

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

May 28, 1912

No. 22



WE are inclined to discredit that which promises to be a panacea, a cure for all evils; but I believe there is a panacea for preventing all things that militate against good Sabbath-school behavior. It is for every officer, teacher, and pupil to give *earnest, faithful, prayerful home* study to the Sabbath-school lessons. This will create an interest and a love for the work that will quicken lagging footsteps, stiffen backbones, quiet restless nerves, and give consideration for others and reverence for God.

**“Washington Foreign Mission Seminary
Record” No. 3**

If the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are interested to learn what the Foreign Mission Seminary and the Washington Sanitarium have done the past year, they may write the principal of the Seminary for a copy of *Record* No. 3, which will give them the desired information. The *Record* is sent free.

It emphasizes some of the special features of the Seminary, among which are the following: Practical Christian work, elementary dentistry, postgraduate nurses' course, comprising practical dispensary and city mission work, and a well-organized and efficient lecture course. The profits accruing from the lecture course are used in better equipping the library.

The report of the Sanitarium contained in the *Record* shows that the institution has had during the past year a commendable growth in patronage, a development in plans, added facilities, increased efficiency in organization, and a larger volume of health work done outside of the institution.

Send for a copy of the *Record*. Address Prof. M. E. Kern, Takoma Park, D. C.

THE church at Sheridan, Illinois, recently gave its order for more than two thousand copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. Seven young men from the Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan, together with the business manager of the college, recently distributed five hundred copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR in Dowagiac. The students at the Fox River Academy ordered recently more than two thousand copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. There seems to be an earnest spirit of work everywhere.

Live a Little

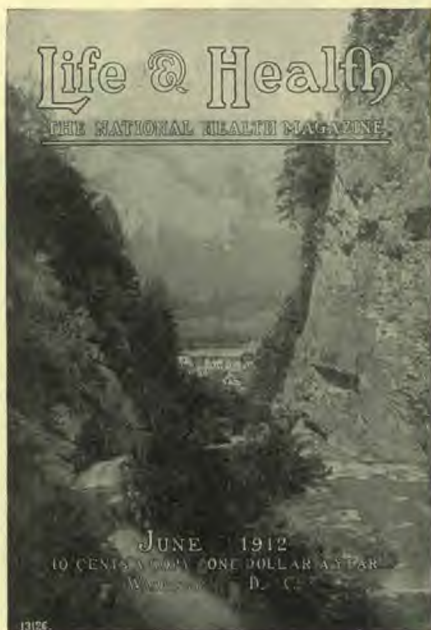
GIVE a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;
Smile a little, while a little idleness away;
Care a little, share a little of your holiday.

Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little if a heart is sad;
Spend a little, send a little to another's door—
Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

—Douglas Malloch.

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Have you read the book "From Judaism to Christianity"? It is interesting.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 28, 1912

No. 22

James Chalmers

MATILDA ERICKSON



AMONG the many names that Scotland has added to the honor roll of missionary heroes is that of James Chalmers, the well-beloved "Tamate" of New Guinea. His parents, Highland peasants, were simple, God-fearing folk. Doubtless his home training and the influence of his childhood environments helped greatly to mold the life of this hero of the cross among the cannibals.

At the age of thirteen, James was sent to grammar school. His father wished him to become a civil engineer, but, being too poor to help him, he apprenticed the boy to a surveyor. Later he worked for two lawyers. Of these years, he says in his autobiography: "It was a time of sowing wild oats, and I was generally blamed for everything out of the ordinary way that took place, whether I had taken any part in it or not."

At the beginning of these somewhat reckless years, he had made the great decision of his life. It came about in this way: One Sunday afternoon during church service, the pastor read a letter from Fiji. It spoke of cannibalism and the power of the gospel. At the close of the reading he said, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary, and by and by bring the gospel to cannibals." Mr. Chalmers's young heart responded, "Yes, God helping me, I will!" The lad became more deeply impressed as he was going home. He says, "I went over the wall attached to the bridge, and kneeling down, prayed God to accept me and to make me a missionary to the heathen." Although he forgot this vow, and wandered astray, it probably was an anchor that kept him from drifting beyond recall, an influence that aided in bringing him back to the path of right living. During his college days when writing to his pastor, he referred to this vow, saying, "But alas, I went astray; yet *that* prayer, I believe, will be answered, if not to the Fiji to some other place." He was twenty-one when he wrote these words, and about

fifteen when the missionary fire first burned in his bosom.

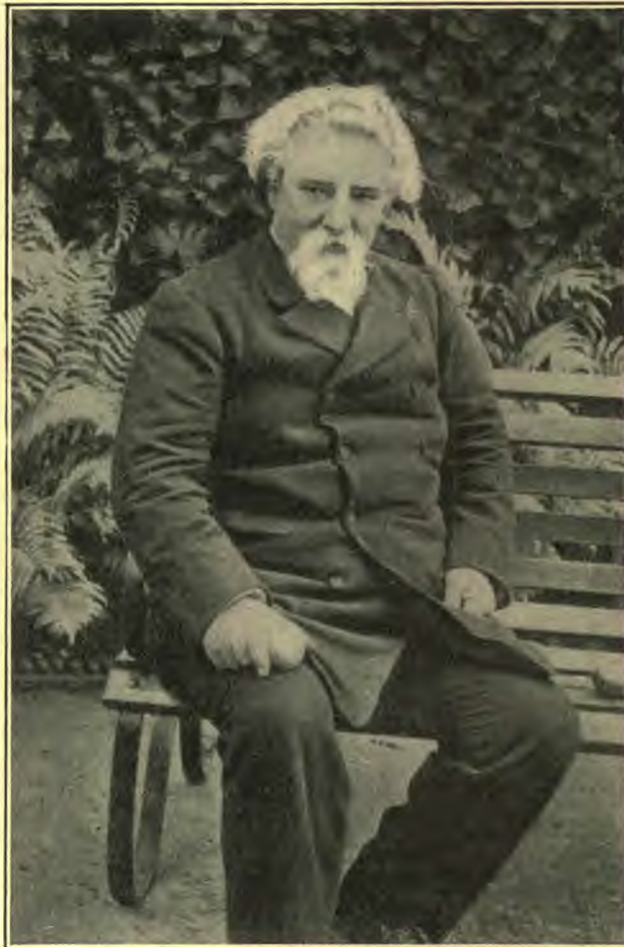
Mr. Chalmers, when a lad, was passionately fond of the sea, and became a brave, skilful swimmer. Several times he saved others from drowning. He possessed boundless energy, and was always ready for sport, pranks, and jokes. One night, when a student at Cheshunt, he borrowed a bearskin. The next evening about supper-time, "a bear" shambled into the room among the startled students, and making

its way to one of the quietest and most timid young men, it subjected him to a terrible hug. This is only one of the many evidences that young Chalmers was ever bubbling over with fun. But he could work as well as play, and he wielded a strong Christian influence among his comrades, for "whether at play or work, in class-room or field, in mirth or in prayer, his heart always was beating for the things of God and his kingdom." One who knew him, says, "By all his natural qualities of body, mind, and spirit, he was a born pioneer and leader of men."

But we must hasten this energetic pioneer to his mission. On Oct. 17, 1865, Mr. Chalmers was married to Miss Jane Hercus, a young school-teacher, and on Jan. 4, 1866, they sailed for Australia in the second "John Williams." On board the ship, Mr. Chalmers's services and prayer-meetings were well-springs

of salvation to many thirsty fellow passengers. The voyage was not made without great suffering and much delay because of storms and shipwrecks. They left England in a ship built in faith and love and prayer. They reached Rarotonga, May 20, 1867, in a pirate vessel commanded by a Polynesian desperado. The native who rowed Mr. Chalmers to land, asked his name, that he might call it to the many curious spectators on the shore. The missionary replied "Chalmers." But the native roared out "Tamate." In this way, he received the name by which he afterward became so generally known.

For ten years, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers labored on



JAMES CHALMERS

Rarotonga, training workers to go forth into more uncivilized communities. Both of them were whole-hearted missionaries and worked hard. They took a personal interest in the natives, and visited them in their homes. Mr. Chalmers says, "It was during these busy years that I prepared commentaries on all the prophets and all the epistles, and wrote many things of use for the students." In speaking of the social conditions of Rarotonga, he continues, "In that paradise of the Pacific, there was one fearful curse, strong drink, and that we tried to combat." Although the years in Rarotonga were filled with cheerful, faithful service, Mr. Chalmers's adventurous nature longed to labor among more savage peoples. Finally, in 1877, the way opened for these earnest workers to enter New Guinea.

On this island, filled with ferocious natives, where every village lived in suspicion of its neighbors, and was at enmity with them; where the sanctity of human life was unknown; where religion was a blank, and spiritual darkness could be felt but not described,—here Mr. Chalmers was to spend and be spent for Christ and his mission. More than once it seemed that death was at their cottage door. One evening when murder was threatened, the missionaries and their native helpers read the forty-sixth psalm and prayed earnestly for Heaven's protection. The next day the angry chief and some of the leading natives befriended the missionaries. After another effort to murder them, the chief confessed that again and again as the would-be murderers drew near the missionaries' home, they were restrained by some mysterious power. Thus the missionaries were spared, the work advanced, and the light of the gospel shone farther and farther inland. Literature was translated, and schools were opened. There were lonely, trying days for Mrs. Chalmers, when she was left alone; but she bravely held the fort at home while her adventurous husband pressed on to the unknown tribes. Finally, failing health forced her to retreat to Australia in hopes of recuperating.

In 1878 Mr. Chalmers was urged to visit England, but he wrote to the directors:—

As to going to England, I can not see my way clear. We have eighteen stations in the eastern branch of the mission, and to leave these poor fellows at present would be cruel. I am in excellent health and good working trim, and so I shall remain until relieved. You can safely send out two or three young missionaries,—men altogether Christ's who will think nothing of a few hardships, and spurn the notion that the work here involves any sacrifices; I think the word sacrifices ought never to be used in Christ's service.

I hope to see my wife here again very soon, because I get through more work and do it more satisfactorily when she is with me.

But Mrs. Chalmers was not to return to New Guinea. Early the following year she died in Sydney. This was a great loss to the lonely missionary, but although heart-broken, he could not be persuaded to go to England on a furlough, but pleaded, "Leave me then to bury my sorrow in work for Christ." For seven years he covered the deep wound in his own heart with loving, cheerful service, and then he went to England for a short time. His visit created a deep, wide-spread interest for New Guinea. He had a message, and being a vigorous, magnetic speaker, he laid hold on his audiences, and moved them mightily by his earnestness.

After a brief stay in England, he returned to the field of his choice and plunged into the work he loved. About a year later he married a woman he had known during college days, and who had been a close friend of

the first Mrs. Chalmers. She, too, proved to be a great help and comfort to him in his ever-growing work. In 1894 he again visited England, but only for a short time. Mrs. Chalmers, in July of 1900, was taken seriously ill, and once more, "Tamate" was called upon to part with his companion. Again, in the time of sad bereavement the tireless laborer found solace in but one thing,—the strenuous prosecution of his work. Perhaps he little dreamed how nearly his own race was run. Yet at this time, he wrote:—

Thanks, cousin dear, for that invitation home; but I fear I am too much attached to New Guinea. I am nearing the Bar, and might miss resting amid old scenes, joys, and sorrows. No, I am in excellent health, only a stiffness of the legs at times, a great loneliness, and a gnawing pain at the heart-strings. I know it is well, and He never errs, and is never far off. I must, God sparing me, see this work through.

Shortly before his tragic death he sent this message to a friend:—

Will the young missionaries revert more to the originals? Will they have pluck enough to be men of the cross, willing to bear the offense of the cross? There is a great danger of settling down to an easy, comfortable life, and leaving outstations unvisited. I was once so situated that I settled down at a station, and got so to enjoy the ease and comfort that boating, canoeing, and walking became so uncomfortable that I did them as seldom as possible, and really began to think I had plenty to do at the station. To do really true mission work in New Guinea requires roughing it somewhat, and to have many unpleasant experiences by sea and land.

The foregoing was written on March 6 of 1901. On the fourth of the next month, Mr. Chalmers started on a journey the end of which was death. Together with him, Mr. Tomkins and several native workers were murdered. Just how they met their cruel death is not fully known. They were clubbed, speared, and their bodies mutilated. No note of retreat rolls back from that brave warrior. No dying message came to the anxious ears of those who most mourned his loss. He fell with his face to the foe.

This is only a glimpse into the life of a man who was always and everywhere a missionary. It is impossible to reproduce "Tamate" in cold type. He was not without faults, but although often impulsive and sometimes prejudiced, God could use him, for he gave himself unreservedly to the Master for humble, enthusiastic service. He was a man of prayer. "At the base of his personality there was a strong will, an indomitable purpose, a plan in life that refused to be modified by opposition or suffering or external difficulties of any kind." These facts and characteristics explain to some extent why James Chalmers spent his life in winning for Christ the drunkards of Rarotonga and the cannibals of New Guinea.

Liberty Through Self-Surrender

"FREE to serve!" These words were uttered by a thoughtful woman as she saw a great vessel loosed from its stays and plow its way into the ocean. In the water only could it find its native element. It was in bondage until it was launched. It found its freedom in its preparedness for service.

A man is like that ship. He is not free when he is his own, withheld from God. His truest freedom comes by submission, his emancipation by surrender; he has a man's will only when he submits his will to God's will. God's will is the ocean to him, his native element. Once in that element, once fully yielded to God, he, like the ship in the ocean, is indeed free. He is "free to serve," and in serving finds his highest liberty.—*Selected.*

The Hills o' Ca'liny—No. 7

An Appeal

(Concluded from last week)

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING



HERE is no room in the South, nor elsewhere, for families whose children are vicious or unruly or rude, nor for men whose appetites or tempers are beyond their control, nor for the indolent, nor the slovenly, nor the unsystematic, nor the faint-hearted. There are needed (1) missionary families, farmers, artisans; (2) medical missionaries; (3) teachers; (4) canvassers.

"Let Sabbath-keeping families move to the South and live out the truth before those who know it not. . . . Let them do Christian Help work, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. This will have a far stronger influence for good than the preaching of sermons. . . . Let these workers go from house to house, helping where help is needed, and as opportunity offers telling the story of the cross. Christ is to be their text. They need not dwell upon doctrinal subjects; let them speak of the work and sacrifice of Christ."

These missionary families are not called to places where the truth already has a foothold. A fault that has borne the saddest fruit has been our tendency to flock together, collected by the advantages of school or church or employment. "Ye are the salt of the earth;" but if the salt be all in one big lump, how shall the whole be seasoned? Salt must be evenly distributed through the food to meet its purpose. Christ "is not well pleased when many who are well instructed in the truth remain together in one place. . . . He desires them to educate the people who know not the truth. . . . I am bidden to say to our brethren in — and in other centers, If the Lord has not called you definitely to a work where you are located, go forth as missionaries sent by God." Two or three families, well mated and with a teacher and other trained workers among them, may well go to a new locality and live and teach the truth. Then "new churches will be raised up," whereupon there should be another exodus to other unwarned places.

To the young people especially a great field is opened in the canvassing work. A false and unfortunate idea is prevalent among us, that the canvassing work is but the stepping-stone to "something higher." In theory we may hold that there is no work greater in importance than the canvassing work, but in practise we endeavor to win through it to some other, "higher" work. The truth is, there is no vocation, unless it be house-to-house medical missionary work, which gives at once so great opportunity for teaching the truth and for training the teacher, not only at the beginning of his career, but throughout his life. The worker in the South, whether he is to be teacher, medical missionary, or home missionary, may well begin his work with canvassing, and then continue it at intervals forever. No better opportunity can be given for becoming acquainted with the people, their customs, their habits of thought, and their needs. I testify this from personal experience. One man sneered at the thought of my canvassing, saying, "He's no great canvasser [which was true], and he might do a much greater work as a teacher,"—which was not true. For, though a minister and a teacher, I found in the canvassing work a pastoral and a normal training beyond

that of the schools; and at the same time, upon covering my ground the second time, I found the joy of meeting souls awakening to the light of truth. So, in the midst of teaching, I shall continue to canvass whenever I can make the opportunity. Many a minister might find a greater success and a deepening experience if he would devote six months of the year to canvassing; many a teacher would find his mind and soul saved from the atrophy of the schoolroom if he would, through the canvassing work, come into contact with a wider range of ideas and needs. And as for the medical missionary, listen to this word given at the last General Conference: "From the instruction that the Lord has given me from time to time, I know that there should be workers who make medical evangelistic tours among the towns and villages. Those who do this work will gather a rich harvest of souls, both from the higher and the lower classes. The way for this work is best prepared by the efforts of the faithful canvasser." And who may this canvasser better be than the very medical missionary who expects later to do there his healing and teaching work?

Schools and sanitariums are to be established, not large institutions, but such as families can manage. Those who are fitted and desire to establish schools and refuges for the sick and unfortunates will find it well to enter upon their work in this needy land through the canvassing field.

Where are the strong young men and women to volunteer for service in this legion of honor? Where are the mature fathers and mothers whose family and neighborhood life shows them to be God's representatives, and who will answer his call for workers? None who love and obey God are debarred. Caution, it is true, is needed in making arrangements; for the devil is alert to cause errors that will discourage and defeat. Counsel is needed from those who are experienced, those who know the prospective workers, and those who know the prospective field. None should move rashly or without counsel; but *some must move*.

Young men, enter the canvassing field. Arrange with the local missionary field agent to do this. Families, enter the wide field of service open for you. Arrange with the conference president and other proper helpers to do this. Men and circumstances will conspire to hinder you, to stop you, as they have for the last twenty years, while the appeals of God have been pouring in for the Southern field. But when shall this work be accomplished? When shall the obstacles be overcome?

"Men and women should now be offering themselves to carry the truth into the highways and byways of this field. There are *thousands* who might give themselves to God for service. He would accept them and work through them, making them messengers of peace and hope."

"Shall not the number of missionaries to the South be multiplied? Shall we not hear of many volunteers who are ready to enter this field to bring souls out of darkness and ignorance into the marvelous light in which we rejoice? God will pour out his Spirit upon those who respond to his call. In the strength of Christ, they may do a work that will fill heaven with rejoicing."

Christian Courtesy



HERE is an old Spanish proverb which says, "There are really no good manners without Christian souls." And the proverb is right, for the most insistent demands of courtesy are based upon the spirit of Christ. It is the influence of his life and spirit in the earth that has caused people to make for themselves and others the essential regulations that are laid down by books of etiquette. "That so-called culture which does not make a youth deferential toward his parents, appreciative of their excellences, forbearing toward their defects, and helpful to their necessities; which does not make him considerate and tender, generous and helpful toward the young, the old, and the unfortunate, and courteous toward all, is a failure." It is not true culture. The foundation principle of Christian culture or courtesy is love, love for one's neighbor, "in honor preferring one another." Love can not behave itself unseemly. It can not crowd nor jostle in the street. It can not be loud, neither can it pass unnoticed and unremedied anything that will likely injure another who may follow. It can not fail to extend small courtesies, if opportunity offers, to the overburdened or unfortunate.

Discourtesy Rebuked

Love considers not its own inconvenience in performing a service for another. Christian courtesy respects sentiment, whenever or by whomever expressed. It is said that Representative Norris, of Nebraska, "was on a street-car one Sunday when there entered a white-haired woman, a man of thirty years perhaps, and a well-dressed young woman. The conversation soon made it apparent that the young man and his mother were from a farm, and that they were visiting Washington, D. C., for the first time. The woman was the young man's sister. The man was starting for home, leaving his mother to visit longer.

"The car was crowded when it came to a transfer point. Here the young man was to leave his mother and sister. He arose, took up his satchel, and turned to kiss his mother. She stood up and threw her arms around his neck. For some minutes she delivered a last motherly message.

"All out for Union Station," shouted the conductor, with his hand on the bell-cord.

"Embarrassed, the young man still held his arm about his mother's waist.

"Start the car, conductor," said a man in a silk hat. "It's church time now."

"Still the aged woman poured out her admonitions.

"Why can't people do this sort of thing before they start for church?" the man with the silk hat grumbled.

"It had gone far enough for Mr. Norris. 'Young man,' he said to the farmer, 'you just take all the time you want to say good-by to your mother. You don't know when you will say it to her for the last time. And if any of these people are so worried about their sins that they must hurry to church, why they might get down on their knees right here and pray.'"

Should it seem preferable, under similar circumstances, for a person not to express his disapproval publicly as did Mr. Norris, he should at least refrain from doing anything to embarrass or wound those who show that they are possessed of a noble, holy feeling, though they may perhaps be infringing upon some convention of good form. True Christian courtesy reverences any display of sacred affection and

solicitude. Far more reprehensible were the impatient and unkind remarks noted in the incident related than the prolonged good-by of mother and son.

An actress's little five-year-old daughter was witnessing a play in which her mother had a part, and when the mother was being bitterly rebuked by one of the actors as a part of the play, the child arose indignantly from her seat and said warmly to the man, "Stop talking that way to my little mother!"

The spirit of Christian courtesy possessing one will manifest itself in an equal readiness to protect even the stranger or one's enemy from abuse, incivility, or inconvenience. It will always take the part of the oppressed or unfortunate. This spirit is born of Him who ever pleads the cause of the widow and the fatherless; therefore it has a right to be called Christian.

The following incident related by Mr. Jabez Haigh illustrates this point: "I noticed, one day," says Mr. Haigh, "while standing at a street corner waiting for a car, a motherly-looking woman with a sunny countenance and a face that seemed to express the gladness of the religion she enjoyed. She was walking slowly down the street with two children in her charge, one a child of about three or four years, tugging at her dress, and upon whom the mother kept looking and smiling. She was just about to throw the corner of a shawl over the face of the weeping babe in her arms when she paused in her walk. Coming up the street in the opposite direction was a man. I had almost said a gentleman, but his conduct proved he was not a gentleman and not quite a man. At any rate, he was not a manly man. There was a brusqueness in his walk, a harshness in his step, a sternness in his features, and a selfishness manifested in his whole bearing and manner. Without heeding where he was going, just as the woman was starting in her steady walk in time with the steps of the little one by her side, this man knocked right up against her, and had it not been for the quick maternal instinct of the mother in protecting her babe by stretching out her hand, he would doubtless have hurt the child. But instead of manly apologizing for his rudeness or thoughtlessness, he snappishly said, 'I wish you would look where you are going!' The lady immediately blushed, and with modesty said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir; I am sorry.' 'O, well,' he said, 'look where you are going another time!' I immediately stepped up to him and said, 'Sir, do you call yourself a gentleman?' He replied, 'You mind your own business.' I said, 'Look here, this is my business to see that you do not come in collision with a lady in the ruthless manner you did just now, and then instead of apologizing offer an insult.' I said, 'Look there,' pointing to a lamp-post upon which was fixed a sign with the inscription, 'Pedestrians, keep to the right.' These notices were placed all over the city, and the man should have been familiar with the moral conduct demanded of him as a civilian of that city, namely, to keep on the right side of the street while walking. I said, 'This lady was on her side of the street, and if you had been on yours, you would not have come in collision with her.' The man walked away in silence, and I hope he felt the force of the rebuke."

Christian Courtesy Notes the Little Things

Christian courtesy has acute discriminative power. It observes infinitesimals. For example, it calls the men who deliver mail, groceries, fresh vegetables, and

"We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly."

eggs by their individual names, instead of always referring to them as "the mail man," or even "post-man," "storeman," "vegetable man," and "egg man." One woman, in speaking of this custom so common among us, tells how her attention was first called to the continuous discourtesy thus done those who serve us so acceptably. She said:—

"One day, soon after we had moved out to the suburbs, the postman handed me a card with his name and address and the times of collections and deliveries neatly printed on it. 'Sometime you might want to call out to me,' he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, 'and it isn't pleasant for a lady to have to say, "Hey, there!" so I thought I'd just leave you one of my cards.'

"It was a sensible thing to do, but I couldn't help thinking that under it all lay a sensitive feeling that he'd like to be recognized as an individual. And I took the first opportunity to address him as Mr. Wiley."

Another place where Christian courtesy reveals its discriminative power is in seeing that it is wiser, kinder, and better in every way not to judge another than it is to do so. Says one:—

"Time was when I believed that wrong
In others to detect
Was part of genius and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

"Now, better taught by thee, O Lord,
This truth dawns on my mind,
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind."

That fine discrimination that Jesus revealed in refusing to bring a railing accusation against the enemy, when contending about the body of Moses, counsels us to manifest gentle consideration and courtesy even toward those we know to be in fault. Perhaps in no case is it more difficult to reveal a spirit of true Christian courtesy than in dealing with persons who are not congenial to us, whose manner for some reason is repellent. It may be they are altogether too willing, for our enjoyment, to give us the pleasure of their society. It may be that they are backboneless apparently, depending upon us to carry them socially or religiously. Whatever may be the cause, we shall find great help in remembering that they belong to the Saviour, that he may recognize them even as his own children, heirs with him of the eternal kingdom. Then how can we be discourteous or unkind to them? It does not follow, however, from this that we should allow ourselves to be subjected to continual annoyance. It may be a necessary courtesy we owe the person to tell him kindly and frankly the thing that makes his company unacceptable. But such an event allows of no bitterness, nor ill feeling on our part.

More Than Honesty Demanded

Some of us may be too honest, so we think, to say we are glad to see one when we are not; we may be too honest to ask one to come again when really we prefer not to have the person call. This is commendable. We should certainly refrain from saying we are glad if we are not; but Christian courtesy demands far more than this of us. It demands that we get rid of that peculiarly unkind feeling that is hid in the heart, so that we shall be really glad to see all who may come to our door, for we know not but that an angel of God for some purpose has directed them to us. It may be that God would like to have us minister to them if they can not to us. Not until one is possessed

fully of this spirit can one be said to be truly courteous.

Professor Van Dyke asks the pertinent question in one of his books, "Why should we hate like Satan when we may love like God?" So, in accordance with this idea, I would ask, Why should any of us pass down the years disregarding the courtesies of life, wounding and discouraging others, when we might, like Jesus, scatter blessings all along life's pathway by showing thoughtful courtesies to all with whom we have business or social relations?

F. D. C.

At the Art Lecture

It was before an art lecture at the State university. Two of the women from the "faculty" were sitting as guests among the bright-faced seniors, awaiting the arrival of the lecturer.

"I'm glad to have an opportunity to hear these talks on 'How to Look at Pictures,' one of the visitors remarked. "I've always loved pictures, but I'll confess I'm not sufficiently educated to enjoy them discriminatingly."

"That's why I'm here, too," said the other. "I wanted to learn why I like or don't like certain pictures; and if my taste is all wrong, as I don't doubt it is in many cases, I'm anxious to learn better."

"You know I have a sister who teaches music. She has been intensely annoyed by those who don't realize their own limitations, and who are always outspoken about their own standards and critical ability. Two of the symphony concerts were almost spoiled for her recently by some people sitting near her. The first evening it was two frankly uninterested women. She couldn't imagine why they had come to such a concert. They kept up a constant chatter during the very finest numbers—criticism of various gowns, and bits of gossip about people scattered through the audience. My sister said she turned once and looked at the disturbers, but it didn't do any good. At the next concert she happened to have a seat in the midst of a really musical group—some of the talk she overheard before the concert opened, showed her that. 'Now I shall not be disturbed by any chattering during the evening,' she congratulated herself. 'These people are too genuine lovers of music for that.' But how mistaken she was! Two girls in front of her kept up a constant musical criticism during the concert, an analysis of this and that part in the orchestra, a running criticism, much of it favorable, but intolerably out of place at that time. It seemed almost more unpardonable than the careless, light chatter of her unmusical neighbors the evening before. These girls *knew enough to know better.*"

"Too bad!" said the other, sympathetically. "I've had concerts spoiled for me in the same way."

"One thing it led my sister to do. The very next day she formed among her students a 'Listeners' Club,' its object being so to train them, not only in music, but in rules of ordinary courtesy, that none of them could ever give such offense at concerts or during any musical performance at any time. She was so aroused by what she had endured at the symphony concerts that she carried most of her students into the new club on the waves of her indignation."

Her friend laughed. "I'd like to add a few persons that I know to her club."

"I happened to think of it just now," remarked the other, "in connection with these lectures on how to look at pictures. The crudity and absurdity of some

of the comments you overhear at art galleries! I heard a bright-looking girl say, the other day as she stood before one of Corot's landscapes, 'It's a dandy, isn't it?' Why can't Mademoiselle C— form a club of silent admirers of art, pledged to silence unless they have something to say that is discriminating and to the point, and who speak then only if it is at an appropriate moment?"

"Your girl before the Corot makes me think of something my sister told me after her visit to Liszt's house, in Weimar. She had gone in a little company, which included an extremely bright young Oxford man. He, like the rest, was fairly awed by the sight of the relics of the dead master, and he seemed thrilled by the opportunity to touch the yellow keys of Liszt's piano. But as they left the house, what do you suppose was his one comment? 'Awfully jolly, wasn't it?'—an expression which I suppose was about as far from expressing his real feeling as anything he could have chosen."

But just then mademoiselle came forward to the platform, and the two faculty women settled down to a quiet enjoyment of her lecture.—*Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Girls' Companion.*

The Thought-to-Be Miser

IN Marseilles there lived a man named Guyot who was accounted a miser. He toiled hard, spent little on himself, and never gave anything away. The people despised him, joked about him, hated him. By and by he died, and in his will the following was found: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use." All the time this man was hated and despised, he loved the poor, and was planning to do them good. The best way to win a man is to help him; then he is no longer an enemy.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

No Place for Boasting

THE hen, as everybody knows, no sooner has laid an egg than she cackles so much about it that somebody comes and takes the egg away. Nobody likes a braggart, especially when everybody knows that what he says is not true. Now what we usually boast about is not true. The things that we think we do come from a higher Power. Suppose a great artist were to sketch a picture for me, to paint it carefully, and then to let me write my name on the canvas, what would you think of me if I went out and said, "I did this"? You would call me mean. Well, when we do things we are simply signing our names to what God does; for the power we use is his power, the intelligence we use comes from him; all things come from him. What room is there for boasting, then?—None whatever.—*Selected.*

Do It

"WHEN you hear of good in people, tell it;
When you hear a tale of evil, quell it.
Let the goodness have the light,
Put the evil out of sight;
Make the world we live in bright,
Like to heaven above."

Have you read the Bible through by course? Are you so reading it this year?



The Trees' Lovers

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring.
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said,
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall;
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered;
"I give them rest."

—*Selected.*

Visiting an Entomologist

WE can not meet a great man without gaining something. He is, as Carlyle suggests, a living light fountain from whose radiance all souls draw light and inspiration. The force of his resident fulness everywhere exerts itself in a thousand little ways, and the enthusiasm overwhelms and carries off captive all our contentment with the mediocre.

One of the benefits of travels is found in its bringing us in contact with the opportunity of meeting such men. There are more of them in the world than we would suppose, and with little effort we find their congenial company.

While lecturing in Pasadena, California, not long ago, the writer was introduced to Prof. F. C. Fall, of the Pasadena high school. He is a most agreeable man, and occupies a small home near the school. Professor Fall is one of the leading entomologists in the United States. He has spent about thirty years collecting insects and studying their structure, habits, and characteristics, and his collection now ranks among the most complete in the country. By his industry this man has collected about 50,000 beetles, including over 10,000 kinds, about which he can talk as freely as a schoolboy about his marbles. The insects are neatly arranged in beautiful light- and dust-proof cases, of which he has over 275.

In answer to various questions, Professor Fall said that no collection includes all the species of beetles in the United States. The Coleoptera (the scientific name for this order of insect life) are the most numerous of the insects, there being about 100,000 species known, fully 15,000 of which live in the United States.

"Do you confine yourself to the collection of beetles alone?" asked the writer. "Most collectors," Professor Fall answered, "study but one order or family of insects. I take especial delight in beetles. I have a few butterflies, but I have collected them principally because of the beautiful hues of their wings. By most diligent study I can but know a fraction of what there is to know even about beetles. My study has been mostly along the lines of classification and description. New varieties are being found continually, and some one must describe them, and tell their relation to other known varieties."

Here Mr. Fall opened a case and began showing the insects. They were of all sizes and colors, and stood empaled on long, slender steel needles by platoons, each labeled and named. The antennæ of many were curled over their backs like the horns of an ibex, while in other cases they were several times the length of the insects themselves. Some of the beetles were so small that they were scarcely larger than the head of the smallest pin, and yet the entomologist assured me that they had in their little bodies several hundred muscles, and a complete little nervous system to guide their minute motions. Imagine, if you can, how small these muscles and nerves must be; and yet in all their diminutiveness they work as perfectly as those in the body of an animal as large as an elephant. Here is displayed the wonderful intelligence of the Creator of the universe, and all these physical revelations of his power are eminently calculated to direct the mind to the thought of his interest in even the smallest affairs of the created world. Delightful task it is —

"To trace in nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power divine;
Contrivance intricate expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees;
The shapely limb and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point;
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work who speaks, and it is done!"

One family of beetles in which there are a dozen species is found only in the sand from twelve to twenty feet below the surface, in the nest of the land-tortoise. They are little brown fellows, and thrive on the refuse of the nest. Others very similar live in caves and limestone caverns thousands of feet in the bowels of the earth, and living in the dark, they have no use for eyes, hence are eyeless. Due to the darkness, their bodies are light colored. Varieties of Coleoptera living in ants' nests are also eyeless. In order to make up for this apparently missing bodily organ, their cousin, the common lucky bug, has four eyes, two above and two below his body, enabling him at the same time to see into the water beneath and into the air above.

"This beetle, *Pleocoma Australis*," the professor said, pointing to a big brown specimen, "was found here in Pasadena by one of our high-school boys, who was up in a small canyon in the mountains building himself a little cabin. While digging in the dirt, he ran upon the shell or exoskeleton of a beetle, which he brought to me for examination. It was in the autumn, and knowing the habits of beetles, I told him to go into the mountains upon the event of the first winter rain and watch, and he would probably find some of these beetles flying around in the rain. And according to my supposition, he found them in great numbers. Only the males appear above the ground, and then fly about only a day or so, taking no food in the beetle state. The females are wingless, and are found below the surface of the ground, and must be dug out.

"This big fellow," pointing to another as large as the thumb, "which is as much bigger than his relatives as a mammoth lizard is than his descendants, is called

Dinapate Wrightii, being named after Mr. Wright, of San Bernardino, the naturalist who first described him. We fear this species will soon be extinct, as these beetles are found only in a little canyon on the edge of the desert in the Imperial valley. They live in the fiber and leaves of the *Washingtonia* palms. The palms are scarce, and few are dying to furnish decaying wood in which the larvæ can be grown."

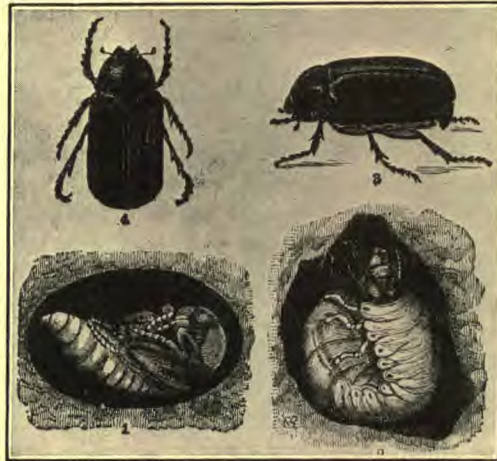
Many kinds of beetles live in the water during the day and fly out at night. Here in California we have a big fellow living in the irrigating canals, which is called by the boys the toe-biter because of his supreme passion for catching hold with his needle-like jaws of their toes while they are wading. Much of the time while in the water these beetles stand upon their heads. The eggs are carried around on the back of the female, and are sometimes so heavy as to keep her pretty well near the bottom of the ditch all the time. Poor thing! she can hardly waddle, and every time she must come to the surface of the water to breathe, it takes an immense struggle. It is another instance of the sacrifice of the mother for the care of her young.

Entomology is a most fascinating study. It is but one branch of natural history, of which every Christian should at least know the elements. When we learn to love God's creatures, we learn to know him better, for, as Agassiz often said, they are his physical revelation of his omniscience. Knowing about the animal

life of the globe makes every walk as interesting as a story-book. Should opportunity present itself, be sure to visit some museum of natural history. You will not be disappointed, and no doubt you will get a new insight and interest in the study of science.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Riverside, California.



A BEETLE IN VARIOUS STAGES OF METAMORPHOSIS

Mayflowers

DOUBTLESS there are many besides New Englanders who regard the Mayflower, or arbutus, as the most fragrant and exquisite of all wild flowers. Its botanical name is *Epigæa*

repens, meaning "reclining upon the earth." Plymouth is not only noted for being the landing-place of the Pilgrims from the "Mayflower," but it is the particular home of the arbutus. So great is the demand for these spring beauties that the gathering of them in early spring has become a means of livelihood to many poor people. The flowers are shipped mostly to Boston. A New York party, while on the train, is reported to have recently paid one dollar for a bunch. Ruthless plucking of the Mayflower, roots and all, is causing them to become scarcer each year.

A recent visit to Plymouth gave me a glimpse of a phase of life in this varied world of ours that is almost pathetic. In the outskirts of the town is a village, composed of shacks and huts, scattered here and there, on the hilltops, hillsides, and in the valleys, that strikes the visitor as being a curious sight. The settlement comprises many nationalities,—Assyrian, Italian, German, French, Irish, and typical descendants of the Pilgrims. The original forest, consisting mostly of oak and evergreen, has been cut down, and the

(Concluded on page eleven)



The Boy Who Feared God



HERE is a story that is told us in the old saga of King Sigurd the Crusader. It happened in Norway, long ago, and we know that it is perfectly true because it was written by men who saw it happen, only a short time afterward.

King Sigurd, as you probably guessed from his nickname, had been crusading in the Holy Land. He had visited Constantinople, and had at length returned to Norway in great honor. Among the greatest of the treasures he brought back was a magnificent copy of the Bible, presented to him by the Greek emperor, and written in gold letters. This he always kept near his throne.

Unfortunately, King Sigurd became subject to strange attacks of madness, which lasted for only a few moments at a time, but which were very severe while they did last. He was a great warrior, and a very fine man otherwise, and much beloved by his queen and the people.

One Whitsuntide the court gathered as usual in the great hall in the evening. Every one wondered why Sigurd did not appear, but when at last the king strode in the door, it was plainly seen that he was in one of his insane spells. Even the warriors and vikings shrank back from him as he passed through them toward the high seat.

As he reached it the queen sprang up in alarm. King Sigurd, staring at her as if he did not know her, struck her back into the throne with his hand, and cried as he sat down: "Who is this witch? Where is my queen? Who has cast this evil spell on my throne?"

The queen broke into quiet tears, but the warriors drew back in fear as King Sigurd's wild gaze swept them. Then it rested on the beautiful copy of the Scriptures.

"What book is this?" he shouted, savagely, tearing its chain loose. "It is this that has bewitched my kingdom!" With a swift movement he flung the heavy volume into the flames of the hall fire, while a gasp of dismay passed around at the sacrilege.

Only one of them, however, dared act. Young Ottar Birting, a farmer's boy who had just acquired a position as torch-bearer, sprang across the room and rescued the precious Book from the flames. Wrapping his arms around it, he spoke to the king:—

"Lord Sigurd, things are different from those days when thou wert honored and loved of all men, and revered God! But on this holy festival, when so many great men and friends have gathered to worship with thee, it is in sorrow and grief. What illness affecteth thee, King Sigurd? Make peace with the queen, seek her pardon for this base affront, and beg that of God for the insult offered to his Word!"

While the boy spoke, a murmur of astonishment arose and died away into silence, for the king's face had grown terrible to look on. As Ottar finished, Sigurd sprang up, and outflamed his great sword in the torchlight.

"Dost thou dare speak thus, thou farmer's lout!" he shrieked. "Hast thou no fear of thy king?"

"Aye," replied Ottar boldly, not giving back a step, "I fear my king, but I have more fear of God."

The king said nothing, but swung up his sword in both hands as if about to cut the lad down. The poor queen shrieked, but Ottar stood quiet and upright, clasping the Bible in his arms. He neither stirred nor showed the least sign of fear; but as the king swung the blade and brought it down, something flashed into his face, and he turned his hand so that only the flat of the blade fell on the lad's shoulder.

Dropping his weapon, Sigurd staggered back to the throne and gripped its high back for support. A moment later he spoke, with very white face:—

"O, ye cowards! Here sat my friends and marshals, my chiefs and shield men, my vikings and landwehrs, the best in all Norway; yet only this farmer's boy dared stand before me and shame me with the truth. Ye he has shamed also, my men! I came here a madman, and would have destroyed the two most precious things I own, and out of ye all this boy alone turned aside my deed fearlessly, and has nearly died for it.

"When I sprang up, the madness was upon me, and I was minded to cut him down. But innocence shone in his face and stayed my hand, and at his last words the fear of God put my madness to flight. Boy, what is thy name? Have no fear!"

"I am Ottar Birting, the torch-bearer, lord," replied Ottar, falling on his knees with the precious Book still clasped in his arms. King Sigurd took it from him and kissed it.

"O lady," he said, turning to the queen, "for what I did I ask thy pardon, as I will ask that of God before the altar. Ottar Birting, because ye have this day put to shame the court of Norway, I make thee chief of my landwehrs and shield men; thou art very young, but perchance thy name will be not unknown some day!"—H. J. O'Brien, in *Boys' World*.

Merry-Go-Round

A FEW small boys got a board twelve feet long, twelve inches wide, and two inches thick; also a round post six feet long, and a spike twelve inches long. They drove the post into the ground to a depth of three feet, made a hole through the center of the board to allow the spike to go round easily, and nailed it to the top of the post. Two of them would sit on the ends of the boards, while a third would push them around in a circle. The boys were pretty well satisfied until I took an old bicycle and fastened it to one end, and let one of the boys run it around in a circle. All the boys then wanted to run it around in a circle; so the girls had the other end to themselves. Any boy with a little knowledge of tools could make a merry-go-round of this kind in about an hour, and be the envy of the neighborhood.—Arthur Kest.

The Wounded Hound

THE painting "The Wounded Hound" is by Richard Ansdell (born in Liverpool, England, in 1815), an artist who was largely a follower of Sir Edwin Landseer, and noted, like the latter, for his love of animals, his keen sympathy with their emotions, and his skill in portraying them in their various moods.

This picture is one that will well repay close study. The kindly old veterinary surgeon, or huntsman, has a solicitude in his face that shows how keenly he appreciates the poor animal's sufferings, while the stag hound lifts up both head and voice and howls forth his commiseration. The little terrier is taking in the scene with all his eyes, and the child is perhaps wondering how the dog manages to stand so much pain when only last week he himself made such a noise when he merely cut his finger.

The most placid face in the picture is that of the hound that has met with the accident, and he, feeling now secure that he has met with friendly human assistance in his trouble, looks into the old man's countenance with an expression that shows at once his confidence in his doctor's skill and kindness and his sense of immediate relief from pain.

Those only who have ever handled a dog, cat, horse, or other animal when in need of surgical assistance



“THE WOUNDED HOUND”

can really appreciate how much confidence our dumb friends will put in one on whose kindly heart they can rely. A dog will stand pain at the thought of which his owner shudders, merely evidencing his feeling by a low whimper that is evidently wrung from the lowest depths of his storehouse of dog courage.—*Selected.*

A Good Indian

A CLERGYMAN had been asked to receive an Indian boy into his family for a few weeks, and had consented to keep the lad if he did not prove to be “too much of a savage.” He turned out to be a pretty good boy, so much so that one day, as a great treat, the minister gave him a gun and told him to take a holiday and go hunting.

The Indian shook his head. “No,” he said, quietly. “I belong to Band of Mercy. I do not shoot birds or animals, only rattlesnakes.”

The minister had been very fond of using that gun, but he says he does not care much for it now.—*Selected.*

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

Mayflowers

(Concluded from page nine)

dry leaves of the oak sprouts as they rustle in the breeze over the gravelly hills, present a very barren appearance. Occasionally a garden spot can be seen, but for the most part there is either no soil or else it is thin and sandy. Nevertheless, there are plenty of cats, dogs, pigs, and children to be seen about the premises.

I knocked at several doors and found no one at home. In one place I was informed that the entire neighborhood practically had gone away on a Mayflower hunt. Most of these people are too poor to afford the luxury of a book. However, in one of these villages I found a woman who scrubbed and raised ducks for a living. She had recently buried her husband, who was a drunkard. She owned some hens, a lame dog, and a heifer, the latter being the most likely in appearance of any of her possessions. When

I stepped into the clearing to deliver her second book, she was groping to find the key to her hen-coop, in which quest I joined her, but we were unable to find it. Once I got a glimpse of the interior of her house. It was the most squalid, muddled-up collection of broken chairs, dirty dishes, seeds, etc., that I ever witnessed in anything called “home.” But forth from this clutter she brought out and presented to me three of the largest, most magnificent bouquets of the fragrant Mayflower that I ever saw. They were each twelve inches in circumference, and would

have sold for three dollars in Boston. She handed them to me as heartily as if it were a pleasure to do so. I passed them along to the sick, and to my wife and friends. But the remembrance of the giver will not soon pass away. I can see her now as she stood with the southwest breeze blowing her tattered garments and disheveled hair, as she untied the handkerchief to get the dollar for her book. What a strange and weird combination, I said to myself as I gave her a copy of “Our Paradise Home,” and told her I hoped she would enjoy the book as well as I did the flowers. May God grant that the magnet of his precious truth and love may yet redeem such a one from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, to shine forever in his kingdom. W. E. GERALD.

A YOUNG composer, whose music was being performed, seemed utterly indifferent to the applause. His eye was fixed intently on one man in the audience, watching every expression that played on his features. It was his teacher. He cared more for the slightest mark of favor on his face than for all the applause of the great company. So in all our life we should watch the face of Christ, caring only that he should be pleased. It matters far more what he thinks of our work than what all the world thinks.—*Miller.*



For Thee, the Best

WHY shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest.
Thou knowest what God's will must be
For all his creatures — so, for thee,
The best.

— Paul Fleming.

Crimes of the Tongue

THE second most deadly weapon of destruction is the dynamite gun, the first the human tongue." We speak of war and the cruelties that are set in motion by its awful ravages, and forget that in a time of apparent peace and prosperity, reputations, characters, hearts, and souls are being blighted, blackened, and ruined by that pestilential destroyer, the tongue. Can any one tell of the heart-aches, the discouragements, the emptiness, and the despair that have been pressed upon the innocent soul by the unprincipled and soul-blighted gossip? Let me paint you a picture of love wounded, of friends torn apart, of hearts all crushed and mangled, of ambitions shriveled and parched, of cruel misunderstandings that rob life of the dearest things on earth,—all these ruined by that cruel monster gossip.

Our tongues were given us to honor God and man, to speak words that will draw men to the Saviour, who is good and kind, but never was it given to us to cast the soul into the throes of agony that it is often called upon to endure. Never was it intended that our tongue should ride over the good reputation or the worthy nature of another. He that puts himself in such a place is ranked by God among the haters of God, inventors of evil things, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity. Is it a safe place to be ranked in such a group? The holy Word of God says that such will burn in the lake of fire and brimstone.

The expression, "I hate," means no less in God's eyes than murder. He that hates his brother is a murderer, and he that backbiteth his neighbor is worse than a murderer; he is a cannibal. "We think with horror of the cannibal who feasts on the still warm and trembling flesh of his victim, but are the results of

such a practise as this more terrible than are the agonies caused by misrepresenting motive, blackening reputation, dissecting character?"

What right has any one to climb up into the judgment-seat of God, and declare motives for action? Heaven declares the human heart to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and asks the question, Who can know it? Can we who are thus strangers to ourselves so thrust our keen (?) minds into the heart of another to tell the hidden motives of actions? Only God reads the heart. His is the work to write the motive, and he who designs to place himself in God's throne will be cast into the bottomless pit. The one great rebel who is leading men and women to criticism is the prince and power of darkness, and all who are of him are born of hell, and will finally reap their reward with him.

The sly insinuator of evil is no less guilty than the one who openly casts reproach. It is simply a means by which the unclean in heart seek to insinuate evil that they dare not openly express.

By beholding we become changed. Do we ever bring home to ourselves the fact that when we are beholding the evil in others, we ourselves are becoming contaminated with the same evils we see in them? We see reflected in others the traits that are in our own characters, and this is no less true of the bad than of the good. An example of this we have in Christ, the one altogether lovely. He was looked upon by the plotting priests as a traitor and a se-

ducer. Satan so deceived them that they could not see that they were traitors and seducers themselves.

How would it appeal to you to find, while you were criticising some one for a wrong course of action, that this individual is on his

A Prayer

Dear Lord and Master, may we learn the blessedness of victory over our own tongues. Keep us to-day from saying the unkind or unnecessary thing about another. Help us to repeat the good and bury the evil, and learn to win others by a steadfast and hopeful nature. In Christ's name. Amen.—Selected.

bended knees before God, asking pardon for the thing upon which you sit in judgment? Does it pay to run your heavy wagon of criticism and censure over the delicate, flourishing plants along life's highway? Are you going to thrust in your rough and ruthless hands among the heart-strings of another, tearing, mangling, and crushing? Are you among that number who will be found accusing the brethren when the great Judge sits upon your case? Will it be a safe position to occupy then? Is it a safe attitude to assume now? Is it a profitable occupation? What are the profits?

The reward a person gets for such a course in this world is leanness and emptiness of soul, and the reward in the next is surely eternal condemnation and banishment from the face of God.

A Better Way

Christ, our great Example, when called upon to listen to the story of a poor sinful woman, wrote on the sand the sins of her accusers. It was he who looked in and read the motives of those wretched men. He who seeks to get revenge is a murderer. There is no way to get even with an adversary but to leave it all in God's hands.

Doth that noble virtue, love for one another, teach

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.— Bible.

us hatred, envy, and murder? If a man say, "I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." The love that is long-suffering, merciful, and kind will lead us to seal our mouths and ears forever against censure, gossip, and criticism. "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Love covers a multitude of sins. Let us, one and all, cover the sins of others with the soft mantle of charity, and be found pouring the soothing balm of Gilead into the wounds made by the enemy's ragged sword. This will render a reward that is worth the effort, and will result in eternal life for us and for others.

The Hindrances

As two friends were together on the St. Lawrence River among the Thousand Islands, one remarked: "Have you thought that all these islands are hindrances and interruptions to the flow of this river? They are really in the way. The river had to make its channel around them. But the result is that we have such beauty as has made this place one of the attractive spots of the world." Are we making our way around the hindrances and difficulties that beset our path in such a spirit that our characters are being strengthened and beautified? — *New Century Sunday-School Teacher's Monthly*.

A Good Motto

Is life a fret and tangle,
And everything gone wrong?
Are friends a bit disloyal,
And enemies too strong?
Is there no bright side showing?
Then, as a sage hath said,
"Polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead!"

The darkest plank of oak will show
Sometimes the finest grain;
The roughest rock will sometimes yield
A gleaming golden vein;
Don't rail at fate, declaring
That no brightness shows ahead,
But "polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead!"

— *Priscilla Leonard*.

The Greatness of Simplicity

YEARS ago the undergraduates of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their habitual hearers was a sincere and humble, but uneducated Christian slave, called Uncle Sam, who on his return home would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon; but he would always complain that the students were too deep and learned for him. One day, however, he came home in exceedingly good humor, saying that a poor, "unlarnt" old man, just like himself, had preached that day, who, he supposed, was hardly fit to preach to the white people; but he was glad he came for his sake, for he could remember everything he said. On inquiry, it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlarnt" old preacher was Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid his preaching.— *Selected*.

"CHARACTER is caught, not taught, and happiness and influence have their highest source in friendship."



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary

Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, June 15

Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 6 — Missionary Correspondence

LEADER'S NOTE.— Make those who have charge of missionary correspondence, or some specially appointed committee, responsible for this meeting. Arrange your program to best meet your local needs. This personal work through the mail is really very important; make your program an earnest effort to prove this. Show how Christian letters have led persons into the truth, and, if possible, read extracts from letters written by such persons; present names of persons with whom your society can correspond. If you need more than you have, ask your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary for addresses. There are some kinds of missionary work that can be done better at one season than another, but for missionary correspondence all seasons are best. For helps, see "Missionary Idea," pages 108-118 (new edition), also the article "How to Write Letters That Win," in this number of the INSTRUCTOR. This article was taken from an excellent leaflet entitled "Missionary Work by Correspondence," by J. R. Ferren, the missionary secretary of the Pacific Union Conference. Emphasize faithfulness in this work. Gather reports of work done. The study for June 22 is on Christian etiquette. A reading to be used in connection with that study appears in this number on page six.

How to Write Letters That Win

CAREFULLY planned letters will greatly increase the results of our efforts to reach others with the truth through the mails. We are told that Luther persistently kept in touch with a long list of friends to whom, through correspondence, he opened the light of Scripture just as rapidly as it came to him.

From the beginning of the work of the third angel's message, no more effective or fruitful method of work has been within the reach of all classes of believers than the sending of our message-laden literature, with warm invitations to read. We truly believe this will be so until the work is done.

Approach the writing of a missionary letter with a feeling of Christian love and interest, instead of fear. Take hold of it in the most natural way possible. Instead of trying to frame something that sounds studied, let your effort be to make it simple, natural, and clear — just as you would tell it were you with the person. A few words of earnest prayer concerning the person, and your effort to help him will gain for you a sympathetic interest that will aid greatly in making the work pleasant and fruitful.

Those nearest by the ties of nature deserve first attention surely. Their degree of interest in religious things must, of course, determine how directly we may touch upon points of truth. While it is well to use care and tact, it is possible to be so cautious that little will be done. It is safe to keep the literature going, and refer to it and to subjects of religious interest, in your letters, as opportunity affords and you are impressed to do so.

Every one has friends who appreciate a kindly interest shown. This field is unlimited. It was a friend who had enough friendly interest in a young man a number of years ago to send him the *Signs of the Times*, and let him know that he was doing it. The young man's heart was finally touched, and he surrendered to God, and entered his work. For years he has with voice and pen been leading men and women to the truth, being none other than the present

Let everybody plan to take the next year's Reading Course. It is a worthy one.

editor of the printed agency that helped him to the light.

"How good it is to look forward to a time when sorrow and suffering will be over," wrote a lady to an old friend out in a new country regaining her health.

"There is a statement in your letter I do not understand," wrote the friend in reply. "You say that there is to be a time when there will be no more sickness. To what time do you refer — the millennium?"

How nicely this opened the way to explain! The little tract "We Would See Jesus" accompanied the next letter. It was received with thanks, and opened the way to send the pamphlet describing the new earth, "The Saints' Inheritance." To assist her in studying other points, the *Signs* is going weekly.

The literature, or the subjects, need not be the main feature in your letter to the friend whom you wish to interest. Often it is better to bring this in incidentally, after touching upon other points of mutual interest. For example, before closing, you can refer to it like this:—

"By the way, you perhaps have thought me responsible for the copies of the *Signs of the Times* you have received. Yes, I am sending the paper, as it is one I think a great deal of. I don't know of another publication that deals so clearly with present-day issues, and there is so much of real help in it that I like to pass it on. If you have questions on any of its special studies, I wish you would write them to me, as I have some tracts on different subjects that help to make them clear. The one on the 'Second Coming of Christ' enclosed is excellent."

If you know the friend is one not interested especially in Bible subjects, slip in the little tract "Benefits of Bible Study."

Another class, with whom we may do good work, includes chance acquaintances, persons we meet and engage in conversation, and those met by our workers. We know of one person holding a responsible position in a foreign union conference, who was reached during a transatlantic voyage and correspondence following. Instances where there is sufficient time to bring the truth fully to persons under such conditions may be rare; but it is always possible to take their names, and then send literature to them, accompanied by a note, so they may know whence it comes. The following outline may be followed in such a letter:—

1. Recall pleasant visit.
2. Speak of having arrived safely, general conditions, etc.
3. Refer to special point brought up in conversation, if one, and enclose something touching it.
4. If no special point was touched, call attention in more general way to literature, its help, etc., enclosing some tract that will not prejudice.

Opinions differ as to how long one should send a paper. Experience has proved, however, that it is well to send to one who has shown some interest, for several months at least. In case of friends and relatives you will want to send a longer time. Results come often after years of seed-sowing. Ordinarily, nothing is better for systematically teaching the truth than the *Signs* weekly, to accompany your letters.

Your first letter should be sent near the time when the first paper is sent. Reasons:—

1. It lets the person know at once why the paper is received.
2. It draws attention to it from the first.
3. It removes any thought of receiving bill.

The second letter should follow first in about three or four weeks in case of no reply. Points:—

1. Mention having written, and possibility of letter not being received.
2. Speak of the paper again, with hope that it is reaching person.
3. Enclose some interesting tract.
4. Suggest reply. Enclose stamp.

It is well to become acquainted with the tracts on special topics to help in following up interests developed. Keep on hand a topically arranged list. This may be secured from your church librarian or from the tract society.

Such magazines as *Liberty*, the *Watchman*, *Protestant*, and the *Signs* are especially designed to reach lawyers, teachers, editors, and the business men. These are excellent help with missionary correspondence.

As in other lines of endeavor, unwavering faith is required to keep up interest and enthusiasm in working with people through the mail. We may be positively assured, however, that missionary correspondence is a form of seed-sowing, the results of which will never be fully revealed this side of the kingdom. May the Lord open opportunities for you to take a larger part in this work, give you a blessing in it, and through you bring the truth to relatives, friends, acquaintances, and many others.

J. R. FERREN.



X — Temperance

(June 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31.

Questions

1. What does the Lord wish his people to enjoy? 3 John 2.
2. What does Paul beseech us to do? Rom. 12:1; note 1.
3. To whom do our bodies belong? 1 Cor. 6:20, last part. To whom do we not belong? Verse 19, last part; note 2.
4. What principle should govern us in eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10:31; note 3.
5. How do men prepare themselves for games that require great strength? 1 Cor. 9:25, first part. What do they hope to gain by their self-denial? Verse 25, last part. For what are we striving?
6. For what purpose should we eat food? Can that which is unhealthful give strength to the body? Eccl. 10:17; note 4.
7. What food did God give man in the beginning? Gen. 1:29; 2:16.
8. What food did God provide for his people in the wilderness? Ps. 78:23-25.
9. How did the children of Israel show their dissatisfaction with God's daily provision? 1 Cor. 10:4-10. Why was this history written? Verse 11.
10. What warning is given concerning wine? Prov. 23:29-32.
11. Why would Daniel not drink wine? Dan. 1:8.

Are you going to work for a scholarship by selling the Temperance Instructor this summer?

How will those who defile the body suffer punishment?

1 Cor. 3:17.

12. What will be the drunkard's fate? 1 Cor. 6:10.

13. How much that we do should bring glory to God? Repeat the memory verse.

14. What habits are common that destroy health and shorten life? Note 5.

15. What did Paul say he did that he might not lose eternal life? 1 Cor. 9:27.

Notes

1. All sacrifices offered to the Lord were to be perfect, and without blemish of any kind. The body should be preserved in as perfect condition as possible, that we may better glorify God. Good health will bring happiness to ourselves and to others.

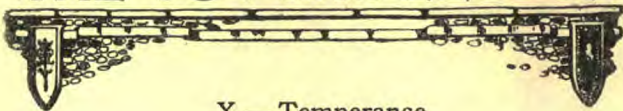
2. We have no right to misuse that which belongs to another. We belong to God, not to ourselves; therefore the body should be treated as his property.

3. Food and drink bring either health or disease. To eat and drink properly, gives health and strength and glorifies God. Bad food and drink produce disease and death. There are other causes of illness, but eating and drinking that which is not good for the body produces more illness than any other cause.

4. "Fruits, grains, and vegetables, prepared in a simple way, free from spice and grease of all kinds, make, with milk and cream, the most healthful diet. They impart nourishment to the body, and give a power of endurance and vigor of intellect that are not produced by a stimulating diet." "You should never let a morsel pass your lips between your regular meals. Eat what you ought, but eat it at one meal, and then wait until the next."—*Healthful Living*, pages 78, 85.

5. It is a sin to do anything that will injure the wonderful bodies God has given us. Drinking liquor and using tobacco are among the most common harmful habits. Both are extremely injurious. They stunt the growth and injure the heart and mind.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



X — Temperance

(June 8)

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: 1 Cor. 10:31.

GENERAL NOTE.—In the consideration of the topic of Temperance as a Sabbath-school lesson, it is not the design to go into details as to what articles of food constitute a proper diet. Principles are presented for individual help. Much will be lost, therefore, by those who participate in discussion of what should constitute articles of diet. Quotations as notes have been taken from "Christian Temperance and Bible Hygiene," a book written by Mrs. E. G. White, and published in 1890, because it was thought that but few of our brethren and sisters possessed a copy of this excellent book. Those who do have it can use it with much profit as a help in the study of this lesson. In this book, page 57, are found these words: "There is real common sense in health reform. People can not all eat the same things. Some articles of food that are wholesome and palatable to one person, may be hurtful to another. . . . So it is impossible to make an unvarying rule by which to regulate every one's dietetic habits."

Questions

1. What exhortation is given to those who seek an incorruptible crown? 1 Cor. 9:25; note 1.

2. What must constantly be kept in subjection by the Christian? Why? Verse 27.

3. What wish did John express concerning one of his beloved ones in the gospel? 3 John 2. Cite a similar instance. 1 Tim. 5:23.

4. What does the body of the Christian believer become? To whom do we belong? Therefore what should we seek to do? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

5. What follows in case we wilfully defile the body temple? 1 Cor. 3:16, 17.

6. In the beginning what was given man for food? Gen. 1:29.

7. What principle should govern eating? Eccl. 10:17; 1 Cor. 10:31; note 2.

8. What three things did Jesus mention as liable to prevent people from being prepared to meet him at his coming? Luke 21:34; note 3.

9. What food did God provide for his people in the wilderness? Ps. 78:23-25.

10. How did the children of Israel show their dissatisfaction with God's daily provision? 1 Cor. 10:4-10.

11. For what were these things written? Verses 11, 12; Rom. 15:4; note 4.

12. In Peter's list of Christian virtues name those which precede and follow temperance. 2 Peter 1:5-7.

13. What is contained in the wine-cup? What warning is given concerning wine? How does Solomon describe a drunkard's experience? Prov. 23:29-32. From what will drunkards be excluded? 1 Cor. 6:10.

14. Upon what special point touching appetite did Jesus gain a complete victory? Luke 4:2-4.

15. For what purpose did Christ give himself up for the church? Eph. 5:26, 27.

Notes

1. This is a most comprehensive test. To be temperate in all things includes more than reforms in a few articles of food. The American Revised Version instead of the word temperate has the word self-control. The same rendering is given also in Acts 24:25; Gal. 5:23; 2 Peter 1:6; Titus 1:8. This expresses the true idea of temperance. It is to be self-restrained, continent in all things. True temperance includes the *entire life*. Some may be temperate, or self-controlled in one or two particulars, yet very intemperate or self-gratifying in other directions. To be temperate in "all things" includes temperance in eating and drinking, in labor, both mental and physical, in recreation,—in fact, in everything which goes to make up the life.

2. "Those who are advocating a reform in diet should, by the provision they make for their own table, present the advantages of hygiene in the best light. They should so exemplify its principles as to commend it to the judgment of candid minds.

"There is a large class who will reject any reform movement, however reasonable, if it lays a restriction upon the appetite. They consult taste instead of reason and the laws of health. By this class, all who leave the beaten track of custom and advocate reform will be opposed, and accounted radical, let them pursue ever so consistent a course.

"But no one should permit opposition or ridicule to turn him from the work of reform, or cause him to lightly regard it. He who is imbued with the spirit which actuated Daniel, will not be narrow nor conceited, but he will be firm and decided in standing for the right. In all his associations, whether with his brethren or with others, he will not swerve from principle, while at the same time he will not fail to manifest a noble, Christlike patience. When those who advocate hygiene reform carry the matter to extremes, people are not to blame if they become disgusted. Too often our religious faith is thus brought into disrepute, and in many cases those who witness such exhibitions of inconsistency can never afterward be brought to think that there is anything good in the reform. These extremists do more harm in a few months than they can undo in a lifetime. They are engaged in a work which Satan loves to see go on.

"Two classes have been presented before me: First, those who are not living up to the light which God has given them; secondly, those who are too rigid in carrying out their one-sided ideas of reform, and enforcing them upon others. When they take a position, they stand to it stubbornly, and carry nearly everything over the mark."—*Christian Temperance and Bible Hygiene*, pages 55, 56.

3. "Surfeit: To feed so as to oppress the stomach and derange the functions of the system; to overfeed, and produce satiety, sickness, or uneasiness;" "excess in eating and drinking."—*Webster*.

"Overeating, even of the most wholesome food, is to be guarded against. Nature can use no more than is required for building up the various organs of the body, and excess clogs the system." "Attention should be given also to the proper combination of foods. By brain-workers and others of sedentary pursuits, but few kinds should be taken at a meal."—*Education*, page 205.

4. "Narrow ideas, an overstraining of small points, have been a great injury to the cause of hygiene. There may be such an effort at economy in the preparation of food that, instead of a healthful diet, it becomes a poverty-stricken diet. What is the result?—Poverty of the blood. I have seen several cases of disease most difficult to cure, which were due to impoverished diet."

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Who Answers

USE me, my God, in thy great harvest-field,
Which stretcheth far and wide like a wide sea;
The gatherers are so few, I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. O, find a place for me!

A place where best the strength I have will tell;
It may be one the other toilers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Good Terminal Facilities

"ORATORY abhors lengthiness," is a maxim of the School of Oratory. Says Bishop Morris: "Condensation is a very important thing in a minister. Have something to say, say it, and quit when you are done." Spurgeon says, sharply, "It is a hideous gift to possess to be able to say nothing at extreme length."

Hesiod's rule was briefly this: "A half is better than the whole." Milton, in harmony with this direction, often reduced a given number of lines to one half.

Phocion, whom Demosthenes so dreaded in debate, being asked in the theater why he was looking so thoughtful, replied, "I am considering how to retrench something in a speech I am about to make to the people."—*Selected*.

Give Up the End Seat

It would be better, and not only better, but Christ-like, to go to any extreme of Christian courtesy than to come short of it in any respect,—even to the giving up of an aisle seat for the comfort of others. The welcoming of strangers can not be accomplished with heartiness by a church whose pewholders hold the pews,—against all comers. And one of the poorest ways of making a stranger feel at home is the effort of a large man in the aisle seat to shrink enough to let a stranger crowd past into the pew. We have nothing akin to this discourtesy in our homes when guests come to us. Why should any of us contribute thus to the difficulty of filling our churches with persons who want to feel at home in Christian fellowship? Our readiness to give a really hearty welcome to fellow worshipers in the church, and to make them at home to the utmost of the best ideals of Christian courtesy, or to make them feel like strangers, is, perhaps more than we realize, a disclosure of the value that we place upon brotherhood in Christ. The aisle-seat test is not a minor test.—*Sunday School Times*.

Waiting for Our Crumbs

A MAN of seventy-eight,—our nearest neighbor,—living entirely alone in a small bungalow, was recently converted through the efforts of a busy mother. As he was sitting in the park one day, she—a stranger to him—felt impelled to stop as she was passing, to inquire after his soul's welfare. She found him hungry for spiritual food. As he afterward told me, he "had known for a long time that Christianity was the right thing, only he needed some one to stir him up." This goes to prove that sometimes we Christians are faring so sumptuously on religious literature, missionary "talks," and eloquent sermons that we forget that there is a Lazarus at our gates waiting for the crumbs to give him strength and courage to join us at our feasts.—*Mary S. Stelson*.

Fact Upsetting Theory

THE late Senator Frye, of Maine, liked to fish, the square-tailed trout being his favorite. The late Professor Agassiz was his friend, and challenged the senator's assertion that the square-tailed trout grew to a size of seven pounds.

"Square-tailed trout do not ever reach that weight!" declared the scientist, positively.

Mr. Frye did not engage in unprofitable argument on the point at issue, but the very next summer the naturalist received from Rangeley a large box, within which, packed in ice, reposed a beautiful square-tailed trout that weighed precisely eight pounds.

Professor Agassiz's response was prompt and to the point. He wrote:—

"The theory of a lifetime has been kicked to pieces by a fact."

A person may theorize as to the impossibility of a sinner's being saved from the power of sin. One instance to the contrary refutes it all.—*The Expositor*.

The Power of the Life-Line

How one young woman saved another from drowning is thus told us in a story from Oklahoma:—

The accident occurred while the Methodist Sunday-school held its picnic on the banks of Turkey Creek in Fullerton Grove. A number of children were wading in the shallow bed of the creek when suddenly little Miss Leach, venturing a bit farther than the others, stepped on the edge of a deep depression, and, slipping, sank out of sight. The spectators stood horror-stricken and helpless while the little girl sank the second time. Not one of them could swim. As the child came to the surface again, Miss Woodson dashed into the water, and directing the larger girls to join hands, they formed a human chain. Grasping with her left hand this line, she plunged into the deep water, and groping with her free hand, caught hold of the dress of the drowning child, who was sinking for the third time. The human chain pulled both of them to safety on the bank.

This, spiritually, is the only way we can save the imperiled. It must be initiated by personal effort, and so continued till the ones we love feel beneath them the abiding firmness of the life in God.—*The Expositor*.

I AM athirst for God, the living God.—*Jean Ingelow*.