

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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GEORGE C. TATE, inventor of wire picture-cord, died in Medford, Massachusetts, June 12, 1913, aged eighty-seven years.

FROGS and other animals have been buried alive in liquid air, then removed after six weeks. On resuscitation they lived for some time.

THE State of Washington has a mothers' pension law. Under this new law ten mothers have just been granted pensions, the largest being \$37.50 a month to a destitute widow with seven children.

Two weeks before his death, Adoniram Judson said, "I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for *anything* but it came." Thousands of missionaries from every quarter of the globe could say the same thing.

AN electric fan placed outside and just above a door makes an excellent barrier to flies. The outer door may be arranged to operate an automatic switch which will start the fan on the opening of the door, and shut off the current at the closing of the same.

EIGHTY thousand acres of fine land have been acquired by a company in Wisconsin, for the purpose of forming colonies to be made up of young emigrants from Scotland. Each emigrant is to get eighty acres. Over \$5,000,000 will be put into the enterprise.

SEND to the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan, for a package of their sanitary dish-cloths, six in a package for fifteen cents, and try them for yourself. If you hate to wash out greasy, sticky, dish-rags, you will rejoice in this new invention.

AN aerolite is reported to have fallen at Alcocer, Spain, on July 25, doing much damage. The surrounding country was set on fire by the aerolite, and farmhouses, hay-racks, trees, and gathered crops were burned. A shower of stones fell upon neighboring villages at the time the aerolite buried itself in the earth at Alcocer.

It is reported that J. S. McNutt, of Los Angeles, was recently convicted of driving his automobile while intoxicated, and causing an accident which probably crippled a young woman for life. Mr. McNutt was given a five-year suspended sentence on condition that he pay the girl thirty dollars a month and settle her hospital bill.

AUREL POPOVICS, of Torok-Kanizsa, Austria, has patented a method of embedding artificial hair in the scalp. A retaining element is applied to the hair and a minute cavity is pierced in the scalp. The end and the retaining element of the hair is inserted in the cavity below the surface of the skin, so that hairs can be planted in the skin with, the inventor claims, such a degree of perfection as to render the artificial nature of the hair covering thus produced completely unnoticeable.

"KING GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS of Sweden and King Haakon of Norway are taking a deep interest in the plan of the American-Scandinavian Foundation to promote closer relations of thought and culture between the United States and the countries of the Norsemen and the vikings. The funds were left to the Foundation by the late Niels Poulsen, of Brooklyn, New York. The trustees have established six scholarships for students from Scandinavian countries who wish to study in America, two each from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway."

When Moody Handed Back the \$1,500

THE *Lutheran Observer* tells of an instance in which three thousand dollars was given to the great evangelist as a token of the appreciation the Christian people of London had of his efforts for several months. Some men would have regarded that as a triumph, and have had it written in their biographies. The same article that I am quoting speaks of one more recent evangelist who would not lead a campaign in an Eastern city until he had a promise of ten thousand dollars for a month's work. But Mr. Moody used the way of the lamb instead of the way of the lion; he handed back one half the amount, saying that it was too much. And that is far better and more inspiring triumph to have recorded in a man's biography than that he could command ten thousand dollars a month for preaching free salvation. It inspires you and me, as sacrifice always inspires men to better deeds. Yes, the lamb is king, and not the lion. In the list of the world's seven decisive battles Calvary is omitted; but Calvary, the victory of the Lamb who gave himself as a sacrifice for mankind, is the grandest victory of all.—*Selected.*

The Tireless Trudge

I KNEW a woman who, without a moment's warning, was plunged into widowhood, and left to battle for her five little children and herself. There was an extraordinary outburst of affectionate sympathy on the part of all who knew them. Then came the funeral. After that the world went on its way again as if nothing had happened. That was the beginning. After years the battle had been well fought and well won. The children had been clothed, educated, and placed in positions of usefulness and honor. That was the end. But my widowed friend told me that she did not forget when the world forgot. Every morning her grief woke up with her, and every night followed her to her rest. Every day, as she struggled for her little ones, the haunting question came to her, What would become of them if sickness or death seized on her? That was the killing time. That intermediate stretch was the worst part of the desolate way.—*Selected.*

The Me Bird

MISS GORDON CUMMING tells how she heard in Japan a bird which seemed to have for its sole note, "Me! Me! Me!" She and her party called it "the-me bird." It sometimes seems as if there were many persons who are a species of "me birds," who seem to feel no obligation to others, and who consider the whole universe as made simply for themselves.—*The Christian Herald.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Bethel Talks—Industrial Education	3
Individuality	4
Hints About Paragraphing	6
A Dying Man's Bequest to His Children	6
Shell Talks	8
The Story of Mooktie	10
A Letter From Mooktie	11
Why Not I? (poetry)	12
The Dog Hero	12
What Shall We Do?	13
SELECTIONS	
Two Ways of Putting It (poetry)	3
An Indian's Conversion	5
Who Killed the Plan? (poetry)	6
Changing the Tags	12
The Golden Rule for Renters	16
Roumania's Queen	16

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Two Ways of Putting It

THE sultan awoke with a stifled scream:
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream,

An omen of terrible import and doubt—
His teeth in one moment all fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day,
And stood by the throne in solemn array.

And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold;

And all stood silent, in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.

At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say;

"'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high:
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

Wroth was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe,

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.

The wise men shook, as the sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next would try;

But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone:

"Exult, O head of a happy state!
Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate!

"For this is the favor thou shalt win,
O sultan, to outlive all thy kin!"

Pleased was the sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers, they nod, with grave, sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks,

"Well can the sultan reward and blame;
Didn't both of the wise men foretell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

— *Selected.*

Bethel Talks — Industrial Education

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING



THE other day I came upon the remark of a man that too much is being made of industrial education, that it is misleading to rank it with book study as an educational force. Now I agree with that last statement, and I want you to agree with it. I will tell you the reason why.

It is commonly held in the world that the purpose of industrial education is twofold: First, to give the student useful, practical knowledge, which he may turn to account in making for himself an easier or better living; and, second, to give him, through an all-round development of his faculties, a greater mental force,—through this concrete application of truth to enable him better to grasp abstract truth in purely intellectual work. It is certain that these things may be gained by industrial education, as may also physical health and other advantages. But I say to you that if this were all there was in industrial education, I should be glad to turn it over to somebody else to teach. And I should say the same about intellectual education: if there were no more in it to be gained than an acquisition of knowledge, a larger store of facts, and greater skill in using them, I should be glad to turn that work all over to somebody else to do.

No; the reason why industrial education is important is that in the industries it is easiest for us to be taught the prime principle of Christian education. That prime principle is this: The purpose of Christian education is not to make oneself great; it is to gain more power to make others happier. Let us see if that is not so in the work we are doing here every day. John there and Lee have the milking to do. Lee, why do you do the milking every morning and every evening? Is it just in order that you yourself may have enough milk to drink today?—No; you do it for the comfort of other people, too. Now you girls

who do the cooking, suppose John and Lee should fail to bring in the milk this morning, or should bring in just enough for themselves, perhaps, when you were depending on several gallons for the getting of the meals. Do you think it would add to your ease or to your burdens?—To your burdens, of course. And would you be happier or more troubled?

Well now, take another thing. Who washes dishes? Nellie? Nellie, why do you wash the dishes? Is it just so you may have a clean plate for breakfast in the morning? It is? And so if you could just be sure of a clean plate and knife and fork yourself, no matter about others, you wouldn't wash dishes, would you? You would? Why? To be sure, you are thinking of others as well, and you like to see them have things in proper condition so they can enjoy their dinner.

And, Stella, you get breakfast now, don't you? Why do you do it? If you could get enough to eat yourself, would you still get up so early to get things ready and have breakfast in good time for other people? Would you, now?

And there is the housework, and the laundry work, and the wood chopping, and the planting and harvesting of crops, and the care of stock. Moses, when you dress Bill's foot (old Bill you all know, that has a cancer on his foot), what are you thinking of when you are doing that for him? Is it just to get more work out of old Bill? What do you say? If Bill should die, we should have to get another horse. Well, you wouldn't have to pay for him, would you? The school would. True enough! Then why you do it is to save somebody loss and trouble? And that adds to the sum of happiness. But I hope you think of poor old Bill, too. It is not only men and women who need to be made happy; the animals we care for—are they not caused happiness or unhappiness? And when the sta-

ble is cleaned, and the cows and horses kept clean and fed and watered regularly, it is not, every one of us recognizes, just for our own comfort and gain; it is more for the comfort and happiness of others, both men and beasts.

There is the janitor work. Albert, why are you so careful to sweep clean, and to dust, and to straighten things around? Because God wants you to, you say? But why does he want you to?—Because it is to his glory. Yes, but why is it to his glory?

Now here. Pretty soon you will see the spring coming on. And you will see the grass springing up; and the crops we plant will grow and bring harvest and make fruit for us. Who does that?—God. Is that a part of his work?—Yes. But why does he do it? Is it that everybody may glorify him? It is in order to make men happy. Do you know of any other reason why God does anything? He knows, indeed, that men will really be happy only while they are in obedience to law, and sometimes when they become outlaws, he brings pain and trouble upon them; but why does he do even that?—To bring them back within law, where in rational living they can be happy. So all God's work is solely directed toward making his creatures happy.

Now, then, whenever you do anything that makes people happy, whose work are you doing?—God's work. For the love of God is the one creative, masterful force in the universe. You remember some of us were talking yesterday, and we agreed that whatever good is done ever by any one, whether or not he recognizes it, he does that by the power of God. Just as I read to you this morning from John: "Every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God."

Do you believe, then, that in the thing you are doing, day by day, to make people happy, you are doing God's work?—O, no! You have to get on a long Prince Albert coat, and stand up gravely and preach a good sermon, don't you? Or you have to get a row of boys and girls all sitting before you, and you get behind a desk and put on a grand, magisterial air, and learnedly lecture them, don't you? Now, preaching and teaching are a part of God's work, or they may be. They are if their ultimate effect is to make people happy. But are they, or canvassing, or giving Bible readings, or curing the sick,—are these all there is to the work of God?—O, no! We cannot say it too much: *Whatever you are doing that is the most you can do to make people happy, there and then and in that you are doing the work of God.* So the cook, and the farmer, and the caretaker, and the carpenter may be missionaries just as much as the preacher or the teacher.

Now, to go back to our point: you can see that it is easiest in the doing of practical work to discover how to do God's work. It is true that selfish motives may be brought into manual labor and training. One can be led to do it because of a love of gain, or from fear, or from a love of praise. But I tell you that if all I could urge in favor of industrial training was to go out and say to young men and women, "Now you come up to Bethel, and you can work your whole way through;" or, "Now, John and Susan, if you are diligent, you can make a pretty good sum at this work;" or, "Fred, I know you are a hustler; just show these fellows what a man you are,"—if that were all I could see and say, I should not touch it. Because, if industrial education is for the purpose of fostering any of those aims and ambitions, it is more harmful than beneficial; it is not Christian, it does not belong to

Christian education. For Christ never sought gain to himself, of ease or money or praise. He does not seek it today. He is the only begotten of God; it is he that is born in the one who loves, it is he whose life shows forth in that one, and in him no selfish purpose will be seen.

Let us, then, remember this, that in Christ's system the prime purpose of industrial education is not to gain anything for oneself, but it is to learn how to make others happier, to gain more ability and skill to make others happy. To one who holds this purpose there will come health, skill of hand and eye, depth and breadth of mental and spiritual understanding; there may come wealth, there may come popularity; but for these he will not seek, and if he gets them they will be used only for the benefit of others, for the making of others happier.

Individuality

I CAN remember of being told one day, when I was a child, that of all the millions of leaves on the trees there were no two exactly alike. I thought to myself, How absurd! And to prove to my own satisfaction that this could not be true, I gathered the leaves from the trees and endeavored to match them together. At other times I amused myself by collecting pebbles from the sand pile in search of two that looked just alike. One of the delights of my childhood was to sit on summer evenings and watch the stars as they came out one by one. I soon learned that even the stars differ from one another in brightness. I never tired of watching the delicate texture of the clouds as they floated through the blue sky above me, and never could I find any two that were of the same form.

I learned in time, as you all have learned, that in everything which God has made there is infinite variety. In his vast creation nothing is ever repeated. I have looked upon many a beautiful landscape, and have yet to find any two that are the same. The beautiful sunset pictures, which God hangs out in the sky for our enjoyment, never grow monotonous, because they forever vary. The hand of God is an artist's hand; his resources are unlimited; his wisdom infinite.

What is true in nature is true to a greater degree in human life; for the life of man is more composite and complete. Of all created works, man was made in the image of God, and endowed with powers akin to those of his Maker; and here in the crowning work of creation we may expect to find variety and diversity. You may stand all day in a crowded thoroughfare and watch the people as they pass, and you look in vain for two faces that are exactly alike. Not only in form and feature do men differ, but in mind and experience, and above all in character.

God never creates without a purpose. He has a distinct plan for your life and mine; and if we do not wilfully hinder him, he will fit us for the specific place he has chosen for us. Every youth has an ambition to be great, but let us remember that to be truly great is to be the thing God meant for us each to be. God has a distinct thought in each human life as he sends it forth from the silence of eternity. As the potter molds the clay into the forms of beauty which he has in mind, so our lives may be fashioned into beautiful and useful lives, if we, like the plastic clay, permit the Creator to work out in us his glorious ideal.

"Is it not strange," do you say, "that with so many worlds to rule, so many angels to worship him, God should care for my one little life?" And yet he

whose name shall be called Wonderful, he who sees the sparrow fall, has said, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." Yes, and if you had been the only one who had strayed from his fold, he would have sent his only Son over the long, rough road to Calvary to bring you back.

One soul is of more value in God's sight than many worlds, and it is his plan that each one shall develop an individual character. It was never his intention that one man should copy another human being. It is not his desire that you should lean upon another, or depend upon the judgment of other men, however wise. God's counsel to you is, "Come now, and let us reason together." He is just as willing to reveal his will to you as to the other man.

In every epoch of human history, the men and women who have carried responsibilities, who have achieved great things for God and humanity, are they who have dared to stand alone with God, men and women who were intensely individual. It has been said that "great men make precedents, small men follow them." When occasion demands a decided action, a great man does not stand by and ask, "Has this been done before?" or, "What will people say?" or, "What will be the outcome?" But he does his duty because he knows he ought to do it, and leaves results with God.

Did Gideon fear to go at God's command to meet the enemy with no other weapons than lamps and pitchers because such a mode of warfare had never been known before? Did the youthful David hesitate to obey God's call to go out and slay Goliath because his brothers taunted and the king misunderstood? Did Paul waver in his purpose to carry the gospel to the Gentiles because the Christian church at Jerusalem arose in opposition against him? Did William Carey fail in his determination to preach the gospel to the heathen because his brethren said scornfully: "Young man, if God wants to convert the heathen, he will do it without any of your help"? Did James White, with his two or three collaborators, cease to proclaim the third angel's message because he must face the scorn of an unfeeling world? With issues such as the youth of our generation must face, we are led to exclaim,—

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office do not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

But, you say, will not this individuality of mine, if fully developed, tend to separate me from my fellow men?—Not at all if your life is yielded to the divine guiding, and God is accomplishing his purpose in you. The Master Builder can fit each life into his great spiritual temple, and make it one harmonious structure.

Individuality and breadth must coexist. We must learn to lean upon God, and cease to find in frail humanity support. When we learn to copy the character of Christ, we shall have no desire to imitate the ways of other men, whose lives are full of failure. Our lives should be echoes, not of other men, but echoes of the life of God. EMILY JOHNSON.

"SOCRATES thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be content to take their own and depart."

An Indian's Conversion

WHEN Mrs. Sutton, a Christianized and educated Indian woman of the Ojibway tribe, visited England in 1860, she gave many instances illustrative of the character of her people, showing how some of them were led to think of God, and even to pray to him, before they heard the gospel. I give you the following as a specimen:—

A young Indian chief, with a wife and family, left the camp of his people and retired to a considerable distance from them, for the purpose of hunting. Shortly after reaching his new place of abode, the supply of provisions having been exhausted, he went forth as formerly in quest of game, but soon discovered that his former good fortune had deserted him; the animals, as if apprised of his intention, retired to a safe distance out of gunshot. Foiled in his purpose, the poor Indian renewed his exertions; but failure attended every attempt. Discouraged after long and persevering efforts, remembering, too, his isolated condition and the imperative needs of his family, who had been living for more than three days on wild roots, he paused, weary and faint, and, taking his seat upon a log out of sight, but where he could hear his little children playing, he fell into a train of meditations. He looked upward to the blue arch above him and beheld the beautiful sky and the bright sun, and, casting his eyes around him, he saw the green grass, the waving trees, and the flowing water; and as he thought of the silvery moon and the shining stars, he said to himself, "These things came not here by their own bidding; there must be a cause for them; they could not produce themselves; and therefore they must have been created. And who is their creator? Surely, he must be the Great Spirit. I wish the Great Spirit would bless poor Indian, that his famishing wife and family might not starve."

Then he thought perhaps he must give the Great Spirit something, so that he would bless him. And what? said he. There was his blanket; though it had done him good service, and was sorely needed, he would give it up, if the Great Spirit would bless him. So he took the blanket, laid it on the log, and, with upturned eyes said, "Here, Great Spirit, accept this blanket, and bless poor Indian that he may find food, that his wife and family may not starve." The anguish in his bosom was unabated. No manna fell from heaven to afford relief. The offering did not suffice. What was he now to do? A tomahawk hung in his belt. Could he spare that?—Yes, if that was what the Great Spirit required, he thought he could. He advanced as before, laid it upon the log, and said, "O Great Spirit, take my tomahawk; it is all poor Indian has. He has nothing else to give. Take it, and bless me, and give me food for my children." But, alas! no answer came. The burden rested upon his bosom still. What could he do now? There was his gun, his only means of obtaining game, his sole support and hitherto unfailing friend; how could he spare that? must he part with that also? He paused; but, pressed down by his forlorn condition, almost hopeless, he took the gun in his hand and laid it also on the log, sobbing out, "O Great Spirit, take my gun, too; it is all poor Indian has. He has nothing more. Take it, and bless poor Indian, that his wife and children may not starve." Still the messenger of love came not. Almost broken-hearted, he suddenly started to his feet, a ray of light flashing through his soul. He would go to that rude altar again and offer himself to the Great Spirit. So he sat down on the log, with

his blanket, tomahawk, and gun by his side, and said, "Here, Great Spirit, poor Indian has given up all that he has, he has nothing more; so take poor Indian, too, and bless him, that he may find food for his famishing family that they may not starve."

In a moment a change came over the scene, and everything seemed smiling and joyous. His soul was filled with happiness, and, as he contemplated, lo! a deer came bounding toward him from the thicket. He raised his gun and secured him. Thus was his prayer answered. He was ever afterward successful in hunting; game was abundant, and the Great Spirit had all the praise. On returning to his family, he told them all that had happened; and thinking that if he left the blanket, the tomahawk, and the gun on the log they could be of no use to any one, he took them with him, and told the Great Spirit he would take care of them for him, and use them subject to his will. When the hunting season was over, the young Indian chief returned to his tribe. Hearing for the first time the teachings of the missionary, while seated with his red brethren and sisters and listening attentively to the words of the speaker who told them how they must give themselves up to Christ, and remembering his own experience when alone in the forest, he could contain himself no longer, but sprang upon his feet and shouted, "Yes, that's me! That's me!" He then related to those assembled how he had offered himself up to God. With clearer views of his mercy in Christ Jesus, he from thenceforth became a faithful and consistent follower of the Redeemer.—*"History of Wesleyan Missions."*

Hints About Paragraphing

WHY is it that most persons,—including students and teachers of our regular schools, and also the students and, I fear, the teachers of our Correspondence School—either cannot or will not paragraph their written work?

It cannot be because they do not have perfect examples before them; for every text-book, and every paper, and every printed lesson of the Correspondence School, and almost every other printed document, is a perfect model for them to follow. Take up any book that may be at your hand, and open it at any page, and you will see a pleasing margin at the top and bottom and on either side of the printed page. You will see the first word of each paragraph "indented," that is, set to the right of the marginal line. This serves to make the page open and agreeable to the eye, and helpful to the understanding. But will the average writer pay any attention to these hints?—Not he. He will begin in the northwest corner of his sheet of paper, as far toward the top as possible, and he will fill every square centimeter of available space with his hieroglyphics, leaving nowhere an open space to rest the eye and aid the thought. Like nature, he seems to "abhor a vacuum"—except in his own understanding.

Now the theory of it all is very simple. Leave a margin at the top of your first sheet of paper of from one and one-half to two inches. If the paper is ruled, you will commonly find the margin already there. Place the heading of your article on the first line. Leave a clear margin at the left of your page of from one-half to one inch in width, according to the size of the sheet. The lines of the body of your article should extend out to this margin, and should be in regular order one under the other at the left. If you cannot make them even at first, draw lightly

with a pencil a marginal line one half or three fourths of an inch from the edge of your paper. Let your lines come out to this marginal line, and erase it after the page is filled. After a little, omit the pencil line, and try to keep the margin straight and regular without the aid of the line. You will soon gain the power to do this.

We are ready now for paragraphing. The first word of your article should begin a half inch or three fourths of an inch to the right of your marginal line, and whenever there is a distinct change in your subject, this change should be marked by beginning a new paragraph. A paragraph in thought is all the matter bearing upon a distinct topic of your subject. A paragraph in writing or printing is the open space left at the beginning of such a paragraph of thought to show quickly to the eye that there is here a change in the topic of thought.

Let us all form ourselves into a paragraphing society, and see if we can learn to put into practise these simple instructions in all our written matter. It will help the appearance of our manuscript very much, and will greatly elevate the moral feeling of our editors, printers, and proof-readers. C. C. LEWIS,
Principal Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Who Killed the Plan?

Who killed the plan?
"I," said the Critic,
"I know how to hit it,
I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?
"I," the Bore said,
"I talked it dead,
I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?
"I," said the Sloth,
"I lagged and was loath,
And I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?
"I," said Ambition,
"With my selfish vision
I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?
"I," said the Crank,
"With my nonsense rank
I killed the plan."

—Amos R. Wells.

A Dying Man's Bequest to His Children

MANY fathers have given wise counsel to their children; but never has there been found anything superior to the following counsel given by a father in Indiana in his dying hour, Jan. 18, 1877:—

"MY DEAR CHILDREN: If I were to undertake to tell you how much I love you and how solicitous I am for your welfare and happiness in this life and in the life to come, you could not understand me, for you are too young to comprehend it. It was my sincere wish to live long enough to superintend your education and see you fairly started on the perilous journey of life. This coveted pleasure is being denied me. I am dying now. You will never know what it is to have a father to assist and guide you. You will be compelled to struggle unaided and alone against the many vicissitudes and hardships of this life without light or counsel from me. I cannot leave you any great patrimony; and even if I could, it might prove to you a curse rather than a blessing. Since I leave you nothing more substantial, I thought it prudent to cull out of my own limited wisdom and experience

some plain and simple maxims, which, if practised, I am sure will make you estimable citizens of society, and prepare you for that eternity whose shadow ever encompasses your footsteps.

"First of all, revere God and keep his commandments.

"Attend faithfully to all religious duties.

"Avoid all pomp and bigotry. All true religion is embodied in one word, 'charity,'—charity that embraces God with one arm and all humanity with the other. All other religion is vain.

"Be truthful, be honest; these two qualities constitute the cardinal virtues of a good life.

"Be industrious. Labor assiduously, and complete with thoroughness whatever you undertake. Indolence is the mother of poverty, unhappiness, and crime.

"Be self-reliant; select some worthy vocation and pursue it so energetically as to receive the rewards of your own industry.

"Practise economy without being miserly. Give according to your means to worthy objects of charity, and be sure they are worthy.

"Pay as you go. This is the true secret of all substantial success. The percentage of your creditor will make you a bankrupt if you run in debt.

"Get no wealth at the expense of conscience. If God should prosper you, in your prosperity do not forget the poor and needy.

"Be courteous. Politeness is the highway to good station.

"Seek the society of the pure. Avoid the low and vulgar. Your position and standing in society, and your spiritual prosperity, depend on the observance of this rule.

"Read good books. Let me repeat this: READ GOOD BOOKS. Do not stuff yourselves on the current trash of the day—it is as reprehensible as gluttony.

"Be temperate in all things. Touch not the intoxicating bowl. It is full of vice, violence, misery, and poverty. I beg you, touch it not.

"Govern your temper. It is a fiery steed, and unless put under severe discipline will carry you into all manner of difficulties. Coolness is the ballast of wise head and pure heart.

"Be cleanly, and dress neatly without ornamentation. The sloven carries with him the highest evidence of his thriftlessness and ill-breeding, while on the other hand, the brainless fop is equally abhorrent.

"Avoid all affectation and dissimulation. Be natural and sincere. Have the courage to say No where your honor or integrity might suffer.

"Economize your time: do not procrastinate. Remember you cannot recall a single moment of your lives. There are no pauses in the steady, ceaseless revolutions of the ponderous wheel that hurries you on to the end. Make sure, then, of each moment, and out of it subtract something for your moral, intellectual, or financial progress.

"Remain at home at night. Let me entreat you not to mingle with the vile, gossiping crowd on the street corners or in some vile den of iniquity. It is in such company that bad habits are contracted and moral depravity has its origin.

"Obey your mother in all things. She understands your rights and duties, and will make no unreasonable demands of you. Strive to make her life pleasant and happy.

"Be obedient to the laws of your country. Respect the rights of all men.

"My last shall be as my first: Fear God and keep his commandments.

"Heaven knows how I yearn for your welfare. If I knew you would grow up to perfect manhood and womanhood, I should die content. But I must go. I pray that God will unite us for eternity in the celestial city.

"May Heaven bless and preserve you from harm, is my parting benediction. Farewell."

These rules for wholesome living are as valuable as when written. They are worth being cut out and pasted in a much-used book or on the wall of one's room, and made the guide of the life. It is time we were building upon a sure foundation. If we fail in this important matter, the storms of life will surely leave us without hope in the great soon-coming culmination of earth's history.

A Plucky Girl

I HAVE read of a Slavic girl in Minnesota who saw the life the home missionaries led, and was inspired to try to follow Jesus. A new power and ambition entered into her soul. She wanted to be able to teach her Slavic neighbors. She had heard of a school in Cleveland where young women were trained for missionary work among immigrants. She wrote a letter of inquiry, and found that it would cost her at least fifty dollars, besides twenty dollars railroad fare. She cut seventy cords of wood at a dollar a cord, while her people thought she had given up the fight.

But on the morning she was to start for Cleveland her father took the money, and laughed at the idea of letting all that go for education, when he had so many uses for it.

What did she do? What would you have done? She went out and cut twenty cords more, and paid her fare to Cleveland. She found the school, and work to do to pay her way.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A Flirting Girl

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl in a Lebanon country town, who was in the habit of going to the depot and flirting with the trainmen, succeeded recently in landing a beau. She gaily consented when he asked to walk home with her, but was a bit surprised when, upon arriving there, he boldly rang the bell. Her mother came to the door, and Mr. Traveling Man delivered a short lecture something like this: "Madam, here's your little girl. I picked her up at the depot, a place where girls of her age should not go alone, unless on business. I have a daughter at home about the age of this one. I am away from home a great deal, and don't know for certain whether my daughter meets the trains and flirts with the trainmen and passengers or not, but I hope some one will do that which I have done, if she does,—take her home to her mother."—*Selected.*

Riddles

WHAT tradesman is most inattentive to business? —A tailor, because he is always "cutting up."

Why does a railway official cut a hole in your ticket? —To let you through.

Why do little birds in their nests agree? —Because if they do not, they will fall out.

Why are giants like the god of marriage? —Because they are high men (Hymen).

Which is the most dangerous bat that flies in the air? —A brickbat.—*Selected.*



Shell Talks

The Structure of Shells



CONE SHELL CUT
TO SHOW STRUCTURE

ALL shells, even the very ordinary looking, are marvelously beautiful when intelligently examined. And the wonder grows at the dexterity of the little animals, who, using the apparently crude tools and the material at their command, produce results so immeasurably beyond the seeming possibility of accomplishment.

When the animal leaves the egg from which it is hatched, its shell consists of two turns, or folds, called whorls. The last whorl, as it adds whorl after whorl in growing, is called the body whorl, and is always the largest because it is the one in which the animal lives. These new whorls are added, generally, each year to accommodate the increased growth of the animal's body, and continue to be supplied until increase in growth ceases, the animal vacating whorl after whorl, always living in the last formation, or body whorl. The top of the first whorl, which is sometimes pointed, often obtuse or rounded, is called the apex.

Shells differ greatly in their structure. The more common form is of a soft chalky composition. A large number, and among them those highly colored shells of southern seas, are porcelaneous, like china, and others



A FULGUR, SHOWING STRUCTURE

are altogether glassy. When a shell is of a chalky nature it is easily decomposed by the acids in the water of the seas, and is liable to irreparable injuries through contact with rough substances; therefore the little animals cover their shell homes with a thick, membranous skin as a protecting envelope.

Many other shells, mostly among the beautiful "show shells" of warm seas, have an ugly outer skin, covering the entire shell. It is often quite thick and heavy, and of a greenish-yellow color, making the shells appear very unattractive. When this covering is dissolved away by treating with acid, and the beautiful coloring and markings of the real shell are brought to view, the transformation is a great surprise.

Along the edge in the opening of shells runs a thin, fleshy substance, called the mantle, the animal having

the power to extend this outwardly or to retract it at pleasure. On the extreme tip of the edge of this mantle lies a series of glands that secrete the fluid from which the outer covering, or epidermis, of the shell is produced. This is the first part of the shell formed. Just back of these glands lies another series of exceedingly complicated glands and pores. These glands secrete a liquid from which the shell is made, and through the pores this liquid is deposited, line after line, at the edge of the body whorl, hardening as it



NAUTILUS BROKEN TO REVEAL STRUCTURE

is exposed, thus gradually building up a new whorl beginning where the last left off.

In among these glands containing the carbonate of lime and other organic substances composing the body of the shell, are small pigment cells secreting coloring matter. As the new whorl is being built up, the little animal adds from these cells the colors with which it wishes to ornament its shell home, depositing the coloring matter in dots or splashes or great sweeps of color, or in clean-cut, fine lines, as accurate in drawing and in spacing, often, as an artist could accomplish with a rule and a drawing-pen to aid him.

All this description, however, concerns only the outward framework of the shell home, so to speak. When a man builds a house, after constructing the walls and putting on the roof, he turns his attention to the inside and plasters or otherwise finishes the interior. So does the little mollusk; but the outer work and the inner work are carried on simultaneously and in conjunction; as one progresses so does the other. Just back of the glands on the margin of the mantle (the ones secreting the fluids and pigments out of which the shell is formed), lies another series of glands which secrete the fluid that produces the interior two layers of shell, one, as it were, the body coat and the last a putty or finishing layer.

The illustrations show shells sawed and filed away so as to show the interior arrangements of shells and how the successive whorls are formed. The fasciolaria is presented to show the wonderful accuracy in both lining and spacing of the mollusks that create markings on their homes.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



EXAMPLE OF FASCIOLARIA DISTANS

The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

The Missionary Volunteer Reading Course work has grown remarkably well. Already it has become a power for much good. Young people everywhere are finding the courses very helpful in forming the habit of reading the supreme books. Thousands of young people and children enroll in the courses, and doubtless many read the books who do not enroll. Not only are large numbers enrolling, but each year an increasing number complete the work. During 1912 almost ten times as many Reading Course certificates were issued as in 1908. During 1913 one conference has drawn about 175 certificates, or three times as many as were issued to all the conferences the first year the Reading Course work was conducted.

The English courses are used most extensively in

the United States, Canada, and Australia, although young people from other countries also answer to the roll-call. In 1911 a course was opened for the German young people. Each year following, it has enjoyed an increased enrolment, and has extended its influence into new fields. More recently a course has been opened in Japan, and in January, 1913, the workers in South America began a Spanish Missionary Volunteer Reading Course, so the young people in the so-called Neglected Continent and in the Sunrise Kingdom are pressing into the ever-growing reading circle.

The new courses begin about October 1. The first assignments for weekly reading will appear in the "Instructor" of September 30. Do not dispose of that paper until you have made good use of the questions.

Senior Course No. 7

1. "From Exile to Overthrow," by John W. Mears, covers the period of Jewish history lying between the capture of Jerusalem in 586 B. C. and the final overthrow of the Jewish nation by the Roman army under Titus, 70 A. D. Some who have made a special study of this period of Jewish history consider "From Exile to Overthrow" the best young people's book produced on that period. The author grips the reader's interest in the first chapter and holds it firmly to the last. The book is brimful of thrilling descriptions of the capture of Jerusalem, the dispersion, the campaigns of the Maccabees, the return of the exiles, etc. It acquaints the reader with an almost unknown epoch of Jewish history, and no young person should fail to read it, because of the lessons the history of that period contains for God's children today. The book has 475 pages; several illustrations; price, 60 cents.

2. "From Judaism to Christianity," by Elder F. C. Gilbert, the second book in Senior Reading Course No. 7, should be read by every young person in the denomination, not only because it is an exceptionally interesting volume, but more especially for the help it renders the student of the Old Testament and the seeker for a deeper Christian experience. The book is a description of the author's childhood in a Jewish home, his conversion to Christianity, and his subsequent labor for the Jews. The titles of a few of the chapters are these: Parentage and Early Life; A Jewish Home; Jewish Confirmation and Beginning to Work; How God Led Me to the Saviour; Reconciliation With My Mother and Family; How God Led in Opening Our First Jewish Mission; What to Do With the Outcasts of Israel. This book contains 379 pages and several illustrations. Special price to Reading Course members, 85 cents.

3. "Wild Life on the Rockies," by Enos A. Mills, a lover of plants and animals, completes Senior Course No. 7. The reading of this book will be a delightful tramp over some of the peaks in the Rockies, with all usual weariness eliminated. The book is an irresistible call back to nature for recreation and pleasure, and doubtless it will help every reader to enjoy nature more. Some of its thrilling chapters are these: The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine; The Wilds Without Firearms; Faithful Scotch; and Besieged by Bears. The book contains 257 pages and several splendid illustrations. Special Reading Course price, \$1.10.

Complete set of Senior books, post-paid, \$2.50; without postage, \$2.25.

Junior Course No. 6

1. "The Black Bearded Barbarian," or the life of George Leslie Mackay, of Formosa, by Marian Keith, is strictly a junior book. As the author leads the missionary from the old-fashioned Canadian home to his distant mission field, the reader, old or young, follows on with unabating interest. There is no dull chapter in the book. Each one leaves the reader eager to press on through the next. The story of Mr. Mackay's farewell, his arrival in the Orient, and his unflagging zeal in the face of discouragements and difficulties, must be a strong appeal to the boys and girls to live unselfishly for the good of others. The book contains 307 pages, several pictures, and a good map of Formosa. Price, 60 cents.

2. "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," by Mrs. E. G. White, will be the second book in the Junior Reading Course. It is unnecessary to speak of the merits of a book which is so well known. But will not every adult who knows the book urge the boys and girls within the circle of his acquaintance to become members of the Junior Reading Circle that they may reap the benefits of this excellent volume? It contains 218 pages, a large number of small cuts, and several full-page illustrations. Price, 75 cents.

3. "In the Tiger Jungle," by Jacob Chamberlain, will be the third and last book in the Junior Reading Course No. 6. It is not fresh from the press, as is the first book. However, the few years that it has been on the market have not lessened its value. The story of the audience of monkeys still amuses us; and the thrilling chapter telling how the Godavari was crossed, we read again and again, always finding in that remarkable answer to prayer a tonic for wavering or dormant faith. All the chapters in the book are good, and although some are not quite so interesting as others, it merits the careful reading of our boys and girls, and will doubtless be much enjoyed by them. It has 218 pages and several full-page illustrations. Price, 85 cents.

Complete set of Junior books, post-paid, \$2; without postage, \$1.75.

Order the books now, at least the first one, and send your name to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary for enrolment.

Join the ever-growing reading circle. You can read the books during your spare moments, and reap the benefits of their influence through all the years to come.

Order All Books and the "Youth's Instructor" through your Tract Society or from the
Review & Herald Pub. Assn., Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Story of Mooktie

M. D. WOOD

TODAY I am sending you a picture of a dear little friend of mine. Don't you think she has a pleasant face? I do. Perhaps it is because I know her better than you do, and because I can read something in her smiles that you are not able to read. This little girl has quite an interesting history, and I am sure it will not be amiss if I relate some of it to you.

At the beginning of my story I shall not tell you her name, because she had no name when I first met her. Did you ever before hear of a child of some years without a name?

During that long and heartless India famine of 1900, about which I have told many of you so much, in the middle of a very hot forenoon an old heathen woman, with a little girl toddling beside her, came to my rear door. The old woman had a long bamboo staff upon which she leaned with her hand. She sat down on the ground and rested her chin between her knees, looking intently at the door of my bungalow, and patiently waiting for some one to make his appearance.

It was not long before some duty called me outside; when, lo, the picture I have described was before me. I walked up to the woman and child, and said, "*Salaam Bai*" (The peace of God be with you, lady). She grunted out a few meaningless words, and acted as if quite embarrassed. Finally she said the famine was sore in the land, and that their little child, which by this time huddled up close to the old creature, was without a mother, and would I please take pity upon her and place her in my school for poor children.

I asked the woman her caste, and she said she was a Kimbu, or one of the farmer caste. This is a good caste, and respected by all. Then the speaker said she was the grandmother of the child, and that she

would be glad if she knew the child was well cared for, and that she would never come for her. I was glad of this, because it is disappointing to care for children and educate them properly, and then have some one come and snatch them away and take them back into heathenism.

Then I thought how different the old grandmother was from my grandmother. Mine would never have said she would leave me and never return to see me.

But heathen grandmothers have not the love of God in their hearts, and so they cannot care for children as Christian grandmothers do.

The little urchin, clothed in dirty rags and with unkempt hair, sat in a very timid fashion beside the grandmother. She had a brass ring hanging from her nose, one in a hole in each ear, and some more on her ankles and wrists. I noticed she did not say anything, so I thought she was not afraid to stay with us. But then she had not heard a single word her old grandmother had said to me, and so she did not know she would soon be left among strangers. Neither did she know how kindly disposed our hearts were toward her, and that we should always be good to her.

The poor little thing was half-starved, and so deaf she could not hear a sound. Who besides a missionary would care for such a waif in a



MOOKTIE WOOD MYLES

famine such as we had then?—Nobody.

Soon the old woman, with the aid of her bamboo staff, pulled herself up, and then, taking the child by the hand, said, "Take her. She is yours. Care for her." Then without a word or a tear, she turned away, seemingly glad to get rid of the charge, glad to place the responsibility upon others, and hobbled off as fast as her old weak legs could carry her.

I was glad to see the last of that old woman, and was glad of our new treasure, too.

All the while the foregoing was taking place, several of our Christian girls from the school stood in a group looking on, and recalling the fact that many of them not long before had come to us in about the same way, and many of them much worse than this little deaf and motherless Kimbu child. So when I asked who among them wanted to give her a bath, oil her hair, take off all the brass jewelry, and clean her up, several sprang forth, only too glad to show their willingness to help make her more comfortable and respectable.

So here we must leave our new child in the hands of her new friends while they do their work. A few hours later I saw her, when, lo, she was like another creature. She was not only clean, but had on a little cotton dress, and had eaten a good dinner with the other children.

She seemed slow to get acquainted, yet did not act afraid of us. Still I noticed she had not spoken a word. When we talked to her, she only bowed her head and tried to smile as if quite pleased with all her surroundings and all that was said and done.

This continued for several days. Not a single sound passed her lips. When, lo, all at once, to the amazement of all, she opened her mouth and uttered a very strange sound indeed. It sounded more like the mew of a cat. What could be the matter?

Soon they all began to call her "Mookie." And when I asked why they called her Mookie, they said, "O papa, she is dumb." And Mookie means dumb. Yes, she was both deaf and dumb. Poor little creature! How we all should thank God that we have good ears to hear and are able to speak. But then I did not like Mookie for a name, so I decided to change it, when suddenly I thought of a much better word Mooktie. Mooktie means salvation. Now I am sure you will all agree with me that salvation, which is life through Jesus, is a better word than dumb. So since that time our little friend has been called Mooktie.

Mooktie became a favorite not only among all the orphans in our school, but among the missionaries also. She attended school regularly with the other children, and in a short time was able to write several Marathi letters. The first words she learned to write were papa and mama, and knew to whom to apply these words. She also took part in the care of the school-room and girls' dormitory with the rest. Although she was not strong, she always did her part in grinding the grain. She really enjoyed our prayer and testimony meetings, and would try to pray; and often arose with the others and tried to say something. He who made the tongue and who understands all languages, can, I am sure, understand the heart of such a child.

But the most interesting part of this story is yet untold. One day we wrote a short story about some of our boys and girls, which was published in an American paper. In the story we said something about Mooktie. Many days after that story was printed, we received a letter from a good Christian gentleman in the United States of America who himself was deaf and dumb. He had been educated in a school for such people in Pennsylvania. This man, Mr. Myles, said he was much interested in Mooktie's sad story, and he wished she were in the United States. He would gladly adopt her, as his own little girl had recently died and he missed her very much indeed.

Several letters passed between Mr. Myles and the writer. Finally some good missionaries were leaving India for America by way of the Atlantic Ocean.

They kindly consented to take Mooktie across the ocean with them. What a novel experience this must have been to Mooktie, who had never seen a train of cars or the ocean in all her life. She wasn't afraid to go, and seemed from signs we made to fully understand she was to go a long distance from us. We had all been kind to her, and so she could trust us anywhere, of course.

For some time she was missed from the schoolroom. And how pleased we all were when after several weeks a letter came, saying Mr. Myles had met her in New York City, and that she had been adopted into his family as his own child. They said they loved her, too; and I was very glad the old grandmother gave her to us, and that we had a place for her to stay.

The American daily paper had a good deal to say about Mooktie, the little Hindu girl from central India who had come such a long distance to find a good home, and with such good people. They took off her Indian dress and put on American clothes. The climate was cold, and it was hard for Mooktie for a long, long time. She had typhoid fever and several other diseases, and for some time the battle for life was a difficult one; but she pulled through, and still lives.

Nine years after Mooktie arrived in the United States I was attending a conference in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I was very anxious to go to the school for the deaf and dumb and see Mooktie. I invited two other friends to accompany me. It was not long after we had entered the beautiful grounds surrounding the institution and had closed the door behind us, when Mooktie was called into the sitting-room, and there she stood before us.

I said, "Salaam," as of yore, but she did not recall it. Then I made other signs, and finally she began to understand who I was, and was very much pleased. Then we gave her paper and pencil, and asked her if she knew my name, and she said, "Papa." Of course we were glad indeed.

During her stay at this school for deaf and dumb people she has learned to read and write English very nicely indeed. What a blessing! Since then she has written me two intelligent and interesting letters. She is there today, and is doing well. We hope she will learn of Christ, and be glad, after completing her education, to return to her native land and teach the deaf and dumb of India.

Let us all thank God for her rescue, for her present opportunities, and let us also pray that she may yet become a real missionary among her own needy people.

Kalyan, Thann District, India.

A Letter From Mooktie

BUT a few months ago Elder Wood received a letter from Mooktie, and since it gives such a good glimpse of our new friend in her present home and school, we thought you would be interested to read it. Mooktie wrote as follows:—

EDGEWOOD PARK, PENNSYLVANIA,
May 23, 1913.

MY DEAREST FRIEND: I was very glad to hear from you, and your letter was very welcome last Tuesday morning. Of course I am always interested in reading your letters.

I am very much surprised that you did not know that I was deaf and dumb when my old grandmother brought me to you. I am very glad that I am now in America, because there are many schools for the deaf here. I am being well educated, and I can speak, and read the lips.

I think I can go back to India after graduating here. I know the people of India would be very much surprised to find that I can read and speak the English language. What kind of language do Hindu people use?

I know Jesus. He is God's Son, or our Saviour. Every night I pray to God. I am certainly glad that I do not worship the idols as the Hindu people do.

Every morning we go to the chapel, and our superintendent, Dr. Burt, gives us a short story about Jesus and his disciples, and also God. I am surely very sorry for the Hindu people who are ignorant.

It is cold and rainy, though it is the twenty-third of May. It has been raining for three days. The weather is changeable this month.

I wish that I could see your daughters, Clara and Ethel, when they come to Pennsylvania to spend their holidays with your wife's people.

Yes, I remember very well that I was in school with the boys and girls in India when I was a little girl, and I also played with them.

I have such a good time here. We play baseball, basket-ball, and other games. When we have a holiday, we do not come to school as usual, and have a party in the evening. On May 30 we shall have a holiday. In the morning we shall go to see the boys playing baseball. In the afternoon at 1:30 the girls play against the boys. After that we shall have races, ball throwing, and a tug of war between the boys and the girls. The girls beat the boys two times, May 30, 1911, 1912. Hurrah for the girls! At 4:45 we shall have lemonade and cakes. In the evening at 7:45 we shall go to the boys' study-room, where a party will be held for us. I hope that I shall have a grand time. I say I am sorry that you could not have Decoration day on May 30 at your place.

I am glad we honor old soldiers who fought bravely against the soldiers of England who wanted to claim the United States. If they had been beaten, I should be a slave. Hurrah for the Americans!

Yes, I often read the Bible, and always love God and Jesus our Saviour.

I wish you could be here, and you could have a good time as we have holidays often. Our school will close on June 18, 1913. I wish your daughter could be here on that day and attend the commencement exercises.

How are the Hindu people getting along? I hope they are getting along finely, but I am sorry that it may be hard for them to understand who God and Jesus are.

We are getting along well. I have had no sickness this year. If I come back to India, I may get sick as it is very warm there while it is cool here.

I must close this letter for my news is scarce. I will answer your letter when I hear from you.

Send my love to your wife. With best regards,

Your affectionate, true friend,

MOOKTIE WOOD MYLES.

Changing the Tags

ONE morning the children were playing store out in the yard,—a queer combination of hardware and millinery, because Tommy and the two little girls were playing together, and the partners had stocked up according to varying tastes. The boy had searched his box of treasures, while the girls had made hats of ribbon and lace. The price of each article had been laboriously marked, and the young merchants were all ready for business when Uncle Nelson came along.

"Hello! What have we here?" he asked; and finding that either pins or pennies were legal tender, he made one or two purchases and passed on. Coming back an hour or two later, he found a less cheerful trio, and Tommy was industriously marking down goods instead of selling them.

"How is business?" inquired the visitor. "Why are you changing tags, Tom?"

"Had to—anyway the fellows said we ought to," answered the boy rather gloomily, and one of the little girls explained:—

Why Not I?

Some one must wash the dishes,
And brush the kitchen floor,
And tidy up the parlor,
And bring things from the store—
Why not I?

Some one must tend the baby
Until he goes to sleep,
And help prepare the dinner,
And stairs and porches sweep—
Why not I?

Some one should follow Jesus,
And be like him today,
Obedient, and helpful,
And kind, in work and play—
Why not I?

Some one will hear his Master
Say unto him, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant!"
Some one, I say, some one—
Why not I?

Helen Adair.

"Bill Jones said the magnet and compass weren't worth what we thought they were, and some of the girls said the hats weren't very pretty."

Uncle Nelson perched himself upon the counter and looked gravely at the young storekeepers.

"You marked the things carefully in the first place, didn't you, and settled what you thought they were worth?" he asked. "Well, then, I'd stick to it until

I was very sure the others were right. This is only play, I know, and so it doesn't matter very much, but changing your estimate of values at other people's word is a bad habit to form. There are a good many things that you have been taught to rate highly,—honor, truthfulness, God's Word, and the keeping of his day,—but by and by, when you are away at school or out in the world, there will be those who will tell you that these things do not amount to so much after all. They will say that you need to be fairly honest, of course, but that it does not pay to be too particular. They may tell you that the Sabbath ought to be a day of recreation, that prayer is childish and useless.

"When you hear such voices as these, don't think you must agree with them; don't mark down your treasures because somebody else says you hold them too high. Fix your own estimate of the things that are yours,—your business, your honor, your duty and religion,—and then hold fast to what seems to you to be right. He who has no standards of his own never will build up either a strong business or a strong character."—*Kate W. Hamilton, in Comrade.*

The Dog Hero

THE following words, which were printed in the *Washington Post*, relate an incident which occurred in Pueblo, Colorado, July 28:—

Boots, a white bulldog, the pet of the family of Alonzo Hunt, was the hero of an exciting fight with a rattlesnake this morning, and to save his mistress, Lucille, five years old, leaped between her and the reptile, receiving the full force of the snake's attack, and then succeeded in killing it before he succumbed to the poison.

So thankful are the members of the Hunt family for the salvation of their baby that they have decided upon a formal funeral for their pet, and Boots's grave will be marked with a granite tombstone, which will bear the inscription, "No greater hero ever lived."

If ever a dog deserved a tombstone, this dog does. The members of the family are excusable in spending the money and honoring the noble and heroic deed of this family pet instead of having to spend it on the funeral of their child. I have always considered it a very foolish thing, and do still, when I read in the newspapers of how some millionaire had a funeral for the pet dog of the family and spent \$25,000 and more for a monument to the dog which never did anything but wear a collar studded with diamonds, sleep on silk-cushioned beds, eat out of silver spoons, and often out of the same plate with his master, and most likely would have been afraid of a mouse if he ever

chanced to see one. But this dog was a true hero. He faced a deadly enemy, and he knew it. He saw that the life of the child was threatened, and he decided to defend his little mistress at the peril of his own existence. That was true heroism, and any willing sacrifice that is consciously made by any of God's creatures, whether man or beast, to save the life of another fellow creature is worthy of notice.

May this heroic example of devotion and sacrifice in a lower creature inspire us to manifest still more of this same spirit in behalf of a perishing world that is now in the bewitching and enchanted coils of sin.

C. S. LONGACRE.

A Charming Princess

PRINCESS MARY, the only daughter of King George of England, celebrated her sixteenth birthday some little time ago with a party of the simplest kind. The princess is gaining a firm hold on the affections of the people of Great Britain. While she is pretty and charming, she is one of the most unaffected girls in England. The whole tendency of her education, which is supervised wholly by her mother, Queen Mary, has been to preserve her youth and simplicity.

The queen believes firmly in home training for her daughter; so the princess has never been at school. She can mend her brothers' socks when necessary, bake dainties for their teas, and, with equal enthusiasm, she swims, drives, cycles, and plays golf. One of her wishes was to learn typewriting and shorthand, and she has succeeded so far that the king sometimes dictates his private letters to her.—*Selected.*

Ode to Duty

THOU dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee are fresh and strong.

—Wordsworth.



M. E. KERN General Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON N. Am. Div. Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, September 6

Reading Course Rally

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. "Great Controversy" Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Reading Course Rally (thirty minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; report of work; review mission studies for August.
2. "Great Controversy," chapter 39. Have some one study this chapter thoroughly and prayerfully and prepare to give a good stirring talk on it. How much we need to realize that the time of trouble is just before us, and that just now is the time to prepare for it.
3. As announced in the note for Sabbath, August 23, every society in counsel with the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary will arrange for the Reading Course Rally. Be determined to have a good meeting. Have for your rally cry, "Every young person in this church a member of the Reading Circle." In order to develop noble characters, we must not only abstain from unwholesome literature, but read that which is good. In fact, in these last days, as one educator has said, "Time is so short we have not time to read good books; we cannot even afford to read the best books. We now have time only for the supreme books." The committee always strives to select for the Reading Courses books supremely important for all to read.

What Shall We Do?

"WHAT shall we do with society members who will not work?" A letter brought that question to the office a few days ago; the query is by no means new. It is frazzled with age and hard usage. Scores of society officers echo the same perplexing cry. What shall we do? The mind of the worker at once reverts to the membership pledge:—

"Loving the Lord Jesus, I promise to take an active part in the work of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, doing what I can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

That is the vow you made when you became a member of the Missionary Volunteer Society. You pledged yourself to take an active part, "doing what I can to help." No society ever went down whose members remained true to that vow; so it behooves each member to take his own pulse occasionally to see if his heart throbs with the one great purpose of saving souls.

When we cross the threshold of a new term, how naturally our eyes turn to the officers. And the members have the right to look to the officers, and expect them to lead out in the society campaign. It is the business of the officers to make the society a success so far as it lies in their power. Any one who is not willing to pray hard, to plan hard, and to work hard to keep up his end of the society duties, has done both himself and the society injustice by accepting the office he holds. When the officers are all Davids, so that he whose plans are trampled underfoot will push the plans of others as enthusiastically as he would like to have had them push his own, failure is almost impossible.

But the success of the society does not rest entirely with the officers. No captain ever sailed his ship into harbor without the help of some of his crew. Do you remember the story about the men who agreed to help one another take a load up the hill? One man guided the wagon, and all the others pushed. It was up-grade. The load became heavier and heavier. Finally, the exhausted leader stopped and looked around. Alas! No wonder it went hard. There on the load sat all the other men who had *pledged* to help. This story may explain why some societies are making so little progress in their missionary work. If your society succeeds, it must move up-grade; and if very many members are determined to ride, the faithful ones will be worn out, and your society will fall short of its highest possible success.

But now you who want to ride, let me tell you how you can get on: (1) Don't come to meeting, or if you do come, come late. That will give you an opportunity to disturb the services. (2) If it is raining or extremely hot, stay away; for the attendance probably will be small, and your presence would be especially helpful in keeping up the interest. (3) Avoid the front seats, for by occupying them you will make it easier for those who take part to do their best. (4) Find fault with something, everything if you can. (5) Don't pray for your society, its officers, or committees. (6) Don't sing, pray, nor take any part on the program. (7) Keep whispering now and then to your neighbor; for few things will disconcert a speaker so quickly as will an inattentive audience. (8) Encourage your leader by telling his faults to others, never to him, for then he might remedy them. (9) Finally, never do any missionary work, or if you should do some, be sure that you do not report it for the encouragement of others.

There are many other ways of crawling into the load; but if you and I are doing these things, do we not belong to the same class as the two hundred men who saw a woman on the lake-front in Chicago fall into the water? She was rising and sinking. With their hands in their pockets, they stood cursing the life-saving crew that were bending every muscle on speed, but came too late to save her.

And now, you who are determined "to push," be of good courage. If it is possible for the members to kill a society, it is equally possible for them to make it a success. No society is either better or worse than its members. No disease ever kills till it gets into the body. Others may fail in their Christian duties, but it is when the members fail to do missionary work, refuse to help on the program, forget to study their Bibles, and neglect the chamber of prayer, that the society condition becomes precarious.

Then let every "pusher" keep the goal in view. Have faith in your society. Never forget your vow. Do your best when called to serve. Attend the meetings regularly. Help in every possible way. Join a working band. Do what missionary work you can, then report it for the encouragement of others; for as pure water dilutes milk and makes it useless, so, too, many good-enough inactive members paralyze a society. Finally, your daily life will push more or hold back more than any other one force. Ask God, as did Spurgeon, to make you an extraordinary Christian. Remember that the man of prayer is the man of power, and that the day of prayer is the day of power. It will not always be convenient to push. Some committee will come when you so much want to do something else; a bit of missionary work will rob you of an hour with your choice book; perhaps there'll be a missionary letter to write when you are tempted to "talk nothing;" or perchance the dime you were saving for some little treat will be needed in the mission box. I know not, but the Lord does, and he has telegraphic connection with the heart of every Christian.

But the question, What shall we do with the members who will not work? remains unanswered. We are left to hope that the needs of the hour will summon them to their post of duty. When the "Titanic" began to sink, Captain Smith foresaw a panic, and through the frigid air he shouted, "For God's sake, my men, be British." The crew heeded the command. Order was resumed, and many were saved who otherwise would have perished. Your community will soon be plunged into a worse disaster than that of the fated "Titanic." Then for the sake of the bleeding hands on Calvary, and for the sake of neighbors, relatives, and friends who are in danger of being lost, will not every Missionary Volunteer be a soul-winner indeed? For if you obey Heaven's orders, some will be saved who otherwise would be lost. Will you not risk your own ease, comfort, and happiness for the salvation of others?

MATILDA ERICKSON.

"Good-by," I said to my Conscience,
 "Good-by for aye and aye;"
 And I put her hands off harshly,
 And turned my face away;
 And Conscience, smitten sorely,
 Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
 Grew weary of its pace;
 And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience;
 I long to see thy face."
 But Conscience cried, "I cannot;
 Remorse sits in my place."



X — Moses in Midian

(September 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 2:15-19; 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.

Questions

1. How was Moses' time spent in the court of Pharaoh until he was forty years old? Acts 7:22, 23; note 1.
2. What did Moses then do that caused the king's anger to rise against him? Ex. 2:11-14; note 2.
3. Where did Moses go to get away from the king? Verse 15.
4. What experience did he have when he reached the land of Midian? Verses 16-19; note 3.
5. What hospitality was extended to Moses? Where was he content to dwell? Whom did he marry? Verses 20, 21.
6. Describe the condition of the children of Israel, who were now slaves in Egypt. Verses 23-25.
7. While keeping the flock of Jethro, where did Moses go at one time? Ex. 3:1.
8. What wonder did he see there one day? Verse 2.
9. What did he hear, and how did he answer? Verses 3, 4.
10. What warning was given to him? How did God proclaim himself? How did Moses feel? Verses 5, 6; note 4.
11. What did God say he had seen and heard, and what had he come down to do? Verses 7-9.
12. What work had he for Moses to do? Verse 10.
13. How did Moses express his unreadiness to do it? Verse 11.
14. What promise did God give him? Verse 12.
15. What question did Moses then ask? What reply was given him? Verses 13-15.
16. What did the Lord tell Moses to say to the elders of Israel? Verses 16, 17.
17. Then what should Moses and the elders do? Verse 18.
18. What did God say that he would do when Pharaoh should refuse to let his people go? Verses 19, 20.
19. How were the Israelites to provide for their journey? Verses 21, 22; note 5.
20. What words of Jesus may be precious to us in all the experiences of life? Memory verse.

Notes

1. "At the court of Pharaoh, Moses received the highest civil and military training. The monarch had determined to make his adopted grandson his successor on the throne, and the youth was educated for this high station. . . . Satan had been defeated in his purpose. The very decree condemning the Hebrew children to death had been overruled by God for the training and education of the future leader of his people." — *"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 245.

2. Moses had become angry at an Egyptian and killed him because he was abusing a Hebrew. This story was told to Pharaoh, and it was made to appear that Moses was planning to overthrow the Egyptian government. It was known that he worshiped the God of the Hebrews, and Pharaoh no doubt feared that he would encourage the slaves to rebel. So the king determined that Moses should die.

3. "The Lord directed his course, and he found a home with Jethro, the priest and prince of Midian, who was also a worshiper of God. After a time, Moses married one of the daughters of Jethro; and here, in the service of his father-in-law, as keeper of his flocks, he remained forty years."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 247.

4. If God's presence in that burning bush made the ground about it holy, what does this teach us about the way we should behave ourselves in the house where God meets with his people? We should not treat the great God as if he were on a level with ourselves.

5. The word borrow in this text means simply to ask. The Egyptians had been enriched by the labor unjustly required of the Hebrews, and now God meant that they should ask for some reward for their years of toil.

X—Christian Servants; Looking for His Glorious Appearing

(September 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Titus 2:9-15.

Questions

1. What exhortation was Titus instructed to give to servants? Titus 2:9; note 1.
2. What further instruction is given to servants? Why should they be thus careful in their conduct? Verse 10; note 2.
3. What similar admonition is given elsewhere to servants? Eph. 6:5, 6; Col. 3:22.
4. What is the difference between a servant and a freeman? 1 Cor. 7:21-23.
5. What instruction is given masters concerning their duty toward servants? Isa. 58:6; Philemon 15, 16.
6. What has appeared to all men? Titus 2:11; John 1:9; note 3.
7. What does this grace teach us? How are we exhorted to live in this world? Titus 2:12.
8. How necessary is this work of self-denial? Matt. 16:24; Mark 8:34; note 4.
9. For what should we be looking? How glorious will the appearance of Christ be? Titus 2:13; Luke 9:26; note 5.
10. What is the blessed hope? Acts 24:15; 26:6-8.
11. What promise to God's people will be fulfilled when Christ appears? Col. 3:4; 1 John 3:2.
12. Why did Christ give himself for us? What will he do for his people? Titus 2:14. Compare Gal. 1:4; Eph. 5:2.
13. By what are we redeemed? 1 Peter 1:18; Rev. 5:9.
14. What admonitions are given us to be zealous? 1 Cor. 14:12; Rev. 3:19. Compare John 2:17.
15. How does the Lord regard those who faithfully obey him? Ex. 19:5; 1 Peter 2:9.
16. How was Titus exhorted to speak? What should he not permit any one to do? Titus 2:15.
17. How may we keep from being despised by others? 1 Tim. 4:12. Compare 1 Sam. 2:30; 1 Cor. 16:10, 11. Note 6.

Notes

1. The word here translated "answering again" is given in other passages as "contradicting," which is its true meaning. The Revised Version gives the word gainsaying. It might be interesting to note that the word masters in this text is from the Greek word despot. But this word is, in the Septuagint, sometimes applied to the Lord himself, and did not originally mean an oppressive ruler.

2. The expression "not purloining" is translated by Rotherham, "not keeping [anything] back." The French version gives it: "Not misappropriating anything that belongs to their masters."

3. "There is a beauty and energy in the word *epephane*, hath shined out [hath appeared], that is rarely noted. It seems to be a metaphor taken from the sun. As by his rising in the east and shining out, he enlightens successively the whole world; so the Lord Jesus, who is called the Sun of Righteousness (Mal. 4:2), arises on the whole human race with healing in his wings."—*Adam Clarke*.

"The doctrine of the divine decrees, unalterably fixing the character of men, had led many to a virtual rejection of the law of God. Wesley steadfastly opposed the errors of the Antinomian teachers, and showed that this doctrine which led to Antinomianism was contrary to the Scriptures. 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.'"—*"Great Controversy,"* pages 261, 262.

Claiming that all men have not had an opportunity to be saved, some argue for a "second probation," or "second chance," in order that the gospel may be brought within reach of all. Such overlook the statement in this text which says that "the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men."—See American Revised Version.

4. It may help us in getting more fully the idea of self-denial, to notice that the original word for deny occurs in Heb. 11:24, and is there translated "refused." The passage could correctly be read: "By faith Moses . . . denied to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." For Christ's sake, he denied himself of the throne of Egypt.

5. The original of Titus 2:13 reads thus: "Looking for the blessed hope and the appearing of the glory of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ." See also Revised Version. The Saviour, when he comes to gather home his people, will come in all the glory of the Father, the Son, and the angels. Luke 9:26.

6. Paul gives the same exhortation to Timothy as to Titus to let no man despise him, and he tells Timothy how to do this. It is by taking such a commendable course as to live above reproach. "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." When teachers of religion dishonor their profession by doing the things against which they warn others, they may expect to be despised. These young apostles were liable not to be fully appreciated, so Paul wrote the church concerning this matter that they should not despise young workers who were doing the work of the Lord the same as the older veterans.

"Does any man inquire what is the duty of a gospel minister? Send him to the second chapter of the epistle to Titus for a complete answer. There he will find what he is to believe, what he is to practise, and what he is to preach. Even his congregation is parceled out to him. The old and the young of both sexes, and those who are in their employment, are considered to be the objects of his ministry; and a plan of teaching in reference to those different descriptions of society is laid down before him."—*Adam Clarke*.

The Horse That Wouldn't Pull

"THAT team," said the farmer, "is a fine-looking one, I'll admit; but the nigh horse does nearly all the work. The trouble with the gray is he won't pull. He'll start out prettily enough, but he's too fond of showing off to get down to real business. No, he isn't tricky, but just downright unreliable when it comes to solid work. With a load or at the plow, the other is worth just about two of him. While the gray would be flourishing around, the sorrel would go right ahead steadily until the work was done. Horses are just like folks, I sometimes think. There's some that like to cut up smart and do as they want to, no matter what *you* want, and there's others who keep a steady eye on the furrow and 'tend to business right along. They get somewhere and *do* things, while the other kind, who like mightily to show off, seldom amount to much, and are hardly the kind to tie to in a pinch."—*The Christian Herald*.

Had Been Shopping

A LITTLE boy of five went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was very fond of children, told him she intended to ask his mother to let her have him. "Don't you think that your mother would let me buy you?" she asked. "No," he said, "you haven't got money enough." "How much would it take?" she asked. "Three hundred dollars," he answered, promptly, "and you haven't got that much." "I think I could manage it," she said; "if I can, will you come to me?" "No," he said, with decision; "mama wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mama wouldn't like to break the set."—*Selected*.

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Two Givers

WHAT gave the world to you?
 "Pleasure and loss."
 What hath God given you?
 "Christ—on the cross."

What asked the world of you?
 "Tiring unrest."
 What asked the Lord of you?
 "Come—and be blessed."

What shall the world give you?
 "Death—after strife."
 What hath He promised you?
 "Eternal life."

—Rev. William Allen.

Like an Eight-Day Clock

MARK GUY PEARCE once said to Mr. Spurgeon, "When I was a young fellow in London, I used to sit right over there, and hear you preach, and you will never know how much good you did me. You used to wind me up like an eight-day clock; I was bound to go right for a week after hearing you."

Is it not every Sabbath-school teacher's privilege and duty to do this very thing for every member of the class? Should not the teacher so impressively teach the lesson that the pupil will receive at least a seven days' inspiration to right living, and a seven days' knowledge of how to tread the upward way aright?

Boy Scouts and the Aviator

WHEN Mr. Harry Atwood, the aviator, made his long flight of more than a hundred miles from New London to New York, he had to come down in Astoria for more gasoline. He was quite perplexed to know how to secure the gasoline without having his machine suffer from the curious and souvenir-loving crowd. One of a group of boys standing near asked, "What's the matter, Mister?"

Mr. Atwood replied, "I have to leave my machine here while I go for gasoline. And I know that in yonder crowd every other man and every woman will try to pry loose part of my machine as a souvenir. If I go away and leave it unguarded, it will not be in fit shape to use when I come back. If I don't go, I may not be able to get the gasoline I want." "Leave it to us, Mister," said the boy. "We're Boy Scouts."

The boys were without their badges, uniforms, or sticks; but a wild mob of two thousand people were restrained by the Scouts until the police arrived. No one had so much as touched the machine.

If boys can protect property under such circumstances, every school should have a Boy Scout organization that would protect the school building from pencil marks, knife carvings, and everything else that needlessly mars or defaces the building. Better still would it be if every boy in the school would be master over himself, absolutely refusing to allow himself to disfigure needlessly books, desks, or building.

The Golden Rule for Renters

NOT long ago I visited the home of an acquaintance and was staggered at the broken-down appearance of the interior of the house, which, I knew, was only two years old.

The paint was scratched, and the doors were defaced in places, while the wall-paper was torn, here and there, almost to shreds. I noticed His Majesty Baby, two years old, calmly picking off the plaster in the lobby from a portion that had bidden good-by to the paper. Commenting on the condition of this house, the tenant said, "Well, it isn't our house, anyway; and we're paying for it."

One hopes that this way of treating other people's property is not common. The tenant pays for the privilege of using, but not abusing, the house he rents. If landlords often house people like those just described, no wonder they are loath to put expensive repairs on their houses.

As a happy contrast to the above, a German housewife, whom I happen to know, has taken such excellent care of her home that the landlord has not been called upon to spend a cent for repairs in years, and the house is as spick and span as when it was new.

May the tribe of such tenants increase, who have taken the golden rule as their guide in their relation to landlords.—*Ripple*.

Roumania's Queen

THAT Queen Elizabeth is a woman of the kindest heart and of democratic sympathies all the world knows, for under her pen-name of "Carmen Sylva" she has given voice in many languages to her thoughts and feelings.

Her career is a romance such as Anthony Hope and his numerous imitators might have imagined. The young princess of Wied did not take kindly to the career to which she was called by her station in life. She was not content, like other German princesses, to await a royal match. She wanted to become a school-teacher instead, and declared that she would marry no man except the king of Roumania. This was the same as saying the king of Utopia, for there was no kingdom of Roumania as yet, and the prince of Roumania, a vassal of the Turk, was a married man, and a good-for-naught besides.

One day during a visit at the court of Berlin, when she was coming down-stairs, she slipped and fell,—all European tourists know how slippery are these palace steps and floors,—but the fates arranged that a handsome young prince should be just below to catch her in his arms. Still, he was not king of Roumania, only Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. But when at the age of twenty-seven he took the throne of Roumania, he asked the Princess Elizabeth to share it as his consort. Being a woman of her word, of course she had to do it.

But she carried out her early ambition nevertheless, for she has been teacher as well as queen to her people, and now, at the age of seventy, is beloved of all classes.—*The Independent*.