

CHILDREN'S DAY NUMBER

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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FROM HERE AND THERE

THE largest exportation of footwear on record is a shipload of two and a half million pairs of shoes sent to Russia.

STATISTICS of the three great Bible societies in English-speaking lands show that during the fiscal year of April 1, 1913, to 1914, not less than sixteen million copies of the Scripture were issued.

THE Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company built 5-102 automobile tire casings in one day in 1912, a record day; but the company's latest record-breaking feat is that of building 15,447 tires in one day.

AN expert agriculturist in Ohio announces the production of an odorless onion. It is a combination of the Bermuda and the Golden Yellow. The onion flavor is retained, but no disagreeable taste or odor remains.

THERE are in the United States 685 women belonging to the clergy, 558 lawyers and judges, 476 fishers, 77 lumber workers, 31 blacksmiths, 44 longshorewomen, 39 mine operatives, 849 builders, 92 electricians, 24 tinsmiths, 70 draymen, 6 hostlers, 15 masons, 38 carpenters.

THE doorkeeper of the Georgia Legislature has special instructions to keep off the floor of the house any member who has imbibed freely of intoxicants. If this rule were applied to the lecture platform, the activities of some of our national legislators would be seriously curtailed.

GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, uncle of the czar of Russia, recently died of heart disease. The grand duke was the foremost dry leader in the Russian Empire, and it was largely through his influence that Czar Nicholas decided to make the abolition of the government sale of vodka permanent.

IN the process of getting wool ready for the manufacturer, a fat substance known as lanolin is extracted from it. Lanolin, when properly diluted, makes an ideal waterproof mixture. A garment soaked in it for a short time, and then dried is weatherproof. The process does not in the least injure the cloth.

THE shortest railroad in America is a quarter of a mile long, and cost less than eight hundred dollars when built. The rails are of wood, with strap-iron facings. This tiny railroad brings Ft. McPherson, on the arctic circle, in touch with settled parts of Canada. It is owned by the Hudson Bay Company. The flat cars — there are but two — are pushed by hand along the rails. During the sixty years since the Grand Island Railway was built, it has earned over a million dollars.

THERE are now several States that have no newspapers that carry liquor advertisements; and many of the best papers and magazines in States that have no prohibitory laws refuse liquor advertisements; and now the Advertising Clubs of the world, recently met in Chicago in convention, lauded the action of European rulers and parliaments in curbing the sale of liquor. The convention barred intoxicants from their smokers and official dinners. When all advertising agents and agencies refuse all liquor advertisements, the traffic will receive one of its hardest blows.

EIGHT to ten thousand persons were in attendance at the National Anti-Saloon League Convention held at Atlantic City from July 6 to 9. Great enthusiasm and optimism characterized the convention; the speakers were strong and fearless, the music was entertaining and cheering, the plans suggested were broad and sound. The Anti-Saloon League goes forth pledged to work untiringly for national Constitutional prohibition; to vote for only those men who stand for the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

A Paradox for Young People

WHY is it that sugar, which contains nearly one hundred per cent nutrition, is said to be injurious, and yet we all have an instinctive liking for sweets? In the August *Health and Temperance* the editor answers the question, and those who have a "sweet tooth" would do well to read this article and profit thereby.

A Message Strangely Delivered

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, the famous Scottish divine, before visiting India, called on an old Highland woman in Glasgow, says a writer in the *Scottish American*. "When ye gang tae India," she said, "ye'll be seein' ma Donal' that went awa tae India ten years ago, an' never sent the scrape of a pen tae his mither since."

"But, Katie," said the doctor, "India is a very big place, and how can I expect to find him?"

"Oh, but ye'll just be askin' for Donal'. What for no?"

So to please the old woman, he promised to ask for Donald, and he conscientiously kept his word. At various ports he made inquiry among British ships, though it seemed very much like looking for a needle in a bale of hay. But it is the unexpected that happens. As Dr. Macleod's steamer went up the Hughli River, an outward-bound vessel passed close by. A sailor was leaning over her bulwarks, and, moved by a sudden impulse, the doctor shouted out: "Are you Donald Mactavish?"

To his intense surprise the man answered, "Yes."

Dr. Macleod had only time to shout, "You're to write to your mother!" as the vessels drew apart. The result of this amazing meeting was that the old lady received a penitent letter from her long-neglectful son. — *Youth's Companion*.

A Question for This Time

CAN you say with the prophet Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of Hosts"?

Out of the depths come our gems most rare,
Out of the depths our choicest flowers,
Out of the depths of the darkest despair
We oft find growing our brightest hours.

— *Selected*.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 31

The Athletic Author of the "Declaration"



INTELLECTUAL brilliance and boldness are usually associated with, and are always heightened by, bodily health and vigor; and the author of the Declaration of Independence exhibited all the physical perfection that one might expect in a man of such mental force and moral courage.

Thomas Jefferson's father knew the value of health and strength, and it was his frequent remark that "it is the strong in body who are both free and strong in mind." Peter Jefferson himself was a man of gigantic stature and of extraordinary power and endurance. One of his feats of strength was to stand between the ends of two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing nearly a thousand pounds, and to set both of them on end at once. This feat is equivalent to lifting somewhere in the neighborhood of eight hundred pounds, and the position and unwieldiness of the objects lifted added difficulty to the task. In his work as surveyor of the Blue Ridge wilderness he endured prolonged hardships which were too much for his associates, and which no ordinary man could have survived.

Thomas Jefferson inherited to a large degree his father's bodily traits; and since the latter was so conscious of their value, it is not surprising that he took especial pains with the physical unfolding of his son. Before his death (when Thomas was fourteen) he had already taught the boy to ride fearlessly, to use a gun accurately, and to swim the Rivanna, even when it was swollen from bank to bank with the spring floods.

In his school days Thomas spent his hours of recreation in hunting on the adjacent mountains, "and he thus fixed into a habit that love of walking, which never after deserted him." Like Washington, he became very fond of dancing, but after his first year in college he was so engrossed in study that he let nothing interfere, more than was absolutely necessary for health, with his mental application. He studied fifteen hours a day, and often rose at dawn and continued his work until two in the morning. In these times of hard brain work his only recreation was a brisk run at twilight to a certain stone a mile away in the country, and return. A less robust constitution might have suffered from such prolonged mental work, and not every one could benefit by muscular exercise in such concentrated form. The lesson of the value of

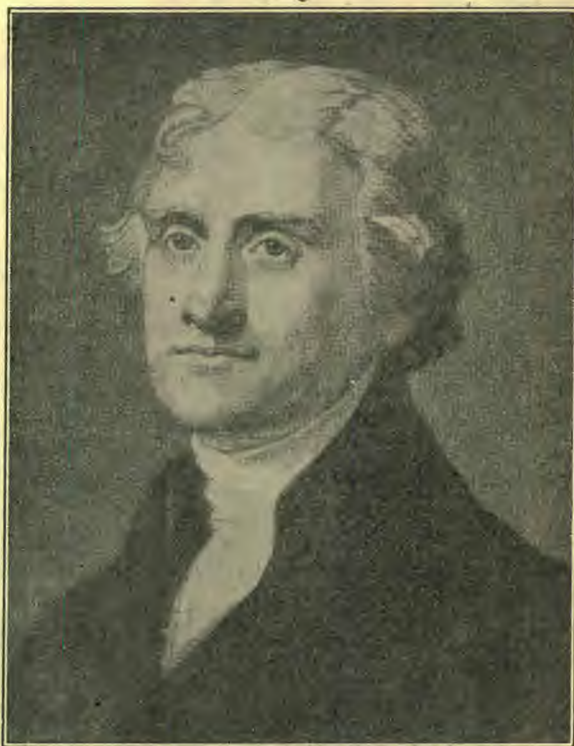
bodily fitness had been well learned. He knew his physical resources, and these were not, then or afterwards, abused.

At the age of twenty, Jefferson was described as six feet two inches tall, slender, erect, elastic and vigorous in his movements. Like the Greeks, he cultivated music with his athletics, and he had become an expert performer on the violin. He often played duets with his afterwards famous friend, Patrick Henry. He was a good dancer, a dashing horseman, and "there was no manly exercise in which he could not play well his part." His biographer adds significantly that "his mouth was unpolluted by oaths or tobacco."

After his school days his favorite recreations, aside from looking after his farm, were walking and riding.

He often walked fourteen miles at a stretch, and to within a few days of his death it was his habit, "no matter what his occupation or what office he held, to spend the hours between one and three in the afternoon on horseback."

He was miserly with time. He rose always with the sun, read or wrote until early breakfast, dined at three or four, and went to bed usually between ten and eleven. We are told by those who noted his daily doings, that he ate heartily and mostly of vegetables, of which he cultivated an amazing variety for his table. He preferred French cooking, because it made the meats more tender. He was temperate in all things. A friend and admirer who had named his son Thomas



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Jefferson Smith, requested the great man to write his namesake a letter of advice; and this carefully worded note, written in Jefferson's eighty-first year, contained as "No. 6" among "A Decalogue of Canons for Observation in Practical Life," this sentence: "We never repent of having eaten too little."

Though living in an age when every one used alcoholic drinks, he never drank liquors or strong wines, and he was so averse to their use that in his last illness his physician could not induce him to take brandy undiluted.

He was, with good reason, suspicious of the medical practice of the time, preferring, like Washington and Napoleon, the unaided healing power of nature to the too often crude interference of the profession; but when he felt in real need of the services of a doctor, "he was the most attentive and respectful of patients." He had the utmost faith in his physician,

Dr. Dunglison; and when in his last sickness* he was entreated to send to Philadelphia for the celebrated Dr. Physic, he replied, "I have a Dr. Physic of my own—in whom I have entire confidence."

It is almost needless to say that in 1776 the author of the Declaration was in superb health, and, fortunately for his country, he remained so until beyond threescore and ten. He met, however, with an unfortunate accident.

In 1786, while on one of his afternoon walks, and while he was four or five miles from his lodging, he tripped and fell, breaking his right wrist. "Grasping the wrist with his left hand, he continued his walk and conversation with so

little apparent change that his companion had no idea of the extent of the injury until they reached home." We find him keeping his careful record of accounts, possibly written on the same day, with his left hand. The injury resulted in an impaired use of the hand which was always kept so busy by his voluminous correspondence.

Fortunately we have, as the result of this correspondence, his own intimate pen picture of himself, drawn as clearly as only Jefferson could do it. In his seventy-third year he wrote: "I retain good health, and am rather feeble to walk much, but ride with ease passing two or three hours a day on horseback. My eyes need the aid of glasses by night, and, with small print, in the day. My hearing is not so sensible as it used to be, but no tooth is shaking yet."

At the age of seventy-six, in reply to the letter of Dr. Vine Utley, who was curious as to the physical history of the illustrious man, he said: "I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as an aliment so much as a condiment for the vegetables which constitute my principal diet. Ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits in any form. . . . I have been blest with organs of digestion which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them, and I have never yet lost a tooth by age. . . . I was a hard student until I entered on the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fulfill them; and now retired at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. . . . I devote five to eight hours to sleep, according as my company or the book I am reading interests me. . . . I have been . . . fortunate in the article of health. So far from catarrhs [colds], that I have not had one (in the breast I mean) on an average of eight or ten years through life. I ascribe this exemption partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning for sixty years past. A fever of more than twenty-four hours I have not had above two or

three times in my life. A periodical headache has afflicted me occasionally, once, perhaps, in six or eight years, for two or three weeks at a time, which seems now to have left me. I am too feeble to walk much, but ride without fatigue six or eight miles a day, and sometimes thirty or forty."

The superb bodily machine had begun, because of hereditary limitation rather than from any other cause,

to deteriorate. An uncontrollable intestinal disturbance marked the beginning of disharmony among aging organs, but it was not until his eighty-third year that Jefferson failed greatly, and it was not until within three weeks of the end that he did not take his daily horseback ride.

His end came peacefully on the day which, just fifty years before, had been so stormy for our nation, standing on the threshold of its independent existence, and which Jefferson's pen had done so much to make famous in the yearly calendar—the Fourth of July.—James Frederick Rogers, in *St. Nicholas*.



MR. JEFFERSON'S HOME

Keeping in Step

Two men, says Earl B. Hurlburt, in *Evangelical Messenger*, evidently steam fitters, were carrying a heavy pipe on their shoulders along the street, and were threading their way among the crowds with apparent ease under the burden, until the man behind stumbled slightly, and fell out of step with his companion. An expression of pain crossed the face of the leader of the two as the rough pipe wrenched his shoulder from the irregular walk of the rear man.

"Hi, Jim!" he called back, "keep in step there, I say."

Jim promptly caught the step of his leader, and the big pipe went smoothly on its way. It was as heavy as it was when Jim was out of step, but it was now carried without trouble, because Jim was "in step."

And it did not take Jim long to get the idea when his leader told him what to do. He knew right away what was wrong, and what to do to get right again,

and he acted promptly. If he had hesitated or stopped, the burden would have been thrown entirely on his companion, or else its transit would have been arrested, and the important work on which the two men were bent would have been delayed.



INTERIOR MONTICELLO

So we see how important it is to "keep in step," and we wonder whether we are always in step as we should be. In our own households are we in step, and are we carrying our share of the burdens as we should? Among our neighbors and in our own city or community we should be in step with progress which is being made, striving to work in harmony with others, keeping in line with all uplift. Let us not draw back, but shoulder our own part of the labor, and march on

with those who are seeking the best in all things.

Then, in our church, let us fall into step with all the agencies for the good that we find. They need our help and support, rather than our criticism. It is easy to criticize, to hesitate, to stop. Why, criticism—"knocking," in the popular phraseology—is the easiest and cheapest thing there is. Anybody can criticize. But it is not constructive, it is not picking up the burden and getting into step and going ahead. Keeping in step is what counts. Everything goes along so much better if we stick to our marching step, and keep up with the ranks and in the footsteps of our Leader.—*Young People's Weekly.*

A Month of Roses and Brides, and Also of Tragedies



JUNE is noted as the month of roses and of brides, and therefore is one of the gladdest months of the year. June of this year had its roses and its brides; it also had its tragedies. Accompanied by three friends, all enthusiastic followers of Jesus Christ, I rode through the beautiful hills of Pennsylvania to the home of a man prominent in church affairs, who desired to know the way of life more fully. The sun had just set on a Sabbath day of quiet communion with fellow believers in the "advent message to the world in this generation," and as the machine sped on over hills and through valleys, our hearts were in tune with the God who is the author of such beauty and prosperity.

Yet even in this peaceful place, the trail of the serpent was met, for as we rounded a turn in the road just ahead of us we saw a woman with a babe in her arms crying most pitifully. Close beside her stood a man with his face cut and bleeding, and at the side of the road lay part of a demolished buggy. A look into the face of the man told the story of whisky and its hellish work. The three were on their way home, and a buggy in the rear sought to pass them. A contest of speed resulted, but whisky brought ruin; for the horse of the man who had been indulging in drink was driven into the ditch. It was a miracle that the woman and her babe were not killed. They were not even scratched; the husband alone suffered injury. We put them into the machine and took them home, and had the opportunity of making known to them the power of God's grace. The woman was a Roman Catholic; the husband did not even attend church. From this home we went to that of a believer in Christ; and how marked was the contrast! A hearty welcome was given us, and a spirit of genuine Christian fellowship was experienced. For almost three hours the Word of God was studied; and as we left, keen appreciation for the truth taught was expressed by our friends.

One home was a home of ruin, the other of roses and righteousness. Whisky plays havoc with human lives and human happiness; tragedy ever follows in its wake. Christ, the Rose of Sharon, when honored in the home, makes it a place of gladness and sweetness and peace.

A neighbor, because of an environment in the early years of his life which did not tend to the development of Christian character, in manhood lived aloof from neighbors and friends, oftentimes leading those who knew him, to believe he regarded every man's hand as being against him. He became a sort of semihermit,

living with his sister a life of exclusiveness. Repeatedly did I invite him to share the hospitality of my home, but always with the same result, a refusal. His sister was faithful to him, working to provide them both with the bare necessities of life. A few days ago, on the sister's return from work, she found the brother sitting in an armchair, apparently asleep. She tried to awake him, but found to her horror that he was dead. I was notified, and at a glance saw that he had passed from time to eternity. He lived practically alone; he died as he had lived. A June tragedy! a life, so far as human wisdom can tell, misspent! He was buried near the Potomac River, the one prominent feature of the entire experience and service being the faithfulness and devotion of the sister. Had Christ been received in boyhood by my exclusive neighbor, what a different life would have been the result, and what a different ending.

June was not to close without witnessing another tragedy, one sad in the extreme. A father of five children, full of life and good nature, kissed the wife and mother good-by before leaving home for the day's toil. His children idolized him, for he always made himself one with them; he lived for his family. His employment took him into Virginia, and there in some way the automobile he drove was upset. When help reached him, it was of no avail, for his neck had been broken; he was lifeless. No one but God can understand the sorrow which overwhelmed the wife and mother when the news of the tragedy was broken to her. She is a devoted Christian, and her faith and confidence in God are all that sustain her. What a comfort to be able to pray with her, and to hear her from out of the gloom express her hope and trust and confidence in the care of a loving heavenly Father!

Truly one does not know what a day will bring forth. My friend in the morning was abounding in life and happiness; before sunset his life's record had closed. My neighbor sat down in his chair to rest; in a moment life had departed.

What is the lesson to be drawn from these tragedies?—The lesson of the ages: Always to be ready; ever to be at peace with God; ever to know the blessedness of the indwelling Christ; ever to place oneself in the hands of God. A Christless life is the tragedy of all tragedies; a Christ-filled life is the joy and rejoicing of God and of angels and of men who love Christ.

Reader, are you at peace with God? If not, do not delay. You may never see another sunset; and if life closes for you without your being reconciled to God, you lose eternity. Just now believe, receive, and enjoy the presence of him who suffered on the cross, the just for the unjust, that you might be delivered from the wrath to come. Calvary was the world's most awful tragedy; and yet from out of the darkness which enshrouded the scene, the light of the glory of God shone forth, and that glory, the glory of Christ's victory over sin, will continue to shine until death itself has been destroyed, and the earth, restored to its Edenic beauty, will forever blossom as the rose.

JOHN N. QUINN.

BE of good courage; let there be no panic in your heart. Banish fear from your mind and heart and will, and so find your way into perpetual cheerfulness.—*Campbell Morgan.*

"You may be sure that your will is likely to be crossed in the day; so prepare for it."



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."



Barbara's Change of Viewpoint



"I must be very hard for your Aunt Lois." "Hard?" The incredulity of Barbara's voice was mixed with indignation. "Hard! Why, we don't let her do anything! Papa says she's done enough hard work in her life. You see," Barbara explained, forgetting that what she had to tell was an old story to her listener before she herself was born, "you see, Aunt Lois was more like a mother to papa than a sister. He can't even remember grandma. And now Aunt Lois can sit with her hands folded all day if she likes."

The doctor's wife smiled. She was a positive little woman, though she had a gentle manner that went far toward concealing that fact.

"It must," she said, quite as if Barbara had not spoken, "be very hard for your Aunt Lois."

This time Barbara only stared.

"She has been accustomed," the doctor's wife continued, "to being necessary to the comfort of a great many people. After her mother's death she was her father's greatest dependence and comfort. She brought up her younger brothers and sisters. She found time for outside work. And now ——"

"And now," Barbara chimed in indignantly, "we are making things just as easy for her as we possibly can."

The doctor's wife went on with her explanation, untroubled by Barbara's excitement. "In your home no one depends on her, no one needs her, no one relies on her for the help she has been accustomed to bestow so freely. There are servants to keep her room in order, and a nursemaid to look after the younger children. If she were in her own home, where the whole community had learned to depend on her for help and counsel, she might find enough outside work to keep her happy and healthy; but she is in a strange city, and outsiders are too likely to think of her as an old lady who has outlived her usefulness."

Barbara went home with a feeling of irritation. That was the worst of the doctor's wife. She never would look at things as everybody else did. All their circle of friends were saying what a beautiful thing it was that, after her hard life, Aunt Lois could come to her brother's home to enjoy the leisure she had hitherto known only by reputation. And the doctor's wife really seemed to think it an occasion for sympathy.

In spite of herself, when she reached home she found herself looking hard at Aunt Lois. In all honesty she was forced to confess that leisure and freedom from responsibility were not agreeing with her father's sister. The gentle eyes were wistful. There was less elasticity in her step than there had been a month ago.

Suddenly Barbara decided to try it. And with Barbara, to decide was to act. Her voice rang out cheerily, "Aunt Lois!"

"Yes, my dear."

"I wonder if you have time to hear me read my essay over. I've just finished it; and as I'm going to read it at the next meeting of our literary club, I want to be sure it is fairly good. I'd like to have somebody's opinion on it."

"Why, of course, Barbara." Aunt Lois spoke more briskly than she had done of late, and rose with alacrity. Seated in the white rocking chair in Barbara's room, she heard the essay, and then surprised the writer by offering some criticisms which Barbara could not deny were deserved. Her experiment had been undertaken with a laudable idea of benefiting Aunt Lois, but she realized that she herself had also profited.

It was worth while going a little farther. "Aunt Lois, I wish you would look at that tear in my lace yoke. I've got to wear that dress Friday, and I don't know whether it can be mended or if it will be necessary to get some more lace."

She brought the dress from the closet, and her aunt studied it.

"Of course it can be mended, Barbara, but it must be done very carefully. If you would like, I——" She stopped, as if the offer had lodged in her throat.

Barbara helped her out. "Oh, would you do it, auntie? Thank you so much! Emeline is supposed to do the mending, but she makes sad work of anything really particular. I suppose I ought to know how to do it myself," she added.

"You certainly ought," said Aunt Lois, decidedly.

Barbara stole a sidelong glance at her.

"I wonder if you could take time to teach me, Aunt Lois. In the morning we might have a class. I'm ashamed to be so helpless with a needle. And I shouldn't wonder if Pearl Jamison would like to come, too. She was saying only the other day that she was going to learn to sew, if she had to drop her Italian to get the time for it."

"Lois is looking better tonight," Barbara's father said to his wife that evening. "I feel sure that rest and complete freedom from responsibility will begin to tell after a time."

Barbara, overhearing, smiled, for by this time she had become a complete convert to the theory of the doctor's wife.— *Young People's Weekly*.

Household Hints

For Hoarseness

BEAT the white of an egg with loaf sugar and an equal quantity of lemon juice. Take a tablespoonful every hour.

Laxative for Children

This simple laxative I have found to be an excellent one for children. My little girl is very fond of it, and as it is really a food and not a medicine, I feel perfectly

safe in giving it whenever it seems to be needed. Place a pound of washed figs and a cupful of pure olive oil in an agate saucepan, and allow them to simmer gently on the back of the stove until the figs are plump and tender; then remove them to a glass jar. Add to the sirup the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of honey, and boil until quite thick. Pour this over the figs, and keep tightly covered. When a laxative is needed, a single fig will usually prove all that is necessary.

Lawn Mower as a Truck

When there are heavy boxes or barrels to be carried to or from the cellar, or the large ash can to be taken to the street for the collecting wagon, the lawn mower makes a very serviceable hand truck. Turn the lawn mower over, in the position that does not revolve the cutting blades.

Just a Tiny Economy

Save every scrap of laundry soap to add to your boiler of clothes, and you will not need to cut from a new bar.

Utility Egg Boiler

An old flour sifter that has lost its value as a sieve makes an excellent egg boiler, as the eggs may all be placed in the water and removed therefrom at once.

When Boiling Milk

Rinse your dish in cold water and rub the bottom well with fresh butter, and milk, or foods cooked in milk, cannot scorch.

To Preserve Egg Yolks

When several egg yolks are left over after baking, drop into a cup and cover with cold water. They will keep fresh for a number of days.

To Cool Custards Quickly

Add a handful of salt and the same of soda to a bowl of water, and place your mold of custard in it. It will be ready for serving in a short time.

A Preventive

Add a tablespoonful of kerosene to your boiled starch just before removing from the fire. You will have no trouble with your irons sticking if this hint is followed.

An Eye Saver

Keep a large square of green silk in your lap when crocheting, and until tried you cannot imagine how restful it will be to your eyes as they turn from watching your work.

Just a Wrinkle

A delightful change may be made from ordinary pea soup by breaking an egg—in the proportion of one egg to every pint of soup—into the kettle just before serving. Stir briskly for one minute.

Oven Cooking

If you cook everything possible in the oven instead of on the stove, it will not only save trouble, but will be much more delicious. There will be little danger of burning, and little if any watching will be required.

For Window Screens

Go over your window screens once a month through the summer with a paint brush and kerosene. They will look as well as if freshly painted, and will more than repay you for the small outlay of work.

A String Bean Hint

Try cooking your string beans without breaking. This hint was given me by an old cook whose beans due to this mode of preparation of the string beans. — *Selected.*



Some Varieties of the South African "Bush"

ALL manner of bush characteristic of South Africa abounds on the veld—the uncultivated grazing lands or barrens of this country. It is of no use for a visitor to try to generalize upon the plant families represented. But here are some kinds come upon in the Kafir country.

In the thirteenth Sabbath missionary exercise at the Maranatha Sabbath school, the Kafir children held aloft a banner inscribed "Malaysia," the name of the field receiving our gifts that day. The banners were decorated with beautiful evergreen boughs, or vine-like branches. The green was remarkably bright, and the leafage a fine, delicate spray.

"Cat bush is one name for it," I was told. Evidently the fine, sharp, hidden thorn, like the claws of a cat, gives it the name.

But the common Dutch name for this bush is more



THE NOISBOOM, OR LADY TREE

expressive and picturesque. *Wacht-een-beetje* is the name. Translated it is—as it sounds even in English—"Wait-a-bit."

"When one is passing through it," my informant said, "it is forever catching hold of one's clothing, and seems always to say, 'Wait a little.'"

Down in the bottoms along the Fish River, which borders Kafirland proper, the spekboom grows. Its name means, literally, "pork tree"—so called because the bark of the smooth, round stem and branches has certainly some likeness to a leg of dressed pork, hung up in the butcher's shop.

The spekboom is a favorite food for ostriches, which eat off the green foliage. The drought, however, was so severe this season that even this bush was affording scanty supply of leaves for the birds.

Another bush—really a tree of fair size—is the noisboom, or lady tree. Just why it is so called I could not learn. Possibly it is because among its

foliage appears here and there ornamental projections like bunches of hatpins with large round heads.

A fine specimen of the noisboom grows in the yard of the Maranatha Mission.

"That was my house for days when I first came to Maranatha," said Brother Moko, our oldest Kafir evangelist. "I slept under that tree before we had any buildings at the station."

The tree has a watery root, and the natives dig up the roots in waterless regions and chew it for quenching thirst. The juice is sweet, they say. One Dutch name for this tree is *Caprsol*, or parasol. The leaves are broad and thickly set, so that the tree affords good shade and shelter.

Brother Moko is getting on in years now, and doesn't often sleep out in the veld as he once did. Now well-built school dormitories are erected at Maranatha, and the pioneer workers in Kafirland rejoice to see a growing band of young people coming up for the school and evangelistic work.

W. A. SPICER.

The Top of the Washington Monument

Few persons who have seen the Washington Monument, even those who have lived within sight of it all their lives, have noticed that the apex of the monument is surrounded with parallel bands. Such is the fact, however; and, moreover, the bands are studded with golden points. The bands are made of gold-plated iron a foot wide, and the points are spaced a foot from each other.

For a few moments in each sunny day of the first week of the new year the golden fillet that binds the brow of the Washington Monument is visible to human eyes. Then, the angle of incidence of the sun's rays is such that they are reflected downward to the windows of the buildings north and west of the monument, and the cool, gray surface is seen to be marked with eleven shining lines of gold.

Theoretically, a similar effect could be obtained from some point of observation at each moment when the sun's rays are intercepted by the sloping top of the monument, but only an airship could attain the necessary vantage point.

According to the original plan of the monument, it was protected from lightning by an aluminium tip that was connected with the metal framework of the

elevator. During the very first summer after the monument was completed, however, it was struck twice, and a piece of stone was chipped from the top.

Experts from all the scientific departments of the government were called on to contrive a plan for the better protection of the shaft, and they decided that copper bands, studded with projecting points, would accomplish the purpose. Colonel Casey, who had charge of the work, objected on the ground that the copper would turn green, and that the verdigris would "run" and spoil the appearance of the monument; he also doubted that the copper would have the necessary tensile strength. So the men of science

agreed on a number of iron bands, heavily galvanized, and gold plated to prevent rusting. The bands are connected with the aluminium point of the monument and the framework of the elevator. At the base, iron cables lead the electricity into a deep well, where it harmlessly expends its force. The protection has proved to be perfect.—*Selected.*



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The Flicker

FLICKERS, a variety of woodpecker, are often termed "golden-winged woodpeckers." They differ from other varieties in the bill, which is long, slender, slightly curved, and without lateral ridges. The nostrils of flickers are exposed. Their coloring is very complicated. The

shafts and under surface of the wings are gamboge yellow. A black patch ornaments each cinnamon cheek of the male birds. A blood-red crescent decorates the upper part of the back of the neck. On the throat and under each eye is a stripe of lilac brown. A crescent and round spots of black relieve the plainness of the cinnamon breast and the yellowish-white belly. Black bands cross the back and wing coverts. The eyes are brown.

The bird is about twelve and one-half inches long, the wings measuring six inches. When extended, they measure twenty inches from tip to tip.

Flickers are rarely found in Europe. On the Pacific Coast they are found north of California; but they abound in northern and eastern North America west to the Rockies. From there west they are replaced by the red-shafted flickers, which are as nearly identical with the former in their food habits as their environment will allow.

The food of the flickers is principally ants, and other injurious insects; but in the fall and winter they eat wild cherries, small grass seeds, sour gum, and cedar berries. The hairy and the downy woodpeckers eat ants, but not in great quantities. Those who have examined the stomachs of some of the flickers have found from three thousand to five thousand ants in them. For this reason the name feathered anteater is sometimes given to the flicker, or ground woodpecker. They also feed on wood lice, those most destructive creatures which eat almost anything, no matter how bitter or tough.

Different from his kith and kin, the flicker may be seen on the ground, hopping in grassy fields or along roadsides looking for food. Ordinarily this bird lays only six eggs, but has been known to lay as many as seventeen.

The golden-winged woodpecker represents a group of three distinct species quite different from woodpeckers proper. According to locality, they are termed flicker, high-hole, or yellow hammer. Every part of the bird seems especially suited to its manner of living. Its tongue is long, round, and wiry, flattened toward the tip, pointed, and furnished with very small barbs. It can be instantly elongated to an uncommon length. The beak is so shaped that it can penetrate the ground and dig up ants' nests.—*Selected.*

Natural Fireworks

THE New York *Sun* describes a remarkable occurrence at Healdsburg, California, when large quantities of what is called meteoric floss fell from the sky. The shower, which began between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and reached its maximum about ten, was seen by all the inhabitants of the town.

According to an eyewitness, the floss first appeared high up, in a perfectly clear sky, as a mass of stars, lustrous metallic sheets, and silvery ropes. It reached the earth in various shapes and sizes, ranging from minute particles to sheets twenty feet square. It fell in such quantities that long ropes and masses of it hung from the telephone and telegraph wires.

When the substance reached the warm earth, it began at once to contract into fibrous masses, resembling asbestos, although tests proved that it was not that mineral. Most of it soon disappeared, although samples of it were saved and sent to the Lick Observatory, and to the observatory at Urbana, Italy.—*Youth's Companion.*

Harmless Flowers

WHAT a freedom from cares and perplexities one finds among the flowers! They are never unkind; you may be with them from morning till night and not have one bitter memory or disagreeable thought to take with you to your pillow. A tiger lily won't dig its claws into your breast, the calla lily will not prolong her call indefinitely. The sweet William's honeyed personality is honest and sincere; sweetness that will not under fancied provocation turn into vinegary revenge.

The snowdrops will not chill you with cold words and looks. The dogwood will not bark at you, or dog your footsteps. There is a clump of the beautiful variegated variety bending over a quiet corner of the fish pond, its pretty leaves reflected in the water. It has no canine faults, but all the canine virtues: fidelity—no running away from its mistress to follow strange masters.

Jack-in-the-pulpit does not preach too loudly, or make awkward gestures, taking your mind insensibly from the heavenly message he is striving to deliver, and which your soul earnestly desires to grasp, the mind being willing but the body weak.—*The Christian Herald.*

A Cup of Cold Water

IN an account of his travels in Africa, Robert Moffat, the famous missionary, tells the following story:—

"In one of my early journeys I came with my companions to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had traveled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, and was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

"When the twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She sat down, prepared the fire, and put on the meat.

"We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked-for kindness. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied, 'I love Him whose servants you are; and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full; therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.'

"On learning her history, and that she was a solitary light in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul, in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm, when in his school some years before. 'This,' she said, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp to burn.'

"I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers together at the throne of our Heavenly Father."—*Young People's Weekly.*

Who Painted the House?

"I AM going to paint the house," said a big can of paint, waiting, already mixed, in the woodshed.

"No, I am going to paint it," the paintbrush asserted, bristling with importance.

"You are, are you?" sneered the ladder, lying against the wall. "How far would either of you go without me?"

"Or without me to pay the bill?" said the check book of the owner of the house, in a voice muffled by the pocket of the coat hanging on a nail.

Just then the painter, who had overheard these proud remarks, ventured to put in a word. "Perhaps I'd better take a vacation," said he, quietly. "I wonder if the house would be painted by the time I got back."

Moral: Even the most efficient of us is only a tool in the hands of the Infinite Worker.—*Æsop Jones.*

Hebrew Poetry

HEBREW poetry was a parallelism of sense rather than of sound. When at its best (the Hebrew lyrics are unsurpassed in any literature) it is translated into the noble rhythmical English of the King James Version, we have a result that makes the trick of rhyme seem inane. For example:—

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

— *Harper's Weekly.*

He Sawed Wood

ONCE there were seven sawyers, and each had a cord of wood to saw.

Said the first sawyer: "This wood is green, and the saw sticks in it. I will go away and wait till it gets dry." He did so.

Said the second sawyer: "This saw is dull, and I can never saw a cord of wood with it. I will tell the master to have it sharpened, and then I will saw the wood for him." He did so.

Said the third sawyer: "This wood is knotty, and will be very hard to saw. I will ask the master to change it for straight wood, which I will gladly saw for him." He did so.

Said the fourth sawyer: "This wood is hickory, which is twice as hard to saw as oak. I will ask the master to swap it for a cord of oak, and then I will saw for him." He did so.

Said the fifth sawyer: "It is very hot today. I will wait till it gets cooler." He did so.

Said the sixth sawyer: "I have a headache, and will wait till I feel well." He did so.

The seventh sawyer had green wood, and knotty wood, and it was hickory. He also had a dull saw, and a headache. The day was hot for him, too.

But he sharpened the saw, and set it, so that it flew through the knotty hickory, and did not stick at all. The exercise drove away his headache, and the perspiration cooled him off.

At the end of the day the master gave him the six other cords of wood to saw.—*Æsop Jones.*

Noble or Common?

A Crude but Fitting Comparison

ONE of the differences between a thoroughbred and a mongrel horse is that when fatigued the latter will invariably give up and refuse to go, while the thoroughbred will travel on in spite of difficulties. When the sun beats upon his perspiring body with intense heat, when the road is rough and hilly and the load more than he ought to pull, on he goes. Stopping?—Yes, at times; but always willing to start again.

With these animals we can compare two classes of individuals. The common class is ever ready to give up when difficulties confront them, too willing to relinquish well-planned projects and God-given duties, because of their unresisted tendency to walk in the easy path. The other class press on, enduring hardships as good soldiers of Christ Jesus. From the rough places and trying experiences of their journey they

learn lessons of steadfastness and stick-to-it-iveness, and by the faithful performance of today's duties they are better fitted to bear weightier responsibilities tomorrow. Are they never overcome by the taxing burdens of the day?—O, yes; but they are always ready to begin anew. Although they may fall again and again, they overcome at last. They toil on, surmount all obstacles, and finally reach the goal. They finish the work that is given them to do. They have the spirit of the great apostle who says: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." M. G. CONGER.

Getting Saved by Installments

A MISSIONARY once said to a German Jew in Bulgaria: "I want you to consent to be a Christian for twenty-four hours; then you may see how it seems and how you like it. Will you do so?" "O, yes; I will for twenty-four hours." "Well, then, first, I want you to believe that Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary." The Jew threw up both hands and exclaimed, "O, no, I could not do that." "But it's only for twenty-four hours." "Very well, then, I will." "Second, I want you to believe that Jesus died on the cross for the sins of the world." "Impossible, impossible! I could not believe that." "But it's only for twenty-four hours." "Well, well, all right; I will till tomorrow." "Third, I want you to believe that Jesus arose from the dead." "O, that I could not do!" "But just for the time being?" So he consented. "Fourth, I want you to believe that Jesus ascended into the heavens." "O, impossible! No man could do that." "But just believe it till tomorrow. Fifth, I want you to kneel down with me and pray to Christ the Saviour." The old Jew prayed, "O God, Jehovah! if Christ be the true Son of God, let him save me!" When they arose, the Jew, putting his hand upon his heart, said to the pastor, "I feel so strange right here." He had received a touch of the divine Spirit in his soul. The next day he came to the minister and said, with a smile upon his face and peace in his heart, "I will take him for another twenty-four hours."—*The Christian Herald.*

The Reason of the War

THIS frightful war is upon us as judgment for the apostasy of the church. She has deserted the humanity of Jesus and sold herself to the miserable egotism of nationalism.

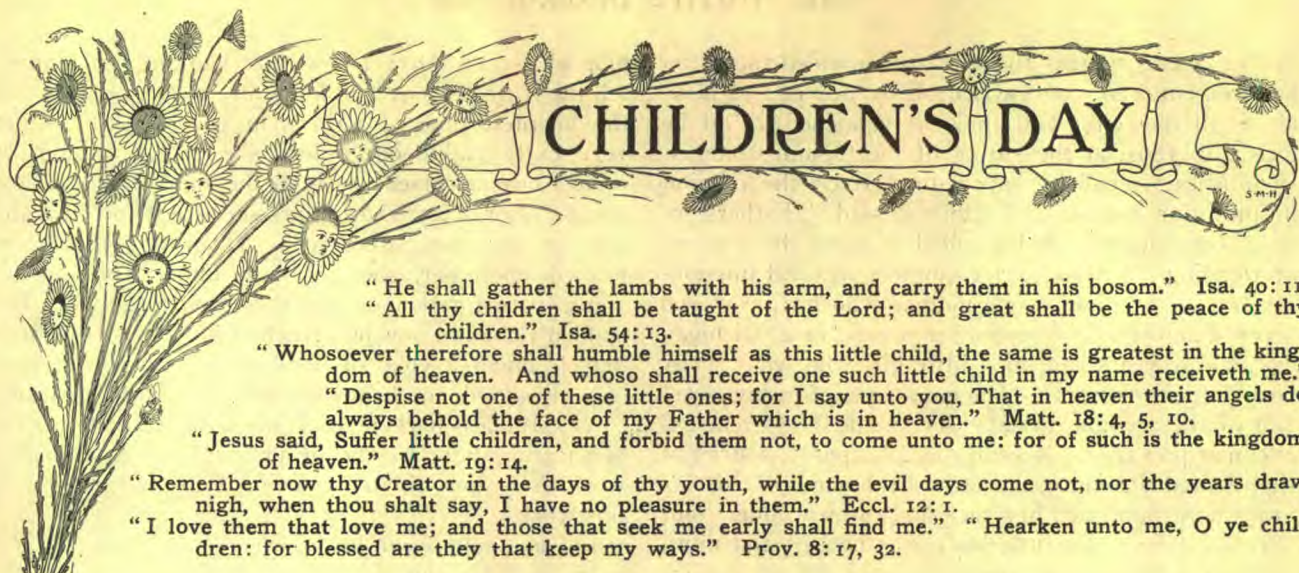
There was no patriotism in Jesus. He was for humanity.

War is utterly, abominably, horribly opposed to Christ!

It is the very spirit of Antichrist!

If the nominal Christians of Europe had simply said: "We will not go out and kill our neighbors. Take us and shoot us. We can die. We cannot deny our Master," there would have been no war. There would have been no cannon fodder.—*Dr. Frank Crane, in the Christian Herald.*

A CHICAGO architect has built for himself a bungalow on top of an eight-story apartment house. From this height, a fine view of Lake Michigan is obtained, better and cooler air is found, and no screens are needed, because the house is above the fly and mosquito belt. The bungalow, which is forty-five by ninety feet in size, is built of white cement, and has a wide, well-kept terrace on the side toward the lake.



Children's Day Program

THIS year in the Children's Day program we have departed from the usual custom, few of the parts of the program being given in the INSTRUCTOR. It will be necessary, therefore, for each leader to procure from the Review and Herald Publishing Association one or more copies of the two booklets, "Light Bearers" and the "World for Christ," which contain nearly all of the suggested program. These booklets will sell for five cents each. Because of the copyright the selections from these could not be reprinted in the INSTRUCTOR.

SONG BY CONGREGATION

PRAYER

SONG: 'Tis Children's Day, "Light Bearers," page 5
To be sung by a group of primary and kindergarten children. Singing may begin as first one steps on the platform.

RECITATIONS:

Only a GirlINSTRUCTOR
Do Missions Pay? "World for Christ," page 5
More than one person may be chosen to give this recitation, each person reciting not more than two stanzas.

Foreign Missions, "World for Christ," page 11
Missionary Exercise, "World for Christ," page 20
What Boys Can Do, "World for Christ," page 6
Little Things..... "Light Bearers," page 16

Four Little Rosebuds, "Light Bearers," page 19

Instead of following the suggestions in the booklet for the rendering of the piece entitled "Four Little Rosebuds," let each child carry a large rosebud of the suggested color.

A Lesson in ArithmeticINSTRUCTOR

Four may give this if desired, each reciting a stanza.

The PrimroseINSTRUCTOR

What Can I Do? "World for Christ," page 7

Quartette

For Christ and the Church (if adapted to Missionary Volunteers), "World for Christ," page 14

Waiting INSTRUCTOR
The Missionary's Dream, "World for Christ," page 26

Missionary DayINSTRUCTOR
Doors of DaringINSTRUCTOR
To Give Is to LiveINSTRUCTOR

OFFERING

OFFERTORY PRAYER

SONG

Only a Girl

ONLY a girl!" One must live in an Oriental country to grasp fully the meaning of these words. More than that, one must know the people; one must care, really *care*; one must see in each and every soul one for whom the dear Saviour gave his precious life. Only then can one see and understand the true condition of the lives and needs of the people. It is easy to drift along, to meet the throngs of people day by day without giving thought as to how these people live or where they will spend eternity. But there are some who think, some who care. Some are in the field giving their lives for these precious souls. Some are at home toiling nobly to send means to carry on the work.

If you would see something of the real conditions in India, just a glimpse, follow me in your mind as we go into this little mud hut. It has but one door, and that is low, so you must stoop in order to enter. In one dark corner of the room lies a woman on the ground (it would be defiling for her to lie on any excuse for a bed). She is sobbing and moaning. There is no one near to comfort her or to minister to her wants. Outside, a crowd of neighbors has gathered.

A man who we learn is the woman's husband is saying something to them, and with contempt on their faces they turn away. We can catch only a sentence of what the man is saying. It is this, "Nothing has come; it is only a girl!"

We draw near to the sobbing woman. We see a little new life enfolded in her arms. We inquire the cause of her grief, and in broken tones she tells her sad story. She was the mother of two little daughters, but of no son. The husband had threatened that should another daughter be born to them, he would marry another wife. The little one in her arms was the third, and she knew her doom was sealed. Three daughters,—what a calamity! Why should such an affliction come to her? Had she not offered to the gods?—Yes, all these rites had been performed faithfully, but to no avail; and she, poor, innocent creature! must now suffer more than tongue can tell; for, after all, human nature is the same the world over. The Eastern mother loves her child as dearly in her way as the Western mother loves hers; it is only the cruel custom of an idolatrous nation that has brought the people to this condition.

The census returns for one year revealed that three hundred children were carried off by wolves and jackals from one city, and they *all* happened(?) to be girls. In 1894, at the sitting of the Opium Commission, Miss Greenfield, superintendent of the mission hospital for women at Ludhiana, said, "Fathers insisted on daughters' being killed to avoid the expense of weddings." Miss Carter, another medical missionary, said, "I know of one mother who has destroyed seven daughters." I remember a case in a Michigan city, a few years ago, of a little girl who was cruelly treated by her parents. The newspapers for days were full of the account, arrests were made, and great excitement prevailed. Recently in Manipur, a district of the United Provinces, a little Brahman girl of five years was found tied in a sack and thrown under some shrubs to die. Her little body was hacked and mutilated by a cruel knife, though life was not yet extinct. Her lifeblood had been offered as a sacrifice to the gods of her parents, and by their own hands. Nothing but the blood of a *living* human creature would satisfy this god and bring the blessing desired by the parents. Their prayer was that they might have a son,—the dearest treasure on earth to the Hindu's heart,—and so this little daughter was offered a sacrifice upon the altar of superstition.

The police officer who happened to find the mutilated child, took her to a hospital, where she soon died. The parents may or may not receive punishment. The papers mentioned it in one brief paragraph, for after all she was nothing but a little native girl, and there are so many. Yes, there are many!

"The *Foreign Field* tells a story of a Chinese carpenter who had many children, each of whom, however, died on reaching the age of three or four months. No less than eight children having passed away at this early age, the parents came to the conclusion that it was really the same child spirit reentering continually the home, only to cause grief and disappointment at its early departure. A ninth child was born, and sickened in the same way as the previous eight had done. When it became evident that it could not live, the father decided to take desperate measures to prevent all possibility of any further reincarnation. He resolved to burn it.

"A procession was formed in the street, and the child, from which life was fast ebbing, was escorted, amid the firing of crackers and the beating of gongs and drums, to the outside of the city wall. There a huge fire was made, and the tiny infant was committed to the flames. The ceremony was expressly performed before the spirit had quitted the body, in order that it might be too terrified to return any more. Having felt the pangs of fire and realized how cruelly it was treated by its parents, it would not venture to take up its abode in that home again!"

In spite of infanticide, in spite of famine, pestilence, and plague that infest this land, there are thousands and tens of thousands of these little ones who know not the comfort of a home; who are without training, without education, without even proper food, yea, more than that, without love and affection, and above all, without the dear Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Our Father has said that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Does he know? Does he care? We know that he does, and that he wants us, his representatives, to help these people up from this life of sin.

Is the picture too dark? Do you want me to tell some-

thing pleasant? How I wish that I might, but I must tell the truth as I see and know it. I *can* say this, that the happiest time of an Indian woman's life is her very early childhood, before she is old enough to realize how accursed she is in the sight of her fellow beings. For a few short years she is left to romp and play at her own sweet will. If insult or scorn is heaped upon her, she does not understand, or her young nature rebounds and it is soon forgotten. But suddenly, before she has reached her teens, she finds herself under a yoke of bondage, either of wifhood or widowhood, and heavy burdens are placed upon her.

Yes, India is darkened. It needs light. It needs the penetrating light of the gospel. There is a mighty work to be done for the women. Only women can do this work.

Let us suppose we have seventeen woman workers in India who can devote all their time to working for India's women. Each would then have 8,470,588 women for whom to labor. Can you grasp these figures? Do they mean anything to us? It meant something to our Saviour when he left all and died for them.—*Edith Bruce.*

A Lesson in Arithmetic

[Four may take part in this short exercise, each giving one recitation. Some appropriate song may be sung in conclusion.]

Add

Add to your faith from day to day
Knowledge and love, and you then will pray
As never before for souls in need,
Who look to you as for help they plead.
Add to your love the patience strong
That will still keep on though the way be long.
Add to the pennies, nickels, and dimes,
And make them ring the pleasantest chimes
As they send good news to the far-off climes,
And to sad waifs here far happier times.
Add; and keep adding from day to day,
In the mission cause; 'tis the only way.

Subtract

Subtract from your heart each selfish aim;
Let your gift be brought in the Saviour's name.
From the gold and silver subtract the dross;
Make the offering pure, for all else is loss.
Subtract all pride and all mere display;
In the work of Christ 'tis the only way,
And thus will he bless you day by day.

Multiply

The seed that is sown must be multiplied,
And scattered and scattered far and wide.
The workers here and in every land
Should be increased to a mighty band.
The homes for the destitute and sad
Should be multiplied and the world made glad.
By the help of all is the work increased,
From the greatest down to the very least.
The helpers should multiply each day
In the great world's work; 'tis the only way.

Divide

Divide, divide what you call your own,
And share with those that have never known
The light and love and the comfort true
That all your life have been given to you.
As freely as ye have received, then give;
For only by giving we truly live.
"Give a portion to seven, and also to eight,"
Is the Scripture word, and you must not wait
To see what somebody else will do —
Be quick to give what belongs to you.
Divide your time and your money and all,
That you may answer the piteous call
That rings on the air from day to day.
Divide, yes, divide; 'tis the Christlike way.

— *Over Sea and Land.*

NEVER speak ill of any one if you do not know it for a certainty; and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, "Why should I tell it?"—*Lavator.*

The Primrose

For two little girls.

FIRST GIRL:

ONCE there was a little primrose,
With its lovely leaves of green;
No one yet had sought the primrose,
No one yet had ever seen.
"I am useless," sighed the primrose.

SECOND GIRL:

But the tree that gave it shade
Said: "Believe me, little primrose,
You will work before you fade.
God can use a willing primrose
In his time and at his will.
Wait until he calls you, primrose,
And your mission then fulfill."

FIRST GIRL:

God, who made it, watched the primrose,
Fed it by the April shower;
And his sunshine warmed the primrose,
Till it grew a lovely flower.

SECOND GIRL:

And at last the little primrose
Heard his call and went away;
For a mother took the primrose
On her baby's grave to lay.

FIRST GIRL:

"God, who made you, pretty primrose,
Every spring to bud and live,
Can restore my baby, primrose;
He will life eternal give."

SECOND GIRL:

Happy was the primrose
When it on the grave was laid.

FIRST GIRL:

Blessed, blessed was the primrose,
Comfort to the mourner made.

SECOND GIRL (turning to first):

Sister, God, who made the primrose,
In his time, his will to do;
He who used a little primrose,
Has a work for me and you.

FIRST GIRL:

Let us now in grace be growing,
And to learn of Jesus try;
Wait his summons, trusting, knowing,
We shall work before we die.

SECOND GIRL:

In our land in darkness, sighing,
Knowing not that Christ can save,
There are people, living, dying,
With no hope beyond the grave.

FIRST GIRL:

And the news of his salvation
God by us one day may send.

SECOND GIRL:

Let us now, in preparation,
Learn of Christ, the sinner's friend.

FIRST GIRL (turning to second):

Wait his summons, like the primrose;
When he calls you, ready be.

SECOND GIRL (turning to first):

Say to him who sent the primrose,
"Master, here am I; send me!"

—Frances Stratton.

"Waiting"

THEY are waiting everywhere,
Where the fields of earth are fair,
Where the rivers nobly run,
Where the blossoms seek the sun,
Where the hills rise, high and grand,
Looking proudly o'er the land —
Waiting! Waiting!

They are waiting in the wild,
Sick and weary and defiled,
And the Saviour's healing word
They have never, never heard;
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the living Bread —
Waiting! Waiting!

For the happy beam of day
That shall chase their gloom away,
For the news, so glad and blest,
That shall set their hearts at rest,
For the peace we know and prize,
And the hope beyond the skies —
Waiting! Waiting!

Yet not voiceless nor alone,
For their cry to heaven hath flown,
And the Master waiteth, too,
Waiteth, ransomed souls, for you,
Till the life devotion sweet
Be outpoured at his feet —
Waiting! Waiting!

—S. G. Stock.

Doors of Daring

THE mountains that enfold the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
"Push out, set sail, explore!"

And all the bars at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, "Too poor," but freely give;
Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try.
You never can begin to live
Unless you dare to die.

—Henry van Dyke.

To Give Is to Live

THE flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it freely loses;
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

The sun is forever pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that need to borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To give
Is to live.

—Selected.

Missionary Day

'Tis Missionary Day, and the Master's call
Stirs willing feet and faithful hands
To bring their offerings, great and small,
To meet the heavenly King's command.
How blest if every offering brought
With Christian love is warmly fraught!
With God's storehouse justly filled,
Heaven's windows open at his will;
And showers of blessings, pouring down,
The grateful heart with wonder fill.
Thus God's promise never fails:
In life, in death, this truth prevails.

Lo! within that treasury wide
What varied gifts stand side by side!
But deeds of kindness far outshine
The gold and silver of the mine.
Thus God accepts as treasure true
The humblest work that love can do.
Blessed help for all the suffering needs
Of sick and poor on every hand,
To clothe the naked, hungry feed,
To cheer with hope the sinking heart,—
In heaven's record forms a part.

Blessed be God! the widow's mite
Counted so precious in his sight,
Exceeding all the glittering dower
Of proudly rich and kingly power.
So countless riches may be stored
To fill the treasury of the Lord;
Thus many of the humblest poor
Find entrance sure at heaven's door,
And there through endless ages prove
A God of changeless truth and love.

S. M. SPICER.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
Assistant Secretary
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Senior Society Program for Sabbath, August 14

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "Prayer." See *Gazette*.
4. Poem: "The Secret." See *Gazette*.
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Jer. 29: 11-13.
6. Mission Talk: "Our Nyasaland Mission." See "Notes on the Mission Studies;" and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 64, 65, 67, 68, 74-76.
7. Reading: "Two Scenes in a Nyasaland Village."

Junior Society Program for Week Ending August 14

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "Prayer Changes Things." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Matt. 7: 8; Heb. 4: 16.
5. Reading: "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread." See *Gazette*.
6. Mission Talk: "Our Nyasaland Mission." See "Notes on the Mission Studies;" and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 64, 65, 67, 68, 74-76.



Thirty-Second Week

August 8. Isaiah 57 to 60: God's dwelling place; counterfeit fasting reproved; "thy light is come."

August 9. Isaiah 61 to 64: The ministry of Christ; a prayer of the church.

August 10. Isaiah 65, 66: The gospel to the Gentiles; new heavens and new earth. Review this book briefly, noting again the texts and portions that have most impressed you.

August 11. Jeremiah 1 to 3: The call of the prophet.

August 12. Jeremiah 4 to 6: Israel exhorted to repentance.

August 13. Jeremiah 7 to 9: The call continued; sins of Israel.

August 14. Jeremiah 10 to 14: The foolishness of idols; God's covenant; the great famine.

The Prophet of Sorrows

Jeremiah was very young when he received the call (626 B. C.) that placed him among the prophets, to which position he had been consecrated by God himself before his birth. "I cannot speak: for I am a child," said the youth; but God did not excuse him because of his tender years. Wonderful indeed was the ordination of the young prophet, and the solemn charge laid upon him; wonderful, also, the life of service that followed. He began to prophesy in the reign of the good king Josiah, continuing his ministry through the reigns of Jehoiakim and Zedekiah. Even after the captivity his voice was raised in faithful warning and reproof. "Like a fenced wall," he performed the duty that was laid upon him, for forty-two years steadfastly giving the word of the Lord to kings, nobles, and people.

King Josiah, himself a young man, worked with Jeremiah for the abolishment of idol worship and the carrying out of other reforms; but after his death the people reverted to their sinful practices, and the life of the prophet was filled with sorrow. His knowledge of the impending doom of Jerusalem, combined with the persecution heaped upon him by his countrymen, furnishes an ample reason for the "depression under which he lived and the minor strain that runs through his writings."

The character of Jeremiah "is most interesting," says Canon Cook. "We find him sensitive to a painful degree,

timid, shy, hopeless, desponding, but never flinching from duty. . . . Timid in resolve, he was unflinching in execution; as fearless when he had to face the whole world as he was dispirited and prone to murmuring when alone with God. Judged by his own estimate of himself, he was feeble, and his mission a failure; really, in the hour of action and when duty called him, he was in very truth 'a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land.' He was a noble example of the triumph of the moral over the physical nature."

The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heartbroken ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there,—
The same loved, tireless watcher,—and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sank
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer; but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils; and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse; and, at her mouth,
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night;

And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore.
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff; for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he leaned forward earnestly; and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power,
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus, the ruler. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrank away,
And left the haughty ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze;
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Pressed it upon his lids, and murmured low,
"Master! my daughter."

The same silvery light

That shone upon the lone rock by the sea
Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched

(Concluded on last page)



VII — Death of John the Baptist

(August 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 14: 1-14.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2: 10.

Questions

1. Who heard, at this time, of the mighty works of Jesus? What position did Herod hold in the nation? Matt. 14: 1; Mark 6: 14.
2. Whom did King Herod think Jesus must be? Matt. 14: 2; Mark 6: 16.
3. What had the king done to John the Baptist? Why did he do this? Matt. 14: 3, 4.
4. But what did he not dare to do? Whom did he fear? Verse 5; Mark 6: 18-20, margin.
5. On the occasion of his birthday, whom did he invite to eat supper with him? Verse 21.
6. What particularly pleased him at this feast? Matt. 14: 6.
7. What foolish promise did Herod therefore make to the daughter of Herodias? Verse 7.
8. What wicked request did she make? What led her to make such a request? Verse 8; Mark 6: 24.
9. How did this make the king feel? Yet what did he command his servants to do? Why? Matt. 14: 9.
10. Where did his servants go? What did they do? Verse 10.
11. To whom was John's head given? To what wicked murderer was it then delivered? Verse 11.
12. By whom was John buried? To whom was the sad news taken? Verse 12.
13. When he heard of it, where did Jesus go? Who followed him? What did he do for them? Verses 13, 14. Note.

Note

No wonder, then, that "when Herod heard of the works of Christ, he was exceedingly troubled. He thought that God had raised John from the dead, and sent him forth with still greater power to condemn sin. He was in constant fear that John would avenge his death by passing condemnation upon him and his house. . . . The sinner's own thoughts are his accusers; and there can be no torture keener than the stings of a guilty conscience, which give him no rest day nor night."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 223.

VII — Death of John the Baptist

(August 14)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. A guilty conscience. Questions 1-6.
 Mon. Rash promises. Questions 7-11.
 Tues. John put to death. Questions 12-15.
 Wed. Compassion of Jesus. Questions 16-19.
 Thurs. Review.
 Fri. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 214-225.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 14: 1-14, 34-36.

Questions

1. Who heard of the fame of Jesus at this time? Matt. 14: 1. Note 1.

2. What did he say to his servants? Verse 2. Note 2.

3. Why was Herod led to think that Jesus was John? Verse 3, with Mark 6: 16.

4. For what reason had Herod thus treated John? Matt. 14: 4; Mark 6: 17, 18.

5. What did Herodias seek to do because of John's testimony? Verse 19.

6. What did Herod want to do? Matt. 14: 5. Why did he not do it? Note 3.

7. What happened on Herod's birthday? Verse 6; Mark 6: 21.

8. What promise did Herod make to the daughter of Herodias? Matt. 14: 7; Mark 6: 22, 23.

9. What did she ask of him? Matt. 14: 8.

10. What led her to make such a request? Mark 6: 24. Note 4.

11. How did Herod feel about the request? Matt. 14: 9, first part. Why? Mark 6: 26. Note 5.

12. Why did Herod heed the request of Herodias's daughter? Matt. 14: 9, last part.

13. What did he immediately do? Verse 10; Mark 6: 27.

14. What was done with John's head? Matt. 14: 11.

15. What did John's disciples then do? Verse 12. Note 6.

16. After hearing the news of John's death what did Jesus do? Verse 13, first part. Why? Mark 6: 31.

17. Who followed him? Matt. 14: 13, last part; Mark 6: 33.

18. How did Jesus feel toward the people? Matt. 14: 14. Why? Mark 6: 34.

19. What did he do for them? Same verses.

Notes

1. Everywhere Jesus went, his teaching and miracles stirred the people, and set them to thinking and talking of what he taught and did. This is the true meaning of fame. How often it is said of Jesus that his fame went throughout the cities, villages, and coasts of Palestine.

2. Herod had not come into personal contact with Jesus, but he had come into contact with his forerunner, John the Baptist. The power accompanying the work of Jesus was so similar to that accompanying the work of John that Herod mistook the one for the other. So ought the life of every representative of Jesus be such that it will reveal the spirit and character of the Master.

3. The resentment of John's reproof by Herod and Herodias was an indication of their guilt. As the Jews, when Christ pointed out their sins, sought to kill him, so would these rulers put John out of the way. It would be just as reasonable for a man to break a mirror because it showed that his face needed washing.

4. The mother had long cherished enmity against John. When a wicked desire is cherished in the heart, Satan will usually see that an opportunity is given to carry it out.

5. Here is evidence that Herod himself had some conscience about his wicked deed. This is shown also in his fear that John had been raised from the dead, and was clothed with power to do even mightier works than before. Matt. 14: 2.

6. "To many minds a deep mystery surrounds the fate of John the Baptist. They question why he should have been left to languish and die in prison. The mystery of this dark providence our human vision cannot penetrate; but it can never shake our confidence in God when we remember that John was but a sharer in the sufferings of Christ. . . . Though no miraculous deliverance was granted John, he was not forsaken. He had always the companionship of heavenly angels, who opened to him the prophecies concerning Christ, and the precious promises of Scripture. . . . Not Enoch, who was translated to heaven, not Elijah, who ascended in a chariot of fire, was greater or more honored than John the Baptist, who perished alone in the dungeon. . . . And of all the gifts that Heaven can bestow upon men, fellowship with Christ in his sufferings is the most weighty trust and the highest honor."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 223-225.

OUR business is not to dissect disciples, but to study Christ.—H. E. Osborne.

The Youth's Instructor

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MRS. E. G. WHITE, author of "The Desire of Ages," "The Great Controversy," "Steps to Christ," "Ministry of Healing," "Testimonies for the Church," "The Acts of the Apostles," and other similar works, passed away Friday afternoon, July 16, at the age of eighty-seven. For seventy years the active labors of this earnest servant of God have been given to the directing and molding of the work of God for this time. And though she sleeps now, her work lives, and will continue to direct the lives and work of the people of God until this gospel of the kingdom is finished in the earth.

"Only My Way"

A MAN who had been so brusque in his manner as to deeply wound a new acquaintance, apologized in the following fashion: "Oh, you mustn't mind when I speak out like that! It's only my way." And apparently he thought this a sufficient justification for his rudeness.

An occasional lapse from habits of kindness and courtesy may be overlooked, but there is no excuse for adopting the opposite traits as characteristic. If it is your "way" to wound and annoy or inconvenience others, it is a more serious matter than if now and then you erred in such respects. The very excuse you offer is your severest condemnation. The best of us fail often to live up to the high standard set before us in Christ's life, but the saddest possible mistake is to accept this failure as the normal condition, and contentedly rest there.—*Young People's Weekly*.

The Polymuriel

THE polymuriel is "a single costume, simple in construction, sensible in design, inexpensive to make, attractive to wear, and changeable at will from morning dress to evening gown, from work frock to outing costume, from useful to ornamental, from grave to gay," that has been recommended for women. Despite the good sense of such an easily adjusted gown to all conditions and occasions, the polymuriel will not have any great following. While women themselves would not take kindly to the proposition, the varied industries represented in woman's "chameleon dress" would oppose it more loudly, for the ever-changing demands of fashion are their best asset.

The polymuriel is heaven born, not perhaps in its recent design and application, but in its fundamental idea. Dame Fashion's ever-increasing demands upon a woman's time, means, and strength certainly are not in accord with God's plan for her clothing and adorning.

At the recent council of the Educational and Missionary Volunteer Departments, it was recommended that a uniform dress for girls be adopted by our schools. This idea was received enthusiastically by the men; and though our educational women were silent, as is their custom in legislative halls, I am sure the idea appeals to them, and to mothers who have daughters in our schools. Nurses, saleswomen, college graduates, and societies wear a uniform. These are always pleasing to the eye; therefore why should not a simple, neat, pretty uniform school gown prove acceptable? To the sensible girl it will do so upon second thought, if not upon first. The unnecessary waste of time, money, and thought prevented by the adoption of such a school costume must make for the betterment of the school. Though worldly women may reject the polymuriel, our young women, I believe, will recognize the beauty and good sense of the recommendation made by the council, and will gladly follow in the path marked out, knowing that the idea has the approval of Heaven and of the best of earth.

The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus

(Concluded from page fourteen)

The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"Trouble the Master not, for she is dead!"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

They passed in.

The spice lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds,
Not even a tassel stirring in the air;
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white, transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches penciled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung.
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"Maiden, arise"—and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance, arose.

—N. P. Willis.