

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

September 10, 1912

No. 37



LUTHER MAKING HIS DEFENSE BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS

See page five

Cows are now milked by an electrically driven milking-machine.

THERE are between 50,000 and 60,000 Gipsies in Spain at the present time.

THE new Grand Central terminal in New York is said to have cost \$180,000,000.

SOME authorities are charging infantile paralysis to germs carried by the cat, just as rats are known to spread the bubonic plague.

IN 1911 the United States excelled all other countries of the world in the conversion of raw asbestos into manufactured products; but a very small percentage—less than one per cent of the asbestos used—was mined in this country, by far the larger part being imported from Canada.

"PROF. JEREMIAH W. JENKS, of Cornell University, has been asked by the Chinese government to accept the post of financial adviser, and he has accepted the position. Professor Jenks some years ago was called to China to devise a system for the reform of finances, but his report was pigeonholed because the government then in power had no desire to put into effect these or any other reforms."

OWING to the success of the municipal market plan of Des Moines, Iowa, prices on edibles have been reduced from twenty to fifty per cent, and a new market is to be built at a cost of \$50,000. In the market the producer and the consumer come face to face. The man who grew the sweet corn places it in the hands of the housewife who is to serve it on her table. The middlemen who used to take their toll on those dozen ears of corn are minus their old profits; but the farmer gets a little more, and the housewife pays less.

A SCHOOL to teach women to be carpenters and bricklayers is to be started at Winfield, Long Island, this fall; and it is reported that forty women have already enrolled as students.

FEDERAL and State legislation to forbid the slaughter of calves will be asked of Congress by the United Masters Butchers' Association. It is the slaughter of calves, the butchers say, that is responsible for the high cost of meat.

Danger in the Perspiration

PROFESSOR POU CET, of Paris, has been studying the sweat of consumptives. He declares that it contains the germs of tuberculosis, and that the garments worn by consumptives show traces of the disease even after they have come back from the laundry. As a result of these disclosures, another French bacteriologist suggests that all public laundries should be compelled by law to sterilize every garment by superheated steam, and that all laundry employees should wear rubber gloves.—*Youth's Companion*.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
What the Flowers Say to Me (poetry)	3
A Venerable Chair	3
Literature and the Reformation	4
Some of the Demands of Christian Etiquette	6
Influence of Reading	7
The Bubonic or Black Plague	10
The Kingfisher (poetry)	11
SELECTED ARTICLES	
If I Were a Girl Again—Vacation Manners	9
Making of Books, Old and New	10
Artificial Silk Made From Vegetable	10
How Mildred Abolished the Fag System	11
An African Snake	16



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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1912

No. 37

What the Flowers Say to Me

IDA REESE KURZ

OUR Father made us beautiful,
And breathed on us his love;
And gave us of the spirit that
Prevails in heaven above.

We stand here meekly blooming for
The stranger passing by;
And if unnoticed we are left,
We never stop to sigh,

But shed our fragrance all abroad,
And smile in shine or rain.
And thus we do the will of God
Till he restores again

A realm of peace on earth, to last
The countless ages through;
Where flowers bloom and never fade;
And there is room for you.

A Venerable Chair

G. H. HEALD, M. D.



If one were asked to picture to one's self the chair in which the kings of England are crowned, one would hardly imagine such an object as is illustrated on this page.

Among all the venerable relics of Westminster Abbey, including tombs which mark the resting-place of

Britain's most illustrious dead, there is no object that attracts so much attention as the rude chair here represented. It is protected from the crowd by a railing, and evidently to good purpose, if one may judge by the number of initials which have been cut into the wooden back in times past.

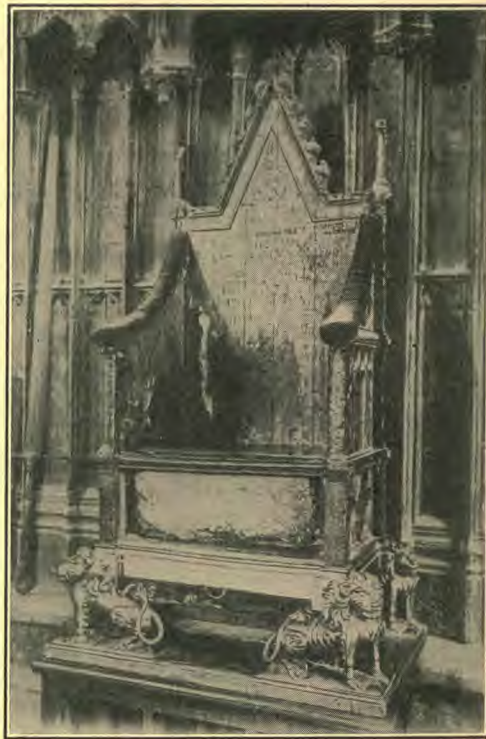
It is not the fine workmanship that gives this chair its interest, but the fact that from time immemorial it has been the chair in which the kings of England have been crowned. It is evidently very old, and withal quite crude for such a purpose; but doubtless it was considered fine workmanship when it was made. The arms are upholstered with plush, which is probably renewed at each coronation. At any rate, the present plush looks too fresh to have been there even since the coronation of Edward VII.

Underneath the seat is a stone supposed to be more remarkable than the chair itself. How old it is perhaps no one knows. Perhaps I should be more exact to say that no one knows how long it has been considered a sacred stone by man. Last year, shortly after the coronation, some interesting correspondence appeared in the *London Standard*. It seems that in a sermon Archdeacon Wilberforce had quoted the opinion of an antiquary, that the coronation stone was the rock that Moses struck. To this, one antiquary in a letter to the *Standard* suggests that "either Archdeacon Wilberforce was misled in what he heard or has himself slightly misunderstood as to the time of the removal of Jacob's stone from Palestine, and that it was not after the siege of Jerusalem under Titus, but rather after the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, about 588 B. C."

There are many corroborations, supported also by Irish tradition, of the fact that the stone under the coronation chair, known as "Jacob's Pillow," came with Jeremiah and Zedekiah's daughter into Ireland about 583 B. C.

In another letter to the *Standard* is the following, said to have been taken from an old book:—

"It was about 580 B. C., the very time of the Babylonish captivity, that a princess from the East did arrive in the north of Ireland. Her name was Tephi, purely a Hebrew word, and she was accompanied by a guardian known as the Ollam Fola, another Hebrew word, meaning revealer, which is the same as prophet. This prophet (believed to be Jeremiah) was accompanied also by one Brug, no doubt Baruch, because Jeremiah and Baruch were undoubtedly together. The coronation stone was taken to Ireland by Jeremiah and Baruch at the time they took Tephi there. It was received into Ireland under the name of the *Lia Phail*, signifying a 'precious stone,' or, as the word *phail*, which is Hebrew, implies, 'The Stone Wonderful.' Tephi herself, who became the queen of Eochaid, was crowned upon it; so were all the monarchs to Fergus I of Scotland, who had



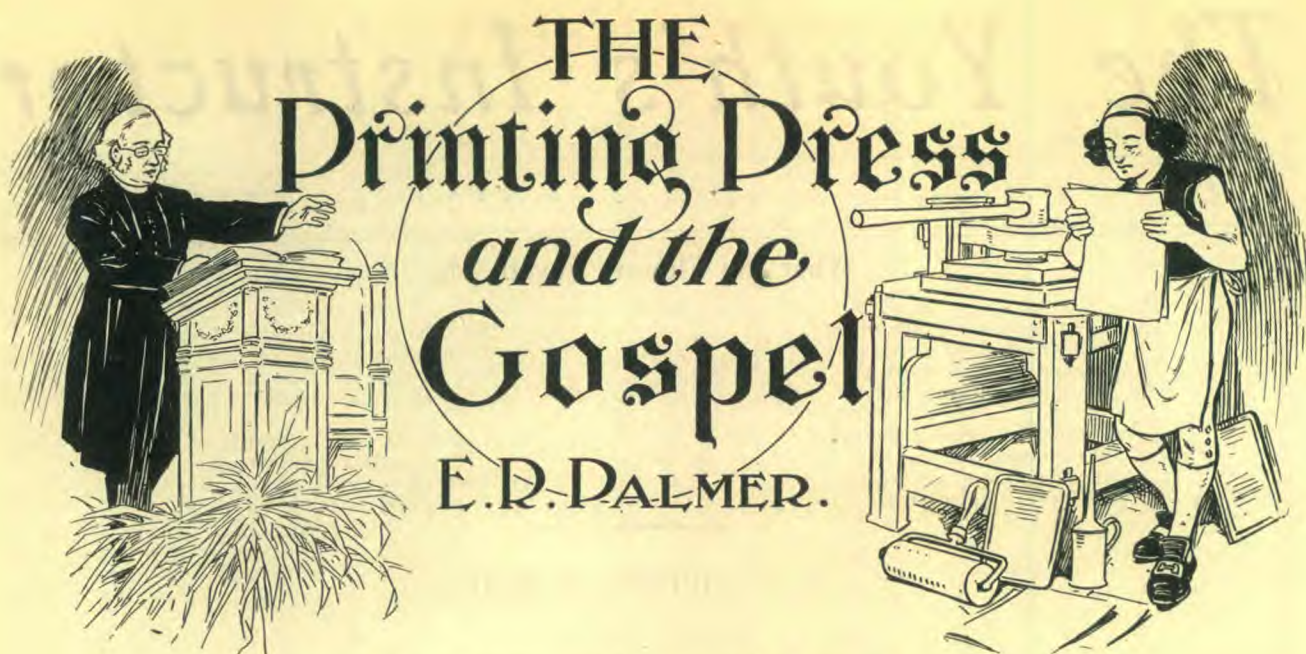
CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

the stone taken there, and so were all the monarchs from Fergus I to James I, and from James I to the present day."

The third writer to the *Standard* writes as follows:—

"One would be glad to share the belief as to the history of the stone and its connection with Jacob and Moses. But I have been given to understand that evidence for such is not strong, while geological evidence against it is considerable."

It is very doubtful whether this stone came from the Orient, but these traditions show how easy it is for stories to get started in some unaccountable way, and then in later generations to be accepted as authentic history.



Literature and the Reformation

CONSIDERING the little use that had been made of printing previous to the Reformation, it is amazing how Luther and his associates seized upon the printing-press as the one most active and powerful agent for proclaiming the truth.

against him. The world will credit a multitude of learned men sooner than an isolated, ignorant monk."

But the leaders of the Church of Rome were not taught as was Luther in the deep things of God. They chose a shorter and easier method, one in which they were better skilled. They caused a vast pile to be erected, and ordered that the books of Luther be brought and cast upon the fire. In response, students and people were soon hastening through the crowd, bringing in their arms large numbers of volumes, which they threw into the flames. The zeal of the people greatly pleased the priests and monks. But the trick was soon discovered; instead of the writings of Luther, they had thrown into the fire their popish writings and text-books.

In Holland the Dominican friars requested that the authorities publicly burn Luther's writings. The Count of Nassau replied, "Go preach the gospel as purely as Luther, and you will have nobody to complain of."

But something certainly had to be done to stop the influence of these books. The



LUTHER'S ARRIVAL AT WORMS

Hardly a week passed that some new treatise did not issue from his pen. These productions, "like sparks from under the hammer, each brighter than that which preceded it," added fresh fuel to the "conflagration that was passing on all sides."

The ninety-five theses had been printed and printed again, and the winds of strife were blowing them rapidly about like the leaves of autumn.

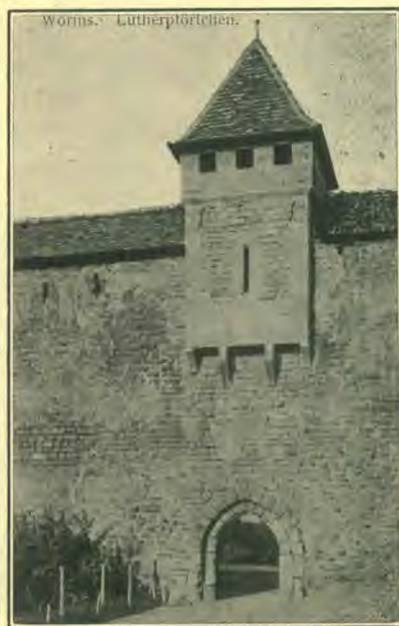
This bold act of nailing to the Tower-Church in Wittenberg these protests against the sale of indulgences by Tetzel, and the rapid publication of the theses by the aid of the printing-press, precipitated the Reformation beyond all possibility of control, either by Luther or by the Church of Rome.

"My writings," said Luther in reply to a letter from the Pope, "have been circulated far and wide, and are too deeply engraved on men's hearts to be effaced."

In the Netherlands, the doctors of the church went in haste to Margaret, their regent, and complained: "Luther is subverting the Christian faith." "Who is this Luther?" asked the princess. "An ignorant monk," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "do you, who are learned and in such numbers, write

Pope and the king decided to join hands in an effort to force Luther to denounce his own writings. He was summoned to appear before the Diet of Worms, and there answer before a representative from the Pope.

Luther and his friends well knew that every possible means would be used to force him to recant, or to answer for his writings at the stake. He was



ENTRANCE TO WORMS

urged not to go to Worms, but he replied that he would visit Worms and stand before the emperor "if there were as many devils in the city as there were tiles on the houses."

On foot he pursued his journey; through Erfurt, where the glad tidings of salvation had first reached him in the cell of the monastery; and through Eisenach, where in the Wartburg castle he was soon to be confined.

His writings had reached the people, and all along the way he was greeted by thousands who had welcomed the new light. Friends joined him on the



ARRIVAL AT THE WARTBURG

journey, and finally he entered Worms, riding in a farmer's cart, and surrounded by a retinue of friends. Worms seemed well-nigh full of enemies, but he also found himself surrounded by many admirers, who, Nicodemus-like, had espoused his cause in secret. Many sought his life, but no one dared to lay hands upon him; for no one could tell who were his friends or who were his enemies.

When summoned before the Diet, he took his stand fearlessly upon the Word of God, and would neither recant nor deny the truths he had published in his books. The great enemy of the Reformation was defeated on its own ground and in one of its mighty councils.

Luther at the Wartburg

Luther departed from Worms, but his footsteps were dogged by those who sought his life. When near Eisenach, he was seized by a band of horsemen, and hurried to the Wartburg castle, situated on a high hill in the Thuringian forest. The elector of Saxony, one of the strongest of Luther's friends, knowing the designs of the Papacy upon Luther's life, had sent horsemen to arrest him, and shut him up in the Wartburg castle, where for a time, at least, he would be protected from his enemies.

For a short time the leaders of the church believed that Luther's voice had been silenced, but soon they had evidence to the contrary; for from some unknown place, tracts and pamphlets were being issued against the evils of the times, and the great work of the Reformation was forging onward.

While confined in this secluded tower, called his "Patmos," Luther translated the Bible into the German tongue, a work he had longed to do since the day he found that copy of the Latin Bible chained to the wall in the library of the monastery in Erfurt. It was

this work more than any other, which "inflicted a deadly wound upon the Papacy."

Luther's Ink-Bottle a Formidable Weapon

The power of literature, when used as a weapon against the wiles of Satan, is illustrated by the familiar story of Luther's ink-bottle. It is said that on a certain occasion Satan appeared to Luther, and presented before him a long list of his sins. Luther read them one by one as they were pointed out, and acknowledged that he had committed them all. At first he was overwhelmed, and he questioned whether the plan of salvation would reach a case like his. But finally he noticed that Satan held his hand over something written at the bottom of the list. Luther insisted that Satan remove his hand, and he read: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." In anger that Satan would thus hide the promise that would bring life and hope to the sinner, Luther seized his ink-bottle, and hurled it at his adversary, at which the devil fled, and the contents of the bottle were splashed upon the wall. There are other versions of this interesting story, but this one will suffice as an illustration. Whether this incident actually took place, we can not tell. It is possible that this is only the figurative language in which we are told that when Satan tried to overwhelm Luther by presenting his sins before him, Luther remembered the precious promise of God, and, seizing his ink-bottle and pen, wrote another tract setting forth God's provisions for salvation and the forgiveness of sins. However, the incident in its literal rendering is generally believed by the followers of Luther. The visitor to the Wartburg castle is shown the room where Luther was confined, and attention is directed to a great spot upon the wall, fully three feet across, where, it is said, the ink was splashed. Visitors have cut away the plaster and lathing, and even portions of the beam and studding, bit by bit, in the hope of securing as a memento one of the splashes from Luther's ink-bottle.

At first thought, it might appear that such an act on



LUTHER'S ROOM AT THE WARTBURG

the part of Luther would be a foolish exhibition of temper; but when we consider the part that the ink-bottle played in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, we are convinced that Luther chose the most formidable weapon in the world with which to put to flight the great enemy. The splashes from Luther's ink-bottle left a mark the influence of which is still felt in every land where Protestantism has gone.

Some of the Demands of Christian Etiquette



SAGE when asked for the test of good manners, replied: "It is the being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones." This ability is one to be coveted and striven for; but if some of us had been asked the same question, we might have answered, It is the giving attention to small courtesies. A great general won a number of battles. He was decorated with medal after medal. But "his name would not be remembered to-day except by those who dig in books, if it were not for the fact that while he was dying he forgot himself, forgot his own suffering, and passed to a humble soldier a cup of cold water. The little thing made his great fame."

There was recently buried in New York City an old gentleman who had a habit of cordially shaking hands with every one whom he met in his daily work.

"No matter how gloomy the persons looked, no matter how much the world seemed to be against them, his cleanly hand would be extended and his cheery greeting be offered for best wishes. Many a man spoke at the time of his death of the new hope that had been given him when he was discouraged by this form of greeting. Many a boy inclined to reckless ways bore testimony as to how that firm hand-clasp had led him into better ways.

"A small courtesy of this kind may have the effect of changing the course of an individual's life. A little recognition of another on the way to school or in the shop may have an extraordinary influence upon all the work of the day. Great things are only accomplished by doing little things. The hand-shake is worth remembering."

Christianity and the spirit of true courtesy are the same. If a person is possessed of the former, it will ever be urging him to increased carefulness in extending courtesies to those with whom he is associated. His hands will be full of perennial flowers to scatter along his pathway, and he will slight neither the aged nor the poor; for these are in greatest need of his gifts, and their appreciation is usually heartier than that of those younger in years or richer in means. The reward for graciousness to the aged is always certain, though perhaps not so tangible as that a young man of Boston recently received. An elderly woman bequeathed ten thousand dollars to Charlie Dawson Hendrickson, "because," as she stated in her will, "of the gentle manner in which he cared for me on a stormy day on a Washington Street crossing in Boston. It is a slight recognition of his courtesy from one who has never forgotten."

Some believe that the pearly gates will never open to the one who chews gum. Perhaps this is too drastic a view to take of a habit that may sometimes under certain conditions be allowable. But at best it is an unattractive habit. And when indulged in in a street-car or some other equally conspicuous place, it is wholly unbecoming. One of our workers, who sells thousands of our magazines, was one day observed by a stranger while on a street-car. She had assumed an exceedingly careless sitting posture, and was energetically chewing gum. When the stranger's seatmate remarked that this young woman was the wife of a prospective foreign missionary, considerable surprise was expressed. May it not be that the missionary efforts of this young woman were counteracted in part at least by behavior so out of accord with good form?

If you are a young man intending to devote yourself to the cause of God as a minister, then heed some of the small things that will make your ministry more effective. For example, do not yawn when sitting on the platform behind your brother minister. The audience will watch you. They can not help it. You are there to be an inspiration and guide to the worshippers. None should be more attentive, more alert, more responsive to the speaker, than you yourself. Then do not yawn. If you are taken by surprise and compelled to do so, quickly protect from view, by the hand or handkerchief, the yawning chasm of your mouth. A row of gaping mouths behind a minister is anything but an inspiration to speaker or listeners. Neither should one on the platform ever allow himself to remove openly and without shamefacedness undesirable matter from the nose. It is not a pleasant point to mention, but it is a habit even more unpleasant to observe, and one that many audiences are compelled to behold.

Then, too, it is more fitting to the sacred desk to sit with both feet on the floor than to cross the knees. A row of crossed legs on the pulpit platform is not pleasing to the hundreds of observers below. Imagine the priests or high priests in the tabernacle or temple of old assuming such a posture within the sacred precincts. And, if possible, refrain from clearing the throat while in the pulpit. Some ministers perform this uncomely act in such a vociferous and substantial way that it considerably disturbs the tranquillity of those with delicate stomachs. You can well imagine that such unpleasant interludes in the sermon do not accentuate favorably the effort of the speaker to instruct or inspire. It is only Christian courtesy to refrain from doing anything that will unfavorably impress any one in the audience, or detract from the profit one might gain from the discourse. Many form these disagreeable habits thoughtlessly. Don't do it.

Only recently a woman complained that her boarders made such free use of toothpicks at the table that some who were compelled to observe them became nauseated. Toothpicks are not usually placed on the table; but if there, they are meant to be taken only as the guest leaves the table, and used in one's private room. Rarely in this day does one find a person who will clean and trim his finger-nails outside his private apartment, that operation having been relegated to privacy long since. But to manicure one's nails in public is far less objectionable than the strenuous use of toothpicks at the table.

Carry your umbrella and rain coat when there is any probability of your needing protection from rain. Don't shirk this task, hoping, if not deliberately planning, to share your neighbor's in case of a shower. One umbrella is wholly inadequate for two in a severe rain; so you or your neighbor or both must suffer as the result of your neglect. It is an unpardonable imposition thus to compel one to share with you one's own means of protection.

This world is a world of progress. Men and women grow. New ideas, plans, methods, inventions, materialize in a day. Things that yesterday were considered facts are to-day disproved; and the unimaginable and impossible become practical realities. This being the case, it becomes no person to be too positive in his judgments. This is why the most learned, the most wise, are often the most reticent. But especially unbecoming is it in the youth, those lacking both ex-

perience and years, to be too positive in their assertions. Young girls are frequently given to speaking in italics in common conversation. Italics as a mode of emphasis are not overpopular with printers; and they are even less so with the ordinary listener. One may be mistaken, and the more emphatic one has been in one's statements, the harder it is to retract them. Of course there are things that one may know for a certainty, and may express that knowledge with all the vigor of one's being. When your knowledge agrees with that of apostles and prophets, then you can be positive.

Do you persistently seat yourself in the end of the pew, and allow others to subject themselves to the inconvenience and embarrassment of crowding past you? Or do you rise and pass to the other end if some one else wishes to enter the pew in which you are seated? Do you on the street-car ever relinquish the end seat to the newcomer?

If you chance to be late, do you walk into Sabbath-school or church service very quietly? Do you even then wait until a time comes in the exercises when you will cause the least disturbance?

Do you begin to put on your rubbers and wraps just before the benediction is asked, or do you wait until the service has been dismissed?

Do you take pains to see that visitors to the church are provided with hymn-books?

Do you stammer or stutter? Is it interesting to your friends, or profitable to your friends or to yourself for you to mangle your mother tongue in this way? Then don't do it. You may think this impediment an obstacle that you can not remove; but this is not so. If unfortunately you are so handicapped, resolutely set about overcoming this defect. It can be done. Many to their credit have accomplished this task. It is no disgrace to a child to stammer and stutter; but it comes very near being so to an adult. This point is a matter of Christian courtesy. The stammerer makes unnecessary demands for self-control upon his friends and upon strangers.

Mrs. Margaret Sangster, in writing for the *Young People's Weekly*, gives a practical hint in regard to apologies that is worth consideration. She says:—

"An apology is often confused with an excuse, but it is something more. It is a sort of explanation. A friend of mine said one day in conversation with a young girl, 'Never make apologies; nobody wants to hear them.' I did not think the advice good, although I knew what the speaker meant. There are times when politeness requires that we apologize for a mistake, for tardiness, for a misunderstanding, or for a hasty word. Of course, it is very much better to behave all the time in a way that makes an apology quite needless. If, however, you are delayed on the way to a meeting, if you reach the class after the lesson has begun, if you answer your mother or one of your friends in an abrupt and uncivil tone, you are bound to apologize. The apology may be very brief. Long apologies are no better than short ones. Sometimes it is enough to say, 'I beg your pardon.' Again, it may be, 'Forgive me for having been rude,' or you may explain that you are sorry to be late, but that you missed a car, or were detained by a blockade on the road, or had something to do at home which could not be postponed. Never be ashamed to apologize if an apology is in order, but make it your rule to carry on your affairs without the necessity of having to make excuses and explanations."

This last suggestion of Mrs. Sangster's, together

with others of this article, can be realized only as one gives serious and constant attention to the demands of good form, the obligations of Christian etiquette.

F. D. C.

Influence of Reading

YOUNG people who naturally love to read have a treasure of great worth to be guarded,—a treasure far exceeding in value the large diamond prepared for the king of England's crown; yet that stone was guarded by ten armed men as it was taken each evening to the strong room, built of iron and cement, with walls three fourths of a foot thick. There the treasure was deposited within a safe. Fenelon said of himself: "If the crowns of the world were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." But this love for reading makes or unmakes a young person, so it must be carefully guarded.

"Many of the young," says the spirit of prophecy, "are eager for books. They read everything they can obtain. Exciting love stories and impure pictures have a corrupting influence. Novels are eagerly perused by many, and, as the result, their imagination becomes defiled. . . . Cultivate the moral and intellectual powers. Let not these noble powers become enfeebled and perverted by much reading of even story-books. I know of strong minds that have been unbalanced and partially paralyzed, by intemperance in reading."

Let us note briefly the utility of good reading. Over the entrance to the library of ancient Thebes was the inscription "Medicine for the Soul." This suggests the invigorating, curative effect of good reading. Perhaps its chief therapeutic value lies in the way of prevention. A mind and heart filled from the fountain of truth will not desire to go to broken cisterns to quench thirst. The harvest of knowledge and truth gained from books of worth makes other things appear insipid and unattractive.

Disraeli said, "A virtuous writer communicates virtue." Why not? Many of the world's best and greatest men assert strongly that they owe their good fortune in choosing the better way to some book read in youth. Joseph Henry, one of the country's greatest scientists, read a simple science book during a period of convalescence, and as a result his great mental power and worthy life were devoted to the cause of natural science, instead of to the stage. Robert Louis Stevenson, one of England's most acceptable writers, said the second book in point of time that had a great influence upon his life, was the New Testament, particularly the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

Henry Martyn did much for the cause of missions in India. The reading of the life of Brainerd; together with what he was told of the work of William Carey, turned his attention to missions.

The first Japanese convert to Protestantism was Murata, a noble. He was prepared and made eager for the instruction of the Christian missionary by the reading of a Dutch New Testament he found floating on the water in the harbor of Nagasaki.

That wonderful man of God, Andrew Murray, of South Africa, a Presbyterian minister, and his wife, read together the marvelous life of Mary Lyon. "So thrilled were they by that story of heroism," says Dr. Pierson, "that they sought to obtain everything that could further inform them of the subsequent history of the Holyoke Seminary and its pupils, and eagerly devoured the story of Fidelity Fiske, the Mary Lyon of Persia."

"Just at this time the descendants of the Huguenots who had fled from France to Holland, thence to South Africa at the invitation of the Dutch East India Company, were purposing to build some monument or memorial to their ancestors," and Mr. Murray was strangely and strongly impressed that the best memorial they could rear was such a school for their daughters as Mary Lyon had founded at South Hadley, Massachusetts. Thus through the influence of a book was born the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony.

We must not forget that books can unmake character as well as make it. You have heard of that gentleman in India, who, while taking "from his library shelf a book, felt a little pain at the end of his finger like the prick of a pin. He thought a pin had been left in the book as a book-mark, and began reading. Soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he was dead. It was not a pin, but a small, deadly serpent, which had housed itself in the leaves of the book. If the tiny, green, deadly snake of India were the only one that nestled among books, we could guard against it, but it is not. There are thousands of poisonous-snake thoughts in books of the present time. They are so artfully coiled and so snugly concealed that their presence is unknown, their sting unfelt, till the book is finished and laid down. Multitudes have exclaimed after the poison had begun its work, 'O, if I had never read that book!'"

Young people sometimes fall into the habit of reading unworthy books, because they are like the little girl who said she enjoyed sewing when there was no thread in the machine because it ran so easy. To read a ten-cent novel and much other evil matter requires no serious exertion to get the thought, and the attention is held without conscious effort. The downward path is always easy, but it is a dangerous one to follow.

The boy David Hume was a believer in the Scriptures until he ransacked the works of infidels to prepare for a debate in which he was to take part. It is said of Voltaire that when only five years of age he committed to memory an infidel poem, and was never able after that to undo its pernicious influence upon his mind. Thomas Chambers, an officer of the British government, says that all the boys brought before the criminal courts can ascribe their downfall to impure reading. Robert Hall tells us, in one of his sermons, that after the reading of a certain work, "he could scarcely go through the usual devotional exercises of the sanctuary."

But let us break away from this endless chain of examples showing the influence reading exerts for good or ill, and listen for a moment to the spirit of prophecy:—

"The young are in great danger. Great evil results from their light reading. Much time is lost which should be spent in useful employment. Some would even deprive themselves of sleep to finish some ridiculous love story. The world is flooded with novels of every description. Some are not of so dangerous a character as others. Some are immoral, low, and vulgar; others are clothed with more refinement: but all are pernicious in their influence. O, that the young would reflect upon the influence which exciting stories have on the mind! Can you, after such reading, open the Word of God, and read the words of life with interest? Do you not find the Book of God uninteresting? The charm of that love story is upon the mind, destroying its healthy tone, and making it im-

possible for you to fix your mind upon the important, solemn truths which concern your eternal interest."

Then set your ideal high, and read only those books which in some way will help you to reach it; for remember you can not avoid the influence of the books you read any more than you can hinder the air in your lungs from entering the blood.

Notice what others say on page fourteen about the influence of the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books. It will be worth your while to read the books in one or both of the courses beginning October 1.

What Is the Secret of Success?

PUSH, said the button.

Take pains, said the window.

Never be led, said the pencil.

Be up to date, said the calendar.

Always keep cool, said the ice.

Do a driving business, said the hammer.

Make much of small things, said the microscope.

Never do anything offhand, said the glove.

Be sharp in all your dealings, said the knife.—*Selected.*

The Face of the Pilot

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's story of the storm that caught a vessel off a rocky coast and threatened to drive it and its passengers to destruction, is thrilling. In the midst of the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went on deck, made the dangerous passage to the pilot-house, saw the steersman lashed fast to his post, holding the wheel unwaveringly, and inch by inch turning the ship once more out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the daring passenger went below and gave out a note of cheer: "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. It is all well." Blessed is he who, in the midst of earthly stress and storm, can say with equal assurance, "I have seen the face of the Pilot, and he smiled."—*S. O. H. Dickson.*

Persistence That Won

THE *Scientific American* relates the following story of a determined Canadian blacksmith, who won success by persistent and intelligent effort:—

"'I am a blacksmith from Canada,' he said. 'I hammered this out on the anvil. It is going to be used instead of ordinary leather collars.' It weighed forty pounds.

"'How is the horse to carry this load around his neck and draw a heavy load as well?' he was asked.

"'This is a little heavier than it need be,' he explained. 'It will be all right.'

"An effort was made to dissuade him from wasting money on a horse-collar that weighed forty pounds, but he was sure of his ground. Six months later the Canadian returned with another collar, an improvement on the original, and which weighed but fifteen pounds. Three times the man came back. Each time he brought with him a new metal collar, lighter and better than its predecessor.

"Now almost every fire-engine horse and omnibus horse in this country and in Europe wears what is known as the stamped-up metal collar. From forty pounds the Canadian reduced its weight to almost as many ounces. He has given up blacksmithing, and lives in luxury in London."



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



If I Were a Girl Again—Vacation Manners



RISCILLA and I are just back from the country. I always think it specially beautiful in its first summer freshness, with the young foliage drooping over streams that run full after the spring rains; and the Mountain View proved as comfortable and homelike a boarding-place as could have been found. But our first week was completely spoiled by Gladys.

I ought to have known better than to take Gladys with us, of course. But Mrs. Kendall has so many cares, and is so delicate, that when she told me she didn't feel equal to taking Gladys away this summer,—and yet she couldn't bear to have the child lose her little trip,—I very foolishly offered to let her go with us.

Really, I shouldn't have believed there were so many ways for a girl to make trouble. To begin with, Gladys found fault with everything. She complained of the food, which was plain, but as good as we were paying for. She made interminable comparisons, in her high-pitched, slangy style, between the Mountain View and some New York hotel where she had once stayed for a day or two with a rich uncle and aunt. She was peremptory with the waitress, and sent back steak because it was too well done, and eggs because they were too rare, with a manner which I suppose she thought marked her as an experienced traveler, but which I considered extremely pert and ill-bred. She came in very late to her meals, which was not the habit in a simple boarding-house like ours, and then lingered as long over her courses as if she had sat down at a reasonable time. If I had been going to have her with me all summer, I should have tried to drop a gentle hint; but just for one week, it didn't seem worth while. But one week was enough to make her unpopular with all the "help."

The Boarder's Room

I was distressed at the way she used to leave her room. It was the chambermaid's business to put it in order, of course. But there are some things one ought not to expect a chambermaid to do, unless one is prepared to give her a very special tip for having served one as lady's maid as well; hanging up one's clothes, for example, and straightening out one's toilet articles, and wringing out one's wash-cloth from the sudsy water in the bowl. Everything of that personal character ought to be personally disposed of, if possible.

There is a kind of neatness possible to a room before breakfast that is as unmistakable, and almost as attractive, as the neatness of later in the day. But to leave one's bed with the very shape of the sleeper in it, as a cat might, is to make the task of the person who puts it to rights needlessly unpleasant.

Other Problems

Gladys never paid any attention to other little niceties. She annoyed me by running about the halls in

her kimono more freely than I liked. To be sure, the kimono was a pretty one, and very becoming, and one might argue that it covered her as decorously as a lingerie waist. But the kimono is a lounging robe, and is associated with the toilet, and a really refined woman remembers the fact, and does not allow herself to be seen in it except by her family, unless in one of those emergencies that excuse everything.

But clothes were not my worst trial. Gladys's natural selfishness showed itself in a dozen little ways that I should never have noticed, I suppose, if I hadn't felt responsible for her, and felt that our party was being judged by her. She always took more than her share of things. She and her partner would keep the tennis-court for a half-day together, with a group of people on the piazza growing more impatient and indignant every minute.

The partner was a problem, himself. He was one of our boarders, but not one whom I happened to know. It didn't occur to Gladys to introduce him to me, but after she had been constantly with him for two half-days, I asked her to, and she most ungraciously did. He seemed a well-mannered boy, quite at his ease, and I rather think introductions to chaperons were more in his line than in Gladys's. I fancy it often happens so; a boy is thrown with a girl whose ways are more free and easy than those he is used to, and he shows no surprise and attempts no corrections, (how could he?) but he has a lessened opinion of the girl. I don't believe this boy's sister would have devoted hours at a time to a stranger as Gladys did to him, nor have sat with a stranger on a boarding-house piazza till the very last of the guests was waiting to go up-stairs. That last guest was I, of course. I hovered about, making myself odious in Gladys's eyes, no doubt. But I couldn't do less.

I remember distinctly the first time I learned, myself, that it was not always considered a triumph to be seen monopolizing the society of one young man. I was not quite grown up, and was a looker-on at a party given for an older cousin, and from my quiet corner viewed with the intensest admiration a tall, striking girl who actually kept the handsomest man in the room hanging about her the whole evening. When the party broke up, and we all sat around to "talk it over," I was amazed to hear the object of my envy characterized as unladylike. But I quite concur in the adjective now. To make one's self conspicuous in *any* way is ill-bred, and to make one's self conspicuous in *that* way is most ill-bred of all.—*Ellen Conway, in the Wellspring.*

A FISHERMAN gives three rules for catching trout. The first is, "Keep yourself out of sight." The second is, "Keep yourself farther out of sight." And the third is, "Keep yourself still farther out of sight." Good for catching men, too.—*Peloubet's Notes.*

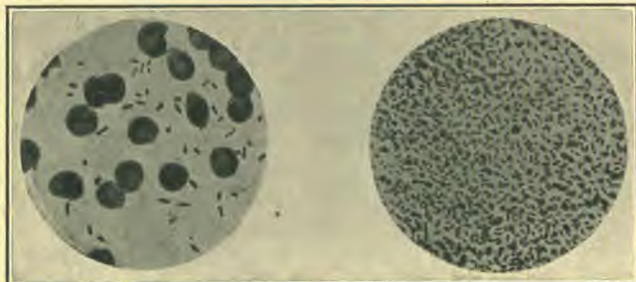


The Bubonic or Black Plague



At least two billion persons in the past two thousand years, it is estimated, have succumbed to that dreaded disease, the most fatal malady known,—the bubonic plague. It is an infectious disease caused by a tiny organism, which is transmitted from rats by rat fleas to human beings. These germs may be taken into the body through dust or food upon which the fleas have rested.

Not until 1894 was the cause of the plague discovered. It has been treated successfully with the

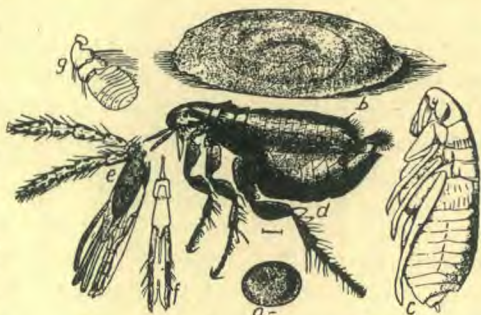


BACILLI OF THE BUBONIC PLAGUE FROM LIVER OF RAT

antitoxin and the vaccine, but it still remains such a serious disease that governments take every possible precaution for preventing its entrance into a country.

At present the United States is expending large sums of money to prevent its getting a foothold here. Every Atlantic and Gulf port is enforcing strict precautions against the spread of the disease. Porto Rico and Cuba are now wrestling with this plague. In 1877, Russia had a bubonic epidemic, which is thought to have carried off two million persons.

The bubonic plague takes its name from the huge boils, or buboes, which appear upon the neck and groin and under the arms of the patient. The patient also suffers from headache, nausea, fever, and weakness. The bodies of those who die from this disease must be burned. It is regarded a crime to bury one, for the body is full of the germs, which continue to live for months, and will in time make their way to the surface, and find their way into the bodies of rats or upon the legs of insects.



ONE OF THE FLEAS THAT CARRY THE PLAGUE

Making of Books, Old and New

SINCE the baked Chaldean tablets, the slabs of stone on which the decalogue was graven, or the wooden planks of the laws of Solon, what a far cry it is to the beautiful books that are made to-day! If it were as difficult now to produce a book as it used to be, there would be less unworthy literature. Many an author who laments to-day the lack of patronage would have stood no chance at all of getting into print when the labor of copying a single volume was so great that only a few works of outstanding excellence were put into the hands of the *librarii* of Rome for transcription,

or committed to the reverent care of the monks of the scriptoriums of the middle ages.

The first book printed by the movable metal types of Gutenberg at Mainz was the Bible, and the pioneers of typography perpetuated the idea that there were not many writings worthy of the time and trouble it took to give them more permanent form, and place them in general circulation. But to-day, acting on the theory that every one has in his own experience the makings of at least one book, we find many an apprentice hand dabbling in literature as an elegant accomplishment or a mere pastime, to say nothing of those who seriously follow the literary calling as a matter of plain and practical business. The rewards of success are greater than ever, the number of practitioners is accordingly larger. Few of the novices realize that one must learn how to write as one would learn how to paint or to sing. The mastery of the pen is not fortuitous or inspired, any more than the command of the brush comes by happy accident. The great writers have painfully learned, and have arduously toiled, to reach the heights.

There was never such an embarrassment of riches among books as there is at the present time, for the best of literature is given a setting commensurate with its enduring qualities. The sages are no longer clad in shabby raiments; poets who, in their lifetimes, starved and were neglected, find themselves arrayed in purple and fine linen; and those who had much ado to keep soul and body together in this life are enshrined in tooled morocco and much fine gold and decked edges. Truly this, and not the day of Virgil and Mæcenas, is the golden age of authorship! — *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Artificial Silk Made From Vegetable

IN Muskegon, Michigan, is a knitting-mill that manufactures artificial silk out of vegetable fiber, and uses it to make hosiery and underwear. The artificial product is soft and silky like worm silk, but is claimed to have more body, or firmness.

The underwear and hosiery are made in all weights from gauze to winter wear. The vegetable silk fiber is brought to the knitting-room on large reels, ready to be put on the electrically operated machines when needed.

The basis of most artificial silk is wood-pulp. Cotton has proved satisfactory for the purpose, however, although the cost has been a serious drawback. The vegetable silk is the latest innovation. Any substance susceptible of chemical conversion into cellulose is available.—*Popular Mechanics*.

BEFORE the modern system of street lighting at night, it was customary for the inhabitants of a town to hang out individual lamps. The city watchman would go through the street and cry out, "Hang out your light! Hang out your light!" So God calls to every Christian living in this dark world of sin, "Hang out your light!" Jesus says, in his great sermon, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—*Selected*.



The Kingfisher

CHAS. E. E. SANBORN

A KINGFISHER sat on a flagpole slim,
And watched for a fish till his eye was dim.
"I wonder," said he, "if the fishes know,
That I, their enemy, love them so!
I sit and watch and blink my eye
And watch for fish and passers-by;
I must occasionally take to wing
On account of the stones that past me sing,
Thrown by a boy with a clever aim,
Who, if he misses me, isn't to blame,
No more than I, when catching fish,
Must oft be satisfied with a wish
That I had gotten that frisky trout
That teased, and put my hopes to rout,
And then dove off in water deep,
While I flew back my watch to keep.

"Sometimes I fish the whole day through,
And only catch a minnow or two.
I dart, I dash, I duck, and dive;
I glide, and skim, and wound my pride
By missing my aim and losing my meal; —
Of course you know how a bird would feel; —
Then back to my perch on pole or tree,
To wait for fish perchance I see,

Or a chance to dodge a killing blow
From the stones that nearly all boys throw,
Or a chance to drive a rival away;
For I am a fighter, some folks say.
The morning and evening I like best
Because the water is more at rest;
Then I can easily see my prey,
And rest through the hot and middle day.

"I nearly always work alone;
For past experience has shown
That I can't gather something to eat,
And visit my neighbor across the street.
So whether I'm fishing early or late,
I usually work without a mate,
Since I can't visit and watch my game;
For fishing's my business, and Fisher's my name.
Maybe by watching, from day to day,
My life and habits in every way,
You might be taught a lesson or two
That all through life might profit you;
Or if you only closely look,
This sketch may prove an open book,
And teach a lesson you should learn.
Look closely, and you will discern."

How Mildred Abolished the Fag System

A True Story

NO, indeed! I'll most certainly not clean your boots! I never refuse a courtesy to any one; but when it comes to being a 'fag' to a lot of you lazy higher-form girls, I draw the line!"

The students had just returned from their daily afternoon walk down the beach, and Hazel Cummings, one of the seniors, had ordered Mildred McDonald, an American girl of a lower class, to assist in cleaning the older girl's shoes.

"Very well, Miss McDonald, I shall immediately report you to Miss Burton, and like as not you'll be expelled before the day is over."

"Don't care if I am! I should be glad to get out of this hole, anyway. I hope you do tell Miss Burton at once. She is at least a Canadian and a fair-minded woman, and I'm quite sure that in her heart she disapproves of this crazy custom to be found in your English schools. By the way, Hazel Cummings, I have heard rumors lately of you fifth-form girls grossly mistreating several of the little third formites, and just as soon as I can prove the stories which have come to me, I shall have a few things to tell Miss Burton myself. Good afternoon!" And Mildred walked quickly down the corridor to her room.

"Of all impudent Americans, that girl is the limit. I don't see what the board of directors ever let her in here for. I'm sure there ought to be plenty of schools over in America for such as she. I have a great mind to report her this minute!"

"Now, Hazel, don't do anything rash. Mildred stands pretty well with the faculty, you know. She is a good student, and heretofore has never been lack-

ing in respect to any one. Of course, as older girls it is up to us to carry on the fag procedure, though down in my heart it does seem to me to be unjust. We'll have to be a bit careful, too, how we handle the youngsters, because if Mildred discovers what we are doing, we are likely to be the ones expelled, not she," said Hilda Arnold, a classmate of Hazel's.

"There you go again. I told you none of you were game. You are a lot of 'fraid cats.' As for me, I intend to have all the fun I can out of the fag. This is my last year at school, and I'll likely never have another chance. It's awfully jolly to be waited on by the young fry, and one doesn't have to pay for the service, either," replied Hazel.

Meantime Mildred had reached her room, her heart bubbling over with the injustice shown to her and also to some of the little girls, who had come to her with wild tales of mistreatment they had been receiving at the hands of members of the fifth form.

"Why, girly, what are you doing so busily — preparing for an examination?" asked Mildred's roommate gaily as she came in later in the evening.

"No, Muriel, I'm writing an essay on the abominable fag system used in this school. It makes my blood boil to think of it! Just this morning Dora Clarke and Clarice Parker told me of some queer happenings which took place last night in one of the music-rooms. It seems that several of the seniors grabbed them as they were going down the corridor to bed, took them roughly through the dark recitation-room into No. 5 off the veranda, and exactly what occurred there I have been unable to find out; but the poor little dears were almost paralyzed with fear. To-morrow I intend to discover the particulars of the matter, and

then — woe betide the fifth formites," said Mildred.

"O, do be careful, child. Don't do anything you'll regret. Whatever you write to-night put away until the morning; second thoughts are always best, you know," replied Muriel Southey.

"You dear goosie, I can't help loving you if you are English, but I don't see why you couldn't have been born an American! It's awfully lonesome to know that I am the only representative of Uncle Sam in this whole school."

The following afternoon, while out for their usual stroll, Mildred learned from the younger girls the details of their so-called "hazing" by the senior students, and she could stand it no longer. Upon their return to the school, she went hurriedly to her room, got out her writing materials, and was busily engaged in her composition when Muriel found her.

"What's up now, old chum? Come 'fess up. Who have you got it in for, and what's the name of this wonderful essay you are so laboriously composing?"

"It's no laughing-matter, Muriel. I'm in dead earnest. You wait until I'm through and I'll read you my essay, which is headed 'The Gross Injustice of the English Fag System.' Now go away like a dear until I have put my thoughts into a tangible form."

"Go slow, girlie. Don't write anything you'll wish you hadn't. Still, perhaps it will be better for you to put it all down on paper — then tear it up."

"Indeed I'll not tear it up. I'm going to see that it reaches the proper authorities, and I'm ready and willing to stand the consequences."

Neither of the girls dreamed what the "consequences" would be. The next morning, to their joint amazement and horror, the essay could not be found. They searched high and low, but in vain.

"O, dear! dear! Where could it have gone to? If it's found, you'll be expelled as sure as your name is Mildred McDonald, and I'll die of a broken heart," moaned Muriel.

"There, there, never mind. It certainly is strange! I half believe one of the fifth formites was listening last night while I read it to you, and then stole it when we were asleep. But honestly, I'm not the least bit sorry. It will be the best thing that ever happened to this school if that article is published abroad. It may open the eyes of those in authority, and perhaps justice will be dealt to the culprits, and the poor little unfortunates be given the protection due them," said Mildred.

In the rush of examinations which followed, the matter of the essay was quite forgotten. The girls returned to their homes for the summer vacation, coming back in the autumn rested and full of plans for the new year's duties.

All went along about as usual. It happened that Hazel Cummings and several of her best friends in the late senior class had returned for some postgraduate work, but, so far as Mildred knew, they were not bothering the younger girls; so peace reigned in the school for a time.

One evening in early October, instead of the teacher in charge leading the usual vesper service after dinner, the entire faculty walked into the assembly-room, and seated themselves upon the platform.

What could it mean! It was something very much out of the ordinary. The girls trembled in their seats as Miss Burton, their principal, arose and looked down upon them with a grave face. In her hand she held a manuscript. Muriel, who was seated near the front, recognized it at once, and turning, gave Mildred one

look, long, and full of horror. Mildred smiled back most reassuringly, and both girls awaited the verdict.

"Young ladies, I have called you together to-night for a most unusual reason. It is a matter which deeply grieves me, but one which must be attended to at once. This morning there was brought to me this paper, which I am going to read to you; and when I have finished, I shall ask that the composer of this remarkable article will please come forward to the platform, and tell her motive for writing such an essay, which is entitled, 'The Gross Injustice of the English Fag System.'"

As the principal read on and on, all eyes were turned toward Mildred. No one but Muriel had known of the writing of the essay, but the girls knew instinctively that only an American could be guilty of such expressions.

Finally Miss Burton finished. All was silent for a moment. Then Mildred quietly arose from her seat in the rear of the room, and walked calmly to the front, where she faced the faculty, and said with great composure, yet with considerable spirit, too: "Ladies, I wrote that article. Every word of it is true. The girls who inspired the writing of it are in this room; the wronged ones are here also. I can prove every statement as a positive fact, and I stand ready to do so right now. Miss Burton, I trust you will not consider this an insult to you or to the faculty. I have always tried to be perfectly courteous to my superiors. But it seems to me that the time has come, in this enlightened age, when such an injustice as the fag system should be done away with. When a student leaves her home and enters any school, be she rich or poor, she should be treated with respect and kindness, and not be made to be as a servant to others. I am ready now to receive whatever punishment is my due."

The teachers looked at the girl in astonishment. The students held their breath. Muriel buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud; for she felt sure that her chum was coming to some terrible end.

Miss Burton stood regarding Mildred with mingled feelings, and finally she said: "Girls, I think it will be best for you to settle this matter among yourselves. I am not going to ask Mildred to name those who were guilty of such unladylike dealings with the younger students, nor am I going to demand that they confess before this audience. We, as a faculty, shall retire, and let you come to a definite decision once for all time as to whether or not the Briarcliffe Seminary shall do away with the fag system. Mildred, you may have the floor, and later on I shall expect you to report to me in my private parlor."

When the faculty had gone out, pandemonium reigned supreme. The older girls arose in a body, and declared they would put an end to all the nonsense if they had to do the expelling themselves. Mildred was easily the leader of the younger set. At first many of the students rather sided in with the seniors and graduates, but finally Mildred's eloquence prevailed, and at the end of an hour's time, they stood thirty against ten in favor of the permanent abolition of the hated fag system, with its many injustices and cruel practises. The American girl had won the day. The students crowded around, clapped their hands, and sent up cheer after cheer, until the building fairly shook on its foundations. Then a group of her admirers raised Mildred from the floor, and in great triumph carried her from the hall.

Just before retiring that evening, Mildred knocked quietly at the principal's room, where she was very

kindly received. "O Miss Burton, you'll forgive me, won't you? You are almost an American yourself, and I just knew you would understand. We came off victorious, and I'm sure our school will be far more popular in the future than it has been in the past, now that every one will know that we stand for justice to all. You aren't so very angry with me, are you?"

"Angry with you? Bless your heart! I want to shake hands with the one girl in all this school who had the courage to stand up for her convictions, and who has been the means of bringing about a true red-letter day in the existence of Briarcliffe. It shall go down in the history of our beloved institution that Mildred McDonald, an American, of the class of 189—, abolished once and forever the fag system from our school. Now, dear, run away to bed, and dream of the victory you have won."—*Jean Mateer Beeman, in the Visitor.*

A Letter From Havana, Cuba

[The following letter is from one of our young men who only a few months ago left Mexico, in company with one or two others, to canvass in Cuba.]

TO-DAY the INSTRUCTOR of August 6 came, and I read in it the true story of what a little boy did to help the mission cause. It reminded me much in these sad moments of mine of my little seven-year-old brother Aubrey. Last night I received word from my mother in Tampico, Mexico, that he was accidentally drowned in the river near by on July 12. He was playing in a boat with a smaller brother, and losing his balance, slipped in. His body was found three hours afterward.

I thought some of the facts of the latter part of his short life might be interesting to some of the youthful readers of the INSTRUCTOR, and perhaps lead them to live a Christian life every day, so as to be prepared when the Lord calls them to leave this wicked world. Aubrey had always seen us try to keep the Sabbath as best we could in that Catholic, pleasure-loving city, and it seemed to make a good impression on him. During the past year he did extraordinarily well in his lessons at school, and took up daily Bible-reading at home, even studying and memorizing the Morning Watch verses, sometimes getting the Bible and looking them up himself. He wanted a Bible of his own so much that he started to save up his pennies to get one. Once he earned eighteen cents by taking a hand-cart load of wood to a certain place. Ten cents of this he put away to help get his Bible, two cents was for tithe, and the rest he kept for himself. He was very careful of the edges of the Sabbath. He attended an entertainment one Friday afternoon, and when he arrived home before it was over, my mother asked him why he had not remained. He answered, "Because it was getting to be Sabbath." He learned several hymns, as "Do no sinful action," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Now the day is over," "Where are the reapers?" and "Sunshine and rain." Naturally he had a very bad temper, but he said he often prayed to overcome it, and that he was still trying to "overcome evil with good." Lately he wanted to hear Bible stories often so he could tell them to his little playmates. He also asked mother about what he would eat in heaven, and who would teach him the angels' song.

These things are a comfort to her and all of us, and I trust will lead the others of the family to be as zealous and earnest as Aubrey was. We have hope of meeting him on that glorious resurrection day when we shall all meet to part no more.

HAROLD ROBINSON.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, September 28

Helps in Every-Day Life, No. 9 — Christian Etiquette

LEADER'S NOTE.—Review Morning Watch texts for the week. To-day we are completing the series on Christian etiquette. Give careful attention to the splendid article on "Some of the Demands of Christian Etiquette," found in this paper. Close your meeting with a ten-minute symposium, in which all should take part. One week before this program, ask that each member bring to this meeting some thought on the subject of Christian etiquette that has been particularly helpful to him. These thoughts should be gleaned from books, personal experience, or the past programs on this subject.

Union Meeting of Missionary Volunteer Societies

ON Friday evening, July 26, the Takoma Park and Washington Missionary Volunteer Societies held a joint meeting at the Washington Memorial Church, which was both profitable and interesting. Mr. William Kirstein, leader of the Takoma Park society, acted as chairman of the meeting. After considering the secretaries' reports, which showed a healthy condition of both societies, E. F. Albersworth, leader of the Washington society, gave a talk on the subject of "Sensing Responsibility." Among other things, he said:—

Sensing responsibility is the key-note to success in any profession or occupation. The surgeon is responsible for the life of his patient; haphazard work with him will not do. The railway engineer is responsible for the lives of his passengers; he must be careful, must have a steady hand and a clear eye. The story is told of a railway engineer who, at each beginning of his run, would kneel down and pray that God would guide him and protect his passengers from danger as his engine pulled the train laden with human freight across the State. The minister is responsible for the spiritual welfare of his flock. He must pray often and earnestly for them, and assist them to see truth and be guided by it. The apostle Paul felt his responsibility for giving the message in his day, when he said, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." Thus we see that in whatever one undertakes, in order to be successful he must sense his responsibility.

Miss Gladys Seeley then gave a recitation, which was followed by a double quartet.

Miss Anna Hoffman read a paper on "The Duties of Members," from which we quote one or two interesting passages:—

There should be mutual interest in each other's work. God has a particular work for each society to do, and officers and members must fall into line, and with earnest devotion and unfaltering faith, seek to have the purpose of God fulfilled through them. . . . Some may say, "There is nothing I can do." Yes, but there is something you can do. Permit me in this connection to refer to an illustration from the *Epworth Herald*:—

"One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer, and lighting it, began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.

"Away up high," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man; "for we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for the light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

"Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse,—for this was a lighthouse they were in,—he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps which stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. And then

the bright light flashed out over the waters, and the ships outside the harbor were guided thereby so that they entered safely.

"You who think your light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine; leave the rest to him. For our capacity we are not responsible, but for the way in which we use our abilities God will hold us to a strict account."

We are "saved to serve." Every one who is truly disposed to labor in the vineyard will find an open door into it.

A vocal duet, "Love Divine," was rendered very acceptably by Miss Pullman and Mr. Comer.

Mr. J. D. Snider read an interesting paper on the subject of "Duties of Officers." Among the whole-some statements made is the following:—

Perhaps no one thing serves to determine the future destiny of Seventh-day Adventist young people so much as the associations formed between the years of twelve and twenty. Youthful friends and associates invariably influence to a greater or less degree the entire subsequent life. During that period ideals are formed and a life aim is reached. It is a period when every sense is open to both inside and outside influences, when childhood is being rapidly superseded by manhood and womanhood, and when the mind is plastic and much more susceptible than in later years. This is just the time that God's great truths should be so indelibly imprinted on the mind as to govern the life-work and aims of the individual and to form a character so constrained or impelled by the love of Christ as to render him efficient in the work of carrying forward the advent message to all the world in this generation.

Miss Fay Shepherd gave a poetic recitation entitled "Lady Sold by Auction." Speaking of the incident which was used as a basis of the poem, Miss Shepherd referred to the work of Roland Hill, one of England's great preachers, born in 1744. At one of his open-air services, a woman of high birth was passing by in her carriage. As her coachman ordered the crowd to step aside that the carriage might pass, Mr. Hill directed a personal invitation to the woman to accept Christ. His unique and earnest appeal led her immediately to surrender to Christ. The author of the poem pictures Mr. Hill as offering the woman for sale, and the results, in the following verses:—

"Then, bending his gaze on the lady,
And marking her soft eye fall:
'And now in his name, a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole,—her body and soul,
Coronet, jewels, and all?"

"I see already three bidders.
The world steps up as the first:
"I will give her my treasures, and all of the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall dance each day more joyous and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst!"

"But out speaks the devil, boldly:
"The kingdoms of earth are mine.
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,
On their brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul, and I will give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth to be thine."

"And pray what hast thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows unknown?
And he gently said, "My blood I have shed,
To purchase her for mine own.
To conquer the grave, and her soul to save,
I trod the wine-press alone."

"I will give her my cross of suffering,
My cup of sorrows, to share;
But with endless love, in my home above,
All shall be righted there;
She shall walk in light in a robe of white,
And a radiant crown shall she wear."

"Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,
That each hath offered for thee.
Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou lose,
This life or the life to be?
The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine;
Sweet lady, which of the three?"

"She took from her hand the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
'Lord Jesus,' she said, as she bowed her head,

'The highest bidder art thou.
Thou gavest for my sake thy life, and I take
Thy offer—and take it now.'

"Amen," said the noble preacher;
And the people wept aloud.
Years have rolled on, and they all have gone
Who formed that awe-struck crowd,—
Lady and throng have been swept along,
As the wind bears a morning cloud.

"But the Saviour has claimed his purchase,
And around his radiant seat
A mightier throng, in a joyful song,
Will one day the tale repeat,
And a form more fair will praise him there,
Laying her crown at his feet."

By unanimous consent the offering that was taken,
was devoted to the cause in India.

S. B. HORTON.

Just What Hundreds of Other Young People Say

I HARDLY know how to express my appreciation of the Reading Course. I have enjoyed "Ministry of Healing" so much. Having a great love for story-reading, I was fast drifting into the habit; but the Reading Course plan fell across my path just in time to check it. Some of the books were hard to get interested in, but by patient continuance in well-doing I am overcoming, and am learning to love good books. The young people's work is also very dear to me. It has been a safeguard about my path. Having its aims and objects always before me has been one of the means of keeping me from forbidden paths.

ANNIE LAURIE SIBLEY.

The Reading Course is the best means I know of to keep young people from reading light, trashy literature. I was drifting into the world partly from reading such. I now am so thankful that I became interested in the Reading Course when I did, for it made such a change in my life. The aim of the Missionary Volunteer Society has also been a great help to me, and I am trying to carry it out every day. I highly appreciate both.

JOHN A. GIFFORD.

I think "Passion for Men" is the grandest little book I have ever read. It is so full of inspiration; it inspired me with a determination to complete this Reading Course. I have carefully read it twice, and am going to read it through again. One of my neighbors borrowed it, and when she read it, she sent it to her sister. When it came back to her, she read it again before bringing it home.

E. W. HAYES.

"Successful Careers" gave me encouragement by seeing people in my generation and age find out what their talent was, and work it out even at a late date. This has been a great help to me. "Christ's Object Lessons," although I had read it before, like the Bible in that it never grows old, is always encouraging and instructive. I am always blessed in reading it. I hope to take the Reading Course next year, but with my father's failing health, I do not know that I can. Have been greatly benefited by this course.

MRS. PHEBE TYLER.

LONG life's a lovely thing to know,
With lovely health and wealth, forsooth,
And lovely name and fame—but O,
The loveliness of youth!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

WHAT we are to-day, we shall be to-morrow, only a little more so.—Samuel Zane Batten.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII — The Gift of Prophecy

(September 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. 7: 20.

Questions

1. Since man sinned, how has God communicated with him? 2 Chron. 36: 15, 16; Heb. 1: 1, 2.
2. How is a prophet of the Lord chosen? 1 Cor. 12: 9-11; note 1.
3. In what ways is a prophet shown what the Lord wants him to know? Num. 12: 6; Dan. 2: 19; 7: 1.
4. What are we especially warned against? Matt. 24: 24.
5. How may we be able to know the true from the false? Deut. 13: 1-3.
6. What tests are we to apply to any one claiming to be a prophet? Isa. 8: 20; note 2.
7. How did the prophets of old speak? 2 Peter 1: 20, 21.
8. What is one way that the prophets made known to the people what God revealed to them? Jer. 51: 60, 61; 2 Chron. 20: 14, 15.
9. How are the people affected where there is no prophetic instruction? Prov. 29: 18.
10. What exercise of the prophetic gift was seen in the church of New Testament times? Acts 11: 27, 28; 13: 1; 21: 8-11.
11. What is promised for the last days? Acts 2: 17, 18, 38, 39.
12. What is said of the prophetic gift in the church of the last days? Rev. 12: 17; 19: 10; note 3.

Notes

1. No one of himself can choose to be a prophet, worker of miracles, or possess any gift which he desires. God chooses his workers according to the ability and spirit he sees in them to do the work. They may refuse his call, and fail to do the work for which he has chosen them; but happy are they if they accept the trust, and let God be their leader. What an honor to be chosen of God to cooperate with him in the upbuilding of his cause!
2. God's great "measuring-rod," his law of ten commandments, is an unfailing standard of right. The apostle John says, "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits;" and by this we may try them. In these days of false claims of healing and miracle working, we have a sure guide: "If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."
3. In Rev. 12: 17 the dragon is Satan, and the woman represents the church. The prophet saw the church of the last days keeping the commandments of God and having the testimony of Jesus Christ. In Rev. 19: 10, the testimony of Jesus is said to be the spirit of prophecy.

2. How is the instrument chosen through whom the prophetic gift is to be exercised? 1 Cor. 12: 11. Compare Acts 13: 2, 3. Note 1.

3. How does the Lord reveal himself to those whom he has chosen to exercise the prophetic gift? Num. 12: 6; Dan. 2: 19; 7: 1.

4. Against what are we cautioned? Matt. 24: 24; note 2.

5. How may we distinguish the true from the false? Deut. 13: 1-3.

6. According to what will a true spokesman for God speak? Isa. 8: 20. Compare 1 John 4: 1.

7. How did the prophets of old speak? 2 Peter 1: 20, 21; 1 Peter 1: 10-12. Compare Acts 28: 25.

8. How did they communicate to the people that which was revealed to them? Jer. 51: 60, 61; 2 Chron. 20: 14, 15.

9. When there is no prophetic instruction, how are the people affected? Prov. 29: 18; Lam. 2: 9.

10. What exercise of the prophetic gift was seen in the early church? Acts 11: 27, 28; 13: 1; 21: 8, 9.

11. What exercise of spiritual gifts is promised for the church? Acts 2: 17, 18, 38, 39. Compare Joel 2: 28, 29.

12. What is said concerning the prophetic gift in the church of the last days? Rev. 12: 17; 19: 10; note 3.

13. What encouraging promise is made to those who believe the Lord's prophets? 2 Chron. 20: 20.

Notes

1. No one can of himself choose to be a prophet, worker of miracles, or any other office bestowed by the Holy Spirit. God, through the Spirit, selects the instrument. We may decline the holy calling, and fail to fill the place to which the Lord has called us; but the gifts of the Spirit, whether prophecy or some other gift, are distributed as the Spirit himself wills.

2. That there are false claims put forth and spurious gifts exercised in the world is quite true, but this should in no way discredit the genuine. Counterfeit money is in circulation, but this does not discount the genuine coin. It is against "false prophets," teachers who depart from the Word, that we are warned. Though a pretended seer makes a prediction that comes to pass, yet if he teaches that which leads away from the true God, and substitutes idolatry, if his teaching leads from the unerring Word to the tradition of men, we may know that his claims to be a prophet or teacher sent from God, are not true; and we are not to "hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams."

3. "That the Testimonies were not given to take the place of the Bible, the following extract from a testimony published in 1876 will show:—

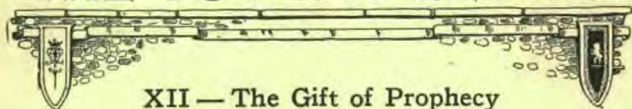
"Brother R would confuse the mind by seeking to make it appear that the light God has given through the Testimonies is an addition to the Word of God; but in this he presents the matter in a false light. God has seen fit in this manner to bring the minds of his people to his Word, to give them a clearer understanding of it. 'The Word of God is sufficient to enlighten the most beclouded mind, and may be understood by those who have any desire to understand it. But notwithstanding all this, some who profess to make the Word of God their study, are found living in direct opposition to its plainest teachings. Then, to leave men and women without excuse, God gives plain and pointed testimonies, bringing them back to the Word that they have neglected to follow.'" — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, page 663.

"Let the Testimonies be judged by their fruits. What is the spirit of their teaching? What has been the result of their influence? 'All who desire to do so can acquaint themselves with the fruits of these visions. For seventeen years, God has seen fit to let them survive and strengthen against the opposition of Satan's forces, and the influence of human agencies that have aided Satan in his work.'"

"God is either teaching his church, reproving their wrongs, and strengthening their faith, or he is not. This work is of God, or it is not. God does nothing in partnership with Satan. My work . . . bears the stamp of God, or the stamp of the enemy. There is no half-way work in the matter. The Testimonies are of the Spirit of God, or of the devil." — *Id.*, page 671.

LIFE is constantly weighing us in very sensitive scales.— *Lowell*.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XII — The Gift of Prophecy

(September 21)

LESSON HELPS: "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, pages 654-691; the *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. 7: 20.

Questions

1. By what means has the Lord communicated with man since the fall? Heb. 1: 1, 2; 2 Chron. 36: 15, 16.

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Love for All

HAVE love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter like a circling sun
Thy charities on all.

— Schiller.

A Confession of Weakness

BLUSTER is a confession of weakness. The person who maintains his dignity by getting angry and talking at the top of his voice, acknowledges inferiority. Strength can afford to be gentle. It is only weakness which plays the bully.—*David C. Cook.*

Keeping the Oath

IN a Sunday-school class, in which the lesson about John the Baptist's death was being studied, the teacher asked whether Herod was obliged to keep his vow. A bright little boy said: "I guess if she had asked for his own head, Herod would not have felt himself obliged to keep it!"—*Burton H. Winslow.*

What Some Have Done

ONE of our young men who is attending the medical college at Loma Linda, California, has sold during his vacation two hundred copies of "Practical Guide to Health," by Dr. F. M. Rossiter. Two young men in Maine each earned a scholarship this summer in South Lancaster Academy in fifteen days, and a young woman of the same State, who thought she could not canvass, secured a scholarship in twelve days.

Sabbath, September 28

A GREAT privilege is given to the Sabbath-schools in the home land on September 28. It is the privilege of providing mission homes for our workers in China. It is estimated that these homes will cost, on an average, one thousand dollars apiece. How many homes can we build with this one day's offering. The Sabbath-schools will answer this question.

Four cottages have already been erected in China, and one in Korea. Of these Elder I. H. Evans writes:—

"We are indeed grateful that we have been able to make a beginning in providing homes for our workers in the East. To be sure, it is only a beginning, but it gives promise of better days for our workers, and longer service in the cause of God. The price of these homes will soon be more than saved in the extra time

the laborers can remain at their work each year. Other homes will be provided as soon as funds are available. Our workers are pleased with their homes, and are most grateful to our brethren and sisters in the home land, who by their self-sacrifice have supplied means with which to erect the buildings."

Remember the date.

Remember to plan to give liberally.

Remember to report correctly the amount, and the purpose for which it is given.

L. FLORA PLUMMER,
Cor. Sec. Gen. Conf. S. S. Dept.

The Hand-Shake

THE Persians have an old saying that the warm clasp of the hand is a sign of loyalty of purpose. The ancient Saxons would not give their hand in greeting unless back of it was the purpose to honest welcome and friendship. All of the ancient kings in sending forth their knights to duty gave them the right hand to indicate that they wished them to be of the best hope and stout of heart.—*Selected.*

Borrowing a Backbone

OF all forms of borrowing, borrowing a backbone has least to excuse it. Myriads of persons can stand up for their principles if somebody of strong convictions is at hand to bolster them up. But if left to themselves, they are at the mercy of the last argument, the most insinuating appeal, or perhaps the newest temptation.

If you have not as yet developed a backbone, you have need of one. Set about producing one to meet your needs, instead of borrowing that of your neighbor.—*Young People's Weekly.*

An African Snake

PEOPLE often speak as if foreign missionaries in these days have no hardships, and that, in fact, their lives are easy and pleasant. Without doubt some of the hardships and perils of the past have been eliminated, but plenty remain. For example, one frail, timid little wife of a foreign missionary often has to stay alone with her baby for days, surrounded only by Africans, some of them still half savages.

In "Notes From Natal," by F. A. Bridgman, is recorded the following experience. Referring to snakes, which had been unusually numerous, he says:—

"When in Inanda the other day, Father Pixley, eighty-two years old, showed me where he shot a deadly 'imamba,' over seven feet long, in his dining-room. Its mate continued for about two weeks to swish around over the ceiling, making excursions to the rooms below occasionally. One day it put its head through a hole in the ceiling, and Mr. Pixley blazed away, but missed. He was terribly cut up about it, and said that he had not made such a bad shot for years. Two or three days afterward the imamba took possession of the guest-room. Mr. Pixley placed a chair in the door, and sat down to await his chance for a shot. Before he knew it, the snake was all mixed up with his feet. The American Board's veteran missionary made a record jump in one direction, and the equally scared snake beat a retreat to its resort over the ceiling. The next week it was killed in the kitchen. This also was over seven feet, an average size, but deadly."—*The Wellspring.*