

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 21



OUR NEW CHURCH, TAKOMA PARK, D. C.



THE Russian minister of the interior, dispatches state, has forbidden public subscriptions to a monument to the late Count Tolstoi because of Tolstoi's opinion about the government and the Orthodox Church.

A TIP, says the *Toronto Globe*, is diagnosed by a witty Scottish writer as a small sum of money you give to somebody because you are afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.

NEW YORK'S secretary of state expects to save \$25,000 to the State this year by sending registration number plates for autoists by parcel post. It costs twelve cents a set to send them that way, against thirty-five cents a set by express.

ICELAND, one of the few countries which have not been penetrated by the railway, is now to have a railway some sixty miles in length. Hitherto all land journeys in the island have been made on horseback. There are said to be no highways even in the inhabited districts.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad last year paid out \$5,143 on account of accidents to passengers who tripped over other passengers' grips placed in the aisles of trains. That is one of the reasons why its trainmen are instructed not to permit luggage to remain in the aisles of the coaches.

HERBERT SPENCER was once playing billiards with a young friend,—and being beaten, game after game. "Young man," he said gruffly, at last, "this proves to me that you have been wasting time." Great expertness in games is suspicious in those who profess to give the serious aims of life their proper place.

THE authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, have issued a public appeal for \$350,000 for the purpose of making repairs to that famous edifice. The piers, instead of being solid masonry, are said to be only thin shells of Portland stone filled in with rubble. The weight of the huge dome overburdens these piers.

SPEAKING of the effect of the cinematograph play on small cities, Robert Grau, in the *Domestic Mirror*, says: "The most important and impressive revelation is that in a city of the so-called 'one-night stand' class, a Biblical photoplay will crowd an ample auditorium six times in three days, and repeat the achievement within a month."

RUDYARD KIPLING, in a recent address before the Royal Geographic Society, on "Travel," said he was looking forward confidently to sky travel. "The time is not far off," he is quoted as saying, "when a traveler will know and care just as little whether he is over land or sea as today he knows or cares whether a steamship is over forty fathoms or over Tuscarora deep."

ADVERTISING men are indebted to the late Andrew Lang for this suggestive little comparison: "When a goose lays an egg, she just waddles off as if she were ashamed of it—because she is a goose. When a hen lays an egg—ah! she calls heaven and earth to witness it. The hen is a natural-born advertiser. Hence the demand for hen eggs exceeds the demand for goose eggs, and the hen has all the business she can attend to."

AMONG the famous men who have recently become total abstainers is Enrico Caruso, the opera singer, who is now in America on a professional tour. He is the owner of an extensive vineyard in Italy. "But, alas!" he says, "I cannot drink the wine from those delicious grapes, for I am now on the water wagon, as you Americans so happily sing it."

A MARCH gale—a "whole gale," it must have been—carried away the wings of the big bronze eagle that does duty as a figurehead on the great ship "Imperator," of the Hamburg-American line. As this eagle is seventy-five feet above the water, the damage to it gives one a new idea of the height and force of the Atlantic's waves when backed by a fierce storm.

CALIFORNIA foxes can climb trees, according to Mr. A. M. Powell. In an article in *Outdoor Life*, he says: "That the California fox can climb trees has been proved to my satisfaction. I once doubted their ability to ascend any but leaning trees or those with spreading limbs, but I finally found that my hounds treed them where the trees were straight and it was forty feet to the first limb."

MARK TWAIN'S story of the million-pound note and the uselessness of it to the possessor who couldn't change it has had a realistic parallel in the case of a Cuban porter who stole twenty \$10,000 bills. The thirteenth bill has just been recovered from a friend of the thief, to whom it had been given, but who was unable to use it. Every bank in the world was warned of the theft, and it was impossible to pass the bills.

"I DON'T believe in the talcum powder treatment for criminals," said an old prison warden recently, as reported by Richard Barry in the *Century*. "They are hard men; and if you use baby lotions on them, they merely despise you." A younger warden made this effective reply: "You are wrong. Criminals are only children. . . . Being children, very pitiful, weak little children, using 'talcum powder' is the very treatment for them. The only mistake a warden can make is in letting the convict think that *he*, the warden, is also a child." — *The Outlook*.

### An Explanation

THROUGH the courtesy of the editor this present issue was placed at the disposal of the Washington Missionary College Class in Journalism.

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# The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 26, 1914

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## Girolamo Savonarola, the Friar of Florence

MRS. R. E. LOASBY

**T**HE "City of Flowers" and "Flower of Cities," filled as it is with fascinating memories, has none more fragrant and pathetic than that of Girolamo Savonarola. Let us sketch as briefly as possible the wonderful career of this "reformer before the Reformation," who so strangely blended the mystic monk and the practical patriot; whose name is yet a talisman, whose influence yet lives.

Girolamo Savonarola, born Sept. 21, 1452, in Ferrara, was the third child of Niccolo and Elena Savonarola. The family stood high at court, the gay, dissolute court of Este.

From early childhood the hopes of the family were centered upon Girolamo to keep up the family honor, that of physician at court. Accordingly his grandfather and father began his education toward this end. As a boy he appears to have been very religious and studious, and to have eschewed the ordinary pastimes of youth. He inherited a fine nature, with the added quality of a peculiarly keen sensitiveness that was to develop later into that strong sense of right and justice which urged him forward in his brave career. As a youth he wandered alone among the poorer classes, trying to help them in their wretchedness. He spent hours in prayer, confession of sins and self-abnegation.

Near the age of twenty the young Savonarola became deeply attached to a young Florentine girl, of the family of Strozzi. At his declaration of his love for her, she refused him haughtily. He was too poor, too studious, too sad. A few years later on a visit to Faenza, he heard a stirring sermon from an Augustinian hermit which greatly impressed him. He returned home with new thoughts and aspirations, and on the twenty-third of April following, while the city was gayly celebrating the *festa* of St. George, he left home, journeyed to Bologna, and there gained admission to the convent of St. Dominic. The young scholar was received with every manifestation of respect by the prior and his monks, and within three days' time he had assumed the monastic garb under his new name of Friar Jerome.

As a monk he led a most exemplary life. He spent much time in fasting, and his vigils were so protracted that he slept but four hours of the twenty-four. He

became a teacher of the novices, and also lectured on classical literature to the neighboring convents.

Seven years he remained in the monastery, and at the age of thirty was sent as a preaching friar to Ferrara. With fervency he proclaimed his message. He had learned that the minds of men are corrupt and filled only with gayety and pleasure. So he turned to them in fervent warning against these things; but they were not ready, as yet, to hear him. Leaving Ferrara, he went to Florence. The scene that greeted him there

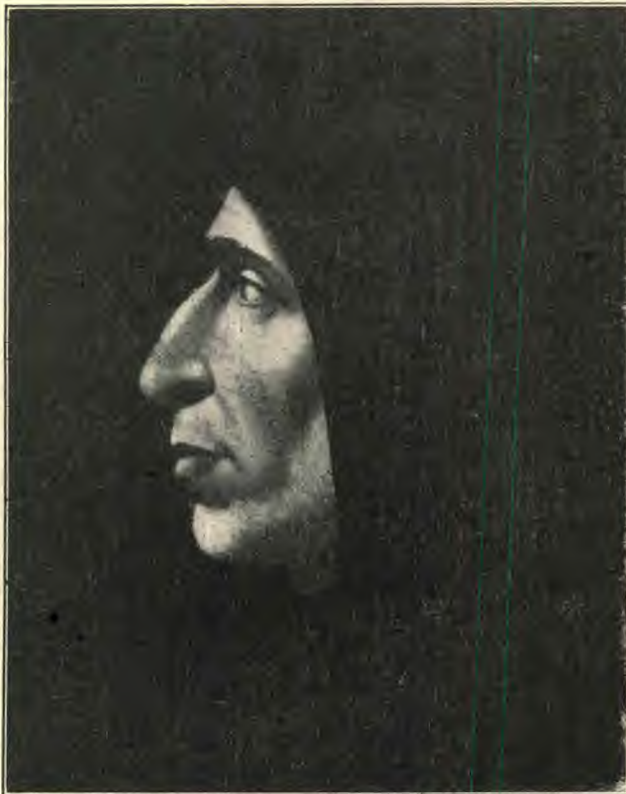
stirred his soul to its very depths,—wickedness on every hand. Savonarola saw that reform was needed everywhere. Priests, monks, and bishops needed a reformation, as well as the lay members. But the Florentines did not take kindly to the social reform advocated by the young friar; so he left, and preached among the smaller towns for four years.

Coming back to Florence, he entered the convent of San Marco and began his career as a reformer. The path chosen was not an easy one, for reformation in such a time was a bold undertaking. Alexander VI, notorious for corruption, filled the papal chair. The cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and priests followed the dissolute life of their pontiff.

As a result, a seething mass of corruption and an insidious skepticism were sapping the foundation of all healthy belief. Upon such a scene as this, the clear eye of the impassioned young Dominican looked out, often with fiery glance and clouded brow, but oftener still through the soft mist of tears.

His religious teachings were singularly advanced for the age in which he lived. He denied the infallibility of the Pope, doubted the efficacy of ritual, held fast the all-embracing character of the atonement, and maintained that worship consisted alone in that which was spiritual.

While Florence received these warnings and admonitions with attention and even enthusiasm, Rome looked sullenly on. The Pope sent word that the prior should forego his Lenten lectures. The authorities wrote to the Pope asking him to reconsider, which he did. Again Savonarola entered the pulpit and preached with greater fervor. His words exerted an influence that was indescribable. The improvement in the outward decorum of the people was very discern-



GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

ible. The crowds that daily thronged the *duomo* were so vast that the interior had to be altered. Especially the young were drawn around the great preacher.

The wrath of his enemies was intense, and Savonarola was called "the troubler of Italy." "It is not I," replied the brave man, "who have troubled Italy, but you who have forgotten your God."

After the refusal by Savonarola of the cardinal's hat, a bull arrived prohibiting the friar from further preaching. The Florentines were angered, and for a time their protests prevailed, and the prohibition was withdrawn. However, it was soon renewed, but Savonarola refused to yield. The battle was fast becoming a desperate one, and the little monk resolved to face the fight. The Pope resolved that if "that son of perdition" were not silenced at once, he would lay the city beneath the ban of excommunication. The Franciscans were jubilant, the Dominicans defiant, and there began another of the long, fierce feuds with which the medieval annals of the church are so replete.

Mobs attacked the church and convent, killing many. Savonarola was taken before the inquisitorial commissioners, where, under the extreme torture of the rack, they tried to make him recant. But he held firmly to his faith, and trusted in the Lord.

After a final hearing, he and two of his friends were condemned to be hanged as heretics. The twenty-third of May, 1498, was set for the execution. When the day arrived, he was led forth. The white robe of the Dominican was first removed. The Bishop of Verona then pronounced the words of degradation, "I separate thee from the church militant and the church triumphant," to which the pale monk replied in calm tones, but tones that pierced through all the surging crowds, "Militant, not triumphant; that is not thine." He pronounced the Apostles' Creed, and in another minute the reformer and his two friends were hanging lifeless from the beam. The bodies were then burned. An hour later the ashes of the three martyrs were thrown from the Ponte Vecchio into the river Arno.

### Cycling in Bermuda

BERMUDA is the wheelman's paradise. There are more than one hundred miles of hard, smooth roads, which are probably not surpassed the world over, and which lead through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery that a nature-loving enthusiast could long for. There are wooded dells, where the palm tree grows,



NATURAL ARCH, TUCKER'S TOWN

and the aroma of the sage perfumes the air. There are dark avenues of cedars, whose dense foliage shuts out the scene. There, on a rising knoll, an aristocratic cottage peers out from palmetto groves and clustering banana and papaw. A singular-appearing tree is the papaw, rising straight and slim without any branches,

and with its lemon-shaped fruit growing directly from its trunk.

Hedges of oleanders in luxuriant bloom grow high above the limestone walls that gird the road, and through the vista is caught a view of the ocean beyond, which bursts into a broad expanse of blue at an abrupt turn of the road. Near the shore the ragged edge of the ocean breaks and foams over the coral



LILY FIELD, BERMUDA

reefs. Here are rocks chafed into every imaginable fantastic shape by the waves, which, palpitating and heaving in time of storm, wash even the roadway with their hissing, stinging spray.

At intervals one sees a black beam, an empty barrel, or large rusted bolts and bars thrown high upon the rocks, relics of ill-fated ships driven to destruction by the furies of the storm.

Another turn of the road brings a wonderfully pleasing view, something rarely seen anywhere else, and when seen, never forgotten. A field of twenty or thirty acres of beautiful Easter lilies in full bloom stretches away to a wooded hillside, whose dark background sets forth in sharp relief the thousands of tall, white, graceful flowers, which bend their lovely heads with fragrance to the gentle breeze. And just a little way beyond, a banana plantation, whose large, coarse leaves, more curious than beautiful, almost hide the great bunches of green fruit.

The tourist's attention will also be arrested by the mangrove swamps which are found in various parts of the islands. The mangrove is a species of tree that grows in the mud along the seashore and in marshy places. It is found only in tropical or semi-tropical countries. The foliage is dark green, and from its branches, shoots droop down and take root in the mud, to form new stocks. In this way they cover a space of several hundred yards' circumference, presenting a unique appearance which recalls the banyan tree of India.

On the south shore, beginning at the splendid, capacious harbor near Tucker's Town, which is its eastern extremity, the bold, rocky coast, interspersed with sandy beaches and picturesque inlets, may be explored. The Natural Arch, near Tucker's Town, is an interesting feature, and on both sides of it extend fine stretches of beach, composed chiefly of fragments of shells, pink and white. This coast is fringed for miles with rocky islands. Near the water line, on these, are many great cup-shaped depressions called "boilers," which long action of the waves has excavated.

The road runs westward and then north, following the coast, and winding among curious and beautiful prospects of jagged cliffs, and intricate bays and creeks, till the starting point is reached. R. E. L.

"CHARITY begins at home, but it should not stay there."

## The Girl Who Had No Aim in Life

HANNAH RASMUSSEN

**T**HE girl, Mildred Osborne, had not always been without an aim in life. As a child, in the Central States, she had planned on being something great and famous, though just what she had not the faintest idea. She attended church school for several years, then her mother moved to another city, where Mildred was obliged to go to the public school. She was a bright pupil, receiving high marks and putting into practical use what she learned. Fond of reading, she read nearly everything that fell into her hands, and thus developed a taste for light fiction, which kept growing until all substantial reading seemed insipid.

The winter that Mildred was thirteen, she went on a sleighing party with some schoolmates. All were enjoying the ride, when the horses suddenly took fright. The driver lost control, and the animals plunged down a high embankment, dragging the children after them. Few escaped unhurt. Several, among them Mildred, were terribly injured.

For weeks she lay between life and death. Then one spring morning her eyes opened, and by degrees the memory of previous happenings returned. But though her mind became strong, her poor crippled body remained weak and helpless.

But she was a light-hearted invalid, and many who saw her in the hospital were cheered by the sunny smile that seemed never to leave her pale face. She seldom suffered pain, for the broken bones and fractured joints had largely knit during the long sleep. Her chief diversion was reading, and being allowed to read anything, she drifted back to fiction again. Thus two years passed. She began to grow discontented, and gave up hope of ever doing anything.

This state of mind was caused more by her reading than by anything else; for her kind, indulgent mother spared neither time nor money to benefit the child.

In the meantime the old physician in charge of the hospital died, and a progressive surgeon was put in. His examination gave him hope that skillful operating might, in time, enable Mildred to walk. So she submitted to two operations. Gradually the crippled limbs became useful once more, and as the girl grew stronger, the old ambitions came back. A year later she could leave her mother, and so went to an academy. She studied hard, and with the full return of health threw herself entirely into her work.

But too much frolicking and too much study began to tell, and at last came a complete breakdown. All her aspirations again died away. Why did she have to endure such suffering? In moments of despair she gave up hope of ever being well again, and even harbored thoughts of suicide; for what was the use of living when one was so imprisoned?

Hoping that a change would be of benefit, her mother sent Mildred on a trip through the Eastern States. she traveled in charge of a trusted friend, who, when they reached Baltimore, decided to put her charge in the care of a specialist there.

The young invalid remained in his care for several months. Then one day he informed her that by using great caution in physical and mental exercises, she might attend school again.

Mildred decided to stay in the East to be near the doctor in case of need; so her mother selected a near-by school, and in due time Mildred was settled. But her Christian surroundings did not make much impression; she preferred the worldly atmosphere of her chosen books. She ignored the religious side of her roommate's character; said it was all right to be a Christian, but she never could be one, and so put the matter off.

Meantime, the acquaintance of a dear old lady named Auntie Beckwith was made; and Mildred often chatted with her on subjects no more serious than clothes, or the little differences that come up between schoolmates.

But one day everything seemed to go wrong from the start. Oversleeping, Mildred missed breakfast, and

was also late to her first class, which called for a rebuke from the teacher. Then her mother had not written for a long time, and, besides, she needed money. Altogether it was a bit trying for one who always wanted things to go smoothly, as they do in storybooks.

So she hastened to auntie's house. The kindly lady knew from the girl's troubled face that something

had happened, but was discreet enough to wait for Mildred to tell it all. She was not slow in doing this, and auntie soon had the whole tale, enlarged upon by a vivid imagination.

She pondered awhile over the story of woe, then laid her hand gently on Mildred's head and said, "Little girl, do you ever talk to Jesus about your troubles? You come to auntie, who is glad to have you, but she wonders if you have a friend in Jesus?" Mildred blushed and hung her head. Her lips quivered, and tears began to flow.

She dropped on her knees, and with her head on auntie's lap, whispered, "I did love Jesus, but that was so long ago that I'm afraid to talk to him now." Auntie gathered the girl in her arms and said, "My dear, you have often told me of the specialist who healed your body; but I want to tell you that Jesus will heal your soul. He loves you, Mildred; he longs to be the best friend you have, dear; won't you let him?"

With heart too full to speak, Mildred, as auntie knelt down, bowed with her while she offered a simple prayer of loving faith and trust. The gracious simplicity touched the girl's heart, and she, too, sobbed out a prayer for forgiveness of the past, and a plea for strength for the future.

Mildred left Auntie Beckwith with a strange, dazed feeling. She had just one clear thought,—a resolution to accept Jesus as a friend, but not yet.

The next few weeks were full of strange experiences. All the time she kept saying to herself, "Sometime, sometime, I'll be a Christian, but not yet; for I don't seem to be strong enough." All the time a battle



raged within between right and wrong; but she felt unable to decide which side should win.

Then came the week of prayer. Mildred attended the meetings, and found that prayer was her greatest need. Soul-sick and heart-worn, she at last turned to Jesus.

So she is now his child. And her aim day by day is to work for him; her chief joy to talk to him.

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### Abstract of a Speech by W. J. Bryan

Delivered Before the Convention of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, Oct. 21, 1913

I CONSIDER it indeed an honor to be able to express my sympathy with a body of this kind. In my varied travels, I have come in contact with the foreign mission work a great deal more than with that in our homeland, so naturally the foreign work has my particular sympathy. But I see no reason why the two great phases of missionary effort should be in antagonism. I believe that everywhere one is an aid and a complement to the other. I even believe that more money is given to home missions because of the existence of the foreign mission field.

There are some who rashly say that a man's life, after he has passed his prime, is worse than useless. There is, indeed, a maximum of physical strength, and perhaps a maximum of mental strength, which is passed in the course of an ordinary life. But a man should never pass his maximum of moral development, which should continue more and more to the grave. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." After all, moral character is the greatest part of man; and moral character needs spiritual food. If the lack of spiritual food had the same effect on a man as lack of physical nourishment, I fear there would be many a man ashamed to show his body on the street.

It is not strange that the burden of supporting missionary effort should fall upon woman, for Christianity has been the greatest boon to her. But it differs from the other great so-called religions in many things besides its attitude to women. Some years ago I asked an educated Japanese student what he considered the difference between Christianity and Buddhism. He replied, "Buddhism looks down, Christianity looks up." That is the secret of it all. Take Confucianism. The virtues of Confucianism have been greatly magnified to us. It has been said that the golden rule of Confucianism is like that of Christianity. But the two religions are as different as night and day. One teaches a life of negative harmlessness, the other a life of positive helpfulness. Confucius teaches "to reward evil with justice, and good with good." But how can we know justice without love and forgiveness? and forgiveness is taught in no other religion than Christianity. Finally, the virtue of a religion can best be judged by its effect on the nation it influences. We need not argue here.

The teachings of Christ are practical teachings. Forgiveness is not for the benefit of the forgiven alone, but of the forgiver. His doctrines work a revolution of the heart, which in the end is the only real revolution.

I have always been an enthusiast over education. I believe in a college education for every one, the poor as well as the rich, woman as well as man. Still we have overestimated the value of mental training, and underestimated the value of heart training. A good heart can use a bad mind, but a bad heart with a good

mind is dangerous. Out of the heart come the issues of the mind. Whenever you establish a spiritual institution, you do a great value to the community. Take it from the lowest viewpoint, the pecuniary: even here spiritual help pays the largest dividend. Physical help is not lasting. Mental help may be turned to wrong. But moral help is always and all good.

The only way a man who claims to believe the Bible has done no good can prove his sincerity is by moving into a community where its influence has never been felt. But who is willing to lose from the commonwealth what the Bible has done? For example, take what it has done for the barbarous nations of Europe. The man who rejects the Bible must carry the burden of proof. We do not need to discuss that question—it is past. But there is a great work before us who are interested in the work of the Bible. We know its effect on individuals and nations, and there was never a time when we needed the inspiration of the Bible more.

I have been impressed by a statement from one of Tolstoi's essays, that "most mistakes are made from looking ahead to see if it is not better to do wrong than right in this particular case." But we need to look ahead. We need to have faith. And we must do it by trusting in Him who doeth all things well. There is no other way.

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UNLESS to thought is added will,  
Apollo is an imbecile.

—Emerson.

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### The Clock Maker

A STORY of medieval days relates that a skillful clock maker had succeeded in making for his city a most wonderfully intricate clock, which not only told the hours, but at certain of them displayed a pantomime group of little figures, which would come out and act on a stage before it.

When it had been set up, the feudal lord of the city called the maker to his audience hall, and asked him, "Could you possibly make another clock to equal this one?" "Yes," he eagerly replied, "or perhaps a better one." "Then," said the prince, "we do ordain, lest any other city should surpass ours in this, that henceforth you shall be blind."

Merciless executioners then bound the wretched man, and carried him to another room, where irons were already heating in a brazier.

They were about to take them out, when in rushed a courtier who kicked over the fire, loudly commanding at the same time that the tormentors desist.

Just then, mingled wrath and astonishment depicted in his face, the prince appeared in the doorway. "Master, have mercy," cried the newcomer, falling to his knees on seeing the prince, "I only dare do this because it must save you irreparable loss. Have none of the counselors remembered that no one can look after the clock but the maker, and that the least breakage must ruin it, if he is blind?"

The truth of this was so evident that it had to be regarded, and the inventor's eyes were saved.

Are not many of us as shortsighted as that cruel prince? We are apt to be so jealous of our independence that we forget that the Maker's care is as necessary now as it was in the beginning, and that we can do our best only when working under his direction.

W. H. S.

## An Automobile Ride in the Tropics

WALTER E. STRICKLAND



UT in the center of the Caribbean Sea, ninety miles south of Santiago de Cuba, lies the little island of Jamaica, queen of the Caribbean. Though only one hundred and forty miles long, and forty-nine in its greatest width, the



GOING TO MARKET, JAMAICA

beauty of its varied scenery, with the thick foliage and varicolored flowers peculiar to the tropics, makes it worthy its name.

One of the most delightful of trips is a tour around this island. The visitor sees interesting sights from the time his steamer enters the beautiful hill-encircled harbor of Kingston until he leaves from Port Antonio.

The automobile furnishes a much easier and pleasanter journey through the island than carriage, bicycle, or saddle horse, the means most used in times past. If you take the journey, leave Kingston in the cool of the morning, and after about thirty minutes' ride you will find yourself climbing slowly up into the hills. Thick foliage shuts

out the view; but here and there, where the road cuts into the side of a mountain, the prospect opens out over the valley below. Kingston and the harbor, with two or three little villages, and a small river that winds among coconut groves and green plantations of bananas, are seen, and then lost behind passing cliffs and trees. Twice the road is bridged across the rushing waters of some mountain stream. Then, a little farther on, you may stop in the shade of a large cotton tree, near which a spring bubbles from beneath a rock. As you alight to drink, around and above you pretty tropical insects and birds buzz and sing as they flit from bush to bush.

Going on again, still upward, a small village is reached, where, as the machine moves slowly past, the population turn out to look, or to offer fruits and other commodities for sale. Presently you run into the little town of Bog Walk. Near here a natural bridge, and the electric power plant which supplies the city of Kingston claim a visit.

Then you speed on over a white limestone road, up and down high, curving hills. Here and there the road skirts the edge of some high precipice, and beautiful landscapes open to view continually. Once in a while you pass a countrywoman with a load of produce,

carried on her head or on the back of a small burro.

Soon, away to the north, is seen the blue ocean, and in a few minutes you are gliding along the coast, toward the west. Passing through town after town, you get a glimpse of everyday life in the tropics, and see the people as they really are. Running along the edge of surging waters, striking out once in a while through waving banana and coconut groves, or speeding down avenues of bamboo, you begin to feel the enchantment of tropical life. If the sun is a little warm, all is so delightful that this only helps one to realize that one is in the torrid zone.

At about sundown your car runs into Montego Bay, the largest town on the west coast. A day should be spent here, enjoying little excursions up into the surrounding mountains, and bathing in the surf, which runs up onto one of the finest white sandy beaches in the islands. The market also interests the northern visitor. Tropical fruits of every kind, shape, and size are displayed for sale, spread out in little heaps on the ground.

Returning from Montego Bay, the route is along the south coast. For twenty or thirty miles it follows the shore, then swings off into the interior. It is especially in the limestone plateaus of these western parishes that to the wealth of form in sculptured hills and valleys marvelous colors are added. The pale greens of the patches of feathery bamboo, the darker shades of the pimento and mango, the old gray-greens of the orchid-decked ceibas, and the splashes here and there of the indescribable "turquoise-blue green" of growing cane fields, add variant touches to the emerald background of the forest setting.

And viewed from the top of some long climb, the scene is enchanting with a beauty that changes continually under the passing clouds.

A detour brings you to the banks of Roaring River,



A COUNTRY ROAD, JAMAICA



ROARING RIVER, JAMAICA

where a few hours may be spent wandering up and down, picking ferns and wild flowers, or watching the picturesque falls. Then off again — this time direct for Kingston. The way downward still affords many vistas to awaken wonder and admiration, as you speed

along the banks of mountain rivers or look off from the heights of the road.

If, then, your journey ended, you must board the morning train for Port Antonio to catch the north-bound steamer, it cannot be without at least a slight regret that home might not have been in this island of beauty.

### A Parable

ONCE, for reasons of state, a little prince, scarcely yet able to talk, was confined in a fortress by the sea-side. The room where he was kept had only three windows, and these could not be closely approached, because of the narrowness of the passages that led through the thick walls to them.

The passage leading to one of them sloped downward abruptly, and below it the sea frothed and streamed continually, rising, in storms, almost to the ledge. On rare calm days the sun or moon, otherwise invisible to the prisoner, was reflected up to him from the surface, and as he gazed intently, the shadowy form of some water creature would appear occasionally, and disappear again in the depths.

Another window revealed part of a flower garden, and of the face of a wall bounding it. From out the wall a fountain flowed, splashing into a basin, and spilled from its brim to form a runnel which flowed through thickets of rose and other flowering shrubs, kept thus in constant bloom without human care.

From the third window, far away against the sky, could be seen the snowy cap of a mountain, glistening in the sunlight by day or hid in ever-changing clouds, or, by night, showing dimly white under the light of the moon.

So the prince grew up. One day would be spent gazing from a single window; on others, he would wander from one to another, restlessly wondering always what the world outside might be, and how the little vistas that he knew, joined together.

The servants charged with supplying his bodily wants were too busy to heed him, and indeed he could understand but little beyond the few words he had acquired in infancy; so he stopped trying to question them. Yet he longed many times to be like the birds which he sometimes saw through the windows, and be able to know all the world around.

One day men led him out. Affairs had changed, and he was to be educated, and the kingdom given him. Then, for the first time, he saw the plains of his domain, sloping from the foothills of the distant ranges down to the sea, and at the beach, how the land joined onto and supported the waters. Far out at sea, he saw the sails blowing homeward with the wind, and was told how the water served as a highway for ships to carry the commerce of distant countries and the harvest of the nets.

Tutors were selected to instruct him, and they explained how the land brought forth its flowers and fruit, being warmed by the rays of the sun, and watered by never-failing streams fed by the snow of the mountains. Yet he could not comprehend everything. He could now look directly upon the sun and moon, yet they still remained mysteries, as did also many other things. Nevertheless he became very wise, and reigned prosperously when crowned king.

Man is like the prince in the tower, and his knowledge of history, science, and revelation is incomplete, like the vistas from its windows. When one seems

to contradict the other, many become discouraged, or try to avoid confusion by ignoring some of them. This is as it would have been for the prince to have looked out of only one window, and doubted the existence of the others. Seeming contradictions may be in harmony, and although we can never hope to understand all, more must be revealed sometime, and we may study and wait, meanwhile, without doubting.

W. H. S.

### Chinking

THE Fireside Correspondence School, so Prof. C. C. Lewis, the principal, informs us, will make special efforts this summer to help students who wish to "chink" in weak places and fill up gaps in their courses.

He is much pleased with the success which is attending the school. "Students all over the world," he says, "are writing to tell us their appreciation of the studies offered."

"From Korea, Mrs. Smith, in charge of a mission school, sends word that her course in the mothers' normal department has been a great help to her. Brother R. Sisley, of Java, a man sixty years of age and a self-supporting missionary, also reports how much he has been benefited by a course in the Correspondence School. An enthusiast writes from New Haven, Connecticut, that he considers the Fireside Correspondence School to be in the front rank of such institutions in this country."

"It is the aim," says Professor Lewis, "gradually to make the course more complete. At the present we offer about thirty studies, among them, Bible doctrines, New Testament history, public speaking, Latin, Greek, algebra, geometry, stenography, bookkeeping, and a mothers' normal course."

The plans are that this school shall give new opportunities to the ambitious student. After the first few weeks of vacation the student begins to long for the company of his books. Just here the Correspondence School will fill in. Take time to write for a calendar and find out what can be done to "straighten out" your course. Perhaps by a little summer work you can be graduated a year or two earlier. Credits from the Correspondence School are accepted in all our colleges.

You may be entirely unable to attend school; your position may be such that to pack up and go away to some college or academy is out of the question. A great work needs educated men, and God calls for well-equipped young people to carry his closing message. Are you preparing? Are you doing all you can to get ready for service? The teachers of the school realize the importance of their work, and will do all that is in their power to help you. Do not waste time. It may be hard at first to apply efficiently every spare moment, but it will soon become a habit and a pleasure.

WALTER E. STRICKLAND.

### From "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore

"ONLY let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed, for Thee to fill with music."

"I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend, but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room."

"My debts are large, my failures great, my shame secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted."

## The Englishman at His Best

R. E. LOASBY



HE who sees only the cities of Great Britain cannot form a correct opinion of English life. He must go forth into the country, there to sojourn in villages and hamlets, visiting castles, farmhouses, cottages; wandering through



A GROVE, ENGLAND

parks and gardens, alongside hedges, and down the green lanes. Loitering at the old-fashioned church, or about the green, and attending fairs and other rural festivals, he will meet with the people as they really are.

The English are probably unsurpassed in their appreciation of rural life, and of its pleasures and employments. Even dwellers in the cities—merchants and employees who spend most of their time amid the bustle, rush, and roar of city life—evinced a taste for rural occupation.

The busy merchant will have a pretty retreat in the suburb, where he often displays as much pride and energy in the cultivation of lawns and flowers as he does in his business. And

the unfortunate individual who is destined to live always in the city, has his flower bed, and sets pots of flowers in the house windows.

Undoubtedly the proverbial aloofness of the Englishman in town is true. But the saying that "not only is England an island, but each Englishman is an island," is somewhat overdrawn. He will not thank you for interfering, even in a friendly way, with his private concerns, and will indicate the same. Moreover, his doorstep is sacred, and his home is a castle into which not even a king dare intrude. But to insinuate that the English are inhospitable or slow to show courtesy is not true.

It is in the country, however, that the Englishman gives scope to his true self. There we find him a true-hearted, rollicking, sport-loving friend, neighbor, and host. The cold formalities and negative civilities of city life are thrown off. He collects around him the elegancies and conveniences of polite life. He has his books, paintings, music, dogs, gun, and sporting requisites, and all that is necessary for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. With true hospitality he provides to his fullest extent for his guests, putting no restraint either upon them or himself, and allows each one to partake according to his taste or pleasure.

Perhaps the proverbial inability of the English to appreciate American jokes is exaggerated. It is safe to say that they excel in that wit which is shown in caricaturing, and in giving ludicrous nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated both individuals and nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke they have not spared themselves. It is characteristic of the peculiar humor of the English and of their love for what is blunt (and this bluntness is often mistaken for dullness) that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with top hat, striped waistcoat, knickerbockers, and stout oaken cudgel. In him they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles, and have been so successful in their delineation that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric person, John Bull.

To all appearance he is a downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with little of romance in his character, but a vast deal of strong, natural feeling. He excels in humor more than wit; is melancholy rather than morose; he can be easily moved into a sudden tear or surprised into a broad laugh, but he loathes sentiment and has no turn for frivolity. Allow him to talk of himself and have his humor, and you will find him ready to stand by you in a quarrel, no matter how soundly he may be cudgelled.

He is a busy-minded person, and thinks not only for himself, but also for the whole world. From his youth up, he has taken pugilistic lessons, and has unfortunately acquired such a readiness in the use of limbs that he has had a troublesome life of it ever since.

He also has some very ancient and venerable ideas, representing a somewhat antiquated taste, and even to him, oftentimes inconvenient, yet if approached on the subject, the old man will grow testy. He swears that everything is right and excellent—has been that way for hundreds of years. As to inconveniences, well, his



RAGLAN CASTLE, ENGLAND



CHERRY ORCHARD, ENGLAND

family is used to them, and would not be comfortable without them. In fact, his reverence for family antiquities is such that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

Yet even this has a moral influence. It associates the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. There is the old church, of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal; its Gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors of the olden time, its tombstones; then the parsonage, the stile, and the foot-path leading from the churchyard across pleasant



A MANSION HOUSE, ENGLAND

fields, preserving right of way to the village with its venerable cottages, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have walked. All these are common features of English life, and speak of the moral character of the nation.

"The free, fair homes, homes of England!  
Long, long in hut and hall  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall!  
And green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God."

—Mrs. Hemans.

### A Tent Experience

WE were holding gospel meetings in a little country township, and were camped in front of the district schoolhouse. Our company consisted of two young married men, their families, and myself. We had three dwelling tents, and a large tent in which the meetings were held. Our location was good, except that we had no protection whatever from storms, being right out in the open. The wind seemed never to stop blowing day or night, and it kept me busy repairing things around the camp.

One Monday afternoon, about half past five, off in the west black clouds began to gather, and now and then a low rumble of thunder could be heard. We could tell by the rapid advance of the clouds that there was wind behind them. Vivid flashes of lightning began to play upon the advancing clouds, and everything pointed to a severe storm. Our attention for a few minutes was taken up with closing the tents and getting our oilcloths on; and when we next noticed the heavens, we were surprised to see another storm rising in the northeast and moving rapidly like the first. It began to get dark, and the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, while the thunder sounded as if the whole heavens were a great battle field. The wind began to blow, and it seemed for a few minutes as if all the tents would go down under the strain. But suddenly it ceased, and the air was calm, while the thundering grew louder and the lightning brighter.

I had gone into the large tent and was standing near one of the center poles listening to the bombardment above and to the heavy drops of the beginning rain, when, like a shot out of a gun, the cyclone was upon us. I heard the pole above me snap, and instinctively ran from under it just as it came down. In a moment the canvas was down upon me, and torn so that I could crawl out into the storm. I did not dare to try to stand; all I could do was to hug the ground and worm my way through the débris. I could not see four feet ahead, and the driving rain almost blinded me when I opened my eyes. However I got out, and turning my back toward the wind, attempted to gain my feet, but was only rolled over and over by its force. I wondered what had become of the rest of our company, and started to crawl in the direction of one of the small tents to investigate, when the wind ceased. I got up and looked about me. Not a tent was left standing; every one was torn into ribbons and scattered over the ground. Here and there one of the company was crawling out from the tangle of ropes, poles, and canvas.

The rain continued for about five minutes. "That was a cyclone!" some one said. "Yes, and thank God none of us were hurt, and that we were not in the worst of it." Just then the setting sun burst out and seemed to smile over the wreck and ruin.

The neighbors, after examining their own damages, — some had sheds blown over, others windmills and fences, — came over to give us their assistance. In a short time we had all the most valuable things locked in the schoolhouse, and we were taken to some of the homes to stay until a new outfit could be obtained.

WALTER E. STRICKLAND.

### A True Friend

HAS He not led you day by day  
Through valleys sweet and fair?  
Has he not sheltered you from storm,  
And kept you in his care?

Has he not watched o'er you with love  
And strewn the way with flowers?  
Has he not held your hand in his  
Through all the happy hours?

Why doubt him now if it may be  
A cloud is passing by?  
'Tis there we see his sweetest smile  
Where deep the shadows lie.

Look up and see beyond the gloom  
A Friend that still is true,  
And listen while he whispers low  
A message sweet for you.

'Tis when the tears are falling fast  
And grief is hard to bear,  
Clasped tighter in his arms we learn  
To know his love and care.

BLANCHE DAVIS.

### Convenient Soap and Towel Case

A MAN who travels, and is often where towels and soap are not always to be had easily, thought out a solution for the problem, and had his wife make a rubber-lined case, which he could carry in his pocket for convenience.

Into this he folded a light, soft piece of toweling about the size of a small napkin, and a small, flat piece of soap.

He carried it in his hip pocket, and found it a boon companion in trains, railway stations, office buildings, country towns, and many other places where a traveler is likely to be. He carried the supply of clean towels in his grip, and changed them when necessary. — *David De Wolf.*



## Stanzas to a Spring Morning

JOSEF W. HALL

"His going forth is prepared as the morning"

THE lilacs burst from the new-leaved hedge,  
And the green lawn's flecked with gold;  
The flowers, kissed back by the gentle rain,  
Lie soft in the sunbeam's fold.  
The spring birds sing in the meadow land,  
And trill in the trees above;  
All nature joins in a mighty voice,  
And water and earth and sky rejoice  
In *concerto*, "God is love."

The daybreak's first faint blushes  
Are tinting the gray of the sky,  
And the only stain in creation  
Is this heart that has gone awry.  
O, I would that this heart so sinful  
Were prepared, as the fallow sod  
'Neath the full, rose flush of the morning,  
For the going forth of God!

## The Clearing

JOSEF W. HALL



AS John's little passenger launch coasted deftly up alongside the float, he jumped out and tied the painter. His mother, listening in the cabin just above, gave a nervous little shudder as he ran tumultuously up the steps, burst into the room, and slammed the door behind him.

"A double lunch tonight, mother," he said, kissing away her worried look with such enthusiasm that she laughingly commanded him to stop. "Young Nichols is going to the last big dance of the season at the resort tonight, and his motor has broken down, so I'm to take him across and wait for him until the thing is over. I felt like letting him stay at home and go to bed for once; but I knew we needed the money."

The mother looked up in tender reproof. "Roland Nichols," she said, "was your boyhood chum. He was a fine boy, too."

"O, yes, mother," replied the young boatman, impatiently; "but that was before father died and his dad got rich off the timber. He's been completely spoiled,—reminds me o' those fancy dogs the summer resorters bring with them,—and he's getting more stuck-up every day!"

So saying, John proceeded to wash his hands in hasty preparation for the savory meal his mother had prepared for him. His mother did not eat with him as usual, but set about preparing his lunch, so he could hasten off to the boat again. And she smiled to herself as she put up a collection of dainties that looked more triple than double.

As the two set out in the little open craft, the sun sank from sight, sending up its last rays above the sound like the hands of a drowning man. They headed straight across, on a good two hours' run. Now and then a wave a little more daring than its fellows would climb gurgling up the side of the boat as if to caress. But the sea is a curious lover, and his moods change him mightily.

As John, sitting beside the throbbing engine with his hand on the wheel, looked down the gigantic aisle of

water, lined to the edge on both sides by mammoth firs, he saw something which took his attention abruptly from the beauties of the evening. Down where this great natural canal lost itself in the ocean, a sharp, rocky promontory jutted out, called Lighthouse Point, from its massive beacon tower. The Point is roughly the shape of a right triangle, with its altitude presenting a bold front to the sea. In calm weather the ebbing tide will slide along the hypotenuse and on out without disturbance, but the returning flow naturally piles up against the rocks, and swirls through the narrow channel like sheep crowding through a gate. The tide was now running out, and the water around the Point should have been calm. But as John looked, he distinguished a thin line of foam stretching from the very tip of the Point to the opposite shore.

The gentle breeze of the late summer evening was giving place to a dangerous wind from the sea, which had piled up the outgoing tide, and soon came low enough to strike the little boat. It grew rapidly darker. The stars, just coming out, suddenly hid themselves again, as if frightened. The rain that inevitably accompanies a Western storm, started with a few scattering drops, and in five minutes was sweeping over them in blinding sheets. Nothing was now visible but the glistening shore lights, as they threaded their way through the storm. John reached under the seat and pulled out his slicker. He had one sleeve on, when, with a start, he thought of his passenger. Personally, he owed nothing to *him*, but nevertheless passengers must be landed safely, and be made as comfortable as possible. He owed that to the public, and the government demanded it. Without a word, John tossed the slicker to the stern, where Roland was vainly trying to protect himself with a flimsy umbrella.

The peaceful sound was soon stirred into a fury of billows. It became impossible to head for the shore any longer, for the boat could never ride such a sea broadside. To head up the sound against the tide was folly,—they could not have made a mile an hour. John saw that there was but one way to keep

afloat, and he turned straight into the wind, with a prayer in his heart that he might reach land somewhere on the side of the Point. They were taking in water now; every wave was spilling over. But they were making tremendous speed, with tide and motor behind them. In an incredibly short time they were at the place where the current swerved around the Point and out through the narrows.

John knelt in the boat, with one hand on the engine and the other on the wheel, every muscle tense to grasp the one opportunity of landing. The bow of the boat began to take the curve. Throwing the engine wide open, he put the tiller hard around, to pull her out of the current. This sudden movement swung the light boat over until her gunwale touched the water. Would she take the rudder? If not, she would surely swamp. Now her nose was out, with the body being swept along. The engine was pounding furiously, but it needed only a few more strokes to make them safe.

John glanced back, and saw, to his surprise, Roland, coat and vest off, struggling with all his might to aid the rudder with one of the emergency oars. The slicker still lay in the boat where he had thrown it. Then suddenly something gave way with a crash, and they were swirled back into the stream. It was the tiller. Almost at the same instant the engine gasped and died out.

How the little shell ever got through the turmoil at the Point was a miracle. But as they swept under the light of the beacon, John caught a glimpse of some one at one of the windows frantically waving his arms, and he knew that they had been seen. There was still hope, for if the boat could be kept afloat, the tender would doubtless be sent out to pick them up on the morrow.

When the tiller broke, Roland was thrown violently back into the boat, and the oar torn from his hands. John crawled to the stern to find him just recovering from the fall. As he lay in the boat, with the water swishing about his tailored suit, his shirt wrecked, and collar and tie hanging by his diamond stick pin, John felt a strange sense of pity for him. He helped him to sit up, and then turned his energies to keeping afloat. The rudder, released from the control of the tiller, was banging from side to side with every swell. Grasping the remaining oar, John tore it clear with the handle, and fixed the oar in position as a rudder, that he might keep head-on to the waves.

Out in the open they rode easier, but the boat was dangerously full of water, and there was no motor to pump it out. One man must bail while the other held the oar in the stern. Leaning forward, John shouted into Roland's ear, "Can you bail?"

"What with?" came the reply.

The bailing can was locked under the hatch in the other end of the boat, with the lunch in it. John snatched off his heavy hat, and flung it to Roland.

Then began in earnest the struggle of the interminable night. It strained every muscle of the oarsman to keep the boat at rights over the occasional big waves that threatened it. These would loom out of the darkness, towering high above the little craft, and roll under it with a dizzying, sickening sweep. Roland made small progress with the bailing. He was trained in the athletics of a gentleman, but was unused to such hardship as this. Though overcome by fatigue at times, he would arouse himself again and resume the task, and thus he managed to keep the boat from swamping.

The dreary light of dawn was filtering through the mist by the time the sea became quiet enough for John to leave his station. Roland had just awakened from one of his fitful naps. Stiff from his cramped position and wet clothes, it was with considerable effort that John procured the lunch from the locker, and brought it back to the stern. But they were much cheered to find that it had kept dry, and needless to say, the mother's generosity in putting it up was of good service. After eating all that they dared, considering that they might not be picked up for some time in the fog, they began to lay plans for action. One must tend the oar and keep a lookout for rescuers while the other slept. Roland valiantly insisted that he had got a little sleep during the night, and that John, who had had none, should sleep while he took the oar. John's weariness compelled him to acquiesce, but not until he had made Roland promise to wake him and change places in a short time.

About four o'clock that afternoon the fog lifted, and they were sighted by the United States lighthouse tender "Sterling." John awoke with the bellow of the captain's trumpet in his ears, ordering out a small boat, and immediately looked about for Roland. There he was, huddled in a limp heap in the stern, his hand still clutching the oar. He had stuck to his post till he dropped, to let his comrade sleep. As John tenderly worked over him, there flashed into his mind the picture of a meadow, where the perfume of daisies was strong, and two little boys were hunting lark's eggs. One little fellow was saying to the other, "Now, you let me go first, and scare the old mother bird away, 'cause she might hurt *you*!" Roland might have been a dude, but he had never been a coward.

Not until he tried to help the sailors lift Roland into the boat did John realize his own condition. He strained and grew dizzy under the load, and then everything faded before his eyes, and he seemed to be going down, down, ever so gently.

Two days later he opened his eyes and stared at the pattern of a lace curtain projected on the ceiling by the sunlight. He thought that he could still feel the pitch of the waves under him, but what ship ever had curtains like that? He sat up—and looked square into Roland's eyes. Solemnly and silently his big rough hand closed around Roland's waiting one, and then he sank back on his pillow and dreamed of a meadow with daisies in it, and two little boys hunting birds' nests.

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### Our Funny Language

A SLEEPER is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that over which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper until the sleeper, which carries the sleeper, jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleep for the sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—*Selected.*

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THEY who tread the path of labor  
Follow where Christ's feet have trod;  
They who work without complaining  
Do the holy will of God.

—Henry van Dyke.

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"THE wise man knows he knows nothing, the fool thinks he knows all."

### Personal Reminiscences

SPEAKING before a convention of fellow ministers recently, Elder A. G. Daniells was asked to give reminiscences of his early life, and how he started in the gospel ministry. They were interesting and helpful to those present, and we pass on the following excerpts from his talk, to readers of the INSTRUCTOR:—

Success in the ministry came to him, in spite of very limited advantages in youth. His parents were pioneers when the State of Iowa was the Western frontier. Their household goods were accidentally lost on the way out from Vermont, and they found themselves in the new country practically penniless.

A few years later, to help free the slaves, the father enlisted in the war, and being advanced in years, soon succumbed to the exposures of camp life, leaving the mother in poverty, to provide for three small children. The struggle to keep them together was hard, and for a time she placed them in an asylum for soldiers' orphans, provided by the State. She accepted the third angel's message about this time.

On her marriage to a farmer, about two years later, she was again able to make a home for her children. From sugar boiling in early April to corn cutting in November was the round of work on the farm, so the boy had little opportunity for schooling. Even in the winter term, the milking and the care of the stock left no spare time for study at home. The rudiments learned in one term were inevitably obliterated from mind before the next, so little progress was made.

At sixteen, fully aroused by his need of education, he proposed to his mother that he should leave home that he might secure further education, and she consented. With nothing but his clothes, and dependent on his own resources, he did the best he could in the public schools; and later he entered the Battle Creek College.

Then to earn money for further training, teaching was resorted to for a year. During this time, it was borne upon him very distinctly that he should enter the ministry. The call, for such he felt it to be, changed his plans. Instead of returning to Battle Creek, he offered himself to work as tent master, saying he would pay his own expenses. He did not think he would be considered promising enough as a worker to be received on a salary. This proved true. The president of the conference refused his request, from a sincerely sympathetic desire to prevent the wasting of the young man's money.

Learning through the *Review and Herald* that the late Elder R. M. Kilgore was then in need of a tent master down in Texas, he applied for the place, offering again to pay transportation and expenses. The reply was, "Come ahead;" so he went, and greatly enjoyed the work.

Every available hour was put in studying the denominational books and the manner of presenting the truth. The following winter was spent in Bible work, and in visiting among the new members that had been gained in the summer's work. The wage given him for the year's apprenticeship was thirty-five dollars.

Early in the spring he preached a series of sermons in a log schoolhouse, which resulted in the conversion of a few families, and the remainder of the season was spent with a tent. As the money he had saved began to run short, necessity compelled that he should find work. So while Mrs. Daniells stayed with her family, he worked four months on a farm for a dollar a day and board.

At the end of that time came the welcome call to be a regular laborer in Iowa. The main point gained, there still remained trials and discouragements, which, united with the feeling of responsibility, seemed almost to make death itself desirable as a relief. But the period of depression passed, and before many years the work became a pleasure.

Thus began a ministry of thirty-five years, which has been signally blessed of God.

W. H. S.



M. E. KERN	General Secretary
C. L. BENSON	Assistant Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON	N. Am. Div. Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE	N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

### Senior Society Study for Sabbath, June 6

#### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
  2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
  3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts (five minutes).
  4. "Story of Metlakahtla—No. 1" (ten minutes).
  5. Social Meeting (ten minutes).
  6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Special music; sentence prayers; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual report blanks and offering; secretary's report.
  2. Exodus, chapters 5-14. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets." Study Moses as a leader in Egypt. Notice his perseverance, faith, and implicit obedience. What other characteristics of leadership do you find? Notice his method of dealing with Pharaoh.
  3. Matt. 24: 36-39.
  4. Have this paper read or given as a talk. See *Gazette*.
  5. Social meeting and discussion of plans for aggressive missionary work.
  6. Song; closing prayer; repeat in concert the Missionary Volunteer membership pledge.

### Junior Society Study for Week Ending June 6

#### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
  2. Bible Study on Lessons From Nature (ten minutes).
  3. Symposium: "Teachings of Nature" (fifteen minutes).
  4. "God's Great Plan" (five minutes).
  5. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).
1. Singing; sentence prayers; secretary's report; report of work done; Morning Watch texts.
  2. This summer let every Junior endeavor to learn as many lessons as possible from the things of nature. The men who wrote the Bible had learned precious lessons from nature. Some of these have come down to us. God wants each one of us to become acquainted with nature. Have the following texts read or repeated by different Juniors: Trees—Jer. 17: 7, 8; Ps. 1: 3; 92: 12. Birds—1 Kings 17: 4, 6. Ants—Prov. 6: 6. Fowls—Matt. 23: 37. Beasts—Job 12: 7. Lilies—Matt. 6: 28-30. Others might be selected.
  3. Have several Juniors take part, each taking one of the topics mentioned in the Bible study. If thought best, let them read the sections of the article "Teachings of Nature" (see *Gazette*), adding such comment as time and preparation permit. This lesson should help every Junior to be more observing.
  4. Recitation. See *Gazette*.
  5. Have a social service, asking each Junior to relate some helpful lesson learned from nature. Announce band meetings. Close by repeating in concert Ps. 19: 1-3.

### Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

10. How may I become a Standard of Attainment member? Any person, old or young, may become a Standard of At-

tainment member by taking the General Missionary Volunteer Department Standard of Attainment examination in Bible doctrines and denominational history. A grade of 75 per cent is required for passing. Let your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary know when you desire to take the test, and she will see that all necessary arrangements are made.

11. Where can I get a good book on social etiquette?

"Good Form," by Mrs. Fannie D. Chase, can be obtained from the Review and Herald, Takoma Park, D. C., for 75 cents.

12. What are the duties of the educational secretary in a local Missionary Volunteer Society?

The society educational secretary should endeavor to enlist all in the Reading Course and in study for Attainment membership. She should keep a list of all who enroll in the Reading Courses and of all who decide to study for Standard of Attainment membership. Then she should help and encourage all to finish.

13. Do you think our Missionary Volunteers can raise \$25,000 for foreign missions this year?

Judging from the letters that reach the Missionary Volunteer Department, the young people in all probability will reach the goal. One local worker in speaking of the members of her society, said: "If every society goes to work to attain the money goal for 1914 as they are doing here, I think there will be no doubt about there being much more than the \$25,000 raised."

14. Which conference received the most Reading Course gift books last year?

North Texas drew more gift books than any other conference. Its young people drew fifty-three, instead of thirty-five, as given in a previous number of the INSTRUCTOR. In fact, its young people earned fifty-four, but for some reason Miss Taylor did not receive hers until after January 1.

15. Do we have a Missionary Volunteer Society in Honolulu, Hawaii?

Yes, we have a society in Honolulu, and the Missionary Volunteer secretary there writes: "We have been able to gain the permission of the public library trustees to place four of our good magazines there, and the young people's society is paying for these subscriptions for one year. Also we are placing a reading rack, which we shall endeavor to keep filled. We have purchased a good many Bibles (over twelve, I believe) for the men at the jail."

16. Can you suggest some ways for raising money for the 1914 Missionary Volunteer goal?

There are many suggestions that might be made, but why do not societies located in an agricultural district follow the example of one of the German societies in the West Kansas Conference? The West Kansas secretary writes: "I have had some interesting experiences in working up our investment fund. Among the young people and children of one of our German churches we have had about twenty-two acres of wheat and corn dedicated to the Lord, besides about thirty hens and their broods, and \$90 in cash pledges. We figure that we ought to get at least \$150 from their investments alone."



### X — David and Goliath

(June 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 17.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 643-648.

MEMORY VERSE: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." Ps. 56: 3.

#### Questions

1. With what people were the Israelites at war all the days of Saul? 1 Sam. 14: 52.

2. Some time after David was anointed, where did the Philistines again gather their armies? Where were the Israelites pitched? Make an outline of their armies as arranged for battle. Because of their peculiar position, what were they evidently afraid to do? 1 Sam. 17: 1-3; note 1.

3. What less dangerous mode of fighting did the Philistines propose? How many inches are in a cubit? Note 2. Then how tall was Goliath, of Gath? Describe his armor; his spear. In what words did he defy Israel? Verses 4-10.

4. How many times a day did Goliath repeat his challenge? For how many days? How did this make Saul feel? With the leader dismayed, what only could be expected of the army? Verses 16, 11.

5. Where was David at this time? How was David's father regarded in those days? Where were his three eldest sons? Verses 12-15.

6. On what errand was David sent? By whom? With whom did he leave his sheep? What time did he start? At what opportune time did he arrive at camp? Where did he leave his luggage? Where did he go to find his brothers? As he talked with them, what did he hear? What did all the men of Israel do? Verses 17-24; note 3.

7. What did David overhear them saying? How did he attempt to verify this rumor? When Eliab, his eldest brother, heard him, what did he say? How did David reply? What did he continue to do? To whom were David's words finally rehearsed? With what result? Verses 25-31.

8. How did David seek to reassure Saul's trembling heart? What objection did Saul raise? How did David prove to him that the Lord is able to do wonders, even through a youth? What did Saul then tell him to do? Verses 32-37.

9. What armor was put upon David? But, even after starting, what did David decide not to do? Why did he lay aside the sword and armor? Verses 38, 39.

10. Only what did he take in his hand and in his shepherd's bag? Verse 40.

11. Because of his youth, how did the giant regard him? What did he boast he would do with David? In whose name did he curse him? Verses 41-44.

12. How was Goliath expecting to gain the victory? How was David expecting to gain the victory? What words of holy boldness did David speak? For what reason did he claim the victory over this enemy of Israel and Israel's God? Whose was the battle? Verses 45-47.

13. Describe the combat? How great was the victory? What did this victory prove? How does the Lord not save? Verses 46-53.

14. Who is our Goliath, or great adversary? 1 Peter 5: 8. Although we are but pygmies in his sight, and only youth, what does the Lord promise us? James 4: 7. What impenetrable armor is provided for us? Eph. 6: 14-16. What is our weapon of defense? Verse 17.

#### Notes

1. "The hills on either side of the valley of Elah at Shochoh were seven to eight hundred feet high. The valley below is three miles wide, but it grows narrower toward the east, till at the camping grounds of the Philistines 'the opposite hills were only about a mile apart at their crests, but their slopes run so far on each side that the wadi is only four or five hundred yards broad at their foot.'—*Peloubet*.

"Through the middle of the valley wound a ravine with steep sides, the bed of the winter torrents, 'forming a natural defense to any force drawn up on either side of it.' The Philistines were encamped on the southern slope; and Saul had assembled an army of defense on the northern, with the valley between, and neither army dared to leave its position, and make an attack across the ravine, whose steep sides would give the enemy a great advantage."

"The natural strength of both positions was very great, since, if either army attacked, they must not only cross the ravine, but also climb the opposite slopes, and so place themselves at a great disadvantage. The long delay of the two armies, in face of each other, was probably due to this fact."—*Hastings's Dictionary*.

"The scene of the battle was fourteen miles southwest of Jerusalem, and ten miles west of Bethlehem."  
2. The Scripture cubit it is estimated was about twenty-one inches, and a span was half a cubit.  
3. Take notice: David did not ask to go, nor did he run away and go in order to satisfy his curiosity; he was sent by his father, and for a definite purpose.

X — Ministering God's Blessings  
(June 6)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	Regard for the Roman believers; duty to them	Questions 1-4
Mon.	The apostle's ministry	Questions 5-8; note 1
Tue.	Hindrances and desires	Questions 9-12; note 2
Wed.	The apostle's plans	Questions 13-17; note 3
Thur.	His request of the brethren	Questions 18-21; note 4
Fri.	Review of the lesson; supplementary questions	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 15: 14-33.

Questions

1. Of what three things was Paul persuaded of the Roman believers? Rom. 15: 14.
2. How only could they be filled with all goodness and knowledge? Gal. 2: 20.
3. What did the apostle feel it necessary to do? Rom. 15: 15.
4. What kind of work did God expect of him? Why? Verse 16.
5. In thus serving God, in whom might he glory? Verse 17.
6. Of what things only would he speak? Verse 18.
7. How was the power of God manifest through him? What was the result? Verse 19.
8. What was he ever anxious to do? Verse 20; note 1.
9. What scripture evidently urged Paul thus to work? Verse 21. Compare Isa. 52: 15.
10. What did his work in new fields prevent him from doing? Rom. 15: 22.
11. What did he say of his present field of labor? What did he long for? Verse 23.
12. What did the apostle conditionally promise? For what did he hope? Verse 24; note 2.
13. What was he then proposing to do? For what purpose? Verse 25. Compare Acts 19: 21; 20: 22; 24: 17.
14. What contributions did he expect to take with him? Rom. 15: 26. Compare 2 Cor. 9: 1, 2.
15. With what spirit had the contributions been made? Rom. 15: 27, first clause. Compare 2 Cor. 9: 11, 12.
16. What mutual obligation did the apostle mention? Rom. 15: 27, last part; note 3.
17. After Paul had been to Jerusalem, what did he purpose to do? Verse 28.
18. In what fullness of blessing did he expect to come unto them? Verse 29.
19. What did he earnestly ask the brethren to do? Verse 30.
20. For what four things did he wish them to pray? Verses 31, 32.
21. What benediction did he pronounce upon them? Verse 33; note 4.

Notes

1. "Another man's foundation:" Paul wanted proof from God for his own labors. He did not care, nor dare, to speak of others' work, but only of his own. Verse 18. He would

lay but the one foundation, Christ Jesus. 1 Cor. 3: 11. Much of the success of many evangelists is in building on the foundation laid by devoted souls who have preceded them. Nearly all apostates who have "greater light" tarry around churches, endeavoring to split them, instead of entering new fields and teaching the new theories which they hold as light.  
2. "Journey into Spain:" It is a matter of dispute among scholars as to whether the great apostle ever visited Spain. Such, he tells us, was his intention. He did visit Rome, but under far different circumstances than he had planned. Yet with him it was well. Rom. 8: 28.  
3. "Debtors they are:" The world looks upon the spiritual blessings lightly, upon the temporal as of far greater value. Yet the temporal things perish with the using, the spiritual things are eternal. Would that God's gifts might be better and more strongly appreciated. We should then see that even our temporal things are increased by them.  
4. "Peace:" In turbulent Rome God's children had need of peace. In this turbulent world, how much we need the "God of peace" at all times! But this is the legacy which the blessed Saviour left for his people here in the world. John 14: 27.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

1. What mighty wonders is God's gospel now working?
2. What is the mightiest miracle it has wrought in you?
3. What power is manifest in this scripture? 2 Cor. 5: 17.

The Poor of China

THE poor of China live mostly in villages, which are not far apart. They have little plots of land, varying as to size and shape, which are very carefully tilled. These small fields are not surrounded by fences to protect them from trespassers, but low ridges of earth are thrown up around them to show ownership.  
The houses are made of brick, plaster, woven bamboo mats, or splints, with bamboo uprights, and native tile roofs. Windows are a luxury which few can afford. Some houses have a small opening in the wall, protected by a wooden grating, to admit a little light. As the front of the house usually consists of removable panels, which are taken out during the day, windows are seldom needed, except in very cold weather.  
The furniture in these houses is simple, consisting generally of a few small stools and a rough table. A stove is necessary for cooking, and is also used in the north for heating purposes. Simple cooking and serving utensils are used,—a teakettle for hot water, bowls for tea, and chopsticks for picking up rice and bits of meat. And firmly trodden earth serves as a floor.  
The women wear long trousers, and coats fastened on the side and reaching to the knees. The coat has long sleeves and a high collar, and is called a *sonza*. The men wear trousers and short jackets, and on dress occasions long straight coats reaching to the ankles. In very cold weather the poor men add skirts to their wearing apparel.  
The Chinese use rice as their main article of food. Several grades are raised, and the poor people can procure a considerable amount of the cheapest grade for only a small sum. At times, a vegetable seasoning is used to give flavor to this rather flat-tasting food. Eggs, too, are used, but they are cooked in peculiar ways, sometimes being pickled or preserved. Fruits and sweets are an almost unheard-of luxury among the poor.  
Tea, the chief beverage, is steeped, and used more plentifully than water. The juice and leaves are allowed to stand in one dish as long as the tea lasts. The people believe that tea is a more healthful drink than water, and more pleasant, as all the drinking water must be boiled.

JESSIE EVANS.

"WHOEVER prays 'Our Father' is bound to practice 'our brother.'"

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Little Boy Blue

LITTLE BOY BLUE, little Boy Blue,  
Some one is crying her eyes out for you;  
You came and you blessed our lives awhile  
With your little hug and your merry smile;  
But you've gone, and you've taken joy with you,  
Little Boy Blue.

Soothing and sweet, soothing and sweet,  
Were the patter and play of your little feet;  
Your eyes were as clear as the heaven above,  
And 'twas heaven down here with your baby love;  
But God knows best, though we've needed you,  
Little Boy Blue.

JOSEF W. HALL.

## A Busy Place

YOUNG folks who want "Nothing else to do" as an excuse for their mischief, would better keep away from Takoma Park, D. C. There are more things than a few going on here all the time. Every evening has some profitable and interesting gathering, besides many that come during the day, or at irregular intervals. These activities have two centers. One is the Sanitarium-Seminary group of buildings, and the other is made up of the Review and Herald and General Conference Offices, the church school, and the church, which stand close together, about three quarters of a mile from the Sanitarium and Seminary buildings.

Sunday evening the members of the correspondence band of the Takoma church young people's society meet in the church school building, and send out a large number of papers and missionary letters. Immediately following this meeting, the Young Men's Literary Society convenes in the same place. This society aims to cultivate the literary abilities of its members, and has rendered some very interesting public programs. Sunday evening is the one selected, also, for many of the cottage meetings and Bible readings held at different places in the vicinity, which are attended and conducted largely by students from the Seminary.

A night school for those working through the day, occupies two hours on Mondays and Thursdays. The attendance is about forty, and is mostly composed of employees of the Review and Herald. Grammar, arithmetic, composition-rhetoric, advanced stenography, and Bible doctrines are the courses. The fees are moderate; and credits, valid in our academies for one-half year's work, are given in each subject.

Tuesday evening brings the brass band practice. The Review and Herald has a band of about twenty

pieces, which gives efficient help in religious liberty meetings, temperance rallies, and the like.

The best places to go Wednesday evening are the prayer meeting, and the missionary meeting which precedes it.

Thursday evening is night school evening again.

Friday evening the young people's societies meet at the church and the Seminary. The Takoma Park society has a membership of about one hundred, and the Seminary-Sanitarium society has about the same number.

The evening after the Sabbath an hour is spent in choral practice in the Seminary chapel, by those whose tastes incline that way. This evening also, there are usually gymnastics in the dining hall, or games on the lawn, which are a relief for those whose activity has been confined during the day. The stringed orchestra meets in the Park, at the same time.

With all these means of mental culture, physical culture is not entirely neglected. Students and employees quite generally devote some time outside of working hours to active amusement for recreation. It is a temptation, of course, for some to make these games an end in themselves, but there is a healthy sentiment against this.

Many pupils of the church school have recently become interested in the Children's Gardens Movement. They have the very efficient aid of certain employees of the United States Agricultural Department, who are resident here and take an interest in the children's work, outside of office hours. Probably some of the children will dedicate the proceeds of their produce to mission work, but anyway it is worth while to learn so useful an art and so healthful an avocation.

This is all outside of office hours and regular vocations, and the list includes only the regular diversions, and makes no account of the casual lectures and meetings, or of the many events and sights of interest in the capital, which are sometimes even more important.

So it must be plain that here at the center of our work there are many ways of improving the time. If there is a problem, it is only how to make the best selection.

W. H. S.

## Woman's Mission

WOMAN'S mission is a striking illustration of the truth that happiness consists in doing the work for which we are naturally fitted. Woman's mission is always the same; it is summed up in one word — love. It is the only work in which there can never be too many workers; it grows by cooperation; it has nothing to fear from competition. Women are charged with the education of sympathy, the source of real human unity; and their highest happiness is reached when they have the full consciousness of their vocation and are free to follow it. It is the admirable feature of their social mission that it invites them to cultivate qualities which are natural to them, to call into exercise emotions which all allow to be the most pleasurable.— *Auguste Comte*.

WHEN presenting any phase of the third angel's message and giving proof, it is better to say, "The Bible teaches," than to say, "We believe," for a person may believe almost anything and be honest about it, but that is no proof of the validity of his claim. Bible teaching appeals to the honest in heart.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.