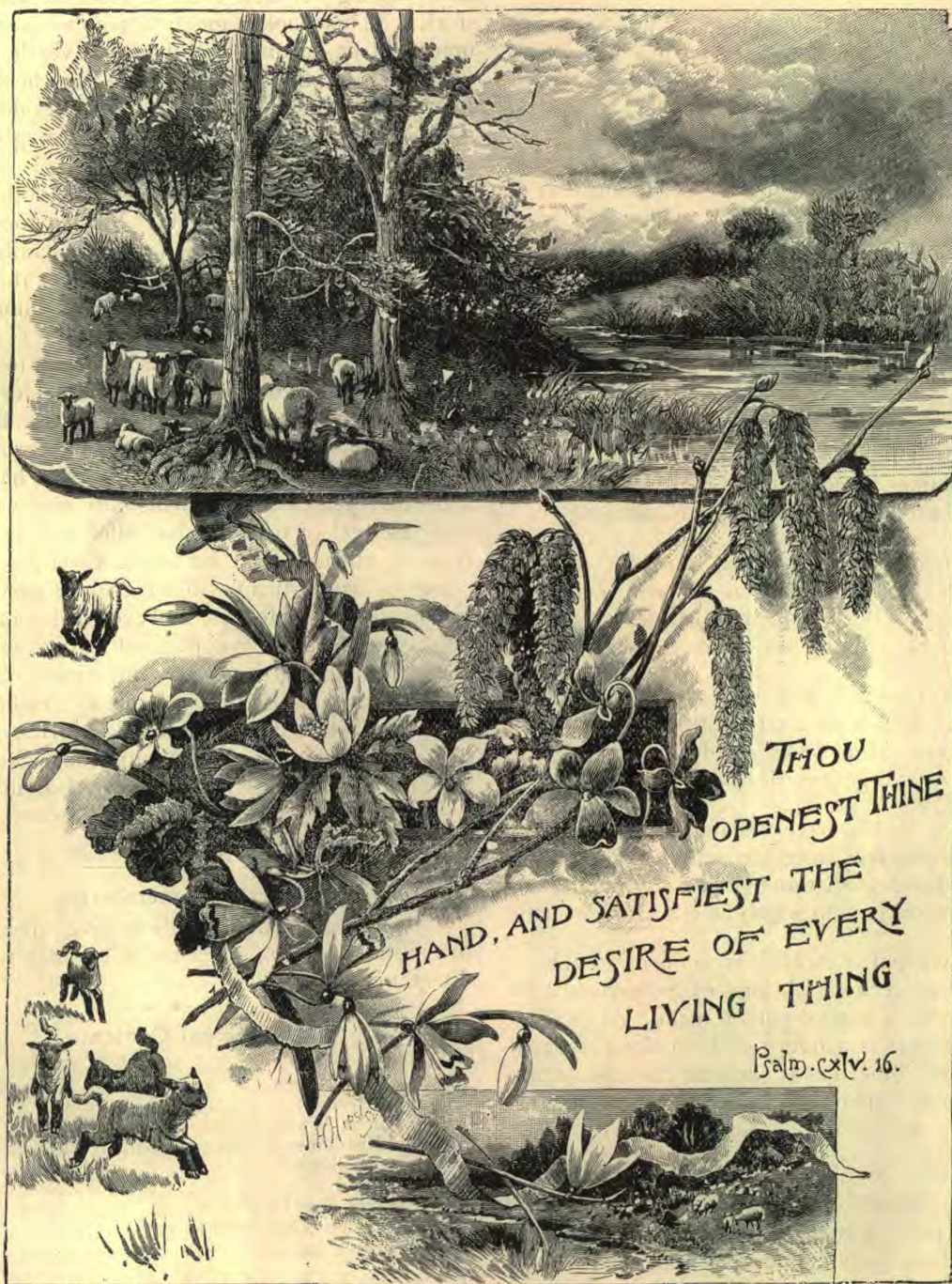


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

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No. 33





BOYS, read *Popular Mechanics*. You can learn much from it.

GERMANY, it is said, is about to prohibit the exportation of beer. No evil can come from such German aggression.

GROWING on the experiment farm of the Virginia Department of Agriculture there are four hundred varieties of roses.

SOUTH CAROLINA is preparing for State-wide prohibition, and it is likely she will be the nineteenth prohibition State.

THE Krupp factory, at Essen, Germany, is said to be employing 115,000 men as against their peace strength of 80,000.

A WHITE flag with a single blue star has been suggested as an appropriate international flag to be used by the merchant marines of all the nations of the Western Hemisphere.

THE Newfoundland seal fisheries failed this year because the main herds could not be found. It is proposed another spring to employ aviators to scour the coast and locate the seals.

PADEREWSKI, the great Polish musician, is "so broken down by the situation of his 17,000,000 countrymen that he puts no music into the piano. Like Apollo without a lyre, he pleads for Polanders."

THERE are more than 18,000 regularly established libraries in the United States, containing more than 75,000,000 volumes, according to statistics just compiled by the United States Bureau of Education.

MISS KATHERINE HINES PAGE, daughter of Ambassador Page, was married on August 4 to Mr. Charles Loring, of Boston. King George offered the chapel royal at St. James's palace for the wedding.

HOPEWELL, Virginia, a flag station with 500 inhabitants, on April 1, is now a city with a population of 18,000 or 20,000. Hopewell's rapid growth is due to the expansion of a large American powder company.

THE kaiser is said to have sustained a personal loss of at least \$20,000,000 since the war began. This is mainly due to the depreciation of stock in shipping and manufacturing concerns in which he is a large investor.

ITALY has erected a striking monument to the inventor of nitroglycerin. "A bust of Sobrero, the inventor, surmounts a rugged pile of rocks. At one side and below the bust is a figure of Hercules personifying the explosive, braced as if exerting his superhuman strength to break apart the rocks with one mighty move."

THE taxpayers of Virginia are jubilant over the decision of the United States Supreme Court that West Virginia must pay \$12,394,000 as its share of Virginia's antebellum indebtedness. More than \$8,000,000 of this sum represents interest that has accumulated while West Virginia has been delaying the payment of the principal. Thirty years ago West Virginia could probably have settled the matter by paying \$1,000,000.

A New Offer on "Stories Worth Rereading"

THE INSTRUCTOR is pleased to be able to announce that it has arranged for that much-desired book, "Stories Worth Rereading," to be furnished with all INSTRUCTOR clubs for fifty cents extra on each book ordered. The number of books that may be secured with any club may range from one to the number of papers included in the club, but cannot exceed that number.

Through this arrangement it will be possible for our Sabbath schools to secure as many books with their INSTRUCTOR clubs as they have papers, and each book will cost only fifty cents in addition to the club price of the paper. The offer applies on any club, no matter how small or how large or for how long the club is to be taken. We hope all our boys and girls will now be able to secure a copy of this inspiring book.

Knowing the value of good stories, and recognizing the perplexity and often the impossibility of securing suitable stories for children in some places, the INSTRUCTOR has spent much time and money in selecting and printing in book form a book of the very best stories. This book, though a regular one-dollar volume, will be furnished with a full year's single subscription for the INSTRUCTOR—the book and the INSTRUCTOR one year—for \$1.75. Besides, the book will be furnished with the clubs according to the offer made above.

While every one likes a good story, nothing appeals to children more than a story. In fact, the great principles of life are best applied, most indelibly impressed upon the mind, and perfectly knit into the character, when taught through the narration of human associations—parables, stories.

The Saviour recognized this tendency in the human mind and adapted his teaching to it, for he taught principally by parables and stories. The Bible is full of this kind of teaching. Teaching through stories is, therefore, one method of instruction having divine approval; yet Satan, knowing also the value of the story method of teaching, has filled the earth with his class of stories. But he has not yet smothered the power of true principles illustrated by good, clean, inspiring stories. He has, however, led some conscientious people to believe that all stories are not only poor reading, but positively injurious. These good people condemn an approved method, rather than discriminate between *good* and *bad* stories. There are only good stories in our premium book, "Stories Worth Rereading." It is worth a great deal more than it costs. Let all our INSTRUCTOR readers arrange to secure it.

Worth Remembering

THOSE who are most ready to give others a piece of their mind are usually least able to spare it.—*Youth's Companion*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 17, 1915

No. 33

The Gateway of the Kingdom

The gateway of the kingdom,
It bendeth very low,
Within the reach of every place
Where common people go.
'Tis grand, but grandly simple.
'Tis great, yet very small,
Though wide enough that ever
There's passageway for all.

The gateway of the kingdom
Is not of common gold.
Its pearl is far more precious
Than earthly realm can hold.
It has no rusty hinges.
No marble steps are piled.
The gateway of the kingdom
Is the spirit of a child.

— Sunday School Times.

Glimpses of Burma—No. 1

The Tongue

R. B. THURBER



PROMINENT factor in the pronunciation of Burmese is betel nut juice, for many of the sounds seem to be modified to suit a mouthful of *kun*, the national chew. The language in writing looks like soap bubbles and horseshoes playing leapfrog. It is read from top to bottom and from left to right of the page, as in English; but in handwriting the Burman always starts each letter at the bottom or the right. The sound of the spoken language does not roll off the tongue as smoothly as its written representation seems to roll across the page. It does not strike the ear as mellifluously as does the Hindustani.

Technically there is a great lack of euphony, but the speaker improves this by corrupting certain sounds and filling in awkward spaces with meaningless words. Monosyllables are the rule, and exceptions to this are compounds. The alphabet consists of thirty-two letters, each with a sound of its own; but certain appendages are added to all letters, which multiply the sounds into the hundreds. With a few exceptions the sounds are similar to those in English, the tendency being to have no vowel sounds at the beginning of a word nor consonant sounds at the end. Many English words end in *ng*, and many Burmese words begin with this combination. Foreigners generally find it difficult to say *nga* (fish). To be exact, words do end in consonant sounds, but only half of their full value in English is pronounced in Burmese. For instance, when we say *bit*, at the last expulsion of breath we let the tongue drop from the roof of the mouth and the air is expelled through nearly closed teeth; but the Burman says it without dropping the tongue or expelling the breath. Try saying it as he does.

As to degree of difficulty in mastering the language, Burmese is second only to Chinese. Compared to the number who try, few foreigners learn Burmese well; and the same can be said of Burmans learning English. One absorbs Hindustani almost without effort, for it catches the Western ear, perhaps because of its relation to the Arian tongues. But Burmese "goes

in one ear and out the other" without an accident.

There is no common greeting word in the language. The native of India says "Salaam," which means "Peace be with you." But "Salaam" does duty for, "I'm quite well," "Good morning," "Thank you," "Bon voyage," "Good-by," "Come again," "Welcome," "You are right," "My respects to you," "Good afternoon," "Good evening," and "Good night." The Burman contents himself with a smile in passing,

an "Are you well?" when he comes, and an "I will go" when he goes. There is much to be learned about the expression of the ideas of a people by the way they word their proverbs.

မိတ္ထီလာမြို့လက်မှုစာအုပ်တိုက်နှင့်စာသင်ကျောင်း၏ပဉ္စမနှစ်အတွက်စာပေပညာ
နေ့ရက်၊ ၁၉၁၅ ခု၊ ဇွန်လ ၁ ရက်။
ဤကျောင်းနှင့်အတတ်ကိုင်း၊ လက်မှုစာအုပ်တိုက်ကိုင်းသူငယ်ယောက်ျားက
လေးတို့သည်တဖြိုင်နက်သင်ကြားနိုင်သည်။

LINES FROM THE MEIKTILA SCHOOL CALENDAR

Truth is the same the world round, but the similes with which it is expressed often differ. Here are some Burmese proverbs with the corresponding English ones:—

In a forest of pith the castor-oil plant is king.
Among the blind the one-eyed man is king.

It is only where there is an elevation that a shadow is cast. There is no smoke without some fire.

Should the front part of the house be hot, the back part will be uncomfortable. When chief persons disagree, there is unhappiness in all.

Playing a lute near a buffalo. Casting pearls before swine.

When two buffaloes fight, the grass between them cannot prevent it. On two horns of a dilemma.

Day does not dawn because the hen crows. This is said to an interfering, officious woman.

You can't straighten a dog's tail by threading it through a tube. You can't reform a scoundrel.

Though the dog flea may jump, he raises no dust. This is said to little people who try to injure big ones.

Though the hen may cackle all day, she lays but one egg. What will be will be.

Teaching the king of the crocodiles the water business. Carrying coals to Newcastle.

Every bird is as beautiful as the vulture. As good fish are in the sea as ever came out of it.

Iron destroys and rusts itself. Man his own enemy.

In the following rhyme I have put a few of the idioms which are peculiar to the Burmese language:—

A "little man" is Burmese term for *boy*;
His "stomach's pleasant" when he's *full of joy*;
His "life's no good" when he is *pained or sick*;
He says "quick, quick," when we'd say *very quick*.

Our *chairs* to him are simply "foreign seats";
He "finds" the man with whom by chance he *meets*;
When he is *angry*, then his "heart is bad";
His "stomach's little" when he's *very sad*.

He has "arrived" when he has *seen* a place;
For *Never mind*, he says, "There is no case."
A "devil killer" is a *gun* that shoots;
He "drinks his cigarette" and "rides his boots."

When *moneyless*, he "has not brought his pice";
He says "too nice" when he means *very nice*;
"Talk words" is just his way to entertain;
A "fire carriage" designates a *train*.

The Unseen

It was over in the Old World, and it was not so very far from the spot where now the Allies, with terrible loss of human life, are trying to force the passage of the Dardanelles. It was at Dothan, in the land of the Israelites, that wonderful land of the Jordan, consecrated by the footsteps of the patriarchs of the race, and of the prophets of the true God, and of his Son, who was born and lived and wrought his miracles here, and ascended from it in a cloud to his Father's throne. Many supernatural things have happened in that land, more than in any other land on the face of the globe. God chose it for the heritage of his people, and he looked down upon it with favor and divine leading, and wrought for them as no earthly king ever did or could.

At this time the Syrians had come up against the king of Israel. They had pitched their camp and laid their plans carefully, and felt confident of success, but in some occult way which they could not understand, they found themselves frustrated again and again. Puzzled and exasperated, the Syrian king cast about for some clew to the mystery. He concluded finally that some of his own household must be false to him; and calling his servants about him, he questioned them concerning the affair.

"Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel?" he said.

One of the servants replied, "None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber."

Even from the king's own bedchamber his most secret words were caught and flung abroad. He could not hide from God.

"Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him," the king replied.

Elisha, like the other prophets, was always getting into trouble. Irrespective of the wishes of earthly potentates, he followed the commands of the King of heaven, and the two do not accord.

"Behold, he is in Dothan." The words rang out like a death knell.

Night fell down over the land that was the garden of the world. Beasts of burden were led to their stalls, fowls sought their perches, tired laborers went to bed, and little children murmured their evening prayers, but in the camp of the Syrians there was the hum of an awakening rather than the quiet of slumber. Stealthily they marshaled their forces, and all night long through dewy country roads and fields filed noise-

less streams of men, and horses, and chariots, strange and awesome phantoms of the darkness.

When morning dawned at Dothan, the servant of Elisha, as did the birds, rose early, and wandered forth on some errand bent. With delight he drew in the fresh, bright air that struck luxuriously against his face, and likely to his lips arose a bar or two of some psalm he had heard his master conning, but—what was this?

To his astonishment, and dismay as well, he perceived that the city was encompassed by a great host. It was the Syrian army, and he knew too well what it meant. With terror he sped back to Elisha, and informed him of the circumstance. "Alas, my master! How shall we do?"

Elisha was undisturbed. Terror does not strike to the hearts of the soldiers of the King of heaven at any earthly array. Their Lord has conquered the principalities and powers of darkness, and placed within their breasts the weapons to do the same. If they are not sufficient, he will guard them. At the importunity of his servant, Elisha walked out to the mountain side where he could overlook the Syrian army. Peace and calm trust were on his countenance; and as he looked, holy awe shone through it like a light. "Fear not," he answered, "for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

And then he looked toward heaven, and asked that the eyes of the young man might be opened. The prayer was answered, and the servant saw that "the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Far and wide, and superhuman in power, they gleamed on the mountain side like flaming gold. The unseen was greater than the seen.

This is only one of the many, many things that happened long ago beyond the Dardanelles; but it is a fact today and has always been a fact that the *unseen is greater than the seen*. The unseen is what will endure and become ultimately visible and tangible; the seen must pass away. The forces that unite us with the invisible, that succor and uphold, are with us daily. Angels walk beside us, and meet with us in our assemblies. They note our truth or our falsity, and chronicle our most secret words. They camp about us in times of danger, and strengthen us to meet the most fiery trials.

Those who, with murder in their hearts, accused Stephen, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." The unseen was with him, and he "looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." That heaven is not imaginary. The center of the vast unknown, that unknown to which since the beginning of time lonely and hungry hearts have been crying out blindly, is there. Between it and our little sphere messengers are constantly coming and going. In it, mansions are preparing for those who have loved right doing more than wrongdoing, even unto death. Those mansions are just as real as if we could reach out and touch them. The unseen is greater than the seen, and will endure forever.

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.

FOR us the fields are new,
For us the woods are rife
With fairy secrets, deep and true,
And heaven is but a tent of blue
Above the game of life.

—Henry van Dyke.

The Great War—No. 2

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

Lucifer in Heaven

LUCIFER dwelt in the courts of the King of the universe. Created by the Maker of all creatures, he was one of the most glorious and beautiful beings among the angelic hosts, and was honored and loved as a leader of great multitudes of the angels of God. He was exalted by his Maker to a position of great prominence and influence. Because of this, when he fell he found it easier to lead many of the angels astray.

God did not create the devil; that is, he did not make a devil. He created a beautiful and holy angel, and designed and made it possible for him so to continue. But it is possible for such a being to sin. God made man at first "upright" (Gen. 1:27; Eccl. 7:29), but now not only his nature but also the "imagination of the thoughts of his heart" is "only evil continually." Gen. 6:5; 8:21; Ps. 53:1-3.

Thus, too, the angels, that higher order of created intelligences than man (Ps. 8:4, 5), were created in a pure and sinless condition. But they did not all retain this condition; for we are told that certain of the angels "kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation." Jude 6. They had all at one time been among "the elect angels" (1 Tim. 5:21), but now the Bible divides the angels into two classes, "the elect" and those that "left their own habitation." Of these last, Peter says that "God spared not the angels that sinned." 2 Peter 2:4.

From these scriptures we have secured three important facts concerning the history of the great rebellion against King Jehovah: First, certain angels who were pure and holy fell into sin; second, these fallen angels by this apostasy lost their standing with King Jehovah; third, that in addition to this they came under Jehovah's heavy displeasure, for he "delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." 2 Peter 2:4.

In none of these cases did Jehovah compel his creatures to sin. He did not create sinners. He did not create sin. He created pure and holy beings, and they yielded themselves as servants to sin.

The Abode of the Truth

That Lucifer's first home was in heaven is taught very plainly in the Scriptures. This can be gathered from the words of Christ, "Your father the devil . . . abode not in the truth." John 8:44. Thus there was a time when he was in the truth, and in the abode of truth. Where this abode of truth is will be seen from the further words of Christ, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Luke 10:18.

The animating spirit in ancient Babylon, as also in modern Babylon, as we shall see farther along in this story, was and is that of the father of all evil, the

devil, and this being is addressed by the title of "king of Babylon" in the book of Isaiah, and his origin is spoken of as follows: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!" Isa. 14:12. Thus we see it is plain that Lucifer once dwelt in heaven.

The original home of Satan is also spoken of in the New Testament in the following words: "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan." Rev. 12:7-9. It is evident from this passage that

the "place" of the devil was once "in heaven," but that the time came when it was no longer there, for he was driven out.

Lucifer a Great Prince

Lucifer was one of the great princes in the kingdom of heaven, holding a position under Jehovah, the Creator, which made him leader of a great host of the angels. He was a bright, glorious being, the marginal reading in Isa. 14:12 for Lucifer being "day-star." Under the title of the "king of Tyre" a description is given of Lucifer in Ezekiel. Here Jehovah addresses

him, saying, "Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty." Eze. 28:12. Lucifer was one of the wisest and most beautiful of all creatures.

Concerning the splendor and glory conferred upon him by the Creator, we have the record; "Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold." Eze. 28:13. He was resplendent, therefore, not only in the beauty of his person, but also in the beauty and glory by which he was covered and surrounded in the exalted position which he held by the gift of his Maker.

Leader of Angelic Choir

He was probably one of the leaders, if not the leader, of the great angelic choir of heaven, for he was a talented singer. The record is: "The workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created." Eze. 28:13.

Lucifer was a being clothed with purity and holiness. "Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created," declares the Sacred Record.

Concerning the exalted station in which he was placed by his King, we are not left in darkness. "Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." Eze. 28:14.



From Bible Readings

LUCIFER FALLING FROM HEAVEN

Jehovah dwells in heaven, "sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up," in the great heavenly temple. Isa. 6: 1. He is surrounded by "an innumerable company of angels" (Heb. 12: 22), "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" (Rev. 5: 11). When he gave instruction to Moses to build a dwelling place for him upon earth (Ex. 25: 8), he had everything in the earthly tabernacle made "after their pattern" which was shown to Moses "in the mount" (verse 40). That is, Moses was given a glimpse of the heavenly temple in which God dwells, and was instructed to take it as a model for the building of the earthly tabernacle.

The Throne of Jehovah

In this earthly tabernacle there was a miniature representation of the throne of Jehovah in the heavens, fashioned, according to the instruction of God, after the pattern of the true throne of God in heaven, which Moses was shown in the mount. This one upon the earth was called "the ark." A description of how this ark was made is given in Ex. 25: 10-22. It was a hollow chest, overlaid with gold, and having a cover made of solid gold, which was called the mercy seat.

On each end of this mercy seat, and wrought of the same piece of gold with it, were the figures of two angels, or cherubs. "And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy seat shall be the faces of the cherubims be.

... And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony." Ex. 25: 20-22.

This, as has been said, was a miniature representation of the throne of the Most High in the heavens. Of his throne in the heavens, he says, "The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubims; let the earth be moved." Ps. 99: 1.

Recalling the expression in Ezekiel, "Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth," and keeping this explanation of the throne of God in mind, we can understand better the exalted position which Lucifer occupied in the court of the King of kings. He was one of the most exalted beings there, next to God himself and his Son, and wielded power which was lesser in degree only to that of God and Prince Immanuel. A great host of angels, perhaps one third, looked to him for leadership. His influence was wide, his power was great, honored as he was by the One whom all created intelligences delighted to honor and serve and obey.

Peace Throughout the Kingdom

What a peaceful and beautiful scene it all presents, the government and dominion of the God of heaven, King Jehovah, whose kingdom ruleth over all! Throughout all its boundless domain there was nothing to mar or make afraid. In peace and contentment, and in absolute purity, dwelt the creatures who had been brought into existence by the creative power of God. Sin had not laid its blighting hand on any part of this

wide-spreading dominion. Disease and sickness were unknown. Pain and sorrow and death had never been felt by any of the inhabitants of that great kingdom. Love for God and for one another reigned supreme in every heart, and unutterable joy filled every breast, as they joined in worship of their Maker. Winged their way out into the vastness of unmeasured space, they were privileged as they pleased to visit the inhabitants of other worlds. And on every returning Sabbath day they gathered for worship in the city of the great King, bowing their heads in reverent adoration of their benign Father and his Son, as they united their magnificent voices in far-sounding praise under the leadership of the majestic Lucifer. Privileged to eat of the fruit of the tree of life and drink of the water of the river of life, they were without fear of death, and looked forward to a never-ending existence. No thought of sin or death marred their happiness. Their hearts were filled with joy and unutterable peace as they basked in the smiles of their loving and all-powerful Father.

Such was the abode of Lucifer before sin entered his heart and took possession of his life.



THE ARK WITH THE CHERUBIM

Keeping Step With God

As a man walked along the street of a large city, he heard the great clock in the city hall tower toll out the hour of the right in deep, ponderous tones that were heard all over the city. Then he pulled his watch from his pocket and found that it marked the same hour that had just been announced by the great clock

in the city hall tower. He was interested to see that the little watch, so small that he could easily carry it in his vest pocket, was keeping time exactly with the great time-marking machine in the clock tower. Then he looked up to the sky, covered over with bright stars, and remembered that both the great clock and his little watch were keeping time with God's great starry universe. He was strangely stirred by such thoughts. Then there came also into his mind another great thought, that it was possible for his heart to move in harmony with God's great thoughts concerning him and the duties which the Lord was marking out for him.

That is what makes life worth living. How very little the best of our lives could count for, if they were lived without God, without his eye to guide us, without his hand to direct and uphold us, to shield us from danger and to help us do the things God chooses for us. That is the way to keep step with God; that is the way to live a life that is worth while.—*The Youth's Evangelist*.

"Most sweet are the flowers of friendship
That blossom our whole lives through;
And ne'er forget, though you wander far,
That they grow in my heart for you."

THE thoughts which are hidden are the most precious. The shells which the sea rolls out on the shore are not its best. The pearls have to be dived for.—*Norwood*.



For a Warning

I CAN tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago,
And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so;
For, though things that lately happened slip my mind, and
fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving — so he wrote us in the fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favorite of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I couldn't always
tell
When my pie crust would be flaky, or the poultry roasted
well;
So I felt a little worried — if the truth must be confessed —
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our household
guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving, Ezra rode one day to town,
As I needed things for cooking — flour, and sugar, white and
brown;
And I worked like any beaver all the time he was away,
Making mince and stewing apple for the coming holiday.
I was hot, and tired, and nervous when he galloped home at
night:
All that day my work had plagued me — nothing seemed to
go just right.

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," said he. "It's the best there is
in town.
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought enough of brown."
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the tears began to fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thought he ought to
know;
But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speak-
ing so.
Not a word he said in answer, but he started for the door,
And in less than half a minute galloped down the road once
more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and
shame;

He was good and kind and patient; I was all the one to
blame.
And the hours wore on till midnight, and my heart seemed
turned to stone
As I listened for his coming while I sat there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbor. "Ezra has been hurt,"
he said;
"Found beside the road unconscious; taken up at first for
dead."
Just behind him came four others, with a burden slowly
brought.
As I stood and dumbly watched them, you can guess of all I
thought.

Oh, the days and nights that followed! Ezra lived and that
was all,
And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst that might
befall.
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases now and then
Dropped from fevered lips, and told me what his painful
thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job came early, shocked
to meet
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to
greet.
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed and shadowed
room
Where we waited for the twilight darkening down to deeper
gloom;
For the doctor said that morning, "There is nothing more
to do;
If he lives till after sunset, I, perhaps, can pull him through."

Just as five o'clock was striking, Ezra woke and faintly
stirred;
"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the words I faintly
heard.
How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt to hear him speak,
Or to see his look of wonder when I bent to kiss his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story, — Ezra's coming up the
walk, —
But I've had a purpose in it: 'twasn't just for idle talk.
Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel
up with Gray?
It may save a world of trouble, and it's near Thanksgiving
Day.

— C. B. LeRow, in "Pieces for Every Occasion."

God's Readiness to Hear and Answer Prayer



AT the San Francisco Exposition there's a woman and her husband who give daily exhibitions of what they term mental telepathy. The woman, taking her place on the rostrum, is blindfolded. The husband then asks the audience to ask written questions of his wife. The people respond freely, and each one writes any question desired upon a card and passes it to the husband; and if it is a woman, Madame Ellis will say, "The lady asks me so and so," giving the question as it appears on the card. She will then answer it. She can tell instantly whose name or what number or question is on any card handed to her husband, though he is in the rear of the room. She can tell who is in the room, or what article is passed to her husband by any one in the audience. There's no chance for trickery, and her power to reveal the hidden is acknowledged by observers to be superhuman. In fact, the man giving the exhibition frankly admits that these remarkable feats of his wife are due to clairvoyancy. The Lord, of course, does not exhibit his power for money and for the pleasure of the curious crowd; so the source of the wonderful skill in deciphering the unknown must be of questionable origin. Notwithstanding this fact, the exhibition shows that nothing is hidden even from the enemy of all good, and that neither time nor visible means of communication is needed for the transmission of his messages. If the enemy of righteousness possesses this wonderful power, what must be the fullness of God's power? Surely he

knows us each by name, he knows our every thought, he sees our every act, and neither time nor distance is known to him. Then when we pray, he hears and knows who it is; he listens, and if we ask according to his will, he can answer at once, whatever the request.

Do we not fail to sense the reality of God's power, and the ease with which he can do things? His willingness to minister to our needs is not surpassed by his power. He has promised both to hear and to answer our petitions. When "William, Prince of Orange, handed a chosen man a written pledge for a high position in his kingdom if the man would support him, the man declined it, saying, 'Your Majesty's word is sufficient.' The word of our King is worthy of our fullest confidence, and we can rely upon its complete fulfillment. Upon the day when God fails to keep his word the universe will fall to pieces."

The following instances of answered prayer are but examples of daily happenings in every part of the earth. A missionary who had walked all the way from Natal to the Zambesi River found himself, on reaching his destination, without soles to his boots. The uppers were good, but the soles were completely worn out; so he asked the Lord to send him a new pair. But as usual, Satan was on hand to suggest to him that he was foolish to make such a request, since there were no shoes this side of Natal, a distance of fifteen hundred miles; and that it would require four months for the carrier to go down, and five to return. Still the minister expected the boots, and he got them. He says:

"Three days after I asked the Lord to send me boots, a native brought me a package wrapped in American cloth, saying it was a present from his chief. *It was a pair of American boots.* 'Ah,' said Satan, 'they're not your size.' I tried them on. They were the very size I needed. Three years before an Arab trader had brought them as a present to the chief, who refused to put 'his feet into things like that.'"

Miss Agnes Edmonds, a missionary in West China, relates another incident, showing how quickly the Lord can call upon his resources for answering our petitions:—

"One raw day in midwinter a little orphan girl was brought by her aunt to the William Gamble Memorial Hospital, in Chung-king, West China. She was badly crippled, emaciated from ill treatment and lack of good food, unloved and uncared for.

"After a few weeks in the hospital she was transformed into a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, active child, loved for her sunny face and bright ways, by all who knew her.

"The aunt was delighted with the change, for now she would bring a good price as a slave; and before the doctor was aware, the contract was practically closed, and the beautiful child was being consigned to a life of shame and misery.

"When the doctor was informed of the transaction by a nurse who had overheard a part of the bargain, she called the native nurses together (splendid Christians girls they are) and said: 'Girls, we must save little Whang Mai. The law of China is against us, but we have access to a throne that is higher than the throne of China. Today our task is to save that child.'

"Hours of prayer, united and when at work—for our girls have learned to work and pray at the same time—ended in sending for the aunt. The previous day she had been hard and unyielding, but now she was perceptibly softened. Carefully and prayerfully the matter of educating the little girl in the mission school was presented to her. After considerable hesitation she consented, and signed the contract, and the little girl was free.

"She, realizing what she had escaped, flew to the doctor's arms, and, with her cheek pressed close against that of the doctor, exclaimed again and again, 'I'm so glad! I'm so glad!'

"Money for her support was nowhere in sight, but again prayer was made for that emergency, and in a very short time a letter came, saying, 'I want to support a little girl in school; have you one for me?'

"She is now one of our brightest, best girls in the Cheng-tu boarding school, saved from a life of degradation and shame because our God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God."

Another who believed "in making all her wants known to God was thanking the donor of her fountain pen, saying, 'I had asked God for this pen, for I needed it badly.'

"The young man seemed amused, and said, 'I'm glad if I have been the Lord's agent in this case; but do you always pray about such little things?'

"O, yes," answered the worker; and then followed an earnest conversation about the 'mysteries' of the kingdom.

"Later, when the gentleman took the worker to the station and helped her on the train with her heavy baggage, he said, 'How will you manage to get off, with these heavy bags?' The worker smiled, and said, 'I shall have to ask my Father about that.'

"She went her way. When the time came for leaving the train, she looked about, but no one seemed available. She lifted the heavy bags from the seat, and a gentleman behind her said, politely, 'May I help you with your baggage?'

"Gratefully she resigned it to his care, expecting it to be deposited in the station; but the stranger offered to carry it to the car. Safely settled there, she breathed her thankfulness to God. But how should she manage when she left the car and had to walk two blocks? That, also, was committed to him.

"At the corner, where she landed with the help of the conductor, she was cheerfully greeted by a young theological student, who carried her baggage to her destination.

"She could not resist telling him how she had asked for just such help. Like the other man, he seemed amused, and said, 'Do you believe God gives attention to all the little details of life?'

"I certainly do," she answered firmly, 'and I have abundant reason to know that he does.'

"I never thought of it that way," he replied, soberly.

"Years went by. The worker returned from the foreign field, and at conference she met the young preacher. He greeted her eagerly, saying, 'I have an apology to make to you. Do you remember when I carried your bags up the hill from the car, and you told me about praying for all the little things, and I felt like ridiculing the idea? Well, I have been sorry ever since. I couldn't get that out of my mind, and I have had a wonderful experience since then. Now I understand what you meant, and I take everything to God. The result is that I am going out to the foreign field, if they will send me.'

"The first young man, also deeply moved by the faith of the worker, changed his entire plan of life and entered God's service as a Young Men's Christian Association secretary."

What a wonder it is that we pray so little, when Heaven's boundless resources may become ours for the asking.

No "Regular" Work!

A FRIEND of Mrs. John A. Staunton, wife of a missionary in the Philippine Islands, says of her: "She hasn't any regular work in the mission—none at all, except teaching the girls how to sew and make lace, the boys how to cook, do the housework, and garden; the treatment of all the sick people and animals in an enormous mission; the keeping of her own house with skill and energy on a remote mountain top; the entertainment of all expected and unexpected guests in a place where hospitality is enjoyed by scores; to be the general adviser in the councils of natives and whites alike, and to adopt and care for the needy orphans.

"Being thus free from care, she is always ready to volunteer for trips over the trails, sometimes occupying five or ten days, to relieve suffering and to carry the message. For days she may not see a white man; she will eat and sleep in native houses; sometimes wade rivers when the bridges are gone, and again collect natives to repair breaks in the roads. This is a part of the fun that she gets out of being a missionary's wife."
—*The Living Church.*

"God does not want our hearts to be full of love and our heads full of foolishness. The love with which we are to be filled is to abound more and more in knowledge."



Robin Redbreast

COULD you, upon demand, with your eyes closed, recall to mind, and describe accurately enough for identification purposes, robin redbreast, the cheerful companion of everybody, everywhere?



Put to the test at a dinner recently, not one of the diners could depict Mr. Redbreast in a way to

set him apart from his bird fellows. And yet robin is the most common and familiar of our birds, recommended by ornithologists as a convenient size for comparison with other natives of birddom. His clear song is held up to the beginner in bird study as a standard of comparison by which the student may learn to distinguish the songs of other species.

If you have any sentiment left in your soul, at the mention of his magic name you will fly away with robin redbreast to the land of your lost youth, where old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers bloom in the dooryard; and on the limb of the old apple tree, close by the open window, you will hear him persistently calling again and again,—far too early in the morning,—“Cheerily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup.”

Is he not worth saving for his beauty and good cheer, alone?

Besides being a general good fellow, Robin is a most useful and industrious citizen. Mrs. Robin demands very fine grasses with which to line her cozy nest; and when the baby Robins arrive, they have such enormous appetites it keeps both Mr. and Mrs. Robin on the jump to supply their steady demand for fresh earthworms.

The robins include in their daily menu, white grubs, beetles, cutworms, grasshoppers, crickets, moths, ants, wasps, caterpillars, larvæ of the gypsy moth, the brown-tailed moth, the forest-tent moth, cankerworms, leaf-eating and wood-boring beetles, wireworms, and army worms. It has been noted that when robins are scarce, the army worm advances; and on the coming of numbers of robins, the worm disappears.

Most laborers ask more than board and lodging for their toil. For all his useful services (for which robin asks only food and shelter, and finds these for himself) some selfish and ungrateful folk begrudge the faithful little worker the bit of fruit he gathers now and then for himself and family. Uncle Sam is authority for the statement that the industrious American robins really prefer wild fruit, and advises the man who wants his orchard free from insects, to allow a few trees for the birds, or plant some wild mulberries for these profitable tenants of field and orchard. The Russian mulberries, which ripen at the same time as cherries, are preferred by the robins to cultivated fruit.

“What barbarous waste and cruelty,” we cry, when

we read that the Roman emperor Domitian spent \$25,000 for a single dish made of the tongues of rare singing birds. Yet in this era of boasted culture and civilization there are those among us who take unfledged robins from their nests and fry them for food. In some places in the South, natives have been known to kill as many as one hundred of the migrating robins. In two States at present self-interested persons are trying to have the protective migratory law declared unconstitutional, and in some States the State law protecting robins is in danger of repeal.

That's why, if you will listen closely for it, you will notice that the song of robin redbreast has a note of sadness in it this spring. His plaintive notes appeal to you to help save what are left of his folk before it is too late.

You can do this by signing the following pledge, written after robin's own heart, and sending it to the Liberty Bell Bird Club, *Farm Journal*, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when you will receive, without cost, the badge button of a large band who are working for bird protection:—

“I desire to become a member of the Liberty Bell Bird Club, and promise to study and protect all song and insectivorous birds, and do what I can for the club.”

The Teasel

THE teasel is a large, coarse plant with flowering stalks, rising from a rosette of large prickly leaves, often to a man's height. It blooms in midsummer, and vies with the thistle, which it somewhat resembles, in attracting bees.



THE TEASEL

It is looked upon with disfavor by cattle because of its prickly leaves, and therefore stands very little chance of being destroyed by browsing animals. The bobolink swings joyously upon its stiff elastic stems, and the bumblebee plays upon its purple head the game of “give and take.”

Some summer afternoon when out among the birds and butterflies, you may come upon a thriving colony of teasel. Examine the plant closely. See how the leaves are

fastened to the stem, forming a sort of cup where the two opposite leaves unite. In this cup you may find water and a few drowned insects. Notice very closely the heads of this plant. Each head is made up of many flowers. Do the light purple or lilac petals cover its whole surface? Are all the heads alike? Sometimes you will find a head with a narrow band of flowers around the middle. Another may have

two bands of flowers, with a bare zone in the center. The little bare head is the youngest, the flowers having not yet appeared. The big one in the center of the branch is the oldest, having lost all its petals except a few at the top and a few at the base. The first blooms will be found in the center of the head. As these wither and fall, those immediately above and below mature, making the parallel bands of bloom. This continues until every flower has done its part, and the teasel head stands stiff and bare and full of seeds. In winter the black teasel heads are conspicuous against the snow. They are often gathered for winter bouquets, and make fine "studies" for drawing classes at the time of year when materials from nature are hard to find.

MARY BARRETT.

The Tree

THE tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown.
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
 "No, let them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"
 Prayed the Tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore its blossoms, and all the birds sung.
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as it swung.
 "No, let them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"
 Said the Tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The Tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow.
 Said the girl, "May I gather thy sweet berries now?"
 "Yes, all thou canst see.
 Take them; all are for thee,"
 Said the Tree, while it bent down its laden boughs low.
 —"Nature in Verse."

Faithful Horses

A DRIVER in the Royal Field Artillery, while in a hospital in England, told the following simple and affecting story of his horses:—

"I had driven them for three years. I could talk to them just as I am talking to you. There was not a word I said that they didn't understand. Early in the retreat from Mons, a shell crashed right into the midst of the section with which I was moving. A driver in front of me was blown to bits. My gun was wrecked. I was ordered to help with another. As I mounted the fresh horse to continue the retreat, I saw my two horses struggling and kicking on the ground to free themselves. I could not go back to them. I tell you it hurt me. Suddenly a French chasseur dashed up to them, cut the traces, and set them free. I was a good way ahead by that time; but I kept looking back at them, and I could tell that they saw me as soon as they were on their feet.

"Those horses followed me for four days. We stopped for hardly five minutes, and I could not get back to them. There was no work for them, but they kept their place in the line like trained soldiers. They were following me to the very end, and the thought occurred a thousand times, 'What do they think of me upon another horse?' Whenever I looked for them, they were in the line, watching me so anxiously and sorrowfully as to make me feel guilty of deserting them. Whenever the word Halt! ran down the column, I held up my hand to them. They saw it every time and stopped instantly.

"Whether they got anything to eat I do not know. I wonder if they dropped out from sheer exhaustion. I hope it was not that. At any rate, one morning when the retreat was all but over, I missed them. I suppose I shall never see them again. That's the sort of thing that hurts a soldier in war." — *Selected.*

Their Greatest Blunder

IN the Crerar Library, Chicago, there is a record written by five hundred men who told of the greatest blunder they had made.

The following is what some of them wrote:—

"Reading worthless books."

"Did not stick to my trade."

"Did not stick to anything."

"Did not take care of money."

"Beating some one out of money."

"Careless about my religious duties."

"When I left my church and mother."

"Not saving money when I was young."

"Refused a steady position with a good firm."

"The greatest blunder of my life was gambling."

"Wasted away my time when I was at school."

"Thinking that my boss could not do without me."

"Would not hearken to the advice of older people."

"Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work."

"When I left school before I was past the fourth grade."

"My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke."

"The greatest blunder of my life was not accepting Christ, and thereby avoiding many sorrows caused by serving Satan."—*The Youth's Evangelist.*

A Frame for Drying Films

No doubt many amateur photographers are troubled about drying films, and to keep them from curling. The problem may be solved in the following way: Make a rectangular frame out of pine wood, one-fourth by one-half inches. It is made a little wider and a little shorter than the film to be dried. This will allow the end of the film to be turned over at each end of the frame and fastened with push pins. Do not stretch the film when putting it on the frame, as it shrinks in drying. The film will dry quicker and will be flat when dried by using this frame.—*Elmer H. Flehr.*

THE red leaf beetle, an insect never before regarded as very destructive, has become a dangerous pest in many large sections of Pennsylvania, where it has appeared in vast numbers this summer. It is described as a dark-red beetle, less than a quarter of an inch long, and marked with fine punctures. It attacks the underside of leaves, and seems to prefer fruit trees, though it often destroys garden plants. Spraying with an ounce of arsenate of lead in a gallon of water is the best method known for fighting it. Trees so treated before the insects came are said to be immune.

PYORRHEA is a disease of the teeth which gives a heavy sweetish odor to the breath. The pus that gathers in the sockets causes the teeth to loosen. Only last year it was discovered that the disease is caused by an animal germ, the ameba *buccalis*, a first cousin to the germ that causes tropical dysentery. Emetine is now being used by dentists as a remedy.

ON June 29, at Grand Junction, Colorado, the High-Line Canal, seventy miles long, was opened. It will irrigate more than fifty thousand acres of government land. The canal has cost about \$3,000,000.



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."



The Little Messenger of Love

'Twas a little sermon preached to me
By a sweet, unconscious child,—
A baby girl, scarce four years old,
With blue eyes soft and mild.
It happened on a rainy day;
I, seated in a car,
Was thinking, as I neared my home,
Of the continual jar
And discord that pervade the air
Of busy city life,
Each caring but for "number one,"
Self-gain provoking strife.
The gloomy weather seemed to cast
On every face a shade;
But on one countenance were lines
By sorrow deeply laid.
With low-bowed head and hands clasped close,
She sat, so poor and old,
Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance
From eyes unkind and cold.
I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed
The sight that met my eyes!
Sitting upon her mother's lap,
With baby face so wise,
Was a wee child with sunny curls,
Blue eyes, and dimpled chin,
And a young, pure, loving heart
Unstained as yet by sin.
Upon the woman poor and sad

Her eyes in wonder fell,
Till wonder changed to pitying love;
Her thoughts, oh, who could tell?
Her tiny hands four roses held;
She looked them o'er and o'er,
Then choosing out the largest one,
She struggled to the floor.
Across the swaying car she went
Straight to the woman's side,
And putting in the wrinkled hand
The rose, she ran to hide
Her little face in mother's lap,
Fearing she had done wrong,
Not knowing, baby as she was,
That she had helped along
The uphill road of life a soul
Cast down, discouraged quite,
As on the woman's face there broke
A flood of joyous light.
Dear little child! She was indeed
A messenger of love
Sent to that woman's lonely heart
From the great Heart above.
This world would be a different place
Were each to give to those
Whose hearts are sad as much of love
As went with baby's rose.

— "*Pieces for Every Occasion.*"

How Julie Gave Herself



THOUGHT it was going to be easy, but it isn't; it's hard and disappointing!" After this outburst Julie threw herself into the big chair and dashed two tears away with an angry stroke.

Aunt Millie lifted sympathetic eyes to the flushed face. "Tell me, dear," she invited.

"Oh, you'll be shocked and think I'm wicked, which I suppose I am, and that doesn't make me any happier, either! But I simply must talk it out with you before I go on my trip tomorrow. I can't wait six or eight weeks for you to come back, because my heart feels like bursting now with its weight of woe. Mother never would understand in this living world; she's such a saint herself, she doesn't recognize sinners when she sees them."

Aunt Millie smiled, and Julie flew to hug her. "Wasn't that awful?" she demanded. "As if you weren't a saint, too, who deserves a halo every blessed minute. But you know, auntie, you are a little more practical than mother, and you won't feel my badness so deep down in your heart, will you?"

"I don't expect to feel it at all, girlie. I expect you to overcome it with the dear Lord's help, whatever it is, and make of it a step on which to mount to something higher."

The girl dropped back with an impatient fling. "Now, Aunt Millie, that's exactly what I don't know

how to do. I have tried to be conscientious, but I've about made up my mind it's no use to struggle any longer. As I said before, I'm a failure."

The older woman laid aside her sewing to give earnest attention. Evidently the situation was more serious than she had thought.

"You see, it's my religion that disappoints me." Julie made her confession in a hushed voice, and her face reddened painfully. "I joined the church in good faith, and I thought I'd given myself to the Lord as Dr. Slavens said I should. I never really understood what that meant, but I thought I'd find out, so I waited. But it isn't any plainer than it was at first, or any easier. I've always gone to church and Sunday school. I can't see where religion makes anything different. I suppose I don't do it right."

"There is but one way to 'do it,' dear. Were you sincere in your wish to belong to the Lord, and willing to surrender all to him?" Aunt Millie's voice was solemn, but very tender.

"Oh, yes! At least I thought I was, auntie. I suppose it was because I didn't know how to give myself that it's been such a failure." Julie's face was downcast, but her aunt picked up her work and asked briskly, "How did your rehearsal go last night?"

The girl brightened. "Lovely," she responded. "We're getting on handsomely, and this recital is going to be the best we've ever given. Professor

Chambers says so himself, and you know, auntie, he never praises when he can do anything else."

"That's very encouraging," Aunt Millie nodded approvingly. "It must make you musicians happy to accomplish so much with so little effort."

Her niece stared with wide eyes. "How can you say that, auntie? We work almost all the time. I've practiced hours daily, and have given up almost every sort of good time this term. Not that I mind," she added hastily. "The music is worth it, and the knowledge I'm acquiring will be a joy to me after all the parties and festivities would have been forgotten."

"Why should you work so hard over your music, girlie? You don't expect to teach; your father is amply able to care for you. It seems too much for your parents to expect such constant drudgery."

"If anybody but you had said that, auntie, I'd scold." Even as it was, Julie's eyes were snapping. "I love music too well to trifle with it, and if you want to succeed you simply have to give yourself to it with all your heart. You don't call it drudgery when you love it."

"But, Julie dear, I understood you to say you didn't know how to give yourself; that you had tried, and failed to understand the way this was accomplished."

The girl caught her breath, then sat silent while the busy needle opposite hemmed its way across a wide towel. Then she asked subduedly, "Is it the same, auntie?"

"The very same, my child. 'Give yourself to it with all your heart.' You couldn't have described it better."

"But, auntie, I love music so."

"And not your Saviour?"

"Oh, I do, indeed I do! But somehow I feel so far away from him — as if I wasn't acquainted."

"Child, do you ever get acquainted by keeping your distance? Did you and Adele, whom you love so dearly, know each other intimately at first? Did your affection develop through silence and absence or through daily companionship?"

"The latter, of course, auntie."

"Then can't you draw the comparison? Let me tell you of two of my friends who went together lately to hear Paderewski play. One was overwhelmed with the marvel of his technique — the beauty and brilliancy of the effects it produced; the other thought Professor Chambers played better."

"Auntie, you can't mean that!" Julie's face was horrified.

"Yes, dear. The one critic had 'given herself' to the study of music and knew how to appreciate the wonder of the artist's work. The other had never 'got acquainted.' It shocks you to hear of such ignorance. Julie, there is a more important study than music, a greater Master to whom you may give yourself than Beethoven or Liszt. But it is done in the same way, my child."

The towel was finished and folded away and its mate well along toward completion before the silence was broken. The girl in the big chair fixed her eyes on the slender fingers at their work, but she did not see them. Her thoughts were busy elsewhere, and her aunt prayed that the puzzling problem might be solved. She sat up straight at last, "Aunt Millie, I see it. I was foolish not to know before. I just have to live it out, don't I?"

"Yes, dear. Just live it out. Show your love for your Saviour as you show your love for your music, by being willing to make sacrifices for it; by letting it

dominate your actions and pursuits. Take my word for it, Julie, it is never our Lord who is 'far away' from us. We are the wanderers from him, and the best way I know of to lessen the dreary distance is to give ourselves unreservedly to him."

"I see, auntie. It's no wonder I haven't been happy. Wasn't it Peter who followed him once 'afar off'?"

"Yes, dear, and many Peters since have done the same sad thing."

The girl rose suddenly to bestow on her aunt a tempestuous kiss. "I'm going home to begin," she said determinedly. "I've got a tiny glimpse of possibilities and needs. O Aunt Millie, I feel as if I'd lost a heavy burden since I came in here."

The aunt smiled lovingly up into the bright young face. "It won't be altogether easy, dear child," she warned her; "but it is worth the struggle, and there is always the 'armor of God,' for the use of soldiers of the cross."

"I'll remember, and thank you."

Two months later Aunt Millie, sitting again at her needlework, was interrupted in the same unceremonious fashion. Julie seldom wasted time on conventionalities. "I'm glad to get you back," she declared, pulling her favorite chair into position. "I've missed you greatly, auntie. Did you have a good time?"

"Lovely, dear. Did you?"

Julie understood the significant question, and slowly nodded assent. "Yes, I can truly say I have, Aunt Millie. As you said, it hasn't all been easy, but it has already paid for all it cost — the effort, I mean."

"Of course, my child. That goes without saying. Tell me about it."

"I'll have to begin at the first, and that was the evening of the day you went away." Julie tossed her hat onto the divan, produced a crochet needle and spool of cotton, and settled herself for a cozy chat. While these preparations were going on, Aunt Millie scanned the face before her, and turned from the scrutiny well satisfied. The discontent that had marred it for so long was gone, and its place was filled by a bright alertness that looked as if life was a joy as well as a responsibility.

"We had another rehearsal that night," Julie began. "I'd no idea that my new discovery would be needed there, because you know, auntie, if there is anything I do try to be faithful about it is my music. Ella Carey was there. She'd been absent for three whole weeks, and everybody knows that no player in an amateur orchestra can miss that many rehearsals and expect to perform soon after at a very important recital. I certainly was mad when I saw her. Yes, I mean mad — not indignant nor reproachful nor any of those polite things. We all were. Of course her mother had been very sick, but that didn't make Ella play any better. Excuses never can take the place of hard work, Aunt Millie."

"True enough. I hope you will remember that," smiled the listener.

"I hope so, too," Julie agreed. "Anyway, I realized it hard and fast with Ella, and I was so provoked at her presumption that it would have done me good if Professor Chambers had flung his baton at her when she made a dreadful break right in the middle of our gorgeous overture. Professor Chambers was angry, too; his eyes fairly snapped as he rapped for order and made us start all over. She did it again in the same place, if you'll believe it; her violin fairly howled its discord. We'd been so proud of the overture.

"Oh, well, I won't bother you with all the harrowing details, but finally it came over me that I wasn't giving myself to the Lord in being unkind to one of his children. That sobered me, I tell you, after all my good resolutions; so early the next morning I went straight to Ella's and stayed with her till noon. We smoothed it out, straight and fine, for we practiced together till she got that and all the other catchy places. What we couldn't finish then, we did afterwards. She declares she'll never forget it—that I saved her from the mortification of being dropped, and of disappointing her father and mother. They are so ambitious for her, and she hasn't had a fair show. Anyway, she's played like a Parepa-Rosa since, and Professor Chambers beams instead of glowers.

"That's the way I learned that giving ourselves to God means giving ourselves to his creatures who need us. I've found lots of ways to do it since.

"The next day it was Brother Ted. He's been such a trial to me, auntie, with his teasing and his loud voice. His songs were regular thorns in my flesh,—not one thorn, but heaps, like pins in a dressmaker's cushion. I've snubbed him unmercifully, most of his life. I did it conscientiously, because I thought it was the only way to keep him even as moderate as he was. But when I heard him that day picking out his dreadful ragtime on the piano with one finger, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder how I'd feel if I didn't know how and nobody took any interest in me. Surely, if I was giving myself to Christ, Ted ought to get a little of the benefit.

"Aunt Millie, maybe you think ragtime never did any good, but I've come to believe it may, sometimes. I just swept that boy off the stool and played his rollicking tangle as if I loved every horrid note. Then I played it again, and after that half a dozen others. You can't guess the reward I've had. We're good comrades already, and Ted acts as if he really loves his cross-patch sister.

"Yes, indeed. I'm playing ragtime regularly, but he asked for one of my sonatas last night, and listened as if he loved it, all the way through. 'It is different, isn't it, sis—and better?' he said after I finished. 'Could I ever learn?' So there is no telling but he may be a Paganini himself some day. Stranger things have happened.

"Then there's mother, bless her, and dear old dad. I've imposed on them all sorts of ways—taking everything and giving nothing. But I shan't any more. Mother and I hobnob cozily over the mending basket, or dad rests his tired eyes while I read aloud and improve my own mind with his favorite Emerson and Ruskin. I'm afraid I'd never have read them for myself under the shining sun, but I'm catching some sparks of wisdom which I hope will stick fast.

"Next my girl chums—every one with some little need I can help to meet; and our boy friends, who are a great responsibility. Auntie, the chances are everywhere. I wouldn't stop living for anything now. Life is more interesting than I ever dreamed it could be, though I've always had a pretty good time.

"I'm not boasting, I haven't done half I ought, but I'm seeing the glimmer of sunrise, and I mean to hope for high noon some day."

"You think you're really His, my child?" Aunt Millie's question was solemnly put, but the girlish face glowed happily.

"I don't think, auntie; I know it. I'm trying to give my life anew to him every day, and there isn't any

doubt about his having accepted me, unworthy as I am."

"Then you've made his acquaintance? You know him as your friend?"

Julie bowed a reverent head over the little doily she was crocheting. "Yes, auntie, I know him—my best and dearest Friend."—*Elizabeth Price, in Young People.*

"Never Too Late to Mend"

OF course, if you mean to catch a train,
The better way is to start in time.

Still, if you're late,

Don't rail at fate,

And sob and sigh and wail and wait

For another day,

But sprint away

The very best you can until

You find your vow

To "do it now"

Has somehow made you catch it still;

For the sages say,

The world makes way

For the earnest soul that says, "I will."

If you mean to win in life's swift race,

The better way is to start in youth;

Still, if you find

You've been left behind

By the wiser starters, keep in mind

Your needs, and say,

"I'll improve each day,

And every hour and each spare minute;

I've been careless, yet

I shall try to get

A prize." And you stand a chance to win it;

But the weak-willed goose

With his, "What's the use?"

Alas! we know he won't be in it.

—*Nixon Waterman, in Success.*

An Interesting Pastime

AN enjoyable pastime that helps in quick and accurate thinking is one in which the competitors take some long word,—for example, Constantinople,—and make out lists of words beginning with these letters in turn, each word in the list to contain any letter or combination of letters in the original word, but no letter outside that word, and no letter more than once that is not contained in the original word more than once.

A time limit should be set (say three minutes), and at its expiration each participant in the game should draw a line underneath his list of words, count them, and announce the result. The one with the largest number then reads his list aloud, the others checking theirs by his. A sharp lookout should be kept for words in which any letter is used more times than it is found in the original word.

In the apportionment of marks, whose number of course decides the winner, the following plan may be adopted: If there are two competitors, each word that has been set down by both, is not counted. A word that only one has, if correct, may be counted as one mark, or point, the figure 1 being set down beside the word. Each player adds his points, and writes the total beside the list. (There will be nearly—in some instances quite—as many lists as there are letters in the word under dissection. In the word Constantinople, only one list beginning with c, one beginning with n, and one with t, would be necessary.) The points for all the lists are then added to obtain the aggregate.

If there are three players, a little alteration may be necessary. While no words that all have are counted, a word that two have scores a point, and a word thought of by only one is given three points. This rule may be adapted to any number of players.

CORA FERRIS.

A Hint to Lawyers

MANY years ago there was a young lawyer who went home one day and told his wife that he had become a Christian. They were going to have some company that evening, and he said, "After supper I want the servants to come into the drawing-room, and I'm going to read and pray." His wife was a professed Christian, but she said: "My dear, you know that these lawyers who are coming to dinner are scoffers or skeptics, and it will be very embarrassing if you should not succeed in your attempt to pray. Don't you think you'd better put it off until after they are gone, or go out into the kitchen and pray with the servants?" She seemed to think it would be well to pray with them. The man thought a little while, and then said, "Well, wife, it's the first time I've taken Jesus Christ into my heart, and I feel that I should ask him into the best room in my house." And, after supper, he said to the gentlemen there that he had that day accepted Jesus Christ and would like them to go with him while he prayed. They went into the drawing-room, and the young man led in prayer. That was Judge McLean, one of the finest judges of our Supreme Court, who stood for Christ constantly over forty years. Wasn't it a grand confession? — *The Christian Herald.*

As We Pass This Way

WHILE journeying along the path of life,
Let's speak a word of cheer to those we meet;
This world is full of sadness and of strife,
And toiling millions plod with weary feet.
Then speak a cheering word whene'er you may,
For you may never pass again this way.

How many times a kindly deed that's done,
Or cheering word like music on the air,
Has turned the tide for some poor sinking one,
And kept him from the blackness of despair.
O, let it be your deed, the word you say,
For you may never pass again this way!

And then when all life's journey here is done,
And all our opportunities are o'er,
We'll meet, perhaps, some ransomed soul we've won,
In glad rejoicing, on that other shore;
And, looking back, we'll sing a joyful lay
With those we rescued as we passed this way.

T. A. ZOLLER.

MISS MARION E. PATTERSON, of Freeport, Long Island, received a prize of ten dollars at the graduating exercises of the high school of that place for not having been tardy or absent a single time in ten years, which included the grammar and high school course. She is going to college, and says she intends to keep up her record there. To make sure, she arose at six o'clock every morning, and started for school at a quarter after eight. — *Selected.*



Thirty-Fourth Week

August 22. Jeremiah 38 to 40: The prophet in the dungeon; released, he advises Zedekiah to yield to Nebuchadnezzar; finds refuge with Gedaliah.

August 23. Jeremiah 41 to 43: Treachery of Ishmael; word of the Lord to the remnant of Judah; Jeremiah carried to Egypt.

August 24. Jeremiah 44 to 46: Idolatry of the Jews in Egypt; overthrow of Egypt foretold.

August 25. Jeremiah 47 to 49: Philistia; Moab; Ammon; Edom; Damascus; Kedar and Hazor; Elam; Babylon.

August 26. Jeremiah 50 to 52: The end of the tragedy.
August 27. Lamentations. Read the introduction below.
August 28. Review Jeremiah and Lamentations. Note in the former the temperance, chapter. Compare Jeremiah 52 with 2 Kings 24: 18 to the close of the book.

To Think About as You Read

Sunday.—Am I willing to suffer for my faith?

Monday.—Are my prayers sincere?

Tuesday.—Does my heart cling to idols?

Wednesday.—Am I heeding God's warnings?

Thursday.—The power of God.

Friday.—The way of the transgressor.

Sabbath.—God's longing that men shall repent.

The Book of Lamentations

Like many other books of the Bible, Lamentations receives its title, in Hebrew, from the word with which it opens. The authorship is attributed to Jeremiah, sometimes called the "weeping prophet." Sorrows indeed darkened the life of this earnest man,—persecutions from his own beloved people, and grief at the ruin that was about to engulf them. "Though naturally mild, sensitive, and retiring, he shrank from no danger when duty called; threats could not silence him, nor ill usage alienate him. Tenderly compassionate to his infatuated countrymen, he shared with them the woes he could not induce them to avert from their own heads."

The Lamentations is an elegiac, or mournful, poem. Further, each of the five chapters of which the book is composed "is a separate poem, complete in itself, and having a distinct subject, but brought at the same time under a plan that includes them all."

A well-defined arrangement marks the structure of this book. The first four chapters are in the acrostic form. Chapters 1, 2, and 4 each have twenty-two verses, each one of which begins with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet,—the first verse beginning with the first letter, the second verse with the second letter, and so on. Chapter 3 has three short verses under each letter, or sixty-six verses in all. Chapter 5 has twenty-two verses, but without the alphabetic order.

In this book Jeremiah "was not merely a patriot poet, weeping over the ruin of his country; he was a prophet who had seen all this coming, and had foretold it as inevitable." "One would think, as has often been said, that every letter was written with a tear, and every word was a sob of a broken heart. Yet he does not forget that a covenant God still reigns."

And across the dark pages of this inspired lament there flash divine rays of light from the throne of God. The Lord's mercies "are new every morning;" "his compassions fail not." To those who seek him, and wait for him, he is good. Not only are we to hope, but also to wait for his salvation; for "it is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

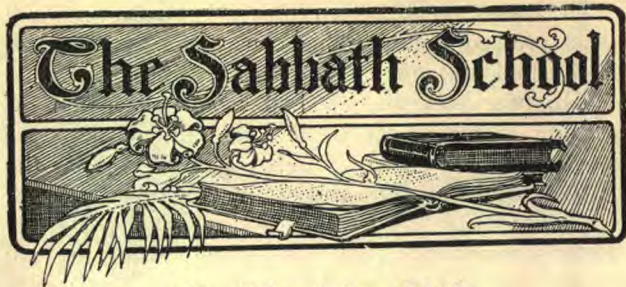
M. E. KERN General Secretary
C. L. BENSON Assistant Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, August 28

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. One-minute reports of work from individual members.
3. Bible Study: "The Word of God." See *Gazette*.
4. Recitation: "Holy Scripture." See *Gazette*.
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Ps. 119: 11, 105; 2 Tim. 2: 15.
6. Talk: "Work Among the Kafirs." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 66, 67, 77.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending August 28

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. One-minute reports of work from individual members.
3. Bible Study: "The Study of the Scriptures." See *Gazette*.
4. Reading: "Don't Forget Your Lantern." See *Gazette*.
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Joshua 1: 7, 8.
6. Talk: "Work Among the Kafirs." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 66, 67, 77.



IX — "Lord, Save Me"

(August 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 14: 24-36.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14: 27.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go the evening after feeding the five thousand? For what purpose? Matt. 14: 23.
2. What hardships did the disciples meet on the sea? Verse 24.
3. Who saw them toiling? What did he do? Verse 25; Mark 6: 48. Note 1.
4. What time of night was the "fourth watch"? Note 2.
5. How long, then, had they been rowing? Note 3.
6. When the disciples saw Jesus coming to them, how did they feel? What did they think? How did they show their fear? Matt. 14: 26.
7. How did Jesus seek to comfort them? Verse 27.
8. Upon hearing this, what strange request did Peter make? Verse 28.
9. How did the Lord answer this request? Verse 29, first part.
10. As long as Peter had his eyes fixed on Jesus, and trusted him, what was he able to do? Verse 29, last part.
11. What caused Peter to be afraid? What did he begin to do? Verse 30, first part.
12. Seeing his own helplessness, what did he cry? Verse 30, last part.
13. How soon did Jesus answer him? How did he answer him? Verse 31, first part.
14. How did Jesus reprove him for his lack of faith? Verse 31, last part.
15. What marvelous thing took place as soon as Jesus and Peter entered the ship? What did all who were in the ship do? Verses 32, 33. Note 4.
16. When the people of Gennesaret heard that Jesus had come into their land, what did they do? Verses 34, 35.
17. For what did they plead? What was done for every one who had faith to reach out and touch him? Verse 36.

Notes

1. It is comforting to know that Jesus sees us when we are in trouble, and that he can come to our help, no matter where we are, or what time of day or night it is.
2. The "fourth watch" was from three to six o'clock in the morning.
3. It was but a short distance by sea to where the disciples "expected to meet Jesus, and in ordinary weather the journey required but a few hours; but now they were driven farther and farther from the point they sought. Until the fourth watch of the night they toiled at the oars. Then the weary men gave themselves up for lost. . . . When their hearts were subdued, their unholy ambition quelled, and in humility they prayed for help, it was given them."
4. "When trouble comes upon us, how often we are like Peter!" We look on the trouble, become frightened, and begin to be swallowed up in it, before we think to ask help of Jesus. How much better it would be to keep our eyes on Jesus from the very start, and not trust to self at all! We should not forget, however, that even though we have made a mistake, Jesus will help us "immediately" when we, like Peter, cry, "Lord, save me."

IX — "Lord, Save Me"

(August 28)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. Fearful in time of trouble. Questions 1-3.
 Mon. "At thy word." Questions 4-7.
 Tues. "Lord, save me." Questions 8-12.
 Wed. Peace and worship; the hem of his garment. Questions 13-18.
 Thurs. ... Review.

Fri. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 377-382.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 14: 24-36.

Questions

1. As the disciples were returning to the west shore of Galilee on the day Jesus fed the five thousand, what hardships did the disciples encounter on the sea? Matt. 14: 24.
2. What did Jesus do in the fourth watch of the night? Verse 25. Note 1.
3. When the disciples saw him, how did they feel? What did they say? What did they do? Verse 26. Note 2.
4. What did Jesus immediately say? Verse 27.
5. How did Peter answer him? Verse 28.
6. What did Jesus then say? Verse 29, first part.
7. How did Peter respond? Verse 29, last part.
8. What caused Peter to be afraid. Verse 30, first part.
9. What was the result of this fear? Verse 30, middle part.
10. How did he seek help? Verse 30, last part.
11. What did Jesus immediately do? Verse 31, first part.
12. What did he say to Peter? Verse 31, last part. Note 3.
13. When they came into the ship, what happened? Verse 32.
14. What did those who were in the ship do? Verse 33.
15. To what place did Jesus and his disciples come? Verse 34.
16. What did the people of that place do? Verse 35.
17. What faith in Jesus' power to heal did they show? Verse 36, first part.
18. How was their faith rewarded? Verse 36, last part.

Notes

1. The night was divided into four watches of three hours each. "In the fourth watch" would therefore mean from three to six o'clock in the morning. From this record we may infer that Jesus spent most of the night in prayer, while the disciples were battling against contrary winds, making so little headway that in the fourth watch they were only "in the midst of the sea."
2. The word here translated "spirit" is not the one generally used in the New Testament in such expressions as "Holy Spirit," or "ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," or "her spirit came again." In these expressions the word *pneuma* is used; but in this exclamation of fear by the disciples the word used is *phantasma*, from which we get phantom, with about the same meaning as apparition or specter. In our language and time, the natural expression would have been, "It's a ghost." Just what the disciples thought it was, need not trouble us. It is sufficiently clear that they could not explain the phenomenon of a man walking on the sea, and as some of us might have done, called it a ghost. How cheering must the familiar voice of Jesus have seemed to them in their strait!
3. Peter's failure in the physical act of walking on the sea was owing to the same thing that brings failure to us many times on the sea of life—doubt. It would have seemed to us an act of great faith to step out of a boat upon a rough sea in the darkness, but Jesus called it an act of "little faith" for a man to do what Jesus bade him, with Jesus there personally to help. It makes all the difference in the world whether our faith is based on the definite word of God, or whether we look on conditions around us that seem contrary. It makes as great a difference whether we attempt a thing in our own strength or with Jesus present to help.

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Be just, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's
and truth's.

—Shakespeare.

A Warning in a Dream

ON stormy Galilee when Peter asked the Master to bid him come to him on the water, Jesus said, "Come;" and Peter started. He walked securely as long as he kept his eye on Jesus; but as in self-satisfaction he glanced back toward his companions in the boat, his eyes were turned from the Saviour, and he began sink. But "while the billows talk with death, Peter lifts his eyes from the angry waters, and fixing them upon Jesus, cries, 'Lord, save me.' Immediately Jesus grasps the outstretched hand, saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

Peter walked as long as his eye was fixed on Jesus; he sank when he could not see the Master of earth, sea, and sky. So it is with us. We must constantly depend upon Jesus for help and keeping power if we would walk securely over life's tempestuous sea.

An English evangelist fifty years ago in a dream had an experience similar to that of Peter. This evangelist traveled widely in England, and under his ministry multitudes were won to Christ. Everywhere he went, people honored the man because of his great work. After a time he observed that his work became almost fruitless. His friends "shared in the surprise, and it continued for months; perhaps for two years. He preached and people listened, but there were few conversions, and the work was without power. It worried him much, and one night he dreamed a dream.

"Dreams are sometimes messages to the souls of men, and so it proved with this man. He dreamed that he was walking across a beautiful English meadow. Suddenly, a little way ahead of him he saw the figure of one whom he recognized to be the Christ, and with joy he followed on. Presently in his dream he was conscious that others were following, too; and the thought came to his mind that this great crowd just behind him was following him, as he was following the Christ. He turned to look on them; it was only a moment, his heart was filled with pride as he saw the great multitude behind him; but when he turned again, the Christ was gone. He turned again to see the crowd, and to his surprise he found himself alone. He had taken his eyes from the Christ, and when he lost his Christ he lost his crowd.

"The dream made a deep impression upon him, and it was pressed home to his conscience that he had been 'exalted and proud; and because the crowd had come to hear him, success had swept him from his feet, and in his vanity he had lost his power. He learned the lesson. He sought again to follow the Christ in true humility, and secured again the power he had lost."

Peter's experience and that of the evangelist are such as come to many of the disciples of Christ; so it is not unwise for one to look for the cause when one's labors appear fruitless; and yet it is not wise to have too much concern over the harvest, for the Lord has told us it is for the servant of God to sow the seed and leave the results to him. But we must sow in humility.

"Good Morning"—the How of It

"ANDERSON seems like a mighty nice fellow," remarked one friend, speaking to another.

"Yes," replied the friend; "almost everybody likes him."

"I wonder," said the first friend, "what it is that makes him so well liked even among people who barely know him."

"Well," said the other, studying a moment, "I think the reason that I have such a pleasant feeling toward him is because I am always glad to meet him."

"And why are you always glad to meet him?" persisted the first. "You see, I am really trying to discover what makes a person popular."

Again the friend paused for a moment. "I suppose," he replied, "that, if there is any one thing, it is his habit of speaking to you as if you amounted to something. Did you ever notice what a sort of flat, chilly feeling it gives you to meet some one who gives you half of a glance, and then, as if discovering who you are, looks across the street at a hitching post and grunts, 'Howdy'? He may not intend it at all. He may be studying about inventing a new kind of hitching post, or figuring up last month's grocery bill; but the effect is just the same. It makes you feel as if your personality doesn't amount to enough to penetrate even to his consciousness; and, feeling that, you instinctively prefer not to meet him. You would rather a man would not speak to you at all than to speak to you in an indifferent, casual, absent-minded sort of fashion.

"Now, if you have noticed, no matter how busy he is or how fast he is walking, when he meets you, he looks you straight in the eye, and with some warmth says in a clear, distinct voice, 'Good morning, Mr. Jones.' It makes you feel as if he not only knows he met you, but that he knows you are Jones, and knows you are a man worthy of his courteous attention.

"Whether it is a cultivated habit of Anderson's or the natural outcrop of a warm and generous feeling toward all his fellow men I do not know, having, as you say, merely a casual acquaintance with him; but I do know that, whatever its source, it is certainly a habit worth having." — *Christian Endeavor World*.

THE American government on July 17 notified Great Britain that the rights of Americans in British prize courts were to be based upon international law, and not upon municipal law or orders in council. Similar notice had already been served upon Germany. The British ambassador at Washington in a dispatch to his government approved this American demand.