

The *Journal* INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

May 18, 1920

No. 20



AND WATERY PATHS WIND BETWEEN.— Shelley.

From Here and There

In the National Library at Paris, it is said that there are 800,000 separate volumes, or, according to a late writer's estimate, 148,760 acres of printed paper. The library of the British Museum, which contains over 700,000 separate volumes, is said to have forty miles of bookshelves.

There is at present a bill before the Senate to exclude foreign language papers from second-class mailing privileges. This means that millions will be deprived of literature in their own language, because four per cent of the foreign papers are Socialistic or Communistic in their tendencies.

The World War has affected our educational standards. Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "There is a greater need now for raising the normal standards and ideals of our pupils." He advocates the development of ready obedience to competent authority. By this he does not mean to enact more rules, but the more stringent enforcement of the few rules necessary.

In 1837, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, Mount Holyoke Seminary, the first college for women, was opened. Mary Lyon first made operative the idea of better education for women. At the close of her life she had raised seventy-five thousand dollars for her school; it was out of debt, and two thousand girls had received the benefits of a college education. Frances Willard, the great leader in temperance work, received her college education at Mount Holyoke Seminary as a result of the work of Mary Lyon.

In Louisville, Kentucky, lives Charles Lee Cook. He is a mechanical genius, and also has unusual intellectual powers. Yet he is a cripple, has never walked a step, and has had only a few years of schooling. He has a vocabulary of over 37,000 words, is an authority on the history of languages, has designed river steamboats, and invented a metallic packing for steam engines that is widely used. He developed wonderfully accurate munition machinery which was used by the French government during the war. Whatever has seemed impossible has spurred him on to greater efforts.

Books That I Want

I WANT the books that help me out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind, out of the tangle and confusion of a society that is buried in bric-a-brac, out of the meanness of unfeeling mockery and the heaviness of incessant mirth, into a loftier and serene region, where, through the clear air of serious thoughts, I can learn to look soberly and bravely upon the mingled misery and splendor of human existence, and then go down with a cheerful courage to play a man's part in the life which Christ has forever ennobled by his divine presence.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Forgotten Memorials

IT is difficult to tell to what end we keep these old memorials [letters], for their perusal affords, in most cases, but little pleasure. Many are never looked at again, and yet we could not destroy them without a struggle; others only bring forward evidences of words broken, hopes chilled, and friendships gradually dissolved; of old attachments turned away, and stubborn contradiction of all the trusting in futurity, whose promise we once clung to. One class alone of them can call up our best feelings. If the forgotten memorials of the once dearly loved and long departed

can carry our sympathies away from the cold, hard present, over intervening years of struggle and vexatious toil, to that almost holy period of the gone and past, calling up old thoughts and old affections; or soothing, by one lonely, unsuspected burst of tears, overcharged hearts which have long required easing of their burthen, there is yet enough — there is more than enough — in these old letters to plead an excuse for sacredly preserving them. — *Albert Smith.*

"PEOPLE who would not carry dirt in their pockets are sometimes not so particular about their minds."



BY THE OLD CEMETERY, SOUTH LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
 TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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VOL. LXVIII MAY 18, 1920 No. 20

Subscription Rates

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

Club Rates

| | |
|---|-------------|
| In clubs of five or more copies, one year | Each \$1.50 |
| Six months | .80 |

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

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

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The Two Singers

A SINGER sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept;
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years,
And the hopes which the dead past kept:
And souls in anguish their burden bore,
And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled;
For he sang of the love of a Father dear,
And the trust of a little child:
And the souls that before had forgotten to pray,
Looked up, and went singing along their way.

— *The Pacific.*

An Appreciation of Poetry

VIOLET E. MORGAN

WHEN I think of all that poetry means to me, I am led to exclaim with Tennyson, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

I turn to poetry when I wish to forget the mean, the low, the vile things in life, the things that are belittling and tend to make me narrow-minded. Poetry helps me to see new beauties in the commonplace things of life. It is a good companion, for when thinking of some beautiful quotation, how can one be lonesome? I find it applicable to every walk of life.

Often when walking along a country road, I meet a little barefoot lad. At once there flashes across my mind the words of Whittier in "The Barefoot Boy,"

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!"

I cannot fail to see more in that sunny brown face than if I had never read the poem. I, too, wish him all the blessings of childhood, and a useful manhood.

Whenever I see an old deserted schoolhouse, I think of that little poem, "In School Days," also written by Whittier. In fancy, my mind wanders to the scene outside the school that winter afternoon. There stands the little boy with downcast eyes, and the little maiden near him. Listening, I hear her say,

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,—the brown eyes lower fell,—
'Because, you see, I love you!'"

All can appreciate the author's feelings as expressed in the last stanza,

"He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him."

The sight of daffodils blooming means little to many, but since Wordsworth, in his poem, "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," wrote of their beauty, others can better appreciate them:

"For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with rapture fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

Then there is that sweet little poem by Thomas Hood:

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn."

Here an old man is reflecting on his childhood's home. As we read the poem, in fancy we go back with him. In the last stanza, however, the realities of life are pointed out:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

Yet one need not despair. In William Cullen Bryant's poem, "To a Waterfowl," confidence in God's care for humanity is restored. After the description of the bird, silhouetted against the glowing sky that evening, comes the beautiful thought,

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

"Thanatopsis," by the same writer, leaves us with a desire to make the most of life's fleeting moments, and to follow the admonition:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

What young person could read Longfellow's "Excelsior," "The Ladder of St. Augustine," or "The Psalm of Life," without receiving an inspiration? Lessons in school may not always be easy, but what encouragement is realized when one remembers,

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

"Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

What high ideals of love and friendship are set forth in Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Tennyson's "Enoch Arden"! After reading of these characters, can young people willingly take a lower platform for their friendships?

Turning to home life, a beautiful picture greets

the eye, as one reads "The Children's Hour," by Longfellow. The father is sitting at twilight in his study. Presently, descending the broad stairway, come "grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair." They try to surprise him by suddenly bounding into his presence. What genuine parental affection is expressed in the last stanzas:

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

"And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And molder in dust away."

In Longfellow's poem, "The Bridge," we see the old man standing on the bridge at midnight, his heart burdened with care and sorrow. When he thinks of his own troubles, he longs to take refuge in the floating tide, but he gains a victory when he remembers others. Speaking of his burden, he says,

"But now it is fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

"And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then."

Many a quiet evening I have spent at the school farm in Nova Scotia. As the sun went down, and evening began to draw its curtain over hill and vale, the stillness could almost be felt. From the distant pastures the occasional tinkling of the cowbells could be heard. Gray's "Elegy" pictures a similar scene:

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

At night, when the shades are drawn in one's quiet room, where can one find a more soothing expression than, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"? And the last verse of the fourth psalm cannot be surpassed: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Where could one find a more beautiful description of spring than that found in the Song of Solomon 2: 11-13:

"Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

With what assurance and joy one reads:

"The Lord is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?"

This glowing confidence may be enjoyed every day. One has only to remember,

"The Lord preserveth the simple:
I was brought low, and he saved me.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death,
Mine eyes from tears,
And my feet from falling."

In trying to tell of my appreciation of poetry, I have but touched the subject at the edges, while the wide expanse of knowledge stretches out before me unexplored. When I think of all that poetry means to me daily, I desire again to say, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

Recollections of Prof. G. H. Bell

IT was about six o'clock on a bright morning in June that I had my first real introduction to Professor Bell. His fame as an English teacher of rare charm and thoroughness made me desirous of studying literature under his guidance, and I approached him on this occasion to ascertain whether he would be willing to accept me as a pupil. It was some years after he had given up his work as teacher and principal of



PROF. G. H. BELL

South Lancaster Academy. He was living in retirement in Battle Creek, Michigan, doing a little private teaching and devoting much of his time in the summer to the cultivation of a small piece of land which he playfully called his plantation.

The morning air was laden with incense, and the birds were singing their best when I walked up to the front door of the quiet, homelike residence on College Avenue, and rang the bell. There being no response, I went around to the rear door and there found the man I was looking for. Clad in blue jeans and a somewhat dilapidated straw hat, he sat on the edge of a little porch, holding the halter of his mare, who was making a breakfast off the dewy grass. The whole bearing of the man impressed me at once with a sense of dignity and simplicity. He was getting somewhat along in years; but his keen eyes, alert, vigorous carriage, and the boyish enthusiasm which he soon evinced as he began to tell me about his "plantation," a little piece of land some two miles out of town, were all reminiscent of youth. I learned in after-years that men and women who live close to the heart of nature, as did Professor Bell, feeding

their minds daily on the good, the beautiful, and the true, never really grow old.

All the necessary preliminaries were arranged that morning. It was agreed that I was to read the English and American authors under Professor Bell's guidance, and that I should continue the work till the ground had been thoroughly covered, no time limit being set. Thus began the most satisfying and the most fruitful part of my education. The lessons in literature continued with some interruptions for several years, and when they were broken off as formal lessons, they continued in the form of delightful companionship in the mutual enjoyment of the best that our varied literature affords.

In fact, the lessons from the beginning were exceedingly informal. We read the authors together in class, and we read them out of class. Professor Bell asked me a question or two occasionally; I asked a great many more of him. They were questions of the vital sort, and the answers were in kind—sympathetic, deliberate, and perfectly intelligible. There was little talk of names and dates and personal idiosyncrasies; but there were frequent comparisons of one author with another, and somehow the general trend of the literature of a certain period was brought out in a clear, comprehensive way, being drawn invariably from the writings of the various authors, not from a textbook.

The reading was the outstanding thing. The authors themselves were always held subordinate to their published works. No man appreciated more deeply than Professor Bell the value of a good book. To him it was indeed "the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." That I should approach each masterpiece with becoming humility, and with a desire to get from it all that it had for me personally; that I should stay by it long enough not only to understand its message, but to make it a permanent part of my own life henceforth—this seemed to be Professor Bell's aim as a teacher. He always kept himself in the background. I was making a voyage of discovery; with every new lesson, new and interesting things were to be seen and experienced. The teacher was the guide who had been that way before, but for whom every scene had fresh interest, every object some new phase to appreciate and admire. His gracious presence, his rare tranquillity of spirit, seemed to breathe a benediction on all the things we read, and the homely room where most of the reading was done seemed instinct with peace.

When we came to an author of more than usual importance, Professor Bell would gently prepare the way, and excite my curiosity by telling me some of

the things he thought I might expect such an author to do for me. Well I remember his kindly solicitude that I should learn to like Wordsworth, his own favorite poet. Inspired by the glowing account of his own experience with this poet, my brother and I (he was with me during part of the course) proudly marched down to the bookstore and each purchased a good leather-bound copy of the poems. With such a superb guide, with what deep enjoyment did we plunge into the mysteries of that long, and at times a little tedious, poem, "The Excursion"! We read Wordsworth almost from cover to cover, and we came out of that course of reading, lasting a number of weeks, with an appreciation of good poetry and an admiration for the works of God in nature that we had never before had.

The closing years of my beloved teacher were bright and happy ones. He had about as many private pupils as he could spare the time to teach; he was



LOOKING DOWN MAIN STREET, SOUTH LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS

getting out a series of textbooks in English; and his little fruit farm at Gogue Lake was beginning to give excellent returns. He used to say he wanted to die in the harness. His sudden taking away was a grief to all his friends and students, but there was deep satisfaction in the thought that his powers of mind and body were unimpaired to the last, and that he was spared to help so many young people to an understanding of the best things in literature.

M. E. OLSEN.

Spelling Test

THE following list of twenty words was sent to the *Youth's Companion* by a contributor, who said that "no member of the faculty of a certain prominent American university was able to spell them all correctly. The president missed three of them.

| | | | |
|-------------|-------------|------------|---------------|
| chaperon | anoint | plaguy | battalion |
| innuendo | bilious | dissipate | rarefy |
| repellent | desiccate | inoculate | embarrassment |
| collectible | caterpillar | harassment | sateen |
| picnicking | paraffin | vilify | tonsillitis |

Home Libraries

SINCE a library is an important part of every home, it becomes necessary to know how it should be built up, and what books it should contain. Children should be given certain sections in which to keep the books given them. In this way they will learn to take care of their books, and to appreciate good books. To this nucleus may be added the books gathered together during the school career.

The library should contain books of general information, such as encyclopedias and gazetteers. Then, too, books on special topics may be added, such as art, travel, Biblical subjects; and literary works, both prose and poetry. Historical books, written in an interesting manner, are a source of pleasure, especially to the young. Books of travel are also interesting to young people. Often knowledge that

students fail to grasp in textbooks, is easily comprehended when read in travelogues. Information thus gained seems to flow into the mind, instead of being sought after. For instance, a student may not remember from his study of geography that Venice is built principally on islands and reclaimed marshes; but he would readily grasp this if he were to read a glowing description of the many canals of the city, and the picturesque gondolas that are the principal means of conveyance.

Not the least important among the books which a library should contain, are the works of great literary men. The ideals of the young are often formed by the influence of good books. No one should be so narrow as to say that the reading of literary works is unprofitable because they are the result of imagination. Imagination plays a great part in our lives, so it is well that we be influenced by the noble imaginations of great writers.

Poetry is perhaps the best form of imaginative literature. What enjoyment we gain from reading beautiful poems! How our emotions are stirred by the melodic rhythm of some such epic as Milton's "Paradise Lost"! In poetry men most often express their inmost thoughts, aspirations, and ideals. Therefore, to deprive ourselves of this source of pleasure and culture is to leave undeveloped the esthetic side of our natures.

The library which contains books on various subjects becomes a world at home. The knowledge of great men of past ages who strove to bring within the reach of humanity important truths, is right at hand, and their lives still aid in forming ideals.

While it is not right to furnish books of every kind for children, it is well to provide useful and instructive books besides Bible stories. The heart of the child revels in stories of plants, flowers, and animals, of travel and exploration, and these often exert a good influence in turning their minds into the right channels. Thus the parents may mold the ideals of the children by a wise choice of books for the home library.

In the foregoing paragraphs an attempt has been made to show the importance of the library in the home. To be without an up-to-date library is to be without an adequate knowledge of the world about us. While we may not be living *with* the world, we are living *in* the world, and it becomes us to keep in touch with its affairs, and obtain some understanding of its problems. Thus we may watch the King's plan as it unfolds throughout the ages, revealing the grand truth that the hand of God directs in the affairs of man.

ADDISON PERKINS.



Libraries are the wardrobes of literature whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use.—Dyer.

The Value of Reading

BOOKS are so abundant in the world today that everybody may have at least one. With this condition existing, it appears strange that there should be many who read little. They fail to realize what a blessing it is to be supplied with good books. From the printed page comes information, pleasure, and profit. All that is needed on our part is the desire and ambition to read.

Early Learn to Love Good Reading

The reading habit is best acquired early in life. How often we hear some one say, "I haven't a thing to do!" Now if that person had cultivated an acquaintance with good literature, he would never have made that remark, for if other useful employment were not at hand, a good book would be. Then his mind would be furnished with beautiful, helpful thoughts, instead of being unoccupied. Nor would young people be seen idling away precious time, as if a lifetime were an eternity, instead of a brief span of years. Great writers exert untold influence upon the life, and often the influence of a book is stronger than that of a person. Then let us choose our reading as we would choose our friends, thoughtfully. If a person's reading and companions are always the best, he will be in little danger of falling into sin.

Many of the great men of our country have obtained their education largely through reading helpful books. Lincoln and Franklin are two notable examples. Neither of these men had the opportunity of gaining more than an elementary education in school, but they knew how to read! No moments were wasted. Lying before the fireplace of his log cabin, Lincoln drank in the treasures of his borrowed books. His motto was, "I will study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come." It did come, as we all know.

Franklin, as a lad, was fond of reading. His father's scanty library was too small to satisfy his craving for books, so he borrowed them from the bookseller's apprentices, with whom he became acquainted at his brother's shop. "Often," he says, "I sat up in my room reading the greater part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and had to

be returned early in the morning, lest it should be wanted." When he was about sixteen years old, Franklin proposed that if his brother, with whom he served as apprentice, would give him half the money paid for his board, he would board himself. The agreement was quickly made, and Franklin found that he could save half the money allowed him by boarding himself. This he spent for books. Before he died, he had an enviable reputation as scientist, diplomat, and printer. Think what might be accomplished by those who have both school privileges and an abundance of books!

Purpose in Reading

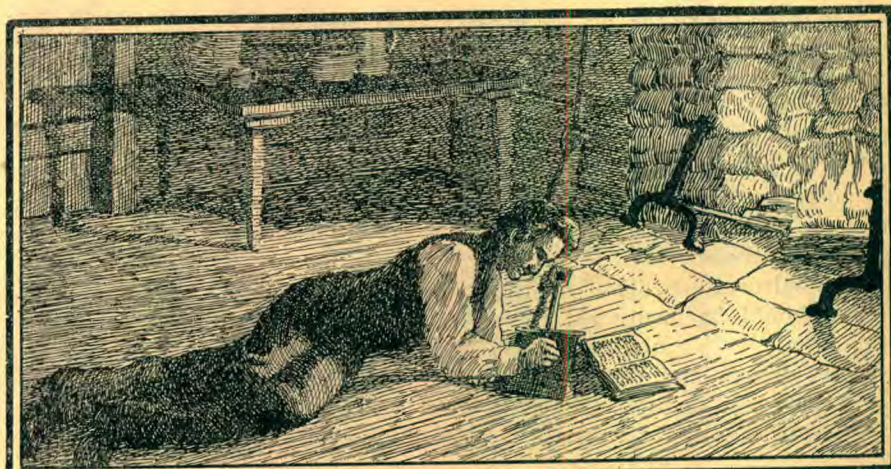
We should have purpose and method in reading.

There is a vast difference between good, solid reading, and merely "flirting" with a book. After selecting something good, take time to read carefully, and slowly enough to get the inner meaning. It is not enough that words pass through the mind, like water through a sieve. Stop occasionally and reflect. If you have read properly, you should be able to summarize and state in your own words the thoughts of the author. If you cannot do this, you have failed to concentrate, and have only scanned the book.

To be able to concentrate is a long step toward acquiring correct reading habits. A young man of my acquaintance, who is a diligent reader, has, through practice, become able to "lose himself" in a book, forgetting entirely what goes on around him. His memory is excellent, and years after he has read a book, he is able to give the principal facts and incidents contained in it. He is an interesting conversationalist because he has acquired a great many facts, and is well informed. Through the exercise of will,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



LINCOLN PREPARING FOR LIFE'S WORK

he is able to read in railway stations and on trains, without being disturbed by the noise and crowd.

There are many odd moments in every person's life which may be utilized by having a book at hand. Especially when traveling or while waiting to meet an appointment, there is often opportunity to read. It is a good plan to have small books that may easily be carried in the pocket or bag, ready for use when needed. A great number of the best works may be obtained in small volumes.

Quality Precedes Quantity

It is surprising what a large amount of reading may be accomplished through earnest effort. A young man, now in school, read in the course of a year, twenty-four books, during odd moments while traveling, waiting in offices, etc. In order to fix the contents of the book in his mind, he kept a record, and whenever a book was finished, he wrote a short outline of it, so he could readily refer to it. Think what a valuable thing it is to have a record and index of all articles and books read!

However, it is possible to give more attention to quantity than quality in reading. One should read observingly, but sometimes this is sacrificed to speed. "Read much, but not too many books," was Franklin's advice. The number of books that every one ought to read is not large, and the absolutely essential are few; so read these painstakingly rather than boast of a great number of volumes read. As one reads, one should mark and underscore the best thoughts and phrases. These will be wanted again, and if they are marked, they may be easily found.

Personal Libraries Most Satisfactory

"But," you will say, "one cannot mark books taken from libraries, or borrowed from a friend." Of course this cannot be done, but every one may have at least a small library of one's own. A few well-selected books will form the nucleus around which others may be gathered gradually. It is much more satisfactory to read one's own books than those borrowed from friends. What a pleasure it is to pick up a well-thumbed volume of your favorite author, with your own markings and notes in the margin! It is like visiting with an old friend as you turn the pages and are reminded of past times. And you will often want to read the old books, even as you like to visit with the old friends. In the wide field of literature, something can be found for every mood and state of mind. There are authors who have written for our brighter hours, as well as the tender, sympathetic author for the hour of sadness or loneliness.

Books preserve for us the very best thoughts of both the living and the dead. Speakers may make errors in speech or in statement, but the writer has taken pains to put his finest thoughts into proper form. Sometimes a thought we cannot express ourselves will be expressed with clearness and brilliancy in poetry or prose, and we are led to believe that the literary genius is the one who best expresses man's joys and sorrows.

The cultural benefits of reading are many. Among these should be mentioned the improvement in diction, and the acquirement of a larger vocabulary. Great writers clothed their thoughts in words so expressive and distinct, that as we read we learn how to express ourselves better.

J. A. WAHLEN.

"Words are but pictures of our thoughts."

Letters and Letter Writing

EVERYBODY writes letters, and because letter-writing is so generally practised, it is of interest to all. However, people more often write too little than too much. Perhaps they do this because of lack of time, but frequently the cause lies in forgetfulness, or occasionally it may be neglect.

Truly, letter writing is an art, and an art in which all may become proficient through attention and practice. All our lives we shall need to write letters to relatives or friends, and surely we might rather write well than poorly. Not many will become authors of famous books, but we may all be writers of good letters.

It is by means of letters that friends and loved ones who are separated, may be brought together. There is usually no other way of getting in touch with them. How often friends are lost, or loved ones grieve, because we fail to spend a little time in writing. If they were present, we should gladly take time to talk with them, but in their absence, we "fail to visit with them on paper."

A letter partakes of the writer's individuality. Something intangible speaks of the person by whom the letter is written. Not one of us would permit an incorrect impression of ourselves to be given intentionally, yet sometimes in our letters we do this thoughtlessly. If we put into our letters the best that we have, we shall be gratified with the result.

Of course, letters should be written correctly as to grammatical construction and punctuation; but as to what should be written, write just as you would speak were you addressing your friend in person. Be natural, be yourself! No one would use flowery figures of speech in talking to a friend, nor would one use studied phrases for the sake of effect. Then let us not do so in our letter writing, for no great skill is needed to tell whether what is written is from the heart, or only from the head.

Good writing material is essential. The paper may not be of the finest linen bond, but it should be equal to the message. There is a psychological effect in receiving a letter well written on good stationery. If the letter thus written be to a friend, the message will give all the more pleasure; and if it be a business letter, it will receive much more consideration. Such correspondence shows respect to the person to whom the letter is written, as well as the good taste of the writer.

The following letter, written by the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich to a learned friend, is interesting and suggestive:

"MY DEAR MORSE: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, at which I guessed.

"There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, and it never loses its novelty. One can say every morning, as one looks at it, 'Here's a letter of Morse's I haven't read yet. I think I shall take another shy at it today, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime."

There is more pleasure in writing if all correspondence is kept up to date, than to let days and weeks pass before answering. The best time to frame an answer to a friend's letter is just as soon as it is received. Then the news and the warmth of friendship forcibly combine. If weeks are allowed to pass, the

thread may be broken, and a fresh start has to be made, with apologies for failure to write sooner.

It is not difficult to keep correspondence up to date if one forms the habit. If a definite system is followed, the task is easier still. A plan that works well, is to write one letter each day, regularly, or more if one has much correspondence. Another feature of the same plan, is to have a definite amount of time to devote to each letter. I can imagine I hear some one say, "How can that be? Some letters are necessarily longer than others, and require more time to write." Indeed, this is true, but it really does not interfere with the working of the plan.

We all know how difficult it is to keep in touch with the many friends we make, but it is possible, I believe. In the case of very near friends and relatives, letters of considerable length are often desirable, but we cannot write such letters to all correspondents. I have found that fifteen or twenty minutes is ample time in which to write the ordinary letters, after one becomes accustomed to the plan. These are not lengthy epistles, yet is it not much better to write two or three pages than none at all? Fifteen minutes a day will take care of many less important letters, leaving more time to write to intimate friends. Often a few minutes a day will serve to keep intact a friendship that might otherwise be broken if the letters remain unanswered.

Variety is a source of great pleasure in letters. In the world about us is a multitude of interesting happenings, yet sometimes letters are dry and commonplace, because "I just can't think of a thing to say." Others are more resourceful. If there appears to be nothing to write about, let us take a hint from Charles Lamb, that brilliant essayist and gifted letter writer, who, in a moment of humor, wrote to a friend that he would have to write about the fact that there was nothing of interest to write about. Then he proceeded to write an interesting letter on that theme. Any one can, if he will, write a bright, vivacious letter. There is an abundance of subjects besides the weather, and, "Your kind and ever-welcome letter was received several days ago." Variety is the life of letter writing as well as the spice of life.

Did you ever know of a person who did not like to receive letters? Yet some people find it a burden to write, that others might experience the joy of receiving letters as well as they. Young people who, when away from home, anxiously look for a letter from father or mother, forget that father and mother are even more anxious to hear from them. Let us resolve to give to others the pleasures we ourselves enjoy.

J. A. WAHLEN.

Why Not Use Slang?

WELL, what difference does it make? Every one talks that way! Why not use slang, anyway?" Gerald asked his teacher, when he had just been reproved for saying, "It's a cinch."

"I'll tell you," replied the teacher. "This morning in the geography class I asked you why the Egyptians were able to grow rice in such large quantities. You answered quickly, 'Because the Nile floods large areas of lowlands every year, and since these conditions are suitable for growing rice, it is a — a — er —' and then hesitated, turned red, and sat down. If you will tell me why you stopped then, I can explain why you should not use slang."

Gerald smiled, and answered: "Oh, I get — I

think I see what you mean. I knew my lesson, but when I came to a slang word, and did not want to use it, I couldn't think what to say instead."

"That's it," said the teacher. "When you make use of many slang words, your vocabulary is depleted, and you forget how to express yourself in good English."

CLARENCE OLSEN.

Slips of Tongue and Pen

WHAT is your opinion of Helen?" asked Jack of his brother Ray.

"Well," replied Ray, "if you want to keep company with that girl, go ahead. She is a stylish girl, but her loud, coarse speech and continual use of slang obscures all her good points."

When I heard this conversation, I thought of the words of Shakespeare: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Slang may be called the chaff among wheat of the English language. Besides the use of slang, our power of speech is often marred by bad English. The majority of us express ourselves in vague, ineffective words which lack fire and color.

A small girl says, "I have went over my lesson three times, but I ain't got it yet." We may excuse a case like this, for sometimes the parents do not set a good example for children in their speech. An elderly woman says, "I will tote it to you tomorrow;" or, "The auto got ketched in the mud." We may excuse this when we remember the words of Belflower, the late ambassador to England, who said, "It is not our bodies that grow old, but our minds; and the only way to keep our minds young, is to read good books."

A short time ago, I heard a teacher, referring to one of her pupils, make the following remark: "He did not have his lesson today, so I give him the same one over again for tomorrow." This was inexcusable carelessness of speech. The use of the wrong tense of the verb is one of the most common mistakes which we should try to overcome. The motto of correct English is, "One need not so much to be informed as to be reminded."

Possibly a few reminders will not be amiss here. The objective case follows the preposition "but." "There was no one at home but mother and me," not "mother and I."

Use the possessive case instead of the objective before a participle, "What's the use of my (not me) doing that?"

Not infrequently we hear a minister say, "The dark day of May 19, 1780, was a wonderful phenomena;" or, "We may prove our point from this data;" or, "I wish to present a farther argument." As a matter of fact, "phenomena" and "data" are plural forms of words of foreign origin, and the singular forms are "phenomenon" and "datum." "Further," and not "farther," denotes progression in thought. "Farther" refers to distance.

Avoid superfluous expressions, as, "He was a (new) beginner." "Baseball is the most popular game (with the people)."

There is no education more beneficial than framing a definition and getting a clean-cut idea of words. The studying of one word leads to that of other words, and thus the gates of knowledge are thrown open before us.

The pronunciation of words must not be overlooked in good English. A cultured person will never say,

"Don't chew" for "Don't you," "fur" instead of "for," or "winder" for "window."

In order to become efficient workers for the Master, we must overcome these common slips of tongue and pen, and attain to greater heights in English. "The Lord can use a consecrated person to finish the work; but a consecrated person with a corresponding knowledge of English is placed on vantage ground."

RUBY R. McINTOSH.

The Correct Thing

Leaves from a Student's Diary

MAY 3: During rhetoric class today, Professor Grey asked us to give special attention this week to correct form in speech. Next week we are to report in class the mistakes we notice, and I decided to write some incidents each day, so that I shall not have it all to do the last day.

Today I have noticed how much people appreciate being addressed by name. I went over to Mrs. Wilson's home this morning, and while I was there, the postman came. When Mrs. Wilson asked him a question about parcel rates, she addressed him as Mr. Martin. Later on, when the boy from the grocery store delivered her order, she called him by name when she spoke to him. It formed a contrast to the terms in common use at school "the janitor," "the office girl," "the prof."—general terms applied to specific persons.

I remember, too, that I like to meet Professor Grey, for he always greets me heartily, calling me by name. It is no pleasure to meet some others, who pass by with an unintelligible grunt.

Resolved, To learn the names of persons with whom I come in contact each day, to remember and use them.

MAY 4: Marie invited me to dinner with her today in the school home. I noticed what a splendid opportunity the students have to develop conversational powers. The host, Mr. Staunton, chose topics that were of interest to every one at the table. Yet Marie says that when he came to school he was an awkward, silent boy.

One could not but notice the difference between Marie's table and the one in front of us. The people at that table had a detached air, and seemed unaware of one another's presence, except two girls who sat at the end of the table, who with much tittering and giggling, carried on a conversation in an undertone. If those girls had been six years old, and their mothers had been there, they would probably have been sent from the table in disgrace.

MAY 5: Ron Dayton came over this afternoon to study botany with me. It was the first time he had been here, and now I am afraid to ask mother how she likes him. Several times he interrupted mother and Aunt Emma, right in the middle of a conversation, to tell them his opinion. Not only that, but he flatly contradicted Aunt Emma once, when it would have been only polite to let it pass, even if he had been right. Then, too, several times when I was trying to think of just the word I wanted, he finished the sentence for me—using the wrong word, of course. I know he is good-hearted, but I hope he will learn some of these little things before he comes again.

MAY 6: I must write something about myself tonight, not because I want to, but just to help me remember it.

Marie came to stay with me tonight. Grandfather always likes her to come, because he says she is such a good listener. But I like to talk to her myself, and sometimes when grandfather spends so much time in reminiscences, I lose all patience, and tell him so. Tonight, as he talked, I began to be restless, and just as I was on the verge of taking Marie to my room, mother beckoned me to the kitchen. There she told me some things I hope I shall remember. I did not know mother could talk so fast. She said that grandfather has a truly remarkable memory; that he is recognized as being the best-informed man in the county; that he remembers more incidents of the early pioneer days here than any other man; that he is a tireless reader; and a great many other things.

She also said that if I can fill in so much time now with my chattering, despite the fact that I know so little, read so little, and remember so little of what I do read, she thinks it will be a miracle if others can even hear themselves think if I live to be as old as grandfather, and know so much. I was so surprised at mother's outburst, and felt so insignificant when she finished, that I said not a word, but went back and listened to grandfather.

MAY 9: Went to Worcester today. We left for home about 5:30 P. M., and the street cars were crowded with working men, returning home tired after a hard day's work. Two women entered the car, and, finding no vacant seats, joined the crowd of "strap hangers." Two men, evidently day laborers, left their seats, and offered them to the women who had just entered.

The woman nearest us turned with a smile to the man who spoke to her, said, "I thank you," and quietly took the seat. A flush of pleasure mounted the man's face as he realized that his small sacrifice was appreciated. The other woman glanced coldly at the man who addressed her, as though he had insulted her by daring to speak to her, averted her face, turned a "cold shoulder"—but took the seat. I wonder if that man will offer his seat tomorrow night when a woman enters the car.

MAY 10: Tonight a musical program was given in the chapel. The Silvester String Quartet played some beautiful selections. I specially enjoy violin music, and some of the selections were favorites. But the speaking tones of the violin were constantly marred by the running chatter of some persons in the rear of the room. This disturbance annoyed those who wanted to listen, and the musicians were embarrassed by it. If a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, I suppose the refinement of a school is judged by that of its least refined members.

Well, this is the end of the week, and these observations for class are concluded. Perhaps it seems that I have criticized others too much; but I want to remember how these things appear in others, so that I may avoid making the same mistakes. If I had the gift of seeing myself as others see me, probably more of my own mistakes would be recorded here.

OLIVE D. OSBORNE.

THE year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—Robert Browning.

Two Letters

OLIVE D. OSBORNE

MRS. CHANDLER stepped briskly in her spacious kitchen, preparing the evening meal. Her husband would be home in a few moments, and whatever happened, everything must be ready when he arrived, for he was always hungry.

Mrs. Chandler was just what one would call an average American mother—a matronly figure, tall and dignified in bearing; brown eyes with the sparkle of youth in them still; gray hair waving back from her forehead; wrinkles at the corners of mouth and eyes,—“laughter wrinkles,” her husband called them; large, capable hands; arms that seemed made for mothering; and she had an “understanding soul.”

But tonight there was a far-away look in her eyes, and a pathetic droop to her shoulders. She performed her tasks mechanically, glancing occasionally at a letter which was propped up against the clock on the shelf over the kitchen table. When the last dish was in its place, she took down the letter, and read it once more.

While she stood there, her eyes moist with tears, her husband came in with a cheery, “Well, how goes it today, mother?” He came up behind her, and glancing over her shoulder, said, “I see you have the long-looked-for letter from Alice. Evidently your night letter brought results.” Then, noticing his wife’s sadness, he exclaimed, “What is wrong?”

Silently Mrs. Chandler handed him their daughter’s letter. It had been a month since they had heard from her, and as the influenza was taking its toll in the school which Alice attended, they had spent many anxious hours wondering if she were ill. At last, failing to receive any answer to her letters, Mrs. Chandler had sent her daughter a night letter, asking if she were well. The following is Alice’s reply:

“DEAR MOTHER: Why did you send that night letter? Of course I am well, but I have been too busy to write. So much has been happening here—boys’ reception, and other exciting things. Wore the new dress you sent me.

“The girls are waiting for me to play tennis, so I do not have time to write more now.

“Hastily,
“ALICE.

“P. S. I need at least twelve dollars at once for a pair of new shoes.

Mr. Chandler tossed the letter impatiently on the table, and said: “I don’t know what we shall do with Alice. She seems to regard us as mere machines to turn out luxuries for her benefit. After keeping us in anxiety for a whole month, she writes such a letter as that. I tell you, it must stop. Twelve dollars for new shoes, indeed, when you are going without necessities now in order that she might be well dressed.”

“Don’t be too hard on her, father,” replied Mrs. Chandler. “She does not realize how much it would mean to us to receive a newsy letter from her now and then. If she only knew how much I long to know something of her everyday life, I am sure she would write often. Since she went away I know so little about her, and I cannot bear to have my little daughter become a stranger to me. I long so for some of her old confidences.” Her voice broke a little, and she blinked back the tears that were ready to fall, and turned to her work.

And just at that moment, Alice was one of a laughing group of girls making fudge in a chafing dish in her room.

At the close of a hard day’s work, Mrs. Dexter walked wearily up the path to her home. She was too tired to notice the beauties of the departing spring day. It was that most bewitching of all hours, when the gold of the setting sun mingled with the silver of the rising moon. The air was still, and the fragrance of the flowers rose from the garden in front of the house.

But Mrs. Dexter noticed none of these things. She had but one thought in her mind, and her step quickened as she neared the porch. Tonight there would be a letter from Dorothy awaiting her. There was always a letter there on Monday night. Ever since her daughter had left home three years ago to attend school, the letter had always been there.

Mrs. Dexter was a widow, and Dorothy was all she had in the world. No one but she herself knew just what it meant to her to let her daughter go away to school. Besides the extra hours of hard work to help pay Dorothy’s expenses, there were the lonely hours at home every night and morning. She missed Dorothy’s voice singing gayly about her work; she missed her touch on the old upright piano that stood in the parlor; she missed the flowers that had always filled the house when Dorothy was there; and she missed her sunny smile as she waited at the door in the evening.

No wonder the tired fingers trembled with eagerness as she opened her daughter’s letter, and read it in the fading light:

“MOTHER O’ MINE: Only one more month, and I shall be with you again. I can just imagine myself watching for you to come up the path at night. But until then, mother dear, the best I can do is to send my letter to greet you instead. I wish I could meet the man who invented letter writing. Just think of all the pleasure we have had these three years that we might have missed if we could not write and receive letters.

“Mother dear, ‘spring o’ the year’ is here. There is a perfect medley outdoors—the dance of the maple leaves, automobiles honking, myriad bugs, perfume of apple blossoms, flashes of bluebirds, daffodils, laughter of children, balmy breezes, baseball, beckoning boughs, sunshine and shadow, rakes and hoes, and the urge of the open air. It is not the easiest thing in the world to attend to studies these days; but when I remember how you have always worked for me in all kinds of weather, I make up my mind that I *must* succeed. Of course I go out just as often as I can, for I want to be well and strong when I come back to you.

“Now for the big news. The normal supervisor told me today that all arrangements are completed for me to teach school right there at home next year! Do you realize all that means? I shall be home with you every day, all the year, and you will not need to work so hard. This goal has been dangling before my eyes all the year, but I did not dare to tell you until it was definitely settled. So I have had a secret from you, but it is all settled now. Isn’t it wonderful!

“I am so glad I have spent the last three years in a school where high ideals are always held before us. It has been worth all the sacrifice. I wish you could attend some of the classes with me, and enjoy some of the chapel talks. Last night at vespers our preceptress gave us a little talk on “Look up, not down; look out, not in; look forward, not backward; and you shall find that which you seek—happiness.” That must account for your happiness, mother, for I could not help thinking at the time, that you have always done just that.

“God bless you and repay you some time for all your love to me.

“Lovingly, as ever,
“DOROTHY.”

Mrs. Dexter folded the letter, and went indoors. Around her was darkness and silence and solitude, but in her heart was the light of love, a song of gladness, and the joy of companionship.



The Loiterer

As soon as ever spring drew near, and brooks and winds were loose,
Tom Tuttle would be late to school with never an excuse.

So little and so very late! And when the teacher said
That he must take his punishment, he merely hung his head.

She'd ask him all the hardest things in all the hardest books,
And queerly he would answer her, with absent-minded looks.

"How many yards make twenty rods?" And Tommy said
"O dear!
Twelve rods I've cut for fishing poles in our own yard this year."

"How many perches make a mile? Now think before you speak."
"A mile?" said he. "There's millions in the upper sawmill creek."

"What grows in southern Hindustan?" Said Tom, "I do not know;
But I can take you to a tree where blackheart cherries grow."

"Name Christopher Columbus' boats." "I can't remember, quite;
But mine, that lies below the falls, is named the 'Water Sprite.'"

"Now what is 'whistle'—noun or verb?" "I do not know, indeed;
But just the other day I made a whistle from a reed."

Then all the little listening boys would wiggle in their places,
And all the little watching girls would have to hide their faces;

And, "Thomas, Thomas!" teacher'd say, and shake her head
in doubt,
And make him write a hundred words before the day was out.

'Twas always so when grass turned green and blue was in the sky—
Tom Tuttle coming late to school and never telling why.

—Virginia Standard.

"Snow-Bound"

As Told by Whittier to His Little Friends

VIOLET E. MORGAN

IN a comfortable, old-fashioned room, in a comfortable, old-fashioned house, and in a comfortable, old-fashioned armchair, sat an old man of seventy winters or more, reading the evening newspaper. On the rug at his feet sat two children, a girl and a boy, busily engaged in erecting blockhouses, towers, and castles. All was quiet for a time, but soon the children, growing tired of their play, tossed the blocks aside, and begged the old gentleman for a story. The boy climbed up on the arm of the chair and seated himself there, and his sister nestled snugly in the old man's arms.

"A story?" asked the old man. "Now what shall I tell you?"

"Tell us about the time you were snowed in when you were a little boy," said Teddy. "How old were you then, uncle?"

"I was just about your age at that time, but as I was a country boy, I was a good deal stronger than you are. My home was a little cottage

about six miles from town, and although it was a most beautiful spot in summer, it was rather isolated in winter. We were a very happy family, and I, who knew nothing at that time of the outside world, was the happiest of all.

"The winter in which my story begins, we had had very little snow, although it was but three weeks before Christmas. I had heard the neighbors say that it looked as if we might have a green Christmas. I asked my mother what that meant, and she said a green Christmas was one without any snow on the ground. I was disappointed when I heard this, for I had a new sled in the barn, just waiting to be given a chance to show what it could do.

"Well, when I awoke one morning a few days later, I found to my great delight that the ground was covered with snow, and great, fleecy flakes were still falling. O, how glad I was! I thought, At last I shall have a chance to use my sled. I could scarcely take time to dress, and when I ran through the kitchen on my way to the barn, I had one shoe half laced, and the laces of the other one trailing along behind me. Then my mother called to me, and said that I must not go out in the storm. I was so disappointed, and, Margaret, I'm sorry to say it, but I was cross—really cross. Wasn't I a naughty little boy?"

Margaret's blue eyes, lifted to the old man's face, were full of that confidence which not even the thought of uncle's naughtiness could destroy.

"I did not use my sled that day, nor for several days after. As the night came on, the wind grew stronger, and the snow which had been gently falling all day came

faster and faster, until we had a regular blizzard. Before it grew dark, we went to the barn, fed the cows and the horses, filled the wood box, and went into the house again, glad that we had a shelter from the wild storm.

"All night long, and through the next day and night, the snow continued to fall, and when on the third day it stopped, we were completely snowed in. Everything looked so queer. The bridle post where we hitched the horses, looked like an old man with a great coat and a high cocked hat, and the road was hidden entirely."

"But, uncle," said Teddy, "tell us what you did to pass away the time while you were snowed in."



MR. WHITTIER'S HOME, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

"I'm coming to that right now, sonny. In the daytime, my father found some repairing to do in the house. Mother went about her usual work, and my brother and I played together and amused ourselves as best we could. Then, when the work was all done, we gathered around the open fireplace, and while the burning logs sent forth their red light, we drank homemade cider, ate apples and nuts, and listened to our father while he told stories of his trapping days. We boys sat there and listened with eyes and mouth wide open, and made up our mind that when we grew up, we would be trappers.

"Mother sat at the spinning wheel, and while she worked, she talked of the days when she was a girl, of her old home, and of her simple country life. My uncle, aunt, and two sisters were living with us then. Mr. Haskell, the school teacher, and Miss Harriet Livermore were also visiting at our home at that time. Mr. Haskell was a nice young man, and amused us with tales of his college days. He was a madcap all right," and the old man's eyes twinkled as he thought of some of the pranks of this "brisk wielder of the birch and rule."

"At nine o'clock, mother took the Bible, and read a chapter. Then we knelt in prayer, and she thanked God for his blessings of food and shelter and health. Then we went to bed, and were soon in dreamland.

"One morning we were awakened by the shouts of the neighbors who had come to get us to help clear away the snowdrifts, and make a road. It did not take us long to get into our coats and join them. It was a whole week before the postman could get through with news of the world outside our little village, and we surely gave him a hearty welcome when he did come."

"Where is the school teacher now? Does he still teach the school back there, uncle?" asked Teddy.

"No, my boy, he is dead, and so are all who were there that night, except your grandfather and me. We are the only ones left of that happy family, and I suppose it will not be many years before we, too, shall join them."

"That was a lovely story, uncle. Can't you tell us another one now?" begged Teddy.

"I'm afraid not, little man. Your sister is too tired to listen to any more this evening. See, she is almost asleep now. I think you had better run along and get ready for bed, and perhaps another time I shall find something more to tell you of the days when I was a little boy."

When the children had left the room, the old man sat gazing dreamily into the fire, with a wistful look in his kind eyes. Then, with a deep sigh, he reached for the paper, and resumed his reading.

Turns of the Triangle

BERNICE E. ANDREWS

THE little woman on the front porch blew the tin whistle three times before she saw the figure in the hammock under the maples. She could see only part of a book and the top of a dark-brown head, but these were enough to satisfy Mother Phillips that she had found the one she sought.

"Max, Max," she called. There was no answer.

"Max Phillips!"

The note in her voice was imperative, and a small boy quickly tumbled out of the swing. His tanned face was twisted into an ugly scowl.

"What do you want, anyway?" he asked sullenly, unlike his usual sunny self.

"My boy, your morning work isn't done and it's almost time for dinner. Just now I very much need some one to help me, and I'd like to have my son for a partner."

The answer was positive: "I don't want to be your partner. I wish you were like the mother in my book. She let Henry work in his shop all the time and do just as he pleased, and she helped him, too."

There was a quick hurt look in his mother's eyes, and Max saw it. Then he remembered the many days she had put aside her work and had gone with him all over the country hunting for orchids. He expected her to say something about that now, but she did not seem to remember it. She only looked at the book in his hand, and said, "I'm afraid that I shall have to take your books away if they are going to make you dissatisfied with your home and your mother."

Max felt the look and the words. He did not want to part with his books, and he really had not meant to hurt his mother. Trying in every way to make her forget, he obeyed her commands with more than usual cheerfulness, and did his tasks so well that he won words of praise from her.

That his reading might have something to do with his daily actions, was a new idea to Max. Then for weeks he tried to read only good books, and he found himself the happier for trying.

Sabbath had come to a waiting family at "The Maples." Father, mother, and Max were gathered in the living-room for evening worship while the sun was setting in a glory of color in the west. Max was thinking of a new book, and soon he stole away to the kitchen to read alone. He knew that with its stories of the strange adventures of Dick Carver, it was not a book for Sabbath, and he was not sure whether he should read it at all; but he had begun it, and he could not let it alone.

"Max, what are you reading?" brought him back from a trip on the high seas to see his father standing in the doorway.

Max closed the book sheepishly and pushed it across the table. Without a word Mr. Phillips picked it up, and, gently drawing his boy to him, went back to the living-room.

Max's father had been reading aloud, and now he sat down with his paper and continued the story. It was his usual custom, and one that Max loved with all his heart. The tale was of the people of India and of their queer beliefs. It told of the little triangle which they think is in the heart of every one. Whenever a wrong is done, the triangle turns and inflicts sharp pricks on the offender. If one continues in wrong-doing, the corners of the monitor wear off because of much turning, and then cease to be felt.

Max was wondering if his little monitor would ever cease to work, when he noticed that his father was reading about the best books. He could feel his father's eyes looking at him over the edge of the paper, and his face burned under the intent gaze.

He went to bed that night a very sober boy; and,

as he knelt in prayer, he said, "Dear Father in heaven, help me to read only good books; and, Father, help me to leave those cheap, silly ones alone."

Max kept in the straight path for a long time. It was hard going, and many times he almost failed. When the winter afternoons became short and the evenings long and tiresome, the old desire for the exciting stories returned. A set of books that told of the most unheard-of adventures of two boys in South America had been passed around to all the boys but Max. At first he said he was too busy, but at last he took them.

Late one December afternoon he crept up the stairs to his room and put the books in the closet for later consideration. That night he read the first one through, and the next night, the second. All his former dissatisfaction with his surroundings returned, and his home life became distasteful. He forgot to pray; or rather, he could not, with his head swimming with plans for future exploits far from home.

There were two more books in the set, and Max was carrying them home, when the thought flashed across his mind that his little triangular monitor was not working, and that he was no longer thinking of the right and wrong of his reading. Walking slowly to his room, he sat down in a chair with the books opposite him on the table. He looked at them and thought—and thought and looked at them.

"It mustn't stop helping me," he whispered fiercely, with his small fists closed tightly, "and with Jesus' help, it won't."

He picked up the books and ran down the stairs in haste.

"They are going back to Ted now, and I'm going to leave that kind alone in the future," he said, as he faced the long street, bright with electric lights.

The Letters at School

ONE day the letters went to school,
And tried to teach each other.
They got so mixed, 'twas really hard
To pick one from the other.

A went in first, and Z went last;
The rest were all between them,—
K L and M and N O P—
I wish you could have seen them!

B C D E and J K L
Soon jostled well their betters;
Q R S T—I grieve to say—
Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long they came to words—
What else could be expected!
Till E made D J C and T
Decidedly dejected.

Now through it all the consonants
Were rudest and uncouthest,
While all the pretty vowel girls
Were certainly the smoothest.

And nimble U kept far from Q,
With face demure and moral,
"Because," she said, "we are, we two,
So apt to start a quarrel!"

But spiteful P said, "Pooh for U!"
(Which made her feel quite bitter,)
And, calling O L E to help,
He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, "Now, E and C, come here!
If both will aid a minute,
Good P will join in making peace!
Or else the mischief's in it."

And smiling E, the ready sprite,
Said, "Yes, and count me double."
This done, sweet Peace shone o'er the scene,
And gone was all the trouble!

Meanwhile, when U and P made up,
The cons'nants looked about them,
And kissed the vowels, for, you see,
They couldn't do without them.

— Anonymous.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for May 29

OPEN: These open days give opportunity for each individual society to prepare a program that will be especially helpful to its members. Take up some subject that will be a real help to your society today. Perhaps a committee might be appointed some weeks ahead to make a special study of the most urgent needs of the society. Doubtless some have seen places that need strengthening which the leaders have not yet noticed. Aim to strengthen the society for greater service.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IX — Angel Ministry to Men (Continued)

(May 29)

Ministry to Jacob

1. In Jacob's dream at Bethel whom did he see ascending and descending between earth and heaven? Gen. 28:10-12. Note 1.
2. What message did God speak to him? Verses 13-15.
3. How did this dream impress Jacob? What vow did he make? Verses 16-22.
4. Who met Jacob as he was returning to his father's land twenty years later? Gen. 32:1, 2. Note 2.
5. When in distress for fear of Esau, for what did Jacob pray? Verses 9-12.
6. What experience did he have with an angel during the night? Verses 24-30. Note 3.

Ministry to Elijah

7. In utter discouragement at the threat of Jezebel, for what did Elijah pray? 1 Kings 19:1-4.
8. In this dark hour of despondency, who ministered to the weary prophet? Verses 5-8. Note 4.

The Three Hebrews

9. What sentence did Nebuchadnezzar pronounce against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego? Dan. 3:19, 20.
10. After the sentence had been executed, what caused great astonishment to the king? Verses 21-25.
11. How complete was the deliverance? Verses 26, 27.
12. Whom did God send to keep these men in the hour of persecution? Verse 28. Note 5.
13. Why were all these instances recorded? 1 Cor. 10:11.

Notes

1. "Heaven is brought near to earth by that mystic ladder, the base of which is firmly planted on the earth, while the topmost round reaches the throne of the Infinite. Angels are constantly ascending and descending this ladder of shining brightness, bearing the prayers of the needy and distressed to the Father above, and bringing blessing and hope, courage and help, to the children of men. These angels of light create a heavenly atmosphere about the soul, lifting us toward the unseen and the eternal. We cannot behold their forms with our natural sight; only by spiritual vision can we discern heavenly things. The spiritual ear alone can hear the harmony of heavenly voices."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 153.

2. "Again the Lord granted Jacob a token of the divine care. As he traveled southward from Mt. Gilead, two hosts of heavenly angels seemed to encompass him behind and before, advancing with his company, as if for their protection. Jacob remembered the vision at Bethel so long before, and his burdened heart grew lighter at this evidence that the divine messengers who had brought him hope and courage at his flight from Canaan, were to be the guardians of his return. And he said, "This is God's host; and he called the name of that place Mahanaim"—'two hosts,' or 'camps.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 195.

3. "The struggle continued until near the break of day, when the stranger placed his finger upon Jacob's thigh, and he was crippled instantly. The patriarch now discerned the

character of his antagonist. He knew that he had been in conflict with a heavenly messenger, and this was why his almost superhuman effort had not gained the victory. It was Christ, 'the Angel of the covenant,' who had revealed himself to Jacob. The patriarch was now disabled, and suffering the keenest pain, but he would not loosen his hold. All penitent and broken, he clung to the Angel; 'he wept, and made supplication,' pleading for a blessing. He must have the assurance that his sin was pardoned. Physical pain was not sufficient to divert his mind from this object. His determination grew stronger, his faith more earnest and persevering, until the very last. The Angel tried to release himself; he urged, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh;' but Jacob answered, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' Had this been a boastful, presumptuous confidence, Jacob would have been instantly destroyed; but his was the assurance of one who confessed his own unworthiness, yet trusts the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God. . . .

"While Jacob was wrestling with the Angel, another heavenly messenger was sent to Esau. In a dream, Esau beheld his brother, for twenty years an exile from his father's house; he witnessed his grief at finding his mother dead; he saw him encompassed by the hosts of God. This dream was related by Esau to his soldiers, with the charge not to harm Jacob, for the God of his father was with him. . . .

"At the sight of that crippled sufferer, 'Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and they wept.' As they looked upon the scene, even the hearts of Esau's rude soldiers were touched. Notwithstanding he had told them of his dream, they could not account for the change that had come over their captain. Though they beheld the patriarch's infirmity, they little thought that this his weakness had been made his strength."—*Id.*, pp. 199, 200.

4. "Into the experience of all there come times of keen disappointment and utter discouragement—days when sorrow is the portion, and it is hard to believe that God is still the kind benefactor of his earthborn children; days when troubles harass the soul, till death seems preferable to life. It is then that many lose their hold on God, and are brought into the slavery of doubt, the bondage of unbelief. Could we at such times discern with spiritual insight the meaning of God's providences, we should see angels seeking to save us from ourselves, striving to plant our feet upon a foundation more firm than the everlasting hills; and new faith, new life, would spring into being."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 162.

5. "As in the days of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, so in the closing period of earth's history the Lord will work mightily in behalf of those who stand steadfastly for the right. He who walked with the Hebrew worthies in the fiery furnace will be with his followers wherever they are. His abiding presence will comfort and sustain. In the midst of the time of trouble,—trouble such as has not been since there was a nation,—his chosen ones will stand unmoved. Satan, with all the hosts of evil, cannot destroy the weakest of God's saints. Angels that excel in strength will protect them, and in their behalf Jehovah will reveal himself as a 'God of gods,' able to save to the uttermost those who have put their trust in him."—*Id.*, p. 513.

Intermediate Lesson

IX — The Centurion's Servant; the Widow's Son

(May 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 7: 1-17.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 8: 5-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." John 16: 20.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 315-320.

PLACE: Capernaum; Nain, a town about twenty miles southwest of Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus; the centurion, a Roman captain having command of a hundred men; the elders of the Jews; messengers; the widow of Nain and her son; the multitude.

The Setting of the Lesson

Capernaum had been the scene of many miracles. Jesus returns there after the Sermon on the Mount.

"The centurion's servant had been stricken with palsy, and lay at the point of death. Among the Romans the servants were slaves, bought and sold in the market places, and treated with abuse and cruelty; but the centurion was tenderly attached to his servant, and greatly desired his recovery. He believed that Jesus could heal him. He had not seen the Saviour, but the reports he heard had inspired him with faith. Notwithstanding the formalism of the Jews, this Roman was convinced that their religion was superior to his own. Already he had broken through the barriers of national prejudice and hatred that separated the conquerors from the

conquered people. He had manifested respect for the service of God, and had shown kindness to the Jews as his worshippers." — "The Desire of Ages," p. 315.

"Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was 'doing good;'
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each living life a psalm of gratitude."

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go after his Sermon on the Mount? Who was ill in that city? Luke 7: 1, 2.
2. When the centurion heard that Jesus was there, whom did he send to him? What were they to urge Jesus to do? Verse 3. Note 1.
3. What reasons did the elders give why Jesus should heed their request? Verses 4, 5.
4. How did Jesus respond to this call? Whom did he meet on the way? What message did they bring from the centurion? Verse 6.
5. Why had the centurion himself not come? How did he suggest that Jesus should heal his servant? Verse 7.
6. How did the centurion show that he knew what it meant to be obeyed? Verse 8. Note 2.
7. When Jesus heard the message that was sent to him, what did he do and say? Verse 9. Note 3.
8. When the friends of the centurion returned to his house, what did they find? Verse 10.
9. Where did Jesus go the next day? Who went with him? Verse 11.
10. What did he meet as he drew near the village? Verse 12. Note 4.
11. How did this scene affect Jesus? What kind words did he speak to the sorrowing mother? Verse 13.
12. What did Jesus then do? What words did he say to the dead? What was the result? Verses 14, 15.
13. What was the effect of this miracle upon the people? What did they say of Jesus? Where did the news spread? Verses 16, 17.

Interesting Items

Name five other miracles which Jesus performed at Capernaum before the one in this lesson.

Was it the "worthiness" of the centurion that caused Jesus to heal his servant?

In what particular way should the miracle at Nain give us courage and hope?

Notes

1. The centurion may have thought that Jesus would be more likely to heed the request, if the elders of the Jews presented it.
2. The message of the centurion was in fact as follows: "As I represent the power of Rome, and my soldiers recognize my authority as supreme, so dost thou represent the power of the infinite God, and all created things obey thy word. Thou canst command the disease to depart, and it shall obey thee. Thou canst summon thy heavenly messengers, and they shall impart healing virtue. Speak but the word, and my servant shall be healed."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 316.
3. "The Jewish elders who recommended the centurion to Christ, had shown how far they were from possessing the spirit of the gospel. They did not recognize that our great need is our only claim on God's mercy. In their self-righteousness they commended the centurion because of the favor he had shown to 'our nation.' But the centurion said of himself, 'I am not worthy.' His heart had been touched by the grace of Christ. He saw his own unworthiness; yet he feared not to ask help. He trusted not to his own goodness; his argument was his great need. His faith took hold upon Christ in his true character. He did not believe in him merely as a worker of miracles, but as the Friend and Saviour of mankind."—*Id.*, pp. 316, 317.
4. "As they [Jesus and the multitude] draw near, a funeral train is seen coming from the gates. With slow, sad steps it is proceeding to the place of burial. On an open bier carried in front is the body of the dead, and about it are the mourners, filling the air with their wailing cries. All the people of the town seem to have gathered to show their respect for the dead and their sympathy with the bereaved. It was a sight to awaken sympathy. The deceased was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. The lonely mourner was following to the grave her sole earthly support and comfort."—*Id.*, p. 318.

WORDS have wings, and soon as their cage, the
Mouth, is opened, out they fly, and mount beyond
Our reach and past discovery. Like lightning,
They can't be stopped, but break their passage through
The smallest crannies, and penetrate
Sometimes the thickest walls; their nature's as
Expansive as the light.

—Robert Neville.

This Issue of

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Was Prepared and Edited by the Students of
Lancaster Junior College

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A Note of Thanks

THIS number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been prepared by the members of the Journalism class of Lancaster Junior College. In order to achieve some degree of unity it has seemed best to have most of the articles deal with the general subject of books and reading, and the use of good English in the daily life. The members of the class offer their grateful thanks to the editor, Mrs. Chase, for extending to them this opportunity of getting a little practical experience in editorial work.

M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN,
Instructor.

Apples of Gold

SILENCE is golden," is a saying we frequently heard when we were children, as our elders tried to impress us with the fact that "little children should be seen and not heard." As we grow older, these three words gather meaning, for we realize that, in many situations, silence is more eloquent than speech.

Solomon, however, thinks that there is something even more precious than silence. He says, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." In his opinion, one little word may be as valuable as apples of gold in pictures of silver. But the word that is thus highly estimated must have one essential quality, it must be a word "fitly spoken."

All around us are those in need of the word "fitly spoken." We do not know, and little guess, the hidden griefs of those who walk smilingly by our side. So it behooves us to see that no word of ours shall add sorrow to sorrow, but rather be as healing balm, for—

"Many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

We need to have our hearts attuned to the heart of the Infinite, so that we may know when to speak the word that will be as "apples of gold" to those in need of it.

Sometimes we find that words do not ring true, and that sometimes an ugly and sinister thought is hidden under the beautiful exterior of a pleasant word; and as "all is not gold that glitters;" so the apple of gold may have a brassy core. Let us be sure that our words are faithful images of our thoughts, so that the apples we pass to others may be solid gold, and not merely dipped in gold.

How many times misunderstandings arise between parent and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, or friend and friend, and a cold silence keeps them apart. Days and months and perhaps years pass by, and the tiny stream of differences between them has gradually grown into a river, broad and deep and swift-flowing. They stand on opposite banks out of sight and sound and reach, and mutely watch the distance ever widening between them. At times the river has narrowed, and the banks have been so

close together as to be readily bridged. But alas! the word "fitly spoken" was missing, the distance remained unspanned, and the river widened again.

Oh, that those who are letting misunderstandings separate them from loved ones, would remember that there is no calamity so grievous but that right words will begin to amend it!

"If thou hast lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver"—sometimes most of all to the one who speaks it. O. D. O.

A Word of Gratitude

MY father taught me to appreciate poetry. From earliest childhood I considered him the best man in the world. During my association with educated, refined, and cultured teachers and students, my first opinion of father has never changed, but deepened.

How eagerly I awaited his home-coming, when I could repeat to him some new poem just mastered! How interestedly he listened, and patiently corrected my mistakes! He was often burdened with the problems of life, of which I knew nothing at that time, but never did he send me away without the help I needed. Many times the same line or stanza was repeated, until I could give just the correct thought and expression.

"O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" was one of his favorite poems, and he taught it to me. That one poem alone has been of untold value to me.

It was while helping with the housework that I memorized most of the poems I know. I used to pin a poem on the wall, and as I went about my work I would take an occasional glance at it. It is surprising how much memory work may be accomplished in this way.

I owe my start in the appreciation of the beautiful and helpful thoughts expressed in poetry, to my father's sympathetic interest manifested in me, when I was only a child. V. E. M.

The Value of Books

BOOKS are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.—*Collier.*

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