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The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

ALL really blue flowers have a tannin in them that is not present in other flowers.

NEARLY two thirds of the House of Representatives are lawyers, there being 269 members of this profession.

THE Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's plant in Crystal City, Missouri, the largest of its kind in the world, has been closed on account of the strike of 600 employees, and 1,250 who remained at work are now idle.

MORE than 100,000 gallons of molasses were pumped overboard at Macoris, San Domingo, because there were not vessels sufficient to carry the supply away, and room must be made for this year's product. Hundreds of large fish were killed as the result.

WHILE removing the duties on meats, the Democratic leaders in the Senate at Washington have undertaken to impose a new duty of five cents a bunch on bananas. Such a duty would considerably increase the price of this nutritious fruit to the consumer.

MORE than ninety per cent of the 100,000 trainmen employed on forty-four Eastern railroads have voted to strike if the companies reject their demands and if their leaders call them out. The companies say that the demands require an addition of \$17,000,000 a year to the wages now paid, and that an addition of \$30,000,000 was granted three years ago.

THE long-drawn-out silk strike in Paterson, New Jersey, presents a perplexing situation at present. Hundreds of landlords, it is claimed, have had no rent payments for five months. Their water rents have fallen due, and being unable to meet them, the water company refuses to wait longer, and so is shutting off the water from the tenement-houses. This will bring great suffering to thousands of women and children.

THE Bulgarian soldiers are being everywhere proclaimed as the most inhuman of the inhuman, having been said to surpass in their war atrocities all the horrors of barbaric times. King Constantine of Greece sends his "protest to the representatives of the civilized world against the outrages committed by the Bulgarians, and says that he is compelled to wreak vengeance, in order to inspire the monsters with terror and make them reflect before committing more outrages."

"A HOMING pigeon, called 'Sunny Jim,' and belonging to a resident of Jeannette, Pennsylvania, was liberated at Rio de Janeiro on May 18. He returned to the city on the following day, circled over it for an hour, and then went northward. On July 5 he arrived at his master's home in Pennsylvania, having made, it is said, a new record for birds of his kind. Other pigeons, it is asserted, when liberated in South America or South Africa have failed to make their way across the equator to their homes in the United States or Europe."

SENATOR CARMACK, of Tennessee, said of his native State, Georgia, not long before his death: "To her every drop of my blood, every fiber of my being, every pulsation of my heart, is consecrated forever. I was born of her womb; I was nurtured at her breast; and when my last hour shall come, I pray God that I may be pillowed upon her bosom and rocked in sleep within her encircling arms." If we each should in actual deed manifest this same devotion to our Creator and Redeemer, to whom we owe our all, how soon the people of God would be sealed, and the world made ready for his coming!

THEY are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—J. R. Lowell.

Education Notes

DENVER has ten public playgrounds, with a teaching corps of nineteen men and women.

Women teach practical agriculture in the elementary schools of Tippecanoe County, Indiana.

Swimming lessons, sex-hygiene instruction, aviation, and wireless telegraphy are some of the new subjects in city public schools as reported to the United States Bureau of Education.

"The best thing in my section this year was the introduction of industrial education for the Negroes by means of a Negro supervisor," writes a division superintendent of schools in Virginia.

It costs twenty-five typical American cities an average of less than a dollar a year per pupil to provide free text-books, according to W. S. Deffenbaugh, of the United States Bureau of Education.

The course of study in the Alabama normal schools is to be radically changed to include such subjects as rural sociology, biology, domestic science, domestic art, library methods, school gardening, and agriculture through club work.

Some of the rural schools in the State of Washington have college graduates as teachers. In that State they pay good salaries to country teachers, because they believe that the country school should be as well taught as the city school.

Kentucky is having a real educational awakening, so real that people are not afraid to pay what it costs to create and maintain an efficient system of schools. One tax collector reports that citizens who have been in the habit of complaining because of higher taxes said it was "all right" when informed that the increased rate was in order to give more money to the public schools.

Consolidation of schools is going on to such an extent in the United States that, even with a building boom in progress, many localities report fewer schools each year. Tennessee offers some notable examples. Knox County has erected fourteen new buildings during the year, yet the total number of schoolhouses in use has been reduced from one hundred fifty-four to one hundred thirty-six. How consolidation helps attendance is shown by another Tennessee county (Lauderdale), where a new consolidated school had twice the enrolment of the combined three schools that it replaced. The better consolidated school attracts better attendance, despite the fact that it is less easy to reach.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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The Art of Conversation

A Privilege and a Duty



TO be unable to talk well is to miss one of the high privileges that make life worth living. It practically rules one out of society, since society is based on mutual intercourse. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." If everybody were to proceed on the maxim, "Silence is golden," this garrulous world of ours would be as dreary as a mummy-crypt.

From this we conclude that conversation is not only a privilege, but a duty. There is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;" wherefore to refrain from taking part in a pleasant or profitable conversation may be as culpable as to speak unadvisedly with one's lips.

To be always "a good listener" is simply to be a consumer and not a helpful contributor to the world's fund of conversational wealth.

General Grant is often referred to as "the silent man," but I have heard him entertain most charmingly for hours at a time. He knew how to keep quiet when he had nothing to say; but on occasion he was like the householder that brought "forth out of his treasure things new and old."

Three Derelicts

I have in mind three young persons who cannot converse, and I want to show what they ought to do about it.

The first is a young lady whose tongue runs as if it were pivoted in the middle and loose at both ends. She thinks herself a mistress of conversation; indeed, there would be more hope for her if she were not so sure that she knows all about it.

The trouble is that she has nothing to say, nothing but empty nothings, quips without humor, painfully silly puerilities, "idle words." The dear girl is seemingly unconscious of what is obvious to everybody else, to wit, that, though her conversational wheels go round so easily and noisily, they grind no grist. And how insufferably wearisome this creature with the clapper tongue can be!

The second is a young man who affects a stilted and overprecise mode of speech. He and the young lady just referred to will never make a match of it. He detests anything unconventional. In a drawing-room he is as dignified as a clothes-horse. Like a jackdaw, he says —

"An undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

He has read the *Spectator*, and talks Johnsonese.

His estimate of himself makes his case also an almost hopeless one. He looks wise, and sounds philosophical; but there is nothing in it. His pompous talk is "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

The third is either a young man or a young woman — for both are in evidence — who in a general conversation says nothing, for want of having anything to say.

These are the three — the chatterer, the empty-headed *poseur*, and the oyster — who need to be instructed in the art. For conversation is an art, and as such lies within the reach of all who seriously care to acquire it.

Two Prerequisites

Two things are necessary.

First, one *must have something to say*. The tongue that runs on with no fund of information back of it is like a banker doing business without capital. The good Book puts it thus: "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself." Conversation means more than talking; it means saying something and saying it in the right way.

But how to get the necessary fund of wisdom, — there's the point.

It can be gained by *reading*. A good many of our young people in these days read nothing but fiction, and the average novel contributes nothing to one's fund of useful knowledge. Read science, history, biography, current politics. Read with a view to learning about things.

A still richer source of wisdom is *observation*. Keep your eyes open. Study nature and human nature. Some people never see a fact until necessity brings them into violent collision with it.

I am writing this in the valley of Chamonix. From my window I can see a farmer driving a yoke of oxen along the lower slope of Mont Blanc. He was probably born under the shadow of the snow-crowned mountain; but I wonder whether he has ever seen it, or could converse about it. Yet, when Coleridge came to this valley, he perceived its wonders at a glance, hearing the ice plains and frozen cataracts all echoing God.

But neither reading nor observation can enrich one that does not *think*. Thinking makes information available for common uses. It does for facts what the mint does for nuggets — converts them into currency. It changes impressions into convictions, and makes utterance easy.

For one that has read much, kept two good eyes in the front of his head, and done his own thinking, there is never any necessity of "making conversation." Conversation makes itself when there is raw material for it.

The second thing necessary is, having something to say, to *know how to say it*.

There are rules to be observed in common conversation as in forensic speech. The fundamentals are taught in grammar and rhetoric. Learn how to connect a subject and predicate before you presume to discuss evolution. More ships are wrecked on mixed metaphors than on false philosophy. To talk about abstract themes in bad grammar is unspeakably vulgar and absurd.

But to be prolix in good grammar is scarcely less so. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Say what you have

to say, and have done with it. Give somebody else a chance. Did you never hear a preacher exhaust himself in his first ten minutes, and go dribbling on for another twenty? "Ay, he's dune lang syne; but he does na ken it."

These are the simple rules: *be grammatical; be brief; and — one more — be effective.* Have a point in view, and make it. Don't speak "as one that beateth the air." If your purpose is to amuse, which is one of the legitimate uses of conversation, do it well. Crack a joke or tell a story so as to make people smile because they are amused, and not because they wonder what in the world you are driving at. If your object is to profit, to impart information, or to stimulate high endeavor, speak with the light of earnestness in your eyes.

Religious Conversation

For the most part young men and women who believe in Christ, would be glad to have everybody else believe in him. They know they ought to talk with their unconverted friends about it; but, not being sure of themselves, they —

"Linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away."

I know how it is, because I was converted when a boy. May I venture a few suggestions?

First, don't try to speak with your friend about your religion *until you are yourself surcharged with it.* Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth must speak if it would speak well. Get close up against the great heart of the Saviour, and you can't help telling what you find there.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of my college class a man of fifty, who had been known among us for his disregard of religious things, on being asked to give an account of himself, said: "Boys, something happened a year ago that eclipses everything that ever occurred before in my life. I was converted. And the world is a different world to me."

The guests had been hilarious all the evening in the memory of college days, but they were instantly quiet and attentive while he spoke of his new-found hope in Christ. And he spoke as easily and naturally as if he knew the matter must interest us.

He could not have spoken thus of his religion had he not been full of it. We speak naturally of that which has become "second nature" to us, and with difficulty of that which we have not experienced.

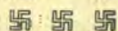
The Bible abounds in religious conversations that may serve as models for us. Take the conversation of Jesus with the woman at the well. How simply and courteously he addressed her! How naturally he led up to her personal sin and need of a Saviour! How effectively he clinched the interview with the words, "I that speak unto thee am he"!

But remember that Jesus had come to Sychar with this very object in view. ("He must needs go

through Samaria.") He was intent upon bringing this woman back to God and goodness.

Let the mind that was in Christ Jesus be also in us. We are "sent" as he was sent into the world, "to seek and to save." This is what we as followers of Christ must be living for. When we are filled with a sense of our high calling, we shall converse, as we shall do everything else, to the glory of God.—*Rev. David J. Burrell, in Christian Endeavor World.*

"I am purposed that my mouth shall
not transgress," Ps. 17:3.



"By the word of thy lips I have kept
me from the paths of the destroyer."
Ps. 17:4.

"They Say" and "Have You Heard?"

ALAS! at this crucial moment Mr. White's wife met an old friend during a trip to the city. This friend, a successful and extravagant business woman, had just

purchased a striking new hat, which proved unbecoming. In a moment of generosity she presented it to Mrs. White. Now, perhaps Mrs. White should have announced to her neighbors how she came by the very lovely hat, but she had a more or less unreasonable idea that it was her own affair. So what happened? The oil dealer's wife, who had always considered Mrs. White "uppish," said to her husband, "They say Mrs. White bought one of those new plush hats trimmed with real mink when she was in town yesterday. Some folks get what they want *some way.* And everybody knows they're in debt."

"In debt?" echoed her husband anxiously. "I should say so. And I've been carrying him on the plea of his mother's death and that new baby. Well, tomorrow he pays *me.*"

You cannot blame the oil man. He merely represents the great corporation which holds him accountable for collections. But from one end of town to the other, "They say" and "Have you heard?" rioted, until the story of the extravagant hat reached the bank which was carrying Mr. White's paper. That was the end. Mr. White failed simply because his wife's neighbors had not been taken into her confidence about the gift of a pretty hat. Nobody thought to ask her whether the neighborhood rumors were true.

"They say" and "Have you heard?" have respect for neither suffering nor death. An inveterate gossip was having supper with the family of a physician, when a member of the circle rallied the doctor on his silence and absorption in thought. The physician, who had implicit faith in his own family and who forgot the

Do you know whether the boys in
your Sabbath-school class or in your
church-school read thoroughly the 1913
Temperance "Instructor"? Do you
know whether they made its principles
their own to live by and to pass on to
others as opportunity offers? Should
you not know this?

presence of the gossip-monger, replied with feeling: "I can't get John Barton out of my head. I had to tell him the truth today about his wife, and it went hard with him. They've never been separated since their marriage, and it looks like at least a year in a sanitarium for her." In response to a question he added that the trouble was largely nervous or mental, the result of overwork and the death of a favorite child, adding that with a woman of Mrs. Barton's type the response to treatment would be slow.

His family, accustomed to medical terms, knew ex-

actly what the physician meant — just a common nervous breakdown on the part of the wife, and the loneliness which the separation meant for the husband. But the gossip-monger spread the story that Mary Barton was slowly but surely going mad from just grieving over that baby, and as it wasn't safe to have her with her other children John was going to send her to an asylum. Inevitably "They say" and "Have you heard?" squirmed their slimy way to the bedside of the sick woman. Sometimes they appeared in the form of unwholesome and perfervid sympathy, sometimes as staring eyes and bungling questions. This woman whose nerves were quivering got the very worst possible idea in her head — that she was losing her mind. And she came very near fulfilling the prophecy of her well-meaning but thoughtless neighbors.—*Pictorial Review*.

The Retiring List

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING

UPON a hard-contested field,
I walked toward the firing-line,
To see what succor I might yield
Where deeds of valor bright did shine.
And, spying 'neath a shady tree
A prostrate form, with fast-closed eyes,
I sped to offer remedy,
But found no wounds, to my surprise.
I roused the sleeper zealously:
"Upon the firing-line you're missed!"
He answered me reproachfully:
"Why, I am on the retiring list!"

And then, afar from any foe,
A band of feasters round a pot,
And all of mirth they well did know,
And all of war they had forgot.
I challenged them with stern disdain:
"Is this the time for meat and wine,
The while your comrades strive in pain?
You're needed on the firing-line!"
They entered many a pleading fair,
Of all of which this was the gist:
"We know of no attractions there;
We're on the gay retiring list!"

And then, behind a hill's high crest,—
A safety zone both deep and large,—
A band whom captains urged their best,
In vain, to face the front, and charge.
Said one, "If I were captain here,—"
"Or I," "Or I," the echoes rang,—
"I'd make our forward movement clear;
I'd make some heroes of this gang!
But now,"—each coward applied the salve,
And each one shook a clenched fist,—
They said, "these leaders that we have
Keep us on the retiring list!"

I pressed toward the sounds of strife;
But, as I to the smoke drew near,
The scene around me sprang to life
In lines of men faced toward the rear.
I felt a shaking in my bones,
I viewed, dismayed, the advancing host;
I questioned them in trembling tones:
"Retreat is ordered? Battle lost?"
"O, no," they said, "the cause is on;
The lines are firm in yonder mist,
And soon the battle will be won;
But we are on the retiring list."

I plunged me then within the smoke,
To give such help as I could give,
And to a dying hero spoke,
"What can I do to help you live?"
His smoke-begrimed and bloody face
He turned to me with desperate thought,
And clinched with death to get him space
To speak the word that in him wrought.
He grasped his banner, and, as then
The emblem of his cause he kissed:
"Stay not for me; we need more men;
Go, and bring up the retiring list!"

For Missionary Volunteers

THE man that buries his talent buries himself.

The arm that lies unused through the years must atrophy and die.

Wilberforce truthfully said: "If my faith is false, I ought to change it; if it is true, I am bound to propagate it."

We believe our faith to be true. That conviction prompts us to give it to all who do not possess it. Propagation is a law of spiritual life.

All men need to know the great message. We are under obligation to convey our knowledge of it. The fact that we can carry light to those in the dark is sufficient reason why we should. And "the love of Christ constraineth us" to do it.

We have all sorts of moods in the church,—the optative mood, wishing to do; the subjunctive mood, if the conditions were all right; and some other moods. But the mood for every Missionary Volunteer is the *imperative mood*—it *must be done*.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord." 1 Cor. 15:58. "While the stream keeps running, it keeps clear; but if it comes to a standing water, then it breeds frogs and toads, and all manner of filth." The keys that men carry in their pockets and use day after day wax brighter and brighter; but if they are laid aside or hung on the wall, they soon grow rusty. "Always abounding in the work of the Lord," is the way to keep clear from the pollutions of the world.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Education a Duty

THIS question of educating ourselves is not one that may be passed by lightly. I may not assume an air of indifference and say, "O, well! I know education is a good thing, but I haven't the time nor the talent nor the inclination for it."

It should not be made a matter of inclination, for inclination is just as likely to be wrong as right. Moses was inclined to kill the Egyptian, but it took him forty years to recover from that mistake. Jonah was not inclined to undertake the hard task of warning Nineveh, and in fleeing duty made serious trouble for himself and for others who were innocent of his truancy. Peter was inclined to deny rather than to acknowledge his Master in the judgment-hall, and by so doing brought on the bitterest experience of his life. Nor can this question be settled by considering how much talent I have or may not have. According to our Lord's parable, every person has the equivalent of at least one talent; that is, every one has, as a gift from his Creator, a basis for the improvement of mind, heart, and body. To neglect this improvement, for any cause, is to pronounce our Lord a hard, unreasoning Master, to fold our talent in a napkin and hide it in the earth, and ultimately to find our lot with those who sit in the outer darkness of ignorance and sin. God has given to every youth talent in measure with his ability to use it, and no one can say either that he has no talent or that he has not the ability to use what talent he has.

Least of all, should any one say he has no time to educate himself. If I feel hard pressed for time, that very thing is the strongest argument that I need more education; for the right kind of education will enable me not only to find more time for useful things within my daily twenty-four hours, but also to accomplish twice as much in the time I do have.

The really busiest people—those who do most ef-

"FORGET others' faults by remembering your own."

fectively the largest amount of work — are the very ones who can always find time for some new thing of importance when it comes along. Time is not measured by minutes, hours, and days, but for the purposes of life it is measured by the use we make of it. Time enough runs to waste in some lives to make a full life for another, if it were only at his command. "I haven't the time" is a bad habit; and worst of all when we let it influence our attitude toward getting an education.

Where, then, shall I classify the matter of educating myself? — File it under "Christian Duties." If I am a Christian at all, I should not think of omitting from my daily living principles the telling of the truth, the paying of my honest debts, the keeping of the Sabbath, the ministering to the sick and needy; how about improving the mind? It is the greatest natural treasure we have in earthen vessels. It is the gift of God most capable of growth without limit. With the heart right, it may become the greatest honor to God among his works — the nearest like God himself. Dare we treat with indifference a gift so precious? Bearing the intimate relations it does to the building of character, can we afford to neglect its highest development? Can there be any question about regarding the education of myself as a Christian duty of the highest order?

The greatest student among Biblical writers wrote to a young man, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." If to accomplish this it is necessary to "endure hardness," it will, as the same writer wrote to the same young man, make of you "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

W. E. HOWELL.

Best Fellowship

BEGIN the day with God:
Kneel down to him in prayer;
Lift your heart to his abode,
And seek his love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art, at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God:
Thy sins to him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

— Selected.

A Little Something to Cheer One's Heart

THE article in a recent number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, with the title "The Lonely Grave of a British Girl," brought to my home a representative of the Washington *Herald*, with the request that I accompany him to the spot where the British girl lies buried, as the editor wished an article on the incident for the columns of his paper. We obtained a number of very interesting facts about the small English settlement founded there one hundred fifty years ago.

On our way home, a young man in an automobile

stopped and asked us for directions to Mount Rainier. We told him he was driving away from the place, and should he follow the road on which he was traveling he would reach the Soldier's Home and Brookland. He said he would go to Brookland, rather than turn back, and the young woman riding with him invited us to occupy the vacant seats in the car. We accepted the invitation, and as we rode along she spoke of the beauty of the scenery. I agreed with her, but remarked that it was not quite so beautiful as that of certain parts of Pennsylvania and Ireland.

"Are you an Irishman?" the young woman quickly asked.

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she produced two bottles, one filled with water, the other with whisky.

"Then you will have a drink," she said, proffering me the whisky-bottle.

"I am a reformed Irishman. The whisky-bottle and I parted company a quarter of a century ago," was my reply.

"We must have a little something to cheer our hearts."

"But whisky weakens the action of the heart, destroys the cells of the brain, ruins the liver and kidneys, and inflames the stomach; and where does the good cheer come in?"

"A little whisky cheers the heart," was the young woman's response.

"I have an abundance of good cheer, and I do not drink whisky. You remember Jesus said, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Why not be a Christian, and have Jesus Christ abiding in your heart? He will give you lasting cheer."

The subject was changed immediately, and by their interest in the monastery at Brookland, which just then could be seen in the distance, I concluded to which church they adhered. My parting word was, "You both should stop drinking whisky; it will ruin you not only in this world, but also in the world to come."

As I walked along the road leading to Takoma Park, I asked God that the word spoken in his name might do good to the young woman and her escort.

Nearing the Park, a brother hailed me, and invited me to stop for a chat. He had stretched the fly of a tent on poles near his home, and was studying his Sabbath-school lesson. As we talked about the things of the kingdom, I noticed a wren fly back and forth, each time alighting on the rope of the tent, and warbling notes of joy. I called my friend's attention to this, and he pointed me to a nest in the corner of the fly of the tent. Although both of us sat within four feet of the nest, the wren continued to bring in material and deposit it in the new home, then almost completed. Never once did she leave without first sitting on the rope and sounding the same notes of joy. I thought, "There is good cheer, the good cheer that God wishes to be in every heart; its basis, *service*." I saw just a little clearer the reason why angels rejoice when a sinner is converted; it means a little more material in the building of God. Thank God, his temple is almost completed, and what melody will go forth from the lips of angels and from the lips of the redeemed when the dedicatory exercises are held at the second coming of our Lord, an event soon to occur in this world so full of discord and strife, much of which is caused by the whisky-bottle.

JOHN N. QUINN.

NATURE and SCIENCE

The Cinematograph's Story of the Scott South Polar Expedition

THE story of Capt. Robert F. Scott's expedition to the south pole, though ending so tragically, is destined to find a larger place in the mind and heart of the people of the world than that of either of the other intrepid pole discoverers. This is made possible because of the efficient work that Mr. Herbert Ponting, a member of the Scott South Polar Expedition, did with his cinematograph, or moving-picture camera.

Mr. Ponting was a British war correspondent of wide experience, which service admirably fitted him for his polar work. He had learned to select that which would best appeal to the people. His wonderfully graphic and comprehensive moving-picture record of the polar expedition of which he was the official camera artist, "has been unanimously pronounced the greatest pictorial chronology of any polar expedition in history, and of incalculable educational value. Over twenty-five thousand feet of film, together with some two thousand photographic plates of scenes and life in the land of the midnight sun, were brought back to civilization, and many of these unique pictures are now being presented to the people.

"One of the first films he obtained was that of the sturdy little 'Terra Nova,' the vessel on which the party sailed from New Zealand, braving a storm at sea. The waves (accurately measured) were fifty feet in height, which height, it is claimed has never before nor since been legitimately recorded. Another film shows the 'Terra Nova' breaking her way through the ice-floes. A school of 'killer' whales is next shown. Pictures of seals, gulls, and penguins at close range follow. The winter quarters of the expedition are seen, with Mt. Erebus smoking fifteen miles away in the background. A game of football on the sea ice, naturalists at work with deep-sea apparatus, and specimens, methods of sledging and packing, and pictures of individual members of the party, including their dogs and ponies, are other features shown on the canvas.

"Of the most poignant interest, however, are the pictures showing in detail the routine camping and marching methods of the actual polar party of five. They are seen pitching their tent at the end of a day's march, and then, with the temperature at thirty degrees below zero, preparing their evening meal and creeping into their sleeping-bags for the night,—the bags in which they died."

The pictures of penguins and seals were of especial interest. These animals seemed absolutely fearless so far as human beings were concerned. It was their first experience with man, and they would allow the photographer to pet them, and place his machine within a few feet of them. They attended strictly to their usual affairs, and so made it possible for the camera to give perfectly natural views of them, feeding, nesting, playing, bathing, walking, and quarreling. The noise of the cinematograph at work somewhat disturbed their peace of mind, causing them to manifest a little nervousness at the new sounds.

The penguin is ludicrously awkward in its walking, and flying is an impossible feat. It can, however, make a kind of toboggan out of itself and get over the smooth snow "on all fours" amazingly fast—for a penguin. Mr. Ponting caught, with his camera, the penguin chick as it was breaking the shell in its effort to take its place in the world, as it crawled out and shook its wet feathers; then as a pretty, fluffy ball, and finally as a young penguin almost ready to take its first swimming lesson.

The skua gulls are prone to disturb the equanimity of a penguin colony by their theft of eggs. The penguin is at the mercy of the gulls, since they can swoop down, pick up an egg, and fly away with it, and the penguin can do none of these things, and can only express its resentment by vigorous fighting with its bill.

Mammoth seals, some of which weigh a thousand pounds, abound in the polar regions. Their enemy is not man, but the killer whale, great schools of which the camera caught.

It may be that science has benefited considerably by the Scott South Polar Expedition, but no doubt the greatest good to the world will come from the revelation of the praiseworthy principles that characterized the lives of the men who perished. On the dead body of the leader of the

expedition were found two undeveloped photographic plates which Captain Scott used at the pole.



A GROUP OF PENGUINS



THE PASSION FLOWER

When the early Spanish settlers in South America saw this flower, they fancied that they had discovered a marvelous symbol of the crucifixion, the ten colored petals and sepals representing the ten apostles present at the crucifixion (Peter and Judas being absent). Inside the corolla is a showy crown of filaments, by some taken to represent the crown of thorns, by others the halo.

One of these showed the tent and flag that his predecessor, Captain Roald Amundsen, had left at the pole. While it could not but be a disappointment to find another had gained the coveted goal for which he and his comrades had striven so heroically, there was no effort to rob the rival explorer of his due. Neither did Captain Scott wish to deprive his companions of any honor that he himself might achieve, so all five men were photographed at the south pole.

Had not a series of misfortunes come to these five intrepid men, who left the rest of their company and made the final dash to the pole, they would have returned to civilization in safety. But as it was, within eleven miles of their winter stores, they perished. But their courage, hardihood, loyalty to one another, and uprightness of character are well worth emulating by those who have only the problems of common everyday life to meet.

The Newest Scientific Picture

THE light of the sun seems to us a plain white light; but like other of God's wonders its beauty and complexity are not perceived by the superficial or careless student. It was only when the light was passed through a prism, and its spectrum obtained, that it was found to be composed of numerous rays of the distinct colors of the rainbow,—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

Each of the rays producing these colors has its own rate of motion, and its own wave length, the blue rays having a shorter wave length and a more rapid wave motion than the red ones.

Beyond what the eye can discern are rays of light, or other colors, at each end of the spectrum; that is, there are colors above the violet, and colors below the red. The presence, nature, and work of both of these sets of rays have been discovered, but their color cannot be observed by the human eye. It may be that in time science may disclose some instrument or other agent that will assist the eye to distinguish the particular color of these rays.

It has been suggested that some animals that are so much at home in the night, may have eyes to which the infra-red rays give light as the spectrum colors do to our own. In an exchange there appeared an article by Mr. Valdemir on recent discoveries concerning the power of the infra-red rays. Mr. Valdemir says:—

"A Costa Rican chemist has been making photographic experiments with the invisible colors of the spectrum, which has led to remarkable discoveries about the infra-red rays, which possess a carrying power far exceeding that of any other kind of light. These rays, according to the chemist, possess the greatest wave length of any light vibrations and are capable of bringing into view scenic objects which even high-power field-glasses fail to show in the clearest noontide atmospheres.

"In Señor Michaud's photographs illustrating his late experiments the curious power of the infra-red rays is shown by contrast. Three photographs of the same scenes, taken on the same day, show practically the same scene. The first is an ordinary photograph picturing a peaceful village set in a wide plain with a background of hazy mountains; the second is an orthochromatic photo which shows the foreground objects with sharp distinctness, while the mountains look exactly as they do in the first picture,—vague and very distant. In the infra-red photo every minute object on the distant mountainside stands out with cameo clearness, even to the branches of the trees and the rocks of the craggy declivities. It is as if the dim veil of distance, which obscured the background objects of the first photographs, had been removed from the infra-red rays picture.

"Señor Michaud thinks that this important discovery will be of great service to military organizers, as military scouting can be revolutionized by the use of infra-red photography. The advance of an army too distant to be located by the most powerful field-glasses may be detected by the new-rayed eye of the camera. At the same time, the use of the infra-red ray may serve the enemy in locating the camera operator in his air-ship position."



TRANSMITTING GERMS FROM MOUTH
TO PENCIL

C. O. D. Parcels by Post

THE post-office is going to undertake the business of collecting and remitting the price of parcels sent by post. The sender may affix a special ten-cent stamp, for which the government will not only insure the parcel up to fifty dollars, but collect for it from the addressee, and return the money to the sender, in the form of a postal money-order.

This is another long step toward making the parcel-post the facility the public needs and wants. The system of collection and remittance is in force in most European countries, and adds greatly to the usefulness of the service. There is some reason to believe that the rates now made, for both insurance and collection, will prove too high; if so, they should be reduced. Experts who have studied these aspects insist that the insurance rate is altogether too high, and they incline to believe that experience will be followed by material reduction of the charges for both collection and insurance.

Just a reasonable margin of safety above the cost of the service, not a profit-earning excess, is what should be imposed for these facilities.—*The Washington Times*.



HAVING BORROWED THE PENCIL, AP-
PROPRIATING THE GERMS

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little more and spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself; here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—*Robert Louis Stevenson*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Why Johnny Failed

JOHNNY had a little mind;
It was his very own,
And nothing could be put in it
Except by him alone.
It wasn't very big, it's true,
But there was room inside
For lots of fine things, chosen out
As Johnny should decide.

Mother and father gave to him
All sorts of good advice,
But Johnny never put it in
Or thought about it twice.
But all the ugly things the boys
Upon the corners said,
Why, Johnny picked them up at once
And put them in his head.

At school the teacher tried her best
To give him facts and rules
Of every useful sort — but, no!
For Johnny hated schools.
He picked up brag and vulgar slang,
Dime novels, too, ten deep,
And filled his mind till it was like
A tainted rubbish heap.

So when the day of manhood came,
When Johnny searched his mind
For skill and power, it played him false,
And nothing could he find.
But worthless trash and ugly thoughts,
And so he failed, alas!
Is any other boy who reads
Coming to Johnny's pass?

— Priscilla Leonard, in *Morning Star*.

The Tongue That Was Loosed



WHEN Merrill White sat down to his first dinner in the city boarding-house, he looked straight across the table into the blue eyes of Stanley Carr. "I'm going to like that fellow," he said, with a sense of prompt attraction most unusual. It was less surprising that Stanley was equally certain of liking him, for Stanley had a genius for friendship. Even the landlady, embittered by years of experience with young men who patronized expensive tailors but failed to settle their board bills, and who, though scrupulous to pay the money lost at cards, had no scruples whatever about defrauding a washerwoman, — even Mrs. Willey, for all that her faith in human nature had received so many knocks, was on the best of terms with Stanley Carr.

The immediate intimacy of the two young men was almost necessary in self-defense. Stanley liked everybody on principle, but even he would not have claimed that the boarding-house offered many congenial acquaintances. The two had rooms on the same floor, and after a week, each had learned the way to the other's door so that he could have found it in his sleep. They ate their breakfasts together, a half-hour before any one else was down, and together they took the elevator to the city. Their places of employment were near enough so that they fell into the way of eating their lunch at the same place. In short, the chance association bade fair to become a strong friendship, influencing the lives of both throughout the years that were to come.

It was about three weeks from their first meeting, when Stanley suggested that Merrill should go home with him the following Saturday night and spend Sunday. Stanley's home was so near the city that frequent visits were quite possible, and Merrill, who was finding it difficult to become accustomed to boarding-house fare, eagerly welcomed the prospect of a change, and moreover, he owned to a keen curiosity to see what Stanley's mother was like.

Stanley was very fond of talking about his mother. Merrill had espied a picture photographed on the face

of his watch, one day early in their acquaintance, and had made some laughing comment, whereupon Stanley had held it up to give him a closer view.

"Pretty as a pink, isn't she?" demanded Stanley proudly. "My mother, you know. But they couldn't make a picture that would do her justice."

At the end of three weeks, Merrill had reached the conclusion that Stanley's mother must be a very remarkable woman. Her son quoted her opinion on many points, and asked her advice on many others regarding which he was in doubt. Merrill was glad of the Sunday's visit which would give him the opportunity to see her for himself.

It must be admitted that the first sight of Mrs. Carr proved a disappointment to her son's guest. She was a sweet-faced little woman, with a gentle voice and a gracious manner, but nothing about her was in any respect unusual. "Just a nice, motherly woman, like lots of others," Merrill thought, and then reflected that she was not unlike his own mother. He wondered what his acquaintances would think, if he were continually holding his mother up for their admiration. It certainly would be something entirely new.

Merrill soon discovered that Stanley was as outspoken in his affection in his mother's presence as when he was away. That Sunday in the Carr's pleasant home opened Merrill's eyes to the possibilities in the relationship of mother and son. The big boy petted the little woman as if she had been a child. His speech overflowed with endearing names. He had a way of slipping down at her feet, and taking her hands in both of his own, which always brought the color to the mother's cheeks. If she were not so pretty as Stanley fondly believed her, there could be no denying that when her face was thus transfigured by her tender pride, it well repaid study.

"Stanley won't ever need to reproach himself as a man I heard of once," Mrs. Carr said, smiling apologetically at her son's guest. "The poor woman was dying, as I remember the story. She had lapsed into unconsciousness to all appearances. But when her son, who sat beside her bed, said, 'She was a good

mother,' she opened her eyes and whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' And they were the last words she ever spoke. I'm of the opinion," concluded, Mrs. Carr, running her fingers through her son's shock of fair hair, "that Stanley read that story early in life and took warning."

"I don't remember that I ever heard it before," Stanley protested. "But if a fellow loves his mother, and I suppose pretty nearly all of us do that, I can't forgive him for not saying so. It isn't decent to leave it all to be taken for granted."

That conversation deepened the impression made by the outspoken fondness of the mother and son. Again and again in that brief visit, Merrill found his thoughts reverting to his own mother. Down in his heart he loved her with a loyalty that was the strongest force in his life, yet if he had slipped his arm about her waist, or called her one of the pet names which sprang so readily to Stanley's lips, she would have been amazed beyond expression.

"It's just a difference in temperament," thought Merrill, wrestling with a vague uneasiness. "It comes to the surface with Stanley, that's all." Yet along with this apology, he illogically assured himself that some day he would put his affection into words.

The two boys went back to the city early on Monday morning, and without going to the boarding-house, plunged into the strenuous beginning of a busy week. After the country air, the greenness, and the hush, the city seemed bigger, blacker, and noisier than ever. Merrill had to do battle against the sense of its crushing vastness which was almost too much for him when he first left home.

That night after dinner, Stanley went across the hall to Merrill's room, carrying his easy chair with him, and soon the two were comfortably engaged in arguing every imaginable question, taking opposite sides for the sheer satisfaction of the mental gymnastics it involved. Merrill was spiritedly upholding the unpopular side of one of the questions of the day, when there was a knock at the door. A half-grown colored boy, a stranger to the two friends,—for in the boarding-house servants came and went with a frequency that made any effort to remember names or faces a waste of time,—was waiting outside.

"Tel'gram fo' you, sah!"

Merrill caught up the yellow envelope and tore it open. He told himself that his excitement was foolish. Only women lost their heads over the arrival of a telegram. Men took such things as a matter of course. And even while with irritated self-consciousness he struggled to control his trembling hands, he was reading the fatal words: "Your mother died —"

The room had turned black, and Stanley had him by the arm. "Merrill, old fellow, what's happened?"

"I never told her, Stanley. I — never — told her."

Stanley looked over his friend's shoulder, and caught the import of the message written on the shaking paper. With a cry, he threw his arm about the other's shoulders and drew him into a chair.

"Pull yourself together, Merrill; I'll raise the window. Don't try to talk yet. Give yourself time." The words came stumbling from his lips, the trite, meaningless words that are the best we can do for each other at such crises, even when our hearts are torn with anguished sympathy.

But Merrill felt that he must speak. In his present mood, confession alone, to his feeling, made existence possible.

"Stan, I did love her, just as well as you love your mother, just as well as any fellow *could* love his mother; but I never told her,—not even one little word, Stan! O, why couldn't I have said one little tender thing? It would have been so easy."

"Merrill, try not to think of that now. You've got to get home as quickly as you can. Do you know whether there's a night train?"

"A night train?" Merrill pressed his hand to his forehead, trying to remember. But his thoughts would not occupy themselves with commonplaces. He was going home, to the shell of a home from which the soul had departed. He would cry unavailingly into ears that had never before been closed to his slightest whisper. His chance was gone, just as he had realized it.

Stanley, moving about the room with the meaningless activity of one half beside himself with nervous excitement, stooped to pick up the yellow envelope that Merrill had let fall. As he glanced at the address, he staggered, and put his hand to his eyes, as if he suspected them of playing him a trick. Then he turned and clutched Merrill's shoulder.

"My boy, you must pull yourself together. I've good news for you."

Merrill heard the incomprehensible words with a sense of dull resentment. Good news, and his mother was dead! He turned and looked half angrily into his friend's face, swept by its emotion like a field of grain in the wind. With a cry, Merrill was on his feet.

"What is it, Stanley? Be quick."

"Merrill, dear boy, this isn't your telegram. The boy who brought it up made a mistake. Some other chap — God help him! — must face that grief, but not you — not you."

He took the telegram and went out of the room quickly to find its rightful owner, and explain the brief delay. A middle-aged man in a room at the end of the hall heard him in silence, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"She's been low a long time," he said brokenly. "I've expected this news for a year, but now that it has come, it finds me unprepared. Whether you're older or younger, my boy, the world seems empty without a mother."

When Stanley went back to his friend's room, Merrill sat at the table writing rapidly, while every now and then a tear fell and blotted the wet ink. It was a poor makeshift, that letter. But since weeks must elapse before he could see his mother, he must make ink and paper convey the message that trembled on his lips, the love which could no longer remain unspoken. — *Harriet Lummis Smith, in Young People's Weekly.*

A Visit to the Old Australian Prison Ship

In strange contrast to the tall apartment-houses, the rush of automobiles bearing the wealthy and pleasure-loving along Riverside Drive, the care-free children romping about in the beautiful park at the river's edge, there has been lying in the Hudson River off New York, the last of the six prison ships used by the government of New South Wales. That such revolting conditions for the imprisonment of lawbreakers as prevailed on board the "Success" should ever have existed, seems incredible.

The ship is easily recognized as a floating prison by the large arrow-heads painted on its sides. It is a square-rigged, three-masted sailing vessel built more

than one hundred years ago. Along the sides is a row of small port-holes, admitting a faint light to the upper of the two rows of cells found "below decks."

Going aboard, one is immediately confronted with a number of the implements of punishment that were in common use during the "good old days," as the guide informs his audience. There are the weights and chains for the body, arms, and legs, which were fastened to the men, who were allowed upon the open deck for one hour a day. This ship was used for men only; there was one in the fleet of six ships for the exclusive care of women prisoners. For flogging refractory prisoners, the cat-o'-nine-tails of wire and horsehide, the triangle and square of heavy timbers to hold the unwilling men, and the tub in which they were able to wash their bleeding backs,—all are on exhibition. The tub was used for the purpose of affording the prisoners a weekly bath, according to the rule of the officials; and, it has been known, a score or more of undesirable prisoners were "accidentally" drowned while bathing.

Descending to the lower deck, the visitor finds a row of small cells on either side. Within some of these are wax figures representing men who have at some time served time aboard the "Success." This deck was for the prisoners who had served at least two years of their sentence and were well-behaved. At one end is a barred compartment about twice the size of an ordinary cell, and above it are the words, "Prison Chapel." Only the best of the prisoners were permitted to attend service for a quarter of an hour on Sunday; and, it is noted, the chaplain stayed outside the bars while preaching. It is on this deck that the pantry was located. Since the food consisted of bread, hominy, and water, there was no need of an elaborate kitchen.

Although the men confined on this deck were compelled to work daily in the quarries, their lot was highly desirable when compared to that of the prisoners on the lowest deck. There the cells are arranged as above, but they are considerably smaller and damper, since they are below the water-line. Toward the forward end are two very small cells, known as the "black holes," in which unruly prisoners were confined. When chained to the great ring in the "hole," the prisoner was unable to stand, sit, or lie down. The chains and ring held him practically off the floor; and when an unfortunate man had been in there for a week or two, he invariably came forth a raving maniac.

By this time the visitor believes that he has seen enough to convince him that all the knowledge and love of torture did not pass away with the Inquisition, and he hastens to the upper deck and pure air, but still haunted by the faces of the wax figures showing up in the dimly lighted cells. Only the knowledge that the day is soon at hand when all pain and suffering shall be done away can relieve the mind after the sight of such horrors.

E. CHAFFEE SAUNDERS.

The Hardest Sacrifice

SHE had come home from a missionary meeting, and her heart was thrilled with the address she had heard there, especially with the story of one who, for the faith's sake, had been compelled to give up home, friends, and comfort. "It makes me feel as if I did nothing," said the one who had heard the story, tears of feeling—honest feeling and honest desire for service—standing in her eyes. "What sacrifice have I ever made? What are most of us doing but being comfortable?"

She longed to go out and do some great work for the Master, and yet a little later, when the name of an old friend with whom relations had grown strained, was mentioned, the eyes that had been tearful flashed.

"I see very little of her," she said, coldly. "We each go our own way now. I do not trouble her. I am tired of doing kindnesses for people who do not return them."

Alas! the sacrifice asked of her just then was not the giving up of home or wealth, but the giving up of a resentment, for her Lord's sake; and there is no harder sacrifice in all this world than that. It would often be easier to sunder family ties if some principle demanded it, than it is to strengthen them, bear with their friction, and cherish them in patience and unselfishness year after year. Going out to do work among the ignorant and outcast is not so hard as being long-suffering with the brother who ought to know better; and the most difficult of all "slum work" is the clearing up of pride, resentment, and uncharitableness in our own hearts.—*The Shield*.

On the Lips or in the Heart

"EFFIE CARSON has the most beautiful voice," said Wilma Lee. "Why, she can sing way up high—almost as high as Miss Cross. And Miss Cross says if Effie will take lessons and practise hard she will, maybe, be a great singer some day. Wouldn't that be lovely? But Blossom Carson, Effie's sister, can't sing a bit. Why, she goes flat even in the simple little songs we sing in school! Isn't it strange that there's such a difference between two sisters?"

"That isn't the only difference," said Fred, Wilma's big brother. "I worked for Mrs. Carson last week, and I saw a lot of both girls. Effie was asleep when I got there in the morning. She came down-stairs late, and was cross because she had to eat a cold breakfast. Then she went to the piano to practise a song while Blossom washed the dishes. When her mother called her to come and help with the work, she was so vexed that she shut the piano with a bang, and almost overturned the stool. Then when good-natured little Blossom began to hum a tune as she worked, Effie said: 'Blossom Carson, do stop that! It makes me tired to hear you sing so flat! If you can't sing, for pity's sake, don't try.' I declare, I wanted to shake the girl! If Blossom had given her a short answer, I couldn't have blamed her. But she just stopped singing and said: 'I suppose it does sound horrid to you, Effie, 'cause you can sing so beautiful. But I don't sing to sing, you know, I just sing because I am so happy I have to do something.' I thought that would make Effie ashamed of herself. But she just snapped out, 'Do something else, then. I can't stand it to hear a noise like that,' and went on slamming the dishes down on the table."

"Now," continued Fred, "Effie may make pretty sounds, but that's all there is to it. There isn't any music in her heart, as far as I can judge. But Blossom can make all the mistakes she pleases, for all I care, for she starts a song in my soul every time I'm around where she is."

"Why, Fred," said Wilma, "that sounds just like preaching."

"Does it?" said Fred, laughing. "Well, you'll have to own that I had a pretty good text."—*The King's Builders*.

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending March 31, 1913

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
ATLANTIC UNION																				
Gr. New York	6	106	..	69	46	315	95	1	748	227	4	24	25	1616	499	122	2	\$ 11.44	\$ 11.28	..
Maine	4	45	15	29	17	11	5	..	304	76	..	18	..	192	48	9	..	20.25	5.62	2
Massachusetts	14	279	8	494	124	679	94	20	13751	2800	203	83	303	10378	579	129	39	49.06	17.51	21
New York	5	111	..	44	18	72	5	1	74	607	30	22	139	1945	293	35	..	7.35	3.35	..
N. New Eng.	9	138	70	77	38	140	143	20	187	712	15	72	150	655	219	192	3	16.25	12.71	..
S. New Eng.	6	75	..	61	29	337	106	9	1006	731	85	87	28	1425	171	93	29	9.20	14.81	..
W. New York	7	157	4	317	115	1300	423	35	4712	3811	186	444	158	13885	1284	648	3	72.95	115.17	..
CENTRAL UNION																				
Colorado	10	202	..	59	27	137	30	5	17	985	1	27	*166	*705	277	37	6	8.76	14.88	..
East Kansas	13	187	25	279	130	668	208	13	657	1553	34	64	34	3338	460	205	10	53.61	54.96	24
Nebraska	7	104	50	408	363	6	324	2509	6	55	3550	5022	339	24	..	29.04	8.75	..
N. Missouri	1	25	..	70	15	8	4	..	350	270	1	10	..	28	32	24	12.75	..
S. Missouri	6	170	..	106	33	98	39	8	200	943	18	24	8	1155	63	71	26	2.90	13.80	..
W. Colorado	4	110	21	124	71	284	20	3	186	1902	5	246	2	2788	443	168	27	10.00	9.50	10
W. Kansas	10	196	..	60	23	112	12	23	547	2593	175	53	2942	1021	114	63	..	13.02	27.69	9
Wyoming	2	41	..	37	10	29	12	..	17	327	17	3	..	137	55	2	1	12.40
COLUMBIA UNION																				
Chesapeake	6	137	3	63	20	297	157	4	114	782	8	49	115	61	276	153	1	..	5.47	8
Dist. of Col.	3	143	..	875	164	804	441	3	1449	2922	219	173	204	9222	658	441	193	109.50	43.90	8
E. Penn.	10	210	20	123	47	508	71	10	1051	1238	..	68	85	1537	131	62	9	58.97	25.04	..
New Jersey	6	91	..	14	7	335	120	27	927	756	..	199	..	469	186	62	20	..	16.92	..
Ohio	12	170	..	177	119	294	78	224	561	1066	35	62	*52	*3549	136	225	..	28.93	8.78	4
Virginia	7	129	..	329	61	912	197	51	471	1218	147	74	522	4456	200	97	38	2.97	10.01	..
LAKE UNION																				
E. Michigan	7	163	..	186	35	51	16	1	424	1311	1	25	2	*13159	104	55	..	7.69	12.01	..
Indiana	9	104	40	60	9	81	26	4	399	496	3	30	..	1123	91	64	25	19.74	17.28	..
N. Illinois	26	412	13	329	112	1381	351	117	5719	3214	240	312	1954	9411	725	319	4	81.71	78.04	..
N. Michigan	8	93	28	40	9	61	10	..	101	237	17	23	9	54	69	38	4	6.30
S. Illinois	8	126	5	145	60	784	224	36	248	965	3	76	56	6878	239	187	1	11.11	14.01	..
W. Michigan	19	397	22	279	95	657	66	24	404	3724	82	138	114	3219	671	213	7	80.28	98.43	7
Wisconsin	25	303	5	126	39	100	68	1	328	795	12	17	1	296	214	36	..	37.35	7.38	..
NORTHERN UNION																				
Iowa	12	144	..	110	44	519	36	21	189	1035	20	61	390	32167	141	71	1	11.00	14.31	..
Minnesota	12	224	38	147	51	229	35	10	843	2390	10	37	514	1858	559	188	..	9.25	19.67	8
North Dakota	5	70	6	277	117	154	85	16	130	134	29	15	39	2138	770	30	38	20.50	2.82	..
South Dakota	4	100	3	191	71	144	..	31	149	850	30	56	..	1199	295	61	1	26.46	31.94	..
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																				
Montana	2	22	2	45	8	118	43	372	..	28	..	140	225	41
S. Oregon	7	125	10	104	41	274	323	..	345	915	12	44	3	905	312	172	..	5.05	13.70	2
Upper Col.	9	493	..	117	30	961	78	3	251	1099	29	48	4	347	74	130	60	7.20	11.18	6
W. Oregon	11	339	..	132	45	507	521	38	614	2897	52	1007	32	7533	184	263	45	30.05	29.58	..
W. Wash.	10	208	..	107	29	220	52	13	307	1531	49	44	..	8844	433	97	15	42.27	22.84	..
PACIFIC UNION																				
Arizona	1	30	455
California	15	543	..	341	52	315	249	24	1051	7940	37	98	67	3948	258	274	2	72.40	136.12	2
N. Cal.-Nev.	22	491	..	94	34	287	17	2	118	1480	13	43	37	415	328	125	2	14.20	3.64	..
S. California	22	662	..	462	160	608	120	54	2592	5902	195	223	342	19629	2875	962	2	63.48	286.84	4
Utah	2	25	..	18	12	22	7	11	482	491	13	4	25	1100	18	22	6.07	2
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																				
Georgia	5	154	7	85	42	210	54	2	2477	663	17	50	50	340	249	128	109	35.49	7.94	..
S. Carolina	4	88	..	37	25	116	79	11	21	446	9	16	16	*1748	35	85	14	..	3.25	..
SOUTHERN UNION																				
Alabama	6	169	1	146	52	429	234	77	1594	369	185	27	387	2390	100	53	5	1.70	37.60	..
Kentucky	4	48	13	51	20	186	67	2	981	174	82	30	2	379	82	70	..	12.43	10.95	..
Louisiana	3	17	2	42	12	108	42	2	2420	2029	85	2	215	1534	116	50	1.49	..
Mississippi	5	79	..	187	13	224	101	6	830	818	188	44	5	*4990	84	145	17.89	..
Tenn. River	4	102	..	90	60	245	52	20	256	316	65	58	106	73	117	88	..	46.46	..	2
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																				
Arkansas	6	83	14	32	9	184	15	8	..	964	13	40	52	293	169	85	..	2.23	20.69	..
New Mexico	2	23	3	69	14	16	10	1	19	127	1	16	26	161	282	41	1.20	..
North Texas	9	216	..	114	52	179	53	23	190	544	94	89	..	236	516	113	10	7.79	3.30	..
Oklahoma	16	400	5	231	109	426	130	24	355	1508	27	83	60	1489	193	65	3	..	1.19	13
South Texas	6	60	3	29	17	31	15	1	253	339	10	67	101	454	3	113	2	1.71	15.77	..
West Texas	3	70	..	87	33	9	7	2	25	559	6	15	74	*1726	166	18	1	..	31.68	..
CANADIAN UNION																				
Ontario	4	49	1	70	40	147	95	3	1034	305	8	15	..	4805	27	5	..	10.45	12.33	..
WEST CANADIAN UNION																				
Alberta	4	100	..	104	42	228	7	9	..	174	..	19	51	418	334	6	..	8.25	22.85	..
AUSTRALASIAN UNION *																				
New S. Wales	21	659	99	196	68	584	68	19	2004	1991	207	76	*522	*26542	1060	16	..	183.84	50.63	1
New Zealand	11	172	34	153	82	411	94	30	2007	2827	30	159	*718	*22620	603	28	..	128.23
Queensland	7	208	39	211	49	317	44	..	4850	692	428	103	*32	*7154	87	21	..	88.15	40.41	..

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions
WEST INDIAN UNION †																				
Br. Guiana M.	5	84	..	23	8	175	65	8	273	118	32	20	25	26	274	240	..	.50	1.30	6
Cen. America	4	29	..	12	9	36	6	1	...	113	1	13	...	974	240	20	..	12.15	4.41	..
Jamaica	15	250	..	50	15	250	100	15	202	400	50	12	65	506	425	360	1	.62	6.40	17
W. Caribbean	8	198	..	153	59	374	272	12	2379	458	120	73	32	546	369	176	..	16.39	39.74	9
MISCELLANEOUS																				
Bermuda	1	16	..	39	9	1	2	6	6	27	4	20	...	*255	21	7	..	7.31
Korea ‡	8	219	..	143	...	2568	442	...	425	817	...	103	...	*7448	72	24.35	...
Philippine Is. ‡	1	21	12	...	20	125	5	3	15	...	3
QUARTER ENDING DEC. 31, 1912																				
Totals	619	12805	726	10258	3635	26535	8167	1329	83329	127875	5142	6049	17974	494694	24366	9388	773	\$2304.75	\$1783.74	188
† For two quarters. * Pages of tracts. ‡ For quarter ending Dec. 31, 1912.																				

MATILDA ERICKSON, Cor. Sec. M. V. Dept.

The Morning Watch in Cuba

I HAD read much regarding the good obtained from a study of the Morning Watch Calendar every morning, and of how much help had been received from it, but I had always argued with myself that not much good could come to me by studying just one verse. I knew I should not remember it but a short time, and so I decided to continue reading a chapter as often as I could and trying to get a lesson out of that to help me in my work during the day. I generally read in Psalms, Job, Proverbs, or Paul's epistles.

About two weeks ago I had a talk with one of our canvassers, Henry Brown, who came here from the Foreign Mission Seminary to sell "Patriarchs and Prophets" during the summer. I told him what I thought of the idea of studying the Morning Watch texts, and his efforts to convince me of their usefulness were in vain. After we had worked together here in Havana for a few days, he went on to the city of Santa Clara alone. I had noticed that he had forgotten most of the Spanish he had known a year before, and so had difficulty in his canvass. From Santa Clara he wrote me as follows:—

"Thursday morning I was tired and sleepy from riding all night. I was lonesome, and afraid of canvassing in the governor's big palace; and as I realized that my Spanish was poor and my canvass weak, I was very fearful of starting in. Before lying down for a little sleep I asked the Lord to give me some promise for the day, some encouragement. It happened that the text for the day was Isa. 41:10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." If you can appreciate my feelings at that time and my gladness at reading that text, you will have your biggest argument in favor of the Morning Watch."

I am glad to be able to say that God did keep his promise to him and helped him wonderfully, as that same day in five hours he sold \$53.50 worth of that religious book in a Catholic city, and \$52 worth the next day, closing the week with orders amounting to \$119.50. Last week in forty-four hours he took seventy-nine orders valuing \$248, the record for a week's sales of a religious book in this island. I am sure he is still praying and trusting in God for his success, and that the Morning Watch texts are doing a faithful part. I now have no more arguments against the Morning Watch, but am going to recommend it wherever I go.

I trust that each reader of this experience who has not been using this calendar will write for one today, and join us in the daily study of the precious Word.

HAROLD ROBINSON.

A New Flag

WAVING in the breeze over one of Germantown's old mansions is a flag that attracts the eyes of all passers-by. It is the new flag designed by Wayne Whipple, the historian; and it is probable that it will some day be adopted as the official flag of the United States. The crowded and inartistic field of stars in the present flag has long troubled the authorities at Washington, but it has not been possible to design a field that will provide for a suitable arrangement of the stars and



A NEW FLAG

still permit the addition of more stars as new States are admitted. Mr. Whipple's design, illustrated above, makes this possible. President Taft invited Mr. Whipple to the White House, saw that the design for the rearrangement of the stars was a good one, and referred the matter to the War Department, the proper authority in such matters; and the War Department expressed instant approval of the new design.

The arrangement of the stars illustrates the history of the United States. The thirteen stars in the center, placed in the form of a six-pointed star, stand for the thirteen States which first combined to form the United States of America. This arrangement of the

stars is on the authority of the seal of the United States, the coat of arms, and the President's flag.

The circle is composed of twenty-five stars, standing for the twenty-five States admitted to the Union during the first hundred years of our history, from 1776 to 1876. Washington is the authority for placing the stars in a circle. In the first flag designed by him and made by Betsy Ross there were thirteen stars set in a circle.

Outside the ring of stars are ten stars for the ten States added to the United States since the centennial year, 1876, including Arizona and New Mexico, which were admitted in 1912, making forty-eight stars.

The present flag contains the forty-eight stars in six rows of eight each, and it is impossible to add more without making the stars smaller and the design clumsy. The arrangement suggested in the new flag makes it possible to have larger stars with a stronger and more distinct design. The central design need never again be changed, the addition of stars being made outside the circle, where ten stars can be added at will, as the new States come in with the growth of the nation.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Our Privilege in Bible Reading

HOMER STUNTZ, missionary to the Philippines, tells of a native who came panting into his presence, his clothes disordered, his general appearance wild. Carefully closing the door, he gasped, "I want to ask you something. My father was dragged from his home when I was a child, and taken away to be tortured because he read the Word of God. He may be dead now. As he was being taken away, the soldiers destroyed our Bible, but my mother tore away a few leaves, which she hid away. Those leaves contained the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John, and those words are in my heart. Tell me, can I read the Bible now?" Homer Stuntz, pointing to the American flag which was waving overhead, said: "As long as that flag is there, you can read the Bible on the housetop three hundred sixty-five days in the year."—*Mrs. H. D. Evans*.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
N. Am. Div. Secretary
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, August 9

Educational Day

Suggestions for the Program

REVIEW Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.

As announced in last week's note, every society arranges its own program for Educational day. You will find much good material in the campaign number of *Christian Education*. Pray and work to make this meeting a rally indeed. Try to stir every young person to strive for a Christian education. The spirit of prophecy says: "Let the youth who need an education set to work with a determination to obtain it. Do not wait for an opening; make one for yourselves. Take hold in any small way that presents itself. Practise economy. Do not spend your means for the gratification of appetite or in pleasure-seeking. Be determined to become as useful and efficient as God calls you to be. Be thorough and faithful in whatever you undertake. Procure every advantage within your reach for strengthening the intellect." Make good use of the article on "Education a Duty," by Prof. W. E. Howell, in this INSTRUCTOR.



VI — Joseph Makes Himself Known

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 44, 45.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 229-231.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. 4:32.

Questions

1. How did Joseph instruct his steward to prepare for his brothers' homeward journey? Gen. 44:1, 2.
2. When were they sent away? Verse 3; note 1.
3. What occurred when they were just out of the city? Verses 4-6.
4. How did they reason with the steward about the accusation; and how did they bind themselves in case any one of their number were found guilty? Verses 7-9.
5. What did the steward say should be their punishment? Verse 10.
6. In whose sack was the cup found? Verses 11, 12.
7. How did the brothers show their grief? What did they do? Verses 13-15; note 2.
8. What acknowledgment did Judah make? Verse 16.
9. What did Joseph say they should do? Verse 17.
10. When Judah saw that Benjamin was to be kept, what eloquent statement did he make to the governor, and what was his earnest request? Verses 18-34.
11. What effect did Judah's words and especially his noble offer to take Benjamin's place as bond-servant have upon Joseph? How did he declare himself to his brothers? How did they feel at first? Gen. 45:1-3; note 3.
12. How did Joseph quiet their fears and show them that God had overruled, for the good of all, the wrong they had done him? Verses 4-8; Ps. 105:17; note 4.
13. What loving word did Joseph send to his father? How did he show his love for his brethren? Gen. 45:15.

14. What lesson may we learn from Joseph's example? Memory verse.

15. How did Pharaoh help Joseph in his plans for his family? Verses 16-21.

16. What did Jacob think of the wonderful story when his sons reached home? Verses 25, 26.

17. How was he convinced of the truth? What did he then say? Verses 27, 28; note 5.

Notes

1. "Joyfully they set out on their return. Simeon and Benjamin were with them, their animals were laden with grain, and all felt that they had safely escaped the perils that had seemed to surround them."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 229.

2. This silver cup was doubtless what was called the "divining cup." We cannot suppose that Joseph used the cup as the Egyptians used it, to work divination with, pretending a magical power to read in it deep secrets and hidden things; but in the book "Patriarchs and Prophets" we are told that he wanted to draw from them an acknowledgment of their sin, and was willing to have them believe that he could read the secrets of their lives.

3. Joseph had been testing his brothers severely, but he was now satisfied. "He had seen in his brothers fruits of true repentance." Judah's touching story of the home life and his father's grief at the parting from Benjamin, and then his offer to become a slave in the lad's stead, convinced Joseph that his brethren were indeed changed men, and he was unable longer to hold himself away from them.

4. The brothers had been terrified when they first heard from the lips of the great governor of Egypt that he was the brother whom they had so wickedly mistreated. That scene in the sheep camp at Dothan passed again before them as it had so many times in the past. It was the memory of this sin that had made cowards of them before the governor of Egypt and before the father they had so pitifully wronged. And now their sin had found them out, and how would this man who had them in his power revenge himself upon them for what they had made him suffer? But what do they hear? He is talking kindly to them,—he is comforting them! He forgives them! O, how good the Lord is to them!

5. "Another act of humiliation remained for the ten brothers. They now confessed to their father the deceit and cruelty that for so many years had embittered his life and theirs. Jacob had not suspected them of so base a sin, but he saw that all had been overruled for good, and he forgave and blessed his erring children."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 232.

VI—The Ripened Harvest; the Lord's Voice Heard From Zion; Jerusalem Restored

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joel 3: 11-21.

Questions

1. In the warlike preparations what will the nations do? Who besides them will be caused to come to the same place? Where will this vast concourse be assembled? For what purpose? Where is the valley of Jehoshaphat? Joel 3: 11, 12; note 1.

2. What is said concerning the power of the Lord's mighty ones? Ps. 103: 20; Isa. 37: 36; 2 Thess. 1: 7.

3. What is said about the harvest and vintage? What was said of the prevailing wickedness? Joel 3: 13. Compare Gen. 6: 5, 11-13; Matt. 24: 37-39.

4. When is the harvest? Matt. 13: 38, 39; Rev. 14: 14, 15.

5. Where are the multitudes said to be? What is the valley of decision? What is near at this time? Joel 3: 14; note 2.

6. What vivid description of the day of judgment is given by the apostle Peter? 2 Peter 3: 10-12.

7. What reference is again made to the celestial bodies? Where else are these signs predicted? Joel 3: 15. Compare Amos 8: 9, 10; Isa. 13: 9-13. Note 3.

8. Whose voice will then be heard from Jerusalem? What will be the effect? What assurance is given to God's people? Joel 3: 16. Compare Heb. 12: 26. Note 4.

9. What will the redeemed then know? What will be the condition of Jerusalem? Who will then be excluded? Joel 3: 17.

10. When will this blessed state of things be realized? Rev. 21: 10, 23-27; Isa. 52: 1.

11. How is the redeemed condition of the world further described? Joel 3: 18. Compare Rev. 22: 1, 2.

12. What is the result of the violence done to God's people? Why were Egypt and Edom desolated? Joel 3: 19.

13. How long will God's people dwell in their land? Joel 3: 20. Compare Isa. 65: 21-23.

14. How thorough will be the work of cleansing? Joel 3: 21. Compare Eze. 36: 25, 26.

15. When will God avenge his elect? Luke 18: 7, 8; note 5.

Notes

1. The words nations, Gentiles, and heathen, found in Joel 3: 2, 9, 11, are the same word in the Septuagint, the French,

and the German Version, and are all translated "nations" in the Revised Version, and have reference to those nations outside of Judea or of God's people.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat is "a valley mentioned by Joel only, as the spot in which, after the return of Judah and Jerusalem from captivity, Jehovah would gather all the heathen (Joel 3: 2), and would there sit to judge them for their misdeeds to Israel (Joel 3: 12). For many centuries the name has been given to the deep ravine which separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. Both Moslems and Jews believe that the last judgment is to take place there."—*A Concise Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.*

2. "Valley of decision" is rendered in the Septuagint "valley of judgment." The German translation is the same, "the valley of judgment."

3. "Dec. 16, 1848, the Lord gave me a view of the shaking of the powers of the heavens. I saw that when the Lord said 'heaven' in giving the signs recorded by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, he meant heaven, and when he said 'earth' he meant earth. The powers of heaven are the sun, moon, and stars. They rule in the heavens. The powers of earth are those that rule on the earth. The powers of heaven will be shaken at the voice of God. Then the sun, moon, and stars will be moved out of their places. They will not pass away, but be shaken by the voice of God."—*"Early Writings,"* page 33.

4. "But amid the tempest of divine judgment, the children of God will have no cause for fear. 'The Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel.' The day that brings terror and destruction to the transgressors of God's law, will bring to the obedient 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' 'Gather my saints together unto me,' saith the Lord, 'those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself.'"—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 341.

"An earthquake marked the hour when Christ laid down his life, and another earthquake witnessed the moment when he took it up in triumph. He who had vanquished death and the grave came forth from the tomb with the tread of a conqueror, amid the reeling of the earth, the flashing of lightning, and the roaring of thunder. When he shall come to the earth again, he will shake 'not the earth only, but also heaven.' 'The earth shall reel and fall like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage.' 'The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll;' 'the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.' But 'the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel.'"—*"Desire of Ages,"* page 780.

"Soon I heard the voice of God which shook the heavens and the earth. There was a mighty earthquake. Buildings were shaken down, and fell on every side. I then heard a triumphant shout of victory, loud, musical, and clear. I looked upon this company, who, a short time before, were in such distress and bondage. Their captivity was turned. A glorious light shone upon them. How beautiful they then looked. All weariness and marks of care were gone; health and beauty were seen in every countenance. Their enemies, the heathen around about them, fell like dead men. They could not endure the light that shone upon the delivered, holy ones. This light and glory remained upon them until Jesus was seen in the clouds of heaven, and the faithful, tried company were changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from glory to glory. The graves were opened and the saints came forth, clothed with immortality, crying 'victory over death and the grave!' and together with the living saints they were caught up to meet their Lord in the air, while rich, musical shouts of glory and victory proceeded from every immortal tongue."—*"Testimonies for the Church,"* Vol. I, page 184.

5. The last verse of Joel's prophecy reads thus in the Septuagint Version: "And I will make inquisition for their blood, and will by no means leave it unavenged: and the Lord shall dwell in Zion." With this agrees the German translation: "And I will not leave their blood unavenged." Thus the question, "Shall not God avenge his own elect?" as propounded by our Lord, the repetition of which was heard by the seer of Patmos, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" finds its answer in advance. Glorious day of deliverance from sin and Satan!

Giving and Forgiving

WHAT makes life worth living
Is our giving and forgiving;
Giving tiny bits of kindness
That will leave a joy behind us,
And forgiving bitter trifles
That the right word often stifles;
For the little things are bigger
Than we often stop to figure;
What makes life worth the living
Is the giving and forgiving.

—Thomas Grant Springer.

The Youth's Instructor

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EDITOR

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Receiving a Newly Married Couple

THE following news note recently appeared in a number of our most important dailies:—

Twenty-five pretty girls, their sleeves rolled up, wearing big aprons, and each carrying a wash-boiler, and twenty-five young men dressed in light-blue pajamas, each carrying a "squawking doll," lined up at the Homestead depot, and extended a most hearty reception to Melvin Crawford and his bride, Mrs. Elizabeth Arthurs Crawford, when they stepped from a train.

With a calathumpian band preceding and another one bringing up the rear, the procession marched through the principal streets of Homestead to the amusement of thousands of people who collected along the line of march. The noise of the calathumpians was often drowned out by the "squawk" of the pseudo babies and the thumping of the wash-boilers. The police were forced finally to break up the parade, as the crush of onlookers threatened to cause trouble.

It is a sad commentary on our present civilization when the sacred marriage institution is made the occasion of so much foolishness. But fortunately no one was physically injured in the nonsensical demonstration, as is often the case in the coarse attempts to make merry over a wedding. Such demonstrations do not refine either participants or sympathizers.

Look Out for the Stranger

A STRANGER at a Sunday evening service was handed a notice of a mass-meeting to be conducted under the auspices of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. He concluded to attend the meeting; and through the Spirit of God was convicted of sin, converted, and baptized as the result of the service.

For seventeen years this young man had been a tramp. Though he had strong temptations for a while after his conversion to reenter the old life, yet by the help of God he resisted them, and finally through the effort of Christian friends secured a good position as shipping-clerk in the Western Pacific freight depot of Oakland, California, which position he at present creditably fills.

Mr. Kohnken, for this is the young man's name, comes from a good family of New York City, but for some unaccountable reason when but thirteen years of age he left home, and for nearly a score of years heeded the questionable but irresistible "call of the road." He was during this time regarded as the "black sheep" of the family. But for the black sheep, the lost ones of the fold, came Jesus Christ to earth. Happy is he who in any way cooperates with the Great Shepherd in finding his wandering sheep.

What You Fear

EVERYBODY is and ought to be afraid of something. Some people say they are not afraid of anything. But it is no sign of a brave heart for a person to say that he is not afraid of anything, and it is no sign of a cowardly heart for a person to acknowledge that of certain things he is afraid. Everything in true bravery depends on *what* are the things you fear and *what* are the things you do not fear. No set of boys ever lived long together in a school without showing great differences as to the things they fear and the things they do not fear. No set of people ever lived long together in the world without showing up these great differences.

It is very curious to find what the things are that people do fear. College is a great place to find out this sort of thing. There was a man there in my time who, when he was well, was not at all afraid to use God's name profanely in his conversation; but never was there a greater coward than he was once when he was taken sick, and feared that he was going to die. There was also one little fellow who was afraid of the class games and was thought rather faint-hearted; but when the time came that he was called upon to speak out among some careless men and confess that he loved Jesus Christ and was trying to live for him, he came out strongly, calmly, and fearlessly, and spoke like the hero that he was. I dare say many of you have read about that little boy Arthur at Rugby School (of whom Mr. Thomas Hughes has told us), who was a very sickly, delicate boy, so desperately homesick and afraid of the boys that he was ridiculed and tormented by them all. The first night in the dormitory Arthur knelt at his bedside to pray, and the moment he did so there was a perfect shout of laughter, and things were thrown at him to disturb him. He finished his prayer. The next night when bedtime came the older boys were waiting for him, to see if he would dare do it again. And he did it again in the same calm, gentle way. And they laughed him to scorn. But the little boy who was so afraid of many things that boys did was not afraid to pray in their presence, and after a time they saw that it was he who was brave, and themselves who were the cowards.—*"The Silver Cup."*

Fireside Correspondence Course

TWENTY-FOUR courses are prepared, in which three hundred ten pupils took work last year. Courses in Public Speaking, Latin, and Hebrew will be added in September. The Mothers' Normal Department, long contemplated, will then begin its work under the direction of Mrs. C. C. Lewis. Two courses will be offered at first—one for young mothers, covering the care and training of the child until five years of age; the other giving specific directions to mothers for conducting kindergarten and first-grade work during the fifth, sixth, and seventh years. If other grades are now needed, write us about it. The new descriptive catalogue giving full information about courses, method, terms, etc., will be ready in July. All who are interested should write for a copy at once, addressing The Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

C. C. LEWIS, Principal.

"It is better to work with a trowel than with a crowbar; better to be a builder up than a tearer down."