

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

May 9, 1916

No. 19



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"THE WELCOME GUEST OF SETTLED SPRING"



## FROM HERE AND THERE

MAJOR ELLIOTT, of Columbus, New Mexico, it is said, shipped at one time 5,000 pounds of candy to our soldiers in Mexico.

THE government of Honduras has opened a school for the training of young men to operate cars and act as mechanical adjusters.

A SINGLE shell for one of Germany's big guns costs \$6,000. One battleship will use in a single battle \$800,000 worth of ammunition. Think of the good that money might do!

THOUGH it has hitherto been thought that high towers were essential to successful wireless stations, a United States radio expert claims that a wire stretched along the ground for five hundred feet will answer the purpose equally well.

AT Watertown, South Dakota, the hens will lay eggs for prohibition. The State prohibition committee will ask every woman in the State raising chickens to give all eggs laid during the last week of May for the fight against saloons. It is expected 600,000 eggs will be donated.

GEORGE KISSAM COOKE, who is said to have made the first rubber stamp, died on March 30, aged seventy-two years, at his home near New York. One of his best-known inventions is a self-lighting gas burner. His great-grandfather, Oliver Dudley, was one of the founders of Yale University.

MR. BEYERLE, near Cairo, Egypt, has an important pigeon industry well established. He has two rows of towers, eight in each row, for the housing of his pigeons. He now has 8,000 or more pairs. These provide him with squabs and guano in sufficient quantities to make the work worth while.

"DOING what can't be done is the glory of living," said Samuel Chapman Armstrong. Out of a crowd of untutored Negroes and some old tobacco warehouses—and infinite faith and courage—he built Hampton Institute, just as before he had made a first-class fighting regiment out of contraband slaves."

SCANDAL travels 1,000 yards per second, according to Prof. Benjamin Snow, head of the University of Wisconsin physics department. Professor Snow is said to base his calculations upon observations made around the university. Flattery has the second great speed, according to the professor, traveling from 400 to 500 yards in the same time. Truth, however, he declares is slowest of all, moving only about two and a half yards per second.

THE central branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, New York, recently dedicated a new building which cost \$1,600,000, the largest and most expensive Y. M. C. A. building in the world dedicated entirely to association work. This structure has thirteen floors above ground and two below. On the roof are three four-wall handball courts. The building contains five hundred and ten living rooms, three gymnasiums, two swimming pools, and educational equipment for two thousand students. The entire eighth floor is devoted to the latter phase of the work; here is found every facility for day and night classes, including laboratories for both chemistry and physics. A great variety of subjects will be taught, ranging from operation of moving-picture machines to bookkeeping.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON and his party, which set out to cross the great southern continent, passing the south pole on the way, have been marooned. The auxiliary ship "Aurora," belonging to the expedition, which was sent to the shores of Ross Sea to pick up the expedition if it succeeded in crossing the continent, was damaged when it broke from its moorings, and, being caught in the ice, drifted away, leaving behind a party that had been landed from the ship. The "Aurora" is on her way to New Zealand for repairs. Another expedition will have to be organized to try to pick up the men left from the "Aurora." Nothing whatever is known of the whereabouts of Shackleton and his party.

THE death is announced from New York of Miss Susan Elizabeth Blow, the "mother of the kindergarten" in the United States. She was born in St. Louis in 1843. She studied abroad, and visited the kindergartens in Germany, becoming a disciple of Froebel. In 1873 she received permission to use a room in a school in St. Louis, to try the kindergarten principle. The next year the school board adopted the system. Miss Blow later delivered lectures on the kindergarten in many large cities, and worked and wrote for its advancement.

ON March 23 Yuan Shi-kai, who assumed the throne as emperor of China on Dec. 11, 1915, gave forth an edict reestablishing the republic. This came as the result of a revolt in six provinces.

### Cards for Missionary Use

Two interesting cards—one, "Facts About the First Day of the Week" and "Facts also About the Seventh Day of the Week," and the other, "Facts About the Law of God" and "Facts as to What Three Leading Denominations Say of the Law of God"—are offered for sale by Brother Arthur L. Manous of 2123 Twenty-fourth Ave. North, Nashville, Tenn., for 25 cents a hundred.

### Character Lessons

No church-school teacher should be without the book "Character Lessons." It is full of valuable suggestions and information. Preceptresses, preceptors, and principals will find in it apt illustrations that will be of service in impressing practical lessons upon the minds and hearts of their pupils. Price, 75 cents. Order of your tract societies.

### Study at Home

THE Fireside Correspondence School will show you how. Agents wanted. Send for our "Nutshell" Calendar. Address C. C. Lewis, Principal, Takoma Park, D. C.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 9, 1916

No. 19

## "Of One Heart and One Mind"

No time for hate, sweet friends, no time for hate!  
Without are clashing swords,  
As warring worlds rush headlong on their fate;  
But we — we are the Lord's!

No time for grudges — hush! the vengeful blast  
Beats at the shuddering doors!  
Oh, gather closer while it rushes past!  
Our peace its rage ignores.

No time for coldness — the averted eye,  
The lukewarm hand's release!  
Oh, listen, brothers! while War rushes by,  
Within these walls be peace!  
— Anna Burnham Bryant.

## Our Responsibility in These Times

L. SPICER

**B**ECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." Rev. 3:10.

One who has not been through the hour of temptation in its fullest measure cannot realize what a blessed promise this is. The Almighty One will "keep" us, will protect us, and guard us from falling, that we may safely proceed upon the narrow way to the Eternal City. But when one's faith is tested by the circumstances one is forced into, how glorious to know there is an unseen Everlasting Arm upon which one can rely! Satan has the whole earth as his territory; he has declared war upon the world and those of its inhabitants who do not serve him. As a prisoner in an enemy's country, it is easier to grasp the entire meaning of this terrible fact. One is helpless, and at the mercy of the captor. The neutral powers do what they can to protect the subjects of the countries at war with one another in the different lands, but these are chiefly dependent upon the mercy of their masters. Thanks to present-day civilization, prisoners are treated comparatively well, but the fact that they have lost their liberty is continually before their minds.

In the great universal war with Satan, there are no neutrals to protect us. We are completely in the hands of a merciless master, if once we come within his grasp. Those who serve him are under his power, and do not realize that they are already nothing more than his slaves. They are spurred on by him to gather the unwary ones into his ranks. How vitally necessary it is for us to be on our guard against this terrible enemy. If we do not rely upon the armor intrusted to us by our Great General, how easily we shall succumb to the warfare of our foe; and once conquered by him, we lose the grand reward promised to the victors and overcomers — life eternal.

This thought has been one of great comfort to me in the hour of trial and temptation occasioned by circumstances brought about through the war, being compelled to live with a number of godless men, who jeer and taunt at one who endeavors to live a straight life, doing their utmost to push all they meet into the miry pit of sin.

But we are convinced that by keeping the word of God's patience, his commandments, even in such hours as these, we shall be kept safe and be protected

by his angels. And once supported by these strong arms, the defensive is left behind, and the offensive begun in real earnest. The wire hindrances must first be overcome by careful work, and the attack can then be carried out successfully. It costs something, but we should not shrink back at any obstacle, in view of the terrible sacrifices being offered today by the nations for the sake of obtaining their ideals.

What a mighty conflict is waging on the earth; the nations are angry one with another. Fierce battles take place daily, thousands, yea, millions, of innocent men are losing their lives, homes are being wrecked, and the suffering is intense. Why do men undergo all this pain and misery? For what reason are they willing to sacrifice all they have and all that is dear to them, and to plunge into this awful blood bath? One nation gives one answer, one another, but all are determined to fight it out to the bitter end, and to suffer endless sacrifices. They all feel that it is a fight for life or death, for existence or liberty.

Held a prisoner of war, one has time to ponder these things; forced to be absent from one's usual sphere of activity in the ranks of our workers, kept from one's home, family, and comfort, one longs for the end of the terrible conflict, when not only the dearly purchased liberty of the conqueror will be gained, but the prisoners will be freed and the soldiers will return to their homes. I shall be able to return to my beloved work and family.

How happy we shall be when the day of peace eventually comes, those barbed-wire gates thrown open, and we be liberated once more. It will be to us prisoners a similar experience as was accorded the captive Israelites: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream." One realizes only too drastically how happy they must have been. How vividly does the importance of our work at this time rise up before my vision. The whole world is captive, human beings are bound and imprisoned, not knowing of the Great Captain, the Conqueror who brings them peace and liberty, "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." And it is in *our* power to release them. When I look around me, and think what joy and happiness I could cause if it were in my power to bring the release of my fellow prisoners, I feel how vastly more important my duty is to proclaim to them "the acceptable year of the Lord," their liberty from



sin. How my heart aches to see the hardened hearts, the victims of the prince of this world, refusing to listen to the tender words of the Saviour, joking and laughing at the prospect of a speedy release from this sinful world by a Saviour soon to come to take us to himself.

The nations are willing to offer enormous sacrifices to gain their liberty, because it is a fight for their existence. But, existence for how long? Merely as long as it pleases God to allow the universe to continue as it is, and the world to go on in its vice. And then the dearly purchased freedom is at an end. How infinitely more important for us to spread the gospel of everlasting peace and salvation, cost what it may. Are we not fighting for the Lord of lords and King of kings? We, who go forth to be the ambassadors of the Most High, and assume claim to his promises and the rewards promised by him, have the holy duty to take the responsibilities upon our shoulders connected with this citizenship.

The subjects of every country have the burden of their country, the liberty of their country, at heart, and are willing to lay down their lives for it. Then why should we hold back at the thought of trial or hardship, when we are convinced that we are fighting for an eternal kingdom?

God's Word teaches us in detail how to pursue the fight, how to wage the war, and what armor to put on. Then, enlivened by his Spirit and strengthened by prayer, let us push onward in this noble cause, that not an earthly peace, but an eternal and everlasting peace be gained by our efforts.

#### Giants and Grasshoppers

Of course you have read it—the story of the men who felt like grasshoppers in the presence of the “sons of Anak;” how they lost their courage and their faith by rating all too high the giants of those days, and all too low the power and promises of God. Did you not feel a little contempt for those ten spies as they cringed before the high-walled cities and the giant men of the Promised Land? Did you not also admire the bold stand of the two spies as they bravely declared, “If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it us”? Yes, we have all felt ashamed of those ten who forgot the promises of God and surrendered before they came into the fight; and have admired those two who not only braved the “sons of Anak,” but were unafraid in the presence of the panic of their own brethren. Said Caleb and Joshua, “Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us: their defense is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not.” It is the few contradicting the many; the minority against the majority. The giants of Anak inspired no more fear in the hearts of Caleb and Joshua than did the lion in the heart of Daniel, or the fiery furnace in the minds of the three Hebrews. But to the faint-hearted spies on the very border of Canaan the cities seemed walled up to heaven, the rivers too great to cross, and the people guarded by mighty warriors. The spies themselves felt like grasshoppers beside the giants of Anak.

#### Other Giants

But there are also giants threatening you—real, literal giants. These are the gigantic difficulties confronting you as young men and young women facing the untried realities of life. If it is an education you

wish to gain, there is a giant in the way. It is no easy task to acquire an education, even under favorable circumstances. If you mean to follow a certain vocation, then there are giants ahead of you. Are you afraid of them? If you mean to form a stable, upright character, there are giants to intimidate you all along life's pathway. Do you feel like a grasshopper in the presence of these? Don't! Just regard these difficulties as tests and trials of your mettle, mere lawful obstacles to be overcome, stepping-stones upon which to mount to higher ground.

Possibly some shrink before the tasks of real life like the slothful man of Scripture: “There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.” These lions are imaginary, but they intimidate more people with more dire results than the giants of Canaan!

So do not shrink before the giants, nor fear the lions in the way, nor hesitate to encompass the mountains of difficulty in the pathway of life. The giants will be kindly disposed toward him who boldly faces them; the lions are chained for him of faith; and the mountain shall become a plain before the eyes of him who makes the effort.

#### Some Who Have Tried

You have read of the boy Joseph and the giants of Egypt, how he met and conquered them in the simple faith of Jehovah. You have heard of Moses and the giant Pharaoh, with his offer to make the young man heir to all the treasures of Egypt. The giant only asked in return that he repudiate the God of the Hebrews. Moses chose “rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” You have read of the young man Daniel, a war captive, and his encounter with the giants at the king's table. Would you have met them as did the captive Daniel? And the three Hebrew worthies, you have heard how they withstood the giants of Babylon, with the fiery furnace in plain view. You have read, too, of David's tedious flights from the giant Saul, and how he finally conquered in the strength of the Almighty. Certainly for him the mountains of difficulty loomed high and the lions seemed unchained along the way.

Time would fail me to write of Elijah and the giants Ahab and Jezebel; of Elisha; of Jeremiah; of Ezekiel and the hard-hearted people to whom he was sent; of John the Baptist and the giant Herod; of the very Christ himself and Pilate; of all the apostles, and of Luther, and Wesley, and Bates, and White.

It would seem that you and I must have giants greater than they all, else why should we fail so often? Surely our Helper is not less able to help than was their Helper. No; our difficulties are difficult, but we are able to compass them by the aid of him whose servants overcame through him in days of old. If we shrink from the hardships that confront us in our plans for usefulness, we shall never conquer our foes. We shall not be able to find a “soft snap” or an easy place to fit in and expect to accomplish anything in the work of the Lord. We must make up our minds to meet and overcome the greatest difficulty in our way; and when that is accomplished, the lesser giants will seem easy. No one ever succeeds who whines at, and shirks the duties of life. We can win if we will.

“God is able to deliver  
As in days of old,  
All who walk the path of duty.  
Fearless, firm, and bold”

J. D. MONTGOMERY.





### Origin of Princely Titles

IN the year A. D. 37 a child was born in Antium, a city on the Italian coast, a little more than thirty miles south from Rome, who was, in time, not only to become emperor of the Roman kingdom, but also to have his name handed down through the ages as one of the most cruel rulers ever known. The family name of this boy was Ahenobarbus, certainly not a very pretty name, though held by a Roman nobleman. The name in English would be Brazenbeard, and probably was given that family because of the men's having yellow beards.

To save the name from lowering the supposed dignity of Roman nobility, the story was told that in ancient times a prophet came to one of the family, to foretell some wonderful happening to befall a later member of the household, and while speaking, stroked the beard of his listener, changing it to the brassy color which ever after became the mark of all the male members of that particular clan.

The father died when the son was hardly three years old, and the mother married the emperor Claudius when the boy was twelve. By dealing in a very clever way with the emperor, she succeeded in having him adopt her son as his own child, when he changed the boy's name from Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus to that of Nero Claudius Cæsar Drusus Germanicus. This was done in spite of the fact that the emperor had a son named Britannicus, who was just a little younger than the boy he had adopted.

The philosopher Seneca was next called to train the boy Nero for the duties of the position his mother had in mind for him. Living at the imperial court, the boy soon learned all the wickedness practiced there, and in time became a most vicious tyrant. When everything seemed ripe for it, the mother hired men to murder Claudius, and had her own son proclaimed emperor. She then had Britannicus destroyed, when the process was completed which made Nero sole ruler of the Roman Empire.

Up to the latter part of the thirteenth century Wales, now a part of England, was a separate and independent government, although for a long time a continuous effort had been carried on to bring it under the control of English law. As late as the year 1276, one Llewelyn, with the title of Prince of Aberffraw, held control of the northwestern part of Wales, when the English king Edward demanded that the Welsh prince should meet the king, and pay him the honors due from a secondary to a superior, or higher officer.

This the prince refused to do, knowing that it was but a step toward giving up his government entirely to the English king. Of course the king was angry, and in the year 1282 crossed the river Dee, near Chester, marched upon the castle of Hawarden, later the estate of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and murdered all who were in it. The land was speedily conquered, Llewelyn dying in the war. His brother David was then put to death as a traitor, and the territory was at first set apart as the residence of

younger sons of the English kings. But soon Edward II became heir to the English throne, on account of his older brother having died, and he was given the title of Earl of Chester, and Prince of Wales, in the year 1301. So this title has ever since been borne by the oldest son of the king of England.

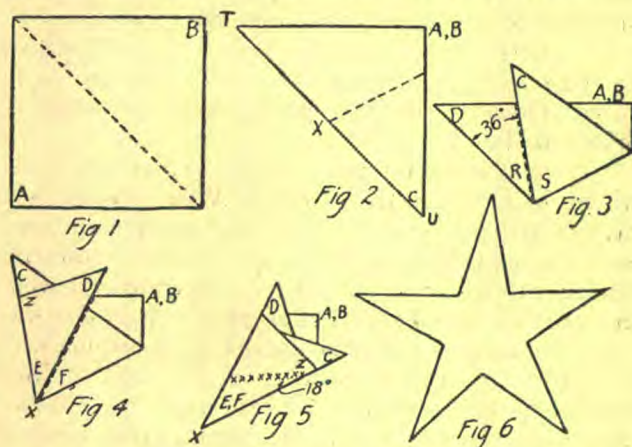
Crossing the English Channel to France, one finds that under its kings from 1335 to 1830 the eldest son of the ruler carried the title of Dauphin. This name was given in a similar way, and from a similar cause that the English heir to a throne received his title. Dauphiné was an ancient province of southeastern France, which in the fourteenth century came under the rulership of Hubert II, who, having lost his only son in 1335, made over his lands to Philip of Valois, on condition of receiving a yearly payment of money, and that the territory should ever be kept independent. But instead of keeping the agreement, the country was soon fully annexed to France, and the king's oldest son was given the title of Dauphin.

All these are but human titles, and must sometime pass away. But God has in his gift a name and place for all, better than that of son or daughter, or even of a royal prince of earthly origin. Isa. 56:5. All may become honored members of God's family, and carry the eternal name of God and Christ, and dwell in their presence forevermore. How much better this than any earthly honor!

J. O. CORLISS.

### How Betsy Ross Made a Five-Pointed Star with One Cut

WHEN George Washington and two other Revolutionary leaders called on Betsy Ross to bestow upon her the honor of making the first flag, they expressed a desire to use a star of five points. She immediately folded up a bit of paper and, with one cut, formed a perfect five-pointed star. This is the way to do it:—



Fold a perfect paper square diagonally, as in Fig 1. Then make another fold, as in Fig 2, *X* being the middle of the line *TU*. The fold must give an angle *R*, Fig. 3, of about 36 degrees. This is approximately half the angle *S*. A little practice will enable any one to make this fold.

The point *D* of Fig. 3 is folded over as in Fig. 4, angles *E* and *F* being equal. The two points *A* and *B*, which are together, are then folded over, as in Fig. 5. If the edges are all together, a diagonal cut, shown in Fig. 5, will make a perfect star, having five points.

—*Popular Science Monthly*.

SINCERITY is the first quality of men in any way heroic.—*Carlyle*.





# 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."



## "Why Don't We Get Ready?"

MAY WAKEHAM

I SAT watching the sun as it sank in the west,  
At the close of a calm Sabbath day,  
When my little niece climbed on my knee and asked,  
"Is Desus 'way up in the sky?"

"Why doesn't he come and take us up there,  
You, and papa, and mamma, and me?"  
"He is coming, dear, to take us," I said,  
"And forever with him we shall be."

"He has made us a beautiful mansion up there,  
Far, far beyond the blue sky."  
Then she asked, as her dark eyes beamed with delight,  
"Then why don't we get ready? Why?"

Dear friends who believe this glorious truth,  
That our Saviour's coming is nigh,  
Let us each ask ourselves, with the dear baby girl,  
"Then why don't we get ready? Why?"

## Beauty Is as Beauty Does

LETTA STERLING LEWIS

**I** NDELIBLY written upon memory's page are two incidents of years ago. Oh, what a contrast between the two! A woman—a mother—was seated in the large pavilion, just previous to the afternoon session of a certain camp meeting. Her features belied her years, exaggerating them by at least ten. I wondered why, but afterward felt sure I discerned the cause.

A young woman with two young girls approached her. As my eyes rested upon the maiden, I pronounced her beautiful, perfectly beautiful. A profusion of dark, tastily arranged hair formed a pleasing background to the clear, ruddy complexion, which was set, as it were, with two sparkling diamonds, a symmetrical nose, and ruby lips inlaid with pearls.

Her dress was neat and becoming, and withal she possessed an attractive personal appearance—so I then thought; and as I gazed upon the picture I soliloquized:—

"What a beautiful girl! What a charming illustration of God's creative power! What a power she may be for good—or for evil; for beauty combined with a winning personal appearance, yields a powerful influence to whatever cause it is consecrated. I wonder upon which side she has enlisted." Not long was I left to wonder. "Mamma, may I go in bathing with the girls?" Ere the solicitation had fully passed through thought's gateway, I read from the old-too-soon visage of the mother, her reply. Her features were at once overspread with apparent dread, and a foreboding of ill was clearly manifested, yet the accompaniment was a firm, kind negative. Then—well—then the only words of Scripture I was able to recall which seemed appropriate were, "And the dragon was wroth with the woman;" for, oh, what an avalanche of words from the devil's own springs of passion rushed down upon that poor mother's heart, as the vials of her daughter's wrath exploded!

My pen refuses to copy those hateful, shameful, disrespectful, yea, nondescript words which poured in torrents from those lips. But they were copied elsewhere, nevertheless, by a pen dipped in blood, and some day she must meet the record, unless she repents and joins the company of whom it may be said, "And in their mouth was found no guile."

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Now that she had given me a glimpse through her heart's window, I wondered how I ever had thought her beautiful, for now she was anything but that, and "repulsive" seemed too mild an adjective to describe her.

One thing was very noticeable. She possessed a kind of magnetism which drew the young men into her company, whom she treated with the utmost decorum, bestowing upon them the "sweet" glances and fair words that belonged to her mother. Had any of them been present in the tent, I wonder if she would have given way as she did?

Outside the grounds and down through the city, day after day, she strolled about with a young man who had no right to offer her his company; for upon a cot inside a new white tent, lay his grieving sweetheart, wringing out the anguish of her soul in tears. This dear girl was beautiful within and comely without, yet not strikingly (or shall I say bewitchingly) beautiful as was the other one. He was solemnly pledged to her, but he had become bewildered, and then bewitched, by the outward beauty of the other young woman.

But the dear girl's heavenly Reporter recorded her prayers and bottled her tears to present to the Elder Brother, who willed that the lover should be delivered from "the strange woman," from the woman that flattered with her words (Prov. 7:5), and a few weeks later I met and congratulated the couple as Mr. and Mrs. —.

On the camp-breaking day I again saw the mother and her uncomely daughter. Think you they were arm in arm? Indeed not. They were at the station. Poor, poor mother! she sat back in a corner, quiet and full of sad emotions, and it seemed to me that the gray hairs and the lines of her face had greatly multiplied even since the day I saw her in the large pavilion.

Her "disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy" daughter was promenading the platform with a young man. We all entered the same train that morning, but as the young man was to go another way, he left



the car by the rear door, after finding her a seat. But Miss dis-Grace had the indiscretion to follow him to the door, and there remain until invited to a seat by the brakeman, who told her she was doing an unsafe thing. I wonder if he meant it in more ways than one, and I wonder if she would have responded as readily to her mother's request as she did to that of the brakeman; still although she obeyed, her facial expression showed that her heart was not consenting to the advice.

A deep sigh, as of temporary relief, passed over the mother as she saw her daughter once more out of the company of young men, safely seated in the car.

#### The Other Incident

While en route to California some years previous to the foregoing incident, there sat across the aisle from me a very ordinary-looking young woman. She was quiet, dignified, unassuming. Her attire was plain and neat. She did not seem to resemble the man nor the woman with whom she was traveling, so her fellow passengers *knew* that she was not their daughter, and, also, her apparent fondness for them both proved it beyond a doubt! Yet her fondness was of the natural childlike kind — not "put on for the sake of looks." Besides, all agreed that the couple were too young to be the parents of a girl of her probable age.

The trio had attracted no attention at first, but this mutual, reciprocated, natural fondness manifested, the deference this girl paid that couple, set every one to speculating. It would require too much space to copy the many conclusions arrived at by the various passengers.

At last an elderly man,—a detective for many years,—who seemed to be impressed with his past as well as present experience and shrewdness, and who inspired others with the same impression of himself, opened our eyes. He said: "That young man is the girl's betrothed, and the woman is their chaperon. I have been in this detective business too long to be fooled. Just take notice when we come to the next station; I have been observing all the way, but reserved sentence until now."

At the station the chaperon remained in the car, and off jumped the girl and her lover. For recreation they promenaded back and forth with hands clasped, and the girl's innocent, honest eyes full of the true love-light peering up into his until time to reenter the car.

Now the curious ones were sure that the detective was right. The girl's fondness and her respectful attitude toward her chaperon was most decidedly commendable, and she won the respect and admiration of all, and we began to regard her as "that beautiful young woman."

That same evening at retiring time I heard the chaperon inform her of the hour, and the dear "beautiful girl" replied, "O — [I did not catch the name by which she called the chaperon], I should love to visit with you a little longer before I retire." Simultaneously a fond kiss and a loving embrace were bestowed.

"Ah, hear that," said a passenger. "Who ever in these days hears a daughter talk of visiting a little longer with mother when they have been together all day? How foolish we were even to suggest it possible that there could be a natural tie between those two." Then we all called ourselves foolish for being

so shortsighted at the first, and again we commented upon the sensible conduct of this girl with her "gentleman friend." She unconsciously showed a deep love and reverence for him as well as for her chaperon, and we sometimes wondered which she favored the more. The young woman's evidences of affection, however, were decidedly void of silliness or affectation. "An own daughter," said one, "could not have obeyed more submissively nor promptly than did that 'pretty child' when her chaperon firmly but kindly insisted that it was bedtime."

When the train pulled into Oakland, the astonished passengers learned that this dear girl's lover was also her father and that her faithful chaperon was her mother.

It came about this way: I heard the older woman say, "Elsie, dear, are you tired?" to which came the response, "Yes, mamma darling, but of course not nearly so much as you must be." I communicated this to another, who thought it so unlikely to be a "real case" that she investigated the matter. When she learned it really was a fact and that what we had seen was their actual everyday life, she was astonished.

There was reason enough why the parents looked so young and why the daughter had a matured look. (There would be other young-looking parents if there were not so many daughters "without natural affection.") Elsie shared with her "lover" and her "chaperon" their cares, their joys, their sorrows. They three were one flesh, which explains the whole.

The title of this article was first said to me by my mother when I was four years of age. I then pondered it over and over, wondering what it meant, but did not inquire. As I grew older, experience unfolded to me the real meaning, but never was it quite so emphatically impressed as when the foregoing incidents were enacted.

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#### Appreciation

"WHY don't people like me?" asked a girl who is pretty and has good clothes and correct manners.

"Because you lack the fine art of appreciating people," said her teacher. "You always see the unpleasant things about them, and you show it. You fail to see their real worth, because you see some little fault or failing. And often even these are fancied. Learn to value people properly. See the good in everybody, and you will have friends."

"Of course I succeeded!" said Pasteur. "How could I help it, when everybody expected I would — even from my boyhood?" There is nothing like appreciation to bring out the best in any one. The word of appreciation helps the student to get a better lesson next time and the preacher to preach better. It is the finest kind of encouragement.

How long since you told your parents how much you appreciated your home? A girl brought home some friends from school for Thanksgiving recess. When she went back to school, she wrote her mother how glad she was that she had such a home, and that it was with both pride and pleasure that she brought the other girls to it. That was worth more than dollars, or applause or headlines in the newspaper to that father and mother.

There is all the difference in the world between "mushiness," or flattery, and appreciation. Appreciation is honest and sincere, does not slop over, does



not gush. Appreciation is kindly, is thoughtful, and comes from the heart. It is a grace that makes gracious. It is one of the fine arts of living together. It is the mainspring of courtesy and the product of love. It is the finest mark of a lady and the essential quality of a gentleman.—*The Wellspring*.

### A Little Child Shall Lead Them

"NOBODY lives here, Miss, but children." I had just rung the bell at the side entrance of a large building on one of the main streets of the city of Washington, D. C., when the foregoing salutation reached my ears. I stepped out of the doorway, and looked about to locate the voice. The numerous windows were securely fastened, and I could see no possible opening whence even so small a thing as that childish voice could escape; but upon my request that some one come and get the paper that I desired to leave there, the same voice responded, "All right; wait a minute."

I waited, it seemed to me at least five minutes, when the bolt slid back and the door swung open. If you could have been behind the scenes and beheld the boy who accosted me with, "I can't ask you in, Miss, but I can take the paper," your sense of humor would have goaded you on to do what would have seemed to that boy almost the unpardonable,—laugh until you cried. It was no time for laughing, for that little fellow was in a very serious mood, and evidently imagined himself quite presentable. What about him? Well, his was about the funniest face I have ever seen. In his effort to remove the coal dust, for he had been transferring coal from one bin to another in the basement, he had sadly failed. Only here and there had he succeeded in bringing to view any of the white surface beneath the coat of black, and as he blinked at me upon coming into the light from the dark basement, he was indeed an amusing spectacle.

I was soliciting funds for missions on that particular day, and inasmuch as this building was in my territory, I thought it might be well at least to find out its nature. I learned from the boy that it is a home for "poor kids that don't have any home." Becoming interested in him, I asked how long he had been there. "Dunno," was the reply, "but I don't remember having no other home. But," he added quickly, "I ain't always goin' to stay here. Some day, when I'm a man, I'll get out of here and work for myself; and," in the same breath, "are you sellin' them papers, Miss?" Before I could reply he went on, all the while eying the papers I held in my hands, "'Cause if you are, I can't buy any, and nobody else here *would*." I told him of the work I was doing, of what the money I was collecting would mean to little boys and girls in heathen countries, and assured him that if he would really like one of my papers I should be glad to give it to him. His lips parted in a smile, as he reached a grimy little hand and took the proffered paper. I explained that it was pretty difficult reading for one so young as he seemed. He drew himself to his full height, replying, "Indeed, how old do you *suppose* I am?" "I should say about seven, or perhaps eight." "Nope, not seven, not eight, but *ten*," with marked emphasis on the ten.

As I turned to leave, he followed me to the gate that opened into the street, seemingly reluctant to have me go. He inquired as to where I lived, my

name, my father and mother, etc., and again said that he would look at the pictures and read the paper. He was religiously inclined, and I encouraged him to be a good boy. As I closed the gate, he stood on tiptoe and put his hand in mine, saying in a voice that bespoke tears, "I'm glad I seen you, even if they don't like it." "If who doesn't like it, my boy?" I asked. "Oh, those folks in there," pointing toward the building. Feeling that I must detain him no longer, I hastily withdrew my hand, telling him to run in and shut the door.

I went down the street, stopping at the several homes, and each time upon returning to the pavement I would look in his direction, and wave my hand, for he was still standing where I had left him. His eyes followed me, and when I reached the corner of the next street, I lingered a moment to give a farewell wave of my hand. Evidently thinking I might not be able to see so tiny a thing as his hand in the air, he brought to light a handkerchief, and flourished it above his head in a final good-by.

As I visited the homes, the vision of that dirty-faced but clean-hearted boy was constantly with me. I wished many times that I might get better acquainted, and perhaps help him, for he had the appearance of one who longed for love and sympathy. I inquired at one home as to the treatment of the children in the institution, and was assured that they have good care, and come out with a manliness and dignity that would put to shame most of the boys who are reared under the best home conditions. Upon remarking that I should like to visit the place, the lady of the house informed me that only relatives are allowed to call, and that even they can see their *own children* only once in three months.

Meditating upon the experiences of the day as I sat in the trolley bound for Takoma Park, the morning's battle came to mind, and I felt more than thankful that the enemy had not prevailed upon me to desist from participation in the campaign in behalf of missions. Financially I could not consider the day a success, but the spiritual uplift, having its beginning in a conversation with one of the "lambs" of the flock, was ample reward for the efforts I had put forth. My eyes had been opened to the crying need of the love of God in the life. My ideals of the Christian life were raised to a higher level, and the inspiration came for renewed consecration and better service. And always, as my mind reverted to the experiences of the day, that text, "A little child shall lead them," recurred with deeper and stronger significance.

FLORENCE WHALEY.



WHITE STATES, Full Suffrage; SHADED STATES, Taxation, Bond, or School Suffrage; DOTTED STATE, Presidential, Partial County and State, Municipal Suffrage; BLACK STATES, No Suffrage.





### A Song of May

LAST year's empty little bird's nest clings securely to the tree; It is feather lined and perfect in its woven symmetry. But the tiny builders pass it, and with swift dexterity Shape a new home close beside the feather-lined one in the tree.

Every springtime has its bird nests, fashioned in a wondrous way

After some eternal pattern in two wee hearts hid away; For no shrine of former spring can glorify love born today. Sweetheart, let us build our temple. Sweetheart, Sweetheart, it is May!

—Eva Dean.

### Making Window Glass

THERE are, no doubt, many who have never had the privilege of going through a plant where glass is made. To such it may be of interest to read some of the different processes through which it passes from the sand heap to the panes of glass ready to be shipped.

Five ingredients are ground together. A certain kind of sand, lime, salt cake, sodium, and coal. A certain per cent of each is carefully weighed out and put together. When ground together the substance looks much like cream-colored meal or flour. This is shoveled into a metal box fastened to the end of a long iron bar that is hung by framework from above. This bar is heavy enough to about balance the box filled with the sand and broken glass that continually accumulate in different parts of the factory. It is about twelve feet long. As the man swings it around toward the furnace, another man from about the same distance away, pulls back a lever, and the furnace door is raised enough to admit the box filled with the mixture. The heat of this furnace is intense. The long bar and the lever to raise the door, allow the men to place the material to be melted, within the furnace while standing at a distance from its mouth.

This material is quickly melted, and lies in the furnace, a fiery liquid. From other apertures men insert a hollow bar with a knob on the end, turn it in the thick liquid, and remove it to cool the bar with water, and thicken the melted glass that adheres to the bar. To obtain enough to make one sheet of double-strength glass, the bar is placed in and turned and removed about four times.

When enough has been gathered on the end of the bar to make the desired size of glass, it is called a "lump." It is then taken to an iron pan rounded to receive it, with sawdust in the bottom to keep the heated lump from sticking to the pan. Here it is rolled back and forth, and air is blown through the bar into the lump. It gradually lengthens and widens, until it looks like a red-hot demijohn. It is then taken to an open furnace, or oven, the bar balanced by a hook upon a movable crane, and the glass is inserted through the opening into the furnace, turned rapidly, the man often blowing through the bar and enlarging the glass into a beautiful cylinder. From time to time he removes it from the furnace, and suspends it down into an open pit, where he swings it slowly to and fro, still blowing into it, enlarging and shaping it.

When brought to the desired shape and size, the man again places the end in the mouth of the furnace,

and again blows through the bar. This opens a hole at the farther end of the cylinder, called the "hole end." He again swings it into the pit and deftly shakes off the whole end, leaving an open cylinder at that end. This may be ten, twelve, or fourteen inches in diameter, according to the desired size of the sheet of glass. This glass cylinder is then laid upon a wooden frame with grooves made to receive it, and the bar is carefully removed with some of the glass that surrounds it. Then a small piece of melted glass is brought and stretched around the end of the cylinder, while at a great heat. This is allowed to remain a few seconds, when the whole end of the cylinder comes off at the line that was encircled by the thread. An iron rod is then brought with one end red-hot, and slowly drawn through the cylinder against its lower side, until it snaps and the cylinder is parted on its lower side from end to end. It is then taken to another oven that has four large flat stones composed of fire cement, perfectly level and smooth. This oven is also intensely heated, and as the cylinder is placed upon one of these stones by a long iron bar, it gradually softens and soon it can be spread at the place that it was cracked apart. It is interesting to see this large glass cylinder slowly unfold until it lies flat upon the stone.

The man then takes a float, called a "speiss," fastened to the end of a long bar, and draws it back and forth over the glass until the glass is perfectly smooth. The stone base is then turned until another stone is before the opening, when the process is repeated. By the time the fourth stone composing the base, or floor of the oven, has been used, the first sheet of glass has cooled, and is removed to a frame which carries it back to a vat-room. When taken out, the glass looks clouded and gray. It is then, with several other sheets, placed in a frame, slightly apart, and lowered into a vat filled with hot water and sulphuric acid. It remains there but a minute, and comes up clear and transparent. The sheets are then taken to large tables that have measures traced upon them, and there cut into such sizes as may be desired. These large sheets, three or four feet wide by five or six in length, are quickly cut into panes of different sizes, and are ready to pack.

CLARENCE SANTEE.

### Peanuts

LARGE areas in Virginia and the Carolinas, where cotton formerly grew, are now planted with peanuts, and the farmers feel that the change is a profitable one. Yet even with all this cultivation, the cry is still for more, and three peanuts will have to grow in America where one grew before, if the supply would meet the demand. We are, in fact, importing peanuts all the time from Spain, China, Japan, and the East Indies. But for these supplies from abroad, the merchant on the fairgrounds or at the beach would have to cry "ten cents a bag" instead of "five," and our picnic-day expenses would be doubled.

Peanut oil is a product for which many uses have been found of late. It is used on the table in place of the more expensive olive oil, and found by many people to be equally satisfactory. Physicians have taken to recommending it for ailments of the stomach, and this tends to increase the demand. Almost any large dealer can tell of prescriptions for nuts or for oil that come to him.

Across the water they learned the value of peanut



oil before we did, and employ it much more extensively. In the city of Marseilles, France, alone there are nearly fifty mills, with many hundreds of presses in each, producing over half a million barrels of peanut oil annually. After the peanuts have been pressed three times, the cake that is left is used for animal food and for fertilizer. Nothing is wasted. The oil obtained from the pressing just before the final one, is used as the base for the world-famed Castile soap.

Just now the main manufactured product in this country is peanut butter, for which some concerns use annually as many as one hundred carloads of peanuts. Very soon these companies aim to produce peanut oil, after the European fashion, using the higher grades for edible purposes and the lower grades for packing fish, and as a lubricant for machines, and in many other ways. Truly the humble peanut is coming into an important place of its own in our American life. If some Luther Burbank will only take hold of the situation, and develop a type of nut with three or four kernels instead of two, he will not only swell the small boy's joy, but do much to increase a nation's food supply.—*Young People*.

#### Trailing Arbutus

TRAILING Arbutus, most lowly of flowers,  
Minute your blossom and dull-green your leaf,  
But of attractions of pine-scented forests,  
Your matchless fragrance is easily chief.

Trailing Arbutus, you bloom in the springtime,  
Bloom ere the snow has all melted away,  
Bloom when the tedious, long nights of winter,  
Flee from the rays of the bright orb of day.



Trailing Arbutus, we greet you with gladness,  
Welcome, thrice welcome, your sweet-scented flowers;  
You are the harbinger, kindly forerunner,  
Of May with her beautiful, blossom-filled bowers.

C. P. BOLLMAN.



#### The Snow Prayer

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and when she came in she said, "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray for, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday school."

"The snow prayer? What do you mean, little one?"

"Why," was the reply, "I mean that beautiful snow prayer in the Bible, mamma; you know it. 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a very sweet promise to go with it: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

And what can wash them white, clean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: "They . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

When I read this story, I thought to myself: That child had a nice mind, and how perfectly lovely it would be if in our play we could turn things to prayer as this wee girlie did.—*Selected*.

#### Circulate Literature Among the Jews

THE interest our brethren and sisters have taken in circulating the Yiddish magazines published last year, has been encouraging. In a short time ten thousand copies of the magazine were disposed of, and the calls kept coming for more. Before we could issue another edition, orders for nearly two thousand copies were waiting to be filled.

We have printed another edition of five thousand copies of the same magazine, and we now have a supply on hand to fill all orders.

Encouraging words have come to us from those who have been among the Jews with this paper. Many seem surprised when they learn that a Christian Sabbath-keeping people are getting out literature of this character. Some of our people have been obliged to wait while the Jews read the magazine; it seemed such a surprise to these poor lost sheep of Israel that such a work is going on. Our people have many questions asked them, and the Jews wonder what these things mean. Some of the Jewish people tell our brethren and sisters that they think we are the real Jews, and they feel as if they are castaway. It is sad to think of the Jewish people who once were the chosen people of God, now without hope, and practically without God in the world. The masses of the Jews are fast giving up religion of every form. Many of their leading men are taking from the laity what little faith they had in Moses and the prophets.

The writer sees more and more the force of the statement the servant of the Lord wrote about forty years ago. It is as follows:—

"His [Marcus Lichtenstein's] knowledge of Hebrew would have been a help to the office in the prepara-



tion of publications through which access could be gained to a class that otherwise could not be reached."  
—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, p. 206.*

We have hundreds of cities where there are thousands and tens of thousands of Jews. They largely center in the cities. Dear brother and sister, have you yet done anything toward giving the Jews the bread of life? Why not get a few of these magazines, and go to your Jewish friends and neighbors and interest them in this truth? Be sure to tell them that you are a Christian Sabbath keeper, that you do not believe in eating swine's flesh, but you do believe in the binding obligation of the law of God and the teachings of the whole Bible.

We also have a number of different kinds of tracts which will appeal to the Jews. We hope that you will order a quantity through your church librarian or the local tract society, and do something for these poor lost sheep. Jesus when on earth had compassion on them. Why don't you? It is difficult to get them to attend our services, but they will read. They are great readers; and when the orthodox Jew sees any literature in his vernacular, he becomes interested.

The Yiddish magazine costs three cents a copy, three dollars a hundred. You get for them what you can. We are hearing encouraging words from many of the people to the effect that most of the Jews gladly give five or ten cents for the paper. May God bless you, dear brother and sister, for your interest in the work among the Jews.

F. C. GILBERT.

### Confidence in God

THE Lord has revealed to us the great things he has done to inspire our perfect confidence in him, so that we shall trust him in every trying experience that comes to us.

Hear this: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counselor hath taught him?" "Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Isa. 40: 12, 13, 15.

To Job the Lord spoke: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" "Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof?" Job 38: 31, 32, 37, 4, 6.

"To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth." Isa. 40: 25, 26.

It would seem that in face of such language as this no one would lack confidence, or be slow in confiding the interests of his life into the hands of such a one as is here made known, and who really has done all these marvelous things. And yet how often do we all forget, and do this very thing, when we come to some difficult experience in life.

A young man, distressed about his soul, confided in a friend. The friend said, "Did you ever learn to float?"

"Yes, I did," was the surprised reply.

"And did you find it easy to learn?"

"Not at first."

"What was the difficulty?" his friend pursued.

"Well, the fact was I could not lie still. I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that I must give up the struggle, and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that. I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should not sink."

"And is not God more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feeling; he commands you to rest in him, to believe his word, and accept his gift."

Surely he who measured the sea, as one would dip up water in the hollow of his hands; and measured off the heavens, as one would measure some object by the spans of his hand; that comprehended the dust of the earth, as one measures out a pile of wheat; and weighed the ponderous mountains, as one weighs out the contents of his store, is worthy our constant and implicit confidence.

Why do we lack confidence? Oh! we do not know him as we should, or knowing all this of him, an enemy leads us to forget. We begin to struggle, forgetting that underneath are the everlasting arms that uphold a universe, whose only corner stones and foundations thereof are the omnipotent power of our unchangeable God. For all the worlds, like our own, hang "upon nothing." Job 26: 7.

Truly the prophet Isaiah stated it right when he wrote: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

T. E. BOWEN.



### Faith in God

(Texts for May 14-20)

LET us have a heart-to-heart talk about faith. What does it really mean to us? How does it affect our daily lives? Is it as practical a thing with us as it was with Livingstone? Upon his return from Africa, while addressing the Edinburgh University, he said: "Shall I tell you what supported me through all the years of exile among people whose language I could not understand, and whose attitude toward me was always uncertain and often hostile? It was, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

It was faith in God that supported Livingstone in dark, heathen Africa. That was the one thing that kept up his courage when everything seemed to go wrong. If our faith is not doing as much for us, there is something wrong. We need a new supply. Genuine faith in God can support a Christian anywhere, and carry him triumphantly through the severest tests known to mortals. It has done this for



others, it will do it for us; for faith is power—power to live calmly and cheerfully, and power to serve eagerly and successfully.

If faith in God means anything to us, it means *everything, every day, in every experience*. It is not like a garment that can be put on at will. If we have it, it becomes a part of our lives and transforms them. Through it all our needs are supplied. If we have enough faith in God, we shall never lack strength for service. We shall always have just as much power as we have faith, and no more. If we have enough faith in God, we shall never become discouraged.

As we look out and see how dreadfully uncertain everything is; how war, trouble, and distress are driving people everywhere to distraction, faith points to the precious promises of God's love and care for his children, and our hearts are filled with that perfect peace which God gives to those whose minds are stayed on him. The day brings to us bitter disappointments, or little nagging trials in the home, in the office, on the farm, in the schoolroom, and we are tempted to be cross, but we are reminded that "all things work together for good to them that love God;" faith helps us to believe this, and gives us strength enough to move on calmly, sweetly, and cheerfully.

How we all love the young person who has such practical faith in God! He comforts, he inspires, he cheers. Such faith is worth while. Such faith you and I may have if we will pay the price. And what is the price? Let me tell you:—

One dark night an express train was wrecked. The president of the road was on board, and when he hurried to the front, he found the faithful engineer pinned beneath the engine. As the president stood looking at the prostrate form, he saw his lips move, and, kneeling down, he heard the dying man say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

"Jim," said the president, "I would be willing to give my life with all that I have for such a faith as that."

"Mr. President," said Jim, "that is just what it costs."

The price of genuine, saving, and keeping faith is always the same—a full and unconditional surrender to God of all there is of us. This great transaction must be renewed daily. Each day we must lay ourselves and all our plans at the Master's feet. Then you and I must care for our newly purchased faith, that it may grow stronger and stronger. How shall we do this? Dwight L. Moody once wrote: "I prayed for faith, and thought that some day faith would come down and strike me like lightning. But faith did not seem to come. One day I read in the tenth chapter of Romans, 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.' I had closed my Bible and prayed for faith. I now opened my Bible and began to study, and faith has been growing ever since." We must mix prayer with Bible study. And these two will drive us out into Christian service, the third thing needed for cultivating faith.

There is one thing we must guard against. An unpublished testimony says: "Many know so little of faith that when they have asked God for his help and blessing, they look to themselves to see if their prayer is answered; and if they have a happy flight

of feeling, they are satisfied. This is not faith, but unbelief. We should trust God, whether we experience any change or not. We cannot expect to be very joyful and hopeful while we look to ourselves; for we must think of self as sinful. A large class of the professed Christian world are watching their feelings; but feeling is an unsafe guide, and those who depend upon it are in danger of imbibing heresy."

Each day let us learn more of the wonderful promises of God, by studying his Word prayerfully and obeying his commands promptly and implicitly. Then shall we learn to live, independently of *feeling*, the victorious life of faith in God that is supported under all conditions by the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."

**MEDITATION.**—As I study the texts this week, I realize that there is but one pathway that leads to God, and that pathway is *faith*. I must learn to see the difference between *belief* and *faith*. Evil angels *believe* and tremble; but saving faith yields the fruit of obedience to all God's commands. Faith in God will enable me to do all things that a true Christian should do. By the help of God, I am determined to have the faith that overcomes the world.

I do thank the Lord for the privilege of placing my hand in his and letting him lead me to his own glory and for my good. I know I can trust him, for closer to me than the dangers seen or unseen is his loving arm to shield and protect me.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—While we are at home, we may all be intercessory missionaries to the young people in heathen lands. Let us all join in praying for them this week. God hears and answers prayer. Then shall we deny them the help our prayers may give?

M. E.

### The Seeing Eye

A CURVE in the road, and a hillside  
Clear-cut against the sky;  
A tall tree tossed by the autumn wind,  
And a white cloud riding high;  
Ten men went along that road,  
And all but one passed by.

He saw the hill and the tree and the cloud  
With an artist's mind and eye;  
And he put them down on canvas—  
For the other nine men to buy.

—Margaret L. Farrand, in the *Independent*.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending May 20

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for May.

### The Bible Year

#### Assignment for May 14 to 20

May 14: 2 Chronicles 1 to 3.  
May 15: 2 Chronicles 4 to 6.  
May 16: 2 Chronicles 7 to 9.  
May 17: Psalms 47, 97 to 99.  
May 18: Psalms 100, 135, 136.  
May 19: Song of Solomon 1 to 4.  
May 20: Song of Solomon 5 to 8.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for May 11.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## He Got Out of It

Dedicated to the boy who, instead of doing duty, dodges it.

T. H. JEYS

UNPLEASANT tasks he'd surely shirk;  
When but a lad sent out to work,  
He got out of it.  
No matter what his father said,  
No matter where his duty led,  
He got out of it.

His teachers set his daily task,  
But whatsoever they would ask,  
He got out of it.  
For honest work he had no vim;  
Whenever duty came to him,  
He got out of it.

And when at length, his childhood past,  
Stern manhood's duty came at last,  
He got out of it.  
Whenever fortune came his way  
It never very long would stay;  
He got out of it.

He entered business for himself;  
He'd now regain his squandered wealth,  
But he got out of it.  
The habit of his life was wrong;  
When duty's call was plain and strong,  
He got out of it.

Some clothing which his friends supplied,  
Some money, too, he had, beside,  
But he got out of it.

The food he had was eaten up,  
No morsel left to eat or sup;  
He got out of it.

He robbed a neighbor's crib at night,  
But justice did not catch him quite;  
He got out of it.  
He tried the selfsame thing once more,  
As he had done so oft before,  
And he got out of it.

But finally he was safely jailed,  
And though he tried, in this he failed,  
To get out of it.  
Although he told a piteous tale,  
With many a whining weakling's wail,  
He couldn't get out of it.

He brought first this, then that excuse;  
The judge told him it was no use,  
He couldn't get out of it.  
All through his life he'd dodged and lied,  
Until he thought whate'er'd betide,  
He could get out of it.

They charged him in the court with crime,  
And proved their charges every time;  
He couldn't get out of it.  
The judge said, "Go and serve your sentence,  
Too late it now is for repentance."  
And he couldn't get out of it.

## The First and Longest Step Upward

**I**T was the first and longest step upward that probably settled my climb," said the eminent man who had been besieged after his lecture to tell what started him on his successful career. "I was an ordinary boy growing to be an ordinary man, which I am thankful to be now, when somebody said what I considered an unkind thing about me. I was a bashful, sensitive, timid youth, but I went around explaining to people that what had been said of me was not true, and gathering up sympathy until I felt quite a victim. Then suddenly I lost a great opportunity because I was so busy feeling sorry for myself that I never heard of the opportunity in time. That taught me a lesson, and I determined to profit by what others said of me, rather than make a great ado about it." The eminent man paused for a little space and then said, with a twinkle in his eye, "And when I grew older I found that the unkind criticism, as I had called it, was the unpleasant truth about me."

Of course they all laughed, but one young man in the group turned a vivid red. If the lecturer had not been a stranger in the town, he would have said positively that the speaker was aiming at him, but how could a man who had never been in the place before know what some one had said about him? It was in connection with the young people's society to which he belonged. Somebody had said that "Will F— wanted to run everything," so Will F— promptly "got mad," and said they could not count on him for

anything in the future. If people thought that of him, they could run everything without him. But that little story, from the experience of an eminent man, about starting up the ladder of success by gathering benefit from what people said about him put a different light on the matter, and Will was back in the society the next week, but not to "run it," at least in any offensive manner.

When you think it all over, what people say about us usually comes nearer being the truth than what we say about ourselves. We fondly think our laziness or carelessness or selfishness or any other fault is a great secret, when it is known and read of all men. "I'll never speak to her again," said an angry girl as she accidentally overheard what another girl said about her. "If she thinks that of me, why doesn't she tell me to my face?" Whereupon a wise aunt answered that nobody had the courage to tell the girl to her face about her quick temper. It took constant smoothing over and carrying her along past difficulties to keep her sweet at all, so the girls who were forced to associate with her had to humor her in order to get along with any semblance of harmony. The girl who had always boasted about her quick temper had a very bad half hour with herself, and then she determined that by the grace of God, no one should ever truthfully say that of her again. And she climbed her ladder of success, once she got up that first and most difficult step.

"And aren't you mad about it?" asked a young man



after he had related a long and detailed account of what "mean" things another fellow had said about his friend. "If he'd say that about me I'd make him suffer for it." But the young man answered promptly that the things said were probably the truth and he had grown too careless to notice them in his life. "Why, Jim," he said earnestly, "it's a liberal education to hear what folks say about me, and then to profit by them. I never realized how negligent I had grown about writing to the folks at home until somebody said I was too stingy to buy postage stamps. I was shocked to find that I had not written to mother for two weeks. That may seem a little matter, but when you sift all criticisms to the bottom, unless they are malicious falsehoods designed to be such, there is profit in them all."

"What has become of the pouting young people?" queried an old lady the other day. "Don't young folks pout nowadays? When I was a girl, we had a set of young men and women who resented everything said about them unless we were flattering them all the time, but nowadays I notice such a healthy absence of moods and the die-away look 'sensitive' folks used to wear. There's Hannah Jane P—— for example. In her youth she heard that her dearest friend had said something unkind about her, and from that day to this she will have nothing to do with her. Becky D—— probably never said the unkind thing; and if she did it was the truth, for Hannah Jane was selfish and lazy combined, but that made no difference. To this very day they are estranged and probably always will be. I'm so glad young people are too busy to act like that now."

When you think of it, there is a blessed lack of anything like taking chance criticism to heart among the young folks of today. Probably young people do not relish criticism any better than they ever did, but they do not allow it to depress them. Having found out what the world thinks of them, they resolutely set to work to examine their lives; and if the accusation is true, they strive to profit by the knowledge it has brought. As the great poet says,—

"Men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

and that is exactly what multitudes of young men and women are doing. Under their feet they are trampling that which is unworthy or selfish or unholy in their lives and they are thanking God that through human agency he has brought their faults to their notice. And that in itself is the first step up the ladder of success, whether it be financial or moral or spiritual or intellectual. While others are stopping to explain and argue and collect sympathy, the resolute young folks are climbing upward, knowing that anything in the way of a dead weight holds them back from the top. Yes, it is the first step and the longest; but when it is taken, all the other steps in the ladder of success will be easier and pleasanter to climb.—*Hilda Richmond.*

#### Quietly and Properly Humbled

I HAD just finished my high school course and accepted a position in our conference office, which was in my home town, as bookkeeper. The conference had recently purchased a farm in the outskirts of the village, and it fell to my lot to care for the stock, consisting of two horses, six cattle, and fifty sheep. I rather enjoyed this, for I was more or less used to

outdoor work, and it made a good change from the confinement of the office.

Our conference president was a practical man, and in planning the work of the farm, which was to be a school farm, made a deal with one of the large livery stables of the town to exchange straw for the stable litter.

One day he came to me and asked, "Don't you think the horses need a little exercise?" When I replied in the affirmative, he said, "I think it would be a good thing if you would take the team and haul away the litter from the livery barn."

There was nothing else to do but consent, although I rebelled in my heart. It is not easy to explain why I should rebel, for I had hauled litter before, and done all kinds of farm work, but somehow I had in my mind that I was above that now. I had a certain feeling of pride because of my position. I could not imagine what the people of the town, who were accustomed to seeing me dressed for the office, would think when they saw me going past on a load of manure. I felt as if the eyes of the whole town would be on me, and they would think I had lost my job.

Feeling thus, I began my work. As I progressed, I did not feel any better. I thought to myself, "It will take a week to do this job." On the morning of the third day, as I was working, these thoughts surged through my mind: "It is too much to expect of a fellow. Any one would call me a fool for ever starting such a job. I ought to quit. I believe I shall."

Such thoughts do not make one feel comfortable, and I am sure a fork never attacked any work more vigorously. Every time I drove it in, it was with some rebellious thought. The work had been bad enough before, but this morning it seemed intolerable.

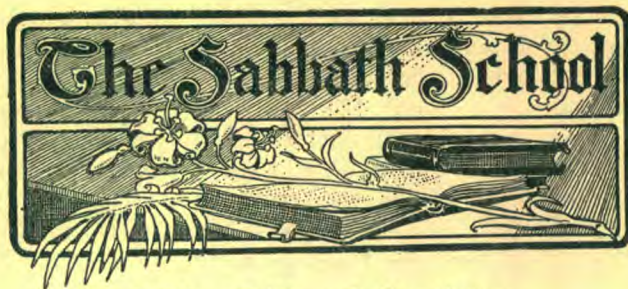
On hearing some one approaching, I looked up, and whom should I see but the conference president, dressed in overalls and having a pitchfork! He said, "Good morning," and I responded, "Good morning." Then he said, "How are you feeling?" I answered, "Pretty good." It surely was not altogether true, but the surprise at seeing the president in his working costume made me for the moment forget my real feelings, and I think the incredulous expression on my face kept him from discerning the real character of my thoughts and feelings. As we worked together, I would look up and watch him. He seemed to be enjoying his work; so I would dig in again. I thought at noon, "He will not show up again;" but he did, and he stayed by the job until it was done.

In those few days I learned one of the most valuable lessons of my life. I thought to myself, "Here you are, a bookkeeper, on a salary of six dollars a week, and ashamed to pitch stable manure, but the president of the conference was ready for the job." It took some time for the lesson to sink in, but I learned it thoroughly, and I recall the experience with pleasure.

S. S.

A CASKET, constructed of clay, which, it is said, will withstand the ravages of time indefinitely and is impervious to water, air, and vermin, has been put on the market. A flange on the cover fits closely into a groove in the edge of the lower portion, making it possible to seal the casket hermetically with cement. When trimmed, this casket resembles the ordinary coffin, except that the ends are less angular.





## VIII — Trial and Crucifixion

(May 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 27: 19-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." Isa. 53: 5.

## Questions

1. While Pilate was on the judgment seat, what message was sent to him? Matt. 27: 19. Note 1.
2. What did the Jewish leaders persuade the multitude to ask? Verse 20.
3. What further chance did Pilate give them to release Jesus? But whom did they ask to be set free? Verse 21.
4. Of what had Barabbas been guilty? John 18: 40; Luke 23: 18, 19.
5. What further question did Pilate ask? What did the people say? Matt. 27: 22.
6. By what question did Pilate seek to turn them from their purpose? Verse 23, first part.
7. But what did the people cry? Verse 23, last part.
8. What did Pilate now do? What did he say? Verse 24.
9. What blame were the people willing to take upon themselves? Verse 25. Note 2.
10. What did Pilate now do to please them? Verse 26. Note 3.
11. After Pilate had consented for Jesus to be crucified, what did the soldiers do? Verses 27, 28.
12. In what ways was Jesus mocked and mistreated? Verses 29-31.
13. While on the way to the place of crucifixion, whom did they compel to bear the cross? Verse 32. Note 4.
14. On reaching Golgotha, or Calvary, what was offered to Jesus? With what result? Verses 33, 34. Note 5.
15. When Jesus was crucified, how was prophecy again fulfilled? Verse 35.
16. As they sat and watched the Crucified One, what words did they place over his head? Verse 37.
17. Who were crucified with Jesus? Verse 38.
18. For whom did Jesus suffer all this? Memory verse.

## Notes

1. "Pilate's wife was not a Jew; but the angel of God had sent this warning to her, that, through her, Pilate might be prevented from committing the terrible crime of delivering up to death the divine Son of God."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 141.

2. "The people of Israel had made their choice. Pointing to Jesus, they had said, 'Not this man, but Barabbas.' Barabbas, the robber and murderer, was the representative of Satan. Christ was the representative of God. Christ had been rejected; Barabbas had been chosen."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 739.

3. "Pilate longed to deliver Jesus. But he saw that he could not do this, and yet retain his own position and honor. Rather than lose his worldly power, he chose to sacrifice an innocent life. . . . But in spite of his precautions, the very thing he dreaded afterward came upon him. His honors were stripped from him, he was cast down from his high office, and, stung by remorse and wounded pride, not long after the crucifixion he ended his own life."—*Id.*, p. 738. How alike were the experiences of Judas and Pilate! Both sacrificed innocent blood for selfish gain. Both in remorse ended their own lives.

4. "The bearing of the cross to Calvary was a blessing to Simon, and he was ever after grateful for this providence. It led him to take upon himself the cross of Christ from choice, and ever cheerfully stand beneath its burden."—*Id.*, p. 742.

5. This was a drink given to those who suffered death by the cross, to deaden pain. Jesus refused it in order that his mind might be clear to the last. He knew that if his senses were beclouded it would give Satan an advantage.

## VIII — Trial and Crucifixion

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## Questions

1. While Pilate was on the judgment seat, what message did his wife send him? Matt. 27: 19. Note 1.

2. What did the chief priests and elders persuade the multitude to do? Verse 20.

3. What question did Pilate ask the people? Verse 21, first part.

4. What was their answer? Verse 21, last part.

5. What further question did Pilate ask? Verse 22, first part. Note 2.

6. What did they all say? Verse 22, last part.

7. By what question did the governor then seek to dissuade them from their purpose? Verse 23, first part.

8. What did the people persist in crying? Verse 23, last part.

9. When Pilate saw he could not prevail with the people, what did he do and say? Verse 24. Note 3.

10. What did all the people respond? Verse 25.

11. What did Pilate do to gratify them? Verse 26.

12. What was then done with Jesus? Verses 27, 28.

13. In what ways did they mock and maltreat Jesus? Verses 29, 30.

14. After this abuse, what did they do next? Verse 31.

15. Whom did they compel to bear the cross? Verse 32. Note 4.

16. When they had come to Golgotha, what did they give Jesus? What was the result? Verses 33, 34. Note 5.

17. After crucifying him, how did they again fulfil prophecy? Verse 35.

18. As they sat and watched the Crucified One, what inscription was placed above his head? Verses 36, 37.

19. Who were crucified with Jesus? Verse 38.

## Notes

1. In "The Desire of Ages," page 732, is found the following comment on the dream of Pilate's wife, Claudia Procula: "Pilate was not left to act blindly. A message from God warned him from the deed he was about to commit. In answer to Christ's prayer, the wife of Pilate had been visited by an angel from heaven, and in a dream she had beheld the Saviour and conversed with him. Pilate's wife was not a Jew, but as she looked upon Jesus in her dream, she had no doubt of his character and mission."

After describing how there passed before her in the dream the scenes in the judgment hall, the crucifixion, and the second coming of Christ in glory, the comment continues: "With a cry of horror she awoke, and at once wrote to Pilate words of warning. While Pilate was hesitating as to what he should do, a messenger pressed through the crowd, and handed him the letter from his wife, which read, 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.'"

2. The question, What shall I do with Jesus? is one which every man must ask himself and answer for himself. Pilate's mistake was in asking others what he should do with Jesus and letting them answer it for him.

3. The ceremony of washing the hands with water as a declaration of innocence was a familiar one to the Jews, and would be readily understood. See Deut. 21: 1-9 and Ps. 26: 6.

4. "At this time a stranger, Simon a Cyrenian, coming in from the country, meets the throng. He hears the taunts and ribaldry of the crowd; he hears the words contemptuously repeated, Make way for the King of the Jews. He stops in astonishment at the scene; and as he expresses his compassion, they seize him and place the cross upon his shoulders.

"Simon had heard of Jesus. His sons were believers in the Saviour, but he himself was not a disciple. The bearing of the cross to Calvary was a blessing to Simon, and he was ever after grateful for this providence. It led him to take upon himself the cross of Christ from choice, and ever cheerfully stand beneath its burden."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 742.

5. "Golgotha." This is a Hebrew word, signifying the place of a skull. This is the word which in Luke is called Calvary. The original Greek, there, also means a skull. The word *calvary* is a Latin word meaning skull, or place of skulls. It is not known certainly why this name was given to this place. Some have supposed that it was because the mount resembled in shape a human skull. The most probable opinion, however, is that it was a place of execution; that malefactors were beheaded there or otherwise put to death, and that their bones remained unburied or unburned. Golgotha, or Calvary, was probably a small eminence on the northwest of Jerusalem, without the walls of the city, but at a short distance. Jesus was put to death out of the city, because capital punishments were not allowed within the walls."—*Barnes's Notes*.

The vinegar mingled with gall, or wine drugged with myrrh, as Mark gives it, was "a drink given by a merciful custom before execution to deaden the sense of pain. . . . Jesus declines the drink, desiring to suffer with a clear mind."—*Bruce*.

On this point, "The Desire of Ages," page 746, says: "He [Jesus] would receive nothing that could becloud his mind. His faith must keep fast hold upon God. This was his only strength. To becloud his senses would give Satan an advantage."



# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - Editor  
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - Associate Editor

## Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription	- - -	\$1.25
Six Months	- - -	.70

## Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	- - -	Each \$ .85
Nine months at the rate of	- - -	.90
Six months at the rate of	- - -	.95
Three months at the rate of	- - -	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

## The Way Some Work

MISS JENNIE R. BATES, Missionary Volunteer and educational secretary of the State of Maine, recently ordered two hundred of the Anti-Tobacco number of the INSTRUCTOR, and in the letter accompanying her last order, she said:—

"I went into a W. C. T. U. meeting today and showed the paper and pledge, and suggested that it would be desirable to supply the public-school teachers and pupils with a copy, and the union voted to give five dollars for this purpose. I went to one of the most prominent ministers, and he helped me to find out how many papers were needed, and interested the superintendent of schools, and it will be mentioned in every Sunday school in town this Sunday that April 20 is Anti-Cigarette Day, and that papers will be distributed in the public schools. In all the Sunday schools an effort will be made to secure as many signers to the anti-cigarette pledge as possible. The W. C. T. U. voted to ask the minister's wife and me to go to the teachers, and personally interest them to give a little talk to the pupils in their rooms at the time they gave them the papers."

Now cannot the cooperation of every W. C. T. U. be secured, and a similar work be done for the public school boys and girls throughout the land? Let us try it, and try it at once. Time is passing, and while we wait, boys are beginning the habit that will wreck their lives.

## The Boys' Anti-Tobacco Brigade

### Your Choice of Three Books

THE newspaper work of the world seems to have fallen upon the boys. Now and then in some of our cities, one sees a woman or a man selling the daily papers on the street corner; but with few exceptions, the news of the world is dispensed by the boys; so they have come to be the recognized salesmen.

Why then should not the INSTRUCTOR count on them to circulate thousands of the Anti-Tobacco number? Every boy (or girl) who will sell, from the first of May, two hundred copies of the Anti-Tobacco number will be given by the INSTRUCTOR his choice of three books, "Stories Worth Rereading," "Tiger and Tom and Other Stories," or "The King's Daughter." To one who sells five hundred copies, a \$2.50 Bible will be given.

These papers can be secured for two cents a copy, and if sold at five cents each, the profit for the seller on the two hundred will be six dollars, and on the five hundred copies fifteen dollars.

Boys, send four dollars for two hundred copies, and you will make for yourselves six dollars, and

will be given a book. Besides, and of first importance, you will do great good by placing the paper in the hands of the people.

Who will be the first to order two hundred copies of the Anti-Tobacco number? In order to secure the special rate of two cents a copy, orders must not be for less than two hundred copies.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Answers in the new Encyclopedia Britannica

1. WHY does a room look smaller with red than with violet wall paper?
2. Are you sure you like the *taste* of vanilla?
3. What useful work do leather manufacturers get from bacteria, in the course of preparing hides?
4. How can you tell how far away a flash of lightning is?
5. What warm-blooded creatures have the longest average life?
6. What makes the colors of sunset?
7. When sea water freezes, does the salt stay in the ice?
8. Has the United States flag always had thirteen stripes?
9. Of what material are felt hats made?
10. Why did the Israelites in bondage need straw to put in their bricks, when we do not use it?
11. About what percentage of all those who work for wages in the United States belong to trade-unions?
12. How does moonlight compare for strength with sunlight?

## Don'ts for Poets — and Others

DON'T think of yourself as a poet, and don't dress the part.

Don't classify yourself as a member of any special school or group.

Don't call your quarters a garret or a studio.

Don't frequent exclusively the company of writers.

Don't think of any class of work that you feel moved to do as either beneath you or above you.

Don't complain of lack of appreciation. (In the long run no really good published work can escape appreciation.)

Don't think you are entitled to any special rights, privileges, and immunities as a literary person, or have any more reason to consider your possible lack of fame a grievance against the world than has any shipping clerk or traveling salesman.

Don't speak of poetic license, or believe that there is any such thing.

Don't tolerate in your own work any flaws in rhythm, rhyme, melody, or grammar.

Don't use "e'er" for "ever," "o'er" for "over," "whenas" or "what time" for "when," or any of the "poetical" commonplaces of the past.

Don't say "did go" for "went," even if you need an extra syllable.

Don't omit articles or prepositions for the sake of rhythm.

Don't have your book published at your own expense by any house that makes a practice of publishing at the author's expense.

Don't write what everybody else is writing.—Arthur Guiterman.

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.