

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVI

March 12, 1918

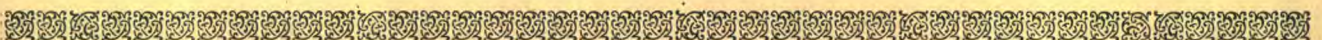
No. 11



Pan-American Building

THE Pan-American Building in Washington is the home of the Pan-American Union, the official international organization of the twenty-one American republics devoted to the development of commerce, friendship, and peace among them. This noble building, constructed entirely of white marble, and its beautiful grounds, represent an investment of \$1,100,000. The greatest living French architect has described the building as combining beauty of architecture and usefulness of purpose. It is literally the capitol of the Western Hemisphere in the national capital of the United States, for there meets regularly within its walls the governing board of the Pan-American Union, which is the actual congress of all

the American republics, composed of the Secretary of State of the United States and the Latin-American ambassadors and ministers in Washington. This board has the unique distinction of being the only permanent international peace council in the world, while the building and the organization is the only one in the world controlled jointly by a large group of nations. In its practical everyday work the Pan-American Union is a great international bureau of information. Its director general is John Barrett, former United States Minister to Argentina, and its assistant director, Francisco J. Yánes, of Venezuela.— *Young People*.





# From Here and There

A hundred horses, fifty span, would be required to supply the power for a small airplane.

Whole wheat contains about 98 per cent of digestible material, while the average meat has rarely more than 93 per cent.

We are indebted to Koreans, we are told, for our double-entry method of bookkeeping. It was a product of the twelfth century.

When \$15,000,000 a day are required to feed the world's soldiers, there should be no waste of food. Let all surplus money be used for supplying food.

William P. Kenney, a former newsboy, has just been elected president of the Great Northern Railroad, succeeding Louis W. Hill, son of the late "empire builder," James J. Hill.

At thirteen of the cantonments arrangements have been made for feeding hogs on the camp garbage. It is estimated that this will in a year produce more than 18,000,000 pounds of pork meat.

We have our meatless, heatless, wheatless, and wasteless days. Now Senator Smoot from Utah proposes that we have an eatless day once a month. We shall be fortunate not to have more than that before this bloody conflict is over.

Madam Schumann-Heink, the famous sweet singer, is an Austrian by birth; but she is sufficiently Americanized to give three sons to the American army. And for her own war relief work she has been made honorary colonel of the 21st United States Infantry.

President Wilson has authorized the awarding of decorations for acts of heroism, meritorious service, length of service, and wounds, similar to those of the other Allied armies. The order creates four new decorations in addition to the present medal of honor, which is rare and extremely difficult to secure.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to the United States since 1912 until very recently, died on February 14, at Ottawa, Canada. The ambassador had many friends in this country, and showed great skill in handling the perplexing problems that arose in this country because of the entente blockade.

In Montreuil, France, not many miles back of the battle line, French peasants are still permitted to give attention to their peach crop, now made doubly precious by the devastations of war. Here the peach trees are trained on walls and trellises, and climb as does the wild rose. The peach trees are often grafted on almond trees, and under the careful culture they receive from their owners, produce very large and most delicious fruit, which commands a high price in Paris and London markets.

Indiana's State-wide prohibition law was held to be unconstitutional and void by Judge F. M. Hostetter of the Vanderburg County Superior Court, in ruling on a demurrer to a complaint filed by a number of brewing companies against the county prosecutor to enjoin him from enforcing the law after April 2, 1918, the date named for it to take effect. The action of the court disposes of the last of the preliminary steps before actual trial on the facts, and opens the way for an immediate appeal to the Indiana Supreme Court if the "dry" interests desire to take that step.

The Mississippi Valley produces every year nearly 1,000,000,000 tons of commerce. To help in handling this river trade steel barges of unique construction are now being put in operation. These carry more freight than the largest steamboats could carry. Eighteen hours of work by twenty men loading and unloading an electric loader are required to empty one of these of its cargo. These barges are driven by powerful internal-combustion engines driving four propellers. The heating and cooking are done by electricity. The boat is keyed, wired, telephoned, and gaged, everything being done to save steps, avoid smoke, and eliminate friction, whether mechanical or human. The crew of the old steamboat "Robert E. Lee" numbered one hundred twenty-five men, while the new barges are handled by twelve men.

A steel ship for the emergency fleet is launched for the nation at Seattle every eight days. The 21,000 shipyards workers, roused by conviction that ships can win the war; that any let-up will cost American lives; that a slowing down of energy in shipbuilding is just as damaging as would be the inactivity of artillery on the battle front, are working with furious energy, conquering all obstacles. On February 6, the end of a seventy-day period, sixteen steel leviathans had been launched, with a total deadweight cargo capacity of 142,600 tons.

Ten months of the war have cost the United States about \$7,000,000,000 — at the rate of \$710,000,000 a month, nearly \$24,000,000 a day. More than half of this huge sum, or \$4,121,000,000, has been placed as loans to the Allies, and the balance, about \$3,000,000,000, represents America's outlay for its own war purposes, exclusive of more than \$600,000,000 for ordinary governmental expenses.

More fearful even than actual death and injury are the effects of air raids upon the minds of children, according to investigations of British pathologists. Great harm is done to the nervous systems of thousands of youngsters, and many are incapacitated from serious endeavor. The only cure is to remove them from the scene of their terror.

According to reports to the United States Food Administration for the week ended February 9, twenty-nine principal articles of food cost less in Washington than the average cost in 1,000 cities and towns, all the forty-eight States being represented in the cities and towns reporting.

The nation's foreign commerce has increased from two billions of dollars in 1913 to nine billions of dollars. There has been placed on the railroads little more than one half the number of locomotives needed to care for the increased traffic, the remainder being sent to France and Russia.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 12, 1918

NO. 11

## The Faithful Friend

MRS. J. L. VAUGHN

A NOISY city street with dust bestrown  
In sunshine of a sultry summer day,  
And running round are children at their play.  
I see a babe in carriage there alone  
Asleep, fanned by the dusty breezes blown;  
No mother stands to chase the flies away,  
Nor passer-by does for a moment stay —  
His little dog keeps silent watch alone.

The busy stream of life keeps on its way,  
They do not see the baby sleeping there,  
Nor little dog that watches with such care;  
I only see those loving glances sent  
As on the sleeping child his eyes are bent.  
Oh! what a faithful, loving little friend!  
Your weary task will soon be at an end;  
But in my thoughts the scene will always stay.

Oh, little babe, sleep on while daylight flies!  
The city noise and strife you do not hear  
Nor see the patient friend that watches near.  
Only to me a lesson it has taught,  
So full of love and patience it was fraught.  
Oft on the screen of memory it will rise,  
This scene of life that now before me lies,  
This day beneath the sultry summer skies.

## Washable Virtues

SOMETHING like two hundred years ago, a good Quaker father inscribed under the record of his child's birth this quaintly worded petition, "And fit her for her long journey, O Lord, with virtues that will wash."

Those were the days when fabrics were dyed at home, and it was not always easy to get a fast color. Indeed, it is not so many years ago since our mothers used to buy an attractive pattern of cotton goods over the counter, only to see all its beauty blur and fade with the first washing. I am not sure but the same thing happens occasionally even in these days of improved dyeing processes.

"Virtues that will wash." Turn that homely phrase over in your mind for a thoughtful moment, please. Good qualities of mind and heart — honesty, kindness, patience, and perseverance — are compared here to the colors which make a piece of new cloth beautiful and attractive. And the question raised is whether these good qualities will bear the hard tests of life, and come out of them just as bright as they were before.

One of the most threatening perils of a young life is inexperience. It never is really put to the test until it is launched for a rough-and-tumble contact with the world, where everything depends upon how deeply its virtues are rooted and how much strain they will bear.

A boy might go through his school days without once being very seriously tempted to dishonesty. If he merely believes that "honesty is the best policy," and that a fellow comes out better by keeping the straight path than by taking a crooked one, he may have trouble later on, when some sophistry of business practice makes things look quite the other way. His virtue is good as far as it goes, but it won't wash. To do that it must be a sound principle of right, grounded in a conviction that we are responsible to God for how firmly we stand by it or how lightly we let it go.

Again, most of us have little difficulty in being kind to agreeable people, and doing favors for those who, in turn, are ready to do favors for us. When it comes to disinterested kindness, helping people in need, just because they need it, without any expectation of a return, or even a word of appreciation — everything depends upon whether our kindness is dyed in the wool or merely painted on the outside. If it has love behind

it, and that love is of the sort which Jesus practiced and commended, it will keep its color, even under the acid test of indifference and ingratitude, and do its best for Jesus' sake, and for the good of those who need it.

Sometimes a lad fails in life because his industry and perseverance fade out in the first thorough washing. He never considered himself a quitter, but his resolution to accomplish some task never was strong enough to keep plodding on, and on, and on, day after day, apparently without getting much nearer the goal than if he stood still. At bottom, he has no strong conviction that his life was meant for some particular thing, and so he comes presently to drift along the line of least resistance, instead of keeping resolutely at the oars and making sturdy strokes upstream, be the current what it may.

The seed which fell on thin soil and sprang up quickly, but which had no root for a vigorous, fruitful growth, is Christ's figure of a religion which won't bear washing. We accept Christ because our emotions are stirred, perhaps, or because it seems the right thing to do, or because others around us are doing it; and, though we may be perfectly sincere, we don't count beforehand what whole-hearted service of Christ is going to cost us. Presently a big sacrifice is required, — something which bites deep into our ease and self-love, — and we draw back timidly, and begin to make excuses. In other words, our loyalty to the Master will keep up appearances well in fair weather, but it won't hold its color under a soaking downpour.

Take a mental inventory of yourself, and find out just how much washable material there is in your nature. It is the only part that really counts for much as an asset in life, and it is vitally important that we do not deceive ourselves by taking fast colors for granted. How much wetting and rubbing will your faith in God bear? Is your love for men, your purity of heart, your integrity of purpose, proof against a thorough drenching? We can't always tell just what will be required of us, but preparedness does a vast deal to anticipate disasters and to prevent them.

*Charles T. White, in the Wellspring.*

"ONE wrong step may give you a great fall."



## Who Wins? Shall You? Shall I?

A CHAIN is no stronger than its weakest link. So our Christian experience is no stronger than our weakest point. Upon the characteristic of our life which is hardest to overcome but is not in accordance with Christ's will and ideal for us, there hangs our real strength.

Sometimes the greatest blessings God has for his children, are inclosed in the crusts of hardship, trial, and even failure, which we are constantly encountering in life's way. We have work to do, a mission to fulfil. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift and accomplish nothing in this life. We have loads to lift, burdens to bear, that no one but you and I can lift or bear; circumstances, obstacles, and failures to surmount, not merely to pass by and acknowledge that we are defeated, but to *know* that we have conquered and have fewer weak links in the chain of our experience.

We cannot hope to live in a world without care. Such life is impossible. The greater and more important the place we are called to fill in this life, the more care and perplexity we must meet, the more we must guard our lives to strengthen our weak links. We need to stay our minds upon God, trust in him, and day by day, hour by hour, the chain of our Christian experience will be strengthened.

Many times the hardest task we ever undertook is to overcome, to master, to strengthen these weak links. All do not have the same trials and hardships, nor the same hereditary weaknesses, the same passions and desires. Thus, we must not judge the motives of our friends by their actions. What is my weak link may not be yours. It is a battle between myself and Satan, between yourself and Satan; and who will triumph? Ask yourself this question, "Who will conquer?" Am I to be defeated by one weak link? or, will I take God as my armor in the battle, my Captain, and allow him to win for me?

So frail is human strength that without God we can do nothing. *We* cannot make of our lives what they must be. *We* cannot strengthen the chain of our experience. But no matter how low we may sink in weakness, in trouble, in sorrow, or how many times we may faint on the journey, we can never sink below the reach of God's everlasting arm.

"God hath not promised  
Skies ever blue,  
Flower-strewn pathways,  
Always for you.  
God hath not promised  
Sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow,  
Peace without pain.  
But God hath promised  
Strength from above,  
Unfailing sympathy,  
Undying love."

No matter how beautiful a character may appear to be, yet without an intimate friendship and daily walk with God there is a link missing. And with just this *one* link missing our chain will be too short to reach the standard. It is *now*, in youth, when each year adds another link, this link of 'knowing God' must become the master link of our chain. Emerson says: "When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replies, 'I can.'" To know God is to have confidence in yourself and others.

The human being craves love, affection, tenderness, and devotion. The most hardened and debauched sinner will respond to a kind word, an act of tenderness. It is only human to love. But why should we

shrink from and shun the love and friendship of God? For God is love, God is eternal, tender, and merciful. His gentleness is infinite. Oh, where can we find such love and devotion? Who would do for you and for me what Jesus did? Who would suffer on the cruel cross, and in the garden of Gethsemane, what Jesus suffered for you and for me? Yet, why do we hesitate to reciprocate his love for us? Why do we leave him out of our lives? Let us stop, think, and realize what we are doing!

Our greatest strength lies in the victory over one weak link. Who wins? Shall you? Shall I?

JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN.

## The City over There

THERE's a land of joy and sunshine,  
Where the shadows never fall;  
There we'll meet our blessed Jesus,  
Our Saviour and our all.

Here life's ways are sad and dreary  
With the pain of toil and care,  
And our thoughts, they wander often  
To the city over there.

Dimly think we of the glories  
That nevermore shall fade;  
We will praise our God forever  
For the beauties he has made.

If we're faithful through life's journey,  
Till our days are at an end,  
We shall meet our blessed Jesus,  
He our Saviour and our Friend.

When we see that glorious city,  
We shall feel for all repaid —  
For the life of toil and duty —  
In the home that God has made.

In that fairest of all cities,  
With our King forevermore,  
We shall live in joy forever  
And our partings shall be o'er.

DOROTHY BROCKMAN.

## Thoughts from Orison Swett Marden

AS a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Keep a high ideal of health and harmony constantly before the mind. A plan in the mind will appear in the statue. The coming physician will teach the people to cultivate cheerfulness, good will, and noble deeds for a health tonic as well as a heart tonic, and that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine. It's a great thing to have brains, but vastly greater to be able to command them. Self-control is at the root of all virtues. Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brains of the wildest dreamer. A self-controlled mind is a free mind, and freedom is power.

Give me a great thought, that I might quicken myself with it. The power of grand sentiments and great thoughts refine the face and manner. Love our enemies, for they are very often our best friends in disguise. They tell us the truth where friends flatter. Their biting sarcasm and scathing rebukes are often mirrors which reveal us to ourselves. Friends cover our faults, but rarely rebuke. Enemies drag out to the light all our weaknesses without mercy. We dread these thrusts and exposures as we do the surgeon's knife, but we are better for them. They reach depths before untouched, and we resolve to redeem ourselves from scorn and inferiority. We are victors of our opponents. They have developed in us the very power by which we overcome them. Without their opposi-



tion we should never have braced and anchored and fortified ourselves as the oak is braced and anchored for the thousand battles with the tempest.

The man who has triumphed over difficulties bears the sign of victory in his face; an air of triumph is seen in every movement. Strong characters, like the palm tree, seem to thrive most when most abused. It is defeat that turns bone to flint; it is defeat that turns gristle to muscle; it is defeat that makes men invincible; it is defeat that has made those heroic natures that are now in the ascendancy, that has given the sweet law of liberty instead of the bitter law of oppression. Difficulties call out great qualities and make greatness possible. Few knew Lincoln until the great weight of the war showed his character. Perhaps Phillips and Garrison would never have been known to history had it not been for slavery. The best tools receive their temper from fire, their edge from grinding. The noblest characters are formed in the same way. The harder the diamond the more brilliant the luster and the greater the friction necessary to bring it out. The spark in the flint would sleep forever but for friction. The fire in man would never blaze but for antagonism. The friction which retards a train upon the tracks, robbing the engine of a fourth of its power, is the very secret of locomotion. Oil the track, remove the friction, and the train will not move an inch. The moment man is relieved of friction or opposition and the track of his life oiled with inherited wealth or other aids, that moment he often ceases to struggle and therefore ceases to grow.

If the germ of the seed has to struggle to push its way up through the stones and hard sod, to fight its way up to sunlight and air and wrestle with storm and tempest, the fiber of its timber will be all the tougher and stronger.

Rough seas and storms make sailors. Emergencies make giant men. But for our Civil War the names of its grand heroes would not be written among the greatest of our time.

The prison has roused the slumbering fire in many a noble mind. "Robinson Crusoe" was written in prison. "Pilgrim's Progress" and Penn's "No Cross, No Crown" were written by prisoners. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote "The History of the World" during his imprisonment of thirteen years. Luther translated the Bible while confined in the castle of Wartburg. Every obstacle overcome lends strength for the next conflict.

Obstacles and oppositions are but apparatus of the gymnasium in which the fiber of manhood is developed. Through pit and dungeon Joseph came to the throne. There is no more helpful and profiting exercise than surmounting obstacles. A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements.

If you think there is no difference between the plank made from the rugged mountain oak and one from the sapling of the forest, place both planks in the bottom of a ship and test them in a hurricane at sea.

The sculptor thinks only of the angel imprisoned in the marble block. So nature cares only for the man or woman shut up in the human being. The sculptor cares nothing for the block as such. Nature has little regard for the mere lump of breathing clay. The sculptor will chip off all unnecessary material to set free the angel. Nature will chip and pound as remorselessly to bring out our possibilities. She will strip us of wealth, humble our pride, humiliate our ambition, let us down from the ladder of fame discipline us in a thousand ways, if she can develop a

little character. Everything must give way to that. Wealth is nothing, position is nothing, fame is nothing, manhood is everything. Not ease, not pleasure, not happiness, but a man, nature is after.—Compiled by Emma Musick.

### Safety First

**SAFETY FIRST!** How it greets us, and warns us, and admonishes us from every point of advantage! About the railways especially, and the manufacturing plants, does this trite warning shock us into carefulness and thoughtfulness. How quickly our minds revert to the dangers around us when our eyes are greeted with the friendly warning "Safety first." It is right; we should "play safe" and take good care of these bodies until God is ready to have them laid aside.

To disregard these warnings of physical danger and carelessly allow ourselves to be mangled and crushed or killed outright, would be criminal carelessness. It would be wrong.

We must remember that one who, in spite of modern safety appliances and warnings, falls victim to accidental violence, and is rushed in motor ambulance to the modern operating-rooms of the well-equipped emergency hospital, where trained surgeons and cool-headed nurses exert all their skill in restoring the mangled body to its natural uses, is never the same again, even though all was done for his recovery that could be done. He cannot grow another hand or foot or even a new finger,—he is forever under the influence of that accident. He will carry the marks of that experience to the grave.

### Our Spiritual Surgeon

So in the matter of spiritual safety,—in safeguarding our souls. If we disregard the "safety first" warnings of the gospel message and are crushed under the wheels of sin, we must forever labor under the handicap of that experience and bear the scars of the conflict. All the machinery of the church cannot restore or replace the innocence and purity lost through the violence of sin. The spiritual emergency hospitals are unable to remove the fact of the accident. If we fail, I say, to heed the "safety first" cry,—important things first, first things first, if you please,—and in spite of spiritual safety appliances and devices installed to protect us (such as prayer, reading the Word, attending divine worship, helping others), if, in spite of all these, we have a spiritual accident and make shipwreck of faith, then we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous One, who will act as our spiritual surgeon and bind up our wounds and heal all our infirmities. But even he, our so great Physician, cannot remove the scars of the conflict. We are forgiven if we confess and repent; our sins are washed away; our guilt is purged; but—

"The bird with the broken pinion  
Never soared so high again."

Adam and Eve were forgiven, and their sin blotted out, and their names head the list of the millions written in the book of life, but they lost Eden; and the bitter remorse of their transgression followed them for hundreds of years. They could not get rid of the marks of their experience.

### Experience a Good Teacher

How much better it would be if we could learn to profit by the experience and sufferings of others and not have to be torn and broken by the so-called "best



teacher." Experience may be a good teacher, but it is a very unpleasant one, and usually brings with it misery and bitter reflections. We need to learn from the Word of God. We need to be warned by the recorded failures of others and by the suffering those failures have cost. We need to shun evil things as we would and do shun the deadly wheels of the railroad trains; and as we heed the "safety first" signs along the right of way, we must be obedient to the "safety first" admonitions of God's most holy Word, and through the strength of Christ "turn from evil."

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

### The Swan's Library

[The following article appeared in a Spanish magazine, published in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Central America. Brother Henry Brown, who has charge of the work in that field, finding the article interesting as voicing perhaps the troubles of owners of books in every land, translated it for the INSTRUCTOR.]

ONCE the wolf went to pay a visit to the swan and found him profoundly melancholy. The visitor on entering said affably, "I find you just a bit melancholy."

"Yes," responded the swan, "sorrow always invades my soul when I think that this world must be well supported not to sink beneath the ponderous weight of knavery and villainy there is in the hearts of the beings that inhabit it."

"Bah," exclaimed the wolf smiling cheerfully, "that isn't sufficient reason for so much melancholy. The fact is, my dear friend, that all wickedness in the world is inherited. Why should we be commanded not to practice deceit, when we are naturally imperfect? But come, what unlucky occurrence has provoked in you these mournful ideas?"

"The recollection that my library has been plundered," replied the swan.

"How? By whom? Have your walls been scaled or your house broken into?"

"No," said the swan; "I myself delivered the books to the thieves."

"Then," replied the wolf, laughing heartily, "there hasn't been theft or robbery; it has been a simple donation."

"No," protested the swan, "I gave them as a loan, with an understanding that they would be returned, but they have been kept: books by celebrated authors, as Guizot, Herodotus, Taine, Thucydides, Euripides, and—but how can I name them all? All have disappeared!"

The wolf instantly became serious. There was a long silence, then he said, "Come to think of it, Friend Swan, I believe I have a book of yours that you were kind enough to lend to me, entitled 'Infallible Rules for Catching Easily All Birds.' This book has been very practical to me, and I have retained it in my possession for several years now, it is true, but I had never intended to preserve it as my own."

"Oh, of course not," interrupted the swan courteously. "You understand I was speaking without reference to you. I was thinking of that legion of rapacious rogues who form their libraries from the libraries of others. Do you not consider my indignation justifiable?"

"Certainly," agreed the wolf, "but why do you not make use of the same methods?"

"Of what methods?" asked the swan.

"Of those practiced by your enemies—of borrowing books and retaining them so as to enrich your library."

"Oh, no!" objected the swan, shocked, "that would be rude. And then I still have quite a number of books from which I may derive entertainment."

There was another long silence. The wolf was a bit ashamed, and desired by some good advice or helpful hint to remove the impression caused by the remembrance of the borrowed book he *had* intended to keep as his own. Presently he said, "I believe I can tell you of an unfailing means of recovering your lost books."

"What means is that?" asked the swan, doubtfully.

"Go to each of your 'book keepers' and confide in him as you have in me this afternoon, and I assure you that the books will soon be delivered. I had no intention of appropriating your book, it is true, but had I had such an intention, after listening to your distressingly pitiful tale, I should have returned it to you without delay. Make use of this same means in approaching the other delinquents, and you will see its efficacy where they easily suffer shame, and even where conscience is dormant."

"Ah, my noble friend," said the swan, "you are not acquainted with the soul of some individuals in whom remorse does not exist. Imagine! I loaned upon one occasion to a certain personage a book that I myself had not read. In a few days I met him on the street, and he said to me as cheerfully as you please, rubbing his hands together, 'That book you let me have is magnificent! I'll just keep it; my library lacked just such a book. A thousand thanks.'"

"And what attitude did you assume?" asked the wolf.

"Well, before such brazen audacity I could but remain mute with surprise."

"Had I been in your situation I should have given him such a response that he would have considered himself fortunate to have escaped with his life."

After this dialogue and after having talked of politics and the war the wolf warmly shook the swan's foot and left.

The swan, desirous of testing the practicability of the wolf's suggestions, visited the possessors of his books. He spoke to the fox, who understood at once the insinuations of the swan, and discreetly gave up his borrowed tomes. He spoke to the owl, who returned the books that night. He spoke with the turkey, but that creature did not gather that he himself was alluded to, and after listening to the lamentations of the swan, he exclaimed:

"But that is monstrous! Plundered your library! that is unheard of! You should not allow yourself to be surprised by these speculators of friendship who borrow books and then do not return them." The turkey had the complete works of Shakespeare that he had kept for several years. He immediately changed the conversation.

The swan, after having approached the turkey, the pelican, and other individuals of the same stamp, tired of his labor and preferred losing his books. But in compensation he placed in the vacancies on his shelves cardboard shaped like tombstones, with sorrowful epitaphs giving the names of the books that had disappeared.

"Do not lend your wife or your horse," counseled the Arab; and we may add, "nor your books."—*Luis Andres Zuniga.*

If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault, for God made all men to be happy.—*Epictetus.*





# THE HOME CIRCLE

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



## Doing Plain Things in a Beautiful Way



EVERY girl wants to be beautiful, and rightly so; but not all girls are blessed with beauty of face and form. But there is one kind of beauty which every girl may cultivate; and if she makes it the daily habit of her

life, in time even the plainest features will take on a form of loveliness, the reflection of inner beauty.

What is it that every girl may cultivate? It is doing things in a beautiful way. The most humble task may be made lovely by doing it in a gracious way, and unconsciously the one who does this grows an inner beauty that radiates from her personality, giving it a charm all its own.

There is all the difference in the world between a task done in a beautiful way and the same task done in an unlovely way. This is true in the home, in school, in social life, in business, and in our church and Sunday school work, and every girl can cultivate the beautiful way of doing things. There are many tasks in the world that do not seem very lovely in themselves,—tasks that are hard and unaplauded and some that even seem like drudgery,—but if they are necessary tasks they are noble ones, and we can make them dignified and lovely if we do them in a beautiful way. Then there are some tasks which come to all of us—like the simple one of saying "Good morning" to our families, which may be done in one of two ways. Have you noticed that some folks say "Good morning" in so ungracious a way as to upset others for hours and hours, while some give the greeting with such kindness and charm as to cast a radiance over the entire day?

The motive which prompts a deed and the way in which we do it are quite as important as the deed itself. In every home, for example, dishes must be washed. Now, the daughter may help mother wash the dishes because she feels that she must, and she may sulk throughout the process. Or she may have chosen as an ideal to do things in a beautiful way; and knowing dishwashing to be a necessary task, she recognizes it as an opportunity for service, and with the fixed purpose of being truly helpful and doing all things in a lovely spirit, she washes the dishes, filling the kitchen and mother's heart with sunshine as she does so. One may light a fire in a grate in so beautiful a way as not

only to warm the physical bodies, but to cheer the heart and refresh the spirit as well. One may set a table and serve a meal in a way that will not only satisfy physical hunger, but give spiritual strength and comfort.

And this principle applies in our social life, our school and church work. The most brilliant social affair planned by a committee is a failure if jealousy or selfishness or touchiness is allowed to come in among the committee workers. The most remarkable record of a class president is not a success if the girl has worked from desire for praise or for self-glory. The most humble class task performed from the desire truly to serve and done in a beautiful way, with love the motive, is the real success. And so in all life's relationships the spirit of our deeds, the way in which we do them, is the thing which determines their real value in the eternal reckonings. To do things, from the simple, most humble task of the

daily routine to the most responsible and exalted one of special opportunity, in a beautiful way, is to grow in grace and loveliness, radiating beauty and joy wherever one goes. This is an ideal worthy of every girl's choice.—Elizabeth Nevison, in the Visitor.



### Appreciative Young People

NINE persons out of ten have thoughts that are appreciative; the tenth man speaks out loud. You have heard the story of the wife who prepared an extra good supper for her husband, which he ate with great satisfaction, but in silence.





"Did you enjoy your supper?" said the good wife.

"Why, certainly," replied the well-fed and contented husband.

"Why didn't you say so, then?" said the expectant wife, with a smile.

Young people, be appreciative! It will make life worth while for you and for those about you. Appreciation is like oil upon the troubled sea of life; it makes smooth sailing. Look about you! Open your eyes! You may find some timid, shrinking young person who is simply starving for a word of appreciation. Appreciation to such a life is often what the dew is to the flower. It is easy enough to say, "Virtue is its own reward;" but let us add our flower of appreciation.

Appreciate your friends—their virtues, kindness, ability, faithfulness, love. Have wide-open eyes for their virtues, but be a little blind toward their failings. A true friend is worth more than all the gold of earth.

Appreciate the good in people who have not been your friends—yes, even in those who have illtreated you. Get the habit of looking for the best in every one. Appreciation is a magnet that draws the best in hearts and lives to the surface.

Appreciate aged people, those who are bent with the storm and stress of many years. Be sympathetic, kind. How age loves youth when youth is sympathetic, kind, considerate! Never mind the peculiarities of old people; a little true goodness will outweigh many peculiarities. Kindness to the aged pays big dividends and opens joy fountains in the hearts of both youth and age.

Be kind to children; appreciate their smallest attempts to please. Many a good purpose dies in the heart of a child because none appreciate.

Appreciate tired people who have toiled long and are weary. Don't expect weary people to be always angelic. Rest them by a little appreciation if you would have them good-natured.

Appreciate your pastor. Has he been helpful to you? Tell him so. He may have had a strenuous day, and your appreciative words may be the bright spot in his day that makes his heart leap and sing for joy. Possibly when he prays that night he will say: "Thank God, it pays! I am helping some one."

And, most of all, we must be appreciative of our Father's goodness and remember his blessings with glad hearts. Be like the smiling little Salvation Army lassie who came in just now to sell me a *War Cry*. I said: "Why are you smiling? Do you know that the clouds have covered the sun, and it is dark and threatening?" Her smile broadened as she cheerily replied: "I am smiling because the sun shone this morning."

If the clouds gather as the day wanes, let us not forget to be thankful for the sunshine of the morning.—G. W. Tuttle, in the *Visitor*.

### A Good Letter

[A young man who has been serving as stenographer at one of our general offices was recently suddenly bereaved of his mother. In response to a letter of sympathy written to him by the editor, the following letter—a beautiful portrayal of filial devotion and Christian character—was received. Without permission the editor passes it on to INSTRUCTOR readers, hoping it may incite to greater appreciation of parents, and to more frequent expressions of appreciation by word and act.]

YOUR very kind letter of the first instant, bearing its message of sympathy and comfort, was received with an appreciation of the kind thoughts which prompted its writing. Our friends have been very tender and sympathetic with us in this dark hour, and it has helped a great deal to bear the loneliness of

the loss of the one whose place in the home cannot be supplied as it was so fully and sweetly filled by my mother. I know that my mother was a rare jewel whose excellence and grace shone forth brighter and more beautiful the longer I had her and the more I knew her. God was most marvelously good to me in giving me such a mother. No boy or girl ever had a better. There may have been some almost equal to her to some other boys. But no one ever will know as well as I do what that loving mother's care meant and will mean to me, or what pitfalls which are laid for every young boy's feet were escaped because of the eternal vigilance and devotion of my mother. She had given me to the Lord from a child, and was determined by the grace of God to prevent the snares of the enemy from stealing me away from that consecration. I truly thank God for the privilege of having my mother these years, and pray that he will give me the strength and manhood to live up to the ideals mother had for me.

One thing is quite a comfort to me just now, too, and that is the fact that I appreciated my mother while she was living, and told her so. I have heard of the regrets that some boys have expressed when their mothers left them, because they had not appreciated the worth of a mother while she was yet with them, or if they had, they had not expressed that love and appreciation. While I could not know what was coming, I was determined that no such thing would ever happen in my case. I have now truly learned by experience that great comfort comes from such memories, and I wish you would tell my boys in Sabbath school not to be timid about going up to mother, and telling her they love her. They cannot tell when she may be taken from them. No, the boys have not written me yet. I wish they would. The longer I was with them the more I came to like them, and I longed to see the time when they would give their hearts all to Jesus, and live only for him.

Father and I do not mourn as those without hope. We know that mother is sweetly resting, having escaped the terrible scenes and pains of the time of trouble. To her it will be but a moment till she hears the voice of Jesus calling her. The coming of Jesus and the resurrection have become very real events to us in the last few days. I have a personal interest in both now, and my greatest desire is to see the work of the gospel finished *quickly*, so that this separation may be ended as soon as possible. May God grant it.

With best wishes and friendly esteem, I am

Very sincerely yours.

### Warning to the Young

MY cry to every Seventh-day Adventist young person is, Do not marry an unconverted person. It is natural for every normal person to desire a life companion, but it is far safer and better in every way to remain single rather than marry one who is not a true believer in Christ. I am personally acquainted with many who have married out of the church, and most of them have had little else than sorrow. One young woman married a worldly man twenty-five years ago. To them were born six children. All of these who are grown are out in the world, and the mother is crushed and sad. When the mother would attempt to teach the children the Sabbath school lesson, the father would make fun of them. When the mother, who has been faithful in holding morning and evening worship, would gather her children for prayer and reading of God's Word, the father would often com-



mand one or more of them to go on an errand. And even now, after all these years of unkindness and sorrow, as the mother arises early so she can study her Morning Watch verse and read the Bible undisturbed, if the father is out of humor he tells her if she would let that old Book alone she would get her work done better. Much could be added to this recital, and there are many other persons living amid similar perplexities.

It is better, far better, to remain single than to marry a young man not of your religious faith. May God help our young people to see and shun the sorrow of unholy matrimony. God gives command not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers, therefore one should not encourage the attention of worldly people nor cultivate intimate association with unbelievers.

JOSEPHINE SMITH.

### Are You Planning Your Garden?

OF course you are going to have a garden this season. If you have no garden plot you can make one out of a window, a box, and some dirt. Lettuce, radishes, and parsley can be thus grown. Women have sometimes supplied their tables with the products of such gardens. There are few who cannot find a garden plot that they can rent, buy, beg, or borrow for use during the summer; so boys and girls, find your plot and begin work at once. Seeds can be obtained from local sources; or the Children's Flower Mission, of Cleveland, Ohio, will supply you with penny packet seeds of flowers and vegetables. These are regarded as reliable. Last year the firm supplied 71,000 schools with seed. The reason it can sell good seed so cheaply is partly due to its immense business. Last season it purchased cucumber, lettuce, and radish seed by the ton, and sold more than two tons of sweet peas and one hundred fifty bushels of nasturtium seed.

### Where They Get Their Seed

It may interest you to know that in the past "the best beet, carrot, and radish seed have always come from Europe, but owing to war conditions only small quantities are now available from that source. Growers in California, Michigan, and other States are now supplying these varieties, grown from French stock seed, which are quite satisfactory.

"A few years ago ninety per cent of all flower seed were grown around Erfurt and Quedlinburg, Germany. Today the American supply is mostly grown in Southern California, where hundreds of acres are devoted to their production, one of our growers alone requiring more than twelve hundred acres."

Write to the editor and tell her all about your garden. She would also like to know what you accomplished gardening last year, and how you plan to make your effort this year count for more than it did last year. But whether you do this or not, *plant a garden*.

### Favorite Axioms

TO dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision."

"Many spoil much good work for the lack of a little more."

Do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—*Lord Houghton*.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to any one else.—*Dickens*.

## Nature and Science

### The Voices of Spring

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice." Ps. 65: 8.

I WANDERED down to the meadow  
One morning in early spring,  
To list to the meadow voices  
And the songs they love to sing.

It was in the early morning,  
The sun was just peeping up,  
Each sweet wild rose 'twas kissing,  
And the yellow buttercup.

The air was filled with music,  
And all nature's arches rang,  
As the songs of praise ascended,  
While the meadow's chorus sang.

A million pearly dewdrops,  
Were seen in the fragrant grass,  
A squirrel climbed an ancient oak  
And chattered as I passed.

On a willow slender, swinging  
Above the streamlet gay,  
A wood thrush sweetly warbled  
To greet the sun's first ray.

As I listened in silent rapture  
To those notes so sweet and clear,  
The world and its treasures receded,  
The riches of heaven grew dear.

And I read in the book of nature,  
Lying open before me there,  
"Thy works, O Lord, shall praise thee,  
Thy greatness shall they declare."

GRACE E. BRUCE.

### A Birthday Present to the Nation

THE heart of an airplane is its engine. We know a great deal about gasoline engines, especially automobile engines; but an airplane engine is a very different proposition. It must be tremendously powerful, and at the same time extremely light. Every ounce of unnecessary weight must be shaved off. It must be built with the precision of a watch, its vital parts must be true to a ten-thousandth part of an inch. It takes a very powerful horse to develop one horsepower for a considerable length of time. It would take one hundred horses to supply the power for even a small airplane, and they would weigh one hundred twenty thousand pounds. An airplane motor of the same power would weigh less than three hundred pounds, which is a quarter of the weight of a single horse. It was this powerful, yet most delicate machine that we were called upon to turn out by the thousand. There was no time to waste; a motor must be designed that could be built in the American way, without any tinkering or fussy handwork.

Two of our best engineers met in a hotel in Washington on June 3, 1917, and worked for five days without once leaving their rooms. They had before them all the airplane knowledge of our allies. American engine builders offered up their trade secrets. Everything was done to make this motor worthy of America's reputation. There was a race to have the motor finished by the fourth of July. Sure enough, on Independence Day the finished motor was there in Washington—the "Liberty motor," a birthday present to the nation. It was a wonderful engine. Twelve different factories, from Connecticut to California, had helped to make it, yet so accurately had the parts been machined that they were assembled and put into a single motor without any special hand fitting. The Liberty motor has stood up splendidly under every test.



Big factories are now making the motor, and before this article is published the Liberty motor will be turned out by the thousand.

#### A Twenty-six-Acre Factory

The bodies and wings of our air fleet are being turned out in other factories. One big plant, which was built in three months' time, covers twenty-six acres with a single building. It measures nine hundred feet one way and thirteen hundred feet the other way. To give some idea of its enormous size, let us imagine how it would look if placed in the heart of New York City. Suppose we pick out Madison Square as the site of the vast factory. We should have to push back a little the buildings on the north and south sides of the square to squeeze the factory in, and then we should have to tear down the buildings on the west side of the square nearly all the way to Sixth Avenue to make room for the enormous length of the structure. The factory is an enormous mill into which canvas and spruce are being fed at one end, while from the other end a steady stream of airplanes will be ground out, when everything is in good running order, at the rate of fifty machines a day, or one every nine and a half minutes of an eight-hour workday.—*St. Nicholas.*

#### An Unbelievable Discovery

ABOUT thirty-five years ago there lived in Arizona a tribe of Apache Indians, led by Chief Geronimo. These Indians troubled the settlers so much that at length the frontiersmen followed them into the very heart of the Apache country. Several pursuits were made, and during one of these a cowboy by the name of Adams found himself in a remote and previously undiscovered petrified forest.

In this forest the cowboy noticed petrified wood of a wonderful coloring. There were reds, grays, blues, and greens, so blended as to make rarely beautiful combinations. He examined these very carefully, and reported his discovery to the governor of Arizona.

People laughed at him, because previous discoveries of agate had found only neutral tints, which lacked the perfect likeness of the trees from which they were formed. These new agates, however, showed concentric rings, radiating lines, knots, and bark in almost perfect duplicate.

When this cowboy was told bluntly that his story was not believed, he said that he would bear all the expenses to the place and return for any party the governor might appoint, if the forest was not found to be as he described it.

An expedition was fitted out, and the scientists found in the depths of a lava desert the remains of what had once been a great forest, now changed into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, bordered by petrified bark, with every knot and ridge visible.

Cutting and polishing such agates is done with great difficulty. Often it takes a month to saw through an agate log. No steel has been made hard enough to do the work, and so saws with diamond teeth have to be used, together with diamond dust.—*Walter K. Putney.*

#### Birds and the War Garden

EVERY boy and girl in this country wishes to do his or her bit to help win the war, and there are many who will be raising vegetables and fruits this summer. There will be many war gardens, large and small. In planting the plots in the spring we should

remember that all crops must be guarded against insects. The best helpers we can possibly have in keeping away the worms and bugs, are the birds, for these winged allies of the farmer and the gardener are fighting against the insect pests in both winter and summer. Even when the weather is cold they are boring into the bark of trees, hunting for the eggs of the insects; and when spring comes they are never idle.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, at 1974 Broadway, New York City, has a young people's branch called the Audubon Junior Classes. The association would like to have enrolled as members every boy and girl in the United States who is making a garden this year, or who would like to help in protecting the many useful birds. These creatures are aiding the farmer to keep his crops from being destroyed by insects and mice and from being choked by weeds. If the birds help, there will be many millions of weed seeds eaten before they have a chance to grow this spring.

In order that the children of this country may learn how much help the birds are in war time, and thus learn to protect them, the following offer has been made. The association this year has issued a new series of eight leaflets for the use of the junior classes. These leaflets describe the bald eagle, egret, meadow lark, bobolink, downy woodpecker, scarlet tanager, towhee, and white-throated sparrow. Special stress is laid upon the description of the eagle, for the entrance of the United States into war has concentrated much attention upon the bird which serves as our national emblem. The studies of the eagle are based upon personal observation and upon a digest of the highest authorities. Each leaflet is accompanied by an accurately colored portrait of the bird treated, and also a reproduction of an outline drawing, which school pupils may color for themselves.

In connection with the junior work the association has also printed a folder on heavy cardboard, arranged as a cabinet, in which are displayed pictures of seventy-four birds in the natural hues of their plumage. These cabinets will help bird students in recognizing the various species.

Through the generosity of General Coleman du Pont and others the National Association has been able to furnish these publications at a merely nominal charge of ten cents for the series, which is about one half the actual cost. The association's plan is offered to all teachers who are willing to conduct simple bird-study classes of fifteen pupils or more. They not only assume no expense, but receive much valuable material free, including the magazine *Bird-Lore*, by sending the \$1.50 collected from a class.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Walter Scott, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."*

HAPPINESS was made to be shared.—*Racine.*



### Rain

[The little book "Take It," from which this and the two following selections are taken, consists of about one hundred fifty short, virile, inspiring articles, the kind of suggestions that help children and youth, together with older ones, to find the best of life. Price, \$1. Order of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.]

**M**UCH of the most profound in life is expressed in the rain that we always seek to avoid, but hardly to study.

What pictures of our moods in the raindrops! Now slowly, silently falling into a dark and gloomy day; then, in torrents, with fierce, cruel-like force beating its life toward the earth; and again at other times, gently dropping, colored and flickering from the soft rays of the sun, all the beauty and glory of nature joining in its frolic.

Rain — how human you are!

### Good Losers

**S**OMETIMES those who fail — win. There is something big and fine and inspiring about a good loser.

No one ever wins all the time.

The three hundred brave men at the pass of Thermopylae who saw certain failure rushing fast upon them unto their death, never flinched, never faltered — but lost — finally to win on into the centuries and to inspire millions to big deeds and big sacrifices.

No one ever wins all the time.

But the fields of battle can never corner the heroic actions of the world. The everyday has her victories, her heroes and heroines — in the home, at the office — everywhere. And here it is that we daily applaud the good losers as well as the winners. For —

No one ever wins all the time.

Baseball is one of the greatest sports of all times. Poor in something is the man or woman who does not appreciate this game. Daily, as fine a bunch of good losers as ever walked or breathed is revealed on the baseball diamond. One of the finest examples in all baseball of a good loser was the great pitcher, Christy Mathewson, of the New York Giants. He was one pitcher that every spectator always liked to see win. For when he lost — he was a good loser. He always took his medicine with a smile, thereby making character alongside baseball history.

No one ever wins all the time.

So, be a good loser always. Smile it out, and grit it out. Your chance will come again. Perhaps the very next time you will be a winner. You surely will be if you are a good loser now.

### Relationship

**A** COMMON ownership runs the race. And there is nothing so comforting as to realize that what belongs to each of us quite as much belongs to everybody.

The house you think you own, your lands, your business, your books, your jewels — your all. In reality, these are only yours on loan. You can't take them with you when you quit this earth. Somebody will take them up where you left them, and after him some one else, and so on. Even the applause given you today will be handed to some one else tomorrow.

Even you belong to some one else. Your efforts toward success and happiness cannot turn solely to you. No man loves isolation. It would finally break the hardest heart.

Relationship makes folks possible. No one is so happy as when he is doing something to make some one else happy. If you doubt this statement, put it to the test and learn for yourself. If you are greatly gifted, share those gifts and you will presently realize that your gifts have enlarged. For it is only by giving away that you are able to get.

The next time you feel like getting the best of the other fellow, bear in mind that that chap is related to you. That fact will make a difference worth considering.

Think this over, you, whoever you are. We all have something in common. Our faces all look something alike. We laugh and weep and get stirred up over about the same things. There isn't very much difference between any of us, after all. So I think that if you can stand me, I can stand you, and be mighty glad that there is a relationship, rich and fine and healthy between us. — *George Matthew Adams, in "Take It."*

### Books of Worth

**C**RADED Exercises in Punctuation and Use of Capitals." Price, 25 cents.

"Winning Declamations — How to Speak Them." This book consists of more than one hundred selections from the writings of President Wilson, Messrs. Bryan, Roosevelt, Borah, Grady, Lane, Root, Twain, Finley, Jerome, Kipling, Van Dyke, and Vest, and many other good writers and speakers. Price, \$1.25.

"Poems My Children Love Best of All." Price, \$1.25.

"Take It," by George Matthew Adams. Price, \$1.

"In Nature's Haunts with Youthful Minds." Price, 75 cents.



Viewing California from Old Gray back. (Described in Last Week's Issue)



her own. Not this little face, but her little face — hers, that belonged to her.

"Poor thing, you haven't any, have you?" murmured Milly's voice, but so gentle a one and so full of sympathy that it was scarcely an interruption.

She wondered at herself that she did not resent it. She had always been quick to resent things.

"Did yours — have you lost yours?"

She shook her head, dumb with the pain at her breast.

"O poor thing! then you never had one," Milly whispered. "I'm sorry," she added simply, and stooped to kiss her little sleeping son. Her common face was uncommon with love.

The lady saw it through her tears, beautified. Around them both, the woman denied and the woman beautified, reached clean stretches of fields and woods, a thread of river, a lake in the sun. The cry of their common sex drew them together.

It was a humble enough meal. The lady had never shared a humbler one. At first there was natural embarrassment in the presence of a stranger; then the spirits of the children asserted themselves, and a babble of small tongues arose, with the undertone of John's deep bass. Shrill laughter was provoked by small witticisms, and the mirth ran high.

"Do you mind?" Milly asked in half apology, half pride. They're just children. John's one, too." Her eyes dwelt enjoyingly on the big, unbeautiful features. "He doesn't get a chance to laugh like that often, and I'd hate to stop him —"

No, no, he must not be stopped. The lady did not mind. *Mind?* She would like to be able to laugh like that herself. It was genuine and wholesome and sweet, and she had missed genuine and sweet and wholesome things, and hungered for them, and thirsted. The Johns she had known had been artificial Johns.

"I envy you," she cried sharply to the wife of this humble John, the mother of these humble, laughing children.

Confidences came with after-dinner relaxation. Milly, with her baby leaping in her arms, made a confession.

"You can't guess something. John and I were angry with you for coming, at first! It seemed kind of mean, when we wanted to come alone, just us and the children. We didn't think you had any right; it was going to be *our* Mount today, we said. Weren't we pigs? But first John came to, and then I did. I can stay a pig longer than John can. 'She's got just as good a right as we have,' we said then, and felt better. And here we are being glad you came!"

The lady's eyes sought for distances. Could she make her own confession? No, no, she lacked Milly's courage. She could not say: "I can 'stay a pig' longer than either of you. I should be one now if you and John had not saved me." She did not want them to know; she felt a humble desire to remain in the good graces of these plain people.

The baby lurched toward her, and she held out her arms to him in sudden inspiration. She would confess to the baby!

Her lips found a little pink ear. "You tell them for me after I'm gone," she whispered. His little hands clutched at her hair, her ribbons, her heartstrings. "Be sure to say I'll never do so any more."

In her room at night she reviewed things.

She had found real people and spent the day with them.

She had had her Sermon on the Mount.

She had brought home with her new creeds — and the touch of tiny fingers on her face. — *Annie Hamilton Donnell.*

#### A Boy's Promise

THE school was out, and down the street  
A noisy crowd came thronging,  
The hue of health and gladness sweet  
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad  
Who listened to another,  
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,  
"I can't — I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout  
Of boisterous derision;  
But not one moment left in doubt  
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"  
He calmly told the other;  
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;  
"I can't — I promised mother."

Ah! who could doubt the future course  
Of one who thus had spoken?  
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,  
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on the steadfast will,  
Unyielding to another,  
That bears all jeers and laughter still  
Because he promised mother.

— *George Cooper.*

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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## Our Counsel Corner

*IS it best for young men and young women to do missionary work for each other?* R. E.

A worker of wide experience says: "The only way in which they can do missionary work for each other is in each making of himself or herself the very best representative of everything that is best and truest in good manners, according to the divine model, and then leave the detail work for young men to men, and for young women to women. Any man who must be led to Christ by some woman, instead of some good brotherly man, can never be saved."

*Why are the subjects of the programs of our Missionary Volunteer meetings printed three months in advance in the Gazette?* L. L.

For just one reason! Can't you guess what it is? Why, it is so that every Missionary Volunteer leader, and every member of the program committee, where there are program committees, may have their eyes wide open to see everything that would have a bearing on that meeting. Don't you know that ten persons can bring more ideas to any one subject than you can bring all by yourself, or than I can bring all by myself? Suppose, for instance, we take the subject for April 20 — "Living by Principle." In all our reading, between the time to prepare for this meeting and the present, we should think what it means to live by principle, and



be on the lookout for illustrations and examples that will be a help in the meeting. Or take the topic for May 11—"Mission Pictures from the West Indies." If we remember that we are going to study the West Indies in one of our Missionary Volunteer meetings, we shall be on the watch for everything of interest we can find about that field. We shall read our papers carefully, and preserve any items of interest that will be of help in the meeting.

So that is the reason. Are you co-operating?

A. B. E.

## The Sabbath School

### XII—Hagar and Ishmael; Abraham's Faith Tested

(March 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 21: 5-21; 22: 1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Without faith it is impossible to please him." Heb. 11: 6.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 145-155; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 81-84.

When Abraham and his son were welcomed back,

"Said they, under breath, from man to man,  
The while they passed along the homeward way,  
'The prince has seen—has seen and talked with God.'"

#### Questions

1. How old was Abraham when Isaac, "the child of promise," was born? What did Sarah see at the feast that was held in honor of Isaac? Gen. 21: 5, 8, 9. Note 1.
2. What request did Sarah then make of Abraham? How did this appear to Abraham? What instruction did the Lord give to him? Verses 12, 13.
3. How did Abraham respond to the command of the Lord? What experience did Hagar have after she went away? Verses 14-16.
4. How did the Lord show pity for Hagar? Verses 17-19.
5. What is said of Ishmael as he grew to manhood? Verses 20, 21.
6. In what way did God test Abraham? Gen. 22: 1, 2. Note 2.
7. How promptly did Abraham obey the Lord? What did he take with him on the journey? How long did it take him to reach the land of Moriah? Verses 2-4. Note 3.
8. When Abraham saw the mount "afar off," what did he say to the young men? As he and Isaac went on, what did each carry? What conversation took place between them? Verses 5-8. Note 4.
9. When they reached the place, what did Abraham first do? When the altar and the wood were ready, what was next done? Verse 9. Note 5.
10. How did Abraham further show perfect obedience to God? How was he restrained from carrying out his purpose? Verses 10-13.
11. What enabled Abraham to make such a sacrifice? What promise had been given him concerning Isaac? Heb. 11: 17, 18. Note 6.
12. What hope did Abraham cherish concerning Isaac? Verse 19.
13. What did the angel say he now knew? Gen. 22: 12, last part.
14. What promise did the Lord then renew to Abraham? Verses 15-18.
15. To what place did Abraham return? Verse 19.
16. Why was this test given to Abraham? Note 6.

#### Something to Think About

Why was Isaac sometimes called "the child of promise"? Make a list of the strong characteristics shown in Abraham's life.

What message does Abraham's life preach to the people of today?

What custom of the heathen concerning their children is mentioned in the Bible? See 2 Chron. 28: 3; 2 Kings 17: 31; Eze. 16: 20, 21.

Why would this custom make it still more difficult for Abraham to follow the instruction given to him?

#### Notes

1. When Isaac was born, the hearts of Abraham and Sarah were filled with gladness, but Hagar was bitterly disappointed. Ishmael was now a youth, and both he and his mother hated Isaac. The rejoicing at the feast added fuel to the jealous flames burning in their hearts, and Ishmael finally dared "openly to mock the heir of God's promise."

2. "At the time of receiving this command, Abraham had reached the age of a hundred and twenty years. He was

regarded as an old man, even in his generation. In his earlier years he had been strong to endure hardship and to brave danger; but now the ardor of his youth had passed away. One in the vigor of manhood may with courage meet difficulties and afflictions that would cause his heart to fail later in life, when his feet are faltering toward the grave. But God had reserved his last, most trying test for Abraham until the burden of years was heavy upon him, and he longed for rest from anxiety and toil."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 147. Isaac at this time must have been about eighteen or nineteen years of age.

3. It is interesting to note that the Lord chose for the site of the temple the top of this Mt. Moriah, where Abraham endured this test of faith, where he offered the sacrifice of the ram caught in the thicket. The Lord had this mountain in mind. It was called the glorious holy mountain, and made glorious by these things which happened there.

4. "None but God could understand how great was the father's sacrifice in yielding up his son to death; Abraham desired that none but God should witness the parting scene. He bade his servants remain behind, saying, 'I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.' The wood was laid upon Isaac, the one to be offered, the father took the knife and the fire, and together they ascended toward the mountain summit, the young man silently wondering whence, so far from folds and flocks, the offering was to come. At last he spoke, 'My father, behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?' O, what a test was this! How the endearing words, 'my father,' pierced Abraham's heart! Not yet—he could not tell him now. 'My son,' he said, 'God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.'—*Id.*, p. 152.

5. "At the appointed place they built the altar, and laid the wood upon it. Then, with trembling voice, Abraham unfolded to his son the divine message. It was with terror and amazement that Isaac learned his fate; but he offered no resistance. He could have escaped his doom, had he chosen to do so; the grief-stricken old man, exhausted with the struggle of those three terrible days, could not have opposed the will of the vigorous youth. But Isaac had been trained from childhood to ready, trusting obedience, and as the purpose of God was opened before him, he yielded a willing submission. He was a sharer in Abraham's faith, and he felt that he was honored in being called to give his life as an offering to God. He tenderly seeks to lighten the father's grief, and encourages his nerveless hands to bind the cords that confine him to the altar."—*Id.*, p. 152.

6. "It was to impress Abraham's mind with the reality of the gospel, as well as to test his faith, that God commanded him to slay his son. . . . No other test could have caused Abraham such torture of soul as did the offering of his son. God gave his son to a death of agony and shame. The angels who witnessed the humiliation and soul-anguish of the Son of God were not permitted to interpose, as in the case of Isaac. There was no voice to cry, 'It is enough.' To save the fallen race, the King of glory yielded up his life. What stronger proof can be given of the infinite compassion and love of God? 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'—*Id.*, p. 154.

WHAT shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife?

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries

Shall live, though dead.

— Schiller.



Making Sure Whether Teddy is Friend or Foe



# The Youth's Instructor

Issued Tuesdays by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor  
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

## Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75  
Six months - - - - - 1.00

## Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year - - - - - Each \$1.25  
Six months - - - - - .75  
Three months - - - - - .40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

## The First Robin

ABOUT a score of snowdrop buds  
Are peeping from the ground;  
The sparrows chirp and twitter  
With a very happy sound.  
A big fat robin's bright red breast  
Is seen 'mid mud and snow,  
His feathers tossing loosely,  
For the March winds blow.

L. MYRTLE SOURS.

## For the Finding-Out Club

1. In what States are women allowed to vote?
2. Who are the bolsheviki?
3. Name the members of the President's cabinet.
4. How does a pump raise water from a well, and from how great a distance can it be raised?
5. Name the prohibition States.

## Are You a Mover or a Relic?

THERE is a little river whose muddy waters are sluggishly but surely rolling onward toward the sea. At a certain place in its tortuous course there is a narrow bridge over the stream. Its iron girders clank together and the boards of its floor rattle as a farm horse leisurely draws over it the family cart. Hanging from the overhead supports at each end of the bridge are weather-beaten signs which proclaim it a misdemeanor to drive across the bridge on a trot. An automobile can hardly pass through it. The bridge is inadequate to present-day service.

Across the stream a short way above the bridge are the remains of a dam. Its large, well-hewn stones have withstood time and tide to a remarkable degree, but at many points there is a missing stone or a part of a stone broken away, and the water runs through. These stones are either not of so firm fiber as their fellows, or perchance the workmen who placed them did not use so much or so lasting cement in their setting.

On the bank of the stream just below the dam stands an old gristmill. The shingles left on its roof are twisted and covered with moss. A few pieces of glass remain in the windows that still possess their frames. Cobwebs are strung from one portal to another of the paneless windows. The door that faces the road is hanging askance by its rusty hinges. Dust fills the bowl of the silent millstone, and the mill race that once carried the energy-producing water is now used by the barefooted boys as a crayfish pool. The old stool where the miller sat lies at the foot of his topless desk. The mill is an interesting relic of former days; but its work is over. It did not keep pace with the world's progress.

These illustrations remind us that we must be alert to the ever-increasing demands of life; we must be adding strength to strength or old age may catch us with an empty purse, a broken-down body, and a shriveled, inefficient mental equipment.

LOE A. SUTTER.

## Street-Car Rules

THE vice-president of one of the leading railway lines of the city of Washington, recently gave the public the following rules for street-car conduct:

- "Don't carry on a conversation while alighting from a car.
- "Don't cross your legs while sitting.
- "Don't try to get on while others are getting off.
- "Help motormen and conductors.
- "Move forward, please."

These are important rules; but there are others that young people especially should not forget. Courteous boys and girls, young men and women, are quick to offer their seats to older persons. They never remain seated while an elderly man or woman stands. A writer in the *Washington Post*, speaking of the growing habit of men not offering their seats to the ladies, says that he was "recently compressed in a car while three women stood near him. Men were seated all about. The writer gave his seat to one of the three—a little woman of maybe forty years whose back was deformed. The other two, both close to fifty years of age, resignedly clung to straps, whirled and crushed in the maelstrom of incoming and departing passengers."

Washington men were once noted for their chivalry to women; but the last few years a change in this direction has taken place. Perhaps this has been brought about partly from the fact that young girls often are too ready to take seats that should be used by elderly women or by men who have been at work throughout the day; and perhaps it is because all women are not careful to express appreciation of courtesies shown. If the girls and young women were more thoughtful, perhaps the men would be more chivalrous to womankind in general.

## Reversed Values

MAN and God do not agree at all as to the values of things. Man says one thing; and God flatly contradicts it. That is, the natural man; when he has been born again and has received an entirely new nature from God, the man can begin to see things as God sees them. We can learn a lesson from the discovery made by a little boy who was just toddling up the first step of the stairway of knowledge. He brought home from school some slips of paper with a word written on each. He said to his parents, "Do you know how I can tell these words? This way: I know 'little' is 'little' because it is big, and 'big' is 'big' because it is little!" Men would be saved from a lot of mistakes and difficulty and trouble if they would just recognize that their "littles" are usually big, and their "bigs" are usually little. God settles it for us when he says, "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." 1 Cor. 3:19. And when we recognize the folly of our own wisdom, then for the first time we begin to be wise.—*Sunday School Times*.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering the living peace.—*Ruskin*.