

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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CALIFORNIA FLOWERS

FROM HERE AND THERE

PORFIRIO DIAZ, once president of Mexico, died an exile at the age of eighty-five.

THE financial statement of the Mormon Church for last year gives the amount of tithe received as \$1,500,000.

SCIENTISTS claim that elephants have more muscles in their trunks than other creatures have in their whole bodies.

IN the ruins of Inca palaces in the city of Cuzco, Peru, it is asserted, the finest masonry in the world can be seen.

THE English sparrow inhabits the United States farms to the extent of five pairs on each farm, in spite of the fact that it is considered a city bird.

ACCORDING to the 1910 census there were 57,272 blind persons in this country. It is estimated that there are more than two and a quarter million of the blind in the world.

IN an Oregon City spelling contest a Japanese girl outspelled a picked team from five school districts. One hundred and eight pages of the spelling book were covered in order to decide the contest.

THE real Irish shamrock is said to be found growing on the banks of the Sowadabscook stream in Hampden, Maine. The seed, it is reported, were probably brought over in the linen rags shipped to the paper mills.

THE first appeal to the General Conference for workers for South Africa was made in 1886. When that call came, the number of believers in all the world was twenty-three thousand. Today we have that many young people in our schools.

BY means of new devices installed in the post office in Chicago, in one hour from the time mail arrives, 500,000 letters can be tied up, sorted, and sent out. If a special delivery letter is dropped in the window ten minutes before the departure of a train, it will reach the outgoing mail.

A VERY unusual timepiece is a clock recently constructed by an artisan of Geneva. There is not a piece of metal in it. It is made entirely of straw and willow withes. The clock is over nine feet high. It is said that over two and a half years were required to build it, and that the maker has refused an offer of \$1,500 for it.

WILLIAM MARCONI, inventor of the wireless telegraph, claims to have invented recently an apparatus which enables one to look through a solid partition, such as a brick wall, and determine what is happening on the other side. In view of Mr. Marconi's past wonderful achievements, this present invention does not seem incredible.

JAMAICA has a tree that grows paper. It is known as the dagger palm, and grows to a height of ten feet. Each leaf contains one piece of "paper" from seven to nine inches in length, and from two to three inches in width. This material is used in the manufacture of hats, picture frames, feathers, artificial flowers, and several other articles.

ONE of the historical spots in the Southland is Yorktown, Virginia, the scene of the surrender of the British under Cornwallis, Oct. 19, 1781, to Washington and Count Rochambeau. Early recognizing the desirability of this port for colonial trade, England had erected her first customhouse there. Cornwallis supposed it would be an easy thing to conquer Lafayette and the four thousand French allies with his eight thousand men; but he was not prepared for the surprise that Washington planned by hemming him in by land and by sea with the French and American armies, sixteen thousand men in all. Cornwallis put up a brave fight, but was forced to lay down his arms, when on the morning of Oct. 19, 1781, the British soldiers marched between the columns of French and Americans, with Rochambeau and Washington at the head of these respective armies.

MISSIONARIES of other denominations have suffered from the war as much as our own people, if not more. "Twenty-five of the London Missionary Society's missionaries are prisoners of war. Fourteen in German East Africa have been completely cut off from all communication with their friends for many months. In Palestine, six Church Missionary Society missionaries have been under restraint, Dr. Sterling, of Gaza, being kept in prison for several days. In Turkish Arabia five men and women workers have been detained by the Turks. The German missionary work in British territory has also been greatly hindered by the war. Not only have the Germans been unable to obtain funds from home, but many of them were arrested and interned as prisoners of war. In India seventy German missionaries, representing various societies, have been placed in a military camp.

ELDER J. T. BOETTCHER, writing from Petrograd, Russia, says: "There never was such a time of distress among our workers and churches as there is at the present time. What will become of us all we do not know. I hope our people will remember us in their prayers." He then tells of the police taking from the meeting hall and the bookstore of that city all the Bibles, songbooks, and other books found in them. The elder of the church was taken to prison.

The First Robin

A WELCOME song of warbled cheer,
A flash of red breast through the air,
And on the lawn a robin hops—
First sign that spring is here.

— Stanton A. Brown.

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The Youth's Instructor

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The Theme of the Ages

FLORA E. WARREN

O MARVEL, ye angels of heaven;
Be astonished, ye children of earth:
Consider Jehovah's grand purpose
In Jesus' most wonderful birth.
Study why the Begotten, in glory,
Delighted in salvation's plan;
Read again and again the old story
Why he humbled himself as a man.

Long years has the world heard of Jesus,
The Babe in far Bethlehem born;
A few have rejoiced in his message,
But many reject it with scorn.
Some there are who believe he's soon coming
As king to complete his great plan;
And for those who accept him and love him
He humbled himself as a man.

His great love for the lost and the dying
Will surely receive its reward;
'Twill repay all to choose self-denying,
And share in the joy of the Lord;
For the Saviour, our lowly Redeemer,
When he sees men accepting his plan,
Is made glad, with the angels in heaven,
That he humbled himself as a man.

Rejoice, all ye weak, in love's power;
'Tis heaven's eternal, strong cord.
Go, tell it — 'tis mercy's last hour —
And share in the joy of the Lord.
It will be the choice theme of the ages,
The love that devised this great plan,
And earned for each one such rejoicing,
When he humbled himself as a man.

Some Dates Worth Remembering

THERE are dates and dates. Everybody remembers when Christopher Columbus discovered America and when the colonies declared independence. But there are a number of other important events, the dates of which are not so fixed in the general mind. Some of these ought to be as familiar as Oct. 12, 1492, or July 4, 1776.

The Chinese, I suppose, really invented printing; and printing was in use among the Romans at the beginning of the Christian era; but it was a slow, laborious process, almost as difficult as writing with the quill or stylus. A wise, long-bearded old German named John Gutenberg, near the middle of the fifteenth century invented a "secret process." This was the system of movable types. Gutenberg was a poor man; a capitalist named Johann Fust financed him. Together they set out to print the Bible in Latin. At the end of five years, Nov. 6, 1455, they completed their work, and the first printed book appeared. It was a volume of six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, on vellum, and was decorated with handmade "illuminations." That was the beginning of a new era,—an era that was to revolutionize the whole world.

Another date that is worth while to remember is Oct. 5, 1582, when our calendar began. Julius Cæsar was the first great reorganizer of the calendar, and for a long while the Julian calendar was regarded as the best we could have. But in course of time it was discovered that Cæsar had made a mistake of about eleven minutes a year. This seems a small error, but in one hundred and thirty years it made a difference of an entire day. To remedy this and to start on true time again, Pope Gregory XIII laid the matter before a conference of learned men, and as a result the present or Gregorian calendar was devised.

The eleven minutes' lapse per year was made up for by setting time forward ten days, and by ordaining that no "century year" which was not divisible by 400 should henceforth be a leap year. That is why the year 1900 was not a leap year; 1600 was the last century leap year, and 2000 will be the next. Oct. 5, 1582, when the change was made, became October 15.

For some time a large part of the world con-

tinued to use the old Julian calendar. England and the American colonies did not adopt the Gregorian calendar till 1752. There was by that time a difference of eleven days between the two. There is now about twelve days; and Russia, the only country that uses the Julian calendar, begins the year twelve days later than we do.

In the year 1776 four men walked one afternoon into a little shop in Arch Street, Philadelphia, to confer upon a business matter with the pretty young Quaker who ran it. The four men were George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin, and their errand was to engage Mrs. Ross as official flag maker of a newborn nation. They had arranged the design, and the patriot Quaker set to work to manufacture the first American flag.

She was a long time doing it. Such an important thing as making a nation's flag could not be hurried. But it was completed at last, and the Stars and Stripes, Old Glory, was formally adopted by Congress on June 14, 1777,—an anniversary now celebrated as flag day.

On the very day on which Congress passed the resolution authorizing the national flag, Capt. John Paul Jones was appointed commander of the "Ranger," which was fitting out for service at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. As soon as the news reached Portsmouth, five of the young ladies of the place made a flag from "slices of their best silk gowns," which in due time was presented to our first naval hero. He in turn had it hoisted on the main mast of the "Ranger,—an impressive ceremony,—the first Stars and Stripes ever carried on the ocean, which event occurred July 4, 1777, the first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

New York City was ablaze with lights. The streets were jammed, the air was vibrant with cheers. Flags floated everywhere. There were processions and firing of ordnance. And not only in New York, but all over America, and in Great Britain as well, the tumult of excitement surged. For after years of discouraging failure, the United States and Great Britain were at last linked together by the Atlantic cable. It was one of the most vital dates in history, one worth remembering — August 16, 1858.

A group of grave, thoughtful men are seated at a long table in a high-posted room. The men are the leaders of a nation, and they are listening to a paper read by a tall, sad-faced man, the leader of them all. It is Lincoln reading the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet. We were in the midst of the great Civil War, and for a long time the President had been urged to declare the slaves free. But Lincoln's first idea was to save the Union. When he found, however, that the Union could not otherwise be saved, he made up his mind to take the decisive step.

On Sept. 22, 1862, he issued a proclamation that on and after New Year's Day, 1863, all the slaves in the States or parts of States then in rebellion, should be set at liberty. By this proclamation, freedom was declared to more than four million colored people in the South. It was the first actual movement toward the ending of human bondage in the United States. But slavery was not finally done away until the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, more than two years afterwards.

At noon on Nov. 18, 1883, thirty million people drew out their watches and set them forward or back, as the case might be. A telegraphic signal from the Naval Observatory at Washington flashed forth "Noon." At that flash the time system of a continent was changed. Up to that time nearly every region had its own time, which was dictated by the local railroads. In the United States alone there were probably no fewer than fifty separate time schedules. At noon, Nov. 18, 1883, those fifty different time standards were cut down to four.

The date is worth remembering, for it was that on which our present system of time regulating was born. The system divided the United States into four time sections,—the Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Western,—each of the four differing from its nearest neighbor by exactly one hour. Thus when it is twelve o'clock in New York (Eastern time), it is eleven at Chicago (Central time), ten at Denver (Mountain time), and nine at San Francisco (Pacific time). It was one of the greatest social revolutions ever made by civilized man.

Since we adopted standard time, its use has spread over the world. Nearly all Europe has "standardized" its time; and so has much of the Orient.—*Fred Myron Colby, in Youth's Evangelist.*

Frobel's Lily

Now the world is all thrilling with beauty;
In scented dews, wakens the morn.
We love the arbutus, the tassel
That waves o'er the silk of the corn,
The goldenrod's plume, and each promise
God sends us in rainbows of flowers.
But today, O assemblies of children!
What flower of all flowers shall be ours?

Let me tell you a tale: From the Rhineland
There journeyed a soldier, one day;
It was June, and the roses were blowing
In the track of the south winds of May.
His name? It was Fröbel—you've heard it;
His picture you've seen on the wall
Of the room of your bright kindergarten,
The loveliest garden of all.

From the Rhine through the vineyards he journeyed
Toward the shadowy mountains, and he
Saw the roses, and heard the birds singing;
They were brothers to him, bird and tree.
He rested by gardens of castles,
Where roses mid green ivies hung,
And over the ivies and roses
The glad linnets, quivering, sung.

He stopped at the gate of each garden
Of flowers that the peasants had sown,
But he found not a garden that filled him
With the joy that he elsewhere had known.
"What is wanting?" he wondered, and murmured,
"The world is like Paradise fair;
On the bowers the roses are glowing
And the linnets all singing in air.

"There's a flower to my heart that is wanting:
Lord, show me that flower." And he goes
On his lone way from garden to garden
Where mingled the myrtle and rose,
And he comes to a garden whose flowers
Are lilies; his heart at the sight
Is filled with content and with rapture,
For one bed of the lilies is white.

"O lilies! white lilies, Christ's lilies!
It was you that was wanting!" he cried;
"Red roses and bright amaryllis
May be to my vision denied,
But purity's flowers of perfection
To satisfy me must be mine."
And Fröbel went happy and singing
Toward the mountains of Hartz from the Rhine.

Today ye bring roses and lilies
From green fields and gardens of art,
And the Lord of the beautiful blesses
The white flower that blooms in the heart.
Forever in life must be wanting
The best, if the joy be not there
Of the Lord of the garden immortal,
Whose emblem the white lilies bear.

In this glad day of roses and lilies,
What emblem of flowers shall we crown?
English rose or the bright amaryllis?
The flower of the meadow or town?
The emblem of purity only
The fruit of contentment can yield;
So crown we all flowers with the lily,
The Christ lily, white from the field.

Have you found the one flower that is wanting?
Are you seeking its beauty divine?
Have you felt Fröbel's joy as he journeyed
Toward the mountains of Hartz from the Rhine?
Today, mid the censers of flowers,
In this emblem your risen Lord see,
And follow his steps who read sermons
From the lilies by blue Galilee.

—*Hesekiah Butterworth.*

The Secret and Source of Spiritual Power

THERE is only one source of power. We can never store up power. We can be channels.

To keep close, *close*, CLOSE to Jesus is the secret of power in our own lives, and in soul winning.

Take time to rest in the shadow of his love. Plenty of time, every day, with him alone, praying, studying his will and Word, listening, resting, wrestling,—this is the way of power. It is the royal way to success. See Psalm 1.

Rules for Power

Unreserved surrender of plans, friends, will, sins, self to Jesus, minute by minute, step by step.

A *conscious* staying with him, breathing in his life; reveling in his love, resting in his power and wisdom.

Daily digging into his plan for *you*, for *today*.
Vim, energy, push, stick-to-it-iveness; whirlwind earnestness that will not take No for an answer to plans for success.

Keep your knife full of heaven's electricity by rubbing it on heaven's own magnet—the promises.

LUTHER WARREN.

STERLING sense and industry and integrity are better a thousand times, in the hard work of living, than the brilliancy of wit.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



Experiences in Porto Rico

WHY do our young people look on going to a mission field with dread? Many seem to think of a foreign field as a stake at which to be burned. If it were, and God called, why draw back? We know that the Reformers went to the stake as we go to church, well dressed, with hymns and prayers on their lips.

In my experience I have found that anywhere with Jesus is home, whether it be the finest or the most humble dwelling, with a rock or a downy pillow under my head.

My eyes were opened to the mission fields when, in Macon, Georgia, in 1908, at one of our young people's meetings we were studying the subject of foreign missions, and less than one month later I had answered the call to go to Porto Rico. During these five years, not once have I longed to be back in the homeland. Although father and mother have died during this time, I feel that my life work is in Porto Rico or some other Spanish field, and right there I wish to be found when Jesus comes.

One evening a boy who was selling papers on the street spoke to me in English, urging me to buy a paper. Seeing that I was an American, he told me of his home life. I asked him to dinner, and after the meal I gave him a few War Extras to sell with his papers. Inquiry revealed the fact that his parents were poor. I gave him some old garments, for which he seemed very grateful. When he related his experience to his parents, they wished to see me; so one evening my wife and I visited their home. To our surprise we found a family of three bright girls (one a nurse), father, mother, and the boy. Their actions told us that we were welcome. After talking a few minutes, I turned the conversation onto religious subjects. I found that the mother was a Catholic, the father a Spiritualist, and the sisters were Protestants. On learning that they all believed the Bible, I asked if they would like to study it with me. They assented, and now they are much interested in the truth of God.

We canvassed a teacher who boards in a hotel. She became interested, and was anxious to read one of our books. After I had taken her order for "Daniel and the Revelation," we talked awhile in English, and before leaving, my wife made arrangements to hold Bible readings with her. We are praying that she will accept the truth.

A colored brother came from the island of St. Thomas to Porto Rico to look for work, as he had a large family to support. About the time he arrived, the San Juan Gas Company began operations, laying gas pipes in the city and suburbs. On beginning work he told them that he did not work on the Sabbath. Though obliged to work for much less, he was faithful to his convictions, and every Sabbath found him in his place at church. He was offered work which would pay much better, if he would work on the Sabbath; but this he refused to do. He was careful to be on time; and when others dropped out, he remained faithfully at work; when others struck for higher wages, he was at his post; when all stayed away, he was ready to work.

The overseer noted his faithfulness. Finally the pipe laying was finished, and Brother Lewis asked the company for steady work. Again the Sabbath came up, and because of this he was not accepted. But all the time the company remembered his faithfulness, and one day he was notified that he could have steady work at forty dollars a month, with the Sabbath off. There were many applicants for this place, all of whom would have worked on the Sabbath, or seven days each week. Brother Lewis was not ashamed of his religion, and at every opportunity he gave the truth to others; even the overseer was not left out.

I have seen this man on Friday evening in our young people's meeting stand to give his testimony, weeping for fear he could not say a word. We called his experience the "continual one," because every week he told of new and interesting experiences. God cares for his own.

J. G. ROFF.

One Talent at Interest

A SWEET, diminutive lady opened the door to me with a polite "*Bon jour, monsieur; entrez, monsieur,*" as she drew aside to encourage me to come in, thus emphasizing by her action her words of welcome. Mrs. J — is a slender little woman of seventy years, wiry and active. Her hair is white, and on her brow sits peace, the peace that draws the weary worldling away from his egoism, that makes him want sympathy, and that makes a "better self" flicker up in the most care-hardened and pleasure-seared of natures.

Who is this dear little grandmother who thus wins respect? — Only a struggling item in the seething city life. What makes her able to thus hold one's attention? Ask some of those who know her, and they will answer, "O, I don't know!" and then, reflecting, they will add, "Somehow she's different from the ordinary person." That is all, yet how much it means! It is the recognition of a power which is mighty, it is the recognition that they have met one who is striving to walk in the path the Saviour trod, and who would fain love others as Jesus loved her.

This sister takes in lodgers, which enables her to hire a decent apartment and to house herself and her aged husband. She does all the housework herself, and even now and again will board a lodger if he is of simple tastes. Madame J — received a visit one day from a brother who was canvassing for *Les Signes des Temps*. He, with smiling face, looked in, asked permission to leave a copy of the paper on approval, and went away. Only a moment's glimpse of sunshine, but its memory remained. A month or so later the same brother called again. "Were you pleased with the paper I left you last month, madame?" he asked. "Yes, it was nice," she answered, recalling the bright smile of his first call. "It is only thirty cents a year; you would certainly like to have it come to you every month?" Madame J — became a subscriber. Some time after this Brother A — looked in to see what work the Lord had done by means of the paper. He received an invitation to enter. This means much in French work, for this courtesy is accorded only to friends. The result of several visits was that Madame J — began to attend meetings where the advent message was being proclaimed. She seemed to like the meetings, even though her visits were irregular. What impression they made it was impossible to ascertain. For two years she continued these infrequent visits to the church.

One day when Madame J — was present, there

was a buzz among the members. What was it all about?—Two persons had felt the need of breaking with their old, world-created self, and of putting on the pure, God-created nature, and were therefore to be buried with the Lord in the beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea, on a sandy northern shore of the dark African continent. Little Madame J—— said nothing, and after greeting one or two of the sisters, went home.

The group of believers was gathered on the sands, and the first sister had been baptized into the new life while a sweet hymn was being wafted on the early morning breeze. A second was preparing to receive the rite, when Madame J—— said to the sister in charge of the group, "Oh, how I should love to be baptized, too! Do baptize me." The request was so sincere that after the second baptism the minister was consulted. So it came about that Madame J—— became Sister J——. For a time she kept the fact to herself, not even her husband being aware of what she had done.

At that time Sister J—— could read but little and knew little of God's Word, but she loved her Lord because he had loved her, and she felt a new strength born in her to battle with life, and a strong arm to uphold her. The change in her character was soon sufficient to permit of her telling her husband all about it. Since then the Lord has done for her a great and wonderful work. Today, this sister, after three years in the message, is as a light upon a candlestick which lights the whole room, for the talent God gave her to trade with she has put out to interest, and she never fails to give a word in season to those who lodge in her "furnished rooms," and to win their respect.

R. T. E. COLTHURST.



Oddities of the Fish World

FOR many years it has been known that certain fish make sounds known as drumming, and that others make noises that are somewhat musical and not unlike the croaking of a big bullfrog. Though the cause of these sounds could have been easily investigated, as such fish are widely found, this was not done until recently. Various theories were held by writers as to the means by which the sounds were produced. In 1880 Gunther, a careful student, wrote as follows:—

"These drumming sounds are frequently noticed by persons in vessels lying at anchor on the coasts of the United States. It is still a matter of uncertainty by what means the drumfish produces this sound. Some naturalists believe it is caused by the clapping together of the very large molar teeth. However, if it be true that the sounds are accompanied by a tremulous motion of the vessel, it seems more probable that they are produced by the fishes beating their tails against the bottom of the vessel, in order to get rid of the parasites with which that part of their body is infested."

Another writer stated that the sounds were supposed to be made by the forcible expulsion of air from the swim bladder. But quite recently Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., has discovered that the drumming is produced by a special muscle in connection

with the air bladder, which acts as a sounding board.

The drumfish is found along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Florida. More than fifty species of fish are known to make sounds of some kind. The mud sunfish utters a deep grunting sound; the mullet, the catfish, and even the eel are known to be sound producers.

In Siam, a variety of sole, known as hound's-tongue (*Cynoglossum*), attaches itself to the bottom of boats, and makes a sonorous sound which is more musical when several are attached to the same boat and act in concert. This sound is "something like that of a jew's-harp struck slowly, though sometimes it increases in loudness so as to resemble the full tones and sound of an organ."

The sea robin gives a short, high-pitched grunt—hence the name "pigfish," given to it in some places.

Darwin tells of a catfish "which is remarkable for a harsh, grating noise when caught by hook and line. This noise can be distinctly heard even when the fish is beneath the water."

Among the most interesting fresh-water fish that are sometimes kept in household aquariums is the stickleback, which builds a nest. Some build these homes on the bottom of streams, hiding the nest among weeds and water plants; others build on submerged boughs, or on stones or projecting ledges. All kinds of material are collected and matted together to form the bottom of the nest, which is held in place by sand, small pebbles, leaves, stems, or twigs, all glued together by an adhesive secretion. After the base has been formed, the sides and roof are made, with a circular opening at or near the top. In the fresh waters of Guiana, a beautiful, green-brown fish, of the genus *Callichthys*, builds a nest of grass blades, straw, and leaves, not in the water, but in a muddy hole at the edge, and just above the surface. When the water dries away, the fish, by means of its fins, creeps to other wet or marshy places. It is said to be able to live twenty-four hours out of water.

Our common sunfish are nest builders. Every observing country boy has noticed, at the edge of the pond, the clean appearance of certain spots from which all vegetable material, mud, and pebbles have been removed. This has been done by the sunfish, whose swaying body and moving fins and tail make currents in the water which wash the spot and leave only the clean sand. Sometimes pebbles and other undesirable objects are carried away in the fish's mouth. At times the stems of the surrounding plants are trained above the cleaned depression, and form a perfect bower.

But of all strange nests, the one that has pleased me most is that of the Indian paradise fish, kept in an ordinary house aquarium. This fish is novel, not only on account of its brilliant markings, but it also breathes air, and does not, like other fish, depend for its oxygen on that set free in the water by aquatic plants. But the most remarkable thing about it is its method of building a nest. These amazing nests not only float, but are formed of air bubbles. With its mouth the fish blows the little bubbles, and coats them with an adhesive or mucilaginous substance, so that they adhere, and form a floating, fairy-like mass, in which the eggs are laid, and the young are hatched. Occasionally a young fish will slip out, or apparently tumble out, of his home of bubbles, and circle away, finally falling to the bottom of the aquarium. Then one of the parents, in serious alarm at what has hap-

pened to the youngster, swims quickly to the bottom, draws the little one into its mouth, swims back to the delicate bubble mass, and literally "blows him up," because he was so careless as to fall out of bed.—*Edward F. Bigelow, in St. Nicholas.*

The Alphabet

THE word alphabet comes to us from the Greek language, and is made up of the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, alpha and beta. However, we do not get our alphabet so directly from the Greek nation as we get the word alphabet. No one really knows all about where our alphabet did come from. It grew very slowly, like all the other great works of civilization. No one clever man sat down and wrote out the alphabet of any language. It is not the product of one man's mind, but the slow growth of the minds of many men.

The first alphabet was made up of pictures; for people wrote by pictures long before they did by the signs of sounds. That is what letters are—the signs of sounds. The letter O was at first just the picture of an eye; and it was made simpler and simpler until it grew to be only a plain circle and became the letter O. The letter I was at first the picture of a man standing; and the letter A was the picture of a house or a pyramid. We don't know all the pictures and how they were changed.

The alphabet as it now stands is a very wonderful thing. As I sit here, in my home, and write these words, and know that by and by you will sit in your home and read them, and be able to understand me just as if I were talking to you, I feel very grateful for the alphabet.

After we learn the alphabet, we begin at once to learn to form words by combining the different letters and the sounds they represent. We go on doing this as long as we live; but never any one person knows all the words in any language, to say nothing of all the other languages in the world.

Prof. Max Müller, a very great authority on alphabets, says that if we take an alphabet of twenty-four letters,—and some have just that number,—these letters might be arranged in 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 different ways, though I, for my part, don't know how he ever worked that all out. I am very sure that he never made so many words in his own lifetime. In fact, he himself says that he didn't. And, more than that, it would take all the people in the world, each writing forty pages a day, with forty sets of letters to the page, more than a million years to write so many words. Isn't that a task to think about? I am very glad we don't have to do it. All the people in the world writing at once would be very uninteresting.

New words, though, are most interesting. When we have learned a new word, it is good to learn something about how it grew, and exactly what it means now, and what it did mean when the word was first used.

The letters of the alphabet appear practically in the same order in nearly all languages; but just how they came to be in this order no one really knows. The English and German alphabets have twenty-six letters each; the French, 25; Spanish, 27; Italian, 20; Russian, 36; Greek, 24; Latin and Hebrew, each 22; Celtic 17; Arabic, 28; Persian, 31; Turkish, 28; Sanskrit, 4; Chinese, 214.

In all languages the alphabet is somewhat imperfect, and one letter often has to stand for two or more sounds. In the English language, for instance, there are forty-two sounds and only twenty-six letters to cover them. Even then, some of our twenty-six letters are only repetitions of the same sounds. There is no sound of the letter C that could not be represented by the letter S or the letter K. The sound of Ch, though, is a distinct sound, and yet has no letter to cover it. Its sound bears no relation to either the sound of C or the sound of H.

There is one verse in the Bible that contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J; and that letter used to be the same as the letter I. It is the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra.

There are two English words that contain all the vowels of our language, and in their proper order. These words are facetious and abstemious. There are at least eighteen other words in our language that contain all the vowels, but not in their proper order.

There is hardly to be found a more interesting game for both young and old people than the choosing of a number of letters and trying to see how many different words may be formed with them.

Alphabet blocks are usually one of the first playthings given to a child; and we feel very proud of the baby when he has learned A or B, though it seems to us by that time a very simple thing to learn. It is not such a simple thing, though; for it is the foundation of all the learning in the world, and the use of words is a study that has fascinated the minds of the greatest scholars. The elements of all the words in the world are found right on the baby's blocks.—*Selected.*

The Apple Tree

WHEN I go out on Arbor Day,
I know the tree I shall be planting!
No lady elm or willow gray,
Nor copper beech, its purple flaunting.
But something sweeter it will be—
A slim slip of an apple tree.

Who plants a tree in orchard close,
Or wayside, makes the world his debtor;
Or hawthorne bush or climbing rose.
But the young apple tree is better—
The slim slip of an apple tree
That blossom-crowned full soon shall be.

And half of May and half of June
A rosy snow it will be shedding,
With all the blue of heaven in tune,
Its shadow far and farther spreading,
Till spicy gales will one day press
About its ruddy loveliness.

Thus grown to tree's estate, 'twill yield
Beauty and shade and fruit's rich juices;
And when old age shall win the field,
Piled on the happy hearth, it looses
All summer in its flame and spark
That soar to seek the outer dark.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

THE beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it—whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes, or whether we open our eyes with the sunrise to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep us delightful company all day, and who will make us feel at evening that the day was well worth its fatigues.—*Lucy Larcom.*

If we would attain a creditable degree of excellence, we must have exalted standards.

GOOD MANNERS

Ought These Things So to Be?

A NEW girl came to the college,
Somewhat awkward and plain;
But still her parents had sent her
For the harvest field to train.

Quiet was she in her manner;
To speak with the rest she forbore,
Intent on the deep-set purpose
Her mind with knowledge to store.

Her ways were rather uncommon
For the first few months of her stay,
And some of the girls, in amusement,
Would laugh at her every day.

One student, a ghostly figure,
Attenuated and tall,
Made it her special business
To ridicule Eve before all.

Walking to church one morning
Behind the girl who was new,

She was overcome with laughter
About a stocking and shoe.

It must have been dreadfully funny
To wear tan shoes without hose
That corresponded in color,
And the laughter fell and rose.

Sensitive as a mimosa,
Eve's troubles were many that year;
For even one of her teachers
Would snub her for all to hear.

Though clever and quick at learning,
The laughter, the covert sneer,
Hardened a sensitive nature,
And the college grew less dear.

As the months passed slowly onward,
Till at last she went away,
To carry the scars forever
Of the wounds that had spoiled her stay.

C. F.

"I'm So Sorry"

BUT I told you very clearly just which width flannel I wanted." Mrs. Brown looked with some exasperation at Barry Latham, the young salesman, as she laid down the goods that had been delivered at her home in the morning. "I made it very plain at the time, and then you sent these out instead, and it was a great inconvenience to me to be obliged to come back for the right kind. I was in too much of a hurry to wait for your next delivery, so had to make the trip myself."

"I'll make the exchange at once," Barry said, with an agreeable smile; but there was still that exasperated look in the eyes of Mrs. Brown as he turned to the shelves and reached for the desired goods.

"I do find it so annoying," she said to her friend as they turned away, "when a mistake is made through no fault of my own, not to have a single word of regret spoken. I don't remember that this particular clerk ever made a blunder in waiting on me before, but time and again I have had similar experiences with young men and women at the stores. They usually act as if they made everything perfectly right by merely exchanging the goods they have sent me by mistake. If they would only say, 'I'm so sorry I made you this trouble,' I shouldn't mind half so much; but it's seldom that they think to say a single word of regret."

Probably most of us have been annoyed by this same unfortunate attitude of those who inconvenience us. It is only human to wish for a frank acknowledgment, in so many words, of the piece of carelessness or blundering on the part of the person who has made it, coupled with an expression of regret.

The other day in a railroad ticket office, I saw a man with annoyance stamped on every feature, addressing the young man at one of the desks. He had evidently ordered a sleeping-car reservation on a certain train,

and some mistake had been made in telegraphing the order. "I'll have to take my chances, then, as to a lower berth," he said, "but it's too bad when I spoke so long ahead."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the young man, "that I made the mistake about your train. I remember all the facts now. I happened to be in a big rush at just that time, and that must be the way I came to confuse your order; but of course that doesn't let me out. I'm awfully sorry," he repeated.

Immediately the expression on the other man's face was transformed.

"Oh, well," he said, "such things will happen. Never mind about it; very likely I can get a lower yet, and if not—well, it's all in a lifetime," he said, cheerily. "Don't worry."

Just the frank acknowledgment of his blunder and a fervent expression of regret by the young clerk, and an irate patron of the road had been changed into a pleasant and smiling one. What a pity that we are not all of us ready with these words! We are somehow foolish enough to find it difficult to say, "I'm so sorry!"—*Young People's Weekly*.

Accepting Compliments

"AND she simply scorns compliments," concluded Nan enthusiastically. "She's so clever, and brilliant and superior, she's always getting them,—she can't help it,—but she's perfectly sure to snub any one who pays her one; and she's so sarcastic she makes you just want to curl up tight like a dried leaf, and blow into a crack or out of the window or somewhere."

"Dear me," said Aunt Elinor, "what a very unpleasant habit!"

"Unpleasant? Why, Aunt Elinor, I didn't mean you to take it *that* way. There isn't any one I admire more

than I do Madeline Trent. Why, I was praising her!"

"Indeed you weren't; you only thought you were!" corrected Aunt Elinor, laughing at Nan's shocked and bewildered countenance. "She may be quite as wonderful as you say, in mind, but if she's as disagreeable in manners as you imply — unless you've done her an injustice —"

"Oh, I have! I didn't mean to, but I have — I must have!" cried Nan. "Madeline has beautiful manners, when she wants to; sort of calm, and cool, and elegant, with lots more poise than most of the girls. It's only compliments that upset her, and that's because she's above them — don't you see? It seems petty to her to be fussed over for the things she does. Oh, I wish you'd understand!"

"I understand that you are very loyal to your friend — as I like you to be," said Aunt Elinor. "And perhaps I understand her, too, a little better than you think. Unless she is fundamentally ill-tempered and arrogant —"

"Oh, no! no!" interjected Nan.

"Which is not likely. Since she is so popular, she is probably, under that cool exterior, extremely susceptible to praise or blame, and makes use of that sharp tongue of hers to conceal her susceptibility."

"But she isn't vain, Aunt Elinor; I'm sure she isn't."

"My dear! It's no mark of superiority not to care for honest praise, nor of vanity to enjoy the appreciation of one's fellows. To be haughtily indifferent to other people's opinion is less often due to loftiness of soul than to intense self-satisfaction. Kindly, simple, sincere, modest people like to be praised — why shouldn't they?"

"But there are always some people — young girls especially — who think it a weakness to admit such a perfectly right and natural feeling. They bungle at accepting a compliment. They cover their pleasure with airs of disdain,— like your Madeline; I don't believe for a minute she really dislikes being admired,— or they giggle and protest with silly embarrassment, or try to ignore the matter with exaggerated indifference."

"And it's all nonsense, and bad manners besides. The person who, not in flattery, but sincerity, has said a pleasant, appreciative thing, ought to have the pleasure in return of knowing that it pleased. The girl who, either by her appearance, actions, or attainments, has called forth an honest compliment, never appears either vain or undignified if she admits frankly and simply, 'I am glad that you were pleased.' I am glad that you think I did well."

"The only undignified way for a girl to receive a compliment is to make too much of it by allowing it to disconcert her or alter her natural manner. If she appears either foolish, fierce, or flustered, she magnifies what should be an agreeable trifle into a perturbing event. Dear me, that's quite a lecture!"

"It's — well, I'm not sure that I agree, but it's an interesting one," declared Nan.

"Do you expect me to say it wasn't?" inquired Aunt Elinor drolly. "I'm not caught tripping so easily. I think myself it wasn't bad, and I'm glad you were interested." — *Youth's Companion*.

Schoolroom Etiquette in a Kafir Hut

It was down on the Fish River that we were visiting an outschool at Botlani's kraal.

To save our time, a school six miles farther down the river had come up for the day, the regular school program being carried on in a dwelling hut cleared for the purpose.

We crossed over to this visiting school, where Regina and Mina, teachers trained at Maranatha, were teaching their school of thirty children. No sooner did our feet touch the threshold of the narrow door than the children sprang from the earth floor where they had been sitting, every one standing at attention and saluting the visitors. I could see the teacher before reaching the door, and knew he gave no signal. But the instant we appeared at the door the children sprang to their feet with the discipline of a troop of trained soldiers.

It is the common salutation to the visitor in the public schools here, and it is a pleasant greeting in the English schoolroom. But there in the mud hut with a band of boys and girls who, without the mission school, would have been roaming about unkept and nearly naked, the spontaneous and polite welcome seemed indeed a token of the powerful influence the Christian school is having over the children of these Kafir kraals.

Later the children rendered creditably some English chants, all the different parts being sung with good effect under the vaulted roof of reed thatching. But not the least of the pleasing impressions of that day was the spectacle of those children springing to the salute from the mud floor to greet the stranger. It seemed to suggest all the possibilities of future accomplishments by a disciplined company of young Kafirs trained into service for God in populous Kafirland.

W. A. SPICER.



A KAFIR HUT

Opportunity

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
Each night shall burn the records of the day —
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell;
Each night, a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a babe at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my hand to all who say, "I can;"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise again, and be a man.

— Walter Malone.



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."



Mildred's Blue Day

O DEAR!" sighed Mildred; "everything has begun wrong today. I tipped over a pitcher of milk, I broke one of my dolls, and now I've torn my new dress. It's going to be a blue day."

Her father looked at her woebegone face. "You have had a bad start," he agreed; "but if it's going to be a blue day, why not make it a pleasant blue one?"

"How can it be pleasant and blue? Blue means disagreeable, father."

"Find the interesting and beautiful blue things. There are a great many of them. Look for those today instead of thinking of the unpleasant things."

Mildred thought this would be worth trying. After her father had gone, she ran to the window. There was the blue sky. That was the first beautiful thing that was blue.

It was a lovely morning. As Mildred started for school, she heard the twittering of bluebirds, and, looking up, saw several of them flying among the trees. By the roadside she found quantities of violets.

In the mineral cabinet at school she noticed a light-blue stone and a deep-blue one. "The light one is a turquoise, the other a sapphire," her teacher told her.

When Mildred went home at noon, she remembered the bed of forget-me-nots. Here was something else that was blue. As she stood beside them, her older brother called softly to her. She ran toward him.

"Look!" he whispered.

Some distance away a little bird was hopping about in the short grass. It was of the brightest blue she had ever seen, with wings and tail touched with black.

"What is it?" Mildred asked. "Isn't it lovely? It's a real peacock blue."

"It's an indigo bunting, one of the prettiest of birds."

After school Mildred went to walk with a few of her companions. From the top of a high hill they saw the mountain peaks, blue-shadowed in the distance. Far below lay a little blue lake.

That night, at bedtime, Mildred sought her father. It was a warm evening, and he was standing on the porch. It was growing dark, and the stars were coming forth one by one. Mildred related the story of her blue day.

"I've seen the blue sky, a bluebird, blue violets, a blue turquoise, a blue sapphire, blue forget-me-nots, a blue indigo bird, blue mountains, and a blue lake," she enumerated.

"I'll show you another." Her father pointed to the eastern sky. "Do you see that bright star? That is Vega, a star which astronomers say is blue."

"Are there blue stars, too?" Mildred asked. "Why, there's blue everywhere."

"That's what I told you," answered her father. "Hasn't this been a good blue day?"

"It's been lovely."

"You see, blue days don't need to be unpleasant. The right kind can be exceedingly pleasant ones."

One more surprise in blue awaited the little girl. As she looked up from her pillow at mother bending over her to say good night, she found herself gazing into the sweetest blue of all, mother's eyes.

"Blue days are the best days," she murmured sleepily.—*Selected.*

A Lucky Pocket Piece

FOR the girl or the woman who does her own sewing, this valuable pocket piece is suggested to keep off the "hoodoo" of unwise buying at bargain sales.

In a small blank book, set down just how many yards of material you need for an apron, a cotton shirt waist and a silk one, a dressing sack, a house dress, simple or elaborate, a street suit, a separate skirt, and a long coat, using the knowledge you have gained in cutting from different widths and kinds of material. If you make your own underwear, set down the amount of goods necessary for each piece; also just the amount of embroidery or lace required for trimming. If you are a woman who has a family of children, devote a page to each child.

Put the pocket piece in your shopping bag, and always have it with you. Consult it before you spend money at the tempting bargain counter. Even when you buy goods from the bolt, having the correct measurements will save waste; and in buying remnants, it will prevent paying out money for things you cannot use. Many a woman has a drawerful of odds and ends picked up at remnant sales, which for the lack of perhaps only a few inches, turned out not to be the bargains she thought she was getting. On the other hand, overcautious shoppers often lose the chance of getting real bargains by not being sure of the amount of goods they require.

In the clearance sales held by large dry goods firms there are many remnants of excellent material that can be picked up at a great reduction; and there is abundant opportunity to save money if you know what you need, and just how much goods the article requires.—*Selected.*

Household Hints

To Sew Rips in Kid Gloves

ALWAYS use cotton thread when mending kid gloves, as sewing silk cuts the kid.

To Lengthen the Life of Silk Stockings

If you wash your silk stockings after each wearing, you will find that they will last much longer.

Cleaning Windows Quickly

To clean windows quickly, and be well rewarded for so slight an effort, wring a piece of chamois out of warm water, go over the glass, then wring chamois dry out of same water and wipe. You will be astonished at the clean, lintless panes.—*Lillian Grace Copp, in Physical Culture Magazine.*



A Mother's View of the War

WHAT have I done to you, brothers,— war lord and land lord
and priest,—
That my son should rot on the blood-smeared earth where the
raven and buzzard feast?
He was my baby, my man child, that soldier with shell-torn
breast,
Who was slain for your power and profit—aye, murdered
at your behest.
I bore him, my boy and my manling, while the long months
ebbed away;
He was part of me, part of my body, which nourished him day
by day.
He was mine when the birth pang tore me, mine when he lay
on my heart,
When the sweet mouth mumbled my bosom and the milk teeth
made it smart,
Babyhood, boyhood, and manhood, and a glad mother proud
of her son—
See the carrion birds, too gorged to fly! Ah! brothers, what
have you done?

You prate of duty and honor, of a patriot's glorious death,
Of love of country, heroic deeds—nay, for shame's sake, spare
your breath!
Pray, what have you done for your country? Whose was the
blood that was shed
In the hellish warfare that served your ends? My boy was
shot in your stead.

And for what were our children butchered, men makers of
cruel law?
By the Christ, I am glad no woman made the Christless code
of war!
Shirks and schemers, why don't you answer? Is the foul truth
hard to tell?
Then a mother will tell it for you, of a deed that shames fiends
in hell:
Our boys were killed that some faction or scoundrel might win
mad race
For goals of stained gold, shamed honors, and the sly self-
seeker's place;
That money's hold on our country might be tightened and
made more sure;
That the rich could inherit earth's fullness and their loot be
quite secure;
That the world mart be wider opened to the product mulct
from toil;
That the labor and land of our neighbors should become your
war-won spoil;
That the eyes of an outraged people might be turned from your
graft and greed
In the misruled, plundered homeland by lure of war's ghastly
deed;
And that priests of the warring nations could pray to the self-
same God
For his blessing on battle and murder and corpse-strewn, blood-
soaked sod.
Oh, fools! if God were a woman, think you she would let kin
slay
For gold lust and craft of gamesters, or cripple, that trade
might pay?

This quarrel was not the fighters'—the cheated, red pawns in
your games.
You stay-at-homes garnered the plunder, but the pawns,—
wounds, death, and "fame!"
You paid them a beggarly pittance, your substitute prey-of-the-
sword;
But, ye canny beasts of prey, they paid, in life and limb, for
your hoard.
And, behold! you have other victims: a widow sobs by my
side,
Who clasps to her breast a girl child. Men, she was my slain
son's bride!

I can smell the stench of the shambles, where the mangled
bodies lie;
I can hear the moans of the wounded; I can see the brave lads
die;
And across the heaped, red trenches and the tortured, bleeding
rows,
I cry out a mother's pity to all mothers of dear, dead "foes."
In love and a common sorrow, I weep with them o'er our dead,
And invoke my sister woman for a curse on each scheming
head.

Nay, why should we mothers curse you? Lo! flesh of our
flesh are ye;
But, by soul of Mary who bore the Christ man-murdered at
Calvary,
Into our own shall the mothers come, and the glad day speed
apace
When the law of peace shall be the law of the women that
bear the race;
When a man shall stand by his mother, for the world-wide
common good,
And not bring her tears and heartbreak nor make mock of her
motherhood.

—W. E. P. French, Captain U. S. Army, in *Washington Times*, Oct. 20, 1914.

A Royal Guest

ONCE upon a time there was a youth who lived in a
small and wretched hut. It was more like a dungeon
than a house; for this one contracted room had but a
mud floor, a dingy ceiling, begrimed walls, bare of all
ornament; and the few straggling rays of light that
entered the miserable abode only served to reveal more
clearly its poverty. The furniture was scant, consisting
of but a crazy stool and a rickety table; while the cup-
board had in it but a few moldy crusts. Everything
about the hut was most forlorn; yet it was the best he
had, and he knew not how to secure any better.

One day there came a messenger to him in great
haste, to say that a great king was traveling that way,
with a brilliant retinue attending him, and that he de-
sired to visit him, and, indeed, to take up his abode with
him. "He asks," said the messenger, "that you will
receive him into your home, and also the grand com-
pany traveling with him." We can picture the con-
sternation of the youth in receiving such a message as
this. What shall he do? His poor hut was not fit for
a king; and he had neither accommodation nor food for
the royal company. Shall he offer the king the broken
stool to sit upon? Shall he place before him his moldy
crusts? Shall he even let him come into a place so
mean and forbidding?

In his perplexity he resolved to make an effort to
improve his hut. He began to scrub the mud floor;
but the water only added to the trouble by making the
earth soft and adhesive. He thought to scrape the
walls; but this attempt ended in making holes in them,
which rendered them all the more unsightly. Neither
could he renew nor add to the broken furniture,
nor increase the contents or quality of his larder.
Ashamed to receive the royal guests into such poor
quarters, there was, he thought, only one thing for him
to do—to bolt the door against his coming, and hide
in a corner of his hut.

He had but time to do this before he heard the
sound of approaching footsteps; and soon there came a
knock at the door. He lay quiet, hoping that his
visitor would think that no one was within. But there
was another knock, louder than before, and a clear,
strong voice said, "Open to the king!"

Seeing that it was useless to hide away, the youth
made answer, "I cannot open, for I have not a fit place
for a king."

The voice replied: "I do not ask for fitness, only
for entrance. Unbolt the door and let me in."

"But I have no food to set before thee."

"I do not ask for food; only for willingness to re-
ceive me. Food in abundance I bring with me."

"But my hut is poor, and dark, and wretched."

(Concluded on page fourteen)



Washing the Dishes

OUR Polly goes afishing, be the weather what it may,
Not less than twice, and often thrice, on every holiday;
She always starts right after meals, and, singing merrily,
She fishes and she fishes in her little soapy sea.

She'll catch the best pink china cups, and play that they are trout;
And when she drops her line again, she'll draw spoon minnows out;
The plates, of course, are flounders (so round and flat, you know),
The kitchen knives are hungry sharks, out watching for a foe.

Each saucepan is a polliwog, with handle for a tail,
And—"There she blows!"—the frying pan! how very like a whale!

There's nothing left—pour out the sea, and put the fish away,
All high and dry, and waiting to be caught another day.

—Hannah G. Fernald.

Cecil's Scholarship



Cecil, wait a minute!"

Cecil Sherwood turned quickly and smiled at the girl running to catch up with her.

"Isn't it fun to think there are only four more days of school?" exclaimed the other as they fell into step.

"Ye-es," admitted Cecil slowly. "Still it seems a shame everything is so nearly over."

"You always did like school," her friend allowed, shaking her head at the strange idea.

"Like it?" Cecil cried. "Why, Florence Stewart, I love it! I wish I could go forever."

"Well, I guess you will keep on going," laughed Florence. "The scholarships are to be given today, aren't they?"

"I think so," granted the other a little diffidently.

"And of course the Lenox one is yours," Florence asserted.

"Mabel French has a very good chance at it," Cecil disclaimed, a trace of worry in her tone.

"You would get one of those to State if you missed the first honor," said Florence.

"O, I couldn't stand State! All the girls up there are horrid. Don't you remember that funny one that spoke in chapel once? She was just exactly like a blinking old owl."

Her companion had to laugh, the comparison was so apt. But Cecil was more troubled than her manner showed, for her whole high school course had centered about the scholarship to Lenox College, which lay in the power of the faculty to bestow. As the last days of school drew nearer, she had begun to realize more than ever just how much it meant to her, and she was uneasily conscious that Mabel French was pressing her more closely every day in the race for first honor.

Mabel had taken much from Cecil already, she told herself bitterly, remembering their rivalry for the senior

class presidency, which Mabel had won. If she lost the first prize, she felt that her school career would be a failure.

"There's Esther Moss," Florence interrupted her meditations, hailing a figure just emerging from a side street.

"Why, she only nodded and went on!" exclaimed Cecil in surprise.

"O, I forgot!" and the other bit her lip.

"Forgot what?"

"She—she is angry with you, isn't she?" stammered Florence.

"What about?" Cecil's tone spoke utter ignorance.

"You said she looked like a tree, or something," hastily explained her friend.

"O, yes! I believe I did tell somebody that she was a perfect spreading chestnut tree in that blue dress of hers. I had no idea she would be mad at it. If you have seen her in it, you know I was right."

"Here comes Mildred," announced Florence with relief.

A slender, black-eyed girl joined them. "This is the big day, isn't it?" she asked lightly.

"A good day for the ones who are trying for consolation prizes," returned Cecil, a trifle sharply.

"That hits me," Mildred chuckled. "I know I'm out of the race."

"There goes Ichabod," put in Florence.

"Poor Professor Scoville!" murmured the newcomer. "I feel so sorry for him, he does so much good on so little."

"But the professor does look exactly like Ichabod," Cecil defended. "Those long arms and those deep eyes are perfect."

"You named him that, didn't you?" queried the other. "I heard he was quite hurt when some one repeated it to him."

Cecil shrugged her shoulders. "I didn't think everybody in high school was going to take it up," she said.

They traversed the short stretch of green before the steps, and hurried into the building among the crowd entering. In the huge hall gathered dozens of groups of girls, chattering and laughing in the relaxation of the last week of school. "I want to ask Miss King something," Cecil explained as they lingered outside the door of a classroom. "You wait for me; I'll be right down."

Cecil ran up the wide stairs easily, looking down upon the assemblage below with a little air of superiority. She felt that disappointment was impossible. She knew her work was better than Mabel's, and the teachers would naturally wish to send a good student to Lenox. All her fears had been groundless. In this frame of mind she entered the big, sunny room where she had studied for four years, and found it empty. She dropped into a chair on the side, feeling

sure that Miss King would return presently. The sound of footsteps fell upon her ear, and she started to rise; but they paused outside the door, and she sank back, waiting for Miss King to come in. There was a hum of voices, but in a second she distinguished the words. "Has Professor Scoville decided about the Lenox scholarship yet?" She recognized the tone of one of the English teachers, and waited breathlessly for the answer, ignoring her equivocal position.

"I am sure he has decided," returned Miss King's even accent, "but he has not told any of us."

"It lay between Mabel French and Cecil Sherwood?"

"Yes," Miss King reluctantly acknowledged. "I was sorry for that; I should have preferred a wider latitude for choice."

"Indeed?" The other spoke in surprise.

"It is always hard to decide between two capable girls," the Latin teacher amplified, "especially under the somewhat peculiar conditions."

Cecil looked about uncomfortably, not knowing how she could reveal her presence without awkwardness. It was an unpleasant position, and she was wretched at being in it.

"You mean?" prompted the other.

"Either girl would do us credit as a student," explained Miss King. "They are both very brilliant, so that side of the problem requires no consideration. The question narrows itself down to their personal qualifications."

"Either one is attractive," her listener encouraged.

The unseen hearer wriggled uneasily.

"Ye-es," she admitted slowly. "The trouble is this: Cecil Sherwood has a quick tongue, which she cannot control. She would rather lose a friend than lose the opportunity of saying a clever thing about that friend, and I doubt the wisdom of allowing such a girl to represent us at Lenox College."

"Miss King!" called some one from down the hall.

Both teachers walked away, and Cecil rose to her feet uncertainly. She left the room slowly, feeling that if ever an eavesdropper had been punished, she had been. Mechanically she found her way to the stairs, at the foot of which Mildred and Florence were waiting for her. Her mind dwelt on one sentence of Miss King's: "She would rather lose a friend than lose the opportunity of saying a clever thing about that friend." Her brain revolved about that, not daring to deny its truth.

"Hurry up," called Mildred. "The chapel bell has rung."

Cecil followed the others blindly, the familiar march into chapel seeming like a dream.

"I wonder who will get the other State scholarship," whispered Florence.

"I have heard that Evelyn Bennett would," Mildred responded.

"Evelyn Bennett!" exclaimed Cecil. "Why, she —"

Cecil stopped, and with a mighty effort swallowed the rest of her sentence. What she had almost said was funny, it was undeniably true, and yet it was entirely unnecessary. Mildred looked at her curiously, and she flushed at the realization that it was a surprise to her friends when she refrained from sarcasm and comment. She slipped into her seat nervously, wondering if Mabel were as shaky as she was. Her mind was in a tumult, with but one steady thought — to endure whatever happened. The regular exercises were soon over, and then

a deeper silence fell upon the assembly as Professor Scoville came forward on the rostrum. "Ichabod," some one whispered, and Cecil's cheeks burned.

"Young ladies," began the principal simply and earnestly, "I am going to announce the awards of the senior scholarships. Before I do so, however, I want to say one thing. College is not alone a pleasure, but an opportunity. I hope that these scholarships are as pleasant to receive as they are to give, and that their holders will feel that they are a trust of which an account must be given. After a great deal of thought, I have finally decided to award them to the girls to whom I feel they will mean most. I hope my judgment will be proved correct."

Cecil clutched her seat. Her heart was beating loudly, and she could feel the blood pounding at her temples.

"The State university scholarships," the professor went on slowly, "are awarded to Misses Evelyn Bennett and Mabel French. The Lenox scholarship goes to Miss Cecil Sherwood."

A storm of applause broke forth. But in Cecil's heart was no feeling of glory; rather was she deeply penitent and sincere, for even as the girls showered congratulations on her, she was resolving to justify Professor Scoville's decision, and determined to represent her school so well that no shadow of regret should ever cross his mind.—*Selected.*

The Foot-and-Mouth Disease

I HAVE been set to thinking about the foot-and-mouth disease to which *men* are subject. The foot — it will not go on God's errands; the mouth — it will not speak God's messages. Sloth is one cause. Fear is one cause. Selfishness is one cause. These must be slain in the heart before the disease can be conquered. No quarantine avails. Indeed, this strange disease is often made worse by isolation. Get out and go to work; that is the best cure.

Have you the foot-and-mouth disease in your Missionary Volunteer Society? Or perhaps you have it yourself.

What are you going to do about it? — *Selected.*

How Things Get Mixed

It seems very strange
To a boy like me;
How things get so mixed,
I'm sure I can't see.

How potatoes have eyes,
And a hill has a foot,
A clock has a face,
And a tooth has a root.

A stove has four legs,
But it can't walk around;
And corn has long ears,
But it hears not a sound.

A jug has a mouth,
But was ne'er known to eat;
A stand has four legs,
But not any feet.

A bed has four legs,
A foot, head, and side;
A tree has a trunk,
The ocean a tide;

A wagon a tongue,
And still doesn't talk;
A yard has three feet,
Yet it never can walk.

— *Selected.*

A Royal Guest

(Concluded from page eleven)

"Full well I know it, and I come to make it large, and light, and beautiful."

"But I am unworthy to have thee come under my roof."

"I come not to seek worthiness, but to do thee good—to make thee rich and blessed."

"But my clothes are but filthy rags."

"I bring thee a beautiful robe, fit for the son of a king."

"But, but——"

"Oh, say not 'but' to the offer of love! Make not more objections. Open the door to the king."

With a trembling hand, at last the poor inmate drew back the bolt and let the door fly open, and the glorious king came in. Not one word of upbraiding did he speak because the room was so unworthy; but, wonderful to tell, a startling change took place. The ceiling grew grand and high; the broken walls gave way for marble columns; the floor became inlaid with richest mosaics; the hut expanded into a noble palace; while the golden light, streaming in, revealed a table spread with a sumptuous banquet, where was every kind of healthful and inviting food. Narrowness, darkness, and poverty were gone; and breadth, light, purity, and riches abounded. And the youth, clothed in princely garments, sat down to feast with the king, while attendants, whose names spoke of Pardon, Peace, Joy, and Righteousness, girded themselves to serve him.

It was the King of kings seeking a lost child. The hut is the dark and sinful heart. To it the King comes, not asking for feeling or preparation or worthiness, but simply to be admitted; he brings with him all heart can wish—preparation, light, joy, salvation, eternal life; for all these are in himself. Sinful hearts need but to receive him; for it is written, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."—*Selected.*

Church Moorings

AN old sea captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said:—

"Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Chicago, to live."

"Have you letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"O, yes," replied the young man; "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach Chicago, hunt up your church and present that. I am an old sailor, and have been up and down in the world; and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Selected.*

DETERMINATION counts far more than anything else in character building, as it does in other forms of effort. Every temptation to desist, to let things go, to "let well enough alone," unless resisted, will keep us from arriving at the goal first set.—*Success.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN
C. L. BENSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
Assistant Secretary
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, August 7

Educational Day

EACH society will be left to prepare its own program for Educational Day. Much good material will be found in the August number of *Christian Education*. Get a copy of the magazine, study it, and see how you can draw a program from it to best meet the needs of your society. Pray and work to make this meeting a rally indeed. Try to stir every young person to strive for a Christian education.

Suggestive texts: Prov. 4:7; 1:5.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending August 7

Educational Day

EACH society will be left to prepare its own program for Educational Day. Much good material will be found in the August number of *Christian Education*. Get a copy of the magazine, study it, and see how you can draw a program from it to best meet the needs of your society.

A BIBLE YEAR



Thirty-First Week

August 1. Isaiah 30 to 32: Folly of trusting in Egypt; restoration to ideal conditions.

August 2. Isaiah 33 to 35: Denouncing the Assyrians; the day of the Lord's vengeance; the redemption of Israel.

August 3. Isaiah 36 to 39: Invasion of Sennacherib.

August 4. Isaiah 40 to 43: "Comfort ye my people."

August 5. Isaiah 44 to 47: Vanity of idols; prophecy of Cyrus.

August 6. Isaiah 48 to 51: Exhortations to obedience; God's care for his people; promise of deliverance.

August 7. Isaiah 52 to 56: Good tidings; "Come ye to the waters;" a blessing on Sabbath keeping.

Arrangement of Isaiah

Some commentators have proposed to divide the book of Isaiah chronologically into three parts, as if composed under the three kings Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. But this is of very doubtful propriety, since several of the chapters are evidently transposed, and inserted out of their chronological order. But a very obvious and striking division of the book into two parts exists, the first part including the first thirty-nine chapters, and the second, the remainder of the book, or chapters 40 to 66.

The first part is made up of those prophecies and historical accounts which Isaiah wrote during the period of his active exertions, when he mingled in the public concerns of the rulers and the people, and acted as the messenger of God to the nation. These are single prophecies, published at different times and on different occasions; afterwards, indeed, brought together into one collection, but still marked as distinct and single.

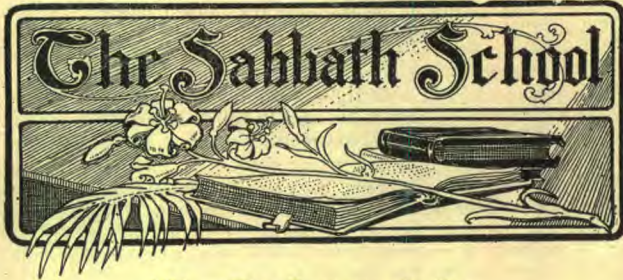
The second part, on the contrary, is occupied wholly with the future. It was apparently written in the later years of the prophet, when, having left all active exertions in the theocracy to his younger associates in the prophetic office, he transferred his contemplations from the present to that which was to come.

The prophet first consoles his people by announcing their deliverance from the approaching Babylonish captivity, which he had himself predicted; he names the monarch whom Jehovah will send to punish the insolence of their oppressors, and lead back the people to their home. But he does not stop with this inferior deliverance. With the prospect of freedom

from Babylonish exile, he connects the prospect of deliverance from sin and error through the Messiah. Sometimes both objects seem closely interwoven with each other; sometimes one of them appears alone with particular clearness and prominence. Especially is the view of the prophet sometimes so exclusively directed upon the latter object that, filled with the contemplation of the glory of the spiritual kingdom of God and of its exalted Founder, he loses sight for a time of the less distant future.—*Selected.*

this the good will be taken to heaven (1 Thess. 4: 16, 17), and the bad will be burned up (Rev. 20: 15).

3. In the parable of the householder Jesus shows his disciples that they are not to hoard up this precious knowledge concerning his kingdom. Like a householder, they are to give out their treasure to others. He gave it to them for that purpose. Freely they had received; freely they were to give.



VI — The Carpenter's Son

(August 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 47-58.

MEMORY VERSE: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 7: 21.

Questions

1. Name the different things to which Christ's kingdom has been likened in the parables already studied. How does it differ from the kingdoms of this world? Note 1.
2. To what is the kingdom of heaven further likened? Matt. 13: 47, first part.
3. What kind of fish did the net catch? Verse 47, last part.
4. How long was it permitted to remain in the sea? Where was it then drawn? Verse 48, first part.
5. What was done with the good fish? What was done with the bad? Verse 48, last part.
6. How is this like the kingdom of God? Verses 49, 50. Note 2.
7. What did Jesus ask his disciples concerning all these parables? What was their reply? Verse 51.
8. What did Jesus call a man who is thus instructed concerning the kingdom of God? Verse 52, first part.
9. Whom should he be like? Verse 52, last part. Note 3.
10. When Jesus had finished these parables, where did he go? Verses 53, 54, first part.
11. What did he do? How did his teachings affect the people? Verse 54.
12. What questions did they ask? Verses 54-56.
13. Because he was from their own neighborhood and acquaintances, how did they receive his teachings? Verse 57, first part.
14. Of what well-known saying did Jesus remind them? Verse 57, last part.
15. What was he not able to do there? Why not? Verse 58.

Notes

1. The kingdom of God on earth does not depend on human power. Earthly kingdoms are formed by physical force, by war and commotion and bloodshed; but the kingdom of God does not come with "outward show." Luke 17: 20, margin. It is a kingdom of peace; and its Ruler is the Prince of Peace. His kingdom grows. Right principles are planted in the hearts of his followers — seeds of truth and righteousness. They are hidden there like leaven, and "secretly, silently, steadily" transform or change the soul.
2. "The casting of the net is the preaching of the gospel. This gathers both good and evil into the church." In the judgment, the good people will be separated from the bad. After

VI — The Carpenter's Son

(August 7)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. Casting the net. Questions 1-5.
 Mon. The bad fish; things new and old. Questions 6-10.
 Tues. The carpenter and prophet. Questions 11-18.
 Wed. Evil of unbelief. Question 19.
 Thurs. Review.
 Fri. Read "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 122-134.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 47-58.

Questions

1. To what is the kingdom of heaven further likened? Matt. 13: 47. Note 1.
2. What was done with the net when it was full? Verse 48, first part.
3. What did the fishermen then do? Verse 48, last part.
4. What time does the drawing of the net to the shore typify? Verse 49, first part.
5. What does the sorting of the fish represent? Verse 49, last part.
6. What was done with the bad fish? Verse 48.
7. What will be done with the wicked? Verse 50.
8. Did the disciples understand these parables? Verse 51.
9. What saying of Jesus' was here fulfilled? Verse 11.
10. By what comparison did Jesus illustrate the work of the Christian disciple? Verse 52.
11. What did Jesus then do? Verse 53.
12. When he came into his own country, what did he do? Verse 54, first part.
13. What was the effect of his teaching? Verse 54, second part.
14. What question did the people ask? Verse 54, last part.
15. How did they indicate their unbelief in his divine origin? Verse 55.
16. What question of their own could they not solve? Verse 56.
17. What was the result of their reasonings? Verse 57, first part. Note 2.
18. What pointed truth did Jesus utter to them? Verse 57, last part.
19. What was the outcome of Jesus' teaching in his own country. Verse 58.

Notes

1. How true it is that the gospel net, when it is cast into the sea of humanity, gathers of every kind! The church has always had its foes within as well as its foes without. Among the twelve disciples were the bad as well as the good. Peter and Paul were troubled with false brethren, while supported in their labors by loyal ones. So will it doubtless be to the end.
2. This effort of Jesus to teach in his own country recalls the first recorded instance of his standing up in the synagogue at Nazareth and reading from the book of Isaiah with such effect that the eyes of all were fastened on him. Luke 4: 16 onward. At that time the people began to talk of his family connection; and as he sought to explain the meaning of what he had read, they were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust him out of the city. So here his longing to save his own countrymen was disappointed by their foolish reasoning and their unbelief.

The Youth's Instructor

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Making a Life

MAKING a life is a larger thing than making a living. Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate or even scanty livings. Such was Goldsmith's village preacher, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Such was the citizen of Germany and of the world who earned hardly three hundred dollars in any single year of his journey here — yet few men have ever had more out of life than Martin Luther. It behooves us, therefore, to consider how we may add to our making of a living the making of a life. So to make a living as to make also the capability of enjoying a living, of using a living after we have made it; so to make a living as to make also a character, a faith, a hope, a soul — this is to add to the making of our living the making of a life.— *Sunday School Times*.

Recruits

STAND back, young men.

Here comes a lad.
Hello, my boy, come in! You're welcome here!
And so you thought you'd come and see the fun.
That's right; boys cannot always stay indoors,
They must see something of the world.

Sing him a song, young men; remember, now —
Yet nothing too indelicate at first,
Lest it should shock the ears unused to songs
Except the kind they sing at morning prayers.

But even that
Has brought the color to his cheeks; ah, well!
He'll soon get over that, and when you've sung
A dozen more, he'll help you sing them.

What?

And must you go? It's early yet. I see —
You promised to be home at nine o'clock;
That's good! And if they question you, why say
You went awalking with a pretty girl,
And they will laugh, and think you smart, and you
Can slip away, and none will be the wiser.
Good night! Good night! Be sure to come again.

Stand back, young men.

Here comes the boy again.
We knew that he would come. A taste of sin
Creates a thirst for more. What shall it be?
Pass the cigars, no, bring a cigarette;
He'll take to that more easily, and it
Will work for rum and ruin just the same.
How pale he looks! Ha! ha! it makes him sick!
But never mind, he'll try again tomorrow,
And soon will smoke a dozen (on the sly).
Go home and creep in bed, and say you're sick,

When mother climbs the stairs to wonder why
Her boy came home so late, and then forgot
To say good night.

But come again.

Stand back, young men.

Here comes the boy again.
We thought we'd lost him, but we might have known
There's nothing makes a boy so bold as sin,
Nor weans his heart so soon from love and home.
Bring out the cards, and set the glass of wine
Where he can reach it, should he so incline,
And laugh when he shall curse the holiest name,
And all things sacred turn to jest profane.

Stand back, young men, and give the boy a chance
In the front rank with those who miss the goal,
Who bury hope and faith, and kneel at length
Beside the grave of a remorseful past.

Stand back, ye tempters, back! Ye demons, stand!
And come, O heaven, with all thy shining ones
Arrayed for battle; set them on the plains,
With flaming swords turning each way, to guard
The path of life for every boy.

God speed the day when men, with zeal aflame,
Shall join the shining hosts to conquer wrong,
And crown the right with everlasting fame,
And save the boys.

—Free Baptist.

A Powerful Magnet

THE strongest magnet in the world, it is claimed, will lift 50,000 pounds. But even strength equal to this enormous, inherent, mechanical power is not sufficient to raise some of the wrecked vessels, lying many fathoms deep, on the ocean's bottom. Those who are acquainted with the sea are of the opinion that the "Titanic" is beyond the reach of salvage apparatus. However, a certain engineer believes that by means of a device which he has invented the ocean liner can be raised. He declares that the sunken vessel will come up when his "pontoons" are placed on the surface and his "magnets" welded to her sides.

This is an untried theory, but the power of the precious blood of Jesus Christ to raise every wrecked life from sin's deepest sea is a tried and proved fact. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth," said Jesus, "will draw all men unto me." By the unlimited, drawing power of the mighty magnet of his grace, he is able to lift every sinner from the sloughs of despondency, despair, and discouragement, and to plant his feet on solid ground.

M. G. CONGER.

His Real Victory

THE writer has seldom witnessed deeper feeling or more enthusiastic applause from a student audience than that which greeted the confession of a Southern student who arose before the men of his university, and confessed dishonesty in debate. The young man had recently won the sophomore-junior prize debate, but later in chapel he asked permission to make a statement to the student body, saying: "I overheard my opponent rehearsing his debate in an adjoining room, and although I stopped my ears and refused to listen, my roommate took down the points. Afterwards the temptation was so subtle and strong that I took the notes and arranged my debate accordingly, and won. But," said the student, with feeling, "I stole it, and I have come to plead the forgiveness of the student body."— *The Christian Herald*.

"HAPPINESS and success depend on knowing how to do something well, and doing it."