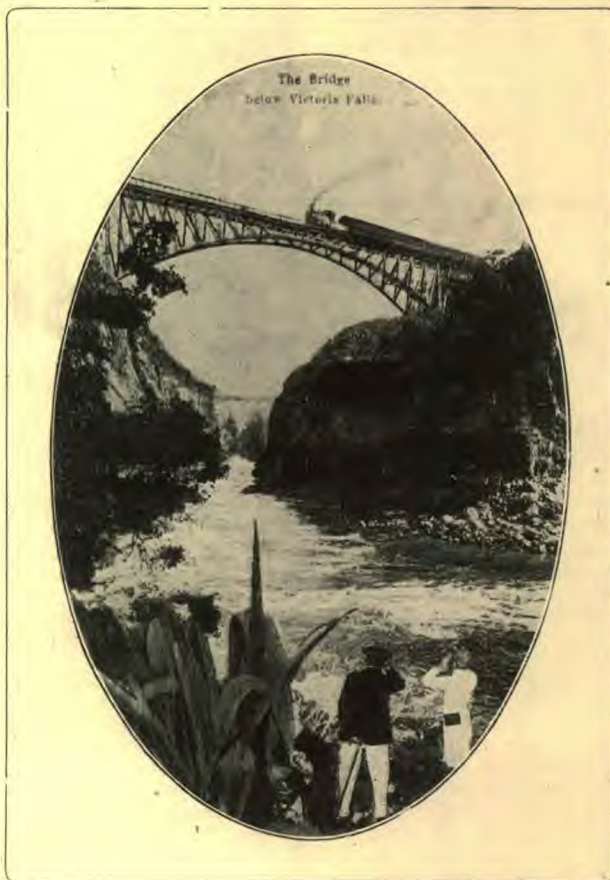


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

October 8, 1912

No. 41



AN apple-tree in the Walla Walla Valley, Washington, produced in 1907 126½ boxes, said to be the highest production from a single tree known anywhere in the world. This year it will do even better, yielding from 150 to 200 bushels of apples. It has been giving its fruit to its owners for nearly forty years.

Forty Dollars a Word

CONSCIENTIOUS statisticians have computed that the Sixty-second Congress, just adjourned, uttered 26,000,000 words during 267 days, at a cost to the country of something more than \$1,000,000,000. Thus it appears that our federal lawmakers spent an average of \$3,750,000 per diem, and that the great sea of their eloquence was poured out at the rate of forty dollars a word.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Wage Boards

MASSACHUSETTS has enacted the first minimum wage commission act of the United States. This act "establishes a commission with power to organize wage boards in any and all industries in which it shall appear that the wages paid to women employees are sufficient to supply the necessary cost of decent and normal living. The wage board can not enforce anything. It may suggest a wage scale and give it wide publicity, printing the name of any employer who fails to comply with the recommendation, and thus inviting public or moral censure of him. On the other hand, an employer may secure all exemption from compliance by making a solemn declaration under oath in a court of law to the effect that the recommended schedule would endanger his profit or the prosperity of his business."

Did You Do Your Part?

ON Sept. 9, 1912, the prohibition amendment was defeated in Arkansas. Do you know that you are not responsible in part for this defeat? Did you as a church, as a young people's society, as an individual, do all you could to avert this unfortunate condition?

In the early part of November, West Virginia is to decide the same question. Are you doing all you can to gain a victory there?

Is there not some sister State which would like to join West Virginia in this campaign? It will soon be too late to work.

Three Wise Monkeys

"No evil I'll see," said the monkey wise,
 "If I place my paws right over my eyes;"
 "No evil I'll hear," said his brother grave,
 "A paw for each ear will my hearing save."
 "No evil I'll speak," said the third in the row,
 "For the tongue is the source of much trouble,
 you know,
 And the holding of mine makes one element less
 In the sum of human unhappiness."

—*Selected.*

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"God's Two Books;

OR

Plain Facts About Evolution, Geology, and the Bible"

Just issued. By George McCready Price, professor of Geology and Physics, Loma Linda (Cal.) Medical College, author of "Illogical Geology," etc.

Not long ago a clergyman in Wisconsin wrote to us in a taunting way, "Do you know of any college, or even high school, that amounts to anything, which is not teaching the doctrine of evolution?"

In our own minds we had to sadly confess that this teaching has become well-nigh universal throughout the civilized world. While not all teach the evolution of man from the lower animals, there are comparatively few to-day who doubt or question the long, successive ages of the modern evolutionary geology. The truth about geology is vital, and should be understood by all.

In a recent number of "Nature" (Jan. 19, 1911), the foremost botanist of England says that the modern evolutionary theory "had its roots in Lyell," the founder of modern geology; and he quotes another leading scientist to the effect that had it not been for Lyell and his theories of geology, "we should never have had the 'Origin of Species.'"

The present volume gives a summary, in easy, readable language, of the wonderful discoveries that have recently been made in the rocks of Europe and America, which have done so much to confirm the Bible record. To give but one instance: Just east of the Rocky Mountains, extending over one hundred miles in the southern part of Alberta, and running nearly another hundred miles down into Montana, is a tract of country, now known to be over a thousand square miles in area, where what are called pretty nearly the "youngest" rocks are underneath, and almost the very "oldest" are on top, and yet these rocks have every physical appearance of having been deposited just as we find them. But if they were really deposited in this order, the writings of Darwin and all his followers are only so much waste paper, and the evolution theory becomes a piece of elaborate nonsense. This is only one of the many modern discoveries mentioned in this book,—discoveries which are compelling some of the best scholars of our time to acknowledge that there must be something radically wrong with this system of geology that has so long been contradicting the first chapters of the Bible.

"GOD'S TWO BOOKS" is well illustrated, giving the portraits of most of the scientists mentioned in the book, with diagrams, pictures of fossils, etc. 184 pages; cloth, \$1.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

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Gethsemane

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad, and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden each must sometime see,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to the days.
Light sorrows sail like clouds, afar;
We laugh and say how strong we are;
We hurry on, and hurrying, go
Close to the border-land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty cape of years,
Close to the great salt font of tears
The garden lies; strive as you may,
You can not miss it in your way.
All paths that have been or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who can not say,
"Not mine, but thine;" who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and can not see
The purpose in Gethsemane.
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
God help us through Gethsemane!

—Selected.

What Good Books Have Accomplished

EUGENE ROWELL



BOOKS are fields in which characters grow. The author is the sower, our minds are the soil, meditation is the sun and rain, good and evil are the fruit.

Reading is receiving the seed, harboring the thoughts makes them grow, the character we form is the crop they produce, and our destiny is the harvest.

Liken your mind to an estate, which you rent to an author when you read his book. You give him control of it, but with the understanding that he is not to damage it. When he harms it, you have a right to protest, just as the law enables the owner of rented land to prevent the one renting it from sowing it to weeds, or injuring it in any way. You expect a goodly portion of the increase as compensation for renting, otherwise you would be a loser. So with a book. If reading it does not make you richer in thought, do not rent your mind to its author.

A good book can fill the mind with cheer, hope, inspiration, knowledge, beauty, truth. It can awaken the purest sentiments and the highest resolves, and lead to honor and victory.

I wish I could tell exactly what books have done; but their influence is immeasurable. It depends not upon the number read, but upon the impression they make upon the readers, and the influence of these persons upon others. If I should tell you the number of cubic feet of water that plunge down Niagara each second, could you conceive of the volume that has passed in the last two thousand years? So with the Bible, that book about which all worthy books circle, as stars about the sun. There is not a personal religious experience, not a Christian home, nor church, nor missionary, nor an enlightened nation, that it has not influenced. We may say of its teachings in its own phrase, "There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Perhaps "Pilgrim's Progress" stands next in number of readers and in influence. Its author's reading was made up of "Practise of Piety," "Plain

Man's Pathway to Heaven," and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." Reading Cook's "Voyages" and Fox's "Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation" inspired William Carey to go to India; and his going marks the beginning of modern missions. Robert Morrison's zeal was kindled by reading "Life of Faith" and Harvey's "Meditations." His first native convert, a man of evil temper, was changed by reading a portion of the Bible as translated by him. A young man educated for the priesthood was brought into the truth from finding on an ash heap a part of the New Testament with the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." J. L. Shaw went to India from reading Taylor's "Story of Inland Missions." Henry Martyn was made a missionary by reading the life of Brainerd. Sixty per cent of the people in our denomination came into the truth from reading our books.

A student told me that "Steps to Christ" saved him when all hope was gone. The "Life of Livingstone" has given two other students a desire to go to Africa as missionaries. Another had received much good from reading the "Wrestler of Philippi." Another had received inspiration from "Life of Paton" and "Young People's Problems." The "Life That Counts" had helped another; and the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," with its lessons in "meditating on the subject of bulldogs," carried another through geometry.

Says the "Student's Manual of Reading:" "Perhaps none have done the world so much good as those who have quickened the minds of men by giving them good thoughts."

I asked one person what good books had done for him. He replied: "I know what bad books have done. They ruined my memory till I could not remember A B C." An evil book can fill the mind with vile thoughts, deaden the soul, pollute the character, destroy feeling, and dwarf the intellect. You say you do not believe it? Sow thistle seeds and gather corn from them, and then believe that you can read a bad book without harm.

Listen to Anthony Comstock, secretary and special agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, in his book "Traps for the Young:"—

"The community is cursed by pernicious literature. Ignorance as to its debasing character in some cases, disgraceful indifference in others, tolerate and sanction this evil." "These details familiarize the reader with crime. They even tend to glorify it." "The finest fruits of civilization are consumed by these vermin. Nay, these products of corrupt minds are the eggs from which all kinds of villains are hatched." "These stories breed vulgarity, profanity, loose ideas of life, impurity of thought and deed." He gives as the results of sensational reading by youth, one hundred eighty-eight arrests in six months.

Another writer puts it thus: "If you have an enemy whose soul you would visit with a heavy vengeance, you have only to place one of these destroyers (a bad book) in his hands. In doing so you will certainly pave the way to the abodes of death."

What we get from books depends largely upon us. It is not enough that we read a good book, but we must let it influence us. Nor will merely having books on our shelves help us.

A book need not be popular to do good. Great results have come from volumes well-nigh unknown.

What are we doing in the way of bettering the reading for ourselves and others? Are we spending the time in theorizing and telling of books for entertainment, while two hundred thousand youth are stumbling to ruin with vile pages before their eyes? Even in the rooms of some Missionary Volunteers are books that should be burned. May God help us to use example and voice and pen in the cause of pure and ennobling literature, till that which he gave as a source of joy, and inspiration, and wisdom, shall be perverted no more.

The Best Diploma

As you go away from the school where you have spent some of your time in training, preparatory to entering the higher school of practical life, carrying with you the highest honor the school can confer upon you,—a diploma of merit,—do not place too much confidence in your diploma. Remember that while a diploma is a good thing, it is at best only ink and paper; and that men have come to know that a thing does not need to be so because a diploma says it is. You are the one to give reality to what the diploma says of you. The diploma can not do that. Be more than what your diploma has to say of you. I have no faith whatever in the man or woman whose sphere of usefulness is limited to the length and breadth of his or her diploma. Be not among that class. It does not pay. The thing that is going to be tested in practical life is your individuality, and not your diploma. Diplomas are general things. What your diploma says of you, it says of every other member of your class. In the great mart of life there are hundreds and hundreds of diplomas exactly alike in every particular; but you never find any two individuals who are exactly the same. Take up ten or twenty diplomas of the Johns Hopkins University, and you see before you ten or twenty things exactly alike. But meet ten or twenty of the graduates in their practise, and you meet ten or twenty different individuals, each with qualities singularly his own. And what is true of Johns Hopkins University is true of every other school.

I believe more in the individual than in the race or nationality. No individual of any race is representative of his race in every particular. Every individual is a race in himself, a nation in himself,—nay, a world in himself. What this world needs, that which has always affected it the most, is individuality. And the one thing that is going to be the most powerful factor in determining your fate is your individuality. The race, the nationality, the diploma, very often play their part; but the thing that goes the farthest toward stemming the billows of life's sea is individuality.

Be truthful, be courageous, be honest to yourself wherever you may be; and in whatever circumstances you may be, be energetic, be progressive, be considerate. Keep a cool head in the hottest weather. Believe in your race and nationality, which is but right; but believe more in yourself. Above all, believe in what God is able to do for you and through you, and a way will open to you from above, however crowded it may be around you. C. C. ROBERTS.

Public Spirited

A WRITER in the *Review of Reviews* for August gives expression to a vital truth in the following words: "There is one great test we should learn to apply to every aspirant for public place in this country; namely, is the man public-minded, or is he private-minded? And this is not so much a quality of character as it is a quality of intellect. Some candidates are essentially public men. They act upon public questions for open, public reasons. Their minds are trained to work in that fashion. Others are essentially private-minded. These others have always some personal, private reason for public acts."

In these few words we find all public men divided into two classes. It is supposed that when a man sells his time and talents to the public, he works for the best interests of the public. Were he desiring to devote his efforts to purely private purposes, he should have remained in private life, and not have assumed to do that which he had no intention of doing, or for which he had no fitness. We expect the day laborer to give his employer the best service of which he is capable, during the term of his contract. Why should we expect or receive less of our public men?

It may be safely set down as a rule that when a man seeks a public office, he does so from some desire to benefit personally from the same. We used to hear of the office seeking the man, but now seldom. We now have it reversed, until we hear the expression, "office-seeker." Did men sense the responsibility that attaches to any position of public trust, they would not be so eager to seek these places. The presence of the hordes of office-seekers and grafters now in evidence everywhere, is a sad commentary on our twentieth-century civilization.

This desire for place and position originated with the prince of evil. He sought the power to rule. He desired to be in a position to dictate to others. In contrast to him, we find it said of the Saviour that while great power was within his reach, yet he thought it not a thing to be grasped after. All men have been following these two leaders since the world began, and each man manifests the attributes of his chosen leader.

Yet we are told that some one must discharge the duties of public office. True; but if this position were

assumed at the request of the people, and with a sense of duty, we should see a different state of things, both in the church and in the affairs of civil governments. No man of himself is sufficient for the rightful discharge of public duties. Hence, as a rule, none will seek for these positions except those who have great confidence in their ability, or else are selfishly seeking advantages for personal ends.

It is always the case that a leader or executive succeeds best when he has but little confidence in his own wisdom, and leans heavily on the counsel of his associates and advisers. We may well beware of the man who shuns counsel, and will not listen to suggestions from whatever source. True, a leader must be a man of decision, and have a mind of his own, but this does not mean the utter disregard of the wishes and counsel of other men.

E. R. ALLEN.

God Bless You

I LOVE the words — perhaps because
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause,
We looked at one another;
And I — I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.

She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving;
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me;
But, kissing me, she said good-by,
And asked our God to bless me.

— Eugene Field.

The Guerrillas

THORNTON and I, walking along the road the other day, fell to discussing what title we should give our friends. Neither of us liked "independent," because of a sinister meaning that has been given that word. "Self-supporting," he said, was objected to by some as misleading. I suggested "auxiliary," whereupon Thornton remarked that they might be called "guerrillas," and some people would prefer to spell it g-o-r —

Now I have been looking up the words in the dictionary, and I scout auxiliary, because it means a body of *foreign* troops in a war that is not their own; and I disliked guerrillas, because that is defined to be soldiers engaged in *irregular*, desultory warfare. But, with the habit of old years upon me, I glanced back to find the derivation, and I found the etymological significance of guerrilla is warrior. That suits me! That sounds like good old apostle Paul! "Put on the whole armor of God;" "I have fought a good fight;" "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." So, always with, if you please, the etymological significance, I am content to call them guerrillas, and let the vowel be mouthed as it may.

And now I have been attending a guerrilla conference, and it was the liveliest thing I ever attended. Mark, I did not say, "the liveliest." It was not hilarious, but it revealed life, energy, resource, courage, initiative. Its official title ran, "The Fifth Annual Convention of Self-Supporting Workers, held at the Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute at Madison, Tennessee." But a meandering title like that needs some abbreviation to represent the spirit of the participants.

I wish that you, my friends, could look into the faces of these young men and women (all young, and mostly

of few years) who came here fresh from labor among stumps and quack-grass, barn building and orchard planting, schoolroom and sick-room, came with the experience of active labors in the midst of great needs, came with the problems and perplexities that others' experience might help to solve. There were cheerful greetings and happy reminiscences, old memories and new tales, above all, hopeful assurance of the future, the growth of the work, and the results to be obtained.

There was the jovial Alden, first of the hill-school men, who "old-man's" everybody, and who on the platform, after an initial story, spellbinds his audience with equal facility on the kindred topics of prayer-meetings and scientific agriculture. There was the lean-jawed Irish Mulford and his brother-in-law West, who up on top of an old clay hill have made the desert blossom like the rose. And there was Artress the carpenter, who under disasters of fire and plague has hammered and sawed his way through the débris, with a determination not to be driven from his post. And there was Brother Kloss, newly arrived and big-hearted, with a blue eye of faith and fire, and steam-pressure canners for everybody.

And there was a church-school teacher who, from only one of them who actually handles a gun, but they are of the stock of the noble women who won the wilderness three generations ago, who could shoot and ride and hoe and cook and spin and pray, and laugh their joyous laughter through fare of corn pone and bear meat and threat of Indian massacre. Here came Sister Walen with a tale of adventures in Massachusetts and the assurance of a new schoolhouse on Chestnut Hill. Here came Sister Scott and her mother from a far-away table-land of Alabama, down whose precipitous sides I myself refused to ride their "jinny." They had left Brother Scott at home to glean the ripening apples in the forsaken clearings in the forest, and to grub a few more acres of the thin soil to make surer their future support. They told their story, and they went home happy with the unexpected promise of a sewing-machine and three goats, the former for the girls' sewing class, and the latter to do the grubbing and furnish the milk. But Sister Scott is under obligation to find friends who will pay for sixty rods of wire fencing to keep the goats at their work.

And there was a church-school teacher who, from across the continent, had just sped to a bridal altar that stands as a foreground to an old brick house and sixty acres, where gentle, forceful, dauntless young Matthews has struggled without a helpmeet for a year in the establishment of a school. Bashful, shy, disclaiming the ability to speak, she promised she would bring us a report next time of what a year can show when a wife is in charge. My eyes blurring, I looked across to the golden plains of Mesopotamia, to the desert sands that stretch between, and to the near fields of Beersheba, and, behold, the camels were coming! "Rebekah," said I softly to myself, "Rebekah, it was hard to leave your kindred, but you have won for yourself a place where the blessing rests. Brace your heart for the coming years. There will be much sorrow, but in the end a wealth of joy."

I have visited the homes of some who were not here, and I would be minded, had I the space, to tell you of city girls made into country heroines, of stately dames developed into sturdy matrons, of wives that bear the burdens of home and farm and neighborhood and church while their husbands are perforce away. These women of the hill schools, they throng in my

memory and my heart like the women of the Waldenses and the Huguenots, the Lowlanders and the Covenanters. Why not? Have we no need in these last days of Paschals and of Colignys, of Leyden men and heroes of the Scottish moors? And have we less need of that type of heroine who sent her betrothed on God's errand and to his death in Rome? or less of Margarets, and Jeanne of Navarre? And where, you women of the Last Legion, is there opportunity for training in that stern work that braces the heart and the spirit while it wets the eyelash? Where? If you had been with me in the hills for the last few weeks, or if you had been at this conference where these women came, you would know.

And to what purpose is all this? I could tell you, but I could not make you know. You do not know if you do not do. I wish I could tell you some of the tales of hearts made glad, of minds enlightened, of sympathies and energies enlisted, of lives given to God, of prejudice allayed, of joy unspeakable and full of glory, that shone from the eyes and rang in the voices of those who told. I wish I could give you even one

story—I have it verbatim in my note-book—that came the last morning from one of these young workers. But then, in cold print I could not give you the conviction that lay in the tones, in the eyes suffused with tears, as he told of his work with one young

man who has been converted in his school into an earnest, Christian, Seventh-day Adventist worker: "If I had no other result for all the struggles of my work there, single-handed, overwhelmed with work, perplexed about money matters, knowing myself inadequate to the work,—if I had no other result than the salvation of this young man, I should thank God eternally that he had permitted me to undertake this work."

Said one of the speakers, "The value of this work is that it is too big for us. If it were not, I should not touch it. The man who is to grow must grapple with something bigger than himself, that in the struggle he may call on God and receive strength, and thereby grow." Another said, "This is 'the work of the ministry.' Do you know what ministry means? We have translated it into modern phrase, Christian Help work. Ministry is service; it is doing what Christ did. He taught, he healed, he helped; he did not merely talk. And he who does what Christ did will get Christ's results." The Lord says: "Let us strengthen this company of educators to continue the good work in which they are engaged, and labor to encourage others to do a similar work. Then the light of truth will be carried in a simple and effective way, and a great work will be accomplished for the Master in a short time."—*Leaflet, "An Appeal for the Madison School."*

Four days we spent in counsel and study, and then, though more remained to be done and said, the bands of the guerrillas began to slip away to their fields. It

is hard to hold these self-supporting workers to an extended session, when at home their fruit and vegetables are spoiling for the cannery. They grasp as much as they can, and speed themselves back to their duties.

But most of all, these gatherings appeal to me like the sacred musters of Israel in the old days, the counsels of a free people whose king is Jehovah, whose oracle is the voice of God at the mouth of his prophet, and whose life-work is the conquering of the promised land. A band is in training in the wilderness; and many there must be to join them, like Zebulun of old, "such as went forth to battle, expert in war, fifty thousand, which could keep rank: they were not of double heart."

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING.

Perfection of Manhood

WE were being conducted around the interesting ruins of Pompeii, and the guide halted near a gate, saying: "Here is where the soldier was found; he was on guard, and would not desert his post." I had read the story, and now I stood on the spot hal-

lowed by such an act of heroism—die rather than desert. I tried to picture the scene,—the gathering gloom, the falling ashes slowly enveloping the man who would not desert. That was bravery, constancy, fidelity.

John the Baptist was a brave man. He never

deserted his post, never fawned for favor, was not afraid to rebuke sin. He was persecuted, imprisoned, and murdered, but he was faithful unto death. He looked through prison-bars in the dungeon north of the Dead Sea. He longed to be in the fight against sin, but he was compelled to languish in inactivity. His proud, manly soul would chafe against such cruel injustice, but he played the man, and proved himself superior to some men who are called kings.

Chinese Gordon stood before a savage king, and refused indignantly the king's proposition. "Do you know I could kill you instantly?" Gordon replied calmly, "I know it; but it is a matter of perfect indifference to me." This is the highest form of courage: Death before dishonor, or double dealing, or fraud, or the selling of manhood.

I have heard young people regret that all the great things have been done,—both poles discovered,—nothing further remains. The most stupendous work of all remains, the bringing up of manhood to agree with the state of advancement that exists in the physical world,—the perfection of manhood measured by the moral grandeur of Christ, the world's perfect model. Man is still in the rear rank. It is easier to work on the material than on the moral, but in this latter field are vaster possibilities and glories.—*Arthur M. Growden, in the Lookout.*

ARE you earnestly striving to overcome sin?



The meeting-place of the guerrillas, Madison, Tennessee.

Russian Intolerance Checkmated

JOHN N. QUINN



MOHAMMEDANISM, Roman Catholicism, and Greek Catholicism are three religious systems which stand in the forefront as enemies of toleration and religious liberty. It makes the lover of liberty glad when any one of these opponents of the truth of the gospel is brought to acknowledge freedom of speech and of worship, even though the motive in so doing is a wrong one.

The separation of the Greek Church from the Latin began about the year 381 A. D., and was completed in 869. About 900 the Greek Church became the state church of Russia. To-day one hundred million Russians bow at its altars, and six hundred thousand priests officiate in its churches.

In 1858 the Germans entered Russia, carrying with them what they had of the faith of Luther, and in 1873 English Protestants began the work of evangelization in St. Petersburg, and from there have spread over the great empire. The Baptists are active in their work in Russia, and in 1911 Dr. McArthur, of Atlanta, Georgia, was appointed to go to St. Petersburg and purchase land on which to erect a Bible school in that city.

"On his arrival, the American ambassador had him properly introduced; but three adverse things faced him. First, the Russians said to him: 'We hold the United States responsible for our defeat by Japan. American money and sympathy conquered us.' Second, last December the Congress of the United States abrogated the treaty of 1830 between Russia and the United States because of Russia's unkindness to American Jews. Third, Dr. McArthur had said in his own pulpit in New York: 'The czar of Russia should remember that he lives in the twentieth century, and not in the fifteenth century,' and that had been wired all over Russia.

"But, with the ambassador's help, he made an effort to see the secretary of state or premier. All his papers had to be translated into French. He had his passport, a letter from President Taft, and the letter from his assembly, but the official only shook his head and refused until the doctor said, 'I have a letter from Theodore Roosevelt.' The Russian immediately found his tongue and could talk perfect English. He said, 'Well, let me see what Theodore says.' Then the official said, 'Go right in; his Excellency will receive you.' Now, he needed all his credentials, even the letter from Theodore, and then received a most emphatic 'No' to the proposition that he be permitted to purchase land for a Bible school in St. Petersburg. At last Dr. McArthur said: 'Then I shall build it in Berlin, and take your youth from before your face and educate them in Germany.' The official dropped his cigarette, picked it up, lighted another, then said, 'We shall grant what you ask.' The land has been bought and the building is in process of erection.

"Now, the doctor was also there to assist in dedicating a Baptist church, and he asked the privilege of speaking there, and was refused. He then said: 'In every paper in Great Britain and in all her English provinces and in every paper in the United States tomorrow morning will appear the statement that you refused to let me, the representative of twenty million people, give a gospel message.' The premier smoked over that, then granted him permission to speak, which

he did for five days. But one night a policeman tapped him on the shoulder, after he was in the pulpit to speak, and said: 'The minister meant you should speak only one day; now you have spoken five, and must not speak a word more.'

"And so he was escorted to the station by a policeman, followed by many hundred students, men and women. He stood up in the automobile and said: 'The Russian empire will not tip over if I offer you, my friends, a word of farewell. Love, Love, worship the Everlasting Love,' pointing to heaven. They all raised their hands toward heaven, and cried, 'Love, Love, we worship Everlasting Love,' and he was hurried through the gates of the railroad station, where he took the train which carried him out of Russia."

May the day hasten on apace when the northern monster of intolerance shall be converted to the fundamental truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ,—that man is responsible only to God for his faith,—so that through the length and breadth of that land shall be preached the everlasting gospel, which will bring formalism in religion to an end, and will usher in the reign of him who is the author of liberty, Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Gospel of Happiness

A WOMAN who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirit, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing to give but myself; so I made the resolution that I would never sadden any one else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let any one go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with him. And making happiness engenders happiness: I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

This gospel of happiness is one which every one should lay to heart. Set out with the invincible determination that you will bear burdens, and not impose them. Whether the sun shines or the rain falls, show a glad face to your neighbor. If you must fall in life's battles, you can at least fall with a smile on your face.—*Wellspring*.

Education Note

WHAT is the money value of an education? The average reduced to individual cases would be something like this: Two boys, aged fourteen, are both interested in mechanics; one goes into the shops, the other into a technical school. The boy in the shops starts at \$4 a week, and by the time he is eighteen he is getting \$7. At that age the other boy is leaving school and beginning to work at \$10 a week. At twenty the shop-trained young fellow is getting \$9.50, and the technical graduate \$15; at twenty-two the former's weekly wage is \$11.50, and the latter's \$20; and by the time they are both twenty-five, the shopman finds \$12.75 in his pay envelope, while the technically trained man draws a salary of \$31. These figures are based on a study of two thousand actual workers made by the Massachusetts Commission for Industrial and Technical Education.



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."

The Stranger on the Sill

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all:
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn; and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—O painful proof!
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard,—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,

Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

O, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when children crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

The barn, the trees, the creek, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall,—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

—Selected.

Fifteen Requisites for Young Women



THE MIRROR. The best kind of mirror recommended for the young woman's use is Self-knowledge, as it has the power of bringing all her faults to view. Seeing her faults in this wonderful mirror is a step toward causing her virtues to shine brighter, that they may be seen clearer.

WRINKLE PREVENTER. This remedy is Contentment. A daily application of its essence will smooth the brow and give the countenance a peaceful appearance.

LIP-SALVE. The most harmless and profitable salve for the lips is Truth. Apply it freely, and they will always be soft and smooth, and from them sweet, melodious words will flow.

TO IMPROVE THE VOICE. That your voice may be stronger, sweeter, and clearer, use at morning, noon, and night the tonic called Prayer. This prevents harsh, grating tones.

EYE-WASH. Before the eyes become dull and short-sighted, place in them a few drops of Compassion, which adds luster and keenness. When your supply of these virtue-giving drops is getting low, visit the poor, the sick, or the suffering, to have the supply replenished.

TO PREVENT ERUPTIONS. Wisdom is a solution intended to produce calmness in a woman's temperament, and to beautify the life by adding to it dignity and grace.

EARRINGS. The most beautiful earrings to be had are Attention and Obedience. These are so shaped as to catch and retain only those sounds which teach lessons of good, not of evil. Let every young woman attach them to her ears.

BRACELETS. In making her daily toilet, each one should clasp carefully on her wrists the bracelets of Neatness and Industry. Though ever so poor in this world's goods, these two qualities will do much toward recommending for one a respectful position in life.

THE BELT. The most attractive and durable of this useful article of dress is known as Patience. The more it is used, the brighter it becomes. It has many good qualities, the least of which is its outward show.

A GOLD RING. That style of gold ring that has been tried in the fire of many a life, and has stood the test, is Principle. Temptation may seek to snatch it from you, but yield not your principle of right, for, by keeping it, your peace of conscience will be retained.

NECKLACES. Made of choicest pearls, they bear the names of Submission and Humility. Adorned with these, the homeliest face becomes beautiful, and the life worthy of imitation.

BREASTPIN. This precious diamond pin is made of Love. Let it continually adorn your bosom, for "it shines without and warms the heart within."

A BECOMING HEAD-DRESS. Encircle the forehead neatly with a band of Politeness, thus commanding the admiration and respect of all.

OINTMENT FOR THE FACE. Keep well supplied with the Oil of Joy, as this is a remedy against mourning, sorrow, and sighing. It not only brings happiness to your own heart, but extends its sweet influence to all in your home, and to the neighbors round about.

PERFUME. A Sacrifice by the young woman, in her home or out of it, for the benefit of others or for any righteous cause, is as a sweet-smelling odor unto the Lord, perfuming her own life with the fragrance of God's pleasure.—Gloria G. Hunnex, in *Shining Light*.

The Systematic Home

A MUCH-TRAVELED friend, who has studied domestic economy in many countries, declared, in answer to my questions concerning his impressions of well-regulated homes, that it is sometimes a very little thing that will indicate a well-ordered home and a practical, systematic mistress.

"I was calling at a house the other day," he said, "and as the lady I wished to see was out, and I had a message to deliver, I asked the maid, after fumbling in my pocket for a pencil, if she could get me one.

"I expected, from my experience on similar occasions, a wait of several minutes while she hunted it up. To my surprise, however, she promptly pre-

sented me with a neat little pad, to which a sharply pointed pencil was attached, and which was evidently kept on the hall table for just such emergencies. It was a simple detail in itself, but one which stamped that house forever in my mind as being well regulated in every department, and presided over by a thoughtful woman.

"I had occasion to note the contrast when stopping at another home to leave the same message (concerning a little community celebration in which we were mutually interested), when a similar need presented itself. 'Please wait a moment,' said the abigail, in answer to my request for a pencil, 'I will look for one.' And leaving me in the hall, she darted into the living-room, fumbled at a smart-looking writing-table, covered with silver paraphernalia, and, after failing to find what she wanted, disappeared within an inner room, evidently a library. Emerging again, apparently unsuccessful, and exclaiming apologetically, 'There ought to be a pencil somewhere; I will go ask Miss Mary for one,' she disappeared up-stairs.

"In the meantime, whispered voices and a rapidly withdrawn head over the balusters made that wait in the hall most disagreeable, and the whole gave a distinctly bad impression of the general management of that home."

It is, after all, these little things that count in home conveniences and comfort. You would better prepare, right now, that convenient pad with sharpened pencil attached, not only for the hall table for messages and phone calls, but also one for the kitchen, for jotting down reminders of the daily marketing and catering.—*Selected.*

Household Suggestions

New Use for Oilcloth

I FIND that white oilcloth marked in inch squares with blue or green lines is very useful in the sewing-room. Tacked over the sewing-table, it is a splendid help in getting a straight line for hems and tucks, and is almost indispensable when tucking or cutting transparent materials, such as marquisette, chiffon, and net. The squares also make a first-class measuring guide.

Dry Cleaning the Hair

Take a hair-brush having stiff bristles and brush it full of absorbent cotton; then brush the hair vigorously with it. The cotton will be pushed back into the hair, and will absorb all dust and oil, leaving the hair beautifully clean. You will find this very useful after an automobile- or a car-ride on a dusty day.

To Save Trouble and Embarrassment

When ironing handkerchiefs, I fold the best ones in the ordinary way, while those which are in any way worn or stained are folded three-corner wise. The same rule is followed in ironing napkins and tablecloths; I fold the old and worn ones slightly different from the new. Then when I go to the linen closet, I can tell at a glance what I have without unfolding several articles; and when using a clean handkerchief, I am saved the mortification of exhibiting a ragged or torn one.

Handy Invalid's Table

If your ironing-board is of the kind that has the adjustable, crossed legs, lower it to the right height the next time you need an invalid's table, and push the narrow end over the bed. You will have as excellent an invalid's table as you could desire.—*Pictorial Review.*



The Nettle a Substitute for Cotton

IN the last few years a great many experiments have been made on various materials in an effort to find a suitable substitute for cotton. The most promising plant, on account of the strength of its fiber and its ready growth under very adverse conditions, together with its large yield per acre, is the common nettle, and by a recently invented method of treatment which seems to have solved the problem, it now gives us a fair substitute for cotton in many of its uses.

In the new treatment the dried nettle stems are first boiled for a short time in dilute soda lye, which loosens the fibers from the woody stems. The fibers are then separated from the woody portions by means of brushes, in a special machine, and subjected alternately to boilings in dilute lye and to thorough washings. The resulting product is a yellowish mass of fine fibers, which are entirely free from gum, and may be bleached, combed, and spun into yarn.—*Popular Mechanics.*

An Italian Dairy

ONE of the quaintest and most amusing sights that impress the visitor to an Italian or Pyrenean town, is the herds of black and brown goats that jog familiarly along the sidewalks of even the busiest streets, and thread their way through the narrowest alleys of the poorer quarters. These are the traveling dairies of the town, carrying their product alive and on the hoof. At every corner they are hailed by customers bearing bottles or cups, which are filled from nature's own source while the goatherd rounds up the goats, and halts them until ready to go on in search of another customer. Then, with a jingle of bells and clatter of tiny hoofs, the conical cavalcade passes on down the street.

During the day the goats graze on the mountains within a few miles of the town; in the afternoon they are driven in for the evening milk route; at night they are luxuriously housed in a cellar or an apartment on the ground floor of some palace, or even in the rear bedroom of a suite of three apartments,—the middle one of which is occupied as sleeping-quarters by the owner and his family, while the front one is utilized as a shop. Goats are astonishingly intelligent creatures; they seem scarcely to like fresh air much better than most human beings do. At dawn they are driven out for the morning delivery, and then up into the mountain pastures for the day.

The principal call for their milk seems to be for young children and invalids. "Who's sick at your house, that you are buying milk?" is a question commonly heard in Italian shops and market-places. This is of a piece with the popular belief all over Europe — wherever the goat is kept — that goat's milk is particularly good for invalids and especially healing in consumption and diseases of the lungs. Very few persons in health will drink goat's milk when they can get any other kind, on account of its slight, but distinct musky flavor; but this, of course, is just the thing needed to make it valuable as a medicine.

Theoretically, this perambulating dairy ought to be an ideal source of pure, fresh milk without suspicion of adulteration or contamination. But not only is the goat a most uncleanly animal, utterly indifferent as to where it rambles or wades or lies down, but the goatherds themselves can scarcely, by any illusion, be regarded as clean. Indeed, they are usually most picturesquely dirty. The bottles and jars brought out to be filled are anything but transparent or spotless, even to the naked eye. And it is even whispered that the wicked ingenuity of commercial greed equips the innocent and pastoral goatherd with a skin or rubber bag of water under his arm, which can be discharged by gentle pressure through a tube which runs down his sleeve, and thus the lacteal fluid is adulterated at its sacred source.

You can not civilize a goat; and his chief sanitary utility so far is that of a mascot in a livery-barn or racing-stable. Even the boasted germ-free quality of goat's milk is doubtful; for, though fairly free from tubercle bacilli, it has been found to have a germ of its own, the spirillum of Malta fever, which severely attacks human beings all round the Mediterranean, and has recently been imported into America, to break out in ranchers' families in Texas and New Mexico.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

To Stamp Postage Paid

THIS new device is a machine for stamping the required amount of postage on letters and all mailable parcels. The primary object is to dispense with the use of adhesive postage-stamps, which are usually moistened with the tongue, an unpleasant and insanitary custom, or else with a sponge, which is disagreeable to handle. The machine will effect economy if adopted by the Post-office Department, by saving the cost of engraving, paper, gum, and perforating, while the user would save time and also a disagreeable sort of labor. Any one who has had to stamp thousands of letters or circulars will realize the advantage of a non-adhesive stamp. The machine consists of a stamping and indicating device, so constructed that each movement of the stamping apparatus is registered, showing the amount of imprints already used. Means are provided for locking the machine automatically, after a certain number of imprints have been made. The device is enclosed in a case having a lock and seal, and can only be reset after breaking the seal and using a key, and this business would be entrusted to post-office clerks. The clerk can set a machine for any number of imprints up to ten thousand, and collect the required amount of postage, just as if he were selling so many stamps. The stamping device is of novel construction, consisting of a vertical stamp, and an automatic self-inking

device that applies the ink after each operation. It is small and compact, and can be easily carried in the pocket. Any denomination stamp can be placed in the machine while it is being reset.—*Technical World Magazine*.

Sending Shetlands Back to England

THE first shipment of Shetland ponies from the United States to England has just been made by a concern of pony dealers of Aurora, Illinois. This is certainly a case of "carrying coal to Newcastle," for the British Isles have been sending these animals to America and other parts of the world for years. Nearly one hundred of these miniature horses were sent in this first shipment, which is bound to become historic. It is estimated that there are about eight thousand registered Shetlands in the United States to-day. Their breeding in this country has developed into a very profitable industry, owing to their demand for children's use and to the small cost of keeping them. The expense of feeding a Shetland pony is about one fifth of the cost of keeping an ordinary carriage-horse.

If the registered Shetland ponies now in the United States were redistributed, one pony being given to each family in a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, the entire supply would be exhausted, and the remainder of the country would be without these "horses for the little folks."—*Technical World Magazine*.



A SHETLAND BABY PONY

Gasoline Automobile Plow

A GASOLINE agricultural automobile that guides as easily as any automobile is on the market. The machine pulls four fourteen-inch stubble plows up a fourteen-per-cent grade. It plows an acre an hour, and requires only one man to operate it.

The gasoline engine utilized is of the heavy duty type with four cylinders.

This tractor has two speeds, one for the field and a higher speed for the road, the change from one speed to the other being made almost instantly. The friction and reverse clutch is controlled by one lever, and the belt pulley is detachable, it requiring but a few minutes to put it on or take it off.

All four wheels run on unplowed land, and it is claimed that with this tractor one can plow closer into the corner of a field than can be done with a team.

It is possible to finish up the "lands" at the ends, plowing across the ends out to the fence, as one goes along, thus finishing the field completely from one side to the other. This permits keeping the seeding or planting right up with the plows, —*Technical World Magazine*.

"ATTENTION is the secret of knowledge."



Listen

You ask for a song, little Alice,
A song of the bees and flowers,
A song of the happy little folks
In this glad, green world of ours.

Shall it be of the little goldfinch
That came to the porch one day,
And plucked at the thistles' downy seeds,
Then flew, singing, "Sweet, sweet," away?

Or come to the wood, little Alice,
Margaret, Mabel, and all,
And list to the voice of the wood-thrush,
Its liquid, silvery call.

In the hedge the catbird is singing,
A wonderful singer is he;
And the bobolink's bubbling laughter
Floats over the meadows free.

Through sunshine and rain sings the sparrow;
The swallow darts to and fro;
The phoebe calls, and the robin sings,
And cheerily caws the crow.

Then listen, my dear little girlies,
For the fields and meadows ring
With a thousand songs more beautiful
Than any that I can sing.

— Lucy E. Church, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Over and Over

YOU do over 'n' over so slow!" complained Dorrie.

"Slowly, you mean. It modifies the verb do, and so it's an adverb, and adverbs always end with —" Sarah said no more, for Dorrie's patience snapped right there.

"You needn't always think that you must learn me —"

"Teach me," Sarah murmured hurriedly.

"Learn me things, Sarah Heathcote! Just because you won an old grammar prize — I think I'm as good as you are in — in — O, in —" What was she as good as Sarah in? She sought desperately in the disordered little crannies of her mind, and could not find a single thing. Sarah was good in everything. A slow flush began to creep up around Dorrie's little close-buttoned-on white ears; it was on its way to being an angry red wave, but just in time it stopped creeping. Suddenly Dorrie giggled. It was funny to get caught like that by your own self.

"I don't care," she giggled. "It isn't term time now. Think I'm going to be lear — taught grammar lessons in vacation? If you're ever going to get through that over 'n' overing, you would better not talk grammar. You're three times as slow — slowly as I am."

"I'm doing it well," returned calm, unhurried Sarah. "Doesn't your mother make you rip your badnesses out? Mine does."

"My mother's clear across a whole ocean. Didn't you know she had started? Aunt Doris can't see much of anything. I can take as big stitches as I'm a mind to. She just looks squinty as anything at them, and smiles, and says how smart I am to be all through my stint already. Mother would make me rip out, but Aunt Doris doesn't; I don't suppose she sees a single stitch. She has waterfalls growing over both of her eyes." Waterfalls did not sound right, and Dorrie stole an anxious glance at proper Sarah, who always sounded exactly right. Sarah sewed on, making her neat and regular little stitches with careful deliberation. She had not noticed the waterfalls growing over poor Aunt Doris's eyes.

"I had my stint finished in twenty minutes to-day; you can't beat that, Sarah Heathcote!"

"I'd be ashamed to beat it. Seems as if I'd feel mean, if I was named for folks, to cheat them, anyway." There was something in gentle little Sarah's tone that inferred plainly that she would be ashamed to cheat any one in the world.

"Huh, I didn't choose to be named after her, did I? Not any more than if she'd been a minister or a grocer. I'm going to name myself over when I'm of age, anyway — a nicer name than Doris."

Sarah took her last careful little stitch, and fastened it off neatly. Her stint was done for the day, and now she could play housekeep with Dorrie. There was still a shadow of disapproval on her plain little face, even after the play began under the Heathcote pines.

"She trusts you to take nice, tiny ones," Sarah broke out suddenly.

Dorrie turned upon her with an impatient whirl. What in the world was Sarah talking about now! The last thing she had said was, "Play my middle child was just getting over the measles." "What on earth — O! O! I suppose you're talking about that old stint still. You are the provokin'est person to housekeep with, Sarah Heathcote!"

"I won't any more. I was just thinking that of course your aunt trusts them to be nice stitches — the same as if she didn't have cataracts coming over both her eyes. Now come on, play they were very serious measles indeed my middle child had, and I was afraid he'd have to have them operated on."

Cataracts, of course! That was what was the matter with Aunt Doris, not waterfalls. Cataracts sounded right. Dorrie was faintly chagrined at her mistake. She made an effort toward reestablishing herself in importance.

"All right, only you'll have to let me be the doctor and operate him, because it's my aunt that's going to be operated. Honest, Aunt Doris is going to be, Sarah, when she gets so she can't see any."

The play went on all the beautiful summer afternoon under the pine-trees. The measles-stricken middle child recovered satisfactorily from his surgical ordeal

only to be promptly seized with whooping-cough.

"He's always been frail," his mother sighed resignedly. She forgot, in the midst of so many family cares, the disquieting thought of Dorrie's treatment of her Aunt Doris. Dorrie had forgotten promptly.

Aunt Doris was entertaining the minister's wife out on the shady porch when Dorrie went home to tea. She was an old, and to Dorrie uninteresting, minister's wife, and by a little "roundabouting" through the garden, it was easy to get into the house by the back way without being seen and called to shake hands and be polite. In the cool, dark parlor she could sit just the other side of the porch, and wait for the minister's wife to go away. Dorrie hoped they had supper at the parsonage at six o'clock.

"Aunt Doris made chocolate muffins this morning! Makes my mouth water to have that minister's wife go home. Chocolate muffins are perfectly elegant, and when Aunt Doris makes them——" Dorrie rocked back and forth in violent throes of hunger for chocolate muffins. Why did people call on other people so long?

Suddenly into the middle of her impatient little thoughts came creeping Aunt Doris's gentle voice, saying something that startled her. She stopped rocking, though she would rather have kept on harder than ever to drown out any more words such as those she had heard. All in a minute, while she sat there thinking about chocolate muffins, she had made a disturbing discovery—Aunt Doris did trust her. Sarah was right.

She was trusting her now, out there on the porch with the minister's wife. The gentle words came in through the closed blinds to Dorrie, and she had to hear.

"She's doing beautifully with her sewing. I shall write her mother. She is a quick little worker, too. I'm proud of Dorrie! Why her mother has only been gone a little over a week, and she has already 'over 'n' overed,' as she calls it, one pair of pillow-cases and begun on another. I call that pretty good for only five or six stints. Yes, I'm proud of my little girl."

Dorrie, on the other side of the blind, shuddered. Aunt Doris proud of her! O, no, no! She could not let her be proud, not with the memory of all those crooked, careless, hurry-up stitches in her mind. She would rather hear the gentle voice say, "I am ashamed of my little girl." For then she need not sit there in that rocking-chair being so ashamed of herself. Dorrie's cheeks were burning. There was only one thing to be thankful for in the whole world at just that minute, and that was that Sarah Heathcote wasn't in the rocking-chair at the other window.

"I really wish you could see her pillow-cases," Aunt Doris was saying now. "Dorrie ought to be home by this time; she has been over playing with Sarah. I'll call and see."

The shudder began with a capital S now—a dreadful shudder that set Dorrie's teeth a-chatter. She clasped her hands over her ears, but she could hear perfectly well.

"Dorrie! Dorrie, dear! You there?"

O, she was there! yes, she was there.

"Dorrie! She can't have reached home yet, but I surely thought I saw her coming through the garden a while ago—it was something blue like Dorrie's dress. I guess I can't ever be sure, though, of seeing anything."

"I saw something blue," the minister's wife said.

Her tone was stiff and suspicious. Suddenly Dorrie got to her feet, and stumbled out into the little front hall, up to the front door.

"Here I am, Aunt Doris," she said. Her own voice sounded strange, and crowded with the difficulty it had experienced getting past the lump in her throat.

"O, you are at home, after all, dear! This is Mrs. Green, the minister's wife; you know Mrs. Green? I've been telling her how nicely you sew. Run and get your pillow-cases and let her see, dear. They are in the upper linen drawer, folded up together."

Very slowly Dorrie turned away. The lump filled her throat now. She had a wild impulse to run right straight through the house out into the orchard, and keep on running forever; anyhow, clear across the ocean to mother. Mothers understood badnesses better than aunts; they looked sorry and made you wish you hadn't, but mothers always forgave.

Dorrie pulled open the upper linen drawer, and took out the cases she had over and overed so wretchedly. She walked determinedly back to the front porch.

"Here they are," she said, in the unfamiliar and crowded voice.

"O, yes—there!" Aunt Doris laid them on the minister's wife's knees. "You are not blind, anyway. You can see the stitches. I tell Dorrie they are so little I can't feel them." She laughed gently, but it was more like a soft sigh.

"The—the thread's pretty fine," mumbled Dorrie. She felt as if she must defend poor Aunt Doris's fingertips. Fine-thread stitches, even dreadful, sprawling ones that stepped on each other's toes, were not easy to feel; but how you could see them if you didn't have waterfa—cataracts over your eyes! How ministers' wives could see them!

Dorrie did not dare to look at the minister's wife. It seemed very still on the little shady porch. Then came the minister's wife's voice: "How many stitches it takes to over and over a pillow-case!" she said. Just that, and the tone was kind and pleasant. Dorrie stole an agitated glance up at the owner of the tone. The minister's wife was refolding the cases with careful attention to their creases. She was a merciful, a very merciful minister's wife! "I used to dread my stints when I was your age, Dorrie; and what I dreaded most of all was hearing my grandmother say, 'Too uneven; have to come out and be sewed over.' Sometimes I used those big pillow-cases for handkerchiefs to cry on." The minister's wife laughed softly. She was buttoning her coat, getting ready to go. Suddenly she looked up, and nodded to Dorrie. "Next time I come you must show me some more of your sewing," she said.

When she was half-way down the front path, Dorrie ran after her to give her a glove she had dropped. She was glad of the chance to whisper something to her.

"Thank you," was what Dorrie whispered.

The chocolate muffins tasted queer because of the lump that stayed in Dorrie's throat. Perhaps it was better that Aunt Doris could not see that she ate only part of one of them. Aunt Doris would have thought she must be ill, and have sent for the doctor.

"I am ill," thought the child. "I'm sick of myself. Anybody that's mean enough to take great 'gobbly' stitches because her aunt can't see them—— O, poor, blind, gentle Aunt Doris! Aunt Doris that trusted me."

Dorrie hid herself in her room, and began her self-

imposed task of ripping out all the over and overing. She worked until bedtime. The next morning she got up very early and went on ripping. When the last stitch was pulled out, she threaded a fine needle and began to sew. The new stitches she set were very tiny and even and painstaking. Every one sewed a little resolution into the white cloth, the same resolution over and overed. "I'll never do it again," sewed the even little stitches.

When they were all taken over again, Dorrie folded and put away her cases, and went to find Aunt Doris. Her heart felt warm and tender, and she longed to do something to help those poor blind eyes. She had worked steadily and long, and was very tired indeed. Her thimble finger felt numb, and her forefinger smarted with pricks, but she sang on the way downstairs. There was no longer any lump in her throat.

When Sarah came over to play, she confessed to her. "I've over 'n' overed them over," she said; "every single stitch, and now Aunt Doris can trust me. It was pretty hard work, but not nearly so hard as sitting in the parlor in a rocking-chair, and hearing yourself being trusted in a dear, gentle voice out on the porch, when you were so ashamed of yourself you ached. Perhaps you never felt mean, Sarah, but it's a awful mean feeling."

"Yes, I know — I know," nodded gentle little Sarah, and she never thought to correct Dorrie for saying "a awful." Instead, she kissed her soberly over the middle child's little towhead.— *Annie Hamilton Donald, in the Comrade.*

A Recipe for a Man

WHAT does it take to make a man?
Well, I'll try to tell you as well as I can:

A little faithfulness every day,
Doing your work in the very best way;

Some pluck and some patience, a good deal
of work,
With never a hint of the will to shirk;

Some perseverance, some honor, too,
And loving thoughts by no means few;

A cheerful temper, unselfish deeds,
And a lot of earnestness, each boy needs;

A good deal of study and plenty of play —
Be sure that you do it the very best way.

Just follow this recipe, laddies, and see
In a few years what a man you'll be!

— *Jean Halifax.*

"Grit"

OVER in Scotland there once lived a stout, tall, busy youth who was known among his neighbors as the "grit bare-legged laddie." One day he called upon the village schoolmaster and said, "I wish to attend your evening school."

"And what would you wish to study, if you came?" the teacher asked.

"I want to learn to read and write."

The master looked into the lad's face, shrugged his shoulders in a knowing way, and said, "Very well; you may come."

The lad could not see into the future, nor had he any dreams of greatness. He had only a great desire to know. He was eighteen years old then, and could neither read nor write; but before he died, he wrote his name among the great and honored men of the earth. He was George Stephenson, and became the great railroad engineer.— *Sunday School Evangelist.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, October 26

Helps in Every-Day Life, No. 10 — The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Heart

LEADER'S NOTE.— We have before us to-day a most important subject. Without the work of the Holy Spirit in our individual lives, there is no remission of sins, no salvation. It is indispensable. Time and again the health reports have indicated that the five healthiest cities in the United States are up around the Great Lakes. The explanation offered is that the wind blowing from the lakes brings health to the cities. Be that as it may, it is always true that only when the Spirit blows steadily and freely over the individual or the church or the community can there be abounding spiritual life and health. The only way to have this experience is through unreserved surrender to God's will. As long as we cling to known sin, we limit our own success, happiness, and usefulness.

In the paper on "The Promise of the Holy Spirit" show that it is promised by the prophets and the Saviour; promise fulfilled at Pentecost, in early church, etc. For the symposium, "Work of the Spirit," have four five-to-seven-minute talks or papers on this subject, dividing it thus: "Convicts of Sin," "Leads to Repentance," "Things Which Hinder Our Receiving the Spirit," and "Rejecting the Spirit." For helps on both the above-named topics, see "Desire of Ages" and "Christ's Object Lessons," general index. Helpful thoughts will also be found in the selections from R. A. Torrey, in this INSTRUCTOR. If the papers or talks are short, give opportunity for testimonies. This is an important subject. Put much prayer into the meeting. Gather reports.

Suggestive Program

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

The Promise of the Holy Spirit (five-minute paper).

Work of the Spirit (symposium). See note.

Gethsemane (recitation). See page 3.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 2: "The Uplift of China,"

Chapter 2

Notes

1. WITHIN the space of four months, the Chinese revolutionists and imperialists had clashed, the young emperor had abdicated, and the Chinese republic had begun its existence. The exposure of their plans by the accidental discharge of a bomb in Hankow, Oct. 9, 1911, precipitated action on the part of the revolutionists, action so decisive that the young emperor stepped from the throne Feb. 2, 1912, and the new Chinese government was established. Yuan Shi-Kai was formally inaugurated provisional president March 10. In his first message he upheld the principles of the new republic,— the maintenance of order in the interior, progress, and friendship from outside, and stated that religious liberty will be guaranteed throughout the country. The constitution gives the national assembly supreme power and complete control of the cabinet. The assembly elects the chief executive and the vice-president, and may pass any law over the president's veto.

2. Many of the old examination halls, with their thousands of cells, have been razed to make way for the new government schools.

3. "China is taking another step toward advancement in tearing down the Great Wall of China, extending over a distance of one thousand five hundred miles. It has been determined that this old relic, which has long outlived its usefulness, be torn down, and the vast amount of good material be used in paving the roads of adjoining territory."

4. Mr. Brown's book "The Chinese Revolution," just published, will be found very interesting in connection with these studies. Pastor J. N. Anderson's article, "The Chinese Revolution," in the *Review* of July 4 and 11, gives an excellent account of the recent troubles in China.

Junior No. 5—Lesson 2: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapter 2

1. FROM what sources had the Indians received some knowledge of Christianity?
2. What was the effect upon the Nez Percé? How did they obtain further knowledge? For what did they still yearn?
3. What did they at length determine to do? Who were sent on this important errand? Mention some of the difficulties which they must have encountered on the way.
4. Tell of their arrival at St. Louis, their reception, their stay at that place, and the result of their mission.
5. Describe the return journey, and the arrival in his home valley of the sole survivor.

NOTE.—Again, as we read the pages of this study, must we give thanks to God for what he has revealed to us of his true Sabbath and of the state of the dead.

Work of the Holy Spirit

THE Spirit, like the wind, is sovereign. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." John 3:8. You can not dictate to the wind. It does as it wills. Just so with the Holy Spirit. He is sovereign; we can not dictate to him. He divides "to each one severally *even as he will.*" 1 Cor. 12:11, R. V. When the wind is blowing from the north, you may long to have it blow from the south, but cry as clamorously as you may to the wind, Blow from the south, it will keep right on blowing from the north. But while you can not dictate to the wind, while it blows as it will, you may learn the laws that govern the wind's motions; and by bringing yourself into harmony with those laws, you can get the wind to do your work. You can erect your windmill so that whichever way the wind blows, the wheels will turn, and the wind will grind your grain, or pump your water. Just so, while we can not dictate to the Holy Spirit, we can learn the laws of his operations; and by bringing ourselves into harmony with those laws, above all by submitting our wills absolutely to his sovereign will, the sovereign Spirit of God will work through us, and accomplish his own glorious work by our instrumentality.

How Shall We Receive the Holy Spirit's Call?

First of all, by desiring it; second, by earnestly seeking it; third, by waiting upon the Lord for it; fourth, by expecting it. The record reads, "As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted." They were waiting upon the Lord for his direction. For the time being they had turned their backs utterly upon worldly cares and enjoyments, even upon those things which were perfectly proper in their places. Many a man is saying to-day in justification for his staying at home from the foreign field, "I have never had a call." But how do you know that? Have you been listening for a call? God usually speaks in a still, small voice, and it is only the listening ear that can catch it. Have you ever definitely offered yourself to God to send you where he will? While men and women ought not to go to China or Africa or any other foreign field unless they are clearly and definitely called, they ought to offer themselves to God for this work, and be ready for the call, and be listening sharply that they may hear the call if it comes. Let it be borne distinctly in mind that a man needs no more definite call to Africa than to Boston, or New York, or London, or any other desirable field at home.

The Holy Spirit not only calls men and sends them forth into definite lines of work, but he also guides in the details of daily life and service as to where to go and where not to go, what to do and what not to do.

There is no promise in the Bible more plainly explicit than James 1:5-7, R. V.: "But if any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting: for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea driven by the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." This passage not only promises God's wisdom, but tells us specifically just what to do to obtain it. There are really five steps stated or implied in the passage:—

1. *That we lack wisdom.* We must be conscious of, and fully admit, our own inability to decide wisely. Here is where oftentimes we fail to receive God's wisdom. We think we are able to decide for ourselves, or at least we are not ready to admit our own utter inability to decide. There must be an entire renunciation of the wisdom of the flesh.

2. *We must really desire to know God's way, and be willing at any cost to do God's will.* This is implied in the word ask. The asking must be sincere; and if we are not willing to do God's will, whatever it may be, at any cost, the asking is not sincere. This is a point of fundamental importance. There is nothing that goes so far to make our minds clear in the discernment of the will of God as revealed by his Spirit as an absolutely surrendered will. Here we find the reason why men oftentimes do not know God's will and have the Spirit's guidance. They are not willing to do whatever the Spirit leads at any cost. It is he that "willeth to do his will" who shall know, not only of the doctrine, but his daily duty. Men oftentimes come to me and say, "I can not find out the will of God;" but when I put to them the question, "Are you willing to do the will of God at any cost?" they admit that they are not. The way that is very obscure when we hold back from an absolute surrender to God becomes as clear as day when we make that surrender.

3. *We must definitely ask guidance.* It is not enough to desire; it is not enough to be willing to obey; we must *ask*, definitely ask, God to show us the way.

4. *We must confidently expect guidance.* "Let him ask in faith, nothing doubting." There are many who can not find the way, though they ask God to show it to them, simply because they have not the absolutely undoubting expectation that God will show them the way. God promises to show it if we expect it confidently. When you come to God in prayer to show you what to do, know for a certainty that he will show you. In what way he will show you, he does not tell; but he promises that he will show you, and that is enough.

5. *We must follow step by step as the guidance comes.* As said before, just how it will come, no one can tell; but it will come. Oftentimes only a step will be made clear at a time; that is all we need to know,—the next step. Many are in darkness because they do not know and can not find what God would have them do next week, or next month, or next year. A college man once came to me, and told me that he was in great darkness about God's guidance, that he had been seeking to find the will of God and learn what his life's work should be, but he could not find it. I asked him how far along he was in his college course. He said

his sophomore year. I asked, "What is it you desire to know?"—"What I shall do when I finish college." "Do you know that you ought to go through college?"—"Yes." This man not only knew what he ought to do next year, but the year after; still he was in great perplexity because he did not know what he ought to do when those two years were ended. God delights to lead his children one step at a time. He leads us as he led the children of Israel. See Num. 9: 17-23.—*Torrey, in the "Person and Work of the Holy Spirit."*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — Tests of Discipleship

(October 19)

MEMORY VERSE: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." John 10: 27.

Questions

1. How does the unconverted heart regard the things of God? Rom. 8: 7.
2. What is impossible for the unconverted to do? Verse 8.
3. How may one become a child of God? John 1: 12.
4. How is this change shown in the life? 2 Cor. 5: 17; John 14: 23; 1 John 1: 7; note 1.
5. As children of God, what spirit will be manifest? Col. 3: 12-14.
6. If the Spirit of God dwells in us, what fruit will it bear in our lives? Gal. 5: 22, 23; note 2.
7. How will we feel toward others? Matt. 5: 44-47; Eph. 4: 32, R. V.
8. What will be the result of cherishing enmity toward one who has wronged us? Matt. 6: 14, 15.
9. What should be our standard of attainment? Matt. 5: 48.
10. How complete should be our separation from the world? Matt. 6: 24.
11. Whose companionship will we seek? Mal. 3: 16.

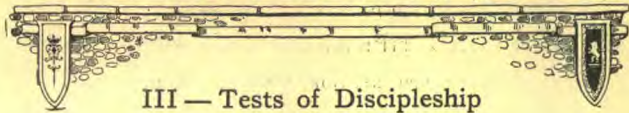
Notes

1. When we have received Christ and been accepted by him, he desires that we shall go on from victory to victory. But if at times we are overcome by sin, these words are a life-buoy thrown to us from the heavenly Pilot: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

A message flashed across the wires and into the peaceful country home of the far-away soldier boy: "Do not grieve for me, nor let my sister blush for shame. The march was long and wearisome, and I bore my fainting comrade's load. I took his place on guard that night—and slept, though but a moment. For this I must be shot. God bless you all. Farewell." With a hasty glance at the clock, his sister Blossom said, "I am going to the commander." She sped to the stable, mounted her fleet pony, and reached the station as the train dashed in. When morning came, the sad procession filed out from the barracks. The guns were raised and leveled. All was ready, and waiting only for the command "Fire." But instead came the quick order, "Halt! Reprieve! Pardon!" The intercessor had prevailed, and the transgression was pardoned. A new life was given.

2. "Good deeds, although in silence done,
Live on forever, every one—
Rare flowers that Time can not forget,
Bright-glowing stars that never set."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



III — Tests of Discipleship

(October 19)

LESSON HELPS: "Steps to Christ," chapter entitled "The Test of Discipleship;" *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." John 10: 27.

Questions

1. What are we by nature? Eph. 2: 1-3.
2. How do we become children of God? Gal. 3: 26; John 1: 12.
3. In becoming sons of God what change must be wrought in us? 2 Cor. 5: 17; John 3: 3, 5. Compare Matt. 18: 1-3.
4. In conversion what must we put off? Col. 3: 8-10; 1 Peter 2: 1, 2.
5. What Christian graces will be seen in the life? Col. 3: 12-14.
6. What fruits of the Spirit will appear? Gal. 5: 22, 23.
7. What are the works of the flesh? Verses 19-21.
8. What have those done who are born of the Spirit? Verse 24.
9. How may we be assured that we have passed from death unto life? 1 John 3: 14; note 1.
10. What attitude will the Christian sustain toward one who may be his enemy? Matt. 5: 43-48.
11. What will be the result of cherishing an unfor-giving spirit? Matt. 6: 14, 15; note 2.
12. Against what are believers warned? What exhortation is given? 2 Cor. 6: 14, 17; note 3.
13. How complete should be our separation from the world? 2 Cor. 7: 1; Matt. 6: 24.
14. What purity of life will be found in the children of God? 1 John 3: 2; note 4.
15. Upon what will their affections be placed? Col. 3: 2.
16. In what way are they exhorted to do all things? Verse 17.

Notes

1. Love of the brethren is one of the tests of discipleship. If we really love, not some, but *all* the brethren, we are assured that our names are written in the book of life. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

2. "Jesus teaches that we can receive forgiveness from God only as we forgive others. It is the love of God that draws us unto him, and that love can not touch our hearts without creating love for our brethren. To cherish an unmerciful spirit toward others, is to close the heart against the mercy of God toward ourselves."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing,* page 152.

"O! the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?"—*Irving*.

3. Being "unequally yoked together" has a very broad application. No doubt it applies to worldly organizations where Christians are bound by the rules of a selfish, unsanctified body. From these it calls for a separation. It covers also the marriage relation between believers and unbelievers. "The marriage of Christians with the ungodly is forbidden in the Bible. The Lord's direction is, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*.

4. "I saw that none could share the 'refreshing' unless they obtain the victory over every besetment, over pride, selfishness, love of the world, and over every wrong word and action. We should, therefore, be drawing nearer and nearer to the Lord, and be earnestly seeking that preparation necessary to enable us to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord. Let all remember that God is holy, and that none but holy beings can ever dwell in his presence."—*Early Writings*.

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Notice

ALL persons corresponding with Elder Meade Mac Guire, field secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department, should address him at the General Conference Office, Takoma Park, D. C.

Questions and Answers

ONE of the INSTRUCTOR readers asks the following questions, desiring an answer to be given in the INSTRUCTOR:—

"When one is with a person who has not made a close acquaintance with the dictionary, is it better to pronounce words so they will be understood, or to pronounce them correctly? Not long ago I used the word vaudeville, pronouncing it vōd'vil. After being asked three times to repeat, another person threw light upon the subject by saying, 'She means vā'de-vil.'"

A simple apology or expression of gratitude for being corrected will extricate one from the embarrassment of having mispronounced a word; but when one suffers for having been merely accurate, the situation is more perplexing. But why shouldn't every one say vōd'vil instead of vā'de-vil, which can lay claim to no authority whatever, but that of usage among those who are careless in their pronunciation? Why should not every one say fī-nance', instead of fi'nance? The latter is absolutely wrong, and the former right. Why shouldn't one say dis-course' instead of dis-course? and dā'ta instead of dāt'a? and strā'tum instead of strāt'um? No person should give so little attention to pronunciation that he will subject a companion who does give heed to orthoepy to the embarrassment of appearing peculiar and ignorant merely because of one's own inaccuracy.

Where there is only one authoritative form as in vaudeville (vōd'vil), it would seem that one must be sufficiently loyal to the right to use the accepted form. Where there are two authorized pronunciations, with but little choice between them, a person may prefer to sacrifice his own preference for the greater comfort and comprehension of his companion.

One author has noted in a unique way the pronunciation of a large number of words as given by Webster, Worcester, and the Standard and Century dictionaries. The first preference is indicated by the figure 1, and the second by the figure 2. Note the following list:—

The Correct Form

	WB.	WR.	ST.	C.
Accent n.	āk'sent	I	I	I
Accent v.	āk-sent'	I	I	I
Address n., v.	ād-drēs'	I	I	I
Adept	ā-dēpt'	I	I	I
Adult	ā-dūlt'	I	I	I
Amen	ā'mēn'	I	I	I
	ā'mēn' only in singing			
Apparatus	āp'pā-rā'tūs	I	I	I
Apricot	āpri-kōt	I	I	I
Condolence	kōn-dō'lence	I	I	I
Courtier	kōrt'yer	I	I	I
Data	dā'tā, not dāt'a	I	I	I
Discourse	dīs-kōrs', not dīs'kōrs	I	I	I
Finance	fī-nānce'	I	I	I
Financier	fīn'ān-sēr'	I	I	I
Gratis	grā'tis, not grat'is	I	I	I
Harass	hār'as, not hā-rās'	I	I	I
Hygiene	hī'jī-ēn	I	I	I
Juvenile	jū've-nīl	I	I	I
Monastery	mon'as-ter-i	I	I	I
Monk	mūnk, not mōnk	I	I	I
Stratum	strā'tum, plural strā'tā	I	I	I
Vaudeville	vōd'vil	I	I	I

Have you a copy of the "Speaker's Manual"? It is an excellent drill book to aid you in securing accurate pronunciation. Order of the Review and Herald, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C. Prices, twenty-five and fifty cents.

In ordinary correspondence, how long may one wait before answering a letter?

No definite time can be given in answer to this question, as much depends upon circumstances. A good letter is worthy of having at least a post-card or note sent at an early date, acknowledging the receipt of the letter and the pleasure it gave, and promising a more weighty response sometime. If circumstances are such that you do not intend to answer for some time, or think that you will not be able to do so, then leave the time of replying indefinite; but if you promise an early response, keep your promise. No doubt if we all realized the cheer, comfort, and pleasure we could give by being more faithful to our correspondents, there would not be so many unanswered letters in our desks.

The late J. R. Miller, D. D., was an indefatigable letter-writer. He never wearied in using the pen in correspondence. As minister, editor, and author of scores of works, it would seem that he would have time for only the most necessary correspondence. Contrary to this, he perhaps wrote more friendship letters than any other man of our age. And many can testify to great good received from these friendly letters.

Will you name five books to read that are instructive and helpful, but not directly religious?

Five books of the character you describe can be selected from the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books of the last few years. As a book of information you would perhaps be interested in "The American Government," by Frederic J. Haskin, one of the books of this year's course. The series of small books by Orison Swett Marden are interesting and helpful. "Cheerfulness as a Life Power," "Good Manners," and "Do It to a Finish," are among the number. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by Motley, is an interesting historical work. Prof. Henry van Dyke's books are worth reading.

What do you consider the best magazine for Seventh-day Adventist young people to take to keep informed on the progress of the world's events?

The *Literary Digest* is perhaps as good as any of moderate price. The *Independent* is excellent, with the exception that some of the editorials can not be trusted to give correct views of the Bible.