

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 29



"THIS striking view of one of the few examples of early fortification construction still remaining practically intact, was taken from an aeroplane. The fort, built about 1550, for the defense of the city of Antibes, is situated on the Mediterranean coast of France, not far from Nice. The aerial photograph brings out with surprising clearness the geometrical regularity of the structure, and its star-shaped plan, and shows the old moat, now dry, and the outworks on the shore of the sea."

THROUGH its extension division the University of Kansas will give courses of lectures on moral education in a number of the largest cities of the State during the fall of 1913.

THERE were recently sold in Paris for a high price two books that, it is claimed, were bound in human skin. The books date from the French Revolution, when human skin was easily obtained, so many persons being guillotined.

THANKS to the wide-awake leadership of men and women, especially women, interested in the schools, a number of Southern communities are making a winning fight against illiteracy. Wilkes County, North Carolina, for instance, reports, together with other notable indications of school betterment, the fact that illiteracy decreased from thirteen per cent in 1900 to two per cent in 1912.

THE Apache Indians who have been held as prisoners by the United States government since 1885, are to regain their liberty under a recent act of Congress. They will probably begin life anew on a reservation in New Mexico. There are 267 living members of this famous tribe of red men, who in times past made so much trouble for the United States troops and early settlers.

THE Junior Missionary Volunteer Society of Otsego, Michigan, raised five dollars to send a native Korean to school. It will not be long before the 1913 Ingathering services will be held. We want to raise more than one thousand dollars this year; so let the gardens be planted, the Temperance INSTRUCTOR sold, jellies made and sold, and anything else done that will insure a large offering this year.

THE Columbia University, according to late reports, has displaced in numbers the University of Berlin. Last year the total number of students was 7,364, and this year the number is well in advance of 8,000.

ON June 16 Emperor William of Germany celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne.

Never Be Discouraged

NEVER allow yourself under any circumstances to become discouraged; for discouragement is a very great hindrance to moral, spiritual, and temporal success.

There is never anything to be gained by giving up to discouragement; but usually discouragement is in many ways attended with great loss.

Discouragement is a condition that actually unfits one for the performance of life's duties. A discouraged soul is of necessity a defeated soul.

Faith and hope must be exercised if we are in any particular to advance and achieve success. But the fruits of discouragement are the opposite of the fruits of faith and hope.

J. W. LOWE.

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- (3) Articles must be legibly written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten manuscripts preferred.
- (4) Manuscripts must be sent in flat or folded— not rolled.
- (5) Suitable photographs or drawings will receive due consideration in the awarding of prizes.
- (6) The Editor reserves the right to reject any or all of the manuscripts. Those desiring return of manuscript, if rejected, should enclose postage for same.
- (7) For the best article we will pay \$15.00 in cash; for the second best \$10.00; for the third best \$5.00.
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The Youth's Instructor


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No. 29

Bethel Talks—the Getting of Stability

A. W. SPAULDING

HERE was a man whose own father said to him, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Poor Reuben! He had the good intentions of an angel, but he had the weak will of a child. He was harmless, amiable, pleasant; but he had not the grit to push things to a finish. One time he had the chance, and he had the wish, to save a brother of his from death or slavery. He himself was the oldest of his brothers, properly the leader; and if he had stood up, and said firmly, "No, sir! that child shall not be hurt; he shall go back to his father safely," he would have found plenty of followers. But no! He had to cringe, and plead, and suggest weakly, "No; let's not *kill* him; let's put him down in this hole, and leave him. And he will die, but his blood will not be on our hands." He thought to himself, "I'll come around after a while, when nobody is in sight, and take him out, and send him home to Father Jacob." But when after a while he did come around, he found the pit empty, and Joseph sold into Egypt. O spineless, feeble, easy-going Reuben! unstable as water, he could not excel.

What made him that sort of man? Possibly he inherited that trait, though I do not know where he could have got it. But I suspect, from his record, that his feeble character was received largely through his early training. He was the oldest child, and you know the first child usually gets a great deal more attention than the rest of the children; and he is more apt to be spoiled. I can imagine some such scenes as these in Reuben's home:—

"I'm tired of this mutton," says little Reuben; "can't eat it!"

And his fond mother says anxiously, "There, there, dear. Well, try some of this fricasseed veal."

"Can't eat this barley bread," says Reuben; "just sick of it!"

"It is pretty poor diet," says his mother. "Father can't you get some wheaten flour someway?"

And Jacob says, "W-e-e-ll." And little Reuben gets his change of diet.

The boy grows up to be a tall lad. And his father Jacob, under a hard master, is exerting himself, in the frost of winter and the drought of summer, night and day, to care for his flocks and herds. And Reuben is taught to help him. But one day he thinks he has an ache somewhere, and he says, "I don't feel just right, someway. I don't think I ought to go out into the field this morning, mother. May I remain at home with you?"

And the weak-eyed Leah comes squinting up to Jacob, and says, "I don't think we ought to require Rubey to go out to work this morning. You know he isn't very strong."

And Jacob says, "W-e-e-ll." And so Reuben gets the chance to stay at home, and go strolling out into the field to gather a lapful of mandrakes, and make trouble in Jacob's household.

So he grows up to do what is right when it's easy; and when it's hard, to slide around it someway. And he misses one opportunity after another to help the weak, to force a way through difficulties, to make a man of courageous, noble bearing, until at the last, when his father's dim eyes are about to close in death, that father must say to that son, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Now water, you know, has tremendous power—if you will let it fall down! When it's *going down*, it can drag a mill-wheel with it, or turn all the wheels of a factory. But it always is seeking the easiest place. Did you ever see water run up-hill?—No! Pour it out on the ground, and it goes around this little obstacle and that, and it curls sleepily away into some cozy nook to make an eddy, always seeking the easiest way. Rather than wash away a hill or move a rock (unless it gets mad), it curves gracefully around, bending itself to every circumstance. The only time it shows power is when it is *going down*.

There are a good many people like that. They have tremendous influence while they are going down. But to rise, to run up-hill, no, that is not in their nature. Finding new conditions, they seek to evade them; or, failing in that, take pleasure in blaming them. It's so early to get up in the morning here at school! Why, at home, mother lets me sleep until seven o'clock when I want to. And then the fare! I'm used to putting more butter on my bread than I can get here. And the pickles and the cheese and the sauerkraut and the meat!—O, the good things we've had to leave at home! And the grumbles rise up, and the complaining letters go home: "We can't stand it; it's too hard."

Or maybe we find our wills and the program clashing. "Can't get just the studies I want. If that program were so-and-so, now, I could choose an easier study. Of course, I *can* take arithmetic, I s'pose, but I never did like arithmetic, and I don't want to." Just like water running around a mole-hill. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

But I'll tell you: it is possible to change water into something very different, something that has tremendous power, *going up*. It takes some very hard experiences for water, however, to turn it into that. You have to confine it where it can't run away, shut it up, and put fire under it. And it gets warmer and warmer, and more and more uncomfortable, and it gets *hot*. And then that water turns into—what?—Steam! And will steam do anything? There is no power on earth greater, except it be electricity. And steam is ready to go up, or to go sidewise, or to go any way except down; and it will do even that if it can find a way thereby to rise. And you cannot keep it inactive. Tie the safety-valve down, if you will, but that steam gets out and does something, if it has to burst the boiler.

But, O, the fire that makes water into steam! Fire is what everything in nature dreads. Man dreads it; and if we may give inanimate things consciousness for

a moment, everything in nature dreads it and shrinks from it. Yet it is a good thing for water to get into a hot place, for it makes of it *steam*. And it is a very good thing for people, oftentimes, to get into a hot place, and get it hotter and hotter, and have a harder and harder time, until, from being weak, drizzling water, they turn into energetic, forceful steam.

And now look here, my children. I know there are various causes for complaint. But let me tell you that each one of those causes is also a cause for praise. And it lies with you which you will give. If you will constrict yourselves (for, unlike water, you cannot be confined and forced), if you will constrict yourselves within the bounds of the necessary discipline, and submit to the hardships you have to meet here — I am ashamed to say that! Why, ministers and other men who have come into our school home here, and sat down at our table, have said to me, "You have a beautiful home here, and you give better table fare than most of our schools do." I tell you, I am ashamed when I hear them say that. I say to myself, Is it a fact that we are behind all our other schools in training soldiers for Jesus Christ? Are we making them too soft and easy for actual campaigning? Hardships! I know your minds may go over to the boys' home, which isn't so beautiful as the girls' new home, because it was made out of a barn; and you may think it might be better. But let me tell you: there was a band of heroes once, the most famous band in history, that made the kingdom of Israel the greatest empire of the world at its time. And that band was nurtured and trained in holes! — caves where great pieces of rock jutted down from ceiling and sides, and rough floors were strewn with fragments of rock. And if one of them wanted to hang up his coat, he hung it on a stone peg. And when one wanted to sleep, he found a dark, low corner, where he bumped his head if he raised it, and where he lay on a bed of earth, with the water dripping around him. And those men lost sleep in vigils and night marches and early risings; and they fought off the cold, not with back-plaster and steam-coils, but with ragged mantles and dim camp-fires; and they ate their pulse and parched corn and drank plain water with high hearts, while all the time they dodged the armed bands of a crazed king. And I never heard that they called it hard; for they had a purpose, a grand and great purpose, in view. But when those days were past, they became the glory of the nation and of the world; for through hardship they had learned to do something.

And now this shell of a building where we are holding school: I know it isn't so fine as a new brick-and-stone high school in the city, and I know there are little discomforts, and there may come to be more. But if within it there beat hearts as high and cheery and hopeful as harbored in the caves of the wilderness of Judah, there will be no talk of hardship, but there will be talk of courage. Let us make this rough old building a veritable David's castle this year. I think we would better rechristen it, this that we so often call "The Shack," and with the sword of our bold knight-hood dub it anew, "David's Castle."

There is a future before us, a little, short time in which we are to be valiant soldiers, able to endure hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. And that means not merely fighting battles against temptation, but denying ourselves of luxuries, of pleasures, of comforts if necessary, and doing it without grumbling, with cheerfulness and joy. This school is a training-ground;

we are in for discipline, and we must subject ourselves to that discipline if we would be successful soldiers. When you get out into a mission field, — this one somewhere in China, with nothing but rice to eat; that one in Central Africa, living in a round grass hut; Oscar thawing out his frozen feet in an Eskimo igloo; and Marjorie gasping for a fresh breath in the cane-fields of Cuba, while she teaches piccaninies from daylight to dark, — I just wonder what you will think of *Bethel* hardships. Will Alvin maintain he had to get up too early to milk the cows, and Lucy say it was a shame the amount of dish-washing she had to do, until she couldn't get that algebra? Will there be any sighing for the way Bethel school deprived us of gross animal food, of leeks and garlic and cabbage and cheese and mince pie? I don't believe it. After the little self-denial that is required of us now, we shall be able to deny self more, we shall rejoice in the enduring of real hardships, we shall be exultant in the sense of mastery over appetite and passion, and life will be the bright joy our Lord intends it to be.

You have it before you to live as you will. You can be a Reuben, unstable as water, that cannot excel; or you can be a Judah, he whom his brethren shall praise, strong, courageous, happy, hopeful, resourceful, to whom the scepter of Israel shall be given. Let us remember now, as we go on, that song: —

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

Do you call to mind the martyrs of God of past ages? And do you know that we, the last generation, must measure up to them, and excel them, in character?

"Are there no foes for me to face?"

If you sing that, mean it. You will have some foes to face today. I don't know whether the beans will be burned, or the hoe handle broken, or whether somebody will say a mean word to you; but there will be foes.

"Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world" —

the passions that rise up from our own worldly, selfish natures —

"Is this vile world a friend of grace,
To help me on to God?"

"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

The Standard of Attainment

It has ever been the business of the evil one to make attacks upon the truth, and particularly is this so in these days of many cults and isms. This being true, the honest in heart desire to know what is truth. It is only truth that will enable one to stand when the darts of the wicked forces are hurled at those who are trying to walk in the counsel of the Lord.

It is the truth that makes us free from sin, therefore we should be fortified against wicked designers, and be at liberty. Then where shall we *find* this truth, this freedom? David answers us: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." He knew that the true principles of Christian character were to be found in the sure word of prophecy.

Daniel believed in this unfailing word of God, even in the face of yawning, ravenous lions. When com-

manded by the highest earthly authority to bow down to the golden image, what strengthened the three Hebrew children to endure the flaming furnace of fire? The knowledge of *truth* made them strong in their purpose to serve *only* the God of heaven, even though their lives were endangered.

What made Joseph noble and true to his sense of perfect manhood? Unjustly thrust into prison, still he lost not his courage. What kept him? The answer still is, A personal knowledge of truth, which is the word of God.

Of Timothy we read that he inherited the faith of his grandmother and his mother, who were students of the Word of Truth. But this was not all that fortified this splendid youth,—simply an inherited faith. From a child, he had *known* the Holy Scriptures, which made him wise.

Now we need not cite others to extend this list of noble believers, whose knowledge of the Word of God was the rock on which they built. These will suffice.

The Word is not simply to be stored up within oneself, affording one a fund of intellectual information, but to be communicated to others; for we are commanded to study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Not one of us liveth unto himself. Therefore we are to look to the welfare of others against the forces of evil.

When we are confronted with men's opinions regarding the truth, we should *know* what God says. When an individual says he is Christ, or lo here or lo there he is, or that he is in the desert, it is not enough to say he is Antichrist. When the world says Sunday is the Sabbath, we should be able to say, as did Christ to Satan, "It is written" otherwise, and tell what *is* written. The Lord is soon to return to this world, but is it really enough simply to say this and not be able to prove it by the Bible?

When the Master returns, not all will accompany him to the realms of bliss; therefore some will remain behind and suffer for their neglect of the tender offer of mercy. If we tell this people who do not know about it, is it enough to tell them so simply on our own authority? Let God answer the tremendous question of the peril which awaits the scornful.

As a denomination, we Seventh-day Adventists hold grand and significant truths. Sometimes our young people, and older ones as well, shrink from a frank identity with them. Now this must be from lack of knowledge, for when familiarity is gained with the *truth*, which holds out such rich reward, the student finds himself lost in love, wonder, and delight.

The Lord says, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Now shall we who live down here in these days of splendid facilities be among those who come short in knowledge? Will any of our young people lose the blessing there is in knowing why we are a comparatively small people, numerically, in this great world of individuals?—small, we say, yet we trust a Gideon's army, operating in nearly every country on the globe; a spectacle to some of the greatest representatives in other large organizations. When they see the car-loads of literature going east, west, north, and south from our publishing houses, also the astonishing sums of money this seemingly small people are sending into far-away lands to extend the gospel to the heathen, they are aghast.

Can our young people tell us why this phenomenal work is going on, and from what it has risen? Can they tell us of its very small beginning and the strug-

gles of the pioneers as they wept and prayed for means and men? Now these are none too much to know. Amos R. Wells, one of the most noble men in the world today, admonishes Christian Endeavorers to know their own denomination, its history, and what their church is *doing*.

If this is essential for the young people of other churches, it certainly is of paramount importance that our young people be no less interested in the rise and progress of this message. There could be no stronger cord to bind about them and unite them to the colossal work of the denomination. Knowing this to be true, our Missionary Volunteers are asked to reach a Standard of Attainment in Bible doctrines and denominational history. Those who pass a satisfactory examination in these subjects are granted a certificate of Attainment, of which they need not be ashamed, even though they may hold two or three diplomas. The Attainment certificate is neat and attractive, and really a piece of art, yet not pretentious beyond what it stands for.

While the students who have finished the higher courses in our denominational schools could answer the requirements of the Standard of Attainment, yet it would be a worthy ambition for them as well as other Missionary Volunteers to become members of Attainment. Our young people have access to the necessary equipment. For Bible doctrines the following helps are cited: Johnson's "Bible Text-Book," "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," "Bible Footlights," or some other good books on Bible doctrines. For denominational history, "The Great Second Advent Movement," by Elder J. N. Loughborough, and the little book "Outline of Mission Fields." To assist the student, here is a list of subjects upon which he is to be examined in order to receive the certificate:—

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures	The United States in Prophecy
Eastern Question	The Home of the Saved
The Sabbath	Nature and Destiny of Man
The Millennium	Religious Liberty
Second Advent of Christ	Righteousness by Faith
Christian Ordinances	Health and Temperance
Prayer and Christian Work	Three Messages of Revelation 14
The Two Covenants	Spiritual Gifts
Perpetuity of the Law	Tithing
The Sanctuary and the Judgment	Holy Spirit

This array of subjects may overwhelm some one, but this need not be, for no definite time is prescribed in which to prepare for examination. However, questions are sent out from the office of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department twice yearly, and the ambitious mind does not entertain unnecessary delay. Procrastination is a thief. A determined will, rightly directed, can accomplish a surprising amount of work. Only recall the striking example of Abraham Lincoln, who by persistent effort made himself capable of standing at the head of this nation. "There are three kinds of people,—the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The wills accomplish everything, the won'ts oppose everything, and the can'ts fail in everything." To which class do our young people belong? Not all can be Lincolns, Grants, Napoleons, or Gladstones, but will-power forces itself upward through poverty, misfortune, and even through defeat, many times placing laurels upon the brow of its subject.

MRS. LEE S. WHEELER.

The Canary Islands—No. 3

Industry, Education, and Culture

BERT B. ALDRICH

THE principal industries of these islands are commerce and agriculture. On the peak of Teneriffe (Mt. Teyde) pumice-stone has been quarried since 1908, and from the summit of the same mountain sulphur is extracted. Aside from these products, with the exception of the mining of copper in the great crater in the isle of Palma, there is no mining.

The continual calling of many ships at Teneriffe and Gran Canaria, as well as the fact that these islands lie in the direct pathway of ships from Europe to South Africa and South America, has given rise to the business of coaling. Of course this business is dependent on the commerce of the archipelago. Large and convenient harbors have been constructed in Gran Canaria and in Teneriffe, which are a great encouragement to commerce, and the number of tons of coal delivered to ships visiting the islands has grown from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands of tons annually.

All these industries are to a large extent dependent on agriculture. Commerce depends on the natural resources or exports as well as the imports of a country. Situated, as these islands are, in a climate that partakes of the subtemperate as well as the torrid zone, and having an altitude up to twelve thousand feet above sea-level, nearly every product found in either the temperate or the torrid zone is produced here. Thus, naturally, the fruit trade has long been an important branch of commerce. For many years potatoes and onions have been shipped in large quantities from the islands. It was estimated in 1900 that the amount of fruit exported annually from the islands, had increased to 200,000 tons.

In late years the most productive and best-paying crop has come to be the banana crop, as the Canary banana is a favorite, especially in English markets. Other fruits grown are several varieties of the fig, mangoes, custard-apples, apricots, pears, apples, plums, peaches, and quinces. Walnuts, hazelnuts, and chestnuts are also found.

Previously the culture of the cochineal-insect was largely carried on. The *tunera*, or cochineal cactus, grows freely in all the islands in localities where scarcely anything else will grow, and the demand for coloring matter gave rise to this industry. In 1831 eight pounds were exported from the islands, and in 1869 the enormous amount of 6,076,869 pounds, worth sixty cents a pound, was exported. With the discovery of anilin dyes the cochineal industry was ruined, although a little is still produced. The inhabitants had come to have perfect confidence in the production and value of the product, and the sudden failure left many who had made large investments, with practically worthless property on their hands.

Every manufactured article is imported, as there are scarcely any manufactories in the islands. Other industries which are dependent on commerce and the advent of the tourist and which have grown to gigantic proportions compared to what they were formerly, are the production of embroidery, drawn linen work, and cigars. Owing to the advantages climatically to be obtained here, the inflow of tourists has increased greatly, and several large and beautiful hotels are found in the various islands, especially in Teneriffe and Gran Canaria.

On the coast lands the carrying on of agriculture is dependent on irrigation. Generally speaking, above the average altitude of one thousand five hundred feet, irrigation is not necessary, owing to the abundant rainfall. The great hindrance that renders agriculture and irrigation difficult is the character of the soil, which is almost entirely porous volcanic material. Thus, though there is an abundant rainfall in the more elevated parts, much of the moisture is lost.

In some islands, as Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, owing to a strata of limestone rock, water is found by digging wells. The modern windmill is used to a certain extent in drawing the water, which is stored in large tanks. On these eastern islands good drinking-water is scarce. On the others where there are no springs, horizontal tunnels are dug into the mountains, and occasionally water is found in this way. This is conveyed by means of stone aqueducts to large storage-tanks built of mud and rocks lined with cement. The land is prepared with parallel furrows, which are successively filled with water. Between these furrows and also in them are planted the desired crops. Water for household purposes is usually stored underground in cemented tanks, being collected from the roof during the rainfall. Drinking-water is usually carried by native women from a public fountain in several barrels, although in the larger cities there are now in use modern systems of piping the water into the houses as in America. If ten times the amount of water available in Teneriffe were possible, all could be used to advantage for agriculture.

The land is principally owned by large landowners who generally reside in the cities. The owner usually builds a house for the tenant or overseer. The terms vary, but the *finca*, or estate, is mostly worked by the tenant on the cooperative plan. The owner and tenant usually share in the expense of producing the seed, but the labor of caring for the crops is done by the tenant. The proprietor may bear half the expense of preparing the soil and of harvesting the crop. The proceeds are divided. Repairs are quite generally paid for by the proprietor, who also pays two thirds of the taxes.

The land is mountainous and hilly, and therefore is very strong, so that modern machinery is not practical. Almost entirely the work is done by crude antique methods. The land is prepared by the ancient plow, a long beam with an iron point, drawn by oxen or a very large breed of cows, and in the eastern islands by camels. The hand work is principally done by the use of a clumsy hoe. The overseer usually sits and watches the workmen work. The threshing of the grain reminds one of Daniel's interpretation of the dream of Nebuchadnezzar (see the second chapter of Daniel) where he mentions the "chaff of the summer threshing-floors." Large circular paved floors are found all through the country. On these the ripened grain is placed and a yoke, or *yunta*, of oxen or cows draw a heavy sledge, with large, rough stones in the bottom, round and round over the dry grain. On windy days the broken straw is tossed up in the air by means of crotched sticks, and the wind carries away the chaff, while the grain goes to the bottom and the broken straw remains on top. The straw is then removed, and the grain is sifted by hand through sieves by native women. Nearly all the grain is cut by hand by the use of the

curved sickle. The straw is sacked for fodder. Much of the wheat is toasted and then ground in mills propelled by wind power, although some use gas-motors or kerosene-engines. The flour thus produced is called *goño*, and is a very nutritious food much used by the natives. The principal crops not exported are wheat, barley, rye, and corn.

The islanders are very economical in their use of the land. The steep mountainsides are usually terraced, especially where water is convenient. Small patches of cultivated land are to be seen far up the sides of the rugged mountains.

On the mountainsides above two thousand five hundred feet is found, during a portion of the year, an abundance of pasturage for cows, oxen, sheep, and goats. The latter animal is highly estimated for its milk. Fishing is largely carried on, especially in the eastern Canaries, where are found large drying-sheds. Between these islands and the African coast is said to be one of the best fishing-grounds in the world. The fish are cured and salted and largely consumed by the islanders.

Education in the islands formerly was not of much consequence, but in later years more schools are being established by the government in the principal cities and villages. There are also select schools, and schools maintained by the established church. La Laguna is the educational center of the archipelago. In it is located the Instituto de Canarias, a college where degrees are conferred on the graduates; this city also has a normal school for girls and a priests' seminary. There is a great degree of culture in La Laguna, as well as in the larger centers of population. Among the residents of the cities are many men of influence in national and provincial affairs, and also many men of wealth, while in the country poverty and ignorance are profound.

The North Room

THE little room wherein I sleep and wake
Has windows northward set, against a wall;
And though it's white and sweet, with warmth and air,
The real sun does not creep inside at all.

But from my neighbor's windows in the wall,
The sunlight flashes bravely back to mine;
Pale yellow gleams, they dance upon my bed,
And stand to me for symbol and for sign.

Set wide thy little windows, O my soul!
And welcome sun that shines on others, bright,
Nor mourning that it is not now thine own;
Even reflected sunbeams can give light.

— Louise Morey Bowman, in the Outlook.

Sixty Years in One Position

EASTON, Pennsylvania, can claim a school superintendent whose term of service rivals anything here or abroad, as far as is known. Sixty years in one profession is in itself remarkable enough, but when it is added that Supt. William W. Cottingham's record is of sixty years in the same position, his case appears to be unparalleled.

Although few superintendents can point to anywhere nearly as long term of service as this, there are a number who have served for many years. A list of some of the more notable cases is given by Mr. W. R. Hood in the city-school chapter of the 1912 report of the Commissioner of Education just issued. Supt. James M. Greenwood, of Kansas City, Missouri, is retiring after thirty-nine years of service; Superintendent Glass, at Lynchburg, Virginia, has served

since 1879; Superintendent Phillips, at Birmingham, has served since 1883; Superintendent McClymonds has been at Oakland since 1883; Jacob A. Shawan has been superintendent at Columbus, Ohio, for twenty-four years; Henry Snyder at Jersey City, New Jersey, for twenty-one years; Charles M. Jordan at Minneapolis for twenty years.

Supt. William H. Maxwell, of New York City, has a record of more than a quarter of a century in a professional administrative position in New York City, if his term in Brooklyn is included.

When Charles W. Cole died last year, he had given thirty-four years of his life as superintendent of schools at Albany, New York, a position which his father had held before him for a long period of years.

Notwithstanding that life tenure is by no means an accepted principle in American school systems, the average term of school superintendents in larger cities is much longer than is usually supposed. In fifty cities of one hundred thousand population and over, the average term of service is seven and one-half years. This is in spite of the fact that school superintendents are elected for comparatively short terms, one, two, or three years, generally; and to have served long usually means to have withstood many a stiff reelection contest. The tendency is constantly toward longer terms and fixed tenure as conducive to efficiency.

The Girls' Club at Work

EARLY in February of 1913 the Girls' Club of the *Ladies' Home Journal* entered the field of social service by establishing a scholarship in medicine for Chinese women, to be known as "The Girls' Club Medical Foundation."

This undertaking was completed about the middle of May. This is thought to be the first secular organization of women who have ever undertaken the responsibility of educating an Oriental woman for medical work among her own sex. "Our success," says Miss Louise Betts Edwards, manager of the Girls' Club, "in establishing this foundation is an impressive example of what organized endeavor can effect for the cause of missions, it having been estimated that within the next century *ten million Chinese women* or children will be ministered to by the Girls' Club doctors. The campaign has attracted great interest, many contributions having been sent from outside sources, and as these are still being returned, with thanks, to the senders, we are desirous that it should be generally known that no more money is needed."

Most of us are looking for great ways in which to exercise our activities, for great fields in which to work. In the sweep of our eager eyes over the range of interests before us, we miss, in many instances, the little field that lies close at hand,—the dear, simple duty of making happy one or more human beings.

To be kind and considerate and generous with those we love is no work of merit; it is too easy. But to choose and help some lonely individual who needs sympathy, companionship, and encouragement, that is well worth while. Why not decide to look about your circle and select some boy or girl, some man or woman, in need of such help, and then offer it tactfully, delicately, but persistently? The effort will not always succeed, the object will not always be worthy, but the result will add to the sum of human happiness.

— *The Shield*.

An Indian Tragedy

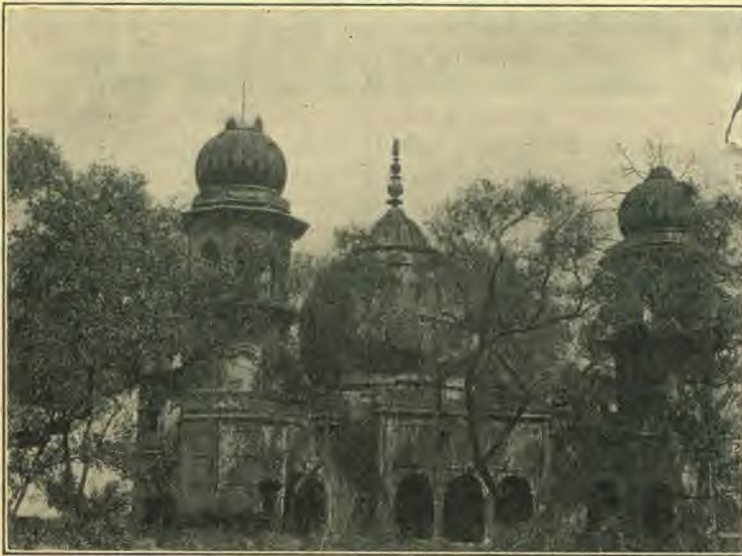
W. S. MEAD



It was a particularly human story which my Mohammedan friend related to me last evening as we sat on the roof enjoying the cool evening air, the hope of which had buoyed us up during the parching heat of the noon-day sun.

I had asked my friend the reason for the especially well-built and yet badly dilapidated tomb just on the

edge of the town beyond our house. It is well-built in that it is as large as a house, and contains, besides fine inlaid marble, some excellent ornament work in cement. It is dilapidated because it is entirely neglected and very evidently furnishes temporary shelter for goats, cows, dogs, and monkeys, as well as an occasional traveler. Several swarms of bees have also lodged in the minarets, and the whole place is badly overgrown with grass, shrubs, and even trees. My friend's story gave the romantic touch which transformed the mass of ruins into a real human tragedy.



OLD TOMB IN NAJIBABAD, INDIA

Some fifty years ago the pride of the town was a young man, the son of one of the largest landowners and richest men in all the country round. When he was younger he had been duly betrothed by his parents to some girl child whom they considered would make for him a suitable wife. Of course "suitable" in these cases of child betrothal does not include such matters as temperament and education and personal worth. It is merely a matter of whether the girl comes of an equally "respectable" family. If so, she is "suitable."

The day had come for our young man to be married and to go and bring his bride to his home. These occasions are times of much rejoicing, or, more properly, I should say noise, for one of the very chief of the prime essentials is a sort of brass band, which dispenses far more noise than music. Few are so poor as to do without the band entirely, and in the case of the rich the din continues for a week.

Preceding the marriage it is quite the thing for the bridegroom, dressed in a beautifully hideous costume to be paraded on horseback, in a carriage, or on an elephant if he is rich, up and down the streets of the town with the band ahead to announce the procession. In

the case of persons of prominence or wealth the procession continues its perambulations till after dark, when fireworks are lighted along the line of march as the bridegroom passes.

Our young man had been back and forth through the town; evening had come, and mounted on the gaily decorated elephant, he was starting off on the journey to the village some miles away where, on the morrow, he would be married, and from thence bring his bride home. The street was ablaze with fireworks and filled with the sounds from the ever-present band. At one point was a sky-rocket ready to be lit as the elephant passed. The moment came, the match was applied, the rocket started, but instead of going straight on its upward course it swerved off toward the bridegroom, striking him in the back of the neck and causing instant death.

The rest is quickly told. All that was joy was turned to sorrow. When, later, the young man's wealth of money and jewels was gathered together and placed in front of his mother, she, in her sorrow and distraction, directed that everything be thrown into the river. The priests of her religion, however, prevailed upon her to allow of a different disposition of the wealth. And so today we have the elaborate and unkempt tomb, and five Mohammedan mosques in different parts of the town,—all built with the money which was to have been spent on the young man's wedding and his home.

The photo of the outside of the tomb shows it overgrown with trees, grass, and bushes. The photo of the



MARBLE STONE COVERING THE GRAVE

inside shows the beautiful solid block of marble richly inlaid with pieces of colored stone, which covers the young man's grave. At the left of the picture can also
(Concluded on page fourteen)

NATURE and SCIENCE

Customs of the Egyptians

THE voice of song was not unheard in the Egyptian home. Though poetry was less cultivated in Egypt than in the countries settled by the Aryan races north of the Mediterranean, the musical talent was perhaps more highly developed by the former than by the latter peoples; and the songs of Egypt, though lacking in poetic inspiration, were melodious and beautiful.

In the fields men sang at the harvest or following the plow. The appended stanza from an "Ox-Song" was sung at the threshing-floor, and has been preserved in one of the inscriptions.



The following is the translation of the accompanying song:—

Thresh for yourselves,
Thresh for yourselves,
O oxen!

Thresh for yourselves,
Thresh for yourselves,
Measures for yourselves,
Measures for your masters.

The marks to the left of verses one and three signify repeat.

Burial of the Dead

The people of Egypt bestowed unusual care

upon the bodies of the dead. The races of men have held two theories in regard to the proper disposal of the human body after death. The first is that the mortal part should, as speedily as practicable after the extinction of life, be reduced to ashes; the second is that the body should be preserved and honored as a living guest. Those races among whom the worship of an-

practised more generally and successfully by the ancient Egyptians than by any other people. Embalming was as much a profession as the practise of medicine, and the bodies of all except the poorest of the poor were in some measure preserved against decay.

When an Egyptian died, the friends of the deceased went at once to the embalmer. By him they were shown a set of models, that is, wooden images painted and wrapped in imitation of the different styles of mummies prepared at the establishment. The models were divided into three classes,—first, second, and third,—and from these the friends selected according to their rank and means.

The dead body was then delivered to the embalmers, by whom the brain was removed through the nostrils. Then an incision was made in the left side with a sharp stone. Through this opening the entire viscera were removed, and being thoroughly cleansed by washing with palm-wine, were covered with pounded aromatics and deposited in four urns. The cavity of the body was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia, and other fragrant substances, and the wound carefully sewed up. The whole body was then packed for seventy days in salt and carbonate of soda, at the end of which time it was washed and then wrapped in linen bands anointed on the inner surface with a certain gum which acted as glue. The mummy was finally put into a wooden case made in the form of a man, and delivered to the relatives, by whom it was set upright against the wall in one of the rooms of their house.

The cost of preparing a mummy in the first style is said to have reached as high as twelve hundred fifty dollars. In the second style the expense was about three hundred dollars, and the third was so cheap as to be within the reach of all.

In the second method of embalming, the body of the deceased was filled with the oil of cedar, which was of such strength as to dissolve the viscera. After this was done, the body could be easily cleansed and preserved by the action of soda and salt. The cavities of the head and trunk were generally filled with aromatic spices, resins, or bitumen, the latter being used only in preparing the bodies of the poor. When a priest or one of the wealthy classes was embalmed, the mummy was prepared with great elaboration and expense. Sometimes the linen bandage employed measured a thousand yards in length, the case was tastefully painted and ornamented with gold-leaf, and the sarcophagus of wood or stone was profusely adorned and sculptured. Such was the fantastic figure of the actor as he quit the stage for the sepulcher.—*Ridpath's "History of the World."*



EMBALMING THE DEAD

cestors has prevailed, have adopted the latter view, and for this reason have embalmed their dead. The art of thus preserving the remains of the departed was

Manual Training for Boys

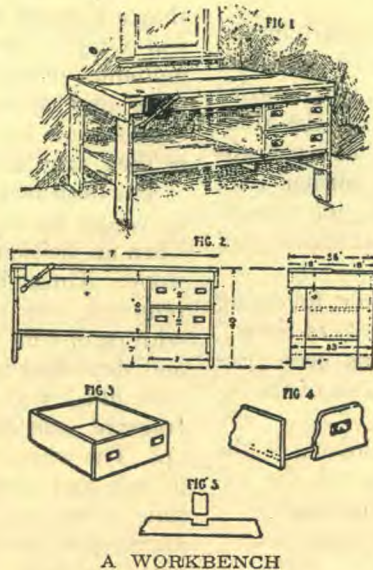
Work-Bench

EVERY boy craftsman should have a work-bench. It is not only a great aid in constructing things, but it is a standing invitation to work. While you are about it, you might as well make a bench that will do for all time. The plan shows one that will prove strong and serviceable. Two large slide drawers provide a place for keeping your tools, and the shelf will be useful for the same purpose while a job is in progress. Fig. 2 presents a side view and an end view of the completed bench. For the legs you will need four pieces of two-inch by six-inch material thirty-eight inches long. Fasten each pair together by means of a crosspiece of the same material, whose top edge is twelve inches from

the floor. Even with the top of each pair fasten a brace of like size. We now connect the pairs by putting in the lower shelf of one-inch boards.

The compartment for the drawers is now built, the joint used being like the one shown in Fig. 5. The drawers are made of one-inch material. Fig. 4 shows the plan of construction. Make them so they will slide freely, permitting them to be too loose rather than too tight. The handholds may be purchased at a hardware store or a department store. Log scantling are now nailed so as to connect the legs at the top, and next the top is put on. Our picture shows that one half of the bench has a top which is two inches in thickness, while the other half is only one inch thick. It will be better if it is all two inches thick, but it will cost more. The bench vise is a simple one and may be purchased for sixty cents. A square hole is chiseled in the top of the bench near the vise end. This is to provide a stop or buffer for boards while working. Tight-fitting pegs are put into the hole for this purpose.

It is important that the bench be located where the light is good. Also see that all drafts are stopped. A nice, clean barn or the south window of an attic would be a good place for the bench. The idea, though simple, is well worth being put into practise by any boy. If you have no work-bench, you should make this one without delay.—*John L. Dougheny, in American Boy.*



A WORKBENCH

under some big tree and dream out a wonderful story.

His whole life was filled with physical weakness. When you know this, how wonderful it is to think that he could write a book like "Treasure Island," so full of life and action! Stevenson was fond of traveling, and when he was able he did much of it. Once he came to this country in a steamer as a steerage passenger, just to learn for himself what being an immigrant was like. On arriving in this country, he went West on an immigrant train. Then he wrote his experiences in two books, "Across the Plains" and "The Silverado Squatter."

After traveling for a long time among the Pacific Islands, he at last settled in Samoa, where he won the love of the half-savage natives and became their friend and a kind of chief of their tribe. They brought all their disputes to him to settle. He built them a wonderful road, which so pleased the natives that they called it "The Road of the Loving Heart." When he died, the chieftains wept, and one of them

made a speech which contained the most beautiful tributes ever paid to a departed hero or king.

Begin first by learning the name of the author of the book you are now reading; look up a list of the books this author has written, and then learn all you can about the author. Begin this plan at once, and see if at the end of the year you haven't a fund of information that will make your reading not only a greater pleasure, but a source of profit that will add to your good times in life.—*Frances Bowman.*

The Author of a Book

How many boys read and read and read, and if you ask them what they are reading they will name over a great string of books that will almost take your breath away. Then if you follow this question with another and ask them who the author of one of these books is, they will look at you with a blank, expressionless stare, and stammer out, "O, I don't know! I never look to see who writes a book."

The boy who hasn't acquired the habit of looking to see who the author of a book is, is missing something; for the author of a book is in many ways the most important part of the book.

It would doubtless be difficult to find a boy of the reading age who is not familiar with the book, "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Yet how few boys know anything about the author's life! The life of Robert Louis Stevenson is fully as interesting as many of the books he has written. Born in Scotland, he was brought up almost under the shadow of Edinburgh Castle. He was a sickly boy, and nearly all his youthful days were passed indoors. His wonderful imagination caused him to make up plays for his own pleasure. When only six years old he dictated a "History of Moses." At nine years he wrote a story called "Travels in Perth." Even when he became stronger and was able to go to school, he longed for the freedom of outdoor life, and once in a while he would run away from school to lie out by the roadside

He Mistook Pearls for Garden Seeds

FOR a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick von Glahn, of Berlin, Germany, stopped at a leading hotel in New York City. Their son, five years old, was greatly interested in the planting of flower seeds in the boxes of the garden on the roof of the hotel. When the workmen went to their luncheon, it occurred to the lad that he would do some planting himself. So he slipped into the room, and going to his mother's jewel case, took out about eight thousand dollars' worth of pearls, which looked to him so much like seeds, and planted one in each of the forty flower boxes into which the gardeners had sown the flower seeds. The nurse caught him putting down the last pearl, and the men had to undo all their work in hunting for the precious jewels, all of which were found.—*The Christian Herald.*



"A cat in Brighton, Massachusetts, recently adopted a brood of thirty downy chickens as substitute for a litter of kittens that were taken away from her at their birth."

"OUR world is a college, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating point, character is the diploma God gives to man."

"TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."



How Patty Earned Her Salt



SHE doesn't even earn her own salt," Patty had heard her mother say that morning in an impatient tone. "If she were only a boy, now, she might run errands or do something to get a little money, and we need every cent we can get, with the interest money to be paid, and land knows what else!"

"Tut, tut, child!" replied the good old Quaker grandmother; "thee must remember, Sophia, that the little one's a mere chick yet and can only pick up the bits which the mother hen scratches for." And Mrs. Drake, without saying more, had gone about her work, all unconscious that her words had been heard by the little girl beneath the window.

Poor Patty! How those words kept repeating themselves in her ears! Was it true that she did not earn her salt? And she was so fond of salt. Her father often laughingly remarked that Patty would probably want to salt her coffee when she grew to be a woman.

How she wished that she were a boy! Then, as her mother had said, she might earn some money by doing errands. Only the day before, the boy who came to deliver the groceries had told Patty's mother that old Miss Hunter wanted a boy to run on errands for her. "But," he added, "she's so awful stingy with her money that none of the boys will go near her."

Perhaps, though, thought Patty, she would be willing to give salt for pay. And couldn't she run on errands just as well as any boy? Her feet were good and strong, and didn't she walk three quarters of a mile each day to school and back?

Patty resolved, in spite of all the stories that she had heard about the stingy old woman, that she would go and ask Miss Hunter to let her do the errands for her; although her little heart beat like a trip-hammer at the very thought of so bold an undertaking.

Miss Hunter lived in an old-fashioned mansion, only a short distance from the unpretentious farmhouse of the Drakes. Her brother had been a much-respected squire in the quiet town, and was supposed to have been wealthy. But when he died, leaving his place to his only sister, Miss Hunter immediately dismissed two of the servants, retaining only one old man, who was lame and very deaf, to do the chores, while she occupied one room and seemed determined to have nothing to do with any one.

The only time she was to be seen on the street was on Sundays, when she drove to church in the queer old chaise behind a dismal-looking horse, which won for itself the title of "Old Calamity." She never went to the store herself, and if a peddler were so bold as to call at her door, he was ordered away at once, with the remark, "Don't come near me with your trash; I can't afford it!"

Patty had seen her in church, sitting always in the same position, never moving a muscle of her face until the sermon was over, when she would take her spectacles off, put them into their case, and walk out in a slow, dignified manner, speaking to no one and looking neither to the right nor the left.

Such was the woman Patty had determined to serve. Was it any wonder her heart failed her? But as often as she felt like giving up her enterprise, her mother's words, "She doesn't even earn her salt," would ring

in her ears, giving her fresh determination. Accordingly the next day, on her way home from school, Patty walked bravely up the weed-grown path, and knocked on the front door with the great brass knocker, which represented a lion holding a ring in his mouth. If the lion's head had been a live one, Patty would scarcely have stood more in fear of it.

It seemed to her hours before she heard any sound, and not daring to knock again, she made up her mind to give up the attempt and go home, when she heard a scraping sound as of a huge bolt being slid, and the door was opened a very little.

"No, we don't want anything today," exclaimed a squeaky voice, "we've got all the pins and needles we want, and ——"

"If you please, ma'am, I don't want to sell anything," answered Patty, breaking in on the old lady's speech, fearful lest the door would be closed before she could make known her errand. "I'm Patty Drake, who lives in the house just a little way down the road, and I've come to ask you ——"

"You needn't come here begging," began the old lady, in a sharp tone of voice. "We have enough to do to take care of ourselves without ——"

"But, if you please, ma'am, I don't want to beg for anything, either," again broke in Patty. "Only I heard the other day that you wanted a boy to do errands for you, and so I thought—that maybe—perhaps—I could do them for you."

"But you are not a boy," answered the old lady, opening the door a little wider.

"No'm; but I can walk just as well as a boy, and teacher says I've got a good mem'ry, and you'd only have to pay me in salt," replied Patty.

"Pay you in salt, child! What do you mean?" exclaimed the old lady, opening the door still wider to get a view of her visitor.

"Why, you see, ma'am, mother said yesterday that I didn't even earn my salt, and I do like it so much, and I thought maybe you would let me do your errands for you and pay me in salt, and you could hang a towel from the window whenever you wanted me, just as mother does when she wants the baker to stop, and I could do all the errands you would want done before and after school," answered the little girl almost in one breath, anxious to cover all objectionable points.

"Well, well! I never!" ejaculated Miss Hunter. "How old are you, pray?"

"If you please, ma'am, I'm nine years old, going on ten."

"And do you think you could keep your own counsel, child?"

"If you please, what is it to keep your own counsel?" asked Patty.

"Why, it means that you mustn't tell people all that you see and hear in other folks' houses."

"O, I never do that!" exclaimed Patty. "Mother doesn't allow me to tell what I hear folks say, 'cause she says it's telling tales out of school, and I'm sure, if you would only let me do your errands for you, I would never tell anybody what I heard."

"Humph!" muttered Miss Hunter, "your mother

is more sensible than most people, and I guess," she continued, half musing, "that this little girl is just the one I want; she's big enough to do small errands, and Jake can do all the large ones,—which aren't many,—and," turning to Patty, "so you would be willing to take pay in salt, would you?"

"O, yes'm, indeed I would!" she cried. "Will you—O, will you let me, though?" and her eyes fairly danced at the prospect.

"Well, if mother is willing, and you will be sure to do your work in good shape. You will have to watch sharp for the cloth which I hang out when I want you. Mind, it won't do for you to be off playing every time I want you; and you know, above all, you are to keep your own counsel. Can you do an errand for me this afternoon?"

"I suppose," faltered Patty, "I ought to ask mother first; but I know she will let me, and I will be right back," and suiting the action to her words, she sped away as fast as her feet could carry her.

Her mother was not at home, but in answer to Patty's breathless request that she might go and do something for Miss Hunter, the dear old grandmother, half dozing in her chair, said "Yes," and Patty scampered back, scarcely able to contain herself, and thinking all the time how pleased her mother would be when she would hear that her little girl was actually "earning her own salt."

Miss Hunter answered her knock, and handing her a covered basket, told her to take it to old Mrs. Brown, a poor, lame widow living at the end of a cross-road, which ran between Patty's home and Miss Hunter's. "But mind," she added, "you are not to say anything about it to anybody," and Patty assented, carrying the basket as she was bidden.

It did not take her long to do her errand and then as Miss Hunter said there was nothing else to do that day, she hurried home, eager to tell her mother the good news.

But she was doomed to disappointment. Her mother was indignant, and declared that Patty should not be allowed to do any such thing. "The idea!" she exclaimed, "pay you in salt, indeed! No, she sha'n't, not if I know it."

But here the grandmother interposed. "And why not let the child do as she wishes, Sophia? Did not thee say but yesterday that Patty was good for naught at home, and if she does as the old lady desires she will not be doing mischief, and she surely can do no harm, and who knows," she added, "but the little one's innocent ways may have a good effect on the old woman?" And at length Mrs. Drake yielded, as she always did, sooner or later, to her mother's calm reasoning.

So Patty entered regularly upon her duties as errand boy. To be sure, she did not have very much to do for the old lady, but then she was doing something, and was no longer a useless being.

As time wore on, there grew up a strange attachment between the old lady and Patty, and after a while it became quite an ordinary affair for Patty to stop at Miss Hunter's on her way home from school, even when the cloth was not hanging from the window. She delighted to step in and wash the dishes on a Saturday, and to help Miss Hunter dust the rooms on sweeping day.

People wondered much at it, but Patty, true to her word, kept "her own counsel," and did not tell what she often longed to have others know; O! she did

want so much, sometimes, to tell people that what they took for miserly actions were only self-denying for the sake of others. For Patty could have told of many a basket of needed things that went into the little cottage at the end of the lane. Many a time she had carried jellies and dainty dishes to the houses of sick poor people, but always with instructions that the receiver must tell no one whence they came. Miss Hunter told Patty confidentially, that if the town-people knew about it, they would send every beggar that came along to her, and she despised beggars. Strange as it may seem, for once, the village gossip was baffled; those who received favors from the old lady respected her whims and "kept their own counsel." True, some wag in the village jocosely remarked "that the old miser," pointing to Miss Hunter's house, "had grown so greedy that she sent a basket to collect the rent from some of her tenants," but no one knew the real facts of the case.

Patty might have told, too, about the weekly letter which she carried to the post-office, containing money to pay the board of an old feeble-minded uncle in a distant, private hospital, simply because this same uncle had taken care of Miss Hunter when she was a little girl, and she resolved that as long as she lived, he should not want for a single comfort. This had been her principal reason for the economy of the fortune left her by the squire, which was far from being as large as people supposed.

Misjudged by others, the old lady kept on in her way, taking great comfort in her new-found friend, for such Patty proved to be; while Patty, on her part, began to love the one who denied herself luxuries for the sake of others.

The summer wore away, and winter came on cold and severe. Patty's father met with several losses in succession. First, the barn was burned, then his two best cows died of a prevalent disease, and things began to look unusually discouraging. The interest on the mortgage would soon be due again.

Mrs. Drake complained bitterly of their "poor luck," and Patty, young as she was, shared the feeling of gloom that hung over them, for they feared that they would be obliged to part with their home.

One morning, as Patty was starting to school, her father called her to him. "Are you going to stop at Miss Hunter's?" he asked.

"No, sir, but I'd just as soon; I shall have time enough."

"Well, I wish you would take this letter to her," and he added, "you might stop on your way home for an answer."

Patty took the letter and carried it as she was bidden, wondering much what it could be about, for her father did not often write a letter. What could he be writing to Miss Hunter for—was it something about her?

All day long her mind kept reverting to the letter, and she could hardly wait for school to be dismissed, so anxious was she to see Miss Hunter, in hopes that she might find out something about it.

When Miss Hunter opened the letter Patty left that morning and read it, she found a very few simple words, stating that the writer, George Drake, having met with severe losses, would be unable to pay the interest on the mortgage which was held by her, and asking for time in which to obtain the necessary money.

Although the day seemed very long to Patty, school at length came to a close, and she hastened as fast as possible to the old lady's house.

Miss Hunter answered her knock and invited her to come in, and as it was very cold, insisted that Patty should sit down by the fire and warm herself. For a little while they sat in silence, and then the old lady said:—

"Patty, do you remember the day you came and asked me to let you do my errands?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you forgotten what you told me you wanted for pay?"

"No'm."

"Why haven't you asked me for your pay?"

"Because I thought you would give it to me when you wanted to."

"Well, I've been thinking today," replied the old lady, "that it is about time you received some of your wages. You have been a good girl, and have earned your salt well." So saying, she handed Patty a tin pail which she said was full of salt.

"Be careful not to spill any, and be sure you bring back the pail, as I cannot spare it long," she admonished.

"Thank you ever so much," exclaimed Patty, thinking how pleased her mother would be when she should show her that she had really earned something.

"O!" suddenly remembering her errand, "I was to call for an answer to the letter I left this morning."

"Never mind the answer tonight," replied Miss Hunter.

It seemed to Patty that the old lady had a beautiful expression on her face that she had never seen before, as she bade her good night.

She hurried home with her pail of salt, feeling very happy at the thought that it was all her own. But Mrs. Drake shared no such feeling; her indignation began, as usual, to rise, and it was an effort for her to control herself and keep from saying harsh things, which would have spoiled Patty's pleasure. What was a little pail of salt, compared with what Patty had done! and the tears sprang to her eyes. "And she even wants you to bring back the pail, does she? the sting——" but a look from Patty made her pause. "Well, no matter, I'll empty it right away, and you can carry the pail back tomorrow morning. We are almost out of salt anyway—that's one comfort."

So saying she carried the salt into the pantry.

In a moment they heard her utter an exclamation of surprise. "Mother! Patty!" she called, "come here quick!"

They hurried into the pantry to see what could be the matter, and Mr. Drake, who was just bringing in the milk, joined them.

On the table was a pan into which Mrs. Drake had just poured the salt. But what was that glittering here and there in the pan?—Gold; yes, gold coins,—eagles, half-eagles, a number of smaller coins,—all bright and shining, as if happy at the thought of the good they might do. And in an envelope was a gift of the mortgage on the house, presented to Patty Drake, from her friend, Adeline Hunter, with these words: "You have earned your salt."—*W. L. Colby, in Wide-Awake.*

The Sweetbrier and Aunt Elizabeth

"Do you smell the sweetbrier down by the gate?" she cried. "Did you ever know anything so exquisite? It's lovely always, but never so lovely as in the rain."

A young girl looked up.

"It makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth," she said.

"Why Aunt Elizabeth?" one asked.

"Why, you see," she explained slowly, "there are ever so many roses that are beautifully fragrant,—the roses themselves I mean,—but I don't know any other whose leaves are sweet. That's why it makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth, because everything she does—not the big or happy things, but all the common, every-day duties—seems to have something beautiful about it, something that she gives it from the spirit that is in her, and that goes out into everything she says or does."

An older woman smiled. "Yes, dear," she answered gently, "we understand."—*Selected.*

What the Old Bullfrog Said

OVER in the pasture, down in the pool,
Sitting in the soft mud, quietly and cool,
First it is our duty to greet the coming spring;
Now then, all together, sing, frogs, sing.

The long cold winter's past, we slept through it;
The snow blew, the winds roared, but we never knew it;
All the winter's rages couldn't break our sleep;
Now then, all together, peep, frogs, peep.

Buried in the frozen mud, 'twasn't very gay;
We didn't hear a lecture, we didn't see a play;
These farmers had their fires and lights, and sleighs to go
about:
Now who's got the best of it? Shout, frogs, shout.

They're plowing on the hillside, they're digging by the track,
They're setting garlic out in rows, with many an aching back;
We laugh within our tight green sleeves to see them toil all
day.

Who spends the spring the pleasantest? Say, frogs, say.

We hear the south wind blowing, a soft and steady breeze,
Blowing open all the buds upon the walnut-trees.
The blackbird whistling o'er us shows the scarlet on his
wing,

We can make some music, too. Sing, frogs, sing.

Pond-lily leaves above our heads spread out like green um-
brellas—
No daintier ones are carried by the fairest of earth's dwellers;
The brakes and rushes round the bank make shadows deep
and still,
Inviting meditation. Trill, frogs, trill.

The sun is getting hotter, and the reeds bend o'er the brink,
And here a roasting farmer is coming down to drink;
But give one well-considered hop, and in the mud you're
sunk.

Now then, all together, kerchunk, frogs, 'chunk.

—*Selected.*

How Do You Like Your Neighbors?

For this game all the players, except one, are seated on chairs round the room. It is the business of the boy or girl left out to try to secure a seat. With this object he (we shall suppose it is a boy) goes to one of the players, and asks, "How do you like your neighbors?" Should the player reply, "Quite well, thank you," then every one moves one chair to the left. Jack-in-the-middle will require to be very quick to get a seat during this process. If he contrives to do so, then the player whose chair has been taken goes into the middle. If not, Jack again inquires of somebody, "How do you like your neighbors?"

This time the reply may be, "Not at all;" in which case Jack asks, "Whom should you like?" The player addressed chooses two other children to replace his neighbors,—that is, those to right and left of him,—and these four children accordingly change places, the rejected neighbors leaving their chairs to make way for the new. The moment of this transfer is Jack's golden opportunity; if he is at all spry, he should be able to capture one of the vacant seats, in which case some one else is left in the middle to play the part of Jack, and so the game goes on. If rightly managed,

it will be a source of much pleasure to the children.

Care should be taken to make it clear to very small children what the word "neighbor" means, as there is a risk of the little one addressed darting out of his chair, along with the neighbors, and so confusing matters. The child who is asked the question should be warned not to move, except in the case of a general move round; otherwise the children to right and left should do the running.—*Home and School.*

An Indian Tragedy

(Concluded from page eight)

be seen a little of the remains of the decorative work.

Though the tomb is neglected, the mosques are faithfully kept up, for do not the faithful Moslems gather there at noon every Friday for prayers toward Mecca? Prayers being said, they may do as they please, for belief and practise do not go hand in hand in false religions.

W. S. MEAD.

Najibabab, India.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, August 2

Standard of Attainment Rally

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Standard of Attainment Rally (thirty minutes).

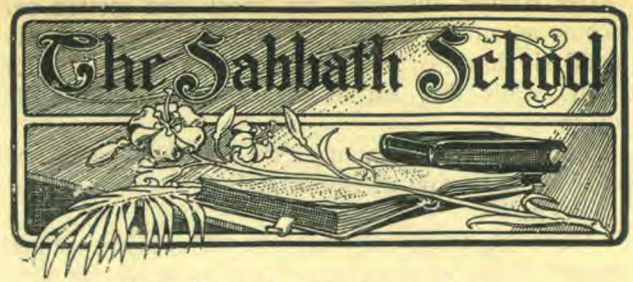
Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; review briefly mission studies on Korea. Ask a few questions or ask some one to come prepared to give five good points learned from the mission studies on Korea.

2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 14. We must shun pharisaism, or hypocrisy. This is one of the most common and deceptive sins. Luke 12:1. It is illustrated in Luke 18:9-13; Luke 11:37-43; Matt. 23:23-28. The spirit of the Pharisee is always to make self most prominent. Matt. 6:1-5. This is cruel to others (Prov. 11:9; Matt. 7:1-5), and consequently very hateful to God. Job 13:16; 27:8. If we are wise, we shall be impartial. James 3:17. 1 Cor. 9:19-23 is the spirit we should cultivate.

3. In about a month we shall be face to face with another Standard of Attainment examination. Hundreds of young people took part in the examination last spring. How many in your society will take the examination in September? Spend some time today in studying this important goal set before our young people. Have three five-to-seven-minute talks or papers on these subjects: "The Bible as a Missionary;" "The Scriptures Our Safeguard," and "Our Privilege and Responsibility." These talks or papers should show what the Bible has done in mission fields; that our own safety is dependent largely upon our acquaintance with God's Holy Word; and that in order to live up to our privilege of giving the gospel to others we must study the Bible. Mrs. E. G. White's books contain abundant help on these topics. For additional help see the article on "The Standard of Attainment," by Mrs. Lee S. Wheeler in this INSTRUCTOR. If all do not understand the Standard of Attainment plan, give your society educational secretary a few minutes to explain the plan, and then close with a general discussion. Ask all, if time permits, to express themselves briefly on the Standard of Attainment plan. Get the names of all who will prepare to take the examination either in September or March. Missionary Volunteer Leaflet, No. 21 explains the Standard of Attainment plan.

Sabbath, August 9, is Educational day. Every society arranges its own program. We suggest that you appoint at once a committee to lay plans for that meeting, and also that you secure copies of the campaign number of *Christian Education*, if you have not already done so.



V — Second Journey to Egypt

(August 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 43.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 227, 228.

MEMORY VERSE: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts." Ps. 139:23.

Questions

1. When the supply of corn was gone, what did Jacob again ask his sons to do? Gen. 43:1, 2.
2. Of what did Judah remind him? Verses 3-5; Gen. 42:20.
3. What question did Jacob ask them? How did they answer it? Verses 6, 7.
4. What appeal did Judah finally make to his father? Verses 8-10.
5. How did the father answer? What did he bid them to do about the money found in their sacks? Verses 11-14; note 1.
6. What command did Joseph give the ruler of his house when he saw Benjamin with his brothers? Verse 16.
7. Why were the brothers afraid when they were invited to Joseph's house? Verses 17, 18.
8. What did they tell the steward? Verses 19-22.
9. How did the steward quiet their fears? Verse 23; note 2.
10. Describe their meeting with Joseph at noon. For whom did Joseph especially inquire? What did he no doubt remember as they bowed themselves to the earth before him? Verses 26-28.
11. In what gracious words did he greet Benjamin, and how was he affected by the meeting? Verses 29, 30.
12. What did Joseph do before returning to his brethren? How was the company arranged for dinner? Why did they not all sit at one table? Verses 31, 32.
13. What caused the brothers to marvel? Verse 33.
14. What favor did Joseph show Benjamin? What shows that the brothers were not jealous of Benjamin? Verse 34; note 3.

Notes

1. What a struggle that must have cost the aged father to see Benjamin with his other sons start on that journey! The circumstance of their finding the money in their sacks made him afraid that a trap had been set for them, and that when they returned to the court of Egypt they would be accused and punished. But death by starvation awaited them at home. Egypt was their only hope, and he could not but pray God to give them mercy before the governor. Poor lonely father! It must have been a comfort to him at this time to remember that God had given him the name Israel, which means, "One who prevails with God."

2. During all that second journey to Egypt the ten brothers doubtless were not free from a fear and dread of what they might meet when they reached the end of the trip. Again and again they repeated to one another the story that they would tell the governor about the money. And now they had reached Egypt and told their story to the steward, and he had assured them that it was all right,—that they would not be held responsible for that. What a relief!

3. Well might the brothers wonder "that they were arranged in exact order, according to their ages" at the table

And now they see that Benjamin receives five times as much to eat as any of the others. What did it all mean? Joseph had a reason for favoring his younger brother. "By this token of favor to Benjamin he hoped to ascertain if the youngest brother was regarded with the envy and hatred that had been manifested toward himself. Still supposing that Joseph did not understand their language, the brothers freely conversed with one another; thus he had a good opportunity to learn their real feelings." Joseph submitted his brothers to a close test when they were quite unconscious of it. Day by day the Lord is testing us. It takes courage to pray the memory verse prayer.

Joseph still wanted to test his brothers further. We shall see in our next lesson how he did this.

Joseph Testing His Brothers

THE story of Joseph testing his brothers before he takes them into his own country is the picture of Christ testing us before we are taken into the life with him. He loves them with a great and overwhelming love, and bears no malice for the injury he once received at their hands. Even so Christ loves us and prays, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." He puts them in such a place in life that they must either repent and confess or grow hard and brazen. So Christ the King brings pressure to bear in life in order that we may be compelled to confess and change our ways, or else deliberately to choose evil. Joseph was planning a glorious heritage of rich fields and smiling meadows for his brothers if only they could be proved trustworthy. Had they been still the cruel, envious and murderous lot that they once were, he would not have dared trust them near Benjamin. So Christ labors to get us to the place where we shall not envy nor hate our brother, and when once he is sure that we would lay down our life for our brother, even as Judah was ready to die for Benjamin, then he can take us into his full affection and companionship.—*Sunday School Times*.

V—Gathering the Nations; the Day of Recompense; Preparation for War

(August 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joel 3:1-10.

Questions

1. What has the Lord said concerning the nations of the last days? To what place will he bring them? What will he do to them? What charge does he bring against them? Joel 3:1, 2; note 1.
2. For what purpose will the nations be gathered? Zeph. 3:8.
3. When and for what purpose will God's people be gathered? Isa. 11:11, 12; Matt. 24:30, 31.
4. Before this gathering, what preparatory movement takes place among those whom God regards as his own nation? Zeph. 2:1-3.
5. In what way had the heathen dealt with God's people? Joel 3:3; note 2.
6. What wicked cities does the prophet mention? What would the Lord speedily bring upon these oppressors of his people? Joel 3:4. Compare Luke 18:7, 8. Note 3.
7. How did these cities compare in guilt with some others? Matt. 11:20-22.
8. When is the day of final recompense? Isa. 34:8, 9; 2 Thess. 1:6-8.
9. What had been done with the Lord's treasure? Joel 3:5.
10. What record have we of such a transaction? 2 Kings 25:13-16; Dan. 1:1, 2; 5:1-4.

11. To whom does the silver and gold belong? Haggai 2:8.

12. What ancient nation here finds its earliest Scripture mention? What was its attitude toward God's people? How would the Lord deal with his enslaved people and their captors? To whom would the race of oppressors be sold? Joel 3:6-8; note 4.

13. What is to be proclaimed among the nations? Verses 9, 10.

14. What is the marginal reading of Joel 3:9 for the word prepare? How do the heathen sanctify and determine war? Eze. 21:21, 22; note 5.

15. Who are the leaders in this heathen divination and its results? Rev. 16:13, 14.

16. While the divine warning concerning warlike preparations is being heard, what will many people be saying? Which proclamation was earlier made, that of announcing war through Joel or that of peace and safety through other prophets? Isa. 2:2-4; Micah 4:1, 2; note 6.

17. Of what will the "peace and safety" cry be a sign? 1 Thess. 5:3; note 7.

Notes

1. "The following prophecy relates to the latter times of the world. . . . Since all nations are summoned to answer the impeachment here mentioned, we may suppose the word Israel to comprehend the faithful of all ages; and then we may observe that the judgments denounced against the church's enemies are chiefly for their hatred and cruelty against His servants."—*Scott*.

2. "The enemies of the Jews took them captives and enslaved them; yet they valued them so little that they made them the stake in games of chance; nay, they used to sell a boy or girl into perpetual bondage, for the hire of a harlot, or for wine to make them drunk."—*Id.*

3. In the Septuagint and German Versions, the term Philistines occurs in Joel 3:4 instead of "Palestine."

4. This is the earliest inspired mention we have of the Grecians, with whom the people of God afterward became so closely associated. The Sabeans are mentioned in Job 1:15 as the people who, seven centuries before the time of Joel, robbed the patriarch of his herds and cruelly murdered his servants. In the German Version they are said to be from Arabia.

"There are no events recorded in history that entirely correspond with these predictions; perhaps the ruin of the pagan Roman Empire, which had destroyed Jerusalem and dispersed the Jews, might be adverted to; but the grand accomplishment seems to be in futurity, and the event alone can fully clear them up."—*Scott's Comments*.

5. The Septuagint and German Versions read "sanctify war," and, as will be seen by the marginal reading of the Revised Version, this is the meaning of the Hebrew original.

6. As is indicated by the marginal dates, Isaiah and Micah prophesied later than Joel. This declaration from the mouth of the Lord telling the world that war was coming, was given about half a century before we were told concerning the false prediction of peace and safety that the people, the nations, would make while the most gigantic preparations for war are being made. The warlike preparation of the nations today are on so vast a scale that it cannot be adequately expressed in figures. Navies and standing armies are being increased more rapidly than ever before. The nations are waking up and preparing for war. The world is one vast arsenal, and none can tell when a spark will be kindled that will result in an international explosion. All about us we see evidences that the time foretold by the prophet Joel is at hand.

7. The cry of peace, safety, and stability of the things around us is of itself a striking sign that the end is near. The people are crying peace,—the settlement of national disputes by arbitration. But the preparation for slaughter goes on, and the mustering for Armageddon is heard.

The Boy and the Girl

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow."
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl; then please don't tell him so.
Don't send my boy where your girl can't go;
For a boy or girl, sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white
And his heart as pure as your girl's tonight.

—*Selected*.

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WORK, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

—Frances Sargent Osgood.

Get Ready and Occupy

"BREAK into your own house and occupy it," so said President Wilson at one time when governor of New Jersey. This is what every one of us should do, find our place in the world's work and do it. We cannot wait for others to find it for us. We must do the aggressive part. No circumstance can shut us out of our own house for all time. Let us, then, bestir ourselves and get ready to occupy; and when we are fully ready, we shall find the door will swing open.

Self-Centered in Prayer

WE are self-centered in our prayers. We pray for blessings for ourselves. We bemoan our shortcomings. Sometimes we hardly lift our thoughts for one brief moment from ourselves to the great sinning, perishing world about us; to the lone, afflicted, and burdened believers near us and to those far away in hostile lands; to the struggling missionaries in heathen lands; or to the millions of ignorant, unsaved natives in non-Christian countries. We might well learn a lesson from the little girl who prayed: "O Lord, bless everybody. Bless the little heathen children, and send missionaries to them. Bless the whole world. Amen."

At Work

FRANCES KELLOR—Who is she? Miss Kellor is the chief investigator of Bureau of Industries and Immigration of the New York State Department of Labor.

Miss Kellor's work is to look out for the immigrants, to see that no sharper, swindler, white-slave trader, nor any other species of human money-mad criminal takes advantage of the stranger at our gates.

"New York is the gateway through which three fourths of the immigrants reach this country. In 1910, 580,517 persons were landed at Ellis Island, accepted by the authorities, and deposited by the government tug at the landing at Battery Place. Between Battery Place and the surface, elevated, and subway lines there is a distance of several rods. Hardly have the men and women shouldered their bundles, gazing in bewilderment at the strange city, when from Battery Place and the surrounding streets there swoop down upon

them, like a flock of hawks, hotel runners, cabbies, and confidence men. They seize the immigrant's baggage, talk volubly to him, guarantee to take him to his destination or a good hotel, to sell him an elevated ticket, to do anything that will secure a dollar's profit. The bewildered immigrant succumbs. He listens to the man who promises so kindly to help him, and cheerfully pays a dollar or two, or even five, for a five-cent elevated or subway ticket.

"Three years ago there was no Bureau of Industries and Immigration. The ticket seller held his seven dollars and a half and refused to surrender either ticket or money. The 'banker' advertised his house as a safe depository for funds. Companies of men went to Florida or to other places upon rumors of work that was not, and children in camps sat in crowded classrooms or did not sit in class-rooms at all. Yet it was no one's business to see that these offenses were corrected. But there was Miss Kellor. For many years she has been working in behalf of the immigrant, laying the foundation which makes her a fit guardian for Uncle Sam's new children.

"As soon as the Bureau of Industries and Immigration was established, Miss Kellor began an attempt to stop such fleecing. With the aid of interpreters she provided for the Italian, Polish, German, Yiddish, French, and Hungarian press an announcement of the work of the bureau. The American papers published in these languages gladly printed the notices. Then she sent a similar notice to a number of foreign papers intended to reach the people before they embarked. This notice was printed and reprinted in fifty-seven different dialects. The direct result was that the bureau was besieged with applicants who had in one way or another been exploited.

Miss Kellor's small room has become "a temple of justice where those defrauded are helped to regain their lost possessions, where the defrauder is reprimanded, and, it may be, sent to punishment; an employment bureau where jobs are investigated and guaranteed; a department of education where teachers are decided upon and class-rooms determined."

How You Can Help the Work in Chicago

WRITE at once to your relatives and friends residing in Chicago, urging them to attend the evangelistic meetings that are being held in a large tent on the West Side of the city, about two blocks south of Madison Street, on California Avenue. These meetings began Sunday evening, July 6, and will be continued every evening during the months of July and August, except Saturday night. Programs of subjects will be supplied each week to any addresses that may be furnished us, at 48 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

K. C. RUSSELL.

Diplomats and Publicists

THE literary man is coming into his own under the administration of President Wilson. Henry van Dyke has been appointed minister to the Netherlands. Thomas Nelson Page has been made ambassador to Italy. Walter H. Page is at London. Meredith Nicholson soon will be at his post of duty in Lisbon, and Pleasant Stovall at Berne, Switzerland.

Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne were in the foreign service, but no administration other than the present has so distinctly rewarded the author.—*Washington Herald*.