

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

March 11, 1919

No. 10



What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, lath, the doors;
The beams, the siding, all parts that be:
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see:
We plant the spire that outtowers the crag;
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free,—
We plant all these when we plant the tree.
—William A. Butler.

From Here and There

Five planets were visible during February,— Saturn, Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and Mars.

California has four women members of the State assembly for the first time in its history.

Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, is now prime minister of the provisional government of Poland.

France has honored America's participation in the war by naming one of its streets Avenue du President Wilson.

Ninety-two earthquakes were recorded on the seismographs located in Washington, D. C., during the year 1918.

"Seventy-two German planes shot down" is the unexampled record of Col. William Bishop, of the Canadian Royal Flying Corps.

Now that national prohibition is assured, saloons in various cities are being converted into community clubs for both old and young.

Two hundred twelve airplanes recently flew over San Diego, California, in battle formation, maneuvered two hours, and landed without a mishap.

M. Clemenceau, the French prime minister, and chairman of the Peace Conference, by nomination of President Wilson, was attacked by an anarchist on February 19. None of the seven shots fired proved fatal.

An American naval seaplane recently broke the world's record for passenger carrying, by flying with fifty passengers. The plane was equipped with three Liberty motors of 385 horsepower each, and it traveled seventy-two miles an hour.

The largest poison-gas plant in the world is located twenty-six miles from Baltimore, Maryland, and was completed about the time of the signing of the armistice. The 2,500 tons of mustard gas manufactured there, enough to kill every human being on our continent, will probably be taken to sea and sunk, since it is heavier than water.

No less than 84 archdukes and archduchesses belonging to the fallen imperial family of Austria are in dire poverty owing to the revolution. They have been deprived of their state incomes by the new republics which have arisen on the ruins of the old Hapsburg empire, and they have either been expelled from the imperial palaces or, in some cases, are in momentary expectation of being expelled.

John Pratt was the first man to make and sell typewriters. He took out his first patent on Dec. 1, 1866, only a little more than half a century ago. It was United States Patent No. 3,163. By 1889 there had come to be thirty typewriter factories in the United States, having an aggregate capital of \$1,500,000, and an annual output valued at \$500,000. Now there are eighty-nine factories making typewriters and typewriter supplies, with a capital of \$26,300,000 and an annual output worth \$20,000,000.

In round numbers there are 400,000 miles of railroad in the United States, 65,000 locomotives, and 2,500,000 cars of all kinds. A billion passengers are carried in an ordinary year, and nearly two billion tons of freight.

Mail is now carried daily from New York to Washington, D. C., by airplane in two hours. It is suggested that the \$1,500,000,000 worth of aeronautic equipment built for the war be used in the postal service.

In October, 1918, America manufactured 5,603 airplane engines. This is more than the total production of France and England during the whole four years of the war.

More than \$1,000,000 worth of gold leaf is imported into Siam annually, of which 90% is used to gild idols, temples, and royal property.

About the Army

An army corps is.....	60,000 men.
An infantry division is.....	19,000 men.
An infantry brigade is.....	7,000 men.
A regiment of infantry is.....	3,000 men.
A battalion is.....	1,000 men.
A company is.....	250 men.
A platoon is.....	60 men.
A corporal's squad is.....	7 men.
A field battery has.....	195 men.
A firing squad is.....	20 men.
A supply train has.....	283 men.
A machine gun battalion has.....	296 men.
An engineers' regiment has.....	1,098 men.
An ambulance company has.....	66 men.
A field hospital has.....	55 men.
A medical attachment has.....	13 men.
A major general heads the field army and also each army corps.	
A brigadier general heads each infantry brigade.	
A colonel heads each regiment.	
A lieutenant colonel is next in rank below a colonel.	
A major heads a battalion.	
A captain heads a company.	
A lieutenant heads a platoon.	
A sergeant is next below a lieutenant.	
A corporal is a squad officer.— <i>Free Methodist.</i>	

The Youth's Instructor

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The Lighthouse and Its Keeper

ON a sunken rock in the open sea
Stood a lighthouse high and strong;
And the lamp was there with its splendid flame,
And the keeper, all night long.

But the keeper had naught of pity or love;
A hard, selfish man was he;
He shaded the lamp, and sent out no light
O'er the dark and perilous sea.

Safe in comfort himself, the nightly ship
Might strike, or go safely by.
"Let them strike, and go down, who cares?" said he;
"Men have only once to die."

One dismal night, by a strong wind driven,
Came a ship with all sails spread:

No one thought of danger; for no one knew
Of the sunken rock ahead.

Fast sweeping along, came the sail-clad ship,
The white foam leaped from her prow;
"All's well!" cried the watchman, pacing the deck;
"All's well!" passed from stern to bow

But scarce died away had the watchman's cry,
When crash,—plunged the ship to her fate;
And there was the beacon that would have saved;
But 'twas seen, alas! too late.

The men of the ship are the heathen world;
The beacon, the Book of God;
The keeper, the Christian who shades his lamp,
And sends not its light abroad.

—The Children's Record.

Keeping a Light for the Lost

MATILDA ERICKSON

Our Business Here

ONE night, a year ago last winter, a young man was driving across one of those wide, sparsely populated plains in Canada. He was on his way home—or thought he was. But the night was dark; the snow was deep; and his horses were very tired. After driving for some time he became considerably alarmed, for he realized that he had missed the trail. He did not have even the faintest idea in which direction home lay. It was bitter cold, and he was about to give up in despair. He and his horses were too nearly exhausted to hope to keep moving through the night. But in that hour of seemingly hopeless despair, he discovered a faint light in the distance. Not once did he take his eyes away from it, and as he struggled toward it, it grew brighter and brighter. He was lost; but through the rays of that one light, he found his way home. What if the light had not been burning brightly that night?

We shudder at the thought! But what of the lost ones who are wandering about in the dark night of sin? Are *you* keeping a light burning for them? It is our business to keep a light for the lost. That is God's purpose for our lives. And it is the purpose that controls the life of every truly converted young person. Finney, in one of his earnest appeals for keeping a light for the lost, said, in effect, that Christians are here to save others, and "if they are not doing it, they had better be dead."

It is a sad and serious fact, however, that many young Christians, while longing for a home in the earth made new, do not seem to realize that it is their duty to keep a light for the lost. Yet, of course, we cannot shirk responsibility. It is born with us, so the Master pleads patiently and lovingly with us to do our duty. The night of sin is very dark. Dangers are on every hand. Soon probation will close, and then it will be too late to hold up a light for the lost. Now is the time to keep it shining brightly; and what the Master needs today is earnest young Christians who will be bright lights in this dark night of sin. Or, as Henry Drummond once said, "What the cause of Christ needs is not so much more of us, but a *better brand of us*." Yes, there are enough Missionary Vol-

unteers in your society to keep a light for the lost in your community. The question is, Are you the *brand* he can use? If not, will you not let him make you a better brand—the brand he can use in his service? If you will let him, the Master will save each one of you from a selfish, shallow religious experience,—an experience that will be a smutty, flickering light, confusing those who see it,—and make you a beacon light for others.

The Power of Example

"But it doesn't make any difference what I do. My influence doesn't count," said a young woman when an older friend was pleading with her to do differently, if for no other reason than for what her example meant to her chums. That young woman was mistaken—sadly mistaken—in thinking she had no influence; and so is every other young person who takes that position. Your example is sure to count for good or ill.

A man who had been a Christian wandered away from God. After spending thirteen years in the wilderness of sin, he again became a Christian. Then he began to labor for his children, but his confession after repeated efforts was: "Every one of them has gone over to infidelity. Because of thirteen years of failure, I have lost them all."

That poor heartbroken father's influence might have been very different. And your influence over others may be very different from his if you will stand firmly for the truth, and follow the Master day by day. Like the Swiss guide, you may be the means of saving others who are sliding down to death.

One day two tourists were climbing together. Suddenly one slipped, and, as they were tied to the guide, it seemed that surely all three of them would go over the precipice. But the Swiss guide *knew exactly what to do, and he did it without delay*. He quickly stuck his large pick deep into the ice, and when the strain came to him, he stood his ground, and those bound to him were saved.

Just so, if you will keep close to the Master, you too will *know* exactly what to do, and if you *do it*, he will bless you in saving some who are bound to you by the cords of influence. Henry M. Stanley confessed that

the influence of Livingstone's beautiful life won him for Christ. An atheist who visited Fénelon once said: "If I stay here much longer, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." Such is the influence of a beautiful, consistent Christian life. It is well-nigh irresistible. So clearly, brightly, and steadily does it shine on the pathway of others that they are left without excuse if they do not reach home.

The Everyday Life

What about your everyday life? Is it clear and bright so that the light from heaven can shine through it on the pathway of others? Or is it dim and hazy, and sometimes pretty dark with smoke? Jenny Lind, the famous singer, met such questions, and her answer to them caused her to leave the stage when she had reached the pinnacle of fame. Some time after this, while she was sitting on the beach one afternoon, a friend came to her and asked her reason for abandoning the stage. "Why," said she quietly, "how could I do otherwise, when every day it made me think less of this [laying her hand on the open Bible in her lap], and nothing at all of that [pointing to the glorious sunset]?" Jenny Lind was right. There is no other way for the Christian to do who would keep a light for the lost. If anything in his daily life is making him think less of God, that thing is darkening the light he carries for others. His conduct, his work, the way he does it, his personal appearance, and his recreation all affect his light for the lost.

But what are some of the things in everyday life that will help to keep the light burning brightly for others? Let us mention first as fundamental to all others—a spirit of genuine unselfishness seasoned with warm sympathy for others. Selfishness in a Christian almost, if not entirely, extinguishes his light. But when Christians reveal genuine Christlike unselfishness, the bright, warm rays emanating from their lives draw others heavenward. Then, to be humble and courteous in dealing with others, to be patient and forbearing when friction arises, to be earnest and enthusiastic in all service, and to be warm and friendly always will also help to keep the lamp of life trimmed and burning.

Our Recreations

And now let us consider recreation: The other day I picked up a book containing short studies on various topics. Opening it at random, my eyes fell on this topic, "About Questionable Amusements." Here are the first sentences of that study: "We have come to a most serious problem. Perhaps the Christian himself needs this study as much as the non-Christian. No one can ponder the alarming increase of the spirit of worldliness in the church of Christ without realizing that before it can do the work which the Master has set it to do, a new era of self-denial must dawn."

"Oh, I'll do it just this once," or "Really, this cannot be so bad," says a young person. But you cannot safely pursue such a course. If you do pursue it, where will you draw the line? Will you draw it so as to allow yourself a few things your conscience does not approve? If you do, you have broken down a part of your intrenchments, and are almost sure to become a prey of the enemy. Says one writer on this subject: "The place of undoubted right is at once the safest to occupy and the easiest to maintain, and it is bad generalship to try to intrench at any other point." So take a firm stand for what is right. Do not compromise with wrong, for compromising with wrong opens a door to endless trouble.

You may say that you can compromise occasionally without hurting your own experience. Are you sure that Satan is not deceiving you? However, let that be as it may; but do not forget for an instant that if you compromise with wrong, you cannot be a successful personal worker. The following bit of conversation points out one of the many young Christians who have failed because of compromise.

"Bessie," said her brother, "have you ever asked Will if he is a Christian?" Will was the young man to whom she was engaged. She replied that she had not as yet, but was going to do so tomorrow night, "when we are at the ball." Later her brother asked her if she had asked Will about his soul.

"Yes, I did."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if he was a Christian."

"What was his reply?"

"He said, 'No, are you?' I told him yes; but he said, 'Why, what are you doing here then?'"

Nor is he the only young person who has felt that Christians should not indulge in the pleasures that Satan has monopolized.

If you would protect your own spiritual life and if you would not be a stumblingblock to others, say with Mr. Beecher: "I take my stand against all demoralizing pleasures." Never lend your influence to evil in any way. When you are in a group of lively young people, do not forget your contract with the Master. Do not laugh at sin. Do not exalt vice by word or deed. And do not ridicule virtue. Never compromise with evil,—not even with the appearance of evil,—but live in "that grander liberty of self-mastery which adds neither sorrow nor regret."

Our Personal Appearance

"What have the clothes I wear to do with my Christian experience and with my soul-winning work?" you ask. "Very much, indeed" is the answer given by thousands of personal workers. So often clothes speak louder than words; for "dress," as Frances E. Willard said, "is an index to the character." The personal appearance of Christians is sure to affect their light for the lost; and this is true of young men, though perhaps not to so great a degree, as well as of young women. Both young men and young women have abundant opportunity to exemplify Christian simplicity in their clothes.

One young woman became aware of the fact that her clothes "preached to others." Every day she crossed the city to her work. Somehow she seemed different from the swarm of young women who daily crowded the car. Finally the conductor approached her.

"Pardon me, madam," he began, "if I ask you a question. But every day the neat, tasteful simplicity of your dress has attracted my attention. And I am curious to know why you dress as you do."

"May I ask you a question before I answer yours?" she said pleasantly.

"Surely."

"Why do you wear that uniform?"

"Oh, I wear that to show folks that I am employed by the traction company."

"Well, I dress as I do to show all around me that I am a follower of Jesus Christ."

That is a good reason for not following the fashions of the world. She found in her clothes another opportunity to witness for the Master, and she used it to his glory and for the good of others.

"Dear youth," says the spirit of prophecy (Testimonies, Vol. III, p. 376), "a disposition in you to dress according to the fashion, and to wear lace, and gold, and artificials for display, will not recommend to others your religion or the truth that you profess." But if you make your personal appearance harmonize with your religious convictions, it will help brighten the light you keep for the lost.

Waiting for You

"Dr. Adams came to his home one night, after he had preached a sermon, with a great burden upon him for the soul of another man. He sat down before his fire, and the burden would not lift. He retired to his room for the night, and still there was the greatest concern, which increased rather than diminished. At last, because he could find no rest, he made his way across the city, and, when he reached the house of the gentleman, it was apparently all dark, and he said to himself, 'How perfectly foolish that I should come here when they are evidently all asleep!' But he had no sooner touched the bell than the door was opened by the gentleman himself. The tears started as, putting out his hand, he said, 'Dr. Adams, you are the very man I wanted to see.' He led him into his library, and in a very short time the minister had led him to Christ. The man became one of the most efficient members of the church in that city."

Thousands of others are waiting to be led to Christ. Will you keep your light burning for some of them? Of course, it will cost you something to do that. First comes the full and unconditional surrender that lets Christ into the heart and gives him full control, for he is the light we all need. Then there must be unbroken communion with the Master and his sacred Word. Finally, there is need of implicit obedience to all the Master's wishes.

Yes, it costs something to keep a light burning for the lost—it costs everything; but, my dear young friend, it is also worth everything. Aside from the joy of finding the Saviour yourself, life holds no sweeter privilege for you than that of leading others to him. That is the noblest service any young Christian can render. It is the highest position any mortal can fill. And lost ones out in the dark, dark night of sin are waiting for you to help—waiting for you to light the way. Shall they wait in vain? Or will you keep a light for the lost?

The City of Bangkok, Siam

[One of our readers from Siam sends the following sketch of Bangkok:]

SIAM is, at the present time, one of the unentered fields, being part of the territory of the Malaysian Union Conference, but it is reported that some workers are soon to be sent out from the States. A few facts regarding its chief city, Bangkok, might therefore be of interest to those who desire to know something about this part of the field.

The city lies a considerable distance up the river Menam, and it takes a steamer about four hours to get to it after crossing the bar. The water being deep, ocean-going vessels from Hongkong and Singapore are able to proceed right up to the city and berth alongside the wharves. As the vessel enters the mouth of the river, one's gaze falls on the luxuriant tropical growth lining the banks, with villages at almost every bend. The first intimation one has of approaching the city is the sight of the rice-mill smokestacks. Rice production is one of the principal industries here, hence

there are scores of rice mills to be seen on both sides of the river.

On landing, one has a choice of conveyance, there being jinrikishas, electric trams, pony traps, and motor cars. The tram lines here are laid at the very edge of the road, this being an advantage for traffic, whereas in Singapore the lines are laid in the center of the road. The traps in use are phaetons and drays. The latter are used for the conveyance of luggage and cumbersome articles, and they all have the same dusty and untidy appearance. The phaetons are rubber tired, and these, as well as the drays, are drawn by ponies, either singly or in pairs. These animals are slightly larger than Shetland ponies, and it is rather odd to observe them in harness after being accustomed to see the same work done in Singapore by large horses.

The city is intersected with canals, known in Siamese as *klongs*, and although the water is very muddy looking, the people, especially the children, take delight in bathing in it, doing so at all hours of the day and for some hours after sunset. At one time the water supply of the city was entirely dependent on the river; and in consequence of the garbage thrown into it, it was not surprising to find epidemics taking a heavy toll yearly. Improvements have now been made, with the result that water mains have been laid, and the public has clean, fresh water.

In view of the fact that Buddhism is the national religion of the Siamese, there are monasteries and temples everywhere. These structures, known in Siamese as *wats*, are very massive, with numerous minarets, and the stone walls look more suitable for fortresses than for temples. Every day the occupants, dressed in yellow robes, go about soliciting alms.

One who is not acquainted with the Siamese language finds himself greatly handicapped, as, unlike other cities in the Malaysian Union Conference, where one is able to communicate with the natives either in English or Malay, down here Siamese is practically universal among the Siamese, Chinese, Malays, and Indians. The Siamese people are very polite and sociable, and although some authors have pictured them as being uncouth in appearance, this is a mistake; it is only the villagers and agriculturalists who can be said to come under that description. The city people, especially those of the middle and upper classes, are very fair in complexion and have good features, typical of Anglo-Indians. The national dress is somewhat queer. The men wear ordinary coats, with stockings that reach up to the kneecaps, while the upper part of the attire resembles the baggy trousers worn by Turks. The women, in the majority of cases, wear the latter also, together with blouses.

Most of the Siamese, Malay, and Chinese schoolboys dress uniformly; whether by order or not, the writer is unaware. They wear white coats, with black shorts that lack much of reaching the knees, and straw hats, and go about barelegged. The boy scouts, in uniforms of various hues, are to be seen everywhere, owing to the king's taking a personal interest in the movement.

Considering present world conditions, living here is very cheap, with an abundance of luscious tropical fruits always obtainable. The whole city is lighted by electricity, and as this power can be supplied at a low rate, very few houses, even among the natives, have oil lamps.

To those unaccustomed to a tropical sun, the climate here would be very trying, as the heat is great, and it is only during the latter months of the year that the wet season sets in.

Fireside Pictures

MAE HARRIS SANDERS

COME now, children, gather 'round me,
Let your games and playthings lie.
Come and listen to Aunt Mary
Tell you of the days gone by.
Gather close, you restless darlings,
Right beside Aunt Mary's knee;
In the cozy, glowing fireplace
Living pictures we shall see.

See that dancing little streamlet
Through the woods and valleys glide!
Now look sharp and you will see
A tiny cottage by its side.
Such a humble little cottage,
Neither windowpane nor door;
No soft rugs for baby footsteps,
Mother Earth has formed the floor.

Thus he chose the noblest pattern,
Through the years of grief and strife;
Love and truth, and humble service,
Was the motto of his life.
Now the childish eyes are drowsy,
And the fire no longer gleams;
You may scamper to your slumber,
While Aunt Mary sits and dreams.

See another blazing fireplace,
And a mother with her boy;
He is tracing words and figures
In the sand with childish joy.
In that homely little cottage,
By the firelight's fitful glow,
Gems of thought were learned and treasured
By this lad of long ago;

For his mother was his teacher,
And his textbook was God's Word.
Children, 'twas the great man Lincoln,
Who the hearts of all has stirred.
You have heard that old, old story
Written on the "sands of time,"
"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

How to Deal with Temptation

GEORGE S. BELLEAU

IN the great World War the first thing our generals did was to find out the location and strength of the enemy. After learning these facts, they were better prepared to enter the battle. The same is true of temptations. After we have taken account of them, made a list of them on paper, and learned their strength and under what circumstances they come to us, we are then better prepared to battle against them.

We should resist temptations with all our might, determined to overcome them. For instance, a person learning how to play football is timid about tackling at first, but when he gets used to it and knows that he can get his man, the harder the tackle he makes the more pleasure he has in getting his man. We should not compromise nor be satisfied with anything less than complete victory. If we are not determined from the first, we are fighting a losing battle. What should we say if a man stole ten thousand dollars from his employer, then decided to reform, but not too quickly. He would steal only eight thousand dollars the next year, six thousand the year following, and at the end of five years be an honest man. Would he? On this principle he would never be an honest man. After conquering a temptation, it rarely if ever returns with the same force as at first, and we are not so timid in meeting it, because we know that through Christ we have conquered once and can do so again.

If we must, we should run away from temptation. If experience has taught us that by needlessly exposing ourselves to certain temptations we are bound to fall, the part of manliness and wisdom is to escape from them. A story appeared in the *New York Times*, giving the reason why the president of a large concern in Lowell, Massachusetts, had disappeared without any one's knowing why he had gone or where he went. "There was a great fight on for the election of superintendent of public building, and certain Lowell men came to my house," he later revealed, "and offered me five hundred dollars for my vote. They told me they knew I was in debt and that I needed the money. I saw poverty staring me in the face. When I refused they doubled the sum. As soon as they left, I started

for the station and boarded the first train out." He ran away from temptation, for he feared he might yield if he stayed. It is not cowardly to run from temptation. It is cowardly to yield to it.

No man should go about looking for temptation. We should not pray God, "Lead us not into temptation," and then get up off our knees and walk right into it. The Lord knows our strength, and we have no right to invite temptation. No temptations are allowed to come to us unless there is power at our command to enable us to gain the victory over them. Christ was made a perfect Saviour by overcoming temptation.

We should make earnest effort to crowd temptation out. At a certain college, the students during a great revival combined to burn some vile books in the library. They knew it was the only way to get rid of them. John Bunyan realized this fact when he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in the Bedford jail, because as he said, the devil was there and he wanted to get rid of him. He wrote to drive away the baser thoughts. We conquer sins by conquering sin.

It is no disgrace to be knocked down, but the disgrace comes if we stay down when we are floored by sin. Let us arise and resist sin with all our might. Krapf, the great missionary, said, "Though many missionaries may fall in the fight, yet the survivors will pass over the slain in the trenches and take this great African fortress for the Lord." He considered every blow, every death, a victory for Christianity. The French guard at Waterloo said: "*La garde ne se rend pas; elle meurt*" ("The guard does not surrender; it dies"). I believe the purpose of every young person should be not to surrender to temptation, but to die, if need be, conquering the foe.

In conclusion, let us remember to discover our temptations, leave nothing undone to conquer them, run away from them rather than toward them, crowd them out of our lives and break away from them. Our power to do these things is as great as was Christ's power to overcome temptations two thousand years ago.

Nature and Science

The Best That I Can

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
 "To make the dark world bright;
 My silver beams cannot struggle far
 Through the folding gloom of night:
 But I am a part of God's great plan,
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
 "Of these dewdrops that I hold?
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,
 Though caught in her cup of gold;
 Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
 My treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
 But a thought, like a silver thread,
 Kept winding in and out all day
 Through the happy, busy head:

"Mother said, 'Darling, do all you can,
 For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

So she helped a younger child along,
 When the road was rough to the feet;
 And she sang from her heart a little song.
 A song that was passing sweet;
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
 Said, "I too will do the best that I can."

— Selected.

A Wise Little People

"There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." Prov. 30: 24, 25.

A TINY red ant came up through a crack in the porch floor, walked leisurely for a distance, examined a pencil shaving, walked around a hair, and suddenly became excited. Up went the forepart of his little body, antennæ waving in the air like tiny aërials anxious for a message. He took a few quick steps, and stopped again for further observation. "Nor'wes' by wes'," the message must have read, for he started quickly in that direction. Evidently some delicious odor had been detected by the little worker's keen scent.

After a bit of anxious running to and fro, the scout located his booty, and seemed overjoyed when he found it a luscious big black fly. He ran nimbly over the wings and examined the body.

"Stone dead, victim of the housewife's swatter," pronounced the little juryman when the examination was complete. "Substantial food to store up for winter. Now to get it home."

He grasped one of the fly's legs in his pincers-like jaws, and turning his back toward the nest, pulled with all his might. Evidently he knew that he could pull more than he could push.

Tug, tug, tug. If it had been a smaller one he could have taken it alone. He must get help. Hesitating a second and raising antennæ high to get direction, he started in an almost straight line for the crack where he left the porch. Meeting another scout, they touched antennæ, and he hurried on, the other following the trail back to the fly. Finding that he could not pull it, scout No. 2 followed to the nest.

It was not more than a minute before fifteen or twenty ants came pouring through the crack and scurried directly along the path until they came to the fly. Each of the six legs were grasped at the extremity by one or two ants who bore their prize triumphantly down the dark passageway to their subterranean kitchen. Those who could not catch hold ran around in fruitless search and followed, leaving only a scout or two on duty.

A fly was pinned to the floor, and all the ants that could gather around could not loosen it. This was a time for reserves. Soon three or four large ants, four times the size of the others, came through the crack, accompanied by a number of smaller ones. These newcomers, aptly called "tanks," pulled the fly loose and went back, leaving the others to take it home. Repeated trials proved that the "tanks" did only work that the others could not do. In some way the messenger made known the kind of help that was needed, for the reserves never came unless sent for.

It sometimes happened that black ants came into the same hunting ground. A lone red scout would pay no attention, but ants that were busy either killed or drove away the intruders. If a red ant was injured, two comrades would bear it away to the nest.

These particular black ants seemed less industrious than their red neighbors, and were more fond of sweets. They would sit and eat like tiny gluttons, seldom taking anything home.

A fly which had been stunned was discovered one day. An ant took hold of a foot. The fly began to kick, waving the clinging ant in the air. Another ant quickly caught another foot. The fly began to use his wings, but left the floor by only a few inches. The weight dragged it down again. It took all the ants that could catch hold to bear the struggling victim through the crack.

A very large worm was placed where the ants would find it. Both reserves and tanks came to view the strange creature, but did not seem inclined to swarm over it as was customary. Occasionally an ant would go close and evidently bite, for the worm would give an angry flounce. After what appeared to be a council, they must have decided they had no use for such a monster, and went their way.

To test the ingenuity of the ants, a dish of water was placed on the floor, having a large fly on the island in the center. A broomstraw bridge connected the island with the mainland. The ants smelled the fly, but none ventured onto the bridge. In the excitement one was pushed into the water, and after much kicking finally landed on the island. After smelling about the fly, he crossed the bridge with good news of discovery. In the general pushing one of the "tanks" fell into the water. As he struggled up the slippery side of the dish, he seemed very much offended, and scurried away home, caring little about the dainty fly lunch the others were working for.

Several small ants crossed the bridge. Taking hold of the fly, they let it swing below the straw, and holding it by the feet, they walked across, landing their burden easily.

The ants that fell into the water were rescued and placed on the floor, apparently drowned. These were not carried to the nest as they would have been if wounded. When finally dried sufficiently, they were able to walk home alone.

Another time a thread and a small weight were attached to a fly. It was difficult for enough ants to get hold of the fly to pull the whole, so some went back to the weight and pulled it, relieving the tension on the thread.

Many an interesting hour can be spent with these wise little creatures. The Bible says to consider the ways of the ant, "which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

MYRTLE ALLEY-RICE.

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of

January 7

Georges Clemenceau.

January 14

The name of the lexicographer, Noah Webster, should have been given in the INSTRUCTOR of February 11, as the answer to the second part of the requirement of January 14.

January 21

PART I

No one has sent in a list of palindromes.

PART II

1. Brest is a seaport on the northwestern coast of France, about three hundred miles from Paris.

2. Since Brest was the landing place of President Wilson as he stepped upon European soil, it became a household word throughout our country.

3. Caesar, emperor of Rome, built a fort at Brest. Napoleon visited his camps at Brest. Here medieval knights returned with the trophies of their crusades.

4. The political history of Portugal from 1908 may be summed up as follows: In 1908 King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz were assassinated. For two years the government was in the hands of King Manuel, second son of Carlos. In 1910 he was deposed, and Portugal declared itself a republic, placing Theophilo Braga as president. The once-royal family escaped to Gibraltar from Lisbon. Later Manuel went to England, and took up his residence. At present there seems to be a plot to overthrow the republic and restore the monarchy.

5. The history of the martyred cities of Belgium is herewith briefly sketched: Ostend for four years has been a German submarine base. Before the war it was a pleasure resort, one of the most famous in all Europe. It had a population of more than 40,000, besides the 50,000 visitors who flocked to it in the summer season.

Here all the wealth and beauty of Europe came to chatter, to bask in the sunshine, and to bathe in the ocean. The Digue, a massive esplanade of granite about three miles long, was the fashionable promenade.

The city had some manufactures, and there were a few shipbuilding yards. The oyster industry flourished here, the oysters being fattened in large reservoirs.

Ostend was founded in the ninth century, and was made a fortified town by the Prince of Orange, the great Protestant ruler, in 1585. The city has seen many wars, and perhaps the most memorable event in its history was the siege from 1601-04, when it tried to throw off the yoke of Spain. Ostend lost 50,000 men in that struggle, and Spain 80,000.

Bruges, one of the most famous cities in Belgium, lies about eight miles from the sea and only a few miles east of Ostend. Bruges means "bridges," and the city got its name from the many bridges that cross the canals that lead to the sea. The German submarine base, Zeebrugge,—"Bruges on the Sea,"—is directly connected with Bruges by these canals.

In the Middle Ages it was commercially the leading city of Flanders, with a population of 200,000. Commercial agents from all the leading countries resided there, and ministers from twenty foreign courts.

In 1488 its inhabitants rose against Archduke Maximilian, and the severe measures of repression employed against them for their insurrection drove away many of the people and much of the trade. Many residents went to England, and from that time England's commercial supremacy is to be dated. The city had, before the war, 52,867 inhabitants. It is still a manufacturing city, and contains much that is of interest to the traveler.

Ghent, with a prewar population of about 170,000, is a city of canals which divide the place into twenty-six islands. The canals are spanned by 270 bridges. The city lies nearly midway between Ostend and Brussels. It is a pleasant, ancient, walled town, made delightfully picturesque by its old-fashioned houses and many public buildings.

About 25,000 persons are employed in cotton mills, the machinery of which, alas! has been utterly destroyed by the Germans. Before the war Ghent was busy with spinning, dyeing, weaving, and similar industries.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, with a population, before the war, of 561,782 persons, is one of the finest cities in Europe. It connects with the sea by means of the Scheldt Canal, and is the center of a network of railroads.

French, Flemish, and Walloon are the languages spoken. The old walls that in the Middle Ages surrounded the city have been leveled, and splendid boulevards follow their course. The Allée Verte, a double avenue along the Scheldt Canal, is a famous promenade leading to the palace of Laeken, the residence of the royal family.

Brussels lace has made the city famous. Of Brussels carpets only a few are manufactured, but there are industries of many kinds in this magnificent and once-prosperous city.

Brussels, too, has been through the fires of war many times. In the reign of Louis XIV it was bombarded by Marshal Villeroy, and 4,000 houses were destroyed.

In the fourteenth century, Ypres, almost due west of Brussels, had a population of 200,000, and more than 4,000 looms were in constant activity making linen and lace. Uprisings and wars have long since destroyed this ancient prosperity, and before the great World War the city had only about 17,000 inhabitants.

January 28

James Whitcomb Riley.

February 4

1. George Washington refused to serve a third term as President.

2. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

3. Adams secured its adoption.

4. Jefferson was a good violinist.

5. Taylor and William Harrison died in office.

6. Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley were assassinated.

7. Van Buren, Arthur, Buchanan, and Cleveland were bachelor Presidents.

8. Lincoln was noted as a good story-teller.

9. Frances Cleveland was known as "the Bride of the White House."

10. Roosevelt was noted for use of "the big stick."

11. Woodrow Wilson visited Europe during his second term of office.

My Father: William Hayes Ward

[This article is not given chiefly for its biographical data, though that is of interest; but because of its richness in suggestion for character building.]

ABOUT the first memory of my father was his lying beside me on the floor, patiently repeating over and over again, verse by verse, Gray's "Elegy," until I could lisp it to the end. I was then three years old.

His theory was that a small child could as easily be trained to noble poetry as to baby doggerel, without tiring or injuring the growing brain. So on my seventh birthday, according to the Ward tradition, my father took me in his arms and said:

"My little son, seven is a sacred number. This is your seventh birthday. I am going to make you a present. It is this. When I come home tonight, I want you to repeat to me the whole Hebrew alphabet. Here is the grammar, and I know you will not make a mistake."

In this way I began to study Hebrew, a language almost perfect in its regal simplicity, and, in a short time, it proved not more difficult than the complex mother tongue.

My father was what might be called a Spartan Puritan. Blessed with a primitive constitution, ignorant of headaches, hardly ever suffering pain, ancestral in his simple tastes, it took him many years to understand that his son *could* be differently constituted from him. While he was teaching in Ripon College, I remember toddling along with him to his classes and back. Those were moments of joy to the lonely child of four or five — running, jumping, playing tricks, and throwing snowballs. He played, too. He was never on his dignity with his boy, except when he punished. On one occasion I slipped and fell, and finding I could not rise, began to howl. My father, who could not abide a crier or a coward, said sharply:

"Stop crying! Get right up or I'll whip you!" Again I tried to move, but failed. I could only squirm a little out of my tracks; one leg refused obedience. Just as my father was about to make his threat good, his myopic eyes caught sight of a red pool beneath my left leg. He snatched me up in his arms and ran like a deer to the house, laid me on the sofa, and with the tenderness of a modern nurse, bound up the jagged wound on the kneecap, that a sharp stone had made as I fell. In his own life he practiced his favorite motto, "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." But when it came to his boy's suffering, the apostle physician could not have been gentler than he.

A Student Abroad

From experience I know that every strong character who has any children at all, should have at least two or three. The first to practice on, the rest to train according to his experience and their temperaments. My father was born a scholar, he was trained to erudition. From his father he inherited a certain madness for early education. It did not occur to him until later that the early home training, the moral example of a Christian family, are more necessary than a dozen languages. He wanted me to have the advantages he lacked, the natural induction into French and German. When a child of my age, he had a scholarly father, a prayerful and tender mother, four adoring brothers and sisters, a Christian and ecclesiastical home with all the Hebrew he wanted thrown in — but alas, no French or German! In his Oriental studies he missed

these languages terribly, and overcame this lack only after years of studious difficulty. Naturally he argued: "I have begotten a son who will be a scholar and an Orientalist like myself. He shall not be handicapped. I will pump languages into him which he will absorb as easily as a babe does milk." So a little past my seventh year he sent me over to a Moravian school in the Black Forest alone. That was my German. Then after a few years to another school in Switzerland. That was my French. And the dear father, the near chum, the playfellow and mind-comrade, grew dimmer and dimmer, and was almost lost to memory. So was home, family, country; and protecting love became a vanished dream.

For our minds, our bodies, our constitutions, our ideals, our ambitions were as different as if we had never been related, and it was only several years after my return to my father's house, when mutual confidence was difficult to resume, when misunderstandings were frequent, and boyish distrust was predominant, that he discovered that he had fathered a different breed from a Spartan Puritan, and that scholarly erudition was very liable to die out in the family with him. Then his whole treatment underwent a change. When he began to expect less, he began to love more, and in the summer of my sixteenth year the bond of fellowship was riveted anew between us, that strengthened as time flew on, and was never broken.

At Home Again

At that time, in 1877, the four of us — my father, my two aunts, and myself — were living in the Stone House on Abington Avenue, Newark, New Jersey. My father had built this rather pretentious house and occupied it as his first own home. My mother was always too great an invalid to assume any care whatever over home, husband, or child, and had died while I was in school in Germany. So the boy of sixteen had no mother's oversight, and after school was over had nothing but his daily chores, meals, and bedtime to curb his impetuous nature. Father came home about dinner time, tired, and often not before midnight, leaving a little after eight each morning. His editorial duties on the New York *Independent* kept him chained to desk and train routine. His missionary and religious committees, ever increasing in numbers and importance, took all the rest of his time. His only chance to pursue his Oriental studies, to achieve and write his monumental work on Babylonian Seals and Cylinders, to write his innumerable scholarly essays for general publications and societies, was to steal the time out of his sleep between five and seven in the morning. I do not ever remember of waking up early that I did not see the light burning at his desk in the bedroom. During these quiet hours he became the dean of Babylonian scholars in this country. It was then he acquired his French, his German, his Syriac, his Arabic, made exhaustive Hebrew translations, and forged a reputation for accurate scholarship that made him the honored president of the American Oriental Society.

The Clan

I had little understanding of these matters. I loved to play, and so I joined "The Clan." This aggregation of boy dynamite was composed of about ten members of the same ages living within a mile of the Stone House. We were in every innocent mischief conceiv-

able, and the pace was rapidly getting faster. We even got so far as to play pool and call for an occasional sherry flip. Then we knew we were men of the world. We often played cards, having parties in each others' houses when the families were out. I remember organizing a raid with them on our own grapes, and eating them in my attic bedroom with trembling gusto.

It was a fine lot of boys, just drifting undirected. One evening late, the majority of the clan were up in my room playing poker with lump sugar for chips. Sugar was cheaper than celluloid then. My father was not expected home until midnight, and the party would be all over long before then. But as a blind in case of accident, we had a chessboard loaded with men, ready to concentrate on, when the stairs creaked.

One of the lads at the table was especially belligerent when he lost his host's sugar. In the midst of a scene and noise that would not be allowed in a respectable zoo, the door opened and in walked the master of the house. We were paralyzed. Cards were religiously taboo under his roof. He stayed and chatted pleasantly, with no reference to the unholy sport. One by one the boys shivered and grew pale and limp. They slunk downstairs and disappeared. I expected nothing less than a good whipping. I had often gotten one before. But this time punishment was not meted out. The offense must have been too serious even for that.

The Mineralogical Club

After the dinner was over the next evening, and we were sitting around the big table as usual, my father spoke up.

"Berty, will you go up in the attic and bring down my old botany can?"

Wondering, I went. It was a battered, dingy old can, and very heavy. I had already been taught how to press flowers, keep my own herbarium, and analyze wild flowers. The summer before I had analyzed and pressed over a hundred varieties, but had never used the botany can. My father was sitting alone at the cleared dining-room table with a big brown-covered book, into which he was diligently peering. He never wasted a moment's time. I was pretty well frightened and kept still. It was watchful waiting.

"Open the can," he ordered, "and take out what you find there, very carefully, and spread on the table."

Wondering, I opened the slide, thrust my fist in, and encountered a hard substance wrapped in old newspapers. Then another, and another. Soon each was uncovered, and there was spread upon the oak table a glittering array of crystals. Here a huge amethyst encrusted with drusy quartz. By its side a beautiful specimen of blue copper ore; a transparent crystal of quartz and other specimens wonderful to the eyes of the ignorant child. This was my first lesson in mineralogy, and the book was Dana's comprehensive work, which, thumbed and marked and torn and battered, is an honored member of my library today. In a few evenings the "clan" met and formed the first mineralogical club of Newark, and was immediately, under the guidance of my wise father, transformed from a gang of irresponsible boys into an ardent group of collectors. That summer we combed Bergen Hill for zeolites, the sandstone quarry for petrifications, and tramped as far as Paterson with our kits, as eager a lot of enthusiasts as you ever saw. The situation that was growing serious was saved by a wise direction of waste exuberance, and the poolroom

knew us no more. Cards were henceforth taboo without any one's forbidding their use. A greater interest had taken their place.

Vacation Companionship

This was the beginning of my father's converting all his vacations into mineral trips with his only son. This lasted until after my college days. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York State, and Nova Scotia even to Cape Blomidon, were subject to the many mineralogical adventures of the happy couple. There were many incidents of interest and of drama in these wonderful trips; for never a boy had a more congenial, an easier, a more companionable mentor and chum than I in these trips. One incident stands out in my memory that illustrates that great man's simplicity of nature as well as his inherent reverence.

A Congregational Prayer Meeting

In the northern part of New York State on a hot July evening a disreputable looking couple might have been seen tramping through a small village. It was seven o'clock; they had walked fifteen miles already, and were hot and hungry. They had five miles farther to go before they could reach a hotel. Each carried a battered bag that was surprisingly heavy. Burglar's tools and mineral kits look alike under canvas covers. With reluctance the storekeeper sold them a loaf of bread and a huckleberry pie, and scowled as they ate sitting on his worn steps. Then they started shambling along.

At that moment a church bell dominated the still air. "That's a Congregational church," asserted the elder. "I recognize the tone of that bell."

"Nonsense. They are all Catholics or Presbyterians here," the boy replied.

"We haven't been inside a Congregational church for a month, and we are tired. Let's go and see. You can sit outside if you want to."

Sure enough, it was a Congregational prayer-meeting night, and we entered and slunk into the back seat. The congregation consisted of the leader, one man, and thirty women, besides the tramps. Heads were turned, skirts rustled, noses lifted in our direction. After waiting for those whom they never expected to come, the meeting opened with a hymn.

"Sing!" commanded my father, "as you never did before." The boy's tenor easily dominated the little meeting to the disgust of the leader, who sang a cracked alto. A tramp sing songs of the sanctuary! The suppressed excitement due to this invasion of sacred territory grew. The leader opened the subject, which, appropriately enough, was the total depravity of man. He illustrated this aptly from the fall of Adam, and sank down. The remaining man of respectability took it up and carried it to the present day, putting especial emphasis on hoboism, which in summer time were evidently a curse to this God-fearing community. Then he quit, and after another hymn there was an ominous silence. If no woman spoke, the meeting would die a natural death.

But at this critical point a sister arose, evidently the pastor's wife, a woman confident in her powers, and used to publicity. She prayed for those who lost in Adam had stumbled into the sanctuary. She reviewed their lurid past, their drunken wanderings, their probable crimes. She asked forgiveness for their enormous offenses. She discarded all pride in her own unassailable position, and called upon the tattered strangers to confess their sins while the spirit moved them. The leader appropriately ordered "The Ninety

and Nine" to be sung while the sparse congregation turned again and stared at us as if we were men of Borneo.

"I'm going to speak," whispered my father, "and then let's run for it when I'm through."

The hymn of repentance stopped. The tramp arose. His gray hair was tousled; his beard scraggly. He had on a flannel shirt, not too clean, and a long linen duster stained with a month's hard travel. But he arose, tall, with a kind of irresistible dignity that calmed an audience aghast over the prospect of a too-harrowing confession of sin. The man began quietly in his usual conversational tones. His voice was melodious and his words marvelously chosen. He began by telling them that his family had been Congregationalists for seven generations, and he himself a member of the church for forty years. He told them of the mercies of God, of the beauty of a life of holiness. His tones grew deeper, more commanding when he spoke of the sacrifice and true humility that marks the man of God. He rebuked them for their ecclesiastical self-sufficiency and summoned them for their narrow, gossipy lives. He eulogized them for their support of a poor church. He evoked the blessing of God upon their homes, their labors and families, and called upon them to pray with their hearts rather than their lips.

With one accord the people bowed their heads. For neither they nor the mischievous lad ever heard such a speech or had listened to such a prayer. Hearts beat wildly within bosoms as if Pentecost were at hand. In the hush that followed, the two strangers disappeared from the church. Their suspicious mineral bags went with them. When the last outpost of the village had been left behind, in the darkling of the summer night, the boy timidly took his father's hand. The Spartan was affectionate but not over-demonstrative. The boy was both. He was very much moved.

"Father," he said, "I never heard you talk and pray so wonderfully. I didn't think you could."

The man, known to all the Congregationalists of the country and to the scholars of the world, answered:

"I had to. I couldn't help it with such a narrow little audience. It was an inspiration. Now," he smiled a little sinfully, "they'll have something to wonder about."

After that I always understood the eloquence of Christ in the face of bigotry, opposition, misunderstanding, and hatred.

I could write reams about the delightful adventures my big brother and I had on these mineral trips, how we were almost trapped to death in Pennsylvania, almost drowned in Nova Scotia, imprisoned in New York State, robbed and almost murdered in an iron mine, and how my father disappeared in a blast in a zinc mine in New Jersey. Those are blessed memories of a perfect comradeship, etched on the retina of my heart. Every day was a joy, for we were pursuing a hobby under the ideal conditions of love, health, simplicity, hard work; and besides, for my part, I had added an unconscious infiltration of knowledge and the philosophy of life that was invaluable. For as we tramped, without my knowing it my father taught me; and when we dug our specimens, it was with an enthusiasm that wore us each night to a dreamless sleep. Blest is the son who can ride so healthful a hobby in the full company of his father!

The Rugged Path of Duty

Unconscious education! Much of it was very conscious and somewhat humiliating. This strange duckling of a son to the nearsighted man of midnight oil and sunrise light must have been quite a prayerful problem. But one thing was pre-eminently taught and even whipped in. Duty must be done. He was a stern practitioner of this precept. One of my household duties was to draw for the meals the fresh water at the well. One summer evening I accepted a supper invitation to a neighbor's house, and forgot all about the sparkling well water. There were two attractive girls in the family, of about my age, before whom I wished to stand well, besides the boys, one of whom was my intimate friend. While at supper the doorbell rang, and the boy of the house opened the front door. There stood my father.

"Is my son here?" he asked grimly. I went out. "You forgot to draw the water. Go right home and do it!"

"But, father! What's the difference? Won't you do it for me this time?"

Then the lady of the house came out and added her gracious pleading for her careless guest. But my father shook his head. "My boy must do his duty, and after that he can come back and have a good time."

Ashamed, too humiliated to cry, hating my father, I ran the three blocks home and drew the cold water from the cold well. But that draft of water has never been forgotten. The shame, the humiliation, the temporary anger with the Puritan parent soon were wiped off the slate of youth. They were only smutches. But the stern lesson of duty to be done when it should be has survived forty years.

In my father's library were many books. I stood in awe before the huge Hebrew and Assyrian tomes, in awe of the books, but not of the languages. For very often I was called upon to translate inverted German and cryptic French. Why do commentators use such blind words for erudite subjects? It must be to camouflage their real ignorance. On the most abstruse subjects my father always thought clearly and wrote simply. He was never ashamed to acknowledge the limitations of this knowledge, although he was known as the "office encyclopedia;" nevertheless, he always insisted that every man's goal should be omniscience. Browsing on Plutarch; dipping into the old English dramatists and Shakespeare; made to read Milton and know Lycidas by heart; trained into the heavily balanced sentences of the early essayists, and nodding myself to sleep over Lamb, Hazlitt, and Bacon; I was nevertheless eager for a lighter and more lurid goal.

Concerning the Choice of Literature

Almost the most conspicuous object in our sitting-room was a huge armed rocking-chair, heavily upholstered and very soft. Where the back and seat met there was a deep place into which I often thrust my hand to discover stray treasures, and in which I often hid articles safer to me to be unseen. In this patriarchal chair my father rested at night. Often as a child he had taken me in his arms and rocked me in that chair, and whispered to me curious things. In it I used to curl and read, and therein sometimes hide exciting literature. And in that chair my father always sat while conducting morning prayers. And what strange and moving prayers! My father and one aunt translated from the Hebrew. Another aunt from the German; and by paternal direction, I used

the French, the Latin, the Greek, the Hebrew Bibles as my studies progressed. Prayers were a spiritual training in languages, and we had many discussions regarding the different interpretations, always settled by my father's possession of the Hebrew Old Testament, or mine of the Greek New.

On this occasion, when my father had finished his prayer, he arose to his feet with a most lurid sheet in his hand. It was a boys' cheap weekly, and I think there was madly riding in it at the time one of Jack Harkaway's gripping serials. The outside page had an appropriate picture in which murder was a minor matter. Spreading this interloper out in his hand so that its vulgar indecencies could easily be seen, he glared at his younger sister.

"Hetta, I am surprised at your hiding such a thing as this!"

"But William!" most indignantly, "I never saw it before."

Turning to the elder sister:

"Susan, confess!"

"I wouldn't touch it with the tongs."

In the meanwhile the son was squirming in his chair. Then the editor turned to his aged stepmother, a woman of God, if there ever was one, who walked the narrow path of unexperimental rectitude.

"Mother!" his voice was raised accusingly. "Then it is you who has brought *this* literature into my house."

The old lady had little imagination and no sense of humor. With great dignity she arose from her chair.

"William! How dare you insult your mother in this fashion?" She swept from the room.

Then my father's gaze turned slowly to me. He crumpled the offending sheets in his hands and threw them into the open fire. His face relaxed and lit with a proud smile.

"I don't have to ask you!" he said, "for surely *my* son *could* not read anything so vile as this."

That was the last vulgar periodical I bought or read. For months my ears rang with that gentle, cutting rebuke. That episode did as much to stimulate me to good reading as the example of the ever-studious family itself.

The Oration

At the end of my seventeenth year I was graduated from a private school and an oration was imposed upon me. It was a boys' school, and instead of white tulle and blue ribbons, we had clean shirts and preposterous bouquets. Mine was a wonderful confection of huge white peonies with blue forget-me-nots. But the oration was the thing, and I made up my mind to dazzle the whole outfit completely. Naturally the whole family was interested in their boy's first public appearance. When the time was growing short and the choice of subjects could no longer be put off, my father took a hand in the game.

"What are you going to orate about, my son?" he asked, after dinner. When he said "my son," I always pricked up my ears. Like a rising author I hemmed and hawed and looked conscious. After insisting upon his knowing, I finally, with ill-concealed pride, gave him the subject of my choice—"The Effect of Phidias upon the Art of the World!" One of the recent adventures into the family was a fat volume upon Greek art in the time of Pericles. This had been duly devoured. My father assumed his favorite gesture of intense concentration. He poked his thick lenses closer

to his myopic eyes with his forefinger and fixed me with an admiring gaze.

"Splendid! Wonderful!" he said. "What do you know about it?"

"I read so and so and so and so"—my voice grew less confident.

"That's fine, but what do you know?"

"As much as anybody else," I flared.

"Very true, possibly more. But have you read—" he named a dozen standard volumes of which my new book was a popular gleam of sheet lightning. "Have you studied these? Have you collected them? Have you purged the true from the false? Have you digested them as well as skimmed?"

I had nothing to say.

"Do you want your oration to be nothing but a series of cribbed ideas put into your own language, if you are honest that far?"

I had nothing to say.

"Does it occur to you that your subject, to do it even scant justice, might mean a life's study?"

I had nothing to say. I was sweating.

"Now what do you know?"

In despair I raked my mind. For a boy I had read voluminously, but I knew nothing thoroughly. This and that flashed before me. But no use. I knew that before his pitiless logic my pretensions would be smashed.

"Don't you know anything?" Then a great light flashed upon me.

"Yes!" I burst forth. "I do know something. I know how to take care of a furnace."

"Then why don't you write about it?" came the quick riposte.

That was a triumphant oration. It was my first real lesson in writing and speaking. Only through the thorough knowledge of his subject can the highest, clearest expression be obtained. Blind writing—blind speaking—is blind thinking. That simple, basic prerequisite condition of literary and forensic success was my father's chief asset of power. He never attempted to write or speak of anything he did not know and know thoroughly. And as he was a voluminous writer and a frequent speaker, he had to study all the time. As I grow old and older, that lesson looms large and larger in my mortal life.

Entering College

It was to be expected that my father should instil into me the love for Amherst College. It was his father's Alma Mater. He had been graduated there in '56. His youngest brother died there at the end of his senior year after a most brilliant college career. His other brother was graduated there also with high honors. Amherst was a family institution, and my father was later one of its trustees. So the old college on the beautiful hill took the young lad in. On that bright autumn day the first act on bringing me to town was to lead me to the top of the college chapel tower and show me that sumptuous panorama of lovely New England scenery. I never could discover whether he loved Hebrew or nature more; whether he delighted more in the flower and the fern than in the cuneiform characters or the Hittite hieroglyphs. His time was about evenly divided between them. But in his son's heart he began early to instil a deep love of God's trees and flowers and minerals.

My Father's Visit

My father always descended upon me in college without the slightest warning. He never knew when

he was to be called East, and telegrams were alien to his training and pocketbook. On one such occasion my room was filled with boys and blinding with smoke. He blew in like a gale of wind, sniffed the tobacco, made a wry face, and after the introductions, rather ostentatiously opened the window. The boys faded away and I was left alone with him, fingering a proud sophomoric pipe, with all the courage I could summon. I wanted to play the independent man, but the job was hard before ascetic austerity I knew my father possessed. In matters of self-indulgence he was an ascetic. He never indulged himself in anything except books. His traveling bag had always more books than toilet articles. From his childhood up he had never eaten butter, or drunk tea or coffee. He never touched intoxicating liquors of any kind. He never allowed them or cards in the house, and he had never smoked but once in his life — in 1856, during class-day exercises.

"My son," he began, when the room was cleared, — I threw my pipe carelessly to one side, — "I am a poor man, in debt, and giving up much to pay for your education. I can afford to scrimp for that — but I cannot afford to go without so that you can smoke. When you earn your own tobacco I shall have nothing to say. Until then I expect you to do the fair thing."

He didn't scold or threaten, as some fathers might. As he always did — he appealed to reason. We shook hands on it. If possible, I loved him the more for treating me like an intelligent being. Nor did I smoke again until I began to earn my living ten days after graduation.

Theological Studies

It is probable that our family represents one of the oldest and the longest series of clergymen in direct line in this country. So it was most natural that my father should plead with me that the line be not unbroken. The study of Hebrew laid a strong foundation for this career, that did not strongly appeal to me. I wanted to be a surgeon or a teacher. Finally, after much argument, we compromised. I agreed to study theology on condition that after the three years' special course was over I could do as I pleased.

After two years in Union Seminary I went, under his advice, to Andover for my last year. This was repeating his life. To him, at that time, the ministry, especially the missionary ministry, was the highest expression of human value. Teaching came next; and after that his own editorial profession. He was born into the ministry; taught science; was a home missionary; and finally landed in the editorial chair, of what was then a religious weekly. Under Henry C. Bowen, the *New York Independent* was religious. Under my father's editorship, it was a national religious institution.

It was in Andover that I met my first wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. This fact shattered all my father's hopes for his future for me. Gone was the ministry. Gone was teaching. For I could not take a woman of national reputation as a writer — the most fascinating conversationalist — the most brilliant mind I had ever known — seventeen years older than myself, and immure her in some little country village. At least I thought I couldn't. My father accepted the defeat of all his life's hopes for his only son, and the dynastic knowledge that his family would come to an end with me, with a spirit of sweetness and generosity that could not be surpassed.

Indeed, that tolerance of the other person's opinion was one of his fine characteristics. Abrupt in speech,

seemingly belligerent in argument, sure of his own position, he was nevertheless courteously sympathetic, if not yielding to the other side.

My Father's Erudition

I have not space to enlarge on my father's breadth of erudition. I use the term breadth, not depth. All knowledge was his meat and drink. And as he was as modest and unpretentious as he was learned, he made an ideal companion. I even liked to hear him preach, which is the highest tribute a son can pay his father. Once in Woodstock, he picked a lily on the way to church, and analyzing it before his audience, he preached the simplest and the best sermon I ever heard.

His Last Years

A year before he died he was thrown out of a wagon, and fell upon his spine. It was only his clean constitution that permitted him to survive as long as he did, paralyzed, but mentally as crystal as ever until within two days of his death. When he left Newark with his family of two sisters, his only regret was that he had not rounded out a full fifty years as editor of the *Independent*, his long service there making him, with the exception of Mr. Alden, of *Harper's Magazine*, the oldest editor in point of uninterrupted work in New York.

During the last days I read to him regularly, and it was always Milton. It was my delight to play a little game with him. Purposely I would misread a word or substitute another. Many times I read those divine passages in the four great poems, and never once did he fail to stop, question my accuracy, or correct my carefully planned mistakes. He was never at fault as to the true reading of his favorite poet.

Never a murmur, never an impatience, tender toward his loving sisters, thoughtful of his nurse, with a smile and a feeble pressure of his hand to his son. A gentleman of God — a scholar of Christ — an editor, who made true religion his lamp — an erudite who linked his knowledge to humanity — the active friend of the Negro, the Indian, the soul in darkness, and of all oppressed men — the assembler of churches and creeds — the lover of his home, and the best father in all the world.

At eight o'clock on the evening of Aug. 28, 1916, the nurse called us. My two aunts and myself stood above his bed. His breath was coming softer and slower. "The Lord is my Shepherd," we repeated, watching our dying loved one. "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever:" with that benediction, the spirit of William Hayes Ward passed into the keeping of Christ, whose disciple he had always been. — *Herbert D. Ward, in the Independent.*

One Sign of a Live Church

THE bishop of Nelson (New Zealand), at a recent meeting, told of two men who met recently, and one asked the other for a subscription for his church. The reply was that the church was always wanting money. The friend said: "When my lad was a boy, he was costly; he always wanted boots and shoes, stockings and clothes, and wore them out fast, and the older and stronger he grew the more money had to be spent on him; but he died, and does not now cost me a shilling." "Yes," said the bishop, "a live church always wants money." — *The Christian Herald.*

Missionary Volunteer Department

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Our Counsel Corner

I KNOW that it is wrong to go to moving picture shows and theaters, but I am unable to present a clear explanation of my position on this question. Will you give in the Counsel Corner some good reasons which I can use when asked why I do not attend the theater?

M. B.

[Not long ago we answered a similar question in the Counsel Corner, but we are glad to present something further on this important subject.]

If it is good for a Christian to go to the theater, it means that he is glorifying God in doing it. For whatsoever a Christian does he is to do all to the glory of God. (See 1 Cor. 10:31.)

Some Christians do not hesitate to say that they can go to the theater to the glory of God. If one takes that stand, he must be prepared to defend acting as a profession that may glorify God. For the Christian who supports the theater, whether to the extent of a dollar a year or a thousand dollars, is a partner in making possible the profession of acting. But the modern play, which is a dramatic presentation of life as it is, makes it necessary that almost every actor should act out the passions of sin. It rarely occurs that a play is staged, whether a "good" play or an evil one, *which does not have sin at its heart*. The more perfectly the actor can simulate the emotions of sin the more successful is he in his profession. Now this cannot be done to the glory of God. Sin is that abominable thing which God hates, and nothing that is tainted with sin can glorify God. But, it may be urged, the church is tainted with sin, as are all other good things that we support. Sin in the church is an enemy to its welfare, an intruder that is to be gotten rid of. In the case of the theater, the dramatic presentation of sin in all its forms is necessary to the existence of the institution. For a Christian to say that this can glorify God by showing the evil consequences of sin is nearly equivalent to suggesting that our Lord could act out the emotions of sin as part of his plan of destroying sin and freeing men from its bondage.

The dramatic instinct is not in itself wrong, but it is *this necessary complicity with sin that makes the modern theater an institution distinctly of the world, the flesh, and the devil*. And a Christian does not need to understand this root principle that makes the theater wrong to know that out from the institution there flow untold streams of evil. This should settle the question for one who is Christ's. The very passage that tells us to do all things to the glory of God, is followed by these words: "Give no occasion of stumbling, either to Jews, or to Greeks, or to the church of God: even as I also please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of the many, that they may be saved. Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ." 1 Cor. 10:32 to 11:1.

A third principle by which the question can be settled is to ask, not, "What harm is there in it?"

but, "How much good can I do by following this course?"

It is not wise to "argue" about these questions with unbelievers nor with border-line Christians. Our effort should be rather to strive for the positive by seeking to have the Christian filled with the Spirit, and then the love for the things of the world will drop away.—*Sunday School Times*.

If You Were Your Society

I SEE you have a goal chart in your society," observed the visitor.

"O yes," I replied, "and we're very proud of it, too. We have the best record in the conference. There is hardly an item on that chart that we have not at least some credit for. We're going to reach the entire goal as fast as possible."

"That's a great record, sure enough," he commended; "you have reason to be proud of it."

"We have indeed! We have eight studying for Attainment membership, twelve reading the Bible through, fifteen taking the Reading Course, twenty Morning Watch observers, fifteen new society members, and twenty subscribers to the INSTRUCTOR."

"Fine! That proves the society to be alive. Say," he lowered his voice suddenly, "if you were your society, what kind of record would your society have?"

"If I were my society?"

"Yes. Suppose that all the members of the society except one should suddenly drop out, and the one member left were you; would there have to be any change made in that percentage?"

"Why—er—I don't know," I stammered in confusion. "I never looked at it that way."

"Evidently not. Still that is the right way to look at it. In a case like this, every Missionary Volunteer should act as if he were the only member of his society, shouldn't he?"

"Why, yes, I suppose he should."

"All right, then. Let's start out on that basis and see where we come out. Take the matter of Attainment membership, for instance. If you were your society, could you still claim credit under that head?"

"No, I'm afraid I could not. I started going to the class when it first began; but something came up so that I was unable to attend, and I dropped behind."

"I see. You never thought of studying at home and taking the examination with the rest, I suppose."

"No," I confessed, "I never did."

"Well, let's take up the band work for a minute."

"Don't bother with that," I interrupted; "I'm not in any band. I'm just a humble member."

"Well, there's no disgrace in being a humble member if you are the best you can be. But let's glance this over, anyway. I see your society holds a short prayer-band service with the leader before the regular meeting. You attend that regularly, of course."

"Why, no, I'm afraid I do not. I got there a little late once or twice, and of course I did not like to disturb them while they were praying; and after that I did not think about the meetings."

"Of course they ought not to expect you to start early enough to get there before they begin, or to remind yourself of them. By the way, you are undoubtedly reading the Bible through, even if you cannot remember those little meetings."

"Why, I read when I can. You see, it is like this.

My time for devotions is apt to be very irregular. Sometimes I spend a half hour or an hour in reading the Bible, and then again there are days when I do not seem to be able to snatch but a minute or two."

"Exactly," the visitor agreed, "I understand. There is so much news in the papers nowadays that it does take a lot of time to read it all."

"Look here," I bristled. "You do not know how I spend my time."

"No, to be sure I do not, not yours particularly. I just happened to make those suggestions because I have heard of Missionary Volunteers who were hindered in that way from reading their Bible. In fact, I used to be occasionally; so the idea came naturally. But, if I am wrong, I will gladly apologize."

"No—no, you need not apologize. I—I guess there is something in what you say."

"Well, let's go on for a while longer. I want to give you a chance to claim all the credits that are due you. I note the society has gained fifteen new members. For how many are you responsible?"

"Why, none that I know of. However, I did speak to the chairman one day about somebody that I thought would be a good one to ask to join. The committee did interview the fellow, but he decided not to join just then."

"Well, that is something, of course, even if nothing did result from it. You are entitled to some credit for your thoughtfulness and interest. Well, I mustn't keep you any longer. I see you are busy. Great helps we get from the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, aren't they?"

"Wonderfully inspiring!" I said enthusiastically.

"Good," he replied; "I'm real glad to know that you are one of those twenty subscribers in your society. There's hope for you, at least."

My face fell at that; but I answered frankly:

"I am going to be honest with you. I am not one of the twenty subscribers. I am not a subscriber at all. A few months ago I was asked to take the paper, and I said I would; but the next day I was speaking about it to Mrs. Goodheart, who lives next door to me. She said there wasn't any need of my subscribing, as she had just subscribed and would be glad to let me have her paper as soon as she had finished reading it. I did not think anything about its not counting on the goal; so I said it did seem foolish to buy it when I could borrow so handily. So I took the money and sent for the *American* that I had always wanted."

The visitor looked at me soberly for a minute.

"My dear Missionary Volunteer," he said softly, "isn't it very fortunate for that record up there that you are not your society?"

"Yes," I admitted frankly, "it is—now. But," I flung after him as he started down the street, "you just wait."—*Adapted.*

The Sabbath School

XII—The Call of Samuel

(March 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."
1 Sam. 3: 9.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 572-582;
"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 41-45.

"I can hear my Saviour calling,
In the tenderest accents calling;
On my ear these words are falling,
'Come and follow, daily follow me.'"

Questions

1. What did Samuel continue to do as he remained in the temple with Eli? 1 Sam. 3: 1.
2. What came to pass one night? Verses 2-4.
3. How old was Samuel at this time? Note 1.
4. Who did he think had called him? What did he do? What did Eli say? Verse 5.
5. How was this experience repeated? Verse 6.
6. What did Samuel not yet know? Verse 7. Note 2.
7. When the Lord called the third time, what did Samuel again do? What did Eli then understand? Verse 8.
8. What instructions did he give Samuel? Verse 9.
9. What then came to pass? Verse 10. Note 3.
10. What did the Lord say of what he would do in Israel? Verse 11.
11. Against whom was this to be done? What had the Lord already told Eli? What was Eli's great sin? Verses 12-14. Note 4.
12. What was Samuel afraid to do? How urgent was Eli's request that Samuel should tell him all that the Lord had said? Verses 15-17. Note 5.
13. How much did Samuel then tell his aged friend? How did Eli show his trust in the Lord? Verse 18.
14. What experience did Samuel continue to have? What did all Israel know him to be? Verses 19-21. Note 6.

Things to Think About

God is calling every child.
He calls through his Word.
He calls through his Holy Spirit.
Various providences show that he is calling.
Conscience recognizes the call.
God calls through Sabbath services.
He often sends a call by a friend or a teacher.

Notes

1. "Samuel is supposed to have been about twelve years of age."—*Practical Commentary.*
2. Samuel knew the word of God in the form which the Israelites had it, but "he was not acquainted with such direct manifestations of God's presence as were granted to prophets." The call to Samuel was repeated, for God saw that his failure to respond properly was not from a spirit of disobedience, but because he did not know who called him. The promptness with which he ran to Eli each time, showed his willingness to obey.
3. "So awed was he at the thought that the great God should speak to him, that he could not remember the exact words which Eli bade him say."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 581.
4. "Eli was an indulgent father. Loving peace and ease, he did not exercise his authority to correct the evil habits and passions of his children. Rather than contend with them or punish them, he would submit to their will, and give them their own way. . . . They had no proper appreciation of the character of God or of the sacredness of his law. His service was to them a common thing. . . . The father had not corrected their want of reverence for his authority, had not checked their disrespect for the solemn services of the sanctuary. . . . Though wholly unfit for the office, they were placed as priests in the sanctuary to minister before God. . . . Eli had greatly erred in permitting his sons to minister in holy office."—*Id.*, pp. 575-577.
5. "Samuel was filled with fear and amazement at the thought of having so terrible a message committed to him. In the morning he went about his duties as usual, but with a heavy burden upon his young heart. The Lord had not commanded him to reveal the fearful denunciation, hence he remained silent, avoiding, as far as possible, the presence of Eli. He trembled, lest some question should compel him to declare the divine judgments against one whom he loved and revered. Eli was confident that the message foretold some great calamity to him and his house. He called Samuel, and charged him to relate faithfully what the Lord had revealed. The youth obeyed, and the aged man bowed in humble submission to the appalling sentence."—*Id.*, p. 582.
6. "If children were taught to regard the humble round of everyday duties as a course marked out for them by the Lord, as a school in which they were to be trained to render faithful and efficient service, how much more pleasant and honorable would their work appear. To perform every duty as unto the Lord, throws a charm around the humblest employment, and links the workers on earth with the holy beings who do God's will in heaven."—*Id.*, p. 574.

"The youth of our time may become as precious in the sight of God as was Samuel. . . . God has a work for every one of them."—*Ibid.*

DR. F. B. MEYER says that only melted gold is minted, only moistened clay is molded, only softened wax receives the die, and only broken and contrite hearts receive the impress of heaven.

Tomorrow

"TOMORROW'S bridge is a flimsy thing,
I dare not cross it now;
I can see its timbers sway and swing,
And its arches reel and bow.
O heart, you must hope away!
You must sing and trust and say,
'I'll bear the sorrow that comes tomorrow,
But I'll borrow none for today.'"

"The Days of June"

HAVE you read "The Days of June"? It is a thrilling missionary book, equally interesting for young or old. It can be obtained from your tract society or from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C., for fifty cents.

Selling Our Books

A YOUNG man in attendance at the Washington Missionary College, preparing for the ministry, secured work in the Review and Herald Publishing House for what time he could spare from his studies; but not many weeks elapsed before he left the publishing house and began canvassing for "Bible Readings." He did this, feeling that it would be better for him to be doing something more directly related to the work for which he was preparing to devote his life, though it was quite possible that he would not be able to make a very good record in the canvassing work, since the national capital has many interests, and the people have been much canvassed; but he has had excellent returns for his labor.

If all of us were as anxious to do something to give the truth of God directly to the people, the Lord would not have to look to persons outside of our faith to circulate the truth-filled books and papers, as he seems to have done in some instances.

One of our workers says: "A short time ago a lady came to our office and said that she wanted to get territory to sell our book, 'Bible Readings.' We told her that as a rule only our own people handled this book. Not knowing that it was an Adventist book, she was surprised when we informed her of this fact, but she said it did not make any difference. She had found that it was a good book, and her pastor had recommended it. Thinking that the Lord was leading her, we gave her territory."

"A news agent on a train recently approached one of our bookmen and asked him what price he could make him on 'A World in Perplexity,' in cloth binding, in lots of one hundred.

"In one of our near-by conferences a whole stack of letters have been received from those not of our faith, requesting the privilege of selling our books.

"A canvasser in Wyoming, who was selling 'The Great Controversy,' called at a home and found a copy of one of our books. They thought so much of it that it was with difficulty that he sold them his book. As the canvasser was about to leave, the man told him that he believed everything that his book taught, and to the canvasser's utter astonishment, finished his statement by saying: "I am going to sell my farm and get the agency for that book, so my friends and neighbors can read it, for I think it is the best book that I ever read."

In a letter written by Mrs. E. G. White to the General Conference Committee in 1902 she said: "Many are sad and discouraged, weak in faith and trust. Let them do something to help some one more needy than

themselves, and they will grow strong in God's strength. Let them engage in the good work of selling our books. Thus they will help others, and the experience gained will give them the assurance that they are God's helping hand. As they plead with the Lord to help them, he will guide them to those who are seeking for the light. Christ will be close beside them, teaching them what to say and do. By comforting others, they themselves will be comforted."

A Friend

THE following article was written by C. W. Christy of the Nebraska Conference, and appeared in the Central Union Conference paper. The editor of the INSTRUCTOR chanced to find it, and thought others might be interested to learn how one reader, at least, regards the paper:

"Not long ago I became acquainted with a friend of whom I wish to tell you, not because I feel that he needs any recommendation to those who happen to know him, for his friends are numbered by his acquaintances. But perhaps you are not acquainted with him, and if so, I will use this opportunity to introduce him to you. He is very fond of young people and seems to make friends with them quite quickly.

"My short association with him has been very profitable to me. At first he came to see me every week, and I enjoyed his visits so much that I would look forward to each visit with a great deal of glad anticipation, he always brought with him a presence so wholesome, ennobling, and satisfying. Each time I listened to his counsel, I was filled with new determination to live a larger life, full of more unselfish service for those about me. I always did love good reading and enjoy looking at pictures. With these he was always well supplied. And, too, he told me many interesting little facts that I never knew before, but which were very helpful if remembered. The collection of good reading which he brought, usually consisted of stories which were true to life, biographies of interesting people, poems, and answers to many perplexing questions. The pictures he brought were gathered from the different parts of the world and were very interesting indeed, as he always had something of interest to tell about each one of them. This friend always has been an extensive traveler, and speaks with a great deal of authority on current topics. I grew to regard him highly because of his excellent ideals and his vision of those things in life that are really worth while.

"For a time I was deprived of his association, but now I am enjoying his visits again. He comes every week to see me and still brings his collection of good stories, photographs, and poems. Though he is older in years than I, I love his association because he is congenial, interesting, and instructive. I am always benefited by being in his presence, and I like a friend like that, don't you?

"Now I am going to tell you his name. You perhaps have heard it before, but maybe have never really made his acquaintance. His name is YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Invite him into your home and see what a lovely visitor he is. I know if he makes you a few visits that you will always be lonesome for his return. He only differs from other visitors in that you are asked to pay for his transportation; but that is not much, only about three and one third cents a week. He will make you fifty-two visits for \$1.75, and I am sure that before he has visited you five times you will feel richly repaid for his expenses during the whole year. The thought may suggest itself to you that you cannot afford it, but let me say to you upon the authority of others' experience, that if you are a young person, or the head of a household where there are young people, you cannot afford to be without it. It contains material which is vital to the spiritual life of the young."

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Keeping a Light for the Lost	3
The City of Bangkok, Siam	5
Fireside Pictures (poetry)	6
How to Deal with Temptation	6
A Wise Little People	7
Selling Our Books	16
A Friend	16
SELECTIONS	
My Father: William Hayes Ward	9
If You Were Your Society	14