

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

July 15, 1919

No. 28



A MOUNTAIN SCENE NEAR HARDANGER, NORWAY

From Here and There

Gas masks are now being used by fire departments of certain cities.

Secretary of the Interior Lane states that 52,000 American soldiers have expressed a desire to obtain farms on terms proposed by the Government.

In the ruins of the library of Louvain, destroyed by the Germans in 1914, the degree of doctor of laws was conferred recently on President Wilson by the University of Louvain.

Not so very many years ago a proper subject of debate for literary societies was thought to be, *Resolved*, That horseless carriages should be prohibited on the public highways.

Berlin states that Germany lost 198 submarines during the war, and that more than 3,000 sailors lost their lives through submarine sinkings. Several thousand more lost their reason in the service.

Dr. Charles H. Duncan claims to have discovered a method of cure for the Spanish influenza by immunizing the patient to his own poison. He announced his discovery at the recent convention of the Allied medical associations of America.

To Venice, California, go the honors of being the first city in America to inaugurate aviation police service. Atlantic City, New Jersey, is building an aviation school for police, where New York City police aviators will keep themselves in flying trim.

Finland is the first dry country in Europe. Its prohibition law went into effect on the first day of June. Twelve years ago Finland voted itself dry; but the czar of Russia, who also ruled Finland as a dependency, refused to sanction this expression of the franchise.

Our seven-passenger, eight-cylinder automobiles are advertised to have engines with a capacity of perhaps 60- or 80-horsepower. The airships have engines of several hundred-horsepower. The NC-4 that made the successful flight across the ocean is equipped with four 400-horsepower engines.

Wireless telegraphy underwater and underground was achieved during the war. The underwater system is now standard equipment on all our newer submarines. By means of wireless messages from airplanes, balloons, or distant ships the submarine may be directed even when totally submerged.

The first temperance society of this country was organized at Saratoga, New York, in 1804. This was not a total abstinence society, as later temperance organizations came to be; for the treasury was kept replenished by fines levied on its members for drunkenness under certain circumstances. Any member who got drunk in any public place was required to pay a fine of fifty cents, unless it was upon a holiday. If any member made any other member drunk in any public place, except on holidays, he should pay a fine of twenty-five cents.

Chicago has more telephones than all France, Kansas City has more than Belgium, and Boston has more than Austria-Hungary. Great Britain and Ireland together have only 200,000 more telephones than New York City, and some American office buildings and hotels have more telephones than the kingdom of Greece or Bulgaria. And America excels also in the quality of its telephone service. Suburban connections that can be made in half a minute in America take half an hour in London. And yet not very many years ago the London *Times* denounced the telephone as "the latest American humbug."

Great alarm has been aroused among the thinking people of Chile by the disclosures of the medical examination of the conscripts who present themselves for military service. The rapid degeneration of the race is noted and they are casting about for remedial measures. Vice and drunkenness are the two greatest factors, the latter being recognized as responsible in great measure for the former. Labor troubles also have been on the increase, and here again drink is found to be the principal contributing agent.

While an airman was performing various stunts in the air above Seaside, Toronto, Canada, his engine suddenly went dead and the plane shot to the ground at tremendous speed. Upon landing, it collided with a railroad locomotive. Both the airplane and the locomotive were considerably damaged, but the aviator escaped with slight bruises.

Ladybugs are being gathered by the million in the Sierra Mountains near Sacramento, California, by the Department of Agriculture for shipment to France. The ladybugs are arch enemies of plant lice, which threaten to destroy sorely needed crops in France. The lice are so numerous that a scoop is used in gathering them.

Too Much Grass

"ISN'T everything beautiful?" asked the lady of the little city waif who was being given a ride into the country.

"Yes, it is beautiful; but I shouldn't like to live here."

"Why not, my boy?"

"Because there's too much grass to keep off of."

The Youth's Instructor

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His Own

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

"ALONE!" I cried. "No friend is near to see!"
"Dost find it hard to be alone with me?"
A still voice spoke, I knew it was my Lord,
And bowed my head to listen to his word.
"When first love called thee from the world apart,
Didst thou not vow to give to me thy heart?
No sacrifice too hard for thee to make;
Thou didst not fear to suffer for my sake.
To be alone with one ye love, is sweet.
When love wanes, only, wilt thou dread to meet,
Or carelessly my precious letters read,
That are so full of love for thee, indeed.
My church is my betrothed; thy love I claim;
Beloved, I have called thee by my name.
Let not thine adversary sift like wheat
The one I saved by sacrifice complete.
Some who are strong, I send my wars to gain;
Some with skilled hands to cure or lessen pain;
Some with great talent to unfold my truth;
Others to train and educate my youth.

Stay thou alone, and blossom in the shade.
Do I not know the plants which I have made?
Thou wouldst grow high, but I have set thee low
Because thy perfume will be sweeter so.
Lift a bright face, like pansies, to the sky,
And cheer each wanderer who passes by.
I see thy little corner day by day;
I only ask of thee to grow, and stay.
I know what soil is fitted to thy need;
I planted thee, and thou art mine, indeed.
Bright showers shall reach thee here, and by and by
I will transplant thee to my home on high."
O precious thought! I cannot be alone.
The one who loves me occupies a throne,
Yet leans from starry heights to comfort one
Who bows despondent, when the day is done.
What other friend was ever half so true?
Who has the power to do what he can do?
To his name all the power and glory be,
This be my glory, that he loveth me.

The Shepherd Psalm

THE twenty-third psalm is the most beloved of David's songs. While it is known as the shepherd psalm, some have felt that it had two parts, the first under the figure of a shepherd life, and the second changing to the figure of a banquet. But Mr. W. A. Knight, who understands the Syrian shepherd life, says that the psalm retains the shepherd figure throughout. A beautiful interpretation of the psalm from this viewpoint follows:

"*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*" There is the opening strain of its music; in that chord is sounded the keynote which is never lost till the plaintive melody dies away at the song's end. All that follows is that thought put in varying light. . . .

"The varied needs of the sheep and the many-sided care of the shepherd are pictured with consummate skill in the short sentences of the psalm. 'Each is distinct, and adds something too precious to be merged and lost.'

"*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,*—nourishment, rest. '*He leadeth me beside the still waters,*'—refreshment. You think here of quietly flowing streams and get another picture of rest. But streams are few in that shepherd country, and the shepherds do not rely on them. To the shepherd 'the still waters' are wells and cisterns, and he leads his sheep to these still waters not for rest, but to bring up water to quench their thirst.

"*He restoreth my soul.*" In the Hebrew writings, soul means the life, or one's self. There are private fields and gardens and vineyards in the shepherd country, and if the sheep stray into them and be caught there it is forfeited to the owner of the land. So, 'he restoreth my soul' means, The shepherd brings me back and rescues my life from fatal and forbidden places. Restores me when wandering.

"*He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*" Often have I roamed through the shepherd country in my youth and watched how hard it is to choose the right path for the sheep; one leads to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep

cannot find the way back; and the shepherd was always going ahead, 'leading' them in the right paths, proud of his good name as a shepherd.

"Some paths that are right paths still lead through places that have deadly perils. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' is the way the psalm touches this fact in shepherd life. This way of naming the valley is very true to our country. I remember one near my home called 'the valley of robbers;' and another, 'the ravine of the raven.' You see 'the valley of the shadow of death' is a name drawn from my country's old custom. And so is the phrase 'thy rod and thy staff,' for the shepherds carry a weapon for defense and one for guidance. Ah, you should see the sheep cuddle near the shepherd, to understand that word, 'They comfort me.' The shepherd's call, 'Ta-a-a-a, ho-o-o,' and the answering patter of feet as the sheep hurry to him, are fit sounds to be chosen out of the noisy world to show what comfort God gives to souls that heed his voice; and those sounds have been heard in my country this day as they were the day this shepherd psalm was written!

"*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.*" Now here is where some drop the shepherd figure and put in a banquet, and so lose the fine climax of completeness in the shepherd's care. Ah, to think that the shepherd's highest skill and heroism should be lost from view as the psalm begins to sing of it, and only an indoor banquet thought of! . . .

"There is no higher task of the shepherd in my country than to go from time to time to study places and examine the grass and find a good and safe feeding place for his sheep. All his skill and often great heroism are called for. There are many poisonous plants in the grass, and the shepherd must find and avoid them. . . . A cousin of mine once lost three hundred sheep by mistake in this hard task.

"Then there are snake holes, and the snakes bite the noses of the sheep if they be not driven away. The

shepherd sometimes burns the fat of hogs at the holes to do this. And around the feeding ground which the shepherd thus prepares, in holes and caves in the hillsides, there are jackals, wolves, hyenas, and panthers too, and the bravery and skill of the shepherd are at the highest point in closing up these dens with stones or slaying the wild beasts with his long-bladed knife. Of nothing do you hear shepherds boasting more proudly than of their achievements in this part of their care of flocks. And now, do you not see the shepherd figure in that quaint line, 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies'?

"*Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*" Here begins the beautiful picture at the end of the day. The psalm has sung of the whole round of the day's wandering, all the needs of the sheep, all the care of the shepherd. Now the psalm closes with the last scene of the day. At the door of the sheepfold the shepherd stands and 'the rodding of the sheep' takes place. The shepherd stands, turning his body to let the sheep pass; he is the door, as Christ said of himself. With his rod he holds back the sheep while he inspects them one by one as they pass into the fold. He has the horn filled with olive oil, and

he has cedar tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised, but is simply worn and exhausted; he bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive oil, and he takes the large two-handed cup and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water provided for that purpose, and he lets the weary sheep drink. There is nothing finer in the psalm than this. God's care is not for the wounded only, but for the worn and weary also. 'Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'

"And then, when the day is done and the sheep are snug within the fold, what contentment, what rest under the starry sky! Then comes the thought of deepest repose and comfort: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,' as they have through all the wanderings of the day now ended.

"The song dies away as the heart that God has watched and tended breathes this grateful vow before the roaming of the day is forgotten in sleep: 'I will'—not shall, but will; for it is a decision, a settled purpose, a holy vow—'I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' And the song ends, and the sheep are at rest, safe in the good shepherd's fold."

Reasons for Learning Shorthand and Typewriting

B. P. FOOTE

MANY enterprising young people learn stenography for the purpose of earning their way through college. A large number have been successful in doing this.

Others learn shorthand and typewriting so that they can become stenographers or private secretaries in conferences or institutions, and thus help greatly to advance the cause of God. There is a great dearth of good stenographers.

A few take these studies because stenographic work is one of the best and surest ways of earning a good living.

Many learn shorthand because they wish to be able to take fuller notes of sermons, lectures, etc., to read over at their leisure or to file away for future reference.

Some wish to be able to make quotations rapidly from books and magazines in libraries, and shorthand enables them to do this.

Others, knowing that writing makes "an exact man," desire to compose their important letters, articles, lectures, and sermons first in shorthand, which can be written as rapidly as they can think.

A few take shorthand and typewriting especially for the training these studies give in concentration, accuracy, neatness, spelling, pronunciation, grammar, and in mental and manual alertness. There are few studies, perhaps, which equal shorthand in cultural value; and yet it has been learned by children of ten years or less, and by people of threescore years or more.

One prominent worker in our denomination stated that if he had twenty children, he would have them all become expert stenographers, because stenographic work would teach them human nature and how to deal with it, and would develop them into practical, adaptable, useful, successful men and women.

Many young men take up the study of stenography because they know it is the shortest road into the private offices of the most progressive men of affairs,

where they will have an opportunity to rise rapidly. The stenographer becomes intimately acquainted with the methods used by trained, experienced men in meeting big problems, and he absorbs these methods. "Seest thou a man diligent in his [stenographic] business? he shall stand before kings [in the political, business, literary, and religious worlds]; he shall not stand before mean men."

Many a young man takes up the study of stenography with the hope of sometime becoming the private secretary of some prominent man and having the privilege of traveling with him over this and perhaps many other countries.

Not a few have the high ideal of becoming expert reporters, able to catch the fleeting words of the orator and put them down in black and white so that thousands may read what only a few could hear, and fewer still could remember.

Many learn touch typewriting because they can thus write from two to four times faster than with longhand, and several times more legibly.

Every prospective preacher, teacher, missionary, departmental secretary, or official or worker in any branch of the cause of God should learn to write rapidly and accurately on a standard typewriter, such as the Underwood, the L. C. Smith, or the Remington. Those who do not, will some day wish they had, as thousands of older ones do now.

The use of the typewriter is rapidly becoming more and more popular and universal, and every rising young man and woman should know how to operate one, and how to operate it in the right way. Do not try to learn typewriting without the help of an experienced teacher, as you will be sure to acquire habits which you can never overcome. A speed of forty words a minute can easily be acquired under a thorough teacher, with the possibility of adding thirty or forty words a minute more after getting into actual work. One student in Washington Missionary College made, at the end of one year's work, the surprising

record of sixty-nine words a minute for ten minutes from printed copy, with only two slight errors. She received a "Special Credential Certificate." More than a dozen others attained speeds varying from forty to fifty-eight words a minute, thus earning the "Certificate of Proficiency."

Our own young people should secure their stenographic training in one of our own schools, where they will be trained for our own work, which is in desperate need of many more consecrated, efficient typists, stenographers, and secretaries. While we have been able to prepare six or seven the past year for openings in our offices here in Takoma Park, we have not been able to meet the demand. There should be twice as many strong, Christian young men and women taking the stenographic courses in our schools next year as we have had in any year in the past.

(If you are interested in stenography and typewriting, but cannot attend one of our resident schools, write at once to the Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C., for information concerning these intensely fascinating and practical studies. They can be learned at home at small expense, and very successfully, too, by correspondence, as is being proved by a large and continually increasing number of students scattered over the world. The number of lessons corrected has risen rapidly from only three during the month of October, 1918, to more than seventy for the month of May, 1919.)

Others

GENERAL BOOTH once wanted to send a New Year's greeting by telegram and cablegram to all Salvation Army posts in the world, he therefore, since cablegrams are expensive, boiled his message down to one word. But he chose for his message one of the greatest words in the dictionary, the word "others." It was this message that inspired the following poem by Mr. C. D. Meigs:

"Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for — *others*."

"Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for — *others*."

"Let self be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for — *others*."

"And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of — *others*."

"Others, Lord, yes, others;
Let this my motto be.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like thee."

The Boasters Outwitted

IT was, I think, well up in the nineties that a young American by the name of Albert H. Washburn was sent as consular agent to Magdeburg, Germany, Henry F. Merritt, another American, being consul at Chemnitz. Both these young Americans were one evening invited to a grand dinner, where they were most uncomfortably chaffed about their country by some of the Germans who were present.

One of them remarked to Merritt: "I do not suppose you can even give us the names of your Presidents."

Merritt, quite undisturbed by the taunt, began and went through the list without a break, much to the

surprise of the ungentlemanly German, who then said, "There is not another of you Americans here who can do it."

Mr. Washburn up to this point had wisely bridled his tongue, feeling quite sure that his chance would come in due time, and he now said, "I can do it, and give you also the names of the Vice-Presidents, and while I am about it the Secretaries of State too."

The Germans had a book brought from the library that contained our Governmental records, and kept careful watch on that while Washburn went over the names with the quiet confidence of the schoolboy who knows his lesson, and who knows that he knows it.

But the modest, though fun-loving Washburn was not through. He had thought, as they had not, just how the tables could be turned, and while his eyes danced he solemnly inquired, "And now I should like to know whether any of you can give the names of the Prussian rulers from the time of Charlemagne down to Emperor William?" One after another made the attempt, but broke down before the list was half gone over. Finally, seeing how they had been outwitted, they began to apologize.

But Washburn had still another card to play, and he said, "Seeing you cannot name your own rulers, perhaps I had better do it for you," and he did, without missing a name. The Germans were amazed; the Americans were happy and proud.

"How did you do it?" questioned Merritt.

"Oh," replied the young Massachusetts man, "my father had a taste for such things, and taught them to me when I was a boy. You see they are sometimes useful to know."

How few of the boys and girls in school today realize that this is true. Perhaps they learn to name the Presidents, but they count it a waste of time to store their minds with what they often call "useless rubbish." But every bit of knowledge gained is likely to be useful sometime, even though we may not foresee just how, or where, or why. S. ROXANA WINCE.

Attitude of Our Colleges Toward Hazing

THE aims of our colleges are quite different from those of worldly institutions, yet, on some significant questions, both educational systems hold similar opinions. Hazing is one thing which both systems consider detrimental to the best interests of all concerned. Hazing is practically nationally banned. The writer knows of no school of good standing which permits its students to indulge in this so-called sport. Its harmfulness is universally recognized. All are acquainted with horrifying accidents and unthought-of physical injuries which have resulted from "practical jokes." Of course, there are occasional cases of hazing in the various colleges all over the country. While college regulations prohibit such barbarous activities, they do not necessarily abolish them. Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Act did not deliver the South from slavery. Enforcement of the Act was the greater task. So it is with school rules regarding hazing. Seventh-day Adventist schools are not peculiar in their insistence that hazing shall not be tolerated.

The Hazing Victim

As a rule, the subject for hazing is one who seems a little peculiar in some way. His actions or his dress may be odd. Perhaps he is not a good mixer with the crowd. But do any of these things warrant an ice-cold shower or a ride on a fence rail? Again, a boy

may be really fresh; he may be overconceited; perhaps he does need a hint; but what good will it do to haze him? Some may contend that a ducking will do him good; that he needs something to bring him down from his high perch. But will such means help the situation? Absolutely not! One may call on every persuasive, convincing celebrity from the time of Demosthenes to the present, and not one could ever convince the victim of a hazing party that he deserved the treatment he received and that he was accorded a special favor by the ones who did the trick. Hazing is useless, because it does not change the mind of the unfortunate one. It makes him more hostile. It causes grudges and ill feeling that will generate trouble when the situation becomes ripe. Human nature is not changed by force. Might does not make right; neither does it correct wrong. Students, whether they be peculiar, vain-glorious, fresh, or what not, need sympathy and kindly counsel — not cold plunges and rail ridings. It does not follow that simply because a person does not admire another's character or personality, God has laid upon him and his associates the burden of remodeling the one criticized. It is for God to deal with conduct and character, not for man.

Every one enjoys an occasional harmless practical joke. If you do not, it would be well to consult a physician. These lines therefore are not a plea for utter abandonment of amusement. Anything which savors of hazing is not practicable; on the other hand, it is exceedingly impracticable. To some shallow-brained rowdy, it may be fun to paint a fellow student with common house paint; it may be amusing to bury a frail boy for a night; it may be sport to tie a nervous lad to a railroad track with the express on the way, and wreck his health by fright. But those who engage in such practices have lost all sense of humor and humanitarianism. The lowly Galilean gave this infallible rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." When "practical jokes" pass this test, one may be reasonably sure that they are devoid of harm.

Our colleges, recognizing the harmfulness and uselessness of hazing, are justified, along with other institutions, in taking a pronounced stand against such practices. The Christian school method is the substitution of Christian principles of gentlemanliness for ungodly rowdiness. This is why parents feel safe in sending their children away from home to schools where justice instead of outlawry prevails.

H. EMORY WAGNER.

A Soliloquy

DRUDGERY is the gray angel of success." Where have I read that statement? O yes! It was in that little book "Blessed Be Drudgery." But really now, does my success in life depend on all this dull grind day after day? Why perform these uninteresting tasks today when they must be done again tomorrow and the next day and the next?

The dish sink may be scrubbed ever so clean, but no one ever notices it. The towels may be hung in an even row of perfect whiteness, but no one ever sees them, and if one should, there is nothing remarkable about clean dish towels. One rather expects to see them clean, or not at all. Surely it makes no difference if these little things are not so religiously done. Time is too short and days are too full to spend time scrubbing the last bit of kettle black from the

sink. There are so many interesting things in life to attract attention. Why not slide through this drudgery and do something worth while?

There are such high ideals to strive for — but after all, I wonder how many people ever reach them. Some one has suggested that inasmuch as few people realize their ideal it is far more profitable to idealize the real. That's a beautiful theory; but when my ideal is music and literature, I wonder how I can idealize a kitchen floor and mop, or a tub of soiled linen. What is that quotation? "It is the angel aim and standard in an act that consecrates it." I once heard of a man who wrote the most charming poem about clothes flapping on the lines over the roofs of city houses. Of all absurd subjects to weave into poetry! And yet I confess that when I see a big washing out now, instead of the tired housewife and dirty suds, I cannot help seeing the graceful white nymphs dancing to the tune of the wind.

Evidently it's all in the way we look at a thing that makes life pleasant or disagreeable. And I suppose being cheerful over disagreeable tasks will go a long way toward making them a pleasure. "My daily work, whatever it may be,— that is what mainly educates me." It is my schoolmaster. Then I will not fret about work, for it is only drill, drill, drill, yes, drudgery, that at last can give me success. "The universe is not quite complete without my work well done."— *Lola Preston, in the Mountain Echo.*

A Great Determination

WHEN that famous adventurer, Francisco Pizarro, set out to find the magic empire where "they ate and drank from golden vessels," and where gold was as cheap as iron was in his own country, he did not find the road to conquest strewn with flowers; but he knew from experience that things worth while come only as the result of great efforts. He had never seen this wonderful land, but the stories he had heard regarding it did not sound like idle tales. He reasoned that the reward would be worth a great effort, so when it seemed that the expedition must be abandoned, he still held firmly to his purpose. Finally, when his last hope was apparently gone, he made that remarkable declaration so well known to every student of history: "For my part, I go to the south." As a result of his example, thirteen took courage and followed their leader. What a pity such an iron will could not have asserted itself in favor of riches that do not perish!

As young people we face a serious problem. This is the time of decision. The question is, Shall we permit Satan to convince us that the way is too hard for us? Can we reach that land of immeasurable wealth except we are willing to venture much? Why not take our sword today, and by faith draw the line across our Christian experience and say: "Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, self-denial, trials, and death (death to self); on this side, ease and worldly pleasures. There awaits heaven with its riches; here lies the world with its poverty. Choose each man what becomes a brave Christian. For my part, I go upward." And having thus declared our intentions before our associates, should we not step across the line without faltering or looking back to see if others are going to follow? Such an example will encourage our friends to make a similar determination.

D. W. CASTLE.

Notes on British Poets—No. 3

The Spirit of Wordsworth

EDMUND C. JAEGER

WE can measure the height of noble mountain peaks that, like Whitney, St. Elias, and the Jungfrau, lift their heads above their fellows, but who would dare to attempt to measure the height or depth of a great soul? A barometer of the spirit has never been invented. Even less, we cannot even find a true measure of the outward expression of greatness as set forth in their writings. All we can do is to point out here and there a rise in elevation, an approach toward the height of the highlands.

That Wordsworth was the mountain poet of his time, even as Coleridge was the magic valley, few will deny. And the greater proof is in this, that his work is quite as popular today as it was a hundred years ago, so that we find men turning toward him again and again when they tire of the flood thicket of modern prose and poetry.

One of the first and foremost impressions one has of Wordsworth is that he was, like Agassiz, a soul with whom nature confided and opened her manuscripts with freedom. His poems bear no marks of having come from books. They are but the setting forth in rhythmical language of the bard's own observation. Even as Coleridge has said, "They are fresh and have dew upon them."

Wordsworth's confidence in nature as a guide, his supreme admiration of her beautiful ways, made him forget that she ever is stern. The harshness of the winds he did not hear, the tragedies of death that came to hail-struck, storm-driven birds never impressed him. Rich music, vibrant minor chords, were the only things he heard in the most stern of nature's ways. He found friendship in gloom, and companionship in bleak solitudes. He believed in looking upward, for only then do we see the true beauty in everything. The man with eyes turned down sees nothing;

"as he moves along
They move along the ground; and, evermore
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields and rural works, of hill and dale,
And blue sky, one little span of earth
In all his prospect."

—Cumberland Beggar.

The poet would teach us further that not in the study of books and human theories is wisdom found, but in the voice of the living things and in the voice of God.

"Books! 'tis dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet his music! On my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

"And hark, how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher.
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

"She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth preached by cheerfulness.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

The spectacle of the French Revolution left an ineffaceable impression on Wordsworth, as it did upon so many great, growing young men of the day. It

filled him with awe, fear, and anxiety, even though he sympathized with the growth of freedom. His solicitude for his own country was very great. He dreaded lest England might some day have to pass through a revolution too—a thing from which his fine nature revolted. Addressing himself to Milton, he said:

"She is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have fortified their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power."

Unstable as Water

THE Scriptural record says that Jacob was blessing his sons when he said to Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Ordinarily a son would not consider such a statement as a blessing; but it was as truly such as were the words in the same connection, "Reuben, thou art my first-born, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power."

Water is unstable only as it breaks away from its proper bounds, as when the refreshing rain becomes a destructive flood, or its absence causes drouth and famine. Water, confined by the reservoir, is used to transform the desert into a garden; confined for the water system of a city, it affords fire protection, and quenches the thirst of the people; confined in the hydraulic press, it becomes a mighty agency in the world's work. In other words, when water is confined,—held in by some power outside itself,—it becomes as stable as the power that confines it.

And so the words, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," were a call to Reuben to let God confine and control by his Spirit all his unstable energies, thus transforming Reuben's instability into a stability that would make him a blessing to Israel, a stability as real as was the grace of God to keep him from falling.

BERT RHOADS.

There Is Black in the Blue of the Sky

AN artist one day at his easel stood,
And sketched, with a pencil free,
The gold of the meadow, the green of the wood,
And the purple and gray of the sea.
A child looked over, a little way back,
And questioned the artist: "Why
Do you mix with your color a touch of black,
When you paint the blue in the sky?"

"Only because I see it, my child;
I am painting the sky as it is;"
And he softly said to himself, and smiled,
"It is one of earth's mysteries:
Not the lily itself wears a perfect white,
Nor the red rose an unmixed dye;
There is light in shadows, and shadow in light,
And black in the blue of the sky."

There are films over nature everywhere,
To soothe and refresh our sight,
For mortal eyes were not made to bear
The dazzle of shadeless light.
Our consolation and our complaint
Awaken both smile and sigh:
There are human faults in the holiest saint;
There is black in the blue of the sky.

But we've read from the leaves of an old-fashioned Book
Of One in the glory unseen,
Whose gaze the poor seraphim dare not brook,
Before whom the heavens are unclean;
And the hope of the Christian is in the thought
Of a truth and a love so high
That possible evil sullies them not;
No black in the blue of their sky.

—Lucy Larcom.

The Correct Thing

Church Suggestions

DO you when you sit in the choir or on a platform manifest unseemly interest in the people before you, even leaning over far to one side and peering curiously at some one in the audience? If so, don't do it again. Any one who has observed this unique performance will give the same counsel.

Remember the end seat in the church pew is for the late comer instead of the early arrival. We hope the church usher will never be compelled to rival the street-car conductor in his oft-repeated demands, "Move up, please!" but if the end-seat occupant could hear thought as well as words, he would hear, when some one is crowding past him, a chorus of voices behind him, saying, "Move up, please!"

F. D. C.

Courtesy

KINGS have come and kings have passed away since the days of fabled Arthur and his knights. Kings will continue to come and go till the God of heaven sets up the kingdom which shall never be destroyed.

Pomp and ceremony will attend them on their way. But court,—the magic circle of nobles and favorites around the royal person,—court as it was known "when knighthood was in flower," is known no more.

Yet all that was fine and gentle and true in the lords and ladies who graced the palaces of old has been summed up and lives with us in one word—courtesy. This word connotes a greater power than that of king. A king's power is measured by the number of his subjects and the extent of his domain, but the power of a kindly word and a thoughtful act will sway the hearts of men in all countries alike. Courtesy is "an act of kindness or favor done with politeness." Courtesy will open the way to honor and success where mere kingship without it would be forced to retire.

This is no fancy, but a practical fact. Business men recognize it and give courtesy a commercial value, though it is not measured by pound, or quart, or bushel, and is not to be bought or sold. The following expression by the Lackawanna Railroad Company shows the attitude of that organization concerning this subject, which it considers of vital importance in its relations with its patrons. I saw it posted in a little station, and copied it while waiting for a train:

"The possession in any marked degree of a worthy faculty should be an incentive to develop that faculty. This company considers that its agents, conductors, and other representatives possess above the average the faculty of being courteous to the public. To those who cultivate and exercise this faculty the company extends its congratulations and its thanks; to those who do not fully appreciate its importance, careful consideration of the following is suggested:

"First. The principle that underlies courteous treatment of others is simply that of doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

"Second. In a highly complex and technical business such as that of the railroad, there are many things that you, with

your training and daily experience, understand with perfect familiarity, but which the public do not understand; therefore do not assume that the public should comprehend them without asking questions, but when inquiry is made of you, give the courtesy of a reply just as full and clear as you can make it, and without any suggestion of superiority born of a greater knowledge.

"Third. Words are only *one* means of expression, and manner is quite as important; therefore remember that a kindly and gracious manner is not only the sign and mark of a self-respecting man, but is to your words what oil is to machinery in making them move definitely to their purpose.

"Fourth. True courtesy is no respecter of persons. It remembers that "a man's a man for a' that," and gives the civil word and helping hand quite as readily to the ill-clad stranger as to an officer of the company.

Fifth. Courtesy is not only something the public has a right to expect of you, but *it pays*.

"It pays in the friends it makes you personally and as a representative of the company.

"It pays in minimizing the friction of your life, as well as that between the company and its patrons.

"It pays in raising your standing with the company. It pays in the personal satisfaction resulting from having done the right and kindly thing by your neighbor."

If courtesy pays thus in the complex business of a railroad, how much greater must be its reward in the more intricate matters in which those must deal who are laborers for God.

EUGENE ROWELL.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

FILL in the missing pronouns in the following sentences; using some singular and some plural words:

1. Here is Dick; it was — whom I saw.
2. Was it — who wrote that line?
3. I think it was —, but I am not sure.
4. It looks like Mary, but it is not —.
5. Do you think it was —?
6. No; I am sure it was not —.
7. Was it — whom you called?
8. He said he thought it was —.
9. They think it was — and —.
10. — do you think he was?
11. — do you think he saw?
12. It was not —; it was —.
13. It will be — and — who will go.
14. Was it — who brought the letter? No; it was —.

Part II

Cite texts from the New Testament showing how Christ fulfils the twenty-third psalm:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Rest. | 6. Comfort. |
| 2. Drink. | 7. Food. |
| 3. Forgiveness. | 8. Joy. |
| 4. Guidance. | 9. Present blessings. |
| 5. Companionship. | 10. Eternal blessings. |

Answers to Questions Printed

May 27

Who Am I?

A whale. The living soul was Jonah.

A Queer Tale

Blind worm.

The Little Missionaries

The missionaries are the books of the Bible. The two ladies are Esther and Ruth, and the four who go about the most are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

June 10

Henry Fawcett.

"PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time." Do not make friends with a thief.

The Little Seamstress and the Singer Fortune

ON one side of the equation, place the Singer Building, where it towers story on story to the top of that high jagged New York sky line. On the other, place a slip of a nineteen-year-old garment worker with her weekly pay envelope containing its sparse six dollars.

There does not seem to be much in common between them — and yet, because of one the other was possible.

It is the story of another war, and the pluck and business ability of a girl of seventy-five years ago.

In 1843 the girl lived quietly in Cape Cod much as other girls. Then, one day, she felt the stir of ambition. She did a thing that few girls did in those days: she decided to leave her home and go to Boston to earn her living.

She found a room in a small boarding house, and searched the city for employment.

Finally she obtained piece work from Andrew Carney, who owned a wholesale men's clothing house. She made men's trousers by hand in her small room in the boarding house.

By working all day and well into the night she could finish one pair a day, and for these she received one dollar. It was a long, tedious task, but she stuck to it.

Sewing machines were just being invented; but no one believed in them — they were the target for the comic papers, and the butt of nearly all the news-

papers. Sewing by hand was very slow, but it was also sure, and continued to be in vogue in spite of the sewing machines.

A young boarder in the house looked in on the girl one day, and seeing her sewing feverishly, asked her why she didn't buy one of the new sewing machines.

"I never saw one," she answered; "and anyway, every one says they are a humbug."

But the boarder was persistent. He took her to his store in the upper end of Harvard Court, and introduced her to his partner in the block-letter business — Mr. Singer.

Singer had invented a new "light-running" sewing machine, but could not get a prejudiced public to pay any attention to it. He had been obliged, while out of funds, to go into the block-letter business with the boarder, who was a sign painter.

Her Business Sense

The girl had a good sense of business. She talked with Singer, and when they parted he had promised her the use of a room and twelve sewing machines run by steam, for six months, if she would teach twelve girls how to operate them, and keep them busy. She promised to do this, and Mr. Singer fixed up the room in part of his factory.

The girl soon became expert with the machines, and



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The three NC boats off on the first leg of the trans-Atlantic flight. From left to right they are: NC-4, NC-3, NC-1. The planes are headed for Halifax.

went to Mr. Carney, of the wholesale clothing house, to make a bargain for work.

He had noticed her even stitches, and praised her work—it was so much better than the other women were handing in. She asked for a one-horse wagon-load of any garments he would let her have.

With this she taught the twelve girls, and returned it in a startlingly short time. This time she called for a two-horse wagonload, which was also finished so speedily that it aroused Mr. Carney's curiosity.

The girl would not tell him her secret, however, and the next day he followed the wagon to find out for himself. Men were dumping basket loads of clothing in the center of the room, and all around was the clicking of the busy machines.

The girl was very indignant when she saw Mr. Carney standing in the doorway. She wanted to keep her secret as long as possible. But Carney became much excited, and was as anxious to keep the secret as she.

"You can have all the work you want," he cried, "but make your girls keep it a secret."

Carney had an idea. The Mexican War was coming on, and the Government had advertised for bids on 20,000 military uniforms and clothing for the army and navy.

Carney was quick to see the advantage of the machines. He made a bid that secured him the contract, and astonished all the other bidders.

The work on the uniforms showed what the sewing machines were capable of doing. Of course the secret was soon out. Mr. Singer built an immense factory, and set hundreds of men to work—he could not turn out sewing machines fast enough to supply the demand for them.

That was the beginning. Today there is the Singer Building and the millions it stands for.

The girl from Cape Cod, when she packed her little bag and left for Boston that morning in 1843, saw only the possible good fortune that might come to her.

She could not look down the misty years and see the Singer Building, for all its great height that reaches into the very skies of our metropolis.—*Every Week.*

Pansy's Name and Duebill

PANSY was the pet name given to Mrs. G. R. Alden, when she was a mere baby. Isabella was her real name. The little tot loved flowers, and one morning as she was flitting about like a butterfly in the pretty yard of her father's home in Rochester, New York, she spied a bed of glorious purple and yellow pansies.

What a find it was! Down on her little fat knees she went, and never stopped picking until every blossom was in her arms. Not once did she dream that she had been in mischief and had spoiled her mother's plans for the morrow, when company was expected, and these same pansies were to decorate the table and perchance serve as favors for the guests. Trotting into the house, she ran up to her mother, and showering the dainty treasures into her lap, said in loving, innocent glee, "They are every one for you, mamma!"

The mother was "a sunny-hearted, self-forgetful woman, devoted to all that was pure and of 'good report,'" but taken by surprise at the loss of her pansies, the disturbance she felt showed itself in her face, and though she did not scold her baby (how could she?) she did not kiss her, pat her shoulders, nor thank her for the loving gift.

But the father—a wise, patient, tender, and helpful man, quick-witted and strong in thought, a leader in every moral reform—had also great skill in character-forming. His wife must be given time to recover herself, lest his little daughter find out that she was not pleased at having her pansies picked. Isabella must not be spoiled by even a look of blame for what she had done out of innocent love for her lovely mother. So, quickly snatching up his baby, he mounted her in triumph upon his shoulders, and called her his own little pansy blossom. This is how Mrs. Alden came to bear ever afterward the name "Pansy," and to use it as her *nom de plume*.

She began writing when very young, but at first only for her parents.

When she was about ten years old, something dreadful happened, dreadful at least to her,—the clock stopped. How now would the sun know when to get up in the morning or to go to bed at night? For she imagined that the clock regulated the sun, instead of the sun's regulating the clock. She sat down and wrote a story about it, picturing in eloquent words the troubles that might come on the world if the clock could not be persuaded to go to ticking again. There was something so pathetic about the little tale that it made the father cry, and he said, "She must have it printed with her pet name, Pansy, signed thereto, because the language of the flower was 'tender and pleasant thoughts,' and these she had given him in her story."

Her first book was not printed until she was at least twenty years of age. She wrote a great many books after this, one of the most popular and useful being finished just before her father's death.

But we must not forget Pansy's duebill. It was given her when she was still a little child.

"The day was dark and dreary,
And the rain was never weary."

Her mother was in the kitchen baking patty-cakes, and would not give her a single one, and her father was footing up his accounts for the year. Among the papers on his desk were many duebills. Getting hold of the word somehow, she asked him what it meant. "And do people always earn the sum the duebill stands for?"

"Not always," the father replied. "Sometimes we give a friend or a poor person a duebill."

"I wish I had a duebill," said little Pansy, in a tone that sounded almost teary.

Her father laughed and wrote the duebill, and this is how it read:

"DEAR MOTHER: Please give our little girl a patty-cake for my sake.
FATHER."

Of course she got the cake, and that night when she knelt down and repeated—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake,"

it came to her like a flash of lightning, "Why this is just like the duebill father gave me, and I can get what I ask for, because the name of Jesus is signed to my duebill."

No after-teaching in life, she said, gave her stronger assurance in prayer than did this apparently trivial incident.

You would like to know how Mrs. Alden looked? She was a very pretty woman, with her hair combed smoothly back, braided, and wound in a coil at the

back of her head, and a fluffy lace collar at her throat.

Mr. Alden was a minister, and Mrs. Alden sometimes spoke in public. She had a rich, pleasant voice which could be heard in every part of the house, and a most attractive and womanly manner.

She was her husband's "right-hand man," grasping eagerly every opportunity for doing good within reach in her position as a pastor's wife, being an active worker in the mission societies of both the old and the young, the superintendent of the primary department in the Sunday school, and the private counselor of hundreds of young people.

She is a fine example of what can be done by the faithful use of time, the life hedged at every point with the "hedge fences" of God. She kept her house, took care of her little ones, and wrote her books in the moments that many a woman thinks barely sufficient for her home duties.

She is still living and writing as if death were a thing she had pushed into the far distance and growing old was not to be thought of. She has kept youthful-spirited and youthful-looking, by the constant taking up of new work and new interests and by her unfaltering trust in God. The pansy's "tender and pleasant thoughts" are still her own, and her precious duebills are still honored at the bank of heaven, for Jesus' sake.

She is now in her seventy-eighth year, having been born in 1841.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

A Tea Party

THE connoisseur recommends:

- For lovers — propinqui-tea.
- For the wedded — fideli-tea.
- For the scientist — curiosi-tea.
- For the American — liber-tea.
- For the priest — austeri-tea.
- For the politician — capaci-tea.
- For the philanthropist — generosi-tea.
- For the business man — integri-tea.
- For the maiden — modes-tea.
- For the statesman — authori-tea.
- For the wit — brevi-tea.
- For the juggler — dexteri-tea.
- For the preacher — divini-tea.
- For the newly-wed — felici-tea.
- For the man in trouble — equanimi-tea.
- For the farmer — fertili-tea.
- For the extravagant — frugali-tea.
- For the sage — gravi-tea.
- For the jockey — celeri-tea.
- For the proud — humili-tea.
- For the sinner — morali-tea.
- For the guilty — immuni-tea.
- For the judge — impartiali-tea.
- For the servant — civili-tea.
- For the damaged — indemni-tea.
- For the just — inflexibili-tea.
- For the wavering — stabili-tea.
- For the solemn — jolli-tea.
- For the victor — magnanimi-tea.
- For the candidate — majori-tea.
- For the fictionist — probabili-tea.
- For the bibliomaniac — rari-tea.
- For the foolish — sagaci-tea.
- For the banker — securi-tea.
- For the aeronaut — intrepidi-tea.

—Harper's Weekly.

Echoes of History

An Item of French History

I AM wondering how many of the INSTRUCTOR readers are familiar with the career of Hugh Capet, who lived near the end of the tenth century. There may be some who are not well enough acquainted with the history of France to recall the part this man acted in connection with that country. For the study of such it may not be out of place here to take a passing view of his rise from obscurity to the throne of France, and the state of society at that time.

His family connection is traced in history back only to a third generation, to Robert the Strong, who as duke of the "Ile de France," gave the Normans their final repulse, when they insisted on overrunning his territory. His immediate descendant, Hugh the Great, carried the title of Count of Paris and Orleans, also that of Duke of France and Burgundy. He further held the religious office of abbot (father, or head of an abbey) of St. Martin of Tours, which passed to his son bearing the name of Hugh Capet.

It may be wondered why, at that time, no continuing family name was carried from father to son. It seems that in that early period family names were adopted by each descendant as marking some event or incident in his individual life. It was quite generally believed by tenth-century historians that the name "Capet" was assigned to Sir Hugh in view of the *capetus*, or cowl, which his religious office of abbot required him to wear.

Up to the year 987 A. D., for several generations back, the Carolingians, or Carolingians, had ruled the country. But these had assumed German manners, which were hateful to the French people, so the latter demanded to have some thoroughbred Frenchman, in both thought and speech, to be their sovereign. The choice by election fell upon Hugh Capet, and he was therefore solemnly crowned at Rheims as king of France, on July 3, 987.

His accession to the throne was undisputed, save for a short period by Charles of Lorraine, the rightful heir to the Carolingian dynasty. The hearty support of the Normans, however, soon settled the throne of France on the family of Hugh Capet, thus making him the first true king of that country. On the death of Hugh in October, 996, his son Robert succeeded to the throne, and his direct descendants reigned in France until 1328, a period of more than three hundred years. But another line of historical story for that time, though a seeming digression, may well occupy our attention for a little space, because it leads to some moral reflections.

It was a general belief of the Middle Ages that at the end of a thousand years from the birth of Christ, the world's record would close. At the time under study, chaos seemed to reign, and the people longed for peace and order. Besides, many legends were flying about, and therefore everyday life was made up of marvels. The devil, it was said, no longer took pains to operate in secret, even openly practising the black art through the Pope on his throne. One historian even affirmed in writing, that he saw Satan malignantly frisking about him in the night, attempting to draw aside his bed covering, while chuckling in his ear, "Thou art mine." With all the alleged novel sights, and the commonly reported wonders in daily happenings, it would not be thought so very

strange if, without Bible evidences of the world's near dissolution, ignorant people should then have fully believed human history to be closing.

In view of the Roman Empire having crumbled away; the dominion of Charlemagne having wasted; ruin succeeding repeated misfortunes, and with sorrow of heart overwhelming multitudes, a positive feeling became general that some other advent was needed to remedy the situation. In the people's desperation, it was thought better to fall at once into God's hands, let the consequences be what they might, if only the present terrible stress of mind could be relieved.

It was indeed a fearful hope for the judgment day, coming as the result of passing events during the close of the year 1,000, and the years that quickly followed. History affirms that in those years a dreadful pestilence desolated Aquitaine. The flesh of those who were seized by it was as if struck by fire, causing it to shrivel and slough from the bones. The high roads were thronged with unfortunates, started on pilgrimages to distant parts, hoping to obtain relief. Churches were besieged, and crowded to suffocation, regardless of the stench arising from the dead, who had breathed their last prostrated before saintly relics.

Starvation followed in the wake of the plague, until many were forced to become cannibals, partaking of putrefying human flesh, to sustain life. In view of this state of things some dug trenches, to which relatives were carried, as soon as life began to fail, and in some cases, the survivor, despairing of life, would cast himself in after them. In the general despair, few enjoyed peace. But as the cry went forth, "The end of the world is upon us," men crowded each other to lay their gifts of lands, houses, and slaves upon the altar, saying, "This is the Lord's, and we give it to him."

How strange such a course seems to us now in the light of the gospel! Yet human nature still lingers in the earth, preventing many, who in theory say they believe the Lord's coming near at hand, from doing or giving that which the Lord demands as their part in the closing work. Had the people in the period of French history under consideration, been properly educated in Christian ways, and lived the simple gospel faith, they need not have been overtaken as they were, unprepared for the emergency of their time.

But we are living in a period when the infallible Word tells us we shall meet a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation up to this time. Dan. 12:1, 2. How necessary, then, that we each make diligent inquiry of the Lord as to what he would have us be and do. World incidents now assure us that such a time as has been predicted is upon us. Shall we not, therefore, so place ourselves under the Lord's hand, that we may know his promptings, and quickly respond, "Here am I; send me"?

J. O. CORLISS.

A Useless Burden

IT is not what we think of ourselves that helps the world any, but what the world thinks of us, and the two opinions may be very diverse. To stop thinking of ourselves, or worrying about what others may think of us, and simply and faithfully do the best we can, is to drop a useless burden and make the greatest progress.—*Selected.*

Thoughts for You

IT is often cash versus conscience, and cash wins out. The devil uses a variety of bait when he goes fishing, but when he sees an idle boy he knows he can get him with a bare hook.

An active blade never rusts.

Many a Christian has got into trouble by hiding his light under a bushel.

Eternal patience is the price of leadership.

When the preacher holds a ratification meeting over the promotion of a brother preacher to a big church he wanted himself, he is an authority on sanctification.

The new year is no better than the old because you fail to put something better into it.

Praying and paying should be well mixed.

Doubt is moral indigestion.

There is only one thing better than religion. That's more religion.

Hot words between friends are usually followed by a cold wave.

When you do a kindly act, do you ask for a duebill?

Many people around this part of the vineyard have too many plans and too few purposes.

An accidental reputation is liable to accidents.

A victory is not always worth the price.

People who sit down and pray for the Lord to provide are never seriously troubled by gout.—*Selected.*

In a small box built especially for the training of roller canaries, a San Francisco woman is teaching her birds how to give tune whistles. In her school composed of 350 canaries she is graduating the little feathered songsters every six months. Before they receive their diplomas they are able to whistle better than a human, after which they are shipped to all parts of the world.

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN	Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON {	Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN	
MEADE MAC GUIRE	Field Secretary

Leadership

IT was at the close of one of those recent hot days, that I was climbing a long flight of stairs at the city library, and on reaching the third landing I was brought face to face with these statements on the wall: "To reach the top we must climb the stairs. There is no elevator to leadership. Persistent effort is the only road to success. The better we work the higher we shall climb." I said to myself, "What wonderful encouragement in just the right place and at the right time."

Leadership! What is it, and how may one acquire it? It is that attainment of forging ahead and causing others to follow. It is that power or influence which when exerted over others, will cause them to *discover* and *recover* their latent powers, and say, "I can and I will."

The need for leaders, true leaders, is no small one, and rightly may one inquire concerning the requirements of leadership. It means just simply this: you must be willing to pay the tremendous price for it;

but the more you put into it the more you get out of it. Put into leadership, then, your time, money, faith, integrity, and your very life, and then abide by your decision to live to help others.

In no other place do we need the best leaders more than in our Missionary Volunteer Societies, where the "youth who have been appointed to be His helping hand" may under wise leadership be organized for the carrying of "the advent message to all the world in this generation."

Simply because Jane Nelson is good does not prove her to be a good leader for a society. Many are the people who know how to be good, but do not know how to be good for something. But it is possible for Jane Nelson to develop into a leader, for does she not possess one of the essential qualifications for Volunteer leadership — that of consecration?

Along with consecration there must be a clear vision of the task. The needs of the society, not only as a whole but as individuals, should never be lost sight of, if you want to really hold your young people. It is not enough to know every one by name and greet them on the Sabbath day. A leader should seek a personal acquaintance with every young person in his church, especially the timid ones, for often it is among these that the best workers are found.

Less than two years ago while attending the dedication of a church, I noticed one very shy, timid young woman who kept completely in the background. I made it a point to make her acquaintance, and learned that she came from a small country village several miles distant, and that she was also secretary of their little home Sabbath school. She seemed so pleased that some one had noticed her, and upon my return to the office we began a very interesting correspondence, which resulted in the girl's complete conversion and her acceptance into the conference Missionary Volunteer Society. She was a faithful member, and developed rapidly because she took advantage of all the educational features of our Missionary Volunteer work. In fact, so marked was her improvement in spite of her meager education, that she was encouraged to enter one of our sanitariums, where she is developing into a splendid Christian nurse. It is this personal touch which counts so much in the salvation of our youth.

"Christ's greatest work was not so much in what he did for man as in what he caused men to do and to be." Many times it will be easier for a leader to plan the entire program, occupy most of the time at meeting, give the heaviest for missions, take the most Reading Courses, and distribute most of the papers; and you will be tempted to yield, but do not do it unless you want to bury your society. Recently a splendid young man moved into a city, and upon becoming the Missionary Volunteer leader began to assume most of the responsibilities himself. As long as he was leader the programs were interesting and well carried out, and there was some missionary work done, but as soon as he moved away everything dropped. Later he told me he would never make such a mistake again in not requiring more from the members and letting them have a share of the work.

A wise leader will demand co-operation, and will lay upon all some responsibility, because it develops the untrained and untried. Give every member a chance to do something. Train their enthusiasm to be consecrated enthusiasm.

Educational fitness is another essential to leadership, and in this should be included tact, courtesy,

and adaptability. Real educational fitness does not depend so much upon one's past knowledge of books as upon one's willingness to be a learner still. Many persons of note have received most of their education and preparation for their special work after their twentieth year, because they set their whole being to the task of improvement. It was George H. Knox who said, "Never, on penalty of your crown of leadership, get to the position where you think you don't need further preparation. Cease to prepare, and you cease to grow; cease to grow, and you begin to dwindle; and it is then you cease to be useful."

Missionary Volunteer leaders, are the children and young people in your church worth the price you must pay for leadership? EDNA L. WALKER.

Our Counsel Corner

CAN our young people safely attend the Bible classes organized in the popular churches for the benefit of the school children?

That depends — upon the nature of the classes, upon the teachers, upon the associations they would form, but chiefly upon our young people individually. It ought not to be dangerous for them to study the Bible anywhere, and would not be if they have been properly trained in our homes, our Sabbath schools, and our church schools, and have the root of Bible principles and Christian experience in their own hearts. On the contrary, they might be able to sow seeds of truth in such classes by judiciously asking questions, calling attention to matters in the texts studied that might be overlooked or ignored, and suggesting other texts. Indeed, I think there is warrant given in the spirit of prophecy for just such missionary effort on the part of mature persons of good judgment. If young people meet the conditions, as they sometimes do better than some older people, they can go safely with Jesus to guide them. I should rather have them attend such classes than to go to some other places many of our children and young people frequent. But the whole question is so broad and so hedged about with circumstances of which I have no knowledge that I do not know how to give a positive, sweeping general answer for all to follow. Rather let those acquainted with local conditions and responsible for individual cases decide each for himself according to the circumstances and in harmony with the foregoing principles. C. C. LEWIS.

Just for the Juniors

Walking the Ties

ONE warm summer afternoon when Jane and Albert came to Junior meeting, they noticed on the wall two large pictures just alike. In each one was shown a railroad station with a railroad track running up to it, the ties showing. And there was just the same number of ties in each picture.

"Aren't they interesting!" exclaimed Albert. "I wonder what Miss Gregg intends to do with those pictures. It's queer to have two just alike. Perhaps she has another brand-new idea for us. I hope so."

And sure enough, Albert was right. Miss Gregg did have a new idea. She was brimful of lovely plans

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IV — The Two Debtors

(July 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 18: 21-35.

GOLDEN TEXT: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6: 14, 15.

Questions

1. At what time and under what circumstances was the parable of the two debtors given? Note 1.
2. Just before this parable was spoken, what questions did Peter ask Jesus? Matt. 18: 21.
3. How many times did Jesus say we should forgive a wrong? Verse 22. Note 2.
4. In this parable which was given to emphasize the true spirit of forgiveness, what did Jesus say the kingdom of heaven is like? Verse 23.
5. When the king began to look over his accounts with his servants, how much did he find that one of them owed him? Verse 24. Note 3.
6. Because the debtor could not pay, what did the king require? Verse 25. Note 4.
7. What earnest plea did the debtor make for the freedom of himself and family? What promise of payment did he make? Verse 26. Note 5.
8. How was the heart of the king changed by the distress of the helpless servant? How only could he treat the debt and be merciful? Verse 27. Note 6.
9. What debt did a fellow servant owe this debtor? How does this compare with the debt that the king had just forgiven him? Verse 28, first part. Note 7.
10. What strange course did the debtor take with his fellow servant? Verse 28, last part.
11. How did the poor servant beg for mercy? Verse 29. Note 8.
12. What unmerciful violence was shown him? Verse 30. Note 9.
13. How did his unfeeling severity affect the other fellow servants? What did they do about it? Verse 31.
14. What cutting rebuke did the lord give the wicked debtor? Verses 32, 33.
15. What just punishment did he administer? Verse 34.
16. What lesson does this parable teach? Verse 35; Matt. 6: 14, 15.

Notes

1. The parable of the two debtors was given at the time when Jesus sent out the seventy, to whom he said, "Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." Luke 10: 1-3. This was about one year after the first series of parables, just after he had been rejected by the Galileans, as he had "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." He knew all that awaited him on his arrival at Jerusalem—his agony in Gethsemane, his betrayal, his mocking, his scourging, his trial, his death. He knew, too, the trials and temptations that awaited his beloved disciples, and he longed to prepare them to stand in the hour of temptation. It was his desire to prepare the hearts of his disciples at a time like this to hold fast the spirit of the Father above, to cherish the spirit of forgiveness "until seventy times seven" times, to be able to say from the heart, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," that prompted this second series of parables. About twenty parables were given at this time.
2. "The rabbis limited the exercise of forgiveness to three offenses. Peter, carrying out, as he supposed, the teaching of Christ, thought to extend it to seven, the number signifying perfection."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 243. The answer of Jesus would certainly seem to imply that the spirit of forgiveness must never be out of our hearts. When we allow ourselves to suffer this lack, we cease to be like Jesus whose "mercy endureth forever."
3. A talent was a measure of weight; for the Hebrews weighed money as well as other commodities. A talent of silver weighed nearly 118 pounds Troy. The value of a talent varied among the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. The Hebrew value of a talent of silver was a little less than \$2,000; a talent of gold was worth fifteen times as much, or about \$30,000. Ten thousand talents of silver would therefore be worth about \$20,000,000 and the same amount of gold would be worth nearly \$300,000,000. The ordinary price of a day's labor at that time was "a penny a day" (Matt. 20: 2), equal to fifteen cents in United States currency. The average price of a day's labor on the farm today is not far from 30 to 50 times what it was then. At this rate, if the king of the parable had forgiven a debtor of today, what amount would be equivalent to the ten thousand talents of silver of Christ's day?

which kept the meetings interesting all the time. After they had had their usual program that afternoon, she stepped to the front of the room, and with a nod in the direction of the two pictures she asked confidentially, "Have you ever walked railroad ties? It isn't usually a safe thing to do, but I am sure it would not be at all dangerous for our society to try walking the ties in these pictures." Her eyes were twinkling, and you could not wonder at it, for such a mystified expression was on every face. What could she mean by "walking ties" in a picture?

"I have a fine new plan which I want to talk with you about. It is this: What should you think of dividing the society into two equal parts for a little friendly race for better attendance and more Reading Course certificates? Each member present at the meeting will count a point for the side to which that member belongs. And each Reading Course certificate earned will score five points."

"I think that would be great," said Horace Hammond. "But what about walking ties? How do we do that?"

"Well, that is just what I am coming to," continued Miss Gregg with a smile. "One of these pictures will belong to each side, and the idea is to see which side can walk the ties and reach its station first. Every ten points earned by a side will mean that its members have walked one tie, and the progress made each week will be written on the ties. Do you see? We will have some one keep a careful record of attendance, and every time a member is absent that will take away one point from the side to which he belongs. I will look after the Reading Course, and see that you receive five points every time you finish a course. We might also keep individual records which will show how much each member helped his side to win, or how many ties each member walked on the way to the station. Now what do you say? Shall we try this plan, and see how the race comes out?"

"Yes! Yes!" came a chorus of exclamations. "When can we begin, Miss Gregg? Can we start today?"

"I am sure I should like to if you all wish it. We will divide up right now. I think it would be fair to take the names of those who are absent today and divide them equally between the two sides. Of course we want them to join us in this interesting race. Next week I hope to see every member present as a result of your efforts this week."

After the meeting every one was all enthusiasm over taking the Reading Courses. All of the eight books in the two new Junior sets which Miss Gregg had on her desk were given out, and several of the children who had already finished the new course, began on back courses, which are just as interesting if you have not read them. My, how pleased Miss Gregg was when she saw every Junior leave the church with a book!

To make a long story short, the children had one of the nicest times that summer, and their attendance was almost perfect from the time they began to "walk the ties." Five new members were added to their little band, and though you will scarcely believe it, the society earned thirty Reading Course certificates before the vacation was over. I do not know which side walked the most ties and reached its railroad station first; but I am sure of one thing, everybody thoroughly enjoyed the race. Try it in your society.

What would be the value of the debt, if the talents had been of gold?

4. "Our Lord here alludes to an ancient custom among the Hebrews, of selling a man and his family to make payment of contracted debts. The same practice prevailed among both the Greeks and the Romans."—*Clarke's Commentary*.

A sinner may be said to pay all when by faith he brings the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ to the throne of justice. This is the only equivalent for the pardon he seeks.

5. The debtor promised to pay the debt, if the king would but grant him a lease of time. How many years would it take him to pay the debt (no interest accruing) if he should save one half of all his earnings and if he were never without work?

6. How like this king is the great heart of our merciful Father! The king in his sympathy and compassion granted much more than the debtor asked—he relieved him of all responsibility of payment. So in the dealings of God with us. We are his debtors to a "priceless" amount. It cannot be measured in silver and gold, but only in the precious blood of the great Redeemer. But could the amount be stated, it would be so overwhelmingly large that an entire lifetime would be too brief a span to hope to cancel the debt. Merciful forgiveness is our only hope from the bondage of the debt we owe our Saviour.

7. A Roman penny being worth 15 cents in our money, 100 pence would amount to \$15.

8. The small amount which the fellow servant owed the first servant could have been paid in a few months at most, if his request for time had been granted. This shows very emphatically how ungrateful and unreasonable and unjust and wicked the forgiven servant was.

9. God teaches us what to do to a fellow sinner by what he does to us. Our fellow servant's debt to us and ours to God are as \$15 to \$20,000,000. When we humble ourselves before him, God freely forgives us all this mighty sum! And shall we exact from our brother recompense for the most trifling faults?

The act of casting his debtor into prison shows the malice of the wicked servant's heart. For in prison it would be impossible for him to discharge the debt, since there he is deprived of opportunity to earn money. Besides this his creditor is put to a certain expense toward his maintenance. This all goes to show how foolish is an unforgiving spirit, since by cherishing it we really injure our own selves.

Intermediate Lesson

IV — Elijah and the Prophets of Baal

(July 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 18:1-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is far from the wicked: but he heareth the prayer of the righteous." Prov. 15:29.

STUDY HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 137-154; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 134-136.

"On Carmel's crown now swarms a countless throng,
With one brave soul to stand for God 'gainst millions in the wrong."

Questions

1. What had Elijah told Ahab should not come to pass except by the prophet's word? 1 Kings 17:1. Note 1.
2. After three years of famine, what command did the Lord give Elijah? What did the prophet at once do? 1 Kings 18:1, 2.
3. When Elijah and Ahab met, what question did the king ask? Verse 17. Note 2.
4. How did Elijah reply? In what way had Ahab and his father's house troubled Israel? Verse 18. Note 3.
5. As one having authority, what did Elijah demand that the king do? How did Ahab respond? Verses 19, 20. Note 4.
6. What ringing question did Elijah ask the people when they were assembled? When there was no response, what did the prophet boldly say? Verses 21, 22. Note 5.
7. What test did Elijah now propose? What did the people say to this? Verses 23, 24.
8. What preparation did the prophets of Baal now make? When all was ready, what did they cry out? When there was no response, what further demonstration did they make? Verses 25, 26. Note 6.
9. When noon came, how did Elijah mock them? Verse 27.
10. How did the prophets of Baal show a still greater degree of earnestness? How long did they continue? Yet what did their god not do? Verses 28, 29.
11. What did Elijah then invite the people to do? What did he repair? Verses 30-32.
12. What did Elijah place upon the altar? How did he make it as difficult as possible for fire to consume the offering? Verses 33-35.
13. At what time of day did Elijah pray? How did he address the Lord? For what four things did he pray? Verses 36, 37.

14. How did the Lord respond to this prayer? What showed that this was not ordinary fire? What did the people do? What did they say? Verses 38, 39. Note 7.

15. What punishment overtook the prophets of Baal? Verse 40. Note 8.

Side Lights

Read the part Obadiah had in bringing Elijah and Ahab together. 1 Kings 18:3-16.

Did Elijah go to meet Ahab or did Ahab go to meet Elijah? How long did the famine last? James 5:17.

Why did not Baal answer his prophets? Ps. 115:4-7.

Notes

1. "The priests still insisted that it was through the power of Baal that the showers of rain fell. Fear not the God of Elijah, nor tremble at his word, they urged; it is Baal that brings forth the harvest in its season, and provides for man and beast. . . . Determined to keep the people in deception, the priests of Baal continue to offer sacrifices to their gods, and to call upon them night and day to refresh the earth. With costly offerings the priests attempt to appease the anger of their gods; with a zeal and a perseverance worthy of a better cause they linger round their pagan altars, and pray earnestly for rain. Night after night, throughout the doomed land, their cries and entreaties arise. But no clouds appear in the heavens by day to hide the burning rays of the sun. No dew or rain refreshes the thirsty earth. The word of Jehovah stands unchanged by anything the priests of Baal can do."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 123, 124.

2. "He [Ahab] had no word to say of his own sin; he forgot the iniquity of the people of the land, in which he had been the leader; he took no note of the hand of Jehovah in the calamity, and spoke as if the whole matter had been a mere personal difference between him and Elijah."—*Peloubet*.

3. "Elijah replied, 'I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house.' The lighthouse and the fog bell are not the cause of the wrecks on the rocks against which they warn. The alarm bell does not set the house on fire. Sin was the cause of the calamity, and the only way to escape the calamity was to put away the sin."—*Id.*

4. "Standing before Ahab, Elijah demanded that all Israel be assembled to meet him and the prophets of Baal and Ashtoreth on Mt. Carmel. . . . The command was issued by one who seemed to stand in the very presence of Jehovah; and Ahab obeyed at once, as if the prophet were monarch, and the king a subject. Swift messengers were sent throughout the kingdom with the summons to meet Elijah and the prophets of Baal and Ashtoreth. In every town and village, the people prepared to assemble at the appointed time. As they journeyed toward the place, the hearts of many were filled with strange forebodings."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 143.

"Mt. Carmel was specially adapted to Elijah's purpose. It is a ridge twelve miles in length. Here great numbers could assemble. The flame of the sacrifice would be visible for twenty miles around. Jezebel could see it from the capital at Jezreel. It was a pulpit from which the prophet could preach to all Israel. Here were summoned all Israel. The king and his suite were there, though Jezebel remained at her palace. The four hundred fifty prophets of Baal came 'probably in all the bravery of their sacrificial vestments.' (See 2 Kings 10:22.)"—*Peloubet*.

5. "Early on the morning of the day appointed, the hosts of apostate Israel, in eager expectancy, gather near the top of the mountain. Jezebel's prophets march up in imposing array. In regal pomp the king appears and takes his position at the head of the priests; and the idolaters shout his welcome. . . . Facing King Ahab and the false prophets, and surrounded by the assembled hosts of Israel, Elijah stands, the only one who has appeared to vindicate the honor of Jehovah."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 144-147.

6. The prophets of Baal "did not know till this moment what kind of test it was to be, and so had no opportunity to prepare any trickery or deceit. The crowds were close around and many eyes were watching. They also had the advantage in that Baal was a sun god and noon was the hour of the sun's greatest power, and if any idol could bring fire from heaven Baal could do it. Their prophets began in the morning, crying, 'O Baal, hear us,' till noon. But there were no signs of fire, no voice that answered."—*Peloubet*.

7. "No sooner is the prayer of Elijah ended than flames of fire, like brilliant flashes of lightning, descend from heaven upon the upreared altar, consuming the sacrifice, licking up the water in the trench, and consuming even the stones of the altar. The brilliancy of the blaze illumines the mountain and dazzles the eyes of the multitude. In the valleys below, where many are watching in anxious suspense the movements of those above, the descent of fire is clearly seen, and all are amazed at the sight. It resembles the pillar of fire which at the Red Sea separated the children of Israel from the Egyptian host."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 153.

8. "These men would have upheld Ahab, and persecuted the good people, and driven out the true religion. They would not be converted, they must therefore be destroyed. This destruction was not an act of cruelty, but of mercy."—*Peloubet*.

Coming of the Manna

"SILENTLY it fell,
Whence, no man might tell.
Like good dreams from heaven
Unto mortals given,
Like a snowy flock
Of strange sea birds alighting on a shore of rock;
Silent thus and bright
Fell the manna in the night.

"Silently thus and bright,
In our starless night
God's sweet mercy comes
All about our homes;
Whence, no man can see.
In a soft shower drifting, drifting ceaselessly,
Till the morning light,
Falls the manna in the night."

Our Imperfect Judgments

THE fable of three blind men and the elephant well illustrates the unhappy conclusions that result from meager knowledge. These men set out to examine the elephant, an animal they had never seen. One groping about came upon the elephant's trunk, and feeling it twist and squirm in his hands, pronounced the elephant to be much like a snake. One of the others came upon the animal's tail, and from his study of this appendage pronounced the elephant to be much like a rope. The last verdict was by the man who examined only the elephant's leg, and said, "From my investigations the elephant is very like a tree."

The three judgments were worthless because of the limited knowledge obtained by the investigators. But may it not be that many of our judgments against our fellow men may be as far from the truth as were those of the blind men, because our knowledge of the real motives and intents of the heart at best must be meager? Let us not forget the experience of the blind men with the elephant, for it may incite us to be less free in declaring our limited judgments.

F. D. C.

Real Singing

THE Lord sees not, hears not, as does man. He regardeth the heart above all else. The following story, whether true or not, reiterates what we know to be true but are so prone to forget,—that music must be sincere, must be an expression of a devout life, to be recognized in heaven as music. The story tells of some monks in France who were beloved "for their loving sympathy and kind deeds; but not one of them could sing. Try as they would, the music in their services was a failure, and it became a great grief to them that only in their hearts could they 'make melody to the Lord.' One day, a traveling monk, a great singer, asked for entertainment. Great was their joy, for now they could have him sing for their services, and they planned to keep him with them always. But that night an angel came to the abbot in a dream. 'Why was there no music in your chapel tonight? We always listen for the beautiful music that rises in your services.' 'You must be mistaken!' cried the abbot. 'Usually we have no music worth hearing; but tonight we had a trained singer with a wonderful voice, and he sang the service for us. For the first time in all these years our music was beautiful.' The angel smiled. 'And yet up in heaven we heard nothing,' he said softly."

F. D. C.

Character Hints

[The following paragraphs are taken from "Testimonies for the Church," Volume IX.]

Prepare for Service

THE Lord calls upon our young people to enter our schools, and quickly fit themselves for service. In various places, outside of cities, schools are to be established, where our youth can receive an education that will prepare them to go forth to do evangelical work and medical missionary work."

Doors for Service Wide Open

"We must let our light shine amid the moral darkness. Many who are now in darkness, as they see a reflection of the Light of the world, will realize that they have a hope of salvation. Your light may be small, but remember that it is what God has given you, and that he holds you responsible to let it shine forth. Some one may light his taper from yours, and his light may be the means of leading others out from the darkness.

"All around us are doors open for service. We should become acquainted with our neighbors, and seek to draw them to Christ. As we do this, he will approve and co-operate with us."

On Indifference to the Souls of Men

"Why is our gratitude so limited? It is only as a ripple on the surface, compared with the great tide of love that flows to us from the Father."

"There is no power in any man to remedy the defective character. Individually our hope and trust must be in One who is more than human. We need ever to remember that help has been laid on One who is mighty. The Lord has provided the needed help for every soul who will accept it."

The Incentive to Service

"Let none who have pledged themselves by baptism to live for the service and glory of God, take back their pledge. There is a world to be saved: let this thought urge us on to greater sacrifices and more earnest labor for those who are out of the way."

The Highest Service

"We need now to esteem souls above money. If you know of a higher work in this world than the work of soul-saving, a work which will bring better results for the investment of means, will you not tell us of it, that we may measure its value?"

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