

# The *INSTRUCTOR*

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Whatever the gift, be it orchids or roses,  
Or common field daisies, he brings to the shrine,  
'Tis friendship in making, be it high caste or lowly,  
Fair relic of Eden, all heavenly, divine.

MARY STUART.

# From Here and There

Four Virginia boys each planted an acre of peanuts. The profit of the four was \$579.23, an average of \$144.80 per acre for each boy.

Hibbing, Minnesota, is the iron-ore capital of the world, and the richest village on the globe, for here is located the Hull Rust Mine.

The soldiers want books, good books. In a city library sixty per cent of the books issued are fiction; in the camps less than half of the readers ask for fiction.

A new czar, Hunger, is assuming control in Russia. His rule may be as autocratic, his pressure as unrelenting, and his cruelty as great as that of any of the Romanoffs.

All of Canada, except the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, went dry April 1. December 31 these two provinces will also be in the dry column, making the sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquors prohibitive throughout the Dominion.

A portable office large enough to accommodate six persons has been designed for United States Army use. A telephone, a roll-top desk, drop shelves for three typewriters, a central table which may be put away when not needed, are numbered among the conveniences of this automobile.

In the First Liberty Loan campaign the Boy Scouts secured subscriptions to the value of \$23,238,250; in the second, subscriptions to the amount of \$102,084,100. If the increase of the third effort over the second is as great as the second over the first, the third effort will result in the securing of more than \$400,000,000.

A new piece of tableware is a combination knife, fork, and spoon, which will serve in eating anything but soup. One side of the knife is for cutting. The other side curves up and divides into four prongs, below which is a flat surface which prevents the food from dropping off. With this implement a one-armed man can eat comfortably.

At an estimated cost of ten million dollars, it is proposed to level a hill which the people of Rio de Janeiro claim deprive them of the cool winds to which they are entitled. When the Brazilian government gives its consent to the removal of the obstruction, forty-seven million cubic yards of earth will be carted to a broad area of submerged land.

William R. Wilson, a nineteen-year-old soldier, of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, is alive today in a hospital in the rear of the American sector in France, and rapidly recovering from a minor wound. A Bible and a small trench mirror, which he was accustomed to carry in his left breast pocket, deflected a German sharpshooter's bullet from his heart. Wilson says he is going to present the Bible to the United States as soon as he is discharged from the hospital.

The new Gladstone dock, the largest dock ever constructed, is in use at Liverpool. This dock is more than one thousand feet long and is closed by means of a great gate, or caisson, which weighs twelve thousand pounds. It takes more than forty-four million gallons of water to fill the dock basin to a depth of forty-five feet. This amount of water can be pumped into the basin within two and one-half hours. While similar docks are being built in Canada and in the United States, the Gladstone dock is the first of its size ever constructed.

Under the old-fashioned methods of operating railroads, every one with any authority, from the president down, could hold up a freight train to suit his personal convenience; but a great change has taken place in this respect. It was found that to stop the average heavy freight train, going at fifteen miles an hour, and to bring it up to the same speed again, means using from 300 to 750 pounds of coal. As a consequence, schedules are now arranged on well-managed roads so that there shall be as little interference with the movement of freight trains as possible, even if some passenger trains have to be inconvenienced by the process.

Boys from one of the Washington, D. C., schools, stirred by the Red Cross and Liberty Loan campaigns and by a recital of the needs of the country, have vowed among themselves not to spend money foolishly during the war. This vow, if faithfully kept, will not allow the purchase of cigarettes; but such boys are not of the kind that waste money and health on cigarettes. Why should not every INSTRUCTOR reader join hands with these boys in conserving our means for worthy purposes?

War Department officials stated that 1,000 Liberty aircraft motors were recently shipped from two American factories. Within a few weeks this figure will represent the daily average from American plants, it was said. The motors are being shipped abroad and to aviation training camps in this country. In a recent test one of the new motors carried an airplane to a height of 10,000 feet in seven minutes and fourteen seconds, which is believed to be an international record.

According to the writings of eminent Germans, including the kaiser, Germany aims to become a world kingdom. According to Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the golden image, there will never be another world kingdom. Rome was the last, and in the days of the ten kingdoms into which Rome was divided, the God of heaven is to set up his kingdom; therefore Germany can never realize her aims.

According to records discovered at the University of Virginia, Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, stands indebted to the university to the amount of two cents. It appears that while a student there Poe had once been charged sixty cents for keeping overtime certain volumes of history. A note following the item stated that fifty-eight cents of the debt had later been paid. No mention anywhere could be found of any further settlement.

An optiphone, or phonoptican, makes it possible for a blind man to read with his ears, for, by an electric optic, letters can now be transmitted into sounds. With a telephone receiver at the blind man's ear, he passes highly sensitized selenium bars over the letters he wishes to read, thus securing a characteristic sound from each letter.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 25, 1918

No. 26

## The People's Prayer

God bless our dear United States,  
Preserve the land from evil fates,  
Lift high her banner fair and free,  
And guard her bounds from sea to sea.

From foe without and foe within,  
From open shame and hidden sin,  
From boastful pride and greedy store,  
God keep our nation evermore.

Forever may her friendly hands  
Receive the poor of other lands  
In kindness of sisterhood,  
And fill their arms with ample good.

Assailed by battle hosts of wrong,  
God help our country to be strong;  
Assailed by falsehood's crafty crew,  
God help our country to be true.

God hold the nation's aim sincere,  
God save her heart from coward fear,  
God prosper her in true success,  
And crown her head with worthiness.

God bless our dear United States,  
Preserve the land from evil fates,  
Lift high her banner fair and free,  
And ever guard her liberty.

— Amos R. Wells.

## Roger Williams

CHARLES M. SNOW

**R**oger Williams was Rhode Island's Declaration of Independence; and from the constitution of the State which he founded, the great Constitution of the United States drew many of its most vital and valuable principles.

The date of Roger Williams's birth is not definitely known, but he was born in England about the year 1603. The years of his youth were times of great theological debates and strong theological feelings; for in those days it was a costly and generally very dangerous matter to hold opinions that were contrary to the creed of the established church. It mattered not how clearly those opinions could be proved from the Word of God, if they were contrary to the creed, they were dangerous heresies; and the more easily they were proved, the more dangerous they became — to the established church. Those were the days of the Anabaptists, the Mennonites, the Separatists, the Pilgrims, and the Puritans. The first two named stood for the complete separation of church and state, and were practically the same, the one having grown out of the other. The Separatists separated from the state church in order that they might find in their conventicles and prayer meetings the religious refreshing which they did not receive in the meetings of the established church. The Pilgrims were Separatists who migrated to Holland in 1608, and twelve years later came to America. The Puritans were members of the established church who desired a simpler and purer form of worship in that church than that which obtained there. All were denominated nonconformists.

With the established church — the English Catholic — persecuting all these nonconformists, or dissenters, in England, and with the Presbyterian establishment doing the same for all dissenters from its creed in

Scotland, with the Roman Church outlawed throughout the realm, Roger Williams had an excellent opportunity to study the workings of the church-and-state system. His early espousal of the principles of soul liberty soon made him an undesirable citizen in the eyes of the establishment, and his biographers indicate that when he left England, there were reasons of a very personal and imperative nature for his

doing so; namely, to escape the wrath of the officials of the established church for the opinions which he held. A sample of the conditions existing in England at the time when Roger Williams left for America is seen in the way a man by the name of Leighton was treated for publishing his "Plea Against Prelacy." For that act he was committed to prison for life, fined ten thousand pounds, degraded from his min-



Quaker in the Stocks in Massachusetts for Dissent from the Statute-enforced Religion

istry, whipped, pilloried, his ears cut off, his nose slit, and his face branded with a hot iron.

It was in 1631 that Roger Williams landed in Boston. He had come to America for freedom of belief and worship; but he found a church here as truly established and as truly despotic as the establishment in either England or Scotland. He refused to join the church at Boston because it still held communion with the Church of England, from whose oppressive jurisdiction he had fled. He thought it his duty to renounce all connection with a church that would imbrue its hands in the blood of the Lord's people. He made application for the rights of a "freeman" in the colony, but this was denied him because he refused to join the church, the rights of citizenship being specifically denied those outside the communion of the established church. It no doubt vexed the righteous soul of Williams to find in the New World the same oppressive conditions that had caused him

to flee from the Old, and without delay or diplomacy he began to combat the principle.

In spite of the disapprobation of the general court of the colony, the congregation at Salem elected Williams pastor. He soon found it conducive to his temporal peace, however, to take up his abode in the Plymouth Colony, where a greater degree of toleration existed, and there he continued to exercise his gifts as a minister of the gospel. He was again invited to become the pastor of the Salem church, and accepted the invitation, although the magistrates and ministers strongly objected. The majority of the church felt that they had a right to choose their pastor, and held to their choice. At once his opponents began to denounce his teachings, and



John Endicott

he was summoned to appear before the court to answer charges brought against his "heretical" opinions.

One of the teachings for which Roger Williams was called to answer was that the civil magistrate had no right to enforce religion and religious practices. Such teaching was, of course, diametrically opposed to the principles upon which the Massachusetts Bay Colony was founded, and was regarded by the officials as a very serious matter. Three days after Mr. Williams's appearance in court to answer to these charges, the Salem church was refused legal possession of a certain piece of land for which they had applied, because of their having selected Mr. Williams as their teacher after being admonished by the magistrate not to do so.

Mr. Williams and his church then wrote letters of admonition to the churches of which those magistrates were members, setting forth the injustice of their action, and asking the churches to admonish the magistrates of the criminality of their conduct. These letters failed to have the desired effect, and even some of Mr. Williams's congregation, because of the official pressure, began to waver. The difficulty grew, and finally Mr. Williams withdrew from the church because of its refusal to withdraw with him from the communion of the other churches. Mr. Williams's friend, Endicott, was imprisoned for the crime of publicly justifying Mr. Williams's letter of admonition to the churches, and a Mr. Sharpe was summoned to appear in court to answer for the same offense.

In October, 1635, Roger Williams was again summoned to appear in court. All the ministers of the colony were present. They had already decided that any one was worthy of banishment from the jurisdiction of the colony "who should obstinately assert that the civil magistrate might not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy." Mr. Williams bravely upheld his teachings, but the following sentence was passed upon him, all the ministers present, save one, approving of the deed:

"WHEREAS, Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the church of Salem, hath broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates; as also writ letters of defamation, both of the magistrates and churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet main-

taineth the same without any retraction; it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglect to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the court."

Here, then, truth, asserting itself, met bigotry entrenched behind the breastworks of temporal power. The Christian commissioned of heaven to preach the gospel as taught by the Word of God and the Holy Spirit, met the professed Christian bearing the sword of the civil magistrate and deciding for himself who shall and who shall not teach, and what shall and what shall not be taught. The sword-bearing restricter of other men's liberties may triumph for the time, but his triumph is really a self-inflicted defeat; for in robbing other men of their liberties, he is robbing himself of his own. In imprisoning other men for their consciences, he is committing his own soul to the chains of soul slavery.

The exiled Williams was defeated for the time; but out of that defeat grew a monument to his name that succeeding generations have learned to revere. The triumph of the party of oppression has crumbled and gone; the defeat of Williams grew into a State that has influenced not the nation alone, but the whole civilized world as well.

The sentence of Roger Williams to banishment from the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay Colony bore date of Oct. 9, 1635, and was to take effect within "six weeks now next ensuing." Because of the inclemency of the weather at the time of year when his departure must take place, the time was extended. During this time Mr. Williams did not attempt to preach or teach in public; but a considerable number who sympathized with him would gather at his house from Sunday to Sunday, and listen to his discourses in private, thus absenting themselves from their accustomed places of worship on that day. This was very displeasing to the officials of the established church; it was also against the law, and increased the feeling of annoyance and irritation against him whom they had condemned to exile.

Roger Williams had for some time contemplated the founding of a state whose inhabitants should



Roger Williams at Prayer in the Land of Exile

enjoy the fullest liberty in matters of conscience; and in founding such a state, he would recognize also the principle of equity toward the original inhabitants of the land. In fact, one of the expressed reasons for the banishment of Williams was the fact that he had protested against the injustice of taking possession

of the Indians' land without their permission. The purpose of Williams to establish a new state based upon the principles of freedom of conscience and the rights of the Indians, determined the Puritan officials to get him out of their colony without further delay. A vessel was then riding at anchor in Boston harbor, and it was determined to send Williams to England on board that ship. A warrant was dispatched by

At Seekonk, on the east bank of the Pawtucket River, Williams broke ground for a habitation, and began to build and plant; but before his crop had had time to mature, the Plymouth officials learned of his whereabouts, and, despite his former ministrations among them, warned him that he was a trespasser upon their domain, and must move on. With five companions he obeyed the ouster of his Plymouth brethren, embarked in a frail canoe, and began to descend the river. At the mouth of the Moshassuck River they landed, near a spring, and there founded a settlement, which they called Providence. This has since grown to be the city of Providence. "It was and has ever been," as E. B. Underhill says, in his introduction to the reprint of Williams's "Bloody Tenent of Persecution," "the refuge of distressed consciences. Persecution has never sullied its annals. Freedom to worship God was the desire of its founder,—for himself and for all,—and he nobly endured until it was accomplished."



Roger Williams Sheltered by the Narragansetts

the court at Boston, summoning Williams thither. He replied that he believed his life to be in danger, and did not obey the summons. An officer was dispatched to bring him; but when the officer arrived at Williams's house, it was found that he had been gone three days, but to what place he had gone could not be ascertained.

Leaving his wife and three children, the youngest less than three months old, and having mortgaged his property at Salem for means to supply his wants, Roger Williams plunged into the wilderness to find among the savages that freedom which a union of religion and the state denied him among civilized men. He speaks of himself as being "denied the common air to breathe in, and a civil cohabitation upon the same common earth; yea, and almost without mercy and human compassion, exposed to winter miseries in a howling wilderness." These miseries of the wilderness he endured for fourteen weeks, "not knowing what bread or bed did mean." During this time whatever shelter he had was in the smoky, dingy lodges of the Indians. But their hospitality to him in his extremity, he sought, during all the remainder of his life, to requite by deeds of kindness.

During these days and nights of distress, Williams was teaching the Indians the principles of the gospel, which he ever sought to illustrate in his treatment of them and the rest of his fellow men. He had learned the language of the Narragansetts, and through this exile he became the first of the Pilgrims to carry the message of salvation to the Indians.

Circumstances so brought it about that the exile of Williams became for the New England settlements what the selling of Joseph by his brethren became to the children of Israel during the seven lean years. In the following stanza Williams refers to the kindly hospitality of the Indians while he was plodding through the snow from one Indian settlement to another in search of a place of abode:

"God's providence is rich to his,  
Let none distrustful be;  
In wilderness, in great distress,  
These ravens have fed me."

At several different times Roger Williams had it within his power to "avenge himself of his adversaries," but no such thought seems ever to have entered his mind; and more than once he went far out of his way to do invaluable favors for those who had banished him, or for their supporters. Samuel G. Arnold, in his "History of Rhode Island," dwelling upon the fact that some of the laymen opposed the decree for the banishment of Williams, while every minister save one approved of it, makes the following truthful and striking statement:

"A practical commentary is thus afforded on the danger of uniting the civil and ecclesiastical administrations. It suggests the reflection that, of all characters, the most dangerous and the most despicable is the *political* priest."

There is no sadder demonstration in history than the demonstration of the truthfulness of that quotation.

#### Time

STERN truth did gentle Thoreau tell:  
Whoever squanders time,  
Against eternity as well  
Commits enduring crime.



Landing of Roger Williams

Life's coffers hold no useless dross  
That we may idly spend;  
And present loss is future loss  
For ages without end.

On earth we daily, hourly rear  
The wealth our heaven shall hold;  
Each minute we are given here  
May prove celestial gold.

— Philip B. Strong.

### Christian Patriotism

"The powers that be are ordained of God." "Render therefore to all their dues." Rom. 13:1, 7.

THE Saviour prayed not that his people should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil. John 17:15. The true Christian is kept by the power of God from doing evil, and exerts an influence in leading others to do right.

#### Governments Ordained of God

By nature, mankind is selfish; and in order to safeguard the lives, property, and liberties of all, governments are established among men. As Paul says, the powers, or governments, of this world are ordained of God. It is the will of God that men, even though they may not recognize and worship God, should organize governments and establish laws. Otherwise there would be confusion and every evil work.

In Paul's day some of the most wicked rulers that ever lived were emperors of Rome. He evidently alluded to Nero when he said, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Paul, however, extolled the system of law and order which Rome represented, and exhorted Christians to be obedient to constituted authority, and to pray for kings and rulers.

#### What to Do in Case of Conflict

Sometimes the governments of this world get out of their legitimate sphere, and make laws that interfere with the Christian's duty to God. Then the question of the Christian's relation to his government becomes a perplexing one. The instruction in the Scriptures, however, is very clear on this point. Where the laws of the state conflict with the laws of God, there is only one thing for Christians to do,—obey God, and submit to any punishment which the state may inflict. Like the apostles, they will say, "We ought to obey God rather than men."

The true Christian is the best citizen. He is law-abiding and loves his country. He lives by the great principles of justice on which governments are based. He recognizes with gratitude the great benefits that come to him from the government. He willingly pays his taxes, and renders personal service to the nation just as far as he can do so without violating his conscience. He is a true patriot.

The noted preacher, Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London, has this to say about the Christian's attitude toward government:

#### Patriotism the Child of Religion

"Patriotism is the legitimate child of religion. Was there ever a keener patriot than Isaiah or Jeremiah? Was it not of the essence of patriotism when our Lord wept over Jerusalem as he anticipated the gathering of the eagles over the lifeless carcasses of his people? Have not the aged saints of the church, men like Bernard or Luther or Knox, been devoted patriots?"

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!"

"Cherish patriotism as part of your religion, although you realize that your citizenship is in heaven, and that your true country lies in the eternal.

"In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian or Scythian; therefore you discard your national antipathies and animosities; and, when they are laid aside, the flame of true patriotism will burn the brighter. On the whole, then, we are bound by the decisions of the government under which we elect to live, subjecting our personal preferences and tastes

to the general conclusions to which our nation may be led.

"There is one notable exception, however. As long as we accept the protection given us by Cæsar, we are bound to give Cæsar his penny. 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' said our Lord. But when Cæsar goes beyond his province, and demands things which are not his, but God's, then another principle steps in, and we are bound to refuse to give to the earthly ruler that to which he has no right, however vociferously he may claim it.

"What are these things of God?—Obviously our conscience, our loyalty to the divine voice, our devotion to the divine order.

#### Nebuchadnezzar's Mistake

"So long as Nebuchadnezzar was content to demand of the captive Jews custom, toll, and tribute, he was within his rights in the demand, and they had no option but to pay. But when he went beyond these recognized limits, and demanded that they should prostrate themselves before his golden image, he was trespassing within a province where his law did not obtain, and the faithful three were justified in saying, 'Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.'

"Similarly, Daniel was perfectly justified in refusing to be bound by the king's restriction as to prayer. 'When Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, . . . and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.'

"If Paul had allowed that a man must become a Jew before he became a Christian, according to the ruling of the Pharisees, the offense of the cross would have ceased, and he would not have been subjected, first, to weary years of imprisonment, and ultimately to martyrdom.

"If the early Christians had admitted that the emperor was divine, and had obeyed the law to give him divine honor, though the admission was given in the slightest manner possible, by scattering a few grains of incense on the altar fire, they would have escaped the ten awful persecutions that swept the empire like prairie fires. But they resolved that they must in these respects obey God rather than men, be the consequences what they might.

"So is it still; there may be times in human history when a sole ruler, or the majority, may determine on a policy which conscience resents because it conflicts with its own solemn witness to the truth; and under such circumstances, as Luther said, 'a man can do no other than refuse to submit, for it is not right for a man to sin against his conscience.'

"Of course, it is legitimate to leave the country which has resolved on such demands. The Pilgrim Fathers acted on this principle when they crossed the ocean to found a New England beyond the seas. On the other hand, it may be better to stay in the country, as the Puritans did, and suffer privations and persecutions until they have led it to a better mind. But, however the matter may be decided, conscience must determine our course."

May our young people be true to God, loyal and obedient servants of their country, and be able to lead many souls to the fountain of righteousness.

M. E. KERN.

THE only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty that lies nearest us.—*Kingsley*.

## Nature and Science

### World's Greatest Radio Station

**T**HE world's greatest radio station, with a range beyond estimate, is approaching completion at the Naval Experiment Station, across the Severn River from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It will be something over 600 feet in height and has now reached about 400 feet. Extremely powerful currents of electricity will operate it, and it is expected to exceed by many thousand miles the range of the Fort Myer station, from which messages have been received in Naples. It will have as great or greater range than the immense French station now in operation, from which messages have been received in Australia.—*Selected.*

### More Room in Holland

**H**OLLAND is planning to have more room for her agricultural industry. The great sea is to be drained, and the bottom used for farming purposes. For a hundred years the Dutch have been talking of this move, and went so far as to shut out part of the sea. Now a dam twenty-four miles in length is to be built from North Holland to the coast on the northeast. An island will form about five miles of this dike. An 882,000-acre lake will be formed, and then all the water will be pumped out except enough to make a small lake. The government will reimburse the fishermen who are to lose their fisheries by this new work. The estimated cost of the project is \$90,000,000.—*Young People's Weekly.*

### The Excellent Habit of Asking Yourself Questions

**A** FEW days ago I opened the morning mail, to discover this interesting letter from a subscriber in Wakefield, Massachusetts:

"Dallas Lore Sharp, the naturalist and writer of nature books, told me that hop-toads possess the homing instinct. 'Take one away from the spot where it has always lived, and he will return, even though you have carried him ten miles,' said Mr. Sharp.

"I resolved then to try an experiment with Teddy, the big toad who has made his home in my garden in Wakefield for the past five years. Writing my name on a tag, I tied it to Teddy's hind leg, and took a train to Boston. There I transferred to an elevated train which carried me to Charlestown, on the outskirts of the city. At the corner of Perkins and Haverhill Streets, Charlestown, near the B. & M. signal tower where I am employed on night duty, I let Teddy out of the box. He blinked at the arc lights a second or so, darted out his tongue and gobbled a few Charlestown mosquitoes, and began straightway to hop along the side of the street to Mystic Avenue. When he reached the corner, he made a bee line for Wakefield, hopping off in the darkness at a lively pace.

"It was just 11:15 P. M. when I went on duty at the tower, and 8:30 when I reached home the next morning. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when, on entering the yard, I discovered Teddy, in his accustomed place, under the sill cock, against the side of the house, taking a bath—I presume—after his long, dry, and dusty hop of nine miles. The tag with my name was still tied to his leg."

I have preserved this letter, partly because of what it tells about the character of the hop-toad, which is interesting in itself, but chiefly because of what it tells about the man who wrote it.

If ever I am near Charlestown at night, I shall go out to the signal tower and meet him. For, humble though his job may be, he is in spirit a brother of Galileo and Columbus. There is within him something of the eagerness to experiment—that divine curiosity that has conquered and civilized the world.

For the world moves forward, not steadily, as it moves around the sun, but by jerks. And the jerks are prompted by 'some man's curiosity, his insistence that he be shown.—*Bruce Barton.*

### Where Styles Never Change

**I**N the ancient fishing village of Concarneau in Finistère, the Breton folks have no regard for the fleeting visits of fashion. Since the fourteenth century they have worn the same style clothes, as a matter of course, rejoicing in their peasant costume. The women wear very long full skirts of black woolen material, aprons woven by hand and gay in color, white caps starched to the condition of a board, and white collars long and fluted. On their feet they wear sabots, for shoes are almost an unknown luxury. These simple French people depend upon the sardine fisheries for their living. When the sardines are plentiful, prosperity pervades the village; when the sardines are scarce, dire poverty is the result.—*Selected.*

### Science Notes

**A way has been found to remove the tin coating** from the sheet iron of scrap tin so that both tin and iron can be used again. Two thousand tons of metallic tin have thus been reclaimed by a single company.

**Canary birds are being sought for use in the** trenches of France. These birds are hung in cages in the trenches for their value in detecting gas attacks. One touch of gas quickly ends the canary bird's life.

**In order to increase the wool supply, and incidentally** do away with grass cutting, Denver, Colorado, is planning to turn sheep into its public parks. The parks in the city will support about three thousand sheep and the mountain park near by will give grazing to five thousand ewes and lambs.

**From waste at the camps of the British army there** have been obtained fats to furnish tallow for the entire needs of the army, and "enough more to bring in \$4,800,000 a year on account of soap sold to the public. Besides, these same fats yielded 1,800 tons of glycerin, or enough to make ammunition for 18,000,000 shells."

**The shark-skin industry is soon to be developed** to great proportions, since the use of this skin as a substitute for leather promises such great commercial possibilities. A company has been organized to devote itself to shark fishing in one of the islands of the Hawaiian group. Shark meat smoked and cured can be made into a good food product.

**A new "multiple camera" with which Allied air-**men are now equipped, is a development of the motion-picture camera. An airplane observer can take thousands of photographs at the rate of one per second if necessary. Each camera is capable of 750 exposures with a single loading. The turning of the film for the new exposure is accomplished automatically.

**Better than air bags or "wings" for helping a** learner to swim or float are the "duck gloves" invented by a Honolulu genius. The gloves are webbed like ducks' feet, and by spreading out the hands for backward strokes and closing them as the hands go forward, a person can swim rapidly or stay up almost indefinitely with little effort. The gloves are made for both hands and feet.

### Lost His Job

A YOUNG man through no fault of his own apparent to him lost his job. At first he was indignant and rebellious. He had done his best; he had been faithful; he had seemed to be meeting all the requirements of his position. Still he was dropped. It was monstrous. He was in the state of mind that makes one an anarchist.

Then, either because he lacked the recklessness of consequences required of an anarchist in fact or had too much sense to attempt warfare upon society, he began to reflect. From that moment dated his salvation. It dawned upon him that he had lost his job not because of anything he had done, but because of the many things he had *not* done. In an age of keen and quickening competition he had been satisfied with old methods. While others were pondering, figuring, studying new processes and gaining mastery of new and better ways, he had been drifting along. Faithful he had been, but unprogressive, unalert, and therefore costly. When a new man appeared with ideas that should have occurred to him, loss of his position became the penalty of his indifference.

Because realization of his shortcomings had made a new man of him, he quickly secured a new job. Without a day's delay he began to study its possibilities, study the business he was engaged in, study a course dealing with problems to be solved at once and in months to come. Within a year he was a foreman; in two years he was superintendent; in less than five years he was general manager and regarded as indispensable by his employers. What had brought the change? Time improved. Spare time improved. *His* time improved.—*Ambition.*

### Who Am I?

[The following description was written by a senior in the high school of Tonawanda, New York.]

I AM a far too common sight in the neighborhood of every high school.

I am small and innocent in appearance, but contain immense possibilities for working mischief.

I ruin many a football team. No coach will permit his players to use me during the season, for I am sure death to wind, speed, and "pep."

I am responsible for innumerable failures in school, and for still more in after-life.

I can destroy a boy's ambition and will-power, and put his brain to sleep.

At my best, I am a worthless thing to spend good money for. At my worst, I injure body, mind, and morals.

The evil I do is incalculable. Still I flourish.

I am the student's worst enemy.

I am the cigarette. JACK ELSON.

### Proverbs

WHEN the wine is in, the wit is out.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.

He who converses with nobody knows nothing.

He who would be well spoken of himself must not speak ill of others.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

Neglect will sooner kill an injury than revenge.

### God Give Us Men

God give us men. The time demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And dam his treacherous flatteries without winking;  
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking.  
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

— Selected.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### The Musicians

NAME a renowned musician whose piano compositions outrank all others; whose mazurkas, nocturnes, polonaises, sonatas, and waltzes are unrivaled for melody and beauty of tone.

He was born in Warsaw 119 years ago. As a tiny child he showed a keen appreciation of beautiful music, and in temperament he was as erratic as the proverbial genius. All his life he was subject to spells of melancholia, which sometimes lasted for weeks and months. At such times he would shut himself in seclusion and feverishly compose. Some of his best works are the product of moods. He wrecked his constitution by dissipation and overwork, and died in poverty at the age of forty years.

The life story of most composers is a tale of struggle with poverty and hardship; but one genius always had enough and to spare. His father was a Jewish banker in Berlin, and his talented son was born Feb. 3, 1809. He began to compose when only twelve years old, and at the age of fifteen had written the music for three operas. He composed with ease, the music to his "Antigone" being written in seven days. His music is "graceful, refined, beautiful, full of the pleasant imagery of youth, spring, fairies, and flowers." He enjoyed great popularity in Great Britain as well as on the Continent, and died in 1847. What was his name?

L. E. C.

### Name the Island

THERE is a small island about thirty miles across that has in the center a large volcano nearly a mile high.

"On the lee side of this volcano it almost never rains. It is as dry there as it is in some of the Western States, where the country is a half desert and the farmer has to irrigate in order to make sure of any crops at all. Here on this lee side only about a quarter as much rain falls as in a well-watered country.

"But on the other side of the mountain, fifteen miles away, it always rains. It is, in fact, one of the wettest spots on the earth. The yearly rainfall amounts to nearly fifty feet of solid water over the whole mountain side, which is, naturally, nothing but one great, dripping, cloud-covered bog.

"If anybody wants fair weather, he has only to go to the side of the island where it almost never rains. And if he wants rain, he has only to go round to the other side, where it does but little else.

"But by going part way around, he can find a place where there is just the rainfall to suit him, from twenty inches a year up to six hundred."



### The Artist and the Gypsy Girl

WITH the bursting of the young green leaves and the upspringing of the first flowers, a hunger had settled upon the artist's soul to leave Düsseldorf, and with his sketchbook wander over the surrounding country. On the border of the forest he came one day upon a Gypsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was beautiful; her coal-black hair fell in ripples to her waist; and her tattered red dress, faded and sun-burned to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the feature that caught the artist's regard.

"What a beautiful picture she would make!" thought Stenburg. When the girl noticed the artist, she sprang up, and snapping her fingers to keep time, danced lightly before him.

"Stand!" cried Stenburg, and he rapidly sketched her. A bargain was struck, and Pepita was to come three times a week to Stenburg's house to sit for her portrait. The first time she entered his studio she was filled with wonder. Her eyes caught sight of an unfinished picture representing the Redeemer on the cross, and she asked many questions about this Man who was crucified. The story of Calvary she had never heard. Stenburg was busy, and he answered her questions carelessly, until one day he tired of her constant queries, and promised to tell her the story on condition that she would not trouble him again about it. When he had finished, her eyes were full of tears.

Pepita came for the last time to the studio, and when about to leave she stood fascinated before the painting of the Redeemer. Finally, turning to the artist, she said, "You must love him very much, signor, when he has done all that for you, do you not?"

After the girl had gone, the words, "All that for you," kept ringing in the artist's ears. He could not get away from them. Finally, to ease his conscience, he went to the priest, and the vicar assured him that "all was well." But still the old thought, "All that for you," kept coming to his mind.

One day he heard that a stranger was in the city, one of the "Reformed," one of those men who preached from the Word of God. One day Stenburg went to hear him as he preached in a private house. There he found what he had before sought in vain. The preacher lent him a New Testament, but only for a few days, as he was driven from the city. But the words of the Gypsy girl still came to the artist again and again as he went about in gay Düsseldorf. As the love of Christ filled his heart, he began to think how he could tell others of the Saviour's great love and sacrifice. He said, "I cannot preach, but it burns in my heart, that love of Christ."

And as he sat thinking, he began to draw idly with a piece of charcoal a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head, and his eyes grew moist as he thought of the suffering of the Lamb of God. Then suddenly there flashed through his mind the thought, "I can paint his love!" His wonderful picture of the crucifixion was the result. He refused to sell it, but gave it to his native city, and it hung in the public gallery. Underneath were printed the words, "All this I did for thee: what hast thou done for me?" and crowds flocked to look and to wonder.

Years after Stenburg had gone to his rest, "a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage to Düsseldorf, and while his horses were being fed, wandered into the famous gallery. He was rich, young,

and influential; the world and its treasures were within his grasp. He stood in wonder before Stenburg's picture. He read and reread the caption on the frame. He could not tear himself away—it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul. Hours passed; the light faded; the curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night had come—nay! rather for that young man, the light of eternal day. He was Zinzendorf, the founder of Moravian missions.

Zinzendorf was born in Dresden, May 26, 1700. When he was married, in 1722, he and his noble wife agreed on their wedding day to lay aside their rank and give themselves to the work of winning men to the Christ. This opportunity came when a band of persecuted Moravians, led by Christian David, settled in their own town. These people had been driven from home by religious intolerance. Zinzendorf joined this heroic band and became their second leader. He made laws for them, and gave his life to the development of their church. They carried the gospel to Greenland and to the slaves of the West Indies. When William Carey went to India, the Moravians already had one hundred sixty-five missionaries at work in different parts of the world. During his exile Zinzendorf came to America and preached zealously to the Indians. At Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he established what is today the great center of Moravian work on this continent.

Zinzendorf was a Sabbath keeper. The fact that he believed the Word of God in all simplicity, and sought earnestly to do what he believed to be right, led him to observe the seventh day. Spangenberg gives us the following reason for Zinzendorf's observance of the true Sabbath: "On the one hand, he believed that the seventh day was sanctified and set apart as a rest day immediately after the creation; but on the other hand, and principally, because his eyes were directed to the rest of our Saviour Jesus Christ in the grave on the seventh day." He also established the ordinance of feet washing among the brethren.

Zinzendorf wrote more than two thousand hymns, and all of them express his deep devotion. Among these the most popular is "Jesus, Still Lead On," since it seems to embody the spirit of his heroic life. The first stanza, as translated by Miss Jane Borthwick, reads as follows:

"Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless:  
Guide us by thy hand,  
To our Fatherland."

GEORGE BELLEAU.

"OVER a hundred years ago, May 19, 1780, a darkening of the sun occurred while the legislature of Connecticut was in session. The heavens became so dark it seemed as though the millennium was at hand, and a legislator moved that an adjournment be taken. One old Puritan, Davenport of Stamford, arose and said that if the last day had come he wanted to be found in his place doing his duty, and moved that candles be brought so that the house could proceed with its business. To be loyally serving was this old Puritan's choice."

THAT is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—*Alcott.*

## The Testing of Ned Carter

WHERE'S Ned Carter? Did he ever amount to anything?"

Two men sat facing each other in a parlor car, which was rapidly bearing them westward. One was about fifty years of age, and everything about him betokened the well-to-do business man. His companion was a few years younger; and if one were to judge of his occupation by his appearance, he would designate him as a clergyman or a college professor. These two men, old college friends, had accidentally met each other on this trip; and many were the pleasant memories of the past which were resurrected as the train rushed onward. They told each other of the life courses taken by the men who had been with them in their days of college life. The question of the opening paragraph was finally asked by the older man.

"Carter, why he's a big mining engineer in the West. A regular expert, I am told. One of those fellows whose opinion on anything that has to do with mines or mining is considered final. Oh, Carter's a big man; and one who has been a credit to his Alma Mater."

"If I remember correctly," said the older man, "Carter was taking his sophomore year when we walked out with our sheepskins; and for a fellow who had everything to do with, he seemed less likely to make good than any man I recall. His bright, receptive mind and tenacious memory enabled him to keep up his work with the barest apology at studying. He might easily have led his class; yet he seemed satisfied to do just average work, and spend the rest of his time at the billiard table or following up the ball games. I was told that his father was rich, and I guess he was; for Carter always had plenty of money. By the way, what braced him up and started him on the line he took?"

"His father's firm failed," returned the younger man, "and the smash was a bad one. I was told that the creditors did not get two per cent, though Carter's father gave up everything, except a little property which had been his wife's heritage from her father. When the ice broke and let Ned through, it was the best thing that ever happened to him. Apart from his father's failure, I seriously question if Carter would ever have amounted to anything. While his father lost his business, he gained a son of whom he could well be proud."

After musing for a few moments, the younger man resumed the conversation by saying: "I happened to be at the college about a year and a half after we graduated, and Carter was giving one of his receptions while I was there; and as the fellow had reason to remember me with gratitude, on account of my forgetting to recall something or other he did during his first year, he hunted me out and insisted on my attending his blow-out. You can imagine what it was. The best of everything was none too good for his friends. I sat beside him that night, at the head of the table; and right in the midst of everything, in came a telegraph messenger with a wire for Ned. Hastily tearing open the envelope, he read the message, and, as all eyes were on him, he pushed the yellow sheet into his pocket and said: 'Just a business matter, boys, just a business matter,' and he went on talking as though nothing unusual had occurred. It was the verdict of his classmates that, of all the receptions that Carter ever gave, that one was the cap sheaf;

yet I learned afterward that the telegram informed him of his father's failure.

"The next thing we knew, Carter had broken off his classical work and enrolled for a technical course, and was working in a telephone exchange, from six o'clock till midnight each day, to pay his way."

"Some grit there," murmured the older man.

"Some grit! well I guess so," said the younger man; "why, Ned Carter covered his four years' work in three years, and graduated at the head of his class, with a splendid offer from a mining firm in his trunk, which was all packed when he took his diploma from the hand of the president of the college.

"Yes, I was at that commencement, and I shall never forget the reception that Carter's classmates, old and new, gave him at that time. He had no money to spend on that sort of thing; but that made no difference, as the boys planned the whole thing and gave Ned one of the finest send-offs a fellow ever had.

"I never knew what the 'eloquence of silence' really meant till that night. Ned was always long on talk, especially the kind that takes at a banquet; and he was right in the middle of one of his best addresses when he came to speak of how the comradeship of the fellows had helped him in his fight,—he was touching on the real thing, that nobody knows about, except a fellow who has been there,—when suddenly he filled up and stopped. For nearly a half minute he stood there beside the spokesman, gripping his chair with one hand and holding his menu card in the other. Once or twice he tried to speak, but each time that square jaw of his would set, and not a sound came from his lips; and do you know, that silence was the most eloquent thing I ever knew anything about. All our hearts were touched by the eloquence of that situation."

"Most interesting, surely," said the older man, "but what brought you down to earth again?"

"Oh, some fellow had sense enough to relieve the situation by shouting, 'What's the matter with Ned Carter?' and the manner in which the rest of the guests asserted the fact that 'He's all right,' brought relief. The boys cheered, clapped hands, whistled, and even rapped on the tables with their knives, till two policemen looked in to see what was going on.

"At last Ned held up his hand, and in an instant all was quiet; then, in a voice full of feeling, he said, 'Fellows, I thank you,' and sat down. I have not seen Carter since; but I hear of him occasionally, and always of the good work he is doing."

As the train sped along the shining rails, the older man seemed lost in thought for a time; finally he said, "Isn't it strange how we are made up? I have been trying to imagine how I should have met the situation, had I been in Carter's place, and I'm inclined to think that, when measured by the big test that came to his life, he outranks the most of us. It is the testing time, after all, that shows what's underneath a man's skin."

— *H. E. Thompson, in the Young Pilgrim.*

"As well might we expect vegetation to spring from the earth without the sunshine and the dew, as the Christian to unfold his grace and advance in his course without patient, persevering, ardent prayer. No progress in the Christian life can be made without true prayer."

### Titles of Old Books

OF the making of books there is no end; and a good title almost invariably will cause men to purchase a book. In the day of Charles I and Cromwell, strange titles were given to books.

Thus a pamphlet published in 1626 is called "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At." Another is, "A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust Cast upon John Fry," and another is entitled, "The Snuffers of Divine Love." Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title-pages. A book on charity is, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches." We also find "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness" and "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." An imprisoned Quaker publishes "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish." About the same time was also published "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation's Vantage Ground, or a Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers," and "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters Through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." The author of the last work speaks directly to the point. Then come "A Reaping Hook, Well-Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's Handful of Honeysuckles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now Newly Augmented."

### When Shirley Changed Her Tune

SHIRLEY opened the kitchen drawer and shook out a clean print apron. She slipped the all-over bib over her fluffy head, tied the strings with a jerk, and began to shake down the fire vindictively. She shook and shook — although she knew well enough that a gentle quarter turn was enough — and sneezed several times at the fine flying ashes. For one of those spells had come over Shirley when something must be shaken, and shaken very hard, or else she must cry, and cry very hard; and Shirley never intended to be one of the silly, crying sort.

She brushed off the ashy stove lids with her capable young hands, swiftly blacked the top of the range, and laid her fire. But inside of her something was saying, over and over: "I wish I didn't know how to build a fire! I wish I didn't know how to black a stove! I wish I didn't know how to cook!" And the something wound up by saying, in a small, set voice: "A girl only sixteen years old has no business to know how to build a fire!"

All through breakfast, early orioles whistled and flashed past the window, but Shirley did not see them, and when she had set the last of the shining washed dishes in the cupboard, and hung out her fluttering dish towels, she went up to her own pretty room. She gazed with unseeing eyes at the sweet pear blossoms creeping over the roof, and suddenly made up her mind to go out — anywhere.

"Mother!" called her fresh young voice, suddenly losing all hint of trouble, "I think I'll just walk over to Miss Lane's — I mean," she added, with a laugh,

"over to Mrs. Henry Lockwood's! — and see if she wants to buy eggs of me."

"O Shirley!" remonstrated her mother, anxiously, "do you think it would be just the thing, dear, to call the very first morning? You see, this will be her first breakfast in her new home, and perhaps she would rather not have any one around. And it's so early yet, dear. Only quarter of eight!"

"I won't stay," promised Shirley. "I'll just go to the back door and say, 'Would you like fresh eggs every week, without fail?' and then, no matter what she says, I'll come straight back. Even — if — she — offers to show me her new house."

The last words were quite slowly spoken, for young Mrs. Lockwood, formerly Shirley's teacher, had the very daintiest, trimmest little cottage that a bride might want. But Shirley finally decided that she could resist temptation in any form, so, with her bright hair pressed under a blue band and her gingham skirts flying, she started out in the crisp morning air with a dear little straw basket on her arm containing six brown eggs as a sample, just the kind for a wedding gift.

However, when the tiny white cottage came in sight, and Shirley noticed the fascinating net curtains in the shaded windows, and the double yellow tulips in the grass, she regretted her promise. She did so want to see the new mahogany dining table, and the heavy white monogrammed linen and new sheets. She wanted to handle the pretty new silver. She wanted to stay to breakfast! At that thought she smiled at herself, turned up the little brown path, and tripped up the piazza steps, practicing her speech: "Would you like fresh eggs —"

But the back door was open; there was no need to ring the bell. For right before the new black stove, sitting in a new kitchen chair, was the new Mrs. Lockwood, crying!

Shirley forgot her speech; forgot her eggs; forgot her promise; and in a second was on her knees before the little bride, her arms around the slender shoulders. "What is the matter, Miss Lane?" she gasped.

"O Shirley! It's too ridiculous!" said Mrs. Lockwood, smiling through a big tear. "I can't make the fire burn!"

"For pity's sake!" was all Shirley said.

"Don't think I've been crying all the morning," observed Mrs. Lockwood, wiping her eyes. "I've been fussing with the stove ever since quarter of seven. I just picked out all the coal and paper, ready to try once more — and I just suddenly began to cry — and, you know, it's easier to cry sitting down!"

"I know," said Shirley, with a little nervous laugh. "Where's — Mr. Lockwood?"

"He's gardening. That's my one comfort — he won't be in until quarter past eight."

"Do you want me to build the fire?" asked Shirley, timidly.

"Can you?" demanded Mrs. Lockwood, wheeling breathlessly.

"I rather think I can," replied Shirley, simply. "Where's the wood?"

Mrs. Lockwood opened the door of the fascinating little woodroom, showing neat piles of split wood on one side, kindlings in one corner and nut coal in another. Shirley snatched up the new wood-basket, deftly threw in a handful of kindlings, some fine wood, and a newspaper, and laid her second fire. Then she shoveled on the coal.

"Aren't you afraid the coal will put out the paper? Mine did," said Mrs. Lockwood, excitedly filling her new teakettle.

"I don't think it will. Did you have this door open?"

"No, it was shut tight on account of the smoke," declared the little housekeeper.

Shirley smiled a little and tapped the floor with her foot.

"What were you going to have for breakfast?" she asked.

"Toast, eggs, cereal, and fried potatoes," counted Mrs. Lockwood, hastily. "And puffed wheat, but that doesn't need cooking."

"Where are the potatoes? Where's the cereal?" flashed Shirley.

The two rushed to the new refrigerator, drew out the dear little pint bottle of cream, and the round boiled potatoes that Mother Lockwood had secretly stored there for the fried potatoes that "Henry likes so well."

"Cut the potatoes so," directed Shirley, plying a sharp little knife.

"Oh, I can do that," laughed Mrs. Lockwood. "I can do something! Do you suppose we can get a whole breakfast in fifteen minutes?"

"Sure," replied Shirley. "Hear the water boiling already."

After this, the two did not talk much, as they worked. "Silver in that drawer," Mrs. Lockwood said, briefly; "use this for cream." And she proved that, although she could not make a coal fire, she could at least "hustle," as Shirley said afterward.

"We're going to make it!" breathed Mrs. Lockwood, fairly running with a plate in each hand.

"We certainly are," returned Shirley. "Only ten minutes past eight now."

"He's coming!" whispered the bride, in dismay, a second later. "He's early!"

"Of course he's early!" said the fire builder, triumphantly. "I knew he'd be early, and we've rushed accordingly. Promise me you'll never tell!" said Shirley, backing strangely into the woodroom, a firm hand on the other's shoulder.

"No, I'll not tell," replied Mrs. Lockwood, laughingly. "But you must stay!"

"Never!" declared Shirley. And she disappeared.

She disappeared just in time, too, because just as the outside door of the woodroom closed on a figure in blue gingham, the kitchen door closed upon one in blue denim.

"What a perfectly delicious odor!" Shirley heard Mr. Lockwood say, as he entered the kitchen.

But that was all, for she went flying down the path and over the lots.

"I'm glad I know how to build a fire! I'm glad I know how to cook!" And, as an afterthought: "Any girl sixteen years old ought to know how to build a fire that will burn!" For, after all, thought Shirley, there isn't so very much difference between sixteen and twenty!

When Shirley told her strange little story to her mother — for even a promise necessarily broken must be explained — she said, rather awkwardly, at the end: "I'm glad you taught me to build fires. What if I hadn't known how, either!"

Her mother smiled as she thought of that significant noise of the stove shaker only two hours before. But she only said: "There's a little boy coming into the yard, dear."

It was a little note that he brought, written on new note paper bearing a new monogram. And it said:

"MY DEAR SHIRLEY: Can you spare an hour every morning for a while, to take a class of one, in —

"1. Fire building,

"2. Stove blacking,

"3. Breakfast getting,

"4. Disappearing suddenly;

"And will you come over and see my little house some time this afternoon? I know how to pour cocoa.

Yours lovingly,

"MURIEL LOCKWOOD.

"P. S.—Do you know where I can get any fresh eggs?"—*Young People's Weekly.*

#### Keep Away

THERE is a land of Grumbles,  
And in Disagreeable Town  
The children just do nothing  
But grunt and scowl and frown.  
I shouldn't think it pleasant  
To live there long, should you?  
Where grunting, scowling, frowning,  
Is all that they can do.  
So if ever you should travel,  
And stop at Grumble City,  
And not come back, I think 'twould be  
A most amazing pity.

—*Children's Magazine.*

#### General Maude a Victim of Courtesy

**S**PEAKING a short time ago of Major-General Maude, commander of the British expedition in the Tigris front, who died last November, Premier Lloyd George said that his death resulted from his inbred courtesy. At the invitation of the inhabitants, who wished to thank him for his acts of kindness to them, the officer visited a plague-stricken district, the premier said. Knowing the perils attending the visit, he forbade his soldiers eating or drinking while in the disease-infested area, but when the ceremonial cup was offered to him in the course of the welcoming festivities, he took it and drank rather than offend the people. Cholera lurked in the cup; he came down with the disease, and died in a few days.

#### Turns Again Home

**A** WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* described, some months ago, a little person of some three years who was insatiably fond of stories. When there was no one to tell them to her, she made them up herself. The writer was impressed with the invariable ending of these stories, which was always, "And him went home to him's muvver." "Bears, lions, tigers, even elephants and crocodiles pass through the most agitating and unusual adventures, but in the end they all go home to their mother." And the writer adds that this is an astonishing bit of wisdom to be evolved by a person of three. The signs are thickening fast, that the whole world, disappointed with its grand policies and enfeebled with its philosophies, is beginning to long for something like this. It may be a blow to one's pride, but the greatest philosophy of life has long since been stated, "When he came to himself, he said, . . . I will arise and go to my father."—*The Expositor.*

"It is all very well to be happy  
When life runs along like a song,  
But the fellow worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."

### What Prayer Has Done

SOME one has given the following concise summary of what prayer has wrought:

"Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush forth with fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers, marshaled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid course, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, delivered others from the fiery furnace, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven."

Prayer has done all these things and many more. It still works wonders. He who hears and answers prayer never slumbers nor sleeps. His ear is ever open to the cry of his children. This is why we read of and hear told so frequently marvelous things that are occurring as the result of trusting prayer. The following incident told by Margaret Sangster is one of many:

#### Just Before the Dawn

"A settlement house was struggling to get along in a particularly poor part of a great city. Two brave women were giving their little capital, their time, and their lives, that they might bring a bit of joy and the story of the Wonderful Love into a dreary slum.

"'We will start this work,' they said, 'and God will make the way clear for us to finish it!' So with prayer and hope in their hearts they spent their small amount of money to buy necessary things for the house, and for the poor people who came to it for help in time of pain and trouble.

"The capital lasted for nearly six months. And then came a day when the settlement house was without food and fuel, when the folk who came for help had to be turned away with empty hands. And then came another day more hopeless than the first, and another.

"It was on the evening of the third day that one of the women, no longer brave, collapsed.

"'Our money is gone!' she cried bitterly. 'We have no food, and the house is cold. It's winter, and what can we two do — alone?'

"The other woman, though hungry, was still brave. She still trusted.

"'We are not alone,' she said gently. 'God is with us!'

"The first woman spoke even more bitterly.

"'Sometimes,' she said, 'I find myself wondering if God is with us. Sometimes I find myself being rather sure that he isn't. I'm hungry, I'm cold, and — I'm through!'

"The other woman looked at her piteously. She saw their part of the slums left still dark, still without the hint of a Wonderful Story.

"'Just give it one more trial!' she pleaded. 'I'm sure we won't be allowed to fail.'

"The first woman set her lips.

"'I'm going to stay here tonight,' she answered. 'Tomorrow —'

"And she turned away with an air of finality.

"All through that night, in that chill, barnlike house, one woman prayed for a sign for guidance, while another, rolled up in insufficient blankets, slept fitfully. And then morning came.

"They rose grimly, the two of them, and dressed. Because there was no food, there was no breakfast to get. And then suddenly, out of the stillness, came the postman's whistle at the door.

"'A letter!' whispered one woman. But the other one, running to answer the shrill summons, murmured:

"'The hand of God!'

"The envelope that the postman brought held a letter and a check. 'I felt,' read the letter, 'very strongly, last night, that some one was needing help. And so I got out of my bed, and dressed, and wrote this letter to you. Why God made me think of you I do not know! I hope that this check will help you, and if you need them, there will be other checks.' And the letter was signed with the name of a nearly forgotten friend.

"The two women looked at each other wordlessly, for a moment. And then one of them spoke.

"'I should have trusted more,' she said, 'but the way looked very dark!'

"And the other woman answered her with a glory in her eyes and a note of triumph in her voice:

"'We are not alone; and it is always darkest just before the dawn.'"

### Jack the Giant Killer

MY name's just like his, but I don't know how to fight." Then after a pause Jack said: "And even if I did there are no giants around to fight, so what's the use of wishing and wishing?"

This had not been the first complaint that our little Jack had lodged against society and the times. He wanted to be like the Jack that lived in the fairy-tale days, and fight and kill all the bad giants that were roving about loose. Now, Jack was a dear little fellow who always wanted to do the things beyond his reach, and often neglected the easy duties that came under his hour, devouring his books while his bureau drawer was a mess, and his cap usually lay where he threw it after he came in from school.

Mother watched her boy grow, and many a sigh escaped her as she noticed these lapses of neatness and saw other shortcomings.

It was after school one rainy afternoon that Jack was particularly lazy, in fact, even too lazy to read, so he drew his chair next to his mother's and begged for a story.

Mother smiled. "Shall it be 'Jack the Giant Killer' again?" she asked.

"Oh, no. It only makes me angry that the other Jack could do such big things and cover himself with glory, while I have to sit in a chair and read about him."

"I've been thinking about your grievances, son, and I'm afraid it's all your own fault. You could go forth and slay giants,—yes, as big and as ugly ones as your hero did,—but you are not so quick to grasp opportunities."

"You are joking, mother; giants are a thing of the past."

"Indeed they are not. Let me tell you that fierce, ugly giants still exist, and they are strutting about making life as miserable for you and me as ever they did in days of yore."

This amused Jack, and he laughed at the idea. "Ugh, giants!" he said; and then as if to humor his mother, he continued: "Well, you introduce me to the gentlemen, and I'll do the rest."

"That's a promise that I mean to have you make good, sir," said his mother, half serious and half jesting, "and now to business. What time did you get up this morning, Jack?" she asked.

"Oh, it was very late, and I was late for school, too," he answered, and then he said: "But what has that to do with giants?"

"Everything, for laziness is the biggest and most important giant to kill. To see this sleepy-looking fellow you'd scarcely believe how powerful he could be. He can make you stay in bed when you should be up and doing, and he will cause you to neglect your lessons and grow up idle and shiftless. Fight this monster, Jack, and if you succeed you will win as many laurels for yourself as did Jack of old."

Jack was silent for a minute and mother went on: "Another giant who lurks about in dark corners is untruth. He works very rapidly and causes, if possible, more mischief than the giant laziness. Untruth will sneak behind you and cause you to tell a little fib, and when once he thinks that he has a firm grip on you he will drag you down and stop at nothing to make you as vile as he is. I heard you tell Sarah a little lie the other day, and I was wishing then that you would grab your sword and kill the ugly giant."

Jack hung his head as his mother said: "These two are the worst of all the monsters, but there are others that ought to be done away with. There is disobedience and carelessness and selfishness, and —"

"I know what you mean, mother, and I'll try to kill those giants. This shall be my sword," he said, thrusting out his right arm, "and courage will be my shield. Wish me success," he said, kissing his mother; and mother lovingly wished him Godspeed.—*Selected.*

#### Divine Providence

THE clouds hang heavy round my way,  
I cannot see;  
But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me.  
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his  
While all is dim;  
To close my weary, aching eyes,  
And follow him.  
Through many a thorny path he leads  
My tired feet;  
Through many a path of tears I go;  
But it is sweet  
To know that he is close to me,  
My God, my Guide;  
He leadeth me, and so I walk  
Quite satisfied.  
To my blind eyes he may reveal  
No light at all;  
But while I lean on his strong arm  
I cannot fall.

—*Henry Alford.*

#### Knitting Notes

NINETY pounds of wool clipped from President Wilson's sheep, which graze the White House lawn, will be sold at auction and the proceeds added to the Second Red Cross War Fund.

Arizona's governor has been knitting socks for the soldiers during his spare moments, particularly after he has been reading awhile. He states that he knit when a boy, and is apparently proud of his accomplishment.

In Japan sweaters are quite unnecessary, for any one may carry a neat little tin stove in the pocket and be quite comfortable in an unheated room. This small stove burns a peculiar fuel made of hemp stalks, mulberry, catalpa plants, vegetable oil, and other

materials, turned into charcoal. Such fuel, prepared in paper-covered rolls, hard or soft, according to how it is to be used, will give considerable warmth for three hours without the discomfort of smoke.

The art of knitting two socks at once, one inside the other, has been introduced into this country from Germany. Two balls of yarn are required, but the regular number of needles is used, stitches being taken with each thread alternately. The outer sock is made wrong side out, while the inner one is knit in the regular way. Expert knitters differ in their opinion as to whether the method is as fast as the old way.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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#### Our Counsel Corner

[This corner is for our Missionary Volunteers. We shall be glad to receive questions, reports, and letters from you, and promise they shall be given careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

*I*N a church which has no church school, but where there are a dozen or more children between the ages of eight and thirteen, would you recommend organizing a Junior Missionary Volunteer Society?

G. C.

By all means. Where the children have not the privilege of the church school, there is all the more need for the Junior society. And why is it needed? Because our boys and girls need to be saved, to learn to devote their earliest years to the service of Christ, to be trained in outspoken devotion to him, in reading the Bible, and in prayer. Much valuable training can be theirs at this impressionable age, which they will forever miss if they wait until they are young men and women before becoming actively connected with the Missionary Volunteer movement. E. I.

*Would it be right to grant Reading Course certificates to the members of a small church school in which the scholars have purchased the books and the teacher does the reading?*

G. M. S.

The conditions under which this may be done are briefly stated on the Missionary Volunteer certifying card, which the teacher must fill out and send to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. It is expected that each child shall pass a satisfactory oral or written review on each book in the course before he is granted a certificate, and the teacher should see that this is attended to. If a child is absent when some portion of a book is read, he must make this up before he is entitled to a certificate. Certifying cards for the teacher to fill out may be secured from the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. E. I.

*Should the church school teacher be elected by the church as the leader of the Junior society? or is she the leader by virtue of her position?*

G. M. S.

When the Junior society is conducted in the church school, and during school hours, it is under the direction of the teacher. By virtue of her position, she is its superintendent. When the society is not con-

nected with the school, but is under the direction of the church, it is the duty of the church to choose a Junior superintendent, the same as any other officer in the church. It is usually wise to appoint the church school teacher either as superintendent or assistant, that she may keep in as close touch with the Junior society as possible. Of course there may be circumstances where this would not be advisable. E. I.

*Does the Bible teach that it is necessary to confess our sins to an individual to whom we may have lied or from whom we have stolen? And is it necessary to submit a minute catalogue of one's offenses, committed before he was converted, against his fellow men or his friends? or will it suffice to make a general acknowledgment of one's trespasses in a case like this? Is it wise in a case where one has borne false witness against his neighbor, without the fact coming to the neighbor's knowledge, to ask his forgiveness? or will it do to just undeceive the person? I have confessed these sins in my prayers, but I long for more light on the matter.*

"CONSCIENTIOUS."

The questioner is referred to the chapters on "Acceptable Confession" and "Erroneous Ideas of Confession," in "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, No. 33. C. P. B.

## The Sabbath School

### I — Israel's Journey to Egypt

(July 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 46: 1-7, 26-34; 47.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 232, 233; "Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 125, 126.

MEMORY VERSE: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8: 28.

"I'd rather go by faith with him  
Than walk alone in the light;  
I'd rather go by faith with him  
Than go alone by sight."

#### Questions

1. As Jacob went on his way to Egypt, what experience did he have at Beersheba? Gen. 46: 1. Note 1.
2. What is said of the removal of Jacob and his family into Egypt? Verses 5-7, 26, 27. Note 2.
3. Where did Joseph meet his father? Verses 28, 29. Note 3.
4. What did Jacob say after he had seen his long-lost son? Verse 30.
5. How did Joseph plan for his people to remain in Goshen? Verses 31-34.
6. What did Joseph say to Pharaoh concerning his father and his brethren? Gen. 47: 1.
7. How many of his brothers did Joseph present to Pharaoh? What conversation took place between Pharaoh and Joseph's brethren? Verses 2-4. Note 4.
8. What gracious consent did Pharaoh give to the plans of Joseph? Verses 5, 6.
9. Whom did Joseph then bring before Pharaoh? Describe Jacob's interview with the king. Verses 7-10. Note 5.
10. What care did Joseph continue to have over his father's family? Verses 11, 12.
11. How severe did the famine become? What arrangement did Joseph make for the people in Egypt to get bread? Verses 13-17.
12. What was done the next year of the famine? Verses 18-21.
13. What further arrangement did Joseph make with Pharaoh's subjects? Verses 23-26.
14. How long did Jacob live after he came to Egypt? How did the family prosper in the land of Goshen? Verses 27, 28.
15. When the time drew nigh when Jacob must die, what promise did he ask of Joseph? Verses 29-31.

#### Questions for Thoughtful Students

1. How do the prominent experiences in Jacob's life illustrate the truth of the memory verse?

2. What incident in this lesson illustrates the fifth commandment?

3. What very unusual thing occurred in the interview between Pharaoh and Jacob?

#### Notes

1. Beersheba was located at the southern extremity of Canaan, and so was the last city Jacob would come to before crossing the boundary into Egypt. Abraham had named the place because of an experience he had there (Gen. 21: 31); and later, Isaac, having had a similar experience (Gen. 26: 33), called it by the same name. Since Abraham and Isaac had worshiped there, it was fitting that Jacob should offer sacrifices there also.

2. "How was the journey to Egypt made? It was a large company, sixty-six males of Jacob's immediate family, no one knows how many females, and the attendants of all, perhaps two hundred fifty persons. Asses were loaded with household goods. Some of the men rode on camels, many walked, and Jacob and the women rode in the wagons sent from Egypt. Each night they slept on the ground, most of them with no tent over them."—*Peloubet*.

"In 'Joseph the Dreamer,' Robert Bird thus describes the sending for Jacob: 'Joseph told his overseer how many wagons were required, and what they were wanted for, and soon he had ready a score of little bullock wagons brought from the farms and the wagon makers, with a brown and a white bullock harnessed to each, by a pole and yoke of wood that went across their shoulders. These wagons were little carts with low, broad, wooden wheels for going over sand, and high sides, and both wheels and cart were painted in different colors of red, yellow, and green, for the Egyptians loved bright colors. And there was an Egyptian driver to every wagon. The next thing was to load these wagons lightly with food and water for the bullocks and their drivers, and more food for the people who were to be brought down to Egypt.'"—*Tarbell*.

3. The "land of Goshen" was between the ancient delta of the Nile River and the southwestern border of Palestine. So it would be nearer to Jacob's old home than any other part of Egypt. Besides, it was a rich, fertile land, and so a good place for the flocks and herds, and the Israelites would there have a better chance to remain a distinct people, separated from the idolatry of Egypt.

4. The brothers were careful to tell Pharaoh that they were coming merely to sojourn, or dwell for a time, in his country. The famine was so severe in their own land that they had no pasture for their flocks. They did not want a permanent home. With this understanding they expected to be free to move out of Egypt when they chose.

5. "With faltering steps, and leaning heavily upon his arm, Joseph's white-haired father was led by his powerful son into the splendid palace of the king of Egypt, and the nobles and officials crowded into the brilliantly painted room, curious to see the strange meeting between Zaphnath-paaneah's aged father and the vigorous young king. Dressed in the long loose tunic of a shepherd chief, striped in broad stripes of different colors and held in at the waist with a girdle of red leather, upon his head a dark kerchief that hung down over his shoulders but did not hide his snowy hair and beard, leaning with one hand upon his strong shepherd's staff, and with the other upon the shoulder of his graceful, red-cheeked son, who wore the shining white robes and jeweled collar of an Egyptian noble, Jacob stood with Joseph before the high gilt throne."—*Bird*.

"A halo of removedness lies around Jacob's gray hairs, and to Pharaoh he behaves as one withdrawn from fleeting things, and, by age and nearness to the end, superior even to a king's dignity. As he enters the royal presence he does not do reverence, but invokes a blessing upon him. 'The less is blessed of the better.' (Heb. 7: 7.)"—*Maclaren*.

If an unkind word appears,  
File the thing away;  
If some novelty in jeers,  
File the thing away;  
If some clever little bit  
Of a sharp and pointed wit,  
Carrying a barb with it,  
File the thing away.

If some bit of gossip come,  
File the thing away;  
Scandalously naughty crumb,  
File the thing away;  
If suspicion comes to you  
That your neighbor isn't true,  
Let me tell you what to do—  
File the thing away.

Do this for a little while,  
Then go out and burn the file!

—*Carlyle Smith*.

# The Youth's Instructor

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### The Wonder

**B**OYS of good parentage, boys with Christian parents deeply solicitous for their well-being, frequently fail to make good, fail to make even respectable citizens, much less Christian men. Why this is so is a mystery, an ever-present but unsolvable problem; especially is this so when one sees men who have attained respectability, nobility, and financial success despite the handicap of unworthy parentage. The following letter was written recently by a man who overcame the handicaps of an unwholesome home environment and became a man of high ideals and of worthy action without any help from either parent:

#### Ashamed of Home and Mother

"The most I owe my parents is the fact of my existence. This is said, not bitterly, but truthfully. I have attained a fair measure of success: I pay an income tax; I have a good home; I have a lovely wife and children. Yet for none of these can my parents claim any credit. My mother was ever indifferent to my childhood training and education. My father always followed the course of least resistance.

"My boyhood home was ill-kept and slovenly; dirt was the predominating feature. In school, which I was compelled by law to attend, I envied the boys whose mothers knew how to wear clothes and comb their hair.

"It was not poverty that made my mother slovenly. I knew boys whose parents had less, in actual means, than my own. Yet their mothers could appear anywhere — and those boys could be proud of them. Oft-times, as a lad, I cried and prayed all night, begging God to make my mother and father more neat, more tidy, and our home more clean; but the prayer was never answered!

#### Determined to Make Good

"Then I became determined to help myself. How I got that determination I do not know; it has ever been an unsolved riddle to me. I found I could get my lessons as easily as any other pupil. So I began boning my books hard. I compelled attention by winning in every possible contest. But the questions I asked my teachers, when they gave me the much-desired heart-to-heart talks, were not about literary matters, but about clothes and clean finger nails. So I learned the things I could not learn at home.

"I went to college, working my way through. This was against the wishes of my parents, who were amazed that I would give up a ten-dollar-a-week job. I selected a military school purposely, for the reason

that all the young men were compelled to wear uniforms. Yet I found myself handicapped by a lack of training in manners and in speech. The biggest thing I had to fight was a natural moral turpitude. Many, many times was I tempted to do things that would have put me down into the muck and mire. But I steeled myself — saying over and over that it was my fight — my fight! And I must win!

#### Sweetness and Purity Drove Vileness Away

"In college, while a senior (of which class I was president), I met the sweet, fine girl who was to become my life companion. And it was her sweetness, her purity, her womanliness that drove all vileness out of me. I knew that to win her I must be clean; to win her, and be worthy of her, I must be a man!

"The trying time came when I had to take her to my home — to meet my slovenly mother and father. I had already met hers — and I feared for the outcome. But she made herself blind to the dirt and the untidiness — and saw only me: God bless her noble heart!

"So it is for her — and for our children — that I am striving to win. I do not want our boys to be held down by a lifelong handicap. I want them to be proud of me, as I know they are proud of their mother. I may never be rich, never be famous; but I can be their devoted chum and companion — their adviser and friend. It is my duty to make life a cheerful, happily busy, and worth-while place for them."

Should not this experience be an inspiration to every boy, especially those whose parents encourage right-doing, to be a man of good habits, an honest, upright man, whether he ever becomes a Christian or not? Boys, why not determine to represent the best in the world, even if the effort to represent the best in heaven seems too great for you now?

#### A Pause in the Prayer

**I**F I should die 'fore I wake," said Donney, kneeling at grandmother's knee; "'f I should die 'fore I wake —"

"I pray," prompted the gentle voice. "Go on, Donney."

"Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again, and, dropping down in his place, took up his petition where he had left off. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was saying, grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how he'd tear around in the mornin'. If I should die 'fore I wake, why — I didn't want him to find 'em that way; so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; it was right," commented the voice, with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers would not be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong." — *Wellspring*.

"A MAN, by attending church, draws with him his family and his friends, gives new courage to those doing church work, and has that satisfaction which comes to a man when he does his duty."