

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A SCENE IN ROCK CREEK PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM HERE AND THERE

THE estimated yearly amount spent on playgrounds in Chicago is \$1,300,000.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON of California signed a bill permitting prisoners in the State penitentiary to build highways in the State.

CARNEGIE'S gifts thus far to the Carnegie Institute and Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, aggregate \$27,000,000.

PORTLAND, Maine, has erected a fountain to the memory of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, eminent as a leader in the temperance cause.

THE first day wireless message from Panama to the Arlington (Virginia) radio station came last week. The distance is about two thousand miles.

A BILL increasing the penalty for bomb throwing has been signed by the governor of New York. Forty years' imprisonment is the maximum penalty.

THE late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller willed about \$500,000 worth of her property to friends and relatives, and \$2,000,000 to charitable institutions.

AUTOMOBILING is coming to be a serious thing. During the month of March, twenty-one persons were killed on the streets of New York by automobiles.

As an experiment, the State reformatory of Connecticut is employing its boys, at fifty cents a day, in building a road that will run past the reformatory.

THE construction of the Alaska railroad has been begun at Ship Creek, the first spike having been driven by Martha White, the first white child born on Cook Inlet.

THE newest computation for the speed of migrating birds gives from twenty miles an hour for wagtails up to ninety for swallows and martins.—*Guide to Nature*.

WITHIN the past two years, two large modern department stores have been opened in Canton, China. Their combined annual sales amount to \$3,000,000 in Hongkong currency.

CULEBRA Cut, in the Panama Canal, has been changed to Gaillard Cut in honor of Colonel Gaillard, who died of disease contracted while a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

FIVE life-term prisoners of the Michigan State prison were given an automobile ride April 27 as a reward for good behavior. One of these men has already been in prison thirty-six years.

COLON, Panama, was visited by fire April 30. Ten lives were lost, 12,000 persons made homeless, and property damage of more than \$2,000,000 was caused. All the banks of the city were destroyed.

WAH-HA-GUN-TA, an aged Indian of the Blackfeet tribe, living now in Ballclub, Minnesota, is said to be the oldest person in the world. He claims to be one hundred and thirty-one years old. Mr. Dickens, an official in the United States Indian Service, says he has little doubt as to the correctness of the old man's statement; for his wasted form and deeply wrinkled face testify to extreme age. Wah-ha-gun-ta recalls vividly events which occurred one hundred and five years ago, and claims to have been a young brave at that time.

THE giraffe is a special source of trouble to the telephone engineer in East Africa. Mr. W. L. Preece, a Britisher, who was active in establishing the line in that part of Africa, says that the head of this long-necked animal frequently comes in contact with the wires, and he goes on his way, taking with him perhaps a few poles and many yards of wire. Mr. Preece claims that elephants, too, often go on a rampage, uprooting poles and playing havoc with miles of wire.

THE lighthouse on the island of Helgoland, the German naval base, has a light of 40,000,000 candle-power. At a distance of forty miles its rays can be discerned on clear nights. The flashes appear every ten seconds during the night and on foggy days. This is claimed to be the most powerful flashlight in the world.

REMAINS of trees that have been extinct for ages are to be found in the Cascade Mountains, thousands of feet above the level of the sea. Nature has twisted some of these trees into marvelously perfect spirals. They have the appearance of having been carved by hand.

THE Equitable Building, New York City, is the heaviest office building in the world. Its thirty-six stories tower five hundred feet above the level of the street, and sixty-five feet below the surface. One single column of steel weighed over thirty-two tons.

HUNDREDS of acres of wheat in Grant County, Washington, have been destroyed by the millions of crickets that have infested that part of the country. Miles and miles of trenches have been dug in the attempt to hold the insects in check.

ONE gets an idea of the enormous number of different kinds of rust fungi, from the fact that of the twenty-two genera found in the British Isles, the genus *Puccinia* alone contains 1,300 known species.—*Guide to Nature*.

A SHIP having on board gold and silver worth \$12,000,000, said to have been wrecked in 1866 among the coral reefs off South America, is to be the object of search of two whaling vessels during the coming winter.

A WOMAN seventy-four years of age has been elected mayor of Warren, Illinois. She is the first woman of Illinois to be made chief executive of a municipality.

THE Free Masons of Idaho have prohibited smoking in open lodge.

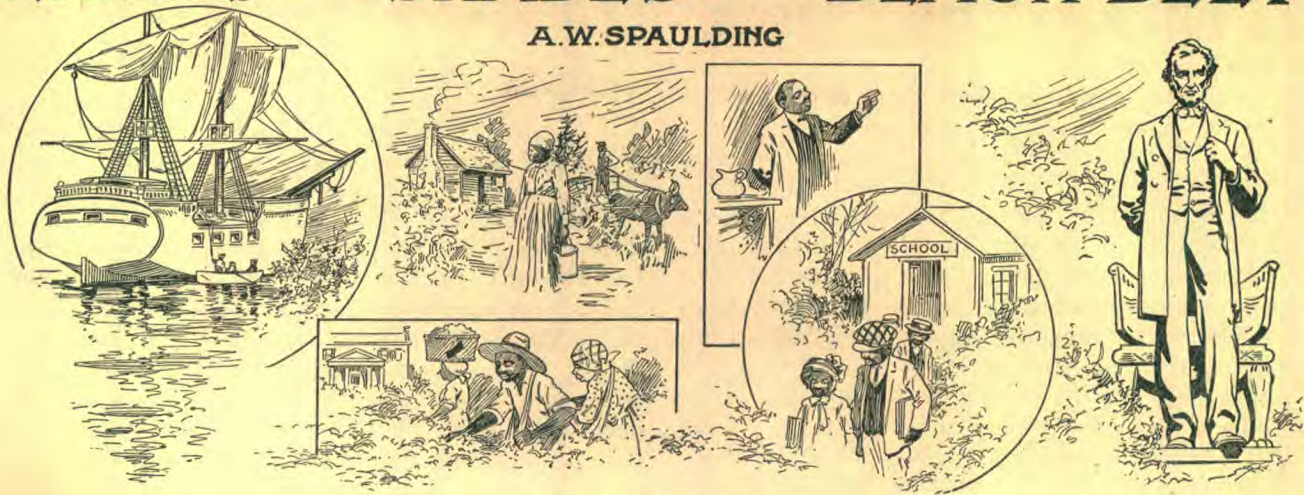
THE tobacco bill of the United States last year was \$1,200,000,000.

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LIGHTS *and* SHADES *in the* BLACK BELT

A.W. SPAULDING



Emancipation



IT has been shown that from the beginning there was much opposition to the slave traffic in America. Our fathers foresaw that the introduction of an alien race would create problems and difficulties which neither they nor their children would wish to face. To a great extent, indeed, it was with them more a question of policy than of justice. There were some who condemned slavery on moral grounds, and who believed that every man had the right to be his own master; but there were more who believed that the place for the black man was in Africa, the place for the red man was in the wilderness, and the place for the white man, and for him alone, was wherever he wanted to go. They were not so much opposed to the white man's exercising authority, constraint, or violence upon the men of other races, but they were opposed to his mixing his blood with theirs.

The apostle Paul declared to the Athenians that God hath determined the bounds of the habitation of all nations. The Wanderlust of the Latin and the Teuton might in individual cases carry them beyond those bounds, but their action was voluntary. When the slaver went to Africa, tore from their homes unwilling captives, and brought them against their wills into a foreign land, whence they could not escape, he defied the laws of his Maker and ignored the reasons that made them. There must follow retribution.

The objector to Negro importation might not follow this philosophy, but instinctively he found himself arrayed against the mingling of the races. With the Negro slaves coming in increasing numbers, and filling some sections until they were in the majority, the white American became alarmed for his own supremacy. There was, therefore, very general opposition to the slave trade, an opposition which during colonial times, as we have seen, vainly spent itself in acts of the colonial assemblies and in petitions to the throne, to restrict or abolish the traffic. With the Revolution, the States gained the power of controlling the matter themselves, and, following the example of Virginia, they responded immediately by a vote of the Continental Congress, in 1774, to abolish the slave trade at once. This act the troubles of war helped to enforce, but after the Revolution the trade revived. It was then left to the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution to settle this much of the slave question.

Some of the delegates to the convention, particularly those of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, were desirous of outlawing the traffic at once, but to this

were opposed the planting interests of South Carolina and Georgia and the carrying interests of New England and New York. The resulting compromise made the first of March, 1808, the day after which no foreign slave could be imported into the United States.

But so eager were the different colonies to stop this importation into their respective territories that within a year every one had outrun the federal law, by interdicting the trade at once; though South Carolina, tempted by the increasing demand for slaves, rescinded her action in 1803, and again threw open her ports to the trade. There was enough opposition in the rest of the Southern States to force the slave interests to be content with this one open door for the foreign product; and as for New England, her concern was not so much to stop the traffic into other States as it was to prevent the importation of Negroes into her own territory. Her merchants were greatly in the majority among American slavers.

The abolishing of the slave trade was the first step toward the abolishing of slavery; yet between this first step and the last there was a great gulf; for, though Christian sentiment and the sense of justice were vital factors in this act, yet the almost universal sentiment in its favor was induced rather by the dread of increasing the Negro population, a course which might result in servile insurrection, and most certainly was resulting in a mixture of blood. But while the nation wanted no more slaves imported, what to do with the slaves it had was another question. Here the moral interests and the political interests divided forces. For said the politician, "What we want is the absence of the Negro. To emancipate him will not be to remove him; and if he cannot be removed, it is better that he should remain under the control of a master; free, he would be better able to compass the ends against which we are trying to provide." But the moralist said, "We refuse to consider anything but the right of the man to freedom. If his rights are accorded him, a righteous God will see that the results are not evil." These principles and policies not only made opposing advocates, but divided many a mind against itself. The abolition of the slave trade, then, though apparently a victory for freedom, was in reality but a victory for self-interest. The battle for liberty remained to be fought.

From before the Revolutionary War to the year 1830, the chief opposition to slavery, moral as well as political, had come, not from the most northern States, but from the Southern States and Pennsylvania. This was natural, for the institution of slavery had by this

time been tried out in the Northern States, had been proved commercially unprofitable, and was therefore no longer a local issue there. But in the South the evils of slavery were ever before the eyes of men, and the border States were near enough to witness much. The Virginia patriots, who, with Massachusetts men, led the revolution, were without exception opponents of slavery, and Jefferson and Madison were untiring in their efforts for its abolition. Benjamin Franklin, in Pennsylvania, was the president of America's first abolition society, formed in 1774. Similar societies were afterwards organized in all the States of the Union, and the societies of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina were especially active in influencing public opinion and legislation.

As the western territory began to fill with settlers, the problem of slavery was extended to the new States there carved out. The Constitution prohibited slavery in the Northwest Territory; that is, the territory out of which were afterwards formed the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. On the other hand, the fertile country that formed Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and later the southernmost States of the Louisiana Purchase and the Mexican Cession, were filled by emigrants from the South, and speedily acquired a large slave population. At the same time, opposition to slavery was very strong, particularly in Tennessee and Kentucky, the emancipation societies in the former State especially being very prominent in the agitation of the first quarter century. Many Southern men who abhorred slavery moved into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, freeing their slaves when they owned any, and helping to form in these States the strong abolition sentiment which made them the conservative but most powerful wing of the abolition army.

Nothing better illustrates the fact that opposition to slavery was at first strongest in the South than a little history in connection with this same Northwest Territory, out of which in time came the man who abolished slavery, and some of his strongest supporters. When in the Federal Convention of 1787 the territory of the Northwest was ceded by New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, to be made into new States, Virginia, led by Jefferson and Madison, made it its business to see that slavery was forever debarred from entering that territory. They could not then abolish slavery at once, and they could not prevent its spreading in territory akin to their own, where industries were common which demanded slave labor. But they had seen in the history of slavery in the North that its presence there had no economic excuse; and in their fight on national slavery this fact gave them an advantage in the effort to shut out slavery from that portion of the national domain which lay in the North.

In 1802 Ohio was made a State, and the remainder of the section was formed into Indiana Territory, of which Gen. William Henry Harrison was appointed governor. In that same year a convention presided over by General Harrison sent a memorial to Congress praying that a change be made in the restriction concerning slavery, so that slaves might be held within their territory. They claimed that this prohibition took away from them much immigration, with which the States south of them were favored, and also deprived them of the cheap labor to be furnished by slaves. At that time slavery was legal in all but two of the States, Massachusetts and Vermont.

The petition of the Indiana convention was referred

to a committee of which John Randolph, of Virginia, was chairman. This committee reported:—

"The rapid population of the State of Ohio sufficiently evinces, in the opinion of your committee, that the labor of slaves is not necessary to promote the growth and settlement of colonies in that region; that this labor—demonstrably the dearest of any—can only be employed in the cultivation of products more valuable than any known to that quarter of the United States; that the committee deem it highly dangerous and inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the Northwestern country, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier. In the salutary operations of this sagacious and benevolent restraint, it is believed that the inhabitants of Indiana will, at no very distant day, find ample remuneration for a temporary privation of labor and of immigration."

Not content with this rebuff, however, General Harrison and the Indiana Legislature made successive attempts during the next four years to have Congress permit the introduction of slavery; but the matter was finally settled by the report in 1807 of a Congressional committee, with Jesse Franklin, of North Carolina, as chairman:—

"*Resolved*, That it is not expedient at this time to suspend the sixth article of compact [forbidding slavery] for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio."

It is evident that the Northwest Territory was prevented, not by its own desire, but by the foresight and the persistent wisdom of the South, from extending slavery even to the border of Canada. Remaining free territory, instead of being deprived of valuable settlers it invited the immigration of thousands of the best citizens of the South who abhorred slavery, and among them came from Kentucky the family of the great emancipator.

Of all influences against slavery, that of religious bodies or their members doubtless was the greatest. The early economic objections to slavery were at last almost smothered under the increasing vehemence of commercial arguments for slavery; the philosophical reasonings of the Virginia advocates of emancipation, while standing on too firm ground to be destroyed, were gradually being covered, especially in the South, by the increase of oligarchic principles as opposed to American democracy. But the voice of conscience would not down. Christian men never ceased to be troubled by the inconsistency of slavery's holding a place in the church of Jesus Christ. Among the Quakers the cause of antislavery had the strongest hold. In Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, against great opposition, they were chiefly instrumental in forcing the governments to a stand against slavery, and everywhere else their influence was deeply felt, especially in North Carolina and Virginia. Not that every Quaker, at first, was an abolitionist,—the zeal of the abolitionist Friends was more than once rebuked by their fellows,—but abolition sentiment came to be predominant in the body, and the Quakers finally rid themselves of all slave-holding members. They furnished such champions as Benjamin Lundy, Lucretia Mott, and John G. Whittier, and were not behindhand with the rank and file.

The Methodist Church was second in its efforts against slavery. This question agitated that church for the whole period of its history in America to the time of the Civil War, and resulted in the separation

of the Southern from the Northern churches in 1844. The Baptist Church, with its less centralized organization, and the Presbyterian Church, with its comparatively small Southern membership, were less active, though the question was at times a very live one in their councils. There is little record of the attitude of other churches toward slavery.

(To be concluded)

Our Nazareth Mission School

AFTER a good night's rest all were up early for the busy activities of the day following our arrival at the mission, as described last week. At ten o'clock all gathered in the main school building for the meeting of welcome. The building had been beautifully decorated with festoons of flowers and tissue paper. Back of the speaker's stand four chairs had been placed, for my husband, Professor Salisbury, Miss Hare, and me. Over our heads were suspended baskets filled with petals of oleander and other flowers.

After the opening exercises of the meeting, Brother Thomas read an address of welcome. To this my husband replied, telling of the pleasure it gave us to meet these dear believers in South India. When he sat down, some of the schoolboys pulled strings attached to the bottoms of the baskets over our heads, causing them to swing open. A great shower of flower petals came raining down on our heads. This startled us, but pleased the congregation. Our heads, shoulders, and laps were covered with flowers. This way of welcoming friends was entirely new to us, but we enjoyed it after the first shock of the surprise.

In the afternoon all gathered for a strange, but very practical Harvest Ingathering meeting. A table was placed in the center of the room for the offerings. The people brought their gifts and placed them on the table and under the table until there was a great pile of different kinds of things. Some of the older ones brought money and fancywork, baskets of different kinds of food, including fowls and eggs. Some of the little children brought just one egg each. One brought a little chick not more than six weeks old. After the exercises were over, they all gathered in the yard for an auction, to turn these offerings into money. One of the members of the church who has a business in the village acted as auctioneer. We visitors bid on several things; and when they saw that we were bidding, they kept bidding against us, knowing that we would not stop. In this way some of the things brought much more than they otherwise would. This pleased all present, as it helped to swell their Harvest Ingathering fund.

The boys of this school were greatly interested in the war news. Every morning they gathered around the head teacher while he read the most important news regarding the progress of the war. When the report came that Turkey had joined in the war, they said, "Now the Turk will be driven out of Europe, and the Saviour will soon come to take us home." They all wanted to go out and sell the War number of the *Watchman*. One boy ten years old walked ten miles and sold eighteen papers. Altogether, they sold one hundred copies that day.

Our boys and girls have rice with buttermilk for breakfast, rice with lentil soup for dinner, and for



A TYPICAL TAMIL VILLAGE OF SOUTH INDIA. FOUR FIFTHS OF THE INHABITANTS OF INDIA LIVE IN SUCH VILLAGES

supper they have rice with rice water. Once a week they have a dinner of vegetables. When they wanted to raise money for the Harvest Ingathering, these students volunteered to go without this extra meal of vegetables for a month, and give the money to missions. As I saw them eating their rice, I wondered how our young people in America would feel if that were all they had to eat, and if they would think they could give up the extra meal for missionary work, as these students have done.

These boys and girls are bright, earnest young people. They believe this message with all their hearts, and they love the Saviour and are earnestly endeavoring to keep the commandments of God. The influence of the truth on their lives is revealed in their faces. There is a marked difference between them and the other young people of the villages around them, many of whom are heathen.

One little boy at the school lost his father and mother the same night, with cholera. When his sister wept, he asked her why she cried. He said the Saviour was coming soon, and then their parents would be resurrected, and they would be with them again.

We were kept so busy one way and another that the day soon passed. At about eight o'clock in the evening we started for Tinneveli Bridge. We had no moon, and heavy clouds made it darker than it otherwise would have been. There had been heavy rains that had washed the roads out, so that traveling seemed dangerous. Some of the teachers and students went with us with lanterns until we reached the metal road about three miles from the mission. One lad by the name of Aaron kept close to our bandy, interesting us with his conversation. When they turned back and left us to the fate of the native drivers, this little boy looked up into our faces by the light of the lantern, and asked us to pray for him that he might be a good boy and grow into a useful worker in the Lord's cause. I shall never forget his sweet, intelligent face.

Soon the rain began to pour down. To add to our troubles, the oil burned out of the lamps the drivers carried, and we were left in total darkness. But when we passed through the avenue of banyan trees, it was still darker, as the branches nearly touch over the road. Part of the way a river ran on one side of the road, and I must admit feeling some alarm. We were obliged to lie on our backs all the way. The rain came sifting in at the front on our heads, but we could not shift our position, for fear of placing too much weight at the back of the cart, so we were obliged to lie still and take the rain. The poor native drivers had no cover. They sat curled up on the front of the carts with the rain pouring on them. They kept shouting to one another all night. We could not understand them, but we supposed they did this so they could keep together. We were making such poor headway that Mr. Daniells said he did not believe we should be able to reach the railway station in time for the train at nine o'clock the next day. It really looked as if we might never reach anywhere but the middle of the river. But the drivers timed themselves, and kept the bandies moving. We reached the station safely in good time to catch our train, and after a pleasant day's ride we arrived at Trichinopoli, where we spent another pleasant day with Elder and Mrs. James.

MRS. A. G. DANIELLS.

—♦♦♦—
WHEN men speak ill of thee, so live that nobody will believe them.—*Pluto*.

Our Heavenly Home

LOVE is one of heaven's secrets;
What it is we cannot tell;
We shall never know its fullness
Till in heaven we shall dwell.
There, amid the rarest beauty
Of God's handiwork we'll be,
Never from our friends to sever
Nor a tear of sorrow see.

Then we'll ever keep on learning
Of God's wondrous working power,
And our love will grow the stronger
Every moment, every hour.
We will all increase in stature
Till his fitting work is done;
And in his eternal temple
There's a place for every one.

In that rarest of earth's temples,
Built by Solomon of old,
Every portion went together
Without hammer's sound, we're told.
So in this, God's holy temple,
There will be no jarring sound;
For all those who form this building
Will have hearts together bound.

O what folly that we ever
Grasp for earthly things below,
When such pure, enduring treasures
Are awaiting us, we know!
All that human hands have cherished
Of the glittering things of earth
Will, when weighed in God's own balance,
Be accounted little worth.

There are many passing friendships
That we've held within the heart;
But we'll understand true friendship
When we meet no more to part.
And the sad and cruel heartaches
That we see on every hand,
Will be banished, gone forever,
In that glorious summer land.

W. N. GARVIN.

Chinese Money

CHINA has no money which is of fixed value throughout the republic. The tael comes the nearest to meeting this standard of any money issued; but in many provinces it is not used, and in scarcely any two provinces is the value the same. Thus we have the Shanghai tael, the Hankow tael, and the Peking tael, all of different value.

The tael is supposed to be equal to an ounce of pure silver, and therefore fluctuates with the price of silver. About two years ago a Shanghai tael was worth about seventy cents in United States money, but at the present time it is worth only about fifty-six.

We do not do our banking business here as in America, where if we receive a draft for \$1,000 we deposit it to our account. Here we take it to the bank and sell it the same as wheat or any other commodity. Most business firms have two bank accounts, one in taels, and the other in Mexican or silver dollars.

There are several centers in China which govern the value of silver, and therefore the money. These are Peking, Shanghai, Hankow, and Canton. It is noticeable that silver is nearly always cheaper in the south than in the central or northern parts of the country. Therefore more silver dollars can be bought for the same amount of United States gold in Canton than in either Hankow or Peking.

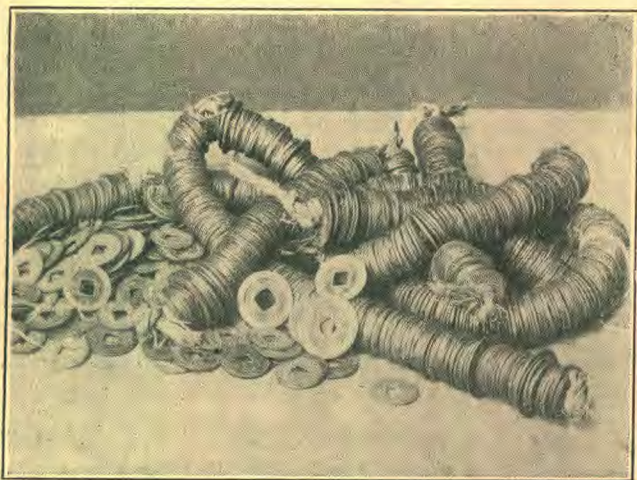
The silver dollar is used in nearly as many of the provinces as the tael, but these also vary in price. In all the coast provinces the so-called Mexican dollar is current everywhere. I say so-called because it is not the real Mexican dollar, but is coined in China. The real Mexican dollar does not pass current in China at all. Some of the provinces coin their own dollars.

The province of Hupeh coins its own dollar, so also does the province of Szechuan, in far western China.

The most ancient money of China is probably the copper cash. Each piece of cash has stamped on the face the name of the dynasty under which it was coined. It is not uncommon to find them several hundred years old. We have two at our office, one of them over eight hundred years old and the other over one thousand years old.

In some provinces these copper cash are almost the only money used by the common people. In making a purchase one has to give, not a certain number of dollars, but so many strings of cash. When I tell you that each string of cash, worth less than a silver dollar, weighs about eight pounds, you will wonder how the people ever take enough money along to buy anything.

Aside from these three kinds of money there is the fractional currency, known as small money, which is about the most puzzling of all. Along the coast provinces this consists of silver ten- and twenty-cent pieces and copper cents. Some of the central provinces do



A STRING OF CHINESE CASH, REPRESENTING NOT MORE THAN ONE DOLLAR IN UNITED STATES MONEY. IT PROBABLY WEIGHS TEN POUNDS

not use this small silver, but have paper money of their own. A Mexican or silver dollar is known as "big" money, and is worth in small money eleven ten-cent pieces and from two to five coppers. If one wishes to get all coppers for his silver dollar, he will get from 130 to 140, according to exchange.

It has been hoped that the new republican government would establish a standard monetary unit based upon gold, the same as the Japanese yen and the Philippine peso, each of which are fixed at fifty cents in United States gold. An effort has really been made in this direction, but nothing accomplished, and it looks very doubtful whether anything will really be done for a long time to come. One of the greatest hindrances is the many thousands of small exchange shops, hundreds of them in every large city, the owners of which make their living from the "squeeze" made in exchanging large and small money. They would naturally oppose a stable money, as it would do away with their means of earning a livelihood; and as they hold a large part of the money of China, they have great influence. There are many other undesirable features about Chinese money which I have not mentioned, but I have said enough to show that it is not a pleasure to use it. Its unsettled value is its worst feature, since it subjects the user to constant loss.

C. N. WOODWARD.

Shanghai, China.

The Boy Who Did Not Want an Easy Job

ONE cold winter day, forty-five years ago, James Hamilton, station agent at Sioux City, stood on the platform, wrapped in a warm fur coat. He was watching a gang of section hands piling cordwood alongside the track. Wood was cheap and plentiful in the West in those days, and coal had not supplanted it as fuel.

Among the workers, Hamilton noticed a ruddy-faced youth who put more energy and intelligence into his work than any of the rest. He was agile, lost no time passing from one pile to the other, and did his work as if it were the most important of the railroad. Hamilton strolled over and watched him at closer range. Finally he said:—

"Say, boy, how would you like an inside job? I need an active young fellow like you to work around the station. The job would be easier than what you are doing now."

"Thank you," replied the boy, "but I'm not looking for an easy job."

"What's your name?"

"Brown."

Hamilton walked back to the platform and remarked:—

"Strange boy, that; he doesn't want an easy job. You'll hear more about him some day."

And we did. This boy who was a section hand on the C., M. & St. P. R. R. in 1889, was the same W. C. Brown who recently resigned from the presidency of the New York Central lines. He started to scale the ladder from a lowly position, but he planted his feet on the very top round.—*H. Twitchell, in the Boys' World.*

Fine Courtesies

SMALL, but important courtesies are to bow pleasantly, to greet acquaintances cordially, to give a friendly clasp of the hand, to cultivate a memory of faces and names in order to be able to say something to show interest in the affairs of others. A point is to put others at ease.

A prompt reply to notes of invitation is an important point. It is an obligation to answer an invitation to a luncheon, dinner, tea party, or house party within twenty-four hours, because a hostess wishes to know on whom she may depend, or whether it will be necessary to fill a vacancy. An invitation to a home wedding or wedding breakfast should be answered promptly.

Many little courtesies are to be observed in conversation. Among these are to look people in the face when talking or listening, not to let the attention or mind wander, not to show impatience in listening, but to try to be interested in what others are saying.

In the street there are many small courtesies observed strictly by well-bred people. A well-bred person never brushes past any one. If the contact is unavoidable in a crowd, one should say, "Pardon me."

Good manners are the outward sign of inward graces of heart and mind. They sweeten social intercourse and contribute to happiness beyond proportion to the effort of thoughtfulness and self-discipline which they cost.—*The Girls' Companion.*

A PHOTOGRAPH of the sun recently taken by the scientists at the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., reveals on the sun a spot 100,000 miles in length.



Consecration

ON thy Sabbath, Lord of heaven,
Send thy blessing and thy peace;
Of ourselves long have we striven,
But in vain, to find release.

We are thine, dear Lord, just take us,
Through the merits of thy Son;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Finish what thou hast begun.

Now while on this earth we tarry,
Help us, Lord, to work for thee,
And the tidings glad to carry
Of salvation full and free.

ELWIN HINDSON.

A Christian Heroine of the "Titanic"

THE report of unselfish deeds in the recent terrible disaster which overtook the "Lusitania" as it was nearing the harbor, reminds us again of the wreck of the "Titanic." How many of the young readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR have heard the story of Miss Anna Funk, a missionary to India? Miss Funk's aged mother was ill in America. It was thought she could never recover. She had a longing desire to see her daughter once more. With some difficulty, at last, it was arranged to grant Miss Funk a furlough to return home. For the homeward journey she embarked on the doomed "Titanic."

That night when the awful calamity came and the lifeboats were filled, as the last boat was about to be lowered a young child in the boat espied her mother on board the ship, and called, "Mamma! Mamma!" The stern officer refused to permit another passenger to the boat. Miss Funk offered to stay behind, and let the mother take her place in the boat. This was done. We can only imagine what passed through Miss Funk's mind as she made this swift decision. Perhaps the contrast between this young child in need of a mother for years to come, and her own mother, who had had her through tender years, dying without her, now flashed before her. It may have been but the impulse of a generous, sympathetic heart, without time to think.

To all human calculation this useful life was quenched that night in the fearful wreck; but not so. This story has been translated into several different languages, and told with wonderful effect upon the heathen mind. By this act thousands whom she could not otherwise have reached accepted the Saviour. Through this unselfish death they catch the meaning of the tremendous sacrifice of Calvary. It is the Christ life relived. The heathen heart is the normal natural human heart. It is selfish, but it is stirred by unselfish heroism.

After the Boxer uprising in China, the Chinese said, "If there is a religion worth dying for, we want it;" and so the natives accepted Christ upon that faithful witnessing in the death of scores of missionaries.

There are many lessons to be learned from this splendid life, but one that appeals to us is the thought of the purpose of God being worked out in our lives.

Whether we live or die, God's will is accomplished,—the heathen are converted,—as it happened with Miss Funk's life.

Our loving, unselfish effort will never fail to be rewarded, no matter how or where we are placed.

MARTHA N. CANFIELD, M. D.

Africa's Flaming Torch

WILLIAM TAYLOR, "the Flaming Torch," as the Africans called him, was one of the greatest world evangelists since Paul. A wild youth, he became converted, and at once took to preaching. For seven years he was a street preacher in San Francisco. Then he became a mighty evangelist in the East, in Canada, England, Ireland, and for four years did a wonderful work in Australia. Then he made many hundred converts in South Africa, after which he won thousands in the West Indies; next, a thousand in Ceylon, and a thousand more in North and South India, where he established self-supporting churches; then followed similar labors in South America, and finally in Africa, where for twelve years he toiled heroically to establish self-supporting stations, his missionaries earning their own support by farming and other labor—a method of work that has not proved very successful. This apostolic man, who for years slept with his head on a stone which he carried with him, and who, when asked for his address, said, "I am sojourning on the globe at present, but do not know how soon I shall be leaving," passed away at the age of eighty-one years, in 1902. His successor is Bishop Hartzell, who oversees the flourishing Methodist missions in the Madeiras, Liberia, Angola (south of the Kongo), and Rhodesia. —"Into All the World."

The Moslem Outlook in Persia

It is wonderful how the Moslem attitude toward Christianity has changed during recent years. Only five or six years ago it was quite impossible to do very active missionary work among the Moslems without incurring great danger to one's life. To have open discussions in the bazaar was out of the question. Now all this is changed. Go where you may, you will find hearers who will gladly listen to the gospel of mercy and salvation through Christ Jesus.

The music director of the Russian army, with his family, has taken his stand upon God's commandments. There is also a Russian underofficer obeying the Lord. A young Moslem who was interested in Bible study has returned from Russia, and he comes often to study the Bible with me. I have an entrance also among the Jews. Three congregations have permitted me to preach to them.

On a recent trip to some Moslem villages, they invited me again and again to remain and be their guest. From seventy to eighty men would listen for over an hour to the straight gospel. While traveling in company with a mullah of Maragha, I read to him the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and part of the Sermon on the Mount. He listened with rapt attention, and then asked for the book and read for over an hour, until we reached our destination; and when he had finished, he said, "It is indeed a wonderful book." —F. F. Oster (Oct. 8, 1914).

"A MAN who does not know how to learn from his mistakes, turns the best schoolmaster out of his life."

Be Glad

ARE the days oft cold and dreary?
 Let your face be bright and cheery.
 Just take time to think of this:
 It takes the showers
 To wake the flowers
 That make in life so much of bliss.

Is your heart oft sad and cheerless?
 It should be both glad and fearless.
 For the sun will surely shine
 Up in the sky
 When clouds pass by,
 And show to you God's love divine.

Let your face be bright and cheerful,
 Let your heart be glad and prayerful;
 Think, Because of God's great love,
 Christ died for me,
 On Calvary,
 That I, with him, might reign above.

WILMA M. HAYWARD.

The Spirit of Changing

"WHY gaddest thou about so much to change thy way? thou also shalt be ashamed of Egypt, as thou wast ashamed of Assyria." Jer. 2:36.

Some people are always changing, especially if the way goes hard. As teachers we meet this spirit frequently in school life. Students enter upon a new subject with enthusiasm, but when difficulties arise, they wish to drop the subject and take up something easier.

Here, for example, in the Fireside Correspondence School, is a student who finds one of the lessons so hard that "he cannot prove half the problems," and he wishes to transfer his scholarship from geometry to another subject. If I could sit down beside this pupil, I should talk to him somewhat as follows:—

While the Correspondence School is willing to make the transfer if that is best, yet I notice in the lessons we are just returning to you that your instructor has made a number of suggestions and has given you some good counsel in regard to the explanations you ask for. He thinks, and I am inclined to agree with him, that there is danger of your depending too much upon explanations and helps. We are educated by our own efforts and not by the efforts of others. It is true that we sometimes need a little help and encouragement, but we do not need it so badly as we think we do. If a lesson is so hard that you cannot prove half the problems, then you should go back to where they are easy, and work slowly and gradually along until you have mastered them all. I dislike very much to see a person give up after he has started a good work. It is always better when you meet the difficulties to press hard and steadily against them until they yield, for they will yield if you are patient and persevering. The greatest difficulty in your way is that you are "sure you cannot get a passing grade in geometry." That in itself settles the question unless you change your will

and be determined that you *will* get a passing grade in geometry. If you cannot take this view of it, probably it would be better for you to transfer your scholarship to another subject. However, you will meet with difficulties in that study, whatever it may be. I know you can succeed in geometry, if you will, but it will be only by going back until your feet are on sound bottom, and then working slowly and gradually along, going only as fast as you can master the principles and demonstrate the problems.

If your mind is taken up with the idea of getting a passing grade, it would probably not make much matter whether you make the change or not; but if you can become thoroughly interested in getting real benefit out of the study of geometry, I am sure it will prove profitable for you to go on with it. You say, you want to "get results." To stick to your subject will be the surest way to get results. You get no results by giving up and confessing yourself defeated. You may get appearances if you change, but you will get surer, safer, and more real results if you bend all your powers to a mastery of the subject you have in hand; for the power you thus gain will go with you into all your other studies, and will bring you surer results in the end.

"Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" Thou also shalt be ashamed of composition-rhetoric, as thou wast of geometry.

C. C. LEWIS.

A Suggestive Cartoon

SEVERAL years ago a noticeable cartoon appeared in one of our newspapers on Lincoln's birthday. It showed a log cabin close to the base of a high mountain, and on the mountain top the White House. Against the side of the mountain rested the ladder—its foot touching the cabin, its uppermost round reaching the mansion on the cliff. The suggestive lesson the cartoonist meant to convey is that the ladder still reaches from the log cabin to the mansion on the hill.

"PERSISTENCE often accomplishes greater results than genius."



A LOUISIANA SNOWSTORM IS A RARE TREAT TO SOME OF OUR LITTLE FRIENDS



The Voice of Nature

NATURE speaks in many ways,
Through the nights and through the days,
And her tones are always clear,
When ears are attuned to hear.

Wind and storm and thunder loud,
Give her challenge to the crowd:
Voice of velvet for the few
Listening e'er for message new.

—Emma Pierce, in *Guide to Nature*.

The Dogwood



THIS tree is distributed over a very large territory. Few persons of the Eastern United States need an introduction to it, especially when it is in bloom. The big white bracts which look like petals are spread out around the central cluster of little flowers,

and make a brave, beautiful show. No other tree is just like it, and this is equally true the year round. In winter, when its flowers and leaves are fallen, it is recognized by its button-like buds and "alligator skin" bark. In autumn this tree furnishes our woods and parks with gorgeous foliage, vying with the scarlet and gold of the maples. On the twigs where the flowers were may be found clusters of scarlet berries.

The dogwood has many relatives in woods and door-yards, popular on account of their fine shape, their luxuriant foliage, their autumn colors and bright-colored fruits. The family name is *Cornus*. One knows this family by the leaves whose veins run out in parallel lines from the midrib.

MARY BARRETT.

The Red-Eyed Vireo

It may be late in April when this bird comes. He will not show himself on some high perch like the song sparrow, nor hop about on the ground like the robin. Not he! Up among the new leaves in the top of a tree, he is vigorously collecting his breakfast of caterpillars, and he sings at his work, not for the delight of you and me, but for the pure joy of being hungry and finding the wherewithal to satisfy his hunger. The song of the red-eyed vireo led one bird lover to call him "The Preacher." "Do you hear it? Do you believe it? Can you deny it? Are you asleep?" These are the questions that come out clear and ringing, each ending with a rising reflection, and followed by a distinct pause, as if the pulpit orator waited to give an opportunity for some one to answer him. Another translation into English is: "Got a worm? Did you see a caterpillar? Did you miss him?" Probably this comes nearer to the thoughts that are in the bird's mind as he sings, for he is an adept forager after plump cankerworms and all manner of caterpillars, beetles, and bugs.

Possibly the first question he asks will be recognized by some listening ear. It comes from a tree top in the orchard, or roadside, or in the woods. In a short time you stand under the tree and watch for a flutter among the leafy twigs. There it is, and there is the little bird's neck, twisted almost to breaking. The beak is

pecking away at the underside of a leaf, where a colony of the hairy caterpillar babies of the moth are quietly feeding, out of the hot sun. The head of the bird is turned, and see the long white "eyebrow," and the eye below it shining red like a ruby! Red eyes! How dreadfully unbecoming they are to us! But this little bird's eyes are truly jewels in his head, and they "go with" the plumage most beautifully. Now that your eyes are used to the leaves, you make out the slim body, a trifle smaller than the English sparrow's. It is covered with olive-green feathers on back and wings, the color fading out to white on the under part of the body. Just the way the leaves look as they turn their paler linings up, and flash in the sun! No wonder the bird is concealed from view when it rests for a minute.

What a wonderful thing is the coloring of birds and beasts and insects, which makes them look like the backgrounds against which they live their lives! The squirrel has only to stop on the trunk of a tree, and the hunter sees nothing but gray-brown bark. The rabbit squats among the dead leaves, and he is invisible. The field sparrow is concealed by the tall weed stems. The English sparrow is just the color of the dusty street.

MARY E. BARRETT.

"Studying Botany"

MAKING a living absorbs many persons so that they have no time left for life, and this form of absorption often begins early. A girl student was asked one spring if she had been into the woods after wild flowers, and she replied dolefully that she had not. "You see, I'm studying botany," she added by way of ex-



A RECORD CROP, WHITMAN COUNTY, WASHINGTON

THE picture shows a harvest scene in Whitman County, where there was more small grain raised last year than in any other county in the United States. The farmers say they have more land than they buy, because it is so hilly, it being affirmed by some that the fields "hang over" in some parts of the county. The slant of the field where this picture was taken is at least thirty degrees from the horizontal, and there are many worse. It is interesting to know that the average income per capita for this crop was \$377, the record for any county in the United States. The crop was worth \$12,500,000.

O. C. DURHAM.

planation, "and it's so hard that I don't have any time for flowers." She was duplicating the mistake of vast numbers of people, devoting herself to the husks and overlooking the kernels, content with the names of things and missing the reality.—*Selected*.

"THE blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Prov. 10: 22.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Her Gift to the Master

FLORENCE M. SACKETT

I WATCHED her as she sat there,
Aged and bent and gray,
And from behind her kerchief
A teardrop rolled away.
"Dear sister," I said, "are you weary?
Pray, why do you sigh and weep?"
She lifted her head, and answered,
In a voice low and sweet:
"I've nothing to give to the Master;
I work the whole day through
At this or that or anything
My hands can find to do.
It takes all I earn to pay the rent,
And living is high, you know;
So I've naught to give to the Master.
And, brother, I love him so."
"Sister, have you no children?
No one to care for you?"
And as I spoke, I watched her face
Light up with a feeling new.
"Oh, yes," was the fond, quick answer,
"A son was given me;

But he's been gone these last three years
Far, far across the sea.
He is working for the Master
In China's heathen land,
And how my heart rejoices
To hear the tidings grand,—
How poor, lost souls of China,
From deepest, darkest night
Are walking in the brightness
Of the gospel's glorious light.
So, though I miss him sorely,
And it sometimes costs a tear,
I'm glad that he can be there,
I would not have him here."

"My sister," I answered gently,
"To the Master you've given your boy,
And no other gift, though precious,
Could bring to his heart such joy.
You've brought your best to the altar,
And Jesus accepts all such;
So, sister, be not troubled,
You have given the Master much."

Letitia, Peter, and the Rest



LETITIA DOWNING sighed as she dusted, but she was acutely conscious that she didn't stop dusting to sigh.

"That's just it," she chafed miserably.

"I can't stop long enough even to complain — I can't stop for anything. It's just the same old thing over and over again, day after day, and — to what end?"

She did pause a moment then, while her eyes, deeply reflective and brooding, gazed into the briskly crackling fire as if seeking an answer to her question. But the fire seemed only to rebuke her by its cheerful spluttering.

"It's strange what a litter a small family can make," she went on discontentedly, as she turned from the mantelpiece and began dusting the table. "And it's discouraging! If father just wouldn't scatter the morning papers all over the floor, and Jock would only stop long enough to put the books back on the shelves when he's through with them, and if Peter —"

The door between the library and the hall opened abruptly, and a little boy of nine limped across the floor as fast as his crutch would carry him.

"O Letty, hurry, please, and fix my muffler again. The wind was blowing so hard when I turned the corner that it came off, and I couldn't tie it and hold my crutch. But hurry, Letty, or I'll be late for school."

Letitia dropped her duster. "O Peter! It seems to me I have enough to do without having to do everything twice. Why didn't you get one of the boys to tie your muffler?"

The child's pale, sensitive face flushed. "I'd rather you'd tie it, Letty. If I asked the boys, they'd call me 'baby.' And sometimes they — laugh."

Letty bent to tie the muffler. "You'd rather I'd tie it, even if you have to come all the way back from

the corner?" she asked, with a sudden softening of her voice.

The boy looked up at her wonderingly, then flung one thin little arm impulsively about her neck. "Of course, Letty! Nobody can fix it but you — fix it right, I mean."

She watched the child as he hurried off to school again, his stunted little body bending against the wind that seemed to sway it from side to side.

"Peter, poor little Peter!" she crooned softly, as she turned to poke the fire vigorously. It would be too cold for Peter to play outside that afternoon, and she must keep the library warm for him. "I didn't mean to complain of him. Of course he is welcome to all I can do for him, even if I must do it over a dozen times. But father and Jock — they are different."

She went into the kitchen and brought back a potted house plant that she had taken out to give a cleansing bath. She placed it in its accustomed jardinière, but it didn't seem to fit easily, and she lifted it out again and peered in. Her eyes filled with indignant tears as she set the plant on the piano, sending something scattering to the floor.

Her patience snapped. "Jock's cap and ball in the jardinière, and father's letters tumbling from the piano!" she exploded. Then she sighed helplessly. "Why *don't* they keep their things where they belong!"

With rather an ill grace she hung the cap in its rightful place in the hall, and placed the letters in the writing desk. Under the spur of anger, things fairly flew into place. Chairs were ranged in orderly rows, shades drawn to an exact angle, books stacked evenly. All the sweet confusion that made the library look as if it was lived in was replaced by a forbidding stiffness. Letitia regarded it, and told herself that it was exactly as she liked it. Although she was not aware of it,

Letitia herself was the one thing in the room that had not been brought to order.

"Cleaning and cooking and sewing and—enduring," she said peevishly. "It's that over and over, day after day. I'm just a cog—that's all! Not even a cog in the big wheel of the outside world, like Janet Meredith and the other girls who really accomplish something in their clubs and settlement work and things of that kind. There might be some compensation in being a cog if one could really do things. But I'm only a cog in the petty wheel of home life, that grinds over and over in the same tiresome round of trivial undertakings. O, if only I might escape! If only —"

The outside door burst open impetuously, letting in at the same time a boisterous breeze and a fresh-cheeked brother, who smiled winningly at her.

"Say, Letty, it's as cold as Christmas outdoors, and the pond's frozen solid. Won't you hunt up my sweater and see if it needs mending? The fellows are going skating soon as school's out. Do you know where it is, Letty?"

Letty's voice was full of a suppressed irritation. "Of course I know, Jock. It's in the attic, where I put it when you were through with it last winter."

"Good girl!" he commended laughingly. "I just snatched a minute before school to run back and ask you to look it up."

He started from the room, and then flung back, in his happy, impulsive way, and threw an arm about her with a fierce little squeeze.

"I say, Let, there never was another sister like you—never! I guess I can snatch another minute to tell you that. We men"—Jock liked to couple himself with his father—"we men are awfully thoughtless sometimes, and make a lot of extra steps for you; but really, Letty, this wouldn't be much of a house, and no home at all, if it wasn't for you. You know that, don't you?"

Jock was given to these little love scenes when he and his sister were alone. The girl's slender figure, stiff with anger and resentment, relaxed suddenly within his big, warm, boyish embrace. But before she could say anything, he was racing off to school again, and she was looking after him with the same tender light in her eyes that had followed Peter.

"O Jock, Jock," she whispered, "you always do get me that way! You're such a funny boy, Jock, such a dear boy! Of course I want to do things for you, you big loving—Selfish! But I'm afraid I want you to be selfish, Jockie; I'm afraid I want you to need me. I suppose I'll have to excuse you along with little Peter. But I can't excuse father. He really is different, and should keep things in better order."

She poked the fire again until the little flames leaped and laughed at her. "I wonder if I'm seeing my own troubles under a magnifying glass this morning. I wonder if I'm forgetting all the love I get for what I give. After all, what's a house for if it isn't to live in? It isn't to keep." She looked about at the stiff, straight, orderly room. "All the same I'm just a cog," she repeated broodingly. "I'm just a cog in a very small wheel, and —"

A long, insistent peal jarred on her musing, and sent her with flying feet down the hall. "The telephone!" she exclaimed petulantly. "I might have included that in my list of duties, for it seems to me it rings from morning until night."

"Yes, father, that you?" she called into the transmitter.

Then came her father's big, kind voice: "Yes, little daughter, I'd like to bring a friend home to dinner today; would it upset any plan of yours?"

"O father! I—I suppose not. But I was doing some special cleaning today, and I wasn't going to have very much dinner."

She could hear her father's jolly laugh at the other end. He had such a trick of laughing away her objections. "That's all right, daughter. Don't bother about what you have to eat. Just plain, everyday dinner is good enough for an old friend, and you know your daddy likes anything you have."

"But, father —"

Mr. Downing's cheerful voice sobered. "Very well, dear. Don't let it disturb you a minute. If it isn't convenient, I'll take Jim to a hotel; he is here only for a day, and —"

Letty was aroused at once, and ashamed. "Why, of course you'll come home, father. There'll be enough time this morning to do the cleaning, and I have plenty of canned things in the pantry for dinner. It will be no trouble at all; I'll have something ready by one."

She was about to hang up the receiver when she heard her father's voice again. And somehow the tender note in it made her pause to ask, "What is it, father? Did you want something else?"

Her father laughed, such a happy, tender, half-embarrassed laugh, as if he were hesitating about something he wanted to say. "No, dear, nothing at all, only —. Well, I just started to say how you spoil us. We boys, Jock and little Peter and I, impose on you sometimes, I'm afraid. No, don't deny it! I know we do. But you know how it is, don't you, daughter? You're everything to us—*everything!*" Then his voice grew a trifle gruff, as it always did when emotion got the best of him.

"But we wouldn't amount to anything, Letty, not one of us, if it hadn't been for the hand that's held us together all these years. But good-by. See you at dinner! And remember, you're not to worry."

With eager, running steps Letitia came back to the library and poked at the fire with little, fierce, impulsive jabs. "O father, you dear, dear old Precious!—making love to me like that over the telephone. I've excused Jock and little Peter, and do you think I'm going to leave you out? My men, as Jock says, or my boys, as you call them; my men when you love me with big, strong love, and my boys when I spoil you and love you back again. I wouldn't have you one bit different."

The fire crackled and blazed, sending its cheerful glow out into the stiff, orderly room, and filling its heart with a golden light. Letty surveyed it disapprovingly.

"You're just a house," she said scornfully, "just a house, clean and orderly and—cold. I'm sure now that I don't like you that way. When father gets home and scatters his books and papers, and Jock leaves a few muddy tracks on the hearth rug, and little Peter winds up his fire engine and sends it clattering across the floor, then you'll be *home*."

She turned quickly and looked at her face in the big gilt mirror over the mantel. "Cooking and cleaning and mending," she mused earnestly, "all the humdrum things that make up the wheel of domestic life." She leaned eagerly nearer and looked questioningly into her own eyes. "Maybe you are a cog, but what of it? Isn't it a big thing, a blessed thing, to know that if you were not the very best cog the wheel might stop?"—*O. White, in Young People's Weekly.*

A Weak Link

ELINOR has the best voice of any girl in school, and when a quartet was formed recently, she was unanimously chosen as one of the four. But it was not long before it became apparent that if the quartet was to be successful, Elinor must be counted out. She missed every other rehearsal, on an average, and was late to the others. When her place was taken by another girl who cannot sing so well, but who can be depended on, every one interested in the success of the school felt relieved.

Not long ago, Elinor was chosen as one of a number of young girls who were to usher at a public entertainment given for charity. On the Saturday before the entertainment was to take place, the girls met at the opera house, and were rehearsed as to their new duties. Each girl had a certain section of the building assigned to her, and the one who had that part of the work in charge went home satisfied that there was no chance of a hitch anywhere. But on the evening of the entertainment Elinor did not present herself. Her work had to be undertaken by others who had not planned for it, and, as a result, there was confusion and delay, where everything should have gone smoothly.

Elinor is a weak link in every undertaking with which she is connected. A girl with more than the average allotment of talent, she is so unreliable that it is never safe to count on her. Often she receives new responsibilities with enthusiasm, but before the time comes for her to discharge them, she has lost interest, nine times out of ten. It is not strange that Elinor's associates are becoming very reluctant to trust her with anything of importance.

Are you a weak link in the chain? Are disappointment and annoyance in store for those who trust to you? Unwilling as you may be to admit it, unless you are cultivating reliability and trustworthiness, the uncomplimentary title belongs to you.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Jean's Roses

"WHERE did you get those lovely roses?" was a question often asked in our little town last summer, and almost invariably the reply was, "O, Jean gave them to us! She has such beautiful roses growing in her garden, and loves to give them away." And so to many homes, especially those darkened by sickness and sorrow, Jean's roses found their way on their mission of love and cheer.

One day I learned why Jean likes to give away her roses. She used to pass by yards where beautiful roses bloomed, and wanted some of them so much, but no one thought to offer her a few. That was before Jean had roses of her own. But now that she has them in her own garden, one of her greatest pleasures is to lavish them on those who do not have an abundance of flowers. And she began giving out her roses before she had very many of her own, too.

Should not Jean's roses set one to thinking? How is it with you? Was your yard ever bare, and now filled with bright flowers? If so, are you giving them out to others whose yards are still desolate? How about other things,—the bigger things of life you used so sorely to miss and long for, and now have in such abundance? Do you remember the time long years ago, when, far from home and friends, you longed for companionship? Do you remember your first deep grief, when you silently pleaded for sympathy, and

your heart cried out for one real friend? Ah, now are you giving from your abundance to those in just such need as you were then? Have you ever moved into a new neighborhood and wished the folks in the houses about you would call and make you feel at home? How many families have moved into your neighborhood since that time, and you have not found time to call?

I said to Jean, when she told me of the pleasure she finds in giving away her roses, "I should think nearly every one had plenty of roses, they are so common." "O, no!" said she, "not so many as you would think; and even if I should offer my flowers to some one who already has plenty, it will not matter." Let us not fear to bestow our little gifts on those about us. What matters it if we should offer our friendship, our sympathy, to some one who does not need them. Better that than to withhold our offering from some dispirited one who is in sad need of his fellow creatures. There are plenty of artificial flowers in life, but not half so many real ones as we might think from the show and glitter about us. Let us not fear to offer our roses.

VIDA V. YOUNG.

Who Were These Men and Women?



LOOKING backward in history, we see a very cruel and powerful king whose army is supplied with nine hundred iron chariots. The commander in chief of the army is even more cruel than the king. The king had many slaves, who were at one time the favored people of God, but because of their sins God suffered them to be taken captive. They repented, however, and God forgave them. A certain good woman was told by the Lord to send for a man he named, to lead the slaves against their enemies. She delivered the message, but the man feared to go alone, and wanted the woman to go with him, so she and ten thousand men accompanied him. She told him, however, that the Lord would not deliver the commander in chief into his hands, but into the hands of a woman—but not herself.

We see a great battle. Many of the chariots of iron are broken. We see the wicked commander in chief alight from his chariot and run for his life. He nears the tent of a man who is a friend of his king, and he runs into it for safety.

As we look, we see the captain asleep on the tent floor. The wife of the man who owns the tent comes in softly and takes a nail from the tent and a hammer from the table, and drives the nail through the temple of the sleeping man and kills him. We start in horror! It seems a very cruel deed, but God meant that he should be thus justly punished.

The closing scene is a man and a woman singing a triumphant song of victory. Who were the two women? Who was the king? Why was the captain's punishment a just one?

ELIZA H. MORTON.

MAYOR F. W. BROWN, of Franklin, Pennsylvania, declares that there are too many in that city in need of bread to warrant the city's paying money to men who spend it for drink. The order has therefore been issued to the effect that all city employees that habitually drink shall be dropped from the pay roll.



A BIBLE YEAR

Twenty-Fourth Week

June 13. Psalms 1 to 9: Contrast of the godly and the wicked. Titles will be given for only the first psalm in each day's reading. It will be a good plan, after reading each psalm, to write a title for it, and make brief notes of such points as you wish to remember.

June 14. Psalms 10 to 17: David tells of the power of the wicked.

June 15. Psalms 18 to 22: God the deliverer, etc.

June 16. Psalms 23 to 30: The shepherd psalm, etc.

June 17. Psalms 31 to 35: Confidence in the Lord.

June 18. Psalms 36 to 39: God's goodness and mercy.

June 19. Psalms 40 to 45: The acceptable sacrifice.

The Book of Psalms

The present Hebrew title of this book is *Tehillim*, which means "praises," or "songs of praise." The familiar English word, psalms means "songs set to music," and the titles to many of the psalms contain references to musical terms and instruments. The book was really the hymn book of the Jews, and its various parts were arranged at different times, so it is supposed, for use in the temple service.

The book contains one hundred and fifty psalms, whose composition extended over a thousand years, from Moses to the close of the captivity. "One psalm is attributed to Moses, seventy-three to David, two to Solomon, twelve to Asaph (one of David's musicians), eleven to the sons of Korah, and one each to Heman and Ethan. Thirteen titles tell on what occasion the psalm was written. A number of most precious psalms are prophetic of Christ."

In the Revised Version, in harmony with Hebrew usage, the book of Psalms is divided into five parts, or books: Book I includes the first forty-one psalms; Book II includes psalms 42 to 72; Book III ends with psalm 89; Book IV ends with psalm 106; and Book V includes the remaining psalms. The collection is often called "The Psalms of David" because he was the greatest of the sweet singers of Israel, and also because the first division, or book, of the psalms was written by him.

"There is no other book of praise," says one writer, "so pregnant with expression of the heart's emotion under all the vicissitudes of life, or so adapted to all climes and ages, as to be the universal medium of praise for all nations of the world. No country but Palestine, varying as it does from the arid desert to the mountains capped with snow, could have furnished such a combination of subjects for poetical imagery: its vines and fruits; its valleys, thick with corn and shining with lilies; its mountains, torrents, rivers, lakes; its wild and domestic animals, and its beasts of prey,—all are pictured in the psalms with a noble simplicity to which we find no parallel elsewhere."

"GIVE me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be,
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee."

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER
DEPARTMENT

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MEADE MACGUIRE

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Assistant Secretary

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Senior Society Program for Sabbath,
June 19

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on "The Conditions Existing While Samuel Was Growing Up."

2. Reports of work done.

3. Bible Study: "Possibilities Before the Christian After Baptism." See *Gazette*.

4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Acts 8:38; Mark 16:16.

5. Talks: "The Moslem Outlook in Persia" (see this INSTRUCTOR); "A Message From Old Persia;" "Persian Women." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, page 58.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending
June 19

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on "The Conditions Existing While Samuel Was Growing Up."

2. Reports of work done.

3. Bible Study: "The Holy Spirit." See *Gazette*.

4. Recitation: "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide." See "Christ in Song," No. 632.

5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: John 16:7, 8.

6. Mission Talks: "The Moslem Outlook in Persia" (see this INSTRUCTOR); "A Message From Old Persia;" "Persian Women." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, page 58.



XII — Sabbath Keeping

(June 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12:1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." Matt. 12:8.

Questions

1. Through what did Jesus and his disciples pass one Sabbath? Matt. 12:1, first part. Note 1.

2. What did the disciples begin to do? Why did they do this? Verse 1, last part.

3. Who saw what they did? Of what did they accuse the disciples? Verse 2. Note 2.

4. How did Jesus rebuke these boastful teachers for their ignorance of the Scriptures? Verses 3-5. Note 3.

5. What did he further say to them? Verses 6, 8.

6. How was Jesus the Lord of the Sabbath day? John 1:3; Gen. 2:2, 3. Note 4.

7. What do the Scriptures declare that Jesus loved more than sacrifices and outward show? Hosea 6:6.

8. If the Pharisees had remembered this and known what it meant, what would they not have done? Matt. 12:7.

9. After this, where did Jesus go? Verse 9.

10. What unfortunate man was in the synagogue? Verse 10, first part.

11. What question was asked of Jesus? Why was this asked? Verse 10, last part.

12. In what tactful manner did Jesus answer this question? Verses 11, 12.

13. How did he prove to them that he was Lord of the Sabbath and had creative power? Verse 13.

14. What did the Pharisees then do? Verse 14.

15. Yet what did the Creator of heaven and earth quietly do? When rejected by the teachers and rulers, to whom did he turn with his blessings? What did he not do? How gentle was he? Verses 15, 19.

16. What prophet foresaw this behavior, over six hundred years before? Verses 17, 18.

Notes

1. "The word corn, as used in our translation of the Bible, has no reference to *maize*, or *Indian corn*. . . . Indian corn was unknown until the discovery of America. . . . The word was applied, as it is still in England, to wheat, rye, oats, and barley. This explains the circumstance that they rubbed it in their hands (Luke 6:1), to separate the grain from the chaff."—Barnes.

2. The Pharisees did not accuse the disciples of taking that which did not belong to them; for they knew that the Scriptures gave permission to take enough to satisfy present hunger. Deut. 23:25. It was because they took it on the Sabbath day that they found fault. Before this (Matthew 5) Jesus had reproved the Jews because they had interpreted some of the commandments too loosely, and he taught them that it was sin even to disobey them in their thoughts. Now Jesus finds them going to the other extreme concerning the fourth commandment, interpreting it so strictly that it had become loaded down with man-made restrictions and burdensome ceremonies. They claimed that the gathering of the grain was a kind of reaping, and the rubbing of it in their hands was threshing; therefore the disciples were doubly guilty of Sabbath breaking.

3. "The object of God's work in this world is the redemption of man; therefore that which is necessary to be done on the Sabbath in the accomplishment of this work, is in accord with the Sabbath law. . . . This infinite Judge acquits the disciples of blame, appealing to the very statutes they are accused of violating."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 285.

4. It was Jesus who created all things and made the Sabbath day. Since he was its Maker, he had more right than any one else to say how it should be used; for it was his day.

XII — Sabbath Keeping

(June 19)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. "Not lawful to do." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 283-285. Questions 1-5.
 Mon. "I will have mercy." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 285, 286. Questions 6-11.
 Tues. "Lawful to do well." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 286-289. Questions 12-17.
 Wed. "He healed them all." Questions 18-21.
 Thurs. "Behold my servant." Read "The Desire of Ages," page 489. Questions 22, 23.
 Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12:1-21.

Questions

- Where did Jesus go on the Sabbath day? Matt. 12:1, first part.
- What did his disciples do? Verse 1, last part.
- What fault did the Pharisees find? Verse 2. Note 1.
- To whose example did Jesus cite them? Verse 3.
- What did David do in the case cited? Verse 4.
- What practice of the priests did Jesus then mention? Verse 5.
- What comparison did he make? Verse 6.
- What scripture did the Pharisees ignore in practice? Verse 7, first part.
- Into what error did this ignorance cause them to fall? Verse 7, last part.
- What important truth did Jesus declare? Verse 8.
- Was man made for the Sabbath or the Sabbath for man? Mark 2:27. Note 2.
- Where did Jesus next go? Matt. 12:9.
- Whom did he find there? Verse 10, first part.
- What question was asked Jesus? Why? Verse 10, last part.
- What question did Jesus ask in reply? Verse 11.
- What further question did he ask? Verse 12, first part.
- What conclusion did Jesus draw? Verse 12, last part.
- What did Jesus then do? With what result? Verse 13.
- What did the Pharisees do? Verse 14.
- How did Jesus thwart their purpose? Verse 15, first part.

21. What did Jesus do for the multitudes? Verse 15, last part.

22. What did he charge them, and why? Verses 16, 17.

23. Study Isaiah's prophecy of Christ. Verses 18-21.

Notes

1. The Pharisees were always great sticklers for the law and the letter. Here, however, the word lawful really contains no reference to the law; the phrase may be rendered, It is not permitted. What the law of God requires or forbids in spirit, often differs widely from what the traditions of the Jews permitted or what man-made regulations now may allow. It was by a rule of their own that the Pharisees were measuring the conduct of Jesus and his disciples. By tradition the Sabbath had been made a yoke of bondage. The Author of the Sabbath swept away their traditions, and taught the people true Sabbath keeping. The following from Edersheim gives a few of the many traditions with which the Pharisees had surrounded the Sabbath till its true object was lost:—

"Next, certain regulations are laid down to guide the Jew when dressing on the Sabbath morning, so as to prevent his breaking its rest. Hence he must be careful not to put on any dress which might become burdensome, nor to wear any ornament which he might put off and carry in his hand, for this would be a 'burden.' A woman must not wear such headgear as would require unloosing before taking a bath, nor go out with such ornaments as could be taken off in the street, such as a frontlet, unless it is attached to the cap, nor with a gold crown, nor with a necklace or nose ring, nor with rings, nor have a pin in her dress. The reason for this prohibition of ornaments was that in their vanity women might take them off to show them to their companions, and then, forgetful of the day, carry them, which would be a 'burden.' Women are also forbidden to look in the glass on the Sabbath, because they might discover a white hair and attempt to pull it out, which would be a grievous sin; but men ought not to use looking-glasses even on week days, because this was undignified. A woman may walk about her own court, but not in the street, with false hair."

"A plaster might be worn, provided its object was to prevent the wound getting worse, not to heal it; for that would have been a work. Ornaments which could not easily be taken off might be worn in one's courtyard. Similarly, a person might go about with wadding in his ear, but not with false teeth nor with a gold plug in the tooth. If the wadding fell out of the ear, it could not be replaced."

"If a woman were to roll wheat to take away the husks, she would be guilty of sifting with a sieve. If she were rubbing the ends of the stalks, she would be guilty of threshing. If she were cleaning what adheres to the side of a stalk, she would be guilty of sifting. If she were bruising the stalk, she would be guilty of grinding. If she were throwing it up in her hands, she would be guilty of winnowing. Distinctions like the following were made: A radish may be dipped into salt, but not left in it too long, since this would be to make pickle. A new dress might be put on, irrespective of the danger that in so doing it might be torn. Mud on the dress might be crushed in the hand and shaken off, but the dress might not be rubbed (for fear of affecting the material). If a person took a bath, opinions are divided whether the whole body should be dried at once, or limb after limb. If the water had fallen on the dress, some allowed the dress to be shaken but not wrung; other, to be wrung but not shaken."—Edersheim, in *"The Life and Times of Jesus,"* pages 781-783.

2. Such a statement should not be interpreted loosely. The Sabbath is a sacred institution, not to be regarded lightly. But God's purpose in establishing it was man's uplift and joy. It was not meant for the terrible burden the Jews had made of it with their many petty rules and regulations contrary to its spirit, and observed in form only. The Sabbath is a gift of God to man—one of the gifts of his love. Made for man, the Sabbath ought to be received by every man as a gift from his Creator.

BROADMINDEDNESS is the giving of the widest scope to another's Bible-tested ideas and ambitions; and when that one falls, to help him by word and life to rise again. When he has reached the highest that God would have him be, not to be envious of his success, or, if having failed, not to be sarcastic at his failure; ourselves to take example from his defeat and failures, and reach our highest in His own appointed way. This and this alone, is true broadmindedness, and true greatness.

A. R. MERICKLE.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Planets

MERCURY entered the evening sky on the first of May, and reached its greatest distance east of the sun on the thirty-first. On the latter date it set in the northwest one hour and forty minutes after sunset. On the evening of the thirtieth, Mercury and Saturn were seen near each other in the sky, the former planet passed to the east of the latter on the forenoon of the next day. At this time, Mercury was north of Saturn, at a distance from it equal to five times the apparent diameter of the full moon.—*Guide to Nature*.

Why the Nations Are Fighting

THE *Central China Post* prints this composition of a Chinese pupil of a London Mission school: "Now there is a great battle in Europe. This began because the prince of Austria went to Servia with his wife. One man of Servia killed them. Austria was angry, and so fight Servia. Germany write a letter to Austria, I will help you. Russia write a letter to Servia, I will help you. France did not want to fight, but they got ready their soldiers. Germany write a letter to France, You don't get ready or I will fight you in nine hours. Germany to fight them, pass Belgium. Belgium say, I am a country, I am not a road, and Belgium write a letter to England about Germany to them. So England fight for Belgium."—*Sunday School Times*, May 8.

The Missing Face

THERE is a strange tribe of natives in the central part of Africa. These people know nothing whatever of arithmetic. They cannot count, they cannot "figure." They know nothing of numbers. One of these natives was asked by an Englishman how many oxen he had. "I do not know how many," said the native. "Then," continued the Englishman, "how do you know if one or two are missing? How can you tell if any of them are gone?" The reply was very striking. "I cannot tell when one is missing because the number of them is less, but because there is a face missing."

Some of us count our friends by services they render us, or by the pleasures they send our way. If one is removed, or estranged from us, we think, "There is that much enjoyment taken from me!" But a true

friend sorrows because of the dearly loved face which is seen no more. The Good Shepherd knows us, not by the work we do nor by the alms we give, for most of us do and give too pitifully little, but he knows us by our faces. We are his children, and he loves us, every one.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Interesting Facts

GLASS bathtubs are common in Germany.

The emperor of Japan has thirty physicians.

An Arab drinks nine or ten cups of coffee every day.

Sixty-four to the million of the world's population are blind.

There are two hundred and ninety species of moss found in the British Isles.

Nine million tons of coal are consumed in London, England, every year.

The fashions in woman's dresses have not changed in Japan in twenty-five hundred years.

It is estimated that more than fifty million food animals were slaughtered in the United States and Canada last year.—*The Visitor*.

Seed Thoughts

NEVER allow yourself to be absolutely positive about anything until you have reliable proof of it.

When a statement or claim has been actually proved to be true, don't allow yourself to doubt its truthfulness, although you may greatly desire it to be otherwise.

The most foolish thing in the world is to set your mind against the truth and oppose the truth after you have been convinced that it is the truth; for one truth is worth a thousand errors.

Don't be too forward to accept man's mere word concerning any theory or doctrine; for men differ widely in opinion. But when God says a thing is thus and so, let that settle it forever.

J. W. LOWE.

Worth While

It was only a hearty handclasp,
But it gripped the soul of a man
With the courage for fresh endeavor,
And started him out again.
Face to face with the same old problems
Of weakness and failure and loss,—
But the strength of that hearty handclasp
Made certain the victor's cross.

It was only a smile in passing,
But it flooded a gloomy heart
With the sunshine of hope for the future
Wherein he had a happy part;
And the clouds had a rosy lining,
And the gray was turned all to gold;
For the smile gave a glimpse of heaven,
And its wonders and joys untold.

It was only a word of greeting
In the press of the throng one day,
But it brought to a soul despairing
Strength and hope for the weary way.
It was only a cup of cold water,
Held to the lips that were parched with pain,
But by means of that Christlike service,
A lost soul found sweet peace again.

"It was only," we say, forgetting
That high in the courts above,
The friendly word and the cooling draft
Are our ministry of love.
And the Master will say to the faithful,
Who meet on the crystal sea,
"Inasmuch as ye did to the children of earth,
Ye have done it unto me."

RUTH LEES OLSON.