

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 29



ONE OF AMERICA'S GRANDEST SPECTACLES



THE March earnings of the Panama Canal were \$560,784.

JUST seventy-five years have passed since the first postage stamps were used.

"I THE KING" is the only signature the king of Spain attaches to documents or edicts.

THERE are more than 2,400 books printed in Esperanto, the new universal language.

DURING 1914 the waters of the North Atlantic coast from Georges Bank to Labrador, yielded 161,792,600 pounds of codfish.

ALL the land areas of the globe could be covered to a depth of 290 feet by one per cent of all the contents of the oceans.

AMERICA'S first savings bank was started in Philadelphia, and now has 100,000 more depositors than any other bank in the United States.

MAKING aeroplanes invisible is the object of a recently invented system. It is said that the craft is invisible when at the height of a few hundred feet in the air.

AT its completion, the Rogers Pass Tunnell, in the Selkirk range, will be a quarter of a mile longer than the famous Hoosac Tunnell, which is four and three-fourths miles long.

PROF. C. M. COLBURN, explorer and archeologist, claims to have discovered through certain ancient manuscripts and records, that in Nero's old palace there were three elevators.

THE speech of President Wilson, delivered in Philadelphia last May to a group of newly naturalized citizens, is to be used as a model of the English language in the public schools of that city.

FOR the first time for almost a thousand years, an Iceland-owned vessel touched the shores of this country last month. Its captain and crew were entertained in New York by sixty natives who now live in that city.

THE glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served. To be a strong hand in the dark to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a crisis of weakness, is to know the glory of life.—*Hugh Black.*

EXPERIMENTS are being made by the North Railroad Company in France in clearing away fogs by the use of wireless waves. It is claimed that as much as six hundred feet can be cleared up in front of electric wires which are sending out waves, the fog being at least partly dissipated.

How many know that the Indian head on one side of the copper cent is not an Indian head at all, but the head of a little Anglo-Saxon girl wearing the Indian decoration? It was about 1835 that James Barton Longacre, then an engraver in the United States Mint in Philadelphia, sketched his little twelve-year-old girl wearing an Indian chief's headdress, and entered it as a design for the new copper cent about to be issued. It was accepted, and has been in use since that date.

BLOTTING paper was accidentally discovered. A woman working in the paper mill at Berkshire, England, forgot to put the sizing into the material. The whole lot was considered wasted. One day later, the proprietor of the mill, desiring to write a note, took a piece of this paper, thinking it would be good enough for that purpose. He was greatly annoyed when the ink spread over the paper, but suddenly it flashed upon him that this paper would do for drying ink, and he immediately advertised it as "blotting" paper. The demand was so large that the mill has given its entire attention to the manufacture of blotting paper from that time.

PERSONS who have gained the impression that the United States is becoming thickly settled, and that pioneering possibilities are ended, may be surprised to learn that there yet remain in the United States upward of 300,000,000 acres of vacant public lands, to say nothing of an even greater unoccupied area in Alaska, where the government is planning a \$35,000,000 railway, 1,000 miles in length, which will do for the big peninsula what the transcontinental railroads have done for our own West.—*Christian Herald.*

THE largest alligator in captivity is said to be Oklawaha on the Jacksonville (Fla.) alligator farm. Oklawaha is three hundred years old, and weighs one thousand pounds. The keeper of the farm reckons his age by the "pits" on his lower jaw. This monster was captured only after having torn up about three hundred dollars' worth of net, this being the only method employed in the capture of such large alligators, to prevent their injuring themselves in the fight they make for freedom.

As a result of the war, South Africa has almost lost its export trade in ostrich feathers, a business that had reached a value of \$15,000,000 a year. Ostriches have so decreased in value that they are allowed to shift for themselves or starve. It is hoped that this loss will awaken an interest in the farming industry; for heretofore South Africa has imported annually about \$40,000,000 worth of food products, the most of which the country was itself well able to produce.

"LIGHTS AND SHADES IN THE BLACK BELT," with its companion volume, "The Men of the Mountains," will be issued within a few weeks by the publishers, the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tenn. Each will contain over three hundred pages, will be illustrated, and can be supplied in either of two bindings: cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 20, 1915

No. 29

## Sparrows

LITTLE birds sit on the telegraph wires,  
And chitter and flitter and fold their wings.  
Maybe they think that for them and their sires  
Stretch always on purpose these wonderful strings;  
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires  
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,  
And the news of the world runs under their feet;  
How value rises and now declines,  
How kings with their armies in battle meet;  
And all the while, mid the soundless signs,  
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish and sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,  
Hopes, and joys, and acts of today;  
And we think not for these the Lord contrives,  
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;  
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,  
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,  
Apart from that which about it clings?  
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers of men  
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings—  
Holding a moment and gone again?  
Nay; He planned for the birds, with the larger things!

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

## "That the Excellency of the Power May Be of God"

T. E. BOWEN

**T**HE natural tendency of the human heart is always toward self-exaltation. Every man, every woman, has this inborn trait. There are no exceptions. Some use one thing, some another, to lift themselves into the desired position, where some kind of special honor and glory shall come to them. Some use education as the means, some their wealth, others their religion, to reach the goal of their ambition. Attainment in learning is perfectly proper; wealth, properly used, is all right; religion, pure and undefiled, is the very climax of all attainments; yet by a little turn of the heart motive, the slipping in of self as the object ahead, all these worthy objects may become sin.

Power, *all* power, belongs to God. In dealing with us he has chosen to work through his only begotten Son, by the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is commissioned to bestow the power of the Infinite in large measure upon every one who has for his sincere motive the doing of Jesus' will, and the exaltation of that one name which it hath pleased the Father to place above every other name in heaven and in earth.

The power of God is vested in the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Godhead. Jesus made this clear as he instructed the disciples concerning this great gift which he asked his Father to bestow upon them. "John truly baptized with water," he said; "but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." "Ye shall receive power, *after* that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The marginal rendering makes it still clearer: "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you." The power was not invested in them, nor was it ever to be, but in the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost had the power. They would have power, but not without having the Holy Spirit. They were to be simply the instruments through which the Holy Ghost would manifest *his* power—the power of God.

Peter understood the secret. Hear him as the people came running to see the two wonderful men who could lift up a cripple who had been lame from his youth, so that he could go leaping along, praising God, into the temple. "Ye men of Israel," said Peter, "why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" The power is not in us. The glory, therefore, belongs not to us but to the

One who has done this great thing. Not to us, oh, no! It is "faith in his name," the glorified Son, Jesus, that "hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know."

May it not be that God cannot do many mighty deeds, not many mighty works, because the instruments to be used are so prone to usurp the glory? Must it always be so? It should be sufficient glory for the instrument to know that he is used of God. We need no greater title now, no greater honor or glory, than to be recognized by Heaven as Christ's servant. No greater honor can be bestowed upon us than to be a vessel meet for the Master's use.

Sometimes a trolley car suddenly becomes dark and stops. "What's the trouble now?" the conductor hears from all sides. "Oh, nothing! a fuse has blown out." Yes, nothing but the connection gone between the car and the mighty current of power on the wire above. That is all; but isn't that enough? Another little fuse may be inserted by the conductor, and the car will go on. But when you or I, puffed up with self-glory, sever our connection with God's power, and he reaches for another instrument that will keep its place, what does this mean to you, to me?

"If our gospel be hid," wrote the apostle Paul, "it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not [by filling them with the consciousness of their own wonderful abilities, their own great attainments], lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." 2 Cor. 4: 3-7.

May the Lord grant us true humility of heart and spirit, that we shall ever delight in making known the "excellency of the power" to "be of God, and not of us."

IN Evangelist Sunday's campaign in Paterson, Denver, Des Moines, and Philadelphia, he received \$107,000, and 74,353 persons professed conversion.

## A Deceived Pope; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day Religious, Not Political

JOHN N. QUINN



ROMAN CATHOLIC truth societies and Roman Catholic writers attempt to justify the massacre of the Huguenots in France by saying that the Pope was deceived into believing it was caused by a political conspiracy, and that those destroyed were rebels against the government of France:—

Religion has been held responsible for the St. Bartholomew Massacre, because Gregory XIII (1572-85), when notified of it, returned thanks to God, published a jubilee, ordered a medal struck commemorative of the event, and had Vasari paint for the Vatican some of its episodes. History, however, proves that Gregory was deceived, and consequently ignorant of the real nature of the massacre, and that his action was prompted by the desire to return solemn thanks to God for the escape, as he thought, of Charles IX and the royal family from a foul conspiracy, and not to approve of an unjustifiable massacre.—*"Bible and Church History,"* page 525, by Rev. B. J. Spalding, with preface by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria; imprimatur, John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York; copyright, 1883, by The Catholic Publication Society Company, New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, 42 Barclay St.

Priest Spalding may be sincere in his belief as to the cause of the massacre, but facts are against him. At the time of the papal celebration, the Pope had an official program drawn up and printed. A copy of this program is in the library of Oxford University, as well as in other great libraries in England; and the *Protestant Observer* (London), February, 1915, prints the following "abridged translation from the copy in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, translated by the Rev. Dr. Bartolli, a former Jesuit priest." The program was printed at Rome by the heirs of Anthony Blado, printers to the (Apostolic) Chambers, 1572:—

ORDER OF THE MOST SOLEMN PROCESSION MADE BY THE POPE  
IN THE AUGUST CITY OF ROME

when the most happy news came of the destruction of  
the Huguenot sect.

With the inscription placed over the door of the Church of  
St. Louis, which was emblazoned in capital  
letters of gold on a violet silk cloth.

As soon as the Pope received the news of the death of the admiral and other chiefs of the Huguenot sect, before ordering a general procession he requested the cardinals then present in Rome to assemble in a solemn consistory, where letters from the papal nuncio at the court of France referring to the destruction of the Huguenot sect were read. Immediately afterwards, His Holiness, with all the cardinals in most beautiful order, went to the Church of St. Mark, where the best singers sang a most beautiful *Te Deum laudamus*. This done, the Pope solemnly consigned the cross to the most illustrious Cardinal Ursini for the French legation, and ordered that on Monday next,—the feast of the nativity of the most glorious Virgin Mary,—at twelve o'clock all religious confraternities, companies, and the clergy should meet together in St. Mark's, in order to begin therefrom a most solemn procession.

On the appointed day the procession was opened by the confraternities and companies; then followed the religious orders, then the parish priests, then the canons, each one taking that place to which the importance of his church in the good city of Rome gave him right; afterwards followed the members of His Holiness's court, all wearing long robes suitable for such a solemnity. Immediately after came the golden cross of the Pope, followed by the most reverend protonotaries, auditors of the rota, bishops, and most illustrious cardinals, all clothed in pontifical robes, and surrounded by the Swiss guards. The ambassadors of the foreign powers to the papal court came next, and last of all, the Pope under a canopy of silken velvet all embroidered with golden figures, which was carried by several of the principal gentlemen. Such a crowd of common people filled the streets, to see and accompany the said procession, that the Swiss guards of the Pope could scarcely keep back such a concourse. Finally, the procession was closed by a magnificent and gallant body of light-armed cavalry. But the most gorgeous and wonderful spectacle of silk, of gold, and other most beautiful things requisite for

such a function, was to be seen in St. Louis's, the church of the French nation (to which the procession betook itself): all under the charge of Cardinal Ferrara, the titular of the church. The most illustrious Cardinal of Lorraine, together with the French ambassador, received the Pope at the door of the church, with a most joyful look on his face, and gave him the cross to kiss, with other due ceremonies. After which the Pope, the cardinals, and the most reverend bishops having taken their appointed places, the most illustrious French Cardinal Jenses sang high mass as a thanksgiving for the great favor the French nation had received from our Lord God. The mass was responded to by the musicians of our Lord the Pope, who sang so sweetly and beautifully that the hearts of all who were present, and the city of Rome, were filled with great joy, thereby making known how greatly this city was attached to religion and to the kingdom of France.

Outside of the church and over its door there was a most elegant inscription, in golden letters, emblazoned on a violet silk cloth, with the colors and figures of the arms of France, which for the pleasure of readers is here transcribed:—

"To God the Best and Greatest.

"To the most Blessed Father Gregory XIII, Supreme Pontiff.

"To the Sacred College of most Illustrious Cardinals.

"To the Senate and People of Rome.

"Charles IX, the most Christian king of the French, filled with zeal for the Lord God of hosts, almost all the heretics and rebels of his kingdom having been suddenly removed as by a smiting angel divinely sent, never to be forgetful of so great a benefit, himself now greatly abounding in most solid joys, sends congratulations for the truly stupendous effects, the perfectly incredible results, the completion in all respects, abounding with divine favor, of the counsels given for that end, the assistance sent, the prayers, supplications, vows, tears, and sighs of himself and all Christians for the past twenty years, to the most high God.

"This great happiness which has happened at the beginning of the pontificate of the most blessed Father Gregory XIII, not long after his admirable and divine election, together with the continuation of the most unflagging and prompt eastern expedition, foreshadows the restoration of ecclesiastical affairs, and the vigor and flourishing state of religion, which was languishing.

"For this great favor the King of France, absent in body but present in spirit, here in the church of his ancestor, St. Louis, thanks Almighty God, and suppliantly beseeches his mercy that such a hope may not fail.

"Charles of Lorraine, Presbyter Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, under the title of Saint Apollinaris, here wishes that this should be made known to all."

"A. D. MDLXXII, 8th of September."

The following prayer thanking God for the great victory was offered by the Pope:—

Almighty and eternal God, who resistest the proud and givest grace to the humble, we give thee devout thanks and sing unto thee songs of praise; because, regarding the faith of thy servants, thou hast granted to the Catholic people a glorious and joyful victory over treacherous nations. We beseech thee mercifully to continue what thou hast faithfully begun, to the praise and glory of thy name, which we thy servants suppliantly invoke, through Christ our Lord, etc.

"The Huguenot sect," and not a political party, was the object of the papal animus. "A smiting angel divinely sent," suddenly removed all the "heretics." No, the Pope was not deceived, and this program abundantly proves that he intelligently celebrated the massacre of religionists whom he termed "heretics." Rome in our day claims the right to punish heretics, and had she the power it is not difficult to believe that Protestants now would share the fate of the sect of Huguenots in the sixteenth century. Rome never changes, and the spirit of Wyclif and of Luther and of Bunyan and of the Wesleys is needed to come mightily upon sleeping Protestants in these times of peculiar danger. "Awake, thou that sleepest, . . . and Christ shall give thee light," the light of "the everlasting gospel" which only can dispel the darkness of Romanism and apostate Protestantism.

Takoma Park, D. C.



**Work**

Down and up, and up and down,  
 Over and over and over;  
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,  
 Turn out the bright red clover.  
 Work, and the sun your work will share,  
 And the rain in its time will fall;  
 For nature, she worketh everywhere,  
 And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade, and heart in the sky,  
 Dress the ground and till it;  
 Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,  
 Turn out the golden millet.  
 Work, and your house shall be duly fed;  
 Work, and rest shall be won;  
 I hold that a man would better be dead  
 Than alive when his work is done.

Down and up, and up and down,  
 On the hilltop, low in the valley;  
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,  
 Turn out the rose and lily.  
 Work, with a plan or without a plan,  
 And your ends shall be shaped true;  
 Work, and learn at first hand, like a man —  
 The best way to know is to do.

Down and up till life shall close,  
 Ceasing not your praises;  
 Turn in the wild, white winter snows,  
 Turn out the sweet spring daisies.  
 Work, and the sun your work will share,  
 And the rain in its time will fall;  
 For nature, she worketh everywhere,  
 And the grace of God through all.

— Selected.

**No Surrender**



AN English soldier belonged to a division of the army that was almost annihilated, but refused to surrender. He was mortally wounded, but before he died was heard to say, "I am glad we didn't surrender."

Though a man goes down to defeat in the performance of his duty he has reason to rejoice in the fact that he never surrendered to the enemy. Might does not always mean right. Winning a victory is of secondary importance to doing our duty in a righteous cause.— Selected.

**A Calloused Conscience**

Did you ever notice the hand of a man who has done hard work all his life? The palm, instead of being soft and sensitive, is very hard. The skin has thickened till it is almost like leather. We say that it is calloused. A hard hand may be a great benefit to a man who has a certain kind of work to do. If it were not for that thick skin, he would be continually blistering his palms. The callous is one way Nature has of protecting him from discomfort and suffering.

Sometimes the conscience hardens much as the hand does. The first time a girl tells a falsehood, or a boy utters an oath, each one is likely to be very unhappy. But if the wrong act is repeated again and again, it is done almost without thinking. There is no more discomfort. The conscience has hardened so that it no longer feels pain. A calloused hand is useful, sometimes, but a calloused conscience means danger.— *Young People's Weekly.*

**This Is for Young Men**

THE kind of boy or man wanted in the missionary field will not appropriate to his own use the best place or the most comfortable chair in the room, unless he may chance to be the only occupant of the place. He will usually care for his own clothing, at least to the extent of keeping each garment in its proper place. To know how to do all that is to be done to a wardrobe will be found convenient in any field of labor. When right habits have been formed, it may be pardonable to allow mother or sister occasionally to put his belongings in order.

To become a real missionary one must have so much love for humanity that the thoughts and activities will naturally run to what can be done for others. Many kindly offices may be rendered in the church on Sabbath. Besides carrying a smiling face and politely offering a comfortable seat to others, some previous efforts might also result in good. Some young men might secure the use of vehicles belonging to those members coming from a distance, and bring to the church the members, or others, who are aged, are invalids, or otherwise infirm.

Ask the Lord to give a willing mind and kindly heart, combined with strong hands, to do the most needful thing at the right time; and his grace will be sufficient to keep you from mistakes and to lead you in right ways.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

**An Epworth League Experience**

BROTHER G. D. RAFF, now a canvasser in Porto Rico, writes of his interest in the Missionary Volunteer work, and speaks of his experience in connection with the Epworth League before he became an Adventist. He says:—

"Before I accepted the third angel's message, I was president of the Epworth League in our home Methodist Church, and I yet look back on those days as days of joy. How my heart throbbed with blessings as I saw young people leave the dance and social party and come to our meetings! I remember one night when the public-school teacher gave a box social. That same evening we believers had a prayer meeting for those who did not care to go to the social. I was a Methodist, but believed what I believe today. The charter members of our league took off their gold, left the lodge, gave up tobacco, and did not attend social parties. The result of this attitude on the part of our Epworth Leaguers was that the teacher's box social was almost a failure. As a result of that league work, I saw souls saved."

It seems that most of the young people of the popular churches have drifted far from the old standards. It remains for the young people who believe in Jesus' soon return to hold the standard high. May the Lord help us not to betray our trust.

M. E. KERN.

**Forward and Upward**

THE course of every human being should be forward and upward; he should be continually advancing. There is no reason why any one should stand still morally or intellectually, much less retrograde.

The achievements of the physical powers have often been truly wonderful, yet there may be a limit to physical attainment. But with respect to the mental powers, there is practically no limit to their development and ability to accomplish.

Every day, every hour, and every moment of our time we should be adding to our mental endowment.

The brain is a storehouse that can ever be receiving impressions of knowledge, and yet never reach the point when there is not room for the lodgment of another fact or thought. At no time may any one say, "My education is finished."

Another peculiarity of the brain and the knowledge with which it is stored is that it can without cessation be giving out to others, yet have no less for that giving. Indeed, giving should be the principal object of storing. We should acquire knowledge that we may be able to impart it.

J. W. LOWE.

*Santa Ana, Cal.*

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### The Crippled Shears

THE shears used by a certain tailor lost one blade, which broke off short at the screw. Thereupon the tailor threw the instrument away, and obtained a new pair of shears for his work.

But the crippled shears protested in a loud and angry voice:—

"Why am I thus contemptuously discarded, after all these years of service? To be sure, I have lost one blade; but I still have the other, haven't I? Why don't you put me on half work, and give me half pay? It is outrageous, this tossing me onto the scrap heap just because I have had the misfortune to lose one of my two blades."

But the tailor quietly snipped away with his new shears and did not seem even to have heard.

MORAL: Many a worker, who allows himself to fall off in one respect, fails to realize that this loss may be the complete destruction of his usefulness, and not merely the diminution of it.—*Æsop Jones, in Christian Endeavor World.*

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### Loving Dreams

THE love and kindness of God toward his children are often revealed in the dreams he gives them. Perhaps some who read these lines who were students in Battle Creek College twenty or more years ago will remember the few weeks when my work in the culinary department was done as I rolled myself about the kitchen in a wheel chair. As my weary feet improved, I tried to be more careful of them than formerly. One evening as I was sitting to rest, I fell asleep, and dreamed that Jesus came around from behind my chair, and placed a pair of clothed feet on the floor in front of me, at the same time saying, "I am giving you a pair of new feet." As I awoke, there came an experience similar to that of the one mentioned in Acts 3:7, when it was said, "Immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength;" and my work could be done without discomfort.

I praise the name of the Lord that during these more than a score of years he has helped these feet to run on many errands of service.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

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### How to Treat Doubt

BANISH doubt, for there is no room for it in your life. If God be with us, we have the potency of the universe on our side. God speaks unto the soul, "Stand up straight upon your feet. I am the Master of life, and I am with you."

The way we should tread demands a clear eye, a strong heart, a brave step, and music in the soul. The way is open, the sky is clear, the birds are singing, freedom is nigh.—*Selected.*

### His Greatest Compliment

THE Earl of Shaftesbury once stood on the corner of one of London's busy thoroughfares when the traffic blocked the way. He was waiting for a chance to cross the street. On the same corner stood a little child; she also wished to cross to the other side, but feared to do so.

With a child's shrewdness, she eagerly scanned the faces of those about her. Then she stepped forward, and putting her hand in that of the great earl, she asked, in trusting confidence, "Will you take me across the street, please?"

Carefully the earl piloted her between the vehicles to the other side. With a happy smile and a "Thank you, sir," the child skipped away.

In relating the incident, the earl said: "It was the greatest compliment I ever had that that little child, after looking in the faces of all the crowd, should single me out to conduct her across the street."—*Youth's Companion.*

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### A Rhyme of Eyes

BLUE eyes are for summer,  
When all the world is glad,  
And feathered singers warble,  
And trees are greenly clad;  
To labor with, to long with,  
To smile, to weep, to woo;  
And close, like any blossom,  
When all life's work is through.

Brown eyes are for autumn,  
When on the fallen flowers  
And unresisting grasses  
The leaves descend in showers;  
Not somber eyes, but sober,  
Reflecting love that's true,  
Blind to life's beauty only  
When all life's work is through.

Gray eyes are for winter,  
The silence and the snow;  
When winds are keen and cruel,  
And clouds are dull and low.  
They see the rifled branches,  
The frost upon the lane,  
And sorrow for a summer  
That shall not come again.

—*Arthur Goodenough.*

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### The Art of Forgetting

To forget—that is what we need—just to forget. All the petty annoyances, all the vexing irritations, all the mean words, all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the bitter disappointments—just let them go, don't hang on to them. Learn to forget. Make a study of it. Practice it. Become an expert at forgetting. Train the faculty of the mind until it is strong and virile. Then the memory will have fewer things to remember, and it will become quick and alert in remembering. It will not be cumbered with disagreeable things, and all its attention will be given to the beautiful things, to the worth-while things. No matter what scientific problems you are trying to solve, take up the study of forgetting. The art of forgetting will give added luster to all your literary, business, or scientific attainments, and it will add immeasurably to health of mind and body.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

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THE life that does not want hard things, that seeks to evade them or to shift them on others, can never be a beautiful or a high one. The loveliest surroundings, the amplest opportunities, will never make it anything but ugly and dwarfed. "Endure hardness" is the Bible rule for finding the finest possibilities in life.—*Selected.*



# 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."



## Maud

### A True Story

MRS. VINA SHERWOOD-ADAMS



MAUD was all in a flutter of happy, girlish excitement. Some dear friends of the family, living two hundred miles away, had invited her to spend a few weeks on their fine old estate. Maud had never visited there; but she almost knew from description some of the sunny spots, such as the tiny lake back of the orchard for boating, and the grove where family picnics were held.

Maud was the youngest of three children. When she was a wee babe, her mother died; consequently the care of mothering the little one fell on her sister Rose, a girl of fifteen. Rose had the true mother spirit, and carefully reared her two sisters according to the best knowledge she possessed. The father was a genial friend and companion to his motherless girls, and they asked no better escort than he when visiting places of interest. Though they often had young company, they were not ashamed to have father with them. Maud, the baby, had been tenderly shielded from contact with the world, and now, an attractive, innocent girl of seventeen, she knew little how to meet emergencies that might confront her.

As Mr. Willing had business which took him within fifty miles of her destination, it was arranged that he should accompany Maud thus far on her journey, and a member of her friend's family would complete the journey with her.

Finally the day of her departure came. Her first new trunk was all packed, and she and her father were on the veranda waiting for the taxicab to come. I wish you could have seen her as she stood there — the flower-like face, the sweet blue eyes, the lips slightly parted in pleased anticipation. She had a very gentle, winning manner. At last they were on the train, and what a delightful journey they had! As the father parted from his daughter, he gave her some words of counsel, but on one subject he was strangely silent, though, being a man much out in the world, he must have known the pitfalls awaiting innocent young girls.

Of the happy weeks spent with her friends at the farmhouse, I shall say but little. If between the pleasant hours Maud sometimes had a little twinge of homesickness, in which she almost wished her visit over, we must remember that this was her first long visit away from home. It is easy, too, to imagine her disappointment when, the day before her return trip, the friend who was to accompany her on her homeward journey slipped and received so serious an injury that she could not undertake the trip for at least two weeks. Maud's friends urged her to stay; but it seemed to her that she must see the dear ones at home, so she decided to return alone. It was with some misgiving that the old family friend let the young girl

start home unaccompanied, yet she did not feel like pressing her authority too far.

After waving her friends a smiling good-by from the train window, Maud made the usual preparations for settling down for a long ride by removing her hat and wrap. She felt somewhat strange when she found herself all alone on the train. For a while the scenery interested her. She read a few pages, nibbled some toothsome fudge her friends had provided, and, picturing how surprised her father and sisters would be to see her, dozed off into a nap. All this time she was unaware that she was being closely watched by a stranger. On awaking she felt as if her nap had been a rather long one; and, turning in her seat, she asked a lady how long before they would reach Bay Ridge, where she was to change cars. As the lady hesitated in her reply, a gentleman across the aisle leaned forward slightly, and supplied the desired information. She thanked him with a smile. He then remarked, "Do you live near Bay Ridge?"

"No," she replied, "my home is in the little town of Bennings."

Shortly after this she attempted to open some uncut leaves of a new magazine. Immediately he offered to assist her, seating himself beside her as he deftly used his paper knife. He noted the flush of embarrassment, also that her magazine was the *Geographic*, and not the cheap, story kind. He began a lively conversation regarding scenes he had passed through; and from some simple remarks she let fall, he learned that she had never traveled alone before. He lowered her window, neatly adjusted her wraps about her shoulders, and, in fact, seemed to anticipate every little need for her comfort. Some of these attentions she would have refused, only he acted so disinterested, quite as any one of her father's old friends would have done, and she felt under obligation to him for the kindly favors already shown. Then, too, she was lonely, and his conversation was interesting. By the time they reached Bay Ridge, he seemed quite like some old friend she had known a long time. He told her that he felt almost faint for the need of something warm to eat, and he knew she must be hungry after eating only a cold lunch. He hinted that as they should have ample time at Bay Ridge, they might have a warm lunch there.

Maud had gathered a large bunch of violets the previous day for her sisters at home. He spoke of their fragrance, and said he supposed she was taking them to her mother. Thus he learned that she had no mother, and finally he had drawn from her the whole story of her visit and why she was traveling alone.

All this occurred one spring when the Missouri River had overflowed its banks far beyond the usual

limits. Railroad tracks were washed away, and trains barely crept along their tracks for miles in some places. This was all very annoying to one in a hurry to reach her destination, as I was; but how dismayed I was to learn, on reaching the city of Bay Ridge, that our train could proceed no farther. Many of us preferred to walk into the city rather than wait for the tracks to be repaired. On reaching the station, we found we had missed our train, and should have a wait of several hours.

Remembering the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God," I took my seat with some degree of contentment, glad at least to set my heavy suit case down. Glancing up, I saw a young girl seated on the opposite side of the room. I felt so strangely and strongly impressed to change my seat over by her side, that I again picked up my luggage and crossed the room. She smilingly made room for me, though we exchanged no words. Soon a handsomely dressed man came to her, and addressed her in a very polite and friendly manner. He told her that he had made arrangements for their warm lunch, and should return for her in a few moments. I wondered if he were a friend or an older brother. When he left her, she turned to me in an embarrassed manner, and said: "I do not understand why he talks to me so; I do not wish any lunch."

"Why, child," I said, "do you not know him?"

"No, I never saw him until we met on the train," she replied. Then she gave me a brief account of their meeting. "He has been so kind to me I do not know how to refuse his offer to take me to lunch."

"Do not go with him," I said, with emphasis. "Tell him you are not in need of a lunch, as you ate on the train; or if you are really hungry, and he means you a kindness, there is the public lunch counter just across the room, where he can have you served to a warm lunch."

Briefly I told her of her danger,—information that was strange to her. Before she had time to comprehend all its meaning, the man returned, announcing that their lunch was ready. Scarcely raising her eyes, she refused him. He urged her politely, and finally asked her to accompany him to the window, and he would show her that it was only a few steps across the street to the restaurant, jokingly remarking that she need not eat if her appetite had failed her. By her half-appealing glance up to me, I felt that she was yielding; so I lightly touched her arm. This gave her the courage to give a decided refusal. With a savage look at me, and a curt, sneering, "All right," he left her—quite different from the interested gentleman he had pretended to be.

We then had a long talk, in which Maud (for you must have guessed that it was she) was told of the white slave traffic, and how she should shun familiarity with either man or woman while traveling, even to refusing proffered food or candy, which sometimes contains substances purposely placed there to bewilder the mind of the partaker.

In her home village, where all were acquainted and friendly, Maud had never felt the need of this reserve, and she inquired wonderingly if we must so mistrust every stranger we meet. She was told that we could consider all we meet as good, and treat them politely; but when a stranger begins showing familiar attentions such as an old acquaintance of the family might properly show, or asking personal questions as to one's home, destination, etc., then one should

draw the line of reserve, and refuse to comply or answer; for no gentleman or lady will be interested in the personal affairs of a stranger. She learned that there were many general subjects upon which we may converse with our fellow travelers which will be of interest and profit. For instance, in passing through the country those familiar with the vicinity would be able to point out places of interest to us which we otherwise might miss. Then there are books to discuss, also topics of general interest to the public. Even religious subjects may be considered; but she was warned not to be led to give intimate confidences to a traveler because he converses sweetly of heaven, angels, etc. A young girl was once beguiled to a terrible fate by a woman whose sweet talk of heaven led her to misplace her confidence.

At the close of our conversation we walked over to the window indicated by the stranger. Sure enough, we saw the restaurant and its usual rooming house above. Maud shuddered, and gratefully exclaimed, "You saved me! I can never repay you."

She seemed to have placed herself so fully under my protection, requesting me not to leave her alone, for fear the man would return, that I gave her a test by offering her some popcorn. She refused. I then told her why I had offered it to her, and that I was so glad she had refused; for how could she know but I, too, was one seeking to gain her confidence? She gave my arm a friendly pat to assure me she felt sure that I was not. Later, to show her appreciation, she asked the pleasure of taking me to dinner in the large dining room connected with the station.

Do not think Maud was an awkward, bashful country girl. She was a girl of refinement, showing by her modest dress and manners a careful home training in all but this one important subject. Had she been a more self-confident and less teachable girl, she would not have heeded the advice I gave her.

There is yet another class of girls who are in equal danger with the class Maud represents. They have been warned of their danger, but are self-confident. They are sure they know just how far to go. They feel amply able to take care of themselves, and seem to take a certain pleasure in seeing how far they can venture. On every trip one may observe girls of this class lingering about railway stations and public places. Occasionally one goes too far—crosses the line of actual propriety. Then the way is short to ruin.

Could we hear the sad story of the fate of the ones mentioned in the following clipping, I am sure our hearts would ache:—

"One hundred and forty-eight women and girls have dropped out of sight in Kansas City during the last six months, according to the police report. It is stated that nearly a third of the girls who have disappeared came from small towns and rural districts in Missouri and Kansas."

At the station of Lawrence, my destination, Maud and I parted, I with another illustration of the truth that God's ways are best, that "all things" do work together for good to those who love him. For had I not been detained by the floods of the Missouri, what might have become of this sweet young girl, so happy in the thought of soon seeing her home folks a few stations farther on?

—◆◆◆—  
 "THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Isa. 26: 3.





### An Interesting Dog



**B**RUCE, a large handsome black dog, part Newfoundland and part shepherd, belonged to Mrs. C, a friend of mine in a Western State. The following incidents show that he was unmistakably an unusual dog:—

One day Mrs. C found Bruce curled up on the couch. She made him get down, and told him very positively that he must never get on the couch again. She pointed to a rug that she had prepared expressly for him, and told him that he must always lie on that. After delivering to Bruce this lecture, Mrs. C repaired with her guests and the family to the dining room. Doubtless Bruce recognized the fact that they would be absent for some time, so, after the last person had left the room, and the door was closed, he returned to the couch. Mrs. C felt fearful lest the dog's love of ease would overbalance his loyalty to her wishes; so she quietly stepped out on the porch and peered into the room, and, sure enough, Bruce was curled up on the couch. On reporting her discovery to Mr. C, they together started for the drawing room to administer to the culprit due punishment; but on reaching the room, they found, to their surprise, Bruce apparently sound asleep on his own rug, though the motion of the rocker he had struck in making his rapid transit witnessed against his sincerity. Bruce was not mean-spirited, but simply found himself on this occasion unable to resist the tempting softness of the couch.

I do not recall what punishment was administered to the would-be deceiver; but I know that Bruce afterwards became so devoted to his own rug as a sleeping place that once when Mrs. C used it as a cover for her newly made pansy bed, the next morning she found Bruce curled up on it; so not a pansy had been able to raise its head during the night.

Bruce was an expert at doing errands. Carrying notes was a favorite pastime with him. If Mrs. C handed him a note, and said, "Take this to Mr. C," or, "Take it to Mrs. S," the dog would take it to the right person every time, and would allow no one but the one to whom he was commissioned, to take it from him.

Once Mrs. C sent him on such an errand, and observed that he started across the muddy street. She called to him, "Bruce, the street is muddy. Come back and go to the crossing." He obeyed at once, without further solicitation or explanation.

A lady once said to Mrs. C: "The first time I saw you, I thought you were insane. I was stopping at the hotel next door to your place. You were sitting on the porch, and I heard you say to the dog that was lying by your side, 'Bruce, this porch is dirty. Get the broom for me, and I will sweep it.' I said to myself, 'Poor woman, she is crazy, talking to a dog like that.' But I soon saw the dog get up, stretch himself, pass out through the alley to the rear of the house, and return with the broom. You swept the floor, and gave the broom back to the dog, saying, 'Take it back

now, old boy.' I changed my hastily formed opinion, and concluded that you were not insane, but that you had a most remarkable dog."

Once Mr. C was away from home, and Miss D came to stay with Mrs. C during his absence. Mrs. C did not feel well one night, and so got up early in the morning, went downstairs, and lay on the couch. Feeling nauseated, she placed a basin beside the couch. Soon, the pain becoming more severe, she called to Miss D upstairs that she was suffering and needed her assistance. This lady did not make her appearance as soon as Bruce thought she ought to, so he went upstairs to her room, and pulled her dress quite vigorously. When she assured him that she would be down soon, he returned to his mistress. While he was upstairs, Mrs. C had left the couch and gone over to a chair, taking the basin with her; but as the pain continued to grow more severe, she returned to the couch, and called to Miss D again. Bruce, seeing her distress, picked up the basin left by her chair, placed it beside the couch, and rushed upstairs again, strenuously reiterating his demand that Miss D come downstairs to his mistress. On being assured that she would be down immediately, Bruce left. After Miss D began to minister to Mrs. C's needs, Bruce quietly lay down and finished his morning rest.

So devoted was Mrs. C to her canine friend that substantial monetary offers could not tempt her to part with him.

### A True Story About a Grateful Horse

I KNOW this is a true story because I know the horse very well, and love him to this day; and I know the children, too, and, indeed, every one in the story.

It all happened in a little village where the children's father was a minister; and it happened one wet spring night when the minister, his wife, and his six children were going to have cream cake for supper.

Well, supper was on the table, and the cream cake, too, when some one knocked at the door. It was a stranger with a horse to sell.

He looked to be not a good horse at all. He was frightfully thin, and seemed all the thinner because he was so very tall. His ribs could be seen as plainly as his ears. And his great, tired head hung down almost to the ground.

The stranger said he was a good horse, only a little underfed, and that in a week or two he would be as fine as any. Now the minister did not know very much about horses, though he did know a great deal about other things. Still he found it hard to believe the stranger when he said the horse was a good one. However, the minister was so sorry for the poor, starved animal that he felt he had to buy him. For if he didn't buy him, he knew the horse would go on being starved and beaten until the stranger sold him, and that might be never, for who would want such a wretched creature?

Now country ministers haven't a great deal of money, even for ordinary things, and certainly they have very little to waste on sick horses. So the minister's wife, though she was as good and as kind-hearted as the minister, was a little sad.

That was a very quiet evening in the minister's house. Even the cream cake failed to make it jolly again.

The next morning the minister took the new horse out of the barn, and let him nibble at the grass on the lawn. The children were delighted with the great,

sad-eyed beast, and took turns leading him about by the halter, which was hanging from his neck. Really, there was no need of any one's holding the halter, for the poor horse couldn't have run half a mile.

The neighbors soon came by to look at the minister's new horse, and I fear they laughed in their sleeves. The horse certainly was a strange sight, especially when the smallest child, who hardly came up to his great, raw knees, was leading him about to the greenest grass spots and talking baby talk to him. The wonder was that the neighbors had the strength to keep their laughter in their sleeves and didn't put it right out on their faces for the poor horse to see.

The children were as tender toward the horse as if he had been a little furry kitten. They crooned to him, patted him, and gave him a great deal of love. And they called him Dandy. That may have been to cheer him up, and make him forget that he was a scarecrow among horses.

Soon Dandy was strong enough to be turned out into the pasture behind the minister's house. There he began to frisk and play a little. Slowly his sides filled out, his eyes brightened, his head came up; and then it seemed that all in a day he had changed into a beautiful, glossy king of horses.

Then the neighbors took their smiles out of their sleeves, and put them deep down into their very deep pockets. Dandy had grown into a real dandy.

When the minister, at last, hitched him to the buggy, Dandy stepped out in such a lordly way that the whole family was very proud of him. And when he trotted, oh, that was the best of all! He went so fast with his long, high-stepping legs, and seemed to enjoy it so.

The village people used to point Dandy out to strangers and say with great pride: "Isn't he a beauty! He's our minister's horse."

Then one day the minister drove Dandy over the mountain to the nearest city. There he was even more admired than at home, and many offered to buy him. But the minister shook his head, though they wanted to pay two and three times what the minister had paid for him. The truth was that the minister would hardly have dared to go home and face his children without their Dandy.

The littlest child of all could drive Dandy, though he was such a spirited horse. He seemed to know the light little hands on the reins, and go slowly and carefully all of a sudden.

Oh, he was a good horse! In all his career he did only one naughty thing. But he did that many times before he was found out. When he was to be driven over the mountain to the city, he would suddenly pretend to be very sick just when he reached the foot of the mountain, and the kind-hearted minister would get out and gently lead him home. But once in the stable, he would suddenly brighten up, and become all right. It was only after he had repeated this trick time and time again, that the minister began to think it might be a trick. As soon as he thought that, he pretended not to notice that Dandy was acting ill, and drove him right on up the mountain. After that there was no trouble.

Another rather naughty thing that I had forgotten was the way Dandy acted when the neighbors borrowed him. He behaved very badly then indeed, shied at bits of paper, stones, and even the clouds. And once he ran away and threw the driver into a deep snow bank. After that no one ever wanted to borrow him again.

All this worried the good minister. He could not understand why Dandy was so docile and safe with him and the children, and such a wild, fidgety creature with every one else. But the children understood. They said it was nothing in the world but gratitude. And that is what I think.— *Selected.*

### The Educated Angleworm

"WHY, here's Uncle Jim!" cried Mary, running into the library and jumping on Uncle Jim's knee. "Nobody told us that you were here; did they, Paul?"

Paul shook his head, and climbed nimbly to the other knee. "How long have you been here?"

But before Uncle Jim could answer, Mary had another question ready. "But what makes you look so — so grown up this morning, Uncle Jim? You aren't angry at us, are you — or sorry about anything?"

Uncle Jim laughed his usual merry laugh. "Not that I know of," he answered gayly. "What have you two been up to that would —" Then he stopped impressively. "But, yes — I see I can't conceal it. Hadn't you heard, Mistress Mary, that the educated angleworm is dead?"

"The what?" exclaimed Paul and Mary.

"The educated angleworm," said Uncle Jim, still more impressively. "Late of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, my own Alma Mater — and I never even saw him. And now it's too late! Do you wonder that I look grown up and sorry this minute?"

Mary giggled, as she always did at funny Uncle Jim, but Paul remembered that there was usually some meaning to Uncle Jim's jokes.

"Tell us all about it, please," he said. "Where did he come from? and how did they educate him?"

"He came," answered Uncle Jim, "from a barnyard, but whose barnyard I don't know. Maybe it belonged to a Harvard professor who was digging worms in it. Anyway, he saw this angleworm, and took him up to his laboratory, and made him a nice little home shaped like a letter T. As long as he stayed in the long part of the T, he was all right. There wasn't any strain on his mind at all — and neither did he get any education. But when he got to the top of the T, he had to decide which way to go. And at one end of the top there was a nice bed of soft, wet blotting-paper for him to lie on, while at the other end there was a lot of sandpaper."

"O-oh!" cried Mary with a little wriggle. "Poor little angleworm!"

"Well," smiled Uncle Jim, "you see he didn't have to go to the sandpaper end unless he wanted to. He could always stop and choose. And the wonderful thing about it was that after a little practice he always chose right. Once he was gone a month; and when he came back, he stopped a minute, and then turned and went the right way."

"Is that *all*?" inquired Mary disappointedly, as Uncle Jim paused. "I thought maybe he learned to read or write or something."

"Or play games," added Paul. "I don't see anything so wonderful about him, Uncle Jim. He just learned to choose the way that had a nice comfortable end — not the one that hurt him."

Uncle Jim smiled quizzically. "Don't you?" he said slowly. "Well, now do you know, I thought that was pretty good for an angleworm. I've known little girls and boys who were supposed to have plenty of brains,

and good memories, too, and they kept right on turning to the sandpaper end of their T's. Several times, for instance, they've found out that eating green apples or too much pudding or candy was bound to make them sick. I can't believe they like to be sick, and yet, every once in a while, they shut their eyes and turn down that end of their T's. And they really ought to know by this time that when they disobey mother or father, they are pretty sure to find the results very sandpappy in more ways than one. But I haven't heard that they always choose to obey, even yet. And when they don't learn their lessons, or go out without their rubbers —"

But by this time, Mary had climbed to her knees, and was planting a kiss right in the middle of the sentence. "Oh, Uncle Jim!" she cried, shaking her finger at him, "you are making a little sermon at Paul and me with that wise little angleworm, aren't you? Well, you won't have to again. I can remember just as well as an angleworm. Paul, let's say sandpaper to each other the next time we get in a T."

Paul nodded, his cheeks crimson. "Yes, sir!" he answered, with great vigor. "I'm not going to have Uncle Jim or anybody else think that an angleworm has more sense than I have, especially now I can read and write."

"In that case," laughed Uncle Jim, "I shall stop looking sorry and grown up because that angleworm is dead. I'd rather look at a really well-educated boy and girl than an educated angleworm, any day." — *St. Nicholas.*



**A Summer Day**

OVER the field the daisies lie,  
With the buttercups, under the azure sky;  
Shadow and sunshine, side by side,  
Are chasing each other o'er meadows wide;  
While the warm, sweet breath of the summer air  
Is filled with the perfume of blossoms fair.

There's a hum of bees in the drowsy air,  
And a glitter of butterflies everywhere;  
From the distant meadow, so sweet and clear,  
The ring of the mower's scythe we hear,  
And the voices of those who make their hay  
In the gladsome shine of the summer's day.

Sing, little robin, sing, and wait,  
On the old rail fence, for your tardy mate.  
All hearts rejoice in the happiness  
Of the perfect day. Like a sweet caress  
It lies on our hearts, and fills our eyes  
With the sunlight born of the tender skies.

— *Selected.*

**Ancient Surgery**



SET of thirty-seven remarkable ancient Greek surgical instruments has been discovered near the side of Colophon, in Ionia, and is at present in England. The instruments show a type of workmanship unequalled in any other extant specimens, and generally reveal the very great progress in surgery that the ancients achieved. The date, although somewhat uncertain, is probably near the first or second century after Christ. It is possible, however, that it may have been before the Christian era, says a writer in the *London Times*.

With two exceptions, the instruments are all of

bronze. The blades of the knives were originally steel, but in each case this metal has been almost completely destroyed by rust. Among other instruments discovered were forceps for removing growths, and arrow and lance heads from wounds; a contrivance for raising the depressed bones of the skull, and a remarkable instrument called a drill bow for performing a skull trephine.

The collection includes a tenaculum, or sharp hook, similar to those in modern use; a number of catheters of beautiful workmanship, shaped like modern instruments of the same type; a cautery for burning wounds; two probes exactly like the modern ones; two spatulas, or spoons; a needle holder; and a bronze box, evidently an instrument case. In addition, there are a slab of Egyptian porphyry, upon which ointments were mixed, and a pair of scales, still in excellent equipoise.

Some cupping vessels were also discovered. The method of using these was to ignite a piece of dry linen placed inside of them, and then to apply them to the skin. As the heated air cooled within, it contracted, and sucked the skin into the neck of the cup, thus exercising counterirritation. The modern Bier's glass exhibits the same principle.— *Selected.*

**Boating in the Dark**

"HELLO, there! if you-all want to go down the river tonight, be ready at eight o'clock."

Before I had time to answer, my Southern friend, who was a hunter and guide, went rasping by through the dry palmettos, knowing the invitation would be accepted.

Promptly at eight o'clock he called. We started off through the dense darkness toward the bank of the river. My friend led the way, for he was familiar with the path. I followed in a manner that was disastrous to articles I was carrying, for I seemed to find every palmetto root and gopher hole with ease, in spite of the darkness. It was a relief to hear the waves breaking on the bar, a hundred feet from the bank.

The water between the bar and the shore was comparatively quiet. We got into a small boat and started for the launch, soon reaching it without difficulty and hastily clambering aboard.

At this point the Caloosahatchee River is about two miles wide, permitting the lightest breeze to stir it into a seething mass; and such it was on this dark evening, when the stars were obscured by heavy clouds.

At the first exhaust of the engine the little launch slipped over the troubled waters toward the breakers on the bar. The heavy rollers staggered the boat for a moment; then it plunged into a huge wave, throwing spray in all directions. Just after the boat crossed the bar, a large wave did its best to climb over the prow, drenching us in its endeavor.

When the salty water had run off sufficiently for my friend to speak, he said, "You-all better sit in the stern, so's the boat will ride higher."

I immediately crawled past the throbbing engine and crouched in the stern, doing my best to avoid the spray, but to no avail. After remaining in this cramped position for some time, I felt that a light had flashed upon us. Involuntarily I glanced toward the bow, although I was sure there was no light on the boat; then I began to attribute the feeling to an illusion, when again the light seemed to flash in back of me. Hastily turning about, it was difficult to suppress a cry of astonishment; for our "wake" was a huge fan of liquid fire.

My eyes followed this fan to its widest extremity, whence they were led on by this will-o'-the-wisp of the sea. For miles, bluish white balls of fire rose and fell. Thousands of these lights danced in the darkness. Slowly my gaze wandered back. The funnel-shaped, phosphoric light of our wake led to the rear of the launch. By leaning over the stern I could see the propeller in action. As the water was thrown back, it seemed to be illuminated as if there was a huge electric bulb under the boat. The water here was a seething mass, apparently at white heat, overflowing and deadening in color as it trailed behind.

So intent was I on this novel sight, that all disagreeable features of the trip were forgotten, and I recalled where I was only when the boat slid down the last big roller into smooth water.

Unable to see a thing, I turned about, and asked, "Where are we?"

"Whisky Creek," was the short reply.

Just then a stream of bright light shot out from our bow, forming a beautiful curve in the smooth, dark water. When it ended, the cause could be seen. A large red fish kept itself illuminated, after its wild dash,

by moving about slowly. By this time the boat was turning and twisting in a manner that was alarming. I knew we were now in the narrow, crooked channel of Whisky Creek. As the boat slipped into a little cave, causing the invisible water to burst into glistening ripples, I asked, with a sigh of relief, "How did you manage to guide the boat in here?"

"O, that's nothing! I just steer by the sound of the waves," said my friend. And he certainly must have done so, for not an object was visible.

We got into a small skiff, and proceeded up the creek, ever amid flashes of this beautiful phosphorescent fire. This sheltered creek was a favorite resting place for large schools of mullet. As the boat would nose into a cave, the fish would instantly take fright, setting the "water on fire" for rods about. Sometimes in their excitement the fish would leap into the air, apparently followed by a shower of sparks, and producing, as they fell back into the water, an effect that resembled the splash of molten iron.

When we finally stopped, I amused myself by throwing different articles into the water, and watching the beautiful patterns thus produced.

CLARENCE BUZZELL.

#### Some South African Roadside Birds

WE were riding over the hills with a drifting rain striking aslant. It was the first real rain for months in the regions of the Maranatha Mission. We were glad enough to see it come, even though we had not planned for a twenty-mile drive broadside to it. "Too

late to do the mealies [corn] any good," was the verdict. The farmers had given up hopes for a crop this season; and in the Kafir villages food was reported scarce.

But the birds were out, rejoicing, running and hopping along the roadside—mostly quiet; for the South African bird is not famed for song.

"What bird is that?" I asked, as I saw a little grayish-brown body rise in the air in front of the horses, transforming itself into a flutter of white and black and brown.

"That's a water wagtail," was the reply. "It builds its nest near the water."

"It is the smallest bird that walks, in South Africa," said another, who is a student and lover of birds.



ALONG THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROADSIDE

"What about the sparrow?" suggested one of our party.

"The sparrow doesn't walk," said the brother, who is much on these roads, itinerating among the Kafir villages; "a sparrow hops."

Just on beyond were some birds of gray-brown. "More wagtails, and larger?" I suggested.

"No," was the answer; and as they flew up, there was not the same bright flutter of color; "those are butcher birds."

"How does the bird get its name?"

"Its surplus food store is hung up on thorns or twigs," I was told.

"It was amusing, when we had the locusts," said the manager of the Maranatha Mission farm, "to see the barbed wire fences hung with locusts. The butcher birds ate all they could; and then they strung the locusts on the wires, sticking them through the heads on the barbed points."

So the carcasses of the locusts hung there by the head, like meat carcasses from the hooks in the butcher's stall. The bird is certainly well named.

One bird, new to me, was met in the bush everywhere along the Fish River. It is about the size of the blackbird, and just as active and forceful in its way. I thought it was a blackbird.

"No," I was told; "you will see it is not black."

And, sure enough, it is of a deep green color, so deep a shade, in fact, as to look almost black against the green of the bushes.

"That is a spruce bird," I was told.

W. A. SPICER.

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE





### Thirtieth Week

July 25. Isaiah 1 to 5: The great arraignment; the Jerusalem vision; parable of the vineyard.

July 26. Isaiah 6 to 9: A vision of God's glory; oracles delivered during the reign of Ahaz.

July 27. Isaiah 10 to 13: Deliverance from Assyria promised; advent of the Messiah predicted; psalm of thanksgiving; the burden of Babylon.

July 28. Isaiah 14 to 17: Mercy promised to Israel; the burden of Moab; of Damascus.

July 29. Isaiah 18 to 21: The burden of Ethiopia; of Egypt; of the desert of the sea; of Dumah; of Arabia.

July 30. Isaiah 22 to 24: The burden of the valley of vision; of Tyre; God's judgments.

July 31. Isaiah 25 to 29: "Lo, this is our God;" a new song; God's care for his vineyard; his judgments on Jerusalem.

#### Isaiah — the Man

Isaiah, whose name in Hebrew means "Jehovah's salvation," was one of the most distinguished of the Hebrew prophets. He prophesied during the reigns of four kings, beginning his work "in the year that King Uzziah died," and continuing it during the reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. The time covered by his active work is variously estimated. One authority places it from 750 B. C. to 695 B. C.—about fifty-five years.

The prophet "seems to have lived and prophesied wholly at Jerusalem, and disappears from history after the accounts contained in chapter 39. A tradition among the Talmudists and Fathers relates that he was sawn asunder during the reign of Manasseh; and this tradition is embodied in an apocryphal book called 'The Ascension of Isaiah;' but it seems to rest on no certain grounds." Reference to the prophet's martyrdom is supposed to be made in Heb. 11: 37.

"Isaiah is appropriately named 'the evangelical prophet,' and the Fathers called his book 'The Gospel According to St. Isaiah.' In it the wonderful person of Immanuel,—'God with us,'—his beneficent life, his atoning death, and his triumphant and everlasting kingdom, are minutely foretold. The simplicity, purity, sweetness, and sublimity of Isaiah, and the fullness of his predictions respecting the Messiah, give him the preeminence among the Hebrew prophets and poets."

#### Isaiah — the Book

This, the first of the prophetic books, is one of the most wonderful books ever given to mankind. The style is exalted and majestic, and certain passages are noted for their dignity and beauty. The ode of triumph in chapter 14 (verses 3-23) is said to be "one of the most poetical in all literature."

Bible commentators have made many outlines for the study of this book. The following, by Amos R. Wells, may be found helpful:—

"Chapters 1 to 6, Israel's sins; 7 to 12, 'the book of Immanuel;' 13 to 23, prophecies against the nations; 24 to 35, the coming overthrow of evil; 36 to 39, Hezekiah's triumph; 40 to 48, God and idols; 49 to 58, the coming Messiah; 59 to 66, a new heaven and a new earth."

Another commentator names the following divisions of the book:—

"The first twelve chapters refer to the kingdom of Judah; then follow chapters 13 to 23, directed against foreign nations, except chapter 22 against Jerusalem. In chapters 24 to 35 the prophet appears to look forward in prophetic vision to the times of the exile and of the Messiah. Chapters 36 to 39 give a historical account of Sennacherib's invasion, and of the advice given by Isaiah to Hezekiah. The remainder of the book, chapters 40 to 66, contains a series of oracles referring to future times of temporal exile and deliverance, and expanding into glorious views of the spiritual deliverance to be wrought by the Messiah."

#### The Still, Small Voice

TRAVELERS tell us that there are rivers flowing beneath the streets of the ancient city of Shechem. But during the hours of the day you cannot hear them for the noise of the narrow streets and the bazaars; and then the night falls, and the clamor dies away, and dews of kindly sleep rest on the city; and then quite audibly, in the hush of the night, you can hear the music of the buried streams. There are many voices like those hidden waters. You never can hear them

save when things are still. There are whisperings of conscience in the bosom which a very little stir can easily down. There are tidings from the eternal Spirit, who is not far away from any one of us—tidings that shall come and go unnoticed unless we have won the grace of being still.—George H. Morrison, D. D.

#### God's Father-Care

THERE is no birdling in the nest the breeze rocks in the tree, All featherless and fluttering, with eyes that cannot see, But brooding mother-wings are there to keep it snug and warm, And shelter it most lovingly from sunshine and from storm.

To every flitting butterfly the flower cups open wide; Beneath the green leaf's canopy the meanest worm may hide; Each tiny insect finds or builds some little house or cell, And in and out goes happily, contented there to dwell.

Now who has thought of all these things? Who planned and made them all?

The One who counts the shining stars, and suffers none to fall; His tender Father-love is stretched o'er everything we see, And faileth never, night or day, to care for you and me.

—Selected.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Senior Society Program for Sabbath, July 31

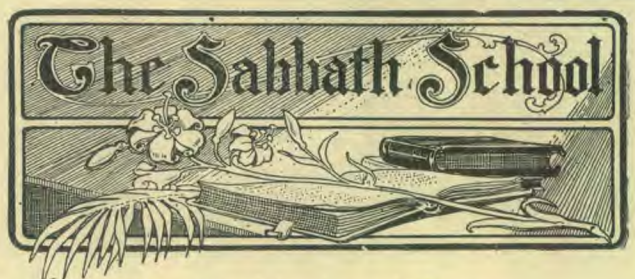
NOTE.—Let each society prepare its own program.

### Junior Society Program for Week Ending July 31

NOTE.—Let each society prepare its own program.

#### A Little Help

"There's help in seeming cheerful  
When a body's feeling blue,  
In looking calm and pleasant,  
If there's nothing else to do.  
If other folks are wearing,  
And things are all awry,  
Don't vex yourself with caring;  
'Twill be better by and by."



#### V — The Kingdom of Heaven

(July 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 31-35, 10-17, 44-46.

MEMORY VERSE: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Mal. 3: 17.

#### Questions

1. To what else did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 13: 31.
2. In size, how does the mustard seed compare with

other seeds? And yet, when grown, how does it compare with other herbs? Verse 32. Note 1.

3. To what else is the kingdom of heaven likened? Verse 33, margin. Note 2.

4. In what manner only did Jesus speak to the multitudes? Verse 34.

5. For what reason did he speak to them in parables only? Verse 35.

6. Why did he not speak to them plainly, as he did to the disciples? Verses 10, 11.

7. Only to whom were the secrets of his kingdom to be revealed? From whom would be taken away even that which they seemed to have? Verse 12; Luke 8: 18, margin.

8. Although these people appeared to see and hear and understand; what did they not do? Matt. 13: 13.

9. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verse 14.

10. Whose fault was it that they did not see and understand? Verse 15.

11. Why did Jesus bless the eyes and ears of the disciples with more truth than he did the eyes and ears of the Pharisees? Verse 16.

12. To what else did Jesus liken his kingdom? Verse 44, first part.

13. When the treasure is found, what does the finder joyfully do? Verse 44, last part. Note 3.

14. What else is God's kingdom like? Verses 45, 46.

15. What is the pearl of great price? Note 4.

16. How only can it be obtained? Note 5.

17. What other meaning does this parable have? Note 6.

**Notes**

1. "The kingdom of Christ in its beginning seemed humble and insignificant. Compared with earthly kingdoms it appeared to be the least of all." "In this last generation the parable of the mustard seed is to reach a signal and triumphant fulfillment. The little seed will become a tree. The last message of warning and mercy is to go to 'every nation, and kindred, and tongue,' to take out of them a people for his name." And the earth shall be lightened with his glory."—*Christ's Object Lessons,* pages 77, 79.

2. God's Spirit-filled words hidden in the heart of a wicked man will put a new life into him, and change him as completely as the leaven, or yeast, changes the dough. "The leaven hidden in the flour works invisibly to bring the whole mass under its leavening process; so the leaven of truth works secretly, silently, steadily, to transform the soul."—*Id.,* page 98.

3. "In the parable the field containing the treasure represents the Holy Scriptures. And the gospel is the treasure." "It is essential for old and young, not only to read God's Word, but to study it with whole-hearted earnestness, praying and searching for truth as for hidden treasure."—*Id.,* pages 104, 111.

4. "Christ himself is the pearl of great price. . . . The righteousness of Christ, as a pure, white pearl, has no defect, no stain. . . . All that can satisfy the needs and longings of the human soul, for this world and for the world to come, is found in Christ."—*Id.,* page 115. See Col. 2: 3.

5. "We are to give ourselves to Christ, to live a life of willing obedience to all his requirements. All that we are, all the talents and capabilities we possess, are the Lord's, to be consecrated to his service. When we thus give ourselves wholly to him, Christ, with all the treasures of heaven, gives himself to us. We obtain the pearl of great price."—*Id.,* page 116.

6. It applies not only to men as seeking Jesus, but to Jesus as seeking men. The Father looked upon fallen man and saw that, through Jesus' cleansing power, he would be a spotless pearl. He therefore gave all he had to buy the pearl. "And Jesus, having found it, resets it in his own diadem."

**V — The Kingdom of Heaven**

(July 31)

**Daily-Study Outline**

Sab. . . . . Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. . . . . Growth of a grain of truth. Questions 1-5.

Mon. . . . . Truth like leaven; use of parables. Questions 6-12.

Tues. . . . . Blessing of understanding. Questions 13-16.

Wed. . . . . Hidden treasure; goodly pearl. Questions 17, 18.

Thurs. . . . . Review.

Fri. . . . . Read "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 76-79, 20-22, 103-121.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 31-35, 10-17, 44-46.

**Questions**

1. To what else did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 13: 31. Note 1.

2. How does a grain of mustard compare with other seeds? Verse 32, first part.

3. When the mustard plant is grown, how does it compare with other herbs? Verse 32, second part. Note 2.

4. What use is made of it by the birds? Verse 32, last part.

5. What lessons may we gather from this parable? Note 3.

6. What other parable did Jesus speak concerning the kingdom of heaven? Verse 33.

7. What lesson is here illustrated? Note 4.

8. What effective means did Jesus use freely as he taught the multitude? Verse 34.

9. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verse 35.

10. What question did the disciples ask Jesus after he had spoken the parable of the sower? Verse 10.

11. How did Jesus answer them? Verse 11.

12. What reason does he give for his answer? Verse 12. Compare Matt. 25: 29.

13. How did Jesus explain his answer given in Matt. 13: 11? Verses 13, 15.

14. What prophecy was fulfilled in the Jews? Verse 14.

15. Why does Jesus call believers blessed? Verse 16.

16. How did he emphasize the value of the privileges enjoyed by the believers of his day? Verse 17.

17. By what parable did Jesus illustrate the joy and earnestness of the man who has found Christ? Verse 44.

18. By what parable did Jesus illustrate the value set upon the pearl of great price by the one who seeks for it? Verses 45, 46.

**Notes**

1. It was proverbial among the Jews to employ the mustard seed to denote anything very small, as Jesus also did in this parable and in Matt. 17: 20 and Luke 17: 6.

2. The common mustard of Palestine grows wild, attaining the height of a horse and rider, as travelers have noticed.

3. From the parable of the mustard seed we may gather several lessons: That the Word of God may lodge in a man's heart, take root, and grow, before its fruits become outwardly apparent in that man's life; that no matter how small a part of the Word may be received (by word of mouth, in a tract, or otherwise), it has in itself power to work a great transformation in the life; that the working of the Spirit on a man's heart may not be discernible to others at first, even when he is sensible of it himself. We must sow in faith, and God will give the increase.

"Not only is the growth of Christ's kingdom illustrated by the parable of the mustard seed, but in every stage of its growth the experience represented in the parable is repeated. For his church in every generation God has a special truth and a special work. . . . And in this last generation the parable of the mustard seed is to reach a signal and triumphant fulfillment. The little seed will become a tree. The last message of warning and mercy is to go to 'every nation, and kindred, and tongue,' to 'take out of them a people for his name.' And the earth shall be lightened with his glory."—*Christ's Object Lessons,* pages 78, 79.

4. The lesson of the mustard seed is here repeated in a different form. The farmer may think upon the power of God's word as he sows the little seed, placing it out of sight beneath the soil, to come forth later as a tender plant, which under his care and God's blessing bears a hundredfold. The housekeeper may meditate upon the silent working of the Spirit upon the indifferent heart, as she mixes the leaven in her flour and waits patiently for the rising of the dough till she can bake her bread and distribute it to the needy.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Wayside Flowers

PLUCK not the wayside flower;  
It is the traveler's dower.  
A thousand passers-by  
Its beauties may espy,  
May win a touch of blessing  
From nature's mild caressing.  
The sad of heart perceives  
A violet under leaves,  
Like some fresh-budding hope:  
The primrose on the slope  
A spot of sunshine dwells,  
And a cheerful message tells  
Of kind, renewing power;  
The nodding bluebell's dye  
Is drawn from happy sky.  
Then spare the wayside flower;  
It is the traveler's dower.

—William Allingham.

## The Shadows We Cast

EVERY one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra,—a strange, indefinable something, called personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It is not like a garment; we cannot take it off when we wish, or put it on when we desire. It is always present, pouring out from our life, as Miller says, "like a light from a lamp, like heat from flame, like perfume from a flower."

Unknown to us, we are always impressing others by this strange power that goes out from us. Many a life has been started on a career of beauty and blessing by the influence of one noble act. A striking illustration of the influence of a kind act occurred in a large city. A little newsboy entered a street car, slipped into a seat, and was soon fast asleep. A young lady sitting in the opposite seat noticed him as he lay there with bare feet, ragged clothes, his pinched, drawn face showing marks of hunger and suffering. Noticing also that his cheek rested against the hard window sill, she arose and quietly placed her muff under his head for a pillow. This act was observed, and an old man, nodding toward the boy, held out a silver quarter. She hesitated a moment, then took it. As she did so, more than twenty others gave something. Her thoughtful act created a wave of influence that reached all in the car.

If we would make our influence a benediction, we must call on the Spirit of God to do his work of grace in our hearts, casting out every evil, selfish desire, and filling them with the love of Jesus.—*Hattie Abbott.*

## God's Tithe Is Sacred

WHETHER the tithe is large or small, it is sacred, and should be brought to the Lord's treasure house to advance his work in the earth. That it is holy will be impressed still more by reading the following from one of our missionaries:—

"One day a member of the church walked nearly two miles to the mission to bring a threepence tithe, saying: 'Here, Elder, is a little of the Lord's own. I have been keeping it until I had a little more to bring with it. But yesterday I had nothing to eat, and this morning I was hungry, and feared I should be tempted to use the Lord's money; so I brought it to you. I want you to take it, and put it in the treasury, so I shall not be tempted any more.'

"I took it and put it in the till. That, and much more just like it, even the children doing the same thing, was very sacred to us. It caused us to have a deeper sense of the sacredness of God's work. We always take such money. We do not dare to intimate to those who bring it that it would be right for them, even under such trying circumstances, to use it themselves; for that would rob them of a proper sense of the sacredness of the tithe, of the importance of God's work, and of the blessing such sacrifice brings. But, in a way that will not give them the idea that we are remunerating them for their faithfulness in tithing, we always see that they do not go away from our home hungry, even if we give them far more than the value of their tithe, and even if we ourselves have a little less. It is a joy to share the self-denial of such faithful ones."

## Wholesale Patronage

Nor long before his death, Thomas B. Reed visited some friends at their summer residence at Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Late in the afternoon he was driven up to Westerly to take the seven o'clock train for Boston. It was a warm evening; the horses lagged, and he missed the train, the last Boston-bound train stopping at Westerly that night.

As Mr. Reed had an important engagement in Boston early next day, he seemed worried until he learned that there was a Boston express train which passed Westerly at nine o'clock. Then he smiled.

Going to the telegraph office he directed a telegram to the superintendent of the road in Boston, and sent the following message: "Will you stop the nine o'clock express at Westerly tonight for a large party for Boston?"

The answer came: "Yes. Will stop the train."

Mr. Reed read the message and smiled.

When the train pulled in, Mr. Reed quietly started to board it, when the conductor said, "Where is that large party we were to stop for?"

"I am the large party," replied Mr. Reed, and he boarded the train.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

## A Sign of Degeneracy

TEN thousand persons, it is claimed, telephoned recently to a Chicago paper to learn which of "two bruisers, one white and one black, knocked the other into insensibility and thereby won the world's championship."

START the day with a thought that holds sweetness within  
As the perfume is held in the rose;  
For the day that with beautiful thoughts may begin,  
Holds its beauty all through to the close.

—Selected.