also changed to no license. As a result there were but twenty-two of the two hundred forty-six cities and towns in the State where the open saloon is legalized during the coming year.

WHILE flesh-meat contains three to seven grains of uric acid, says Dr. T. J. Allen, food specialist, coffee contains seventy grains and tea one hundred seventy grains per pound.

IT is estimated by the Bureau of Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor, that there are at least 30,000 manufacturing concerns in the United States directly interested in the export trade. The value of the export business increased to the grand total of \$2,000,000,000 during the fiscal year 1911, of which sum fully one half represented the value of manufactured exports.

"Tis heaven alone that is given away;  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
There is no price set on the lavish summer;  
And June may be had by the poorest comer."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 2, 1912

No. 14

## How Should an Epworthian Behave in Church?

[The following article appeared in the *Epworth Herald*, and refers especially to young people of that organization; but since its suggestions are of worth to young people everywhere, we print it entire in the INSTRUCTOR.]



HE warm sunlight of a balmy May morning was streaming through the stained-glass windows of a little chapel. The birds were pouring forth from their tiny throats rollicking carols as they swayed on the branches of the old elm-trees that reached their long arms reverently toward the hallowed walls. The odor of lilacs mingled with the balm of the atmosphere, and was wafted to me as I sat in the church dreamily enjoying the calm of the day. "All nature, in reverence, is praising the great All-Father for his wonderful goodness to the children of men," I thought as I winged a silent prayer that on this glad morning he would visit hearts benighted and souls despairing.

But harshly breaking in upon this peaceful calm, and rudely assailing my ears, came, from the pew just across the aisle, the sound of suppressed giggling, and conversation carried on in an undertone. I looked at their bright, intelligent faces. "Epworthians," I abstractedly observed, and wondered how they could break in upon the silent reverence with their frivolous chatter. I strove to return to my meditation, but each attempt was frustrated by the whispering, which, though subdued, was still very annoying to those close to their pew.

During the singing of the hymns they were occupied in writing upon the fly-leaf of the hymn-book placed in their pew, and passing it to a young man behind them. While the minister was praying, the whispering continued with renewed violence; afterward I strove to concentrate my thoughts upon the text, but in vain; I was disturbed by a suspicion of mirth, and just entering their pew I saw a lady upon whose head the hand of time was resting heavily. She was attired in quaint, old-fashioned clothing, scrupulously clean, but worn and faded. The stooping figure unobtrusively knelt for a moment, and the young ladies could scarcely suppress their merriment.

Each time the church doors swung open to admit a newcomer, the heads of the young ladies automatically turned, and there would be another consultation, perhaps upon the appearance of the new arrival.

Wearily I turned my eyes in another direction only to see another Epworthian, her eyes listlessly observing the apparel of the people about her, perfectly quiet except for a constant moving of her jaws, my mind absently keeping up a sort of rhyme to this rhythmic motion:—

"Chew, chew, is what I do;  
Gum, gum, I must have some.  
So a chew I take to keep awake,  
And chew, chew, the sermon through."

And no doubt this doggerel would have continued to course through my mind *ad infinitum* had not my attention been disturbed by another young lady who was whiling away the time turning the leaves of her hymn-book, and when weary of this, busied herself

watching the scintillations of the diamond on her hand as the light fell upon it.

Not once were her soft brown eyes turned toward the minister, and several times she suppressed a yawn as she glanced at her tiny jeweled watch, a shade of impatience upon her face.

Very little I heard of the sermon; it was especially addressed to young people concerning reverence for the house of God. I vaguely remember that the minister said, "This is the house of God, to the reverent soul the gate of heaven, so hallowed by the presence of God himself that almost it can hear his gentle voice and feel the majesty of his presence;" yet as I passed out after the benediction, even the melody of the feathered songsters seemed harsh and out of tune, the scent of the flowers oppressive, the sunshine glaring, and all nature out of harmony; the peace and the thanksgiving had flown, my spirits were depressed, the holy calm dissipated by the thoughtless behavior of a few, and I sighed as I said:—

"O wad some power the gift to gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Days passed and again I sat in the same church. The oppressive heat and glare of the day had given place to the refreshing coolness of the night; all was quiet save when the cooling zephyrs bore to us the plaintive cry of the turtle-dove and the faint tinkle of the bells of the cows that were coming home from the pasture. The same holy calm that before enthralled me crept over my waiting spirit, and I glanced apprehensively at my neighbors to ascertain, if possible, if any were disturbers. "None, I think, unless perchance this young lady and gentleman just entering the pew in front prove to be such," I thought. But a moment's observation of her quiet, reverent manner stilled my fears. How it thrilled me to hear her fresh young voice join in the anthems of praise. Her bright eyes kindled, her cheek mantled with fervor, and the notes of praise seemed to well spontaneously from a heart full of thanksgiving. Her head was reverently bowed during the prayer, and I felt that her petitions ascended with those of the minister. Before the reading of the lesson I saw her assist the lady in front to find the psalm, with such a kindly smile that the wrinkled face of the aged one beamed with satisfaction. It was the same lady whose antiquated apparel had excited the mirth of the girls who had disturbed my former visit. "How utterly unlike!" I thought.

This young lady gave the sermon her undivided attention. I watched the play of feelings on her face as the speaker continued, and he seemed to gain encouragement from her rapt attention, for often his gaze was riveted upon her face, which so plainly portrayed her sympathetic appreciation.

When the sermon was over, the young lady greeted those about her with a cheery word and a warm clasp of the hand, and welcomed the strangers and invited them to return.

Perfectly free and natural and unaffected she seemed, simply what one would expect from one who was seeking to attain the highest standard of Chris-

tian life. Then she spoke a few words to the minister in a low tone, telling him that the sermon was excellent, and his worn face lighted up as he replied that it was unnecessary for her to tell him that she enjoyed it; her attention told him so much, but nevertheless he was glad, he said, to be told that his words had helped some one.

In the vestibule I encountered my former acquaintances, who were accosted at the door by two young gentlemen who asked leave to accompany them home. Bright and winsome the young ladies seemed, yet I wondered if the young men would have felt any the less respectful toward them had they politely but firmly informed the gentlemen that they could not be picked up at the door like a parcel—that they must be accompanied to the church, if their company was desired; little wonder, I thought, that one of the young gentlemen asked and obtained permission to smoke. A queer world, I soliloquized, and queer people in it. Just then turning a corner, I came suddenly face to face with the young lady whose reverent manner in the church had so impressed me. She and the young gentleman who accompanied her were kindly piloting the aged lady to her home close by.

Unobserved, I watched them as they stood at the door. The soft rays of the moon struggled through the thick shrubbery and shone upon the silvered locks above the furrowed brow and kissed the sweet face of the maiden as she smilingly bade the aged one good night.

A moment more and they had disappeared from my view, but the breeze that swayed the trailing vines of the trumpetflowers, under which the three so lately stood, carried to my ears a prayer in behalf of the kindly one, a prayer which fell from the tremulous lips of old age, beseeching that the banner of Epworth League might be carried by hands that would be about the Master's business, that the hearts of those enlisted under its standard, so soon to fill the places of older soldiers who drop from the ranks, might be as devoted, unselfish, and reverent as this one.—*Mrs. E. J. Laven-ture.*

#### Horace Newton Allen, M. D.

In the experience of Dr. Allen the truth of the statement that the "medical work is an opening wedge," both in home and foreign fields, is demonstrated.

At the time he and his wife were sent to the Orient, 1884, Korea was a hermit nation, most truly as far as mission work was concerned. They located in China and waited there for an opportune time to go into Korea. In the fall of that year a cable came bearing the one word "Korea," which meant to them the time for their entrance into that land.

Dr. Allen met with a hostile reception, and it is doubtful whether he could have remained if the American minister, Gen. L. H. Foote, had not appointed him surgeon to the legation. In this capacity he began his services. However, it proved a providential opening, and truly made him the pioneer missionary to Korea.

Certain factions of the Koreans were bitter toward foreigners and anything that pertained to them. This spirit was manifested in a marked degree toward a modern innovation, the post-office. The capital was celebrating the opening of the first national post-office, and the reactionists took this opportunity to start a serious revolutionary riot. Incidentally this riot meant an opportunity in a vastly different sense.

Foreigners were advised to flee, and in a few days all had left Seoul except Dr. and Mrs. Allen. The heroic missionary and his wife stood at their post. Dr. Allen wrote of the situation: "We couldn't if we would, and we wouldn't if we could. I came to do just such work, and I can't leave these wounded people. We shall live in the old legation with the old flag flying, and trust the kind Father to care for us."

It was just three months after their arrival that word came to Dr. Allen that murder had been committed at a banquet given in honor of the celebration, and his immediate services were sought. Prince Min, the greatest man in Korea next to his ruler, lay at the point of death. It took three months of constant care, attended with much anxiety and peril to bring the prince back to health. When God chooses a certain man to do a certain work for him, he does not allow him to make a failure of it.

Dr. Allen, as physician to the prince, was honored by being made medical officer to the court and maritime customs services, and was provided with a hospital in which to treat the thousands of natives who had conceived the most exaggerated ideas of the virtues of Western medical and surgical science. The hospital was named "Chai Chung Won," or house of civilized virtue. The afflicted came in hundreds, over ten thousand being treated the first year.

Dr. Allen's days after the riot were quite fully taken up caring for the wounded, and he had a man, who was also supposed to be his teacher, care for his office. He was a scholar, and could read Chinese text. On the desk was a copy of the New Testament in Chinese, which the old man read while in the office. He became so interested in the book that on leaving Dr. Allen's service he stole it. It was the means, however, of his conversion to Christianity.

Some of the incidents that occurred in connection with those early days of medical work were amusing, though there were serious ones that seemed grave enough at the time.

#### Experiences

The position of court physician was a responsible one. Although Dr. Allen's work was attended with remarkable success, there was constant danger of his being held accountable for the life of his patients. There were peculiar difficulties attendant upon his treatment of the queen. It was out of the question for her to be seen by any man, and the physician was supposed to be able to diagnose her case from seeing her tongue and feeling her pulse. Fortunately it was not necessary to have the services of a physician.

Dr. Allen, as court physician, would be called in the night to attend to the slightest ailment of any member of the family. When there was no actual reason for consulting the new officer, one would easily be imagined. These calls meant refreshments, etc., to those of the court, and often the young prince was made a fertile source of these excuses.

For three years Dr. Allen was engaged in the capacity of court physician, and head of the hospital established in his honor. Then his duties were changed to that of an official, and for the remainder of the time, eighteen years, he was retained in that service. During these years the good fortune which attended Dr. Allen's work paved the way for the entrance of other missionaries and medical missionaries, and their work has grown constantly, until Korea, the Hermit Nation, has become the miracle of modern missions.

ALICE M. FIELDBERG.

### Behavior in the House of God

"THE place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Thus said the Lord to Moses at the burning bush. And he says the same to every one who enters a house dedicated to his service. Were this thought and feeling to possess one fully on one's entrance into the place of worship, irreverence would be an impossibility.

The Jews had the tradition that unless eleven persons were present at a service, the Lord would not be there; but Jesus assured his followers that where two or three are gathered together in his name, there he would be to bless. Know assuredly then that if *two* persons are in the church who desire the presence of God, he is there, and that the place is holy. Acceptance and appreciation of this promise of our Saviour will lead to reverent behavior in the place of worship.

We have seen that erroneous beliefs and customs characterize the popular churches, and we may have, in our ardor to sever our connection with these because

of their errors, forgotten that there was wheat among the tares, which we should have carried with us. Becoming behavior in church is surely a seed worth transplanting into the garden of truth. It argues nothing that the church most full of error in belief and deed is the most circumspect in church behavior. Reverence is the lawful associate of truth alone. Therefore the church possessed of most truth should be the last to lack the admirable grace of reverence. We are admonished that "unless correct ideas of true worship and true reverence are impressed upon the people, there will be a growing tendency to place the sacred and eternal on a level with common things, and those professing the truth will be an offense to God and a disgrace to religion."

The history of the Hebrews emphasizes the fact that God wants a reverent people to worship him. For did not he himself direct that the showbread, the ark, the sacred oil, and the altar fire were not even to be touched by unconsecrated hands, under penalty of death? And he said that the reason for this demand, together with other similar ones, was that the people might learn to distinguish the sacred from the profane.

Regularity of attendance fosters reverence. Therefore the first requisite to proper behavior toward the church of God is to heed the command not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is.

One of the pastors of the church that Washington attended said of him: "I never knew so constant an attendant at church as Washington, and his behavior in the house of God was ever so deeply reverential that it produced the happiest effect in my congregation." The same minister also said that he had frequently been at Mt. Vernon on Sunday morning when the breakfast-table was filled with guests; but these furnished Washington no pretext for neglecting attendance at church.

The following suggestions from Mrs. E. G. White will assist in directing the attention to details that, if heeded, will aid greatly in creating a reverential atmosphere in the house of God:—

When the worshipers enter the place of meeting, they should do so with decorum, passing quietly to their seats.

Common talking, whispering, and laughing should not be permitted in the house of worship, either before or after the service. Ardent, active piety should characterize the worshipers.

If when the people come into the house of worship, they have genuine reverence for the Lord, and bear in mind that they are in his presence, there will be a sweet eloquence in silence. The whispering and laughing and talking which might be without sin in a common business place, should find no sanction in the house where God is worshiped. The mind should be prepared to hear the word of God, that it may have due weight, and suitably impress the heart.

The minister should bow down in silent prayer as soon as he steps into the pulpit, and earnestly ask help of God.

Every one of the congregation, also, who fears God, should with bowed head unite in silent prayer with him, that God may grace the meeting with his presence, and give power to his truth proclaimed from human lips.

When the meeting is opened by prayer, every knee should



ARRIVAL OF FIRST TRAIN AT ASMARÁ, ERITREA, AFRICA

ON Dec. 5, 1911, at 4:30 P. M., on schedule time, the first train arrived at Asmara over the Nefasit-Asmara Railway. A large representative company invited by the government to participate in the exercises of the day, together with hundreds of other bystanders and a large gathering of curious natives, greeted with enthusiasm the arrival of the decorated train. This railway has been many years in process of construction, and now that it is finished, it reflects much credit upon the Italian government. Its starting-place is Massawa, the seaport, said to be one of the three hottest places on earth. Here a continuous sweat-bath is forced upon every traveler, free of charge, from the time of entering till he leaves the place.

bow in the presence of the Holy One, and every heart should ascend to God in silent devotion.

Listen attentively. Sleep not for one instant, because by this slumber you may lose the very words that you need most, — the very words which, if heeded, would save your feet from straying into wrong paths. Satan and his angels are busy creating a paralyzed condition of the senses, so that cautions, warnings, and reproofs shall not be heard; or if heard, that they shall not take effect upon the heart, and reform the life.

Sometimes young men and women have so little reverence for the house and worship of God that they keep up a continual communication with one another during the sermon. Could these see the angels of God looking upon them and marking their doings, they would be filled with shame, with abhorrence of themselves. God wants attentive hearers.

Another writer has given a list of important points that should receive consideration by every one who at least desires to make himself an agreeable and helpful worshiper to his fellow worshipers and to the pastor:—

*Be on time.* No one has a right to disturb a congregation or preacher by being tardy. If you are unavoidably late to any service, do not tramp noisily to your seat, as though wholly oblivious of speaker and hearers. Watch also for a chance to enter when you will cause the least possible disturbance.

Never look around to see who is coming in when the door opens. It diverts your own and others' attention from the exercises, and is discourteous to the leader.

Never pull out your watch to see what time it is when the text is announced, or during the sermon. Better feed on a sermon than to time it.

Never lean your head on the pew rail before you, as if indifferent to the preacher.

Conform, if possible in conscience, to the usages of the church in which you worship. Kneel, stand, bow, accordingly.

Never manifest your disapprobation of what is being said by unpleasant sounds, or signs, or by hastily leaving.

Do not fidget as if the service were a weariness. Be quiet and decorous to the very end.

Do not put on your overcoat or adjust your wrappings until after the benediction.

Never be one of a staring crowd about the door or in the vestibule, before or after the service.

Do nothing out of keeping with the time, place, and purpose of a religious assembly.

Let your politeness be positive. Invite the near stranger to a seat. Offer him a hymn-book, or share with him your own. Be cordial to all, but do not be offended if you are not especially noticed.

Our lack of suitable church buildings, and of proper facilities for Sabbath-school in many of those we do have, tends to hinder the cultivation of a reverent church atmosphere; but the greatest obstacles can not wholly prevent what the heart desires supremely. Let us then through prayer and study of God's Word educate our hearts to desire more ardently the beautiful grace of reverence for our Creator and Redeemer, and then we shall find ways to express that desire in deed.

FERN McCUNE.

### The Right School for My Daughter

It is the school farthest away from any "finishing school" whatsoever. If your daughter is worth nothing else but polishing, you will find that sandstone won't take polish enough to make any difference. If she is your candidate for the enameler, and worthy only of that, the discovery will be made at that kind of educational shop that she has not metal enough for the limpid mixture called intelligence to stick to, and you will have her on your hands again in all her unornamented poverty of mind. So don't try to "finish" what never has been rightly started, if, indeed, it was ever seriously created.

But if she didn't "just happen to be your girl," and since her coming to you if she has been a gift from God, duly authenticated by her good heart, and level head, and willing hand, send her to the school that will leave her gloriously *unfinished*.

The ability to grow like a seed of wheat is worth more to India than all the polished diamonds. The best school will furnish a growing mental climate. Let it be sun-showery in summer and stormful in winter, if you want juicy and crisp fruit of character. Mental life requires all seasons.

We are losing much by turning the seasons about, but they are as inverted in some so-called "female schools" as they are with the dear parents who run to hot parts if they can find them in winter, and also go to cold parts, if they are to be discovered, for the summer. Pity it is that the good Lord was not satisfied at the first to have a dead level of monotonous weather, wherein no one could ever perspire or desire a fire, and so produce a grade of satisfied mediocrity. Avoid the school which gives no heat for the seed of originality that it may germinate, and which in turn gives no snow to cover and strengthen that same wheat seed in its growing enterprise. Lofty and rich womanhood is the greatest achievement of the last two thousand years of culture.

Christ gave woman her future, but he gave her the path of heroism to its finer goal. Always a learner, never a scholar, she has upon her lips the words of Michelangelo, whose symbol was a little child with a go-cart, "I am always learning."

Social customs and cliques and pith-headed degeneracy are responsible for your letters of inquiry, dear parents, when your dear girl is advised to enter any school that fails to extend, enrich, and develop all good and wholesome home training. A college for women which does not send the daughter back to her home more willing and capable to enter into the home problems and solve them with heartiness and grace is not an institution of learning. It is an institution of unlearning what, most of all, our girls need to know.

To train a woman away from a woman's home is to stab her finest possibility. American home life may spare to science or the school a Maria Mitchell or a Mary Lyon, but the home itself is the greatest school for the greatest manhood and womanhood.

What we have most to fear in our higher class institutions is exhaustive luxury with the craze for social prominence. You may not find the right college, but the wrong college or university can be discovered too easily. It will take your frugal girl and give her back to you a spendthrift.

The right school will make her know that self-restraint is the hall-mark of sterling character, the foundation and dome of all scholarship. When your daughter loses in college that heroic power which will *do without anything except personal excellence*, her professors ought to be compelled to come home with her, and attend the funeral of a soul.

Whatever makes the young woman of the future more expensive because of fashion or social ambition, will empty her book-shelves, addle her brains, and corrupt her heart. It is a sure way to a broken hearthstone.

The right college, above all things, will irradiate her enthusiasm with religion. A godless woman is sure to damage society more fatefully than any other creature. Her monument is worse than one of skulls, for it is a Christless humanity.

Demand of any school to which you entrust your daughter an atmosphere of fine reverence. It alone will make a bright woman humble. She will forever be a good learner, until her childhood prayer turns into a song of triumph at the throne of her Father and her God.—*Frank W. Gunsaulus, in Chicago Record Herald.*

### Arrow Points

LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—*Washington.*

"YOU need not pack any worries; you can find plenty anywhere on the road."

QUARRELS would not last long if the fault was on only one side.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

COMMON sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done.—*C. E. Stowe.*

THE most powerful remedy against sudden starts of impatience is a sweet and amiable silence.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

It is the highest of folly to throw up attempting because you have failed. Failures are wonderful elements in developing the character.—*Max Muller.*



### My Bible and I

WE'VE traveled together, my Bible and I,  
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh,  
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,  
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,  
When life had grown weary, and death e'en was nigh,  
But all through the darkness of mist and of wrong,  
I found thee a solace, a prayer, and a song.

So now who shall part us, my Bible and I,  
Shall ism or schism, or new lights that try?  
Shall shadow for substance or stone for good bread  
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah, no, my dear Bible, revealer of light,  
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to flight;  
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,  
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

— Selected.

### The Book and the Belief

#### "Why I Believe the Bible"

**I**N these days of uncertainty and unsettlement when men are troubled, when social ills are more clearly perceived than ever before, and the whole world is "rocking with a strange unrest," it is well for us to get a firmer grasp on the definite, fundamental remedies. As one has well said, "Many have been giving thought to a diagnosis of the ailments of our day; few have seen the cure. Resolved into its elements, the case calls primarily for the appreciation of the Book,—right conduct upon the part of the individual, inspired by a clear preaching of the word."

The other day I came across one of William T. Ellis's articles containing some terse comments on the above heading. He writes: "No new-fangled medicine can heal the social ills of our time; but the way to health is plainly marked in that ever newest of books, the Holy Scriptures." So the Christian should first of all make sure of his own relation to the Bible. Continuing, Mr. Ellis considers the topic, as suggested, in the first person:—

"I believe in the Bible because the Bible believes in man. It presents the most hopeful of all social programs.

"I believe in the Bible because I have put it to the test. That, in the long run, must be the final criterion. The book which we trust is the one which has met the needs of our own personal experience.

"'I believe the Bible is inspired,' said Mr. Moody, 'because it inspires me.' What a thought-starting volume this is! Consider the mountains of books that owe their inspiration directly to its stimulus. Then think upon the thousands of sermons which are every week drawn from its pages, and the other thousands of Sunday-school lesson expositions. An exhaustless mine—a perennial spring—is this book which has triumphed over the centuries.

"I believe in the Bible because it is attested by

wiser men than I,—men in whose scholarship, mental acumen, and intellectual integrity I have confidence. The ablest minds of the Christian era have worked upon the subject of the authenticity and credibility of the Bible, and, with a very few exceptions, they have stood sponsor for it, and have accepted it as the rule of their lives.

"Last eve I stood before a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;  
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"  
"Just one," he answered, then with twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammer out, you know."

"And so the Bible, anvil of God's word,  
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;  
And though the noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,  
The anvil is unworn, the hammers gone.

"Apprentice blows of ignorance, forsooth,  
May awe with sound and blinding sparks death-whirled;  
The Master holds and turns the iron, his truth,  
And shapes it as he wills, to bless the world."

"I believe the Bible because the more we know of the hidden history of contemporaneous events, the more definitely they testify to the essential correctness of even the incidental statements of this extraordinarily comprehensive book. Monuments, clay pottery, all bear witness to the truth of the inspired record.

"I who write these lines have traveled over the Bible lands, and can testify to the correspondence between the story and its setting. Also I have seen Babylon's wastes and Assyria's ruins; and I have a new respect for the prophecies of the Old Testament, so awesomely fulfilled.

"I believe the Bible because it alone among books mirrors my own heart and meets my own hidden needs.

"I believe the Bible because of its own inherent evidence of a more than human origin. It testifies to itself by its correspondences, coordination, and essential unity. No other book—or, to speak more accurately, library of books—so fits together, like trunk and branches of a tree.

"I believe the Bible because I have seen it work. 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light.' I have seen souls so lightened, and cultured, and purified. I have seen it make bad men good, weak men strong, foolish men wise. The best books of Christian evidence are the redeemed lives all about us.

"I believe in the Bible because of its sanity and its thorough correspondence with the facts of life. It is the best revealer of human nature. Other philosophies soar away from the realm of actual conditions; this one never loses sight of man as he was, is, and—may become.

"I believe in the Bible because through its pages walks the lovely figure of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, who is more real and living and near than the next-door neighbor or the man at the adjoining desk. If we accept the Christ of the Bible, we are bound to accept the Bible of Christ. 'Search the Scriptures; for . . . they are they which testify of me.'

"I believe the Bible because I have studied it; the orthodoxy of a man who knows nothing about the Book he defends is of small account.

"I believe the Bible because I have witnessed the work of the wondrous and mysterious Spirit of whom its pages tell, and who breathes through its words a life-giving power. One can not carefully and rever-

ently study history without seeing above and behind the movements of nations the intelligent purpose of an overruling being. The Spirit is understandable only to one who knows the Bible. History, life, and human nature are inexplicable apart from the workings of this Spirit, whose mind is revealed in the pages which he has inspired.

"I believe in a Book which delivers men in temptation. 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?' by taking heed thereto according to Thy word."

"I believe in the Bible as the book of life. It is the gospel which redeems men. Given to nations, it has made them over; transformed heathendom is vindication of the Book of Good News. The difference between such a nation as Great Britain or America and, say, Russia or Japan, is at basis an open Bible."

"My own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull."—*Horace Bicknell*.

"No wonder people can not speak in our prayer-meeting when they daily read twenty columns of newspaper to one square inch of Bible."—*H. L. Hastings*.

ERNEST LLOYD.

#### Unawares

THEY said, "The Master is coming  
To honor the town to-day,  
And none can tell at what house or home  
The Master will choose to stay."  
Then I thought, while my heart beat wildly,  
What if he should come to mine!  
How would I strive to entertain  
And honor the Guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling,  
To make my home more neat;  
I swept, and polished, and garnished,  
And decked it with blossoms sweet.  
I was troubled for fear the Master  
Might come ere my task was done;  
And I hastened and worked the faster,  
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,  
A woman came to my door;  
She had come to tell me her sorrow,  
And my comfort and aid to implore.  
And I said, "I can not listen,  
Nor help you any to-day;  
I have greater things to attend to:"  
So the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another,—  
A cripple, thin, pale, and gray,—  
And said, "O let me stop and rest  
Awhile in your home, I pray;  
I have traveled far since morning;  
I am hungry, and faint, and weak;  
My heart is full of misery,  
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,  
But I can not keep you to-day;  
I look for a great and noble Guest:"  
And the cripple went away.  
And the day wore onward swiftly,  
And my task was nearly done,  
And a prayer was ever in my heart  
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet him,  
And treat him with utmost care,  
When a little child stood by me,  
With a face so sweet and fair,—  
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops,  
And his clothes were tattered and old;  
A finger was bruised and bleeding,  
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you;  
You are sorely in need of care,  
But I can not stop to give it;  
You must hasten elsewhere."  
And at the words a shadow  
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow;  
"Some one will feed and clothe you, dear,  
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,  
And my toil was over and done;  
My house was swept and garnished,  
And I watched in the dusk alone.  
Watched, but no footfall sounded,  
No one paused at my gate,  
No one entered my cottage door;  
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,  
And the Master had not come:  
"He has entered some other door," I cried,  
"And gladdened some other home!"  
My labor had been for nothing,  
And I bowed my head and wept;  
My heart was sore with longing,  
Yet, spite of all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,  
And his face was grave and fair:  
"Three times to-day I came to your door,  
And craved your pity and care.  
Three times you sent me onward,  
Unhelped and un comforted;  
And the blessing you might have had was lost,  
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me;  
How could I know it was thee?"  
My very soul was shamed and bowed  
In the depths of humility.  
And he said, "The sin is pardoned,  
But the blessing is lost to thee;  
For, failing to comfort the least of mine,  
You have failed to comfort me."

— *Selected.*

#### "Ambassador for Christ"

AN ambassador is a minister, or delegate, of highest rank representing his sovereign or country at a foreign court, also an official messenger and representative.

Every civilized government to-day has at every foreign court its representative, or minister, who takes control of all transactions in that country which in any way relate to the government he represents. It is his duty to watch over citizens of his government who are in the country to which he is a minister. If any trouble or difficulty arises that threatens danger to his government or fellow citizens in that country, he immediately despatches a notice to headquarters in the home land. There the matter is considered, and proper action taken to rectify the breach.

So we might call ambassadors watchmen, who are always on the outlook for anything that may affect their home country. Everything else is of secondary importance.

Did you ever stop to think that he who is highest in rank is the greatest servant, and serves the most people? An ambassador, we found, is a minister, or delegate, of highest rank, who serves a multitude,—the millions who populate the country to which he has pledged his services. His reward comes in the great service rendered to his country. The position of a true servant is the grandest work in the universe. Christ served all men.

An ambassador is a citizen of his native land; in fact, he must be, before he can render service to it. He, being a citizen, is entitled to protection from his home government, as he owes allegiance to it. In addition, being qualified as a public servant, he is entitled to much greater protection. Though in a foreign land, in the dominion of another government, he lives as securely as at home, the flag of his native land floating over him and his family. Should trouble arise endangering the life of an ambassador, on short notice the black prow of a full-armed cruiser hovering near would make its way into port and demand protection for the threatened representative.



Dear young people and friends, do you not see that our duty as ambassadors for Christ is clearly outlined? We are citizens of a beautiful country, wealthy and great in extent; our government is the greatest, and ruled by the wisest, kindest, and most lovable Ruler in existence. Here we are away from our native home, our first home, with a mission to perform. We are here in the interests of the home land, assisting weary citizens to better their conditions and inviting them to communicate with their Friend in the home land. Don't you see that we can all be ambassadors, if we will only accept the appointment and give our word to give first place to the affairs of the government we represent? Our King has a great kingdom, and desires ambassadors, or representatives, in every country on the face of the globe. He has business of great importance to be transacted between the different nations, and it is taking a great amount of time because of the lack of faithful ambassadors.

He sends one here and another there, and the next thing he discovers is that one has succumbed to bribes or started in some commercial enterprise, placing his own interests first, while those of his office are made secondary, thus having broken his vow of allegiance.

Just at present our King has a great movement on hand, a plan for universal peace. It is an immense project, having taken thousands of years, yes, even the life of his Son, and the untiring efforts of many a faithful ambassador who has sacrificed all in service, to arrange every detail so that the establishment of universal peace shall be a complete success. He now has a great demand for ambassadors to assist, for the greater his operating force, the sooner matters can be arranged so that all may have peace.

Then another thing is to be looked after. The Prince, our King's son, knows of a goodly list of subjects, who rightly belong to his Father's kingdom, but as they have so long wandered from their King that their whereabouts are unknown to the ambassadors, the King's son, being their friend, offers substantial help and naturalization papers to all those who will come to him to receive these favors. He has sent and continues to send messages to the ambassadors from his Father's kingdom, requesting them to search for these lost subjects and extend to them his kindly offer.

Christians, as ambassadors renew your allegiance of loyalty to the home land, the land of fadeless day, through which flows the river of life. Be a true ambassador, fulfil every requirement, serving your glorious King and his thousands of subjects. Keep your body and mind in such a condition that you may give the best there is in you, and remember that when danger threatens, just a word sent to headquarters by wireless to the home land, and the most ample protection is at your service.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." 2 Cor. 5: 20.

MAE L. KEGBEIN.

"I WOULD not, if I could, give up the memory of joy I have had in books for any advantage that could be offered in other pursuits or occupations. Books have been to me what gold is to the miser, what new fields are to the explorer, what a new discovery is to the scientific student."—Margaret E. Sangster.



### Flags Carried by a War-Ship



WE realize the number of flags carried by a war-ship, or the cost of all the gay bunting that flutters from mast to mast at holiday time. In addition to fleet communication, necessary during maneuvers in home water, says *Army and Navy Life*, the ship must be equipped with an extensive array of flags on board of various forms of ceremonial and official occasions.

This dress-suit outfit of bunting consists of two hundred fifty different flags, the material and making of which costs just twenty-five hundred dollars. Each ship is entitled to a new flag equipment every three years, though owing to their constant use a flag-ship will often require a new set of signals in about a year.

A great deal more time and labor is required to finish certain of the flags than is generally supposed. The president's flag requires the longest time of any to make, as it takes one woman nearly a whole month to complete it.

The life-sized eagle with outstretched wings, and other emblems are all hand-sewed, and involve the most patient work.

The most difficult to make are the foreign flags. This is especially true of those of South and Central America.

A half dozen especially skilful hand-device sewers are continually kept on these flags. Every battleship carries forty-three foreign flags, twenty-five feet long by thirteen wide. The most expensive design to make is the German, which, owing to the delicate scrollwork of the large imperial eagle and royal crown necessitating delicate, slow, and careful sewing, costs \$51.50.

The dragon flag of China consists of two hundred separate pieces. Twelve to fourteen days are ordinarily consumed in finishing the flag, which costs \$51.75.

The flag of Siam, with the huge white elephant, costs \$38. The Mexican, with its center design of a large eagle holding a serpent in its bill, costs \$39.50. The cheapest foreign flag made is the Moorish, which costs \$21.—*The News*.

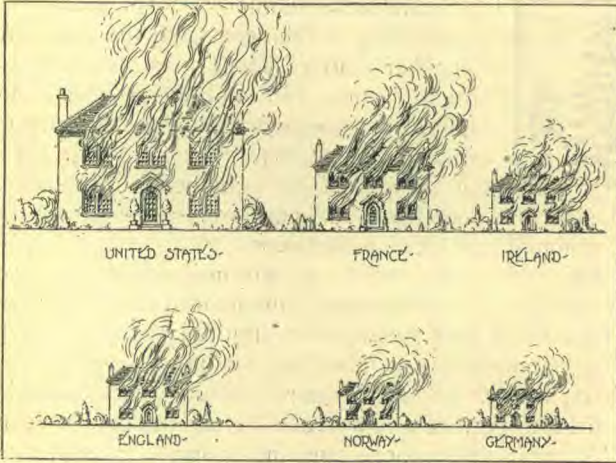
### Uncle Sam's Mail-Bags

UNCLE SAM has twenty-eight different kinds of mail-bags in service, and they range in cost from twenty-two cents to \$2,156 each. There are mail-pouches for almost every conceivable use, and you can ship almost anything that comes within the postal regulations with a minimum of loss and breakage. Probably the most peculiar mail-bag is the one arranged for carrying bees. Sending bees by mail was a difficult operation before the "bee-bag" was adopted. Usually the bees arrived at their destination dead or so exhausted that they were of little use. Now these little honey-makers can be shipped by mail several thousand miles in the bee-bag without suffering, and can obtain air and a good supply of food during their transit.

Mail-bags are made of various kinds of material. The cheapest are of cotton, and the most costly of

leather. Those used on fast expresses are reenforced with metal, so that they can be flung from fast-moving trains without damage. Even then these bags, or "catcher pouches," do not last much more than a year and a half, while some of the cotton bags used for the work will remain in service upward of ten years.

In parts of the West, where the mail must be car-



The Independent

Chart showing comparative annual loss by fire.

ried for many miles on horseback, special pouches are in use for slinging over the animals' flanks; and in the far frozen North special bags are made for sled transportation. In the cities a bag in use for pneumatic-tube service is made of a composition called leatheroid. The ordinary cotton mail-bags are woven so closely that they are practically water-proof, and in the weave there are thirteen stripes of blue. Each country marks its own mail-pouches in some individual way, so that if one gets lost in a far country its ownership can be readily detected.

Nearly sixty-five million mail-bags are used each year by the whole country, and as they are being worn out all the time, the supply has to be kept up. There are mail-bag hospitals, where tens of thousands of them are going every week. One such mail-bag hospital repairs upward of five thousand a day. These crippled bags are in all sorts of dilapidated conditions. A railroad wreck may injure several hundreds or thousands, and these must all go to the hospital before entering active life again. Christmas is responsible for much damage to the mail-bags, owing to the hard service they get, and immediately after the midwinter holiday season several hundred thousand bags go to the hospitals.

Mail-bags are the most traveled of all articles in use to-day. They are constantly moving, and it would be impossible to estimate the number of miles a bag ten years old has traveled.—*Harper's Weekly*.

### A Railroad Watch Inspector

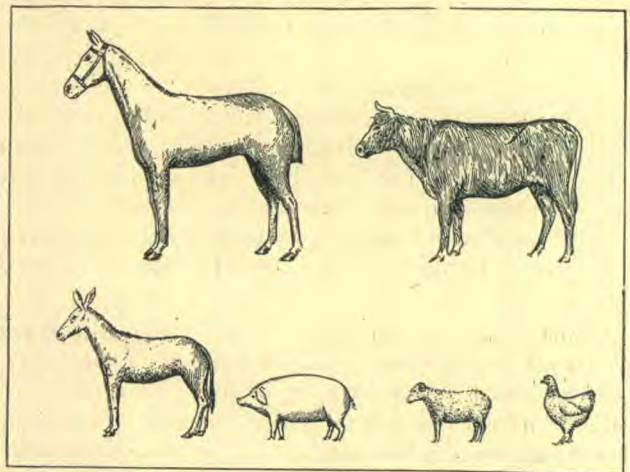
Of the many devices adopted by the railroads to prevent accidents, none has attracted so little general attention as the systematic inspection of watches used by engineers and conductors, and none has achieved greater results. Every engineer and conductor on the railroads of one comprehensive system carries in his pocket a little card which contains a history of his watch. This card has to be verified and officially stamped every two weeks. If the watch varies from day to day by a few seconds, it must go to the repairer's and the local inspector issues a "loaner watch" until it can be fixed. These watches are guaranteed to keep time to the fraction of a second.

Before the timepieces of the engineers and conductors were regulated, many accidents were traceable to faulty timepieces. An engineer's watch might be five or six minutes slow, and with orders, to let another train pass him at a certain place he would reason that he had ample time to reach another station, and take the risk of getting there. All sorts of watches were used in those days, and some of the cheap ones would be so inaccurate that there would be a difference of ten or fifteen minutes between the conductor's and the engineer's time.

One railroad made an effort to correct this difficulty years ago by supplying all its engineers and conductors with standard watches, but it did not pay. Some of the men exchanged, sold, or pawned their standard timepieces, and purchased cheaper ones. Then the system of watch inspection was developed.

No particular make of watch is adopted by the road, but certain rules must govern their selection. There are some thirty-seven different kinds of watches, made in eight different establishments, that have been approved by the official time experts, and the railroad men can select any one of these. The watches are all adjusted to temperatures ranging from thirty to ninety-five degrees and to five different positions. They must also contain at least seventeen jewels. The examination of the watches every fortnight enables the inspectors to know accurately the history and performance of the timepieces.

So perfectly do these thousands of watches keep time that often one of the fast express-trains between, say, Chicago and New York will arrive at its destination on the second. The engineers and conductors do not question the accuracy of their timepieces. They believe in them against the evidence of all the local clocks which they may pass on the road. All other



The Independent

In the accompanying chart the domestic animals upon the farms and ranges of this country vary in size according to their value on April 15, 1910:—

Horses	\$2,076,000,000
Cattle	1,485,000,000
Mules	522,000,000
Swine	398,000,000
Sheep	231,000,000
Chickens	140,000,000

watches may be fast or slow, but their timepieces are correct. Since the adoption of this timing regulation, there has not been an accident on the roads due to faulty watches, and this alone has saved thousands of dollars to the railroads and many lives of passengers.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THERE is no path more beset with thorns and briars, and so destitute of flowers, as that trod by the life of sin.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## Strange, Isn't It?

WHEN you see how quiet a drum can keep  
When all the children are fast asleep,  
You can hardly believe what a noise it can make  
When all the children are wide awake.

It's the same with the shoes the children wear;  
You never guess, now they're lying there  
With the buttons undone and the laces untied,  
How noisy they are when feet are inside.

And to see the children themselves lie there  
With their faces still good from the evening prayer,  
You would never guess all the tricks they play  
And the mischief they get into every day.

—Selected.

## The Day With Bess



LOU lingered a moment at the kitchen door, taking in the whole summer scene with slightly absent eyes. It was dear, yes, of course it was dear and lovely to her; it was home, but how would it look to Lilian's brown eyes? Lou almost repented of her invitation, that invitation she had

been so anxious to give, and for which she had coaxed a consent from her mother.

"Why, yes, Lou, of course you may ask her," Mrs.

Ballinger had said, after her daughter in a breathless voice had set forth all the reasons for the invitation.

"If you think she will enjoy it and are sure that you will, ask her."

"Thank you, mama,"

Lou had replied, and then, rather anxiously, "you know of course it will make some little changes necessary in the house. My room you know—I'll have to get a new bed-spread, and we'll simply have to buy a few things for some of the other rooms—some better napkins and one new table-cloth at least, and —"

"But, Lou, we can't afford it," her mother had answered. "I am afraid she will have to take us as she finds us. Table-linen costs a good deal, and we'll have to do the best we can with what we have."

"O mama," Lou had broken in passionately, "our napkins are so thin, and we haven't a table-cloth that isn't darned!"

The mother's sweet eyes looked troubled as they watched the girl's discontented face.

"But, dear, she won't be unpleasantly critical; I'm sure she isn't that kind of girl."

"But she has so much money herself, mama! Do you suppose she is used to napkins you can almost see through? And we haven't any really nice guest-room towels either. We'll simply have to get a few of those!"

And the end of it was just as Lou meant it should be.

There was a certain little bank which had been slowly accumulating a hoard of pennies, the "porch furnishings bank" they had called it as one and another had

added pennies or nickels to the hoard. It had meant easy chairs, and a hammock, too. Lou winced a little as she thought of mother's tired back and father's lagging step at the close of the day. The porch furnishings would have done much to rest father and mother; but the bank had been rifled with no protestation, and the coins counted out in neat little piles.

"We can begin to save again for the porch," Lou had said comfortingly. "And you know, mother, we do need the napkins and towels and things for the house, summer and winter both." But she had not felt altogether satisfied with herself, after all.

It was settled that when father went to Springfield the coming Friday to take his eggs to the commission man, Lou should accompany him and make her "necessary" purchases.

Then, on Tuesday, came a note from Bess Whitcomb, who lived on a farm a few miles from the village, and who was entertaining the charming Lilian for a fortnight:—

We want you to come out and spend a day with us before Lilian goes to you. I see so little of you even though we do not live so very far apart, and mother says tell you to be sure to come. We shall be just four girls together, for you know mother is as much of a girl as I am.

Perhaps a little breath of a sigh came with Mrs.

Ballinger's assent after she read the note, but her words were ready and cordial.

"Yes, dear, it will be a pleasant visit for you. Of course you must go." Possibly the stifled sigh was not only for the separation from her bright Lou for a day, but for something in that "four girls together" in Bess's note.

Something in the phrase caught Lou's attention, too. "Why,

Mrs. Whitcomb is a good deal older than you, mama," she said loyally, but a vague feeling of discomfort tugged at her heart. What was it that made Mrs. Whitcomb seem so undeniably girlish, in spite of the added years? But she could not stop to meditate long over this.

"I'll be back of course in time to go to Springfield with father on Friday," she said to her mother. "I'm going to try to get napkins ready-hemmed. They have them sometimes at such bargains—real hemstitched ones. I saw some marked way down at the Plymouth when we were there two months ago."

So it was in a little flutter of plans, for the visit with Bess and Lilian and the preparation for the coming of the latter to her own home, that Lou took the stage drive in the early morning. The mother watched the clumsy old vehicle disappearing down the snuff-colored, winding road. It was queer how often she had sighed the last few days when thinking of Lou, and queer, too, how unconscious Lou had been of it.

The two girls were at the gate to meet her, and two pairs of warm young arms were around her.

"I'm so glad you could come," Bess said, and "I'm so glad I could!" Lou echoed.



"We'll go right up to my room, Lou. I suppose you feel dusty, the way I always do after a ride in the stage." A moment more and she had taken Lou into the low-ceiled room up-stairs which contained all her girlish belongings. Left alone in it, Lou glanced around her with a feeling of wonder that more change had not been made in it for Lilian's coming. She knew Bess shared her room with Lilian.

Mrs. Whitcomb met her at the head of the stairs as Lou was going down. "I am so glad you could come, dear," she said brightly. "We have been looking forward to it."

How pleasant that "we" sounded! and how fresh and rested Bess's mother looked! Evidently "company" wasn't allowed to wear upon her.

More than once that morning Lou found herself watching Lilian with rather surprised interest. The girl was so thoroughly and comfortably at home in this plain old farmhouse; and how evidently she was enjoying it! She seemed as a matter of course to be taking her part in the morning duties. When it was time to shell the peas for dinner and to pare the fruit for apple sauce, Lilian and Bess enveloped themselves in two big gingham aprons and brought their pans to the comfortable side porch. "Sit still, mother!" It was Bess's voice, gaily peremptory, and echoed by Lilian's. "We're beginning earlier than necessary, and besides, 'too many cooks'—you know the rest of it, mother. No, Lou dear, we'll be through in no time."

Mrs. Whitcomb nestled back into her big chair. "O, the way these girls spoil me!" she said to Lou with a little laugh. "Of course I'm used to it from Bess, but Lilian is just as bad. Bless the child, I've been having such a vacation at the very time I feel I ought to be doing something to entertain her! She keeps turning the tables on me." Her eyes met Lilian's with an affectionate smile, and again Lou felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"Why, Mrs. Whitcomb," Lilian protested, "as if you weren't entertaining me all the time and in just the loveliest way! I couldn't enjoy it half so much if you didn't let me act as if I belonged here. O, we have had the best times!" Lilian added to Lou. "We've been picnicking and berrying, and —"

"And jelly-making!" put in Mrs. Whitcomb, with a laugh. "Lou, these dear, blessed girls gave me such a surprise,—packed me off for a day at my sister's; concocted a little plot with her, if you please, so that I would be sure to go. What do you think? When I drove back in the evening after such a dear, restful day, what do you suppose I saw? Fifty glasses of grape jelly—beautiful, firm jelly, too—standing on the pantry shelf! Those girls had done the entire work; it was a part of their plot in getting me away—so they could surprise me. O, such girls! and it was one of the hottest days we have had this summer."

Lou joined in the laugh with the other two girls, but somehow she felt a bit uncomfortable. Her thoughts were turning back to the little brown house in the village, standing in its acre yard with barberry bushes near the back door, from which mother was perhaps this very minute taking the sweet, sun-dried, clean tea-towels. Strange what an almost pang of homesickness came with the thought! Here was Mrs. Whitcomb laughing like a girl, and as merry and acceptable a part of the quartet as any girl in her teens could be. How different her laughing ways were from mother's! Mother smiled more than she laughed aloud

—always such a sweet, ready smile. But—but—suddenly it dawned on Lou that mother could hardly ever be called merry.

It was a little later when Bess and Lou were on the porch for a moment alone together, that Bess asked with abruptness:—

"How does mother look to you, Lou?"

"What?" Lou asked almost startled. "O, your mother? Why—young and—fresh and splendid every way."

"I'm so glad!" Bess's breath came in a deep sigh of satisfaction. "I think she does myself now, but in the spring I couldn't help worrying about her. I think papa did, too. It was after Cousin Ellen died, you know. Mama was so fond of her, and it seemed to papa and me that mama didn't look just like herself for a while. She did lose a little in weight, and—O, I suppose it was just silliness on my part to worry about her so much, but you can't help it when it's your mother, you know!"

Somewhat a mixture of pronouns, but her meaning was plain, and Lou assented soberly, "Yes, of course."

"Isn't Lilian a darling?" Bess said impulsively. "We were so glad she could come for this visit. Mama wanted her almost as much as I did. She's loved Lilian ever since she spent a day with us a year ago. You never did see a lovelier guest, Lou, only you'll forget she *is* a guest. She fits in as if she had always been here. And thoughtful! Why, Lou, I keep wondering how she can be so sweet and thoughtful in every way when she's had everything all her life that she's wanted. But that's just Lilian all over. No one could spoil her. She's the most unselfish girl you ever saw in your life—always helping just where she's needed, and yet never obtruding her help, never insisting."

There wasn't time for any more just then, for Lilian herself was coming out to the porch.

A half-hour later they were gathered around the friendly farm table in the dining-room, which Lou acknowledged to herself was every bit as plain as their own. As for the napkins, Lou, unfolding hers, was struck with the homelike thinness of it; and the table-cloth, too, was darned. Lou noticed with involuntary surprise that the table appointments were precisely as they had been on her own visits there. Evidently there had been no special, ill-afforded expenditures such as she herself was planning for her prospective guest. She thought, with a quick pang of shame, of that rifled bank at home, of the little hoard of pennies and nickels diverted from their original purpose of "porch furnishings" into an outlay for things to satisfy her silly, girlish pride. Diverted?—No, thanks to this visit in Bess's home, not quite diverted yet. Every cent of it should be put back; Lou was looking at things with different eyes to-day. It was not only because she was seeing Lilian with clear vision now, realizing to the full what manner of guest she was; Lou was also taking in with involuntary admiration the attitude of her friend Bess, the independence, the fineness of her giving freely of what she had, withholding nothing, yet letting the hospitality bring no burden on parental shoulders. How jolly Bess's father and mother were!

All too fast the rest of that day sped away. After the dishwashing, which the quartet made a function to be almost enjoyed, despite the heat of the kitchen, there was a resting-time for Mrs. Whitcomb in the porch hammock, and a girlish visit and exchange of

the long, long thoughts of youth, under the "five pines" on the hillside.

In the soft murmur of those pines, with the fine scent of their needles wafted refreshingly to her slightly upturned little nose, new half-formulated thoughts came to Lou, thoughts to be more fully translated into deeds later on, when mother was to have some of the petting and of that spoiling which Mrs. Whitcomb claimed the girls had given her. From the very apex of one of those blue-green pine-trees a brown thrush poured forth its soul in song. Down in the valley the soft summer wind rippled the corn field, the tall stalks bending and swaying and twirling their shining blades in varying shades of green. Suddenly Bess rose. "O, I had almost forgotten! We must get a bunch of pink lady's-slippers for you to take to your mother, Lou. I'll never forget what she told us that day—how she'd loved them ever since she used to find them with that little sister of hers who died."

"O, I had forgotten!" Lou almost murmured, but she checked herself in time. She was ashamed of her forgetfulness, and to think that Bess had been the one to remember.

"There are some perfect beauties half-way down the hill on some decaying old tree trunks," Bess explained. "Lilian and I were there only yesterday, but we contented ourselves with picking just two then."

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?"

Lilian quoted softly. "That came into our minds yesterday, didn't it, Bess? So we compromised with our consciences by picking only the two. But it's different now, when it's for Lou's mother. Let's fill a box with them for her to take home."

Another merry little meal in the plain farm dining-room, and then came a hurried donning of hat and gloves for the ride in the stage back to the little village home at the other end of the snuff-colored road.

"I've had such a lovely time," Lou told them, hugging them each in turn, "I'll never forget it." They waved to her till she was out of sight, and then, with only strangers for her traveling companions, Lou felt a weight of something like homesickness creeping over her. Suddenly she felt anxious to be home again with mother and father. Only a day away from them—and yet—

A little boy on the front seat with the driver unconsciously voiced her sentiments as he laboriously drew from his mouth-organ strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Lightly she flew up the walk to the little old front porch, which so needed repairs, but which she looked at uncritically now, for mother was waiting there behind the vines.

"You darling!" Lou said with her arms tight around her. "Yes, I've had a perfectly lovely day, but I'm glad to get back to you." And she realized with a throb of joy how truly she meant it.

Ten minutes later when the box of pink lady's-slippers was being opened and exclaimed over by mother with shining eyes, Lou said hurriedly:—

"Mama, I've changed my mind completely about wanting to have the house any different while Lilian's here. She's not the kind of girl to give a thought to any of the things I spoke about; and anyway—I wouldn't want to spend any money that way. You were so dear to plan to let me, it was just like you, but I—I've changed my mind completely."—*Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Young People's Weekly.*



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, April 20

#### Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 4—Society Meetings

LEADER'S NOTE.—Now that almost four months of this year have joined the past, spend one meeting in examining your own society. Are your meetings the best they can be made? Are all lines of society work kept up well? Is your membership roll up to date? Have all been faithful in reporting? Are all your society books accurate and in good shape? How are your committees or bands getting along? Is every society member affiliated with some band? Are your members faithful in observing the Morning Watch? These and a hundred other questions arise in a worker's mind. The talk on the "Value of Our Programs" should be given by one who is thoroughly acquainted with the plan for the year, and can show briefly the mine of information and inspiration the programs contain. Emphasize the importance of the studies on missions. Much of the material for the programs on missions will come directly from the fields. We have promises of help from our missionaries on nearly every program. The paper on "Relation of Society Work to Society Meetings" should show that Christian service is essential to good inspirational meetings. True service is needed to keep out formality. There is danger that the inactive society will drift into a mere literary club. This program can be no substitute for the constant and persistent efforts necessary to make the society a success, but we trust it will be a stimulus to more enthusiastic cooperation.

#### Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).

Value of Our Programs (five-minute talk).

Society Meetings and Personal Responsibility (reading). See page 14.

Relation of Society Work to Society Meetings (seven-minute paper).

Behavior in the House of God (reading). See page 5. Gather up the reports.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 5—Lesson 26: "The Miracles of Missions," Fourth Series, Chapters 1 and 2

NOTE.—It would be well to fix in mind the location of Khama's country and the town of Shoshong. These can be found on any good map of South Africa, a little north of the tropic of Capricorn.

1. WHAT is the central idea in every miracle? Designate what is meant by the miracles of prayer. Where does the author state the highest privilege of a saint is found?

2. Upon what pivot has each crisis in missions turned? How was this truth exemplified in the founding of the mission for Jews in Pesth, Hungary?

3. In the labors of Evangelist Charles G. Finney, in America? in Mr. Moody's efforts in Britain?

4. In the supplying of candidates for the mission field in 1872? in the sending of John E. Clough to southern India?

5. Give an account of the events which led to the expulsion of Macheng as chief of the Bamangwato. What act marked the beginning of Khama's rule?

6. Why did he leave Shoshong? What Christian spirit did he manifest? When did he return as undisputed chief? Against what odds did he contend in planning the betterment of his country?

7. Mention reforms instituted by him, and native

customs abolished, noting the opposition met. What signal answer did God give during a week of prayer? Give an account of Khama's determined crusade against rum.

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 26: "North America,"

Pages 119-150

1. WHAT city is the capital of Georgia? What did you learn about this city?

2. How is rice grown? Where are the best rice-raising lands of the United States? By what process is the rice prepared for market? When and how was rice first brought to America?

3. Give a brief description of your visit to Charleston, South Carolina. Where is Fort Sumter? Tell what you know about this fort.

4. For what is Savannah noted?

5. From what are turpentine and rosin made? How are they made? For what is each used? Tell what you have learned about turpentine farming. For what other purpose are the forests of the South valuable?

6. Tell some of the interesting things you have learned about Florida? What is the largest city?

7. Give a brief account of your visit to the orange orchards. How do pineapples grow?

8. How did you go from Tampa to New Orleans? Trace the route on your map.

9. How have the lands about the mouth of the Mississippi River been built up? Tell how Captain Eads made a channel so that ships might go from the Gulf of Mexico into the Mississippi River. How were these jetties, or walls, built?

10. Give a little of the history of New Orleans. What do you know of it as a shipping port? Tell of your visit to the cotton yards. Give an idea of the size of the sugar plantation you visited. How is the sugar-cane grown? how made into sugar?

Society Meetings and Personal Responsibility

ONLY those who have been leaders of young people's societies realize how large an element of success lies in the members of their society understanding and *accepting* the responsibility of *helping* to make every meeting a success, whether they are on the program or not.

An old lady whose aversion to church missionary work was well known, was nevertheless one of the most faithful attendants at the weekly missionary meeting, but never took part in any way or contributed anything. Finally some one's curiosity got the better of him, and he asked her why she always attended the missionary meeting if she didn't believe in missions. "Well," she said, "I go to lend my countenance to them."

Nearly all of us at one time or another find ourselves drifting into meetings after having drifted into this state of mind, and that kind of attendants at *any* service invariably and effectually "throws a coldness over the meetin," as the Negro minister said.

What do we young people go to young people's meetings for? To *get* out of it all we can, or to *give* all we can? To be blood-suckers or boosters? leeches or lifters? Are "they," that is, the leader, program committee, etc., responsible entirely for the success of the meeting, or may "we" have something to do with it? Is it "their" society, or "ours"? Are we as

(Concluded on page fifteen)



II — Man's Condition in Death

(April 13)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." Eccl. 9: 5.

Questions

1. When Jesus knew Lazarus was dead, what did he say of him? John 11: 11. What did he mean by these words? Verse 13. When those who are righteous die, in whom do they sleep? 1 Thess. 4: 14; note 1.

2. Where do the righteous sleep? Dan. 12: 2. Where did Job say he would spend this waiting time? Job 17: 13.

3. Why can not those who are sleeping in death watch over their friends? Job 14: 21.

4. What is said to perish when a person falls asleep in death? Ps. 146: 4.

5. Repeat the memory verse. What do the living know? How much do the dead know? What perishes with them? Verse 6, first part. In what do they have no part? Verse 6, last part. When people claim that the spirits of their friends return and communicate with them, what may we know? 2 Thess. 2: 9, 10; note 2.

6. What do not the dead do? Ps. 115: 17. What is one proof that they can not praise the Lord? Ps. 6: 5; note 3.

7. How do we know that the righteous dead are in their graves? John 11: 41-44; note 4.

8. What is said of King David long after his death? Acts 2: 34; note 5.

9. At the death of Jesus, where were many of the saints seen? Matt. 27: 52, first part. When did they come out of their graves? Verse 53; note 6.

10. What promise is given concerning those who sleep in Jesus? 1 Thess. 4: 14; note 7.

11. What did Jesus bring with him when he came from the tomb? Rev. 1: 18; note 8.

12. What price did Jesus pay to gain the power to deliver his people from death? Heb. 2: 14, 15; note 9.

13. Quote two texts which show where men are when dead, and two that show their condition while dead.

Notes

1. They who die in hope "are fallen asleep in Christ." When we sleep soundly, we know nothing of what is passing on around us. The time seems very short till we wake. So to the dead it will seem but a moment till they are awakened by the voice of God.

2. The Bible plainly shows that the dead are asleep, that they are unconscious of anything, and that they have no part in what is done on the earth. If a being appears that looks like a friend who is dead, who talks as he talked, who tells us things which only this friend could know, we may be sure it is a "lying wonder"; the "working of Satan" to deceive and to lead us to doubt what God says in his Word.

3. When the dead do not even remember that there is a God, it proves most clearly what the Bible states, that they "know not anything."

4. Lazarus had been dead four days. When Jesus made him alive, he did not call him down from heaven, but out of the grave. We have no record that any who were raised from the dead came back to earth from heaven.

5. Hundreds of years after David died he had not yet been in heaven, but had remained sleeping in the grave.

6. "As Christ arose, he brought from the grave a multitude of captives. The earthquake at his death had rent open their

graves, and when he arose, they came forth with him. They were those who had been collaborators with God, and who at the cost of their lives had borne testimony to the truth. Now they were to be witnesses for Him who had raised them from the dead. . . . Those who came forth from the grave at Christ's resurrection were raised to everlasting life. They ascended with him as trophies of his victory over death and the grave. . . . To the Christian, death is but a sleep, a moment of silence and darkness. The life is hid with Christ in God, and 'when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.'—*"Desire of Ages,"* pages 943-945.

7. God will bring the dead from the grave as he did Jesus. They will come from it even as he came, and as surely as he was made alive so will his followers who have fallen in death live again.

8. Satan would keep men in the grave forever if he could; but Jesus went into the tomb to capture the keys of death and hell (the grave). Those keys are "master keys," that will unlock every tomb where a child of God is sleeping, and Satan can not hold them back from the life and immortality Jesus purchased for them.

9. There was no way to make the dead alive but for Jesus to die. He gave his own life that he might deliver from the bondage of death.

18. When did Paul expect to receive his reward? Who besides him will receive their reward at the same time? 2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

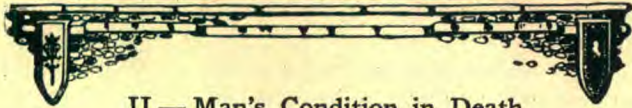
19. Whose voice alone can awaken the dead? John 5: 28, 29; 1 Thess. 4: 16-18; note 2.

#### Notes

1. There is a distinction to be made between eternal life and immortality. He who receives Christ by faith thereby lays hold upon "that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us," and so Jesus said, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6: 47); but that which is thus acquired by faith is retained only by faith. After immortality has been put on at the second coming of Christ, the eternity of being is fully assured. This was the purpose in view in the gift of Christ to take upon himself humanity.

2. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." That our loved ones are not troubled by the harrowing scenes of this life; that they are unconscious of what is transpiring about us, like one asleep; that to them, if saved, the next moment will be the greeting of their Saviour, nevermore to be separated from him,—to thus believe, as the Scriptures so plainly teach, is not a comfortless, cheerless hope.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### II — Man's Condition in Death

(April 13)

LESSON HELPS: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 260-267; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Eccl. 9: 5.

#### Questions

1. What passed upon all men as a result of sin? Rom. 5: 12.
2. From what is the man alienated who is separated from Christ? Eph. 4: 17, 18.
3. What is death called? John 11: 11-13; Matt. 9: 24.
4. During the time of sleep where does man wait? Job 17: 13.
5. How long must he wait in the grave? Job 14: 12. Compare John 5: 28, 29.
6. During this time what is said of his knowledge concerning the affairs of earth? Job 14: 20, 21.
7. How is his utter consciousness described? Ps. 146: 4; Eccl. 9: 5, 6.

#### CHRIST'S DEATH

8. What testimony is borne concerning the death of Christ? 1 Cor. 15: 3; Isa. 53: 5, 8; John 19: 28-30.
9. What deep significance is attached to his death? Isa. 53: 12.
10. From what was Jesus exempt? Ps. 16: 10; Acts 2: 30, 31.
11. What blessed hope for us was involved in Jesus' coming forth from the tomb? 1 Cor. 15: 20-23.
12. When Jesus arose from the tomb what did he bring with him? Rev. 1: 17, 18.
13. What was brought to light through the gospel? 2 Tim. 1: 9, 10; note 1.
14. What hope therefore lightens the darkness of the tomb? 1 Thess. 4: 13, 14.
15. What will satisfy the patriarch David? Ps. 17: 15. What assurance have we that he has not ascended to heaven? Acts 2: 29, 34.
16. To what time did followers of the Lord look forward to meet their loved ones fallen in death? John 11: 23, 24.
17. How did Isaiah speak of this same time? Isa. 26: 19.

### The Curfew and Why It Was So Called

LONG, long ago, before even your oldest greatest grandmother was born, people did not have chimneys on their houses. A hole was made in the center of the room under an opening in the roof, exactly the way the Indians do in their teepees. When the family went to bed at night, they covered this hole in the roof with a board, and threw ashes over the embers to keep the wooden house from catching fire while the people slept. It was the custom in every town and village for a bell to be rung each night warning the inhabitants to cover their fires, put out their lights, and go to bed. This was called the "curfew," or "cover-fire" bell.—*Moravian*.

### Society Meetings and Personal Responsibility

(Concluded from page fourteen)

anxious for every part of the program to pass off smoothly as we would be if we were leading the meeting? Do we remember to keep lifting our hearts to God all through the service that the various things presented may reach some heart and draw it nearer to the Master?

Do we attentively follow the different speakers or readers, even though the part is not attractively rendered? or do we nudge our neighbor, and smile into our handkerchief when that long word is mispronounced or wrongly accented? Do we heartily enter into the singing, or forget even to look for the place? In a word, do we forget the *vows* we have taken, the *place* we are in, and the "cloud of witnesses" that surround us, and the *purpose* for which we have gathered? or do we realize that Jesus Christ will be at our meeting, the Guest of honor, and deport ourselves in his spiritual presence as carefully as we would were he physically with us, and enter into the service of the hour with every faculty alert to help at every possible place to make the meeting a success?

If you have been indifferent for the last few Sabbaths, try this latter attitude for a while and you will be surprised to see what an excellent meeting can be had with a very ordinary program.

Results from young people's meetings follow the same law as results from other things — what we get out of them is in direct proportion to what we put into them.

"Give of your *best* to the Master."

M. E. ELLIS.

# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - -	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	- - -	.50

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5 or more copies to one address, one year, each	- - -	\$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each	- - -	.40
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each	- - -	.20

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

## Inspiration

"How shall I make my ability count for the most in this world?" is the question you are asking yourself every day.

Two words sum up the answer, *work* and *training*.

This is written to those who are seeking more than a mere living, and are not content to "leave well enough alone."

The workers are of two distinct classes,—those who toil by hand, and those who toil by brain. To the former class belong those who eke out a bare existence, and are content with life as it comes to them; to the latter belong those who are not content with their paltry portion, and display above the ordinary human intellect in making things come to them.

The man who drives the locomotive is dependent upon the man who thought out the locomotive; the printer who sets the type is dependent upon the man who writes the book; the man who digs the ditch is dependent upon the man who makes the plan; and so on through our many lines of endeavor.

The first thing we are taught in this world is to be self-reliant; to support ourselves; to be independent, not dependent; to learn to rely upon our own capabilities and resources; to continue to struggle when the first obstacle confronts us; to welcome our every-day opportunities, and be ready to accept them.

This is a commercial age; an era of the survival of the fittest; the age of the specialist; the period of commercial upbuilding and progression; the time when man or undertaking must advance or be content with the inevitable oblivion.

No man finds himself in a position to be of benefit to the world or mankind until he is first of benefit to himself. We are all put into this world to grow in both mind and body; and the more we assimilate and digest, the more we are capable of expending in our own behalf and that of our neighbors.

There is in the physical and mental being of every man certain powers lying dormant—abilities not called into play, that are awakened only by inspiration, and inspiration grows from desire. There is no limit to the scope of the human mind. We are all capable of bigger things than we realize.

How well I remember an example of utter lack of independence, wasted opportunities, and misjudged contentment, that presented itself in my office a short time ago. It was in the form of a man. He had

called to make application for a position as bookkeeper with the enterprise at which I am the head. His qualifications were fifteen years of drudgery and sacrifice on the bookkeeper's high stool, a wife and seven children, and a record of faithful service given to one man—one house. It personified the faithfulness of the dog to the master.

Other qualifications, he had none. True, he did know all that the ordinary ledger clerk or bookkeeper knew. His gaunt form, deep-sunken eyes, and rounded shoulders spoke debits, credits, balance, check.

His application was one of sympathy and pathos; his capabilities perhaps would have satisfied my grandfather. He was the type of 1880, not 1911.

When I asked where he expected I could use him, he said, "Bookkeeper." The word meant life to him, it meant his daily bread, it represented his stock in trade. Thirty-five years of misspent energies and opportunities, applying for a position with a firm that needed new blood, new ideas, new creative force, new suggestions, new men of present-day qualifications; and all he had to offer was the experience gained from constant association with the pen, the high stool, and the desk.

The situation was pathetic, and more. What would he be—where would he be, when his mind refused to respond even to the meager demands of his present occupation?

I said, "My good man, what have you done with your opportunities during the past thirty-five years?"

He said, "I had none."

This surely was unfortunate—a man without opportunities. Can you conceive of so dire a misfortune? This in itself was sufficient reason why I spoke to him as I did. A man who had no opportunities, who saw no changing order of business, who spent a constant friendship with hard luck, had no right even to ask for a position that demanded initiative and progress.

And so it goes— a man without inspiration is hopeless; without initiative is lost. Opportunity is not fickle, it is as reliable as those to whom it appeals. "Those who seek and search will find."

Opportunity is your constant companion. A good companion if you make it so, bad if neglected.—*C. D. Lewis, in the Bookkeeper.*

## Dog Puts Out a Fire

AFTER extinguishing a fire, caused by hot coals falling from a grate, the prize-winning collie of W. J. Atkinson awoke its master to have a look at its blistered paws.

The dog sleeps on a rug in front of the grate, and during the night live coals fell on the rug. Mr. Atkinson was awakened by the dog's whining and scratching at his bedroom door. He arose and followed the dog to where it indicated with its nose the burned places in the rug. Then the dog exhibited its paws, which had been blistered in beating out the fire.—*Washington Times.*

## Superfluous Words

"WHERE did you get off at?"

"The stores are all closed up."

"I do not like the way the story ended up."

The little words that end these expressions are all superfluous, and are introduced as the result of a foolish endeavor for unnecessary emphasis.—*Caleb Cobweb.*