AN OUTDOOR NUMBER

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV May 30, 1916 No. 22

In contemplation of created things, by steps we may ascend to God.— Milton.

FROM HERE AND THERE

A STONELESS prune has been developed. It takes its place with the seedless orange.

IN the West several silver fox farms have been established. These are proving profitable, as the silver fox is becoming scarce.

THE olive branch is fast coming to mean more than an emblem of peace. It stands for food and medicine and an excellent cosmetic.

THE Germans are obtaining oil and meal from the Chinese soy bean. As it is very rich in nitrogenous matter, it makes a good meat substitute.

A METHOD of bark grafting has been worked out, until bark has been successfully grafted to cover up bad holes and defacements on our trees.

MACHINES have been invented with which bulbs like the gladiolus and the lily, and such plants as tomatoes and strawberries, can be set out.

PAPER-SHELL pecans are entering the market in competition with the native seedling variety. Georgia is pushing the industry, for she seems to be best fitted to grow them.

ONE of the prettiest of fall flowers is now getting its start for the season. If it is not in the way, let the golden rod grow. This fall it will supply the bees with honey.

MR. R. ENOCK has grown some wheat from seed over two thousand years old. It resembled barley in appearance, and was obtained from the grave of an Egyptian mummy.

OUT-OF-DOOR tramping is becoming more and more popular. When not carried to excess, it is one of the most beneficial exercises. Pedestrian clubs are being formed all over the country. Many persons are thus tramping themselves into health and happiness.

OWLS are fast disappearing, yet of all birds they should be protected. One pair of owls is said to equal a dozen cats, having been known to bring a mouse to their young every ten or fifteen minutes. These owls caught at least seven or eight thousand mice in one year.

THE loon is, perhaps, the most alert of aquatic birds. When hunted, it dives and swims a great distance under the water before coming to the surface. Its nest is built at the very edge of the shore so it and the baby loons can be pushed into the water in times of danger.

SCIENTISTS have come to the conclusion that bats use the sense of hearing instead of the sense of sight to aid them in procuring their food. All insects while flying produce a musical tone by the vibration of their wings. That produced by mosquitoes and other favorite foods of the bat is above C natural.

THERE are many kinds of bears in the United States. Contrary to the usual impression, they are not very dangerous. They eat berries, insects, and tender branches in preference to men and animals. Young bears grow very rapidly. The cubs are about the size of kittens at birth, and are nearly full grown at the age of seven months.

"IT is not bedtime, the locust tree has not begun to say its prayers," said a child who observed that the locust tree closed its leaves at evening. This tree has beautiful blossoms and foliage. The most numerous species of locust is a native of America and is not the same tree as that found in Palestine.

BY training his trees on wires, Dr. E. M. Wilder, of Sacramento, California, has a good-sized and yet an odd orchard in his back yard. The trees are allowed to grow about eight inches wide while their lateral growth is not restricted. Some of these are so budded as to be in bloom and in fruit at the same time.

THE name "hen hawk" is a misnomer; for the so-called hen hawks seldom slay small birds and chickens, but are inveterate rodent hunters. The true hen hawks, Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk, are much smaller and bolder. They will catch chickens right before one. The sparrow hawk is another bird that seldom attacks the members of the feathered family as his name might indicate.

IT is now time for the buckeyes, and their European cousins, the horse-chestnuts, to bloom. These two kinds of trees are often confused, although there is a distinct difference. The horse-chestnut is the larger tree, and its leaves have seven leaflets, while those of the buckeye have only five. Both kinds of trees are being cut down rapidly, as the farmers believe the nuts are injurious to their stock. However, the buckeye will never be forgotten, for the State of Ohio is named after it. M. ALICE MILLER.

The Country Walk

THERE is nothing better than a good long walk in the fresh air along country roads to make one feel the vigor of health and the real joy of living. There is no better way of getting close to nature than by walking. A close study of trees, flowers, and fields is possible only on foot, and is the only satisfactory way of learning these things. It is in large measure due to the habits of walking that our ancestors enjoyed such vigorous health and clear perceptions. It is an exercise and a pleasure in which all can engage, old and young, rich and poor alike, and it will repay one just in proportion to the energy and good sense which he uses in its practice. A. GIBBS.

ONE impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

— *Wordsworth.*

Principal Contents

The Youth's Instructor

LXIV TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 30, 1916 No. 22

The Call of Spring

HAZEL J. WORDEN

SPRING is here! The old earth was silent a few weeks ago, but now even the soil seems alive. The sun casts its rays more directly upon our land, and makes things sparkle a little brighter — and then, there are so many more things upon which it can shine and sparkle. How the little dewdrops scattered here and there glitter in the sunshine! It seems that the ground is covered with diamonds.

The sun is not only making things sparkle and glitter; it is making things grow. Ah! that is what is making the earth itself seem alive. Just watch that maple tree over there! Yesterday its leaves were not out nearly so far as they are today. The meadow looks ever so much greener than it did a few days ago. Down in this fence corner violets are in blossom. That delicate perfume comes from the arbutus growing on the ledge. The music — never has there been a more entertaining orchestra than one hears in the woods at springtime. Each bird seems to be trying to outdo the other in richness of tone and beauty of expression. However, they all seem to be singing the same song in different versions. We know that they are all saying, "Spring is here! Spring is here! Spring! Spring! Spring!" just as fast as their little throats will vibrate.

The other day we were walking by the bank of a creek. The frogs were doing their best to entertain us by their cheery spring song; but one little fellow evidently thought that we were not giving the proper attention to their chorus, so he came to the edge of the water and sang to us. His little throat was swelled out so far it seemed it would burst open. He was so glad that spring had come he simply couldn't help stretching every muscle as far as possible.

And have you not noticed how much more care free every one seems than he did a few weeks ago? It is the call of spring. The other day a little three-year-old girl had her first experience picking flowers in the woods. For two days she talked about it almost constantly, saying, "I picked some flowers, didn't I, mamma?" Then she would laugh in childish glee.

Do you see those young women sitting on a log laid across the little stream in the woods? They are care-free children again.

The young men are taking long tramps through the woods, finding birds' nests, climbing rocks, throwing stones into the water, whistling and singing, happy as they were when only barefoot boys. Even the aged who have been shut in all winter are out of doors now, greatly enjoying the warm weather again.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed please daily.— Cowper.

Now is the time to leave care and trouble by getting out of doors where there is so much to cheer, and so many beautiful things to enjoy. Now is the time to go to nature and find her secrets for oneself instead of merely reading about them.

God has given us two great books: one, the Bible, was inspired by his Master mind; and the other, nature, is the book that was brought into existence by his spoken word. The latter gives an inspiration to flee from our artificial way of living; an inspiration to seek for the pure, the beautiful, and the holy. It gives us kindness and sympathy, and a deep love for God and man. It drives the worry clouds from our brows, and shows us there is still something worth living for. It draws us nearer to the Master and makes our communion with him more precious.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

God's Temples

THE pen of inspiration tells us that "the groves were God's first temples." How truly akin is the spirit of the woods to the majestic and solemn in our conception of God! The green boughs of the first trees, joined themselves over the fragrant paths where Adam and his Lord walked and communed together. In the shadows of a leafy temple, with its living arches and moonlit dome, Abraham stood and looked upward to the stars,— the everlasting witnesses of God's promise to him.

How many times, weary with a day of toil, and almost disheartened with continual rejection, the man Jesus drew apart from men and their petty trials, and cast himself on the carpet of the woods to pour out his heart to his Father, while the trees lovingly spread their leaves to protect him from the evening dews, and filled the air with a refreshing fragrance to sooth his troubled heart! In the last great agony of his life the kindly branches of the olive tree bent over him, the silent, sympathetic witnesses of his great struggle and his final triumph.

THE JOURNALISM CLASS

The trees have ever been the quiet ministers to man in his troubled hours. They lend their grace and calmness to his soul, and by their permanence and steadfastness renew his faith in the all-wise Father, and turn his mind to God. Equally capable are they of ministering to his more happy moods. What greater delight could we wish than a day spent in these leafy groves! A rich carpet of brown and green is beneath our feet; all around us are playful lights and shadows. Sweet, upturned flower faces peep at us from the nooks and crevices, and offer their incense to nature's God from nature's own altars.

Yonder the roots of an old oak tree are buried in a bed of green moss. A few feet below it, a tiny spring bubbles up, and slides away among the tangled grasses, as if trying to hide itself. But its presence is betrayed by the bright-faced anemones that grow among the mossy roots of the oak, and trail away in the direction the brooklet takes. The blue violet hides in the cool shadows of the wood, and bathes its feet in the little stream. The tiny flowers, mingled together, make a patchwork quilt of living blossoms.

In the alder bushes and young pines that skirt the grove, the robins and thrushes are building their nests; and the blue jays dart back and forth among the branches. The songs of birds and the whisperings of the winds reverberate through the deep and hollow recesses of God's cathedral. The soul of man is small indeed if it does not join with all these in a hymn of joyful praise to the great Creator of life, and offer to him the incense of a pure and loving heart!

We can learn lessons from each separate part of the great woods,— the modest flowers, the busy brook, the evergreen moss, the silent gray stones, or the cheerful sunshine. The trees seem to say to us: —

"Only live your life, and your duty do;
Be brave and strong, steadfast and true."

All unite to strengthen in us the desire to live trustfully and purely before the Lord. We love the simplicity of nature-life in the woods. We long for the harmony and repose which we find in its recesses, and which bring refreshing peace to the soul. All nature seems filled with gladness and joy, and sends forth her song of happiness for us. Listen to it, friend, and let its music fill your heart!

Why will men choose to live in noise and dirt and confusion, in the great hurry of selfish life, when the freedom of the birds and butterflies can be theirs, and they can drink of the invigorating fountain whose source is in God's temples! When we are perplexed and troubled, when we long for something which this world does not give, let us go to the woods and feel the truth that impressed itself on Longfellow as he stood at the entrance to a grove: —

"Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulcher conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words."

The sunshine about us fades as twilight comes. The life of the grove grows quiet. The birds sing their evening hymn and go to rest; the flowers hide their faces. The trees in silent reverence lift up their heads to God. Let us, beneath his open sky, in this his holy temple, bow down and worship him, our Maker!

RACHEL SALISBURY.

COMMUNICATING of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in half: for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.— *Lord Bacon.*

The Message of Wordsworth

WHAT a pleasure it is to go with Wordsworth into the out of doors, and walk by his side as he communes with nature; to see through his eyes and to feel as he does the wonderful charm of God's great creation! For Wordsworth perhaps more than any other of our great poets, lived "near to nature's heart." He spent a large part of his life in close contact with this wonderful source of inspiration, and he has left to us treasures of verse and song that thrill our hearts with their simple beauty. He calls our attention to many things that we might otherwise overlook; and by a deep appreciation of the simple beauties of life makes us realize that true joy and happiness may be found all around us if we only look for them.

The work of this poet means so much more to us because it was the expression of a pure, wholesome life. If his conception of the teaching powers of nature seem to go a little too far at times, let us remember that he was always looking at nature as the expression of God. And truly nature's God may well be viewed through the outward forms of trees and lakes, hills and valleys, and sea and sky, if we can see clearly and understand.

Wordsworth lived so close to the heart of outdoor things that when he speaks, it is to express an amazing intimacy and keen appreciation of all of nature's handiwork. He makes the meadows and woods appear in a different aspect to us, and we catch glimpses of beauty that surprise us because before we were ignorant of them. Early in life he learned to commune with nature. She seemed to speak to him in a language he could understand. That was the time, he says,

". . . when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite."

Later in life his love for nature was of a deeper kind.

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue"

What could suggest more joyful abandon to the charm of the growing things than these well-known lines:—

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
. . . . . .
For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

Years only deepened the love that the poet had for nature in all her various forms and moods. He spent many happy hours wandering through the meadows and along the brookside. His favorite hour for these rambles was early in the morning. He would sometimes arise before daylight and seek some beautiful spot from which to welcome the rising sun. Or again he would choose the nighttime when the moon was full.

"But now the clear bright moon her zenith gains,
And rimy without speck extend the plains;
The deepest dell the mountain's breast displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
From the dark blue 'faint silvery threads' divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide."

We cannot help feeling that Wordsworth speaks straight from the heart, and because he "loved so deeply" we respond to his song. Nature becomes a dearer friend because of his interpretation, and we long for a closer acquaintance with her. If we have failed in the past to appreciate God's great out of doors, let us make good the neglect. If the woods and trees, and birds and streams, have ceased to interest us, let us stop and listen again to the call of the growing things. When we come close to nature, we come close to God, for there more than anywhere else we see the beauties and wonders of his handiwork.

J. ALVIN RENNINGER.

A Visit to George Washington's Church

ONE day last fall a small party of us decided to make a visit to Alexandria, Virginia, to see the church in which Washington worshiped over one hundred and fifty years ago. Alexandria is eight miles south of Washington, D. C., and we made the run by trolley car in a little less than an hour. While we were passing through Virginia, the conductor told us many things of interest. We saw the road and old Potomac bridge over which Washington traveled in his old-fashioned carriage, whose wheels were as large as those of an ordinary farm wagon of today. He thought nothing of driving sixteen miles at a slow gait when he wished to go to town.

Soon we reached Washington Street in Alexandria. We went directly to Christ Church, three blocks east from the car line. We were ushered into the churchyard through the curator's office in front. The

CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

church on the outside is not so antique in appearance as is the interior. As we entered the vestry-room we saw the record of Washington's purchase of his pew in 1773. We were also interested to see the long-handled purses for offerings. It is said that these are perhaps the most curious of all the Alexandria relics of old days and ways.

In the church are two aisles which lead down to the elevated pulpit in front. The balconies extend on both sides the full length of the church. The pews are interesting in themselves. They are upholstered in red, painted white, and closed in by doors. On the left side near the front is Washington's pew which has two seats, facing each other, and a third, a cross seat against the wall. This pew is now reserved for strangers. On the other side of the aisle is the pew which was occupied by the Lees. Its silver plate bears the name of Robert E. Lee.

While we were resting in these silent pews, our minds went back to the colonial days of our country. We compared the conditions of that early time with those of today, and noted how rapidly our nation has made progress in every way.

Passing out of the church and through the churchyard, we quickly read a few of the epitaphs on the tombstones of some of the men who were prominent and influential during Washington's time. Then we took the car for Mount Vernon, the home of Washington.

LENOA HUGULEY.

A Horseback Ride to School

"AWAY, O sluggard! The cock crows clear for dawn; the cool black darkness pales to tender gray. Saddle; mount upon the instant; shake free rein and stirrup and tossing mane, then away as the arrow from bended bow."

After leaving the town, we go up a long steep hill, from the top of which we can see over the fields of cotton and corn for miles. Frank, my horse, seems to enjoy the beautiful scene with me, for as soon as we reach the top he tosses his head and looks over the meadows. The horse loves nature, and not only appreciates the tender green grass, but on a beautiful spring day he seems to respond to the spirit of freshness, and wants to join in the "coming out." The way he tosses his head and lifts his feet seems to show this appreciation of the beautiful.

After a moment's pausing to enjoy the scene, we hurry over this range of hills, and canter past farmhouses where all seem busy. The children are out about the barn, feeding the calves and chickens. The farmers are working in the fields; the boys are busy in the gardens, hoeing the grass from the tender plants. The odor of the fresh-broken ground makes one want to get nearer to it and join the boys in their task. Soon we pass a Negro cottage where a little pickaninny is waiting to greet us with a "Howdy." Often she gives us some flowers or an apple, drawing back with a happy shyness.

Leaving this cottage we go up and down several of the typical red Georgia hills. At the top of an unusually long one, we stop to breathe in the sweet odor of the pines, and glance at their stately appearance. Just then Frank turns his head for a pat on the neck, for he has hurried up that long hill, anxious to get a rest at the top. At the foot of this hill there is a meadow, through which a large creek flows. In the meadow, peas were recently sown. For days I've been watching them. One morning they were peeping above the ground to see if they dare come out. The world gave them a hearty welcome; for in three days they covered the entire meadow with a green carpet. Now blossoms have tinged it with purple, and perfumed the air.

A short cut takes us through a settlement road, where we pass an old water mill that has not been running for years. The dam and water wheel are

"THE HORSE LOVES NATURE"

still there, and long before reaching it we hear the water flowing over the old, dilapidated wheel.

We are not far away from the schoolhouse now, and pass the children on their way to school. Their hearty "Good mornings" seem to be echoes of all the beautiful surroundings of nature. Here at the turn of the road stands the little schoolhouse in a large oak grove. The shouts of the children announcing the coming of "teacher" can be heard echoing through the air.

The early morning ride is indeed refreshing, and the teacher carries the inspiration gained from it into her schoolroom.

MARIAN BROOKE.

God's "Baksheesh"

"THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The Lord had a loving plan in making this world so beautiful: He planted the trees, built up the mountains, and clothed the fields and woods in glory, so that nature could be enjoyed by men in every corner of the earth. By centuries of sin we have lost a true appreciation of God's universe, and therefore have missed many spiritual blessings.

All about us are many things that would help us if we could only recognize the divine purpose. One day a woman missionary was walking with a friend in a garden of orchids and roses, when the latter said,

"I call these beautiful things the 'baksheesh' the Lord gives me." "What do you mean?" asked the other. She answered, "Baksheesh is the word that is used all through the Orient by beggars and street Arabs when they ask you for a little money just to make them happy. There are many things in my life from day to day that I do not need. I could do without them. But God gives them to me because he loves me, and delights to see me happy. The flowers, the birds, the glorious sunsets, and many little things we do not notice, are all God's baksheesh. I like to be always looking for them and finding new ones."

This faculty of seeing lessons in God's good things will often help us to forget our troubles, and lift us out of discouragement. At one time while traveling over a mountain range in eastern Australia, I was feeling very downcast. As I trudged along, the rocky road led me around the bare face of a cliff. I was thrilled by the panoramic scene. To the right and left great forest-clad mountains rose to the very vault of heaven. Through an opening in the mountains, I saw a vast plain fading into pale blue as it mingled its color with the Pacific Ocean a mile away. The sight of the deep cañons, the mighty cavalcade of mountain peaks and the vast spaces, filled me with courage, and I cried, "If God can sustain all these things in their grandeur, he will surely give me strength to be brave and cheerful in spite of everything."

This lesson leads us to think of the purpose of suffering, which is well illustrated in the development of the emperor moth from the larva to the full-grown insect. One day I placed one of the big green caterpillars in confinement, and watched its progress. Soon it built for itself a silken cocoon, and coiling up within this downy cell, slowly awaited its change. For weeks there was silence, until one day I heard a stirring within the prison walls. It struggled for many hours, and then began to eat its way out of the cocoon. Soon I saw a little woolly creature perched on a branch, unfolding its crumpled wings in the sun. Scientists say that the effort of forcing its blood into the veins of those expanding wings causes the moth pain. In a little while a great emperor moth was resting on the window sill with a radiant expanse of wings, almost seven inches from tip to tip.

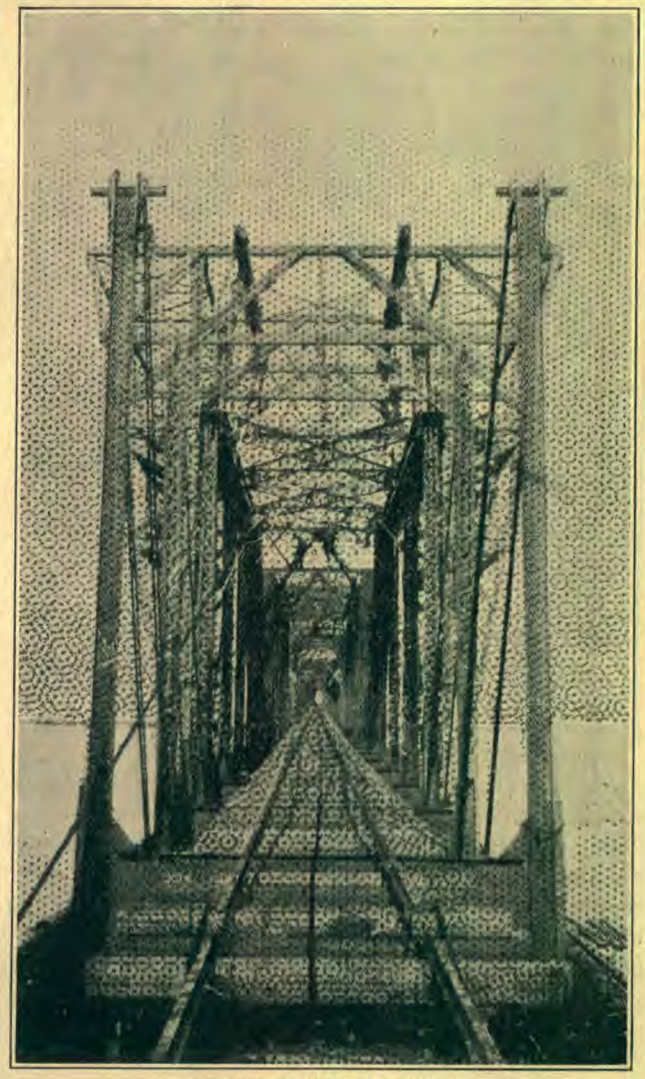
Were it not for that struggling and pain the moth could never have attained its matchless beauty. Even so with us. Without pain and tribulation we could not become Christlike in character, for those who would be like Jesus must live as he lived and suffer as he suffered. Only through many trials can we learn that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. Let us look for God's baksheesh day by day. When discouragement comes, let us find courage in the great lessons of nature. We must always remember that there is nothing worth while without suffering. ALBERT MUNSON.

The Florida Keys

AMONG the many interesting features of the State of Florida are the islands that lie near the coast, known as the Florida Keys. These islands form a chain more or less broken, reaching from Cedar Keys on the west to Biscayne Bay on the east, a distance of several hundred miles.

The formation of the keys is identical with that of the mainland near which they lie, and they have similar vegetation. In the southern part they are of coral formation, as is the whole southern end of the peninsula. The coral rock coquina juts out of the ground in many places. This rock is often quarried for building purposes; and when crushed, it makes a fine dressing for roads.

The keys form an extensive breakwater protecting the coast from the violence of the hurricanes that sweep across the Gulf of Mexico at certain seasons of the year. At the same time they form connected



THE OVERSEA RAILROAD

inside waterways, thus making local transportation both safe and easy. These waterways are connected with the Gulf and the great lines of traffic by passes. They are almost as convenient as railroads, and a great deal cheaper, and are one of the greatest assets of the whole southern peninsula.

The keys are usually very flat, having an altitude but little above sea level; yet many of them are cultivated, and are counted among the most valuable lands of the State. Being surrounded by water, they are practically frostproof, and are thus especially adapted to the cultivation of winter vegetables. Others are still as wild and barren as they were hundreds of years ago when the dark-skinned natives paddled their canoes across the bays and inlets to gather the sea animals that were cast upon the beach by storms.

No lover of nature could find a more enticing spot on which to spend a few days than these little isles lying so near the heart of the great ocean. They are sometimes fringed by a row of low bushes, but more often their shores consist of a narrow belt of pure sand, covered with a deposit of small shells of all

colors and sizes. These shores are washed scrupulously clean several times each day by the rushing tides as they sweep in and out of the narrow passes. Excursion parties often choose one of these uninhabited islands as the scene of a day's outing. Here they are shut out from the busy world, and shut in by the ocean.

The group of keys extending from Biscayne Bay to Key West supports the great oversea railroad, a remarkable feat of engineering skill projected and built by Henry M. Flagler. Think of entering a railroad car at Miami and riding over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico until you are out of sight of land on a narrow thread of track high above the water! This railroad was intended greatly to increase the traffic and popularity of Key West, a city having a unique position on the most southern of these keys, which besides being an attractive resort for winter tourists, has many commercial advantages.

W. L. BIRD.

The Myrtle Flower

Up through the tardy snows,
Braving each wind that blows,
Fearless it smiles, and grows—
Brave myrtle flower!

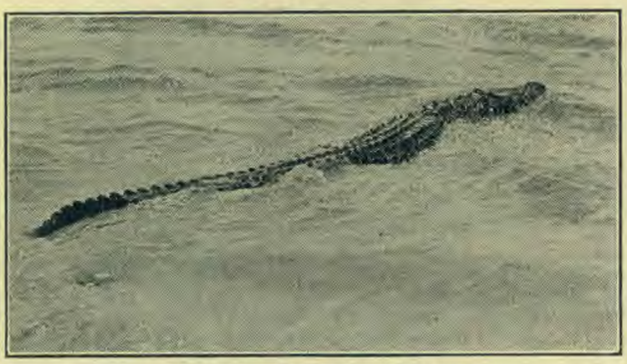
Sweet, modest, violet thing,
Timid, but glad to bring
Sure news of coming spring—
Wee myrtle flower.

Over the dreary sod,
Gayly its blossoms nod;
Sweetly it trusts in God—
Dear myrtle flower!

RACHEL SALISBURY.

Alligator Hunting

IN the warm waters of the creeks, bayous, and rivers which drain our Southern States and empty into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, is the home of the alligator. To a native of these regions this monster reptile is a common sight. On almost any day of the long summer season one can occasionally see an alligator lazily sunning himself on the trunk of an old tree which extends out over the water, or leisurely floating downstream with his broad, black head just above the surface. To one coming from a cooler climate and



SWIMMING ON THE SURFACE

unacquainted with this lizard-like creature, he appears very interesting.

There is a distinct difference both in physical appearance and other characteristics between the American alligator and the crocodile of the Nile or Ganges. The head of the alligator is broad and tapers but slightly, making his nose flat and wide; his teeth are made for tearing flesh, but he does not look so ferocious as the crocodile. An alligator will not attack a man unless he is cornered, then he is ready to fight. Often the white people go in bathing when they know alligators are in the stream, but the Negroes cannot be coaxed into the water, for every one has heard some story of a 'gator eating a man.

When the young alligator is hatched, it is six or eight inches long, and grows rapidly for a few years. After it has reached the age of about five years its growth is slower. The female never grows longer than eight or

A SURE HOLD

ten feet, but many males have been found that are twelve or sixteen feet long. They live to be very old—the largest ones perhaps two or three hundred years.

The hide of the alligator can be tanned into a beautiful and durable leather. To supply the demand many hunters make it a business to get these hides. There are others who kill them just for sport. Alligators are getting scarce, and unless some law is passed for their protection, eventually they will become extinct.

Hunting them is a fascinating sport because the head of the alligator makes a good target as it extends just above the water. If they are wounded, they will flounce about, throwing their long tails into the air, splashing water in all directions; but if they are instantly killed, they sink at once, and the chances of getting them are poor.

The man who hunts them for a living goes about it in another way. With a shining head lamp on his boat, he gently rows downstream or around the edges of the lakes on warm summer nights. This is the time when all alligators are swimming on the surface, and blinded by the light, they remain there. This allows the hunter to come so near that, after killing them with a shotgun or rifle, he can seize them before they sink. They are then dragged to the shore and left till morning, when they are skinned.

There are many interesting facts to be learned about the alligator. However, investigation is very difficult because in captivity they do not manifest many of their peculiar characteristics, and out of captivity observations cannot be carried on. For instance, alligators make a strange bellowing noise in the early morning hours of the summer days, that can be heard for quite a distance. It is thought that only the males have this voice, but there is no absolute proof of it.

In winter, alligators hibernate. They go to their dens in the autumn months when the water begins to get cold, and remain inactive until the spring.

Like all God's creatures, these reptiles were brought into existence for a purpose, and though we may not see their usefulness, they should be protected from the sportsmen who kill them only for pleasure. The poet Burns had the correct view of life when, in pity for the homeless mouse, he addressed him as a fellow mortal.

ROY CASEY.

It were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches.— Milton.

Get a Hobby

IDA E. TINEY

IT was Charles Lamb, I believe, who said that every one should have a hobby even if it is nothing but collecting strings. The right kind of hobby gives one profitable occupation for spare moments. It is a relaxation from ordinary care, invigorating and refreshing to mind and body.

Any branch of nature study — such as the study of plants, animals, butterflies, or birds, or even of the earth itself — meets the requirements of the ideal hobby. It provides healthful exercise in the open air amid inspiring surroundings. It is a real recreation.

Such a hobby every one needs; the business or professional man, the shop-worker, the home-keeper,— all would be benefited by a run into the fields occasionally. Students in school would do well to pursue some line of nature study. They need a change from the strain of poring over books day after day. I believe a higher standard of work would be maintained by most students if they had something to draw them out of doors and give them refreshing exercise.

Lovers of literature find a knowledge of nature a valuable aid in the appreciation of both poetry and prose. Wordsworth, Whittier, Byrant, and many of our favorite poets have written a great deal about nature. A large number of our best prose writers were ardent lovers of nature, and are better understood by persons who are themselves familiar with the life of field and wood.

The person who loves these things is never at a loss how to spend spare time. Even when traveling on a slow railroad train, the botanist is not uneasy, for it offers something of an opportunity to observe the flora in the places through which he is passing. He must be ever on the alert, and quick to recognize new species. Thus keenness of observation is developed.

Many persons who are sickly, especially those inclined to pulmonary diseases, would do well to interest themselves in such an outdoor hobby. I knew a minister who at one time suffered from consumption. He adopted botany as a hobby, and the daily trips into the open air so invigorated him that the progress of the disease was checked and a final cure effected. He became quite a naturalist and discovered several new species of flowers in that section. All convalescents and invalids would do well to adopt the outdoor life as far as possible.

Get a hobby — a nature hobby — if you haven't one already. Read Thoreau and Burroughs. They will help you to get it. Let parents not fail to encourage the natural instincts of their children to love nature. The collections of bugs and birds' nests are treasures to be cherished. To become familiar with the life of the fields, to know the ways of the wood folk, the songs of the different birds, or the haunts of the rarest flowers, is valuable intellectual training, and a source of real blessing and pleasure throughout one's life. It is a high type of wealth. By coming close to nature we come closer to nature's God.

An Old Mill

THERE is always a peculiar fascination about the old mill at Little River, located at the side of a stream flowing from the dark, cool recesses of the wood. A special interest is attached to it because it stands no longer used, a monument, a silent witness, to the former industry and activity which turned its wheels at the time when the farmers had their own grain ground into flour.

A steel bridge, almost the only object near by suggestive of modern times, now spans the brook, and overlooks the dam which keeps back the water, forming the wide, deep, placid mill pond. The western bank is covered with clumps of tough grass and bushes; beyond, on a little rise, stands a desolate farmhouse. From the opposite bank extends a cornfield on a hillside, topped with an evergreen wood. Near the bridge stands an ancient sycamore, whose soft, cottony down covers the pond like snow in late summer, and in whose shade a farmer's lad may often be found

anxiously awaiting a nibble in the deep hole below.

The old mill, still in good state of preservation, rises straight from the edge of the water to a full three stories and a half of grim solitude. Underneath are the massive iron gears, rusty and dusty with disuse. Below the dam is a huge wooden flume, still in use, despite its dilapidated condition, for carrying water to a sawmill a short distance downstream on the opposite bank. The monotonous sameness of the mill's walls is broken by but few windows; the shingles of the steep roof are black and weather-beaten. Beside the road is the old shed built into the mill itself and occupying half of the first story. Its walls are now covered with glaring circus posters, picturing in vivid colors the daring feats of clown and bareback rider. At one side is a flight of steps whose edges are rough and worn, showing well the ravages of time and use.

On a summer's afternoon the old mill and all about it present a picture of rest and peace. The creek twists and turns under the tall grasses at its side, disclosing whirling eddies or quiet, shady nooks. One may hear the sweet ditty of the song sparrow perched on a stem bending over the brook. He may watch the dragon fly dart swiftly through the air and pause lightly for a moment on a cat-tail. He listens to the water purling gently over the stones or murmuring softly among the pebbles, singing its endless cheerful song. A spirit of contentment and of tranquillity pervades all. Yes; truly, the old mill and its surroundings have a powerful fascination.

PERCY T. COWLES.

The Cicada

THERE are about eight hundred species of the cicada, mostly tropical. This description will be limited to the *Cicada septendecim,* of America, commonly called the "seventeen-year locust," which is probably the longest lived of insects. Some have doubted the existence of this seventeen-year species because it spends almost its entire lifetime underground, in an undeveloped condition, known as the pupa state. Then, too, there is an annual cicada which resembles the *septendecim* in form and habit. But almost every year there appears somewhere on the continent a brood which is limited to a certain section. Entomologists, by noting the time of their appearance in these localities, have found that the *septendecim* is truly periodical, and takes seventeen years to mature. By adding seventeen years to the date of their last appearance, one can predict their next visit.

A CICADA CITY

The pupæ begin their exodus from the ground during the latter part of May, but are not seen in great numbers until the middle of June. They are provided with strong forelegs, which they use in digging their way upward. When they emerge from their earthen cells, they attach themselves to trees, which are soon literally covered with them. The ground beneath is riddled with holes, sometimes there being as many as one hundred and fifty to the square foot. Several pupæ will emerge from the same hole if fortunate enough to find the channel which another has made. Before many days these holes are hidden beneath the shells which drop from the bodies of the pupæ.

JUST HATCHED

If, on arriving at the surface, the proper stage of development has not been reached, or if the weather retards the change to the winged form, the pupa builds for itself a turret, about twice the size of a man's thumb. This he does by mixing the soil with saliva, and patting it down with his strong forelegs. Here he awaits nature's signal to emerge, at which time he breaks through the top or side of his temporary home and joins the procession of his migrant fellows. Then the huts stand empty in the silent cicada city, like an abandoned mining town.

Shortly after leaving the burrow, the cicada's transformation occurs. Fastening itself by its feet to a twig, or branch, it remains quiet for a little while. The outer skin begins to crack along the middle of the back. It pushes the fore part of its body out, and then its legs, until at last its body is free from the tough case. Its new body is soft and white, and often serves as a delicate morsel for the birds. Even the domestic cat relishes it; and the spider weaves it into her snare with delight. This seems a hard fate, but what is nature to do with her superfluous children?

A FULL-GROWN CICADA

The insect does not long stay soft and white. The head becomes jet black, the body yellow and covered with a tough skin, and within fifteen or twenty minutes full-sized wings are developed. As the wings expand, the body diminishes to its normal size. A period of rest follows, but in a little while the insect is able to stretch its wings and fly to the tree tops.

Soon the air is filled with the music of the male cicada. Underneath the fore part of his body are slight cavities covered with membranes. The rapid tightening and contracting of these membranes produces a drumming sound, which is used by the male cicada to win his silent ladylove to his side. Nature provides mother cicada with a little instrument which she uses in sawing a V-shaped slit through the bark of a limb. Here she places her eggs. She makes these slits until she has deposited from four to five hundred eggs. After a month or six weeks of sunshine and song, the lives of father and mother cicada are ended.

The leaves die on the outer edges of the trees where mother cicada deposits her eggs, but no real damage is done. In six weeks the eggs hatch, and the little cicadas fling themselves from their cradles to the ground, at once beginning to burrow. Down they go until they reach the roots of the trees, close to which they dig small cells. Then they pierce holes into the tender bark with their sharp beaks, and pump out the sap. This is very harmful to the trees.

Philip's Friends

JESSIE R. EVANS

PHILIP KENTWOOD lived with an elderly aunt in a small village which nestled in the northern corner of one of the Middle Western States. The very lawns and front windows of the snug little houses proclaimed to any observing stranger the character of that town. An eye to economy was shown by the housewives; for looking toward the sunny side of any street from the three blocks facing Evergreen Hill, and occupied by the well-to-do, to Marsh Street, filled to overflowing with run-down cottages and groups of dirty children, one would find every window shade drawn and the shutters tightly closed. Parlor carpets were not to be faded by sunshine in that community. The very atmosphere breathed conservatism, a dread of new-fangled notions, and a firm determination to abide by the ideals of the foregoing generation.

In this village, as I started to tell you, Philip Kentwood lived with his aunt, Jane Kentwood. She was one of those fortunate villagers who could look across at Evergreen Hill any time of day; but it was only on Sundays, rare holidays, and house-cleaning days that her shutters were opened, her shades drawn, and her windows open to the "view." She was spoken of, even in this strait-laced little town, as "a stern, forbidding character." She had her own ideas, and she often boasted that they were seldom changed.

AMONG THE GENTIANS

Philip had come to her a sturdy, red-cheeked, merry-eyed boy of ten, full of an exuberance of energy, ready to run an errand at a moment's notice, to set the dog on the cat, or to jump from the highest point of the horse stable. Every minute of the day, so it seemed to his aunt, Philip's feet, hands, and entire body were in motion.

When Philip had been suddenly dropped into Aunt Jane's home, after the death of his parents, she decided then and there to prove to her small world that a boy could be reared, and reared without passing through all the different stages of "badness" that her neighbors were always excusing in their own sons.

Two mornings after the little nephew's arrival, when every bird that favored that part of the State in early June was singing his gayest songs, and the whole world seemed spun of sunshine, so beautiful did the outdoors look, Aunt Jane took Philip solemnly into the gloomy back parlor, telling him, on the way, that she was going to have a talk with him about what he was to do, and how she wanted him to act, now that he was to live with her. Philip sat down on a low chair, a few feet from his aunt, whom he had not yet quite learned to love. He was sure he would, though, only she did not hug him, or pet him, or tell him he was a fine boy, when he had run an errand in an especially short time. She was just "different," that was all.

"Philip," she began, "you are ten years old, and large and strong for your age. Now I don't want you to grow to be a useless boy or a lazy one. So I have decided to have you begin right by doing some work in the yard and garden each day."

Philip gave a jump of joy, and laughed out, "O, goody, Aunt Jane! I just *love* to be out of doors, and I like to dig in the dirt too. I can hear all the lovely sounds that seem to be in the air if I work in the garden, can't I?"

Aunt Jane frowned. She was afraid Philip wasn't taking this idea of work seriously enough. He was actually trying to make play out of it. "You'll not have much time to hear lovely sounds," she said, "if you do your work quickly and well. I don't expect you to stop your work to listen to every noise that you may hear. You'd never get anything done if you did that way. When you are working, you must keep your mind right on what you are doing."

Aunt Jane looked stern, but for the life of him Philip couldn't see just why. She looked, too, as if she didn't intend having a little boy argue with her; so he refrained from telling her that he could both work and hear the sounds,— the songs of the birds, the hum of the bees, and the gentle murmur and rustle of the breeze as it swept through the trees and shrubs.

"Why," he thought, "I can see and hear more things than I could even name to Aunt Jane, just while I'm running an errand." Aunt Jane didn't seem to realize what sounds he meant or she wouldn't have seemed so cross. She must surely love to hear the birds sing, the hens cackle, and the insects snap and whiz as they flew by. Everybody must love those things; they were part of what made the outdoors. It would be lonesome out in the big, open world if there wasn't anything to make a noise. A questioning look crept into Philip's eyes. If Aunt Jane *did* love the outdoors, why didn't she let a little of the sunshine into her house? Oh, yes, he remembered — it would "fade the carpet" and "draw the flies."

Aunt Jane brought Philip suddenly back from these reflections. "You are to work in the vegetable garden from eight to nine-thirty every morning," she said; "from nine-thirty to ten you may read, or do little things to help me; that will rest you enough so that

you can weed the flower beds till noon. After dinner you may play quietly in the yard till three; but remember this, I'll not be bothered with a lot of rough boys tearing around in the yard, neither do I wish you to get intimate with any, for they will be distracting your mind from work, and getting you into mischief. From three until supper time you may read some more, or work in the garden, just as seems best."

Philip now looked dismayed. Not play with the boys! Have no boy chums! Mustn't play out of the yard, and must be quiet! That meant no baseball, no chance to climb Harold Finster's great maple after the stranded kite which the boys, whom he hardly yet knew by sight, had dared him to go after. It seemed almost as if Aunt Jane expected him to act like a girl! Nothing to do but work, read, and play quietly. His eyes swam for a moment, and the firm little chin quivered; but then Philip remembered he was a boy, not a cry-baby, and his little shoulders squared. He looked up at Aunt Jane as he quietly replied: "I'll try my best, but the boys will laugh at me, and call me a sissy. I guess I can get along all right, though."

For a moment Aunt Jane's face softened, and she felt a spark of sympathy for this energetic boy whom she was trying to tame. But almost instantly her face resumed its former expression of firmness. She must live up to her ideas; she mustn't allow a mere child's good spirit to turn her from her course of training so carefully mapped out. Doubtless he would be grumbling within an hour about this very work.

"You may begin weeding the onion bed this morning," she said; "I will show you how."

Silently the two went to the garden, and when Philip saw the long rows of onions, he couldn't keep from wondering if Aunt Jane didn't almost live on onions. Soon he was working steadily, but not silently; for on a fence post close by sat a plump robin, and to it Philip was talking. "You've got to be my friend," he said, "'cause Aunt Jane won't let me have any boy chums. I've got to play alone, and nobody likes to do that. But I like you, for your eyes twinkle just as if you were going to laugh. Now don't you be afraid, for I wouldn't hurt you for anything — and I'll tell you why. My papa used to say that God made the birds, and gave them the right to live, the same as he did little boys; and when one kills or hurts a bird, God notices it, and remembers it. You'll come often, won't you, for I'll get lonesome out here by myself."

Morning after morning the friendship between Philip and the robin grew. Bread crumbs, seeds, anything he could get, Philip took to his new pet. The bird would come to meet Philip with a little quick! quick! quick! — the robin's greeting.

Aunt Jane began to notice that each day Philip would save a little cake from dinner, a few bread crumbs from breakfast, and that he always carried a tiny package with him when he went to the garden to work. One day she quietly followed him, and watched the little scene that took place. Even Aunt Jane admitted that the boy and the bird made a beautiful picture. As she stood watching, Philip began to talk to the robin.

"You see," he said, "it is like this: I don't mind, as much as I thought I should, not being allowed to play with the other fellows. 'Course I'd like to be in those ball games, for I've got a perfectly great muscle, and can pitch for a team real well. I can stand that, though. But the fellows do think it's mean that I don't ask them to come and play in the big stable loft. I don't like to tell them that Aunt Jane doesn't like noisy boys, so they don't know the reason for my not letting them come. Besides, the boys tease me about being sissified because I like animals and birds and bugs. I tried to explain to them that it's partly because I must mind Aunt Jane, for I'm living with her, just as if she were my own mother, and the fifth commandment says — well, you know what — and she doesn't like me to get real friendly with other boys for fear they will distract my mind; so instead of being with them, I have to spend my work time and my play time with the *outdoor* things.

"Of course the boys laughed when I told them about it; but it is true, isn't it, that the things of the outdoors can be friendly and loving the same as people? The boys said that was all a funny notion of mine. But sunshine is almost like a person — don't you think so? It's so bright and gay that just feeling and seeing it makes one happy. That is the way people I love make me feel. Sometimes when I'm weeding, and the sun shines extra warm, I just imagine it's a person giving me a hard pat on my back for something nice I've done. And the birds? Why, they talk almost as people do, only they can't say so many words; but all the different kinds have their own way of talking. It's just like having lots of company. I like the bugs and caterpillars too. They're interesting, *I* think, but Aunt Jane says she doesn't like the 'crawling things.' And the butterflies! they look like flowers, the brightest in all the garden, come to life, and fluttering in the wind. And the flies! Why, I can see a whole circus in my mind when I am watching them. They race with one another, they spin as if they were turning handsprings, and they walk with their heads down — I mean when they are on the ceiling. Do you know, I believe Aunt Jane wouldn't mind flies so much if she only could think they were part of a circus. And if she didn't mind the flies, maybe she would put up the curtains, and let the sunshine in."

Aunt Jane was a silent eavesdropper to these wholehearted remarks. It came to her, as she stood there, that Philip knew more about some of the real things of life than she herself. This little boy knew how to fill in the lack of human friendship with companionship with the humble creatures of nature. The sunshine was a comforting companion; it gave praise and cheer that human beings denied, and yet she had feared that it would fade the parlor carpet!

A little smile crept around Aunt Jane's mouth. Flies reminded Philip of things seen in circuses! Well, a ten-year-old boy must be fairly bright, bless his heart! to think up such things. He had inferred that he must mind her, too, for she was like his mother, or in the place of a mother to him. Very well, she would see that the little fellow had some of the good times that real mothers permitted boys. If he could see so much beauty in the things that most people passed by without even noticing, perhaps he wouldn't be so greatly injured by associating with other boys. Anyway, Philip's friends — she would try to weed out the really undesirable boys — could play in her spacious yard, and she could keep her eye on them. And the stable loft could be fitted up for a gymnasium, in which the boys could play on rainy days!

Later that morning Evergreen Hill could be viewed from any front window of Aunt Jane's house. The sunshine poured in, and one woman in that cramped little community had a new outlook on life — all as the result of the appreciation of one childish heart for the beautiful things of nature.

Here they live for seventeen years, at the end of which time an irresistible impulse seizes the entire host. When the spring winds blow softly, out they come. For a time the air is filled with the fluttering of their wings and their constant drumming, and then silence falls upon the groves. BESSIE STOUT.

The Sad Fate of Rike

RIKE was a little fawn that we had tamed. We fed him every morning and evening at the edge of the large pine woods. It seems strange to have such

THE GRACEFUL DEER

a pet, but one morning our hired man had come into the kitchen carrying the helpless little creature in his arms. Of course we girls were delighted with the idea of having him. We could train him just as we wished. The first thing to do was to feed him. The deer was so tiny that he was perfectly helpless, so we decided to feed him from a bottle.

Rike grew fast and was soon able to run and jump around. We thought it would be cruel to shut the little thing up, and so we let him go wherever he pleased. Rike soon made up his mind that he liked the woods better than the meadow, and spent most of his time roaming around in our forest. But every morning and evening at six o'clock he would come to the edge of the woods and wait anxiously for us to bring him his milk. It was interesting to watch him drink it, for he enjoyed every drop.

One morning Rike was not waiting for us. We were a little later than usual, and did not understand where he was. We called and we waited, but he did not come, so we started out to hunt for him. We did not have to look long. With a few bounds we reached the meadow where the lifeless form of our little pet lay. Our bloodthirsty bulldog had killed Rike while he was waiting for us to bring him his breakfast. OLIVIA BOETTCHER.

The Acorn and the Pumpkin

(A paraphrase of the fable of Fontaine)

GARO, philosopher of his town, noticing one day that the pumpkin was very large and its stem very small, made these reflections: "About what," said he, "did the Creator of all these things think, when he made them? As for this pumpkin, it ought to have been made to grow on one of the branches of that great oak tree. That would offer it a more fitting support. Such fruit on such a tree, that is logical. It is too bad, Garo, that God did not take you into his counsel when he created the world. Everything would have been better, I am sure. That acorn, for instance, which is not bigger than my little finger, should have been put in the place of that pumpkin. God made a mistake, he positively did! The more I consider these fruits, the more I am convinced that he has misplaced them. And yet he cannot be mistaken. How can I harmonize this? Well, never mind, I'll not think about it; it would keep me from sleeping peacefully."

Having thus decided to leave the subject, Garo went to sleep under a big oak tree. While he slumbered, an acorn fell on his nose and grazed it. He suddenly awoke, and putting his hand to his face, he found the little acorn in his beard. "Well, well," said he, "here is something which changes my ideas. How is this, my nose bleeds? What would it have been if there had fallen from this tree a heavier mass — if this acorn had been a pumpkin? Upon my word, God was right! I understand now." And Garo went home thinking that God makes well everything he makes. The pumpkin and the acorn were a proof of it.

A. G. ROTH.

The Life of Our Bees

ALL are familiar with the expression, "Busy as a bee." But I think it would take a great deal of work and attention to be as busy as the little bee. Just as soon as the sun rises, the little worker rushes out of his house, takes his morning exercises on the front landing, and then flies straight up into the air, just high enough to look over the tops of all the trees. Here he stops and looks around for the fraction of a second, then makes a bee line for the place where the best flowers are. This is sometimes several miles away. Soon he reaches his destination, and quickly flies from one blossom to another, loading himself as heavily as he can. Then up he flies, and back home.

HONEYBEE GATHERING NECTAR

The little worker keeps this up all day long, and because of his swiftness he is able to do quite a little in one day. When evening comes the poor little thing is so tired that he does not even bother to go into the hive, but simply drops down on the landing, and stays there all night.

The life in the hive is well regulated. The queen is the gentle ruler of this mansion which has so many inhabitants. She is loved and honored by her subjects, who will readily lay down their lives to protect her from all harm. She is kept busy laying eggs and looking after the order in the hive. The hives do not have windows, so the ventilation is very difficult to manage. But notice one thing,— the queen manages to keep the temperature in the hive quite even. If it gets too hot and damp in one place, she orders many

(Concluded on last page)

Strength and Courage

(Texts for June 4 to 10)

STRENGTH and courage are just what you want. What you should have. What you may have. You do not want to be a weakling, bending to every breeze that blows; yielding to every temptation that assails. Neither does God want you to be. He has commanded you to be strong and of good courage.

You should be strong for your own sake and for the sake of others. If you are as true to your Christian principles as "the needle is to the pole," you will inspire weaker ones to try harder to do right; and by trying they will acquire strength to live better lives.

But how can we who are weak be strong? Job declared: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." Milton wrote: "All wickedness is weakness." Tennyson testified: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

Then remind yourself often that in order to be strong you must be pure. Sin weakens. It always weakens and dwarfs. Do not say, "I know I ought not to do this, but really it cannot make much difference." Do not deceive yourself. Little sins are the foxes that spoil the vines and hinder their yielding the fruit of strength and courage. "Keep thyself pure," was Paul's counsel to Timothy, and it is God's command to you. And what he has commanded you to do, he will enable you to do if you will let him.

MEDITATION.— My heart longs to be strong and courageous. The Morning Watch texts this week command me to be strong, and tell me just how to obtain strength and courage. Am I learning how to obey, that I may gain the secret of power? Am I willing to obey God in all things in order to be strong? Am I obeying his commands today?

SPECIAL PRAYER.— This week let us unite in asking God to bless in a special way our medical missionaries everywhere. The medical missionary work is often the "entering wedge" for other kinds of missionary endeavor. M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN ..... *Secretary*
MATILDA ERICKSON ..... *Assistant Secretary*
MRS. I. H. EVANS ..... *Office Secretary*
MEADE MACGUIRE, C. L. BENSON, J. F. SIMON ..... *Field Secretaries*

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending June 10

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 June.

The Bible Year

Assignment for June 4 to 10

June 4: 1 Kings 17, 18.
June 5: 1 Kings 19, 20.
June 6: 1 Kings 21, 22.
June 7: Psalms 78, 82, 115, 46.
June 8: 2 Kings 1 to 3.
June 9: 2 Kings 4 to 6.
June 10: 2 Kings 7 to 9.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the REVIEW for June 1.

The Children of Jamaica

The First Children of Jamaica

A GREAT many islands, some large, some small, make up the West Indies. Jamaica is the largest island owned by the English people, and English is the language spoken. "But the children who play about the streets of Kingston," says Isabel Maclean, "who pour out in a laughing, shouting stream from the village schools, who toddle around the tiny huts making sand pies in their yards, are not English children. They are black children, cousins of the little African Negroes over the sea.

"Perhaps you are wondering how they came to be there, so far away from their own home. It is a strange, sad story. To understand it properly we must begin as near the beginning as we can, and go back to a time when other little children played in the forests, or romped by the coral shores of the large islands.

"They were not black, like the Negroes, but a red cinnamon color; their hair was straight, black, and long. They had lovely dark eyes, and an expression of unusual gentleness and kindness. They were as lovable children as one could meet with anywhere. They were called Arawaks. Their homes were tiny little round huts made of cane, and thatched with plantain leaves. Their beds were netted string, or of coarse cotton, that was spun, woven, and dyed by their mothers. The hammocks were almost all the furniture the huts contained, except a few calabashes and clay dishes."

How the Negroes Came to the West Indies

When Columbus discovered the New World, and the Spaniards took possession of some of the islands to which the name West Indies had been given, the native Indians were treated with great cruelty. Many were killed, others died because of hard work and poor food, and others even killed themselves and their children to save them from becoming slaves. Some ran away; but these were hunted with dogs, and when they were found, they were shot.

By and by only a few of the native Indians were left in Jamaica and some of the larger islands. Then the Spaniards did not know what to do. They must have slaves (they thought) to till their fields, and care for the crops, and do all the work of the great estates. By killing off the poor natives, instead of hiring them to work and treating them kindly, the Spaniards had really helped to hinder their own purpose, which was to get rich as fast as possible.

Some time before this the Portuguese explorers had brought back with them some of the people from the West Coast of Africa. These people, to whom the name Negroes was given, were strong and good workers; so they were made slaves and bought and sold like cattle. The Spaniards in the West Indies bought whole shiploads of these unfortunate Africans, who were stolen away from their forest homes. When England took possession of Jamaica, the Spaniards were compelled to leave, but the slaves were kept to work. However, they rose against these new masters, and fled to the mountains, where their descendants still live.

Now the British were as badly off as the Spaniards; for they needed slaves to care for the large estates they had taken from their former owners. Tramps and beggars and convicts were sent out from England, and these were really made slaves; but this plan did not work very well, so more African slaves were sent for, and again they were brought to the West Indies by shiploads.

The story of slavery in these islands is sad to read. It is enough for us to know that God raised up missionaries who came to the West Indies, and through their effort and influence slavery was finally abolished, Aug. 1, 1838. Do you wonder that this day is celebrated with great joy every year in the West Indies?

Homes of the Poor in Jamaica

"The huts of the black people in Jamaica are very quaint and picturesque. Probably they are more charming to look at than they would be to live in. They are mostly made on the same simple plan — the plan of a box. When an addition is required, another box is added, alongside or behind, possibly even above. Each man builds his own hut with the material nearest to his hand or best suited to his means. As a rule the huts are grouped together in a hamlet or village with very little idea of order,— planted down here and there as a child would place his paper houses on his sand heap. But the general effect is a lovely picture, whether it be a hamlet in the hollows, with the high Blue Mountains towering above it, and the trees — the wonderful Jamaican trees — almost smothering the little huts, or the cottages perched on so steep a mountain side that you wonder how it is they do not come rolling down.

"In all of them there is sure to be a crowd of little black children, some almost naked, who play together in the 'yard' or garden, with the pig, the goat, and the fowls. Women in bright print gowns and with gay turbans wrapped round their heads will be hard at work, or standing gossiping with

their neighbors. Above them will be the hot hazy sky, and around, the green of the trees, the gorgeous flowers, and delicious fruits. Birds will sing and twitter among the branches, butterflies and flashing insects will flit about the blossoms in the sunshine, and green lizards play hide and seek in the grass. It is sure to be lovely if it is Jamaica; for 'its beauty cannot be translated by art or word or music. It is a dreamland and a land of dreams.'

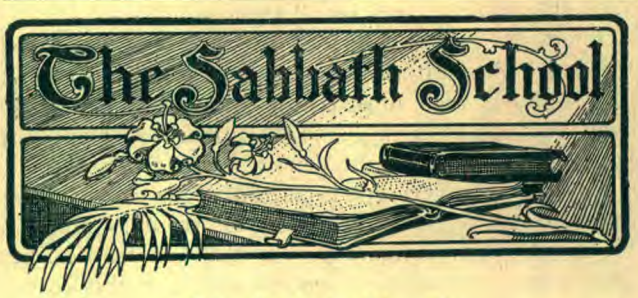
"The chief difference in the huts is in the material and in the size. Down near a wharf they may be of old packing boxes with the painted advertisements outside, up in the mountains they are beginning to build them of limestone. But the commonest material is wood or mud. A poor man's hut is one room, often a very tiny one. The walls of it are probably wattled; that is, thin branches of trees are woven closely in and out between wooden uprights. The whole of that is sometimes covered over with mud, which dries in the sun to a hard clay. The roof is thatched with the leaves of the thatch palm or the banana tree, and perhaps plastered also with mud. The floor is just the earth beaten down hard. There is no chimney — a fire would not only be unbearable in such a climate, but would be most dangerous in such a tiny house and so near dry wood. The 'kitchen range' is outside — three or four large stones standing near the door. The window is a small square opening without glass. It is protected at night by a shutter to keep out the cool, fresh air, mosquitoes, and 'dupies.'

How the Children Spend Their Time

"The little black children, especially in the hill districts, develop very quickly, perhaps because of the delicious climate, or perhaps because their limbs get so much more freedom to grow strong and supple. A little boy of five or six may be seen careering along on a barebacked horse, taking it to the river for a drink. Very early, too, they learn to climb the trees for fruit. It is perhaps not altogether to their advantage to develop so quickly, for they are set to work as soon as they can walk steadily. The tiny girls march along with gourds or calabashes or kerosene tins of water on their heads. All the water for these huts must be carried from the nearest river, or from a tank or reservoir where it is stored during the rainy season. Both little girls and boys help in the 'ground' which nearly every Negro owns and cultivates. It is often a long way from his 'yard,' but it is tended by the family. The little ones gather the fruit and 'bread kind,' as they call the vegetables, and the mother and the older children carry them to market in large baskets on their heads. The women and girls are noted for their wonderfully graceful carriage and walk.

"There is not much time to play, and often the poor children are driven from one piece of work to another with hard words or even hard blows. Still the little ones are wonderfully happy. It is their nature to laugh and sing and be merry, to cry very loud when they are hurt or naughty, and to smile again the next moment. Little 'April babies' they are, with heavy rains and brilliant sunshine never far apart."

A. B. E.



XI — "He is Risen"

(*June 10*)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 28: 1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. 15: 55.

Questions

1. Early in the morning of the first day of the week, who came to the sepulcher? Matt. 28: 1.
2. Of what were they thinking as they went? Mark 16: 3.
3. What took place before they got there? Matt. 28: 2.
4. Describe the appearance of the angel. Verse 3.
5. What effect did the angel's presence have upon the soldiers guarding the tomb? Verse 4. Note 1.
6. What comforting words did the angel speak to the women? Verse 5.
7. What did he tell them about Jesus? Verse 6, first part.
8. What did he bid them do? Verse 6, last part.
9. On what message were they sent? Where did the angel say Jesus would go before them? Verse 7.
10. How did they respond to his command? Verse 8. Note 2.
11. While on their way to the disciples, who met them? How did he greet them? Verse 9, first part.
12. How did they show their love for him? Verse 9, last part.
13. What comforting words did he speak to them? Verse 10, first part.
14. What did he say they should tell the disciples? Verse 10, last part.

Notes

1. "The soldiers see him removing the stone as he would a pebble, and hear him cry, Son of God, come forth; thy Father calls thee."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 780.*

2. "The brightest morning that ever dawned upon a fallen world, was that in which the Saviour rose from the dead." "Never before had human lips such tidings to proclaim; for the fact of Christ's resurrection was to be the great truth around which all the faith and hope of the church would center."—*"The Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pp. 204, 215, 210.*

XI — "He is Risen"

(*June 10*)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 28: 1-10.

Questions

1. After the women left the tomb of Jesus what did they do? Luke 23: 56. Note 1.
2. When did they return to the sepulcher? Matt. 28: 1. Note 2.
3. What question was in their minds as they went? Mark 16: 3.
4. What took place about this time? Matt. 28: 2, first part.
5. What is given as the cause of the earthquake? Verse 2, last part.
6. Describe the appearance of the angel. Verse 3.
7. How did the presence of the angel affect the guard? Verse 4.
8. How did the angel quiet the women's fear? Verse 5.
9. What did he say about Jesus? Verse 6, first part. Note 3.
10. What did he bid them do? Verse 6, last part.
11. What message did he send by them to the disciples? Verse 7.
12. How did they respond to his direction? Verse 8.
13. As they were on the way to tell the disciples, who met them? How did he greet them? Verse 9, first part.
14. What did they then do? Verse 9, last part.
15. What assuring word did he speak to them? Verse 10, first part.
16. What message did he send to his brethren? Verse 10, last part.

Notes

1. Here is definite, convincing testimony that the original Sabbath of the fourth commandment was still observed by the disciples of Christ.

2. Some have difficulty with the expression "in the end of the Sabbath," or "late on the Sabbath day," as given in both the English and the American Revised Versions. In narrating the same event, Mark says "when the Sabbath was past," Luke "upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning;" John, "the first day of the week . . . early, when it was yet dark." Matthew's phrase may be rendered with authority of scholarship equal to any other, "after the Sabbath."

3. In the words of the angel, "as he said," there is a gentle reproof to the women and the twelve disciples, who seem to have forgotten in their sorrow that Jesus had said repeatedly he should rise again the third day, while the chief priests and Pharisees in their restless anxiety on the Sabbath remembered his prediction.

Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they both being servants of his providence: art is the perfection of nature; were the world now as it was the sixth day, these were yet a chaos; nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.— *Sir Thomas Browne.*

OUR purity of taste is best tested by its universality. If we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false nature. But if we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws.— *Ruskin.*

The Youth's Instructor

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Explanatory

BY courtesy of the editor, Mrs. Chase, the material for this number has been supplied by the pupils of the English classes of Washington Missionary College. The editing and proofreading have been done by the members of the Journalism class, two of whom, Misses Ida Tiney and Hazel Worden, have served as editors. The thanks alike of teacher and pupils are due to Mrs. Chase for the opportunity thus granted of connecting a little practical editorial work with the closing weeks of the course in Journalism.

M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN,
Head of the English Department.

Sleeping in the Open

IT is said that moonlight in the valley of the Nile blinds the man who sleeps in the open, exposed to its rays. However true that may be, there is no danger from that source in our part of the world; at least none of the many persons who sleep on porches or out in the open have been affected by it, but great benefits

have been derived from this habit. It seems evident that God was right in preparing for Adam and Eve their home where they should spend their hours, awake or asleep, in a garden, sheltered only by beautiful trees.

Outdoor sleeping under proper conditions is both a preventive and a cure for several diseases of the lungs and throat. It is pure fresh air that man needs to make him strong and healthy; and no room, however well ventilated, can meet the demand like a sleeping porch or a bed in the open.

It is not always wise to follow the fashions of the day, but when one is beneficial it is unwise not to follow it. The present-day fashion of building homes with sleeping porches or finding some other means of sleeping out of doors is a good one, and it should be promoted by all who want to assist in the return to the simple, healthful way of living.

Spring

THE bees are in the meadow,
The birds are on the wing,
The silent brook rejoices;
For once again 'tis spring.

The snow upon the mountains
Is white against the blue;
But all the hills and valleys
Are covered o'er with dew.

The troops of knightly crocus,
All armed in blue and gold,
Drive Winter and his forces
From out his strongest hold.

And all the other flowers,
In honor of the day,
Fill all the air with sweetness,
And colors bright and gay.

Then soft and fragrant zephyrs
Sway all the leafless boughs;
And now the little brown buds
No longer care to drowse.

So one by one they cast aside
Their furry little hoods,
And pushing up their emerald heads,
They soon transform the woods.

And now the hills and meadows
Are all in beauty dressed;
The air is filled with music—
Oh! don't you love spring best?

ELMER P. DAVIS.

[This poem was written by a young man who has been deaf since he was nine years of age. He attends the College, and does good work. He is given a little extra help by fellow students who take notes for him in class.]

The Life of Our Bees

(*Concluded from page thirteen*)

little workers in that part to stand there and fan and fan with their little wings. They keep this up until she thinks it will be all right.

Then she has to see that the baby bees are well fed and looked after, and that the lazy drones do not eat too much. She must see that the nectar is worked over and stored away, and that there is plenty of honey for their use in the winter.

The queen is very good-natured. One can pick her up, and pet her, and she does not seem to mind it. However, if she stings any one, it means death to her and perhaps ruination to her colony. For this reason the queen herself hardly ever leaves the hive, except when she thinks it wise to swarm, and hunt for a new dwelling place for herself and her subjects.

Before the queen swarms she sees that everything is in perfect order, the "supers" well filled, the winter storage overflowing, and that there are plenty of baby bees. All these preparations come to an end about the middle of June, and then she flies out of her hive, followed by all her workers, to a branch on a near-by tree. There they rest and counsel, while their scouts are out hunting for a new and better location for their home during the next winter.

Now comes the work of the beekeeper. He must hive them before the scouts return, or else the swarm is lost to him forever. In the new hive the same regulated life continues until it is time for their long winter rest.

OLIVIA BOETTCHER.