

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"SUMMER TIME IS THE TIME FOR ME"





THE expensive part of silkworm culture is feeding the little creatures. Several thousands eating together make a sound like rain.

HOLLAND is getting very short of wheat and flour. It depends chiefly upon America for these, and England has prevented their importation, lest Germany get a share.

DID you ever eat the fruit of an orchid? Perhaps the nearest you came to it was when you ate ice cream and cake, for the vanilla extract used in these came from the vanilla bean, the fruit of a vine orchid.

DR. ROBERT BORONY, of the University of Vienna, who was awarded the Nobel prize in medicine for 1914, was captured by the Russians last year, and is now serving as physician to the Austrian prisoners in Russia.

PASTOR L. V. FINSTER, in the Philippines, recently baptized at one service one hundred and four persons, the results of a tent effort in San Pablo. About ninety-five per cent of these had come from the Roman Catholic Church.

THE University of California is conducting a series of cooperative experiments, hoping that either a race of silkworms may be developed, or a method of feeding and handling devised which will so reduce the cost of production that silk farming may be made an industry of the Pacific Coast.

WHEREVER German invaders in the present war penetrate they are particularly careful to preserve park trees, no matter what else they may destroy. Cavalry men are instructed not to tie their horses to trees, for fear they might gnaw the bark; and the artillery is careful not to cannonade groves in a city.

MR. THOMAS A. EDISON has been making a study of bees in their flight. The weight of a bee's body, he states, is seven thousand times greater than that of its wings. "Therefore," declares Mr. Edison, "a heavier-than-air machine of great weight can be built as soon as we obtain something that will beat the air at the rate of two hundred times a second."

ONE of the peculiar plants of Lower California having an economic value is the archil, a lichen, which formerly was exported to England, where it was used in making fast dyes in several colors before the cheaper aniline dyes came into general use. Now, when the war has cut off these from Germany and increased the demand for vegetable dyes, its popularity and value are returning.

THE late E. Dwight Church, of Brooklyn, New York, owned a library that was recently sold for \$1,250,000. Mr. Church spent \$30,000 in getting his library properly catalogued. The "Life of Franklin" in his own handwriting is one of the interesting features of the collection. This volume could not be bought for less than \$35,000. The collection contains two letters from Major Andre, a copy of Charles Lamb's proposal to Frances Maria Kelly, an engraving of the Boston massacre made by Paul Revere, and a copy of Samuel Champlain's narratives of his voyages and discoveries.

MANUFACTURERS of snuff, tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes face leaving out gift cards and premium coupons altogether or putting them in all shipments, including those to States which have passed laws prohibiting the practice. The Treasury Department, in an order made public recently, holds that unless such cards or coupons are included in all shipments, regardless of destination, the practice comes within the law forbidding lotteries, because consumers in localities where premiums are omitted would not have the same opportunity to obtain valuable prizes as those in more favored localities.

GERMANY is said to have invented an instrument of naval warfare more deadly than the submarine. This new weapon can be operated by one man, is launched under water, and never comes to the surface, so that those whom it strikes cannot see it or have any warning of its approach. It can be used effectively in attacking battleships, torpedo boats, or submarines; in fact, it will replace the submarine, as it is far ahead of the latter in efficiency.

THE National Association of Audubon Society, New York City, which each year distributes pieces of literature about birds, much of which is beautifully illustrated, has in the United States some half a million junior members, in over eight thousand cities and towns, besides thousands of adult sustaining members, and many affiliated bird clubs. By a new plan it is having shown all over the country motion picture films of wild birds in their native haunts.

### The Hyphen

THE general tendency is to do away with unnecessary marks of punctuation, such as the hyphen in "to-day," "to-night," and "to-morrow." That the retaining of the hyphen in these words is not only useless but absolutely wasteful is easily shown by a bit of simple mathematics.

There are 178,236,592 English-speaking people. The words "to-day," "to-night," and "to-morrow" are together used forty-eight times daily by every person—five of these being written out in long hand. Thus the daily output of hyphens in these words totals 891,182,460. Taking the average of a written hyphen to be one quarter of an inch, you have a straight line 3,864 miles long. At the usual rate of writing it would take one man seventy-six years to insert the hyphens in these words, and his salary would amount to \$78,436.—*Lippincott's*.

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Hymn (poetry) .....	3
Copernicus .....	3
China's Progressiveness .....	4
Missionary Work in British Columbia .....	5
Quick and Tactful Recognition of Opportunities.....	7
Bird Island .....	8
Acquaintance with God .....	10
Praise (poetry) .....	13
SELECTIONS	
Temptation (poetry) .....	4
The Lowest Rung of the Ladder .....	6
Aunt Hertilla's Wall Paper .....	6
Temptation (poetry) .....	7
Spare the Snake .....	8
Youth and the Consuming Fire .....	9
Her Delegates .....	11
Useless Fretting .....	16



# The Youth's Instructor

LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 16, 1916

No. 20

## Hymn

LELA KING BROWN

(Based on Psalm 84. Tune, "Christ in Song," No. 454)

How beauteous are Thy courts above,  
Where thou dost dwell in light and love!  
Look thou upon us here below,  
In this sad world of sin and woe.

O happy birds that sing and fly  
Around thy altars, O Most High!  
More blest the souls that find a rest  
In our dear heavenly Father's breast.

On, each one goes from strength to strength,  
Until before thy throne, at length,  
He at thy feet adoring falls,  
Because led safe within thy walls.

Lord, guide me through this world of sin,  
And help me thine own courts to win;  
For a doorkeeper 'neath thy dome  
Is better than in sin to roam.

Both sun and shield, O Lord, thou art;  
O guard and guide my wayward heart!  
Grace, too, and glory flow from thee;  
Withhold not one good thing from me.

## Copernicus

FLOYD GARDNER



THE name Copernicus is passed down to us closely connected with the theory that has revolutionized the viewpoint of astronomy under the name of "the Copernican system."

This great astronomer lived about the beginning of the sixteenth century, 1473-1543, at the time when the papal hierarchy had the minds of men under her sway; and thus genius shines the more brightly, his views being contrary to the expressed dictum of that power.

He was an ardent student entering the university of Cracow in 1491, and for four years studied mathematical science. He later went to Rome and pursued the study of astronomy, also holding a chair of mathematics with distinction. At the same time he was studying medicine, and obtained a degree as a physician. While here also he had conferred upon him the degree of doctor of canon by the church. Being recognized as a great man of affairs, he was engaged in the direction of the municipal affairs of Frauenburg, Prussia, where most of his work was done.

His time here was engaged in clerical work, in giving gratuitous medical aid to the poor and rich alike, in vigorously executing his capitol duties, and, though with but a slender stock of instruments, in the prosecution of his favorite studies.

The house which he occupied at Allenstein is still to be seen, with the perforations which he made in the walls of his chamber, in order to observe the passage of the stars across the meridian; also the remains of a hydraulic machine similar to that at Marly, which he constructed for the purpose of raising the water of a rivulet for the supply of Frauenburg.

By his bishop and fellow canons Copernicus was constantly being employed to defend their rights and privileges against the encroachments of the Teutonic knights, and when sent as a deputy to the Grodno diet he busied himself in considering the means of improving the corrupt coinage, and wrote a paper on that subject, which was placed among the archives of the diet.

Yet amid these multifarious occupations, he found time to elaborate an entirely new system of astronomy,

by the adoption of which man's outlook on the universe was fundamentally changed. The colossal task of remaking astronomy on an inverted design was, in the treatise which he prepared, virtually accomplished. A continuous shifting of the viewpoint was to a large extent substituted for the displacements of the objects viewed, which thus acquired a regularity and consistency heretofore lacking in them. In the new system the sphere of the fixed stars no longer revolved diurnally, the earth rotating instead on an axis directed toward the celestial pole.

The sun, too, remained stationary, while the planets, including our own globe, circulated round it. Up to this time the Egyptians held to the hypothesis that Mercury and Venus revolved about the sun, which itself, with Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, moved round the earth.

Apollonius of Perga chose the sun as the common center of all the planetary motions, but held that, like the moon, it turned round about the earth. Various other ill-founded and unshapely theories were held by the predecessors of Copernicus, and from these he obtained material upon which to erect his solid and imposing structure. By his system the planetary retrogradations were readily explained as simple perspective effects, due to the combination of the earth's revolutions with those of her sister orbs.

Nevertheless, Copernicus had difficulties which were perplexing. He held to the antique postulate of uniform circular motion, which impaired the perfection of his plan. The sun's position in the exact center ruling thus was illusory and not at all feasible. The reformed scheme was then by no means perfect. Its simplicity was only comparative; many outstanding anomalies compromised its harmonious working. Moreover, the absence of sensible parallaxes in the stellar heavens seemed inconsistent; since the stars always maintained the same relations to each other irrespective of our great movement in our orbit, and a mobile earth outraged deep-rooted prepossessions. Under these disadvantageous circumstances it is scarcely surprising that the heliocentric theory while admired as a daring speculation, won its way slowly to acceptance as a truth.



Indeed, Copernicus long delayed bringing his theory ("De Orbium Cœlestium Revolutionibus," libre 6) before the world, being content to defer for a while the popular outcry against himself, which, as a setter forth of truths hitherto unknown to science and as an impugner of the rights of time-honored dogmatism, he must be prepared to endure. At length, however, yielding to the importunities of his friends, he permitted the publication of his manuscript, which he dedicated to Pope Paul III; in order, as he says, that he might not be accused of seeking to shun the judgment of enlightened men, and that the authority of His Holiness, if he approved of it, might protect him from the baleful tooth of calumny.

The work was printed at Nuremberg, under the superintendence of Rheticus, one of the disciples of Copernicus. The impression had just been completed, when Copernicus, who had all his life enjoyed perfect health, was attacked with dysentery, followed almost immediately by a stroke of paralysis and apoplexy. For some time he lingered, and on the day of his death, only a few hours before he expired, a copy of his work sent by Rheticus arrived, and was placed in his hands. He touched it, and seemed conscious what it was; but after regarding it for an instant, he relapsed into a state of insensibility, which soon terminated in death. Thus passed away one of the greatest astronomers of any historic date, and one who has been duly accorded a place among the first rank for the great truths he has bequeathed to all succeeding generations.

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#### We All Shall Know at Last

I LIKE to think God answers little prayers,—  
The little words we breathe upon the way;  
That we are led in every little step,  
Led all the livelong day.

Along the road so many paths there are  
Toward goals we will to reach and seek to find,  
How could we ever, ever trace them out  
Alone—alone and blind?

Though we some longed-for tinsel may not reach,  
Some hand may miss that touched our own and passed,  
We can be sure there is a reason why  
That we shall know at last.

We may be sure our little prayers are heard,  
Although the answers dim our eyes with tears;  
If in his hand our fingers lie at rest,  
There is no place for fears.

—George Klinge.

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#### In the Dark

DR. GUTHRIE tells of a dying woman who missed all sense of the presence of Him whom she had served with exceptional faithfulness and enjoyment, and who, when questioned as to her state, replied, "If God please to put his child to bed in the dark, his will be done." Nothing could be better than that saying. In it we see the victory of faith over feeling, of reason over mood.—*Dr. Kelman, in Expository Times.*

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AN artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight,—the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary, dark house, lonely and desolate in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and cheer. The birth of Christ was just such a light in a dark world.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

#### China's Progressiveness

So late as the year 1870 there were only thirteen thousand Christians in China, and the general impression was, "The Chinese do not want you. They dislike your ideas and repudiate your religion. It is sheer fanaticism to attempt to convert them. The Chinese are different anyway; and there is nothing in them to which Christianity can appeal." The arguments presented to prove that China could not and would not accept the religion of the Bible make very amusing reading in the light of recent events, for "today no one who knows laughs at Christianity in China."

Within the last decade China has awakened politically, socially, and educationally, and in her awakening has turned to America for new ideals. Not only has she definitely committed herself to Western education, but she has honored us in adopting as her "schoolmaster" language our mother tongue. So today English is to the newborn Chinese Republic what Latin and Greek once were to Europe. Like Europe, China must gain the ascendancy through a foreign tongue. It is easier for a Chinese to learn English, in order to study science, philosophy, sociology, and economics, than it is to create new terms in Chinese and to make translations.

A writer who has traveled extensively throughout the country, says:—

"In the post offices throughout the republic the signs are in both Chinese and English; on the railways and steamers, even those financed and controlled by German companies, the signs are in Chinese and English. Pick up a newspaper printed in western China: you will find in it advertisements printed in English. English has been adopted by the government as the language of the classroom in all Western subjects in institutions of higher learning. In Shanghai, a college established by French Jesuits long, long ago, has been compelled to offer instruction in English or lose its pupils." And in choosing a tune for her new national anthem, China has adopted our "America."

But why has China chosen as her medium of new thought and life the language of America, when European nations possess a wealth of literature and a variety of research in science and philosophy? It is said to be because of the influence of English-speaking Christian missionaries, who from 1807 until today have given their lives to the establishing of missionary schools on the eastern coast of China. These missionary schools are the foundation on which the new Western learning is to be built.

To be the means in God's hands of bringing new light and life to a human soul is a responsibility and a trust not to be lightly regarded, for it means not only "to take him by the hand and help him to rise, but to hold him by the hand till he is able to walk in safety." America, through her God-fearing missionaries, is credited with having awakened China from her long slumber of conservatism in politics, education, and religion. What will be her attitude when China looks to her for further help and guidance? Our nation is extending to her the neighborly helping hand in her perplexing national problems, and educating her sons and daughters, sending them back to take their places in the homeland as diplomats, teachers, and leaders in commerce and trade. But are we as Christians going to "hold her by the hand"



until she is built upon the firm foundation—Christ Jesus?

"The American Tobacco Company has as its avowed aim the purpose to make every man, woman, and child in China a cigarette smoker. In pursuance of this aim, the company is spending millions of dollars in advertisements, in free distribution of samples, and in sending out young college men as drummers. 'I'm here to make the cigarette business the biggest in China. There's money in it,' said one of them." Commenting on this, a missionary asks, "Is Christianity of so little value to America, that it is less worth exporting than are cigarettes?"

If advocates of the body-and-soul destroying cigarette can devote its best energies to enslaving a people who are just shaking themselves from the national curse of opium, what efforts ought not Christians to be putting forth to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ? And with what earnestness ought not we as Seventh-day Adventists to be proclaiming the near coming of our Saviour?

If we had as our aim the giving of the third angel's message to every man, woman, and child in China, would we not invest our money in scattering truth-filled literature among them, and would we not send out workers—the best we have? We would make *soul saving* the biggest business in China. Such investments bring returns,—trophies to lay at the Saviour's feet. Larger gifts of men and means must be our part of America's response to China's need.

EDYTHE A. AYERS.

#### Missionary Work in British Columbia

ON the banks of the Fraser River, Steveston, British Columbia, a large salmon canning business is carried on. The salmon is shipped over the known world. On a Sunday in early spring the Vancouver tram cars are packed with tourists and others going out to see the fisherman "start," as it is termed. As evening approaches, hundreds of the little brown Japanese men are seen hurrying from house to boat, preparing for their long vigil on the water; then all boats are put out quite a distance on the river, and at a certain time a gun is fired, which is the signal for all to go to their favorite places to work. Sometimes, if the night is stormy, there is no return for some, and a little clean home on the edge of the river is made desolate, and a little brown-eyed woman watches in vain.

Now I wish to tell you about our missionary work among these fishermen. When this work was begun, two or three of the sisters helped me on one or two trips, but Sister M. F. Hill and I have worked together alone almost from the beginning. We started work about two years ago with our Japanese magazine, *Owari No Fukuin* (Signs of the Times).

When we go to Steveston we leave Vancouver early in the morning, and ride about fifteen miles; then we walk all day. The cottages are built back a considerable distance from the dike, and every time we visit one of them we have to return to the dike, because, although the houses almost touch one another, each is distinctly separate, made so by a fence. We walk many miles during the day, sometimes as many as twenty. We never have anything to eat until we return at night. If you suffer from loss of appetite, try this prescription.

From the first, we have endeavored to get the people to know and like us, and now we have the joy

of seeing their faces light up when they see us. One old man in a bean-cake shop, who missed us for two months, was quite disappointed, and said he was sorry he did not have a telephone so we could let him know when we expected to be at his place, for he should remain in if he knew we were coming. Then he said, "Have you a book for me today?"

Just let me try to picture those homes for you. They are oblong in shape, with a long hall or passageway through the center, on each side of which are bedrooms, and a kitchen at the farther end. The floors, scrubbed every day, I believe, are so milky-white that one gasps for fear of soiling them; but as the inmates usually remove their outdoor boots or sandals on entering the homes, it is easy to keep the floors clean. Then there are small oblong cushions that make one feel like sitting down and resting. Although there is fishing tackle all about, everything seems orderly and neat. It is a rare thing to see an untidy Japanese woman. I remember only one. Wouldn't they make ideal Christians? The Lord is not pleased with carelessness.

Experience has taught us not to knock at the doors; "just walk in and make yourself at home," is the only effective way at Steveston. The women will sit at a window and watch and listen to you knock, but they will not open the door. Sometimes when they do not want the paper, and can get to the door first, they will lock it. We do not mind that because they are laughing all the time, and merriment is contagious, you know.

One does not need to ask, "Where are the children?" or, "Have you any children here?" for little brown faces are everywhere present. They are adorable, too. But alas! they have such dirty noses. I once read of a missionary who said that she had spent years wiping the noses of young Japan. The same thing could be said at Steveston.

In the last days the hearts of the parents are to be turned to their children. The Japanese parents are unusually devoted to their children, and it is not uncommon to see a father with children clinging to him, and the love-light fairly beaming from his eyes.

On our last trip it began to snow before we had finished our work, and although cold, hungry, and tired, with our bones almost grating like a rusty hinge, there was, at the close of the day, a song in our hearts, a song of gladness because we had had "one more day's work for Jesus."

In Vancouver the work is still harder, for we have to go up flight after flight of steep, old-fashioned stairs, only to find sometimes that everybody is out, or else meet a man, as we did last time, who says, "I'm sorry, but I have no cents today." We always take along a few English papers for use in case we meet some one who reads English. I once heard Sister Hill canvass a man who looked like an English-speaking person, turning each page of the magazine to the end, and then back over again a bit, only to be told that he didn't understand a word that she had been saying.

Then again some of the Japanese are not careful about what they say, telling you, perhaps, that they bought that same paper a day or so ago. The owner of a large tailoring establishment has told me for two years that he is a subscriber to the paper, and couldn't understand why he hadn't received it at the time of our visit. Patiently we have gone to him each time, and the last time we were rewarded, for without a murmur and with a rather meek look, he



bought the paper. So also did a wholesale merchant who has heretofore refused. Sometimes we find it wise to present some with a paper. If a man is poor and shows that he wants the paper, we always leave it.

Brother Hill gave us several copies of the book "His Glorious Appearing." One we left with a Buddhist priest at the temple, another with a Methodist minister with whom we conversed about the Sabbath, and the others with school-teachers and other persons who we thought would read them.

In our two years' work we have sold about three thousand magazines, and we hope to sell at least four hundred a month this summer. You know if you reach for the sky, you are more likely to touch a star than if you do not aim so high.

May the Lord of the harvest create a desire in your hearts to do missionary work at home for the foreigners among you. The Captain of our salvation will help you in this work. If you cannot sell papers, give away tracts; do something for this needy people. I pray that those who have not yet begun such work will do so at once. What would Jesus do if he were here? Would he not warn them? The harvest indeed is ripe, but the reapers are few. Do something, and do it quickly.

ROBERTA VASS.

### The Lowest Rung of the Ladder

A YOUNG friend of mine who had been out of work for some time, through no fault of his own, came to me, with much satisfaction to tell me that he had found a situation and was already at work. As he named the situation, it seemed to me that it was hardly to be compared with positions he had been accustomed to, or in keeping with his abilities and deserts. It may be that a little of my feeling of doubt as to this move crept into my tone as I asked,—

"Is it a good place, John?"

"That's according to the way you look at it," he answered. "It's a good place to *start from*, but it wouldn't be much of a place to *stop at*."

I looked at John and my respect for him grew. The instinctive philosophy of his reply that showed the difference between start and finish, between beginning and ending; the discernment shown that that which might be altogether impossible to regard with satisfaction as achievement, might be accepted gladly as a chance to begin to achieve, pleased me wonderfully. I reached out and took his hand and gave it a hearty shake. "A young man who takes a position with the definite purpose in his mind that it is a place to *start from*, not a place to *stop in*, will be found making his way up," I said.

One trouble with many men—young and old—is that they seem to be unable to make the distinction John made. To them a situation is a situation. Hence the struggle to find a place in which they will be easiest and most comfortable and best paid. Hence the jubilation when a young fellow secures a position where labor is light and where his remuneration comes in a check as "salary," instead of in a pay envelope as "wages." Hence the long-drawn-out period of waiting "for a place." If all the time and energy wasted in a single year in looking for places could be put into even the least remunerative labor, the world would be vastly better off both as respects its working force and the rewards of service.

Among my acquaintances is the son of a man who was once wealthy. This young fellow is always seek-

ing a situation. On the surface there seems to be no special reason why this should be. He has a good address and fair abilities. He has rather more than the average educational advantages. He seems to be in earnest. But there is scarcely a bank or large mercantile concern in his city at which he has not applied for employment, and yet he is still depending upon his father for support, waiting for just the right business to evolve. He would consider himself insulted by the offer of such a position as John accepted. Oh, no! he wants to start where he can become established. He would not for a moment think of doing work that he considered beneath his "dignity," or of serving even for a little while as a private in the ranks of the army of toilers! And therefore it is, that the world, which is rather an exacting world, and certainly a very busy and earnest world with little time or patience for whimsies, gives him the go-by, and hands out its allotments to those who have stood ready to catch the first ball thrown so as to "get into the game."

We would not disparage high ambition or discourage any one from seeking the best; and without question it is possible to be too easily satisfied, and to settle down contentedly on a lower level of service and achievement that one should not occupy for long! But we cannot emphasize too strongly the truism that all honest work has its worth and dignity, and that it is better to take a lowly place for the sake of getting into line than to sit waiting for just the kind of position that "we like." One doesn't at all commit himself to the proposition that he is a bottom-of-the-ladder man by being willing to plant his foot on the lowest rung. Ladders were made to be climbed, and there is always in the lowest rung the challenge of all the rungs higher up, even to the one at the top. And, on the other hand, one does not prove to a skeptical world that he is a top-of-the-ladder man by idly waiting for the ladder to be lowered so that he may step on its topmost rung at once. Far more convincing proof is afforded by the cheerful acceptance and zealous discharge of the work that lies at hand.

Out of its ages of experience the world has learned the wisdom and the truth of a declaration in a very old Book, to the effect that faithfulness in the things that are really worth while, is to be expected only from those who show themselves faithful in things that seem to be least.—*Joseph Kennard Wilson, D. D.*

### Aunt Hertilla's Wall Paper

LYNN MEREDITH was the last of the group to say good-by to Miss Cecil. She had held back purposely; to no one else, she was sure, had the class meant what it had meant to her.

"I just can't tell you, Miss Cecil," she said, when at last the two were alone. "You've given me a whole world of beauty that nothing can ever take away."

"And now?" Miss Cecil asked, smiling.

Lynn drew a long breath. "Now, teaching people to see beauty—changing ugly places into beautiful ones! O Miss Cecil, it doesn't seem that there can be in all the world such another wonderful work as that!"

Miss Cecil looked down into the glowing face. The girl had found her work. Not for anything would she dim the joy of *that*; and yet— She spoke slowly, choosing her words with care:—

"It is a wonderful work, and you have a right to rejoice in it. I have only one word of warning for



you. Don't let your love of beauty rob others of greater things."

The girl's eyes widened. "Why, Miss Cecil! What *can* be greater than beauty?"

"Nothing, if you mean spiritual beauty; but there are things greater than mere physical beauty of form and color and harmony, great though that is. That is where you must be on your guard, Lynn; on your guard against robbing others who do not see with your eyes."

"But how could I possibly?" Lynn asked, bewildered.

"Maybe you 'couldn't possibly,'" Miss Cecil replied, smiling. "It's just a warning, dear."

Lynn puzzled over the warning for a week or two, and then other things crowded in, and by the time she went down to Cohasset to spend a week with Aunt Hertilla she had forgotten all about it.

Aunt Hertilla welcomed her with a flutter of excitement; there was something behind her delight at having Lynn for a week that the girl could not understand. The first evening it came out.

"Lynn, what do you think! I'm going to paper the best room! I guess it's about fifteen years I've been figuring to do it, but each year something would happen. But now I'm going to. I've got the money all saved up. Don't it seem real providential to have you here to go with me to choose it? I want bunches of pink and yellow roses."

Across Lynn's dismayed mind flashed a picture of the best room with its braided rugs and old mahogany and—great flaring bunches of roses on the wall.

"O Aunt Hertilla—" she began. But Aunt Hertilla did not hear her.

"I've allus loved yellow roses best of any flower that blows," she was saying, "and seem's if they'd be such a comfort in the winter. Winters are so long here. But with roses all over that room, I shan't mind the cold. I'll just be thinkin' of all the gardens I ever saw—and the way Marilla used to look in a little dress spotted with pink roses. It will be such a happy remembering room, Lynn!"

And Lynn answered gently, "Yes, dear, it will be beautiful!" For suddenly she understood.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Quick and Tactful Recognition of Opportunities

A NUMBER of years ago in a Western city lived a young man and his bride. He was rehearsing a play, expecting to go upon the stage in about three weeks' time. The wife, Mrs. H., in conversation with a Seventh-day Adventist woman, remarked that she wished she understood the Bible better. The woman replied that she knew of a minister who would be glad to study the Bible with her. The young woman inquired what the charges for such instruction would be, and was assured that no financial remuneration would be desired. Surprised and pleased that her wish should so soon be recognized and gratified, she made arrangements for the minister to hold Bible studies with her and her husband. In two weeks' time Mr. H., then a prospective actor, now a strong evangelist and president of one of our important conferences, was keeping the Sabbath.

Surely the Lord directed in the meeting and conversation of the two women as much as he did in that of Philip and the eunuch. How tenderly Heaven

must regard one who can be thus used to accomplish God's purposes; and what great results time may bring from small actions. Let us not fail to recognize *our* opportunities.

### Temptation

TEMPTATION came to me today,  
And oh, I felt that I must stray  
Down primrose paths, forgetting all.  
The city's fevered, siren call  
Spoke to my soul, its whispered cry  
Said: "Live, for Youth, too soon, will die!"

So all alone, when work was done,  
I sought the park. The setting sun  
Had left a bit of warmth for me—  
I found a bench beneath a tree,  
And sat and thought. My life is hard,  
Sometimes my heart seems battle scarred  
With longings keen, and bitter fears,  
And want, and suffering, and tears.

Temptation spoke, and Youth spoke back;  
The night seemed cold and dark and black,  
And every light was like a star  
That cleft the sky—they were so far,  
So very far away. And I  
Was lonely, there, beneath the sky.

Far off there is a little farm,  
A tiny place, remote from harm;  
There used to be a mother frail,  
And sweet, with hair as silver pale  
As the faint moon. She heard me say  
The words when first I learned to pray.  
Above me in the silent trees,  
I heard the rustle of the breeze,  
It sounded like her step so light,  
Her step from out the endless night.  
My mother—

Ah, the name so sweet,  
Brought memories on noiseless feet.  
And softly in the darkness there,  
I breathed my little childhood prayer.  
Do prayers have answers? As I prayed  
A Presence came, and gently laid  
A hand upon my arm. I knew  
That Some One kind, and good, and true  
Was very near. Upon my soul  
A peace swept down, and left it whole.  
I felt a calm steal over me,  
The same that stilled the troubled sea  
Where Jesus walked. My fears were laid,  
Temptation left me unafraid.  
And as I smiled, there in the park,  
A Voice spoke through the fragrant dark.  
"Be of good cheer!" the words rang out  
Above the city's groan and shout.

And all the lights that I could see  
Were stars of home, a gleam for me!  
—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the *Christian Herald*.

THERE is one degree that all should endeavor to secure, and that is the degree of B. A. The degree of Bachelor of Arts is worth having. It looks good after one's name. But that is not the B. A. that you most need. It goes after your character—Born Again. Do not rest satisfied until you possess it.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

"THERE are three kinds of people in the world:—  
The wills,  
The won'ts,  
The can'ts.

The first accomplish everything,  
The second oppose everything.  
The third fail in everything."

"DID you stop when he asked you to give him a lift, or were you so busy you left him to shift?"





### Johnny-Jump-Up

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP, don't you know  
Winter's gone with all his snow?  
Can't you hear the robin singing,  
Through the air sweet music ringing?  
Dull and stupid you appear  
Not to know that spring is near.

Johnny-jump-up, from your bed  
Lift your timid, drowsy head.  
Waken from your languid sleeping,  
To the light you should be peeping;  
Whisper to the buttercup,  
For 'tis time she, too, were up.

As I, listening, bend my ear,  
Tiny heart throbs I can hear;  
Multitudes to life are springing,  
To the earth new gladness bringing;  
Johnny-jump-up, lift your eyes  
To the soft warmth of the skies.

—Lillian Odell Lickey.

### To Prevent Coughing

THE dry heat of a room irritates one's throat that is already tender from a cold, and causes coughing. To secure proper humidity to the air, put a basin of water on one end of the radiator, and wet an old towel thoroughly. Lay the towel along the radiator with one end in the basin. It will evaporate at least a quart of water in a night, and makes a vast difference in the atmosphere. This same plan can be used all over the house at night, and is especially good for living-rooms where there are plants, as it keeps the air moist enough to guard against the red spider, and many of the ills of plant life due to the dry air of the ordinary living-room. In my own little conservatory I have used it with marked results in growth and healthiness of my plants. And for people who sleep indoors it is almost indispensable, whether in health or in sickness.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

### Bird Island

IN the Banda Sea, about midway between Timor and New Guinea, is a small uninhabited island called Bird Island. As I write these words on board the steamer "Nippon Yusen Kaisha," bound for the Far East, I can still see the island, for we have just passed it. Our captain told us last night that we should be opposite the island about breakfast time, and that he would run in close if the weather was favorable. Just after the captain had told us this, I was sitting in my cabin reading, when, to my great surprise, one of these large sea birds came tumbling down from the skylight into my cabin and fell exhausted at my feet. This bird was from the island, and had flown so far, for we were about one hundred and fifty miles from its home, that it was worn out, and being attracted by the ship as a resting place, came aboard.

These birds are as large as ducks and have beaks similar to the duck and are partially web-footed. Some of the passengers who were on deck saw the bird come aboard and go down into my cabin. You will readily imagine that there was some excitement for a time; but soon the bird was in the hands of the stewards who liberated it the next morning when we got near the island.

Bird Island rises steep and rocky from the sea, thus giving great protection to the birds from all enemies, and because they are left alone is the reason so many are there. The island is called Bird Island because it is the home of so many birds.

This morning was clear and calm, so the captain took the steamer close to the island, and when opposite it he blew several loud blasts of the steamer's whistle, so as to startle the birds and cause them to fly from their nests and hiding places. He was certainly successful, for thousands and tens of thousands, and I am sure it would be no exaggeration to say that probably a hundred thousand, were visible to our eyes a few seconds after the whistle blew. It was a remarkably interesting sight. The sky was almost black with them.

As Bird Island is very rocky, it is not likely that man will ever take possession of it; and so long as the earth remains as it is these birds will very likely hold undisputed sway over this realm of theirs—a veritable bird kingdom. I have no doubt they get on as happily in their government as man does in any of his boasted republics or kingdoms, and very likely with fewer feuds and wars. I shall not soon forget Bird Island for two reasons: first, because it was a beautiful sight, and secondly, because one of their number made me a personal call.

J. E. FULTON.

### Spare the Snake

AMONG the best, although least appreciated, friends of the farmer are the harmless snakes, such as the milk snake, the chicken snake, the garter snake, the bull snake, the blotched king snake, the blue snake, the black snake, and some others. All of them are the natural enemies of rats, mice, weasels, and similar animals that infest farms and village homes, especially where there is poultry or other small live stock. In an article in the *Scientific American Supplement*, Dr. Robert W. Shufeldt, of Washington, says that it would well repay every farmer in the country to keep half a dozen harmless vermin-destroying snakes on every acre of his place. Thousands of harmless snakes are killed every year by boys, ignorant farm hands, and misinformed women, in spite of the fact that the Department of Agriculture has repeatedly shown that rats, mice, and other rodents cause a loss of a hundred million dollars a year to our cereal crops alone. Although most farmers believe that the common chicken snake haunts their outbuildings in order to feed on their young ducks and chickens, the snake does nothing of the kind; but it does destroy great numbers of young mice and other pests. Man's dread and hatred of snakes, says Dr. Shufeldt, have been from the earliest time a matter of erroneous teaching. Harmless snakes are the easiest animals in the world to tame, and it is high time that the false ideas about them should be corrected. More than that, it should be taught that, like birds, they are among the best animal friends that the farmer has. If we destroy them, we pave the way for the destruction of our forests, our staple farm products, and a good deal else that now and always has been protected by snakes and birds.—*Youth's Companion*.

Joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with a greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend.—*South*.



## Youth and the Consuming Fire

WILLIAM A. MC KEEVER

(Professor and Head of Department of Child Welfare, University of Kansas)

**H**OW many of those do you burn in a day, Tom?" I asked of a fifteen-year-old who was puffing away at a half-burned cigarette, the smoke streaming out at both nostrils.

"Oh, only about fifty," was the frank reply.

"And how much does the stuff cost?" I asked.

"Oh, only about five or six cents a day!" he answered. "I use a five-cent bag of tobacco every day, and the matches don't cost much of anything."

"And the papers, how much for them?"

"Nothing. They give them away."

Five cents a day is not much. It amounts to only \$18 a year. And this, compounded annually for fifty years, or until Tom is sixty-five, will amount to only about \$2,400. Not a very large fortune, indeed, even for a common workman, which Tom is probably destined to be throughout life. But this sum of \$2,400 is not all the cost, even in money.

### A Heavy Bill

Tom, it will be noticed, is an inhaler. The nicotine, therefore, goes deep into his system, and affects a relatively large area of his nerve tissues. The amount of the drug will have to be increased gradually in order to relieve the distress which will come from the interval of abstinence. This increase of the poison will be effected through the enlarged dose rather than a more frequent indulgence. When Tom becomes a full-grown man, he will, at times, feel slightly ashamed of his cigarette, and will substitute a very strong pipe, or what some would call very bad cigars. Considering this increase in the amount and cost of the materials, and the freer use of tobacco to meet social demands among his fellows, it has been figured conservatively that youths in Tom's class will burn up during their lifetime \$5,000 to \$10,000 in tobacco smoke.

It is his own money Tom is spending, you say. Yes, but the time will come when this youth might not rightfully claim as his own all the money he earns. Another may come to share his joys and sorrows, including his cigarettes and his money. So that which in his younger days may be classified as a "luxury" may later be listed as "groceries." At least it will be paid for out of the grocery allowance of the family.

### Signs and Symptoms of the Smoker

1. Inhaling, drawing the nicotine into the lungs, swallowing it, exhaling it through the nostrils.
2. Trembling and discoloration of the fingers; cold, clammy skin after smoking; glassy stare in the eyes; underwear discolored by exuded nicotine.
3. Shortness of breath; tendency to ulceration or soreness of eyes, nasal region, throat, lungs, and pericardium.
4. Disturbed heart action, showing heavy stroke immediately after inhaling, and light, rapid palpitation in the course of a half hour; unequal blood pressure, with tendency toward hardening of arteries.
5. Nervous twitchings, restlessness, insomnia, eccentricities in daily conduct, impatience with restraints, unsteadiness of purpose and action.
6. Tendency to lie and cheat; low moral tone; weak sense of responsibility; loss of interest in school work, attended by heavy failures.
7. Morbid sex ideas; low estimate of integrity of

men; no faith in the virtue of women; weakened or permanently destroyed male germ; consorting with lewd women.

8. He regards business as a game of graft, moral character as a sham, social service as disguised selfishness, and religion as superstition or a joke.

9. He puffs his nicotine into the faces of women, children, and other innocent sufferers, and imagines they like it; befouls the atmosphere of his own home; sickens the sleepers by smoking in his Pullman berth during the night; spreads a stench over the food during the meal in restaurants and public dining halls; carries a nauseating odor through street cars, railway coaches, amusement halls, and all other public places he visits.

10. On account of nicotine poison in the germ, he often fails to become a father or has only one child; will leave wife and child in chair car, and spend long hours in a dirty smoking car where dense smoke, spitting, slobbering, and coarse language are common.

The foregoing are many of the signs, symptoms, and conditions known to mark the character of those who take up early the use of tobacco, and who for that reason are almost certain to acquire a deep-seated habit of inhaling the fumes of the deadly cigarette. Of course, no single boy manifests all these conditions, but he may be marked by many of them.

Time was when cigarettes were indulged in only by toughs and foreigners; but it was found that this nicotine terror is a powerful habit-forming agency, and that if fastened early upon boys, they may thus be made heavy lifelong contributors to the venders of this and other race poisons, including alcohol. So one of the most powerful trusts ever known in America has undertaken a campaign involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars for advertising alone, chiefly with the purpose of making the cigarette popular among the respectable classes of youth and young men. Big, standard magazines, which a few years ago would have been offended at the suggestion of their advertising cigarettes, are now receiving from the tobacco trust a handsome money reward for this very purpose.

This same hungry money lust, standing back of this nefarious cigarette business, and which would cheat your growing boy out of his very soul's salvation,—this same big, cruel trust is closely allied with the one which is engaged in the destructive liquor business.

But do not despair if your youthful son has joined the ranks of the cigarettists. Millions of youths of so-called best families are victims of the same blight. By the acquiring of this habit so early in life *his character is damaged beyond full repair*, but his case is by no means a hopeless one.

You must continue cheerfully to work with him, rather than against him. You must keep your vow of fidelity, no matter what he does to pain you; for much can still be done by way of directing and strengthening his character, as will be explained later.

### The First Appeal

Every youth wishes to appear as a real man; so he tries to take up all "manly" ways. Smoking is marked by him as a quality of manhood. Now, the parent may well take advantage of this instinctive desire to be a man, by directing the mind of the youth far into the future. Suppose he says:—



"My boy, I am glad you are now growing to be a man. I am really proud of what you are now, but I am more delighted with my vision of your future manhood. I am thinking of the day when you will be a big, broad-minded, helpful citizen, sound in health, clean in morals, a model of Christian manhood.

"But smoking will not help you in this matter. It will hinder. It is true that many good men smoke, but even they are hindered more than helped by this practice.

"You, my boy, are to live in a different age and generation, one that will demand that you make use of all your best powers and abilities in order to win. This coming day of your manhood will demand that a man shall be better, cleaner, and nobler than was his father.

"Do you not know, my boy, that I am living chiefly for you? that I shall continue to work for you, sacrifice for you, and pray for you? that, even though I shall be the first to forgive you, any wrong you may do will bring me deep pain and sorrow? It does not matter what other boys do. They may take up smoking. Perhaps they have no one to help them fight off this hurtful practice. While they are going their way, let us, you and me, keep our secret of working together for your future, of working to realize the finest and best there is in you. We shall some day laugh at the folly of the others. Now remember, *you are to be different.*"



### Acquaintance with God

(Texts for May 21 to 27)

**G**OD knows us very well. He knows what we do each day. He knows whether we really love him or care to become acquainted with him. He knows whether we are trying to do our work well, or go about it carelessly and negligently. He knows whether we are kind, and trying to make others happy, or pouting because others are not doing more to please us. He knows just what we say about others, and he knows just what we think when we are all alone. In fact, he knows all there is to be known about us; and the wonderful thing is that he loves us just the same and wants us to know him and be his friends.

He wants us to be his friends because he longs to save us; and we must learn to know him and love him before we can go to that heavenly home. Jesus came to this world that we might get acquainted with God; and if we get acquainted with Jesus, we shall know the Father also; for they are just alike. Jesus once said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

One evening, after J. R. Miller had finished his lecture, a man came up to him and said: "Mr. Miller, I have forgotten everything you said but this one sentence: 'To me religion means just one thing, Jesus and I are friends.'" My dear young friend, is that what religion means to you? Are you and your Saviour friends? You should be, for to know him "is life eternal." To get acquainted with Jesus is the most important business in life.

Mr. Gladstone was once asked, "What is the most important question before England today?" He replied, "The most important question before England today or any day is one's personal relation to Jesus Christ." It is a more important question than one's relation to the terrible war that is raging in Europe today. It is the most important question for the young people of England, for young people everywhere. And it is the most important question *you and I* have to settle.

How can we get acquainted with Jesus? We cannot see him. We cannot visit with him as we can with our schoolmates and friends. Yet he may become a closer friend than any of them. Reverend Meyers says, "He may become as real to you as your earthly father." Dr. John Adams said that Jesus was more real to him than any other friend. He felt that he was always near, and sometimes on the street, in the office, anywhere, when alone, he caught himself talking to Jesus as to a neighbor. Just so real he may become to every Senior and Junior Missionary Volunteer.

Stop to think for a minute how you got acquainted with one of the friends you know best. You have spent much time together. You visit confidentially. Sometimes you sit together in silence. You do kind things for each other. You trust each other. You try never to give each other needless pain, and you speak kindly of each other.

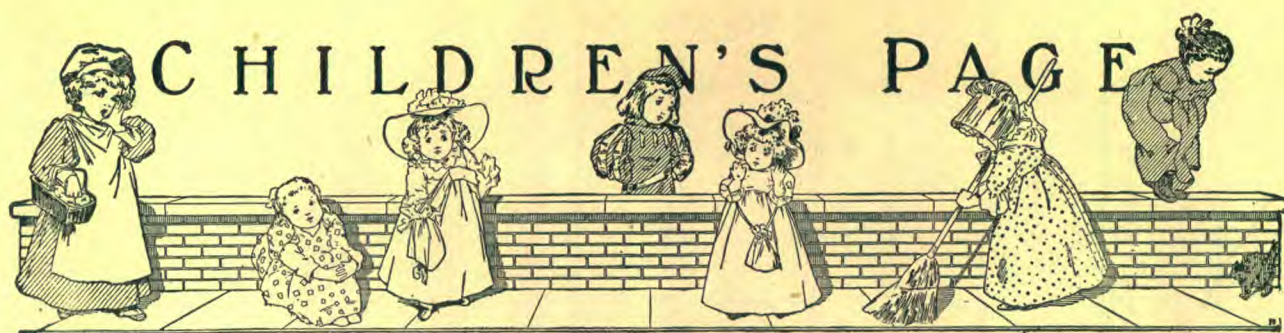
That is just the way to get acquainted with Jesus. Meet him each day alone in your room. Let him talk to you through the Bible; in your prayer open your heart to him, tell him how you love him, tell him about your longings, your temptations, and ask him to help you; take time to sit alone with him and think how you and Jesus can become the best of friends. Read about him in the Bible and in other books; visit with Christians who have known him longer than you, and often among your friends and in meeting tell how this wonderful Friend helps you. In all things try to please him, and, finally, try to do something each day to make him happy. Nothing will please him more than for you to help some one else to learn to know him. If you will do these things, you will know just why some one has said "the best friend to have is Jesus;" and he will become more real to you than the closest earthly friend.

Is it not a beautiful thought that each of us may have Jesus for his best Friend. And how this friendship will change our lives! Luther Burbank has made wonderful changes in fruits and flowers. He has taken away their objectionable features, and developed their points of beauty and usefulness. So Jesus will take out of the lives of his friends things that are not good, and true, and beautiful, things that hinder them and hurt others, and will make their lives altogether lovely.

**MEDITATIONS.**—Acquaintance with God, that is a privilege too great fully to comprehend. If I had the privilege of knowing certain famous men and women intimately, I surely should want to. But I may know, *really know*, the Creator of heaven and earth. And to get acquainted with him means "life eternal." I am resolved to try harder to know him intimately than I ever have before, for getting acquainted with him will so change my life "that those who know me and do not know him will want to know him because they know me."

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—Let none forget to join our world-wide circle this week in praying for Afghanistan and Tibet. Do you know why these countries need our special prayers?





## Her Delegates

**T**HIS can't be the place," protested Amy, as Margaret stopped before a sagging picket gate.

"Yes, it is," said her companion, consulting the slip of paper in her hand; "302 East Jefferson, and this is 302."

"There must be some mistake; they surely never meant to send us to such a place!" exclaimed Amy.

"They're expecting us," answered Margaret in a low voice as a woman appeared in the doorway.

The two girls in their dainty suits and hats were in decided contrast to the unpainted, weather-beaten cottage, with its dilapidated porch and its sagging roof. Yet neither one was cleaner or neater than the little gray-haired woman in the door, her face alight with hospitable welcome as the girls came forward.

"You are my delegates?" she asked.

"Yes," assented Margaret. "And you are Mrs. Price? My name is Margaret Hughes, and this is my friend, Amy Clark."

"Come right in. You will find your room just at the head of the stairs. Dinner is ready as soon as you are."

"Well, what do you think of this?" Amy dropped her bag, and sank limply upon the bed, only to rise again for a tour of inspection. "She must expect us to wash in that bowl, Margaret! And I'll wager you it's a feather bed." She prodded the snowy counterpane investigatively. "It is," she nodded. "And so hot up under this roof! I can't stay here; that's settled."

"It is—different," conceded Margaret, who was smoothing back her hair in front of a cracked mirror. "But it's clean."

"Different? Clean?" retorted Amy. "Well, cleanliness is a great virtue, but it doesn't make up for the lack of a bathroom and a good bed. We'll just take our bags back with us and ask the committee for another place."

"We'll," agreed Margaret.

Their hostess was waiting at the foot of the closed stairs for them, and led them into the room where a steaming dinner awaited them.

"My husband, Mr. Price," said his wife; and the girls found themselves shaking hands with a small man whose deep-blue eyes looked at them dreamily from under heavy lashes.

The meal passed pleasantly. The appetizing viands melted away before the onslaught of the two hungry girls. Mrs. Price passed the dishes temptingly, her eyes alight.

"I'm afraid we'll scare you," laughed Margaret. "But these biscuits are so good!"

"There, now! I'm always glad to see people eat, specially young people."

"You have no young people?" queried Amy, then blushed angrily at her inquisitiveness, as a look of pain flashed across Mrs. Price's face.

"Not now," she answered quietly; and the meal ended in a rather strained manner.

"What ever did I say?" exclaimed Amy as they reached the hot little room once more.

"I don't know, but perhaps her children died."

"Well, we must hurry if we get to that afternoon session. I'm thankful we'll have a cooler place than this to sleep in tonight," said Amy.

"I'm going to stay here," answered Margaret, quietly.

"What!" gasped Amy.

"I don't think it would be very nice to leave after we've come here. Besides, I want to know her better."

"Oh, well, if you're going to stay, I'll have to, too," conceded Amy. "But I shouldn't think you could stand it here; it's so hot."

"She does, and it's for only three nights. I want to know her."

Margaret proceeded to make good her wish. She found time after the session at the church to give a full account to Mrs. Price.

"But why don't you go, too?" she demanded. "There's to be a real interesting program tonight."

"O, I couldn't," answered Mrs. Price hastily. "I haven't anything fit to wear, and, besides—no; I guess I won't go tonight," and she disappeared kitchenward.

Margaret sat still, frowning slightly, and was unusually quiet when Amy appeared later.

Mrs. Price left the conversation entirely to her guests and her husband.

"Mr. Thomas gave a fine talk, and another Mr. Thomas is to sing tonight," explained Amy.

"Yes, they're my wife's brothers." Mr. Price could not conceal the note of pride in his voice. "You'd better go, Mary," he suggested.

"Not tonight," was the quiet reply; but Margaret caught the disappointed look on his face and the pain in his dark eyes.

The next day was unusually hot and sultry. After the morning session Margaret was forced to abandon any idea of attending the afternoon one. The heat had given her a severe headache, and Amy set off alone.

Mrs. Price settled Margaret on a couch in the cool parlor, and, at Margaret's request, brought in her basket of mending. For some time the two sat in silence, Margaret watching the bright needle as it flew in and out. Gradually they began to talk. Under Margaret's skilful questioning and ready sympathy Mrs. Price was soon talking freely, pouring out her very heart.

When Mrs. Price had gone to the kitchen to prepare supper, Margaret lay still in the cool room, mentally reviewing all that her hostess had told her. The only daughter in a family of boys, Mrs. Price had been loved and cared for by all and brought up in a comfortable farming community. Then, when her husband came, a well-dressed young man of courteous



manner and fine appearance, her family was bitterly opposed to his courtship. But she loved him, and he loved her, and so they were married. They had bought this little cottage out of their joint savings, meaning to fix it up into a bower of beauty. But—Margaret remembered the deep sigh—times had been hard; there had been no work to do—Mr. Price had no trade; children had come, one after another; and one by one the plans were abandoned. But in spite of everything, Mr. Price had always been good to her.

"He couldn't help it if there was no work, but my people are of the kind who think 'no work' and 'won't work' are synonymous. But I understand him. We love each other," she had said simply.

Out of nine children, six died in infancy, one in girlhood, and two were living. Of these two, one was married and lived in a distant State. The other, a boy, had not got on well with his father. There had been words, hasty on both sides; and he had gone away—they didn't know where—six months ago.

"So we're all alone again, but we miss the children."

Margaret stirred restlessly. Mrs. Price was so bright and capable, so evidently fit for better things, it was a shame for her to be married to such a worthless man. And yet—he was good and kind. She herself could see that in the little attentions he paid his wife. And perhaps he couldn't help it. Anyhow, if his wife didn't judge against him, it wasn't her place to do so.

"But I do wish," she whispered, "that I could bring some sunshine into her life."

Amy came in from the meeting with an enthusiastic report.

"And, Margaret, they've decided to have a young folks' convention, and arouse the young people. It's to be next month, in our church. Won't that be splendid?"

"Fine," agreed her audience.

Suddenly a daring plan flashed into Margaret's mind.

"Mrs. Price, won't you come?"

For an instant a pleased look shone in Mrs. Price's deep eyes; then she shook her head.

"No, I couldn't go," she answered quietly.

"Why not?" demanded her husband.

A bright flush spread over her cheeks, but she made no answer.

"You must come and be my visitor," insisted Margaret. "Please say, 'Yes.' Maybe Mr. Price would come, too. Would you?"

"No." His eyes had grown keen, and his voice was very determined. "I—there wouldn't be money enough for that, but Mary shall go. Yes, you shall, Mary. It's the first time in a great many years that you've had such a nice invitation, and you're to accept." With that he rose and left the room.

Mrs. Price's eyes were shining.

"I expect, perhaps, I might come, Miss Margaret, if Jim sets his mind."

"It will be lovely," responded Margaret with enthusiasm. "For a whole week we'll play and play, and be young again."

The pink flush on Mrs. Price's cheeks was as young as that on Margaret's.

"I wish Jim could go," she said. "It would seem as if it were our wedding trip. But, of course, the tickets."

Margaret clapped her hands delightedly.

"I know! Fifty miles isn't much. I'll get brother to run the car over for me. Would you like that?"

"Like a trip in an automobile? I never was in one," she answered simply.

Margaret confided her plans to Amy, who was finally carried along on her enthusiasm.

"We'll give them the time of their lives," they decided.

Nothing could have been more ideal than the day on which Margaret and her brother came for their guests. Mr. Price handed his smiling wife into the car with old-fashioned gallantry, put in their shabby valise, and stepped in beside her. Margaret did not attempt to make conversation as they sped along the smooth roads. From surreptitious glances she saw the enjoyment on their faces, and caught their lover-like attitude as they gazed wide-eyed on the country flashing by.

All too soon, it seemed, the streets of the city were reached. The car drew up before an imposing stone house and Margaret bounded lightly to the ground.

"Here we are, and welcome home!"

The daintiest room in the house, Margaret's own, was given over to her guests. Margaret saw the pleasure in Mrs. Price's eyes, and was forced to turn away to hide the sudden dimness in her own.

The days flew by swiftly. Margaret was delighted with her guests, and they seemed to have grown young again. Aside from the convention with its lectures, music, and general sociability, Margaret had planned automobile rides out into the surrounding country, and had shown all the sights of their bustling little city.

Finally, the last day of the Prices' stay arrived. The last night of the convention was to be given over to a social, to which all the young people of the city from all churches were invited.

Just after dinner Margaret slipped into Mrs. Price's room, with a filmy white gown over her arm. Mrs. Price was just combing her hair, drawing it back severely, as was her mode of hairdressing.

"Oh, don't do that!" exclaimed Margaret, surprised at the wealth of soft curling hair falling about her guest's shoulders.

With deft fingers Margaret gathered up the long strands, drawing them back loosely and pinning them in a soft coil.

"How lovely you are!" she cried in frank admiration of the happy face. "Mrs. Price, I wonder if you won't wear white tonight."

"But I haven't any white dress."

"I know—but—I hope you won't think I'm bold; but I've a little dress here that is too small for me, and I know it would just fit you. Won't you wear it, please?" Margaret stopped, her eyes pleading with the older woman.

For an instant Mrs. Price hesitated, then held out her hand.

"Yes, I'll wear it. Thank you."

"O, thank you," answered Margaret, as the white folds fell around Mrs. Price. "You're a dream! You'll be the belle tonight."

Margaret piloted her guests to a comfortable seat, and soon there was a laughing, chattering group around them, for they were well liked.

Margaret, for the moment unoccupied, looked out over the church parlors with shining eyes.

"I know they've had a good time," she thought;



"and I'm so glad! But I wish they could always be like this."

Her eyes rested on a tall young man near her, who was standing alone. There was something in his face vaguely familiar; and yet he was, she knew, an absolute stranger to her. As she looked, he made a gesture which she recognized instantly. Quickly she walked over to him. He looked up, surprised as she addressed him.

"You—are John Price?"

"Yes." His manner was courteous, though wondering.

"I'm Margaret Hughes. No, you don't know me; but your mother and father would like to speak to you."

She laughed in sheer delight at the eager light on his face.

"My mother and father! Where are they?"

"Right here in the church. They've been visiting me for a week now, and tomorrow they go home," explained Margaret, as she led him across the room to them.

"Mother! Father!" the big fellow exclaimed.

For a moment the little woman looked at him silently, too dazed to speak. Then she took his outstretched hand in hers, her eyes aglow.

Margaret looked at the trio happily, and her face was very bright when, the next morning, she drove the three home in the big car.

It was only a week given out of her overflowing life; yet she had given two persons a new impetus for the years to come, and had led a son to his parents' love.—*Ida Katherine Williams Rhea, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### Forbidden Sport

It was a typical June day. I went to a small island in the river, the rendezvous for youthful fishermen and swimmers. After fishing unsuccessfully the whole length of the island, unexpectedly I came to a small group of older boys who were enjoying a swim. I watched the boys for some time, as they were frolicking around in the water. I longed to play with them, but I knew that I ought not, because my parents had told me many times that I was never to go swimming unless father was along, for I was only ten years old and could not swim.

Then Joe called to me, "Come on in, the water is fine." And then Clarence said, "Sure, what are you sitting up there for? Come on."

I ought to have said, "No, my parents have asked me never to go swimming without my father's being with me;" but I said, "I haven't any suit." Then Howard said quickly, "Here is one, take this and come on." Now what was I to do? I had got myself into a trap, and from a boy's viewpoint I must act the bravado. So I was soon in the water with the rest of the boys, having a good time. All pricks of conscience were soon forgotten. After playing for some time, the boys started a game of water tag. In the course of the play, Fred said to me, "You can't catch me," and started across the river. I followed as fast as I could. Suddenly I stepped into a deep hole and sank.

The boys who were watching us were frightened as they saw me sink out of sight, and before they could gain control of themselves I had risen and sunk again. It was not until I was sinking the third time that Clarence, one of the older boys, swam out and pushed me to the shore. I had lost consciousness, and the first thing I knew I was being rolled about on the ground, and a group of terrified boys were standing around me talking excitedly.

After a short time, with the help of some of the boys, I was able to walk home. I was sick for several days because of the large amount of water I had swallowed. During this time I had time for reflection, and truly felt thankful to God that he did not let me perish.

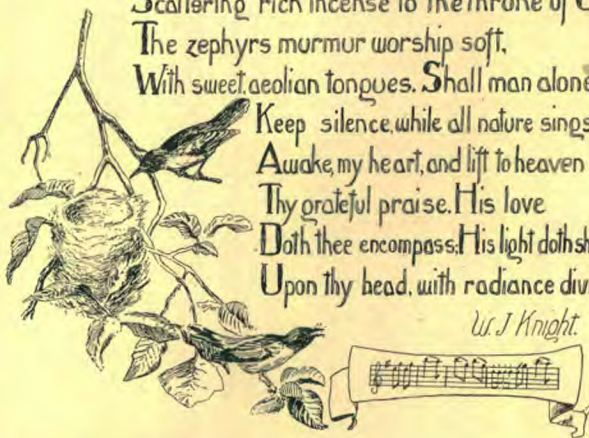
S. S.



## PRAISE

Hark! from yonder tangled copse,  
The feathered choir bursts forth  
In ecstasy of song. Each laden throat  
Trills out in matchless melody His praise.  
Each perfumed flower looks heavenward,  
Scattering rich incense to the throne of God.  
The zephyrs murmur worship soft,  
With sweet, aeolian tongues. Shall man alone  
Keep silence, while all nature sings?  
Awake, my heart, and lift to heaven  
Thy grateful praise. His love  
Doth thee encompass. His light doth shine  
Upon thy head, with radiance divine.

W. J. Knight.



ish as the result of my disobedience.

### Tallest Flagpole

THE little town of Timber, Oregon, has the tallest flagpole in the world. The pole is two hundred and ninety-two feet in height. It consists of an immense Douglas fir tree which was spared by the axmen when the town was recently hewn out of the forest. The flag was hoisted by a railroad lineman who climbed the tree trunk with the aid of driven spikes and "climbers." At the top he affixed a pulley, and his assistants hoisted a twenty-two-foot pole, which he attached to the tree. The tree measures about seven feet in circumference at the base.

Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,  
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;  
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame:  
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

—Goldsmith.



## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending May 27

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 21 to 27

May 21: Proverbs 1 to 3.  
May 22: Proverbs 4 to 7.  
May 23: Proverbs 8 to 11.  
May 24: Proverbs 12 to 15.  
May 25: Proverbs 16 to 18.  
May 26: Proverbs 19 to 22.  
May 27: Proverbs 23 to 26.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for May 18.

#### With Our Missionary Volunteers Everywhere

SOME of the societies in the South repeat the Morning Watch verses for the week, in answer to roll call.

The young people at Henderson, Kentucky, are distributing one hundred copies of the *Present Truth* Series each month.

The first to complete the Junior Reading Course in Kentucky were two little girls, each nine years of age.

The Missionary Volunteer secretary in Kentucky says: "Our Bible Year list is still growing. We now have 348 names on record."

One of our workers uses the Morning Watch Calendar among friends who are not of our faith. Several of these friends have used it every year since it was published.

The Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Minnesota Conference writes: "We have had a remarkable sale of Morning Watch Calendars. Our tract society has hardly been able to keep them on hand."

The president of the Montana Conference writes: "In two or three churches, the librarians made each member a present of a Morning Watch Calendar, and I am sure that it has resulted in good."

The Missionary Volunteer secretary of the British Columbia Conference reported that during the first eight weeks of 1916 more Morning Watch Calendars had been sold in that conference than during the year 1915.

One of our brethren in Europe sent copies of the *Present Truth* to soldiers in the trenches. Recently a young soldier, a Christian not of our faith, wrote to his mother, urging that she endeavor to have this brother send more copies of the paper.

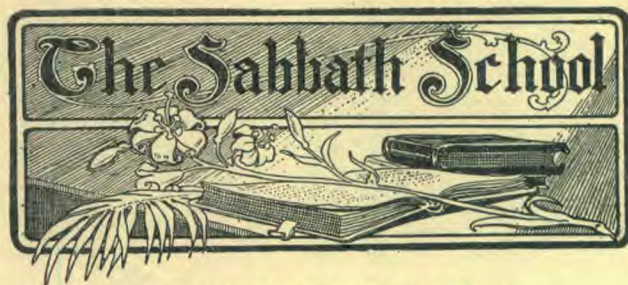
The president of the Missouri Conference writes: "I feel that the Morning Watch Calendar is an opening wedge for personal work among our people, old as well as young. We are using more copies in this conference than ever before."

One of the Missionary Volunteer societies in the Northern Union Conference is putting forth extra efforts to do missionary work. The members have determined to see how much they can accomplish in the spare moments of the day, and have definitely planned to use the first half hour in the morning in the study of the texts given in the Morning Watch, and in prayer.

One of our workers writes: "I do think that our Reading Courses are a great blessing to our young people. When I think how a few years ago so little was done for our young people, and then of all the opportunities they have now, I am so thankful for the progress that has been made in this work, and for the help it is to our young people here; and of course what it is to those here it is to others."

They have a live Junior Missionary Society in the Singapore Training School. Its meetings are every Wednesday at chapel. Many papers and tracts are distributed, and Bible readings are given by the students. A collection, averaging twenty-five cents, is taken. This is good, considering that wages there are much lower than in America. A mailing band sends out papers twice a month. Once a month a devotional service is held. Practically all students take part.

M. E. KERN.



### IX — The Victory of the Cross

(May 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 27: 39-54.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." 1 Peter 2: 23.

#### Questions

1. As Jesus hung upon the cross, what did those that passed by do? Matt. 27: 39.
2. What did they say? Verse 40. Note 1.
3. Who were among those that mocked him? Verse 41.
4. In what words did they tempt him? What did they say would cause them to believe in him? Verse 42.
5. If he were truly the Son of God, what did they think God would do for him? Verse 43.
6. Who else mocked the Saviour? Verse 44.
7. What strange thing happened from the sixth to the ninth hour? Verse 45. Note 2.
8. At the end of this time what did Jesus cry out? Verse 46. Note 3.
9. What did some who stood by think that he said? Verse 47.
10. What was done to relieve his thirst? John 19: 28, 29; Matt. 27: 48.
11. How did some protest against this? Verse 49.
12. What were Jesus' last words before he died on the cross? Verse 50; John 19: 30; Luke 23: 46.
13. What showed that the temple service was to cease when Jesus died? Matt. 27: 51, first part.
14. What occurred to the earth? Verse 51, last part. Note 4.
15. How did the earthquake affect some of the graves? Who arose from them? Verse 52.
16. When did they come out of the graves? Where did these saints that were raised go, and to whom did they appear? Verse 53. Note 5.
17. How were the centurion and others who were watching at the cross affected by the earthquake and other strange things that had happened? What did they say? Verse 54. Note 6.



## Notes

1. Reference is no doubt made to the testimony of the false witness. Matt. 26:61. What Jesus did say and mean is found in John 2:18-21.
2. "The sun refused to look upon the awful scene. Its full, bright rays were illuminating the earth at midday, when suddenly it seemed to be blotted out. Complete darkness, like a funeral pall, enveloped the cross. . . . In the thick darkness, God veiled the last human agony of his Son."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 753.
3. It was not the physical pain nor the dread of death that caused the agony of Jesus. But the sins of the whole world were pressing upon him, shutting him away from the Father's presence. It was this separation from his Father, because of our sins, that "pierced his heart with a sorrow that can never be fully understood by men."
4. "Never before had the earth witnessed such a scene. The multitude stood paralyzed, and with bated breath gazed upon the Saviour. Again darkness settled upon the earth, and a hoarse rumbling, like heavy thunder, was heard. There was a violent earthquake. The people were shaken together in heaps. . . . Sepulchers were broken open, and the dead were cast out of their tombs. Creation seemed to be shivering to atoms. Priests, rulers, soldiers, executioners, and people, mute with terror, lay prostrate upon the ground."—*Id.*, p. 756.
5. When Jesus ascended to heaven, he took with him those whose graves were opened by the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion and who were raised "as representatives" of all who shall be redeemed from all lands at his second coming. In *The Desire of Ages*, p. 786, we learn that "they were those who had been collaborators with God, and who at the cost of their lives had borne testimony to the truth."
6. "The centurion who commanded the detachment of soldiers on duty there, immediately declared, 'Truly this was the Son of God.' Thus three men, differing widely from one another, openly declared their belief in Christ upon the very day of his death—he who commanded the Roman guard, he who bore the cross of his Saviour, and he who died upon the cross by his side."—*The Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 170.

## IX—The Victory of the Cross

(May 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 27:39-54.

## Questions

1. What did passers-by do to Jesus as he hung upon the cross? Matt. 27:39. Note 1.
2. What mocking language did they use? Verse 40. Note 2.
3. Who else took part in mocking Jesus? Verse 41.
4. In what language did they tempt him? Verse 42.
5. How did they cast doubt on his Sonship? Verse 43.
6. What did the two thieves also do? Verse 44. Note 3.
7. What supernatural occurrence witnessed to the tragedy of the cross? Verse 45. Note 4.
8. What did Jesus cry out about the ninth hour? Verse 46. Note 5.
9. What did some of the bystanders say about his cry? Verse 47.
10. What did one of them straightway do? Verse 48.
11. What protest did the rest make? Verse 49.
12. After crying out again, what did Jesus do? Verse 50.
13. What shout of victory did Jesus utter at this point? John 19:30.
14. What took place in the temple at the same time? Matt. 27:51, first part.
15. What phenomena occurred in nature? Verse 51, last part, and 52.
16. What did those who came out of their graves do? Verse 53. Note 6.
17. How did the centurion and his men feel, and what did they say? Verse 54.

## Notes

1. "The enemies of Jesus vented their rage upon him as he hung upon the cross. Priests, rulers, and scribes joined with the mob in mocking the dying Saviour. At the baptism and at the transfiguration the voice of God had been heard proclaiming Christ as his Son. Again, just before Christ's betrayal, the Father had spoken, witnessing to his divinity. But now the voice from heaven was silent. No testimony in Christ's favor was heard. Alone he suffered abuse and mockery from wicked men."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 746.
  2. The first part of verse 40 doubtless refers to the false testimony against Jesus at his trial, as recorded in Matt. 26:59-61. What he did say and mean is found in John 2:18-21.
- The expression, "If thou be the Son of God," in the second part of verse 40 recalls the temptation scene in the

wilderness, in which Satan personally sought to overcome Jesus. Then Jesus was weakened through fasting forty days, and Satan would take advantage of his condition. Here at the cross also he again sought to make Jesus' intense suffering an occasion for gaining long-coveted superiority over him. "The Desire of Ages," p. 746, says on this point: "Satan with his angels, in human form, was present at the cross. The archfiend and his hosts were cooperating with the priests and rulers. The teachers of the people had stimulated the ignorant mob to pronounce judgment against One upon whom many of them had never looked, until urged to bear testimony against him. Priests, rulers, Pharisees, and the hardened rabble were confederated together in a satanic frenzy. Religious rulers united with Satan and his angels. They were doing his bidding."

3. "To Jesus in his agony on the cross there came one gleam of comfort. It was the prayer of the penitent thief. Both the men who were crucified with Jesus had at first railed upon him; and one under his suffering, only became more desperate and defiant. But not so with his companion. This man was not a hardened criminal; he had been led astray by evil associations, but he was less guilty than many of those who stood beside the cross reviling the Saviour. He had seen and heard Jesus, and had been convicted by his teaching, but he had been turned away from him by the priests and rulers. Seeking to stifle conviction, he had plunged deeper and deeper into sin, until he was arrested, tried as a criminal, and condemned to die on the cross. . . .

"When condemned for his crime, the thief had become hopeless and despairing; but strange, tender thoughts now spring up. He calls to mind all he has heard of Jesus, how he has healed the sick and pardoned sin. He has heard the words of those who believed in Jesus and followed him weeping. He has seen and read the title above the Saviour's head. He has heard the passers-by repeat it, some with grieved, quivering lips, others with jesting and mockery. The Holy Spirit illuminates his mind, and little by little the chain of evidence is joined together. In Jesus, bruised, mocked, and hanging upon the cross, he sees the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. Hope is mingled with anguish in his voice as the helpless, dying soul casts himself upon a dying Saviour. 'Lord, remember me,' he cries, 'when thou comest into thy kingdom.'"

"Quickly the answer came. Soft and melodious the tone, full of love, compassion, and power the words: Verily I say unto thee today, Thou shalt be with me in paradise."—*Id.*, p. 749, 750.

4. "In that thick darkness God's presence was hidden. He makes darkness his pavilion, and conceals his glory from human eyes. God and his holy angels were beside the cross. The Father was with his Son. Yet his presence was not revealed. Had his glory flashed forth from the cloud, every human beholder would have been destroyed. And in that dreadful hour Christ was not to be comforted with the Father's presence. He trod the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with him."

"In the thick darkness, God veiled the last human agony of his Son. All who had seen Christ in his suffering had been convicted of his divinity. That face, once beheld by humanity, was never forgotten. As the face of Cain expressed his guilt as a murderer, so the face of Christ revealed innocence, serenity, benevolence,—the image of God. But his accusers would not give heed to the signet of heaven. Through long hours of agony Christ had been gazed upon by the jeering multitude. Now he was mercifully hidden by the mantle of God."—*Id.*, pp. 753, 754.

5. "All his life Christ had been publishing to a fallen world the good news of the Father's mercy and pardoning love. Salvation for the chief of sinners was his theme. But now with the terrible weight of guilt he bears, he cannot see the Father's reconciling face. The withdrawal of the divine countenance from the Saviour in this hour of supreme anguish pierced his heart with a sorrow that can never be fully understood by man. So great was this agony that his physical pain was hardly felt."

"Satan with his fierce temptations wrung the heart of Jesus. The Saviour could not see through the portals of the tomb. Hope did not present to him his coming forth from the grave a conqueror, or tell him of the Father's acceptance of the sacrifice. He feared that sin was so offensive to God, that their separation was to be eternal. Christ felt the anguish which the sinner will feel when mercy shall no longer plead for the guilty race. It was the sense of sin, bringing the Father's wrath upon him as man's substitute, that made the cup he drank so bitter, and broke the heart of the Son of God."—*Id.*, p. 753.

6. The meaning here seems to be that graves were opened by the earthquake, "and the dead were cast out of their tombs" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 756), then when Jesus arose on the morning of the resurrection these saints came back to life with him at the time of the second earthquake recorded in Matt. 28:2, and went forth to bear testimony of his resurrection, and to serve, like Moses, as a type of the general resurrection of all who sleep in Jesus.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Unwritten Music

It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the daytime of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. When I was a child, I used to think that it was fairy music. If you have been used to early rising, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature, the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines, lowing of the cattle blending with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language.—*N. P. Willis.*

## Useless Fretting

It would be impossible to estimate the amount of energy some of us waste in a year in fretting over things which no act of ours could alter, things which in reality are none of our business. A young woman who had worked hard rehearsing an entertainment to be given for charity, became apprehensive about twenty-four hours before the date fixed for the affair, that the weather would not be favorable. All day she worried. The previous night she could not sleep, but slipped out of bed at frequent intervals to creep to the window, and scan the face of the sky. And when about six o'clock in the morning the patter of rain outside sounded on the roof, she buried her face in her pillow and wept. As it proved, the storm cleared about noon and the weather was perfect, but even if the contrary had been true, what was gained by her fretting? No amount of worry can drive a single cloud from the sky, or dry a single raindrop, and common sense suggests that the worry which is not only useless, but detrimental to health and happiness, be eliminated.

There is, of course, a decided difference between worrying about the matter which is our responsibility and that which is not. The youth who has neglected his school work may very properly worry when he comes up to examination. If his discomfort is futile

in the present emergency, it may help him another time. But to fret because the weather is not what we wanted is the height of absurdity. Nor is the favorite excuse, "I can't help it," any real excuse. You could help anything so useless and unreasonable if your powers of self-control were as developed as they should be.—*Elizabeth Harris.*

## For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of April 18

1. VON BERNSTORFF is the German ambassador to the United States; Brand Whitlock, the American ambassador to Belgium; Henry van Dyke, to Holland; Walter H. Page, to England.

2. Booker T. Washington, educator and author, founder of Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, and principal of Tuskegee until his death a few months ago.

Anna Howard Shaw, national lecturer and ex-president of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association.

Sarah Bernhardt, famous French actress.

Thomas Mott Osborne, prison reformer, ex-warden of Sing Sing prison.

John R. Mott, evangelist and general secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Mrs. Rorer, domestic science lecturer and writer.

William Dean Howells, American author.

Charles E. Hughes, justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Sir Douglas Haig, British field marshal.

3. The Bell Telephone Company allows free emergency calls, such as fire, police, ambulance, or patrol calls to city officials.

4. Paul when converted was on his way to Damascus.

5. Philadelphia was the seat of our government in 1783.

6. "Be Prepared" is the motto of the Boy Scouts.

7. Five thousand.

8. Madame Curie discovered radium in 1902.

9. Japan exerts the greatest influence upon China.

10. United States marines were landed on Haiti to restore order.

11. David Lloyd-George is minister of munitions in England.

12. A policy of self-government.

## A Good Way to Cultivate the Memory

THERE are many memory systems nowadays, and I suppose that the greatest benefit of any of them comes from the definite effort put forth by the individual. A Missionary Volunteer secretary writes: "One of our young men has memorized every text of the Morning Watch so far this year, and he can give the text for any day one may suggest. He started this especially to test his memory, but it has proved a great blessing to him spiritually."

Here is a memory plan we can all adopt; and it not only will strengthen the mind, but will help to sanctify our lives.

M. E. KERN.

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