

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

June 1, 1915

No. 22



MESSAGES from Poland show that millions of Poles are starving. Two million are Jews.

SWEDEN, with its 6,000,000 people, has 500,000 total abstainers; hence it is one twelfth sober.

IN stress of war many British women are entering trades hitherto monopolized by men.

A STRADIVARIUS violin sold by auction for the aid of the Red Cross, London, brought \$19,500.

THE last of the government reservations, Yellowstone Park, will be opened to automobiling August 1.

FREDERICK W. SEWARD, Assistant Secretary of State in Lincoln's time, died April 25, at the age of eighty-five years, in Montrose, New York.

THE sales of the Methodist Book Concern amount to more than \$4,000,000 a year. Out of its profits last year it donated \$300,000 to support aged ministers.

JITNEY automobile service is found now in several cities of Connecticut, also in Worcester and Springfield, Massachusetts, in Philadelphia, and elsewhere.

THE Brooklyn Navy Yard is to build the great electric battleship "California" at a cost of \$7,000,000. The "California" will be the only electric battleship in the world.

ON account of the unusual depth of the river,—two hundred and thirty feet,—a single-span bridge is under construction across the Pend Oreille River in the State of Washington.

A MOTOR cycle with a side car attachment serves as a milk-delivery wagon for a farmer of Indiana. His route is covered in about half the time it took with horse and buggy.

THERE is a new plan on foot for collecting street car fares in Cleveland and Detroit. Conductors are stationed at congested corners to collect the fares before the passengers enter the car.

EVANGELIST SHERWOOD EDDY is supported in the foreign field by his two brothers, who some years ago agreed to remain at home, keep up their business, and support his work with the profits.

THE desire to make graduation less burdensome to girls with limited means, led sixty-five girls of the graduating class in Spokane, Washington, to limit the amount to be spent for graduation dresses to five dollars.

To have any facility in writing, a Chinese must master 1,200 characters; to have an education sufficient to read a newspaper intelligently, between 5,000 and 6,000; and to be considered fairly well educated, between 10,000 and 12,000.

AN ingenious device for drying the hands, known as the "air towel," is giving satisfaction as a sanitary and practical substitute for the roller towel in public buildings. The new towel supplies a draft of warm air to all parts of the hands at the same time.

A MAGNIFYING glass left in the wrong place might be disastrous. A house in New York was recently burned because some one had left a magnifying glass leaning against a wicker basket. The rays of the sun were focused on the inflammable material of the basket, fire followed, and before it could be extinguished nearly a thousand dollars' damage had resulted.

BURNING streams of oxygen and acetylene gas give sufficient heat to melt steel as a knife cuts cheese. So fire departments are now provided with apparatus that will quickly supply this intense heat, so that they may readily cut their way through any iron or locked door or window. "In practice firemen have cut through twenty heavy steel bars on a window in less than a minute, cut off the half-inch steel hinges of a fire door in twenty-four seconds, and cut completely around the lock of a heavy door in thirty-six seconds."

FIVE hundred thousand men are left dead and dying each month on Europe's bloody battle ground. Such has been the record for each of the eight terrible months that the war has been in progress. The loss during the four years of our Civil War was but 600,000; yet the effects of that war are still seen on every hand. Should the world stand, a hundred years would hardly suffice to place Europe where it was before the war began. Does it pay?

NEARLY 20,000 life-saving Boy Scouts have been enrolled in America. It is hoped that ultimately an association of 1,000,000, covering every civilized land, will be formed. By means of practical lessons these boys are taught how to save their own lives through clean living and thinking, how to conduct themselves in time of danger, and how to administer to the needs of others.

RALPH CONNER, author of "Black Rock" and similar books, recently went to the front as chaplain of the Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders from Canada. The chaplain's real name is Charles W. Gordon. He is pastor of the St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church of Winnipeg, Canada.

IF all the inhabitants of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island were some day to give place to the people of Polish ancestry that are now in this country, these States would be as populous as they are at the present time.

THE Ford Motor Company of Canada states that it will pay employees that have been in its service six months a minimum wage of four dollars a day. Two thousand four hundred men are employed in the Ford Works, at Ford, Ontario.

A FIRM in Yokohama, Japan, is manufacturing large quantities of paper shirts. The paper is made from the bark of the mulberry tree, and is very soft, but strong; and after becoming wet, it is so strong that it can scarcely be torn.

IN all my past work among the Indians it has never been necessary for me to go over the ground twice, and in no instance have they broken their promise to me.—*Hugh L. Scott.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
His Wondrous Grace (poetry)	3
Tempted in All Points	3
An Interesting Letter	4
Traveling in India	5
A Recent Dream	7
The Narrow Way (poetry)	7
Evening on the Bay (poetry)	10
May Birds	10
Dick, the Pet Crow	11
How One Victory Was Gained	11
Biblical Word Paintings	12
SELECTIONS	
Evening Up	8
The Blurred "M"	8
True Pleasure	9
Borrowed Sunshine	9
The Story of Four Tracts	16
Reading Scripture	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 1, 1915

No. 22

His Wondrous Grace


D. W. SUMNER

I CANNOT, dare not, turn my face
Away from His most wondrous grace;
For once, when sorrows dimmed my eyes,
I almost lost that glorious prize.
It seemed his grace was not for me,
And failed to set my spirit free.
I prayed with tears that I might know
How far his boundless love could go,
Then had a dream that showed to me
That lasting grace, so full and free.

A line of plates (one touched my breast)
Seemed reaching heaven's highest crest;
The grace of God was o'er them spread
(We must continually be fed,
A never-ending, rich supply)
That reached the gateway of the sky.
"Ask, and it shall be given," Christ said;
"Man shall not live alone by bread,
But by the words that God has said."

Tempted in All Points

W. S. CHAPMAN

EAD us not into temptation." Does God ever tempt men?—No. James makes this positive statement: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." God brings about situations, however; for "man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."

It is Satan that does the tempting. This is as far as he can go—it is the extent of his power. "It is not in the power of Satan to force any one to sin. Sin is the sinner's, individual act. . . . Before sin exists in the heart, the consent of the will must be given. . . . Temptation is not sin, and is no indication that God is displeased with us. . . . Temptation is enticement to sin, and this does not proceed from God, but from Satan, and from the evil of our own hearts. . . . It is true that Satan is the great originator of sin, yet this does not excuse any man for sinning; for he cannot force men to do evil. He tempts them to do it, and makes sin look enticing and pleasant; but he has to leave it to their own wills to do it or not."

The fact that we can be tempted is a proof of weakness, and that makes it evident that Satan studies us and attacks our weak points. If there were no weak points, there would be no inclination to sin. Without an inclination to sin, temptation would not be possible, the temptation would not appeal to us.

Whatever else sin may be, it is certainly a controlling power; for wherever it is manifested, it dominates the whole being of the one yielding to its influence. Paul says that its home is in the members. Its proper sphere, then, is the animal organism. In the Edenic Adam the animal nature was in subjection to the intellectual. Now, however, sin reigns in the animal nature. Overcoming is preventing sin from usurping control of the intellectual faculties—confining it to its usurped animal sphere, and controlling its action there.

Man, because of sin, being incapable of controlling his animal nature, God has interfered, and placed bounds within which alone sin is permitted to work; else humanity would become the prey to evil to that extent that the end would be speedy and utter destruction. The power to force a person to act under the influence of sin is denied to Satan. Sin cannot influence the mind unless an inclination to yield is first harbored. This is why, it seems to me, to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

Exercising this power to resist is the way we acquire heavenly wisdom as overcomers. As an illustration:

A mother and her child are walking down a road. At the same time they both espy in the path a bit of polished brass. Instantly the child's emotional nature is aroused. Temptation to possess the bauble is presented, the inclination to covet is yielded to, the child's whole nature is now dominated by desire to the exclusion of all other considerations, and the little one eagerly and greedily reaches forward to grasp the object. But the mother, as she passes by, scarcely glances at the metal. Why?—Because through many experiences, and, possibly, some bitter disappointments, she has learned to estimate most glittering objects at their actual worth, and knows that the piece lying before her has little intrinsic value.

Yet, suppose that, instead of a mere piece of shining brass, the object had been a twenty-dollar gold piece? To the child it would make no material difference, the little one not being able to understand the nature of either; it would be temptation enough that the piece shone and was pretty. But to the mother the acquisition of the gold would mean much in the possibilities of selfish gratification through its possession, and she would reach forward to grasp the gold with the same intense covetousness exhibited by the child. In both, the yielding to the spirit of covetousness would be complete, of equal power, of equal strength, possessing the entire nature of each, captivating the faculties of each; that is, it would dominate the whole being of each. This, it seems to me, illustrates the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

The conclusion, therefore, would seem to be correct, that there are no degrees in sin. That if the mind yields to temptation, sin will always, for the time being, dominate the nature,—reign supreme in the mind as it does in the members,—overpowering the will and all its higher aspirations.

As every weak point must be strengthened to resist, before character can be perfected, God permits Satan to tempt us over and over again, in the weak places, until we learn to use the power given us to overcome. Each attack of the enemy should be a warning and an incentive to reach out more fully for Christ and the power of God, the temptation thus becoming a blessing, as God designs that it should be, in lifting us onto higher spiritual levels, enabling us to perfect a character that will stand the test of the judgment.

If we bear in mind that "Satan carefully studies the constitutional sins of men, and then he begins his work of alluring and ensnaring them," and strive to maintain a watchful, prayerful attitude in connection

with what are called besetting sins, or naturally habitual sins,—those which are so because of our temperaments and contributing causes, such as environment,—we can more easily exercise faith to call upon the Lord for help in time of need.

Some are constitutionally covetous, others selfish, others lustful, or liars, or thieves, etc. Satan concentrates his efforts on these pet sins, hardening the conscience more and more against all sense of condemnation because of indulgence, until the voice of God—conscience—is stilled, as the Spirit is grieved away.

"When a person once neglects to heed the invitations, reproofs, and warning of the Spirit of God, his conscience becomes seared; and the next time he is admonished, it will be more difficult to yield obedience than before. And thus with every repetition. Conscience is the voice of God, heard amid the conflict of human passions; when it is resisted, the Spirit of God is grieved. . . . Temptation once resisted will give power to more firmly resist the second time; every new victory gained over self will smooth the way for higher and nobler triumphs. Every victory is a seed sown to eternal life."

"When Christ shall appear, it will not be to correct these evils, and then give a moral fitness for his company. This preparation must all be made before he comes. It should be a subject of thought, of study, and earnest inquiry. What shall we do to be saved? What shall be our conduct that we may show ourselves approved unto God? . . . When temptations assail you, as they surely will; when care, perplexity, and darkness seem to surround your soul, look to the place where you last saw the light, rest in Christ's love, and under his protecting shade; for in his shadow we may find rest and peace. . . . You may not realize that you are growing up into Christ, your living Head. Your part is simply to submit your ways and your will to God. You are to trust yourself fully to God, knowing that you cannot make yourself grow. A Paul may plant, and an Apollos may water, but it is God that giveth the increase."

"Just to let thy Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still;
Just to follow, hour by hour,
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free."

—Havergal.

An Interesting Letter

A YOUNG man in one of our training schools recently wrote to his father concerning the temperance question. Naturally the mother has a feeling of pride that her son is possessed of such stanch principles on so important a question as he expressed in his letter; and we are all proud of our young men of integrity, proud that they see the truth in regard to the evils of the liquor traffic, and are fearless in speaking, working, and voting for prohibition. The young man's letter follows:—

"DEAR FATHER: I received a letter from mother this morning, and in it she said that the hotel man had threatened to give Mr. — their trade because the other dealers cast the 'dry' vote. They may, or, as is probably the case, they may not. But be that as it may,

the great principle of whether temperance or intemperance shall be upheld cannot be thrown aside.

"Doubtless you believe that the saloon does not materially aid your trade. But if you did believe that the presence of a licensed saloon in Gagetown would mean a few more dollars to your credit, I know that that would not influence you in the least to cast your vote 'wet.' And I am glad that I have a father of principle, who will, perhaps, in the face of losing trade, have the moral courage to obey his conscience. And, furthermore, I know that the great God who guides the destinies of nations and of men is able to make up to you the few dollars that would otherwise come to you by voting as the proprietors of that hotel wished you to.

"I have more respect for the man who drinks, and is perhaps a confirmed drinker, than for the man,—no, he does not deserve the title of man,—the being, who, for the sake of the few paltry dollars that may find their way into his greedy clutches, will cast his vote for the side which is tolling the death knell of thousands of those who might have been honorable and upright citizens of this great country. This 'being' may never take a drink of liquor in his life, he may have no desire for it, but rather than protect the lives of young America and insure them the heritage of a noble career, he throttles all such noble motives, and with



"NOT THAT I LOVE CAESAR LESS, BUT RUM MORE"

After the Pennsylvania Legislature killed the temperance bill, the above cartoon with its significant caption appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger of April 22.

itching fingers reaches out for the price of his vote,—the almighty dollar. That is why I say he deserves less respect than the poor wretch who is kicked into the gutter. The man in the gutter may once have been entering the road to success, but because of an overwhelming appetite for this life-destroying agency, and a will perhaps too weak to refuse, he forfeited what he might have been, and descended to the lowest; and yet can any one dare to say that the man who never drinks but who casts his vote in favor of the saloon, is absolutely and purely free from the blood of the man in the gutter?

"It is absolutely useless for any one to try to argue that the licensed saloon does not do harm. Building contractors, superintendents of factories, and the heads of railroad corporations, all realize that the drinking man is the least efficient to carry responsibilities of any sort. But to say more of this is needless. Liquor is a menace, and everybody must acknowledge it.

"And this same 'being' who goes about under the name of 'man,' knowing that the saloon is a menace to every one, and especially to the ones who will be the citizens of tomorrow, knowing that he is helping to rob a home of a father, a son, or a brother,—this 'being' deliberately sells his manhood (as much so as the greatest drunkard) for a 'mess of pottage,' a handful of gold. It is all too true that the hearts of men, which should be true, and solicitous for their fellow men, are rapidly turning, not to stone, but to gold, and with the turning comes the deadening of noble motives. How long are the youth of this land to be menaced? When will men come to the realization that a human life is of far more worth than any colossal fortune? I should hate to think of standing in the day of judgment with the remembrance of that 'wet' vote that I once cast, and then to have to present myself before my Judge with my hands bloodstained from my fellow men whom I had licensed the saloon to destroy. And just such a day as that is coming, when not only the saloon proprietor and the brewer, but the voter who cast his ballot 'wet,' will be called to account for the bloodstains on his garments.

"The awfulness of this greed for gold! And then to think of the poor fellow who has learned to love the cursed poison! Licensed before his very eyes, the door of this hell is ever opened toward him, and as he dissolves dollar after dollar into the foaming glass, his dollars, with millions more, all go to form a gigantic cross upon which he, with thousands of others, are brutally crucified, crucified upon a cross of gold!

"I must close now; but I wish to thank you so much that you have proved your manhood, and have not descended to the depths where greed and gain are the gods before whom so many bend the knee.

"With love,
"CLAYTON."

Traveling in India

It is sometimes said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. We have found this to be very true since coming to India. At every turn we see people, costumes, objects of worship, customs, and conditions entirely different from anything in our homeland. I have thought that perhaps an account of some of these new, strange things might be both interesting and instructive to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

First, I shall tell you of a visit we made to our mission station at Nazareth, in the southern part of India. If you will look at the map of India, you will see that the extreme southern point is named Cape Comorin. On some of the maps will be seen just a little way to the northeast, only fifty miles, a place called Tinneveli Bridge. The word bridge is added to the word Tinneveli because of a very long, high, expensive concrete bridge which provides a great thoroughfare over a great marshy piece of ground near the town. Our Nazareth mission is near that town.

When we came to India, Professor Salisbury met us at the boat and took us to Trichinopoli, where Brother and Sister James are living, to spend the Sabbath. At the close of the Sabbath we took the train for Nazareth. Our party was made up of Professor Salisbury, Brother and Sister James, Miss Helen Hare, my husband's niece, my husband, and me. The passenger cars of the Indian railways are quite differ-

ent from the passenger cars in the United States. They are divided into what are called compartments. For the Europeans these compartments are made to accommodate only four or five persons. There are only two or three seats, and these are six or seven feet long. There is one along each side of the car, and in some cars there is one in the center. Over the two at the sides of the car are two frames used for beds. These correspond to the upper berths in the American Pullman sleepers. During the day these frames are folded up against the sides of the car. At night they are lowered by hinges and firmly suspended. On these, beds can be made by those occupying the compartment. The railway company provides the long seats and the frames, but does not provide bedding. So all travelers carry their bedding done up in neat waterproof rolls and securely strapped. As Brother James had taken the precaution to secure six seats for our party the day before starting, each one was sure of a place. Soon after entering our compartments our beds were made, the lights turned off, and we were comfortably settled for the night.

On reaching Tinneveli Bridge the next morning, two hundred miles south of Trichinopoli, we left the train to go farther inland to Nazareth. Before starting on this journey of twenty-four miles, it was necessary to have breakfast. Here again the railway company has thought of its passengers. In nearly every railway station in India rooms are provided for beds, baths, meals, reading, and writing. In the ordinary stations all these are free except a small fee, or tip, one is supposed to give the attendants. In large stations good bedrooms, with beds, mosquito nets, etc., are furnished for one rupee for a night or a day. Of course all passengers furnish their own soap, towels, and others necessities.

Owing to these excellent provisions in the railway station, people who do not care for the kind of restaurants to be found, carry what is called a tiffin. This is a basket or box of food. This custom of carrying food is so common that specially made tiffin baskets are manufactured for sale. Every passenger is at liberty to carry a tiffin in the compartment he occupies. The seats are made high so that the tiffin baskets and bundles of bedding can be placed under them.

On our journey to Nazareth we carried two tiffins. We also carried an oil stove and plenty of boiled water. With all these conveniences, we soon had our table spread with a very palatable breakfast. In addition to having food of our own kind, we had the pleasure that goes with the preparation and the eating in picnic fashion. I fear it would take too much space to give a full list of our menu.

While the women were washing the dishes and repacking the tiffins, the men were getting the caravan ready for our journey. You will wonder how six persons could make a caravan. Well, it seemed like one to me when we started, and I am sure it would have looked like one to you if you had been looking at us as we left the station.

We had to travel in bandies—bullock wagons or carts without springs. Bullocks have small bodies and short, spindling legs, and they trot along like goats. Indian bullocks seem to know Europeans at a glance, and are not at all kindly disposed toward them, although they are as quiet and docile as possible with the natives. The timid ones in their effort to get away from a single European coming toward them, will sometimes leave the road and nearly upset the cart they are



THE TINNEVELLI BRIDGE OF SOUTH INDIA. IT WAS BUILT IN 1857

drawing. Others will horn or kick, and Indian buffalo oxen and cows are really dangerous. They will charge a European furiously. My husband says that he and Professor Salisbury fear an untied bullock as much as most women do a mouse. It is supposed that it is the white face and European clothes that bullocks do not like.

The carts are small, the box being only long and wide enough for two persons to lie down in, while the covers are only high enough for one to sit on the bottom of the box. No seats of any kind are used. As there are only two wheels, the box rests on but one axle, which makes a proper balance quite necessary. If there is too much weight in front, it bears down too heavily on the necks of the bullocks. If there is too much weight back of the axle, it lifts the tongue of the cart and the yoke of the bullocks, and chokes them so that they cannot pull the load. So, all day long our driver kept shouting to us in a language we could not understand, and motioning for us to keep over the axle so as to keep the cart balanced. Riding on the axle of a cart without springs is not the most pleasant way of traveling, but it is the country way in India.

As there were six of us, we required three bandies. Then we had to take another along to carry our rolls of bedding and our tiffins and satchels. When all was packed, our four bandies set off in single file. Mr. Daniells and I soon found that there was just one comfortable way to ride in a bandy — flat on our backs. The drivers had put straw on the bottom of the box. Over this we spread our rugs for a bed. When we first lay down, we thought we had found the easiest way there could be to travel through the country, but before our twenty-four mile journey was ended, we wished we could sit upright on our seats. Still by turning and twisting, half sitting, sitting, and sometimes walking, we got along very well and greatly enjoyed the day.

On our way we passed through many villages, where we saw the people living in their primitive native style. I wish I could give you a picture of a native village, but this is not an easy task. In many places along the road we traveled through avenues of banyan trees. These trees are not so great and extended as those are which grow in the forests and parks. The banyan duplicates itself by dropping from an extended limb a shoot or vine down to the ground. This shoot grows slowly, a little each year. As it grows longer, it grows thicker. In time it touches the ground, and then it takes root and continues to grow until it becomes quite large, like the trunk of the tree. It supports the limb that sent it down. Then farther out the limb sends down another shoot to take root, grow, and support it. In this way the banyan tree, if not interfered with, reaches great dimensions. In the botanical gardens in Calcutta I saw a banyan tree that measured almost a thousand feet around the outermost trunks that had been formed by sending down these shoots from the limbs. The reason the banyan trees along the country roads do not multiply trunks, is because the goats keep eating the shoots the limbs send down, so that they do not reach the ground.

At midday the drivers stopped to feed the bullocks, and we took advantage of the stop, to change position and eat our lunch. The native boys and girls that swarmed around us were greatly interested in our way of eating. They had never seen knives and forks and spoons, and our use of them was as great a curiosity to them as is to Americans the first sight of the use of the chopsticks by the Chinese.

Lunch being over, we hastened on, for we were yet a long way from our mission station at Nazareth. About five o'clock in the afternoon two bright-faced boys in clean clothes and with their hair nicely adjusted, came running to meet us. Coming up to our bandy, they bowed politely and asked if this was "the Brother

Daniells." Assuring them that it was, we asked if they were from the mission school. We shook hands as the bullocks moved along. Then the boys fell back to meet our companions in the other bandies. Having saluted all of us, they ran ahead at a quick pace to tell others that we were coming.

In a short time we were met by a large company of teachers, students, and church members who had come to welcome us. They had brought a Hindu band that plays for festivals, weddings, funerals, and such occasions as this one.

We alighted from our bandies for handshaking and general meeting. This over, we started for the mission home, a mile or more away. The band led, playing their strange music most vigorously. The teachers and students followed next to the band. The church members and friends came next, and our four bandies followed in the rear for only a short time. The noise of the band and the length of our procession attracted the attention of the people of the village through which we passed while going to the station, and crowds came running to see what it all meant. Many fell in behind the bandies, increasing our caravan to great length.

Just as it was getting dark, we pulled up to the steps of our mission bungalow, where we were welcomed by more students, especially the girls.

On reaching the veranda of the bungalow, the superintendent of the mission, Brother E. D. Thomas, in a few well-chosen words gave us a formal greeting for the people. My husband replied briefly, and then all quickly dispersed for the evening meal before the public meeting which was to be held in the chapel. This ended a full twenty-four day from the time we left Trichinopoli. So much that was strange and interesting had occurred that the time passed very quickly and most pleasantly.

MRS. A. G. DANIELLS.

A Recent Dream

THERE was to be a great wedding, and I had been invited to act as bridesmaid. All my friends knew about it, and had seen the beautiful material I had for the wedding garment.

No one said anything to me about having the dress made, and I thought there was an abundance of time. The wedding day, however, arrived and found my garment not ready; but, incongruous as it may seem, I took the material along, thinking there would be so many people there that some of them would make it for me in a very short time.

The hour to dress came, and all seemed to be waiting for me. I hastened into the chamber where the bride was dressing, and showed her the parcel containing the pretty goods for my wedding garment. She admired it; but when I asked if it could not be

made now, she said that it was "too late." Perplexed and saddened, she began at once to plan something that I could wear. I then thought to send home for my Sabbath dress. It would do very well as it was of appropriate shade. I hastened into the yard, where great crowds of people were waiting, and asked for a volunteer to go on my errand. A young man offered to go. I told him where to find my dress, and urged him to make haste. Soon he returned with, as I supposed, only my Sabbath dress. I asked my husband to assist me in putting it on. Now, I thought, he will see that I am ready. Soon I was dressed.

But O, when I got to where I could see myself in a mirror, I found that I had on a dingy-looking brown dress—one that I had never seen before! With pleading I turned to the bride, but she said they could not wait longer. But I pleaded that she wait just a moment, for I knew I could get my Sabbath dress on quickly. I stood before the mirror, where I could see every piece adjusted, and was nearly ready when I awoke. Needless to say, it was some time before I could go to sleep again.

To me this dream had a deeply spiritual significance, I could but question thus: Is my wedding garment made yet? Am I hoping that others will make it for me? Am I trusting that my husband will get me ready? Is the heavenly Bridegroom about to say,

"We cannot wait longer"?

This dream made me more determined to be ready when the Saviour comes. How is it with you, dear reader?

MRS. A. W. TRUMAN.

The Narrow Way

My Saviour bids me follow
The straight and narrow way,
By which I may gain heaven,
And see him some sweet day.

The way down to destruction
Is very broad and light,
With foolish worldly pleasures
That lead to darkest night.

This path is always crowded
With those who downward go,
Who try to take me with them
In the only way they know.

And 'tis my blessed fortune,
By his love and grace divine,
To help some sad and lost one
To the home that I call mine.

CORINNE MOFFAT.

"A GERMAN boy was reading a novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: 'Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!' And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher."



THE MISSION TEACHERS, MR. AND MRS. E. D. THOMAS



Pluck

A LITTLE rill came tumbling down
Upon the jutting rocks,
And got the very hardest kind
Of bruises, bumps, and knocks.

But up it bravely leaped, and laughed,
And went upon its way—
Precisely as a boy should do
When he gets hurt at play!

—Mary Street Whitten, in *Little Folks*.

The Gift of Appreciation

HERE is one thing about Helen," says a writer in the *Christian Guardian*. "She has a genuine gift of appreciation. Whenever you speak of any one, she always seems to bubble over with some kindly appreciation of her. When some one remarked the other day that Miss — was not at all pretty, she broke out with, 'Yes, but some people don't need to be pretty; they're nice enough without.' It is always that way with her; she has seen the gleam of gold somewhere in some one that no one else ever detected or thought of looking for. Her older sister is a splendid musician, and her younger is quite a brilliant elocutionist, but I don't know but I'd rather have Helen's talent of appreciating people than to have the gifts of either of the others. I believe she gets more joy out of it, and perhaps gives more joy with it."

It is a talent toward the acquiring of which we can do a great deal by practice, even if we seem to be lacking in it by nature.—*The Girls' Companion*.

"Evening Up"

"WELL, yes, I do sometimes feel as if other girls had more than their share of good things, or rather as if I had not an equal share," admitted a girl somewhat hesitatingly to a companion who was in a complaining mood. "Of course, there are pretty dresses, delightful trips, and a great many things that I cannot have. But then," she added brightly, "when I come to evening up things, I don't feel quite the same. Don't you think that helps a good deal?"

"Evening up," repeated the other uncomprehendingly. "I don't understand."

"Oh, counting the good things I have that are especially my own,—things I have that the other girls haven't, I mean. I'd like to take painting and drawing lessons, as Cora does, but I can sing and she can't, and even though we haven't any fine piano, we all get around our old piano in the evenings and have lots of enjoyment out of our home concerts.

"That's another thing I have to be glad of, too: there are so many of us that we can always have good times among ourselves, and some of the girls I know are lonely at home. If we can't have so many journeys or new clothes at our house, it means a good deal to have a whole family glad with you when something nice does come. When one has anything, all the others are talking it over and admiring it just as happily as

if it had come to them. Things seem more worth while when there is somebody to plan for and work for besides yourself, and there are all the dear little home secrets and surprises. My mother—she's a whole gold mine in herself—says home is the biggest part of the world." The speaker's face had grown bright as she talked, and she ended with a laugh. "When I begin to even up, I get over feeling envious or discontented. We should all like some things we haven't, but the plums are not divided so unequally after all."

The habit of evening up is a wonderful help to contentment, and an appreciation of our blessings. Did you ever try putting certain things you covet in the scales against certain things you possess? Would you really want to be somebody else instead of yourself? Whatever our handicaps and limitations, they always have some accompanying compensations. Good and ill are seldom unmixed, and very few of us, if we stop to count them up, would be willing to sell our treasures—our hopes, our blessings, our ties—for those belonging to any one else. The Father, whose tender love is over all his children, has not divided life's good things so carelessly and unjustly as we sometimes think.—*The Comrade*.

The Dignity of Girlhood

WE are likely to associate the word dignity with men and women of maturity, people who have achieved something, who stand a little above the rank and file. But dignity should characterize girlhood as well as maturity and old age. A girl's dignity is not just like that of some statesman or artist. It is a girl's dignity, simple and sweet and unassuming.

There are some girls who are afraid that dignity will interfere with their popularity. They will submit to the most casual treatment, mistakenly imagining that they will be better liked. The girl who allows her boy acquaintances to call her by some nickname, to address her in cavalier fashion, to disregard in her presence the little courtesies which custom demands of his sex toward hers, is sacrificing in vain. She is losing what is her right, and gaining nothing in return.

There are few things the modern girl needs to cultivate so much as dignity. This does not mean a stiff, pompous, keep-at-your-distance manner, but the quiet, unassuming atmosphere of self-respect that compels the respect of others. It is not only a safeguard to the girl who possesses it, but it is a promise of happiness.—*The Girls' Companion*.

The Blurred "M"

CLARISSA UPTON laid several pages of typewriting on Mr. Wingate's desk.

"I think," she cried, "that half the trouble is that people are not trained in intelligent giving!"

"Your machine needs cleaning, Miss Upton; that 'm' is badly blurred," Mr. Wingate answered. "Yes, you are right about the giving, although few of us understand the importance of the matter yet. Have you read Russell's 'Science of Right Living'?"

"I didn't know of it; I'll get it at the library as I go home," Clarissa replied.

She went back to her desk with her eyes alight. She thrilled with the zeal of a reformer. No one else in the office cared to read and study over the problems the association faced daily; no one else tried to relate them to the great surging tide of life. The assistant secretaries never seemed to have a thought beyond

particular "cases." Clarissa had visions of herself as Mr. Wingate's chief assistant, working out wonderful new methods. Perhaps she would even be asked to speak at conferences some day. With a sigh she put aside her dreams and turned back to her typewriter. She read her copy with absent eyes that never saw the blurred letters here and there.

"Miss Upton, did you look up those addresses for me?"

Clarissa sprang to her feet. "I—I forgot," she said. "It will take me only a moment, Miss Hammond."

Clarissa did not like Miss Hammond, who seemed to her one of those persons who could see nothing beyond the problem of the moment; but she was ashamed to have forgotten. She ran to the files and copied the addresses. One she copied incorrectly; Miss Hammond told her so the next day. Clarissa frowned; it was silly to make such a fuss over an address!

Five weeks later Clarissa learned that Miss Hammond had been called to a secretaryship in another town. Clarissa waited breathlessly: surely this was her opportunity; Mr. Wingate *must* see. When he called her to his office, her heart beat high with excitement. Mr. Wingate looked at her keenly.

"Miss Upton," he said, "Miss Hammond is to leave us, you know. In appointing Miss Marshall as her successor, I felt that it would be only fair to explain to you why I did so." He picked up a sheet of type-writing from his desk and pointed to the blurred letters. "That is the reason. Your letter 'm' typifies it. No one is ready for promotion who does not do honestly and accurately the task that is assigned him. I appreciate your interest in the work and your outside study, but that cannot take the place of faithfulness and accuracy. Next time, Miss Upton, I'm sure that your 'm' will not testify against you."—*Youth's Companion*.



True Pleasure

WORK, to smooth down the rough places, to make the world better, is life's aim. Diversion is a secondary thing. Play in order to work harder and more efficiently. Seek amusement only as a means of rest, to gather strength to fulfill life's calling. Society has reversed the order. Men toil in order to keep up with the fashion. Women stint themselves in food and books to keep in touch with the fashionable ones. "What fools we mortals be!" We are striving to make pleasure the supreme good. In this there is danger. The senses should be servants of the intellect and of sentiment. Do not change the order, for in so doing you will shipwreck man's moral nature. Laugh, but not live to laugh. Play, but not live to play. Laugh and play in order to attain the highest success.

Jesus Christ is the only source of true and eternal joy. The highest joy is the joy of the Lord. He is the pearl of great price. He is the one altogether lovely. And to possess him one should gladly surrender all he has. Solomon uttered

many dolorous sayings: "All was vanity and vexation of spirit;" "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Thus he spoke while communing with his own heart, while following his own wisdom, and doubtless pestered to death by his seven hundred wives. But after he was converted, and while leaning on the strong arm of the Lord, he said, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." There is no such rest as that which the heart finds in Jesus, and no such peace as that which the mind possesses while stayed on him. Alas! the unsaved cannot, with eyes blinded by the thick veil of the flesh, see the brightness which the gospel everywhere sheds abroad. In order to see in this light he must escape from the murky atmosphere in which he is enveloped.—*Selected*.

"If You Can't Smile —"

In the vestibule of a certain hospital, visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile, don't go in."

"If you can't smile, don't go in." It is good advice for other than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of a kind smile? It is a tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid; and it cheers the aged who find life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth, is built in large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

Smiles are as indispensable to true success in life as money, mind, and might. As long as a man can smile, he is not beaten. Not in hospitals only, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God, and then turn the eyes to light; for the smile that helps is the smile of heavenly kindled joy and hope.—*East and West*.

Borrowed Sunshine

"You don't get much sunshine in here, do you?" said a gentle old lady as we entered the elevator at the back of the big department store.

"Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," answered the elevator man, with instinctive courtesy. "Some folks carry enough sunshine 'round with 'em to light others up a bit."

How many people, I thought, as I stepped out a moment later, are dependent on others for all the sunshine they get in their lives, and how few of us carry enough extra sunshine around with us to lighten even one dark corner! For all the cheer the passing stranger gets from us we might as well cover our faces with thick crape veils.

Let us smile and look happy as we go about the streets and into the stores on errands. Maybe we're intrusted with the only rays of sunshine that some people will see all day long.

Let us smile and look happy as we go about our work, too, in school or office or home. Work thrives best in the sunshine, just as plants do, and maybe our smiles will make our fellow workers happier in their tasks; and certainly our own will go better.—*The Social Circle*.



Evening on the Bay

'Tis April and the close of day;
The sun sinks dimly o'er the bay;
The sea birds call
While shadows fall;
The lighthouse sheds its warning ray.

The sea fog drifts, a line of white;
The hills loom blue while fades the light;
Above the strand
The pine trees stand,
Lone watchers on the rocky height.

And now the light has fled away,
Save for the stars and beacon ray,—
The stars on high,
The beacon nigh,—
Till morn shall watch the tranquil bay.

J. F. SANTEE.

May Birds

DURING the month of May there seems to be a new song every morning, and a new bird to sing it for every day of the calendar's thirty-one days.

Perhaps we have been busy all day, and "the shades of night are falling fast" before we can get out of doors. But what is more soothing to the weary head than the cool of a May evening? Out of the mists that cloak the woods come the whippoorwill's plaintive cry. This is one of those birds, like the pewee and the phoebe and the chickadee, which tell their names when they speak. Everybody knows that the whippoorwill sleeps by day, and ranges the still forests by night.

The whippoorwill has a most peculiar mouth—broad and deep, extending from ear to ear, with a narrow rim, prolonged into a small, weak point, by way of a bill. A fringe of bristling hair around this cavernous mouth helps to make more sure the capture of too active insects. With this mouth agape, the whippoorwill dashes through the swarms of midges and mosquitoes, literally taking them in by hundreds. After a day's nap, the bird is hungry, and keeps at its business with vigor until satisfied. The long wings and tail make it sure of aim and tireless in flight. Like the owl, it moves through the air without a sound.

The whippoorwill lies flat upon a branch, asleep, in the daytime. It has no need to fear detection, for its brownish plumage is so barred and streaked as to blend with the bark upon which it rests. Here is one of the most wonderful examples of protective coloration, for the bird seems instinctively to pick out the right limb to match his feathers.

Some birds wear their names in the color of their plumage. One of these is the indigo bird, or indigo bunting. He looks like a canary that had been in the dark-blue dye pot, and had his head dipped a second time to make it still darker than the rest of him. Beside him the blue sky looks pale indeed, and the blue-bird wears a sadly faded coat. The intense blue reflects green lights at times, and toward autumn the under parts have brownish tones. The song of the indigo bird suggests that of a pet canary—"Chritty-chrit-ty-chrit, chrit, chrit, chree." He sings two or three times through without stopping, and from the top limb of a tree. His brown, sparrow-like mate sits on her loose, grassy nest, in the low shrubs not far away.

"Cheep! cheep!" they both cry in terror if you come near. Though they have dared to nest close to your house, they never trust you as a friend.

That dark-blue spot on the roadside is an indigo, feeding on the ground like a sparrow. Weeds and grasses furnish him all the seeds his little beak can crack. He is a finch, and has the strong, short, conical beak of his family. Cankerworms and other insect larvæ belong, also, to his menu. Beetles and grasshoppers, too, are liked.

The Red-Breasted Grosbeak

The red-breasted grosbeak is a finch, with the conical beak that marks this family. Because the beak is heavy and large for so small a bird, it is called a grosbeak. Beetles, grasshoppers, wasps, go with its diet of seeds of grasses. It is especially fond of potato bugs.

The female is olive brown, and streaked like a sparrow, and is very inconspicuous on her nest in the bushes. The male takes his turn at sitting upon the eggs and in feeding the young—a model husband and father.

Some moonlight evening you may hear a soft, rolling melody, and wonder at it. The musician is probably the male bird that you saw sitting on the limb and rapidly vibrating his wings as he poured out a delicious song, "cheerful, melodious, exhilarating." There are only a few of our birds that are night singers.

Considerably under the size of a robin, this grosbeak will always be conspicuous by the contrast of his black-and-white plumage, and the red shield he wears on his breast. The milliners are his worst enemies. I wonder what woman, if she heard him sing, could ever wear his poor little stuffed skin on a hat.

MARY E. BARRETT.

The Flower

In their soft green bodices,
On the wild no longer dim,
All the buds on all the trees
Hark to Him.

Timid speedwell ventures up
At his reassuring word;
And the scrambling buttercup
Must have heard.

He has smiled upon the hills;
Meadow with his breath is rife;
Every little violet thrills
With his life.

He himself, the Infinite,
Was a Flower in Mary's room,
Once, before the awful blight,
And the tomb.

Up the dark of centuries through,
Through a soil of doubt and fear,
Ever perfect, ever new,
He is here—

Risen in the town and mart,
Risen in a carol's power,
Risen in the human heart,
Christ, the Flower.

—Agnes Lee, in *Youth's Companion*.

SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE, the British ambassador, has inaugurated a prohibition rule in his embassy, according to reports from Washington. Since the ambassador is a personal representative of his sovereign, Sir Cecil has deemed it his duty to follow the example of total abstinence set by King George, and no British guest at the embassy will be offered any alcoholic beverages.



Dick, the Pet Crow

CLARENCE BUZZELL

WHEN Dick was found, he resembled anything but a crow. He, with his brother, lay in the center of their rude nest, high up in an oak, never moving except to thrust an enormous bill into the air above a tiny, naked body.

Carefully the two babies were taken from their home and lowered into waiting hands by means of a basket and a rope. With this treasure under my arms, I started home happy. I stopped every friend I met and exhibited my young crows. Only sarcastic remarks and exclamations to the effect that I would never be able to raise "those things" greeted me; but I determined to raise "those things." By diligent stuffing of hungry beaks with bread, milk, and worms they grew rapidly.

It seemed but a few days before their feathers were long and glossy; they were then able to get about and pick up their own worms as I dug them. While doing this, I learned that Dick's brother was a hopeless paralytic on one side. Dick, however, rose to the emergency, and helped the other find his worms. He was also a gallant and valiant bird. The chickens had no use for the poor black crows, and would seek every opportunity to pick a quarrel. Dick did not wish to fight, and would always avoid a combat when he was personally concerned, by soaring off on his strong pinions. But it was a different story if his companion was attacked. With angry cries, he would pounce upon the combatant and turn the wrath upon himself, if not succeeding in driving off the assailant.

Dick was a true hunter. In fact, that is all he ever seemed to be doing. If a coat were left on a post, he would not be satisfied until he had searched every pocket. In this manner he secured much spare change, though I never knew him to spend any of it.

He was continually up to some mischief or prank. If the kittens were playing under the lumber pile, he would slyly wait until the tip of a tail was exposed, when he would give it a strong pull with his heavy beak. Before the kitten could turn about, he would be up out of harm's way.

How to keep him out of the kitchen was a problem. He had "outlawed" himself at an early date. While mother was absent for a few minutes, he had entered the kitchen and killed her canary. It was only by accident that we learned how to keep him out. One day while idling about the back porch, I had an imitation snake in my hand. When the crow spied it, he set up a dreadful fuss, seeming to be very angry. From that

day Dick was kept at a safe distance by merely placing the snake on the porch.

Dick seemed to enjoy catching mice. Whenever I went to the corn field for fodder, he followed, taking a convenient place on the wagon while I removed the shocks. He would watch intently, then suddenly swoop down, seize a mouse, and fly off.

Whenever I started for town, Dick was sure to follow, sometimes flying along through the trees, but more often sitting on the horse's back, where he made a comical figure as he struggled to keep his balance.

Dick's life was a short one, but full of interest. He died of injuries received by flying into a telegraph wire.

Dick's brother cast his lot with the chickens, which were by this time reconciled to his presence.

How One Victory Was Gained

"I DON'T care, so there!" The gray eyes flashed. "I don't care a single bit," she repeated, stamping her foot. By this time tears were rolling down the freckled cheeks and dropping one after the other off the end of her diminutive nose. The child certainly looked a picture of abject misery as she flung herself into a chair, and burst into a flood of tears.

"That will do," mother said in a way that spoke volumes. "There is no use of giving way to anger like that. It isn't good for your health; and it certainly doesn't please the Saviour," she continued in the same calm, even tone.

The child lifted her head a little and met her mother's eyes. "Yes, but — Yes, but I don't care. They don't like me at all. Not a single one of them cares anything about me. They'll all do just as Lucy wants them to, and they play with her all the time. And they all call me 'Fatty,' and 'Pug,' and —" The recital of her grievances was too much, the tears flowed afresh, and sobs shook the little body. "It isn't that I'm not 'fat' or 'pug-nosed,' because I know I am; but they don't have to call me names, so there!"

"Hush! That will do." This time mother spoke a little more sternly. She could scarcely keep from laughing as she looked at the chubby figure. The child was indeed "pug-nosed." Hadn't she and father spoken about that between themselves times without number? And wasn't she "fat"? Mother herself had often laughingly remarked that she was almost as broad as she was tall. "But," mother's jaws set firmly, "the child must not be allowed to give way to temper," she said to herself.

By this time the storm had somewhat abated. "Now, dear," she began, "if you can control yourself a little, we'll talk it all over and see what can be done. You know, don't you, that mother is sorry when you feel so bad? But you know mother cannot allow her little girl to get so angry. When you say you don't care, that means that you do care very much. You will never grow to be a good woman or a good school-teacher if you give way to your feelings like that."

She had struck the right chord. Jean looked up half in astonishment and half in fear. The idea! Wasn't she going to be a school-teacher and teach all the little boys and girls the shortest way to do arithmetic? and wasn't she going to teach them that business is b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s and not b-u-s-y-n-e-s-s? And now, what was all this? Just because she didn't like to be called names, and just because she didn't want that tall girl, Lucy, to have all the friends,—just because of this she couldn't be a good school-teacher. It must be true because mother had said so. It was to her a new thought. By this time she was perfectly willing and really anxious to hear what mother had to say.

Jean was ten years old, with a high forehead, and an abundance of brown hair that hung down her back in two long braids, much to the delight of mischievous boys who liked to pull those braids and make her angry. She was one of the brightest pupils in school, and of course that caused more or less envy and jealousy. On account of her hair she was called "Ching Lee" by the boys. On other occasions she was dubbed "Fatty," "Dutch," or "Pug."

"Did you ever stop to think —" mother broke the silence at last, and the little girl was glad. It had become rather uncomfortable sitting there with everything so quiet, and having mother look at her like that. "Did you ever stop to think that perhaps you never gave them cause to like you? You are so very easily teased! Suppose you try a new plan for a few days and see how it will work. Every time some one says an unkind thing to you, don't speak angrily, but say something kind in return. If the children call you names, that doesn't matter, because father and I know what your name is, and their just saying something won't make it true. Just laugh good-naturedly and let it pass. When they find they can't tease you, they won't do it any more."

The little girl's eyes were bright. She drew in a long, deep breath. If it was going to make any difference about — She drew her lips together tightly. The idea that she, who had taught her twenty-four dollies ever since they could sit up in a row,—the idea that she couldn't be a successful school-teacher if she tried! What did a few names matter anyway, to her?

"Of course I'll try," she ventured finally, "and I'll show 'em that I don't mind it one bit, but think it's fun." She laughed outright. "Won't it be fun when Howard pulls my hair again to just say, 'Come on and play horse. I'll be it clear down to the corner.'"

It was not so easy to do as it might have seemed, but the little girl kept bravely on. "I'll make them like me," she kept repeating grimly to herself. "I'll make

them like me, and when I grow up I'll be the nicest school-teacher they ever saw."

Several weeks afterwards a happy little girl reporting the day at school, said: "And, mother, do you know, I have the most friends now, and we have the best of times. Howard doesn't ever pull my hair any more; Paul doesn't put sticks down my neck; and Earl doesn't call me names. Earl says I'm 'most as good as a boy, and Lucy and I are chums, and —" But here she remembered her little family, "Mother, those children haven't had their lesson yet, and I've got to teach Susan how to spell 'cat.'"

UNA M. GARTON.

Biblical Word Paintings

THE first scene is that of a great city in ruins — despoiled by an army. The walls have fallen flat, and the inhabitants, except one family have been destroyed. Dead bodies are everywhere. It is a dreadful picture.

As we gaze, we notice a soldier entering one of the houses. He soon comes out with a bundle under his arm; he has taken of the spoil for his own use.

The scene changes. We see an army trying to take a city and failing to do so. The soldiers are chased by the enemy. They flee to their camp and murmur at their commander.

Again we see the soldiers with their households standing before their commander in chief. He has separated them into tribes, then into families, and finally he selects one man and accuses him of having prevented the capture of the second city.

Another scene, and we are looking into a desolate valley. A dead man lies on the ground, by his side

is a beautiful garment and a golden wedge, while great stones lie upon his chest, legs, and arms, and all about him. The vultures of the air are circling over his head. Even in death we recognize him as the soldier who entered the deserted house and departed with something under his arm.

The last scene is a heap of stones in the valley. What was the name of the first city we saw? Who was the commander of the army? What did the soldier do that was wrong? What was his name? Why was not the second city taken? What is the name of the valley? What was the fate of the soldier who took something from the house? Why?

ELIZA H. MORTON.

A NEW style garage has been erected by a man of Chicago. The building is placed on a turntable, and as it has a door in each end, the machine may leave the building without being backed out. The turntable is equipped with one hundred ball bearings.

A MACHINE for sharpening knives has been invented for use in the home. The machine screws to the kitchen table. The blade of a knife placed in the slot for that purpose, is sharpened with a few turns of the handle of the sharpener.



"I HAVE FOUND THE ANSWER"

The Early Bluebird

BLUEBIRD! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkness cloud?
Lo! the snowflakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry;
Hast thou wooed some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock thy tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it spring for thee.

—L. H. Sigourney (1791 to 1865).

1. Chapters 1 to 3, history.
2. Chapters 4 to 31, discussion between Job and his friends.
3. Chapters 32 to 37, discussion with Elihu.
4. Chapters 38 to 41, God speaks.
5. Chapter 42, conclusion.

The leading characters are the Lord himself, Job, Job's wife, Satan, Eliphaz, Zophar, Bildad, and Elihu.

Argument.—In the question asked by Satan, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" the great question to be considered is stated; namely, "Can goodness exist irrespective of reward?" Satan received permission to test Job on this point; and the patriarch, in his deep affliction, smitten with a grievous disease, and advised even by his wife to curse God and die, retained his allegiance to Jehovah. Amos R. Wells says: "The poem itself is a noble discussion of the reasons for suffering. In speeches regularly recurring, each answered in turn by Job, the three friends of the patriarch urge that the cause of all suffering is sin. Elihu argues that all suffering is certainly for the good of the sufferer, and at length God himself speaks, and Job becomes submissive and repentant."

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN

C. L. BENSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary

Assistant Secretary

N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, June 12

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of bands and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "Baptism." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Rom. 6: 3-6.
5. Talk: "Our Work in Syria and Palestine." See "Notes on the Mission Studies;" and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 53, 55, 57.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending June 12

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of bands and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "Possibilities Before the Christian After Baptism." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Mark 16: 16.
5. Mission Talk: "Our Work in Syria and Palestine." See "Notes on the Mission Studies;" and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 53, 55, 57.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 35: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

Review of Pages 429-606

NOTE.—With this review we complete our Junior Course No. 7. Send your answers to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. The book may be used. Be sure to join the reading circle again next fall, and bring some one with you.

1. Describe the visits of the angels and wise men, and tell the effect of each.
2. Briefly sketch the life of Jesus from the departure of the wise men to his baptism.
3. Name four kinds of miracles performed by Christ, and tell the influence of each.
4. What example has Jesus left us in regard to keeping the Sabbath? What example did the apostles leave us in regard to Sabbath observance?
5. Name five parables and tell the special truth the Lord aimed to impress in each.
6. Name the different classes of people with whom Christ associated and for whom he labored.
7. Sketch the life of Jesus from his baptism to his crucifixion.
8. Sketch the life of Christ from his burial to his ascension.
9. Which apostle are you most interested in, and why? Name all the great things the Lord accomplished through your favorite apostle.
10. Describe the New Jerusalem. Contrast the class left outside the city with those who enter.



A BIBLE YEAR

Twenty-Third Week

June 6. Job 16 to 18: Job appeals to God; Bildad reproves Job.

June 7. Job 19 to 22: Job affirms his faith in the resurrection.

June 8. Job 23 to 26: Job's confidence in God's mercy.

June 9. Job 27 to 31: Job's defense.

June 10. Job 32 to 37: Elihu's argument.

June 11. Job 37 to 41: God speaks to Job from the whirlwind.

June 12. Job 42: Job's repentance and acceptance. Briefly review the book of Job, and make a list of a few of the great truths it contains.

The Book of Job

"The book of Job is not only one of the most remarkable in the Bible, but in literature. As was said of Goliath's sword, 'There is none like it;' none in ancient or in modern literature."—*Killo*.

"There is abundant internal evidence that the scenes and events recorded were real scenes and events to the writer. He gives the discussions either as he had heard them, or as they had been repeated over and over in many an ancient consensus. The very modes of transmission show the deep impression it had made in all the East as a veritable as well as marvelous event."—*Taylor Lewis*.

Object.—Every book that endures must have a purpose; its foundations must be laid in some great truth that is vital to humanity. A study of the book of Job shows it to be a discussion of a great problem—"What is the intention of divine providence in allowing the good to suffer?" Its object is to show that, "although goodness has a natural tendency to secure a full measure of temporal happiness, yet in its essence it is independent of such a result. Selfishness in some form is declared to be the basis on which all apparent goodness rests. That question is tried in the case of Job."

Arrangement.—The book of Job falls naturally into five parts:—

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work in the North American Division Conference for Quarter Ending December 31, 1914

CONFERENCES	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings Cottage Mt'gs	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent or Given Away	Books Sold	Books Lent or Given Away	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent or Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Clothing and Meals Given	Bouquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledge	Offerings for Foreign Miss'ns	Offerings for Home Missions	Conversions	
ATLANTIC UNION																								
E. New York	9	112	7	32	27	67	16	7	704	1333	10	34	257	301	246	53	9	10	1	\$	304.69	\$	9.25	11
Greater New York	8	235	..	268	117	1111	301	42	2659	9588	171	96	416	1804	430	396	8	..	32	1	90.89	2.00	6	
Maine	6	91	12	139	26	308	45	..	419	1076	1	62	2	1421	69	34	4	89	9	..	225.39	53.84	5	
Massachusetts	11	218	6	1022	432	465	120	22	3847	3779	468	202	418	6845	708	132	56	88	23	27	244.95	149.88	20	
N. New England	5	125	..	46	27	82	16	50	491	1508	14	37	22	1461	100	71	1	10	10	..	238.22	25.41	22	
S. New England	8	86	5	31	15	76	24	1	270	255	66	12	..	415	104	46	9	..	4	..	78.53	
W. New York	5	59	..	101	41	214	79	9	984	2346	38	55	70	702	191	80	12	..	369.43	99.61	8	
CENTRAL UNION																								
Colorado	19	385	7	284	144	966	278	35	1152	5975	31	245	82	6852	1509	566	86	334	49	1	306.30	10.79	64	
Kansas	8	267	..	212	76	44	63	90	78	2939	52	42	5	1812	301	78	26.16	25.31	..	
Missouri	15	270	6	178	70	196	95	4	692	3446	186	89	162	3034	306	363	5	105	36	..	70.62	53.98	32	
Nebraska	12	420	..	254	105	369	120	19	786	6601	47	57	4	17336	474	243	59	300	11	..	566.58	70.14	25	
W. Colorado	
Wyoming	
COLUMBIA UNION																								
Chesapeake	8	181	..	132	35	316	63	24	662	2123	75	94	73	1288	530	368	24	15	18	13	169.99	16.10	3	
District of Columbia	4	278	..	720	84	558	573	32	6666	9045	122	64	92	2443	433	741	29	50	47	1	409.89	38.75	11	
E. Pennsylvania	12	173	8	143	56	600	42	106	1572	6737	66	68	113	2369	214	226	19	610	17	..	222.70	63.24	17	
New Jersey	3	41	..	17	11	93	31	11	891	3152	14	30	154	4631	176	89	27.33	
Ohio	16	206	..	349	95	379	173	82	1428	4087	367	308	189	2268	537	420	25	59	43	57	686.59	37.30	29	
Virginia	5	97	..	106	68	531	183	3	4225	581	487	44	2575	5579	367	234	2	151.73	28.65	..	
W. Pennsylvania	3	27	3	58	50	101	17	20	62	255	47	374	434	311	95	56	22	2	1	..	93.09	11.60	4	
West Virginia	2	25	..	32	8	45	1	5	61	359	3	21	1	463	43	12	1	10	5	
LAKE UNION																								
E. Michigan	30	441	5	229	82	299	90	21	4600	5627	69	151	196	2305	871	688	38	286	32	9	505.82	56.37	10	
Indiana	30	300	..	228	74	416	97	32	575	1991	154	245	251	4526	449	298	19	188	71	38	148.08	..	30	
N. Illinois	36	652	10	1182	593	9517	1201	268	8032	15300	693	473	1655	20559	9743	1985	120	890	1076	56	774.46	345.93	19	
N. Michigan	13	157	..	98	88	222	181	20	215	577	97	49	198	1759	76	90	32.46	9.56	3	
S. Illinois	9	121	8	117	60	284	58	6	195	2864	1068	104	21	1022	140	124	32	9	24	..	266.70	10.47	4	
W. Michigan	29	608	4	266	160	1131	87	16	638	7997	216	210	75	3729	1280	507	143	123	11	66	511.15	146.60	10	
Wisconsin	18	213	5	126	92	206	90	13	3045	297	159	54	67	891	864	271	56	404	45	3	675.51	21.58	24	
NORTHERN UNION																								
Iowa	21	334	5	190	111	555	175	29	1127	3822	335	116	417	2248	516	527	34	62	40	1	645.02	99.36	61	
Minnesota	24	485	74	562	212	351	61	51	3395	6803	556	187	285	4284	930	475	41	104	46	8	260.74	114.25	18	
North Dakota	6	99	4	161	53	113	65	..	205	370	135	8	255	473	33	44	1	1	1	..	953.75	
South Dakota	18	240	..	278	60	96	21	11	27	1012	54	31	..	1264	177	227	3	..	98.25	40.35	..	
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																								
Montana	
S. Idaho	6	107	..	36	20	55	64	46	412	2400	5	20	67	2116	63	15	8.25	2	
S. Oregon	7	151	20	232	98	391	70	7	569	4234	229	154	2	6185	368	326	17	..	21	40	341.20	34.74	14	
Upper Columbia	14	379	5	218	37	141	12	3	770	4660	51	91	33	4209	346	221	6	43	2	1	303.75	71.72	51	
W. Oregon	13	349	3	276	71	230	82	13	740	5475	348	131	4	1726	509	224	13	230	37	15	182.98	29.60	31	
W. Washington	12	197	..	207	95	766	266	20	740	3893	208	107	55	1886	269	282	1	..	163.77	20.85	5	
PACIFIC UNION																								
Arizona	
California	29	951	..	703	161	995	233	62	1271	9698	320	204	511	21772	1610	1476	427	1097	272	35	197.14	65.16	26	
Can. California	17	481	5	100	34	40	233	17	1523	7899	194	2018	5887	7874	785	145	7	172.01	57.71	23	
Nevada Mission	4	52	8	152	78	228	81	15	254	1677	80	106	50	748	214	264	61.40	..	3	
N. California	22	394	4	185	40	334	49	32	783	4786	133	87	28	7476	301	233	250	57	11	..	208.01	6.75	21	
S. California	16	342	..	343	16	654	155	49	413	12463	34	213	328	21159	462	424	36	133	233	10	151.57	27.93	..	
Utah	3	40	..	186	80	1696	131	37	585	2403	287	71	236	2124	782	347	11	3	399	22	81.82	128.56	2	
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																								
Cumberland	7	222	1	204	70	243	176	138	1331	2494	395	73	105	149	207	78	506.75	8.45	2	
Florida	12	190	..	136	68	449	163	42	532	2754	84	114	671	4188	336	215	47	4	19	..	28.12	15.51	5	
Georgia	11	214	..	335	178	1233	497	59	2138	2721	407	210	208	1777	568	456	40	10	30	1	92.05	73.85	6	
North Carolina	8	184	..	194	133	751	267	68	217	1470	107	76	..	772	753	560	25	71	50	2	62.96	39.84	7	
South Carolina	4	97	..	44	31	111	45	93	134	305	2	28	..	364	381	79	
SOUTHERN UNION																								
Alabama	10	123	..	326	5	1320	330	139	935	956	109	121	119	5150	489	271	24	9.69	27.68	11	
Kentucky	2	13	3	8	5	9	93	175	89	14	8	300	20	13	600	8	
Louisiana	6	83	3	78	50	181	101	19	514	1207	213	106	..	525	233	179	..	2	16	..	6.00	1.55	5	
Mississippi	
Tennessee River	4	80	..	86	26	112	197	6	292	586	5	28	..	599	94	63	10	14	25	
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																								
Arkansas	9	173	8	156	37	337	74	12	159	1734	56	78	220	892	535	386	11	6	43	..	135.58	7.62	18	
New Mexico	3	36	1	72	36	119	18	18	..	1788	6	44	8	509	46	31	34.70	21.00	4	
N. Texas	7	99	..	110	32	111	48	10	120	1871	25	57	1	1696	329	108	22	22.04	1.85	..	
Oklahoma	14	221	2	107	53	126	73	34	696	2664	26	163	32	1010	200	149	22	11	8	49	55.22	20.92	11	
S. Texas	8	92	9	152	103	269	199	17	290	1380	31	28	3											



XI — Come Unto Me

(June 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 11: 16-30.

MEMORY VERSE: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Questions

1. To what did Jesus liken the people of his generation? Matt. 11: 16, 17.
2. How were they like contrary children who would not be pleased with anything that was done? Verses 18, 19. Note 1.
3. What did Jesus then begin to do? For what reason did he upbraid them? Verse 20.
4. What did he say to Chorazin and Bethsaida? Verse 21.
5. How will the people of these cities stand in the day of judgment? Verse 22.
6. What did Jesus say of Capernaum with its great privileges? Verses 23, 24.
7. From whom did Jesus say the things of God are hidden? To whom are they revealed? Verse 25. Note 2.
8. What is said of those who would know God the Father, and yet who refuse to listen to Jesus his Son? Verse 27; John 14: 6, last part.
9. How many does Jesus invite to come to him? Matt. 11: 28, first part.
10. What does he promise to every one who accepts his invitation? Verse 28, last part.
11. What first must be done in order to find his rest? Verse 29, first part.
12. What must next be done? Verse 29, second clause. What must they learn of Jesus? Verse 29, third clause.
13. What will those who submit to his yoke, or will, and learn his meekness and lowliness surely find? Verse 29, last clause. Note 3.
14. Compared with Satan's yoke, what sort of yoke will they find Christ's yoke to be? Verse 30.

Notes

1. "There is allusion here to the habits of children, who in the East, as elsewhere, imitate in sport what they see performed in sober earnest by adults. The public processions and rejoicings on Oriental wedding occasions, and the great lamentations at funerals, make such an impression on the young mind that children introduce imitations of them in their plays. Some of them play on imaginary pipes, while others dance, as at weddings. Again, some of them set up an imitation of a mournful wail, to which others respond in doleful lamentations as at funerals. Then at times there will be found some stubborn little ones, of perverse spirit, who will not consent to take part in any play that may be proposed. They will not dance while the others pipe, neither will they lament when others mourn. They are determined not to be pleased in any way; they will play neither wedding nor funeral. Thus it was that the people would receive neither Jesus nor John; but, like perverse children, they refuse to be satisfied with any proposition made to them."—*Bible Manners and Customs*, pages 348, 349.

2. God does not refuse spiritual things to the so-called wise and prudent; but they think themselves so wise that they will not listen to him, and they close their ears and eyes to his Word. It is only to the humble and to those who consider themselves babes in understanding that the Lord can impart his light and knowledge.

3. We may receive the "rest" promised by taking his easy yoke in place of Satan's galling yoke, by entering into his service instead of Satan's service. The yoke is a symbol of service. His yoke therefore is his law of love: "The yoke of service Christ himself has borne in humanity. He said, 'I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.'" See "The Desire of Ages," page 329.

XI — Come Unto Me

(June 12)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. "A friend of publicans and sinners." Questions 1-4.

Mon. "Because they repented not." Questions 5-7.

Tues. "In the day of judgment." Questions 8, 9.

Wed. Knowing the Father. Questions 10-13.

Thurs. "Come unto me." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 328-332. Questions 14-18.

Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 11: 16-30.

Questions

1. To what did Jesus liken the generation that heard his teaching? Matt. 11: 16.
2. What are these children represented as saying? Verse 17.
3. What was the basis for this parable? Verses 18, 19.
4. What general principle does Jesus state? Verse 19, last part. Note 1.
5. What did Jesus now begin to do? Why? Verse 20.
6. How did he upbraid Chorazin and Bethsaida? Verse 21.
7. How will they compare with Tyre and Sidon in the judgment? Verse 22.
8. How did he upbraid Capernaum? Verse 23.
9. How will that city compare with Sodom in the judgment? Verse 24.
10. For what did Jesus now thank the Father? Verse 25. Note 2.
11. How did he show his accord with the Father? Verse 26.
12. How does he describe his relation with the Father? Verse 27.
13. How may we know the Father? Verse 27, last part.
14. What gracious invitation does Jesus give to those who labor and are heavy-laden? Verse 28.
15. What does he promise to all such? Same verse.
16. What further does he bid us do? Why? Verse 29.
17. What promise is repeated? Verse 29, last part.
18. Why can we find rest in this way? Verse 30.

Notes

1. As on other occasions, Jesus here gives the principle of testing a man's practices. "By their fruits ye shall know them." It is not necessary for one to live and do exactly as others about him do, nor even as others may think he ought to do. One may have certain ways of eating or dressing or working which are an advantage to him, while his neighbor may have very different ways, but of equal advantage to him. It is the result of living and doing that justifies or condemns a certain course. It is the motive or principle governing a course of action that determines its character and its wisdom.

2. The expression "at that time" seems to connect this passage with the upbraiding of the cities. If this is so, its application is probably to the prosperous merchants of these cities, with their worldly wisdom, in contrast to the poor fisher folk who had received Christ as the revelation of the Father, and become the "light of the world." Luke, however, with his stronger introduction "in that hour," connects the passage with the return of the seventy. These had brought a very encouraging report, telling "with joy" how the devils had been subject to them through the name of Jesus.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - \$1.25
Six Months - - - .70

CLUB RATES

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	- - -	Each	\$.85
Nine months at the rate of	- - -		.90
Six months at the rate of	- - -		.95
Three months at the rate of	- - -		1.00

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

Vain Search for Truth

MR. BU, a native Chinese evangelist, while speaking on the subject of "China's Search for Truth During Three Thousand Years," said:—

Through many years many emperors and rulers had searched and searched for the thing which would give heart peace. During one dynasty they would decide that it was riches, but would find that that was not the thing. The next they would decide that it was great learning, only to find that a failure. Another would think it might be found in the beautiful, only to fail once more. And the great Confucius himself said that if only once he could hear the Great Truth, he would be ready to die happy.

Now the truth is here, the Saviour of men brought it to the world. If your shoe is worn out, the man who made it fixes it for you. If your watch ceases to run, the man who made it can fix it better than any one else. Then, when your heart goes wrong and is tired, what better can you do than take it to him who made it, and ask him to make it right and give you peace?

The Story of Four Tracts

A YOUNG Frenchman, who had been wounded at the siege of St. Quentin, was languishing on a pallet in the hospital, when a tract that lay on the coverlet caught his eye. He read it, and was converted by it. The monument of that man may be seen before the Church of the Consistory in Paris, standing with a Bible in his hand. He is known in history as Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Reformation in France.

But the tract had not yet finished its work. It was read by Coligny's nurse, a Sister of Mercy, who penitently placed it in the hands of the abbess, and she, too, was converted by it. She fled from France to the Palatinate, where she met a young Hollander and became his wife. The influence which she had upon that man reacted upon the whole continent of Europe, for he was William of Orange, who became the champion of liberty and Protestantism in the Netherlands.

Two hundred and fifty years ago a peddler selling books gave a pamphlet to one who was supposed to be an ordinary young man, but he was Richard Baxter, and under the influence of that pamphlet he wrote "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." This fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge, and he wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." This book fell into the hands of Wilberforce, and he wrote "A Practical View of Christianity." This book came to Legh Richmond, and under the power of it he was led to write "The Dairyman's Daughter." This in turn fell into the hands of Thomas Chalmers, the mightiest Scotch preacher of his day, and after he became a min-

ister, it was the means of his conversion and of his mighty spiritual transformation. A peddler on the one side and Thomas Chalmers on the other—what a marvelous story!

A tract was placed in the hands of an actor by a lady, and as a result he embraced the gospel. This actor was the late Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, who became one of the most celebrated Baptist clergymen in this country. He served as pastor of the great Tremont Temple church in Boston. Through his efforts Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, accepted Christ, and became a celebrated Baptist minister.

J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, was brought to Christ through a tract.— *Selected.*

Reading Scripture

THERE are all sorts of ways of reading the Scriptures. The dramatic rendering of a chapter, in which the reader speaks in different tones to represent the several *dramatis personæ*, is happily a thing of the past. We are, however, unpleasantly familiar with the affected solemnity of the reader who employs a Scripture voice, distinct from that which he uses on other occasions. Then there is the repulsive familiarity of the man who reads the Bible as he would any other book, reeling off, without difference of treatment, the most trivial incident and the most sacred experience. Far too seldom we hear a chapter read by a man who possesses the two primary qualifications for effective reading,—a clear understanding of the significance of what he reads, and an earnest intention that the people shall be the better for hearing it. We cannot all have good voices. Our elocution may be more or less imperfect. But that man wins my respect who has evidently prepared himself with care to read the selected passage, and makes me feel that he is really striving for my edification. I can recall occasions in my life when the earnest, intelligent, and reverent reading of particular chapters has marked an epoch in spiritual experience.— *Sunday School Times, May 8, 1915.*

Seed Thoughts

BE yourself, instead of always trying to imitate somebody else. But do not forget that you should constantly strive for improvement.

It is infinitely better to be actually like Christ than to be a mere imitator of his virtues.

Think for yourself, instead of continually thinking the thoughts of other people. But nothing was ever lost in thinking the thoughts of God.

The wisdom of God can never lead you from the path of truth and rectitude; but the wisdom of man may lead you into the grossest of errors and wrongdoings. God is infallible, but man, uninfluenced by the Holy Spirit, is a most dangerous guide. J. W. LOWE.

WHILE American missionaries in Turkey have been treated well, the awful destitution due to the war is almost unbearable, even the brave veteran, Dr. Shepard of Aintab, being disposed to return to America, if no help for the starving people is to be forthcoming. In Syria the wonderful Beirut Press is obliged to discharge its trained men, a loss which they say cannot be made good for years to come. The missionaries are helping multitudes on the brink of starvation, the conditions of the wretched Syrians daily becoming more desperate.— *Sunday School Times, May 8, 1915.*