

Miss Davis (Mr. Lehman's Room)

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

March 4, 1913

No. 9

Misunderstandings

A stream laughed merrily the live-
long day,—

It laughed, too, in its sleep,—
While on the bank a willow, silver-
gray,
Did nothing else but weep.

“Do serious moments never come, O
Stream?”

I asked impatiently.
It answered, “I am doing what I deem
My best to cheer that tree.”

I asked the willow if it never smiled;
It only shed fresh tears.

“To change the flippant nature of
that child
I’ve wept, alas! for years.”

— Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson,
in *Youth's Companion*.

PROTESTANTISM IS THE MESSAGE!

"I saw another angel . . . having THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL . . . saying with a loud voice, FEAR GOD, and give glory to HIM. . . ."

"There followed another angel, saying, BABYLON IS FALLEN, is fallen, that great city. . . ."

"The third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship THE BEAST and HIS IMAGE, . . . the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God." Rev. 14: 6-10.

DURING the year 1913 every issue of the "Protestant Magazine" will continue to give the Great Threefold Message trumpet A CERTAIN SOUND. It will point out the three great dangers to mankind mentioned by the three angels: (1) the worship of MAN instead of GOD; (2) the apostasy of the "Christian" churches; and (3) the worship of the PAPACY and of FALSE PROTESTANTISM. With fearless dignity the editors will continue to throw the BIBLE SEARCHLIGHT upon the evil TEACHINGS and evil DOINGS of Romanism and Apostate Protestantism. It will press the claims of GOD'S LAW, and no phase of THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL will be avoided.



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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 4, 1913

No. 9

The Inner Life

We see and scent, we hear, we taste and touch
These earthly treasures of our earthly life;
So earth-engrossed, we feel nowhere is such
A wondrous world with wondrous treasures rife.

Contented merely to attain to heights
Embraced within our universal span,
That deep impulse we heed not which incites
The Spirit's mastery of the carnal man.

Our earthly aims that narrow us to earth
'Tis ours to transcend, if we but aspire,
And seek those ideals of eternal worth:
Unlike the swine, the soul seeks more than mire!

Beyond these misty, fleeting scenes of earth,
'Tis here our privilege, if we live for such,
Those secret treasures of eternal worth
To see and scent, to hear, to taste and touch.

CHRISTOPHER EDWARD JACKSON.

Glimpses of Burma—"The Unpleasant Bearing Out"

R. B. THURBER



WHY doesn't the procession proceed?" I questioned on joining a group of Burmese friends who stood waiting for a delayed funeral train. "They are waiting for the cart containing the lemonade to come up," was the answer. I was surprised with that surprise which comes from being many times surprised. A funeral waiting for the lemonade! Yet it was true, and was only one of many seeming inconsistencies seen in Burma.

Allow me to digress a little in order to describe a strange sight witnessed in Rangoon. In that city there are native undertakers who get their business from the Christian—but not Westernized—native population. One such has built a hearse in imitation of the most imposing of the American patterns—suggestive ornaments above, glass sides, white draperies inside, a low platform for the coffin, high front seat, high-stepping team, and all. Coolies, not friends, are usually mustered as pall-bearers; and these are provided by the funeral director. These bearers run alongside as the corpse is being conveyed to the cemetery.

We were returning from the city, and met this grand equipage coming from the graveyard after its usual trip. As it swept past, our Western eyes were mistreated to the sight of the recent pall-bearers squatting where the casket had rested, and peering out from among the curtains. Their dusky faces and roving eyes, together with the close position in which they were compelled to squeeze, gave on an instant the impression that the dead had come to life and in surprised protest was seeking a way out of its confinement. To those who never before even imagined such a situation, the effect was extremely weird and uncanny.

The Buddhist religion is very pure in principle compared with other religions of India and Burma. But there are few Buddhists to-day who strictly keep the precepts of Gautama. Devil-worship is mingled with their belief, and the majority do not seem to recognize it as contrary to Buddhism. For many of the rites performed to-day by the devotees of the great Indian prince, few worshipers can give the reason or origin. This is very true of funeral ceremonies. What I shall describe here will be what is done rather than any explanation of its significance. I may suggest some

reasons, but let it be understood that they belong to the onlooker; for they may not exist in the minds of the participants.

A death occurs, and the pent grief of the human heart, in the presence of the great sting, overflows in manifestations known too well by all of us. A band of music is engaged, and begins to play, continuing to do so night and day until the burial. In all seriousness we should term this the classical music of Burma. Being unappreciative, we call it noise. The instruments are few in number, consisting of a kind of flute, some crude drums thumped with the fleshy part of the hand, and sticks clapped together. Sometimes to these is added the tapping of little bells. When the players tire, others take their places; and as the long hours of the night drag on, those who watch, in order to keep a—"wake," gamble, play games, and drink in a fashion not unfamiliar to other peoples. This band playing, which is not entirely without an element of real music, has no doubt something to do with driving away the evil spirits or enticing the good. We could recommend it for the former purpose.

Meanwhile some male member of the family is off to the saw-pit, and soon returns with lumber for the coffin, which he saws and nails together in the street in front of the house. Friends and relatives are called, and there is much eating and drinking going on. Judging by the actions of those present, the whole affair is treated with a spirit of indifference or levity. The Burmese expression for funeral means "the unpleasant bearing out," but appearances would cause us to omit the negative prefix of the adjective.

The coffin is a rough box, decorated or not according to the will or affluence of the person who bears the expense. If delay causes the corpse to become obnoxious, powdered charcoal or other preservative is used to cover it. Formerly dead bodies were kept for some days before burial, but it is now coming to be the custom to inter within a much shorter time.

The hearse occupies much attention. One is built new for each funeral, from the wheels up. The framework is of bamboo, and the decorations consist of colored cloth, paper, and tinsel, arranged with the highest artistic skill of the makers. Sometimes the canopy top is made very high, especially when a priest or some prominent person is carried, and then there is great difficulty passing under trees and wires. Usu-

ally two wheels are used, but the larger canopies have four, and the writer has seen a carriage, for the coffin of a child, constructed by connecting two bicycles with a rigid frame. Of whatever form, rigidity characterizes these vehicles, and, having no means of guidance, they are sure to be trouble wagons with other than most careful handling.

The procession starts. First, the priests march sedately, with their flowing yellow robes and spreading umbrellas of the same color; then come the gifts for the priests,—matches, candles, fruits; cigars, betel-boxes, bags of rice,—borne on the heads of women or in carts, according to weight. The corpse on its vehicle next appears, propelled by friends or whoever wishes to lend a hand. Here, where we would least expect it, great hilarity is manifest. The men who push and pull are smoking, laughing, and joking. The playful small boy jumps on for a ride and is unceremoniously knocked off. There is a rush made to give impetus at a sandy or hilly place in the road, and the conveyance swerves off the way and rocks fearfully. Then there must be a careful backing up and getting straight again. This occurs again and again in many funerals.

Following the hearse come the bands and the clowns; also the lemonade, gifts, and eatables for the people,—if any are provided, as they are not always. Yes, clowns every whit like those of a circus parade, and acting, talking, and dancing just as foolishly; lemonade of the aerated sort, like the "soda-pop" in America, and in just such bottles. The mourners are not specially arrayed, and they with the friends and other followers go as they may,—preceding, following, making short cuts,—anyway to get to the burying-place. I judge it is not supposed to be this way, nor is it always so, but the usual spectacle is a holiday crowd.

At the cemetery the corpse is laid to one side; and while the priests are seated on mats and receive with prayer mutterings the presents from the friends of the deceased, the crowd makes a rush for the lemonade. Mingled with the sound of the pop and clink of the bottles and the pleasantries of the assembled people comes the thud of the mattock in the unfinished grave. The refreshments consumed, the clowns' last antics witnessed, the crowd rapidly disperses. Can it be this is all they came for? A few friends remain to see the dear one committed to the grave. And it is all over, except the sorrowing of those who can not dismiss grief with a laugh.

This is the usual scene at a Buddhist funeral. There are some burials which are conducted with that decorum which seems to be in keeping with such an event. There are others which display incongruities more extreme than those related above. Sometimes handfuls of money are thrown to the rabble at the head of the parade. For whatever reason this is done, it insures a large crowd. There is no connection between the levity of the people and their belief concerning the future of their dead. Were they rejoicing because the departed one had gone to something better, we could excuse the fun, and feel that perhaps they are more consistent than many Christians. But no, to them it is the "unpleasant bearing out." It is supposed to be a solemn occasion. Thus is shown how little power a Christless religion has over the actions of its devotees.

The Buddhist can not see in the foregoing description that which the Christian sees in it. "Is it not best to pay more attention to the living than to the dead?

Is not happiness the chief end of man? Why should we not be happy at a funeral, especially if the deceased is immediately far better off than those who are left behind, as many Christians believe?" If he reasons thus, what shall we answer?

This is how part of "the other half lives"—and dies. We who are enlightened "with wisdom from on high" can not but consider death an enemy, and feel a degree of sorrow at the victories it gains. But even now, by faith, we see beyond the grave-gloom, and are witnesses of the pleasant bearing home of those who sleep.

The Carnival at Panama

THIS is carnival season in Latin America, and everywhere extensive preparations have been made for the festive occasion. As the carnival has had a bad reputation, and is not generally celebrated in the United States, it may be that the readers of the INSTRUCTOR would enjoy reading something of its history and character.

First, the carnival is hoary with age. Its origin is not well known, but it is as old as European civilization, and is a survival of the Bacchanalian and Lupercalian orgies celebrated in honor of the myriad-named pagan deities.

Notwithstanding Rome had changed her pagan habits for Christian customs, it was impossible to disassociate in the public mind religion and these wild revelries. At the close of the fifth century, in harmony with the church's compromising attitude toward the heathen, Pope Gelasius I admitted the carnival to a place among church festivities, and it was celebrated as the Purification of the Blessed Virgin during Shrovetide, or always between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday. Thus that which had been a sacrament to pagan divinities became an introduction to the Christian's celebration of Lent.

To the ancient Romans the carnival was a festival in which the gods gave license to acts of the most abandoned lawlessness; but after it was Christianized it was made to mean "a farewell to flesh-meat," or a sort of valedictory consolation for the privations about to follow.

During the carnival season the keys were (and are still) delivered to the queen, which meant that the populace might give themselves to unrestrained carousal. This time became notorious for the settling of feuds. At times the church favored these debaucheries, and at other times disapproved them, according to the individual caprice of the popes. It is known that many of the pontiffs sanctioned these festivals by making large banquets or paying much of the expense from the papal exchequer. The excesses of Shrovetide were supposed to make more multitudinous the confessions on Ash Wednesday, and those confessing before early morning mass were blessed by a figure of the cross on the forehead, made by the officiating priest with holy ashes prepared for the occasion.

To-day we may say that immorality is practically eliminated from the celebration of the carnival, and its religious character is ignored or forgotten. Anticlerical sentiments are clearing the carnival of religion and Ash Wednesday; the confessional and even Lent itself have little place in the thought of the people.

In the carnival just celebrated in Panama, the city was, as anciently, given over to the people, and began

with an outburst of fun and frolic—pandemonium. To the credit of the city it can be said that there was almost no drunkenness, and the frolicsome spirit was almost entirely confined to innocent sports. Our cosmopolitan population of forty thousand, and possibly an equal number of visitors, congregated in the parks and thoroughfares of the city, and there the poor forgot their troubles, the rich their class distinctions, even color-line and Oriental caste were lost sight of, and the Chinaman poured confetti on the East Indian, who only waited to clean out his eyes to return the compliment; and hidden behind the carnival masks, the great and the low marched as comrades, neither knowing who was his companion.

The beautiful costumes in which thousands of young and old paraded were sufficiently rich and gorgeous to charm the most fastidious. Individual identity was lost in the kings, queens, princes, dukes, generals, knights, nymphs, beggars, and many representing the bird and animal kingdoms, all walking, driving, riding, dancing, and sporting for the amusement of one another.

The fourth day of the carnival is marked by a grand procession in which barges and floats, marvels of beauty, accompanied by the queen, and sometimes by both a queen and a king consort, pass through the principal street of the city. In the evening the city is illuminated, and the concluding dance takes place in the public parks, continuing until midnight, when every sign of festivity is removed as quickly as possible, and the wearied populace is ready for Lent.

The expenses of the carnival were met by popular subscriptions and the proceeds of votes cast for the queen. There were seven candidates for the carnival crown, and it required more than 60,000 votes to elect the successful candidate. The proceeds from this source amounted to more than \$5,000. The 80,000 people threw into one another's faces 120,000 pounds of confetti, for which they paid \$14,000. One million graceful *serpentinās* were unfurled to the breezes at a cost of \$12,500.

B. E. CONNERLY.

Ancon, Canal Zone.

Japanese Workmen Learn English and Railroading

TEACHING English to Japanese workmen is one of the tasks of the educational bureau of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, according to information received at the United States Bureau of Education. More than eight hundred Japanese section foremen and trackmen are employed by the railroad, and for the benefit of these men instruction books are issued in Japanese and English. It is believed that by handling practical problems of railroading in both languages the Japanese workers will not only gain the necessary technical information, but also increase their knowledge of English.

This is but one of many interesting phases of the Union Pacific's educational work. The educational bureau of the railroad virtually conducts a complete correspondence school for employees. The instruction is offered to any worker whose desire to better himself is strong enough to make him willing to study. The lessons are carefully corrected and graded by officials of the railroad, and returned to the men. Record sheets are also furnished in order that the men may keep an account of the work done and the percentages received.

The lessons are entirely practical in subject-matter and method. No attempt is made to mark anything

but substance. Writing, spelling, grammar, and punctuation are not taken into consideration in assigning per cents; but it is the experience of the bureau that employees who have carried on the work are aided materially in these subjects.

The instruction books issued by the railway cover a number of subjects. Many deal with technical problems of railroading,—track work, compound locomotives, concrete construction, refrigerator traffic, locomotive firing, block and interlocking signals, etc. There are pamphlets containing "Don't's" for the various divisions of the service; others describe "The Value of Courtesy," inculcate the principle of "Safety First," or tell "How to Study." Several admirable books comprise a history of transportation; general information about the Union Pacific; a history of the railroad; and geographies of individual States through which the railroad passes—Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Kansas.

Our Aim

WHEN you signed your name to the card which enrolled you in the army of Missionary Volunteers, did you ask yourself seriously the question, "Why do I enlist?" Young men frequently volunteer to join the army because other young men do so, but when the hardships of the soldier's life are to be encountered, they regret the step they have taken. I believe God's call to-day is for volunteers who are willing to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He wants young men and young women who will count the cost, and be willing to pay the price.

"Success in any line demands a definite aim." But what is an aim? To an archer the aim is the mark to be struck; to the traveler, the destination to be reached; to the sailor it is the port for which he steers; to the athlete, the goal to be won. In general, the aim is the object to be secured, the purpose for which a thing exists. Plainly, then, if it were not for our aim, the society of Missionary Volunteers would not exist. Hence its importance and the necessity that we consider its significance.

"The advent message to all the world in this generation." I like the definiteness of that. You will notice in this aim there are three distinct things given. It tells us where we are to go, why we are to go, and when we are to go,—to all the world with the advent message in this generation.

To all the world,—to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people,—and that means much. We hear of the open doors in heathen lands, of the providence of God in missions, of the willingness of the youth to give their lives to this work, of the large number of fields our workers have entered, and we almost feel that this can easily be done, that the message will soon be carried into all the world. But let us look for a moment at the situation as it really is. Suppose that in all the States west of the Mississippi we had one ordained minister, with perhaps two or three assistants. How long would it take him to give the warning in this vast territory, and where would he begin? Suppose, too, that in this territory only four out of every one hundred were able to read; that is just the situation our workers in India have to face. One ordained minister to every 25,000,000 people, and they steeped in ignorance, vice, and superstition. Suppose again that in all the States east of the Mississippi, with three times the population of the territory west of the river,

there were two ordained ministers, and you have some idea of what remains to be done for the vast population of China. Then there lies the Dark Continent, with its numerous tribes and languages, and the Neglected Continent, and the islands of the sea. Surely the harvest is great, and the laborers are few.

Not only in the numbers to be warned is the task a Herculean one, but in battle with disease and death, in danger from wild beasts and deluded men, the soldier for Christ must go out to face the great walls of national prejudice and superstition. The mighty systems of heathenism stare him in the face, and we are forced to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

We must realize first of all that our aim is not a mere sentiment; it is a stern reality. "I have purchased the road to Uganda with my life," were the dying words of Bishop Hannington, as he fell at the hands of his assassins. After enduring terrible privations in Abyssinia, Ludwig Krapf was compelled to dig two graves, and there in that strange land he laid his young wife and new-born babe. Even this bitter sorrow could not turn him from his purpose, and he wrote: "Tell our friends at home that there is now on the East African coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world, and as the victories of the church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa." Yes, it will cost something to live up to our aim, but that which costs but little is of little worth.

I like the thought that our aim means more than to reach a certain goal within a certain time. There is some reason for our going. We have something to carry. And that something which is entrusted to our care is of infinite value. It brings joy to those who give it and to those who receive it, and I believe that it is because of the joy that this advent message brings to our own hearts that we are constrained to carry it to others. We must always remember, too, that what the messenger is, is of far more consequence than what he says. He must be the embodiment of the message he carries. Men will read Christ in him who would not read him in the Word. I once knew of a foreign missionary who was forced to leave the field because he could not control his temper, and this destroyed his influence over those whom he desired to help. Whether in the home land or in the foreign field, the truth remains the same—true success lies not in what we say, but always in what we are.

To me there is something wonderfully solemn in the thought that our aim must be completed in our own generation. Things are valued highly because they are rare. Gold is prized because it is hard to find; diamonds are precious because there are few of them, and so time is to us most precious because there is at the best but a few years of it left. It is said that Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed offered all her possessions for just a little more time. We have it now; let us appreciate its value. Those beautiful words of Horatius Bonar come forcibly to my mind:—

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief and sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf, a dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil;
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

The advent message to all the world in this generation—can it be done? We look at the small company who center all their hopes in this belief, and arrayed against them we see earth's millions with all the hosts of darkness, and to human appearance we can not see how it can be done. But remembering that after all this aim is not our aim, but God's aim for us, we take courage, and it gives us a new vision of it all. A few months ago I boarded a train in Omaha, Nebraska, that was bound for Los Angeles, California. I could not see the end of the journey then, and I knew that huge mountains and a vast expanse of plain and desert lay between me and my destination; but my confidence in those who conducted the train caused me to trust it all to them. I stayed on the train and arrived in due time at the place for which I had started. The point of my illustration is this: We have united with a mighty movement. The purpose of this movement is to give the message of a soon-coming Saviour to all the world in this generation. The conductor of this movement is the God of heaven, and with him is all power in heaven and earth. Before him the Red Sea will part asunder, and the mountain will become a plain. It remains for us to stay with our Guide. We can trust his unerring wisdom and eternal power, and know that he will bring us in his own good time to our Father's house.

I wish to say a word on the importance of the singleness of aim, and I shall leave the subject with you.

"Life is like an arrow;
Therefore you must know
What mark to aim at and
How to use the bow,
Then draw it to the head and
Let it go."

Every boy knows how that is done. He knows, too, that if he hopes to hit the mark, his attention must be riveted upon it, and success is the result of concentrated effort. We must believe this thing with all the heart or not at all, and believing it, we must act it. It has been said, and mark these words, "What works ruin in human life is to see without acting, to believe without doing." What a sad mistake it would be for us to believe the solemn truth which is expressed in our aim and fail to conform our lives to it. We can not afford to do that. Shall we not with William Carey make it our first business to win souls, and say with David Livingstone, "Anywhere provided it be forward"? Let us catch the spirit of the noble Henry Martyn, who said, "I see no business in life but the work of Christ, neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but his service."

EMILY JOHNSON.

Loma Linda, California.

The French Marshal

In the royal gallery at Versailles, a French marshal is represented with one wooden leg, one empty coat sleeve, and one eye. The inscription reads: "He scattered everywhere his limbs and his glory. His blood was in a hundred places the price of his victory, and the warfare in which he was engaged left nothing sound about him but his heart." Not all Christians are called to such service and such sacrifice for the kingdom of God as the general was for the kingdom of France, but we are called to keep the heart sound and clean for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. For no service is worth an inscription that does not glorify God, and no life worth the living if the Holy Spirit is kept out.—*Record of Christian Work.*



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 Story of a Stepmothering



IT down," Aunt Hannah said, smiling welcomingly; but the girl—she seemed scarcely more than that—shook her head. She stood in the doorway, stretching out imploring young hands.

"Help! help! Aunt Hannah, save me! I'm scared."

The smile upon Aunt Hannah's sweet old face broadened to a laugh, and gently shook Aunt Hannah.

"I should know it, my dear; you look scared. Sit down; things don't look half so bad sitting down. Then begin right at the beginning, and out with it. What are chair-ridden old aunts for if not to listen to young lovers' trouble—"

"Don't put John in, Aunt Hannah. He doesn't seem 'troubled' in the least; and, besides, he isn't a young lover, poor boy! I haven't told him, but I think I've found a thin place on the top of John—Aunt Hannah, I ought to be middle-aging, too. Here I am the giddiest young thing on Essex Street. I haven't disgraced you and John yet; but I'm going to; I feel it in my bones."

There was a short space of silence in the old-fashioned, sunny room, except for the soothing tick-tacks of the clock on the mantel, like strokes of a gentling hand. The young voice was quieter when it began again.

"It's this way. I don't dread the baby, bless his three years! nor the next two, three; it's the Girl at the Top I dread, Aunt Hannah. What shall I do? John is—why, just a *man*. He can't see why the mere word stepmother should set my heart flutter-flutter, and take away all my courage. What should you do, Aunt Hannah?"

"Marry John."

"Of course, I shall do that, but then what?"

"Go home with him, and mother his children."

"But they'll call it—everybody will call it—*stepmothering* them. And the Girl at the Top won't love me; I know she won't, Aunt Hannah! I dreamed she hated me. Why, I'm only nine years older than she is, and John says she's old for her age."

More silence and soothing tick-tacks, while in her invalid chair sat Aunt Hannah dreaming a sad little past dream of her own. A John was in it, and motherless little children that she had shrunk from mothering. Long years after, when old age and invalidism came hand in hand to meet her, the loneliness ahead appalled her; and the thought of her John and his sons and daughters, who might have been hers, too, was dreary company for her.

"My dear,"—Aunt Hannah's old eyes were wet; her old voice shook a little,—"take a lonely old maid's advice. Marry your John, and bring up his babies; and the Lord help you. Don't be afraid any more, my dear."

"No," Elizabeth Armstrong said, oddly strengthened and comforted, "I won't be afraid. John and the children are what matters, not I. I'll do my best, Aunt Hannah."

"Sew on their buttons," Aunt Hannah said softly, thinking of little buttons she might have sewed on. "Sew 'em on strong, my dear. Bind up their little wounds and bumps. Give 'em time to love you, but love *them* right off. It will all come out right."

"But the oldest one, the Girl at the Top," Elizabeth murmured. "If she hasn't any bumps to bind —"

"She will have; she will have! *Find* 'em, and bind 'em, my dear."

The young woman rose, and stood before the little gray person in the invalid's chair. "I will, Aunt Hannah," she said humbly, and went away relieved.

At the home of John Hyder five children waited for the new mother. The Girl at the Top drilled them every day like this: "Be nice *always* to her. Take off your caps, boys; Judy, say Ma'am. Remember she will be father's wife."

"But she won't be our mother," Judy persisted.

"No," sharply; "nobody said she would. If father says to *call* her so, you'll have to. But that won't make her a mother. Only,"—here the Girl at the Top always spoke with slow emphasis,—"*only, be nice to her!*"

The day the new wife was expected, the drill was more elaborate and protracted. The children were apportioned parts in a stiff little ceremony of welcome. As soon as wheels sounded on the drive, the boys were to hurry to the front door and stand, one on either side, caps in hand. Judy was to stand just inside the door and smile, only smile. As for herself, the Girl at the Top straightened her young shoulders and girded herself for the ordeal. Her fresh face whitened at its near approach. To the baby alone was not apportioned a part in the grim little welcome ceremony; whatever the baby at the dread moment willed to do he would do. He would have to be left to his own devices. But, "O Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, don't kiss her!" besought the Girl at the Top of the family. And so together they all waited.

"John," the young bride was saying rather tremulously, "you'll have to hold up my hands. I'm getting faint-hearted; is stepmother written on my face, John? It must be; for I can feel the letters, s-t-e-p and the rest. This minute the people on this car are saying, 'Stepmother, stepmother; look at her!' I wish Aunt Hannah had come, too."

They were getting close now. Only a few more miles of shining track and a little riding behind a horse—then the lights, the house, and the children! Elizabeth Hyder's sweet face was full of anxiety. So much depended on the beginning; she had been told that so much depended.

"Here we are!" John Hyder announced cheerfully as the train stopped. He looked so capable and unafraid and happy that Elizabeth took belated courage, and followed him spryly out to the platform. They took a carriage, and rode away in the moist, pleasant darkness. Hand found hand in the little shut-in space, and new husband and new wife silently renewed their vows.

Wheels! The boys sprang to their posts, and caught off their caps. Judy stationed herself, and put on painfully her pale little smile. The straight young figure of the Girl at the Top leaped straighter yet. Only the baby sat on, unconcerned, up-stairs among his toys.

They came up the steps together, hand in hand, walked in between the capless sentinels up to the steady smile of Judy. Then the Girl at the Top came forward, her careful little speech trembling on her lips. "We bid you—bid you welcome," she said. "We hope you will find—find—will find——"

But she never found it, for at that instant the ears of the new mother were greeted by shriek on shriek, bump on bump. The baby was coming down to meet her. From stair to stair bounded his little body. Instant confusion reigned, and the ceremony of welcome ended, scarcely begun.

It was the new mother who received the little bounding baby at the foot of the stairs. Her outstretched arms caught him. Quivering and shrieking he lay against her breast. Instantly her trained senses—for she had been a nurse—perceived that more than fright and bruising was the matter. She blanched at the sight of a dangling little arm.

"Go for a doctor, John," she whispered, too low for little ears. She lifted a smiling face to the frightened children about her. "Don't anybody say a word; everybody smile, *smile!* I'm going to tell this baby a story, here, right in this cushiony chair. Hush, hush, darling; don't you want to hear what the Balloon Man did? Don't move one little inch, and I'll tell you; it was such a funny thing to do." The shrieking trailed out piteously into sobs. The new mother, wincing herself at the baby's pain, held the tiny body absolutely still. "Well," she began cheerily, "the Balloon Man bumped into a little cloud, and made it cry. It was a baby cloud, you know—not three years old, and brave, like you. And way down, down below on the earth, what do you suppose people began to do?" The quiet voice waited. The little sobs almost stopped. "Well, they began to put up their umbrellas. 'Why, it's raining!' they said; for the baby cloud was crying, you know. 'Excuse me,' the Balloon Man begged, for he was a very polite Balloon Man—there, there, darling, don't cry, don't move! Don't you want me to sing a funny little song about the kitty that couldn't spell cat? It begins this way——" She hurried into a merry little tune, tilting her head in time, and making funny faces. Then another story, another song—would the doctor never come? The moments seemed hours.

When he came, the other children were sent away. They went with scared, pale faces; and the girl children covered their ears. The Girl at the Top of the family had hers still buried in her pillows when, after what seemed a great while, some one touched her arm. She sat up rigidly.

"Is he dead?" she demanded.

"He is sound asleep," her father answered quietly. "The doctor has gone. It is a very bad break, and it will take the greatest care to keep him perfectly quiet.

My dear,"—the big hand stroked her hair lightly,—"your new mother would like to see you. Will you go to her? She can not leave the baby."

Laura—the Girl at the Top was named Laura—sank back among her pillows. Not alone, she did not want to go alone. She was frankly afraid. What did stepmothers say to stepdaughters? Did they make fine speeches? And O—O, if they *kissed*——

"I don't want to go," she cried into her pillows. Her father, patiently waiting, did not hear. He touched her arm again.

"Laurie, will you go? For my sake, Laurie?" And for his sake she went. The room where Bobby lay, very white and still on the bed, was dim in the twilight. It was quite a moment before the girl saw the slight figure bending over Bobby.

"O, I'm glad you've come!" whispered a sweet voice. "Will you take off my hat for me? One of the hat-pins in it aches! I don't dare to move; this blessed baby went to sleep holding my thumbs. O, thank you!" an instant later, as the girl's deft fingers removed the dainty bridal creation. "Now I can take some comfort. Your father wanted to take it off, and I wouldn't let him. A *man* can't take hat-pins out. It takes women folk to do critical things like that—and like this, dear;" her eyes sought the girl's eyes, and drew them to the little wan face on the bed. "We must take care of him together, don't you see? I am so glad you are grown up. You see the doctor was very imperative about our keeping him from moving his poor little arm. He *mustn't*. It's up to you and me, dear——"

The bit of harmless slang was oddly reassuring to Laura. She had not expected stepmothers to talk like girls. She moved a little nearer in the twilight, straining her ears for the soft whisper. It came very soon.

"If you could get me a drink of water—I think it makes a person thirsty to sit in one position so long."

The Girl at the Top hurried noiselessly away. When she came back with the glass of water, a faint, rather shaky, whispered laugh greeted her. "You'll have to 'drink' me!" the new mother said. "I don't dare to move an inch; every minute he sleeps is worth so much, poor little broken boy! Would you be willing to hold the glass to my lips?"

Here was another unexpected thing. Who would have thought a stepmother would do this? Laura held the glass with unsteady little fingers. A drop splashed onto them, another onto the new mother's cheek. The softest possible laugh followed; and without at all meaning to, the Girl at the Top joined in.

After a little Laura lighted a lamp, and shaded it carefully from the bed. Father came tiptoeing in and whispered something about supper, but no, no, the stooping figure beside Bobby would not listen to him. What did she need of supper? She must not move yet, not yet awhile.

She had her way. Laura, at her father's instigation, brought in a cup of hot milk and a plate of toast, and fed her like a little child. It made them both laugh in the soundless way they had so quickly learned. Then Laura was sent away for her own supper.

The long night set in. The new mother's face grew strained and white, but she refused to move. No, Laura might *not* take her place, not yet; yes, O, yes! she might *stay*.

"I'll be so glad to have you! You may put a pillow
(Concluded on page thirteen)



Double Stars



WID you ever try to imagine how it would seem to have two large suns shining in the sky at the same time? And then what should you think if there were three, or even more? Odd though it may seem, we are told by astronomers that this is undoubtedly the case in many of the world systems of which the stars are the suns.

Several of the heavenly bodies whose beautiful colors we so admire on a clear night are really composed of two or more stars, instead of a single one as appears to us.

You will recall it was stated here that the fiery red star Antares, to be seen low down in the southern sky in the early morning, had a small green companion, which, while it can not be detected with the naked eye, yet at times causes the larger star to show a peculiar greenish twinkling. The great white star Rigel, in the group Orion, has a bluish cast, caused by a small deep-blue companion star lying near it.

Sirius and Procyon, two other of our familiar friends, are also doubles. The attendant which travels with Sirius, although quite a large fellow, gives but a very small fraction of as much light as does his more brilliant brother. These two stars travel around each other, or rather around their common center of gravity, once in about fifty years. Procyon's companion is also much the darker, and these two encircle each other in forty years.

Our odd little friend, 61 Cygni (sĭg'nĭ), one of the nearest of all our star neighbors, is really two bodies, instead of one as it looks to us; so also is Castor, the twin brother of Pollux, which stands almost directly overhead in the evening this time of the year.

Rising at about eleven o'clock at night, a little east of north is Vega (vē'gā), one of the most brilliant objects in our northern sky. Itself a double, there is to be seen following closest to it as it leaves the horizon a small star which to some people has a slightly elongated appearance. Sharper eyes can see that there are two tiny stars lying very close together. The telescope shows that each of these is also composed of two stars, making a quadruple system. Astronomers tell us that the two members of each pair revolve around each other; and then one set of the double stars, or binaries as they are called, travels around the other pair, or more correctly speaking, both travel around their common center of gravity, although perhaps it takes hundreds of years for them to make this complicated journey.

There are a large number of double stars, many of which can not be seen as such even with the most powerful telescopes. These are shown to be binaries by means of another curious instrument called the spectroscope. Some stars, of course, which look to us or in the telescope to be very close together, have such an appearance only because one lies almost directly behind the other; just as the schoolhouse over on the hill seems to be close to the large barn at the foot of the mountain a mile or more beyond it. Step outside and notice the row of electric lights down the street,

which seem to shine so closely together. If we stand right in the center of the street and look at them, we see all the lights grouped very near together, although we know that some of them are fully half a mile farther away than others. It is because the one is almost directly in front of those farther away that they look so close together.

This is the case with many of the stars, which, though they look to be very close to one another, in reality one may be many times as far away from us as is the other, and the two have no connection whatever. But others, such as Sirius and Procyon with their companions, also the little quadruple star system near Vega, are close enough together to revolve about each other. Inhabitants of worlds of which they are the center, may have the delightful experience, which to us would seem a very queer one, of seeing one sun setting while the other is just coming up in the opposite part of the sky. Possibly we can get some idea of this by noticing the moon just before it is full, shining



Twelve Typical Double Stars

in the east at the same time the sun is setting in the west. But with four suns we should hardly know how to calculate. A queer sensation must be felt to wake in the morning with three suns shining at once; or to have to go to bed with two, three, or even more still high up in the heavens.

Certainly God, who created them so, is mighty in wisdom, and "his understanding is infinite."

CLAUDE CONARD.

Oakland, California.

Millions of Mummies

It has been estimated that something like twenty million Egyptian mummies have been discovered. Thousands of those best preserved are now in the show-cases of the various museums of the world. In the tombs with the mummies were countless other objects. There were paintings on the walls, chairs and tables, jars containing the parts of the body which were removed when the mummy was prepared, mummy-cases gaudily colored with funeral scenes and hieroglyphic inscriptions, and in the cases along with the mummies were papyri. Beneath each mummy's head, like a cushion, was a little disk of clay or papyrus, covered with mythological pictures and with a stereotyped hymn. The disks, found in great numbers, are nearly alike, varying only slightly with the period from which they come. "Hypocephali" they are called, because they were placed beneath the head. Like the mummies, the objects found with them have

been scattered abroad, and in the museum at Cairo any tourist may purchase as many of them as he will.

The inscriptions on the disks and the mummy-cases, of course, could not at first be read, nor could the mythological pictures accompanying them be understood until the inscriptions could be read. However, in 1799 the famous Rosetta stone was discovered, and Champollion, a French scholar, began the slow process of deciphering its hieroglyphic inscription with the aid of the accompanying Greek translation. The process was so slow that it was not till 1841 that a grammar of the Egyptian language appeared. Then the progress in the study of the language was rapid; the strange hieroglyphics became as intelligible as an English newspaper.—*Christian Herald*.

How Seals Cut Steps in Ice Cakes

How seals cut steps in the perpendicular sides of ice cakes in order to rise from the water for the purpose of breathing was recorded by members of Captain Scott's antarctic expedition with the aid of a moving-picture machine. It was discovered that the seals, which formerly were supposed to leave the water by leaping, actually cut steps in the slippery surface with the great canine or eye teeth. As soon as the teeth are placed in position, the head is moved rapidly from side to side until the ice has been cut away sufficiently to afford a footing for the front flippers of the animal. Each step has to be laboriously cut after this fashion until the body is far enough out of the water to be thrust up the rest of the way by a kick of the hind flippers.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Tire Protection During Winter Activity

TIRE waste in the cold winter months, during which many cars are laid up, is very extensive, due to the fact that the majority of people do not know what precautions are necessary for protection. One of the automobile magazines advises that, in laying up a car, the tires be removed from the rims, washed thoroughly with soap and water, carefully wrapped with strips of paper or cloth, and stored in a dark place kept as nearly as possible at a temperature of fifty degrees. If the tires are to remain on the wheels for a considerable period in which the machine is out of service, the wheels should be jacked up and the air pressure in the tires should not exceed five pounds.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Uncle Sam's Care for His Boys

THE canal force as it stands to-day, and has stood for the past five years, is a body of picked men; a force the like of which has never before been gathered for any similar work. As men, they are loyal, contented, and happy. And certainly they are healthy. The first requisite for appointment on the canal work is a clean bill of health. This having been assured and the appointment given, from that moment the health of the man or woman in the service is a matter of the greatest concern to the government. Every employee is entitled to thirty days' sick leave, in addition to his forty-two days' vacation leave. He is cared for while ill by a district physician, medicines being provided; or he is sent to one of the hospitals until he recovers. This care is not "free;" it is a part of the employee's pay just as much as his monthly money wage. It is one of the government's ways

of maintaining the highest health conditions in the force.

The spiritual wants of the builders are supplied by the maintenance of chaplains of the various denominations; the family life, by the establishment of a public-school system that is modeled after the most-approved system in the United States; the social requirements are met by encouraging and forwarding the work of clubs and societies. Healthful athletic exercise is encouraged in the club-houses, at each one of which is employed a physical director. These club-houses are the great recreation centers of the men and women alike. They provide legitimate entertainment, such as reading in a room liberally supplied with newspapers and periodicals, entertainments of various kinds, music, singing clubs, besides the athletic department. They are the scenes of the community Christmas celebrations, school entertainments, and carnivals, of lively debates, and serious addresses.—*Christian Herald*.

Care of Paint-Brushes

WHEN laying aside paint-brushes, the usual custom is to place them in water and then forget all about them until needed again, with the result that the water usually is found more or less evaporated and the brushes hardened. If a quantity of oil is poured on the water, it will prevent this evaporation and keep the brushes in good shape.



Selling Ice of Great Glacier

ONE of the most famous glaciers of Switzerland, that of Saléinez, is being blown up and sold to residents of distant towns, since the opening of the great St. Bernard Railroad has provided a means for its distribution at a profit. The great mass of ice is blasted with dynamite and the blocks are shot down an inclined passageway, almost one and one-half miles long, to the bottom of the valley, where the ice is loaded upon railroad cars.—*Selected*.

A Mormon "Sacred Book" on Trial

LESS than two years ago, Elder Brigham Roberts, one of the ablest defenders of Mormonism, made a statement that the Mormon books "must submit to every test, literary criticism with the rest. . . . The book is flung down into the world's mass of literature and here it is; we proclaim it true, and the world has the right to test it to the uttermost in every possible way." Now, the world has taken him at his word, and has tested the validity of the Book of Abraham. A group of eminent Orientalists, including Dr. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, England, Dr. Flinders-Petrie, of London University, Professor James H. Breasted, of Chicago University, Dr. Arthur C. Mace, of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Dr. John Peters, of the University of Pennsylvania, Prof. C. A. B. Mercer, of Western Theological Seminary, Dr. Edward Meyer, of the University of Berlin, and Professor Von Bessing, of the University of Munich, have examined the hieroglyphic illustrations in the Book of Abraham. These distinguished men, each of whom has large experience in Egyptian research and Oriental literature, united in pronouncing Joseph Smith's trans-



NOAH OFFERING A SACRIFICE OF THANKSGIVING AFTER LEAVING THE ARK

lations absurd and inaccurate throughout. Dr. Mace calls the Book of Abraham "a pure fabrication," and Professor Mercer says the translations of Joseph Smith are "undoubtedly the work of pure imagination."—*Christian Herald*.

The Obstinate Boy

"YOU'RE the most obstinate boy I ever knew, I do believe." Julia stood frowning down on her small brother as she expressed this heartfelt opinion. "A good whipping is exactly the thing you need. And I'm going to see that you get it."

Stewart did not answer. His pretty babyish mouth was a hard, straight line. He looked as if he really might be the most obstinate boy in the world. Whether it would prove that a hard whipping was the thing that he needed, was another matter.

Julia walked to the window and looked out. It was a dreary day. A drizzling rain was falling, and the few pedestrians to be seen raced along the street with an air of wishing themselves at home. Julia raised the window that the cool outdoor air might help to banish from her cheeks the uncomfortable flush, resulting from her altercation with her young brother.

Around the corner came a shabby old cart drawn by a shaky old mule. At the animal's head walked a ragged colored man, his hair and short beard grizzled. He carried a whip in his hand, and when the mule suddenly halted, planting his four feet in a way which intimated that he would resist all efforts to make him move on, Julia expected to see the whip brought into immediate operation. But that was not what happened.

The old man took off his hat and scratched his head. "Now dis ain' no good nohow," he remonstrated. "Specs yo's tired, but I'm jes' as tired as yo' is. Yo' doan't see me stoppin', do yo', here wid all dis rain a-comin' down?"

This argument did not impress the mule apparently. And after a minute or two the old man tried again.

"Specs mos' folkses would give yo' a good beatin'. But beatin's never seemed to do yo' no good. Yo's sot, an' every lick jes' makes yo' sotter. Come on

now. Come on! I'm hungry an' I reckon yo' is, too. The sooner yo' get started, the sooner yo' get yo' supper."

Whether the argument at last appealed to the brain in the long narrow head, or whether there was magic in the word supper, or whether perhaps it was only that the old mule had had enough of resting in the rain, who shall say? Certain it is that all at once the braced legs relaxed, and the old beast moved forward, while the old man, trudging alongside the rickety cart, called cheerily, "I done thought yo'd come to yo' senses, if I didn' get yo' mad."

As for Julia, she stood staring after the pair with a curious expression on her face. It was not quite pleasant to acknowledge that an old Negro had exhibited more patience and tact in managing his balky mule than she had showed in dealing with her small brother, but humility compelled the admission. Scolding Stewart never helped. The whipping with which she had threatened him, would not help either. Patient reasoning and an appeal to his better self were the tactics which would succeed.

Silently Julia closed the window and turned to Stewart, sulky and scowling and suspicious of her advances. But Julia did not mean to be beaten. She had found out the cure for obstinacy, and she meant to try it till it worked.—*Delia Mason, in Young People's Weekly*.

THIRTY-EIGHT States have ratified the Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, two more than were necessary for its final adoption. This Amendment reads as follows:—

ARTICLE XVI.—The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

MR. JOSEPH P. TUMULTY has been selected by the President elect to be his private secretary after March 4. Mr. Tumulty has served Mr. Wilson as secretary during the past four years.



Boy Wanted

by Frank Walcott Hunt

A sign in the world's big window
Is readable and clear,
A simple and quiet legend—
A boy is wanted here.

A boy who'll never falter,
Whatever he's toiling at
Who will not stop to grumble,
"I was not hired for that".

A boy who finds no labor
To him inferior,
And will not halt at duty
He "was not hired for".

A boy of sturdy purpose—
A boy of brain and brawn—
A boy who's always ready
Whenever he's called upon.

Harvey Wells, the Taker



ARVEY had gone to the hardware store determined to buy a pair of skates. Most of the boys bought skates that cost a dollar and fifty cents, but he selected a two-dollar pair, and wanted them for one dollar and a half. The salesman told him that the profit on skates was small anyway, and that they could not sell that pair for one dollar and a half. But Harvey has a square jaw and an active tongue. He begged, pleaded, scolded, badgered, and finally threatened that his family would stop trading at that store unless the salesman consented to the lower price.

Finally, to get rid of him, the salesman yielded. Harvey went out grinning, but the salesman scowled.

One evening at a school entertainment Harvey and four or five other young people came in a little late. There was only one really desirable seat left. Harvey made a dash for it—and got it. The rest, among them a crippled girl, got what was left.

Last summer John Wells, Harvey's brother, and two other boys got up a picnic. When they began to load the wagon, half a dozen boys wanted to ride with the driver; but Harvey coolly took the seat and held it. At supper he got the most desirable pieces of chicken, the choicest cake, the best of everything. He simply took them.

At home, when there is anything to divide between him and John, Harvey gets the best of it every time. At school it is the same. In a crowd he worms his way through till he gets to the front, although on the way he has to push aside smaller boys, and elbow weaker ones, and dodge in front of older persons.

This quality of Harvey's—wanting and getting the best of everything—is both hopeful and dangerous. If he trims with justice and softens with generosity his desire to get, the energy in him will bring him success. It is a good trait to want the best—so long as it is *your* best and not the other fellow's.

Harvey has yet to learn that it is as dishonest to take another person's privilege as it is to take his property, and that it is unfair and selfish to take more than your share of the things that belong to all in common.

If he does not curb his impulse to get by a sense of justice and fairness, and temper it with kindness and generosity, he will become unjust, selfish, and hard, and end in poverty of spirit—and that is failure.

But Harvey has, in fact, already begun to change. On his last birthday he received not a single present from any one except his parents. He had no party, no one expressed any good wishes for him, there was nothing pleasant to mark the day.

But on John's birthday—John is always giving to others and looking out for their happiness—forty of his young friends gave him a surprise-party. They had a fine time, and when they went home they left behind them, as presents, more things than Harvey can buy for himself in several years. And best of all, they left John a feeling that he is esteemed and loved.

Persons like Harvey suffer from a certain kind of poverty; for, no matter how much they may get, it is only what they take, and the best things in the world—esteem, good will, kindness, trust, affection—no one can either take or buy. If they come at all they come as gifts, and people do not give them to the Harvey Wellses.—*Youth's Companion*.

Boy With Trained Rooster

A TEN-YEAR-OLD California boy whose name is Ralph, is earning money with which to educate himself, as his widowed mother has her hands full to take care of his small brothers and sisters.



He has trained his prize Plymouth Rock rooster to stand on a little platform fastened to his bicycle, which he uses in delivering newspapers, and for various other errands.

Whenever Ralph stops his wheel, the big rooster alights, flaps his wings, and gives a vigorous crow. He then picks around on the ground for a few moments, and flies back to his platform as Ralph moves off.

Of course Ralph and Sammy always attract large crowds on these trips, and the ambitious lad has had several hundred souvenir post-cards printed of himself and his rooster, which he sells to the people who collect around them whenever they stop.

He hopes to make enough money in this way to take him through college.—*Elsberry Democrat*.

The Story of a Stepmothering (Concluded from page eight)

behind my back; there, that is a blessing. How handy you are! Now sit in that easy chair opposite, and get three winks, like a good little — girl."

It almost seemed as if she had started to say "good little daughter." Laura found herself wishing a strange thing — that she *had* said it! It would have sounded good in the hushed, half-lighted room with Bobby, the baby they both loved, there in a little white heap on the bed. The new mother must love Bobby; Laura, watching her, was sure of it. The position was very hard to keep; she was certainly growing whiter. Laura got up, and hurried to her.

"Let me come, please, please!" she begged.

"Not yet; he is sleeping so blessedly, dear."

"Dear" — it sounded sweet to Laura. She sat in the great chair, thinking new thoughts about stepmothers. A long time seemed to pass. Only the ticking clock spoke. Then, "Laura! Laura, come!"

The girl sprang to her feet. Just in time she got to the new mother, in time to catch her in strong young arms. She was fainting; father must come.

Bobby's clinging fingers relaxed and curled again sleepily; he did not wake.

"I shall be all right in a minute; don't call any one. Just — just hold me. You have such good arms. I couldn't bear it another minute — O, isn't it good I didn't wake him up?"

The girl's arms around the new mother trembled. A sudden yearning came over her. All her wise young theories and dreads fled in shame before this sweet presence of love. Laura stooped her humbled little face to the pinched white lips, and voluntarily kissed them. It was more than a kiss. It was a surrender.

"Aunt Hannah," wrote the young wife by and by, "you knew; it is all 'coming out right.' I'm glad I married my John, and I'm glad I married my John's family." — *Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A Loyal Church

LAST summer Rev. Dr. Ross McClements, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Asbury Park, New Jersey, was drawn under a moving train, and suffered the amputation of both legs and one arm. The other Sunday he occupied his pulpit the first time since the accident. He sat during the service, though he has artificial legs. His subject in the morning was "Marvelous Confidence in God," and at night his theme was "God Best Served by Serving Man." Dr. McClements at the time of his injury tendered his resignation, but his people would not accept it. As an illustration of the mastery of mind over body, of the triumph of grace over misfortune, he said in his sermon: "This is the happiest day of my life." — *Christian Herald.*

Riddles

WHAT is it we all often say we will do and nobody has ever yet done?

Stop a minute.

What word contains all the vowels in their proper order?

Facetious.

What word of fifteen letters is there from which you can subtract twelve and leave ten?

Pretentiousness. — *The Round Table.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, March 15

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. Bible Study (ten minutes).
3. Mission Study (fifteen minutes).
4. Society Meeting (fifteen minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; items of interest from our church paper. For this exercise have some one spend five minutes in giving briefly interesting facts drawn from the *Review and Herald* issues since February 13.

2. Study on stewardship, especially free-will offerings. Mal. 3:8-10, 2 Cor. 9:6, 7, Acts 20:35, or Prov. 11:24 may be used as a basis for the study. Let the one who has charge of the Bible study glean some pointed paragraphs from "Testimonies for the Church." Some exceedingly good references can be found by looking up "Offerings" in the general index. Do not miss Volume II, pages 127, 128. "Christ's Object Lessons," page 351, has some very good thoughts on the use of money.

3. Gather up all the information possible on our work in Africa, including South Africa, the Interior, German East Africa, Gold Coast, Abyssinia. Use "Outline of Mission Fields," Seventh-day Adventist Year Book, *Review*, *INSTRUCTOR*, etc.

4. Let your social service be based on the subject "The Blessings and Advantages of Being a Christian."

How many of your members will become Members of Attainment this week?

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 22: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 62-68

1. WHAT preparation for service was David receiving? How was God's choice of him as king made known to him?

2. Under what circumstances was he introduced at court? How did such visits affect him? Tell how his meeting with Goliath was brought about, and of the result.

3. In what position for further preparation was he next placed? What caused a change in Saul's feelings toward him? To what traits did the king now give rein? What attempts did he make upon David's life?

4. What were David's first two mistakes? What did his experience teach him? To what is every failure on the part of God's children due? What fitting for service was David receiving in his next retreat? What caused his flight from there? What terrible deed did Saul now commit?

5. At Engedi what Christian spirit did David manifest? What did Samuel's death mean to the nation?

6. Relate the incident that occurred between David's young men and Nabal. What lesson may we gather from Abigail's conduct? What other instance of David's respect for his ruler is given? State why it was wrong to again flee to Achish.

7. In what straits did the eve of the battle with the Philistines find Saul? What act placed him fully under Satan's control? What kind of master did Satan now prove himself to be?

8. Prove that it was not Samuel whom the king was interviewing. Expose the evils of sorcery. What warnings are given concerning it?

9. In what snare was David as preparations were made for battle? How was he freed? Upon his return to Ziklag, what danger threatened him? How was it averted? What news soon came to him? How did it affect him?

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 22: "Pilgrim's Progress,"
Pages 280-298

1. WHAT did Mr. Honest now ask Mr. Great-heart to do? Of what experiences of Christian and Faithful did the two talk?

2. Where in Vanity Fair did the pilgrims lodge? Who were invited in to meet them? What did Mr. Contrite say of the condition of the town? Of the besetments experienced by his company, what did Mr. Great-heart say?

3. Concerning the pilgrim life, what truths did the other three neighbors present?

4. Why did this party receive so few injuries at this place? What were the habits and nature of the monster which they repulsed? Describe their departure from the town. At the place of Faithful's martyrdom, what did they do? At the pillar of salt, of what did they marvel? How did second thought explain this?

5. What consideration was shown them at the first river? Tell of the consultation at By-path Meadow, and of the ensuing victory.

6. How were they welcomed in the Delectable Mountains? What truths were impressed upon them there?

7. What place did they reach next? Of Turn-away's characteristics, what did their guide tell them?

The Young People's Institute

THE young people's institute was held at Mount Vernon, Ohio, January 16-19. From first to last, the meetings were filled with matter of the greatest importance pertaining to the work for, by, and among young people. Elder N. S. Ashton acted as chairman, while Elder Meade MacGuire and Miss Matilda Erickson, two of the General Conference secretaries at the head of the Missionary Volunteers, presented the different phases of the work, answered questions, and gave the counsel that is so much needed by young people as they take up the work of soul-winning. Besides these, Elder and Mrs. B. F. Kneeland, of West Pennsylvania, Miss Ella Talmage, the secretary from Eastern Pennsylvania, and delegates from a few of the local societies in Ohio joined the students and church of Mount Vernon in the convention work. The usual studies were laid aside for the four days so that none need miss the different sessions.

A complete display of the Missionary Volunteer Leaflets was given; also one hundred books of special value to Christian young people were placed in the front part of the chapel, for examination and reading during the institute days.

A spirit of deep earnestness was manifest through all the meetings, and we expect much good to result to our young people's work throughout the union from the inspiration and instruction gained.

BESSIE E. ACTON.

I ONCE asked a minister if he had heard a certain adverse thing about another man. He replied, "No, I haven't heard that, but I heard this about him the other day;" and he told me a perfectly delightful story of some fine trait in the man.—*Cleland B. McAfee.*



XI — The Rainbow

(March 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 8: 20-22; 9: 1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "He is faithful that promised." Heb. 10: 23.

Questions

1. How did Noah show that he was thankful that he and his family had been preserved alive during the flood? What did he offer to the Lord? Gen. 8: 20; note 1.

2. How did the Lord regard his offering? Verse 21, first part. Why was it sweet to him? Note 2. What other offering was said to be a sweet-smelling savor to God? Eph. 5: 2. If we are Christ's, how does God regard us? 2 Cor. 2: 15.

3. What did the Lord say he would not again do? What did he say should never cease while the earth remains? Gen. 8: 21, 22.

4. What did God say to Noah? What did he say of the animals? Who was to have dominion over them? What were men now permitted to eat? Gen. 9: 1-3.

5. Did men live as long after this as before the flood? Gen. 11: 10-26; 25: 7, 8; 35: 28; 47: 28; 50: 26; 2 Sam. 19: 32; note 3.

6. How did the Lord show his regard for human life? Gen. 9: 5, 6.

7. What covenant did he make with Noah? Verses 8-11.

8. What was the token or sign of this covenant? With whom was the covenant made? How long was it to last? Verses 12, 13; note 4.

9. When does a rainbow usually appear? Name its colors.

10. What did John see in heaven? Rev. 4: 3. What did Ezekiel see? Eze. 1: 28. When we look at the rainbow, of what should it remind us? Note 5.

11. Who brings clouds over the earth? What does God say he will remember when he sees the rainbow? Gen. 9: 14-16. Does God ever forget his promises? Memory verse; 2 Peter 3: 9.

Notes

1. "At last an angel descended from heaven, opened the massive door [of the ark], and bade the patriarch and his household go forth upon the earth, and take with them every living thing. In the joy of their release, Noah did not forget Him by whose gracious care they had been preserved. His first act after leaving the ark was to build an altar, and offer from every kind of clean beast and fowl a sacrifice, thus manifesting his gratitude to God for deliverance, and his faith in Christ, the great sacrifice. This offering was pleasing to the Lord; and a blessing resulted, not only to the patriarch and his family, but to all who should live upon the earth.

Here was a lesson for all succeeding generations. Noah had come forth upon a desolate earth; but before preparing a house for himself, he built an altar to God. His stock of cattle was small, and had been preserved at great expense; yet he cheerfully gave a part to the Lord, as an acknowledgment that all was his. In like manner it should be our first care to render our free-will offerings to God. Every manifestation of his mercy and love toward us should be gratefully acknowledged, both by acts of devotion and by gifts to his cause."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pages 105, 106.

2. The Lord was pleased that Noah should make a sac-

rifice from his scanty store. So our offerings are sweet unto him. God saw the earth cleansed, and the purpose of those then living to serve him.

3. In about twelve hundred years the age of men was shortened until, from being nine hundred fifty years, the age of Noah, it came to be about eighty years, the age of Barzillai, and he was said to be in his time "a very aged man." This was the result of sin and departing from God's plan in the beginning.

4. "Lest the gathering clouds and falling rain should fill men with constant terror, from fear of another flood, the Lord encouraged the family of Noah by a promise. . . . How great the condescension of God, and his compassion for his erring creatures, in thus placing the beautiful rainbow in the clouds as a token of his covenant with men! . . . It was God's purpose that as the children of after generations should ask the meaning of the glorious arch which spans the heavens, their parents should repeat the story of the flood."—*Id.*, page 106.

5. "In heaven the semblance of a rainbow encircles the throne, and overarches the head of Christ. . . . When man by his great wickedness invites the divine judgments, the Saviour, interceding with the Father in his behalf, points to the bow in the clouds, to the rainbow around the throne and above his own head, as a token of the mercy of God toward the repentant sinner."—*Id.*, page 107.

XI—Taking Away the Typical Service (Concluded)

(March 15)

Questions

1. How did God regard the forms and ceremonies of the ritual service when they were not an expression of an inward experience? Isa. 1:11-14.
2. What rebuke of mere formalism did the Lord administer to his people through the prophet Jeremiah? Jer. 7:3-11.
3. How did the psalmist David contrast mere ceremonialism with the real inward experience? Ps. 51:6, 7, 16, 17; note 1.
4. What continual offering are we exhorted to make unto God? Heb. 13:15.
5. What is the condition of entrance into the kingdom of God? Matt. 7:21.
6. What reason did Jesus give for exhorting the people not to follow the example of the scribes and Pharisees? Matt. 23:1-3.
7. What prayer indicates that the will of God is to be done in his people? By what means is this result to be accomplished? Heb. 13:20, 21; note 2.
8. What prophecy was fulfilled when Jesus took the flesh? Heb. 10:5-7.
9. What contrast is drawn between the weakness of the ceremonial system and the work of Christ? Verse 8 and the first clause of 9.
10. By coming thus to do the will of God in the flesh, what did Christ take away and what did he establish? Verse 9, last clause; note 3.
11. In what written form is the will of God for man briefly expressed? Ps. 40:8.
12. In establishing the doing of the will of God what then did Christ establish? Rom. 3:31; note 4.
13. For what purpose did Jesus say that he came down from heaven? John 6:38.
14. In what statement did Jesus show that he carried out this purpose? John 15:10.
15. What prayer has Jesus taught all his disciples to pray? Matt. 6:10.
16. What promise will be fulfilled through the work of Christ as minister of the true tabernacle and mediator of the new covenant? Heb. 8:10; note 5.
17. What necessary connection is there between keeping the law of God and the gift of eternal life? 1 John 2:17.
18. What connection is established between the

mediatorial work of Christ and the receiving of eternal life? Heb. 9:15.

19. What special blessings have been secured through the entrance of Christ upon his ministry in the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 12:22-24.

Notes

1. The services of the earthly sanctuary were designed to reveal to the people the gospel of Christ the Saviour from sin. Whenever these services degenerated into mere formalism and took the place of repentance and faith, they became an abomination in the sight of God. Nothing less than heart-service was acceptable to him. The performance of certain gospel ordinances is no excuse for sin; these are rather intended as a means of helping the sinner to lay hold upon him who saves from sin.

2. The happiness of all God's creatures depends upon their being in perfect harmony with his will. The purpose of the gospel is to make believers "perfect in every good work to do his will." This required that Christ should "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and that he should become the mediator of the new covenant in order that the law of God might be written in the heart.

3. The contrast in Heb. 10:8, 9, is between the performing of a ritual service and the performing of the will of God. This is plainly indicated in Rotherham's translation: "Sacrifices and offerings and whole burnt offerings and offerings for sin thou willedst not. . . . Behold! I am come to do thy will." The sacrifices and offerings for sin, which God did not will as a substitute for doing his will, constitute "the first," which was taken away; while the doing of God's will constitutes "the second," which he came to establish.

4. Christ took the flesh and became a doer of the will of God, not in order that man should be excused from doing that will, but in order to provide a way through which it would be possible for man to do the will of God, or keep his law. Through that faith which brings one into vital union with Christ and which accepts the blessings which come through his ministry in the heavenly sanctuary, the believer is empowered to do the will of God.

5. The thunders of Sinai and the voice which spoke the law which demanded perfection of character meant only condemnation apart from the mediatorial work of the Son of God. The ministry of our great High Priest in the heavenly sanctuary means reconciliation to God and forgiveness through the blood of sprinkling, and the fulfilment of the new covenant promises.

Seed Thoughts

Do not keep yourself entirely aloof from even the very sinful, but in no case become a partaker of their evil doings.

You can not help a sinner to a better life by refusing to be found in his company or by manifesting toward him a feeling that you are greatly superior to him. Do not forget that you were once a sinner yourself, and that were it not for the grace of God, you might have been more sinful than he.

We should be friendly and manifest a loving interest in all mankind. Jesus gave himself to the low-down sinner, as well as to him who is usually not considered to be very bad. Let us follow in his steps.

We as missionaries are to mingle with all classes, using the greatest tact possible, that we in the hands of God may be the means of saving some from each class to shine in God's kingdom. J. W. LOWE.

"As a runaway horse, no longer controlled by its rider, rushes along heedless of any obstacle or disastrous consequences, so the mind of a man in a violent fit of anger is beyond control of reason and judgment. It is like a chariot without a driver, or a ship in a storm without a pilot. An angry man says and does things so unreasonable that they seem to be the result of temporary derangement. He may be compared to a tornado, a mountain torrent, or a conflagration whose fury can not be checked, and whose disastrous effects can not be stopped. Anger is, indeed, short-lived madness."

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BEGINNING April 1, 1913, the subscription rates on the INSTRUCTOR will be as follows:—

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These new rates have been reluctantly adopted by the publishers of the INSTRUCTOR on account of the constant, gradual increase in the cost of production. Though the INSTRUCTOR is sixty years old it has never in its regular issues been self-supporting. Its best friends say it has done its good work too cheap. It has been worth more than \$1 a year in single subscriptions and 75 cents in clubs; and certainly now when printing material and labor are so much higher than in years past, we should not expect it to continue the old subscription prices that did not support it when paper, ink, machinery, and labor were much cheaper.

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"Give It Up, Mate"

"I TELL you again, mate, religion may do fine for *women* and *children*; but it will not do for *men*," said Jonathan Winter, a rough old miner, to one of his comrades who had lately determined to follow Christ. "And as for you, Roger, I'm sure you don't need making more of a woman than you be already; you be the softest, most chicken-hearted chap I know, and if you really are going to be pious and 'Bible reading' into the bargain, you'll turn so soft that a shadow will fright you; give it up, mate, give it up; you're only half a man as 'tis. Whatever will you become if you sticks to religion?"

"Something better than I have been," replied Roger, in a low voice, scarcely heard amid the jests and laughter of his mates.

Roger and Jonathan, with about one hundred other men, were employed some years ago in working a coal-mine. Roger Martin had been led to a knowledge of his sins, and to pardon, through faith in the blood of

Jesus. He was the only Christian among those rough men. Months went by, and Roger, though jeered at and annoyed, had never given up religion.

It was a bright day at noon when Roger was let down in the bucket to the bottom of the mine. When he reached the bottom, he began handing some tools and stores to Little Ben, a lad sometimes employed below. The bucket was soon emptied, and Roger was just stepping out, when, hark! what sound was that which made his cheek pale? It was the rushing of water. His long experience made him aware that the water from a neighboring stream had forced its way into the mine. In a few minutes his fellow workmen might be overwhelmed and lost.

One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at the rope, and it would be raised, and he saved. It was a great temptation to his timid nature. Then he remembered his comrades, their unfitness to die, and their wilful ignorance of Christ's love. The thought of the Saviour nerved his heart; he would not save himself while they were unwarned. Quickly jumping out, he seized Little Ben and placed him in the bucket, saying, as he jerked the rope, "Tell all the village that the water is come in, and that we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the far end of the right gallery. Be quick. Good-by." In a moment the bucket was raised, and Little Ben disappeared.

The mine was full of long narrow passages, from which the coal had been dug. Hurrying along these, Roger soon reached the miners, and told them of their danger. It was a terrible moment, and each one would have rushed hither or thither, madly, in a vain effort to save himself, but Roger's noble purpose made him firm and calm; he told them what he had done, and bade them follow him with their picks to the end of the right gallery.

It was the highest portion of the mine, and with their picks the men succeeded in hollowing out a sort of chamber higher up still, which they trusted might be above the level which the rapidly rising water would reach. A few provisions had been saved, though little enough for even a day's need. Into this chamber the men hurried, there to wait a slow deliverance, or to perish by hunger, drowning, or suffocation. During the long, dismal hours that followed, Roger prayed and entreated; and after the first excitement had passed, they listened as men listen when facing death.

Meanwhile, the friends and villagers were doing their best for the relief of the imprisoned miners. Guided by Roger's message, they sank a shaft above the right gallery, working day and night. At length, on the morning of the fifth day, a muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen above. With new vigor they toiled, and soon the poor miners were reached. Several were dead; but more than half, and among them Roger, were yet alive. Tenderly they were carried home and cared for, and soon recovered the effects of that awful time; and with many the impressions then made on their souls were never forgotten, but brought forth good fruit in their after-lives as converted men.

Among these was Jonathan Winter, who had been the first to sneer at Roger's profession of Christianity. When he learned how Roger might have saved himself and Little Ben, leaving the others to their fate, he exclaimed: "I said that religion would make Roger more of a softy than he was before; but it seems to me, mates, it has made him do what many of us would scarce have dared."—*The Travelers' Guide*.