

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 26

This Time

This is a thrilling time:
Far-reaching questions, mighty in portent,
Concern the mind of statesman and of sage;
The issues of the ages by consent
Focus their climax on this last-day page.

This is an awful time:
Of blood and war and strife and secret shame;
The truth of God is turned into a lie;
In wrathful tones men despite do his name;
As rebels bold his government defy.

This is a needy time:
Brave men are needed, loyal for the right,
To stand for God and truth 'gainst sin and wrong,
With courage bold to battle with their might,
Till conflict fierce shall end in victor's song.

This is a weary time:
Sad hearts are loaded down with pain and care,
The toils of earth in never-ceasing round
Banish fond hope, the joys of life outwear;
In this old world but little rest is found.

This is a solemn time:
For now the Judge of earth and sea and sky,
Upon his heavenly throne in lofty state,
Holds solemn court, the sons of men to try;
On its decisions hangs their every fate.

This is a cheering time:
The signs of God point to the glorious day
When he shall come whose right it is to reign;
Bright hope lights up the rugged, darkened way,
That leads to morn from night, to joy from pain.

—Francis M. Wilcox.

FROM HERE AND THERE

There are 263,315 women stenographers and typewriters, according to recently compiled statistics, employed in this country.

More than a thousand women are employed in cleaning the streets of Vienna, Austria. They receive the same rates of pay that the men have been accustomed to—from fifty-five to sixty cents a day. It is said that the streets were never kept in better condition.

In China a newspaper is sold three times in succession. After the first readers of the papers are through with them, collectors gather them up and redistribute them among the lower classes. Later, the papers are again collected and sent to the villages and country sections where they are sold at a much reduced rate.

The best spellers in the whole country are to be found in the Forest Park School, Springfield, Massachusetts, according to an investigation conducted by the Russell Sage Foundation. The second rank is accorded the schools of Butte, Montana, with Salt Lake City third, Cleveland fourth, and Springfield, Illinois, fifth.

Japanese dentists in some parts of the interior of the country are primitive and peculiar in their methods. They refuse to use anything except their fingers in pulling teeth. When a young man wishes to become a dentist, he first acquires strength by pulling out, with the finger and thumb of his right hand, a number of wooden pegs which have been inserted in the holes of a plank. Then a tougher log with tougher pegs is tried, and he is kept at this for a year. After this, he operates on a slab of marble, which contains pegs of the hardest wood deeply driven in. He is then considered qualified to enter his profession.

The expression, "It runs off like water on a duck's back," is a very, very old one. One reason why the water always does run off, and never "soaks in" to a duck's back, is because the feathers on his body are so extremely thick that it would take some time for the water to soak in; but the chief reason is that the feathers are covered with oil, and that is why the water runs off. The duck's oil gland is constantly at work manufacturing this oil, or grease, and the feathers are kept lightly coated with it continually, so the water can only roll away, for water and oil cannot mix. Nearly all birds which live in the water mostly, have this same power of making oil, and for the same reason.

China needs trees. Because of the lack of them she has floods and famines and cholera and other plagues. She doesn't even appreciate the value of a tree. Every year at the beginning of the fourth month comes the Ching-ming Festival, when the Chinese goes back home to worship at the tombs of his ancestors. He has been in the habit of breaking off branches of the few precious trees which remain, to use as decorations. Joseph Bailie, the missionary agriculturist of Nanking University, seized on the idea of converting the Ching-ming Festival into a National Arbor Day for the planting rather than the destruction of trees. The proposition was passed on up to the president of the republic, and so ordered.—*World Outlook*.

Why the Difference?

In a very successful gas-lighting plant in the Middle West a lathe worker started to work in 1912. At the same job for several years he took no further pains than to be known as an accurate and steady workman. His spare time was spent at billiard-rooms, baseball games, dances, or in playing cards.

Another young man who started in the foundry at the same time studied the organization of the business, and decided at length that all brass castings, which were bought mostly from other manufacturers, could be made at home. He made himself familiar with brass work through a correspondence course, and spent several weeks, during a slack time, in brass foundries, getting practical ideas. After he had his subject thoroughly in hand, he made it his business to lay his plans before the directors, who were contemplating building a larger foundry. He talked foundry costs and charges with them.

When the new foundry was built, this workman was made foreman in charge of casting work. His companion, who had wasted his spare moments, was bemoaning at the same time the coming installation of new automatic machines of a type of which he knew nothing, and was fearful lest he might lose his job.

In this case—as in most others—the fault lies with the man, not that age is against him. Old age need have no commercial terrors for the man who has had the sense to prepare.—*The American Magazine*.

Zulu Traits

It is said that the Zulu people make up one of the finest tribes in South Africa. The Zulu has a sturdy frame, a strong chest, wonderful digestion, magnificent teeth, and fine muscles. He can stand hunger, fatigue, and exposure. While he is slow to adopt modern methods of tillage, irrigation, and fertilization, he is beginning to recognize their advantages.

The Zulu hospitality, sense of humor, good temper, love of children, and trustworthiness are all good traits in his character. In general he is law-abiding and not purposely cruel. He has a strong musical sense and a remarkable knowledge of time and rhythm.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Japan is trying to introduce silk-raising into Korea. More than a million cocoons have been purchased in China and a number of experts in silk culture sent to Korea.

It costs almost three times as much now to feed a soldier as it did during the Spanish-American War of 1898.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 26

How Religious Liberty Came to Peru

W. W. PRESCOTT

The Bishop and His "Cavalcade"

ON the third day of March, 1913, Bishop Ampuero, the Roman Catholic bishop of Puno, Peru, led a company along the road or trail connecting Puno with La Paz, Bolivia. For about twenty miles or more out from Puno this road follows the shore of the famous Lake Titicaca to the department of Plateria, where is located the headquarters of our Lake Titicaca Mission to the Aymara Indians.

What kind of company was the bishop leading? And what was the purpose of his visit to our mission station? It might be expected that a high church official would certainly be on a peaceful errand, and that he would be accompanied by well-disposed persons. Perhaps he was planning to pay a congratulatory visit to the superintendent of this mission, Brother F. A. Stahl, and to offer to coöperate with him in the good work which he is carrying on. Not so, however. The bishop was on an entirely different errand. A Puno paper reports him as "accompanied by a band

of poor devils from the town of Chucuito, in an infernal cavalcade, like a new Attila," swooping down upon the Indians of Plateria. The homes of the Indians were forcibly entered. They looted the house of Brother Stahl. They bound eight of the Indians who had professed the Protestant religion, lodged them in the jail at Chucuito, and later they were brought to the public prison in Puno. After being held some days as common criminals, they were released through the efforts of Brother Stahl, the superintendent of our Plateria mission.

The explanation of this remarkable occurrence can be made in a few paragraphs. The constitution of Peru at that time contained this article: "The nation professes the Catholic religion, apostolic and Roman, and the state protects it, and does not permit the public exercise of any other." The Roman Catholic bishop was taking matters into his own hands, and seeking to enforce this article of the constitution.

The provision making Roman Catholicism the exclusive religion of Peru had become a dead letter, to a large extent, as with the growth of more liberal ideas public sentiment would not sustain an enforcement of this restrictive article.

By working upon the superstition of the lower class of Peruvians, and of the Indians who still profess the Roman Catholic faith, the Bishop of Puno was able to lead a mob, ready to commit any lawless deeds in the supposed interest of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Real Nature of the Mission Work at Plateria

What was the real nature of the work which aroused this attack upon the mission at Plateria? In its issue of March 10, 1913, *La Union*, a paper published in Puno, contained an editorial in which the work of the mission is thus described:

"It is well known that through the benevolence of a Yankee there has been established a center of evangelistic propaganda in the department of Plateria, six miles from this capital, with such marked results that in three years of beneficent labor the Indians have been transformed into useful citizens, exempt from the vices which are such a strong characteristic of this race.

"The Indian who has been evangelized does not drink alcohol; does not chew coca. He is clean, is moral; he knows how to read; he has habits of order and industry; he is also sociable and charitable. There has been erected among these Indians a commodious lodging place for travelers."

In his effort to break up the mission work at Plateria, the bishop of Puno overreached him-

self, and his expedition of March 3, 1913, was the first step toward such a change in the constitution of Peru as brought religious liberty to that republic. The story of this movement is an interesting one.

A Report from the "New York Christian Advocate"

Soon after the release of the Indians from the prison at Puno, our Brother Comacho, through whose agency the mission work at Plateria was started, was sent to Lima, the capital of the republic, by his Indian brethren, to give the government information concerning the persecution to which he and his associates had been subjected. His plea received attention. Public sentiment had been so far aroused by the outrageous conduct of the Roman Catholic bishop and his band of looters, that the way was prepared for decided action. The following report of the matter is taken from the *New York Christian Advocate* (Methodist):

"A man of ordinary intelligence should have recognized that public opinion, even in Peru, would not forgive him, though thrice a bishop, for binding men and women with a common rope, and personally forcing them to walk over miserable roads to jail for the crime (?) of being helped in times of sickness by a Protestant physician! The hue and cry which compelled their release was local. But when the papers in the case reached the civil authorities in Lima, public indignation burned to white heat. Senator



GROUP OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS. MR. STAHL AT THE RIGHT

Bezada, from the district of Puno, immediately introduced a bill in the upper house calling for the suppression of the much-debated last clause of Article IV, and the battle was on.

"Our Peruvian pastor in Lima, the Rev. Ruperto Algorta, and John Ritchie, of the Evangelical Union, both saw the brief mention which the *Commercial*, the chief Peru daily paper, made of this bill, and they at once sought Senator Bezada. To their amazement, they found that he appeared to have no interest in the success of this bill, being a Catholic, and having been pushed into presenting the bill by his Puno constituents, who were up in arms over the two cases mentioned and other equally exasperating experiences at the hands of their intolerant bishop. When these Protestants offered to help him, he was frightened, and begged them not to say a word—'not one word.'

"But they had learned the name of the chairman of the committee to which the bill had gone in regular course of congressional business, Senator Mariano Cornejo, one of the most eminent members of the Peruvian bar, and a sociologist of international repute. Within a few minutes after quitting the timorous, trimming author of the bill, they were being heartily welcomed by Senator Cornejo, and assured that he had every confidence that the bill could be put through.

"His plan was to avoid debate and get action before opposition could do its worst. Within a day or so, he had secured the signatures of all the members of his committee, as he passed the report to each member in the senate chamber. The signed report was then placed upon the speaker's table for consideration before the opposition knew that it had been reported. By prompt action and good parliamentary tactics, Senator Cornejo not only secured an early order of the day for his report, but what is called 'preferential consideration.' Though he is one of the most eloquent members of the senate, he piloted the bill through to the voting stage with the least possible debate.

"The bill passed with but three dissentient votes, two of these having been cast by the only two priests present and voting!

"So sudden and so complete a victory astonished the nation. Catholic leaders bestirred themselves to secure the defeat of the measure in the lower house,—the chamber of deputies,—and Liberals united with the missionary forces of the country to carry the fight to victory.

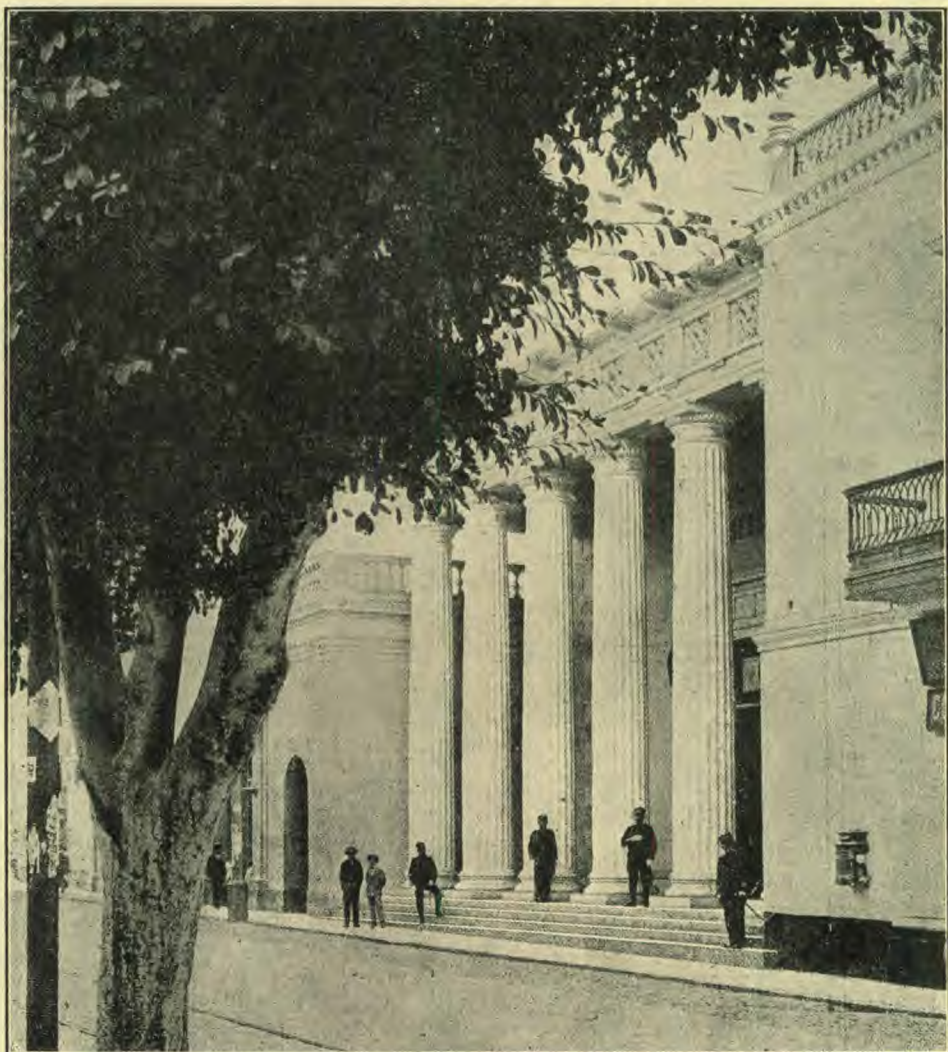
"During the two weeks which elapsed before securing the vote in the chamber of deputies, the *Inca*

Press (evangelical) was not long idle, and mails were heavy with blank petitions going out and signed petitions coming to deputies urging that Peru fall into line with the modern world in granting freedom of worship to all her citizens.

"The students in the universities and colleges, together with the independent papers of Lima and Callao, used all their influence in favor of the reform.

"Roman Catholic opposition took many forms. . . .

"At last it became evident that the bill would have enough votes in the lower house to insure its passage, and every device of Jesuitism was exhausted to pre-



SENATE BUILDING, ON THE PLAZA OF THE INQUISITION, LIMA, PERU

vent a quorum. The speaker of deputies was in favor of the bill, and when he saw that he had a quorum with a margin of two members, he had the measure brought up. There was no debate, and the bill passed—66 to 4. And two of the four dissentients were priests!"

When the Constitution Was Changed

In order to amend the constitution of Peru, it is necessary that the proposed change should be adopted by two successive congresses. This gave a full year for further agitation of the subject, and during that time every effort was made on the part of representatives of the Roman Catholic Church in Peru to defeat the measure granting religious liberty by striking off the last clause of the article already quoted. All this opposition, however, was in vain, and the congress of 1914 adopted the proposed amendment by a very large majority.

The public promulgation of this change was attended by a remarkable scene. This is described by

Bishop Stuntz, in the *Christian Advocate* of Jan. 6, 1916:

"When the leader of the reform movement, Señor Quimper, entered, he was greeted by the Roman Catholic women with shouts of 'Renegade!' 'Death to the child!' 'Death to Quimper!' 'Death to the heretics!' 'Death to religious liberty!' 'Traitors!' 'Down with Pilate!' 'He's bought by the Protestants!' 'Away with him!' 'Away with him!'

"A few university students had slipped into the center of the crowd of Roman Catholic women, and so occasionally one heard among the shrill voices of the women the husky shouts of these men in behalf of religious freedom. The president of the deputies had hunted up an excuse to stay at home that day, so the duty of presiding fell to the vice president of the deputies, Dr. Peña Murietta. His arrival called forth a storm of protests, and amid the noise of firecrackers he was showered with crowns of alfalfa. When the senators arrived in a body, they were greeted with 'Traitors!' 'Death to the representatives!' 'Death to the reformers!' 'Death to liberty!' and when the meeting was finally called to order, the tumult of the galleries was such that the presiding officer had to order that one of the balconies should be emptied.

"In the meantime, the priest Sancho Diaz, the leader of the Roman Catholic forces, and a half dozen others were drinking tea and beer in the barroom adjoining, in the hope of preventing a quorum, but finally hearing Dr. Peña Murietta proceed with the business of the day, they rushed in shouting, 'There is no quorum! There is no quorum!' The other congressmen laughed, and said that it would have been their fault if there were not. And so it happened that the very enemies of the bill were present and helped to swell the quorum that made possible the formal announcement of the law.

"By this time the noise in the galleries was enormous. Women prayed and yelled at the same time, firecrackers were set off, and more alfalfa crowns were hurled at Dr. Peña Murietta as he arose and with his bell in one hand (to call for order) and the official document in the other, shouted out, 'The honorable congress being in session in order to formally announce the reform of Article IV of the constitution, I shall announce it.' Like a tiger, Sr. Sancho Diaz sprang from his seat, ran to the table, seized the document, and tore it to pieces. Some of the congressmen tried to stop him, but were unable to do so. Dr. Peña Murietta, having ordered the offender to be detained, announced the adjournment of the day's session. (A few moments later the priest formally apologized for tearing up the document.) And so closed one of the most extraordinary sessions of the Peruvian congress."

This is the outline of the story of the triumph of religious liberty in Peru. While since the promulgation of this amendment to the constitution the public exercise of the Protestant religion has been legally established, it is yet true that in some parts of the republic, away from the centers of population, the same reprehensible methods have been employed by Roman Catholic priests in their efforts to interfere with freedom of worship. On one such occasion, while Brother Stahl was visiting a district at some distance from Plateria, a mob, led by two Roman Catholic priests, attacked the house where he and his helpers were staying. An effort was made to set the house on fire, but, after frightening the mob away, Brother

Stahl and his associates escaped under cover of darkness.

For nearly four centuries Peru has been under the almost absolute control of representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. Their rule has been a blight upon the country, both spiritually and industrially. With every opportunity to work for the uplift of the people, they have signally failed to bring forth such fruits as might properly be expected. And when Protestant missionaries have attempted to meet the demands of the situation, they have been persecuted, and vigorous efforts have been made to blot out their work.

The character of the work carried on at our Plateria mission is well described in another paper of Peru, in these words:

"The Protestants who are working among the Aymaras in these regions do not occupy themselves with politics, but seek to teach men how to be good and to civilize them. They are not thinking of how they can combat or become heads of the government. Their mission is more holy, more noble, and more elevated.

"One cannot help but admire the consecration and energy that these missionaries in Plateria have displayed in trying to transform the Indians, who were dirty, drunkards, hypocrites, shiftless, and savage, into beings of sound judgment, temperate and industrious. We cannot do less than to send to Mr. Stahl, the head of the mission, our most sincere congratulations, and offer to him the modest columns of our periodical to be used for the benefit of this great work which they have begun, the good results of which we have had occasion to witness personally."

The writer of this article has seen for himself the nature of the mission work done on the shores of Lake Titicaca for the benefit of the Aymara Indians. It was his privilege to meet with the mission workers and their converts in their religious services, and to speak to the Indians through interpreters. He is, therefore, able to bear personal testimony to the character of the work being carried forward by this mission. In spite of all this, however, there are enemies of this good work who are seeking to overthrow it. At the time of the writer's visit to the mission, in 1916, charges were lodged with the government authorities for the purpose of securing, if possible, an action to interfere with the further progress of the work. One of the charges was to the effect that the leaders at this mission station were defrauding the judges and attorneys of their legitimate fees, by teaching the Indians to settle their difficulties out of court. A few testimonies of this kind ought to give the mission such a reputation as would establish it firmly in the good graces of the authorities of Peru.

Those who are familiar with the whole history of this successful effort to secure religious liberty in Peru are free to give credit to the experiences in connection with this mission station for starting this movement which ended so auspiciously.

Are You Contented?

PAUL, that great evangelist who probably suffered more and accomplished more for God than any other man since Jesus Christ, has left this testimony with us: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4:11. What a simple expression of perfect resignation and childlike faith! Wherever he was, in the prison of Rome, in the

tumultuous heathen cities witnessing for his Redeemer, in the Jewish synagogue with the haughty rabbis, or at his humble trade of tent making, he was content.

Contentment is defined as a state of quietude and pleasure, of mental satisfaction. In all the troubles which confronted Paul, in his misunderstandings with the Jews, "in perils of waters, . . . in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, . . . in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," he was calm and happy. He realized continually that the Lord was leading him, and his faith grasped the hand of the great Guide so firmly that no earthly perplexities could dissuade him from perfect confidence and trust.

How clear is the lesson for us! In this free country, where we enjoy liberty of conscience, we have many privileges and blessings that were never Paul's. Few can sympathize with him in his great trials. But who of us, at all times, in whatsoever state he finds himself, is content? We are dissatisfied, always; and strive by our own ways and powers to make ourselves more happy. We forget that just where we are, there we should work for Christ, and gain from loving service the blessing of the Holy Spirit. The example of Paul encourages us to believe that God is fulfilling in each of us his divine plan for our lives. Let it inspire us to greater faith and more humble trust in his will, and God will bless us with sweet content.

RACHEL SALISBURY.

Out in the Fields with God

THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Poetry of the Bible

ONE of the oldest poems of which we have any idea as to the time of its writing, is in the Bible. It is the "thanksgiving" song of Moses and the children of Israel, when they found themselves on the other side of the Red Sea, safe from their enemies.

The idea that the Bible is a book of poems may be a new one, but this is not strange when we consider that poetry is one of the most beautiful ways of expressing thought. It has been said by some one that poetry originated in heaven, and that the climax will be reached there. It is therefore not surprising that in the Holy Book we find some of the most beautiful poetry ever written.

When we study the literature of the Hebrew people, we cannot help being impressed with their poetry. It is in the reign of King David that we find the golden age of Hebrew lyric poetry. The name "lyric" has been applied because the lyre, one of the Hebrew musical instruments, was used to accompany the verse of that name. In the book of Chronicles we learn

that David appointed four thousand singers or musicians from the tribe of Levi. Poetry rendered in song, in connection with the divine service, was one of the crowning features of that golden age. Very often these songs took the form of a national anthem, voicing the praises of God, and at the same time reviewing the history of the children of Israel. An example of this is found in the seventy-eighth psalm

"Give ear, O my people, to my law:
Incline your ears to the words of my mouth.
I will open my mouth in a parable;
I will utter dark sayings of old,
Which we have heard and known,
And our fathers have told us.
We will not hide them from their children,
Telling to the generation to come the praises of Jehovah,
And his strength, and his wondrous works that he hath done."

This anthem differs somewhat from our modern idea of an anthem, but it is a difference only with regard to circumstances and manner of expression.

The sweetness of the Hebrew ode, one of the most common forms of their poetry, remains unsurpassed today by any secular masterpiece. The nearest approach to pure music that we find is in the following ode. It is a song *par excellence*:

PRELUDE

"Hear, O ye kings;
Give ear, O ye princes;
I, even I, will sing unto Jehovah;
I will sing praise to Jehovah, the God of Israel.

APOSTROPHE

"Jehovah, when thou wentest forth out of Seir,
When thou marchedst out of the field of Edom,
The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped,
Yea, the clouds dropped water.
The mountains flowed down at the presence of Jehovah,
Even yon Sinai at the presence of Jehovah, the God of Israel."

This is a portion of Deborah's ode, which was sung upon the deliverance of Israel from the hand of Sisera. It is one of the most elaborate of Biblical odes, and exercised considerable influence upon succeeding poetry.

But perhaps nothing in the Bible is more beautiful, or is more widely known, than the poetic description of God as a shepherd:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The account is concise, yet simple; and every time we read it we feel a stronger determination to make the Lord *our* shepherd.

In the study of Biblical poetry, two observations are worthy of mention. The first is that a poem translated literally from the Hebrew into the prose of any other language will still retain much of its native dignity, and a faint appearance of versification. But if the Hebrew poem is translated into the idiom of foreign verse, the original beauty will be confused and mutilated. We are also reminded that the imagery and figurative language of Bible poetry is drawn from the common life of the Hebrew. The flora and fauna of the land of Palestine are so varied that the terms used in description are such that no matter where the Bible may be read they are understood and are easily translated.

In this, the greatest book of literature, we find illustrations of almost every literary form. The book of Job is an example of gnomic poetry, while epic and lyric poetry can be found in many of the other books, especially the Psalms. Every lover of beautiful language and lofty thought can satisfy his needs in the study of the Bible.

FLORENCE R. KNEELAND.

When Success Hung in the Balance

A Father Tells His Son His Experience

THE truly great life cannot be measured by financial standards. Some of the most worthy lives have always been conscious of the stings of poverty. But the principles outlined in the following letter, written by a father to his son, have their bearing in every true life, whether it be counted a monetary success or failure. One must be persistent, must keep everlastingly at one's task, and must be continually pressing toward the mark of a higher goal if he would attain true success in either the religious or the business world. As you read the letter you will discover that each of the foundation stones upon which this father's successful career was built characterizes every other real success. Unfortunately the son to whom the letter was addressed died before the father, so the letter, which was not to be opened until after the father's death, failed of its original purpose. But the executors have given it to the press that the sons of other fathers may profit by it. The letter follows as it appeared in the *American Magazine*:

"MY DEAR BOY: Miss Farson has just put a desk calendar for the new year in front of me. Every year, on the day before Christmas, she has it ready, and every year I turn over the leaves after she has left the office at night, and make a little private mark of my own against four different dates.

"I call them my 'crossroads days.'

"Among the men in our line of business I am regarded as a fair success. I suppose if I were to close out tomorrow and retire, I should have two hundred thousand in the box where you will find this letter. That isn't a fortune according to the standards of today; but when you remember that I started with nothing, it isn't a bad showing for twenty-five years of active work.

"Not that I consider money the most important thing in life. It isn't. But money, after all, is stored-up human energy. It's the part of your life that hasn't slipped away from you. These two hundred thousand dollars represent the energy of twenty-five years of my life, plus little particles from hundreds of other lives that have worked for me. They will give back to me or to you just as much energy as has been put into them. They will support me for another twenty-five years; they will buy for me the lives of twenty-five other men. Just as coal is compressed, stored-up sunshine, so money is human energy, human life in stored-up form. That's why it plays so large a part in our affairs; why, in a sense, we use it as a measure of success.

"But that is by the side. I was saying to you that men call me a success. Yet, looking back over my life, I realize that on four different days in my life I stood at the crossroads between success and failure, and on two of them narrowly missed the wrong road. These are my crossroads days:

April 16, 1883.

January 5, 1891.

September 2, 1887.

October 29, 1901.

"You will receive much advice from older men on how to succeed. It would be of more-help to you if they would take you into their inside offices and tell you frankly how they almost failed. For I am convinced that the road to success in every man's life runs very close to the precipice of failure; that there are days when it is saved not so much by his own

wisdom or virtue as by some lucky turn of the scales. Most men are not honest enough to confess it; they prefer to forget such days. I prefer to remember them, and I want you to know their story; for you are my only son. There is no chamber of my heart that I would keep closed from you if by opening it I could help you even a little bit when you come to your own crossroads days.

"April 16, 1883: the Day When I Found Myself

"You do not remember your grandfather; you were only three years old when he died. He was a good father, but never demonstrative. I sometimes felt almost sorry for him. He had a reputation for being cold and austere, whereas he was, in fact, warm-hearted, sympathetic, and really a little timid underneath. Nature seemed to have left out of his make-up any facility in signaling his emotions to the outside world. He was a soul shut up within himself; and I know now that he must have been often hungry for understanding and companionship. Yet the world called him cold; and we children thought he did not love us.

"I, too, grew up close-mouthed, shrinking, timid, yearning for friendship, yet afraid to go halfway on the road in search of it. Yet, in justice to him, he gave me rich endowments also. One of these was the habit of incessant work; another was hatred of a lie; and another was a college education.

"As I write this, at the age of fifty-nine, I am in almost perfect health. I sleep well; my color is fine; I do my work easily, and without more than the normal amount of fatigue. You have heard men envy me my good health. Yet there is hardly one of them who did not have a far better start than I. For the first twenty-four years of my life I hardly knew what it was to have a day free from pain. I was nervous, depressed, afflicted with hours of the blackest despondency. If I am well today, and apparently good for another twenty years, it is because I have *worked* for good health; any other man, I am convinced, could have done what I have done if he had fought as steadily and as long.

"I matured very little in college. I came out weak, nervous, with no idea as to how or where I should find a place. My father gave me the benefit of the doubt for two weeks, and then, discovering that I had no definite ideas of any kind, sent me to a friend of his, the president of the bank at Easthaven. I went, feeling his critical, disappointed glance upon me; determined to hold my job and change his opinion, even though it killed me.

"At the end of three months I was home again, in disgrace. Two other positions my father obtained for me in quick succession. In one I lasted six months; in the other, six weeks. When my third employer called me into his office and told me, not unkindly, that I was entirely unsuited to the work I was trying to do and might as well quit, I held myself together until I was out of sight of the office, and then I threw my arm across my face and dropped onto a park bench and cried.

"I was a failure, my boy; I had been given a college education; thousands had been spent in fitting me for life, and there was no place in life for me. The men who were in college with me had found

their niches: they had settled down. Some of them were already sure enough of themselves so that they had married and established homes. And here I was, almost a year after my graduation, a failure in three different positions, nervously worn out, apparently a cumberer of the earth.

"All the night long I sat on that bench fighting a battle for life. Yes, actually a battle for life; for my first impulse was to end the whole miserable business. I had had my chance. I was unfit to survive. Let me, then, take myself out of the way and leave room for those who had proved their right to it. Along toward morning, with the first faint rays of light in the east, light came into my torn soul. I made up my mind that, failure though I might be, I would not add cowardice to my sins. My parents were ashamed of me, and rightly; but I would not plunge them into the final shame. 'There is something in the world I can do,' I said to myself. 'I believe that I could earn my living as a carpenter.' A queer idea, it may seem to you. I suppose it came because carpentry was in such sharp contrast to the jobs in which I had failed.

"That morning I walked to the post office, sent a brief note to my father, and took a train to this city. If there had been a carpenter shop near the depot, or a shop offering manual labor of any sort, I should have walked in. Instead, some kinder fate led me past the office of the *News*, and there on the bulletin board was a rough sign: 'Strong boy wanted.' Fifteen minutes later I had convinced the janitor of the building that I was qualified for the work he wanted done; and at the end of the week I went home with five dollars in my pocket. Poor pay, but I had earned it, and the gruff old fellow had said a kind word to me as he handed it over. *I had made good at something!* There was a thrill in that which compensated for the smelly room where I lodged, and the weary muscles and the miserable food.

"I had always wanted to write, and after a time I began slipping an item now and then onto the city editor's desk. Within three months I had a place on the city staff. There, with the smell of printer's ink in my nostrils and the roar of the presses under my feet, I found my place in the world—the job I could do, and be happy while doing.

"The job on the *News* came in the summer of 1883; but the day I celebrate came three months earlier, April 16. On that day I stood on the crossroads a failure—and I refused to admit that I was a failure. On that day I found myself.

"It may be—I hope it will be—that I shall live to see you out of college and through that difficult period of transition that follows. I know what boys suffer in the struggle to find their place in the world. I think I should know how to be more sympathetic and helpful than my father was. But in case I should not live that long, in case you come out of college to face the world alone, then I want you to reread this record of my experience and take courage.

"Know that almost every young man who has amounted to anything in the world went through a period of bitter self-doubt and despondency. Read these words, written by one young man:

"What madness impels me to desire my own destruction? Why, forsooth, am I in the world? Since death must come to me, why should it not be as well to kill myself? If I were sixty years old or more I would respect the prejudices of my contemporaries and wait patiently for nature to finish her course; but since I began life in suffering misfortune and nothing gives me pleasure, why should I endure these days, when nothing I am concerned in prospers?"

"Who was he? you ask. What weakling, what utter failure, was this? His name became well known only a few years after those words were written. It was Napoleon Bonaparte.

"When Lincoln was thirty-two, and life seemed to promise little more than a law practice in rural Illinois, he wrote to his partner, Stuart:

"I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell. I awfully forbode I shall not. To remain as I am is quite impossible. I must die to do better, it appears to me. . . . I can write no more."

"I want you to know, my boy, if you, too, must go through days of bitterness before you find your place in the world, that your experience will not be unique. And you will conquer. You will conquer because you have the right blood in your veins, and the right chin—and because your father conquered before you.

"September 2, 1887: the Day I Became Dependable"

"The first six months of work on the *News* gave me what I still lacked in self-assurance. I knew that I had found my place in the world; I was confident I could hold it against all comers. Indeed, I became almost too confident. I hadn't been working six months before I received an offer to go over to the *Journal*. And from that time on, if six months went by without an offer of some sort I began to think there was something the matter with me. Our business, as you know, is peculiarly one of ideas; it is almost as fluid as ideas themselves. The temptation to flow about in it from job to job, selling your ideas in each new job at a slightly larger figure, is very great. In the years between twenty-three and twenty-seven I changed jobs no less than seven times. And finally, on my twenty-seventh birthday, I walked into my employer's office and handed in my resignation.

"Why, Bert!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter? I didn't know you were dissatisfied."

"Not dissatisfied," I answered.

"Well, what's the idea, then?"

"Tired of working," I said. "I'm just going to quit because I'm going to quit, that's all. I'm young, Mr. Sartwell, and I'm only going to live once. Therefore I'm going to enjoy myself all I can. You work all the time, harder than I do, and yet you own the business and are rich. That may be your idea of a good time, but it isn't mine. I've proved that I'm a good newspaper man; I can get my fifty a week any time I want to go after it. I wanted to work long enough to prove that I could make good. Now I'm going to quit for a while. I'm going around the world."

"H'm," he mused. "Going alone?"

"No, Anderson's going with me."

"At that his jaw dropped. Anderson and I were the two best men on his staff. He reached forward and shook his finger under my nose.

"Bert," he said, speaking very slowly and impressively, "I've always made it a rule in business to accept resignations, and I'm going to accept yours. But I'm going to tell you something, and you can pass it on to Anderson with my compliments. You two young fellows are in the most dangerous position of any two young men I know. You have ability, too much ability. If you had only a little, so that you had to sit tight and plug every minute, you'd be fairly safe. You'd move along up in business slowly, but surely, as the fellows ahead of you died off. But you two are brilliant. It's true you can get your fifty

a week whenever you want it. And that's your danger. You will go rolling around collecting fifty a week here and fifty a week there, and you'll never stay long enough in one place to get seventy-five a week, or a hundred a week, or two hundred a week. Oh, I know your type! You may not give me credit for much sense now, but when I was your age I was exactly in your fix. And I want to tell you that if I hadn't taken myself by the neck and forced myself to stay put, I'd still be collecting fifty a week as a reporter instead of pulling down thirty-one thousand, as I did last year. With just your brilliance, and no stability, you're worth just about fifty a week. But it takes more than brilliance to be worth a really big job.'

"I shook hands with him, without replying. He was just sore, I thought, because Anderson and I were leaving at once. We chuckled over the interview on our way to New York. And in New York, at my college roommate's house, I met a friend of his sister's. Your mother can tell you what happened in the next two weeks. Sometime—perhaps when you meet your girl—she will tell you. But the upshot of it was that I deserted Anderson, spent on a diamond ring all the money that was to start us around the world, and a month from the day I had left the Old Man I was back in his office again.

"'I've got stability, sir,' I said.

"He made no special comment. Just told me to go back to my job. But I knew that from that moment he was keeping his eye on me. And from that day I began to move up.

"It wasn't until ten years later that I realized how important was the crossroads at which I stood on Sept. 2, 1887, the day I met your mother. Ten years later I was sitting in my office after luncheon when the boy brought in a scrap of paper with a name scribbled on it. The name was Newton Anderson. He had taken his trip around the world; he had followed our youthful ideal of working only when he wanted to and throwing his jobs when they had lost their first thrill. And he was back in my office looking for work, for the same kind of work he had been doing ten years before, and the same pay—or less.

"Anderson was one of the most brilliant men who ever passed through the newspaper offices of this city. I stood with him at the crossroads. He took one road and I took the other. He continued to roam. I discovered that life is not a sprint but a marathon, that the best prizes come only to those who combine with their ability a power to keep everlastingly at it.

"Men have spoken to me admiringly of my 'persistence,' my ability to stick to a thing until it is finished. I accept their praise; it pleases me. Yet when I think of poor Anderson, I know that I don't really deserve any praise. If I had slept downtown with him on the night of Sept. 2, 1887, instead of going uptown to my roommate's home, I shouldn't have met your mother. I shouldn't have gone back to work. I might be today where Anderson is—a rewrite man on the *Tribune* at thirty-five dollars a week. That was my second crossroads. You, too, will come to it some day, my boy, when some petty irritation with the job will tempt you to toss it up. Remember, then, that nothing worth while is accomplished in this world except by men whom the world knows to be dependable. And, remembering that, you will go back to the job and conquer it, just as your father did.

"January 5, 1891: the Day I Got My Second Wind

"From the day when your mother said 'Yes' I began to forge ahead in the office of the *News*. Every New Year's Day the Old Man would call me into his office, grunt his satisfaction, and raise my salary a little. I was tremendously happy in my work. Your mother and I had bought our little home in Edgemere, and were paying for it a little at a time. You and your sister had come to us. I was getting forty-five hundred dollars, enough to live well in Edgemere, and to give us something tucked away in the bank every year. For the first time in my life I was perfectly satisfied. My path seemed to stretch out straight and clear before me. A little more responsibility every year, a little more salary, no cause for worry or restlessness. Just solid, lasting content.

"That was my frame of mind on Christmas Day in 1890. Then New Year's came along, and for the first time there was no summons to the front office, no raise in pay. 'The Old Man is busy,' I said to your mother that night, 'he has forgotten; he'll call me in in a day or two.' But by the time January 5 came around with no message from him, I knew that he hadn't forgotten. I knew that for some reason he didn't intend to boost me that year at all.

"January 5 is my birthday. I pulled down my desk at three o'clock that day, and started out into the cold to walk the sixteen miles to Edgemere. I wanted to be alone; I needed to think. On that long walk home I ran over in my mind my own career to date, and the careers of all the other men whom I knew and had watched from year to year. I was looking for a hole. I wanted to know wherein I had failed. And about halfway out to Edgemere I hit upon the truth. . . .

"Running over the lives of the men I had known in business, I discovered this curious fact: Around thirty or thirty-five their careers began unmistakably to divide into two classes. Most of them had given promise of success; they had moved along about as I had until they had reached an income of four or five thousand dollars. There, half of them had stopped; the other half seemed to take a fresh grip on themselves and forge ahead even more rapidly. Why had the first group stopped?

"It wasn't lack of ability. So far as I could see, the men in the two groups did not differ greatly in talent; nor was it lack of opportunity. It was nothing more nor less than this—the first group had become satisfied: familiarity with their jobs had bred contentment, and contempt. They had settled down in suburbs, just as I had; they were happy with their children; their jobs were easy for them; they were at peace with the world; they had ceased to struggle, which means that they had ceased to grow.

"There is an old fable, my boy, which every business man ought to read. It tells of the birth of an heir to a certain king; and at his birth eleven fairies came, each bringing a gift. One brought beauty; one, charm; one, health; and so on. Finally a twelfth fairy appeared and tendered her gift. It was discontent. The king was very angry with the twelfth fairy, thinking that she mocked him. So he spurned the gift, and the fairy withdrew it. The little prince grew up; he was healthy, charming, good to look upon; but somehow he never made any progress, he never accomplished anything really worth while. He had lost the gift that would have been worth more to him than all the others combined—a divine discontent.

"I have heard of a big industrial concern that increased the salary of its general manager to \$75,000 a year. The general manager was delighted; he thanked the board of directors. Now, he said to them, he had achieved his ambition—he was entirely satisfied. Within a year the president of that company had found a way to eliminate that man from the business. 'I want no man in my business,' he said, 'who is entirely satisfied.'

"That was my trouble. It was not because I was inefficient that no raise came to me on Jan. 1, 1891. It was because I had let myself become satisfied. I had dropped into the habit of thinking of myself as a forty-five-hundred-dollar man, when I ought to have kept my estimate of myself always five thousand dollars above my salary.

"Before I reached home that afternoon, I had laid down a little program for myself. Here it is:

"Program Drawn Up on My Thirtieth Birthday

"1. *Resolved*: That my income at 50 years of age is to be \$25,000 a year.

"2. To attain this it will be necessary to meet the following budget:

Income at 30	\$ 4,500
Income at 31	\$ 6,000
Income at 35	\$ 8,000
Income at 40	\$15,000
Income at 45	\$20,000

"3. No one can prevent me from meeting this budget: no one can stop my growth except myself.

"4. Therefore, I am resolved to begin tomorrow to show such increases in the profits of my department that the Old Man will be compelled to recognize them at the end of the year.

"And, further, I resolve to lay out for myself at once a course of reading which will tend to broaden me (the course to comprise not less than two new books a week) so that when I come to own a newspaper of my own, I shall be a really big editor, not merely a mediocrity.

"You'll notice, my boy, that I didn't put any \$5,000 mark in my budget. I have had a sort of superstitious horror of the \$5,000 mark. So many men get up to \$5,000 and stick there: they get themselves classed as \$5,000 men, and are never able to outgrow the tag. I made up my mind to jump clear over the \$5,000 mark—because once you have done that, the next stopping place is \$10,000, and by that time a man ought to be going strong enough so that he can't be stopped.

"Beware of the day when you will say to yourself: 'I know all there is to know about my job; it is a good job; I am content.' Gladstone took up a new language when past seventy. Titian died at ninety-nine, still painting and studying art. 'What we know is nothing; what we have to learn is everything,' cried La Place, the astronomer, as he passed out at seventy-eight. Lay out a growing program for yourself, and measure yourself by it from year to year. Beware of the breathing spell that comes after the first period of success. That is the day when you will determine whether you are to be a really big man or only a fairly big man—the day when you get your second wind.

"October 29, 1901: the Day When I Met My Big Temptation

"We hear a great deal about the tragedies of youth. I am not afraid of any failure for you in youth. You will have your share of boyish follies; but you have a firm chin and a clean heart, and you will come through. It is in middle life that the really big tragedies come—when men of fine promise slip back into fatness; when covetousness eats away early ideals; when a man learns his price.

"It has been a dream with me, my boy, that some day I might be governor of my State. I have never confessed it to any one, not even to your mother. A good many governors have come out of newspaper offices in recent years; why shouldn't the chance come to me? Two years ago it did come. The governorship was offered to me by the only authority that can offer it in this State,—Senator Harper,—and I accepted. For twelve hours I was as good as elected governor; the next morning at seven o'clock I withdrew.

"It was immediately after the *News* had come under my control. The Old Man had kept the *News* 'independent' in politics, which means that he had flattered both parties and been careful not to offend any one. Senator Harper sent for me. I knew what he wanted. It was a crucial year. A fusion of reformers was attacking the old-line leaders. The senator did not expect me to make a party organ of the *News*, but he did hope to get the weight of its influence thrown in his favor for the coming campaign.

"And he promised me the governorship.

"I accepted, my boy. I went home happy. My life's ambition was about to be realized. If my conscience pricked me a little, I silenced it. 'I was not selling myself,' I said. I hadn't agreed to support any dishonest men or measures. All I had agreed to do was not to support a movement which—while I agreed with many of its principles—was greatly marred by the ultra-radicals within its ranks.

"So I argued. But while I was walking up and down in my study, fighting it out, you came in, my boy. And your sister came in, and your mother. And when I looked at you, it came over me all of a sudden what I had agreed to do. I knew what Harper's rule meant to our State. I knew the rotten deals he and his crowd had put over. I knew he had grown rich in office, and why he had grown rich, and how many thousands of families like ours had been mulcted to make him rich. . . .

"I could hardly wait for morning to come. I went to Harper's hotel before he was out of bed. I insisted on being shown to his room at once.

"It was a stormy interview; but when it was over, I felt like a new man. Every man, they say, has his price. I sometimes think the saying is true. Doubtless, I, too, have mine. But I thank God that so far no one has ever bid it. Thank God it is not a paltry price; not so paltry, at least, as the governorship.

"I have just looked at my watch. It is eleven o'clock. I have been writing to you almost five hours. It's a much longer letter than I meant to write; but these old memories, once you release them, flow out and take control of the pen. When, after I am gone, you find this letter, take your desk calendar and mark these four dates, and when they come around, boy, celebrate them a little as I used to do.

"April 16—the day I found my place in the world, after a year of bitter struggle and doubt.

"September 2—the day I began really to make progress.

"January 5—the day on which I got my second wind.

"October 29—the day I learned that it doesn't make much difference whether you live in a cottage or the governor's mansion. You still must live with yourself.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

"You, too, will have your crossroads days, my boy. We all do. And when they come, may they be made a little easier for you by this letter from your affectionate old dad."

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

- I. SKETCH the life of —
 Louis XIV
 Frederick the Great
 Peter the Great
 Charles I of England
 Charles I of Spain

Part II

Scripture Enigma

1. Four giant chiefs whom David's warriors slew,
Dwelt in one city; bring its name to view.
2. Last of eight officers in David's court,
One the chief ruler stood, his name report.
3. Second of twelve who furnished a king's table,
Tell me his father's name, if thou art able.
4. When three old sages failed to answer one,
This youth adventured, and the task was done.
5. An oak, a wine press, and an angel's visit,
An altar, and a grave—behold! where is it?
6. Think of a Levite chief consumed by fire—
Of his next brother's name I half require.

The *initials* downward make his well-known name,
 Whose steadfast faith and dauntless courage claim
 To be by all remembered evermore:
 His sword put Israel's mighty foes to shame,
 His victories still Jehovah's power proclaim.
 Who still defends his people as of yore;
 The *finals*, upward, mean the humble fame
 Of one the faithful servant of the same—
 Who did, with him, the hostile camp explore.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of May 22

1. BAGDAD is of special interest because of the proposed Berlin-Byzantium-Bagdad Railroad that was to furnish the Central Powers with an overland route to India. On March 11, the city was taken by the British under General Maude after a three days' battle, thus causing a "death stroke to the kaiser's ambitions for a port on the Persian Gulf." It also "blocks the plan for a German empire in the southeast and competition with England for the rich trade of the Orient."

2. Seneca was a moralist and philosopher, living about A. D. 1 to 65. In the first year of the reign of Claudius he was banished to Corsica, but was recalled after the year 49, by Agrippina, who made him tutor to her son Nero. In philosophy he was a Stoic. "He was a disbeliever in the popular religion of his countrymen, and entertained conceptions of God and his moral government not very different from the doctrines of Socrates."

Gallio was a brother to Seneca. He was adopted at Rome by L. Junius Gallio, from whom he took his name. He was the Roman deputy of Achaia before whom Paul was brought by his Jewish accusers on the apostle's first visit to Corinth. Reference is made by Seneca to the affable nature of Gallio's character.

Nero was emperor of Rome from 54 to 68. He was the son of Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus, and after his mother's marriage with the emperor Claudius, he was adopted by him. His instructors were Seneca and Burrhus. One chief event of his cruel reign was the burning of Rome in 64 A. D.

3. Rhodes is the most easterly of the islands of the Ægean Sea. The population comprises Moslems, Christians, and Jews. The interior of the island is mountainous; the valleys and coastal belt are fertile, and produce a variety of the finest fruits and vegetables. Fig, pomegranate, orange, and carob trees grow

abundantly. The climate is delightful. The commerce in late years has increased rapidly, owing to the establishment of steam navigation direct to the island. The capital is Rhodes, the only town of any importance. It rises from the sea on a gentle slope in the form of an amphitheater, and "is surrounded with walls and towers, and defended by a large moated castle of great strength. The picturesque fortifications also by which the city is surrounded remain almost unaltered as they were in the fifteenth century.

4. The Colossus of Rhodes was the work of Chares, a native of Lindus. It was made of bronze and was more than one hundred feet in height. It required twelve years to erect it. After standing about sixty years, it was overthrown by an earthquake. For nearly one thousand years the statue lay upon the ground, and was finally bought by a Jew from the Saracens. It is said that it required a train of nine hundred camels to carry away the bronze.

5. The new government of Russia has promised a more liberal and democratic policy than the old régime, and Michael Rodzianko, president of the duma, is head of the provisional government. Professor Milukov, leader of the revolution, is now Minister of Foreign Affairs. Germany has also promised a more democratic form of government after the war.

6. Seventeen nations are now engaged in the war. They are: British Empire, France and colonies, Russian Empire, Italy and colonies, Belgium and Congo, Japan, Portugal, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, United States, Albania, and Cuba.

7. Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, Utah, and Indiana, have prohibition laws.

8. The national flag of the British Empire is the Union Jack, more properly called the "Great Union," in which are combined in union the crosses of St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, and St. Patrick of Ireland. The flag is red, white, and blue, the red rectangular cross with the white border being the cross of St. George; the white diagonal cross with the blue field, the cross of St. Andrew; and the narrow red diagonal cross with the white border broader on one side than on the other, that of St. Patrick.

The history of the national flag of France prior to 1794 is somewhat confused, but the tricolor is now divided vertically into three parts of equal width—blue, white, and red, the red forming the fly, the white the middle, and the blue the hoist of the flag. It is the sole flag of France.

The mercantile flag of Italy is divided vertically into three parts, similar to the French flag. The stripes are green, white, and red, and in the center of the white stripe is the shield of Savoy. The man-of-war flag is the same, with the addition of a royal crown above the shield.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of May 29

Jehoash; Athaliah. 2 Kings 11:14, 15.

Seraiah. 1 Kings 25:18.

Abner. 2 Samuel 2, 3.

Huldah, the prophetess. 2 Kings 22:14.

Nathaniel. John 1:45; 21:2.

Jehoiakim; Jeremiah; Baruch. Jeremiah 36.

Mephibosheth. 2 Sam. 4:4.

Jethro. Exodus 18.



A Messenger of Cheer

He's all a boy, a sturdy lad;
He's always gay and always glad,
For care and trouble dare not stay—
He simply whistles them away!

He has his daily tasks to do,
His morning chores, his lessons too;
And yet he whistles like a lark
From early dawn to falling dark.

O wise yet boyish friend of mine!
What true philosophy is thine!
Thy joy is catching—I would be
A messenger of cheer, like thee!

—Lew Marston Ward.

Why Marian Heard the Symphony

BANG! and then a long rumble and a jangling of iron made Alice Spencer jump nervously, and hold herself tense while that particular noise subsided.

It was a freight train switching only a block away from the house.

The warm June evening made it necessary to have the windows open, and Marian, slowly recovering from a serious illness, lay on the couch behind the awnings of the sleeping porch.

A half block away the autos going into the big garage kept up almost incessant noises. An elevated floor caused every engine to make additional noise pulling up the incline.

Alice had never been so ready to agree to selling the old family home as during this dear sister's illness. All the young people of the family loved the place, and refused to think about a new house in a new location. It was home to them, though the town had so grown up around it that it was now a downtown corner. Where they had picked poppies and lupines in vacant lots twelve years before, there now were stores. Where homes of their playmates had stood, there were apartments. But the house was comfortable, and convenient to every place they wanted to go in winter, and the long summers were spent in their summer cottage in the mountains.

This June, however, found them still in town, for when Marian came home from college, where she had been specializing in music, she went to bed to rest for a while. Too much study, too long hours practicing, had sent her home a very sick girl, though she had kept up during closing days at college.

"You may get away to the mountains just as soon as Marian is a little stronger," the doctor said. But how was Marian ever to get stronger in the midst of city noises and dusty city air?

Alice's nerves were quivering, this starlit June evening. Every one was outdoors; motor cycles and automobiles seemed countless, and also merciless with their din. Street cars started and stopped with grinding noises. A foghorn on the bay sounded incessantly, though there was no hint of a fog in the city. The shrieking whistle of the trains pulling into the station and out again every ten minutes added to the chorus.

She went out onto the sleeping porch to see how Marian was standing the din of the early evening, for she knew it would be hours before the city would be quiet.

"Did you hear them, Alice?" said Marian as her sister came through the door. "Isn't it exquisite music?"

"Music? I don't know what you mean. I have heard a great deal of noise."

"Two concerts. I am specially favored tonight. Listen for just a minute."

"And He shall reign forever and ever," came the words of an anthem from the church a block to the north. It was choir practice night, and the church windows were open. Pure and strong the chorus came through the night air to the two on the porch. Then from the other direction a Beethoven symphony played by an orchestra, filled the pauses. They were practicing in the auditorium of the big Y. M. C. A. building.

"I have been listening for an hour, first to one and then to the other. There is nothing sweeter than music on a summer night, is there? It has been such a treat, and I am so refreshed and rested."

"Music, refreshed," thought Alice, as she leaned back in a steamer chair to let her tense nerves relax. "And in my anxiety I have heard only din and discord."

The trained ear of the music lover had picked out a chorus and a symphony from the confusion of sounds. She had followed these joyously, and they had made the other discordant noises sink into the background.

"My sheep hear My voice. Other voices will they not follow." "They know not the voice of strangers."

The words came with fresh significance to the tired girl, who was herself a music lover.

"Marian's love for music is like her unerring choices in other things," she thought. "Her trained ear is, like her cultivated spiritual sense, quick to discern what others do not hear."

A thousand voices call young people this way and that. The voices say, "Come and enjoy life;" "Here is pleasure;" "This is real life;" "Be free." Through the tumult, the trained ear may hear one clear note. It stills the discords, and makes the symphony of everyday gladness.—*Bertha D. Hageman, in Young People's Weekly.*

Hardei

WE saw her first in the bazaar, a girl of eleven, with smallpox marks on her bright face, thick hair in one tangled mass, her pitifully thin body trying to be hidden under a cast-off print skirt and a rag over her shoulders. Her impudent manner struck me forcibly, and I inquired at once who she was. "Why, don't you know?" they said. "She is the daughter of a Christian, Nayder by name, and she begs for food in the market."

The Hindus and Mohammedans know nothing of

denominational lines, and supposed of course she belonged to us. I felt keenly the disgrace of it, and began to make inquiries. She had a stepmother cruel as could be, who forced the child to go and beg; a father, a ne'er-do-well, crushed under the conditions in his home; and a grandfather who saw his granddaughter going to ruin, and powerless to stop it. So we prayed, asking the Lord to open the way for us to save that child. The next day the old grandsire came to see me. Throwing himself on the ground, he begged and pleaded, as only Orientals can, that we would take Hardei, his little "gift from God," and train her into a good Christian woman.

I was far from well, the heat was very trying, and it seemed that the task of freeing her from head and body lice, itch, etc., making her clothing, seeing to food and bathing, was, in addition to all my other work, more than I could bear. But we had prayed for a way, and as that seemed the way, we told him we would take her. We called the father, and he promised not to interfere with us in our efforts to train her.

In two weeks you would not have known the girl. She was glad to leave her miserable home, and hardly said good-by to her people. After four months we came back to the station from the hills. During that time Hardei had worked faithfully and earned her clothing. She was plump and clean, and as happy as a sunbeam. Then trouble began.

Although Christian in name the family is in reality Hindu, and so they counseled among themselves after this fashion: "Now see how plump Hardei is; she has nice clothing; she will sell for as much as twenty rupees. We will take her away from the memsahib, and marry her off while she will bring top price." These people never directly state a fact, so they petitioned me: "Nourisher of the poor, grant us permission to take our child to visit her relatives who are very anxious to see her." I answered that just at that time she could not go as she was leaving for school in a few days and must help me make preparations. Then they became angry. "We will take her by force," they told me, not in words, but by actions. We were standing on the veranda, and all at once the father, stepmother, and grandfather seized the girl. I grasped her around the waist and called my husband, who came and chased them away. The next day we sent her to the girls' school in Bijnor, and to make sure she reached the school safely, Mr. Morris took her himself.

This happened a year ago. The child is doing well in school. Her bearing is more modest and refined. We hope to see her develop into a sweet, Christian woman.

The relatives, when they found that we understood their neat scheme to earn twenty rupees (\$6.50), gave it up, seemingly; but we keep our eyes open, and Hardei always has some one near to give the alarm in case they attempt to steal her away, marry her to a Hindu, and thus condemn her to misery, or perhaps lifelong widowhood. She is only twelve years old, you know. Won't you pray for her and for many others like her in this dark land of India?

BELVA VANCE MORRIS.

Najibabad, India.

To the man who has rightly ordered his life, who has chosen his work with an eye to the future and the best use of his peculiar talents, forty is the beginning of the period of the greatest usefulness.—B. C. Bean.

Books of the Bible

THE great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land;
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now!
Next Esther's deeds her goodness show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms;
While Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.
Isaiah; Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen.
Ezekiel and Daniel close
The greater prophets' hopes and woes.
Hosea, Joel next, and Amos
Begin the lesser prophets famous.
Obadiah, Jonah, Micah come;
Nahum and Habakkuk find room
Zephaniah to Haggai calls;
Rapt Zechariah builds the walls,
While Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

—The Christian Herald.

The Bible School Alphabet

ATTEND every Sunday.
Be there on time, rain or shine.
Come prepared to do something to further the kingdom.
Do things in proper order.
Every action should be for some purpose.
Fill yourself with enthusiasm for the work.
Get down to business the moment you enter the room.
Hold your classes to the day's lesson.
Invite visitors and make them welcome.
Join with the school in all work for its common good.
Keep God's Book as your daily guide.
Lift up and help any one that is down and out.
Make each day's work one more for Christ.
Never do all the talking; give the "other fellow" a chance.
Observe carefully all new methods in your work.
Pay cheerfully into the collection envelope.
Question yourself daily, "Am I doing my best?"
Retire to your closet daily to pray.
Stand by your convictions.
Take a cheerful view of the work that others are doing.
U should live as you'd like to see others live.
Vie with each other in keeping the school alive.
Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.
Xcel in all that you undertake for the school.
Yesterday is the history in making today; pause and consider, "Is it well with us today?"
Zones of love should girdle us about and include every member from the superintendent down to the youngest member of the Cradle Roll.—*Evangelical Tidings*.

An unnamed American, whose fortune is believed to be in excess of sixty-four million dollars, has paid his income tax six weeks before the legal date. As the amount paid to the government is said to be in excess of half a million dollars, the taxpayer loses and the government gains six weeks' interest, amounting to at least \$3,750. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Co. has also forwarded to the government the amount of its income tax, placed at \$700,000, in advance of the requirement of the law.



God Hears Prayer

(Texts for July 1-7)

WHEN we have learned that God hears prayers, we should give careful study to the conditions on which God hears and answers prayer, that we may reap the best results.

All nature obeys certain laws; all machinery moves in accordance with the laws that govern it; health is contingent on the obedience of certain laws of nature. We realize this; but we must also realize that in the realm of prayer certain laws, or conditions, obtain. These must not be disregarded. Every young Christian should try to learn the laws that govern successful praying; and it is encouraging to know that they are so simple that every honest heart that seeks God may understand them.

We shall learn a great deal about the laws of prayer when in secret communion with our Father. If anything in our lives is hindering his hearing and answering our prayers, he will point out to us the hindrances, when we spread our requests before him. And when he hangs up a hindrance before our eyes, or when his Book points out sin, let us not argue. Let us not say, "I do not see how this could hinder me from getting an answer;" but let us say, "Father, I do not understand, but I know that thou art right, so help me to put this thing out of my life."

We may learn much about these laws, or conditions, by studying the prayers of others. David points out humility as essential to successful praying. The haughty heart cannot offer a prayer that will pierce the clouds above and lay hold of the throne of mercy.

Obedience may be given as another law, or condition. David says: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." In another place he says: "The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness;" and again, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." If we would pray well, we must endeavor to live well. You and I cannot continue to do things for which we feel condemned, and still expect God to hear our prayers and grant us the help for which we ask. Known sin in the heart breaks the connection with heaven. It snaps the wire that takes the message up and brings the answer down. There is only one prayer for the heart with known sin in it, and that is a prayer for cleansing.

Patience is another law of prayer laid down by David. Do not rush off from the chamber of prayer after making a few hurried requests. Never leave till you have prayed through; till God has sent you relief and spoken peace to your troubled heart. And never weary of bringing the same requests back to God. First of all stamp all your requests with a plain "Thy will be done;" then, spread them faithfully, regularly, humbly, but boldly and persistently, before him until the answer comes. Believe he hears you; even now while you are praying, believe that he is making the necessary preparations for answering your requests; for he really is. Then when the answer comes, whether it be "yes" or "no," thank God for

it. It is the answer that is best for you, of that you may be sure.

If we will do this, we shall know that God never fails to help those who come to him. He does hear and he will sustain. Pray regularly each day, and in times of special need flee to the chamber of prayer. When you are tempted, pray; pray till strength comes for resisting; tell God, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." When you feel blue, pray; pray till the clouds break; pray yourself through the darkness into the very presence of God, for there is happiness there for you.

Pray about *everything*, for God hears you; and praying is getting advice from a true Friend who never makes a mistake; it is obtaining wisdom from One who knows all things; it is drawing power from a Source that the universe cannot exhaust; it is keeping in touch with him who can change us and make us what we ought to be.

MEDITATION.—One thing I must learn: That if I pray in harmony with God's will, he hears me. My feelings have nothing to do with the matter. However, as I get better acquainted with God, I find great comfort and joy in meeting him in the chamber of prayer.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, I thank thee that I now know that thou wilt hear even my prayer. Help me never, even for one day, to forget this. If at any time sin of any kind crowds in between me and thee, rivet my eye upon my sin, and then give me strength and courage to put it away. Keep me so close to thee today that I can quietly talk over with thee the things that hurt and annoy, without disturbing the peace and happiness of those about me. Keep me ever very, very close to thyself.

M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending July 7

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

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- July 1: Psalms 90 to 99. Brevity of human life.
- July 2: Psalms 100 to 105. Serve the Lord with gladness.
- July 3: Psalms 106 to 110. His mercy endureth forever.
- July 4: Psalms 111 to 118. God's glorious and gracious works.
- July 5: Psalm 119. Praise, love, power, and use of God's Word.
- July 6: Psalms 120 to 134. Psalms of degrees.
- July 7: Psalms 135 to 139. Praise and thanksgiving.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for June 28.

Junior Assignment

- July 1: Isaiah 5. The song of the vineyard.
- July 2: Isaiah 11. The peaceable kingdom of the Branch.
- July 3: Isaiah 26. A song of confidence.
- July 4: Isaiah 35. The home of the saved.
- July 5: Isaiah 36. Invasion of Sennacherib.
- July 6: Isaiah 37. Prayer and deliverance.
- July 7: Isaiah 38. Hezekiah's sickness and recovery.

Isaiah

In the eighth century before Christ, Palestine lay in the center of conflict. Egypt on the south and Assyria on the north were striving for mastery. Alliances for mutual protection were formed between the kingdom of Judah and the surrounding nations. Uzziah was of an independent disposition and refused to be drawn into these alliances. Under his wise government the political and religious life of the nation was purified and strengthened. At this time a young man was growing up in Jerusalem, whose character shows the effect of the glory of this reign. His very name, Isaiah, which means "salvation is from Jehovah," must have had a strong influence on his life. He is called a prophet, but that name really means a preacher. Sometimes God revealed the things of the future to his prophets, but their great work was that of preaching, of giving God's message concerning the political and religious life of their own time.

Isaiah might be called a political preacher, as he was both a statesman of great sagacity and ability and a fearless preacher. He became the leading man of the nation, and after David the most prominent in the later history of the Old Testament. Some one has said he was a statesman, seer, reformer, theologian, orator, and poet.

That Isaiah was a priest seems probable from the fact that the only vision of his life was given to him in the temple. As he stood before the holy of holies, the curtain seemed to part, and within he saw Jehovah sitting in awful majesty upon his throne. He was guarded by the cherubim, and as Isaiah looked upon this vision he felt the majesty and glory of Jehovah, and realized his own littleness and unworthiness. He cried out, "Woe is me! . . . because I am a man of unclean lips." He feared that he might die, but an angel took a coal from the altar and with it touched his lips, thus setting him apart for prophetic service. When the voice of Jehovah was heard, asking who would speak for him to Judah, Isaiah answered, "Here am I; send me."

During the reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, extending over a period of sixty years, Isaiah showed much power in the kingdom, having great influence with the kings and their advisers.

He denounced the political and social evils of the times, declaring that Judah should be destroyed as the result of her wickedness, but that a remnant should be saved, and in the end the nation should be purified and perfected, and ultimately reigned over by the Messiah of whom he prophesied in Isa. 9:6, 7.

Isaiah lived to be about eighty years old, and according to tradition was sawn asunder with a wooden saw during the reign of Manasseh. One tradition says he was inclosed within the trunk of a cedar tree, and then sawn asunder. Of what great comfort at the end of his long life must have been the words which God had spoken to the people through him: "The Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

EMMA ROBINSON.

Second Annual Report of the Burke (South Dakota) Missionary Volunteer Society

(Read on Missionary Volunteer Day)

ON this, the second Missionary Volunteer Day our society is observing, we would remember the way the Lord has led us and appreciate the great privilege of helping to finish his work.

Since the last Missionary Volunteer Day the following work has been reported: 1,040 letters written and 516 re-

ceived; 908 missionary visits; 76 Bible readings; 56 subscriptions taken; 8 papers sold and 1,385 given away; 12 tracts sold and 508 given away; 198 hours' Christian help work; 36 articles of clothing given away; 27 treatments given; 11 meals provided; and 165 Scripture cards given. There were contributed \$103.13 to foreign missions, and \$16.29 to home missions. The tithe paid amounted to \$81.86. Another reading rack is being filled, and six persons have received Standard of Attainment certificates. We have sent monthly reports to the *Northern Union Reaper*, and these clippings are kept in the secretary's book.

One of our aims is to develop leadership, and some of the Juniors, as well as most of the resident Seniors, have had charge of meetings. The two societies have a membership of 29. Three of our charter members and one who joined later intend to do colporteur work this summer.

We are glad to note the progress made during the decenary of the Department, and want to be constrained by love and endued with power to fight the battle to a triumphant and glorious victory.

MILDRED MELENDY, Secretary.



I — A New Heart

(July 7)

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

Questions

1. What is the meaning of the word "Jesus"? Matt. 1:21.
2. How many have sinned and are thus in need of a Saviour? Rom. 3:10, 23.
3. What illustration is given of our helplessness to save ourselves from sin? Jer. 13:23. Note 1.
4. For what did David once pray? Ps. 51:10.
5. When a company of people who were "pricked in their heart" by his preaching asked Peter, "What shall we do?" what was his reply? Acts 2:37, 38.
6. What does repentance include? Note 2.
7. What question should each one now ask? Acts 16:30.
8. What complete Bible answer is given? Acts 3:19. Note 3.
9. When we confess our sins, what will God do for us? 1 John 1:9. Note 4.
10. What assurance is given that no sin is so great that he cannot forgive it? Isa. 1:18.
11. To whom besides God shall we confess our faults? James 5:16.
12. How far will he remove our sins? Ps. 103:12.
13. What does he promise to give us? What will he put within us? Eze. 36:26.
14. What does one become when he accepts Jesus as his Saviour? 2 Cor. 5:17.
15. How many promises are found in this lesson?

Notes

1. "Education, culture, the exercise of the will, human effort, all have their proper sphere, but here they are powerless. They may produce an outward correctness of behavior, but they cannot change the heart; they cannot purify the springs of life. There must be a power working from within, a new life from above, before men can be changed from sin to holiness."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 20.
2. "Repentance includes sorrow for sin, and a turning away from it. We shall not renounce sin unless we see its sinfulness; until we turn away from it in heart, there will be no real change in the life. . . . Multitudes sorrow that they have sinned, and even make an outward reformation, because they fear that their wrong-doing will bring suffering upon themselves. But this is not repentance in the Bible sense."—*Id.*, p. 26.
3. To be converted means to turn "from a sinful state or course to the love and service of God." The sinner loves sin; those who have been converted "abhor that which is evil," and "cleave to that which is good."
4. "Here is where thousands fail: they do not believe that Jesus pardons them personally, individually. They do not take God at his word. It is the privilege of all who comply with the conditions, to know for themselves that pardon is freely extended for every sin. Put away the suspicion that God's promises are not meant for you. They are for every repentant transgressor."—*Id.*, p. 57.

The Youth's Instructor

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For Thee, the Best

WHY shouldst thou fill today with sorrow
About tomorrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest.
Thou knowest what God's will must be
For all his creatures — so, for thee,
The best.

— Paul Fleming.

Uncommon Interest in Common Things

WE pass by the violets, dandelions, daisies, and many other flowers, and we do not realize what a wonderful interest there is in each of them. I wonder how many of you have ever found the little violet buds that lie nestled close to the root stalks and never open. If you think that this is a rare violet, let me tell you that it is not, but is the common little blue violet that is found so abundantly in all our fields.

Have you ever seen the little pansy man who sits at the top of the nectar well and gets his feet tickled every time a bee probes that well with her tongue? Did you ever examine that little flower known as the bleeding heart, and find the little swinging door which the bee must push aside before getting the honey? This is covered with pollen, and the bee gets a dust bath at every flower she visits. Did you ever look closely at the laurel blossom and see the little pollen slingers? These are firmaments covered with pollen grains, and when they are released they throw the pollen at least a foot away. Did you ever find the little highwayman's mask of the witch-hazel blossom? This is indeed a very interesting little face, and it will pay you to hunt for it this spring.

Caterpillars are common enough, and we may find them on shrub, tree, and even on fences as they wander here and there in search of a good feeding place; and yet do you know that there are many caterpillars which are exceptionally interesting to watch? There is the Sphinx caterpillar, for example; when this little fellow is disturbed, instead of hurrying to safety just as fast as it can, it raises its head up into the air and assumes a very sphinxlike attitude, holding this until all danger is past. The Pandorus caterpillar does much the same way, only this one has such a peculiar expression and takes such a defiant attitude that it is known as the little pugilist.

Leaves are also very common indeed (it is unnecessary for me to say so), but at the same time there is a great deal of interest found in a study of them. Did you ever find a leaf miner, one of those little insects which make little tunnels between the upper and lower surfaces of the leaf without breaking through? If not, you take the nasturtium plants in your garden and hold the leaves up so that the light is behind them. You will find little tunnels shaped like serpents, or funnels, or even loose spirals. The columbine also will furnish a great many tunnels. Many leaves are rolled up as you find them partly withered on the trees, and these also contain little insects. So you will find some very interesting things about leaves, and perhaps you will wonder where to stop in your study of them.

Thus you will find some very surprising things in what you have heretofore called the common flowers, insects, and plants. Nor should the birds be left out, because they and their nests give us many delightful surprises during the seasons that they are with us. So, perhaps, after all, good old Mother Nature did have a hidden object in making so many common things for us to see all around us.—Walter K. Putney.

If You Wish to Succeed

MAINTAIN a profound self-respect.

Be absolutely sincere.

Preserve an attitude of transparent frankness.

Effect no compromise with sin.

Stand resolutely against all "shady" transactions. Make it the rule of your life to decide that if a thing is not clearly and self-evidently right, it must be wrong.

Behold your greatest duty in the opportunity to do well that which lies nearest your hand.

Use morning light rather than midnight oil.

Always *be on time*, if possible.

Think much, but say little.

Remember that good use of one's brain makes possible good use of one's brawn.

Live by faith, not feeling.

Bear in mind that, as a rule, feeling spells failing.

Pray regularly, even though you may lack enthusiasm in your spiritual life.

Keep your Bible ever within reach.

Cultivate the habit of talking faith.

Be a "living sacrifice." Try to do something each day that calls for self-denial.

Let the golden rule be your standard in all your relationships.

Choose good books as your companions, and read more than you visit.

Live in the everlasting *now*. Do not daydream. Prov. 17:24.

Be unqualifiedly clean in body and mind.

Always follow the dictates of an enlightened conscience. Acts 24:16.

Keep short accounts with God. Settle with him at once in case of sin or mistake.

Maintain a *profound self-respect*.

CHARLES L. TAYLOR.

ARE those who are reading the Bible assignments for the Juniors also reading the interesting notes and articles on the assignments? If not, they are missing something worth while.