

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"PLAYING DADDY"

From Here and There

At least \$30,000,000 in addition to \$10,000,000 already appropriated will be required to keep in full operation Red Cross activities in France and Belgium during the coming six months.

Baroness de Rousart nursed the wounded with Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War sixty-three years ago. She is now eighty-five, lives in Cairo, and wears five medals given her by the French government.

Germany, it is said, offers to restore the Danish-speaking portions of Schleswig to Denmark for the cash consideration of gold received by Denmark from the United States in payment for the Danish West Indies.

Do you know why a tablecloth hangs over the edge of a table? Because the Anglo-Saxons, who invented the tablecloth, used to wipe their mouths with the edges that hang over. Later came the napkin, but we still retain the overhanging edges.

At midnight on October 31, the Sheppard prohibition law became effective in the District of Columbia, and all saloons within its boundary closed their doors. This "dry" law interrupts Washington's drinking program of more than one hundred years' duration.

In a speech made to the Reichstag, Socialist Ledebour said: "We have had 1,500,000 dead, 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 wounded, of whom 500,000 are crippled for life, and 2,000,000 absolutely invalided. That makes it altogether 6,000,000 men lost during three years."

The vast store of German scientific information in this country, was opened to American manufactures recently by regulations passed by the Federal Trade Commission, under which enemy-owned patents and copyrights will be licensed for manufacture by citizens in the United States. Approximately twenty thousand patented and copyrighted articles are said to be thus affected.

Treasury statistics estimate that the government is now spending money at the rate of about \$42,600,000 a day, which amounts to about \$30,000 a minute. Expenditures for October exceed \$1,000,000,000, and from the manner in which expenses have steadily mounted it is predicted that they will continue to grow until they reach possibly \$2,000,000,000 a month. During the current fiscal year to date expenditures have been about 900 per cent greater than they were for the same period last year.

The goat is the most useful of domesticated animals. His use is fivefold: as producer of meat, milk, skins, and hair, and as the best assistant of the farmer in clearing new land for agricultural purposes. A cow can live where the horse cannot; the sheep where the cow cannot; but the goat will live and grow fat where a sheep would starve. There are about three million goats in the United States, but there is room and need for ten times and maybe twenty times that many. Goatskin leather, what we know as morocco or kid, is the most valuable of all leathers because of the toughness and tightness of the grain and the beautiful finish it takes. Few Americans realize that the beautiful shawls of Kashmir, the finest Persian and Bokharan rugs, the carpets and hangings of India, are all made of goats' hair.

On the apex of the crown worn by the Prince of Wales on special occasions is a curious feather, or, rather, tuft of feathers, the top of which is adorned with a gold thread. The value of this feather is estimated at \$50,000, and it has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in human possession. Twenty years passed after the first hunters set out to procure the feather before it was attained, and during that period more than a dozen hunters had lost their lives in the quest. The costly tuft is of periwak feathers, and the extraordinary danger incurred in procuring it was due to the fact that the periwak, for some unknown reason, is to be found only in dense jungles in which tigers make their lair.

Beginning December 1 all parcel-post packages requiring postage of twenty-five cents or more must bear an internal revenue stamp, as provided in the war-tax bill. The Post-office Department announced recently that regular postage stamps will not be valid for this payment. Special internal revenue stamps will be furnished. The rate will be one cent for each twenty-five cents postage, or part thereof above twenty-five cents.

Mr. William Staples, seventy-three years of age, was graduated last June from Marshall College, West Virginia. Bismarck, "who died at eighty-three, did the greatest work of his career after seventy. Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his roads from 120 to more than 10,000 between his seventieth birthday and his death. Gladstone took up a new language at seventy."

As Germany does not provide sufficient food nor clothing to keep her prisoners of war in good health, the United States government is preparing, in conjunction with the American Red Cross, to feed all American soldiers and sailors who may be taken prisoners. The War and Navy Departments are coöperating with the Red Cross in working out plans to this effect.

America has just made a loan to Italy of \$230,000,000. With this money Italy will pay for vast quantities of coal and other supplies purchased here for her armies and industries. To carry the supplies the shipping board has already agreed to turn over twenty-five merchant ships.

Cavalry has played a minor part in the great war, but a detachment of Belgian cavalry nevertheless provided a picturesque incident recently when it captured a stranded submarine and its crew on the French coast near Calais.

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The Youth's Instructor

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He Waketh Me Morning by Morning

He waketh me morning by morning.
He draws the dream curtains apart
When sunbeams the hills are adorning,
And he whispers sweet peace to my heart.
I wake to the day and its duty;
How precious each moment should be,
Believing the King in his beauty
Thus thinketh each morning of me.

He waketh me, stooping so lowly;
My first conscious thought is a prayer.
Such love is so high and so holy,
I thank him today for a share.
My heart aches with shame when I grieve him,
And think, I alone am to blame;
I read his kind words and believe him,
His love is forever the same.

I hear not his voice in my slumber,
I waken sometimes and forget;
With sins in my heart without number
I worry and wonder and fret;
But when in the quiet of evening
I ask for forgiveness with tears,
He giveth a song for my grieving,
My humble petition he hears.

He wakes me, while nature reposes;
Such care is so far beyond words.
I smell the sweet breath of the roses,
I hear the glad song of the birds.
The hills are all gilded and gleaming,
I waken refreshed and am strong;
He opened my eyelids from dreaming,
And parted my lips with a song.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

Does It Pay?

J. D. MONTGOMERY

THIS seems to be the paramount question of the day. Everybody is asking it. The business man undertakes no new venture unless he first attempts to ascertain if there is any profit to be expected. The professional man does not lose sight of this query. The clerk inquires about the salary, and the laborer concerning the wage. Even the minister is not unmindful of the presence of this question in the air of our times. The spirit of commercialism has invaded the most sacred places and permeated the lives of all classes. It seems to be necessary. Everybody is inquiring if it will pay; if there is anything in it. Efforts put forth without hope of compensation are becoming more rare as the years go by. Does it pay? What is the graft? What does he get out of it? These are the inquiries so often asked or implied. And yet there lingers in the deeper recesses of the minds of many, another question—the same words with a better meaning: Does it pay? Does it pay always to ask the question? Should one count the cost in considering eternal things? If a young man enters the solemn valley of decision, should he sit down and canvass the situation and count the cost of the next move? I say, Yes; of course he should. There are several questions to consider: Does it pay to serve God? Does it pay to serve Satan? Who is the better employer and paymaster? Who requires the more? Who returns the more?

Does It Pay to Serve God?

Many, many have decided this phase of the question in the negative. They say, No, it does not! They feel that God requires too much and returns too little; that what they have to give up is real and what God returns is unreal. Is this your trouble, young man, young woman? Or do you acknowledge the fairness of God in his returns, but are easily led away and tempted? Are you susceptible to the enticements and allurements of the world? Maybe you are just careless and indifferent, and intend later to make the right choice; or perhaps you have not taken time to analyze your attitude.

Peter's Question

Peter was concerned about this matter after the rich young man had gone away very sorrowful because he

could not carry his riches into heaven with him. Peter said to Jesus, "We have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" The answer of Christ shows that he is not impatient with us for inquiring into the profits of a life of faith. He said: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." This statement is a searching question as well as a revealing answer. It told Peter, and us, what he wanted to know, and it also said to him, and to us, Have you forsaken all? Have you left this world for my sake? If you have, you will receive in this present time much more than you left, and in another time beyond this you will be entitled to everlasting life. Does it pay?—Yes, it pays! It pays in this present life to leave your flimsy possessions to follow Jesus. Enter into his service, and accept his wage. He is a liberal paymaster. His checks are frequent and adequate, and are payable at sight at the bank of heaven. There are no discounts on his vouchers; no rebates, nor graft. This is in this present time. In the world to come, what we get is extra. It is offered as a heavenly bonus, altogether extra and above what we deserve for our service. Does it pay? Really now, what do you think? Does it pay to decide for God?

Does It Pay to Reject the Offer?

Both sides of a question need be weighed before we decide. What shall we have therefore, Satan, for we have left All and followed thee? Satan isn't saying just what he will do for those who follow him. He is careful about that. We may only judge what he will do for us by what he has done for others. Some he makes his pets, as it were, and under satanic patronage they seem to flourish like the green bay tree; while others shrivel up and land in the gutter very promptly. In other words, those who select Satan as the master are at his caprice, and the gains are uncertain. He is a good paymaster, but his coin is spurious and his gifts curses. He dwarfs the soul and shrivels the best in man till he destroys the image in which man was made. "Because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee." When we reject

knowledge, we accept ignorance; we reject God and accept Satan. When we reject peace, we accept trouble and unrest. When we reject growth and development, we accept the lack of these things. Does it pay? I say, No, it does not pay! For there is no neutral ground. If we refuse to accept the truth, we identify ourselves with those who reject the truth. We cannot "serve God and mammon" for we will hate one and love the other. "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. 12:30. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked," so do not expect any if you decide to reject God. If you think it will pay to reject the God of heaven and all he offers, and accept Satan who offers nothing of benefit, do not expect anything. If the pleasures of the world leave ashes of Sodom in your mouth, do not be disappointed. If the sting of remorse follows self-gratification, do not be surprised. If Satan makes a poor paymaster, it is all he ever promised to be. Either make the best of your choice, or do the manly thing and break with such an employer, and enter the easy service of One who not only promises well, but performs more than he offers and more than we could ask or think. Does it pay?

In the Days of Youth

Does it pay to leave all and follow Him? In the days of youth, when the evil days come not when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them,—does it pay at this time of life? I say, Yes, it pays! It pays from the cradle to the grave—any time—to enter the service of the Husbandman of the universe. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." Do not be afraid you will be cheated; there will be no close figuring with God. He has promised so much; so much will we receive. The wage will not be lowered nor the cost of living raised in this service. The profit and loss column of our ledger account with God, will show all increase under gains. The loss column will not be used, and present worth will increase daily. Will it pay? Think it over. Make your decision now. Make it right.

In the Power of the Spirit

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." John 14:16. "Being assembled together with them, [Jesus] commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me." Acts 1:4.

WHAT the Spirit was to the church in apostolic days, it may be to the church in the closing days of the world's history. This promise of the Spirit was not for that time alone; it belongs to us as well. "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts 2:38, 39.

"To us today, as verily as to the first disciples, the promise of the Spirit belongs. God will today endow men and women with power from above, as he endowed those who on the day of Pentecost heard the word of salvation. At this very hour his Spirit and his grace are for all who need them and will take him at his word. . . .

"Christ declared that the divine influence of the Spirit was to be with his followers unto the end. But the promise is not appreciated as it should be; and

therefore its fulfilment is not seen as it might be. The promise of the Spirit is a matter little thought of; and the result is only what might be expected,—spiritual drouth, spiritual darkness, spiritual declension and death. Minor matters occupy the attention, and the divine power which is necessary for the growth and prosperity of the church, and which would bring all other blessings in its train, is lacking, though offered in its infinite plenitude. . . .

"Why do we not hunger and thirst for the gift of the Spirit, since this is the means by which we are to receive power? Why do we not talk of it, pray for it, preach concerning it? The Lord is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to us than parents are to give good gifts to their children. For the baptism of the Spirit every worker should be pleading with God. Companies should be gathered together to ask for special help, for heavenly wisdom, that they may know how to plan and execute wisely. Especially should men pray that God will baptize his missionaries with the Holy Spirit."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, pp. 20-22.

What a mighty transformation the outpouring of the Holy Spirit will make in churches and individual experiences! It will change a wilderness into a fruitful field. We are told that when Sir Samuel Baker was exploring in the upper Nile valley, he pitched his tent one night in the bed of a large river long since dry. The heat was stifling, and the country apparently dead. That night the river rose into a torrent. He had scarcely time to escape, with his Arab attendants. When morning broke, the entire scene was transformed. Birds were singing, people were rejoicing, and the large broad river was flowing on to the sea. The natives began immediately to irrigate, and the whole atmosphere of the place was surcharged with life. It was nature's baptism. With such a baptism does the Holy Spirit fill the soul and change the life.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8.

The disciples had been with Jesus during his ministry, and had listened to his instruction in the temple, as they walked by the way, on the shores of Galilee, and in the upper room. They had seen his wonderful power manifested in healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, and even raising the dead. They saw him after his resurrection, and heard him speak of the things that pertain to the kingdom of God. Finally they saw him ascend from Olivet to the place of glory and power at the right hand of his Father. They talked with the angels concerning his return, and "returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." Yet all this did not constitute power. It did not qualify them to carry the gospel to the world; but they were bidden, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be indued with power from on high." Luke 24:49.

The disciples were to carry the gospel to the world. They were to meet persecution, imprisonment, and death. The Saviour knew that it was impossible for them to accomplish the work before them without this heavenly indument. On the day of Pentecost the promise that he would send the Spirit was fulfilled, and having received the promised unction, they went forth with power to make known the gospel. They were imprisoned, whipped, stoned, and slain. Their followers were fed to the wild beasts, and the sand of the arena was soaked with their blood; but the word

of God triumphed. Old Rome, with her pagan idols and abominations, has passed away. The dynasty of the Cæsars has long since sunk into oblivion. Her oracles are dumb. Her temples have been destroyed and her laws abolished. She can no longer levy a tax on all the world; but the gospel, through the power of the Spirit, has gone to the ends of the earth, and the Word of God has been printed in hundreds of languages and dialects, and scattered to the utmost extremity of the habitable globe.

In his "Quiet Hour Talks," Dr. S. D. Gordon tells about a little town somewhere in the mountains. The citizens ran a pipe up the hills to a lake. "As the result, the town enjoyed a bountiful supply of water the year round without being dependent upon the rainfall, which is very slight there. The population increased, and the place had a regular Western boom. One morning the housewives turned the water spigots, but no water came. There was some sputtering—there is apt to be a noise when there is nothing else. The men climbed the hill. There was the lake as full as ever. They examined the pipes as thoroughly as possible, but could find no break. Try as they might, they could find no cause for the stoppage. And as days grew into weeks, people began moving away; the grass grew in the streets, and the prosperous town was going back to its old sleepy condition, when one day one of the town officials received a note. It was ungrammatical and poorly written, and the spelling was incorrect; but he never cared less about spelling and grammar than just then. It said, in effect, 'Ef you'll jes' pull the plug out of the pipe about eight inches from the top, you'll get all the water you want.' The officials started for the top of the hill, dug into the pipe, and found the plug which some vicious tramp had inserted,—not a very big plug, just big enough to fill the pipe. Out came the plug; down came the water freely; and by and by prosperity came back again."

The Spirit of God is free. David prayed that he might be upheld by the "free Spirit." It awaits our demand and reception. In answer to earnest prayer, the promised blessing will come. Now, as in days of old, the Lord will reveal himself to his people. If the blessing is withheld, it is for us to search out the cause and remove the obstacle. Then the water from God's great reservoir will flow in an abundant stream.

Should we not, like our Master, go forth "in the power of the Spirit"? Pompey is said to have boasted that, with one stamp of his foot, he could arouse all Italy to arms. But with us is the great and mighty God, who, with one word, can summon the inhabitants of heaven and unfallen worlds to his aid, and is able to bring new creatures into being to do his will. There is nothing too hard for him.

When a lecturer wishes to show an example of a human body surcharged with electricity, he places some one on a stool with glass legs, to isolate him from the earth, and then turns on the electric current. You see no fire; you hear no noise. But presently you are asked to come near and hold your hand close to the person on the stool. When you do this, you see sparks of fire shoot out toward you. In like manner, the fire of God's Spirit should surcharge us, so that those with whom we come in contact will feel a mysterious, invisible power drawing them away from earth to heaven.

Great deeds of valor for the cause of God have been wrought by those clothed with the Spirit. Out of weakness they have been made strong. Irresolution and

indecision have vanished, and they have unflinchingly endured privations, calumny, and persecution. Being valiant in fight, they have turned to flight the armies of aliens. They "went forth conquering and to conquer." With the might of omnipotence God worked through them to make the gospel triumphant.

Shall we not enter into the closet, shut the door, and there, isolated before the throne of God, await the promised baptism of the Spirit, that we may labor and battle against the powers of darkness, not in our own strength, "but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power"? 1 Cor. 2:4. G. B. THOMPSON.

Courage in the Lord

OFTEN the colporteur is hard pressed by the enemy, and sometimes he gives way to discouragement, seeing not the sun that shines behind the clouds. Concerning this we read from the pen of Mrs. E. G. White the following:

"Hope and courage are essential to perfect service in the work of God. These are the fruit of faith. *Despondency is sinful and unreasonable.* God is able and willing to more abundantly bestow upon his servants the strength they need for test and trial. The plans of the enemies of his work may seem to be well laid and firmly established; but God can overthrow the strongest of these. And this he does in his own time and way, when he sees that the faith has been sufficiently tested."—*Review and Herald*, Oct. 16, 1913.

"All the afflictions and trials that befall us here are permitted, to work out his purposes of love toward us,—that we might be partakers of his holiness, and thus become participants in the fulness of joy which is found in his presence."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, p. 742.

What comfort is this to the soul who really believes these words and trusts the Lord fully.

"He who is imbued with the Spirit of Christ abides in Christ. Whatever comes to him comes from the Saviour, who surrounds him with his presence. Nothing can touch him except by the Lord's permission."—"Ministry of Healing," p. 489.

"God would never send you the darkness
If he thought you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

"'Tis true he has many an anguish
For the sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

"So he sends you blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat:
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

"Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low,
And—well, if your lips do quiver,
You will love God better so."

C. J. TOLF.

MR. E. B. HARTMAN writes that it is useless to send papers that have been used to the prison at San Quentin, California, as no papers but those direct from the publishers are given to the prisoners. He suggests that the boys of the navy are hungry for truth-filled periodicals.

In Other Lands

Among Our Young People in Porto Rico

SOME of the truest characters in our Porto Rican young people are found among the "hill people," called "jibaros." The young man shown in the accompanying picture, Antonio Marrero, is climbing a coconut tree to give us one of nature's rarest treats along the beverage line, called "*cocoa de aqua*."

Antonio was reared among Roman Catholics of Spiritualistic belief; that is, when they have any belief at all. He began attending meetings at the Moca church, and accepted the gospel. He was baptized by Brother Steele up in the Moca hills. He soon began active work in teaching the "hill people" the truth, and it was not long until he had an audience of some fifty persons who came regularly every week. They gave up their vices and repented of their sins, and many of them are attending the Moca church every Sabbath. This picture gives a good idea of Antonio, who has a happy, open face.

One of the greatest problems at present is how to prepare these young men quickly to go out into the highways of Porto Rico, and tell their own people of a crucified and risen Saviour.

CLARENCE E. MOON.

Burma's Need

THE present superstition and ignorance of the lands to which our missionaries have been going for half a century is appalling. If our young men had been volunteering for the army of Christian missionaries as they have been volunteering for the armies now engaged in the great European conflict, civilization and righteousness would have penetrated the darkest homes of all lands. The following incident published in a recent number of the *Englishman*, a Calcutta paper, glimpses the evil that exists even now in Burma, more than one hundred years after the thrilling and pathetic effort of the Judsons to give them the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Dr. Po Tha and three of his Burmese disciples are in police custody on a charge of murder in Sagaing. An elderly Burmese woman was killed and her daughter was dangerously injured by the Burmese doctor and his three assistants while exorcising 'nats' [evil spirits] with which they were said to be possessed. There were two sisters, Ma Sin aged fifty and Ma Kyon aged forty-five. The younger sister had three daughters of whom one, Ma Htae, was suffering from an ulcerous leg. Ma Kyon asked the doctor to treat

her daughter. Dr. Po Tha is alleged to have been, when young, a disciple of *Hpoungyi* [a Burmese priest], from whom he received instructions in the art of casting out devils and evil spirits.

"The physician took a betel leaf in his hand, and after beating it thrice gave it to Ma Htae to eat. When she said it was hot he pronounced her to be possessed of an evil spirit, and spit in her face and slapped her several times. He then passed her on to his disciples, who also assaulted her. The mother of the woman began to cry, and the quack doctor accused her of having an evil spirit too, and he and his men meted out to her the same treatment as to her daughter, only that the mother was beaten for several

hours. The disciples threw her on the ground, and declared the evil spirit gone.

"The headman took the doctor and his disciples to his house and sent for the police. The doctor said that he would have caused the 'nat' to return to Ma Kyon's spirit if the government had not prevented him from holding a post-mortem examination. Ma Htae (her daughter) is dangerously ill in the hospital, while the doctor and his three assistants are awaiting trial on a charge of murder."

Should not the benefits of civilization be considered as worthy to be bestowed upon a people as the blessings of democracy? Compare the expenditure of money, human life, and self-sacrifice now being made by the civilized world in behalf of democracy, with the expenditure for the spread in heathen lands of civilized and humane ideas and modes of living. The latter surely comes far behind the former.

A CHINESE convert, when asked by a missionary what remedy he found most effective in curing his fellow countrymen of the opium habit, idolatry, fear of persecution, and other sins, replied laconically: "Knee medicine." Is there any other potent remedy for doubts and discouragements, failure and sin, than that found through earnest, persevering prayer?—*The Missionary Review of the World*.

AN Italian soldier from America was seriously wounded in a recent battle. When speaking to another American of his wound he said: "I am sorry it hit me down there. I was hoping if I were wounded it might be maybe that my legs would be shot off, and then I could lie here and speak of Jesus to others. But this—this will not let me." He died with this regret upon his heart.

"LET us not be weary in well-doing."



The Water of Life

A MIGHTY king fell sick one day,
And on his royal couch he lay,
Tossing with fever and tortured by thirst,
And all of the court physicians versed
In science and nature could not allay
The terrible thirst of the king that day.
(For they did not know, they could not know,
That a sin-sick soul had brought him low.)

Then a Jew whose sandal-straps were red
With desert dust, stood forth and said:
"O king, why with pain wage so weary a strife?
I pray you to drink of the Water of Life!"

Then a messenger fleet to Iman Khan,
Friend of thirsty souls, right swiftly ran;
For a seller of wonderful water was he,
And he came to the king as hastily
As the horse of an Arab could speed him away,
And soon he arrived where the sick man lay.

Then the monarch said: "O Iman Khan,
I know you have come from far Ispahan
To give me relief from this torturing strife
By bringing to me the pure Water of Life."

Then Iman Khan bowed low, and poured
The precious water which he had stored
In waterskins for the long, hot ride,
And placed it in bowls by the sick king's side.

Then they held a bowl to his thin, parched lips,
And he tasted the water in eager sips;

Then he drank deep drafts; but he longed for more.
And his thirst was greater than ever before.
And he said, "With the fever I still am at strife;
So this cannot be the true Water of Life!"

Then his servants in haste again went forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north,
To find in cool springs or where bright fountains break,
The Water of Life which his thirst would slake.
But they all from the quest unsuccessful returned,
And day after day the king's hot fever burned.

At last he summoned the foot-sore Jew,
And said: "Oh, how can your words be true?
No water on earth can satisfy;
I shall burn with the fever, and thirst till I die."

Then the Jew bowed low and gently said:
"O mighty monarch, have you not read
That the water which nature gives to men
Can never prevent them from thirsting again?
But the water which Christ shall give shall be
A well of water eternally.
And this, O king, is the Water of Life,
Which can bring you relief in your torturing strife.
Who searches afar shall his quest not win,
For the living water springs forth within."

"How may I this wonderful water receive?"
"O king, you have only to fully believe!"
Then a marvelous peace o'er the sick king crept;
He drank of the water, and quietly slept.

— A. M. G., in *The Christian Herald*.

"I'll Try"

SHE was so tiny a bit of a girl, my younger daughter. It was a rough, cold world in which she was left, when less than three weeks old, by the death of her mother. Her father had tried to provide for her the best care he could, but it had been a struggle for years to keep the little life from going out.

She was now five years old, and growing strong of limb and keen of eye. But she was sadly lacking in confidence. Her father saw it, and wanted to help her. So one day he said to her:

"Bertha May, I wish you would take this basket up to Grandma Binford's."

"W'y, papa, I tan't," she said, a scared look in her eyes.

"Yes, you can, dear," her father said.

"I don't know t'e way," she said.

"Yes, you do, dearie," said the father.

But that trip to the corner, then one square east, then straight north into Grandma Binford's porch, though she had made it with me a score of times, seemed to her like a long journey through a trackless wilderness.

I did not need the basket taken so much as I knew she needed to take it. My older daughter would have been glad to take it. I myself could have taken it on my bicycle, and been home in five minutes. But she needed to learn confidence by doing, and so I insisted.

"I tan't, papa; I tan't," she wailed.

"All right," I said, presently, "if you will not do what papa says. But I would not ask you to do a thing that I did not know you could do."

She sat alone for a while, and fought it out. Presently she came to me, and with that courage that is best because it has conquered fear, she said, her lashes still wet, "I'll t'y, papa."

She took the basket to Grandma Binford's, and returned in triumph. What she did not know was that her father had gone through the back gate as she left the front yard, and, looking down the alley, had seen that she turned right on the first street, then made the turn to the north as she ought. She did not know that, as she went north the three or four squares to

grandma's, her father was going on his wheel up the alley, with his eye on her to see that she was safe and that she did not go astray. She did not know that, as she stood on grandma's porch, her father passed only a few feet from her, happier and prouder over her achievement than she herself.

My Father has often said to me, "Go on this errand; go, speak for me this message." And I, in my weakness and childish timidity, have said to him, "Father, I can't." And he has said to me, "Yes; you can." And he has had his other messengers whom he could send. But his command was to me.

After I have fought the battle out in my own heart, and have come to him, and said, "Father, I'll try," with what fatherly care he has watched over my steps, and how he has hidden me under the shadow of his wing till my work for him has been done! And it is possible that I have pleased my Father as my little child pleased hers.

Even when Job could not see his God, try as he would, his faith triumphed as he said, "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—*Rev. Levi T. Pennington*.

Unsprung Weights

THE unsprung weight of an automobile is the weight of the car below the springs, the weight that goes pounding directly upon the tires and pulling directly upon the engine, unmollified by the relaxation of springing and vibrating steel. A well-known engineer declares that a pound of unsprung weight is nine times as destructive as a pound that is sprung; uses up the gasoline nine times as rapidly, wears out the tires and the engine nine times as fast. So that springs are a matter of economy as well as of easy riding. Nor is it otherwise with the spirit-automobiles in which we travel along the highway of life. The more of our experiences, our habits, our daily toil, our relations with others, we can put upon springs, very much the better. Springs of enthusiasm. Springs of patience. Above all, springs of love. Eliminate unsprung weights.—*Æsop Jones*.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

1. WHAT is the literal meaning of the word "khaki" (kā'ke), and how and where did the cloth originate?
2. Where was baseball first played?
3. How did Monday come to be the general wash day?
4. What is the meaning of the word "Thanatopsis," the title of one of Bryant's poems?

Part II

A Biblical Enigma

Who with twelve yoke of oxen plowed?
 Who climbed a tree when in a crowd?
 Who to save her country plead?
 What city taken, a wife to wed?
 Whose son did savory meat provide?
 Who walked with God, and never died?
 Who did his son-in-law deceive,
 And make him many days to grieve?

These initials in a row
 Will to us a "major" prophet show.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of October 30

1. "Dog days" is the name applied to a period of about forty days which ancients set apart as the hottest of the season, occurring at the time Sirius, the Dog Star, rose in conjunction with the sun, about July 1. Hence the name. The period was regarded as one of evil influence on the earth. Owing to a procession of equinoxes, time is different now, being usually counted from July 3 to August 11, period beginning twenty days prior to the heliacal rising of Sirius and ending twenty days after.
2. The population of Germany is 66,715,000; of Texas, 4,472,494. The area of Germany is 208,780 square miles; of Texas, 265,896 square miles.
3. The word "Teuton" comes from Latin *Teutoni*, the name by which the Romans knew tribes occupying what is now northern Germany. This name was as near as the Romans could come to what the said tribes called themselves—just as French explorers gave French name "Sioux" to Indian tribe in this country and spelled the name as it sounded to them in French. Nobody knows how the name "Teuton" originated; it was probably brought into Europe with them when the tribes made their westward migration from Asia, many centuries before the Christian era. In a generic sense "Teutonic" includes all peoples of Germanic family, such as Scandinavians and Dutch, as distinguished from Celts and Latins.
4. When the submarine is at surface, motors are set to work condensing air. This is stored in tanks for use when the vessel submerges.
5. The highest point on the continent of North America is Mt. McKinley, Alaska, 20,300 feet high; and Mt. Whitney, in California, 14,502 feet high, is the highest in the United States.
6. Treason against the United States is defined by the Constitution to consist "only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving aid and comfort to them." The penalty is death or imprisonment.
7. The words of the salute to the flag are: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice to all."
8. "Receipt" and "recipe" are used synonymously in this sense, and such usage is sanctioned by foremost authorities. "Recipe," however, is better for reason that by its use possibility of confusion with "receipt," applied to written acknowledgment of something received or to act or state of receiving, is avoided.

9. The length of the Panama Canal is nearly 50 miles; that of the Suez Canal 87 miles. The average width of the Panama Canal is 649 feet; the width of the Suez was originally 150 to 300 feet at water level, but has since been considerably widened. The minimum depth of the Panama Canal is 41 feet; that of the Suez, 26 feet. It is possible for the largest ships to pass through the Panama Canal.

10. The President of the United States does not have to pay income tax on his salary as President, but he is taxed on all income received above \$4,000 outside his salary.

11. The meaning of the German motto, "*Deutschland über alles*," literally means, "Germany over all."

12. Mantles used for gas, gasoline, and other lights are made as follows: A knitted hood of cotton thread is soaked in a solution of nitrates of thorium and cerium, and dried. When in place on the burner, the mantle is ignited, the threads being burned and the nitrates being converted into oxides, so that only a fragile ash remains. This when heated to incandescence by burning gas, produces intense light.

The Liberty Bonfire

NATIONAL fires flamed throughout the land the night when Mrs. McAdoo, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury and daughter of President Wilson, lighted a bonfire of historic relics at the Washington Monument to signal to the country the closing of the second liberty loan campaign.

With the kindling of this light symbolizing liberty, there flashed from the national capital, by radio and telegraph, the signal for the simultaneous lighting of other fires throughout the United States, the plan being that the first response should come from flaring lights on the Virginia palisades.

Mrs. McAdoo used for lighting the fire a candlabrum given by Napoleon Bonaparte to Gen. Robert Patterson, who, in turn, presented it to General Jackson on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the United States. The candlabrum contained a trench candle made in Quebec.

Fagots lighted by Mrs. McAdoo came from a cherry tree on the Mary Washington farm on the Rappahannock River, near the site of the famous tree that the youthful George is supposed to have cut down with his hatchet.

Among relics contributed to the Washington fire by different States were pieces of wood from the birthplaces of Presidents Wilson, Cleveland, Jackson, Johnson, and Polk. Illinois sent a piece of wood from Lincoln's old home, and Missouri a piece from Grant's log cabin. Arkansas contributed a piece of the flagpole carried by Col. Archibald Yell's regiment in the Mexican War; North Dakota, a shingle from General Custer's headquarters at Fort Lincoln; Florida, a piece of wood from the De Soto oak at Tampa; and North Carolina, a piece of wood from Lower Cape Fear, the scene of the first armed resistance to the Stamp Act in 1765.—*Washington Post*.

Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, of New York, has been made chairman of the Woman's Liberty Loan Executive Committee, whose personnel was selected from all parts of the country. Mrs. Seton is a woman with a national reputation as an organizer and an original thinker. To her is due the credit for recognizing the value of the Liberty Bell for a symbol of liberty bond work, and she has worked out a number of different advertising methods for stimulating the purchase of bonds by the women of the country.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



The Miller's Third Son

LUCY burst into the room like a hurricane. "Aunt Fanny's coming! Aunt Fanny's coming!" she cried.

Louise closed her Spanish grammar and Frances straightened from her storybook to face the exciting news.

"She telegraphed," went on Lucy. "She'll be here tonight and she'll stay a week. She's on her way to Panama!"

"Panama!" breathed Frances. "Doesn't it sound lovely! How I wish she'd take me!"

"I'd give anything to travel," agreed Louise. "Where is she going to sleep?"

"In my room," answered Lucy briskly. "I'm going in with the twins."

"I should think you'd give her your room, Fran," said Louise decidedly. "You're named after her, and your room's larger than Lucy's."

"She can have my room," hesitated Frances, "but I've got such lots of stuff to move, and the twins would muss up everything so."

"The twins don't meddle," declared Lucy. "But, anyhow, I don't mind changing. Louise, mother wants you to go down and help her plan the meals a little."

Capable Louise put away her books. "Do tie up your hair ribbon, Lucy. Fran, if you're going down town get some new wash cloths. Aunt Fanny is so particular."

"All right," murmured Frances, deep once more in her book.

"Will you help me move, Fran?" asked Lucy. "It's sort of heavy alone. Will you mind?"

"I'll come in just a minute," promised Frances.

"Get Bridget to help you," dictated Louise on her way downstairs; "Fran's going down town."

"I'll get along," answered Lucy good-humoredly. "Bridget's busy."

She carried one load down the hall from her own room to the nursery and went back for another. From below sounded Louise's decided voice:

"You children must keep out from under foot."

"Come up here, twinnies, and we'll play a game," called Lucy.

Rosy the quick, and Posy, the slow, climbed the stairs eagerly. Lucy was such a good playfellow. They chattered and laughed and carried loads from the wrecked ship in Lucy's room to the desert island in the nursery.

"That's the last thing we need rescue," declared Lucy, "but we'd better clean up the ship before it sinks. The rug is a raft. I'll throw it overboard, and you two get the carpet beater and go down on the grass and play you're hammering nails into the raft to make it strong. Hit hard! While you get that into shape, I'll scrub up the deck here."

Bridget's strong arm gave a few last strokes to the raft, and brought it back upstairs to lay on the clean, shining floor.

"I'm going down to put lunch on the table, Miss Lucy," she said as she left the room.

"All right," sighed Lucy, "I'm just through. Send up the twins, Bridget, to get washed."

As Lucy was finishing her task, Frances came into the room.

"Can I help you move, Lucy?"

"All moved, thank you, Fran. Rinse out one of the new wash cloths you got, won't you? and put it in Aunt Fanny's room."

"I'm just going down town now."

"What time do you think it is?" laughed Lucy.

"It can't be one o'clock!" exclaimed Frances, glancing at the clock.

"Come right down to lunch!" called Louise. "Lucy, do you know if Fran's home yet?"

"She's here," answered Lucy. "We're all coming."

Louise fastened a keen eye on Frances as the three girls went downstairs. "I don't believe you've stirred out of your chair!" she exclaimed; "and everybody else working strenuously!"

"She's going, after lunch," explained Lucy, "and that will be all the better, for she can do the last errands."

"There'll be plenty," said mother. "Aunt Fanny likes everything very nice, and she didn't give us much time to get ready."

"And she doesn't mind letting you know when she doesn't like things," added Louise.

Frances went down town after lunch, but she left her list at home. So she had to go back again for the things she had forgotten.

Mother helped Bridget season the soup. Louise set the table according to her most genteel notions, and Lucy saw to the twins' best frocks. When all was ready, Lucy took a daffodil from the bunch on the table and put it in a little vase on Aunt Fanny's dressing

Boys

Boys are the men of the by and by,—
Greatest of promises 'neath the sky.
Some will climb fame to its highest height,
Others live nobly, but out of sight;
Some will bear truth to a far-off clime;
Some will seek pearls in the sands of time;
Of some will valorous deeds be told,
To others the earth will unlock her gold;
Some will be mariners, bold and brave,
Others will ride on the popular wave;
Some will the rooms of the White House fill,
Others toil on with an honest will;
And some will live to see strife increase,
Others till rumors of wars shall cease;
Some will give life for a noble cause,
Others will die for a crowd's applause;
Many will live without aim or plan;
Many will die without grief to man,
Living and failing unnoticed here,
Gathering round them no love nor cheer.
Character forms in life's early years;
Many have sown what they reap in tears.
Some will find heaven, with portals fair,
Others sink to the regions of black despair.
Care for the boys ere youth's spirits flee;
Teach them to live for eternity.

B. F. M. SOURS.

table. She looked with satisfaction around the fresh room until her eyes lighted on the washstand.

"Where's Aunt Fanny's wash cloth?" she demanded, bursting into Frances's room.

"Oh, I never bought any!" gasped Frances. "I'll go back."

"I'm all dressed. I'll go quicker," answered Lucy, and was off.

When Lucy came back, Aunt Fanny had arrived, and the family were having lunch in the living-room.

"Here's Lucy," said mother.

Aunt Fanny looked at her disapprovingly. "I suppose an aunt isn't of enough importance for you to be on hand to welcome her," she said.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Fanny," said Lucy, looking to see if Frances would exonerate her. But Frances had gone for another teacup and did not hear.

Aunt Fanny rested from lunch hour till dinner time. She made herself entertaining at dinner with an account of a trip through Spain. Frances was so entranced that she forgot to eat, and Louise asked such intelligent questions that Aunt Fanny beamed on her approvingly. Lucy listened to it all with wide-open ears, but she had a twin on each side of her, and their wants kept her busy.

Lucy put the twins to bed after dinner. "Go to sleep like good girls, won't you?" she coaxed. "I want to go down and listen to Aunt Fanny talk."

"If you'll tell us just one story, we'll be good as anything," promised Rosy.

"Tell us 'The Miller's Son,'" begged Posy.

Lucy told the story through, until the two pairs of eyelids drooped.

"Isn't it funny," remarked Rosy sleepily, "that in stories it's always the youngest son who goes off to seek his fortune. What makes it?"

"It just happens," laughed Lucy, and kissed both twins and went downstairs, where Aunt Fanny and Louise were still talking about Spain, and Frances's eyes were glowing.

"I'm going to read the story of Spain all over again," Frances said. "It must be wonderful, Aunt Fanny, really to see the things you read about."

"I like to know the languages," said Louise. "I can do pretty well with French now, so I've been studying Spanish this winter."

"That ought to make you a good traveling companion," said Aunt Fanny. "Now, I'll tell you what I want to do. I'm going to hire a car tomorrow afternoon big enough to hold all of us, and we'll go over to Crampton Rock and have lunch, and come back the shore road. It'll be a nice ride. We'll get off at two sharp. Now I'm going to bed. Good night."

Louise went up with Aunt Fanny, and after she had settled her, came tumbling back into the living-room.

"Did you hear what Aunt Fanny said about a traveling companion?" she exclaimed. "O mother, do you think it meant anything?"

"I suppose I may as well tell you," said mother a little slowly, "that Aunt Fanny does mean to take one of you with her to Panama and South America. It will be only one, and she will make her own choice. That means two disappointed girls."

"Two?" questioned Louise. "Oh — Lucy! Well, I suppose Aunt Fanny'll take Fran because she's named for her, and that goes a long way."

"Oh, no!" protested Frances. "She'll take you, Louise, because you're such a good manager and speak languages and things. She's sure to take you."

"Well, whoever it is," answered Louise gayly, "you needn't be afraid, mother, that we won't take it like

heroes. We're not going to tear each other's eyes out."

"I'm sure of it," answered mother. "Whoever goes, too, won't have all rose leaves, for Aunt Fanny is very exacting. She doesn't want to be kept waiting, and she wants things to go her way."

"I can manage most things. I'll take my chances with Aunt Fanny; won't you, Fran?" laughed Louise.

"I'd do almost anything to go to South America," breathed Frances, and vowed that she would without fail be early for breakfast.

But she wasn't. Neither was she ready when, at two minutes before two the next afternoon, the big car stood at the door. Lucy was stowing away the big basket, Louise was helping Aunt Fanny and her mother, the twins were dancing on the curb. But there was no Frances.

"You get in, Aunt Fanny. You and mother sit on the back seat," Louise dictated. "You'd better take Lucy between you. Fran can have one chair and Posy the other. I'll hold Rosy on my lap in front."

"I always ride in the front seat," said Aunt Fanny dryly.

"Do you think you'll be so comfortable there?" objected Louise. "I thought I could direct the driver."

"Very well," yielded Aunt Fanny suddenly.

They stowed themselves away according to Louise's orders. Aunt Fanny even allowed a cushion to be stuffed behind her back, where it was most uncomfortable. Then they waited for Frances.

"We're paying for this car while it stands still," said Aunt Fanny.

"I'll see if I can help her," said Lucy, and slipped out.

It was another ten minutes before Frances appeared. After she was seated, she found both her gloves were for one hand, and had to go back. Aunt Fanny opened her mouth to say something, but closed it again and said nothing.

It was a beautiful ride. Aunt Fanny seemed to enjoy her back seat, though she soon had the cushion under her feet. The luncheon on the rocks, too, was delicious. Aunt Fanny was very amenable; she obeyed Louise as meekly as did all the family, sat where she was told, and ate and drank what was given her.

After the repast, Frances went off by herself and sat with her arms clasped around her knees, looking out to sea. The twins pulled mother off to hunt for shells. Louise wanted to show Aunt Fanny the view from the bluff, but though Louise's reasons were good, Aunt Fanny suddenly rebelled, and Louise went alone.

Lucy, singing happily to herself, was giving the chauffeur something to eat and packing up the basket. Aunt Fanny, looking around for a seat, turned toward the most promising-looking rock. Lucy, after a swift glance, was there before her with a rug and the despised cushion. She waited with a little smile while Aunt Fanny adjusted herself, and then went back to the basket. When that was packed, she was after the twins, to set mother free to talk to Aunt Fanny.

Aunt Fanny shared the rug with her sister-in-law. "That oldest daughter of yours is very executive," she said abruptly. "She could take charge of almost anything."

"Yes," agreed mother; "Louise is a great help to me," and thought, "So it's going to be Louise."

"She's a clever girl," repeated Aunt Fanny, and so is my namesake. Frances will be a poet one of these days. It would be a pleasure to show her beautiful things."

"Is it to be Frances, then?" wondered mother herself.

"What's Lucy's specialty?" demanded Aunt Fanny.

"Lucy's specialty? Why, I don't know — unless it is for filling chinks. Lucy is hands and feet for all the family."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Aunt Fanny gave a little laugh.

"There comes Louise. Now we shall all be packed home. If you want to know, I made up this picnic to try out these girls of my brother's. I thought a short journey would show how fit they are for a longer one. I want to take one of them for their father's sake. I was very fond of him. But I'm pretty set in my habits, and I'm not going to spoil my own pleasure by taking along a thorn in the flesh. Last night I could scarcely decide between Louise and Frances. This afternoon — if you'll pardon my plain speaking — I don't want either of them. I may appreciate Louise's attentions when I am decrepit; just now I don't. She is most executive; you can't deny that her planning is good; but she's too obvious. I don't want any one to arrange my life for me. I like my own way best. Then there's Frances. She is attractive and talented, but she's never on time. I can't miss trains waiting for her to go back for her toothbrush. I know now whom I want. I want that little quiet girl that's always just where a body wants her when she wants her. Lend me Lucy. I didn't think much of her last night, but I've been watching today. It's her room I'm sleeping in, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's Lucy's," said mother.

Aunt Fanny went home on the front seat, with no cushion behind her back. She was rather quiet through dinner. When they were back in the living-room again, she spoke in her usual abrupt fashion.

"On my visit here one of my nieces has shown me the most graceful hospitality in her power, for she has moved into other quarters and given up her own particular sanctum to me. I want to return that hospitality by taking her to South America with me. Will she come?"

All three girls looked at their mother in dismay. She smiled back.

"That means Lucy," she said.

"Oh, no, mother; not me," Lucy protested.

Louise pulled herself together. Had the disappointed ones not promised to be heroes? She went over to her little sister and put her arms around her.

"Good for little Lucy!" she exclaimed. "She deserves it. She's always giving, and we don't half appreciate it."

Frances came over, too, and kissed her. "I'm glad, Lucy. We'll miss you, but Aunt Fanny will enjoy having you with her."

"But it isn't fair when I'm the youngest," protested Lucy.

"It's like the miller's son!" cried Rosy. "It has to happen like that to the miller's third son."

"And I know why the nice things always happen to him," announced wise little Posy; "it's because he's always the goodest."—*Helen Banks, in the Youth's Evangelist.*

"MARK TWAIN once went into a bookstore to buy some books. He demanded an author's discount because he was an author; he demanded a publisher's discount because he was connected with Harper & Brothers; he demanded a minister's discount because his father had once thought of being a minister, and it finally figured out that the bookseller owed Mark Twain money for taking the books away from him."

Household Suggestions

A Hemming Wrinkle

HERE is a method which can be used for any hem, and will result in a neat finish. Hang your skirt, if possible, with the hem unturned — that is, if you want your dress twelve inches from the floor, hang it only seven or six from the floor, thus allowing for a five- or six-inch hem. When the edge hangs straight, turn in about half an inch and gather it with fine running stitches close to the edge. Then lay your skirt wrong side up on a table or lapboard and measure your hem into place, pulling the fulness along until the hem lies perfectly flat. Be careful not to make it too tight or your hem will pucker and look unsightly. A little extra fulness will be taken up easily by the machine or hand stitching.

Washing Blankets

Select a day when the sun shines and there is much air stirring. Wash one blanket at a time; use ammonia in the water, and dissolve the soap in it.

Do not rub the blankets, but move them up and down in the water much as bread is kneaded. Have the wringer close at hand, and put the blanket from the first water through it into the second water, which should be of the same temperature as the first, of medium heat — a little more than lukewarm. The second water should also have the ammonia, and the kneading process should be gone through again, and the blankets wrung from this into a third tub of water of the same temperature without the ammonia. Be sure about the temperature.

It will require two persons to shake up the nap of the blankets before they are stretched on the line. They should stand opposite each other, and as far apart as the full extent of the blanket will permit. Taking hold of the two corners, they should snap the blanket up and down in the air, then carefully stretch it on the line, keeping the edges straight.

The washings should be done in the morning, that the sun may have a chance to dry the blankets thoroughly before the night dews fall.

This method of washing blankets has been tried over and over again in our family with the best possible results. Invariably the blankets come out looking fresh, white, and with that peculiar downy appearance that new blankets have.

One great secret in washing blankets is to have the water of the same temperature. Let it be hot, lukewarm, or cold; housekeepers differ on this point, but all agree that it is the change in temperature from one water to another that causes them to shrink and grow wiry and hard-twisted.

Cleaning Silver

To clean silverware, take a bright aluminum pan, and a boiling solution of water, salt, and soda, — one quart of water to which has been added one teaspoonful each of soda and salt. In this solution, place the silver, and slowly turn it until every part is exposed to the solution. Remove and rub briskly with a polishing cloth. This treatment is not injurious.

Save

Save the ends of your soap cakes and put them in a salt bag or a cheesecloth bag, and you will have a cost-nothing cleanser for white woodwork.

When a broom has been worn until the straws are too short, rip out all but the upper row of stitching, soak in hot soapsuds, trim the bottom even, and after pressing the straws into shape, dry thoroughly. The broom will last quite a while longer.—*Selected.*



A Little Bird Tells

*Now, isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do?
If a body does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it;
For a little bird tells.*

*Now, where that little bird comes from,
Or where that little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage
Or black as the king of the crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's
Or as clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of —
A little bird tells.*

*You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells;
No matter — wherever it happens,
A little bird tells.*

*And the only way you may stop him
Is just to be sure what you say —
Sure of your words and your actions,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.*

— Selected.

Two Pet Bears

E. J. URQUHART

THE beautiful Gallatin valley of Montana was the home of my childhood. Here the days were filled with continual interest. One of the events of these days that gave me much pleasure was the annual return of Mr. Brookins from his spring hunt in the mountains. This meant more to me than Christmas or the Fourth of July. Mr. Brookins was a professional hunter. Each spring he returned from the mountains with a supply of skins of wild animals. He usually brought home from a dozen to a score of bear skins. Now the skins in themselves, beauties though they were, were not the particular interesting feature of the home-coming, only as each skin held its own story of adventure.

While Mr. Brookins hunted with a gun, he also was a great lover of pictures, and took a camera with him on all his trips. His stories were told in a charming manner, and intensified with snapshots of places and things. Once he captured a large grizzly bear in a trap, and was desirous of securing a good picture of him. He stood his gun by a tree and proceeded a few steps farther in order to take the picture. He secured his picture of the old fellow standing there majestically on the snow with one fore foot in the steel trap. But to the mind of the hunter it was too tame. It did not have the snap to it that properly characterized the monarch of the Rockies; and so Mr. Brookins, in order to give the picture the needed interest, took a long pole and poked old Bruin up a little, that he might assume the fierceness in manner and expression that was deemed necessary properly to set off his majesty. The plan worked perfectly so far as demonstrating the fierceness of the captured animal, for he made one mighty bound in the direction of the man, when the steel trap snapped in two and the mammoth bear plunged on toward the gunless hunter. Mr. Brookins

ran for his gun with the bear after him. As he ran around the tree, he snatched the gun. By this time the bear was at his heels, and without the formality of sighting, the hunter simply poked his gun in the direction of the animal and fired. Fortunately the bullet penetrated the brain of the bear, and he fell as a log. The coveted picture was lost, but the hunter carried away an experience of the first magnitude.

At one home-coming, Mr. Brookins brought with him two cub bears that he had captured after killing the mother. They were about the size of large tame cats. One of them was brown and the other black. We put collars around their necks and kept them chained like dogs. During the following summer, those bears furnished us boys with hours of amusement. Several times a day we would lead them down to the creek to water, as they were very fond of the water. In the warm days of summer they would wade out into the stream and lie down. If we took them away before they had sufficient water, they became very angry and would run to us, stand on their hind legs and with their fore paws grab us around the legs, and give a terrifying shake.

Several times one or the other of the bears broke loose. These were sorrowful occasions for our household, and for mother in particular. We had a log milk house with a beautiful spring flowing from under it, which was almost as cold as ice. And when a bear got loose, it was a pitiful sight that greeted my mother's eyes when she appeared on the scene, for milk and cream were a dish that the bears relished quite as much as we children. And beyond a lusty appetite the bear was curious; what he did not drink he had to sample, so that everything in the milk house was a total loss on such occasions.

By the early autumn our pets were too large to trust

to a chain, and the watering process became one that was a man's job instead of a boy's, because if the bear was cheated of what he deemed his proper time for drinking and bathing, his assault upon his tender was more than a boy could withstand. It finally became necessary to build a strong pen where the bears could be given some liberty, and yet would not require the care that was needed at the stake.

In the late autumn the men-folks went into the pen and dug a large hole in the ground, and covered it over with boards and earth, leaving an opening for the bears to climb down into it. When the air began to grow frosty and the winter snows began to fall, the bears dropped from sight. The days rolled by and still no sign of the bears. We gave them no food; they were taking their winter's sleep. One day, however, in the latter part of January, they came out and spent an hour or two, and then went back again for a stay of several weeks. They came out in the spring looking not very different from what they did when they went to sleep in the fall, for if they did lose some in flesh it was made up by an extra growth of fur.

By the middle of this second summer they each weighed about two hundred pounds, and as they required much food, Mr. Brookins thought the time had come to give them their liberty, knowing they would not wander far away, and that he could find them in the woods and kill them in the fall after their fur should become fit for market use. So on a summer day we turned them out and they started off for the woods. Afterward we saw them on several occasions not more than a mile from the house. About six weeks later some berry pickers saw one of them and killed him. The other wandered farther and farther away until that fall when Mr. Brookins went out with the dogs to round him up, he located him about six miles away in the mountains. He was summarily executed. Thus closed the career of the two bears.

When the earth is again made new, bears will have lost their fierceness. Cages will not be required to keep them in, for they will be as gentle as the pets of the farm today. Children will play beside them without fear of molestation. God's great purpose for all the animal creation will then be fulfilled.

Billy's Lesson

BILLY BROWNE frowned at his book, and told himself over and over: "I never can learn that old lesson! I know that I can't!"

Every time Billy said this, the lesson seemed to grow harder and more hopeless. It would have been easy in school, but it was tedious work for a boy to make up in vacation lessons he had missed while away on a visit.

The real trouble, you see, was not that the lesson was hard, but that part of the time Billy's mind was out on the street where Dick and Allen were playing, and the rest of the time it would not work because Billy would not let it. He kept discouraging it.

"What's the use trying to understand a lesson when you can't?" he grumbled.

Just then Mr. Beach came down the street with his family of goats—Billy, Nanny, and Kiddie. At once Billy dropped his work and rushed out to see the goats. Dick and Allen joined him, and all began asking eager questions, for none of them knew goats well.

Mr. Beach was leading Billy Goat by a halter. At an order from him, the goat stood proudly on his hind legs.

"He's like an old man, with a long beard and his sober eyes," said Billy.

"He's like a small boy in many ways," answered Mr. Beach. "He likes to climb, and he's full of fun and tricks."

"That's like a boy," agreed Dick.

"And he seems always to be hungry," Mr. Beach added.

"That's like a boy, too," laughed Allen.

"If he's left in the yard," Mr. Beach went on, "he eats everything green in sight—grass and leaves and shrubs. Even the flowers do not escape him. I shut him and his family up in a pasture with a wire fence around it, which I knew he couldn't climb. One day I found him outside it, nibbling a young tree. You see, the fence was braced at the corners with long poles, and he climbed the inside one and walked down the outside one."

"Just like a boy!" again laughed Dick. "Was it hard to train him to do tricks like standing up in this way?"

"No," answered Mr. Beach. "Goats, as a rule, are easily trained. At first Billy didn't want to stand on his hind legs, but that was only because he thought he could not. Even a goat can't do a thing till he gets rid of that notion. He hadn't found out then how very easy it is."

Right here Billy Browne might have said: "That's like a boy, too!"

It was very much like a boy Billy knew. He said nothing, but he was thinking busily, and his thoughts ran like this:

"I'm not going to let Billy Goat beat Billy Browne. I can learn that lesson, and I'll do it, too!"

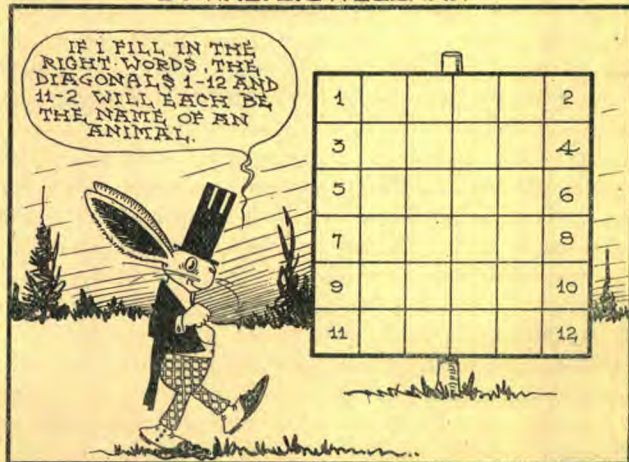
And Billy did learn it. He laughed when he was through to think how easy it had been.

The next day, when he passed Mr. Beach's pasture, Billy Goat looked at him with a wise air, as if he would say: "Didn't you learn a good lesson from me, Billy Browne?"—*Exchange*.

READ much, but not many works. The only kind of profitable reading is that in which we are compelled to think and think intensely.—*William Hamilton*.

ANIMAL DIAGONALS

BY WALTER WELLMAN



- 1 — 2 Most wells have them.
- 3 — 4 A bench used as a seat.
- 5 — 6 Once a year.
- 7 — 8 To wonder.
- 9 — 10 One who heals.
- 11 — 12 A blossom.

The Morning Watch

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

"The early morning often found Jesus in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer."

God Does Great Things for Us

(Texts for December 2-8)

FRANCIS E. CLARK says that "Dr. Murray, in certain lines of religious authorship and influence, was the most prominent man of his time. What Thomas à Kempis was to the fifteenth century, and Jeremy Taylor to the seventeenth, what David Brainerd and Edward Payson were to the people of their day, Andrew Murray was to our generation, the embodiment of a sane mysticism, of a consuming zeal to know God, the preëminent 'holy man' of our time."

Dr. Murray walked with God for many years. He learned to know his heavenly Father, but he never fathomed his greatness. He learned to appreciate God, and found one of life's greatest pleasures in meditating upon God's unsearchable greatness, in thinking of his boundless love for each one of us. That study never lost its fascination for Dr. Murray. On the last evening of his life, while sitting on the sofa in his room, he said to his daughter: "We have such a great and glorious God, and we must rejoice and be happy in him. God is a wonderful and beautiful God. He desires to make our lives just as wonderful and beautiful as his."

And, truly, our God is great. Just a glance at any one of his marvelous works fills us with amazement. Think how wonderfully he has fitted up the earth for us to live in. Around it is air enough for every one to breathe. Under its surface are coal, iron, gold, silver, and other treasures for man; in the roots, leaves, and barks of trees are remedies for disease. Every year he commands the ground to bring forth a harvest of good things to eat. Still in his great plans for making the earth provide for our many and oft-returning wants, he did not forget to make it a beautiful place in which to live. Surely the God who could *plan* and *make* this world is a very great God.

Now turn for a moment to the Bible, that great treasury of reserved blessings, which God has given us. Not one sentence has been added since the amen at the close of Revelation 22; and yet every day men are discovering new and precious truths on its pages. The Great Author put more into that book than appears to the casual reader; yes, more in fact than any reader can comprehend. Every time we look at a verse under the eyepiece of a new experience, we discover a precious promise never seen before in that oft-read passage—just the promise we need.

Yes, God always has more to give—his reserve is inexhaustible; and this is a most comforting fact, for since all his great works are built upon his everlasting love, each one of us can truly say with the psalmist, "I shall not want." God loves us; and in his great, inexhaustible reserve he has blessings to bestow upon us according to our needs. Not all the natural resources deposited by him in the earth were given to men in the beginning. Some God held in reserve, and from time to time he has led men through paths of discovery and invention and given them some of these reserved resources to pass on to their fellow men. But God still has more to give.

You, too, may make discoveries. God desires to lead you through paths of his own choosing, that he

may bring you in touch with his great reserve, and fill your life with blessings for others. The path of the men who have made discoveries has often been dark and lonely, and frequently ended in disappointment and failure. Your path, too, may be dark at times, but success is inevitable if you follow God's guidance—the expedition cannot fail. God may not give you a new star with which to startle the world; or a great invention to add to the conveniences of modern life, but you may be sure that God will give you just what those about you most need in preparing for the last great reckoning day. And if you follow that path, you will learn that our God truly is a great God, a wonderful God, full of love and mercy. You will learn that life's greatest need is to know him, that life's greatest joy is to live with him for others.

"I will extol thee, O my Lord, and praise thee, O my King; Yes, every day and evermore, thy praises I will sing."

"Great is the Lord, our mighty God, and greatly to be praised; His greatness is unsearchable, above all glory raised."

"Upon thy glorious majesty and honor I will dwell, And all thy grand and glorious works and all thy greatness tell."

"The Lord, our God, is good to all, from him all blessing flows; On all his works his tender love and mercy he bestows."

M. E.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 8

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for December.

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

- December 2. Ephesians 1 to 3: God's eternal purpose.
- December 3. Ephesians 4 to 6: Unity; holiness; love, etc.
- December 4. Philippians: Fruits of righteousness.
- December 5. Colossians: Divine headship of Christ.
- December 6. 1 Thessalonians: The second advent.
- December 7. 2 Thessalonians: Apostasy; the man of sin; consuming destruction.
- December 8. 1 Timothy: Advice to a young minister.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for November 29.

Junior Assignment

- December 2. Acts 25: Paul appeals to Cæsar.
- December 3. Acts 26: Paul's defense before Agrippa.
- December 4. Acts 27: A sea journey; shipwreck.
- December 5. Acts 28: Paul reaches Rome; preaches the gospel.
- December 6. Romans 12: Consecration; brotherly love, etc.
- December 7. 1 Corinthians 13: The greatest gift.
- December 8. 2 Corinthians 9: The grace of liberality.

Two Letters

"Here's a letter for you," called Edna's mother as her twelve-year-old daughter came in from school.

"A letter!" echoed Edna, joyfully, seizing it from her mother's hand. "And how ever did it get here, I wonder! It hasn't any stamp on it, and yet I know it came two hundred miles, for Cousin Sue lives away up in Massachusetts."

"Look down in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope, and you'll see how it came," replied her mother. And sure enough, written across the envelope was "Kindness of Mr. Rogers." He was a neighbor who had just returned from a trip to the very place where Cousin Sue lived, and he had brought the letter.

"Isn't it fine to get letters?" remarked Mrs. Walters with a smile of understanding, as Edna finished reading. "Do you know that you have a part of another letter to read today? This is the sixth of December, and the Junior Bible Year assignment is to read Romans twelve. If you'll come over here near me, I'll tell you something about the epistle to the Romans, and then we can read the chapter together.

"You remember Paul wrote at least thirteen letters during his lifetime, which make up a large part of the New Testament. The epistle to the Romans is the greatest of them all. His mighty mind and equally great heart of love live in every page. The letter was written while Paul was at Corinth, and sent "By Kindness of Phebe" to the members of the little mission church at Rome. You see there was no regular postal service in those days. Phebe was a Christian woman living near Corinth, and she was about to make a journey to Rome, so she was given the message to deliver.

Though at this time Paul had never been in Rome, he had many friends there, as you will see from the long list of persons mentioned in the latter part of his letter, to whom he wishes to be remembered. This letter was written in Greek, the "common dialect" of the middle and lower classes at Rome. Paul did not write it with his own hand, but dictated it to his secretary, Tertius, much as people dictate today, no doubt, though of course there were no typewriters and no system of shorthand, and it must have taken a long time to write out such a letter as this.

"Paul's purpose in writing to the Romans was to answer some of the puzzling questions which he feared might be troubling the church. He also gave them good instruction in the ways of kindness and hospitality, and in all the sweet Christian graces which should be seen in the lives of all who really love Jesus." As we thoughtfully read this twelfth chapter of Romans together, you will see how brimful of good advice it is. The whole chapter is well worth memorizing. Let us learn at least the first verse, and as much more as we can. It is one of the finest chapters in the Bible."

ELLA IDEN.

The Sabbath School

X — Health Reform

(December 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10: 31.

Questions

1. What wish is expressed concerning the health of a well-beloved servant of God? 3 John 2.
2. Why should the health of the body be preserved? 1 Cor. 6: 20.
3. What are our bodies said to be? Verse 19.
4. What will God do to those who defile this temple? 1 Cor. 3: 17.
5. For what did David praise the Lord? Ps. 139: 14. Note 1.
6. What does the apostle Paul beseech us to do? Rom. 12: 1. Note 2.
7. What principle should govern us in eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10: 31. Note 3.
8. For what purpose should we eat food? Eccl. 10: 17. Note 4.

9. What food did God give man in the beginning? Gen. 1: 29.
10. Under what circumstances was a departure from this diet permitted? Gen. 7: 23; 9: 3. Note 5.
11. If we take heed to all of God's words, what will be the blessed result? Prov. 4: 20-22.
12. In the description of conditions in the final home of the saved, what do we learn concerning the inhabitants? Isa. 33: 24.

Notes

1. The psalmist, meditating upon the marvelous work of God in the creation of the human body, was led to exclaim: "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." The body with all its parts—the heart, lungs, stomach, brain, nerves, and muscles—is the crowning work of creation.

2. All sacrifices offered to the Lord were to be perfect, and without blemish of any kind. The body should be preserved in as perfect condition as possible, that we may better glorify God. Good health will bring happiness to ourselves and to others.

As a marred and torn picture is not a glory to the artist who painted it, so a human body that has been neglected and through carelessness has become diseased, is not an honor to the One who created it.

3. There are many causes of illness, but eating and drinking that which is not good for the body produces more sickness than any other one cause. Bad food and drink cause disease. Good food and drink build up the body and help overcome disease.

4. "Fruits, grains, and vegetables, prepared in a simple way, free from spice and grease of all kinds, make, with milk and cream, the most healthful diet. They impart nourishment to the body, and give a power of endurance and vigor of intellect that are not produced by a stimulating diet."—*"Healthful Living,"* p. 78.

5. When there is scarcity of food, as in the days of Noah, it may be necessary to take the life of the lower animals to save the life of man; but the dangers incurred in a flesh diet are increasing rapidly.

"Flesh was never the best food; but its use is now doubly objectionable since disease in animals is so rapidly increasing. Those who use flesh foods little know what they are eating. Often if they could see the animals when living, and know the quality of the meat they eat, they would turn from it with loathing. People are continually eating flesh that is filled with tuberculosis and cancerous germs. Tuberculosis, cancer, and other fatal diseases are thus communicated."—*"Ministry of Healing,"* p. 313.



NATURE'S BEST GIFTS

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The Black Cloud

TWO men in Palestine were watching a black cloud that floated in the sky. While they gazed, it began to grow thin, and in a few minutes it had disappeared. It seemed strange to the men, for clouds did not dissolve in that way in their country. Then one of the men remembered a Bible verse, and quoted it: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions." "I understand that verse now," he said. "That is what the prophet meant. God took away the people's sins, made them disappear and be forgotten, as this cloud has gone." It is true. As the sun and wind dissolved that cloud, so will the Son of God remove our transgressions. When we trust him, they are gone forever, forgiven freely, and forgotten. No matter how black the cloud may be, the sun and wind can dissolve it; and no matter how black sin is, God can take it away. — *Selected.*

Keeping the Sabbath

A TEACHER spoke to her Sabbath school class of the necessity of keeping worldly thoughts from the mind during the Sabbath if one would keep the day aright. Then she asked what would aid one in keeping the mind fixed upon proper things. One of her pupils, a young girl not yet in her teens, said she found that reading much in good books during the Sabbath helped her the most of anything.

This is the secret of Sabbath keeping. The Reading Course books are always of interest and profit, and strengthen the Sabbath-keeping spirit. "Patriarchs and Prophets," "The Desire of Ages," "The Great Controversy," are mines of gold to the thoughtful reader. Even the Juniors will greatly enjoy reading these books, and cannot fail to gain much good therefrom.

On next Sabbath prove this statement to be true or untrue by finding the answers to the following questions in chapters 26 and 27 of "Patriarchs and Prophets:"

1. What was the feeling of the Israelites as they journeyed on after crossing the Red Sea?
2. What caused Moses anxiety as he watched the guiding cloud near Marah?
3. What was the difference in the way in which Moses and the children of Israel met difficulties?
4. How did the children of Israel show that they had wretchedly poor memories?
5. What lesson against hoarding was given to the Israelites?
6. Why did the Amalekites attack Israel by the way?

7. When this wicked nation fell upon Israel, what did they seal? Why?

8. What two noted events took place at Mt. Sinai?

9. When on the third day did the Lord appear upon Mt. Sinai to speak the law?

10. What is the real meaning of each commandment?

Where Do You Sit in Church?

EACH Sabbath a father is seen in a certain pew during the church service. He has a son of twelve or thirteen years, who attends Sabbath school, but who is never seen beside his father during the church service. Why not? It seems out of place for the father to occupy his seat regularly, and not to have his son with him. Do not boys need the church service? And if they do, why should they not sit beside their fathers?

There is in the same church a widow. Always there sits beside her in the church pew her twelve- or thirteen-year-old son, together with her three girls. This family has regular habits; the members worship together night and morning at the family altar; they read and improve the Sabbath hours together; they sit together at church; and it is very likely they will travel the straight and narrow path together so long as the providence of God gives them life.

The Lord loved Abraham because he commanded his household after him, and does not the Lord expect every father to do the same by his household? Why should boys be left to sit with other boys during the church service, or to wander around the town during the Sabbath service?

Is the church service not for the youth as well as for the adult? The good gained from the Sabbath school may be lost during the church service by allowing the children to remain away from the service or to sit apart from their parents.

It is expected that children sit with their parents; it is the genteel, the proper thing to do. A failure to do this occasions questioning in the minds of others as to the amiable relationship of parent and child, or at least as to the ability of the parent to "command his household after him."

There is strength and character to be gained from attendance upon church service. All sermons may not interest the child; but rarely will an attentive child fail to gain good from the service. Children should be encouraged, if not required, to attend the church services regularly, and to sit with their parents.

The house of God may be desecrated by a group of children sitting together; the service may be lost to worshipers because of the irreverent conduct of children; and the children may lose what might have been of untold worth to them.

The church is the place where youth and adult, where parents and children, should worship together in the beauty of holiness. May it be so.

How much time do we spend in prayer? Billy Sunday tells of an elder who resented the suggestion that he did not spend much time in that way. "Well," said the evangelist, "time yourself by your watch the next time you pray in private." The elder did so. And when he reported his experience he said he took out his watch, laid it on the bed, and prayed. When he looked at the watch to see how long he had been on his knees, he exclaimed, "I thought it had stopped!" — *Forward.*