

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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RUTH, THE GLEANER

FROM HERE AND THERE

The world has only two "billion-dollar" industrial corporations, the United States Steel Corporation and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Zita, the new empress of Austria, is the first empress of the Austro-Hungarian kingdom since the hand of an insane man struck down the idolized Empress Elizabeth on Lake Geneva in 1898.

The rule of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is to have an understudy ready for every position in the entire business, so that nothing could happen to any individual that would hurt the company. This is as good a rule for religious organizations as it is for industrial.

Mr. William J. Spillman, Washington, D. C., is the government's official question answerer for farmers. Mr. Spillman gets more mail than the President of the United States, and he can tell one how to run a farm in any part of the country. It is said that Mr. Spillman could go to any place at random, take charge of it, and make it pay a profit.

In the more than twenty-five years' history of the West Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, it has never given an entertainment or a supper for money, nor has it ever permitted such a thing as a fair or a bazaar. This church believes in the consecration of money as an act of worship, just as much as it believes in any other service for the Lord.

More than a million immigrants were coming from Europe to this country every year. The war has checked this flood so completely that for the past two years only enough have come to balance those who have left. This has not happened before for fifty years. As a result there has been a great shortage of labor in many of our industries, a condition that may last as long as the war does.

Experiments have been made with a new kind of sail for boats. This sail, when spread, resembles a large umbrella. The mast, occupying a position similar to that of the stick in an umbrella, turns upon a pivot at the bottom. It is usually inclined about forty-five degrees to the horizon, but the inclination may be adjusted to suit the force of the wind. The inventors claim that with this sail, "heeling" of the boat can be avoided, while at the same time the sail tends to lift the boat, and thus enables it more easily to mount the waves.

Elijah's Ravens Still Flying

In one of the villages of Holland there lived at one time a very poor widow who was often in distressing circumstances.

One evening, when the children were again begging for bread, but there was none in the house, she knelt with them, praying earnestly to God, "Thou who sentest the ravens to feed the prophet, send bread for my children."

As they arose from their knees, Dirk, the eight-year-old boy, opened wide the outside door, and left it open.

"Why, Dirk, what are you doing?" asked the mother, surprised.

"The door will have to be open for the ravens when they come, mother," said the lad, confidently.

"O child, that story happened long, long ago!" answered the mother.

"Mother, that which the dear Lord once did, he never forgets, and can do again. We'll leave the door open, and see if the Lord preserves his stories in vain."

Soon after this the mayor of the village was passing, and noticed the open door; he stood still and looked in. Stepping closer, he asked the reason for the door's being open so late. The widow answered, half laughingly, yet her eyes filled with tears, that they had just prayed for bread, and had reminded the Lord of the story of Elijah and the ravens. Then she told him that Dirk had expressed his faith in God by opening the door for the ravens to come in.

"He shall certainly not be disappointed," said the good man. "Leave the door open till the ravens come."

The mayor withdrew, but shortly afterward his maid appeared with a large basket of bread, potatoes, and other food. The poor people rejoiced, as they were now supplied with provisions for many days. When the maid left and shut the door after her, Dirk opened it again, and looking toward heaven, said, "Dear Lord, thou hast remembered us. We thank thee." Then he shut and locked the door. He knew that their help had come from God, although the ravens themselves were not commissioned to give it.—*Translated by H. A. Niergarth from German Youth's Friend.*

Do —

PLAY the man.

Let your victories be your inspiration.

Remember that other people have virtues too.

Entertain good ideas royally; they may stay awhile.

Test every doubtful thing with a solution of light.

Take off your white cuffs before you don your jumper.

Please — please — please

Laugh awhile,

Think awhile,

Pray awhile,

Walk awhile,

Each day with God.

LOUIS GLANVILLE STEVENS.

"I WILL study and prepare," said Abraham Lincoln while yet good textbooks were curiosities, 'and maybe my chance will come.' They never wait in vain for their chance who study and prepare in the time that is their own."

"THE closer we hold our troubles, the bigger they look. Let us keep them at arm's length."

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Mountain Climbing in Switzerland	3
News from Pitcairn Island	4
A New Year's Prayer (poetry)	5
At the Language School, Nanking, China	6
In What Young People are to be Examples.....	7
Enthusiasm	7
Being King	10
Hospitality	11
Strength and Happiness for the Godly	12
Psalm of Adoration	13
Life's Rainbow (poetry)	16
SELECTIONS	
The Real Presence	5
From Tramp to Traffic Manager	9
Constructing a Side Car for a Bicycle or Motor Cycle	11
Making Better Landladies	16

The Youth's Instructor

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Mountain Climbing in Switzerland

THOSE of us who live in flat countries far removed from the mountains do not know the pleasures of mountain climbing. Only those who live in mountainous countries or those who visit them know the joys of a mountain trip. There is something so exhilarating in this sport that once one begins, it is very hard to stop. We have found that the desire to see the earth from a lofty viewpoint is almost an instinct. The rugged grandeur, the wonderful range of vision, the victory in the struggle to reach the top, the rosy glory of the gilded peaks reflecting the morning rays or the Alpine gleams, can never be described. There are not enough expressions in language to convey an adequate idea of the glory of the sunrise as seen from the top of one of the high Alps. Not all the sunrises are accompanied by the rosy gleamings; such are seen only during a low fog or before a storm. We saw one such sunrise from the Moléson, which is 2,004 meters high, or about 6,300 feet. We had walked all night, and had to hasten to reach the summit before the sun appeared. A hundred peaks lay before us, some lower, but most of them higher than we. They shone like burnished gold mixed with fire. It was an entrancing scene. Our guide with us contemplated with uncovered head a "glory dawn" which seemed to come from the gates ajar. It would seem that the Master Artist paints these glorious pictures on mountain and on sky to give us a little idea of the sea of glass mingled with fire, mentioned in God's Word, or to awaken in our souls a longing desire to see the "glorious land" that is far off—to see that which "eye hath not seen" of "the things that God hath prepared for those who love him."

This summer a party of seven of us went up the peak marked with a + in the photograph. This mountain lies to the west of the Rhone valley and is

composed of seven peaks forming one massive mountain, the Dent du Midi (Tooth of the South). We arrived in the evening, near sunset, at Champéry, a charming village at the base of the mountain, coming in an electric train through the beautiful vale of Illiez, a part of which is shown at the lower right-hand corner of the picture.

From Champéry, which is situated at an altitude of 1,000 meters, we climbed for an hour and a quarter and slept a part of the night at an altitude of 1,600 meters, in a mountain cow house and butter makers' chalet. The wild nature of the mountain valley, the bright moonlight, the fleecy clouds, the roaring of the torrent, the snow-capped Mt. Ruan at the head of the valley, the tinkling of the cowbells, the rustic chalet, the picturesque costume of the women, all contrive to make an impression not easily forgotten. Of course we did not sleep much. At three-thirty we were up, and after eating an early breakfast of hot milk, peasants' bread, and marmalade, we started out to climb 1,600 meters, or nearly a mile, perpendicularly. To do this we had to walk from five to six miles.

We left the chalet just as the moon was disappearing behind the cliffs, and as we went onward and upward we crossed our first snow bank at 1,700 meters. It was only about ten yards wide, but it was inclined at an angle of 40° to 45°, which made it slippery. As we went on, the valley became narrow, with almost perpendicular cliffs, and soon we were brought to a halt before a cascade. The guide had lost his way for a moment. Then coming back a few yards he pointed up the rocks and said, "Here is the path; you must climb up here." It looked truly dangerous to some of the beginners, but by being careful it was easy to surmount the boulders, and we found ourselves on a level with the stream and at the beginning of an Alpine cove or little valley surrounded by

towering battlements of the Ruan and the Dent Blanche on one side, and the long easy slope of the Dent du Midi on the other. We had now arrived at the base of the mountain that we wished to climb, on the other side from that shown in the picture under the +, and it looked as if we would soon be at the top. Distances are deceiving, however, and we had still two to three hours' hard work ahead of us. We took lunch about seven o'clock at 2,400 meters between two hard snow banks. For an hour we had passed through soft, grassy slopes where only the marmots and the chamois play or find food, for there is no safe road to bring up cattle to this upland region. The grass was tender, because only a few weeks before snow had lain there. At 2,400 meters we bade good-by to grass and stepped out on hard, slaty rock. Soon we were at the *col*, or pass, between these peaks. The wind blew stiffly, and we began to climb on this slate, on a path just barely visible at an angle of 40°, and shortly after the hard rock gave way to detached shale caused by freezing of water under the layers of slate.

Progress became more difficult. At 2,800 meters we stopped to leave our knapsacks under a ledge of rock, to protect them from being blown away by the wind, and continued our journey on a very difficult slope where often we had to scramble on all fours in our efforts to find terra firma under the loose slaty stones. Sometimes one would miss the path and begin to slip down with the loose stones, and then the others would reach out a helping hand. Those who had found a firm footing would reach down their arms or their mountain sticks to the ones who were slipping.

We now were approaching the last halt before the top; at 3,000 meters there is a small depression in the mountain called *Le Col des Paresseux* (the Pass of the Lazy), where the too weary generally stop. One of our number—a boy unused to such heights—gave out. We left him an overcoat, and tucked him in between two rocks where the sun was warm. After twenty minutes' climbing, at an angle of 50° on one side, right beside precipices that make one shudder, we reached the top, 3,260 meters, where ragged, thunder-riven blocks of granite pointed upward as if they had been loath to stop when, borne on the mighty upheaved crust of the earth, they had been thrown heavenward as the fountains of the great deep were broken up.

Standing on the peak, one could look down the slope up whose stony side we had toiled for nearly a mile at an angle of 45°, and on the side shown in the picture we saw awful precipices.

Twenty-four hundred meters below, we could see the town of Champéry, through which we had passed the evening before. How small it looked, yet how pretty, set in the midst of emerald-green pastures!

We found several other climbers, four young women being in one party. The wind blew strongly, overcoats were very necessary, yet it was the middle of August.

The view toward the south was what captivated the eye. On clear days 500 peaks may be seen, many of them higher than the peak on which we stood. What a panorama stretched to the south, east, and west! Mont Blanc towered above them all, clad in its eternal snow and ice mantle. There were peaks of all forms, glaciers little and big. We could even distinguish the greenish-tinted ice of the glacier of the Trient.

We were loath to turn from the scene. The descent was more fatiguing than the ascent. Currents of air rushed up along the precipices, formed into clouds by condensation, and sweeping close to us, whirled away

from the edge of the precipice in fleecy clouds. We could almost touch them as we slipped down the stony slope close beside a yawning precipice.

Our return journey by the other side of the mountain was very interesting. We ate a hearty dinner at 2,800 meters, and then walked, without stopping, down snowy slopes among great boulders, picking here and there a forget-me-not or a mignonette. We found three little pansies growing on a rock near the snow line. They were all alone on a little clod of earth, yet how perfect! I thought of the words of the poet:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

How perfect are the works and ways of God! Even those lonely pansies were more beautiful than those grown in our gardens. The flowers of the high Alps are noted for their bright colors.

We soon came to an upland plateau, at 2,000 meters, on which were grazing cattle and mules. We stopped at a mountain house (pension), at 2,000 meters, and then we came down the valley of Salanfe, miles and miles through mountain scenery of the most wild and rugged type, and finally, twenty-four hours after leaving the train at Champéry, we were in the Rhone valley, at Vernaya, having climbed 2,400 meters, descended 2,800 meters, and traveled 26 miles. Every one felt repaid for the trip, and if time allowed would have been glad to undertake another in a few days.

P. A. DE FOREST, M. D.

Gland, Switzerland.

News from Pitcairn Island

FOR a number of years the lonely isle of Pitcairn in the great Pacific has been a center of interest to Seventh-day Adventists. Many look back with pleasure to the time when they placed their nickels, dimes, and dollars in the fund for building the little schooner "Pitcairn," and ever since it sailed through the Golden Gate with its precious load of missionaries, Pitcairn has held a large place in their hearts.

Some five years ago the call came to the Sydney Sanitarium for two graduate nurses to go and work for its people, live with them in their isolation, and render both physical and spiritual help as they could. Brother and Sister Adams responded gladly, leaving their home and friends, knowing that they might have to wait months and perhaps years before receiving any news whatever from them or the outside world. After waiting in Tahiti several months, they finally reached Pitcairn, and occasionally word has been received from them by passing ships, although it has been almost impossible for friends to reach them. We are sure all will be pleased to read the following extracts from a letter just received:—

"It is over twelve months since we received our last mail and a few of our papers. Quite unexpectedly a steamboat gave us a call early one morning, which announced that the canal was opened again, and also brought some of the world's news, sufficient to show where we are in this world's history. Since then another boat called, and from both we were able to secure some things for our little missionary schooner. My husband also got some flour and a few other little necessities.

"We had not eaten bread for several months, and had been living chiefly upon bananas, arrowroot, and taro, with an occasional potato, so the change was good. Little Paul often used to ask me for some bread. I would tell him that he must ask Jesus, and that some day it would come. The steward kindly gave my husband one pound's worth of goods, including the flour, and I feel quite rich.

"We have learned to cook and prepare bananas in a number of ways. We boil them when green to take the place of bread for breakfast; but you know there is such a variety of them that they are not at all monotonous, and they agree with us well.

"We are grateful for such splendid health. I have never enjoyed better. We have never come to the place, as we were told we should, when we found it necessary to eat flesh of any kind. The people have watched us very closely, and when we talked of health reform, they would say it was impossible in this place. But now there is a change. Many see that it is possible, and are taking their stand firmly for health reform. Our little Paul is such a bonnie boy that he alone bears testimony to the beneficial diet that is to be obtained here without the use of flesh.

"June 11. We are expecting another steamboat to pass shortly from the canal on its way to New Zealand. Three boats have passed here from Australia, but we did not communicate with any of them. They would not wait for the boats. It is difficult to see them a long way off, when they are coming that way, because we all live on the north side of the island, and the hills around us hide them from view until they are right upon us, and it is usually too late then, for they will not wait. When going to Australia, they are sometimes sighted twenty miles away, and the men thus have time to go out to meet them.

"It is so hard at times to see these boats going to and from home, and yet not receive even one of our papers; surely a way will open soon. Our little schooner, although not nearly finished, is still the object of faithful labor. When we consider that the trees had to be felled way up on the hill and carried down by the men, to be sawed by hand, with only a very limited supply of tools; and that most of the nails that have been used so far were made out of old pieces of iron, some of which were so rusty and hard that it seemed almost impossible to do anything with them, we can understand something of the undertaking it has been. But believing that the Lord would supply every need, if we did our part, everything available in the way of material was utilized. All the iron was used that could be procured, even my little stove poker being converted into nails.

"I saved the cinders from the palm wood which we burn in our large stone bake ovens. For several weeks these cinders were used in the makeshift forge where the nails were made, but now we have a good supply of coal.

"My husband goes off to the boats and interests the captains and carpenters in the work of building the schooner, and he has never failed to secure quite a large donation. Rope, paint, oil, nails, bolts, pitch, and iron with which to make nails, as well as coal for the furnace, have been contributed in this way, so you can see that the Lord is working for us.

"Paul was not satisfied until he could help make nails. Anything that looked like a nail he would pick up, and beat with his little hammer, telling us that he wanted to help build the schooner for Jesus.

"Just now the people are busy making arrowroot, but the weather is wet and cold, whereas dry weather and hot sun are needed for making good arrowroot. Potatoes and arrowroot have both failed this year, owing to the long, hot drought, but bananas are still plentiful. We also have a little breadfruit this year, which makes an agreeable change in one's diet. Oranges are now coming in, and there appears to be a very good crop, but these will soon be disposed of if the steamboats continue to call."

A few weeks ago, Captain Griffiths, of the steamship "Port Hardy," announced through the columns of a New York newspaper that he had called at Pitcairn and found the inhabitants happy and well, but in need of clothing, soap, oil, nails, needles, thread, pencils, paper, and other necessities. He stated that he would call again on his return to Australia, and would gladly take any packages which might be sent.

Our people in Washington and New York felt it a great privilege to send gifts of clothing, provisions, nails, magazines, Bibles, hymn books, school books, toilet requisites, and many other things. The Review and Herald Publishing Association also sent stationery and books, with complete sets of the *Review*, *INSTRUCTOR*, Memory Verse Cards, and Picture Rolls for 1916, thus insuring our people on Pitcairn of lessons for their Sabbath school for one year, which we know will be greatly appreciated.

Brother J. D. Snider, who saw that all gifts reached the "Port Hardy" before her sailing time, reports that a very generous response was made to the Pitcairn appeal for help. "In fact," he says, "when we got our fifty gallons of oil on board, I learned that several oil companies had just loaded oil for Pitcairn, one company sending two hundred gallons. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Bronx Church here

bought fifteen dollars' worth of cloth and notions. Boxes have been coming in, until several tons of goods labeled 'Pitcairn' are now on the ship. Aside from this, many donations of cash have come to the captain, to be spent in purchasing 'things most needed.'"

Our prayers and good wishes follow this boat. Many have expressed themselves as wishing they could be on Pitcairn when these goods arrive, and see the joy they will give the recipients. Let us not forget our people in this lonely place, knowing that if they remain faithful, they will soon join with the ransomed in singing the song of the Lamb on the sea of glass.

LIZZIE M. GREGG.

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A New Year's Prayer

FATHER in heaven, omnipotent in love,
Again thy guiding hand has led us on,
Till now we stand in wonder, gazing through
The open portals of another year.

Behind us, fresh e'en yet within our minds,
Lies the old year, its pleasures and its pain,
Its joys and sorrows, its success and loss.
On us in love, O Father of us all,
Thou hast bestowed thy blessings, though we were
Unworthy of the least of them; to thee
We owe our hearts, our hands, and all we have.
Forgive, we pray, where we have fallen short,
And purify our hearts, so that we may
Have no transgression unforgiven there.

Before us lies a vast unentered plain.
We know not what awaits us in our march
Through the long days and weeks and months ahead
Perhaps thy power divine may lead us but
A little way into its mysteries
And bid us rest, and sleep a little while,
Till we shall hear thy voice calling us forth.
Perhaps thy powerful, all-seeing eye
Detects in us some dross which spoils the gold,
And which must be destroyed; and so perhaps
Thou'lt lead us through the purifying fire
Of great affliction. If 'tis thus, help us
To bow our heads and yield our wills to thine.

Trembling we stand between the old and new,
Pleading our weakness, our infirmities.
O loving Father, take our hands in thine,
And place our faltering feet in thy true way.
Teach us to trust thee with unflinching faith,
Then lead us on by thine own will. Amen.

RUTH E. BRAINERD

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The Real Presence

"THE shut door" is one of the most striking figures ever used by Christ. It has far deeper meaning than most of us have discovered. The private room with the key turned and all alone with God is a marvelous privilege, and has in it the possibility of life's deepest experience; but it was not the essential in his mind. He was not speaking of anything external; he was thinking of the solitude of the spirit. This was even possible in a crowd. To shut the door of the heart was the supreme necessity, even if it was almost the supreme difficulty; to shut the door and turn the key and keep out worldly thoughts and desires, doubts and questions, wonderings and wishes, and the whole company of unworthy companions which usually crowd the secret room of the soul. To shut the door is the first step into the real presence; it is only in this privacy we can find God. Strange and yet true, he is everywhere, but only found in a real sense behind the closed door.

Some anxious souls have tried to find God by the twisting and contortions of their bodies; by extreme physical injury and suffering. Others have tried to find him by twisting their intellectual nature, resort-

ing to interrogation and argument, only to pass through a mist and a maze without a glimpse of his face. But others have discovered the pathway direct into his presence. It is through the gate of moral readjustment, to get alone with him and hide no part of life, not even a single thought, motive, or desire. Unveil the real self before him, and immediately the other veil is drawn aside. Speak to God without restraint. It is not a plea to royalty; it is the family relation. It is not even the social etiquette that we fear. He is your Father. He desires perfect frankness. "Everything by prayer." This is not the place for concealment or reticence. Do not pretend to God. There must be perfect truthfulness and perfect trustfulness. Let conscience do its work. Be honest with self. Courageously question the reality of prayer. Why bend the knee or repeat the formulas? Is there any profit in it? Is there a vital necessity in it? Does life at its best demand this? Is the impression simply fastened to it that we must not abandon all forms of prayer? Are we just satisfying conscience and feeling, while we walk blindly along the pathway in the company of superstition and formality? Is the prayer life in us? not, Is the habit on us? Some one has said, "Before my conversion, when I prayed in the presence of others, I prayed to them; when I prayed in secret, I prayed to myself. But now I pray to God."

This must be the reality even in public prayer. There should be absolute forgetfulness of others and only the remembrance of God. Here is the secret of power over the lives of others, and over the prayers of others. Praying is more important than preaching. I must hear him pray before I hear him preach. If he cannot come face to face with God, he cannot come face to face with man. It is the supreme responsibility to speak to God for others. If a man is alone with God in private, he can be alone with God in public.

I was in a mission church in Japan. It was crowded with native worshippers. I could not understand a word of their language, but when the Japanese minister led his people in prayer, he was evidently at once in the presence of God, and a hush was on his listeners. It was a great breathless silence, only broken by sobs and falling tears. His own sentences were broken. At times he could not speak at all. His face was flooded with the sparkling evidence of his soul's sincerity. He seemed to just talk with God, and to carry the crushing burdens of his lost fellow men into the very presence of the Eternal. I did not know his language, but I instantly and instinctively knew his heart. He lifted me into the secret place. Here is the strength of all ministry.

If we have not shut the door and come into his presence and into the experience of his life and love, we might as well save our time and effort, and adopt the windmill of the savage, and tie our paper prayers to the wheel. But this must not be, or we have lost the best of life. This need not be if we only listen to the Great Teacher and follow his example.

How marvelous that all this can be multiplied in our relation to our heavenly Father! We can come into his presence; we can realize his presence; we can listen and talk and love just as certainly as with any earthly father. This is so wonderful, but so real! It is the best of life. This is the remedy for our weakness in prayer, for our joyless prayer, for our formal prayer, for our fruitless prayer.

Then the answer does not depend upon my words or my fervency or my persuasive power or upon a blind faith or blind feeling, but just upon his love,

upon his fatherhood, his personal, special relation to his child. Remember that your Father is, that he is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him. He sees and hears, knows and loves. Take the liberty and simplicity of a child into his presence. "If an earthly father gives good things, how much more"—this makes it doubly emphatic—as much more as love and ability are infinite, as much greater as God is than sinful man. The normal, natural relation of father and child is to come and ask and receive. This is the normal, natural relation of God and his children. Jesus lived it and taught it. We must believe it. Say it to yourself; say it again; repeat it; think it; muster all your faculties to support it and realize it. Make this spiritual possibility and the soul life the great reality, but remember the child owes the certainty only to relationship. He must be really living in the love and service of the Father. When we keep this relation sacred, the prayer and its answer is the natural and inevitable result. Live with and for God, and then practice his presence and know his power.

If the child's joy is in the Father's presence, it is the Father's joy to grant the request. This childlike privilege is forever inseparable from childlike life. He must have the whole heart and the door shut. We cannot only say, "Lord, Lord," but to do his will is essential. . . .

It is a blessed part of life to have so formed the habit as to be always in the realization of his presence, to be "instant in prayer." "Stonewall Jackson, having once used the expression 'instant in prayer,' was asked what was his idea of its meaning. 'I will give you,' he said, 'my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think that I am setting myself up as a model for others.' On being assured that there would be no misjudgment, he went on to say, 'I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without a moment's asking of God's blessing. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward. I never change my classes in the section-room without a minute's petition on the cadets who go out and those who come in.' 'And don't you sometimes forget this?' 'I think I can say that I scarcely do; the habit has become almost as fixed as breathing.'"—"Real Prayer."

At the Language School, Nanking, China

I WISH you could peep over the high double wall into our ten-acre compound. The great, semi-Chinese house in which we live is built around a court. The windows are barred to keep out robbers, in case they should in some way scale the wall. Balconies stretch along the house on the north side of the court. Two towers face the east. From these towers we can see the various happenings in the street below,—traffic, soldiers, and processions.

The grounds are divided into gardens of various shapes and sizes. The walks are lined with beautiful trees, or edged with hedges of rhododendron and other pretty shrubbery. Pink crab-apple blossoms fill the air with sweetness, and an unknown flower that smells like the apricot, whitens the trees.

In one corner of the compound is a green, slimy pond, on the edge of which stands a stone grotto. Next the wall, near the grotto, is an opened grave. Its roof is tiled, and it has stone-walled sides.

We feel that God has given us this place, shut away from the noise and clamor around us, where we may think and study and pray unmolested.

We have no modern conveniences. Great crockery jugs stand outside the door. These hold water, which must be boiled thoroughly before it is used for drinking.

School begins for one division at six-thirty in the morning. At eight-thirty is chapel. Six hours a day are spent in language study. Two of the native teachers are Christians; the rest are heathen.

One old mandarin comes to school in a flowered lavender satin skirt and a short black jacket, such as is worn by the *literati*; and to offset (unintentionally) this magnificence, he wears a diminutive American derby hat about four sizes too small. He has great gold rings on his fingers, and very long finger nails.

We like China. We do not mind the inconveniences. I have not mentioned these in detail, because they fall into insignificance when we see the bright, wholesome, clean faces of our Chinese Christians.

We hope that we may be used of God to bring the wonderful story of the supreme God and his Son to lives that may respond and behold and become changed into the likeness of the Creator.

In What Young People are to be Examples

"LET no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers" (I Tim. 4: 12),—

1. "*En logō.*"—Greek.
 "In word."—*Authorized Version and Revised Version.*
 "In discourse."—*Rotherham's Translation.*
 "In doctrine."—*Thomson's Translation.*
 "By the soundness of your precepts."—*Shuttleworth's Paraphrastic Translation.*
2. "*En anastrophē.*"—Greek.
 "In conversation."—*Authorized Version.*
 "In conduct."—*Alford's Translation.*
 "In discourse."—*Boothroyd's Translation.*
 "In behavior."—*Rotherham's Translation.*
 "In deportment."—*Morgan's Translation.*
 "In manner of life."—*Revised Version.*
3. "*En agapē.*"—Greek.
 "In charity."—*Authorized Version.*
 "In hope."—*Boothroyd's Translation.*
 "In love."—*Revised Version.*
4. "*En pneumatī.*"—Greek (not in best Greek text).
 "In spirit."—*Authorized Version* (not in Revised Version).
 "In a candid yet zealous spirit."—*Doddridge's Paraphrase.*
 "By the fervor of your piety."—*Shuttleworth's Paraphrastic Translation.*
 "In your whole temper."—*Wesley's note.*
5. "*En pistei.*"—Greek.
 "In faith."—*Authorized Version and Revised Version.*
 "In fidelity."—*Thomson's Translation.*

- "By the steadfastness of your faith."—*Shuttleworth's Paraphrastic Translation.*
 "In uniform and incorruptible fidelity."—*Doddridge's Paraphrase.*
 6. "*En hagneiā.*"—Greek.
 "In purity."—*Authorized Version and Revised Version.*
 "In chastity."—*Rotherham's Translation.*
 "By the candor of your mind."—*Shuttleworth's Paraphrastic Translation.*
 "Consider what I say," says the apostle, "and the Lord give thee understanding in all things."

The Greek in this compilation is copied from Dr. Strong's Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible with a Greek Dictionary, and the Emphatic Diaglott New Testament. The compiler lays no claim to a knowledge of Greek.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

Enthusiasm

"ENTHUSIASM has a hypnotic influence upon men.

"The power of enthusiasm moves and controls the world.

"The difference in men is not so much in their

ability as in their enthusiasm.

"The power which enthusiasm exercises over the business world is just as remarkable as its influence in other fields.

"Men succeed according to the amount of enthusiastic effort they put forth.

"It is a recognized fact that the men who gain most from their work, put most into it—most of time, most of study, and most of enthusiasm.

"The great weakness with some men is that their enthusiasm is only skin deep. It is the intense and lasting enthusiasm that brings success; it is the key that unlocks the secret door to remarkable growth and prosperity.

"Success comes to men who are in love with their work, who believe in it with all their soul, and who radiate their belief until it permeates the people about them."

The most successful colporteurs are the most enthusiastic. Enthusiasm is contagious.

Don't expect others to be interested in your book if you are not.

"Peter the Hermit swept half the population of Europe across a continent to Palestine by the contagion of his enthusiasm.

"Patrick Henry, an obscure lawyer but a great enthusiast, stirred the hearts of the colonial people and kindled the fires of the Revolution."

Enthusiasm is as steam to the colporteur.

C. J. TOLF.



SOME OF THE TEACHERS IN THE LANGUAGE SCHOOL. DR. SELMON IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE

MAY C. KUHN.

"MIND your own business. Mind it steadfastly, persistently, consistently. Learn all there is to learn about it now, and figure out some new ways to deal effectively with its problems. Master the inclination to become a business peripatetic. Settle down to one thing. That's the best insurance against trouble."

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of December 5, 1916

1. INDIA RUBBER, or caoutchouc, is the chief constituent of the latex furnished by a number of different trees, shrubs, and vines. The latex of the best rubber plants furnishes 20 to 50 per cent of rubber. Latex is chiefly secreted in vessels or small sacs which reside in the cortical tissue between the outer bark and the wood. It is usually obtained from the bark by making an incision reaching almost to the wood, when the milky fluid flows readily from the lacticiferous vessels. The existence of rubber was first observed soon after the discovery of America. It was noticed that certain Indian tribes of South America played with a ball composed of an elastic substance, which afterward was found to possess the power of removing lead-pencil marks from paper, and came into commerce as "Indian rubber."

2. A ship passing through the Panama Canal from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean sails south-east.

3. The black and white stripes of the zebra seem to be useful in attacking others as well as for defense; they blend together at a little distance, and "their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight." They are not, therefore, readily seen.

4. An eclipse is an obscuration of one heavenly body by the intervention of another, either between it and the eye, or between it and the source of its illumination. A lunar eclipse is caused by the moon's entering the earth's shadow, or penumbra. As the limb of the moon approaches the earth's shadow, it begins to darken. When only a small portion has entered into the shadow, that portion is completely hidden. But, as the total phase approaches, the part of the moon's disk immersed in the penumbra becomes visible by a reddish coppery light—that of the sun refracted through the lower parts of the earth's atmosphere.

5. The direction assumed by the needle of the compass is not generally toward the *geographical* north, but diverges toward the east and west of it, making a horizontal angle with the true meridian. Among mariners this angle is known as the variation of the compass. The needle points directly to the north *magnetic* pole.

6. When Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, came down the Mississippi River, in 1682, from the French possessions to the north, he took possession of the country in the south in the name of France, which hereby gained her first title to the vast drainage basin of the Mississippi. In honor of Louis XIV the new possession was named Louisiana—a name then, and until 1812, applied to a much larger area than that of the present State.

7. The large spikes on the heads of horned toads protect them from being swallowed by snakes. The toads are found in Mexico and from California to Texas. The enlarged spiny scales scattered over the toad's back cause it to look as if it were sprinkled with the dried husks of seeds. The toads are entirely insectivorous. They bask on the broiling hot sand, and then can run fast enough; otherwise they are sluggish, dig themselves into the sand by a peculiar shuffling motion of the fringed edges of their flattened bodies, and when surprised they feign death.

8. A sponge is a porous mass of interlacing horny fibers which forms the internal skeleton of certain marine animals of low organism. The sponges are a large group, mostly marine, but a few inhabit fresh

water. They are generally permanently attached, growing in a plantlike fashion into masses which vary much in size, shape, color, and consistency. During life the interstices of the skeleton are filled with cells and pierced with a system of canals and small cavities opening on the surface by numerous incurrent pores.

9. Chocolate is a paste of the ground kernels of the cocoa bean, deprived of a portion of the fat. It is mixed with sugar, vanilla, or other flavoring, and then made into a cake, which is used for the manufacture of various forms of sweetmeat.

10. St. Patrick was probably born about the year 389, at a place called Bannauenta. The only place now known that bore that name is Daventry, Northamptonshire, England.

11. The United States produces more coal than any other country in the world. In 1905 the production amounted to 350,821,000 tons.

12. Hero of Alexandria, B. C. 130, is probably the first one who knew about the power of steam. In the "Pneumatica" is described the *æolipile*, which is a primitive steam reaction turbine. From the time of Hero to the seventeenth century there is no progress to record. The next distinct step was the publication in 1601 of a treatise on pneumatics by Giambattista della Porta, in which he shows an apparatus similar to Hero's fountain. It was in 1763 that James Watt made his experiments with steam.

13. The United States gained more of its territory from France by the Louisiana Purchase, as this territory covers an area of 1,000,000 square miles.

14. Rice is the chief article of food in Japan. Paddy fields are to be seen in every valley or dell where farming is practicable. The fields are generally kept under water to a depth of a few inches while the crops are young, but are drained immediately before harvesting. The fields are then dug up, and again flooded before the second crop is planted out. In 1906 there were 7,246,982 acres devoted to the cultivation of rice in Japan.

15. The date of the first employment of cannon cannot be established with any certainty, but there is good evidence to show that the Germans used guns at the siege of Cividale in Italy, 1331.

16. There are 840 acres in Central Park, New York. It is about two and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide, and was laid out, beginning in 1857, by F. L. Olmstead and Calvert Vaux.

17. Paris is farther north than Boston; Paris is between 48° and 49° north latitude, while Boston is 42° north latitude.

1. Where did John Wesley preach in America?
2. How did New York become an English city?
3. What was the Northwest Territory?
4. How long were George Washington's ancestors in America?
5. Who were the Plymouth Fathers?
6. Who was "Mad Anthony"?
7. Where did Aaron Burr propose to found an empire?
8. Who first discovered North America?

◆◆◆

"EACH man's imagination largely peoples the world for himself. Some live in a world peopled with princes of the royal blood; some in a world of paupers and privation. You have your choice."

◆◆◆

"LET my days be so many degrees of nearer approach to Thee."

From Tramp to Traffic Manager

A True Story

THE World's Columbian Exposition, with its accumulated wonders collected from many countries, closed Oct. 30, 1893.

For more than six months the committees in charge of the State exhibits had been away from home and business. Now that the curtain had been rung down on the Exposition, there was a general rush for cars to ship the collections home. Indignation and approval vied with each other over Transportation Manager Johnson's rule that cars would be supplied to the States in their alphabetical order. People from States with names beginning with A, B, or C were well pleased; but as there were about forty States ahead of South Dakota, the committee from that State faced the gloomy prospect of a long delay. Days of inaction increased their discontent; the November days were slipping by, and flakes of snow filled the air.

The South Dakota committee held an indignation meeting in which Johnson was freely criticized for his alphabetical rule. Finally they determined to send Col. Tom Black, the chairman of the committee, to interview the transportation manager and induce him to relax the rule enough to give South Dakota the needed cars at once. The colonel's military training made him reluctant to attempt to secure the much-desired concession. The committee insisted, and he obeyed their demand under protest.

People anxiously awaiting an opportunity to voice their grievances filled Johnson's outer office. The colonel sent in his card by an office boy, picked up a paper, and settled himself for the long wait until his turn came. To his surprise the boy returned immediately, and said:—

"Mr. Johnson will see Colonel Black at once."

The score of waiting people who were ahead of him frowned at this manifest display of favoritism. When he entered the inner office, Johnson arose, extended his hand in cordial greeting, and inquired, "What can I do for you, Colonel Black?"

The colonel, somewhat confused by this cordial greeting, answered: "I know that it is not worth while for me to ask you to give us cars to ship our South Dakota exhibits in advance of the alphabetical order, which you have adopted. But winter is coming, and our committee insisted that I should come and see you."

"How many cars do you need?"

"Seven."

"When can you begin to load them?"

"Tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

"Seven cars will be set in on the sidetrack by your exhibit at seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the colonel in amazement.

"I mean just what I say; the cars will be ready for you to begin loading your exhibit at seven in the morning."

"Why, Mr. Johnson, you are not fooling me?"

"No, sir; my word is given; the cars will be there, and I'll come myself and see that they're placed just where you want them."

"Thank you, sir," said Colonel Black; "this is certainly very kind of you."

Too dazed by this unexpected success to say more, he hurried back to astonish the committee with the report of his good fortune.

"Colonel Black, you're a wonder," exclaimed Mrs. Katherine James, who had charge of the women's exhibit. "I don't believe there is another person in Chicago who could have moved that stubborn, unreasonable man to do this. Why, he's the most set creature that I ever tried to do anything with; I—I offered him two twenty-dollar gold pieces if he would give us those cars; and he just smiled, and said he couldn't do it."

She paused for lack of words properly to express her feelings.

Mrs. James was a fascinating woman of forty, with splendid form, a beautiful face, snapping black eyes and fine, wavy black hair. She was a successful lobbyist, and seldom failed to secure the thing she sought. Her chagrin had been great when she failed to secure any concession from Johnson, but this did not prevent her jubilation over the colonel's success.

Shortly before seven the next morning a switch engine pushing seven cars came puffing up the sidetrack to the South Dakota exhibit. Johnson supervised the placing of the cars so that they would be convenient for the loaders, who were ready to begin their work. Colonel Black was there also with hot coffee for the switching crew and a good word for all of them.

"Come into my office, and drink your coffee with me by the stove," said the colonel to Johnson.

When they were seated, he said: "Mr. Johnson, you have been very kind to us, and I assure you that we appreciate your courtesy; I wish you would tell me why you have shown us this exceptional kindness."

There was a brief silence while Johnson sipped his coffee. When he did speak, his answer was more of a surprise than the unexpected favor had been. The hand with which he held the cup shook; his under lip quivered, and tears trickled down his cheeks. Mastering his emotions, he brushed aside the tears with his free hand, and looking up, said:—

"Because of the visits which you used to make to Cell No. 42 in the South Dakota Penitentiary. Don't you remember Frank Johnson?"

"Johnson, Frank Johnson," exclaimed the colonel; "is it possible that you are Johnson? How did I fail to recognize you?"

He grasped Johnson's hand with such a grip as a man can give another only when his soul goes with the greeting.

"I had been in prison four years when you began to visit me. The prison, along with my leaden mental depression, must have given me a ghostlike appearance. I felt that every door was barred and all of the avenues to success were closed against me, and I never could find work. One day you told me how you broke into the bread line once, and went to work without being hired. In your last visit to Cell No. 42 you advised me to break into the bread line somewhere and go to work. 'Be sure to make yourself indispensable when you do get a place,' were your last words to me.

"I was desperate when I came here a year ago last spring; I had tramped for weeks, asking, yes, begging, for work; but no man would hire me. I was hungry and heartsick; my last hope was the Exposition. I came here when they were just starting the work; there were great piles of material, and here and there a few men were getting ready to build. I tramped

all day from one group to another, begging for work; I offered to do anything, but everywhere there was the same refusal, 'We've all the men we need at present.'

"Colonel Black, I was hungry and weak; I hadn't tasted food for three days. That night I gave up, and walked over to the lake front to jump in and drown myself, with all my troubles. Had I plunged in as soon as I reached the water, all would have been over; but I sat down on the shore to think. I remembered your visits while I was in prison, and that gospel of another chance which you said was about all the creed you had.

"I had penciled a note and pinned it to my coat, which I folded and laid with the note up, so that those who found it would know why I had resorted to the water cure for my troubles. I declared that there was absolutely no hope for an ex-convict; no one would give him a chance to earn an honest living. Then I thought of your words to me and how I was killing hope in the breast of every man who had been in prison. I tore that note to pieces, and determined to make one more supreme effort for the sake of other men in my condition.

"When morning came, I washed my face and hands in the cold water of the lake; and at seven o'clock I was on the Exposition grounds, determined to go to work. I came to a carload of wheelbarrows in the knockdown piled near one of the sidetracks. Something said, 'There's your chance.'

"I went to the office of one of the superintendents, and asked for a monkey wrench. When the clerk asked me what I wanted it for, I told him that I was going to set up wheelbarrows, and he gave it to me without further question. Soon men came asking for wheelbarrows. I said to them all, 'Go to the office over there, and get a written order on me for the number of barrows that you want; my name is J. F. Johnson; see that my name is on the order.'

"The orders came, day after day; the barrows were called for as fast as I could set them up. I carefully preserved all of those orders from the superintendent's office.

"At noon that first day I went to the house of an old lady near the Exposition grounds, and told her that I was working on the Exposition and that I should like to find a place to board. She was very poor, and needed the money; so she took me in. The good woman exhausted her means, and credit as well, during the two weeks that preceded pay day. I never shall forget that first pay day; we had nothing to eat for breakfast that morning, and I had to work without dinner, too.

"That afternoon the men received their pay; I waited so that I was the last one to step up to the cashier's window. It is difficult for a hungry man to keep his nerve; I trembled in spite of all the courage that I could command. When the cashier asked my name, I was so frightened that I could scarcely speak. He looked over the list, frowned, and said, 'I fail to find your name on the pay roll, Johnson.'

"'That's strange,' said I; 'for I've been working here two weeks, setting up wheelbarrows. Here are all these orders signed by the superintendent, ordering me to deliver barrows to the men; my name is on all of these orders.'

"The question was referred to the office for correction; in a few minutes word came, 'This is an unfortunate oversight; correct it at once.'

"That night I felt happy, for my name was on a

pay roll, and the old lady declared that I had made good. A job is a life preserver; I was a new man.

"A carload of wagons arrived, and the foreman placed me in charge of a gang of men to unload and set them up. They gave me one job after another, each time placing a few more men under my direction; my wages were increased; and by the time the buildings were completed I was well established with the men who were in charge of the Exposition. So, when the exhibits began to arrive and general confusion followed, I was placed in charge of one section to relieve the congestion; my men soon had things in good order. I was given more supervision, and finally I was made transportation manager for the whole Exposition. We are doing our very best to satisfy everybody; soon the last exhibit will be shipped."

"Then what will you do?" the colonel inquired.

"I have the position of traffic manager for the I. C. and W., which you know is one of the great railways running out of Chicago."

"Yes," said the colonel with a smile; "I happen to be one of the officers of that road; but I did not know who the new traffic manager was; I only knew that he had made good elsewhere."

Both men arose; each grasped the other's right hand for a moment of eloquent silence; then Johnson said:—

"Colonel Black, I owe everything to your gospel of another chance."—*Rev. Frank Hampton Fox, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Being King

"SAY!" Nelson dug his clenched fists deep into his pockets and shrugged his shoulders. "Everything I do seems to be wrong lately. I don't chop the kindling thin enough, I make too many tracks on the carpets, my grades are too low, and my shoes are never shined. Father and mother jump me every minute I'm home. I'm sick of it—sick of it all."

The little group of pals around Nelson exchanged glances. They were surprised, for Nelson had never talked in this fashion before.

"Don't talk foolish, Nelson," admonished Bruce Duncan, Nelson's next-door neighbor. "You know your mother thinks you are just right. And you shouldn't talk that way. She gives you a piece of pie or cake every day after dinner, and you get ten cents to my one for candy. Then, too, —"

A voice from the direction of Nelson's home interrupted the youthful peacemaker.

"Nel-son, Nel-son!"

"Hear that!" ejaculated Nelson angrily. "She wants me to wash the dishes, I guess."

His pals laughed as he doubled up and with his hands to his mouth yelled with all the strength his lungs could endure:—

"Y-e-s, Y-e-s!"

He didn't shout again, for his face turned pale and he fell at their feet unconscious. He had yelled a little too loud, and produced an internal head injury.

When Nelson opened his eyes to the world again, he saw his mother's tender face and anxious eyes bending over him. His father's eyes were red too, and Nelson wondered why. Gradually it all came back to him. Yes; he was sorry. He had been mistaken. He would tell them. Nelson opened his mouth—but he couldn't utter a sound. His speech had gone; his last words were in anger.

Senator Nelson Nickerson arose from his office chair and faced his youthful secretary, whose damp eyes and twitching lips betrayed the fact that he was moved and mentally upset. The Senator placed his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"That's my story, Weller, and I have retold it once again for your sake. I was without my speech for two years. A hot temper has never been one of my faults since that time. Now, I presume you expect to be dismissed for your disrespectfulness to me a few minutes ago. You lost your temper because you thought I was totally in the wrong. Being king over this wonderful mind of ours is a big job. The hand which rules it must be strong, careful, and steady. One slight mistake may cause a lifetime injury. Think over my story, Weller, and I'll forget this little squabble."

The young secretary clasped the Senator's extended hand meaningly.

"I've thought it over already, sir; I'm king now. Hasty Temper will shine my shoes for the rest of his days."

LOUIS GLANVILLE STEVENS.

Constructing a Side Car for a Bicycle or Motor Cycle

THE accompanying illustration shows the construction of a simple side car for a bicycle, which may be enlarged for motor cycle use. The frame of the side car should be strong, light, and well made. Basswood will be found very durable for a light side car for a bicycle. The joints at the corners are lapped, with a small bolt run through them to hold the parts tightly together as at A. The frame is rectangular, 30 inches long and 16 inches wide, made of pieces 1 3/4 inches wide and 7/8 inch thick.

The sides of the body are built up of 1/2-inch boards fastened vertically to the frame, and a side rail placed 15 inches above the frame, which is used for supporting the seat and also as a means of attachment for band-iron braces to the bicycle. Screws should be used throughout for fastening the boards to the frame and rails. First fasten them to the side rails, then draw the curved line at the top and cut both sides out at the same time after clamping them together. Before fastening them permanently to the frame, lay a floor of 3/4-inch boards. A single board 16 inches long placed on the side rails makes the seat. The back is put on in the same way as the sides.

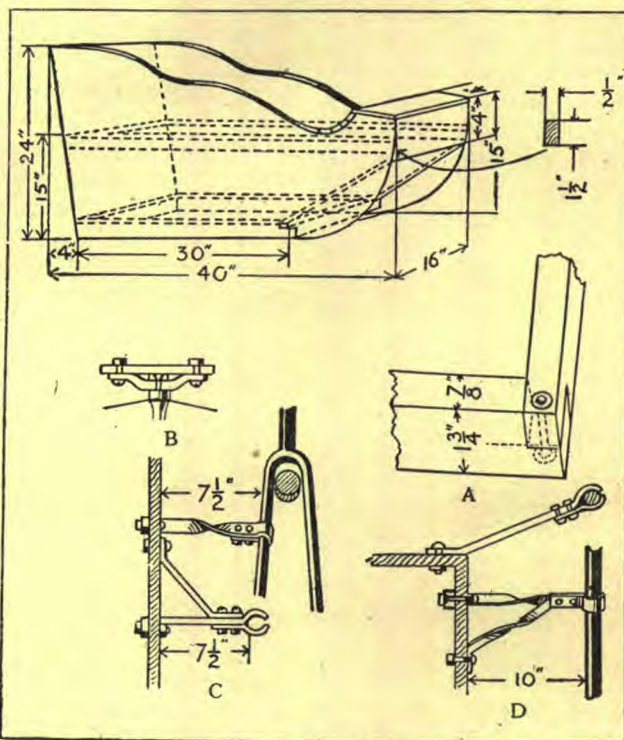
The side wheel, which is an ordinary front bicycle wheel, is attached to the body of the side car with braces of band iron 1 1/8 inches wide and 3-16 inch thick, the forward one being fastened over the side rail and the other to the upper rear part of the body.

The inside end of the hub axle is supported by a piece of the same band iron shaped as shown at B, and bolted over the side boards to the frame back of it.

The same sized band iron is used for attaching the side car to the bicycle, one piece connecting the body to the bicycle frame between the large sprocket and the small one, and the other between the side rail of the body, through the boards to the tube connecting the seat and the rear-wheel hub. This is shown in C and D. The bars of the last attachment must be twisted slightly, as the drawing shows, to allow for the slant of the bicycle tube. — *Popular Science Monthly.*



THE SIDE CAR AS IT IS ATTACHED TO A BICYCLE



DETAILS OF THE FRAME OF A SIDE CAR AND ITS CONNECTIONS TO A BICYCLE OR MOTOR CYCLE

Hospitality

"THERE is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

The following incident was related to me recently. It occurred several years ago, when my brother was but eighteen years old, very inexperienced and very homesick. He was canvassing in a rich farming district in one of the Central States, and was having difficulty in finding a place to spend the night. I give his own words:—

"I had had a very hard day, and as night drew on I tramped for many weary miles hunting a place to stay. As door after door refused me admittance, and dogs barked at me, and human beings looked distrustful, I was feeling lonely and discouraged.

"Between nine and ten o'clock I timidly approached a small, homey-looking cottage nestled among the trees at some distance from the road. In answer to my knock a motherly woman came to the door; animation, energy, and hospitality written in every line of her face. The sight of her put courage in my heart, and I asked if I might stay all night. All the cold looks and curt denials met with earlier in the evening were as nothing when she said, 'Indeed, you may, my boy. Come right in.'

"She had me hang my hat in the hall, and brush my clothes, while she hurried away, and brought me a glass of water. Then she prepared supper, giving every attention to my comfort.

"After supper I remarked my appreciation of her kindness, which was so different from the rebuffs I had received; and I asked her why she had given me, a total stranger, such a hearty welcome. This is in substance her reply to my question:—

"When she was a little girl her parents lived in an Eastern State. It was in the days when the East was rushing west in the mad search for gold. Her father had enough and to spare, but he decided to go with a party just then leaving his vicinity for the Far West. Leaving his

family well provided for, and bidding them an affectionate farewell, he set out.

"Months passed, perhaps a year or two, and not finding the prospects for accumulating wealth so good as he had anticipated, and hungry, too, for the sight of his loved ones, he longed for the cozy little home. As no company of travelers was starting east just then, he decided to attempt the journey alone.

"It was a perilous undertaking, starting at the time of year that he did, the winter to be reckoned with, and provisions uncertain. But he braved the wilderness full of wild beasts, and wilder, crueler savages; endured storms, exposure, hunger, and cold, in an attempt to reach his family. By the time he came to the border of Eastern civilization his clothes were ragged, his hair and beard unkempt, and altogether his appearance was not prepossessing.

"Day after day, night after night, he had the utmost difficulty in getting anything to eat or anywhere to sleep. He staggered on toward home, reaching there in the spring, sick and emaciated. There was joy in that household when the father was again with them. Tender attentions were showered upon him. Every comfort was his. He rallied for a while, but finally succumbed to the illness brought on by exposure and partial starvation.

"Before he died he called his children to his bedside, and exacted from all of them the promise, that as long as they lived they would never turn from their door any one who might ask for their hospitality and kindness. Furthermore, there were to be no charges.

"'And,' the good lady concluded, 'I have never lost anything, never been disappointed in any one whom it has been my privilege to serve. I have found it a real pleasure to minister to the needs of the unfortunate, the wayfarer, and the destitute.'

"In the morning she gave me the attentions a mother would give her son, and as I left she wished me God-speed."

Isaiah records a wonderful promise to the hospitable soul: "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. . . . And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday: and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drouth, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

ROSSLYN GALLION.

—•••—
 "AN apple a day
 Keeps the doctor away.
 A pear, without question,
 Helps the digestion.
 Much better than meat,
 Are grapes, good and sweet.
 Oranges, without doubt,
 Prevent rheuma and gout.
 Lemons, though sour,
 Gain favor each hour.
 Grapefruit, above all,
 Is a breakfast's best call.
 The people out here,
 Prefer fruit to beer.
 That's why they consume
 So much fruit, we presume."



Strength and Happiness for the Godly

(Texts for January 28 to February 3)

Sunday: Ps. 18:32

THE text for today promises strength and peace; but we must first be willing to receive these gifts. Then through quiet communion with God and his Word, he will teach us how to let him supply them. If we have his strength, we cannot fail, for he is almighty; if we have his peace, nothing can disturb our hearts, for it is a peace that no trouble on earth can take away.

Monday: Ps. 27:14

How important it is that we learn to wait on the Lord. Today when circumstances crush, and it seems impossible to hold out any longer, we are to wait on the Lord. We are not to move till he points the way. So long as he says wait, he will supply the waiting power. We may be conscious of our own weakness, and yet stand firm; for faith knows that God recruits the fainting, trusting warrior with fresh and superior strength.

It is very hard to stand still and wait when it seems that the very ground upon which our feet rest is being swept out from under us; but as surely as Saul failed because he grew weary of waiting for Samuel, so surely the Christian who wearies of waiting on the Lord will fail in his Christian life. To wait on the Lord one must constantly be near enough to the Master to hear the still, small voice; and the heart must be kept in touch with him continuously.

Tuesday: Ps. 29:11

Let us take time to read the entire chapter this morning, for it gives an exceptional background for our verse, and makes it stand out in remarkably strong and emphatic outlines. The chapter is a magnificent description of a thunderstorm. As the reader glides through its verses, he can almost hear the storm rolling down the whole length of Palestine. (The picture in the Revised Version is particularly good.)

It is a violent storm; flames of fire gush out of the black clouds; the trees shiver; and even the mountains that guard the northern border, Lebanon and Sirion (the Sidonian name for Mt. Hermon), seem to quake in the storm. And then when the storm has spent itself, we look upon the disheveled trees of the forest.

But the psalmist does not stop there. The picture is not complete. The storm has rolled away, but God, who sent it, remains, and it is to him the singer points. In fact, he has described the storm only to help us to realize the wonderful strength that may be ours. The strength that spoke in the thunder will fortify our hearts and keep our peace secure. And just as the thunderstorm ministers to the beauty and fruitfulness of the earth, so when the last mutterings of a calamity are hushed (if all through the experience we have heard the same voice that the psalmist heard during the storm), our hearts shall know a deeper peace. our lips a brighter smile.

Wednesday: Ps. 55:22

What comfort this promise yields! And the trying time at which David probably wrote it makes it doubly precious. Absalom, his son, had proved traitor; Ahithophel, his old and trusted friend, "was among the conspirators,"—he had joined Absalom, who was seeking the life of his father, his king, his friend. Where could David find shelter from his traitor son and his false friend? It was a bitter trial, and must have stricken him almost dumb with grief.

At first David chafes under the baseness that would forget all former companionship, and we hear the voice of wounded love. His kindly feelings are turned to gall by such dastardly treachery. But soon he returns to gentler terms, for he remembers his never-failing Friend, and is lifted above the sea of trouble that seems about to engulf him.

It was the *one* sorrow of Absalom's treason that was crushing him at this time; but he had tested the Lord and found his grace sufficient even for this unspeakable sorrow. The sweet peace and quiet rest of those who cast all their burdens on the Lord fills his weary heart and finally overflows in his great confession of God's sustaining power. And today that same confession and command is pleading with you to cast upon the Lord the burden that just now is threatening to crush your heart, for *he will sustain you*.

Thursday to Sabbath: Psalm 1

This is a beautiful psalm. It is a two-picture story of the righteous and the wicked. First the chapter begins by telling what the man whom the Lord calls blessed does not do; and this seems a natural course to take. Usually it is what a Christian *does not do* that the world first notices. The psalmist mentions three kinds of sins; each is a little deeper stain, each a step farther on. All these the righteous man avoids, for there is safety only in nonconformity. If the hem of the dress or the tip of the hair is caught in powerful machinery, the whole body will be drawn in and mangled; and just so the smallest conformity to sin may lead to the greatest disasters.

The second verse shows that the man whom God calls blessed is more than negative. He is decidedly positive; and it is only because of his positive qualities that he can stand out against the world. The negative qualities are the fence around the vineyard; the positive are the vineyard itself. Negative virtues are of little value unless there is a strong positive life behind them. And the secret of a strong positive life is a desire for right-doing—a delight in right-doing. Life follows the current of our desires.

The life of the true Christian is beautiful, for through the heart that truly loves God's will his power will flow freely and make the once barren life blossom as the rose. Whatsoever the true Christian does prospers, for he endeavors to do all to the glory of God, and to glorify God is a superior kind of prosperity. The true Christian is also like a beautiful, fruitful tree. Standing firm and secure while the winds of opinion howl, he becomes a shelter to others. He has been transplanted from the pool of selfish ambition and become deeply rooted by the stream of living waters, and now the excellent things spoken of in Phil. 4:8 hang in ripening clusters on his life for others to harvest.

Then in a few rapid strokes of the pen, the psalmist delineates the life of the wicked. The righteous he compares to a graceful tree, but the wicked are *chaff*.

That one word "chaff" is all the description that is necessary. It draws in all the details needed to complete the picture. Such a life is empty, useless, harmful, and will utterly disappear in the winnowing wind of the judgment.

MEDITATION.—While my troubles now seem very small compared to those of David, they are real ones just the same, whether it be the unfriendliness of my relatives, the contempt of the world-loving, or my heart's own clamor for self-indulgence. I want to know how to let the life-giving current from God's life flow into my life. I want the peace that comes from full surrender and complete confidence in God. I want to be a positive character, and a shelter to others amid the storms of life.

PRAYER.—O Lord, look upon me in my weakness and helplessness and gird me with strength. Hold me by thy right hand, that no waves of trouble, discouragement, or temptation shall overwhelm me. Make me as a tree planted by the river of thy living waters, that I may be a shelter and a shade to any of thy weary, discouraged children. Help me to bear fruit for thee. Amen.

M. E.

Psalm of Adoration

(Texts for February 4-10)

THE beautiful exclamation at the beginning and at the end of the eighth psalm incloses it "as a jewel in a setting;" and it is a jewel—a veritable treasure house. The whole psalm seems to be an outburst of strong feeling, as if long, silent thinking about God and his dealing with man finally overflowed in speech. It must have been the nightly sky into which the psalmist gazed, for somehow it is more overwhelming than the blue canopy of day. Truly, as one has said, "light conceals and darkness unveils the solemn glories." After you have read some of the psalmist's thoughts after him, will you not go out and try to read God's message to you in the starry heavens?

But while the psalmist mentions the heavens, they are not his theme; he speaks of man and his noble trust, but these are not his theme. The uppermost thought in his mind seems to have been the name of the Lord and the Lord's miraculous dealings with man. The world is only a speck in God's great universe, and man only an atom on it; the brief life of man is but a hairbreadth compared with those of the "shining ancients" of the starry heavens. And still—wonder of wonders!—out of such frail material as the speech of his children he builds a tower of strength. From the weakest material he builds his strongest fortress. Yes, God makes the life of a true Christian the clearest and mightiest revelation of his love and power—mightier than the arguments of the eternal heavens. No other power can still the restless enemy of truth as quickly as can the daily life of the true Christian.

How very great God is to be able to use man—poor, insignificant man—as the best medium for interpreting his love and power! What condescending love to make man the ruler of the earth! This psalm is a masterpiece. Nothing mars its beauty. The artist pictures the divine plan for man; he does not darken the ideal man with the shadow of the fall; and doubtless this is why many consider this eighth psalm a prophecy of Christ. This it may be, but it is also a picture of God's plan for man.

Again the writer of this beautiful psalm seems to be lost in contemplation; and as he glides out on thoughts too deep for words, he exclaims, as he did at the beginning, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

PRAYER.—O Lord, my God, my King, help me to adore thee. Help me to exalt thee on the throne of my heart. Help me to meditate on thy greatness and thy love. Help me not to descend to low things. Banish from me the spirit of criticism. Help me to repress every unkind thought toward thy children, whom thou dost love with an everlasting love. Amen.

M. E.

**MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER
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**Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for
Weeks Ending February 3 and 10**

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for February.

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- January 28: Exodus 32, 33. Idolatry; punishment.
- January 29: Exodus 34 to 36. Commandments rewritten; willing service.
- January 30: Exodus 37, 38. Furniture of the tabernacle.
- January 31: Exodus 39, 40. The tabernacle finished and dedicated.
- February 1: Leviticus 1 to 4. Offerings.
- February 2: Leviticus 5 to 7. Trespass offerings.
- February 3: Leviticus 8 to 10. Consecration; desecration.
- February 4: Leviticus 11, 12. Clean and unclean.
- February 5: Leviticus 13, 14. Leprosy.
- February 6: Leviticus 15, 16. Ceremonial purification; day of atonement.
- February 7: Leviticus 17 to 19. Instruction; warnings; laws.
- February 8: Leviticus 20 to 22. Various laws.
- February 9: Leviticus 23 to 25. The Sabbath; blasphemy; year of jubilee.
- February 10: Leviticus 26, 27. Warnings and promises.

For notes on this assignment, see the *Reviews* for January 25 and February 1.

Junior Assignment

- January 28: Genesis 46: 1-7, 28-34. Jacob goes to Egypt.
- January 29: Genesis 47. The land of Goshen.
- January 30: Genesis 48, 49. The death of Jacob.
- January 31: Genesis 50. The burial of Jacob; death of Joseph.
- February 1: Exodus 1, 2. Early life of Moses.
- February 2: Exodus 3; 4: 1-17, 27-31. Moses called to deliver Israel.
- February 3: Exodus 5. Dark days for Israel.
- February 4: Exodus 7. The plagues begin.
- February 5: Exodus 8. Frogs; lice; flies.
- February 6: Exodus 9. Murrain; boils; hail.
- February 7: Exodus 10, 11. Locusts and darkness.
- February 8: Exodus 12. The first Passover.
- February 9: Exodus 13: 17-22; 14. The path through the sea.
- February 10: Exodus 15. A song of triumph.

Exodus

Exodus means going out. It tells the story of the departure of Israel from Egypt, their journey to Sinai, and their sojourn there. The book can be summed up in these words in the nineteenth chapter:—

“Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine: and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.”

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The great thing in this book is, of course, the giving of the ten commandments on Mt. Sinai. Indeed, as some one has truly said, this is the greatest event between creation and Calvary.

A Man Who was Called to a Great Work

There is a statue of one of America's great men in Washington City, which has carved on the four sides of the pedestal, “Patriot,” “Philanthropist,” “Philosopher,” and “Printer.” I suppose many know from these words who he was. The hero of the book of Exodus was a greater man than Benjamin Franklin, or any other American. There are many who believe that Moses “became the greatest man among mere men in the whole history of the world.” He was a great national hero, leader, author, lawgiver, and prophet. He was called to one of the greatest tasks ever given to mortal man, and he was given responsibilities and privileges which no other man has ever had. It was his acceptance of the call, and his dependence upon God, that made him great.

The story of Moses is wonderful all the way through. He was condemned to be killed before he was born, but was saved by the faith and wise planning of his mother. He was rocked in a cradle boat in the great river Nile, reared until he was twelve by his own mother as a paid nurse, and adopted by the daughter of a king. While his people were having a hard time, he was having a good time, and receiving the best education which the greatest nation in the world could give.

When he came to be a man, however, like every young man he made choices which determined his future. He “refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to share ill treatment with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.” Heb. 11: 24-26. He had heard the call of God and accepted it.

He made a great mistake, though, in the method he took to do God's work, and he found himself a lonely wanderer in a desert land. Before he was really ready for his life work, he had to take a course in another school. How long was this course? In that lonely wild his gallantry brought him into the good graces of a good man, who furnished him a home and gave him his daughter for a wife.

Then came his remarkable call at the burning bush, the wonders in Egypt, the wonderful crossing of the Red Sea at the head of a nation of two million people who had decided to move, the wonderful supplying of water in a desert, and, perhaps the greatest wonder of human history except the birth of Jesus, the giving of the law on Sinai.

Then Moses became the builder of a building of which God was the architect. And through him was given the greatest system of laws the world has ever known. He also became a great judge. He was the meekest man that ever lived, and he loved his people so much that he asked the Lord to blot his name out of the book of life if their sin could not be forgiven.

Then came the many years (how many?) of patient and trying leadership in the wilderness, to go to a land which could have been reached in eleven days, except for rebellion and unbelief.

Wonderful as was his life, his death was no less so. Buried by the angels, his grave is unknown. But it does not matter; he does not occupy it. As Moses walks the streets of the New Jerusalem and drinks of the river of life which flows out from the throne, do you suppose he is ever sorry for the choice he made?

M. E. K.



V — Paul at Thessalonica and Berea

(February 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17:1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily." Acts 17:11.

Questions

1. Through what towns did Paul pass after leaving Philippi? To what city did the missionaries then come? What did they find there? Acts 17:1. Note 1.
2. What was Paul's custom? How many Sabbaths did he speak to the Jews? Out of what did he reason with them? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. What did he teach? Verse 3. Note 3.
4. What was the result of his labors? Verse 4.
5. What led the Jews to oppose Paul? Whom did they use to carry out their plan? What did these base fellows do? Verse 5. Note 4.
6. When the mob could not find Paul and Silas, what did they do? What accusation did they make? What did they say this was contrary to? Verses 6, 7. Note 5.
7. How did the rulers and people feel when they heard these things? Verse 8.
8. How did Jason and others gain their liberty? Verse 9.
9. What did the brethren immediately do? To what place did Paul and Silas go? Verse 10.
10. What difference was found between the people of Thessalonica and Berea? What did the Bereans do every day? How may we become "noble" like them? What was their purpose in studying the Scriptures? Verse 11. Note 6.
11. What was the result of their study? Who are especially mentioned? Verse 12.
12. What did the Jews of Thessalonica do to stop the work of the missionaries? Verse 13.
13. What did the brethren then do? Who remained at Berea? Verse 14.
14. To what place did Paul go? What message did he send to Silas and Timothy? Verse 15.

Notes

1. Paul, Silas, and Timothy traveled southwest from Philippi on the great military road which led to Rome. Amphipolis was thirty-three miles distant, near the seashore. Apollonia was thirty miles farther. Thessalonica was thirty-seven miles still farther, making a journey of about one hundred miles. At one time Thessalonica was called Therma, which means Hot Springs. It was a great city, and is known today as Saloniki, and has about 100,000 inhabitants.
2. Paul afterward wrote to the church at Thessalonica that while he was with them he ate no man's bread for nothing. While preaching he worked night and day to support himself and those with him. The Philippian church sent him help twice while there. We remember that Lydia was a merchant, that the jailer was employed by the city, and no doubt these appreciated the gospel so much that they sent support to their beloved teacher who brought them to Christ. One reason Paul worked so diligently in Thessalonica was that he might be an example to the new converts there. In his letter to the church he wrote that he had learned that some would not work, and that they were tattlers, going about from house to house. He exhorted such to "eat their own bread," and if any would not do this to "note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed."
3. Paul taught by giving Bible readings more than by preaching. He pointed out the riches of the Scriptures, and set the facts of Jesus' life and death and resurrection beside the prophecies concerning him. It was like placing a person by his photograph, and showing the exact likeness. His most effective preaching was given in his own life.
4. The Jews were not well thought of in Rome, because they had raised an insurrection there. In their treatment of Paul they sought to gain favor with the government, and to reproach the Christians.
5. The Jews tried to charge Paul with treason, and setting up another kingdom of which Jesus was king. They failed to understand that the Christians did not mean an earthly kingdom.
6. Are you a Thessalonian or a Berean? There is no way so effectual to become acquainted with the Bible as to study it every day. The Sabbath school lessons give an opportunity for this which we should not neglect to improve. We should also read the Bible from the first chapter to the last, and

commit texts to memory while we are young. There are but few children who have read the Bible through. We find the best stories, the best companions, and the purest pleasure when we read the Bible.

VI — Paul at Athens

(February 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17:16-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Acts 17:25.

Questions

1. While Paul waited at Athens, what stirred his spirit? Acts 17:16. Note 1.
2. Where did he begin his labors in the city? In what other place did he preach? Verse 17.
3. What philosophers did he meet? What question did they ask? What did others say? What did he seem to be to them? Why did they think this? Verse 18. Note 2.
4. To what place did these philosophers take Paul? What request did they make of him? Verse 19. Note 3.
5. What did they say further? How did the Athenians spend their time? Verses 20, 21.
6. What did Paul first say in reply? Verse 22. Note 4.
7. What inscription had he noticed? What use did he make of it? Verse 23. Note 5.
8. Who was the God they knew not? Of what is he Lord? Where does he not dwell? Verse 24. With whom does he dwell? Isa. 57:15.
9. Why does he need nothing we can give? Acts 17:25.
10. How did Paul speak of the brotherhood of man? What has God determined? Verse 26.
11. What should this lead all to do? What is said of our Father's nearness to us? Verse 27.
12. How dependent are we upon God? What quotation did Paul give from a Grecian poet? Verse 28.
13. Why can no idol be a god? Verse 29. Note 6.
14. What did Paul say of this time of ignorance? But what are all now commanded to do? Verse 30. Note 7.
15. What is one reason why all should repent? What assurance is given to all? Verse 31.
16. As soon as Paul spoke of the resurrection, what did some do? What did others say? Do we know that they ever had another chance? Verse 32.
17. What did Paul do after giving this address? Name some who believed. Verses 33, 34.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. What connection does Ps. 115:1-8 have with this lesson?
2. What does the Bible teach about a "day of judgment"?

Notes

1. "At the time of Nero, Athens contained over three thousand public statues, besides a countless number of lesser images within the walls of private houses. Of this number the great majority were statues of gods, demigods, or heroes. In one street there stood before every house a square pillar carrying upon it a bust of the god Hermes. Every gateway and porch carried its protecting god. Every street, every square, . . . had its sanctuaries, and a Roman poet bitterly remarked that it was easier in Athens to find gods than men."—*St. Paul in Greece*, G. S. Davies.
2. The Epicurean philosophers taught that pleasure was the chief object of life, and their chief joy was to indulge the senses and appetite. The Stoics expressed a disregard for pleasure or pain, claimed that man's supreme good was attained in living virtuously, and in harmony with nature and reason. A man thus living was considered perfect.
3. On the hill of Areopagus the greatest court trials were held. It was called Mars' Hill, and was the highest court in Athens, and was regarded with great reverence. A temple of the god stood on the hill. Paul was not brought here for trial, but, it seems, to satisfy the curiosity of the people.
4. It is said that the word "superstitious" does not convey Paul's real meaning. A correct translation of the word gives his meaning to be that the Greeks of Athens were more religious, more zealous in worship, than the Greeks of other cities.
5. Paul showed great wisdom in his address to the Athenians. Socrates had been put to death for setting forth strange gods, but Paul brought to their attention One whom they professed to worship, and of whom as yet they were ignorant.
6. Children take the form and features of their parents. So Paul argued that if we are the children of God it is plainly to be seen he is not made of gold, silver, or marble, which men had given different shapes unlike human beings. We have life and other faculties no heathen god possesses.
7. God does not wink at ignorance only in the sense that he overlooks it. He is so merciful that he bears with the sins of men while seeking to bring them the light which would turn them from their sins.

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Life's Rainbow

THERE'S a rainbow in your sky that the storm clouds cannot hide;

It is shining always, never fear. Then why waste time to chide

And murmur at God's providence because you cannot see
The bow of promise in the clouds, or grasp its mystery?

The sun could never tint the clouds unless the falling rain
Had furnished sparkling diamond drops to glint the gold again.

And only when the falling tears have washed away the dust
Of selfish cares and pleasure's lure that know not faith nor trust,

Then sunshine gleams of love will change your lowering clouds
Of gray,

And promised bow of blessings fair, drive gloomy fear away.

RUTH LEES OLSON.

Divers Faults

A GENTLEMAN'S timepieces were once out of order. When they were examined, it was found that in one of them the mainspring was injured; the glass which protected the dial plate of another was broken; while the machinery of the third had got damp and rusty, although the parts were all there. So the lack of holiness, in some cases, arises from the want of heart to love God; another man has not the glass of watchfulness in his conduct; another has got rusty with backsliding from God, and the sense of guilt so clogs the wheels of his machinery that they must be well brushed with rebuke and correction, and oiled afresh with the divine influence, before they will ever go well again.—*Selected.*

The Lilies — Matt. 6: 28, 29

WHAT gives the peculiar point to this object lesson from the lips of Jesus is that he not only made the illustration, but made the lilies. It is like an inventor describing his own machine. He made the lilies, and he made us, both on the same broad principle. Both together, man and flower, he planted deep in the providence of God; but as men are dull at studying themselves, he points to this companion phenomenon to teach us how to live a free and natural life, a life which God will unfold for us, without our anxiety, as he unfolds the flower. For Christ's words are not a general appeal to consider nature. Men are not to consider the lilies simply to admire their beauty, to dream over the delicate strength and grace of stem and leaf. The point they were to consider was *how they grew*—how without anxiety or care the flower woke into loveliness, how without weaving these leaves were woven, how without toiling these complex tissues spun themselves, and how without any effort or fric-

tion the whole slowly came ready-made from the loom of God in its more than Solomon-like glory.—*Henry Drummond.*

Fooling God

CARL SHURTZ, in his biography, tells how the plundering Cossacks, when coming into Germany, upon Napoleon's defeat, would cover the eyes of the crucifix on the wall when planning any special mischief. "so that the good Lord might not see the sin they were about to commit."

How strange that men could be so foolish! And how base must have been their conception of God to think that he may be deceived by such crude means! And yet in our own times the world is full of men who think that they can fool God. They are gilding sin and calling it goodness; they are winking at evils which they might prevent, and excusing themselves by saying that others are doing likewise. And because the sentence against their evil work is not executed speedily by God, they go on with their base course, becoming more bold in sin. EDMUND JAEGER.

Making Better Landladies

A LANDLADIES' CLUB has been formed in Philadelphia. Attendance is compulsory. The object of the club is less the profit of the landladies than the benefit of the boarders. The constitution and by-laws are in spirit something like this:—

1. Landladies must not sweep the dust under the beds, but must take it up accurately in a dustpan.

2. Landladies must not serve hash. The Sunday roast may be reincarnated in a Monday Mulligan. Tuesday Spanish, Wednesday ragout, Thursday meat pie, Friday mock fish balls, and Saturday dumplings. But no hash.

3. The lady boarder should be allowed to wash her lingerie with frankness and honor, instead of choking the wash basin with its lint in the darkness of the night and drying it on the radiator, whence it arises in the morning in a damp and gilded state.

4. The lady boarder and her young man need not occupy the doorway nor the corner lamp-post, but may sit in state in the best parlor.

This revolutionary step was not voluntary on the part of the landladies, according to the *Boston Transcript* but was induced by social servitors with an eye to loftier morals in poorly paid girls, through better pie in the boarding house. Says the *Transcript*:—

"Philadelphia, the 'city of homes,' has more boarding and lodging houses in proportion to its population than New York, where, in the opinion of Philadelphia, nobody has a home."

Therefore the Bureau of Boarding Houses for Girls and other organizations decided to look into home conditions for girls on small salaries. Far from trying to abolish the old-fashioned boarding house, they prefer it to the "lodgings only," which they find altogether undesirable when accommodations are cheap enough for girls on small salaries. But they insist that the proprietors of old-fashioned boarding houses join the Landladies' Club, to meet once a month under the auspices of the bureau. If a landlady refuses, she is placed on the black list. If she consents, she agrees to an inspection of her place with a view to cleanliness, adequate bathing facilities, good food, and a parlor where girls can entertain their men friends. She is, in return, given a course in dietetics, so that she may have the benefit of the most modern ideas on how to get around the high cost of living.—*Every Week.*