

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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LESS than 10,000,000 of Russia's 163,000,000 have ever heard a so-called gospel sermon.— *Missionary Review of the World*.

THE article entitled "The Love of Colors" is of exceptional interest. The author addresses children and youth especially. See page nine.

A BOY should never be punished for not taking something down from a shelf that is higher than he can reach; but he is responsible for reaching as high as he can.

"OUR non-Catholic fellow Christians around us are much more charitably disposed toward Catholics now," says a Catholic paper, "than was the case a generation or two ago."

MISS LI-BI-CU, a Chinese physician who is in America taking a postgraduate course at Johns Hopkins University, and who mastered the English tongue in a remarkably short time, says that it sounds to her like bird talk, and that it is as beautiful as the musical chirpings of the feathered creatures of the woods.

A MISSIONARY of the American Board writes that the Balkan war has opened doors of opportunity of approach to the Mohammedans. "It will probably mean the opening of doors that have never been opened. The Mohammedan people are already looking to us, in our capacity as missionaries and representatives of a higher civilization which they recognize and long for."

ROBERT ARTHINGTON, of Leeds, England, a man who lived abstemiously that he might give royally, left \$4,500,000 to missions. His will stipulates that John, Luke, and Acts be put into every language and dialect not now representing them, and that the peoples, as far as necessary, be at once taught to read them. "It is my wish," so runs the will, "that everywhere,—in all Africa, Central America, South America, in Asia and the South Sea islands and the Indian Archipelago,—all tribes and great populations destitute of the said Gospels in print should be by some means reached promptly, the actual heathen first."

MANY of our humble immigrants from Europe can give us lessons in good manners. A well-dressed American woman was walking in a park with her four-year-old daughter, when she saw a poor Italian beginning to divide a very small cantaloup among his eight children. She stopped to look, whereupon the Italian, thinking the little girl wanted some, too, with a most gracious bow handed her the first slice. The mother protested, but to no purpose, and rather than hurt the feelings of so true a gentleman, she permitted the little girl to accept. It hurt her to think that her carelessness had reduced the already inadequate feast, but she retrieved her error in the only possible way.

The Spirit of Rivalry

No spirit is more common in this world of ours than the desire to surpass some one else. The student wishes to stand a little higher in his markings and in the estimation of his teacher than does his classmate. The housewife must have her home much cleaner and better furnished than that of her neighbor, and the farmer is not slow to see where he can greatly excel his brother ranchman. It is not altogether that humanity may be benefited that the lecturer desires to be ranked somewhat ahead of his predecessor; and the

gospel minister is not always free from the spirit of rivalry.

In the family this spirit is frequently encouraged by conscientious parents, though unwittingly. Mother says to Ruth, who may be of moderate movement, "See if you can bring the basket before Susie gets it;" or to the boys, "I'll give a nickel to the one who runs his errand quickest."

The religious service is not always free from this element. When Bible texts are to be read in answer to various questions, the leader is prone to say, "See who can find it first." It is well to be able to locate texts readily, but the spirit of emulation should not be encouraged.

To engage in any work, however good, and permit it to stir within us a desire to excel another will finally prove disastrous to the worker. To distribute the Temperance INSTRUCTOR is an excellent work, but this or the sale of any other literature should be undertaken with a willingness and an expectation that others will excel us.

A system of awarding prizes in schools is ruinous to a degree not usually realized. The essay contest work now so thoroughly inaugurated by the W. C. T. U. in many schools of the country is undoubtedly accomplishing much good by eliciting study and the production of essays; but who can say it would not, on the whole, be productive of as much good, and less discouragement to the non-prize winner, were no prizes offered?

Perhaps nothing appeals more forcibly than one's own experience. Therefore the writer will say she has had many a hard-fought battle with self to gain victory over the spirit of rivalry instilled in her life in school through the offering of prizes, and to some extent by her parents, as they encouraged her to strive for the prizes.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Seed Thoughts

As a healthful dietary is essential to our physical needs, so is it essential that we provide for ourselves the proper food for our minds to feed upon.

As the body will become enfeebled when deprived of proper nutriment, so will the mind become enfeebled when deprived of that which is needed for its upbuilding and development.

As the quality and texture of the physical system always correspond to that upon which it subsists, so will the quality and texture of the mind correspond to that upon which it subsists.

If we read only the nonsensical and trashy stuff with which the world is so lamentably flooded, we shall have only nonsensical and inferior minds. But if we read and study only that which is of actual worth, we shall be rewarded with minds that are fertile and capable of elevated and mature thought.

J. W. LOWE.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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The Pageant of the Flowers

WHY were the wild flowers ever given,
Those little frail, fair flowers?
They neither clothe nor feed nor warm
This hustling world of ours.

Why were the hillsides strewn across
With wreaths of blue or white,
Some hiding in the shadows dim,
Some reaching toward the light?

Why were the meadows ever dyed
In every fairest hue,
Now violet or crimson,
Then rose-pink, white, or blue?

Just that the wide world might be glad
And beauty light the hours.
God gave this gift of love to us,
The pageant of the flowers.

—George Klinge, in *Young People's Weekly*.

The "Sons of God" Versus the "Daughters of Men"—No. 2

J. D. MONTGOMERY

THE PROVISIO.—"She is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord." 1 Cor. 7:39.



WE were taking some illustrations from the Scriptures when the last article closed, to point out the evil of marital malfeasance among ancient Israel. The next case is that of one of the handsomest young men of his time.

The Case of Absalom

Absalom was the son of King David by Maacah, a princess of Geshur, a city of Syria. It was wrong for David to marry this Syrian woman. She doubtless was an unbeliever. The fruits of this misalliance was seen in the son Absalom. He engineered one of the meanest rebellions of which there is any record in sacred history. This rebellion of the son against his father's kingdom was doubtless concocted while he was a refugee in Syria after the murder of his half-brother Amnon for the crime against Absalom's sister Tamar. No doubt his mother's people in Geshur, where he lived two years, encouraged and abetted his plans for the rebellion, which turned out so disastrously for the chief rebel.

Often, when no open rupture occurs in unbelieving wedlock between the two contracting parties, the evil reveals itself in the offspring. "And what concord hath Christ with Belial?" The evil will be manifested sometime, somewhere, and one has not long to wait nor far to look for manifestation.

The Case of Solomon

It is well known that Solomon was the son of David by Bath-sheba, widow of Uriah the Hittite. Although Uriah was a faithful soldier of the Hebrew army, yet he was a Hittite. His wife was very beautiful, and when David saw her, he was attracted by her appearance and set plans on foot to kill her husband and marry the woman. It is a recorded fact that David despised God when he did this, and he set an example for his sons that they were not slow to follow. See 2 Sam. 12:10.

After Solomon came to the throne, he married wives of the Egyptians, the Moabites, the Zidonians, the Ammonites, the Edomites, and the Hittites. These were the very nations of which God had said: "Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you: for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods." Solomon disregarded the warnings and "clave unto these in love."

With what result?—This: "It came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods." 1 Kings 11:1-5.

What about the God of his youth, who had appeared unto him on two occasions?—Forgotten,—forgotten, at the counsel of heathen wives!

Solomon was a great man and a wise king until he made this mistake. God had met him and granted him the greatest wisdom ever given to man. He had builded and dedicated the grandest temple in the history of Israel; and the dedicatory prayer on that occasion reveals Solomon in close relationship to God. He was a man of peace, and he gave Israel rest from their enemies, and made even their enemies to be at peace with them. "Nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin." Neh. 13:26.

The Case of Ahab

Ahab was a wicked man before his marriage, and of course he did not choose a wife from the good women of Israel who might have exercised some restraint over his reckless career. "He took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshiped him." 1 Kings 16:31. The career of these two persons is too well known to need much comment. What he was too timid to do she did for him. She is the type in Scripture of those who teach idolatry and false doctrines to God's people. See Rev. 2:20-23. While this unbelieving wife did not cause the downfall of Ahab, yet she did much to introduce the worship of Baal among Israel and to seduce God's people and harass and kill his prophets.

In the Time of Ezra

The great work carried on by Ezra and his collaborators met a serious obstacle when they found that many in the families of the priests, and some of the Levites, and some of the singers of the temple, and many of the people had "taken strange wives: and some of them had wives by whom they had children." Ezra 10:44. As the worship of God could be carried on only by those who were free from the defiling influence of heathen wives and half-breed children, we see that the efforts to reform the nation at that time suffered a serious difficulty. It required great wisdom and much courage to meet the situation. It was met by this drastic order: "Separate yourselves from the people of the land, and from the strange wives." Be-

fore this, Ezra had said: "Ye have transgressed, and have taken strange wives, to increase the trespass of Israel;" and then followed the command that is quoted above.

This was a very hard thing for the men to do after they had married wives and had children by them, but the thing was wrong, and they were needed to conduct the affairs of the temple, and they could not serve unless they put away these strange women and mongrel children in their homes.

In the Time of Nehemiah

One hundred years later another reform in Israel found a similar condition existing in the land, and it was met in much the same way as Ezra dealt with the evil in his day. The vigorous work of Nehemiah in dealing with evils and evil men in the rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem and the temple was carried out in dealing with the evils of marriage with heathen women. The record of Nehemiah's dealing with this grievous condition is told in his own words: "In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, of Moab: and their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people. And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves. Did not Solomon king of Israel sin by these things? . . . Shall we then harken unto you to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God in marrying strange wives?" Neh. 13:23-27.

Two Exceptions

We wish to be fair in this study. There is said to be two sides to every question. We usually get around the opposite side of a question by glibly quoting, "The exception only proves the rule," whatever that may mean. I do not care to take that view of the other side, so shall give two exceptions to the general rule in the matter of marriage with unbelievers.

One of these was the case of Samson's wife who was taken from the Philistines, the sworn enemies of Israel. The father of Samson was straight on the marriage question, and he remonstrated with Samson in a very pointed way. He said: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" Samson was insistent and said: "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well," and that is about the only argument ever put forth even yet by the love-smitten swain in favor of his unbelieving intended. So Samson's parent went down to see the lady and to arrange with her parents according to the customs of the times. They were not pleased with the choice of the son, for "his father and mother knew not that it was of the Lord, that he sought an occasion against the Philistines: for at that time the Philistines had dominion over Israel." God was using this marriage to introduce the deliverer of Israel into the very life of the country of their enemies.

Another seeming suspension of the rule against marriage with outsiders was the case of Ruth, a Moabitess who married a Jew in her own country and became a widow while still a young woman. When her mother-in-law decided to return to her native Bethlehem, she asked her two Moabitess daughters-in-law to make their choice of going with her or returning to their

own people and religion. One of the young widows remained; she had not profited by her marriage with a believer. She went back "unto her people, and unto her gods." Ruth was a different character. She had profited by her life with the people of God. She chose to remain in the truth she had learned from her husband. In making this choice, she uttered these beautiful and oft-quoted words: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Ruth 1:15, 16. Ruth was an exception. She is one of the few unbelieving girls who accept the truth after marriage with one of the "sons of God."

Memorize: "A relationship so important as marriage and so far-reaching in its results should not be entered upon hastily, without sufficient preparation, and before the mental and physical powers are well developed."—"Ministry of Healing," page 358.

Newark, Ohio.

What Has Become of Miss Sixteen?

[The editor of the *Pictorial Review*, Mr. Arthur T. Vance, in the following article wrote especially to *fathers* of girls; but since so much is said about the girl, the article is reproduced in the *INSTRUCTOR* with the hope that the hints may be sufficient to cause any who may be inclined to follow questionable fashions to decide against such and to choose instead the accepted simple, stable, dignified, but pretty fashions for girlhood.]

PICTORIAL REVIEW is not given to deploring the passing of "the good old days." We believe that many decayed and useless customs have been cast aside, and that today carries much to admire and rejoice over. But we have made a mistake in letting our girls grow up too fast. There is neither meekness nor shadow in the eyes of Miss Sixteen today. Neither is she exactly what you would call "sweet." She is "smart" and amusing, but she does not bring a tremulous smile to the lips of old age, nor fill the hearts of men, young and old, with the fine old desire to protect and screen her from all that might hurt or contaminate. Her eyes invite and challenge. Her bearing announces an independence that is too assertive. There is nothing reluctant about her feet. Rather they press eagerly toward the dress, manners, customs, and pleasures designed for those who have plucked ripe fruit from the tree of knowledge.

We men are proud of this new girl's spirit, of her achievements in the class-room, of her resourcefulness and adaptability when economic conditions force her into our factories, stores, and offices. We smile at her good-humoredly and say, "Go to it, girlie," when she elbows her way into the crowded lunch-room or trolley. But we miss the shadow in her eyes, the lily in her hand, and we do not like to think of her as a wife for our son. If we stop to analyze her position in the general scheme of life, we think vaguely that she belongs in a class of her own, the class that must hold its own in the stern work-a-day world. Perhaps in preparing their daughters for the grinding, pitiless contact with those who toil, parents have taught girls at once too much and too little — too much of how to protect themselves from evil in others, too little of how to flee the evil in self. And so, flaunting her preparedness, this type of girl throws off the mysterious veil of maidenhood, melting into womanhood.

We are sorry for this girl, sorry for her parents, and we say smugly to ourselves that we are glad our daughters are not as this poor, world-worn little crea-

ture. That is because we really do not know our own daughters. We have not time to follow our girls into what we fondly believe to be a sheltered, refined life. Suppose some of you fathers put market prices into the background, and for a few hours walk the sheltered path which you imagine your hard-earned dollars provide for your daughters.

What does your daughter wear? Clothes that inculcate modesty? — Hardly!

A member of the *Pictorial Review* staff was sent to find out what young girls are wearing. She did not go to the shops supported by the socially exclusive, but to stores patronized by middle-class, prosperous mothers. Here is what she found most popular for girls in their teens, bound for mountain and shore: Small editions or imitations of what "smart" and dashing matrons and widows are choosing — split skirts to be worn over spider-web silk stockings and no petticoats; waists of lace and net so thin as scarcely to veil the shadow-lace lingerie worn beneath; pumps cut low in the vamp, with dazzling buckles and even sparkling heels; sporting coats in garish colors and blatant stripes instead of simple sweaters; evening frocks so tight of skirt as to make even the Bunny Hug a dangerous dance, and bathing-suits not of modest, line-enveloping flannel and serge, but of silk which clings when wet, the very quintessence of suggestiveness. All the sartorial weapons of the Oriental siren offered to Miss Sixteen! Small wonder she is a woman among men before her hour!

A brilliant woman of the world, who recently sailed from America, remarked with regret, "I saw young girls only among your very rich and exclusive old families. They alone dress their girl children simply and properly, as the aristocrats of Europe still dress theirs. Your American girl of moderate circumstances imitates in dress the music-hall singer who flaunts her intrigues and her extreme costumes on the same stage. Tell this girl she should not dress in this outrageous fashion, and she says one might as well be dead as behind the times. She is not even of the times, but ahead of them — poor, ignorant, absurd little creature!"

There is something very sweet and appealing about the slim, indefinite figure of a girl, even in the awkward age, with the hint of slowly developing lines. But deck it out in the trappings of the wanton, in the garish semiprecious stones of the harem, yes, the powder and rouge splash of the beauty-parlor, and the poor, distorted little creature becomes a caricature of tender budding sexhood, over which her own parents may well weep in shame.

A generation of speakers and teachers have drummed into mother's head that the child is an "individual" and must not be suppressed. The individual nature must be permitted to expand along its individual lines. "Society" in the form of the school, the club, the institutional church, not mother, has played the more important part in molding your daughter's character, and now in this late day mother is awakening to the fact that the hand which rocked her child's cradle should have led that child out into the world. Truly the modern child does not cling to mother's hand nor heed mother's old-fashioned warnings. The modern girl has been taught that she is capable of judging her own conduct. She has neither reverence nor respect for experience and age.

If, after you have read this chat, you talk to your daughter, she will tell you that you are years behind

the times. Girls have been taught to think and act for themselves. And yet you and I and every other man know that not one girl in ten thousand should be trusted with a latch-key, a slit skirt, a peek-a-boo waist, and the right to choose her own reading-matter and amusements. I'm not so sure whether the liberty of our daughters, now closely verging toward license, is due to girlish spirit and independence or to paternal lethargy. We have been too busy with our personal ambitions, the task of "making good" in the business world, to argue with and really protect our girls. We have trusted too much to our wives and our daughters. We have not used our knowledge of the world in general, and our own sex in particular, to hedge our daughters round with the safeguards we might have provided. It's time we fathers woke up.

Niagara Ruined!

NOT in reality, but at least in the experience of a Frenchman who visited the Falls when evidently he was making a tour of the United States. He alighted from his carriage near a spot where I stood on the Canadian side, and for a moment or two walked toward the Falls. Suddenly a look of disgust overspread his face, and pressing his nostrils together with his fingers, he stepped hastily into the carriage and motioned the driver to move away. Being interested in the sudden move of the foreign visitor, I walked to where he had stood, and soon I too moved away, not, however, before discovering the cause of the difficulty. A dog had died, and his putrefying body was making the air all around very offensive. It was a small thing, yet it destroyed the beauty of the Canadian Falls for the fastidious Frenchman.

The editor of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* tells of a man who applied to a wholesale house for a bill of goods on credit. The manager of the house, not knowing the standing of the man in the business world, inquired by wire of another business man, who wrote, "Not good for any amount." When the message reached the inquirer it read, "Note good for any amount." The bill of goods was delivered, and lost; the man truly turned out *not* to be good for any amount.

A few weeks ago I was invited to make a missionary call in the city of Washington, and on going to the home of the person who sent me the invitation, I formed the acquaintance of a woman suffering from the effects of a mistake made by her family physician many years ago. As a girl she was noted for physical health, inherited from Celtic ancestry. Taken with a slight attack of intestinal difficulty, the family physician was called, who wrote out a prescription, which was filled at the drug store. The doctor made a mistake in one of the ingredients, with the result that the membrane of the intestinal tract was almost destroyed. For years she was a helpless invalid, and now it is only by exercising the greatest care that she is enabled to move about. Her physical life was ruined by the mistake of a physician.

How many times has a piece of cinder infinitesimal in size blotted out the beautiful scenery through which one is passing in a railway train, for hours marring the trip.

The difference between the words "first" and "seventh" in the world-wide controversy now going on over the Sabbath question, to a great many persons may appear small, entirely unworthy of the time and labor being spent on it, yet it involves very

much. It means on the part of the observer of the seventh day loyalty to God as against loyalty to a power that ever has been antagonistic to God and to his government. The difference between the two flags during the civil war literally was not great; the principles involved were eternal in their consequences.

Eve's sin seemed small, but not small have been its results. We shudder with horror at the great sins, yet we are in danger from the small ones. The little indiscretions by young persons frequently bring in their train disastrous consequences. Look out for the little foxes; they may look innocent, but they invariably spoil the vine, fitting it only for the soon-coming day of burning.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Selfishness

THE spirit of selfishness is the spirit of not caring. Did you ever think what wonderful things your eyelids are,—these two little drop-curtains hung above your eyes, that can be raised or lowered so quickly? They are wonderful because they are so little and yet can shut out so much. Look at the heavens above you on a clear night, sown with stars like an infinite meadow of daisies. Think of the time it would take for a man to walk across that meadow; yet lower your eyelids and the whole thing is shut out. Look at the ocean from the top of a mountain and see it stretch so far and wide it may take a day for a sail to creep from right to left of you; yet drop those curtains of the eye and you blot it out. Look at a great library full of books, a storehouse of the wisdom of the world. It would take you a lifetime to explore those treasures; but shut your eyes and you need never see a page. Look at a crowd of people struggling with their lives, working, suffering, learning, sinning, dying; yet shut your eyes and you need not see one. Oh! weird little curtains of the eye, so small yet shutting out such mighty things! The spirit of not caring is the shutting of the mind's eyes from the things you do not want to see,—great truths of God, great needs of humanity, great opportunities of doing good. The spirit of selfishness says, "It is easier not to see those things," and so you shut your eyes and you don't see them. And out of sight, out of mind. Who cares? It is easy to get rid of all these things and to see the things it pays you to see.

Now this is the spirit of selfishness; it is the spirit of claiming yourself for yourself, the spirit of letting well enough alone, the spirit of not caring. And this is the way that human nature tends to live; boys and girls, men and women, all tend to this way of selfishness. This is human nature in its present poor condition; and you can live in this rut of selfishness, if you choose, to the day of your death. But Christ does not want you to live that way. He loves you so grandly, he cannot bear that you or any one should live that way. Of all things on earth, he most wants to break up in us, and in all men, that spirit of the old life; and in order to do this, he has made of himself, and by his own choice, the greatest sacrifice it was possible for him to make: "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves."

But how does he want you to live? What way of living does he think is worthy of you? Ah! hear the answer, boy and girl, youth and maiden, and all of you who are yet in your earlier years. How does Christ want you to live?—Not unto yourself, not unto

yourself, but unto him who died for you, and rose again; yes! who rose again, and is with you to help you to live the life he wants you to live; who rose again and brings the power of his resurrection, like a glory and a blessing and a well-spring of light and leading, into every life that will take as its ideal henceforth and forever, To live unto him! To live unto him! And what will it mean if on this great evening we do take it, take it again, take it forever, as our ideal and as our aim—to live unto him who died for us, and rose again? It means just the opposite of living unto yourself. Living unto yourself means claiming yourself for yourself. Living unto him means carrying about with you the grand thought that you, in your spirit, in your mind, yes, even in your body, belong unto Christ, who has redeemed you with his precious blood; that your life is a great trust which God has committed unto you, and which you truly want to use in whatever way is best, according to God's definition of best.

Living unto yourself means letting well enough alone; but living unto him means just the opposite. You cannot be satisfied to run in a rut if you are living unto Christ, for his Spirit is always teaching you new things, giving you higher and higher views of what your own life means, giving you grander ideas of truth and of service. You cannot let well enough alone, as the lazy phrase goes, because nothing seems to you well enough; you are always seeing something better and trying for it; always believing that there is something better, and that the best is yet to be.

Living unto yourself means not caring, shutting your eyes to all the things you do not care about seeing, and shutting them out of your mind if you can. Living unto him is just the opposite. It is caring with all your heart for the things that are great and good and broad and godlike,—caring for truth, caring for a broad usefulness, caring to influence and to save others, caring to keep very, very close in heart, mind, and life to the Lord Jesus Christ.—*"The Silver Cup."*

The Prayer of the Penitent

WHEN I have wandered far astray,
O God, forget me not.
If I have, Lord, forgot to pray,
And hard has been my lot,

And if my steps have led me where
I never should have been,
Forgive me, Lord, that I was there
Where thou wouldst not be seen.

When trials, bitter, hard, and long,
Have been my lot, O Lord;
When I have joined the world's mad throng,
And followed not thy word,

O still, my Maker and my God,
Forget me not, I pray!
For I have felt the stinging rod,
And often cursed my day.

Remember me when I am sad,
And sin-sick, and alone;
Forgive me, Lord, and make me glad,
And melt my heart of stone.

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX.

EVERYTHING that lives feeds,—every plant, animal, man, or mind. The fields of earth do not grow any food good enough to feed the soul. God furnishes that from the harvests on the other side of the river, with truth and his own life of love.—*William Jennings Bryan.*



THE HOME CIRCLE



"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."

The Fine Art of Telegraphing



WHILE the Harcourts were at breakfast a telegram arrived from one of Mr. Harcourt's clients. He read it with puzzled brows.

"Now what does she mean by that, I'd like to know? It might mean any one of three things. Linda, whatever college does or doesn't do for you, I hope it will teach you how to write a telegram. Not one woman in a hundred can do it."

Linda's eyes danced. She and her father had been chums for eighteen years, and his small explosions never disturbed her.

"Here comes another messenger boy, father," she suggested, demurely. "Maybe your lady has seen the error of her ways and written a postscript."

The second telegram, however, proved to be for Mrs. Harcourt. It was from one of her brothers-in-law, and read, with masculine brevity, "Will arrive Trenton, Friday, 5:20."

"Now, I'd like to know," Mrs. Harcourt exclaimed in helpless echo, "what *that* means!"

"What *that* means?" her husband responded. "Why, what possible question can there be about it? It means that Will will reach here at five-twenty this afternoon. I don't see how anything could be plainer."

Mrs. Harcourt put down her grapes the better to explain the situation.

"In Ada's last letter she said that she and Will were going to Asheville this week. She did not say whether any or all of the children were going with them, but she mentioned that the Marshalls would probably go at the same time. Now, am I to get dinner for two, five, or nine extra people? Am I to put them up for the night, or will they stay over a day or two? Or aren't they going to stay at all? If you can tell me that——"

"I apologize," Mr. Harcourt replied, manfully. "And I see no way except to provide for—how many is it if the Marshalls are with them? Eleven?"

"Nine," Mrs. Harcourt answered. "I'm sure that's enough when it's a case of uncertainty. Linda, we'll have to get a sirloin roast; that's the only thing we can depend upon. How shall we eat it up if they don't come?"

"And where shall we put them if they all do?" Linda responded. "We'll have to make up a couch in the library." And the two ladies plunged into an eager discussion of ways and means.

At six o'clock Mr. Harcourt returned, ready to welcome a houseful of guests. The house seemed strangely silent as he entered it; evidently they had not yet arrived. He was going to his room, when Katy heard his step, and appeared in the hall.

"Mrs. Harcourt telephoned that she was very sorry, but she and Miss Linda would have to take dinner at the station. Her sister and brother were going on by

the next train, and there wasn't time to come back to the house. Dinner is ready, sir."

Mr. Harcourt went down to the dining-room and the ten-pound roast of beef. Fortunately, he had a sense of humor. As he dined in solitude, he confessed that the writing of telegrams was an art that others besides women had not yet mastered.—*Youth's Companion*.

Saved by Her Son

Most young people think that they are not mature enough to have religious responsibilities or to exercise a religious influence over those older than themselves. In that they are quite mistaken; no one who is old enough to make up his mind that he wants to lead a Christian life is too young to live it as an example to those about him, whoever they may be.

Among the interesting reminiscences of Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher, printed in the *Examiner*, is the story of the little tow-headed printer's boy in a newspaper office who joined Dr. Hatcher's church in Petersburg, Virginia, although neither his mother nor any of his older brothers and sisters were in the least religious. It was hard for him to get to church, and impossible for him to come to evening meetings, but he was always in his seat when he could get there. And in spite of the strange isolation of his religious life, and his lack of encouragement, either at home or in his place of work, he persisted patiently, courageously, simply, in the way.

One day the boy's mother came to see the minister, and Dr. Hatcher received her with misgivings. He feared that she was going to oppose actively her son's association with the church.

But he need not have feared. The woman's eyes were full of tears as she spoke of Hugh. "There never was such a boy," she said. "I wish you could see him as we see him at home. Since he became a Christian, he is different, and in spite of us all, he has made everything about our home life different.

"He was a revelation to me; he was so peaceful, so obliging, and so helpful that I was lonesome whenever he was out of the house. Finally, I found that I could not go to sleep until he came home, late at night. There was one thing that bothered me. I used to put a little lunch in his room, and have a lamp burning at the head of the stairs. His room was next to mine, and I noticed that he moved around a long time before he went to bed. I wondered why he stayed up so long, and so one night I looked through the keyhole to see what the little fellow was doing.

"He had drawn the table up to the side of his bed, had his lamp on it, and was reading the Bible. After a time he stopped reading, closed his Bible, laid it on the table, and knelt down beside the bed. Somehow I knew that he was praying for me, and God was hearing him. It touched and softened my heart. I sprang

to my feet, hurried into my room, fell down by my bedside, and gave my life to God for my boy's sake. I had to tell Hugh at once. The door was unlocked, and he was still awake; so I went in, sat down at the foot of the bed in the dark, and told him that I had accepted the Saviour, and that it was the way he had been living that had moved me to do so."—*Youth's Companion*.

"Helping God"

A LITTLE girl found a rosebud in the garden, and pulled the petals apart, ruining the rose, of course. When her mother asked where she had been and what she had been doing, she replied that she had been "in the garden helping God." Then she explained that she had found a rose nearly blossomed and had blossomed it.

The child's intention was good, but she had only marred the handiwork of God.

May it not be that we, in our wilfulness, ignorance, and assumed wisdom, frequently commit errors far more imprudent and senseless in the sight of God than that of the little girl?

For example, we come to the place where we desire to give ourselves to God for service. The Lord sees that to prepare us for efficient service certain trials or experiences are necessary. But when they come, we take our method of meeting them instead of following in patience the method the Lord has given us in his Word. We thus mar the beauty of character God intended should result from the experience.

Then again the Lord may be leading and gently directing some one by his Holy Spirit to a more devoted life, when we by our lack of consecration give advice or counsel that seriously hinders the work the Lord had started to do for that person.

It may be that some one is beginning to see God's demands upon him for Sabbath observance, when a friend or minister who calls himself a servant of God advises the seeker after truth that it makes no difference which day we keep, so we keep one in seven. That friend, that minister, may think he is rendering help, but the fact is he is marring the work God would do for his friend.

It may be that our child, or our brother, or friend expresses a conviction that he should devote his life to foreign mission work. We in our blind and selfish affection feel that we cannot have it so; so we counsel him to remain at home, that he can serve the Lord just as well here as in the foreign field. It may be that God had great things in mind in appointing that person to the foreign field, and we by our selfish counsel have perhaps saved our friend or relative from some hardships, disappointments, and loneliness, but have also robbed him of rich blessings direct from God's storehouse.

Then again it may be that we ourselves are the ones being called to a certain work; we feel that we cannot go, for the work we are now engaged in would suffer; so we decide to stand by the work at home. It may be that God had plans for the work at home as well as for us individually that we have greatly hindered by remaining in our present field and refusing to accept his call.

It is always well to realize that God can take care of his work. He is not dependent upon us. If for our good or that of others he calls us to another field, he will not allow the work we would gladly do to perish. I recall the case of a young woman who was invited by

the Mission Board to go to India. She refused, saying that the church-school that she was teaching needed her. It may have, but it did not keep her long; for somehow she was persuaded not long after to marry a young man of questionable habits. Her husband drinks, and is otherwise unfitted to be her companion. She has since practically been cut off from opportunities of service outside of her own family. Had she gone to India, the Lord would have taken care of her school, and her life would doubtless have been wonderfully strengthened and beautified. The only sure way of helping God is to allow him to have his way completely with ourselves and with those with whom we are in any way connected.

It is a serious thing to mar the work God would do for us or for others by our narrow ideas. Our earnest prayer should be that the Lord would help us keep our hands off his holy work, only as we are directed by him to serve.

How She Won Her Daughter

WE read the other day of a mother who had tried in vain to control her daughter by her authority as a parent. The two were always clashing about the furnishings of the house. The daughter had been sent away to school; and when she came home, her tastes refined and her mind cultured, the yellow china dog that her mother liked to have in a conspicuous place on the mantel, the hair flowers in a gilt frame, the gorgeous rug, grated on her.

But the mother did not take kindly her daughter's critical remarks. The gaudy plush album, bought of the instalment agent, had always been on the center-table, and why shouldn't it stay there now? The bright-hued wall-paper that "killed" everything else in the room with color had been good enough for father and mother, why not for the daughter? The mother had always ruled her daughter's mind with a rod of iron, and why shouldn't she now?

Well, the daughter went away to school for her last term; and then the mother got to thinking about her final home-coming, and dreading it. How could she drive those foolish notions out of her head? How could she break her stubborn will? Finally something whispered to her a new way, the way of the lamb instead of the way of the lion.

When Margaret came home, somehow at first sight the rooms did not jar on her as they used to. She found everything so much pleasanter, she could not at first tell just why. But after a while she was poking in an old bureau drawer for something, and there she found the yellow china dog, the red plush album, the hair flowers, and the gaudy rug, tucked away behind some other things. Her mother had put them out of sight for her sake. Then she recalled that there had been a new gentleness and wistfulness in her mother's greeting and manner since; and she realized with tears in her eyes, the struggle that had gone on in her mother's heart to give up her way, the sacrifice she had made to win her daughter; and the girl hastened to her mother with the objectionable things, and brokenly urged that they go back into their old places; and the scene wound up with an embrace such as mother and daughter had not given each other for years.

It was the kingship of the lamb, where the lion had failed to hold sway. Sacrifice is the mightiest thing in the universe.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, in Christian Endeavor World.*



The Love of Colors

THERE is something in man and in God which says that colors are beautiful. The love of color, the delight that comes from richly blended colors, is a feeling that we all have, more or less, and that God, our blessed Father on high, has, more than any of us. We are sure that *we* love colors. Certainly I am sure that I delight in them. There are certain harmonies in music which always seem to me like rich colors, and there are certain blends of rich color which always seem to me like splendid harmonies of music. Color is, to me, a sort of language through which certain things are said which there is no other way to say. There is a certain look in the sky some days; there are certain tones which appear on heavy masses of leafy trees standing darkly in afternoon light; there are certain high yellows brought out by spring sunshine on early leaves; there are certain blends of blue and bronze appearing after sunset on a still sea,—all of which say something glorious to me that I have never yet heard in the words of any spoken language. Yes! I am quite certain that I delight in colors.

And there is not the least doubt that almost all human beings love colors. Wherever men have done their best work, they have worked out richly into colors. Take, for example, such things as the colors of silks. I know a place in London where specimens are kept of all the silks made in India; it is something too beautiful to describe to see the walls of that place all hung with drifts of these marvelous progressions of color, like a silken palace painted with dissolving rainbows. Or take the colors of pictures. They tell how to the mind of man, when filled with the great power gifts of God, there has always been an immense meaning and music in colors. Or take the colors of glass in the great painted windows of the world's great churches. Such a glorious mission have colors there! Man has taken the blue of the sky, the crimson of blood, the luster of gold, the green of the sea, has clothed with them the figures of apostles and prophets, has lifted them up in the high walls of churches, between the eyes of man and the noonday sunlight of God; and God has lighted up human colors, and has poured his glory through them on the lives of men, even as he has poured upon women and children the eternal sunlight of promise through the crimson of the blood of an uplifted Christ.

But God, our Father, has not only given to us our love of colors; he has shown us in many grand and tender ways that the same feelings are in himself as the Maker and Giver of that most wondrous coat of many colors—the world itself. You have only to think of what the world would be like without its glorious colors, to see how God must love them and delight in them himself. You have only to imagine everything about us—trees, fields, clouds, skies, mountains, birds, flowers—fading into one pale, lifeless tint,—the roses fading on their stems, the rainbow fading into a mere dull mark on a dull sky,—only to imagine this and you will see how God loves color for our sakes that he may speak to us in it, and for his own sake that he may find in it the joy of a Creator. For

he has made all nature, not only in places where we see it, but in places where the eye of man almost never looks upon it,—a coat of many colors. In dark and lonely caverns on the seacoast where only men can go who risk their lives, or in deep-sea valleys disturbed only by the fisherman's dredge, God has given to small and strange creatures colors more splendid than the robes of kings. Have you read Charles Kingsley's "Glaucus"? For in that there is some word-color painting worth your reading. He tells us of the colors of starfishes; of the "twelve-rayed sun-star with his rich scarlet armor;" of "the bird's-foot star of scarlet and orange;" of the great "purple spatangus clothed in pale-lilac horny spines;" of the brittle-stars," innumerable in quantity and colored "purple and azure, fawn, brown, green, gray, white, and crimson," like "a bed of China asters." And there are God's colors in the depths of the sea,—colors that he has hid for his own joy. Yet think, besides, of the colors he has given us—in the autumn leaves of trees and vines, in the mystery of flowers, in the great many-hued mantle of the sea, in the whole realm of the world. I feel God's love of color in all I touch; and I see it in all beauty on earth, of things small and great:—

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

Our Life Colors

And it seems to me today as if Christ, the Great Teacher, were standing here in our midst, among all these dear young lives, and saying: See how beautiful the world is with things that have soon to pass away and die; look at the colors of the starfishes; look at the colors of the roses and all the flowers that have so short a time to live. Must not your life be even a more beautiful and wonderful thing than these? must not the colors, the meanings that God has put into it, be more rich and glorious than these things? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you?" O, my friend! God has much more clothed you. Your dear Father on high has given you, his child, a coat of many colors more beautiful than the flowers of the field, to wear in remembrance of him; he has given you a life to live, that has powers in it and meanings in it more wonderful, more lasting, than the red of roses or the yellow of gold. And I want to help you to know what are some of those glorious colors in that robe of life which you are wearing, so that you may use that gift sacredly as a Father's loving gift should be used, that you may not stain and tear that precious robe as you walk through the thorny and sometimes the muddy road of life, but may, through the Saviour's help, keep your life robe clean.

It is a coat of many colors. It would keep you here too long if I were to tell you of all the colors in that wonderful coat of life which God has given you. But I do want to keep you long enough, and I think you are ready to stay long enough, to have me tell you about some of the colors which are very dear to me, and what I think they mean. I want to tell you about the red, and the yellow, and the white, and the violet, and the purple in your coat of many colors.

What do these five colors mean? The red in your

coat of many colors is the wonderful joy of life; the yellow is the golden richness of life; the white is the truth and pureness of life; the violet is the calm thoughtfulness of life; the purple is the pain and pressure of life.

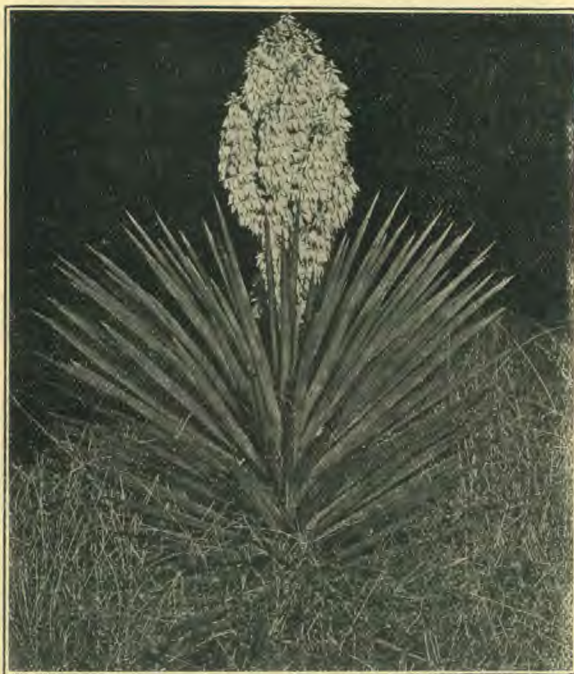
The red, I say, is the wonderful joy of life. Red is the color of life. It is the color that flows in your veins, that mounts into your cheeks when you are strong and happy and well. It is a joyful, strong color. Do you know the rose into which God has poured the richest of this color of life? Did you ever look into the depths of that flower and see how the red grows so deep and wonderful when you shade it, and so high and brilliant when you hold it in the sun? Ah! how well I know the red in the life robe which the Father has given some of you! He has made your lives brilliant with outside happiness, deep and rich with the happiness of home. And I only ask you to remember who it was that wove the red into your life coat. And O! how can you keep bright that wonderful red? I think in no way so surely as by remembering the Giver. There is no joy that will last very long unless it is right. Be happy in what is pure and true and like God, and happiness will last; but if you seek your happiness in such things as God cannot bless, the red in your robe of life will soon fade out.

The yellow is the golden richness of life. Yellow is the color of gold; it is the color of many spring flowers; it is the color of the grain-fields when the harvest is fully ripe; it is the color that speaks to me of a life that knows the golden privilege of living, that remembers how much there is to be thankful for, that sees the wondrous meaning of small things and common things which are happening every day we live, that believes that whatever God sends us is good. If he lets us carry out our plans, that is good; if he prevents us from carrying out our plans, that too, is good; for God does it, and God is love. And in your coat of many colors there is always that golden color of richness, if you look for it. Selfish, discontented, grumbling hearts will not try to see it. They are always finding fault with things, with the weather; grumbling because it rains when they wanted sunshine, or is cold when they wanted it warm; grumbling because the plan for the holiday has failed through the sickness of some one; grumbling at their dress because it is not richer, or at their work because it is not lighter — always feeling that things are mean and poor unless exactly such as they wanted them to be. Now such a mind never will see the golden richness of life. Only the eyes can see that imperial yellow of the beauty of living that can see how the Father's love and the Father's glory are in everything. If it is a stormy morning, thanks be to God, for storms are our friends as much as sunshine. Do you see what I mean by the yellow?

White is the truth and pureness of life. White is the red in heaven. Truth and pureness are the joy of those who walk with God. The white stone, the white robe, the white throne, from these comes the light that makes the white in our life robe on earth. O, children! what can I say to you about keeping the white in your coat of many colors? Keep truth, keep pureness with you, whatever you do. I know how hard it is for you to meet, in school, in business, every day those who have long since lost the white out of their life robes, and who want to tempt you to stain that white in your own. Be true, O! be true; a falsehood will weaken you, will stain you so terribly. And as for that which is not pure, be ashamed to speak of it; be ashamed to think it; turn your back upon it; shut your eyes against it; hide yourself behind the pure and holy Jesus. Keep the white, whatever you do. And

if there should be one young heart who feels, as I am speaking, that the white in his life robe is spotted already, I will tell him where to go. Go to Christ and begin again. Be one of those of whom it will be said: These came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The violet is the calm thoughtfulness of life. Do you know that in the Old Testament the blue is not our blue, but our violet? and so we find there was violet in the robes of the high priest, there was violet in the wrappings of the sacred altar, there was violet in the coverings of the holy tabernacle; and when God told them how to cover that sacred ark which hid



FLASH-LIGHT VIEW OF WILD SPANISH DAGGER
BLOOM OF TEXAS

their holiest treasures, he said (Num. 4:6): Thou shalt spread over it a cloth wholly of violet. As you sit here so quietly, thinking, thinking about the life robe, and as perhaps this evening many of you will sit by firesides or at bedtime in your own rooms thinking, thinking about the life robe of many colors, I hope you will see that there is much of the violet color in your life robe. There are many sacred things in life that are to be covered with a cloth wholly of violet. There is a great deal in life that needs to be thought about, and to be thought about quietly, calmly, and gently.

And, last of all, the purple is in your life robe, whether you know it or not. It means the pain and the pressure that have to come. When they wanted Jesus to suffer most, they put on him a purple robe; and he who had so much purple in his life robe has said to us: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." O youth! remember your Creator; remember your Saviour in the days of your youth, while those days of pain and pressure come not. Then when they come, you will be strong and not weak; strong to make others strong; strong to use the Father's gift here, which is "a coat of many colors;" strong to win the Father's gift in heaven, which is a crown of many stars! Amen.—
Charles Cuthbert Hall, in "The Silver Cup."



Long Ago

I ONCE knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name;
My friends were wood-chucks, toads, and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe;
Oh, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes by the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me;
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he!
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the fates decree,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish would be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know,
For I was, oh, so happy then;
But that was very long ago!

— Eugene Field.

The Jesus Man

IT was a cold, dreary evening in the city of London. The heavy fog so common to that locality seemed denser than usual. Few people were on the streets compared with the great multitude that surged to and fro on week-day evenings, for this was Sunday night in the great metropolis.

Tim Losson, a newsboy twelve years of age, was trudging along that section of the city that constituted his "beat" on week-days when he sold his papers. Notwithstanding all the dreariness without, Tim seemed very happy and light-hearted as he loitered leisurely along. Suddenly he came upon a little mission chapel. The outer door stood wide open, and from within came the sound of singing. Tim, passionately fond of music, so lured on by the soft, sweet strains, crept timidly into the vestibule. The door was ajar, and the pleasant warmth stealing gratefully over his benumbed senses appealed to him so powerfully that, overcoming all his native bashfulness, he slipped quietly into the seat nearest the door, unobserved by any in the partially filled room, except the keen-eyed preacher, who noted his serious face, and the wide-eyed wonder. The prayers appeared to stagger him, but he eagerly drank in all that was said about the "Jesus Man," as he spoke of him always after. The minister noted the absorbing interest of the lad, and resolved to detain the little fellow after the service, and learn more concerning him.

But Tim was too quick for him. As the people rose for the last hymn, he slipped out as silently as he had entered the little mission chapel; but it was not the same Tim. He did not whistle now, and his little brow was puckered up in deep lines of thought as he silently took his homeward way.

The next day was bitterly cold. Tim shivered on his daily rounds in spite of his thick overcoat, somewhat worn but good and warm, which some kind patron had bestowed upon him; and his teeth almost chattered when he attempted to cry his papers. Turning a corner sharply, he came upon Jimmy Ross, who had no overcoat, and who was crying bitterly with the cold.

Jimmy Ross was another newsboy, much smaller and much younger than Tim, and somewhat new to the business of selling papers. But he was a brave little fellow, and traveled for long hours, uncomplainingly trying to help out the finances in the poor miserable place he called home. Today was quite too much for him, however. His fingers and his lips were blue with cold, and he could hardly steady his voice to answer Tim's breezy question, "Hi, there, Jimmy! Wot's the matter wid yer?" With the swift instinct of the street child, Tim instantly grasped the situation, and without a moment's hesitation pulled off his outside coat and wrapped it around the freezing Jimmy, at the same time bidding him run home, and saying that he would sell for him what papers he had left.

Tuesday was not quite so cold as the preceding day, but it was sufficiently so to be uncomfortable, and Tim when he went to Jimmy's house to get his overcoat, bade the little fellow stay indoors till the weather was milder, at the same time offering to sell his papers for him another day. Jimmy was only too glad to stay by the meager warmth of his miserable abode, and Tim sallied forth to the double task he had undertaken for the day. "I think the Jesus Man would want me to do it," he said to himself as he went about his work, "for the little fellow suffered somethin' orful with the cold. He couldn't stand it nohow."

Tim could not stand it either. The severe cold which he had contracted from the exposure of the day before gained upon him every hour. He began to feel weak and sick. His voice, which had sounded husky and unnatural from the start, became so hoarse from crying his papers that he could not make an audible sound. A fever burned in his veins, and finally, overcome with exhaustion, he staggered and fell in a heap just as a policeman, who knew him well, came along and discovered his pitiful condition. Hailing an ambulance, the kind-hearted officer lifted Tim into it, and sat beside him till they reached the hospital, where Tim was given over into the care of skilful hands, and all needful remedies were speedily applied.

But it was of no avail. Day by day the boy grew

steadily worse. There were hours of delirium when he muttered unintelligibly about the Jesus Man, and shrugging his little shoulders, now grown pitifully thin, he would cry out about the bitter cold, and how he pitied the poor little ones who had no overcoats. Finally, there came a day when the fierce fever abated. The eyes that looked forth from the wan, pinched face were bright again with the light of reason, but Tim's strength was not equal to the strain put upon it, and he was failing rapidly. One of his attendants who had learned of his having taken off his coat, said, "What made you do it, Tim? Why did you go without your coat for the sake of the other boy?" And Tim, with a smile more pitiful than tears, made answer, "I thought it would please the Jesus Man, and the poor little chap was crying wid the cold." When asked who the Jesus Man was, he told of his going to the chapel the Sunday before and hearing all about him, then added, "I wish I could see that preacher again."

Tim had won all hearts by his sweet, patient, uncomplaining manner, and tears of genuine grief were shed over him as it became apparent he would soon be beyond all earthly caring. So it came to pass as the city missionary for that section of the city where Tim attended the chapel was coming down from his pulpit the Sunday following Tim's illness, he found a messenger, the doctor who had attended Tim, awaiting him, who informed him that a boy dying of pneumonia at the Cross Street hospital had begged to see him. And as the two hurried along to the hospital, the young doctor gave details of the case to the minister.

When the minister reached Tim's bedside, he was sure he never would have known him but for the expressive face with the big lustrous eyes which burned like fire in the pale countenance. But Tim instantly recognized the preacher. His face lighted up with a wan smile, and in a voice weak but eager, he exclaimed, "O mister, I saw the Jesus Man in my sleep last night wot you told me about, and wot do you think, mister! He had my overcoat on wot I put on little Jimmy, and he pointed to the coat, and smiled so beautifully on me, and he said, 'Come wid me, Tim.' And just then I woke up." The minister's tears were falling fast, and the physician's eyes had a suspicious moisture in them. Tenderly taking Tim's hand in his own, the preacher said in a voice broken with emotion, "Can I do anything for you, my lad?"

"Yes,—mister,—tell—the—other—boys it's all—straight—wot you said—about the—Jesus Man.

He was—so good—to die for—us all,—and he smiled—so sweet." And as the little voice, growing fainter and fainter, trailed off into the silence of death, it seemed as if the beautiful smile already curving about the pale lips might be a reflection of the same smile he saw in his sleep upon the Saviour's face.—*Selected.*

Two Sides to the Question

THE girl crossing the muddy street just ahead of Violet and Betty, lifted her skirt to avoid the mud, and showed the ruffle of a brown silk petticoat. But it was not till she reached the sidewalk and turned north that this fact suddenly took on significance in Violet's estimation.

"Betty!" Violet's hand clutched her friend's arm. "Betty, it's Maggie, our Maggie."

"Is it?" Betty looked a little alarmed over Violet's demonstration. "It's her afternoon out, isn't it?" she asked soothingly.

"Yes, but didn't you notice, Betty? She is wearing a silk petticoat. Think of a hired girl in a silk petticoat! It's ridiculous. I'm going to speak to her about it tomorrow," she added severely.

And she did. Violet was at the age when she saw people's mistakes with extraordinary clear-sightedness, and felt perfectly competent to set all the world right, if people would only listen to her. And the next morning she tackled Maggie with a firmness very slightly modified by tact.

"Maggie, I saw you on the street yesterday, wearing a brown silk petticoat. And I was astonished to think you would be so extravagant."

The color flaming into Maggie's cheeks might have

warned her, but Maggie spoke so quickly that there was no time for the warning to do any good.

"Leastways I paid for it with the money I earned meself," said Maggie. "I didn't ask me father, workin' an' slavin' an' niver takin' a day off in the whole blessed year, to buy it for me."

Violet gasped. At once she realized that Maggie was not "taking it right." Her reference to father almost sounded as if—but she put the thought resolutely away.

"But you see, Maggie, a silk petticoat doesn't look well on a—on a girl who does housework for a living. It isn't suitable."

"Dade, Miss Violet, to my way o' thinkin', such things look well on the one who can afford thim. It isn't as if I had kith or kin to think of. If I had a



A SURE PLAN

Say, Jimmie, I will tell you how to make some missionary money to help buy a horse and carriage for Miss Burroway to use in her missionary work in India.

mither, now, with no new gowns to her back in many a weary day, 'tis no silk petticoats you'd be afther seein' on Maggie Flynn."

It couldn't be that Maggie was really trying to be impertinent, yet at that moment Violet found herself wondering when her mother had had her last new dress. But it would not do to be thus diverted from her point. She rallied her forces and tried again.

"Now, Maggie, let's talk sensibly. You don't really think you can afford to buy silk underskirts on your wages, do you? They cost a lot of money, and they don't last long."

"Sure moine don't cost what yours do, Miss Violet," retorted Maggie, with a toss of her head. "For I make thim mesilf, that I do, an' wearin' thim only Sundays and on me afternoon out, they last a good bit longer than if I put thim on wheniver I came down to the kitchen to press out a few pieces."

Now the fact could no longer be blinked that Maggie was trying to be rude. For when Violet visited the kitchen, to deliver her lecture on extravagance and unsuitability, she had brought along a stock to press, as an ostensible ground for her presence. She set down her flat-iron with dignity, and moved toward the door. And the rustle of her silk petticoat and Maggie's ironical giggle blended into one sound.

Up-stairs in her own room, she thought the matter over. As far as Maggie was concerned, she had not changed her opinion. Of course, it was extravagant for a girl who earned four dollars a week to indulge in silk underwear. Extravagant, and unsuitable! There could be no doubt about it.

But Maggie's pert defiance had awakened qualms in Violet's mind concerning herself. At least Maggie paid for her own petticoats, and Violet's were paid for by Violet's father, a man prematurely gray, prematurely stooping, who, as Maggie had hinted, could never afford a vacation. And was it altogether suitable that a girl whose mother turned and returned her gowns till she herself forgot which was the original right side, should go everywhere to the accompaniment of a rustling silk petticoat, and that her patent leather pumps should invariably reveal silk stockings?

"It isn't altogether the high cost of living that ails us," Violet's father had once said, wearily. "It's the cost of high living." She had paid little attention at the time, but now the words rang in her ears sternly. The cost of high living! The petted only daughter of an underpaid bookkeeper must dress after the fashion set by the millionaire's family—silk linings to their gowns, silk hosiery, French hats.

"And it's girls like me that are to blame for girls like Maggie," thought Violet, with a sudden flash of enlightenment. "We live beyond our means, and they do. We pattern after rich people who can really afford these luxuries, and they pattern after us. It's time somebody began to set an example of thrift."—*Anna L. Black, in Girls' Companion.*

Through Thick and Thin

It is easy enough to stand by father, to be his loyal companion, when his will corresponds with our wishes. Yes, indeed; then we can be very sweet-tempered, very devoted, very much in harmony with him, because his will is ours. But the girl who really stands by her father, stands by him through thick and thin, when he agrees with her and when he disapproves. That is hard; our own way always seems so nice. But that is the only loyalty that is worthy of the name.

Sara very much enjoyed spending a summer month

at a crowded resort. She liked the excitement; she liked the people. For three years she had gone with her parents, so happily. How she loved them, how kind they were, how much in sympathy they all were! Yes, because their will was in accordance with what she wished. But there came a spring, a spring that followed a long, hard winter, when the father was overtaxed. The winter had been hard. He needed a rest. When he was strong and well, in the best of health and spirits, he too enjoyed the resort. But this summer he had to rest. So he and Sara's mother decided to spend three months on a big farm in Maine, where there was good fishing, where there would be quiet and comfort and rest. When they told Sara of the new plan, she was greatly hurt. The farm might be all right for them—they were old; but she was young; she wanted life and excitement! Father was not sick, he was able to work all the time. If he wanted to be quiet, he could stay by himself at the resort as well as anywhere else. She took it as a personal slight that they had chosen to go where she did not care to go.

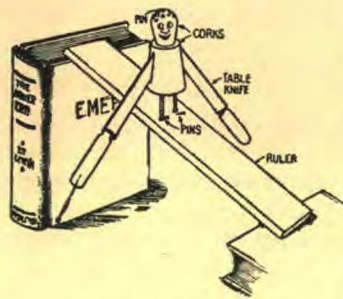
Standing by father?—O, yes, she was standing by him just beautifully when everything went as she liked it, but as soon as desires crossed, she was cross and fretful and exasperated.

The girl who stands by her father must stand by him at all times. Otherwise she is just a fair-weather friend!—*Girls' Companion.*

The Walking Man

THIS is an interesting experiment out of which boys and girls may derive a great deal of fun.

The articles required are two books, a ruler or flat strip of wood, two table-knives or forks, two corks, and three pins. Stand a fair-sized book on its end, and spread it a little so that it will not easily tip over.



THE WALKING MAN

Lay the other book on its side. From one volume to the other stretch the ruler or strip of wood, taking care not to get the ends too close to the book edges, so that the ruler may fall.

Into the large end of a large-sized cork stick two pins about half their length, and one-half inch apart. See that they

project evenly, and that one is not longer than the other. Then from a smaller cork make a head for the cork man. This is done by rounding off the top of the small cork, and inking in the hair, eyes, nose, and mouth. The head is set upon the body, or larger cork, by running a pin down through from the top.

The little man is then ready for his long arms, the knives or forks. These should be exactly alike to preserve the balance. Stick them into opposite sides of the cork, first making slits with a sharp-bladed pocket-knife, at an angle like that in the illustration.

Then set the figure on its pin-heads in the middle of the ruler near its upper end, and gently touch the handle of one of the balances. If properly balanced, the little man will at once commence to rock from foot to foot, all the while descending the incline, till he reaches the bottom. If, for any reason, he fails to maintain his poise and dignity, it shows he is not perfectly balanced; therefore, readjust the knives or forks till the figure acts properly.—*What to Do.*



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

Society Study for Sabbath, September 27

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

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work; review objects for special prayer given in the Morning Watch Calendar for the quarter, and have a season of prayer for these objects.

2. Our Work in India and Burma. Have a very short talk on "The Beginning of Our Work in India." This can be drawn entirely from the little book "Outline of Mission Fields." Follow this talk with a study on "Progress of Our Work in India and Burma." Take this study up under these divisions: Bengal Mission, Burma Mission, North India Mission, South India Mission, and West India Mission. The study may be given by one or more individuals. Help will be found in back numbers of the *Review* and on pages 6, 168-175, and 180 of the *General Conference Bulletin* for 1913. Next Sabbath we shall hear directly from some of our missionaries there.

3. Success in the Christian Life, No. 20. We must shun indifference. Above all things we must struggle against the spirit of indifference (Rev. 3:14-16), so we are exhorted to awake. Eph. 5:14-16; Rom. 13:11, 12. There is danger of being too busy (Luke 21:34), or of procrastinating (Acts 24:24, 25; Matt. 24:48-51; Luke 12:47; James 4:17), or neglecting the appointed means of growth and zeal. Heb. 3:12, 13; 10:24, 25; 2:1-3. We may overcome it by observing Paul's rule. Phil. 3:13-15.

4. For suggestive topic see Acts 20:31. This is a good earnestness and devotion.

Next Sabbath we begin a new quarter. Will its record be better than the one just past?

A Place Reserved for You

THE chief purpose of this message is to remind *you* that a seat has been reserved for *you* in the reading circle which will begin its new course about the first of October. A seat has been reserved for *you*, and we wish *you* to occupy it. Will you accept? Our circle is large. Thousands of young people press into it every year, and it is growing larger and larger. Usually those who have joined the circle and remained in it long enough to get slightly acquainted are among the first to press in when the doors are thrown open in the early days of October. Thousands of young people, many of them so busy on farms, in factories, and offices that they have but very few spare moments, are pressing into this circle, and striving in this way to obtain greater efficiency and more power as soul-winners. Here are a few guide-posts that point out the path to success for Missionary Volunteer Reading Course members:—

1. Enroll. Send your name, with your address, to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Explain which course you desire to take, Senior, Junior, or German. Give also the number of the course. If you do not have your secretary's address, send to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., and it will be forwarded to the proper person. (If your society has an educational secretary, she will send your name.)

2. Send for the books used in the course. If you cannot buy all at one time, buy them in the order they come in the course. Be sure to have each one on time.

3. Arrange to have the use of the INSTRUCTOR every week, and make use of the test questions in it.

4. Plan to devote fifteen or twenty minutes to your Reading Course book every day. Often spare moments are lost for lack of definite planning. John Quincy Adams, we are

told, never closed his eyes in sleep until his work for the next day had been outlined.

5. Keep your book in a place where occasional glimpses will remind you of your resolution. Also keep a dictionary handy, and use it faithfully when you meet a word you do not know.

6. Should you fail to do your daily reading, *make it up at once*. Be determined that you will keep up and not lag.

7. When the *written review* questions appear in the INSTRUCTOR, answer them *promptly*; and send your answers to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Although you may use your book in answering the questions, the written work is of great value to you. "Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact one." We should possess both qualifications.

Do these seven things, and you will be entitled to a Reading Course certificate next spring, and more than that, you will have sown in the soil of your life seeds that are bound to yield good fruit.

If you possibly can join the reading circle, do not ask to be excused, for after all, excuses seldom excuse. They only explain that we follow the path of least resistance. Then come join the ever-growing reading circle and bring some one else with you. There is plenty of room. Remember the first assignments will appear in the INSTRUCTOR of September 30.



XIII — Review

(September 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 39 to Exodus 7.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 213-265.

MEMORY VERSE: Review memory verses for the quarter.

Questions

1. Answer these questions about six dreams referred to in the quarter's lessons:—

- a. Who dreamed it?
- b. Who interpreted it?
- c. What was its meaning?
- d. When did it come true?

2. Relate the effect of each of these dreams upon Joseph's life. See Genesis 37, 40, 41; note 1.

3. About how long had Joseph been in Egypt when his father came there?

4. What high position did Joseph occupy in Egypt? Genesis 41.

5. What were some of the ways by which God prepared Joseph for the great work that he did?

6. What was the secret of Joseph's success? Note 2.

7. Tell of the life of Moses up to twelve years of age.

8. Tell of Moses' life from twelve to forty years. Why did he leave Egypt then? Exodus 2.

9. Where did he spend the next forty years?

10. Why was Moses kept herding sheep for forty years? Note 3.

11. Why did he fear to go back to Egypt?

12. How did God convince Moses that he had chosen him as leader of his people? Who was associated with him in this work? Exodus 3, 4.

13. How were the children of Israel led to believe that the Lord had sent Moses and Aaron to deliver them?

14. In what way and for what reason were the people especially oppressed? Exodus 5.

15. What plague was brought upon Egypt to make Pharaoh let the people go? Exodus 7.

Notes

1. One way the Lord has of speaking to the human family is by dreams. Num. 12:6. Many times messages of warning, instruction, encouragement, and comfort have come to his people by dreams given by him.

2. The secret of Joseph's success was that high resolve that he made when, a poor captive in the hands of the Ishmaelites, he was being taken farther and farther away from his tender father and his childhood home to dark and dreaded Egypt. And what was that resolve?—"To prove himself true to God,—under all circumstances to act as became a subject of the King of heaven." To be true to such a resolve will make the life of any boy or girl successful at this time the same as then.

3. "Moses was not prepared for his great work. He was yet to learn the same lesson of faith that Abraham and Jacob had been taught,—not to rely upon human strength or wisdom, but upon the power of God for the fulfilment of his promises. . . . In the school of self-denial and hardship he was to learn patience, to temper his passions. Before he could govern wisely, he must be trained to obey."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 247.

"In the stern simplicity of his wilderness life, the results of the ease and luxury of Egypt disappeared. Moses became patient, reverent, and humble, 'very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth,' yet strong in faith in the mighty God of Jacob."—*Id.*, page 251.

XIII — Review

(September 27)

Questions

1. ABOUT what time did Joel prophesy? Whom did he especially address? What extraordinary calamity did he predict? What kind of nation had invaded the land? What had it done? What degree of lamentation is demanded? How had the Lord's house been affected by the devastation? What should the priests do?

2. What solemn assembly is called? What should be done on the fast-day? What great event is said to be near? What warning is to be given? What description is given of the day of the Lord? What desolations are noted? Whose voice will be heard?

3. What thorough repentance is called for at this time? What solemn convocation is called for? What precious promise does the Lord make?

4. What promise is given of the former and the latter rain? What fulness of the Spirit is promised? What signs are predicted? When were these signs fulfilled? To whom is deliverance promised?

5. What does the Lord say he will do with the nations? For what purpose will these nations be gathered? What warlike proclamation is to be heard among the nations? To what extent will war absorb agriculture?

6. What will the Lord do with the nations when they are gathered together? What is said of the waking up of the nations? What is said of the harvest? Whose voice will be heard from Zion?

7. Who was Titus? How has God manifested his word? Why was Titus left in Crete? Mention the necessary qualifications of a church elder?

8. What kind of persons troubled the church? What statement is made concerning the people of Crete? What is said of the pure?

9. What exhortation is given to the aged? What instruction is given to the young? What counsel is given to husband and wife? Give some examples of a consecrated life.

10. What counsel is given to servants? What has appeared to all men? What has the grace of God taught us? For what should we look? What gift did our Saviour make? For what purpose? Name a precious promise which will be fulfilled to God's people when Jesus comes.

11. What is our relationship to civil power? What should be our attitude toward all men? How did God manifest his love and kindness toward us? By what means does he save us? What has he shed upon us?

12. What should believers be careful to maintain? In what may we be rich? How should a heretic be treated? How may we avoid being unfruitful? What is Paul's closing salutation to Titus?

Memory Verses

"The Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." Gen. 39:23.

"Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Matt. 25:21.

"But my God shall supply all your need." Phil. 4:19.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good." Ps. 106:1.

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

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

"All things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28.

"Love one another, as I have loved you." John 15:12.

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses." Ps. 107:13.

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

"I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Ex. 4:12.

"I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Ex. 6:7.

Golden Linings

"'CLOUDS have silver linings,'
Is a saying old;
If we trust in Jesus,
Ours are lined with gold."

The Test of Education

A PROFESSOR in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated, in the best sense of the word, when they could say "yes" to every one of the following questions that he should put to them. It may interest you to read the questions. Here they are:—

Has your education given sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public-spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?—*Young People's Weekly*.

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The Difference

SOME murmur when the sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If but one speck of dark appear
In their broad heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gilds
The darkness of their night.

—Alford.

Sacrifices of the Heathen

"THE things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils." One is conscious, in observing the variety and absurdity of idolatry, of a Satanic cynicism venting its hatred and contempt of man by rendering him both ridiculous and repulsive. "She used to worship her own head," writes Mr. Hardy of a West African Negro woman before her conversion. "She had offered ten goats and four pigs as sacrifices to her head, besides constantly sacrificing to the devil." On the other hand, a missionary in India tells of an old woman who could never believe that a girl was married till her feet had been worshiped, and describes women sitting on the edge of wells and worshiping their own feet. "This, too, is god," said a Hindu villager in the hearing of a mission worker, reverently folding his hands in front of a zebra in a circus procession.

On a small hill near Pottalpatti, in Tinneveli, thousands of people gather to worship a man who lately died near Panneivilei, in the belief that his spirit can perform miracles. And in the Aurangabad district not long ago, multitudes flocked to a spot where it was reported that a young steer had developed linguistic abilities and the power of healing disease.

But the crassest illustration of the world-wide and infinitely varied devil-religion of the idolater, which has come before our notice in recent reading, is that described by the Rev. G. Burton in the last C. M. S. Annual report. He says that the wide prevalence of smallpox is not due solely to the ignorance of the people and the insanitary conditions of the towns, but also to the action of "smallpox priests" (in Nigeria), who for their own profit propagate the disease in various ways. These men attend cases, and in event of death claim a substantial share of the victim's possessions; while, if the patient recovers, they do not go away empty-handed. In order to spread the disease they often resort to direct inoculation, and frequently bury their victims by the side of the wells, or pools, whence

the people obtain their water. *The worshippers of the god of smallpox actually worship people afflicted with the malady.* So great is the danger that thus arises that the authorities at Ibadan arrested all the smallpox priests and priestesses on whom they could lay their hands, sentenced one among them to transportation to Calabar for eighteen months, imprisoned others, fined others, and burned all the paraphernalia connected with their worship.—*Selected.*

Awake!

WE may invade the Orient, but what about the religious invasion of the United States by Asia?

Confucianists are soon to erect a one-hundred-thousand-dollar building in New York City.

There are over forty heathen temples under the stars and stripes burning incense to foreign divinities.

The Moslem call to prayer has been sounded in Union Square, New York.

About half the two hundred and fifty thousand people in Minneapolis speak a foreign language.

Of sixty-five thousand Spanish-speaking Mexicans in Southern California not more than a thousand are in touch with any Protestant church.

Whole sections of New York City are practically pagan. One district of sixteen thousand has one saloon for every one hundred and eleven inhabitants and one church for each eight thousand.

Eleven hundred Hindus entered the port of Seattle, Washington, last year.

A man can travel on horseback from Alberta, Canada, to the interior of old Mexico and sleep every night under a Mormon roof.—*Christian Republic.*

An Expensive Blunder

ON account of an error in the printing, the Post-office Department at Washington destroyed more than twenty million two-cent stamps of the Panama Exposition series. All the stamps bore the inscription, "Gatun Locks," but the beautiful view set forth represented San Pedro Miguel. The department, not wishing to subject itself to criticism, ordered the entire issue destroyed. The error on the die will be corrected, new plates made, and a fresh supply printed. The new issue will bear the inscription, "Panama Canal." Never in the history of the government has so vast a quantity of unused stamps of a single type been destroyed. Besides the expense of the error, it occasioned great inconvenience. The one-, five-, and ten-cent stamps commemorating the exposition in San Francisco were on sale January 1, but the set was incomplete because of the mistake in printing.—*Selected.*

The Accomplished Girl

SOMETIMES it almost seems that the girl who considers herself highly accomplished is the one who accomplishes least. There is nothing sillier than to confine the term "accomplishments" to the ability to do things which count for comparatively little. If one girl can play the banjo and another can make her summer dresses, it is the latter who is the more highly accomplished, because what she accomplishes is of the greater importance.—*Selected.*

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