

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

September 23, 1913

No. 38





EX-KING MANUEL of Portugal and Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern were married in the early part of September.

ADELINE LINCOLN, thirteen years of age, has been awarded a scholarship in the University of Kansas. She defeated a class of thirty-two applicants, all of whom were several years her senior. The girl, a high-school graduate, is the youngest ever awarded a university scholarship in the State.

THE Palace of Peace at The Hague, the gift of Mr. Carnegie, was dedicated on August 28. Queen Wilhelmina, the Dowager Queen Emma, Prince Consort Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were among the distinguished persons present at the ceremonies connected with the dedication of the edifice.

A CENTENNIAL celebration of Commodore Perry's victory at the battle of Lake Erie, was celebrated in Buffalo, New York, September 2-6. Perry's flag-ship, the "Niagara," which was raised from its watery berth after one hundred years in the bottom of the lake, formed part of the naval parade in Buffalo waters.

It costs \$1,000 a day to furnish New York City telephone subscribers with a telephone directory. Three directories a year are published; and the last issue had a circulation of 540,000 copies. Though 40,000 complete copies were printed a day, it required more than ten days' work to print the issue. Four hundred men were required to circulate it. We do not always think how much conveniences cost.

THE Jivaros Indians of northern Peru and Ecuador preserve the heads of their enemies and of their chiefs by artificially shrinking them. The brain and bones of the head are removed, and the skin of the scalp and face is packed with hot stones until shrunken to the

size of a small monkey's head. The hair is left on the scalp. The features of the head and face retain their original shape and expression. These Indians are savages of a low type.

### Free for the Asking

It is designed that the new Thirteenth Sabbath Offering Leaflet, and accompanying map of the world showing by lines where one hundred and fifty missionaries are going, shall be sent to each school and to each isolated member. Those who have not received these should write for them. They are free for the asking. Address your conference Sabbath-school secretary or Sabbath School Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

Those who are not connected with any Sabbath-school, but desire to contribute to this fund, are cordially invited to do so, stating, when the money is sent, that it is for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering fund.

### Principal Contents

#### CONTRIBUTIONS

The "Sons of God" Versus the "Daughters of Men" — No. 3 .....	3
Believe, and Be Saved From Sin .....	4
Fifteen Minutes a Day .....	5
From America to India .....	5
My First Trip to Panwel .....	6
Saying, but Doing Not .....	15
Farm Arithmetic .....	16

#### SELECTIONS

Can You? (poetry) .....	3
A Costly Claim .....	7
Mother Myra Entertains .....	8
The Charm of Personality .....	8
Killing Off the Friends .....	9
In and Out Curves .....	10
The Boy Who Thought He Was Strong .....	11
We Love Him .....	12

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—George Sulman, D. D.

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SEPTEMBER, 1912

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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No. 38

## Can You?

CAN you put the spider's web back in place  
That once has been swept away?  
Can you put the apple again on the bough  
Which fell at our feet today?  
Can you put the lily cup back on the stem  
And cause it to live and grow?  
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing  
That you crush with a hasty blow?  
Can you put the bloom again on the grape  
And the grape again on the vine?  
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers  
And make them sparkle and shine?  
Can you put the petals back on the rose?  
If you could, would it smell as sweet?


Can you put the flour again in the husk  
And show me the ripened wheat?  
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,  
Or the broken egg in the shell?  
Can you put the honey back in the comb  
And cover with wax each cell?  
Can you put the perfume back in the vase  
When once it has sped away?  
Can you put the corn silk back on the corn,  
Or down on the catkins, say?  
You think my questions are trifling, dear,  
Let me ask you another one:  
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,  
Or a deed unkind undone?

—Selected.

## The "Sons of God" Versus the "Daughters of Men"—No. 3

J. D. MONTGOMERY

HER QUALIFICATIONS.—"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Prov. 31: 30.

HE qualifications of a good wife begin with her attitude toward God. Her favor is deceitful else, and her beauty vanity; but if she fears the Lord, she is worthy of consideration for the marriage vows. If she is a Christian, she will add the other necessary qualifications, and you can well afford to wait till she does acquire them. The same things are true regarding the qualifications of the prospective husband: Christianity first, and other things after that.

So young gentlemen, young ladies, are you contemplating marriage with one whose character has not been transformed by God's saving grace? If you are, it will richly repay you to read again the quotations used in these articles, and then, on your knees alone, before your Maker, settle it once for all that you will not "increase the trespass of Israel" by taking into your bosom a strange, or unbelieving, companion. Your ways are as much higher than his ways as the regenerated heart is higher than the sinful heart. Your desires are higher than are his, and you will be disgusted at the things he loves. His habits will pall upon your chaste, clean soul and sicken you. His demands either will be your downfall or will cause you untold anguish. Think you that happiness and conjugal bliss can dwell in such a home as this?—Never! Why?—Simply because the heart of the sinner is desperately wicked, and even he himself cannot know it; while the heart of the Christian is renewed and changed, and the things he once loved he now hates. The believing heart hates the things that the unbelieving heart loves, and there is no concord between them. So, when the unbelieving wife or husband loves something that the believing husband or wife hates, what then? If the believer conforms to the unbeliever, to keep the peace, what then? To do so is to sin. To refuse to do so brings trouble into the home, with its attendant unhappiness. "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?"

### Some Inspired Advice

"Let every step toward a marriage alliance be characterized by modesty, simplicity, sincerity, and an earnest purpose to please and honor God. Marriage

affects the after-life both in this world and in the world to come. A sincere Christian will make no plans that God cannot approve."

Seek counsel of your Christian parents. "Open to them your hopes and plans, learn the lessons which their life experiences have taught, and you will be saved many a heartache. Above all, make Christ your counselor. Study his Word with prayer."

TO THE YOUNG WOMAN: "Under such guidance let a young woman accept as a life companion only one who possesses pure, manly traits of character; one who is diligent, aspiring, and honest; one who loves and fears God."

TO THE YOUNG MAN: "Let a young man seek one to stand by his side who is fitted to bear her share of life's burdens, one whose influence will ennoble and refine him, and who will make him happy in her love."

CONCERNING MUTUAL CONSIDERATION: "However carefully and wisely marriage may have been entered into, few couples are completely united when the marriage ceremony is performed. The real union of the two in wedlock is the work of after-years. . . . This is the most critical period in their experience. The happiness and usefulness of their whole future life depend upon their taking a right course now. Often they discern in each other unsuspected weaknesses and defects; but the hearts that love has united will discern excellencies also heretofore unknown. Let all seek to discover the excellencies rather than the defects."

THE SACRED CIRCLE: "Around every family there is a sacred circle that should be kept unbroken. Within this circle no other person has a right to come. Let not the husband or wife permit another to share the confidences that belong solely to themselves." "But remember that happiness will not be found in shutting yourselves up to yourselves, satisfied to pour out all your affection upon each other. Seize upon every opportunity for contributing to the happiness of those around you. Remember that pure joy can be found only in unselfish service."

ON ARBITRARY CONTROL: "Neither the husband nor the wife should merge his or her individuality in that of the other." "Neither the husband nor the



wife should attempt to exercise over the other an arbitrary control. Do not try to compel each other to yield to your wishes. You cannot do this and retain each other's love."

ON THE PROPER ATTITUDE: "Be kind, patient, and forbearing, considerate, and courteous. By the grace of God you can succeed in making each other happy, as in your marriage vow you promised to do." "Determine to be all that it is possible to be to each other. Continue the early attentions. In every way encourage each other in fighting the battles of life. Study to advance the happiness of each other. Let there be mutual love, mutual forbearance."—*Taken from the chapter on "The Builders of the Home" in "Ministry of Healing," page 356.*

Read the chapter entitled "Builders of the Home," all you who have entered into the married relation. See if you started right. And you who are contemplating such a step, be sure that you read it diligently and frequently, that you make no shipwreck of your faith and life by going contrary to the counsel of your God. Young brothers, young sisters, if you do these things you will never fall. He who findeth a wife under these conditions, "findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." Prov. 18:22. But those who go contrary to these things, "such shall have trouble in the flesh: but I spare you." It is to spare you these troubles in the flesh that I write these articles. Such contemplation is not pleasant except that we hope that perchance some one will see these lines and be forewarned thereby, and thus escape the troubles incident to marriage with unbelievers. This hope more than repays one for the effort spent in writing these words, penned in weakness.

Newark, Ohio.

#### How Wonderful!

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,  
And crowned the work that to his feet I brought,  
With blessing more than I had asked or thought,—  
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.  
I stood amazed, and whispered, "Can it be  
That he hath granted all the boon I sought?  
How wonderful that he for me hath wrought!  
How wonderful that he hath answered me!"  
O faithless heart! He said that he would hear  
And answer thy poor prayer, and he hath heard  
And proved his promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?  
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept his word?  
More wonderful if he should fail to bless  
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

—F. R. Havergal.

#### Believe, and Be Saved From Sin

THERE are religionists who portray faith in God and faith in his Word as something hidden, to be understood only by the initiated. Not so is the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, for he constantly emphasized the fact that God's word is to be believed just as a child unhesitatingly accepts the word of a loving parent. Mr. L. P. Rowland, of the Bible Colportage Association of Chicago, relates an incident which makes clear the faith which brings to the heart the blessing of God.

In the State of Kentucky a man who was not a Christian was dying with consumption, and Mr. Rowland who was engaged in evangelistic work in that State visited him, and thus tells his experience:—

"As I entered and told him who I was, he asked who had sent me. I replied, 'No one!' He seemed pleased, and said, 'You were very kind to come,' and thanked me. I told him I had come to talk with

him about being a Christian, and asked him if he was a sinner.

"'Yes,' he said, 'if there is a sinner in Kentucky, I am one; though in all externals, all my friends count me as one of the most moral of men, God knows my heart; and if I were to die this minute, I should be lost.'

"The nineteenth chapter of Luke, tenth verse, shows Jesus is seeking to save you. You say you are lost, and he says he came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Now, are you willing to forsake all your sins? They have never done you any good, have they? Will you now decide to forsake them?"

"He thought a moment and then said, 'Yes, I will!'

"'Well,' I said, 'that is half of it; that is repentance. Jesus says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13:3. You say, "I will;" that is the first step to Christ. God says to every repentant sinner, "You cannot do it alone; I will help you;" and that is just when and where belief comes in. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16:31. Thou,' I said, touching him, 'thou shalt be saved the moment you believe.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ!' Then I said, 'Where are you, according to God's Word? Are you not saved?'

"'No, I am not.'

"'Well, then, you don't believe, for God says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."'

"'I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but I am not saved.'

"'Can God tell a lie?' I said. 'God says if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you shall be saved, and you say you do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you are not saved.'

"'I tell you, sir, I want a religion of feeling; I must feel that I am saved!'

"I replied, 'You would "feel," as you call it, if you only believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; you don't really believe; if you did, you would feel you are saved.'

"'I wish you would not say I do not believe on him; for I do, but am not saved.'

"A new thought came to me, and I said to him, 'Let me show you your fatal mistake. You lived during the war for the Union, didn't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Which side were you on?'

"'I was on the side of the Union, I am glad to tell you!'

"'When you heard of a victory for the Union, how did you feel?'

"'I felt good all over; I felt good clear down through,' he said, putting his hand on his head.

"'When you heard of a defeat, how did you feel?'

"'I felt awfully bad, and that it was dreadful to fight against this good government.'

"'Yes, and where did you get the news of the victories and defeats?'

"'Why, out of the newspapers, of course, where everybody got it.'

"'And the news of a victory made you feel good, did it, all over?'

"'It did, I tell you.'

"'Well now, my friend, you believed the newspaper, and by believing it, it made you feel good; now,



sir, you won't believe what God says about the victory of Calvary for you; you don't believe that victory — that word of God (as you did the newspaper), which is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!" Acts 16: 31. If you did, it would make you feel good all over, this minute. Is not that Bible news as trustworthy as the newspaper? Is it not?"

"Yes," he said, "and I see it; read it again!"

"Trustworthy! Hear what God says about the testimony of men and of God: "If we receive the witness of men [the newspaper], the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son." "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself [feeling]: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son." As you, a repentant sinner, hear me read it, will you believe it as you did the war news?"

"I will."

"Then listen, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" be saved the moment you believe it enough to trust him to save your soul."

"I do believe; I see it; it's the news I needed to get. I believe! I now believe!"

"And I said, 'Where are you, saved or lost?' 'Saved! Saved!' he said, the tears of joy at the good news flowing fast.

"His fearful regret was that he had given all his life on the side of sin and the world."

Men devote hours praying for some blessing from God, but fail to believe for the blessing. Prayer is pleasing to God; belief and acceptance of his word of promise is still more pleasing. Faith, belief in God's word, is the medium by which God transfers his gift of grace of salvation to men. "Have faith in God." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." JOHN N. QUINN.

### Fifteen Minutes a Day

YOU haven't time? Not fifteen spare moments in all the twenty-four long, golden hours that make up our days? Look for the truant minutes here and there, and I believe you will change your mind. In all the long catalogue of stereotyped excuses for the neglect of this or that duty, none is given more frequently, founded on more of self-delusion, than the want of leisure. People are continually cheating themselves with the idea that they would like to do this or that if they "only had the time." Hundreds of young people burn with an intense desire to cultivate their minds; "they realize how essential to success, in this age of intelligence, are mental training and knowledge; they see the superficial, half-instructed men everywhere outdistanced in the race of life;" they long to prepare themselves for more efficient service in the Master's cause; but, alas! every moment of their waking hours is taken up by present pressing calls, and they have no leisure for reading and study.

The men who achieve the greatest things are those who are possessed of that most desirable kind of genius — the genius for hard work. They are jealous of every moment. A few minutes today are snatched for the pursuance of some special interest,—perhaps the Reading Course,—and this, repeated day by day, week by week, and month by month, will bring much to pass in a year. The largest houses are built by laying one small brick upon another. Suppose you can find only fifteen minutes for reading any day. Treasure them, and try what you can build from these

broken fragments of time, rendered the more precious by their brevity.

"It is said that in the United States mint at Philadelphia, the floor of the gold-working room is a network of wooden bars. These catch all the falling particles of precious metal, and when the day's labor is done, the floor, which is in sections, is removed, and the golden dust swept up, to be melted and coined. Learn from this the nobler economy of time. Glean its golden dust." Economize with tenfold care those "leavings of days," and "wee bits" of hours — apparently so valueless singly, but of such inestimable worth in the aggregate — which most persons sweep out into the waste of life, and you will be rich in leisure. Be a miser of moments. Hoard up and turn to account odd minutes, half-hours, unexpected holidays, the five-minute gaps before meals are served, the chasms while waiting for unpunctual persons, and you will acquire a wealth of knowledge which will help you live the successful life.

Elihu Burritt acquired the mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, not by rare genius, but by improving such bits and fragments of time as he could while pursuing his work as a blacksmith. Mr. Grote, the most trustworthy historian of Greece, was a busy banker. Sir John Lubbock, the highest English authority on archeology, gained his knowledge while carrying on a large mercantile business. Elizabeth Colton has mastered fifty-four languages. She says, "While waiting a few moments each day for dinner while at school, I read the New Testament through in Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, and Zulu." Captain Charles of the giant steamship "Lusitania" has a wide acquaintance with the best literature. He has said: "If any one could give ten or fifteen minutes a day to reading, . . . he would speedily ascertain that he was in that way amassing a vast fund of information, and bringing his mind and personality to a higher degree of cultivation than would be thought possible."

"Think of the untold wealth locked up in the spare moments and long winter evenings of every life. It is possible to pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which most people throw away." There are said to be five hundred new books published every day, or about one hundred and fifty thousand each year. Some of these are mines of information and dynamos of inspiration. Others are not worth reading. The voyagers over this vast "ocean of printer's ink" must have chart and compass to guide them, or they will not reach the desired haven. The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses have helped hundreds of young people to find their way. Will you not join the Reading Circle for 1913-14, determined to spend at least fifteen minutes each day with the excellent books that have been selected?

LORA CLEMENT.

### From America to India

THE trip from College View, Nebraska, to Calcutta, India, was one of the greatest privileges of my life. While every hour increased the distance between my daughters and myself, still I did not forget that every hour was bearing me onward to carry the third angel's message to those who sit in darkness and superstition, knowing not that the time draws near when Christ will come, and probation will have passed forever.

As we passed through the Rocky Mountains, everything that God had made was beautiful. The earth shows his handiwork. We spent only a few days in



California, but enough to enjoy the fruits of the land. As we left the home land and launched out into the deep, my heart was strong, but my stomach was weak. Those six days to Honolulu were quiet, peaceful days. As we sailed into her port, we could recognize American faces. How glad we were to find some of our people; with them we rode over the city in electric cars, and went to the mission house for our supper. What a blessing it is to meet workers in other fields! They have a good church there, and all gave us a hearty welcome. We found them earnest, busy, and faithful.

Sabbath at noon we sailed from Honolulu, leaving friends, yes, coworkers, behind us. How it encouraged our hearts to see others labor, and to know it is the same work, though in another country! For eleven days we sailed toward Yokohama. We were delighted with Japan, with her doll-like houses, little women, small trees, everything really beautiful and artistic. But her people need Jesus Christ, and are not so easy to reach as some may think. Our missionaries there need the prayers of our churches, as much as those of other fields. They have grave, difficult problems to face, and they need great wisdom, much faith, and constant prayer.

Anxiously we looked toward China, and longed to meet our people in Shanghai and Hongkong. We were not disappointed in the work or the workers there. How real their welcome was! How nicely they entertained us! But our hearts were saddened as we saw the size of the field—the teeming masses pressing to and fro—with so few workers. Again we were encouraged as we saw the zeal and earnestness of our people there, and felt God's blessing was upon their efforts. The brethren accompanied us to the ship. I can still see their faces, and I join with them in prayer to God to give China the message of his remnant church.

From Hongkong to Singapore were pleasant days,—quiet sea and a comfortable deck. Truly God was good to us. At Singapore, we met Brother and Sister Montgomery. They looked worn and tired in the work, but not tired of it. Americans often use the term "the lone star" in speaking of one of our States, but I always think of the workers there as "the lone star" of Singapore. What heavy burdens our brother and his companion bear there—and alone! yet not alone, for Christ is with them, the Holy Spirit guides them, and our Father attends to their needs. The work in Singapore represents four distinct nations; how can one couple meet the demands of this field? I hope that all the young people will pray for Singapore, and that some of the young people *will go* to Singapore.

On, on, we sailed to Calcutta. We were delighted to see the palms, the huts, the native dress, and the Indian people of our adoption for Jesus' sake. Here our workers in India Union Mission heartily received us, and we appreciated it.

Now, *why* was this trip one of the greatest privileges of my life? My other trips to India, by the way of Europe, were interesting from an educational view, which was fine; but, ah, I can never be the same woman as before. My last trip has placed before me fields as needy as India, souls as precious as the souls of India, missionaries with just as heavy burdens and as great responsibilities as those of this land. I have had a broader vision of the needs of this old world, for whom Christ died, and the grave message of the judgment coming upon a people totally unprepared.

What we do we must do quickly. I praise God that he is greater than the task before us in this generation, and his blessing is with those who keep the commandments of God and the testimony of Jesus.

MRS. M. D. WOOD.

### My First Trip to Panwel

FOR some time Elder Enoch had planned for all our Seventh-day Adventist missionaries in western India to meet at Panwel. First he wanted us to see the work there, and then he wanted the people of Panwel to meet us and get acquainted with us.

Panwel is situated on the mainland, just opposite the city of Bombay. We had to take a small boat at 7 A. M., consequently we who lived out of the city were obliged to get up in the wee hours of the morning to get to Bombay by train. Nobody likes to turn out of bed at two or three o'clock in the morning, so Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey and I decided to go to Bombay the previous night, put up with Mr. and Mrs. Pettit, and be all ready for our early morning trip. Brother and Sister Pettit live on the top floor of a large three-story house in a very nice part of the city. Of course, we each carried our roll of bedding with us, which is the custom in India. Some of us threw down our blankets and slept on the floor. I say slept, O, no! we only tried to sleep. The mosquitoes were so numerous we could not sleep. We simply rolled and turned all night. Finally, I could not endure the smarting of their sharp instruments, so I took my pillow-case and pulled it down over my head, and then, with my head in the case, instead of the pillow, I fell asleep. My hands felt as if I had a capsicum plaster on each. India mosquitoes carry large quantities of poison with them. Most people carry a mosquito-net with them, and we should have done so, too, but forgot it.

Mrs. Pettit was about at 5 A. M., and prepared a tasty breakfast for us all. We called a carriage and were soon off through the Bombay streets toward the wharf for our boat. Crowds of natives of all sorts and kinds were also in our company. The air was brisk and very refreshing after our night of unrest. The trip up the bay was beautiful indeed. After about a three-hour sail we came to our landing. Fifteen or twenty two-wheeled carts were in waiting for passengers going into the town. As usual, there was the clatter and din at such a time. Soon we chose our carriage, drawn by two small ponies, and were off on the main road to Panwel. The coast at this place is broken and rather rocky. Paddy-fields abound on all sides, and nothing of interest attracted our attention. Crowds of human beings seemed to be going somewhere, as is usual in India. The roads were hot and dusty.

After a ride of about six miles we were told that we were near Panwel. We were glad, for we had literally eaten dust long enough. We drove up the main street of what seemed to be a very busy little town. We alighted at the Seventh-day Adventist mission headquarters, which at present is the school-house. We were glad to see the room full of girls of all sizes, who were being instructed by two women teachers. We passed through the main class-room to the second floor, where we were to stop in Panwel. Brother Umap, the native brother in charge, had placed several large black earthen water-pots of cool water in one room for our use. A good drink and wash were refreshing indeed. Not only this, but a



quantity of rice and milk had also been prepared for our refreshment. The natives know how to treat their guests, and enjoy the privilege.

During the day we inspected both the girls' and boys' school. From the recitations and other work, we concluded that the teachers had surely been painstaking and faithful in their labors. The needlework of the girls was spread out before us with pleasure. Men do most of the sewing in India, and it is a mark of great interest when girls learn to sew. We were greatly pleased with the exercises of the day, and gathered quite an inspiration to say a few words in Marathi, when called upon to do so. Most of these children are of Jewish descent, and since we observe the seventh day, or Lord's day of rest, they feel unusually kind toward us.

While in Panwel Brother Pettit and I visited their synagogue. We had to withdraw our shoes and leave them outside. The building was very much after the style of a Christian church, except that the pulpit is in the middle of the room. The priest was having morning worship while we were there, and did not appear at all disturbed by our presence. His gestures and movements seemed queer to us. Part of the time he kept his head covered with a large white cloth.

During the day we had the pleasure of calling on several of the prominent citizens of the town. One was the doctor at the government hospital. We have a Christian nurse at that place. Then we called upon a doctor in private practise. He was evidently pleased to see us, and although ill at ease, did his best to be kind to us. After that we called upon a doctor of quite a wide reputation, who practises with native drugs and herbs. We were shown through the large building where the drugs were compounded, and from the simple inhalation, we tasted the medicine for an hour or two afterward.

Then we called upon a native magistrate, who received us kindly and showed us some of the medals he had received. The general spirit of welcome and good will, which we felt throughout the town, was to us quite unusual. We were impressed with the open door of opportunity at Panwel. There are many inquirers at this place, and some are calling for village schools. The harvest is great, and the laborers are few.

One young man desired to see me alone and to ask many questions. One was, "Why did the Lord permit sin to come into the world?" another, "Why did God not destroy the devil long ago?" and, "Is God more pleased with a man who serves him from a sense of love or of fear?"

That evening we had a good meeting with all our Christians, and a few inquirers, among whom were a Hindu and a Mohammedan. No doubt some fruit is nearly ripe to gather at Panwel. I think we should all pray earnestly that God will bless that town and our work there.

After another night of fighting with mosquitoes, we left Panwel by cart for home. As we wanted to see the country, we decided to go overland instead of by water. There are many small villages all over the foot-hills. These are surrounded by paddy-fields. After a drive of about fifteen miles, in the heat and dust, we came to the railroad station of Mumbra. Here we held a business meeting of our west India committee in the railroad station. Mumbra is a pretty little town nestled at the very foot of high hills. While waiting for the train to go home, we took a stroll out into the jungles amid the vines and wild

blossoms, picked some wild fruit, and chatted with a few wayside travelers. Here lies a great valley with Panwel in its center; thousands of untaught human beings need the gospel of Jesus Christ and the truth of the third angel's message. My dear young friends, pray and prepare for service that if God calls one of you, you will be ready to say, "Here am I; send me."

M. D. WOOD.

### A Costly Claim

THE following legend is given in the *Baptist Commonwealth*: An inflated frog, the usual type of the boaster, wanted to accompany a brood of wild geese on their migration from the cold north to the sunny southern climes. As he heard the geese planning their trip in his northern pool, the frog proposed to them to accompany them. But they said: "How can you ever fly? We are provided with wings, and you can only croak and swim." "O, but," said he, "I have brains, and if you will carry out my directions, you will be surprised at the ingenuity of my plan." The geese consented, and immediately the frog directed them to a strong reed in the swamp, which they pulled up and brought to him. "Now," he said, "you just take hold of this reed in your mouths, one at each end, and I will hold on with my mouth in the middle, and you will carry me without any difficulty." And so they started. But, as they flew over the village, the people were attracted by the strange sight of the aerial caravan, and, with open mouths and eyes, they began expressing their wonder and admiration at the strange contrivance, and asking, "Whoever could have thought of such a bright idea?" This was too much for the frog. He was in danger of losing the credit of this splendid scheme, and so, without stopping to think, he shouted, "I did it!" But of course the moment he opened his mouth he lost his hold, and down he dropped among the villagers.—*Juniata Rohrbach*.

### How God Saved a Woman by Children's Laughter

It is a story of deliverance as wonderful as that of Israel by the way of the Red Sea's dry bottom. The woman referred to was placed, by recommendation of President McKinley, at the head of the finances of Santo Domingo, to reorganize them. She had organized a ten-million-dollar railway in Alabama. But at the time we refer to she was a poor girl trying to make her living in New York, worn out, hungry, down to her last bill.

She wrote a letter to her mother, telling how miserably she had failed, and begging the mother to forgive her for taking her own life to end her misery. She had a pistol, and after she had posted the letter she intended to end all. But on her way to the letter-box a party of babbling, laughing children just out of some church gathering passed her. Their laughter followed her like a message. Surely there must be room for her in the world! She did not mail her letter; she did not use her pistol. Next day with a new-born courage she offered to do scrubbing; she obtained work addressing envelopes at \$1.50 a thousand. From that she went to stenography, and from that to finances and international success. She says she never misses a chance to help any one who needs help.

The thing that worries me most is not that God will not open Red Sea passages for his children out of their perils, but that they will not see the dry land before them and step out on it.—*Girls' Companion*.





# 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."

## Mother Myra Entertains



"DEAR!" said the youngest member of the Mothers' Club. "Let's hurry up and get this tiresome delegate business out of the way. I have some questions I'm just suffering to ask Mrs. Maverick."

The Mothers' Club, being a comfortably informal organization, laughed unanimously.

"You may ask her now," said the president. "We shall all enjoy hearing Mother Myra's answers."

"But it isn't really Mothers' Club business at all.

It isn't about children I want to ask her; it's aunts. My great-aunt is coming to visit me this week. I've heard what a good time Mrs. Maverick gave her husband's aunt last summer. I should like to ask what she did to amuse her."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," said Mrs. Maverick, "but I haven't a thing worth telling. I just forgot she was an old lady. You see, I had myself learned what it is to be laid on the shelf. My niece Margaret was graduated from Hill-croft last June. She returned with a deference toward older people that it was uplifting to see. She would help me on and off street-cars as if I were ninety-five, and run anxiously for little shawls for fear I should feel a draft. I am only eighteen years older than she is, but by the time my niece went home, I felt like her great-grandmother.

"I determined that I would treat Aunt Helen as if she were my own age, or even younger; so we had a little family festival for her the night she arrived. We all dressed up for the occasion.

"Then I invited the old gentleman next door to dinner. Another day I gave a small afternoon tea for her. Dan took us out to luncheon at the Country Club one day, and afterward made the most tactful speech of his life.

"Wouldn't you girls like to take a little spin down

to the shore?" he said. "Jack Sigsbee has his machine here, and would like to take us."

"Aunt Helen is afraid of automobiles, but that 'you girls' was too much for her.

"The children wanted to do their share of entertaining. Dick took her to a moving-picture show, and Elizabeth and Mary gave a croquet party for her, and I really think those two things pleased her more than anything else."

"I wonder that you didn't wear the poor old lady out," remarked someone. "Didn't you give her any quiet times?"

"O, yes! I told her that all of us, except Dan, of course, and my big boy, Dick, take a rest after luncheon every day in summer. I didn't want to imply that she needed it any more than we did. At other times I would say, 'Let's go up-stairs now and write our letters,' or I'd suggest that she should lie down in the hammock and look at a magazine while I worked over my accounts.

"Often I took her right into what I was doing, and let her help, and she seemed to enjoy it. I asked her to teach the girls how to knit their father some ties, and we all took turns reading aloud. She helped me plan the meals, too, and so I learned what she liked without having to ask her.

"She gave us quite as good a time as we

gave her, and I guess that's why she enjoyed it."  
— *Selected.*

## The Tidy Child

Whene'er I take my bath, I try  
To leave the bath-tub clean and dry.  
And when I've wiped my hands and  
face,

I hang the towel in its place.  
The soap that sticks so when it's cold,  
And makes our Betty cross, and scold,



Will come off better now than later  
(The cloth is by the radiator).  
I 'member all these things, and when  
I've done them every one—why, then  
I know I've done my very best—  
And mother, she can do the rest.

— *Carmen H. McQuilkin.*

## The Charm of Personality

THERE are some girls who instinctively put all whom they come near upon their best behavior. There is something in them which draws out the best in others, and on the other hand the personality of many a girl seems a perpetual challenge to what is least worthy in her associates.



"Ethel and Dorothy must not room together another year," said the principal of a girls' school. "They seem to react on each other most unfortunately. There is a great deal that is admirable in both girls, but when they are together, they seem all folly and frivolity." And that was a bitter verdict to pass upon a friendship.

"What an ill-natured girl Mary is," one friend said to another. "When she comes to spend the afternoon with me, I expect to hear something disagreeable about everybody on my list of acquaintances." The girl addressed opened her eyes to their widest extent, in her astonishment.

"Why, how odd!" she exclaimed, "I can't remember ever hearing Mary say anything disagreeable about anybody." But the fact was less singular than it seemed. The companionship of one girl revealed Mary's weakness, the personality of the other held it in check.

No finer compliment can be paid a girl than this, that her friend and acquaintances are at their best in her presence. And the explanation is not far to seek; namely, that she is at her best in theirs.—*Bessie Clarkson, in Girls' Companion.*

### If You Want to Be Loved

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*The Parish Visitor.*

### The Popular Girl

SHE can smile when things go wrong, and does not consider every little disappointment a calamity.

She shares her pleasures, and keeps her troubles to herself.

She never makes the faults of her friends a subject of conversation; is slow to criticize, and can always find something kind to say about every one.

She accepts favors gracefully, and returns them gladly.

She does not shift her responsibilities to others, but cheerfully lends a hand to lighten her neighbor's load; strives to keep on the sunny side, but is ever ready with helpful sympathy for those who walk in the shade.

She is loyal to her friends, tender and devoted to those she loves, and generous to all.

She is loved by all.—*Selected.*



### Killing Off the Friends



FRUIT-GROWER in Wisconsin recently had the value of owls impressed upon him in such a way as he will never forget. It was a bitter experience for him, and a good object-lesson not only to orchardists, but to every one who does not recognize the usefulness and importance of their "friends in feathers."

This fruit-grower had, by care and painstaking work, succeeded in bringing his apple orchard up to a point where it was capable of yielding a product valued at eight thousand dollars a year, only to have the trees girdled by mice and practically destroyed in one winter. Nailed up on the orchardist's barn door was the carcass of an owl which he had shot and put up as a warning to other owls to keep at a distance. After his orchard was destroyed by mice, he applied to the agricultural authorities of his State for a remedy. The expert sent to investigate cut open the stomach of the owl's carcass nailed to the barn door, and to the astonishment of the farmer showed him the remains of nine field-mice, which the owl had destroyed. The orchardist, by destroying owls and such like birds which prey upon mice, had made it easy for the mice to multiply and destroy his trees.

The American Humane Education Society publishes a leaflet entitled "How the Birds Help the Farmer." It treats briefly of forty of the more common birds whose presence in orchard, garden, and field is an economic necessity. For the sake of the birds, this leaflet ought to be circulated widely, but we most especially recommend it to those who do not yet realize that successful farming is impossible without cooperation of the birds.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

### Surgeon to a Tiger

ONE of the finest tigers in the zoological gardens, Dublin, was threatened with gangrene in its paw, the claw having become distorted and grown into the foot. Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a well-known person in the Irish metropolis, undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the paw.

It was indeed a thrilling experience. The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net, devised by Professor Haughton, was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal, while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw.

The suffering beast furiously but vainly tried to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side den was much more terrible to behold. She roared, and violently flung herself against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate.

When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the wound of her mate had been dressed, she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, and then licked her mate, as a cat licks her kittens, to soothe him, purring softly the while.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair



was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was getting on. When the animal espied him, he began to purr like a cat, allowed him to examine the paw, and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed, for years afterward the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton.—*Westminster Gazette*.

### In and Out Curves

THE following instruction by Mordecai Brown, the most famous of the big league pitchers, may be of interest to the boys who find healthful recreation in an occasional game of ball:—

There is, of course, considerable difference in the method of pitching an "in curve" and an "out curve," yet the principle is the same, as it is the rotation of the ball that makes it curve, and this is not the result of any unnatural straining on the part of the pitcher. The "out curve" is the more simple of the two and the easier to throw. In throwing this curve it is essential that the pitcher use his natural swing and stride,—a free, easy movement that places the least strain upon the arm and shoulder and brings the entire weight of the body behind the throw. This gives every possible ounce of force.

The ball should be grasped between the thumb and first fingers, allowing the ball to rest against the third finger, which, with the little finger, is bent under, and the ball should always be grasped across the seams. In delivering the ball, whether for an in or an out curve, the pitcher should make his natural wind-up, so as to work up a proper leverage for the throw, then bringing the arm forward, allowing the body to follow it. At the instant the ball is released, the wrist is twisted. For an out curve, the wrist is twisted sharply to the right, allowing the ball to leave the hand between the thumb and first finger. The twist, as the ball leaves the hand, causes it to twirl toward the right, and so makes it curve.

If the ball is thrown slowly, with a great deal of twist, a big, wide-sweeping curve is produced. By throwing a speedy ball, with a very hard, sharp twist, the ball is propelled to a great distance before the twist begins to take effect, and a "sharp breaking out" is produced. This is the kind of curve which fools the batter most, as he does not know whether a fast ball or a curve is coming until it is right upon him—too late for him to meet it squarely. The big curve, however, is safer if a pitcher's arm has not been fully developed. It trains the muscles of the wrist and arm so that they can give the proper twist to rotate the ball and in time they will be in shape for the more severe test, the "sharp break." Then learning to control the ball, how to place it, can be best studied.

### How to Get Your Chickens Ready for the School Fair

Boys and girls, should you like to know how to get your chickens ready for the school fairs this fall, so that if they are really the best they will get the prize? No, you must not think that the best ones will always get the prize. They must look the best. This is what Prof. Alfred Lunn tells us, and though only recently a boy himself he is now a very skilful poultry man in the Oregon Agricultural College. And you know yourselves that if the feathers are dirty and scraggly, the chicken looks drooping and discouraged, and cannot be expected to win a prize, no matter how fine a chicken it really is.

The first thing to do, Professor Lunn tells us, is to send to your county school superintendent or the secretary of the fair for a premium list. Then decide just what prizes you are going to try for, not too many, and then try for them hard.

Next you must select the best chickens you have in their class. The ones that are nearest just fully grown, "just coming of age, you know," are likely to be the best. They must be healthy, plump, in good flesh, and their legs smooth and free from disease. Those that are not afraid of you, that stand up well

and move about gracefully, are to be chosen if they are as good in other ways.

Now you are to get them ready for shipping. About four days before you are to send them to the fair you are to give them a good bath. Get three tubs or large pans and put warm water in the first, water a little cooler in the second, and water with just the chill removed in the third. Take your chickens one at a time and soak them in the first tub until their feathers are wet through. You may put the head under for just a moment even if they do squirm. Then place them on a bench or table and go over with a good soap, rubbing it down well into the feathers. Then wash them in the second tub, brushing gently in the direction the feathers go. Then rinse them in the third tub. Gently lift the feathers with the hand and stroke them until they are about dry. Last of all, place them in a warm room until entirely dry.

Now you are to train them to coop and to handling, and have a chance to show just how skilful you are. Get a coop for each rooster, and one for every two or three pullets or hens. The coops are to be a little taller than the fowl when it stretches itself, so that it can't bruise its comb on the top. For a very tall fowl thirty inches is right, but for your tiniest bantams twelve inches is enough. Put three or four inches of dry, clean chaff in the bottom of each coop.

You still have three days to train them in, and this is the best fun of all. Take them up gently, speak kindly to them, and stroke their feathers softly with your hands until they like it and lift their heads in approval. You see the judge may wish to take them up, and if they pose well then, it is a big point in their favor. While training, feed them grain in the coop, and place water just outside where they can reach it.

Now comes the day for taking them or sending them to the fair. Put plenty of grain in the coop to last them until they are fed again, but no water. Instead, put some vegetables or apples in the coop, which will take the place of water very well.

If you have really good chickens and follow the foregoing simple directions, you will be sure to make a creditable showing whether you take a prize or not.

### "Doctoring" Canned Goods

MRS. MARTHA HASKELL CLARK in the *Christian Endeavor World* gives from time to time interesting household hints. In a recent number of that paper appeared the following on the preparation of canned vegetables for the table:—

The two principal canned vegetables that are most often abused in their preparation are peas and string-beans. I have seen cooks empty a can of peas, liquor and all, into a saucepan, and let them boil for several minutes. When the peas came to the table, they lacked the taste of everything save that "canny" taste that has prejudiced so many persons against canned articles in general.

Peas, beans, and all other canned goods should be opened and poured into a bowl, being first drained of their liquor, at least two hours before using. In the case of peas and beans the following is the best way to treat them. Put a leaf or two of lettuce or spinach into a saucepan, with half a cupful of water, or less, and let this boil for a few minutes, or till the leaves are soft. Into this liquor put a good-sized lump of butter, and about half a teaspoonful of sugar. No, you needn't shudder at this latter. You will not taste it as sugar, and it is very important in intensifying the flavor of the vegetable. Then add salt to taste, and, *at the last moment*, your peas or beans, and only *heat through thoroughly*. Do *not* let them boil at all. The result is a vegetable that approximates very closely the fresh vegetable, and that is far superior to canned goods as usually served. A sprig of mint is often relished as an extra tinge of flavor, and many housekeepers warm up peas or beans in a bit of bouillon or chicken soup, which adds to the flavor.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## The Boy Who Thought He Was Strong



**W**HAT was it that made Frank Meade's cheeks burn so hotly as he hurried toward home? It wasn't because he was to be all alone in the house for two days. No courageous boy would mind if his mother occasionally did leave him alone.

"I'm not a girl," he said with a smile and curl of the lip when his mother suggested such a thing.

No; it was something far more serious that troubled the boy, and his conscience was doing good work as he strode along. Several years before, he had tried, as have so many foolish little fellows, by smoking a cigar, to be, all at once, a man. It had made him dreadfully sick of course, but because the older boys had taunted him, he tried again. The second time it did not make him sick, and he felt very grown up and important.

His mother, however, as mothers are sure to do, found it out. The rank odor in his clothing revealed his secret, and with tears he confessed. Mother cried, too, and the penitent boy promised that he would never again touch tobacco.

Today he had broken that promise, and that scene in the nursery so long ago, his mother's loving counsel, and his pledge to her, came back to him. Only the other day she had proudly said, as walking together they had passed a group of rough boys who were puffing away at pipes, "I'm so glad I can trust my boy not to do anything like that," and he had answered, "Hm, I don't see any fun in it, catch me!" That was only last week, and now,—

Frank's comrades were all boys of good families, yet some of them had acquired the habit of smoking when out of sight of home. Well they knew Frank's ideas on the subject, and in a spirit of mischief laid a scheme to entrap him.

"I'll stump you to get Meady to smoke," said Ray Price that morning, his eyes twinkling at the thought of such a good joke. "I'll bet a dollar you can't do it," he added.

"I'll take you up," replied Thornton Soule. "He'll do it, you'll see, before the week's out."

"Do it on the quiet. If he finds out, the scheme's all off," was the reply; and after laying their plans very carefully, the group of thoughtless boys separated.

Without a suspicion of what was on foot, Frank joined his chums that afternoon for a good time at

the boat club. The water was delightful for a swim, the bowling great sport, and a game of caroms was just right to finish off with. Pretty soon all but Frank and Thornton lighted cigarettes, and somebody remarked, "The good little boys never smoke," which caused a laugh all around.

"Mothers won't let 'em," said another laughingly.

"It's a very bad habit, boys," quoted another, with mock seriousness, "besides it might make 'em sick."

Frank took the teasing good-naturedly, for with Thornton for company he cared not a straw for it all. He did not know that his friend who had just returned from a month's trip to the city had thrown aside his scruples and learned to smoke, and, out of pure mischief, was determined to induce Frank to do the same.

After a great deal of "jollyng," which seemed to disturb Thornton greatly, he spoke up sharply, saying, "O, go on, you chaps! we could smoke if we wanted to, couldn't we, Meady?"

The latter's reply was a sniff of contempt as he busied himself with the game, and he failed to notice the sly winks exchanged by the others.

The petty fusillade was kept up with remarks that cut and stung, and at length, as if quite exasperated, Thornton sprang up, seized a cigarette that lay upon the mantel and lighted it, saying angrily, "I'll show you what stuff I'm made of. You're just a gang of bluffers. Come on, Meady."

The latter looked up in surprise, and a puzzled frown wrinkled his forehead as he stared at his friend who had always stood by him in this matter. Thornton smoking! What could it mean?

The others clapped the brave smoker on the back and jeered all the more at Frank's reluctance, until his face flushed angrily, and he started to reply. Then glancing about at the laughing group, his usual good nature returned and he yielded to a sudden impulse. His promise made so long ago was for the moment forgotten as he determined "just this once to show the fellows." He took the cigarette his friend held out, lighted it, and puffed vigorously for a few minutes, while the others cheered lustily, assuring him that he was "all right."

He did not notice the group of business men that looked in at the door while he was so engaged, and so did not see the expression on the face of one of them as he spied Frank Meade in his new occupation.



AN APT PUPIL



Mr. Burt was the president of the bank, and Frank had made application for a position during vacation. It was the custom of the president, as he wished only honest, clean, trustworthy employees, to quietly watch the habits and associates of a boy before engaging him, and he had seen and heard nothing that was not entirely satisfactory in regard to Frank until he made this surprising discovery. Of course he did not know that Frank had yielded to a sudden temptation, but the sight of those clouds of smoke puffed out so unconcernedly settled the matter with Mr. Burt.

When at last Frank turned homeward and had time to think, his conscience began to reproach him, and he was glad indeed that a whole day would elapse before he must face his mother. "I was a fool," he ejaculated, hitting savagely at the weeds by the roadside with a stick he had picked up. "What in time made me do it? I hate the stuff, anyway, and I despise a boy that will go against his principles just to 'show the fellows.'"

He went over the whole matter time and again, and the more he thought of the taunts of his comrades, the sly winks he had noticed, and the evident satisfaction all around when he at length yielded, the more he was convinced it was a "put up job." His wrath increased as he began to suspect he had been trapped, and he berated himself for not thinking of it in time to refuse, as he had done so many times before.

"Mother shall never know I failed her. It would break her heart, and it will never happen again, not if my name is Frank Meade," he resolved, while a lump that threatened to choke him came in his throat. When he went to his room that night, a card tucked in his mirror by his mother's loving hand seemed to taunt him. It read, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It was a long night, filled with restless hours, and the unhappy boy was glad when the dawn gave him an excuse to get up and go out to work in his garden, which he weeded faithfully.

"I didn't get the job at the bank," he disconsolately announced to his mother a few days later, as he came in from a trip down-town. "It's all off for this year — somebody else got it."

"Really, you didn't?" exclaimed his mother in surprise. "Why, what can be the reason? Mr. Burt gave me to understand that the matter was as good as settled," and a perturbed look crossed her face.

Frank looked up quickly, suddenly wondering if Mr. Burt could have heard anything. He well knew how he felt on the tobacco question. Had he spoiled his own chances by that one foolish, thoughtless act?

Saying nothing more, Mrs. Meade determined to find out for herself the meaning of this disappointment, as great a blow to herself as it was to her son. That very afternoon she called upon Mr. Burt, and when she came home her boy knew from her face that the secret that tortured him was discovered, and he was almost glad, for now he could talk about it with mother, and everything would be set right.

Not excusing himself in the least, Frank told his mother the story of how he had yielded that afternoon to the taunts of the boys, and how badly he felt about having broken his promise to her. Once more the light of hope and trust came back to her dear face. She could still fold him in her arms and believe him to be loyal and true to his mother and to those principles so dear to her heart, even if he had gone astray in an unguarded moment.

"Well, my son, you will have to take the place in the mill office for this season," she said, "and perhaps if you show Mr. Burt that you are a boy after his own heart he will remember you next year when he needs extra help. Lessons well learned do not have to be relearned," concluded Mrs. Meade with a smile, and Frank nodded an emphatic affirmative. "I've learned my lesson all right, and perhaps I'll know temptation next time when it comes my way," he said. "The hardest part of it all, mother, was knowing that I had failed you and that you never could trust me again."

"I shall trust you now as never before," was the reply, sealed with a motherly kiss.—*M. Louise Ford, in Union Signal.*

### We Love Him

STANLEY had set out on his journey through the Dark Continent, and had proceeded far into the interior. He was accompanied by a band of men, who, though Arabs and Negroes, were faithful to him, and careful of his welfare. Foremost among these was Uledi, a brave, reliable, and trusted Negro. Never had he been known to disobey his master. Never had he failed in time of danger, and his kind disposition endeared him to the whole expedition.

But one day, Uledi was found to have been guilty of stealing. Among the stores of the expedition was a large quantity of beads, worth ten times their weight in gold, in that heathen land. Uledi, though ever willing to risk his life in the hour of danger, had listened to the voice of the tempter, and had stolen these beads and hidden them under his mat.

Of course search was made for the stolen goods, Stanley going the rounds of his camp in quest of his treasures. But not until he reached Uledi's tent did he find what he was searching for. An arrow pierced the great explorer's heart. Here was his most trusted friend, caught with goods which he had stolen from his master. And this in the face of a declaration from Stanley saying that the next man caught stealing was to be left in the hands of the natives as a slave.

As it would not do to tolerate stealing, Stanley could not excuse Uledi, notwithstanding it would hurt him very much to leave his trusted friend in the hands of the savages. He therefore called the chiefs together, and asked their advice in the matter.

The principal chief would not answer for a while, but at last he said: "It is very hard seeing it is Uledi. Had it been anybody else, I should have voted to have him pitched into the river. I vote to have him flogged." The rest of the chiefs agreed with him.

Stanley then turned to the boat's crew, of which Uledi was coxswain, and by whom he was very much loved. "What shall we do with Uledi?"

The principal man replied: "Ah, it is a hard question, master. He is like our elder brother; but as the father of our people has spoken, be it so; yet for our sakes, master, beat him just a little."

Stanley next turned to Zaidi, whose life had been saved by Uledi at the expense of great suffering.

Zaidi replied, "Remember it is Uledi, master."

Next he addressed Uledi's brother, who cried, "Spare Uledi; but if he must be flogged, give me half of it; I shall not feel it if it is for Uledi."

Last of all, Stanley asked the poor culprit's cousin, who replied in a humble and loving tone, "Will the master give his slave liberty to speak?"



"Yes," replied Stanley.

The slave then came forward, and while kneeling humbly before Stanley, he said: "The master is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is something written. We black men, we know nothing. What we saw yesterday is today forgotten. Yet the master forgets nothing. Perhaps if the master will look into his book, he may see something in it about Uledi; how Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganyika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how he saved other men from drowning; how he worked harder on the canoe than any other three men; how he has been the first to listen to your voice always; how he has been father to the boat-boys. With Uledi, the boat-boys are good and ready; without him, they are nothing. Uledi is Shumari's brother. If Uledi is bad, Shumari is good. Uledi is my cousin. If, as the chiefs say, Uledi should be punished, Shumari says he will take half of the punishment; then give Saywa the other half, and set Uledi free. Saywa has spoken." All this was uttered in a low, humble tone, and while he was bowed at Stanley's feet.

Stanley could not resist such an appeal, and said: "Very well; Uledi, by the voice of the people, is condemned; but Shumari and Saywa have agreed to take the punishment upon themselves. Uledi is set free, and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned."—*From the Burning Bush.*

#### The Story of Her Father's Murderer

ON the veranda of a missionary home in Burma, rather more than a year ago, there sat a little lady who had reached the allotted span of life. For more than half a century she had been teaching school in America, and had but newly arrived in this foreign land, a stranger indeed to its ways and people. And yet not so much a stranger after all, for it was the land of her birth and of her childhood. She had barely reached her teens when her widowed mother and she recrossed the great ocean to make a new home in the old land which has received back from the field so many widowed and fatherless mourners.

It was New-year's day, and all was bright and happy, and she was happy, too, for her lifelong desire was now achieved, and she was renewing the faded memories of long ago. She was soon joined by a white-haired lady missionary who had been a playmate in those other days, the days when Judson still guided the mission; and the two drove away to the Burmese service in the town.

New-year's service is always notable in the East, and the visitor was charmed with the abounding joyousness of the scene. Her ears failed to catch the language that had once been familiar to her, but her spirit was attuned to the worship. As the sermon closed, a Burmese lady stepped quietly to the front to sing. Dressed in the silk for which Burma is famed, and with a harmony seen in few Eastern lands, her appearance was pleasing; but it was her wonderful voice that charmed all who were present. A natural gift had been trained until even in a land of song she was a singer of great repute.

The service over, the two ladies were driving homeward. The visitor laid her hand on that of her friend.

"Was not she splendid?" she whispered.

"Who, dear?" asked her companion.

"The singer, of course," said she, with some surprise in her voice.

"Yes, she is one of our great possessions," was the response. "Do you know who she is?"

"No. How could I know?"

"Well, she is the niece of the man who murdered your father," came the unexpected reply. "Let me tell you about him."

Then the missionary told how in the days when they were young, Burma was in a state of great lawlessness, and her father's district was especially harassed. Robbers abounded, and many and daring were their feats. Once when he had received from the distant treasurer the money wherewith to pay his agents, a bandit chief heard of it, and, appearing at the bungalow with two of his followers, demanded the money. A struggle ensued, for the missionary was not inclined to give up that which belonged to the families of those who were spreading the gospel; and with great courage he drove them off. But he sustained terrible injuries, from which he never recovered.

Many days after, the bandit came under the influence of Christ and was truly converted. His first act was to make a confession of his attack on the missionary and to give himself up to the authorities. He was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, and he won the respect of all who knew him in the jail by his Christian behavior. He was allowed to attend service at the mission church each Sunday as a special favor, and his appearance there, heavily ironed, became a familiar feature.

When his time expired, he sought out his brother, who had been in his robber gang, and led him to Christ; and it was the daughter of this brother who had sung the sweet song that New-year's morning.—*E. A. Annett.*

#### For the Juniors to Answer

WHO made the sky and the clouds?

How often do you look at them?

What do you think of when you look at the sky?

What color is the sky today?

How many different colors have you seen in the sky?

When is it blue?

When gray?

When is it red and yellow?

When do we see seven colors in the sky at once?

Why do you suppose God made all the beautiful colors for us?

Why wouldn't it have been just as well to have the sky always gray?

What beautiful promise did God give man to remember whenever he should see a bow in the sky?

Do you ever think of God's promise when you see a rainbow?

What is a cloud?

What is the use of the clouds?

When did a pillar of cloud guide God's people?

When did Jesus appear in a bright cloud? Matt. 17: 5.

When did a prophet see a little cloud which told him that a great rain was coming? 1 Kings 18: 44, 45.

What did the wise man say about clouds? Prov. 3: 20.

What did one of the prophets say as to some people's goodness being like a cloud?

What other things does the Bible say about sky and clouds?

What shall you think of when you look into the sky as you go home today?—*Christian Endeavor World.*

"QUIET manners are a mark of good breeding."





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

## Society Study for Sabbath, October 4

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

### Suggestions for the Program

1. Singing; a number of sentence prayers; minutes; report of work; review of Morning Watch texts; a few words by the leader and the secretary regarding faithfulness in the Morning Watch and reporting.

2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 21. The secret of peace. Peace is that calm, sweet contentment in the soul that is not marred by circumstances. It is one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit (Gal. 5:22), and is given us on certain conditions. Isa. 26:3, 4; Phil. 4:5-7; John 16:33. We must refuse to worry, but obey God, and then trust him fully. Isa. 48:18. The wicked cannot have this peace. Isa. 57:20, 21. Peace is one of the important evidences of a genuine experience. Ps. 4:8; Rom. 14:17-19.

3. "From America to India." For this number have a map of the world and trace the journey as given, locating all the places mentioned in the article found in this INSTRUCTOR. It would be interesting to draw a few comparisons between facilities for traveling now and those of the first American missionaries to India. Use also in this program the article "My First Trip to Panwel," by M. D. Wood. Brother and Sister Wood have spent many years in India, and surely their inspiring messages to our young people make our hearts burn with a deeper desire to save the lost.

4. For suggestive topic see Matt. 5:9. Close with prayer for India and India's noble workers.

Each society will be asked to plan its own Thanksgiving service to be held Sabbath, November 29. Begin now to prepare for that service.

try to do? With what result? What did they then say to Pharaoh? How did he receive what they said? Verses 16-19.

4. Where did the Lord direct Moses to meet Pharaoh? What warning was Moses to give him? What difference did the Lord make between his people and the Egyptians? How severe was this plague? What permission was Pharaoh now willing to give? Why could not Moses and Aaron accept this? What request did Pharaoh make? How was it granted? With what result? Verses 20-32.

5. What was the fifth plague? What difference did the Lord again make between the Israelites and the Egyptians? How did this affect Pharaoh? Ex. 9:1-7.

6. What was Moses commanded to do in the bringing of the sixth plague upon Egypt? Who are specially mentioned as suffering from this plague? Ex. 9:8-12; note 2.

7. What warning did the Lord now send Pharaoh? What should come to pass on the morrow? What were the people to do? How was it known who believed the Lord? How severe was the plague of hail? What did Pharaoh now say? How was the plague stayed? Verses 13-35.

8. What was the eighth plague? What warning did Pharaoh again receive? What did Pharaoh's servants now say? What did Moses say the children of Israel must do? Describe the plague of locusts. Ex. 10:1-15.

9. What did Pharaoh now do? How did he change when the plague was removed? When Moses stretched forth his hand, what came to pass? How long did this plague last? How did the Lord show favor to his own people? What did Pharaoh now propose? Why could not the Israelites do this? What did Pharaoh then say to Moses? How did Moses reply? Verses 16-29.

10. Repeat the plagues in their order. How did these strike at the idolatry of the people? Note 3.

### Notes

1. "The magicians had appeared to produce frogs, but they could not remove them."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 265.

2. The magicians were ready to give up at the third plague. They knew the power against which they were setting up their puny strength. They knew that they could no longer keep up their weak deceptions. And when the sixth plague came, and they were smitten with the boils just as the others, "the whole nation was made to see the folly of trusting in the magicians when they were not able to protect even their own persons."

3. Every one of these plagues had a most solemn meaning to the people. God was striking at their wicked idolatry and proving to them how weak their gods were compared with Jehovah, the maker of heaven and earth.

a. The Nile River was worshiped as a god, and it was turned to blood. They worshiped the fish in the sacred river, and the fish were killed.

b. The frog was regarded as sacred by the Egyptians, and they would never kill one, but now they were overrun with the frogs, which became a curse.

c. No one was allowed to come near their altars who might have a louse on him, so they could not worship while the plague of lice lasted.

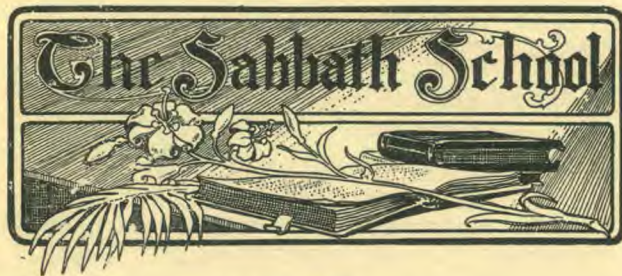
d. Beelzebub, the fly-god, was supposed to protect them from swarms of flies, but now they saw that he was too weak to do it.

e. They worshiped cattle, and now a terrible disease was killing off these gods.

f. The Egyptian priests had a custom of taking ashes from altars where their sacrifices were burned and throwing them into the air to keep away plagues, but now when Moses and Aaron threw the ashes into the air it caused the terrible boils.

g. Rain and hail were almost unknown in Egypt, and the people could but look on this plague as an awful judgment from a power beyond any of their gods.

h. They had a god Serapis, whose special duty it was to protect their land from locusts, but now they came in, devouring the land in spite of Serapis.



## I—The Plagues

(October 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 8, 9, 10.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 259-272.

MEMORY VERSE: "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. 91:10.

### Questions

1. What did Moses ask of Pharaoh concerning the children of Israel? What did Pharaoh say in reply? What was the first plague brought upon the Egyptians? Ex. 5:1, 2; 7:19.

2. What was the second plague brought upon the people because of Pharaoh's refusal to let the people go? How severe was the plague of frogs? What did the magicians do? What did Pharaoh ask and what did he promise? How was the plague stopped? Then what did Pharaoh do? Ex. 8:3-15; note 1.

3. What did the Lord then say unto Moses? When Aaron stretched out his hand and smote the dust, what was the result? What did the magicians



i. Their two greatest gods were the sun and moon, but during those three dark days and nights, it must have seemed that their supreme idols were blotted out forever.

I — Servants of the Son

(October 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ROM. 1: 1-7.

Questions

1. What epistle is the basis of our study? By whom was it written? Where and when was it written? To whom is it addressed? For what purpose was it written? Rom. 1: 1, 7; note 1.
2. What does Paul declare himself to be? Verse 1, first phrase; note 2.
3. What was he called to be? Verse 1, second phrase; note 3.
4. Unto what was he separated? Verse 1; note 4.
5. How and when had the gospel been promised? Verse 2.
6. Concerning whom is the gospel? Verse 3, first phrase.
7. Of what seed was Christ born? Verse 3, last part; note 5.
8. What was he declared to be? Verse 4, first part; note 6.
9. According to and by what was Jesus declared to be the Son of God? Verse 4, last part; note 7.
10. What had Paul received through this Son? Verse 5, first part.
11. For what purpose was this grace received? Verse 5, last part; note 8.
12. What part have those addressed in this gospel? Verse 6.
13. To whom is the epistle addressed? Verse 7, first part; note 9.
14. What blessed benediction is pronounced upon the saints? Verse 7, last part; note 10.

Notes

1. It is quite generally agreed that the epistle to the Romans was written from Corinth in A. D. 57 or 58, when the apostle was about to go up to Jerusalem to minister to the saints. The apostle evidently had not yet visited Rome. See chap. 1: 11, 13, 15. The object of the epistle is to teach the meaning of salvation through the gospel of Jesus Christ in all its fulness.
2. "A servant:" God calls his children sons, daughters, saints, friends, but the devoted saint of God finds joy in calling himself "a servant," literally, a bond-servant, a bought slave, purchased by the blood of Christ, and bound to him by Spirit-born love.
3. "Called to be an apostle:" The word apostle means one who is sent. It is a term which our Lord gave to each of the twelve, and on the failure of Judas Iscariot, Matthias was chosen and numbered with the eleven. But it is a mistake to suppose that apostleship was confined to the twelve, or that Paul was one of the twelve. The twelve were sent to Israel; Paul was an apostle — one authoritatively sent, a messenger — to the Gentiles. Barnabas, Epaphroditus, Timothy, and Silvanus are called apostles also. The first twelve apostles, bearing witness that Jesus was the living Christ, must as a necessary qualification have seen the Lord, and Paul refers to his experience to show he was not behind the other apostles in this respect. 1 Cor. 9: 1; 15: 8. But that this is not necessary to apostleship is shown (1) in the calling of Barnabas and others, and (2) in the fact that the gift of apostleship is to be in the church to the end.
4. "Separated unto" also implies separated from, a distinct marking off, a cleavage from the mass. So Paul and Barnabas were separated unto God's work (Acts 13: 2), and Paul was set apart for his work from his birth (Gal. 1: 15, 16). So God calls all to some work, and separates them to that in his own good time if they are but submitted to his will.
5. "Of the seed of David:" Christ was, therefore, of the royal line through his mother. But he was more than this; he was the same flesh as the seed of David, in and through which for generations had flowed the blood of sinful humanity, — Solomon, and Rehoboam, and Ahaz, and Manasseh, and Amon, and Jeconiah, and others. The Son of God took this same flesh in order that he might meet temptation for us and overcome with divine power every trial we must meet.

Christ is our Brother in the flesh, our Saviour from sin.

6. "Declared to be:" Jesus was the Son of God before he was born of the Virgin Mary. He was the only begotten Son of God from the days of eternity. When on earth he was divinity incarnate in humanity, clothed with its weaknesses. To the unbeliever he was but a man. Selfish hearts could not read his motives; sin-blinded souls could not see his divinity of character. Yet it was there, though the world — nay, his own people — knew it not, and crucified him. But his resurrection from the dead declared his holiness, his power over sin, his dominion over death, his divinity. Acts 2: 24.
7. "The Spirit of holiness:" The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters when the world was created. Jesus was made flesh; by the Spirit he was brought from the dead. In him "the spirit is life because of righteousness;" and if his Spirit dwell in us there will be manifest in us the same fruits as were witnessed in the life of Jesus. Rom. 8: 10, 11.
8. "For obedience to the faith:" Better as given in the American Revised Version, "unto obedience of faith." There is no other obedience acceptable to God. "Obedience of faith is the obedience which characterizes and proceeds from faith." — Vincent.
9. "Called to be saints:" The word saints does not necessarily imply perfect persons. "The term *hagioi*, saints, is applied to Christians in three senses in the New Testament: (1) as members of a visible and local community (Acts 9: 32, 41; 26: 10); (2) as members of a spiritual community (1 Cor. 1: 2; Col. 3: 12); (3) as individually holy (Eph. 1: 18; Col. 1: 12; Rev. 13: 10)." — "Word Studies," Vincent. The saints are those who are separated from the world, and set apart to God and his service. As we are called to be saints, the lessons of this epistle are for us.
10. "Grace:" God's unmerited favor; "peace;" God's proclamation to us as rebels. His thoughts toward us are thoughts of mercy and peace. Jer. 29: 11. If we are not at peace with God, it is because our hearts are in rebellion. All heaven desires to be at peace with us.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

- What is the first intimation we have in the Bible of the "glad tidings"?
- How did the angels express this good news at the Saviour's birth?
- Why is it called "the everlasting gospel"?
- What glad thought do you get from the gospel?
- Name some of the prophets through whom God made special promises concerning the gospel.

Saying, but Doing Not

WHILE waiting for a street-car in Takoma Park recently, my attention was attracted to a man and boy who were also waiting. Evidently the lad had committed some act of which the man did not approve, as he quoted a verse of a poem which applied to the incident.

On the car I occupied a seat directly behind them, and noticed the man was intently reading a religious paper. Turning to the boy, he handed him a car ticket, telling him to pay his fare when the conductor came to collect, then continued his reading. When the time came to pay the fare, I noticed that the boy gazed steadily out of the window and avoided the conductor, and I could see that he was doing so intentionally.

The conductor, possibly thinking the boy's parents were in some other part of the car, passed on. Soon the boy turned to the man and said: "Here is the ticket, I got out of giving it to him." The man did not seem surprised, neither did he censure the boy, but taking the ticket and putting it into his pocket, replied, "O well, that's not my fault!" Somehow I could not associate his interest in that religious paper with his action. I thought also of the moral effect on the boy's character. It is "the little foxes that spoil the vines." Later on perhaps that boy will commit some crime, and probably that man will be one to wonder where he learned such things. What an opportunity to have told the boy of the wrong instead of being a partner with him in his sin, and also, making a mockery of religion!

EDWARD QUINN, JR.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Pastor Sheldon and the "Confessional"

It was reported that Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," had stated in an address, given before the Christian Endeavor Convention in Los Angeles, that he was in favor of a confessional for Protestants similar to that of the Roman Catholic Church. He writes the following letter concerning it to the *Christian Herald*:—

"I find on my return from California your letter of July 16. This is my first opportunity to answer it. I need hardly say to you that the papers persistently, and it seemed to me wilfully, garbled and misquoted me in what I said about a 'Protestant confessional.' All I meant by the term was a regular opportunity offered by the pastor to his people to confide in him and pour out their troubles, in order to secure the help of such close personal friendship. The last thing in the world I advocated was a confessional like the Roman Catholic. I said so repeatedly, and defined again and again what I meant. But in spite of everything, I was misquoted and misinterpreted. A representative of the Associated Press in Los Angeles assured me that the story started through a yellow-press reporter, and that the Associated Press would not send out any such misstatement."

## The Next Thirteenth Sabbath a Great Opportunity

How it thrills our hearts to know that one hundred missionaries have turned their faces to the "regions beyond" in response to the action of the last General Conference! Even now some of them are tossing upon the seas, outward bound. We have set our hands to the finishing of the work, and from henceforth there must be no wavering. When workers are willing to go, the means to send them must be supplied. The transportation expense of one hundred workers from the home land to the "utmost parts of the earth" calls for a large cash outlay of means, and the resources of the General Conference treasury are strained to the utmost in consequence. Indeed, it is doubtful if the plans in full can be carried out if special help is not given.

To meet this emergency the General Conference Committee has turned to the Sabbath-schools in the home land for help, and set apart September 27, the thirteenth Sabbath of the third quarter, as the time when the schools may give for the special purpose of paying the transportation expenses of the one hun-

dred missionaries who are to go this fall to foreign fields. Shall we not work and pray for an especially liberal offering? It will truly be a sad thing if any of these missionaries under appointment remain at home on account of lack of means to pay their fare to the mission field. As we love this truth, as we believe it is soon to lighten the whole earth with its glory, let us deny self and plan to give on that Sabbath as we never have done before, that every selected missionary may be hastened on his way.

Remember the date, Sabbath, September 27.

Remember the object, the transportation expenses of one hundred appointed missionaries to their mission fields.

Remember to pray that God will give his people liberal hearts, that his work be not hindered nor his coming delayed.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,  
Secretary Sabbath School Department.

## Farm Arithmetic

A NEW arithmetic, by Charles William Burkett and Karl Dale Swartzel, is just from the press. Mr. Burkett is editor of the *American Agriculturist*. He was formerly professor of agriculture in the New Hampshire and the North Carolina Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and director of the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station. Mr. Swartzel is professor of mathematics in the Ohio State University.

The book is unique. I believe no book of the kind before has been attempted. Every teacher could use it profitably in assigning supplementary work; and in conducting a short review course in arithmetic, this book used as a text would prove profitable and interesting.

The authors describe the character and use of the book as follows:—

It is hoped that it may serve two other very important ends in elementary and higher schools. First, it will supply new, concrete, useful, and interesting problems for practise, drill, and review. Second, it will tend to develop in the mind of the pupil an appreciation of, and an insight into, the quantitative side of farm life. A boy or girl who has once become interested in solving the problems of the farm will not easily be drawn away from the farm.

This book may be used at any time after the fundamental principles of arithmetic have been covered, i. e., during the last two or three years of the elementary school, and should ordinarily be completed before the high school is reached. It may be used alone or in conjunction with any standard grammar-school, advanced, or high-school arithmetic.

It is also hoped that this volume may be helpful to a large number of farmers and country folk generally who are interested in the many numerical and quantitative problems that have so much to do with success on the farm.

The book is well illustrated with pictures that instruct in regard to successful scientific farming. If all our teachers would make use of this book in their school work, without doubt they would be able to arouse an enthusiasm otherwise impossible on the part of some boys to whom arithmetic seems uninteresting and unprofitable. The book may be obtained from Orange Judd Company, New York City.

## Can You Explain This?

In his great address "The Making of a Man," the Hon. William J. Bryan advises young men, when challenged by unbelievers to explain the mysteries of the Bible, to ask them in turn to explain the every-day occurrence on the farm, how "a red cow can eat green grass, and give white milk which can be made into yellow butter." A thing may be true, even though one cannot explain how nor understand why.—*Selected.*