

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

June 29, 1915

No. 26



Courtesy Foster and Reynolds

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS



FIFTY thousand dollars a year is the salary of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

FROM 10,000,000 to 100,000,000 microbes are contained in enough earth to cover a penny.

MORE than two thousand women belong to New York printing trade unions.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES used a gold pen for more than thirty years, during which time he wrote 12,000,000 words.

UP to March 1, 1915, 133 foreign-built ships, with aggregate tonnage of 475,524, had changed to American registry.

A CHAUFFEUR's license has been granted to deaf and dumb Harry Thole, of Cincinnati. He depends on his sensitive skin to detect sound.

MORE than 6,000 gallons of soup and four and one-half tons of bread are given to the 50,000 destitute persons in Brussels every day.

A SUGAR pine tree raised in Stanislaus National Forest, California, furnished 18,933 board feet of timber—enough to build a good-sized frame house.

DIXIE HIGHWAY is the name of a proposed great concrete road extending from Chicago to Florida. This road will be more than one thousand miles in length.

A RARE collection of Chinese porcelain, valued at four million dollars, has been bought by the New York Metropolitan Museum from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan.

THE national savings of Russia in December, 1913, amounted to \$350,000. In December, 1914, after the sale of vodka had been stopped, the savings amounted to \$15,000,000.

WHEAT farms in Australia often contain from 600 to 1,000 acres, and in most cases are worked by the farmer and his family, labor-saving machines being used whenever possible.

MANY railroad accidents have occurred as the result of the spreading of the rails. An eighteen-year-old boy at Plattekill, New York, has invented a device to prevent the spreading of steel rails.

MR. SEYMOUR H. KNOX, of Buffalo, cousin of F. W. Woolworth, and said to be the originator of the five-and-ten-cent store, died May 16. Mr. Knox was a member of the firm of Woolworth & Co., capitalized at \$65,000,000.

MENTIONING only a few of the items required for the daily rations of a British army battalion of 1,016 men, we have the following: 635 two-pound loaves of bread, 127 pounds of bacon, more than 31 pounds of salt, and nearly 13 pounds of pepper.

IF not the smallest school in the world, the smallest school in England is in Aughton, where only two pupils are regular in attendance, though the registry shows five pupils. These two children receive the benefit of instruction that many more could avail themselves of.

MR. L. M. CRAWFORD, owner of a large sheep ranch near Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, has proved that Persian lamb, astrakhan, and Krimmer furs, which America has in the past purchased of Russian farmers at an expenditure of \$14,000,000 a year, can be produced in this country. Three years ago Mr. Crawford invested \$35,000 in thirty-four karakuls, which he introduced into his breed. American ewes of the long-wool type, bred with these karakul sheep from Bokhara, bear lambs that have these curly, lustrous pelts. Nearly six hundred of these lambs, valued at from \$3 to \$15, were born on Mr. Crawford's ranch last year. A valuable fur industry has thus been introduced into this country. Mr. Crawford believes that American farmers would do well to introduce some karakul blood into their breeds, if only for the hardy sheep it produces, as the karakuls thrive equally well North and South.

IN the village of River Portal, Colo., there is only twenty minutes of sunshine each day. This unique condition is due to the fact that the village is located at the bottom of the Gunnison Cañon, where, on account of the lofty and precipitous walls and the narrowness of the cañon, the sunlight can reach to the bottom only during the interval from 11:20 to 11:40 in the morning. The village was built in connection with the construction and operation of the great irrigation tunnel that takes the water from the Gunnison River westward under the mountain range to the Uncompahgre Valley. It can be reached only by a road-way dug out of solid rock down the side of the cañon.—*Popular Mechanics*.

MARSHALL FIELD & Co., of Chicago, has in its employ more than 15,000 persons; and it is said that on special days, visitors to the store average 250,000. The store is lighted by 26,000 incandescent lamps. A city of 50,000 inhabitants might be lighted by this number of lamps. The electric power required to run its elevators, to give light and heat, and for other utilities, would compare closely with the horsepower required for an electric light and power station for a city with a population of from 100,000 to 150,000. The floor space, more than fifty-five acres, is said to be greater than that of any other store in the world.

A WATCH made in Berlin a few years ago, weighing less than two grains troy, with a diameter of less than a quarter of an inch, and hands only five twenty-fourths of an inch in length when put end to end, is surely the smallest in the world. Four hundred pounds was the price asked and paid.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 29, 1915

No 26

The Holy Land

A. J. MEIKLJOHN

I LONG to see the Holy Land,
To walk where Jesus trod,
Upon the selfsame ground to stand
That bore the Son of God.
For me to be
In Galilee
Would thrill my soul with ecstasy.

E'en now my longing spirit mounts
Upon the wings of thought,
And leaves its old, accustomed haunts
To be where Jesus wrought.
To go and know
His land of woe
Would cause my heart to warm and glow.

List, O my soul! thou hast no need
To make such trip and toil;
The Holy Land's in word and deed,
It matters not the soil.
Then why should I
My faith deny
By leaving suffering souls to die?

O, then to service, Lord, I'll go,
For fellow man and thee;
I'll help the sick, the high and low,
Thy gracious love to see.
Then where I stand
Is Holy Land,
Since thou dost lead me by the hand.

Mission Work in South America



MORE and more the eyes of commerce are turning toward South America, yet we still refer to it as the Neglected Continent. Last year I spent nearly five months in observation and travel through Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. I have wondered that our people are so little in touch with South America. In Brazil, I saw the American flag only twice,—once when an American gunboat was sent down to invite the authorities of that nation to the Panama Exposition, and again on the occasion of ex-President Roosevelt's visit, when it was flung out from a men's club in Rio de Janeiro. Although the people of those countries look to us more constantly than to any other nation for the things they want, the boats of practically all other nations greatly exceed ours.

There never was a time in the history of our mission work when educational evangelism had such an opportunity as it has in South America today, and perhaps there never will be again. On the boat on which I went to South America, there were from twenty-five to fifty young men from South American countries who had been in the United States for professional or postgraduate work in our colleges. South American merchants and business men have sent many of their sons and daughters to this country, though most of the daughters go to Europe.

Brazil is the only South American country that speaks the Portuguese language, all the other republics speaking the Spanish. Brazil has so much of our civilization that it is difficult for us to realize that its people do not know Christ.

When the Portuguese pioneers and buccaneers went to that land, and lived with the Indian women as they did for two or three generations, without taking their families to that country, they brought into the Roman Catholic Church the heathenism of the Indian worship. We find it today in their splendid cathedrals. A few generations later they began to import slaves, and tens of thousands of Africans were brought into South America, especially into Brazil. These captives introduced their fetishes and savage rites from Central Africa, and today in the big shops of Brazil we find offered for sale many of these fetishes and charms.

Thus the Roman Catholic religion became mixed with the heathenism of the Indians and the fetishism

and barbarism of the Africans. The statue of the Virgin Mary stands on the high altar in almost every church in Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. I found only one church in about fifty where the image of Christ stood on the high altar. I found almost no men in the churches. Sometimes they would attend morning mass for the music, then pass out of the cathedral. Many men are forbidding their wives and daughters to go to the confessional, and preventing them so far as they can from going to the churches.

The Handsomest City in the World

On the edge of Rio de Janeiro, the handsomest city in the world, there is a great granite peak rising 1,200 feet above the surrounding territory, and on the top is a small church building which was erected more than three hundred years ago. The top of the peak has been cut off until there is a plateau about three hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, inclosed by an iron railing. A driveway runs up part way, and above this is a stone stairway of three hundred and sixty-five steps.

There is a legend connected with the establishment of every church in that country. The one in connection with this is that a prominent hunter went hunting one morning, and came to the base of this stone mountain. A great serpent was coiled there. He saw it as it was about to spring on him, and cried to the Mother of Sorrows to save him. His prayer was answered, and he rushed back to the city and told the priest of this wonderful thing, and asked, "What does it mean?" The priest said, "It means the Mother must have a chapel built on the top of the mountain."

In the month of October, which is devoted to the festival of this church, I saw men and women by the hundreds going up those steps, saying their prayers and counting their beads. For the most part they were illiterate and poor, but many were of the better class, fine looking and intelligent. Women went up those three hundred and sixty-five steps on their knees, kissing the stones as they went up, and licking them with their tongues, until the tongue and lips were bleeding when they reached the top.

The weather was warm, but at nine o'clock in the morning on Sunday there were thirty thousand persons at this festival. At that hour the police had to

prohibit the women from climbing the steps on their knees. Many of them had fainted. There was no image, but an altar and a cross. Every worshiper was supposed to go up to that altar, kiss the altar cloth, make a prayer, and lay down an offering. I think fully half of the thirty thousand kissed that altar cloth.

At the base of this stairway there were two or three small houses in which were kept all sorts of images and plaster casts representing the different portions of the body. Any person having a disease bought a plaster cast representing the part of the body which was diseased. A cast of a woman's breast was sold that day as many as a dozen times for twenty-five dollars. The first person who bought it took it up and laid it on the altar. It was left a few moments, and taken down; then some one else bought it, and the process was repeated. This continued from day to day. It seemed strange that a body of splendid men and women, some of whom are leading people of the city, should take part in such performances. I wondered how it could be possible, when these men had departed from the church; and I could only think they came to this festival because their wives wished them to come.

The Country and the People

As a people they are courteous, kind, and polite. They are proud of the great churches and cathedrals in Rio de Janeiro. They lack our education and the things we have, yet they resent our calling ourselves the United States of America. They say that we are the United States of North America, and they are the United States of Brazil or of Argentina or of Chile. Brazil is larger in area than the United States exclusive of Alaska, larger than Russia exclusive of Siberia, larger than China exclusive of Manchuria; yet they have a population of only about twenty million, which is largely scattered up and down the long coast with its magnificent land-locked bays and beautiful cities.

Eighty-five per cent of the women in that country are illiterate. When I first went to Rio, the windows were latticed up three or four feet from the bottom, to keep the women and girls from looking out. But the coming of English and American women to these cities has given much liberty to the women of South America. Formerly, many of the men locked their doors behind them when they went to their work, leaving the women and girls to sit all day resting on their elbows and looking out through the shutters. They embroidered, crocheted, and knitted a little, but they could neither read nor write. They are an artistic, music-loving people; but for women who do not read, or use a musical instrument, or paint, and do not take care of the house, there is little to occupy the time.

Our Opportunity

We need the Christian school in South America. Men and women need the opportunity to know something of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The American and British Bible Societies have done a great work in South America. It is no more than ten years since the priests of one city collected the Bibles sold by these two societies in that town, and burned them in a public square. Now men are eager for their children to have what our children have. We owe it to them.

In southern Brazil, at Sao Paulo, we begin to see the influence of Christian education as the result of the Christian college established there twenty-five years ago. The best men who have come into political life in South America have come from this section of the

country. The first elected president of Brazil came from that immediate locality. One of our best mission schools has been established there. An American woman helped this first elected president to construct an educational system. There are good school buildings and splendid plants, but they lack teachers. They have a magnificent agricultural school plant. I can think of nothing in the United States more beautiful than the country around that college.

In the city of Rio de Janeiro, with its million inhabitants, there is not a single strong Protestant boys' school. The Baptist Church is beginning to establish a school for boys and young men. Two private schools for boys are in operation, but there is not a single boarding school for girls in that great city, under the board to which I belong. We had a small school for years, but at the time of the yellow fever epidemic we had to move up to the mountains, and since then the school has not been reopened. The convents are crowded to the utmost. I believe that if a large Protestant boys' school were established in Rio de Janeiro, and a strong girls' boarding school, Protestantism would in one generation command the leadership of the great republic of Brazil.—*Belle H. Bennett, President Women's Foreign Mission Board, M. E. Church South.*

Independence in Earning a Livelihood

SHOULD time continue a few years longer, many of the youth who are reading these columns will be earning, or trying to earn, their own living instead of being in school. The question may very properly be asked, How many are planning to be independent in their efforts? Many persons say, "I should keep the Sabbath if I only thought I could get work." Setting aside the question of moral responsibility, the statement is an acknowledgment of weakness and inefficiency.

If your parents are not planning to fit you for an independent occupation, then as soon as consistent with your duty to them, take the matter into your own hands, and so master conditions that you may be qualified to be the employer rather than the employee: not because there is more gain to be realized, but that you may thus the better serve those less fortunate than yourself. At the same time you will not find yourself subject to the caprice of fitful proprietors and managers.

Should your chosen vocation be only a "one-man business," you will find yourself broadening and strengthening as the days go by. Do not be afraid of small beginnings. A young miller came to this country from Germany. He was especially interested in the manufacture of oatmeal. In those days people knew little of the value of oats as a food for human beings, and his friends tried to dissuade him from engaging in his chosen trade. But he kept on. It is told of him that in the early mornings he trundled a wheelbarrow from door to door, dispensing hot oatmeal porridge in order to induce people to eat it. Thus he made a market for his mill products.

Did he always wheel the barrow?—No, indeed. Several years ago he told the writer that he was employing in his mills seven hundred men; and that besides all the wheat and corn products they sent out, the mills were preparing two hundred barrels of oatmeal daily.

Not only was Mr. Schumacher a successful business

man, but he was a man of principle. When his great mills burned, large quantities of wheat were in danger of spoiling because of being wet. He was offered a good price for it by a distiller. "No, sir; you cannot have it at any price to be made into alcoholic liquor," was the reply.

The Lord would have us diligent in business and fervent in spirit, serving him all the time we are earning a living.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Prayer

SOMETIME between the dawn and dark,
Go thou, O friend, apart,
That a cool drop of heaven's dew
May fall into thy heart.

—Selected.

With the Spion Kop Ox Team

It was early morning on the Spion Kop Zulu Mission. The boys — as all Zulu workmen, old or young, are called — had rounded up the oxen, and were helping Brethren F. A. Armitage and Hubert Sparrow to inspan the team. There was some unwillingness, and oxen were pulled and pushed into place; once in line, however, they usually bowed their necks patiently for the inevitable yoke.

"*Basoop! basoop*, Witpens!" shouted the driver, Brother Sparrow, and we were off — only ten oxen this time, for the wagon was going into town light loaded. Sixteen is a full team, and sometimes twenty are used. Five or six miles along the way, at the top of the ridge, a donkey team was waiting to take the wagon to town, allowing the oxen to return and go at the farm work. Moreover, with cattle sickness about, oxen were not allowed over the whole distance to Ladysmith.

There is a fine chance to get acquainted with the oxen on these journeys. And every ox has its name, and knows its name. There is one not pulling. "Quirmaan!" shouts the driver, and that particular ox springs forward. "If one lags, I call his name," said Brother Sparrow; "if he does not respond, I help him along with the whip."

"How do they get these names?" I asked.

"It is generally one of the privileges of the herd-boys to give the names to the oxen," he said. "By the time the animal is old enough to inspan, he has his name; and he knows his name, too."

"On what principle is the name given?"

"Well, some characteristic of appearance or of disposition guides in the matter. It is a peculiar fact that the boys seldom name the ox from its good points. It is often some provoking trait that gives the name."

Here is the directory of the team that drew us in

toward town that morning, yoke by yoke, beginning with Witpens and his mate, the tried leaders:—

Witpens — White Stomach

Bakeer — Black Hindrance

Befeel — Stump Toes

Saarman — Pitiful

Spoon — Hornless

Quirmaan — Hot Temper

Faaltuin — Brown Garden

Very Nice

Potberg — Black Mountain

Spion Kop

Bakeer gained his name by an early trait of crowding in at the gates, blocking the way. Faaltuin, brownish in color, kept breaking into the garden as a calf. Quirmaan once hooked a boy, tearing his shirt off, and carries to this day the evil name. Spoon was born without horns. Most of the names are Dutch; but Very Nice was named by a boy who had learned some English in a mission school. "Even if the natives do not understand much Dutch," said Brother Sparrow, "they usually use Dutch names for the oxen."

"Now what is the meaning of the starting word?"

"*Basoop* means 'look out;' it is a Dutch word."



ON TRANSPORT SERVICE

Away in front the right-hand leader was turning out of the road.

"*Buya*, Witpens!" the driver called. Back came the ox into line. *Buya* is a Zulu word meaning "come back."

If it was desired to turn the leaders to the right, the call would be, "*Buya*, Bakeer!" and the ox on the left would turn to the right.

"Both oxen in a yoke respond to the call together," said the driver. "When I call *Buya* to one, his mate always gives way, to allow him to obey the order and turn in."

It is not a quiet ride, this rattling wagon route over rocks and through gullies and the beds of streams. All along it is necessary to shout this and that order to the team, one animal or another perpetually trying to do the wrong thing. And now and then the swish of the lash is heard above our heads. It rarely comes

down. "The natives do not make the best drivers," I was told; "they are inclined to use the whip too much, and do not keep the team under steady control."

This whip is an institution in itself. The stock is a bamboo, the length of a short fishing pole. The lash is of buffalo hide, tanned in buttermilk to make it most pliable and tough. At the end is the cracker, made of the skin of the bush buck. This cracks with the report of a pistol shot. On a still morning, they say, one may hear the crack of the whip a mile or two away.

So on we rolled, over the stones and in and out of the deep and steep creek beds, the backs of the oxen undulating and swaying, the heavy wagon taking the heaviest jolts in stolid, determined fashion as if used to it. These are heavy wagons, a load in themselves for the ordinary team. But they are exactly the thing needed for transport work over uneven roads. One of these wagons and teams will take two or three tons readily, and the heavier ones take even more, I am told, which is an achievement that counts when thousands of sacks of corn are to be hauled over long roads.

So on we go, good roads or bad, a native behind plying the brake for steep descents, part of the time a boy ahead leading, the driver swishing the lash and calling over the names of the animals with exhortations and commands appropriate to the instant. It is a fine and moving spectacle to watch from the soft seat on a corn sack.

Now it is the Dutch word *basoop*, for the start; now the Zulu word *buya*, to turn or "come back;" and for stopping, the signal for the oxen is the same as for horses in South Africa—a whistle, which sounds the same in all languages. W. A. SPICER.

The Dead Organ

THERE it stands against the wall, with every part in perfect shape and care. The rack is laden with sheets of melodies arranged by masters and ready to be turned into sublimest harmonies. The stops and keys await the touch of him who knows the power they hold, and even the dull pedals hold out their ironclad forms and bid the performer proceed.

But there it stands. No ancient sphinx or pyramid could be more solemn or yield less of heaven's solace. O, will it ne'er again breathe forth those tones that enrich the life and draw us nearer God?

No, never, never—while it abides alone. A superior power must set its breath in action, and bring forth from its dark bosom those symphonies that set at rest the weary and undone. But when the master hand sweeps that placid keyboard, no longer is the thing as dumb as stone; but life, joy, and peace steal out, and sweep before their blessed swells the thoughts of doubt and darkness.

O soul redeemed by grace, thou, too, an organ art! Powers rest within thy slumbering soul known alone to him who made thee, and he alone can bring them forth. Powers to bless lie there, and powers to heal, powers to lift and draw some lost ones back to God. But without him thou art as dead as they.

Thou mayest be plain or elegant, superwrought, or only the simplest among men, but worthless without him. Eternity only will reveal what symphonies lie within thy heart when touched by his blessed hand. Yield then thy keyboard to the Master's touch, and angel songs will join the melodies that breathe forth, leading souls from wrong to right, from doubt to hope, from earth to heaven.

ALBERT COVEY.



The Outlook

The Atheist

THERE is no God; who tells me that this span
Of petty pain and pleasure is controlled
By other than the whim-led will of man,
He must be blind or fool. I cannot hold
Your dreamer's notion of a guiding hand;
There is no God whom I can understand.

The Agnostic

I do not know; there may be One above
Who sees the strange enigma of our life
And wisely holds its key,—perhaps in love,—
Who overrules our struggle, knows our strife;
But it is all conjecture still, to me;
I will believe when I can clearly see.

The Christian

I know Whom I believe. The questions rise,—
The problems are not few,—but I have seen
The vision far transcending all sunrise,—
A love that plans, a strength on which I lean;
My Master rules, for faith has told me so.
I know him whom I have believed—I know.

—Laura Roe Mills, in the *Sunday School Times*.

The Failure

"BUT to fail!" the girl cried passionately, "I could have stood anything else. I was willing to work—to sacrifice anything. And then to have it all end this way!"

"You were willing to do anything for God except fail?" her pastor suggested.

The girl looked startled. "But God doesn't want failures," she protested. "He wants strong, shining lives. That is what Christian lives ought to be—you've preached it again and again."

"Thirty years ago," her pastor answered, "the church to which I belonged had a young people's society. We used to have meetings just before the Sunday evening service. For a year or two the society did good work; then for some reason it began to deteriorate. We still had meetings, but there was little interest.

"Our pastor tried one plan after another in vain. Finally he asked Mattie Crandall to lead the next meeting. I happened to be with her at the time. Mattie was a dear girl, everybody loved her, but she was painfully shy. She could never 'speak,' as most of us did, she always read her part; but the leader must speak, and offer prayer as well. Mattie turned absolutely white; then she said in a curious voice, 'I shall fail,—I know I shall fail,—but if you want me to, I'll do it, even if I fail.'

"The word spread that Mattie Crandall was to lead, and next Sunday the room was crowded. Everybody was curious to see if Mattie would do it. It was pitiful to see her nervousness, but she got through it somehow till she had begun her prayer; then she broke down. As long as I live I shall never forget the silence that followed; it seemed to last minutes, though I suppose it was only a few seconds; and then the pastor's voice took up the prayer. After the meeting, when Mattie, with tears in her eyes, stammered something about

failing, he cried, 'Child, you haven't failed; God needed you — you will see.'

"She did see. A new spirit came into the meetings. One boy who had been fighting against going into the ministry because he feared he might not succeed in it, gave up the fight that night. He saw clearly that he could not evade it, that what God wanted was a will so completely surrendered that it would be willing even to fail for him."

A silence fell upon the room. Then the pastor asked gently, "Do you see, child?"

And the girl answered gravely, "I see — now."—
Selected.

Mother

MOTHER was a little woman and never very strong. She had many severe illnesses, and was often at death's door, but she recovered and lived on. She had sorrows, but she survived them. She saw her friends depart, and she mourned for them; but she dried her tears, sought out some comforting word in the Book, took up her duty, and continued to live.

Mother became a grandmother, and then a great-grandmother; she even lived to be a great-great-grandmother. She died at the age of ninety-six, and she had seen the blessing of God on her children's children and on their children.

She spent her years as mothers do, caring for her home and loving her children, and teaching them to pray, and day and night lifting up her own prayer to God to help her to be a good mother.

In her old age she lived in the home of her son-in-law. He was in business, but his joy in life was the cultivation of flowers. She sat in the window and watched the flowers he planted; and she saw the world go by her window, and smiled serenely as it passed. Her son came out from the city to see her every week. He was employed by a great railway; and he rose step by step to be its president.

Mother did not know how to run a railway, but she had a few simple maxims that directed her own life and constantly guided the judgment of others who had more conspicuous places to fill. "Remember this, my son," she would say in her calm, even voice, "nothing really counts but character," and, "Remember that duty never calls us to be in more than one place at one time."

At last she passed away, with a verse of Scripture on her lips. Hers was a quiet funeral. The minister read from her own Bible, and paid a simple tribute to her memory. It was dignified, old-fashioned, and very beautiful. And although there was no publicity, the house overflowed with friends who came to pay their tribute to the memory of mother.

Mother was little and frail; at her death she weighed only eighty pounds; but two special trains were needed to carry her and those who loved her to the cemetery, and the traffic of a great railway system kept out of their way.

In his private car the railway president sat with the minister, and said: "I have tried to carry into my business the ideals I learned of my mother. I hope I have not failed to do so."—*Selected.*

"IMPATIENT persons cheat themselves out of the best of things. We can almost always have our choice between something good today and something better tomorrow. But the highest good never will be ours until we have learned to wait for it."

If You Are Well Bred

You will be kind.

You will not use slang.

You will try to make others happy.

You will not be shy or self-conscious.

You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.

You will think of others before you think of yourself.

You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.

You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.

You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.

You will not have two sets of manners, one for "company" and one for home use.

You will never remind a cripple of his deformity, nor probe the sore spots of a sensitive soul.

You will not gulp your soup so audibly that you can be heard across the room, nor sop up the sauce in your plate with bits of bread.

You will let a refined manner and superior intelligence show that you have traveled, instead of constantly talking of the different countries you have visited.

You will not attract attention by either your loud talk or laughter, nor show your egotism by trying to absorb conversation.—*Success.*

Cranes That Herd Sheep

THE trumpeter of South America is, so far as is known, the only shepherd bird anywhere. We have all known, of course, of dogs that, unaided, may be trusted to shepherd a flock of sheep, but a shepherd bird, which will drive its charges to pasture, protect them from prowling animals, and gather them carefully together at nightfall to bring them safely home again, is indeed a unique creature.

The native owners of sheep and poultry in Venezuela and British Guiana are the possessors of this species of crane—for to that family the trumpeter belongs—to which are intrusted sheep, ducks, and other poultry. The South American sees them depart for their feeding grounds, secure in the knowledge that the crane will bring them all back safely. Any unlucky animal detected by the trumpeter prowling around to steal gets very much the worst of it. The bird savagely attacks the marauder with wings and beak, forcing it to retreat in haste. A dog is no match at all for the trumpeter.

At dusk the bird returns with its flock, never losing its way, no matter how far it may wander, for its sense of location is extremely acute. When it arrives home the trumpeter roosts upon a tree or shed near its charges, to be ready to resume its supervision of them when they are let out again in the morning.

This queer bird is said to be as affectionate as it is trustworthy. It will follow its master about with capers of delight, showing its appreciation of any attention given it by the most extraordinary evolutions.—*Harper's Weekly.*



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."

My Mountain Home

A LITTLE valley bounded in
By foothills where it lies;
Gray crags, green trees, and grassy steeps,
But open to the skies;
Away from haunts of noise and pride,
A halfway house on mountain side.

The rocky "castle" toward the west
Hails the first gleam of morn;
And O, the level evening rays
After the flashing storm!
The sunset hues of a thousand lands
Come floating over in golden bands.

Sunflowers nod to buttercups,
Wild violets blue the ground,
And harebells wave from wild-rose copse
To rocks syringa-crowned;
While fragrance of a thousand flowers
Is wafted in on summer showers.

There's never glint of neighbor's light
To cheer when darkness comes;
But safely sheltered among the hills
We know are other homes,
With friends who've proved, in grief and joy,
Their hearts of gold without alloy.

What are embattled fortresses,
And guns, and fleets, and towers,
To the sheltered, peaceful homes that fill
This dear, fair land of ours?
God keep them ever far from strife,
Salt of the earth, savor of life!

VIOLA SCOTT.

The Siege of the Wolves



LATE in the seventies my father, who had been a storekeeper in a village in the Mississippi Valley, inherited a cattle ranch in Wyoming. He was a man of adventurous spirit, but the conditions of his life had kept him in humdrum ways; so now he welcomed the opportunity for a free life in Wyoming, and at once made ready to move to the ranch.

I was eight years old at the time, and my brother was three. My mother was a small, slender woman, with fair hair and large, earnest, blue eyes; her frail beauty was very appealing, but it did not reveal the courage and will power that she really had. Our relatives raised a hue and cry when they learned that father was going to take his wife and little children to the wilderness, but he paid no attention to their protests. He knew that my mother, for all her frail appearance, was strong, and as courageous as himself. As a matter of fact, she was as eager for the new life as he was.

Our journey to Cheyenne and the adventures of our sixty-mile ride in a covered wagon behind four vindictive mules,—with outriders, because of rumors of Indians,—belong to another chronicle, and so, too, does the description of our new home, Waxhaw Ranch, with its miles of range, its great cattle sheds and corrals, and its low, rambling ranch house, so rough without and so comfortable within.

It is necessary to say, however, that the living room of the ranch opened upon a broad veranda that ran the length of the house. Two of the six windows that had

been brought all the way from Cheyenne were in this room. They were broad, and so low that they came nearly to the level of the veranda. On the opposite side of the room was a fireplace, large enough to hold great logs. Father used to say that he could see the fire on his hearth when he topped a ridge of hills two miles from the house. When any one belonging to the ranch was away, we left these windows uncurtained. We were miles from any neighbor, and off the traveled road, so there was no danger from tramps.

The first winter we passed at Waxhaw was the most severe that Wyoming had ever experienced. There was snow from early fall—frequent blizzards, and then snow on top of snow. The cattle were kept in corrals all winter, for the weather was too severe to let them out on range, and, moreover, the grass was completely covered with snow. It meant a great deal of work for the men, hauling feed and looking after the stock at home and at the three other stations on the ranch.

That was before we had to begin the campaign against prairie wolves. The smaller animals, except those that hibernated, were killed by the intense cold; and as all the cattle were shut in, the wolves soon became desperate from hunger. The men did not dare to go about the ranch alone, or even in twos and threes, for fear of being attacked; consequently they went about their work in as large numbers as possible; and even our German cook, much against his will, was called upon to join them.

Thus mother was alone with us children a great deal; but we were comfortable and apparently safe, and we did not mind the loneliness.

One evening the men were out at their work until long after dark. Mother had given us an early supper in the living room, where an immense log burned in the fireplace. A chest full of smaller wood stood near the hearth. Brother was soon asleep, tucked up on the built-in settee that ran along the wall from the fireplace to the corner of the room. I sat in my little rocker, beside the hearth; mother, while she talked and sang, busied herself with cleaning some lanterns that the men would need on their return. When she had finished, she set them in a shining row on the mantel, and threw the oily cloths she had used into the fire.

Suddenly we heard Shep, our half-grown house dog, scratching outside the door, and whining frantically to get in. That surprised us, for he usually stayed at the barns until the men came home. When mother let him in, he ran, with tail and ears drooping, under the settee, and huddled back into a corner.

Mother laughed at him, and went on talking to me, as she stitched at a piece of sewing. I was sleepy, but she liked to have me for company when she was alone, so she made a special effort to entertain me.

Suddenly Shep, out of sight under the settee, gave a low, long-drawn howl. Mother turned quickly toward the uncurtained windows, and sat motionless, with the laugh frozen on her face. I turned, too.

On the piazza, gazing in at the windows, were what

seemed to me countless lean heads with gleaming, malevolent eyes,—eyes of fire that glowed like the coals in the fireplace.

Drawn by the smell of the oily cloths that mother had thrown into the fireplace, the wolves had come from all directions. There seemed to be scores of them, pushing against one another and rearing up over one another, fiercely intent upon the fire—and upon the little woman and her babies, whose only protection was the wolves' fear of live coals, and those thin sheets of glass! I whimpered, but mother's voice steadied me. There was not a quiver in it.

"Don't jump up or make a noise, May. They are afraid of the light, and if we move about, they will look away from it and forget their fear. Don't be frightened, for father and the men will be here very soon, and chase them off."

She spoke so cheerfully that my fears were quieted. Mother was always calm and steady; she had taught me not to fear many things that once had frightened me. Now I was reassured, and did not realize our danger. I did not know that to protect themselves against the wolves our men had gone armed and on horseback for days, or that if one of those animals should dash himself against the glass, every one of the others, frantic with hunger, would follow.

"Turn your back to the window, May," mother said, quietly but firmly, "so that you won't see the naughty old wolves. I will keep up a good fire, and they won't come any closer. I believe that I shall have just about time to tell you about the Princess of Happyland before father comes."

I obediently hitched my chair until it faced the fireplace; and then, sitting by the wood box, mother began a wonderful tale, so novel and exciting that I knew, even then, that she was making it up as she went along. While she talked, she fed the fire. She was careful to lay on the sticks so that they would not hide the light, and would keep the blaze as high as possible; and I knew that all the while she was listening for the coming of the men.

Outside the wolves were shuffling, sniffing, and occasionally whining; but in spite of their restlessness, mother's face never changed, nor did she even appear to glance toward the windows; her cheery voice never wavered as she related the wonderful adventures of the Princess of Happyland.

For a long time we sat there. Mother kept piling wood on the fire until at last there was only one small fagot of sticks left in the wood box. Outside, the noises were louder. The backlog dwindled and fell in two; the fire grew dim, the whining more persistent. Mother's face was very white, but her hand was steady; she broke off in the middle of her story and said, evenly and impressively:—

"May, listen carefully, and do just as I say, for I may not have a chance to tell you again." She held in her hands the last fagot of sticks. "When I get these sticks on fire, I shall rush toward the windows with them. When I do that, you catch up brother and drag him into the dining room. Call Shep with you. Go on out into the kitchen, while I keep the wolves here. I will come as soon as I can. Don't wait for me, but pull up the trapdoor and go down cellar, with Shep to keep you company. Be sure to drop the door after you. Wait down there till father comes, whether I am there or not."

She held the sticks in the fire until they were blazing, and then without another word to me, turned

and rushed toward the windows, waving her burning brands back and forth. Steadied by her courage, I caught brother under the arms. He was heavy, but I did not notice his weight, because, just before mother had turned with her torch, I had caught a glimpse of the windows. Those hundreds of eyes of fire, which at first had glared from the outer edge of the veranda, had now drawn closer. The wolves were ranged with their noses fairly against the window glass—a crowding, snapping, whining mass of horrible creatures. Brother did not seem heavy after that.

Half carrying him, half dragging him, I got through the dining room, with its long table and many chairs; in the kitchen I set him down, and began to tug desperately at the heavy trapdoor. When I had raised it, I sent Shep into the blackness of the cellar; then, picking brother up, I lugged him down the steps. I closed the trapdoor and sat there on the steps. Brother, angry at being so rudely waked, was crying.

Suddenly from outside came the cowboy yell: "Yaa-hoo-oo-oo-ow-w-oo-oo!"

It sounded like angel's music to me. Then there were shots popping rapidly, howls and snapping from the wolves, and a sound of rushing feet. The clatter of hoofs on the frozen snow, and pistol shots, growing fainter, told the story of the chase.

Mother lay on the floor, for she had crumpled and fallen when she heard the first shot. Her torch had kindled a lively little fire in the woodwork.

They say that they found me sitting on the top step of the cellar stairs, singing "Three Little Kittens," in a vain effort to quiet brother's cries. I can remember that when the men, leaving father with mother in his arms, rushed in to rescue us, they were ridiculously sympathetic; the fat cook sat down and burst into tears, exclaiming over and over that I was a poor little *Mädchen*!

I think my father never went to bed that night, for again and again I was aware that he was leaning over the bed where brother and I lay, or hanging over mother, trying to realize that we were really safe from the peril that had threatened us.—*May Belleville Brown, in the Youth's Companion.*

The Greatness of Little Things

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands, the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life."

—Young.

WILL you recall for just a moment some hot summer night when you were trying to sleep and an insignificant mosquito kept buzzing around your ear? It was a little thing, yet it kept you awake for hours.

It was a little thing for the janitor to leave a lamp swinging in the cathedral at Paris; but in that steady, swaying motion the boy Galileo saw the pendulum, and conceived the idea of thus measuring time.

A comma is a little thing, yet the absence of a comma in a bill passed through Congress years ago cost our government a million dollars. A single misspelled word prevented a deserving young man from obtaining a situation as instructor in a New England college.

Among the lofty Alps, it is said, the guides sometimes demand absolute silence, lest the vibration of the voice bring down an avalanche.

A cricket is a little thing, yet a cricket once saved a military expedition from destruction. The commanding officer and hundreds of his men were going to South America on a large boat, and, through careless-

ness of the watch, they would have been dashed upon a ledge of rock had it not been for a cricket which a soldier had brought on board. When the little insect scented land, it broke its long silence by a shrill note, and thus warned them of danger.

If trifles mean so much, it is reasonable to think that our attention to them has something to do with our success in life.

Trifles light as air suggest to the keen observer the solution of mighty problems. Bits of glass arranged to amuse children led to the discovery of the kaleidoscope. Goodyear discovered how to vulcanize rubber, by forgetting, until it became red-hot, a skillet containing a compound which he had before considered worthless. A poor boy applied for a situation at a bank in Paris, but was refused. As he left the door, he picked up a pin. The bank president saw this, called the boy back, and gave him a situation, from which he rose until he became the greatest banker in Paris — Laffitte.

We have in our bodies some very small but important parts. The eye is a perpetual camera, imprinting upon the sensitive mental plate and packing away in the brain for future use every face, every tree, every plant, flower, hill, stream, and in fact everything which comes within its range. The ear is a sort of phonograph which catches, however transient, every syllable we or any one else utters, and registers it in our minds. From the mental impressions received through the eye and the ear come the thoughts that lead to our acts and words.

Last but not least, we have the tongue, which is thus fittingly described in the Bible: "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things." The tongue is a small member, yet as an instrument of destruction it is second to none. The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, anger, malice, envy, bitterness, harsh criticism, gossip, lying, and scandal. Theft and murder are terrible crimes, yet in a single year the aggregate sorrow, pain, and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows caused by the tongue.

At the hands of thief or murderer few persons suffer even indirectly. But by the careless tongue of a friend or the cruel tongue of an enemy many hearts are broken, social natures are seared and warped, and friends are separated. Remember that a chain's strength lies in the weakest link, no matter how strong the others may be. We all have a weak link, and with most of us it is the tongue. Let us therefore not make it a "world of iniquity," but strive to make it a source from which only blessing will flow out to others.—*H. A. Johnston, in the Educational Messenger.*

THE GIVERS

The Givers

LAURA CONWAY walked more and more slowly as she reached the corner where she turned to the old ladies' home. It had been a hard afternoon. Laura said to herself that she would never again collect for the missionary society. Why, people—her own church people—had treated her as if she were doing it merely for her own pleasure.

Mrs. Olcott, of course, had been lovely. She had thanked Laura for coming, and wished her a successful afternoon, and made her feel as if the work of soliciting were actually a privilege. But that had been her first call; after Mrs. Olcott had come Mrs. Matthews, who frowned, and said she supposed she must give a dollar, although she did not know how she could spare

it; and Mrs. Shailor, who refused entirely; and Mrs. Appleby, who said she should love to give, but that Dr. Andrews ought to have known better than to expect it of her, with all the sickness they had had this year; and Mrs. Kent, who explained at great length that she did not believe in giving money to foreign missions when there was so much suffering at home; and Mrs. King, who gave so grudgingly and ungraciously that Laura wanted to refuse to take the money. The girl's face grew hotter and hotter with each disturbing memory.

And now she had to go to Miss Betsy Morrison, who, as any one could tell you, had scarcely ten dollars a year for clothes or anything else. Laura stopped at the foot of the steps: it seemed cruel to go to Miss Betsy. Then her lips set resolutely. She never would be caught again, but she would go through it this once, according to her instructions. Three minutes later she was looking into Miss Betsy's happy eyes.

"I've been watching for some one all the week, and most thought I was left out," Miss Betsy was saying, "although I knew Dr. Andrews never would do that. My dear, the loveliest thing has happened! I have fifty cents to give: isn't it beautiful that it just happened so I could? And then I have a roll of old linen for Dr. Corson's work; she needs old linen, doesn't she? Medical missionaries always do. Miss Folsom was so good! she let me have some ragged napkins, and the ladies gave me all their ragged handkerchiefs. And here's a package of postal cards that I've pasted together, as they do in hospitals. I remember Dr. Corson used to ask for them. Every one was so lovely about giving them to me, and I put in all my own. Isn't it beautiful, dear, that every one, no matter how poor, can find something to give in this world?"

"And sometimes," Laura answered, "people give more than they know, Miss Betsy."—*Selected.*

Life Is What We Make It

To a large extent, life is what we make it. And how shall we succeed if we pass by heedlessly life's precious opportunities? Little opportunities of doing good, little lessons that may at present seem unimportant, help materially to lay the foundation for a great and useful life.

Our faculties for exercising an influence over others are so many and so great that it is difficult to conceive how two persons may sit and converse together without exerting a mutual influence; and every one who critically examines himself, his intellectual and moral state, will observe that, however short his interview with another person may be, it has had an effect upon him. This influence is usually exerted when we think little about it, but it leaves impressions that will never be erased.

A single instance of advice, reproof, caution, or encouragement may decide the question as to man's respectability, usefulness, and happiness for a lifetime. How important, then, that we improve every opportunity to make our life a blessing to others!—*Zion's Herald.*

REMEMBER this: If we succeed without suffering, it is because some one has suffered before us; if we suffer without success, it is because some one will succeed after us.—*Edward Jordan, D. D.*



The King of Fishers

THE little kingfisher he swooped to the sea,
The little queenfisher she sat in a tree,
And 'most every time that the kingfisher tried,
He caught a wee fish to present to his bride.
But the men on the pier, with their tackle and line,
Brought nothing but bubbles up out of the brine.

The kingfisher chuckled with infinite glee,
And he said to his mate as she sat in the tree,
"Not one man who fishes to serve fish in dishes,
Can fish half as well as the kingfisher fishes."
— St. Nicholas.

Little Miss Hairy Coat

No, I don't mean the old gray cat that lives next door, and entertains you with nightly serenades. The hairy coat I am about to tell you of is not an animal. "Why," you say, "I think it must be an animal if it has a hairy coat, because only animals have coats of hair." Well, it is a fact that this hairy coat is not an animal, yet it has a more beautiful hairy coat than you



THE EVOLUTION OF A BUTTERFLY

ever saw on any kitten. Shall I tell you what it is? Why, it is a caterpillar, and its mother's name is Mrs. Diurnal Lepidoptera. She lives, when at home, in the large rosebush in Deacon White's garden. Suppose you and I call on Miss Hairy Coat. We shall find her on some branch of the rosebush—there she is now!

See her watching you out of her tiny beads of eyes. I suppose she is wondering who and what you are. Of course, with her little eyes, not so big as a pinhead, she cannot possibly see much of you at a time; so when she is looking at your face, she cannot tell how far down it is to your toes. No doubt you are a very strange object to her as she compares you with herself.

Take a little twig and gently roll her over on her back. What a funny stomach she has, with its thirteen creases. And see her tiny legs and feet, six jointed pairs in front, and ten chubby, short ones behind, called prolegs, without any joints. What need has she of all these legs? I'm sure I don't know, only that she walks with the six pairs of front ones. Sometimes when she is walking, she raises the front part of her body to look around, and at such times, possibly, she uses the ten sets of back ones to grip with, and so steadies her body and keeps it from falling over.

There comes her mother! What a beautiful butterfly! Lepidoptera belongs to the Papilionidæ tribe, and that, as you

may be interested to know, is the true-blood aristocracy among the butterflies. Notice the tail on the end of her outer wings, and then look under the back ones. See how they curve toward the sky. These are proofs of her exalted position among insects.

Suppose now we release little Hairy Coat, and watch her crawl back to a safe place in the rosebush. Do you suppose her mother has been watching us all this time? What a beautiful creature she is!



CABBAGE BUTTERFLY

What lovely colors! But do you know that her wings are not colored, have no color in them, being pure white? Tucked into the substance of the wings, however, are small scales of colors which lap one over the other, thus producing the patterns of bright colors these diurnal, or "day-flying," butterflies exhibit. This is why they are called Lepidoptera—scaly-winged.

There are two other families of these scaly-winged butterflies never seen in broad daylight. One which



THE CATERPILLAR, OR LARVA, OF THE ASTERIAS BUTTERFLY

appears just at twilight, is called Sphinx, or hawk moth; its plumage is not so bright as that of the diurnal insect. Watch a hawk and then notice the moth, and you will see that they pursue their prey in a similar manner. It is this characteristic that gives the hawk moth its name. The other is the nocturnal moth, which is clad in dark and somber colors, and never ventures abroad until night.

All butterflies and moths eat by means of a long trunk, or proboscis, like an elephant, through which they obtain honey from the nectaries, or honey cups, of flowers, honey being their natural food.

Another butterfly belonging to the same order as the diurnal Lepidoptera, is the Hesperiidæ, or so-called skipper, because of its short, jerky flight. There are several kinds of these, and one, the pearl, or silver spot, is very beautiful; yet, if you and I were able to talk butterfly talk and should ask Mrs. Diurnal Lepidoptera her opinion of the Hesperiidæ, the answer might be something like this:—

"Yes, of course, the skippers are relatives of ours,—distant, however, quite distant,—but you must understand that the diurnal Lepidoptera are recognized as the leaders in the but-



PAPILIO

terfly world. As they occupy so exalted a position it would not be becoming in them to mingle on familiar terms, or associate intimately, with relatives of lower degree. Familiarity breeds contempt, you understand, and it is therefore necessary that we exalted diurnals should exercise a certain amount of reserve when in the presence of lower orders of butterflies, or they would soon lose all respect for us.

"We true Lepidoptera, therefore, hold ourselves aloof from these crazy-brained skippers, and positively refuse to countenance their silly antics. If we chance to meet at a flower's honey cup, we refuse to sip from it in company with them, but fold our proboscides and gracefully sail away to some other bloom. Sometimes, at our social gatherings, a skipper will intrude; but the boisterous way in which he alights, and his absurd and clownish manners, disgust us, and we treat him so coldly that he soon leaves, seeking more congenial company."

Do you know where the butterflies come from? If not, I will tell you. The mother butterfly lays them as eggs. When I say "eggs," you will think of old Biddy, the white hen that you set over thirteen eggs on a nest in the barn; or you may try to fancy Mrs. Diurnal Lepidoptera gathering bits of straw and moss and thread and little feathers, like the friendly robin, and making a cunning nest about as big as a silver dime, laying the eggs, and hatching out three or four tiny butterflies.

But no, that is not the way it comes about. The mother lays one egg at a time. The eggs are sticky, and as she crawls along, she drops one occasionally, apparently without much thought or care. But the truth is that while it may not be so important as to just where the egg is dropped, the mother takes good care to have it where the sun will shine on it the greater part of the day. Otherwise it would not hatch.

And when the tiny creature hatches out, do you imagine that she is a charming little butterfly, like her mother, only smaller? Well, if you should see the two together, you would never dream that they were mother and daughter. The little one is what you would probably call a nasty little caterpillar. But watch her grow! She's the biggest glutton for her size you ever saw or heard of. She begins to eat as soon as out of the shell, and she eats and eats and eats until her skin (let us call it that) bursts open. Then she crawls out; and as soon as a new skin hardens over her body, she begins to eat again, and eats and eats until her skin cracks open a second time.

You see, she grows so fast that she just has to crack the skin open and crawl out while she puts on a new and larger covering, else she would suffocate and die. So she bursts open one cover after another until she has spoiled several, and has grown to be a large and handsome caterpillar, or Hairy Coat. Then she seems to lose her appetite, stops eating, and acts as if she felt sick.

It is necessary for Hairy Coat to eat to seeming excess, for there is a strenuous time before her. The great crisis of her life is now beginning,—she must change from a caterpillar into a butterfly. She must discard her hairy coat, and replace it with beautiful colors and lovely wings like her mother's.

This is a wonderful piece of work. Some of it we are not permitted to see, so we cannot tell just how the little creature accomplishes the task; but we know she builds a little house called a cocoon, into which she retires, and from which she emerges a gorgeous diurnal

Lepidoptera. First she weaves a strong silk thread which she winds several times around her body, then fastens the end to a twig or safe limb. Then, hanging head down, she begins the manufacture, from the material within her body, made from the food she has eaten, of a little cone-shaped house. The substance is so clear when first made that we can see her at work, but when the cocoon has been plastered over and over, it darkens. At last, when she has made her little house strong and tight enough, Hairy Coat goes to sleep, or rests, for a season.

After a long interval of rest the cocoon may be seen to tremble, then to crack open, slightly at first, then more and more widely. Then a little wet, forlorn-looking creature staggers forth, creeps fearfully up the sides of the cocoon and out onto the limb, where it squats, trembling like an aspen.

As the warm rays of the sun dry the moisture from its wings, they begin to expand, the hairy coat upon its body stands erect, and the form swells. The little trembling creature becomes beautiful as we watch it. Finally it spreads its wings, flutters for a moment until they fill with air and it is sure of its power, then lets go its hold, and sails away a gorgeous diurnal Lepidoptera.

With a wave of the hand, let us cry after it, "Good-by, little Hairy Coat! Good-by! May you live long and be happy!"

W. S. CHAPMAN.

St. Petersburg, Florida.

Name These Biblical Pictures

THERE was a certain man who had visions. In one vision he saw four horses—a red one, a black one, a white one, and a grizzled one. Each horse was attached to a chariot, and the chariots came out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass. Who was the man? Name other men who had visions.

We will look at three pictures. The first is a night scene. A few men are riding around the walls of a ruined city. They examine its foundations, bow in prayer, and then depart.

The second picture is of men working upon the walls of the city. They are armed men, but very intent upon their work. They seem to be troubled by enemies from below, but they cannot stop to go down to them. They have a valiant leader.

The third picture is of the city rebuilt. It stands in its beauty in the light of the rising sun. A man is reading from a scroll, and the people are weeping for joy and praising the Lord.

Name the leader. Name the city. What was read to the people?

ELIZA H. MORTON.

An Inconvenient God

SAID a little Japanese girl to her heathen grandmother as she came home from a Christian Sunday school, "I have to go to the temple to pray to my god, but this God of the Christians can be prayed to when you are warm in bed, or almost any time. But there's one thing I don't like: he can see, you all the time everywhere; and sometimes I should think that would be quite inconvenient." There are some in Christian lands who agree with that Japanese girl.—*Christian Herald.*

The Latter Years of Your Life

BENJAMIN KEECH



IF the latter years of your life are more or less free from really distressing occurrences, and therefore comparatively peaceful and happy, the woe and trouble through which you have previously passed will lose their power to wound; and fading from memory in the light of new blessings, will become as if they had never been. This gives one something for which to look forward with pleasurable anticipation; something for which to labor with renewed, earnest zeal.

Some natures, no matter how sadly crushed by the momentary sorrows of life, will immediately revive and be lifted up by the recurring presence of joy. If this has been your experience, and you desire content in your latter days, waste no more time in sad, unprofitable musings, but begin this precious hour to sow some hopeful seeds containing the germ of love, that the reaping, in the evening time of your life, may be truly joyful.

If at present your environment is bad and you are correspondingly unhappy, accept the situation nobly and do your best in spite of the worst, just as every aspiring soul has always done and must ever do. You can, by struggling peacefully in the miry clay of unfavorable conditions and not allowing it to engulf you, so assist God's good forces as ultimately to place yourself on high, safe ground, where in the coming years you may enjoy the many blessings that are necessary to make your life full and complete.

Unless one may "pray amiss," or unless, as in some instances, the Father of all has better, wiser plans for one, he will direct to each child the exact blessings that may be desired. But there are conditions to meet — there will be work to do. Unless one is ready to generously sow and afterwards diligently care for the coveted comforts, he need not expect to win a lavish harvest. If you are miserable because "fate" has cheated you out of a number of blessings that you would like to have, blame none but yourself if they do not arrive with the years. For —

"We build our future, thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not;
Yet so the universe is wrought.

"Thought is another name for fate;
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait;
For love brings love, and hate brings hate."

Even if the conditions under which you labor seem especially difficult, you may still enjoy the fruits of your sowing much sooner than you expect. At any rate, not long after you begin to work for them, you may, through divine intuition, be sure of the gradual approach of blessings in the distance. And if they do not arrive until the latter years of your life, that will be satisfactory, will it not? You can find a very large amount of happiness in ten fortunate years. Indeed, but five similar milestones may easily contain sufficient joy and satisfaction to compensate for sixty or seventy years that were marred and blighted.

Therefore, if you are disappointed and nearly discouraged with life as you have found it, gather fresh strength to start anew and aright, and sometime, out in the future, you may be delighted with life as you have made it. Each day sow largely of your best efforts, no matter what your work may be, nor how

humble or exalted your duties. Be faithful, and not weary in well-doing, even if it seems that some of your efforts may be in vain. That is not true, however. For no good deed, or even thought, is ever really wasted. Entirely right are those verses of clear, spiritual perception that advise,—

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

Of course, if one continues to hold to any incorrect manner of living that has helped make his life unsatisfactory, he can hardly expect to be exactly what he would like to be. No amount of earnest desires and determination can cause one to be good if he continues to be bad. Fervent wishes to better one's condition unquestionably do help mightily. But they are only important stepping-stones in the right direction toward a well-conducted, satisfactory plan of living. Simply sever and keep severed, by the aid of the Power that never fails, all shortcomings that prevent the spiritual part of your being from growing.

If at present unaware of pet sins which are holding you back, you will ultimately be convinced and convicted of them, that their overcoming may be hastened. The worst thing about one may be unkind gossip or criticism, than which nothing is more conducive to the development of a small, mean soul.

One delightful thing with regard to inducing your latter years to conform with your ideals is that naturally the more seeds you sow and the better the seeds, the happier and more peaceful will be your reaping. And if you are obliged to work for them under especially trying conditions during your young age, you will enjoy the coming choice blessings all the more deeply during your old age. You have it in your power to reap as you would like to reap — you have the choice. Then why attract the opposite of friends, love, peace, and the like?

Sometimes the easiest and the surest way to get what we need is simply to cease struggling to have our own way, and with whole-hearted sincerity declare, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." When, through pure communion with God, our hearts and minds have been purged of dross, love can then fill the emptied vessels and give us the peace, joy, and understanding which we so much desire, and which are necessary to help us live as we know we ought.

If young persons fully understood the truth that old, crabbed, unloved men and women have reached that unenviable state mainly through uncontrolled faults and mean characteristics in earlier life, they would certainly strive very diligently to escape a similar condition. They would overcome all faults and failings with opposite virtues, constantly referring to their Guidebook for the right way, which is always a love way, and in this manner compel their later years to hold largely of peace and contentment.

There is no fate much sadder than that of an unloved person when he becomes old. It is difficult to love a disagreeable young person, and perhaps even more difficult to love an old one. At the same time, if you wish to avoid the coldness and neglect that fall to many elderly persons, treat with kindness that poor old man or woman that lives with you. Do this because it is right, even if you have no natural affection for the person.

If you have an atom of goodness and common sense, backed by an understanding of the divine fitness of things, you will school yourself to be considerate of aged persons. In some ways and instances, they may not deserve it; yet in other ways, respect is decidedly due to old age. And the giving of it is one of the very best traits in a young person.

Likewise, being good to a bad old person who does not appreciate one's kindness, helps one, in unseen ways, to realize his ideal. How many "unlucky" persons were unkind to their parents, for instance—and vice versa! The grand men and women that you are, in a way, endeavoring to follow, had no doubt to go through the fiery trial of killing the bad part of themselves, before they could make any real progress. You will likewise have to copy them in this respect if you follow to their height.

Blessing the earth like a benediction is the influence of thousands of noble-hearted men and women, both known and obscure to fame, the life work of whom is truly inspiring. It is well to keep one's favorites in mind, especially when the acts of small, unawakened souls—in many instances persons struggling under difficulties which we have happened to escape—are forced to one's attention. In short, cultivate everything good. Have nothing to do with evil except to try to overcome it with good—the only legitimate and authorized way. In this manner you may gradually become the forceful, influential power for good that you have always longed to become.

You may not do so much or so well as other aspiring souls have done, but still you can do infinitely more than you have any idea. Unlimited uplifting thoughts, and prayer, each day, together with the acts they inspire, will help mightily in time. If you are wise, you will begin the glorious seed sowing now.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN
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General Secretary
Assistant Secretary
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, July 10

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have paper on "The Life of Saul."
2. Reports of bands and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "The Ministry of the Holy Spirit." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Luke 11:13; Acts 13:2.
5. Talks: "South African Union Conference;" "In African Wilds Visiting Outstations." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 60-74.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending July 10

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on "The Life of Saul."
2. Reports of bands and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "Justification by Faith." See *Gazette*.
4. Recitation: "None of Self and All of Thee." See "Christ in Song," No. 218.
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Luke 11:13.
6. Mission Talks: "South African Union Conference;" "In African Wilds Visiting Outstations." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 60-74.



Twenty-Seventh Week

July 4. Psalm 119, verses 1-88: Meditations and prayers relating to the law of God.

July 5. Psalm 119, verses 89-176.

July 6. Psalms 120 to 128: Psalms of Degrees.

July 7. Psalms 129 to 134: Psalms of Degrees.

July 8. Psalms 135 to 139: Praise and thanksgiving.

July 9. Psalms 140 to 144: Prayer for protection.

July 10. Psalms 145 to 150: God's goodness and power. Look over your titles and notes on the Psalms, and read again those that have especially helped you. Notice how many are, according to your titles, on the same theme. Observe that each of the five divisions, or books, of the Psalms (see 41, 72, 89, 106, 150) ends with some form of the benediction.

Psalm 119

"In psalm 119 we find the peculiarity of alliteration, the chapter being divided into twenty-two sections of eight verses each, and each verse in each section in the original writing beginning with the letter of the Hebrew alphabet standing at the head of the section. The alliteration shows the psalms to be divided into verses. It is well known that the books of the Bible were not generally divided into either chapters or verses until long after they were written. But the fact that the book of Psalms was thus divided may doubtless have suggested the propriety of so dividing the other books of the Bible, and certainly it is a very convenient and helpful arrangement. . . . The one hundred and nineteenth psalm is the most noted of all inspired productions that set forth the excellences of the law of God. Every one of the one hundred and seventy-six verses seems in some way to speak of the commandments of Jehovah."—*Starr*.

The Songs of Degrees

Fifteen psalms (120 to 134) are in the Authorized Version called Songs of Degrees, and in the Revised Version, Songs of Ascent. Many explanations of these terms have been made, two of which are here given. Henry van Dyke says:—

"The interpretation which is followed by the best modern scholars refers the word [degrees, or ascents] to the successive stages of the pilgrimage which the Jews were accustomed to make, thrice every year, to the temple on Mt. Zion. On such journeys it would be natural to beguile the tedium of the way, or to cheer the nightly encampment, by the singing of familiar ballads. The 'singableness' of these fifteen psalms, 'their freshness, their brilliant color, their allusions, their reflection of the homely phrase and surrounding of the folk,' make them fit for such a purpose. And we may feel quite sure that we have here a brief collection of the popular songs which were used in this way,—'Songs of the Upgoings,' or, as they have been called by one of our best expositors, 'Pilgrim Psalms.'"

Others believe these psalms to have formed a collection used by the two hundred singers who accompanied the Jews returning from Babylon to Jerusalem.

It is not unlikely that both these explanations may be true. It is still the custom in the East for pilgrims and companies of natives, "traveling together through the open country and along mountain paths, especially during the night, to break out into singing some of their favorite songs. . . . Something like this may have often rendered vocal the dreary ascent to Jerusalem. It is common in that country to travel in the night during the summer, and we know that the Hebrew pilgrims journeyed in large companies; and it would be strange indeed if sometimes they did not seek relief from the oppressive solitude by singing the beautiful songs of Zion."

A spiritual application of these psalms has been made by one Bible student, who "defines the fifteen degrees of going up out of the valley of weeping to the presence of God to be, (1) affliction; (2) looking to God; (3) joy in communion; (4) invocation; (5) thanksgiving; (6) confidence; (7) patient waiting for deliverance; (8) God's grace and favor; (9) fear of the Lord; (10) martyrdom; (11) hatred of sins; (12) humility; (13) desire for the coming of Christ; (14) concord and charity; (15) constant blessing of God."

Day by Day

If I have cheered some lonely heart,
Or helped to heal some bitter smart,
Or taught love how to act her part,
I have not lived the day in vain.
Although the light dies out in pain.

—R. Hare.



II — Repentance and Obedience

(July 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12: 38-50.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15: 14.

Questions

1. Although abundant evidence had been given that Jesus was the Son of God, what did certain of the Pharisees still ask? Matt. 12: 38.
2. What kind of sign did they demand? Luke 11: 16. Note 1.
3. How did Jesus answer them? Matt. 12: 39.
4. In what way was Jonah a sign, or type, of Christ? Verse 40. Read Jonah, chapters 1 and 2.
5. What did Jesus say the men of Nineveh would do in the judgment? Why could they do this? Matt. 12: 41.
6. Who else did Jesus say would condemn them in the judgment? Why could the queen of Sheba condemn that generation? Verse 42. Note 2.
7. When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, what does he do? Verse 43.
8. What does the unclean spirit determine to do? Verse 44, first part.
9. When he returns, how does he sometimes find his old abode? Verse 44, last part.
10. When he finds it empty, what does he do? With what result? Verse 45.
11. Of what did Jesus say this was a likeness? Verse 45, last part. Note 3.
12. While he yet talked to the people, who came to speak to him? Verse 46.
13. What caused them to visit him at this time? Mark 3: 21. Note 4.
14. How was his attention called to them? Matt. 12: 47.
15. What impressive lesson did Jesus teach by this incident? Verses 48-50.

Notes

1. They were really demanding a sign from heaven (not wrought by Jesus) to prove that the miraculous power he possessed came from God.
2. The queen of Sheba came from a far country, in spite of many difficulties, to learn of Solomon; but the Pharisees refused to learn of the Creator of the heavens and earth, although he was among them.
3. At the time of their captivity in Babylon, the evil spirit of idolatry had been driven out of the Jewish people; but when this spirit returned, he found them empty, and he therefore entered and took along with him the evil spirits of unbelief, stubbornness, pride, selfishness, blasphemy, etc.; and the people were actually worse than they were at first. It is not enough to be emptied of the evil spirit; we must fill up, and keep filled, with the Holy Spirit.
4. "His friends felt that he was wearing himself out by his incessant labor; they were unable to account for his attitude toward the Pharisees, and there were some who feared that his reason was becoming unsettled. His brothers heard of this, and also of the charge brought by the Pharisees that he cast out devils through the power of Satan. . . . They decided that he must be persuaded or constrained to cease this manner of labor, and they induced Mary to unite with them, thinking that through his love for her they might prevail upon him to be more prudent."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 321.

II — Repentance and Obedience

(July 10)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. The sign of Jonah. Questions 1-3.
 Mon. Repentance. Questions 4-6.
 Tues. Keep the heart clean. Questions 7-11.
 Wed. Relationship to Jesus. Questions 12-16.
 Thurs. Review.
 Fri. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 323-327.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12: 38-50.

Questions

1. What did certain scribes and Pharisees say to Christ? Matt. 12: 38.
2. How did Jesus answer them? Verse 39. Note 1.
3. In what way was Jonah a sign, or type, of Christ? Verse 40.
4. Whom will the men of Nineveh condemn in the judgment? Why? Verse 41.
5. Why will the queen of the south condemn unbelievers? Verse 42.
6. What is the state of an unclean spirit when banished from the human heart? Verse 43.
7. What does he determine to do? Verse 44, first part.
8. In what state does he find the desired abode? Verse 44, last part.
9. What help does he seek in his wicked purpose? With what result? Verse 45, first part.
10. What is now the state of that man? Verse 45, last part. Note 2.
11. Who were waiting outside to speak with Jesus while he taught? Verse 46.
12. How was his attention called to them? Verse 47.
13. With what questions did Jesus answer his informer? Verse 48.
14. What did he then do and say? Verse 49.
15. What impressive lesson did he make of this simple incident? Verse 50. Note 3.

Notes

1. In the record of Matthew and Luke, this conversation between Christ and the Pharisees seems to be connected with that arising from the casting out of devils. If so, their asking a sign in the face of his healing the demoniac was all the more significant of hard-heartedness and unbelief.
2. In applying this parable to that generation, Jesus points out the terrible condition into which the unrepentant heart will finally come. The heart that is unyielding to the wooing of the Holy Spirit, exposes itself to the attack of evil spirits, and ultimately yields to their complete control.
3. Jesus does not deny that it was a signal blessing to be his earthly mother (Luke 11: 27, 28). He rather confirms it. Yet it was small in comparison with the blessing that comes from hearing and keeping the word of God.

Cast All Your Care Upon Jesus

WHEN trials and temptations beset us,
 And we know not which way to go,
 When a sense of our own unfitness
 Troubles our tired hearts so,
 What joy, what peace and comfort,
 What courage would be our share,
 If we'd fall at the feet of Jesus,
 And leave all our burdens there!

He is so willing to take them,
 So gladly he'll bear them all;
 He is so anxious to help us,
 And lift us up when we fall.
 Then when our hearts are breaking
 With sorrows we cannot bear,
 Let's fall at the feet of Jesus,
 And leave all our burdens there.

FLORENCE M. SACKETT.

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

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year - - -	\$.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.

God Is Love

AN atheist soldier of long ago nourished his hatred of the Bible and all sacred things, until in his madness he defied the living God. Armed as if for battle, he went out into the open field, threw his glove down on the ground, and haughtily cried: "God, if there be a God, I defy thee here and now to mortal combat. If thou indeed art, put forth thy power of which thy pretended priests make such boast."

As he spoke, a piece of paper fluttered in the air just above him. It fell at his feet. On it he found the words, "God is love." The man was profoundly impressed by the unexpected way in which his challenge had been met. Acknowledging his defeat, he surrendered his life to the constraining power of that love witnessed to by the aerial messenger.

Dr. J. R. Miller tells of a similar message received unexpectedly by one in 1906. During the fire that followed the San Francisco earthquake, bits of charred paper were carried long distances by the air currents. Some children far out in the country picked up one of these and took it to their father, who found it to be a leaf from the Bible. He smoothed it out, and read for the first time the words, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." It seemed a strange message to be borne by the great conflagration, but to him it proved a fitting one; for while earthly glory and beauty were being disturbed by the elements, the message brought the assurance that the love of God is imperishable.

If the Lord can only convince us of his love, our hearts are won. But sometimes nothing but sore affliction will lead one to listen to the wooings of the Holy Spirit. It was so with a father who lost his idolized baby boy. He had once been a Christian, but had allowed the joy of a happy home to obliterate his sense of obligation to God. But when his baby was about to be snatched from him, he turned in his perplexity to God, and prayed earnestly that his child's life be spared. But the baby died; and the man said years later, that if God had spared his child's life as he requested, without a doubt he would never have been a Christian. Said he: "When I stood with my despairing wife beside our dead baby, even feeling bitter toward God because he had not heard our cries, I remembered how I had departed from him, and I returned to him with penitence and heartfelt confession.

The death of my darling boy brought me back to Christ."

God is love; and every experience of life is his endeavor to teach erring man this fact.

The Widow of Nain

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumbrously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walked with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear point downward as the bearers passed
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her short steps
Faltering with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all,—
The only tie she had in the wide world,—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Gennesaret stood cool upon the east,
Fast by the Sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveler might bide till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turned he not aside, but, gazing on,
From every swelling mount he saw afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand; and the path
Touched not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd
Followed the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

— N. P. Willis.