

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No 35



JAMES LEE, SON OF MR. AND MRS. HOWARD LEE, OF SOONAN, KOREA



BELLIGERENT war loans up to August 6, amounted to \$40,000,000.

THERE are over two hundred Catholic colleges in the United States, and several thousand parochial schools.

ACCORDING to reports, twenty-seven enemy vessels were sunk by German submarines in the sixty hours preceding August 5.

NEARLY two hundred persons are said to have lost their lives through the forest fire that recently raged in northern Ontario.

A WHITE, short-nosed, man-eating shark, captured at Winter Harbor, Maine, is affording considerable amusement to visitors to the New York City aquarium, where it is confined.

THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, moved into its new building on June 12 with great celebrations. Gifts of \$3,150,000 were made to the school at this time.

ELIE METCHNIKOFF, head of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, France, died recently at the age of seventy-two. His arduous service in hospital and field hastened his death, though heart disease was the immediate cause of his decease.

MR. HUGHES, the Republican nominee for President, has always been actively connected with church work. It was he who founded the famous Rockefeller Bible Class in Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, which now has a membership of three hundred men.

DENMARK has been forced by Germany to pay an indemnity of \$22,400,000 for breaking neutrality, according to the *Washington Post*. Germany claimed that Denmark was giving permission to English submarines to pass from the North Sea into the Baltic. So she fitted out a ship, manned it with sailors garbed in the English uniform and who spoke English well, floated the British flag, steamed up to Danish waters, and asked permission to pass through. This was readily granted. Germany thereupon demanded a generous indemnity.

THE Rockefeller Foundation has expended more than two million dollars in Belgium and northern France during the last six months under the American Commission for Belgian Relief, and there have been no complaints from either side of the way the distribution was effected. The same commission is anxious to extend its relief work to Poland, where the distress is much greater; for the Russians, in retreating last year, laid waste the farms and villages in order to impede the advance of the Germans. Besides, the Belgians were at the start among the richest people in the world, and the Poles were among the poorest. All through the winter, negotiations were carried on to get permission to do for Poland what has been done for Belgium, but the British government refused to make any exception to its blockade rules unless Germany should agree not to use any food grown in Poland for its troops. The German government replied that on account of the difficulty of transportation it would be impossible to discontinue altogether the use of local products.

THE National Prohibition Party Convention for 1916 met at St. Paul, Minnesota. J. Frank Hanly, ex-governor of Indiana, was nominated for President of the United States, and Dr. Ira Landrith, of Tennessee, for Vice President. These are two strong men, and the prospects are that this ticket will poll the largest vote ever given to the Prohibition party candidates.

As soon as the Senate approves his nomination, Abram I. Elkus will sail for Turkey to take up the work which former Ambassador Henry Morgenthau left in order to support the Democratic Presidential campaign here. As a lawyer in New York City, Mr. Elkus has been prominent in the furtherance of commercial and industrial welfare.

Guarded

THE women of India as a rule have very large water jugs and very small babies. One evening three English army officers noticed one of these large clay jugs lying out in a field. Some distance from it the natives were at work. The Englishmen were just returning from a fruitless tiger hunt, and their guns were still heavily loaded. For a little pastime one of them suggested using one of the jugs as a target. The owner, they thought, would be only too glad to have the useless vessel well paid for.

It was hardly said before agreed upon. The jug lay at quite a distance, and being exceptionally good shots, they selected a certain mark upon it to shoot at. The first shot missed, likewise the second, and lo, strange as it may seem, the third also. They stepped up closer to examine, and as they did so, they heard the wailing of a babe. Its mother, instead of laying it on the ground, had hidden it in the jug to protect it against insects. She was working on the other side of the field, and now came running hurriedly to its rescue. The men stood horrified. There close on the ground by the babe the bullets lay, but jug and babe were unharmed.

The men apologized to the mother for causing her the shock, then said the one: "Now I know why we shot so singularly." The second added, "My mother always told me that every child has a guardian angel. I am almost persuaded it is so." But the third said seriously, "For my part, I believe in guardian angels." — *German Youth's Friend*, translated by H. A. Niergarth.

WHAT is that which occurs twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years?—The letter M.

What letter in the alphabet is necessary to make a shoe?—The last.

What is it that has two legs on its one foot but no feet on its four legs?—Bed.—*Exchange*.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 35

## "The Exile"

RUTH LEES OLSEN

Alone upon the rugged heights of Patmos, where jagged rocks flaunt  
serried peaks on high;  
Where, from his lonely aerie flying, the eagle soars away through sunlit  
sky;  
Alone with shriveled grass and timid wind-blown flower, with sea bird's  
mocking scream and flaunting wing,  
With roar of sullen surf in rock-bound caverns, and voices of the night  
the wild winds bring;  
No voice to cheer or friendly hand outstretched to aid; no dear familiar  
face to greet my sight,  
Only the lamps of God, star-studded in the sky, flashing into my lonely  
hours their pale, cold light.

It was for this I left the sun-kissed waters of blue Galilee, my boat and  
nets, my home, my all;  
For this I pledged my life that sunny morning when first I felt His  
power and heard his service call,  
"Come, follow me;" and even as mine eyes were turned to boats fish-  
laden, he said, "Fisher of men shall be thy fee."  
Day after day o'er stony paths, through gray-green olive groves, and  
oft on hillside lone and bare  
We followed where he led; and then, when all was done, we bowed be-  
neath the dew of night in fervent prayer.  
Hour after hour we listened to his voice in loving words of promise, and  
saw his hand outstretched to save  
The sick and blind, the halt and maimed, and even little children sought  
the love he freely gave.

Alone — where have they gone, Peter and James, the fisher brethren  
who toiled with me through many weary days?  
Alas, I cannot tell if life or death be theirs, or if the cross doth lead o'er  
many a weary way.  
I know not if the banner of our King doth triumph o'er all the land  
from sea-girt isle to ocean's rugged shore,  
Or if the heathen standards wave victorious the whole wide country o'er.  
But even as mine eyes grow dim with unshed tears, across the heavens  
there flashes far and wide

A light more glorious in its dawning flame than brilliant sun at noon's  
full tide;  
And clothed in garments pure and white, with golden girdle rich and  
rare,  
With flashing diadem of kingly glory on his head, my Lord stands there.  
I had not known him but that from his eyes there shone the light of  
love and tender sympathy,  
And hands outstretched to draw me to his side, bore print of nails from  
cruel Calvary.  
And that same touch, so dear in days now past and gone, once more did  
rest upon my weary eyes,  
And lo, the misty present passed away, and years of future swift un-  
rolled across the skies.

There I beheld the cross with flaming banners, now blazing high in dark-  
ened lands or mountain caves;  
Now drooping low in lordly churches, dragged down by chains of gold  
or silken vestments brave;  
Upheld by strong young men or fragile maidens until the burning flame  
had loosed their fingers' clasp,  
Then caught by tottering age in frenzied anguish, or flaunted high in  
little children's grasp,  
Beneath its shadow nations gathered in the last great battle, and all the  
earth was drowned in crimson tide,  
While in his name their fellow men were slaughtered, and once again  
their Lord was crucified.  
Heartsick I turned from earth to cloud-filled heavens, resplendent in the  
light of setting sun,  
And there mine eyes beheld, descending in full glory, the city of our  
God, the new Jerusalem.

Once more the day has dawned on Patmos' rugged heights and wave-  
kissed shore,  
But not alone I wait the coming of the conquering Romans' bark to bear  
me o'er  
The silvery tide; ah, no, for spanning heaven and earth, the present and  
the future wide,  
The golden cord of faith shall guide me all the way, and Christ, my  
Lord, walk ever by my side.

## On the Boundless Deep—No. 6

### Friends at Sea

MRS. C. M. SNOW

**H**OW little all things human seem when we listen to the music in the roar of the deep and dark blue sea. As we see the majestic onward sweep of old ocean's powerful waves, deeper reverence and awe for the Creator and Controller of this mighty force steal into our hearts. The mandate has gone forth, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." And behind the Maker of the edict stands the power to enforce it. The deep heaving sea renders obedience to her Creator. How can puny man seek to mar God's created universe, and mark the earth with ruin?

Beneath the starry canopy, out on the tossing deep, amid the wild waves' play, we sense a deeper sympathy for weak human nature, its joys and sorrows, frailties and mistakes. Our hearts are so full with the contemplation of God's wonders that we involuntarily share these thoughts with the newly made acquaintances close by, and we find an unexpected response and congeniality with them. An intimacy based on real liking springs up between us, especially with one of the nurses returning to hospital work in Australia. We listen with deepest interest to the account of her experiences. Two or three years ago her health was completely shattered. She could retain no food on her stomach. Of course her work was close and confining, but listen to the number of meals served at the hospital for the sick: An early morning lunch of toast, tea, and fruit, followed by breakfast at eight; at ten, another lunch; dinner at twelve; afternoon tea at three; supper, or evening tea, as they call it, at six; lunch at eight, and again at ten. From one to several cups of tea accompanied each repast. Small wonder that her health and strength broke down. This even outnumbered the ship's menu; at many of the lunches

and teas, however, the Americans are noticeably missing.

The doctor recommended an ocean voyage, and as the nurse is of Irish descent, she decided to visit the Emerald Isle. She went by way of Africa, to lengthen the trip. Although for a time she was entirely helpless, unable to lift her head, strength began to return, and with it a desire for food, and a bit of power to assimilate it. She was much pleased when, as appetite called for potato, she found that she could take and retain a taste of one, something that she had not been able to do for over a year. She said with much satisfaction that after that she ate a whole potato each day. She had not tasted tea since leaving Australia, and had decided never to drink another cup.

When her health was at last restored, and she wished to return from Ireland, her newly found relatives demurred. They feared for her the perils of the deep, now so much greater than in times of peace. Its dangers, and the precautions taken, and the narrow escapes, sound more like romance than real life, but must have been far from romantic when transpiring.

A family of five are returning from the Continent, where they were detained by the war. Passage after passage was engaged, only to find the boat taken off as a transport. Twice their baggage was on shore awaiting their departure. The story of their travels, delays, and difficulties is interesting indeed. Meantime the newly made husband of the daughter they had left in Australia had enlisted, and just before leaving England they visited him in a London hospital. He had been brought there from an Egyptian hospital, to which he had been carried badly wounded.

We learn much of the past and present history of

the new continent from a wealthy retired draper who has lived there all his life except when taking extended trips abroad. He moans because his sons take so little interest in their ancestral history, and in ancient relics and museums. He said that on one trip when he took his boys, and was pointing out to them some of the most wonderful specimens extant, he caught them looking out of the window at a football game. Something he has on board will doubtless please them more than the choicest fossils or age-old mummies. He is bringing the latest and best make of a Studebaker automobile. He was the purchaser of the first Ford ever brought to Australia, and says that for a long trip into the country (the "bush," he said), he would now rent a Ford rather than trust any other machine. This man, although an Englishman, does not smoke.

The leaders of the vaudeville troupe are always cheery. They are Stahrs by name as well as profession, and prove to be kindly, well-meaning people, even though with misdirected zeal. They are very courteous to one another, and seem to enjoy being together all the time, strolling about the ship, reading, visiting, or playing games. The lady is always dainty, bright, and sunny. Though at times the boat pitches like an immense rocking horse and rolls like a barrel, she invariably says that she could not feel any better and live. And her husband's jolly laugh rings out above the breakers' roar. They are educating their son and daughter with care, under quiet, Christian home influence, far from all the gilt and tinsel and temptations of theatrical life.

So many types of life are represented in the limited confines of the ship. All sorts are among us. A young Italian with penetrating voice and great self-assurance, seems Ego personified. Very tiresome he soon becomes, for one can go nowhere on deck where his voice is not heard. And, O boys and girls, one bit of advice. It was three times a day burned into my conscience. Do learn, and practice, at least respectable table manners.

Three of the passengers are Mormon elders.

A young San Francisco table mate is a pleasing acquaintance. He is a wonderful violinist. The sweet, wailing notes or merry airs that float out on a starlit, boundless ocean, enthrall us with their melody. He is an amusing conversationalist, and so quick to see the point in the most subtle joke. His brown eyes light with fun as the stories go round, while some look dully on, wondering what the others are laughing at.

The captain is a host in himself. He circulates among the passengers, bringing the tonic of good cheer wherever he goes. He does not confine himself to one dining-table or -room. He says that he wants to see that every one is equally well treated, and happy and contented. As his home is in the university town of Berkeley, Oakland's nearest neighbor, we feel almost like old acquaintances. There he has five sons and five daughters at school.

The stereotyped saying is, "The world is not so large a place after all." This almost tempts us to hope that one day we may meet again some of these newly made friends.

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#### Our "Therefore"

"PILATE *therefore* took Jesus, and scourged him." John 19:1. This word "therefore" tells us much. It tells us that he did not do this because of any desire he had to condemn Jesus, nor because he believed him guilty. In himself there was no disposition to do this. From other scriptures we learn that he be-

lieved Jesus innocent and was willing to release him. This would have been the right thing to do. Why did he not follow the leading of his conscience? "Therefore." Because of the influence of others urging him to do wrong, he did the expedient thing instead of the right thing. He did the will of others instead of following his own sense of right, yielding principle to expediency.

When one yields to the urging of others and forsakes principle for expediency, it is because of some fancied advantage of the latter. In this case Pilate thought he could secure an increase of favor with the Jews, and greater favor with the emperor of Rome, with possible promotion as a reward for his zeal in destroying all who might be considered rebels against the imperial government.

But these advantages were only fancied. He realized none of them. Instead, he lived under the condemnation of his own conscience, knowing that he had condemned a man who was not only innocent of crime, but free from sin. And the Jews, instead of feeling grateful and more favorable toward him for yielding to their wishes, despised him for his weakness, and imposed on him more and more because they knew he was a coward.

In all times and in all lands where the story of the gospel has gone, the name of Pontius Pilate has been a synonym for weakness and cowardice. His memory has brought only universal execration. Nor did he secure favor with the imperial government, for he was deprived of his office, and exiled.

Thus there died in exile in Gaul a man who thought to gain by yielding to the urging of others when they wished him to forsake the right. And how much he lost! Hoping to gain the honors of the world, he lost all that he had hoped to gain, and besides that, the approval of his own conscience, peace of mind, and his own soul.

Young people are often tempted to do some other thing than the right thing. Somebody urges, and "therefore" they do the expedient thing. But this is not necessary. They can decide with their own consciences what is right, and, remembering that right gains all while expediency loses all, firmly resolve to do right, come what may. They see that a thing is right, and "therefore" they do it. And in doing it they make the "therefore" their servant instead of their master.

E. W. THURBER.

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#### Built of Wrecks

THERE is a house near the seacoast in California, built entirely of the fragments of wrecked vessels. The whole edifice is a combination of bulkheads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It is boarded with planks ripped off from the ship's side by the savage violence of wind and breaker.

But in one of our far inland towns there is a beautiful house. The grounds around whisper of Paradise. The proprietor lies upon a bed of ivory and stretches himself upon his couch; eats the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stalls; drinks wine in bowls, and anoints himself with the chief ointments. And this house is built of wrecks. Every board and every brick, every stone and every timber, every piece of furniture and every appliance of comfort, the carpets on the floor, the frescoes on the ceiling, are each in whole or in part the fragments of a wreck—a wreck, not of a ship, but of a home, a life, a soul! The owner of this mansion is the owner also and keeper of a drinking saloon.—*Sunday School Times.*

## George Müller—No. 2

ERNEST LLOYD

**T**HOUGH laughed at by his fellow students, George Müller now "read the Scriptures, prayed often, loved the brethren, and stood on the side of Christ." A strong desire rose within him to devote himself to the missionary cause, but upon communicating the wish to his father he was called upon to bear great reproach for not consenting to become "a clergyman with a good living." But still, he remained steadfast; he saw it would be against his convictions for the sake of more worldly advantage, and though his father went so far as to declare he would no longer consider him as his son, threats and entreaties were alike unavailing.

But it happened that several American gentlemen came to Halle for literary purposes, and as they were ignorant of the German language, George Müller was recommended by Dr. Tholuck to teach them. These gentlemen paid well for the services rendered, and so George Müller's wants were more than supplied. "Thus," he says, "did the Lord richly make up to me the little which I had relinquished for his sake."

He now circulated missionary papers, distributed tracts, and often spoke about religion to the people whom he met. He also wrote letters of affectionate appeal to some of his former worldly companions. But he was far from the full faith and lowly trust in God which were afterward to crown his life. Falling into open sin, he bought a crucifix and hung it up in his room, hoping that being thus reminded of the sufferings of the Saviour he might be prevented from further evil-doing. But in a few days, he tells us, the looking to the crucifix was as nothing, and about that very time he fell deeply more than once. On another occasion, in self-humiliation, after a season of doubt, he was constrained to fall upon his knees behind a hedge, though the snow was deep, to surrender himself anew to the Lord, to pray for future strength.

Thus from the very beginning of his new life he was graciously given a measure of simplicity and of childlike disposition in spiritual things, so that while he was exceedingly ignorant of the Scriptures, he was enabled to carry most minute matters to the Lord in prayer. We see, then, how early the great central habit of his life was formed—that of *simple, earnest, believing prayer, the pillar of strength which never failed him.*

The public means of grace to which George Müller had access at this time were very few. "I scarcely ever heard the truth, for there was no enlightened clergyman in the town. And when it so happened that I could hear Dr. Tholuck or any other godly minister, the prospect of it beforehand, and the looking back upon it afterward, served to fill me with joy. Now and then I walked ten or fifteen miles to enjoy this privilege."

The weekly devotional meetings in the house of the Christian merchantman, Wagner, whither his steps had first been led, and a weekly meeting of believing students, some six in number, but who had increased before George Müller left Halle to about twenty, were the only other opportunities of assembling with Christians that presented themselves.

At the end of 1827, upon the advice of Dr. Tholuck, Mr. Müller offered his services to the London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews, which were eventually accepted. A difficulty, however, arose.

Mr. Müller was under obligation to render military service, and a passport was unobtainable. While in this dilemma, he fell seriously ill and broke a blood vessel in the stomach. But the circumstance was over-ruled for good; for when he recovered, the military authorities had no hesitation in granting him a certificate of discharge from liability on the score of a "tendency to consumption." Yet Mr. Müller lived to be ninety-two, hearty and well to the last.

Before departing for England, there being now no difficulties in the way of a passport, Mr. Müller filled an interval at Berlin in preaching several times a week in the wards of a poorhouse and visiting one of the prisons to speak with the prisoners about their souls, being locked in by the keeper with them in their cells.

He arrived in London on March 29, 1829, and at once entered upon a course of further study, more especially of English and Hebrew, as a "missionary probationer" in connection with the Jews' Society. He had not long been engaged in this way, spending twelve hours a day at his books, when he was again taken very ill; and a change being afterward ordered, he was led into Devonshire.

He now by request began to minister to the congregation at Ebenezer Chapel, Teignmouth. His preaching created considerable stir, and after twelve weeks of "temporary oversight of the church, during which time his necessities were supplied by two brethren, unasked for, he received a definite invitation from the little church of eighteen members to become their pastor. His reply was that he would stay with them so long as he clearly saw it to be the will of the Lord, and the church agreed to give him \$275 a year."

## A Life of Prayer

Only a short time elapsed before the young minister began to develop that important principle of trust in God for temporal supplies which was to have such a marked effect upon his life. He saw that pew rents were "against the mind of the Lord," and were "a snare to the servant of Christ." The pew rents were therefore given up, and Mr. Müller announced to the congregation that he should henceforth ask no man, "not even his beloved brethren and sisters," for supplies. For all he needed he should look to God in prayer. That the privilege of giving might not, however, be lost to the church now that no regular salary had to be provided, a box was placed in the chapel, into which any who felt prompted to do so could drop their freewill offerings.

With this decision, Mrs. Müller—for the young minister had only a few weeks before been married to Miss Mary Groves, whose brother had given up \$7,500 a year to go and labor in Persia, solely trusting in the Lord for temporal support—was fully in sympathy; and grace was also given to the young couple to take the commandment, "Sell that ye have, and give alms," in its literal sense, and to act accordingly.

Mr. Müller notes, in admiration of the goodness of the Lord: "He did not try our faith much at the commencement, but gave us encouragement, and allowed us to see his willingness to help us before he was pleased to try it more fully." Only twice was he tempted in those days to doubt the Lord, and then only momentarily. Sometimes it was stated that

George Müller and his wife were starving, but this was false; though they were often brought very low, with not so much as a single penny left and the last loaf on the table, "never," to use Mr. Müller's own words, sixty years after, "have we had to sit down to a meal without our good Lord having provided nourishing food for us. My Master has been a kind master to me, and if I had to choose this day as to the way of living,—the Lord giving me grace,—I would live the same life again."

In after years, the "annual orphan income" could be reckoned not by hundreds of dollars only, but by thousands, coming from all parts of the world.

#### How the Money Came In

Mr. Müller had now never to calculate anxiously whether he could afford to be liberal when a case of distress came before him, or the Lord's work called for pecuniary aid, for he could say to himself, "*My Lord is not limited; he can supply.*"

Thus in 1831, the first year of his new mode of living, he received \$755 in answer to prayer, and of this he bestowed \$250 on the Lord's work. The following year his income reached \$975, of which \$350 were given away. In 1853 he received \$1,335, and of that sum he allotted \$550 as the Lord's portion. The next year his faith brought him \$1,440, and he was thus enabled to give away \$50 more than the year before.

In 1835 he obtained, without asking any one for a single penny, \$1,425, and his religious and philanthropic gifts amounted to \$550. For the next ten years, 1836 to 1845, his total income was about \$15,200, an average of over \$1,500 a year, and grace was given him to hand back to the Lord's work and to the poor the sum of about \$9,400. The succeeding decade, 1846 to 1855, his income increased to an average of more than \$2,500 a year, being \$25,400 the whole period. Something over half of this sum he gave away, or \$13,300.

In the ten years following, 1856 to 1865, the sum representing his income was more than double that recorded for the previous ten-year period, so bounteously did God honor his servant's faith. The amount actually received was \$53,350—over \$5,000 a year; and of this Mr. Müller devoted to Christian work no less than \$41,250. The next ten years, 1866 to 1875, again showed a remarkable rise; in fact, his income was once more doubled. The total was \$102,500, and the sum given out of this to Christian work and to the poor was \$89,250, an average of nearly \$9,000 a year. For the last ten years of which we have any record, 1876 to 1885, the sum received was nearly \$130,000, an average of \$13,000 a year, and the amount given away was \$111,650.

Thus it can be shown how graciously God responded to the lowly faith of the one who had been so ready to renounce all for his sake. From the \$275 a year, so freely and willingly given up, to the \$15,000 and \$20,000 which afterward often came to him in a single year, unasked for from any human being, is only God's way of treating those who truly aim to act as his stewards.

#### "God Listens to Those Who Listen to Him"

Mr. Müller began in 1834 to think of founding "upon Scriptural principles" an institution for the spread of the gospel at home and abroad. He had several reasons for doing so, being unable to conscientiously support existing institutions, chiefly because they asked the unconverted for money, because

the individuals in whose hands the management rested were mostly chosen on account of their wealth or influence and not of their Christian character, and because such societies almost invariably contracted debts.

Accordingly on March 5, 1834, a public meeting was called to inaugurate the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad." There was nothing outwardly influential either in the number of people present at that gathering or in the speeches delivered.

The objects were: (1) To establish schools in which instruction should be given on Scriptural principles; (2) to circulate the Holy Scriptures, especially among the poorest of the poor; (3) to aid missionary operations in all lands; (4) to circulate religious books, pamphlets, and tracts. It was resolved never to seek "the patronage of the world," but to look for support from God alone by prayer and faith, and not to run into debt. Two days after the institution was founded, one at least of the founders was almost penniless, for he was compelled to write, "Today we have only one shilling left."

But the work went on, and in 1897, in the last annual statement he was to give, Mr. Müller could report that he had received since the work was started the noble sum of \$7,123,230. With this 121,683 persons had been taught in the schools supported by the institution; 281,652 Bibles, 1,448,662 New Testaments, 21,343 copies of the book of Psalms, and 222,196 other portions of the Word of God, in many different languages, had been circulated; a considerable number of missionary and mission schools had been assisted, \$1,298,880 having been spent in this direction; 111,489,067 Scripture books, tracts, etc., had been circulated; and 9,844 orphans had been fed, clothed, and educated.

#### The Orphanage Begun—Its Great Object

Not long after the establishment of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, Mr. Müller was seized with an intense longing to extend the work by doing something for destitute orphans. He was naturally well acquainted with the large orphan house at Halle, built, in dependence upon God, by A. H. Francke. At this time the alternative in England for poor children bereaved of their parents lay for the most part between the poorhouse and the jail, and the desire became rooted in Mr. Müller's heart that he might, while caring for the bodies of these helpless ones, present to the world an object lesson showing, "even in the nineteenth century, what can be accomplished by prayer and faith."

"I judged myself bound," he says, "to be the servant of the church of Christ in the particular point on which I had obtained mercy; namely, in being able to take God by his word and to rely upon it. This seemed to me best done by the establishing and carrying on of an orphan house. It needed to be something which could be seen even by the natural eye.

"I certainly did from my heart desire to be used by God to benefit the bodies of poor children bereaved of both parents, and seek, in other respects, with the help of God, to do them good for this life. I also particularly longed to be used by God in getting the dear orphans trained up in the fear of God; but still the first and primary object of the institution was, and still is, that God might be magnified by the fact that the orphans under my care were, and are, provided with all they need only by prayer and faith, without any one being asked by me or my fellow laborers, whereby it might be seen that God is faithful still and hears prayer still."



# THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:  
The work of the world is done by few;  
God asks that a part be done by you."



## Sunshine and Shadow—No. 2

### Footsteps Slipping

EVA ROBBINS DAGGETT

**M**Y dear," said Jessie one day, as they were seated by the open fireplace after the toil of the day, "I have been doing considerable thinking this afternoon. I fear you see so little of the Christ life in me that you are becoming disinterested. There is a great deal to do. I get very tired doing my part. I become cross and irritable. I am ashamed of it. I believe if we would take time to read, study, and pray together as we used to do, God would give me more power to do right, and we should both be happier."

As she reached for his Bible, he said, "I'll listen while you read." He intended to and did for a few minutes, then leaned back in his easy-chair and slept. Jessie's heart was too full; while he slept she wept, until her suppressed sobbing awakened him an hour later.

"What is it? what is it, dear?" said George as he took her in his strong arms. "Why, what has happened?" As soon as she could control her grief sufficiently, she told her fond husband how disappointed she was; how hard to be reconciled to his giving up studying to know God, whom to know aright is life eternal. The thought of his being lost, even if she herself could be saved, was too dreadful; and could she really be saved without his help? They continued the conversation until a late hour, but all the consolation he could give his broken-hearted wife was that he didn't intend to die as he was living. He hoped sometime, when he had saved enough money so that they need not be poor when they were old, to think more of religion. He knew the Christian life was the only way, but she need not be so exercised over his putting it off. He assured her that he believed the Bible, and had no doubt that the Seventh-day Adventist doctrines were correct. He was glad she was so devoted, and was anxious to help her enjoy her religion to the fullest extent; but, said he, "I must work. I do not mean that you shall overwork. I surely do not. I will see that you have help. I have noticed that you have a tired look much of the time lately; so I will manage some way that you may have less to do."

In a few days a boy was found who would work for his board and go to school. This proved a blessing to the household, and the boy, Pete, considered himself very fortunate, as his own home was not a pleasant one.

Jessie was not afraid to work, indeed she enjoyed vigorous exercise, but somehow as the days came and went she could not but recall experiences of the past; her mind would revert to the days of yore, to the joys and sorrows of a canvasser's life, to many happy experiences caring for the sick. When not on duty as a nurse, she had been going from door to door with the messengers of truth.

The more she compared the present with the past, the more discontented she became; multiplied cares on the farm took her time and attention, so that now she had little time for prayer and study, little time to feed on the bread of life. Her steps were slipping. She was conscious of it, yet she seemed powerless to withstand the downward course.

The enemy kept her in this state of mind until she gave way to discouragement and despair. For weeks she felt that, having deliberately disobeyed God in placing her affections on one who was not a child of God, she could never be happy again. She was realizing now, "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" 2 Cor. 6: 14. It was too late to heed the instruction to be separate, and would God ever be her Father, and could she ever be his child again?—No; there seemed no hope. For months, try as she would, she couldn't pray. Dense darkness seemed to enshroud her.

She had her own driving horse, and spent considerable time driving. She went often to the village, doing necessary errands for the farm, helped in the book-keeping, and in every way possible tried to rise above the cloud pressing upon her, but all in vain. She attended church, but instead of encouragement she felt more and more disheartened. At last she said, "I will be a hypocrite no longer. I will not attend church. I will give up everything. But how can I tell my mother? She will feel for me as I have for George. I can't bear to tell her. What shall I do?"

Her mother had been greatly exercised for her for some time, having already read in Jessie's general attitude her unhappy state of mind; yet she dared not say much to her for fear of causing greater discouragement, but her prayers were continually ascending to God in behalf of her eldest daughter.

#### A Rift in the Clouds

"Well, Jessie," said Elder Fleming, Jessie's cousin who was visiting her home, "you certainly have a pleasant home, and I like your husband very much. I wish he were with you in the Christian belief and practice. I hope he may be some day."

Jessie was speechless. Cousin Fred was a spiritual young man. The Lord had greatly blessed his labors in the West. She hoped that he detected her condition and would have some encouraging message for her. His good wife was in perfect harmony with him, so Jessie longed for help from them. They remained several days, but that was the only remark relative to her mistake. They did give her a pretty little book, whose contents she devoured greedily, but she was again disappointed. "Beautiful doctrines that are very familiar, but no light for a darkened soul like mine," she said. Perhaps there was plenty of light that her cousins appreciated, but she could not.

No doubt they had hoped by this means to help her, for they certainly did detect her unhappy condition; but her attitude was such that they could not mention the matter to her. No one could, not even her mother, who would have been able if any one could. Little Herman, the child they adopted, helped to make rifts in the clouds, as did also the faithful service and cheerful attitude of Pete. The latter was ever thoughtful of Jessie, and greatly lightened her daily burdens, but it seemed impossible to rise above the shadows that were continually pressing upon her home.

"I might as well enter into business affairs, forget my spiritual experience, help make and save money, please my husband, and be as happy as I can, for I see nothing else ahead," Jessie said to herself. O that dreadful hour! but God was good. Although he had hidden his face for a time, yet his all-seeing eye was upon her. His great heart of pity was broken by just such sins as hers. It was a struggle from which she longed to be free, but how? She was deciding to give up entirely, when, O such darkness! and the terrible scenes described in Rev. 6:14-17 seemed to come vividly to her mind. A gentle influence impressed upon her mind that she could not escape that event. Why not fall on the Rock and be broken, instead of calling for the rock to fall on her in that day? Self must die. In her weakness she begged of God if possible to let one ray of light shine upon her lost soul, promising to walk in the light at whatever cost.

God was not so far away as it seemed. He spoke peace to her soul, saying, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Light filled her soul, and she was kept for weeks from consciously grieving the Holy Spirit.

The time came when circumstances compelled them to move to Canada. Pete wanted to go with them, but did not go. The farm in Canada was a smaller one, but the care of an aged sister-in-law, together with homesickness, loneliness, no church privileges, and continual disappointment, was wearing. Satan made a desperate effort to replace that dreadful cloud, but was never able entirely to exclude the face of the Sun of Righteousness.

Jessie's health failed, and she was quite ill for some time; then her husband was taken ill and died. It was a sad experience. She said to a friend, "If he had only been a Christian, it seems to me I should never murmur. It is hard to lose your companion when he is with you in the service of the Master, but oh, this cannot be described!"

However, Jessie had learned some valuable lessons in her "wilderness" experience. She was now enduring as seeing "Him who is invisible," so she could peacefully say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." She felt that if her husband would continue to be an enemy of God, it was something of a consolation, after all, to know that he was committing no further sins and was at rest for a time. She was often reminded of mistakes she had made, and she had many regrets; yet having laid all on the altar several years before, she would now trust to the care of a loving Saviour.

After a few weeks she returned to the home of her parents in the sunny South, with little Herman, who was about to enter school. She made a resolute effort to say with Paul, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before; I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ."

### Be Good to Yourself

THIS sounds selfish, does it not? But given the correct interpretation, it is not at all selfish. There are many ways of being good to yourself that perhaps you have never thought of. There are many ways in which you should be good to yourself that perhaps you have not regarded as essential.

Let us notice a few. Are you good to yourself physically? Do you allow yourself enough sleep and at the proper hours? Have you considered that from nine o'clock until six is better, as a rule, than from ten until seven, and much better than from eleven until eight? It is a serious mistake in this restless, nerve-racking age, to "save" time by taking it from nature's sweet restorer. Such time is really lost, though the tension at which we live may not permit immediate or even early recognition of the fact.

Are you good to yourself in the quality and amount of the food you select, or do you eat partly from principle and partly to please the palate? A perfectly healthy palate, of course, will refuse to be pleased with anything that is not perfectly healthful; but these are the days of perverted appetites. Sweets clog the liver and in some cases injure the eyesight: how much do you spend on these a week? Are you conversant with the rules of healthful diet? If not, why not?

Are you good to yourself in the matter of following the fashions? Do you seek modesty before pretentiousness, comfort before smartness? Do you bear in mind the fact that your influence is as really a part of you as the style of dress in which you are clothed?

Are you good to yourself mentally? Is your mind being used as a treasure-house or a lumber-room? Do you read merely for the pleasure of reading, or because you wish to gain helpful knowledge? Is your brain being trained consistently, not only to grasp facts, but to retain them? Have you learned that worry destroys brain vitality, and thus injures the whole system?—that it is far more liable to cause a "run-down" condition than is hard work? Do you always remember in time that anger is an emotion disastrous in its effects upon both mind and body?—that it poisons the blood, impairs the nerves, coarsens the vocal cords, harms the brain, and may fatally affect the heart? Because of this, do you avoid anger's brothers—hatred, jealousy, morbid sensitiveness; and those slightly more distant relatives—discontent, resentment, the habit of looking on the dark side of things? Grumbling, if persisted in, is hurtful to health. Did you ever think of what it led to in the case of the ancient Israelites? They grumbled whenever they were in a tight place, and the results to them were sad indeed.

Above all, are you being good to yourself spiritually? Do you place the King's business first in your thoughts, your affections, your endeavors? Are you realizing in your own case that the fruit of the Holy Spirit is love, joy, peace, and all else that makes life worth living?

In this sense, perhaps, the phrase that stands at the head of this article finds its fullest, deepest meaning. For is not goodness one of the most-to-be-desired fruits of the Spirit? What is life, Christian life, without goodness—the act of doing good, the state of being good?

CORA FERRIS.

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It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him: for the one is unbelief, and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.—*Bacon*.



## Stephen's Defense\*

C. C. CRISLER

**S**TANDING before the Sanhedrin, and accused by false witnesses of blasphemy against Moses, against the temple, against its traditions, and against God, Stephen faced the supreme crisis of his life. In this his hour of need he realized in its fulness the promise of his Saviour, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." And, conscious thus of the divine Presence, he stood undaunted, unashamed, as a witness for truth.

"The conviction came upon him," writes Dean Farrar of this crisis in the life experience of Stephen, "that now was the time to speak out—that this was the destined moment in which, even if need be to the death, he was to bear witness to the inner meaning of the kingdom of his Lord. That conviction—an inspiration from on high—gave unwonted grandeur and heavenliness to his look, his words, his attitude. His whole bearing was ennobled, his whole being was transfigured by a consciousness which illuminated his very countenance. It is probable that the unanimous tradition of the church is correct in representing him as youthful and beautiful; but now there was something about him far more beautiful than youth or beauty could bestow. In the spiritual light which radiated from him he seemed to be overshadowed by the Shekinah, which had so long vanished from between the wings of the temple cherubim. While the witnesses had been delivering their testimony, no one had observed the sudden brightness which seemed to be stealing over him; but when the charge was finished, and every eye was turned from the accusers to a fixed gaze on the accused, all who were seated in the Sanhedrin . . . 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.'

"In the sudden hush that followed, the voice of the high priest Jonathan was heard putting to the accused the customary and formal question:—

"'Are these things so?'"

"In reply to that question began the speech which is one of the earliest, as it is one of the most interesting, documents of the Christian church."—*The Life and Work of St. Paul*, chap. 8, pars. 19-22.

Stephen's defense was based on an exposition of Old Testament scriptures, and constituted an unanswerable argument to the cavilings of his accusers. As Professor Wilkinson, in his "Epic of Saul," has written,—

"In guise a seraph rapt, with love aflame  
And all aflame with knowledge, like the bush  
That burned with God in Horeb unconsumed,  
The fervent, pure apostle Stephen stood  
In ardors from celestial altars caught,  
Kindling to incandescence,—stood and forged  
With ringing blow on blow, his argument  
A vivid weapon edged and tempered so,  
And in those hands so wielded, that its stroke  
No mortal might abide, and bide upright."

The defense made by Stephen needs to be studied in its entirety, and in the light of Jewish modes of thought and argument, in order to be appreciated as one of the most masterly of apostolic defenses of the Christian religion. "At first glance," suggests Dr. Pressensé, "Stephen's apology may seem too remote, too far-fetched. It is not immediately evident for what reason he traces in so much detail the history of the Jewish people. All is clear, however, when the

drift of his argument is once perceived. . . . He has been charged with blasphemy against Moses and against the institutions and revelations of the old covenant. He proves that the blasphemy and impiety are not on his part, but on the part of his adversaries. . . .

"Stephen makes good his statement by drawing a broad historic picture, in which he shows, in parallel lines, the goodness of God and the ingratitude of the people of the Jews. We feel that he has ever in view the last and highest manifestation of that ingratitude, and that he perpetually gives to the history a symbolic and prophetic meaning.

"He brings to mind, first, the origin of the nation and all the promises which rested on its cradle, all the blessings and deliverances which were granted to it in the person of Abraham. This recital shows, on the one hand, how deeply Stephen has been calumniated in the charge of blasphemy against the God of his fathers, and on the other, brings out the guilty obduracy of a people so richly blessed.

"The largest part of the address is taken up with the history of Moses, and this for the reason that the contrast between the goodness of God and the unbelief of the chosen people never appeared in characters more strongly marked than at that time. This Moses, chosen to be the deliverer of Israel, miraculously saved by God and visibly prepared for this mission, is rejected by his own people on his first attempt to aid them. Acts 7:26-29. He meets with the same reception when he returns from the desert, where God has trained him for his great work. Acts 7:29-35. He has still to contend with the same slowness of heart to believe, after the miracles of the deliverance; and during the very time when he is speaking to God on the mountain, the people give themselves up to abominable idolatry.

"Who does not see that Moses is set forth by Stephen as a type of Messiah? That his hearers may by no possibility mistake, he calls him a redeemer (Acts 7:35), and suddenly in the midst of his narrative, as if to illuminate the whole, he brings in the prophecy in Deuteronomy of the prophet like unto Moses, whom the Lord should raise up. Acts 7:37. Stephen thus transforms his apology into a bold accusation. He shows that if Moses has been blasphemed it has been not by him, but rather by the forefathers of his accusers and by those very accusers themselves, who have treated Jesus Christ as their fathers treated his precursor.

"Stephen sums up in a few words the later period of the history of his nation. He refers to the building of the temple, without a word of the condemnation with which he had been charged; on the contrary, he sees in it a striking proof of the favor of God toward the family of David. Acts 7:46-50. He protests only against the gross materialism which has made this temple the national idol: 'God dwelleth not,' he simply reminds them, 'in temples made with hands.' The history of the prophets furnishes him with new proofs of the unbelief of his nation. These heralds of Christ were treated as Christ himself had been treated. At this thought, the indignation long repressed seems to burst in a torrent from his heart, and he concludes his whole address with this tremendous apostrophe: 'Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye.' Such is the apology of Stephen."—*Early*

\* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for Sept. 9, 1916, on "Stephen's Address Before the Sanhedrin" (Acts 7:1-19).

*Years of the Christian Church," book 1, chap. 2, sec. 1, pars. 6-8.*

"The consummate art of his speech," observes Farrar ("St. Paul," chap. 8, par. 23), "consists in the circumstance that while he seems to be engaged in a calm, historical review, to which any Jewish patriot might listen with delight and pride, he is step by step leading up to conclusions which told with irresistible force against the opinions of his judges. While he only seems to be reviewing the various migrations of Abraham, and the checkered fortunes of the patriarchs, he is really showing that the covenants of God with his chosen people, having been made in Ur and Haran and Egypt, were all parts of one progressive purpose, which was so little dependent on ceremonials or places as to have been anterior not only to the existence of the tabernacle and temple, not only to the possession of the Holy Land, but even to the rite of circumcision itself. While sketching the career of Joseph, he is pointing allusively to the similar rejection of a Deliverer greater than Joseph. While passing in review the triple periods of forty years which made up the life of Moses, he is again sketching the ministry of Christ, and silently pointing to the fact that the Hebrew race had at every stage been false alike to Moses and to God."

#### Things to Consider

"Now therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways." These words were spoken by the prophet Haggai at a time when God's people were more interested in their own affairs than in spiritual things, and as a warning they resound to the professed people of God who are in danger of making the same mistake today.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works." Heb. 10:24. If we do not thus consider one another, we are likely to provoke to something which is the opposite of love, and which will, therefore, result in evil works instead of good.

When we are worried and overanxious about the things of this life, we are to "consider the lilies of the field" spoken of in Matt. 6:28. By considering how the lilies strive not even for their necessities, we remember that we are admonished to seek "first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and the temporal things will be more readily obtained because of it. But we are to "consider the lilies" also from the viewpoint of purity. Just as the lily comes forth from the black mire in spotless purity, even so the Christian may develop a spotless character in this world of sin. Our Saviour has given us an example of what may be accomplished in this direction through faith in God. "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." Heb. 12:3.

As expressed in Gal. 6:1, we are to be charitable

with the mistakes of others, for we may some day fall under temptation ourselves and feel the need of considerate treatment. But if we have failed to be considerate, we have no grounds upon which to base our claim for consideration. BURTON CASTLE.

#### In the Egret's Nest

THE angel who numbers the birds for the God of All Things  
That Be  
Had come afar from his journeying over the land and the sea,  
And he spake to the Lord of the sparrows: "True was my  
count today,  
Them that were slain I numbered, and the sparrows that fell  
by the way;  
And down in the reeds and water grass of an island in the  
west,  
I counted the young of an egret, that starved in the egret's  
nest.

"And some they were slain that man might live, for so hast  
thou made the law;  
And some for the lust of their shining plumes, and all of  
them I saw;  
And I counted all whose songs were hushed within their  
little throats—  
The slain for the law of living, and the slain for their shin-  
ing coats.  
True have I numbered them all, and the smallest along with  
the rest—  
The young that starved in the rushes, alone in the egret's  
nest!"

And the Lord of the little creatures, who marks where his  
sparrows fall,  
And in the hollow of his hand makes room for the weak  
and small;  
The Father of the fatherless gave ear, and he listened and  
heard,  
And behold, he has asked a question: "And what of the  
mother bird?"  
Now answer, you who wear the plumes that were stripped  
from the mother breast;  
Tell why the young of the egret starved, alone in the egret's  
nest!

— Anne McQueen, in the Independent.

RIGHT over the equator there is a little Protestant church of two hundred members just dug out of heathenism during the last ten years. Every member of the two hundred pays tithe. Their money is in the form of a bent copper wire resembling a large hairpin. This money comes in bunches of ten, and out of every bunch the native Christian takes one and brings it into the treasury of the Lord. If he goes fishing and has a good catch, before he reaches home he takes one out of every ten fish to the village market and sells it to swell his love-offering to Christ. Not only one penny in ten and one fish in ten does he pay, but one member in ten is given to the Christianizing of neighboring tribes.— *Missionary Outlook.*

EACH day some song of gladness sing,  
Some act of kindness show,  
And view the joy that now is thine  
While waiting here below.

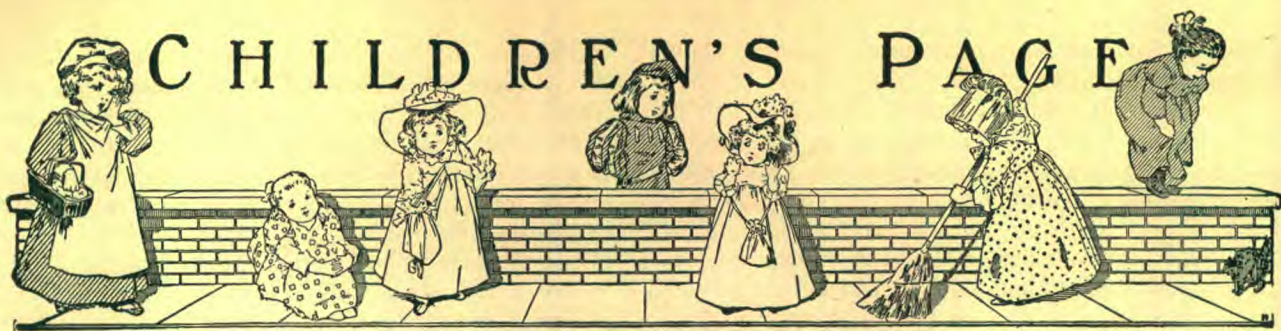
E. C. JAEGER.

### For the Finding-Out Club



NAME THESE ANIMALS  
Send answers to editor of "Instructor."





## The Quaker Girl's Dream

**I** DREAMED I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd on the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:—

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day."

"Measuring Day!" said I; "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

In the center, on a kind of throne under the green elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were of shining white, and he had the kindest yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod, fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from top to bottom. Over it, in a golden scroll, were the words, "The measure of a perfect man."

The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up in regular turns at the calling of their names. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul growth which was shown in this mysterious way. The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid of the Destitute Society; and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, "Surely Elizabeth Darrow's measure will be very high indeed."

But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel face grew very serious as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul growth."

I pitied Elizabeth Darrow as she moved away, with such a sad and surprised face, to make room for the next. It was poor, thin little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod and immediately increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the angel who smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in the book he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The next was Lillian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I had often wished I had such clothes

and as much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lillian turned pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said in a solemn tone: "O child, why take thought of raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning or putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Thus only can you grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry. But as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we heard it saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

And then, oh, my name came next! I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I reached and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark—Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I had been a member of the church for two years!

I grew crimson with shame, and whispered to the angel: "O, give me another chance before you mark me in the book as low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down."

The angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I come next time. This rule will help you: 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as unto the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ.'"

And with that I burst into tears, and awakened to find myself crying. But, oh, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark!—*Selected.*

### A Question of Pride

"NOBODY can call me proud!" exclaimed May Englise, tossing her pretty head. "Mother tells me that I haven't half enough pride. She is always calling me back to fix something about my clothes. I don't think one of us girls is proud, Miss Stanton."

Their teacher looked quizzically about the room where the girls had disposed themselves for this last talk together. On the morrow she was to be married, and go across the continent to her new home and work. She had reserved this last afternoon for her girls. They had looked over her trousseau, had admired her gifts, and now were gathered in the little room where they had held their class meetings for years, and of all things, Miss Stanton had spoken of pride first as one of "the little foxes that spoil the vines."

"What have we to be proud of?" queried Iva

Gilson. "Not one of us can boast anything above the ordinary."

"Suppose you define the word proud—see what Webster says of it." Miss Stanton wished to give her girls a clearer vision of themselves. It must come now or never. "What does the dictionary say, Lucile?"

"Why, it is 'too much self-esteem, haughtiness, ostentation, putting on airs.' None of us do any of these things. We are not rich, you know that."

"Is money the only thing one can be proud of? Do you remember we found in the old Hebrew that each letter of a word had its significance? Let us take the letters of this word—P-R-I-D-E. For what might P stand?"

"Power; position; place; peace!" The words came thoughtfully now.

"The first two will serve as illustrations. Pride of power. Only this afternoon May assured me with no small amount of pride that she always managed to have her own way. Somehow, she always had power to win father or mother, brothers or sisters or friends to her way of thinking. Lucile told me the other day she was so proud of her new position as president of the sophomore class."

"But isn't any pride at all allowable?" asked Hester, with a frown. It seemed hard to be chided for just a schoolgirl pleasure.

"That is where the definition of the word will help you. As long as you derive only healthy joy, satisfaction, zest in your work, and in the rewards and recognition it brings you, your pride is harmless. But just as soon as haughtiness, 'putting on airs,' and any gratification in being ahead of another, creeps in, it becomes pride which is sin. Let us go on to the R, which may symbolize riches. As you say, none of us has any wealth which can tempt us to boast. Why then did you object to having Olga Dyson enter our class? You know it was because she was just a shop-girl."

"O Miss Stanton, you remember everything!" exclaimed Cara Lyon.

"And a book of remembrance shall be written," Miss Stanton spoke softly. She was probing deeply, but it must be done. "Riches are comparative always. Let us take the next letter, I, and make it stand for intellect. Mildred, you will never know how you hurt Mrs. Tailes the other day by sneering slightly because she did not comprehend your little joke. And, Agatha, you like too well to talk of your months in Italy when it embarrasses others; but these are just suggestions for you to work out."

"D stands for dress—I plead guilty there," smiled Grace Brown. "I do love pretty clothes."

"And Miss Stanton would tell you that you are not half so proud of all your pretty things as I am with my old duds," Esther spoke rapidly, as if forced to the confession. "I can't have pretty things like the rest of you girls; I can't afford it, and I have a fight with my pride every week over it. It would be so much easier to stay at home than to come with such clothes as I must wear."

"That is where you are victorious over self." There was a suspicious mist in their teacher's eyes. They were coming close to the real things of life.

"D stands for deeds, too," exclaimed Lucile. "I guess Esther could be proud of her deeds, if she liked; she accomplishes more than all the rest of us together."

"I can't work out the E." May's voice was full of perplexity. "I can think only of excellence."

"Excel is the one I had in mind," said Miss Stanton. "There has been some rivalry among you girls. It can hardly be helped, where prizes and honors are offered; but we must stop at satisfaction, and not let pride that boasts or makes us disagreeable in any way, come near us. Suppose we each try to excel our own past endeavors, instead of those of others. The result would be the same, perhaps, but in the purer motive we would win a truer victory. In fact, we could each win our own reward."

"If you haven't whacked every one of us!" Betty was ready to loosen the tension by this time. "If we were as free from pride as it has been spelled out, we would be pretty nearly perfect. What would you have us do? These have been all don'ts."

"There is just one, but it has two parts to it. Love—love God, love one another. If that spirit is behind all our endeavors, all our achievements, we need never have a thought of pride."

The half hour that followed was too sacred for outsiders to enter. The girls came out into the twilight with hushed voices, with dimmed eyes, but with an uplift of purpose, with a holy love that bade fair to leave its impress as long as life should last.—*Williametta Preston.*

#### Can't Tell by the Looks

ABOUT sixty years ago a Vermont boy, a farmer's son, was sent to East Poultney, by himself, to sell a load of potatoes. It was a great event for him, the proudest day of his life. He sold out his load, then drove out to the tavern, put up his horses, and went in to dinner. How grand he felt, ordering a dinner on his own account and paying his own bill!

A good many people were in the dining-room, among the rest a distinguished-looking man, no less a personage than the sheriff of the county, who had been formerly a member of Congress. But pretty soon our young boy's eyes fell upon a "tall, pale, white-haired, gawky boy," sitting at the farther end of the table in his shirt sleeves, paying attention to nobody, and eating as if upon a wager.

"This is a pretty sort of tavern, anyhow, to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen! He ought to come in with the hostler," thought our proud potato merchant.

Before long the conversation turned upon some political subject, some act of an early Congress, and there was a difference of opinion as to how certain members had voted upon it. All at once the sheriff turned to the white-haired boy at the end of the table and asked:—

"Isn't that right, Greeley?"

"No," said the boy, "you are wrong."

"There!" said one of the other men, "I told you so."

"And you're wrong, too," continued the boy, and he proceeded to give the history of the measure in question from beginning to end.

Our dealer in potatoes was astonished out of measure, the more so because the whole company took these statements as law and gospel, settling the whole dispute at once and forever.

The "gawky boy" was Horace Greeley, who was then at work in a printing office at East Poultney. The other boy became a prominent New York physician. The two did not see each other for many years. Then the famous physician met the famous editor one day in the street, and told him this story, to his great amusement.—*Selected.*

### Why I Think It Pays to be Courteous

[The *American Magazine* recently offered prizes for the best articles on the foregoing subject. The following articles were given first and third prizes, respectively.]

#### Courtesy a Good Business Asset

COURTESY pays great dividends. Banks, public service corporations, and everybody who comes in contact with the public are realizing the importance of courtesy.

For several years I had a position as information clerk in the largest savings bank in the State. We had over one hundred and sixty thousand individual depositors, representing every color, race, and creed under the sun. I have had many experiences, some pathetic, in which a little display of courtesy created a lasting impression.

I remember one instance particularly: An Italian, accompanied by his wife and two children—and, by the way, they were dressed up for the occasion—came into the bank one day to open a savings account. He had a pay check for his monthly wages given him by one of the railroad companies. He was employed as a janitor in one of the company's stations. When he needed to indorse the check he was unable to do so, as he could not write. However, he identified himself to my satisfaction, and his wife, who could write, witnessed his mark.

I asked him if he would like to learn how to write his name. He said that he would. I told him that possibly he would not be a janitor all his days, that the company would doubtless promote him in time, and it was, therefore, essential that he should be able to write. He proved an apt pupil, and in ten minutes I had taught him to write his name legibly. He was, of course, delighted, and when he left the bank building I gave him a supply of penholders, pens, and paper, and directed him to practice penmanship.

Every month I am sure to see Giovanni Alberdo come into the bank with his pay check, and invariably he is accompanied by one or more of his countrymen. Alberdo has brought to the bank fifty new customers that it would not have acquired if I had not been courteous and patient with him when he first came to the institution.

Another instance where courtesy paid a large dividend was the following: A woman came into the bank at eight-thirty, an hour and a half before the opening hour, ten o'clock. She said she had to get some money from her account immediately, as she was obliged to leave for the South at once. She showed me a telegram announcing the death of her son by a gunshot wound received in Texas. I consoled with her, had her waited upon immediately, accompanied her to the station, secured her tickets, etc. As the railroad station was only a block from the bank, I had ample time to attend to these details.

About six weeks afterward, a lady garbed in mourning approached my desk, wished me a pleasant good morning, and said, "You don't remember me, do you?" I replied in the negative. She explained that it was she whom I had accompanied to the train. She told me she had realized seven thousand dollars on the accident and life insurance policies of her late son, and though she was offered by a bank in Texas one and one-half per cent more interest on her funds than we paid, she preferred to deposit them in the bank in Chicago where the employees were courteous to her in her hour of bereavement and trouble.

This bank offered prizes to the employee who secured the most number of new accounts. I won sec-

ond prize, due no doubt to the kindness of Alberdo and the lady who lost her son.

Courtesy pays extra dividends.

MARK DEVINE.

#### Courteous Employees Pay the Business Man

I have been connected with the retail grocery business for nearly ten years, and when I say that *courtesy is the greatest asset a retail store can have, and it costs nothing*, you may know that I speak from experience.

I am only an employee in a retail grocery, but when I began working I resolved to make myself the best clerk in our town. I immediately saw that courtesy would help me to reach my goal quicker than any other one thing I could practice.

So I treated every one that came into our store with all the courtesy I could command. Rich or poor, high or low, white or black, received the same attention from me. I gave everybody a hearty "Good morning" or "afternoon," as the case might be, when he came in. If I was waiting upon another customer, I told him I would wait upon him next. I acknowledged every purchase with a "Thank you. Call again," whether it was a penny or a ten-dollar sale, man, woman, or child.

If a lady arrived at my counter with several bundles, I suggested that I wrap them all together. If customers were from the country and had their rig hitched near by, I helped them out with their goods.

One day an elderly gentleman came into our store and purchased a number of items, and I asked him if his rig was near; he told me it was, so I helped him with his goods. This was the first time I had ever seen him in our store, but it was not the last; for from that time on he was a regular visitor, and his business amounts to quite a sum in a year's time. Each time he comes, I help him with his purchases. One day his wife came in. She told me that her husband liked to trade with our store because we always helped him and that the place where he had formerly been trading did not.

Another case where courtesy paid was with a colored girl who was employed by a very wealthy woman. This girl did all the purchasing of the groceries, and their trade amounted to considerable during the year. When she came into the store, she expected to be shown the same courtesy as any other person. Some of the other clerks in our store, as in other stores, did not like to be so courteous to one of another color, but I showed her the same courtesy I would have shown her mistress. She now comes regularly to our store to make her purchases, but allows no one but me to wait upon her. She is not the only one that requires that I wait upon her; there are many others. Some of the very best people in our town call for me when they come in or order over the telephone.

I meet all customers as soon as they enter. I drop whatever else I may be doing, unless waiting upon another customer. I give them my undivided attention. It matters not how unreasonably exacting they may be, I try to give the impression that nothing is too much trouble if it will please. I try to bear in mind that for the moment the customer whom I am waiting upon is the only person on earth.

Through this method I won one customer for our store whose business amounts to over twelve hundred dollars a year. But it has paid me to be courteous, as I am now receiving more salary than any other grocery clerk in our city, barring none; and it has paid my employer, for many an extra dollar has been taken in.

THE slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind, improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thought and noble feeling. We should cherish kind wishes, for a time may come when we may be enabled to put them in practice.—*Miss Mitford.*



### Tests of Discipleship

(Texts for September 3 to 9)

WHAT is a disciple? Webster says, "A follower who has learned to believe in the truth of the doctrine of his teacher." So, if we are disciples of Christ, we shall be his followers; and, believing his teachings, we shall not only try to live according to them, but seek to win others to him and his service.

We are now prepared to answer more intelligently the questions, What are the tests of discipleship? and, Are we true disciples of Jesus Christ?

Christ said to those Jews who believed on him, "If ye continue in my word, *then* are ye my disciples indeed." It is not enough for us to say that we believe Jesus is the Son of God and that he came to this world to save the lost. If we are true disciples, we shall continue in the word until our hearts are filled with a strong desire to see others accept the Saviour. "No true Christian lives for himself. We have our model in him who came 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'" Our attitude toward others is a test of our discipleship. Christ's attitude toward the people was that of compassion. He lived for them, he died for them. "To them he gave the tenderest and choicest utterances that ever fell upon the weary world. . . . Jesus came *from* the people, *to* the people, *for* the people."

The Bible says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But Christ, counting the sacrifice not too great, willingly gave his life for his enemies as well as for his friends. Are we following him to the extent that we are willing to lay down our lives, if necessary, in order that souls may be saved?

We cannot be called true disciples while we "say, and do not." This is applicable to the Pharisees, but it is also too true of many who profess to be followers of Christ today. If we would follow Jesus' example, we must *do today* some of the good deeds we mean to do sometime in the future.

"We shall do so much in the years to come,  
But what have we done today?  
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what shall we give today?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak today?"

Our God is "ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness," and if we are true disciples we shall reveal these characteristics by our daily lives. Instead of being boastful, proud, and lifted up; we shall be humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. We shall exhibit the spirit of the Master even in the little things of life, as illus-

trated by the following story of a spelling class in China:—

"The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place. When urged to do so, he firmly refused, saying: 'No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.' That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark: 'He do all same as Jesus.'"

Have we cut loose from the old life? That is good, but it is not enough. In order to be a true disciple "the young Christian must enter the new life. Leaving the service of one master, he must enlist in that of another. . . . Ceasing to do evil, he must also learn to do well." We must become more helpful, more patient, more loving, more unselfish, more faithful in all duty, more like Christ.

MEDITATION.—Lord, help me to sense as never before what it means to be a true disciple of thine. May I henceforth walk more closely in thy footsteps, and be "as true to principle as the needle to the pole." I want to be so filled with love for the souls for whom Christ died that all men shall know that I am thy disciple.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us pray this week that God may give us a new vision of the world's need—salvation. Shall we not, by God's help, put sin out of our lives, and take on a burden such as we have never had for souls perishing in sin? O let us pray earnestly for success in soul-winning!

MYRTLE L. JUDD.

### "With One Accord"

"O CERTAINLY," I said, "I fully agree with you as to the value of the Morning Watch and the Bible Year. It is my habit to read a passage every day, but I don't see any value in following the routine in the calendar. I read just as I choose. Last year I read the Bible through, but I used the version called the Modern Reader's Bible, and enjoyed it greatly. This year I am following a scheme of my own. There is nothing binding in the order planned by the department. All they want is to interest young people in Bible study; where or how they read is secondary. I usually manage to learn a verse every day, but it isn't the one in the calendar. I choose one from where I am reading; but sometimes I—Oh, I just learn a text wherever I happen to find a good one."

"Ye-es," responded my friend, "but have you ever thought how it was with the early apostles just before Pentecost? The record says, 'These all continued *with one accord* in prayer and supplication.' Do you not think that might mean more than that they were all willing to pray,—that they all prayed for the same things?"

"Now that God's work has spread so far, we cannot be 'all with one accord in one place,' but I love to think that there is a way we can be preparing for our Pentecost. Just think what it means to have all our Missionary Volunteers around the world reading and studying the same scriptures, and asking our Father for the same blessings! I like the feeling of comradeship it gives me. I am one of the great Missionary Volunteer army, and I am keeping step. And I do not find that following the plan outlined for us all, interferes with my studying and reading for myself besides. It rather adds pleasure."

MARY H. MOORE.

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## Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending September 9

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 September.

### The Bible Year

#### Assignment for September 3 to 9

- September 3: Psalms 137, 130, 80, 77.
- September 4: Psalms 37, 67, 49, 53.
- September 5: Psalms 50, 10, 13 to 15.
- September 6: Psalms 25 to 27, 36, 89.
- September 7: Psalms 92, 93, 123, 102.
- September 8: Ezra 1 to 4.
- September 9: Ezra 5 to 7.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for August 31.



## XI — Stephen's Address Before the Sanhedrin

(September 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 7:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go." Isa. 48:17.

### Questions

1. What question did the high priest ask Stephen after hearing the witnesses against him? Acts 7:1.
2. How did Stephen begin his reply? Of whom did he then speak? Verse 2. Note 1.
3. Who appeared to Abraham? Where was he then living? To what place did he go? Verse 2. Note 2.
4. Why did Abraham leave his home and friends? Verse 3.
5. What event took place before he left Haran? After this to what country did he go? Verse 4.
6. How much land did Abraham inherit in Canaan? Yet what had God promised him? Verse 5.
7. What prophecy was made concerning Abraham's children? Verse 6.
8. Name the nation that oppressed Israel. Ex. 1:13, 14.
9. What did God say he would do to that nation? After that what did he say of his people? Acts 7:7.
10. Give the names of Abraham's son and grandson. How many sons had Jacob? Verse 8.
11. Why did Joseph's brothers sell him as a slave? Who was with him still? Verse 9. Note 3.
12. In what ways did the Lord help Joseph in Egypt? Name some of the afflictions through which he passed. Verse 10.
13. Tell the story of the famine in Egypt and Canaan. Verses 11-13.
14. Why did Jacob go to Egypt? How large was his family at that time? Verse 14.
15. Where did Jacob and his sons die? Where were they buried? Verses 15, 16.
16. As the time of promise drew near what is said of God's people? Verse 17.
17. What king finally reigned? How did he try to keep the Israelites from increasing? Verses 18, 19. Note 4.

### Questions for Diligent Students

1. How many countries are mentioned in this lesson? Find them on the map.
2. How many different persons did Stephen mention? Name them.
3. Why did he give the history found in this lesson as an answer to the accusation that he had said Jesus would destroy Jerusalem, and change the customs given by Moses?

### Notes

1. The Jews never tired hearing the story about their forefathers,—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses. Stephen gained the attention of the council by rehearsing their history, and at the same time taught that Jesus the Son of David was the promised Messiah, the very truth to which they did not wish to listen.

Charran is the same as Haran mentioned in the Old Testament.

2. "The call from heaven first came to Abraham while he dwelt in 'Ur of the Chaldees,' and in obedience to it he removed to Haran. Thus far his father's family accompanied him; for with their idolatry they united the worship of the true God. Here Abraham remained till the death of Terah. But from his father's grave the divine voice bade him go forward. His brother Nahor, with his household, clung to their home and their idols. Besides Sarah, the wife of Abraham, only Lot, the son of Haran long since dead, chose to share the patriarch's pilgrim life."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 127.

3. As the caravan journeyed southward, bearing Joseph after he had been sold to the Ishmaelites, the boy wept bitterly when he saw the hills in the distance among which lay his father's tents. Again he thought of his brothers in Dothan,—and he felt their fierce glances, and heard the bitter words that came in answer to his entreaties. With a trembling heart he looked to the future. What a change had come! From being a tenderly cherished son, he was now a despised and helpless slave. For a time Joseph gave himself up to grief and terror.

But God intended this experience to be a blessing to him. He had learned in a few hours what years could not have taught him. His father had wronged him by his partiality and indulgence. Faults had been encouraged that must be corrected. He was becoming self-sufficient and exacting. He felt wholly unprepared to meet the difficulties before him.

Then he thought of God. As a child he had been taught to love and fear him. He had listened to the story of how God had helped Jacob in his hour of need, he had learned of his love in providing a Redeemer for man. Joseph believed that the God of his fathers would be his God. He then and there gave himself fully to the Lord, and he prayed that the Keeper of Israel would be with him in the land of his exile. He resolved to be true to God, to act as a subject of the King of heaven. He would meet trials with fortitude, and perform every duty faithfully. One day's experience had been the turning point in Joseph's life. Its terrible calamity had transformed him from a petted child to a man, thoughtful, courageous, and self-possessed.—*Condensed from "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 213, 214.*

4. The new king was not ignorant of Joseph's services, but he did not wish to recognize them. The Israelites added to the wealth of the Egyptians, but they were ranked with those who had sold themselves and their possessions in time of famine. Taskmasters were appointed over them, and their lives were made bitter with hard bondage. Then the command went forth that all the boys should be destroyed as soon as born. Satan moved the king to make this decree. He knew a deliverer was to come, and he hoped to defeat God's purpose.—*Condensed from "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 241-243.*

### Suppose

"SUPPOSE some one were to offer me a thousand dollars for every soul that I might earnestly try to lead to Christ, would I endeavor to lead any more souls to him than I am endeavoring to do now? Is it possible that I would attempt to do for money, even at the risk of blunders or ridicule, what I hesitate or shrink from doing now in obedience to God's command? Is my love of money stronger than my love of God or of souls? How feeble then my love of God! Perhaps this explains why I am not a soul-winner."

"LET the road be long and dreary  
 And its ending out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary,  
 Trust in God and do the right."

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Psalm XXIII

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want"  
 I shall not want **REST**.  
 "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."  
 I shall not want **REFRESHMENT**.  
 "He leadeth me beside the still waters."  
 I shall not want **COURAGE**.  
 "He restoreth my soul."  
 I shall not want **GUIDANCE**.  
 "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness."  
 I shall not want **COMPANIONSHIP**.  
 "For thou art with me."  
 I shall not want **COMFORT**.  
 "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."  
 I shall not want **SUSTENANCE**.  
 "Thou preparest a table before me."  
 I shall not want **JOY**.  
 "Thou anointest my head with oil."  
 I shall not want **DRINK**.  
 "My cup runneth over."  
 I shall not want **ANYTHING IN THIS LIFE**.  
 "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."  
 I shall not want **ANYTHING IN ETERNITY**.  
 "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."  
 — Selected.

## "After You"

SOME time ago New York newspapers gave an account of the death of a man who was asphyxiated while alone in his rooms in a large apartment house. At the inquest which followed, a lady who lived on the same floor with this man said she had heard him groaning, but that he had always been so very rude to women, she did not make any effort to see what the trouble was.

About the same time another news item appeared, stating that a wealthy woman left in her will to an employee of a big trust company of which she was a patron, a hundred thousand dollars, to mark her appreciation of his devotion to her interests and comforts, "as well as his unfailing courtesy, honor, and promptness!"

Each item tells its own story. But for his habitual rudeness and lack of courtesy the life of the first man might have been saved. Because of his habitual courtesy and kindness, the second man won a fortune.

We never know what will come of courteous conduct—our kindnesses, smiles, or little attentions to people whom we wait upon or come in contact with in any way; but we do know the immediate effect upon ourselves. We cannot hold a kindly attitude to others, we cannot be courteous and helpful, without feeling better ourselves.

The gracious "Thank you," so often neglected, the pleasant smile, the suppression of rude, hasty words that are sure to give pain, the maintenance of self-control, and an agreeable expression even under the most trying conditions, the attention to others which we would wish accorded to ourselves—how easily life can be enriched and uplifted, made cheerful and happy, by the observance of these simple things! And how they help us to get on in life!

Unfortunately, in large cities, where there is perpetual crowding and hurrying, the example of seeing everybody pushing, crowding, and trying to get the most comfortable seat or secure the place of advantage, tends to encourage the development of the most selfish human instincts.

We are all familiar with public hogs, especially the "end seat hog," who gets on a car, takes his seat on the outside end, and compels everybody who boards the car after him to stumble over his feet to get past him. I have seen youths forcing their way through a crowd, nearly knocking people down, trying to get into a car first so they could monopolize the best seats.

"I recall an interesting anecdote of the value of politeness in history that should be of especial interest to Americans," said a noted Frenchman in a lecture on good manners, translated for a New York newspaper. "The Marshal de Rochambeau, who fought bravely for the Americans in the War of Independence, was one of the many good men condemned to the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. One morning he and a crowd of others were led out of prison to a cart which conveyed the victims to execution. Among them was a priest. The Marshal de Rochambeau and the priest were the last of the party. The old soldier, wishing to show respect to religion, begged the priest to enter first into the vehicle. Removing his hat and bowing with graceful politeness, as if he were totally unaware that they were in the presence of death, he said:—

"'After you, Monsieur l'Abbé!'"

"The priest, seeing that the marshal, who was eighty years of age, was much older than himself, did not wish to go first, but, bowing with equal politeness, said:—

"'After you, Monsieur le Maréchal!'"

"After they had exchanged courtesies for some seconds, the jailer interfered, pushed the priest into the cart, and said to the marshal:—

"'Stand back, old Marshal, there is no room for you today.'"

"This very day saw the end of the Terror, the marshal was released from prison, and spent his last days in peace."

"After you" will unravel a crowd quicker than any vulgar, selfish pushing and crowding to be first. The world itself makes way for the kindly, pleasing, gracious personality. People will involuntarily stand aside and let a polite, well-bred person pass when the unattractive, rude, boorish hustler, however able he may be, must elbow his way and push through the crowd. His boorishness antagonizes all with whom he comes in contact.

The "After you" attitude is especially desirable in the hot season, when tempers are more easily ruffled than in cooler weather. A little courtesy and consideration for others will go a long way to allay the discomfort of crowded cars and boats, and to make life generally more agreeable in the vacation months.  
 —Orison Swett Marden, in *Washington Herald*.