

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 45



"FLOWERS ARE THE SILENT MUSIC OF GOD'S VOICE;"  
AND CHILDREN ARE HIS HERITAGE



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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1908

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## From Mountain to Plain

AFTER a pleasant and profitable time spent at Annfield, the comfortable Missionary Rest Home in the Himalaya Mountains, the day arrives when we again turn our faces toward the home work on the plains. It is early morning, but already the coolies are taking my baggage from the room, and having strapped it on their backs, they will soon be on their way down the mountain road. Outside, near the veranda, my *dandy* and the men who are to carry me are waiting. The adieus have been said to the kind Annfield friends, and I find myself seated in my chair-like conveyance, and the men lift the burden, and trot off at a good pace. It is not long until we are on our zigzag way down the sides of the mountains. Looking far down over the plains below, we see beautiful green fields and rivers, while above these, soft clouds are rolling up, and at times they form almost an arch above the scene of green fields, villages, and rivers below. The view is magnificent, as from the half-hidden sun the lights and shadows play, giving such a splendor to the whole that we are better able to realize something of what heaven will be.

After a few hours we reach Rajpur, a pretty little town at the foot of the hills. We are glad now to exchange dandies for a horse *gari*, in which we enjoy a pleasant drive of a few miles, reaching Dehra Dun just in time to catch the train for Kulpahar. We are soon settled in a small, third-class compartment, where we are quite comfortable, for the rains have now begun. Kulpahar is an interesting place, although there are no Europeans living there, except two lady missionaries who are working under the auspices of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. They have charge of a home for Indian widows, and there are already over sixty unfortunate women, who, were it not for this home, would be wandering homeless, friendless, and unprotected. Many were brought to this sad condition by famine or pestilence. They have been taught to know the true God, and they are being daily trained in his ways.

After a few days spent with the workers at Kulpahar, Miss Bertha King, who is now visiting us, Miss Pope, and I, with some others, go for a short visit to Mohoba, another station, where we enjoy see-

ing the different lines of work. Especially do we enjoy the orphanage of more than one hundred Indian girls who were saved from the dreadful famines. Come with us as the woman in charge takes us through, and let us get acquainted with some of these happy-faced, bright-eyed little ones whom God has brought into this home to be taught of him and trained for his service. On entering, we are greeted by a group of children, and as we pass along from room to room, we are almost surrounded by these little ones, who think it a privilege to hold our hands or cling to our skirts; and how the little faces beam as we take special notice of one here and there!

Now let us go into the cook-house, and see the girls making bread. They make it into large, flat cakes, called *chapatties*, and cook them over the fire.

While some are cooking, others are busy grinding grain for to-morrow's *chapatties*. Two girls sit at each mill; they put handfuls of wheat into the mill, and keep the stone turning. As we watch them, and as we hear the noise of the grinding, we think of the words of the Great Teacher: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left," and our prayer is that none of these dear ones may be left in that great day.

In another room some girls are serving the evening meal, which is very simple, consisting of vegetables and the *chapatties* mentioned above. This is the food that the poor people of India eat, and the orphanage girls are brought up in the simple customs of their own country, so that their usefulness as missionaries to their people may not be hindered.

They are receiving an ordinary education, and in every possible way they are being fitted to serve Him whom they love. It does one good to see them as they go about their household work so happily. We should like to see more of them and to know each one, but we have not the time at present.

Our short visit over, we find ourselves back in Kulpahar, wondering how and when we shall be able to get to Rath, our own station. It is a distance of twenty-five miles, and because of the rains the roads are well-nigh impassable, and the river is high. Finally arrangements are made for an elephant, this being about our only means of reaching our station in the jungle. Late in the afternoon we look out and see, coming slowly toward the bungalow, our long-looked-for elephant, with its two Indian drivers. It receives our heartiest greeting, and we stand on the veranda admiring our grand conveyance, and feeling eager for the unique ride of the morrow.

Morning comes. The elephant is kneeling to receive its burden, and by means of a ladder, Miss King,



INDIAN GIRLS GRINDING MEAL

Miss Pope, and I ascend, and seat ourselves in the howdah on the elephant's back. How secure we feel until the elephant begins to rise, when there is a bit of screeching and scrambling, but regaining our equilibrium, we wave our salaams to the Kulpahar friends as our great old elephant moves away with majestic tread. As we pass through the town, we are the objects of no little interest and excitement, especially as we turn a corner or pass too near some village children playing in the streets. Along the roadsides are



"WE MAKE TRANSPORTATION NOVEL IF NOT EASY"

jamtan-trees, loaded with fruit resembling, in appearance, large cherries, and from our exalted position we gather the clusters of purple fruit. Now we are moving along between fields of green grain, where women, dressed in bright-colored *saris*, are working, and some of them, on seeing us, raise a lively song, and our driver says it is because the sight is pleasing to them.

At noon we stop for rest and refreshments at a small, dark bungalow situated amid beautiful trees. During our resting-time we have a hard downpour of rain, but it soon clears away, and we resume our journey again. How we enjoy the green fields and lovely trees all along the homeward way!

It is now late in the afternoon. Our twenty-fifth mile-stone has been counted, and the faithful old elephant, bearing its missionary burden, enters the gateway and passes up the walk to the mission bungalow, where we are greeted by all our Indian brethren and sisters of the little church at Rath.

ANNIE AGNES LACKIE.

Rath, India.

### A Word From Japan

AFTER a somewhat unpleasant voyage of sixteen days, we landed at Yokohama, Japan, on the twentieth of August. For eight days, at one time, we did not see the sun. The weather was cold and stormy, and we were seasick almost the entire distance; but we were more than willing to endure a few hardships in order that we might have a part in giving this message to Japan.

When the steamer was tied at the dock, a note was handed me by the steward. It was a letter from Elder F. W. Field, telling me they were all away from Tokyo, and that some one would meet us at Yokohama. This note had evidently been taken out to the steamer by a small launch which carried the inspection officers. We were soon found by one of the mission workers, who immediately conducted us to Kudzu, where a small camp-meeting was being held.

Our brethren were staying at a Japanese hotel, so we were taken there. Before entering the house, we had to take off our shoes. The rooms of that place, as is true of all Japanese houses, contained very little furniture. This furniture was nothing more than a number of straw mats on the floor. Everything looked very neat, however; and when our supper was served, a Japanese maid with bare feet presented herself at the door, bowed very low, and brought in a little table about three feet square and ten inches high. We ate as best we could with our chopsticks, and sat on the floor in the meantime. We remained at Kudzu three days, then continued our journey southward to Kobe, where our sanitarium is located.

The trains of Japan are small, like those of England, and here every car is a smoking-car. There are three classes of passengers, and the cars are entered from the side.

It would be difficult to describe the natural beauty of this country: its mountains covered with grass and small pines, the rice-fields, fruit-trees, and many gardens might cause one to think one was passing through an immense park. Never have I seen a country with more beautiful natural scenery; but *all* is not beautiful. Five minutes' walk from where I now sit will reveal all the poverty and misery I care to see in this world. How sweet are the words of Rev. 21: 3, 4! Young people, if you could just get a glimpse — if you could only understand the great need of these sin-darkened lands! One afternoon, in passing through one of these narrow, crooked streets, we stopped a moment, and found a score of small, half-clad children around us. They had been following along to see the foreigners. The younger ones were riding on the backs of their older sisters. Most of the children have great, ugly sores on their heads.



THE EVENING MEAL

Many wear no clothing, and sadness and hunger are depicted on their countenances.

As in ancient times, Satan had all the groves and beautiful hills for the temples of Baal; so in Japan, in every beautiful grove and on the hillsides overlooking the sea,—wherever nature has adorned the earth most richly,—temples are erected for the worship of Buddha. There are also many Shinto temples in every large city.

Sabbath afternoon, as we passed through a Buddhist cemetery, we noticed, by the large lanterns and tapers before the idols at the gateway, that a funeral service would soon be held in the temple. So

we waited to see what would be done. Soon we saw a procession coming. First a great display of banners, then came the deceased in a richly decorated casket in the shape of a house, so it was necessary for him to be in a sitting position while the coolies carried him along. Then came a large display of fruit, cakes, and other foods, and all passed into the temple. The dead was taken back of the altar, on which was a receptacle for burning incense. The attendants sat on the floor in the nearest corner of the room, smoking. The priest took a seat in the front of the temple, and the people carelessly crowded in behind him. The priest arose, walked to the altar, bowed, sprinkled incense on the coals, uttered a few words, and returned to his seat. The mourners were dressed in white, and each one of the friends in turn removed his shoes, stood before the altar, bowed low, and sprinkled on a little incense. None seemed to express any sorrow. All this time the priest continued his chanting. Just at this point of the service, the priest arose in a very dignified manner, walked forward, bowed to a small image of Buddha, and while returning, another procession arrived. The second company literally drove out the first. The second funeral had a brass band and a number of priests. They made a greater display of noise and food than the first.

How thankful we should be for the light of the gospel, and the knowledge of the soon coming of the Saviour! How earnest and diligent we should be to act well our part in the great drama of life! The workers in this land are few and the difficulties to be surmounted are indeed many. In your prayers and in your plans to assist missions, young people, do not forget Japan. Consecrate your lives and all to the Lord. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Get a preparation for service, and make definite plans to have an active part in giving the message, for we are truly living in solemn times.

WALTER L. FOSTER.

### Japan and Christian Missions — No. 2

UNDER the emperor Nobunaga's encouragement, the foreign faith became coercive, and before his death in 1586, he began to regret his policy in favoring its introduction. "The conduct of these missionaries," he said, "in persuading people to join them by gifts of money does not please me;" and he at once assembled his retainers, and asked them what they thought of demolishing the temples of the southern savages, as the Portuguese churches were called. By advice of a counselor, he refrained from destroying the churches, but he began to devise means whereby the foreign religion could be rooted out of the kingdom. His successor, Emperor Hideyoshi, found a way. In lieu of the destruction of thousands of Buddhist temples by Jesuits, he burned their churches in Kyto, Osaka, and Sakai, and drove the missionaries out of the capital in 1587, and a year later ordered them to

quietly leave the country. But feeling themselves strong enough to defy the emperor, instead of leaving Japan, they scattered throughout the country, placing themselves under the protection of *daimyos*, whom they had converted; and for long years they refrained from preaching, and so they were left unmolested.

Emperor Hideyoshi was at first friendly toward the Jesuits, but because of a number of unbecoming acts on their part, he finally issued a proclamation of banishment to all Catholic missionaries. The crosses which they had erected were thrown down, and their churches razed. The missionaries now became alarmed,



A JAPANESE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN

but did not quit the country. They scattered, however, for fear of bloody persecutions. Of the two hundred fifty priests and about one million native converts, only twenty-six priests were put to death. The *cubo* endeavored to rid himself of the Christians in his army by a war with China, rather than by domestic persecutions.

So he waited for the development of war. In 1591 a number of Spanish Franciscans arrived in Japan in the train of an embassy from the Philippines, and obtained leave to stay in the country on condition that they were not to preach Christianity. Hideyoshi learned from them the value of the word of a priest, for they at once broke their pledge. He made an example by crucifying, at Nagasaki, six Franciscans, three Jesuits, and several other Christians. This resort to their own method of warfare had the effect of halting the propaganda until Hideyoshi's death in 1598.

During the reign of the next emperor, Iyeyasu, one of Japan's shrewdest and ablest emperors, a Spanish gallion, being driven near the coast, was enticed into one of his ports by the prince of Tosa, off the island of Shikoku, and embargoed. In order to intimidate the prince of the island, he was shown a map of the world, and of the extensive possessions of Spain upon it, and her consequent power. "How has your king managed to possess half the world?" asked the prince. The Spaniard reluctantly replied: "He begins by sending priests, who win over the people; and, when this is done, his troops are despatched to join the

native Christians, and the conquest is easy and complete." "What!" cried the emperor, with a look of agony, when he heard of the answer of the Spaniard to the prince of Tosa, "then my country is filled with traitors; and these priests that I have nourished are serpents!" And he swore that not one should be left alive. New edicts of banishment were at once published broadcast. In one day twenty-seven priests were martyred. A time of awful persecution followed.

In 1614, after fourteen years of relentless persecution, the emperor, not liking such bloody scenes, waited for a more pacific state to result through a better understanding between the two nations. There remained but eight out of the total of sixty-four provinces of Japan into which Christianity had not been introduced. Later, however, came the final notice of Iyeyasu against the missionaries, warning them to leave the country. The royal edict read as follows:—

"The Kirishitan [Christian] band have come to Japan, not only sending their merchant vessels to exchange commodities, but also seeking to disseminate an evil law, to overthrow right doctrine, so that they may change the government of the country, and obtain possession of the land. This is the plan upon which they have been working, and therefore great disaster and calamity have thus come to the country. It must be crushed, no matter if all our lives are sacrificed in order to save our beloved country."

In spite of the threats of the Japanese armies against the native converts, a deplorable scene followed. They clung to their new religion with the heroism of the martyr. Some three hundred of the foreign priests were put on ships by the emperor's order, and sent out of the country. A large number of the converts departed also. The latter were natives who had been won to the Jesuits' side, and who were engaged with them in political intrigues. No unnecessary severity, such as would have been adopted by Catholics had the situation been reversed, was used by Iyeyasu; but harsh measures were to follow an event which occurred in 1615, when Hideyori, the son of the late emperor, having possession of large revenues and of the strongest fortress in Japan, the castle of Osaka, took the Jesuit side, and made the castle a place of refuge for adherents of the invading sect. Iyeyasu besieged the castle, and burned it, and the young conspirator perished in the flames; but the siege cost a hundred thousand lives.

Iyeyasu died, and was succeeded in 1616 by his son, who continued the war on his father's enemies. About this time, in Kiusiu Island, another fierce persecution began. The barbarities inflicted upon the Catholics at last drove them into open opposition in fierce attack. They made their last stand at Shinagawa, near Nagasaki. The Dutch were called to aid, and with their fleet, under the standard of a Christian banner, set up a bombardment against Shinagawa. Human endurance at last found its limit. Of no fewer than two hundred thousand Christians engaged in this fight, about one hundred seventy thousand perished. The rest were captured, and were put into the fire, thrown into the sea, hanged upon trees and gallows, beaten, and tortured to death in almost every conceivable manner. These poor Japanese paid the penalty of their simple belief in Jesus, taught through the efforts of Jesuit missionaries, who did not use the Bible, but taught only from the catechism of the Roman Church. The extermination had done its work, and over the

graves of thousands of innocent martyrs of Shinagawa, was placed this inscription:—

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know, the king of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, he shall pay for it with his head."

With the crushing of this rebellion fell the hope of the Jesuits to establish themselves in Japan. This experience led Japan to refuse to all foreigners admittance into the country, except the Dutch traders, who were allowed to trade at Nagasaki.

I quote again from the pen of the late Mr. Hearn, who wisely comments upon the Jesuit missions to Japan as follows: "Their religion had brought to Japan nothing but evil, disorder, persecution, revolt, political troubles, and war. Even those virtues of the people which had been evolved at unutterable cost for the protection and conservation of society,—their self-denial, their faith, their loyalty, their constancy, their courage,—were by this black creed diverted, distorted, and transformed into forces for the destruction of that society. Could that destruction have been accomplished, and a new Roman Catholic empire have been founded upon the ruins, the forces of that empire would have been used for the further extension of priestly tyranny, the spread of the Inquisition, and the perpetual Jesuit warfare against freedom of conscience and human progress. Viewed from any other standpoint than that of religious bias, and simply judged by its results, the Jesuit effort to Christianize Japan must be regarded as a crime against humanity, a labor of devastation, a calamity comparable only — by reason of the misery and destruction which it wrought — to an earthquake, a tidal wave, or a volcanic eruption."

Any one doubting the justness of this verdict, has only to look at Spain, where Catholicism succeeded in doing what it failed to do in Japan.

YOSHIO TANIMOTO.

#### Unanswered Prayers

LIKE some schoolmaster, kind in being stern,  
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates,  
And calling, "Help me, master," yet helps not,  
Since in his silence and refusal lies  
Their self-development, so God abides  
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf  
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;  
He hears and strengthens when he must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums;  
But should he dry our tears and give the key,  
What would it profit us when school were done,  
And not one lesson mastered?

What a world  
Were this if all our prayers were granted! Not  
In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills  
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,  
Voiced one by one in prayer, ascend to God  
And come back as events, shaped to our wish,  
What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth  
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,  
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons  
Which were denied; and that denial bends  
My knees to prayers of gratitude each day  
Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers  
I rose always regirded for the strife  
And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad heart!  
That which thou pleadest for may not be given.  
But in the lofty altitude where souls  
Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there  
Thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot  
Which is not elsewhere found.

— Selected.



### Health and Scholarship

It has been a tradition since ancient times that the best man has a strong mind in a strong body. Only in our time has scientific study of statistical averages established that in the race as a whole the combination of good brains and good health is not only an ideal to be sought after, but is actually realized so frequently as to be the prevailing rule.

Dr. Sargent, the physical director of Harvard University, has presented recently, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, conclusions from his observations and from those of kindred investigators. He recalls that some years ago a physician studied thirty thousand school-children, and found that mental precocity and physical precocity coincided.

When men in classes are considered, it is found that intellectual eminence accompanies a high degree of physical strength. Idiots, moral degenerates, and criminals are below the average of height and weight. The British Royal Society, whose members may be assumed to have as good brains as there are in England, is above the average in physical development.

The *Companion* recently called attention to the report of the New York police commissioner that out of one thousand candidates the men rejected for failure to reach the physical standards were almost to a man those who did not pass the mental examinations.

Dr. Sargent's examination of the physique of Harvard students is of special importance to boys who are about to enter college, and hope to work their way. He found that among the holders of honorary scholarships—those conferred unsought on the best students as a mark of distinction—are the youngest, tallest, heaviest, and strongest of the men of high intellectual standing. The physique of the men competing for money scholarships—those awarded to deserving youth to assist them through college—is not so good.

The reason is that they do not live so well, and they have so much to do that they can not find time for play and exercise. A boy who must fight his way through college should take time enough from his studies to keep himself physically fit, for it is of prime importance that he should keep his body sound. The man whose health is undermined from any cause usually fails in life.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Fires in Bamboo Forests

WHEN the forests are afire; when the smoke makes dusk at noon, and reddens the harvest moon a thousand miles away, there is the measure of a conflagration. When the prairies burn, as they used to do before farms had crept in upon the endless miles of grass, there was a fire which ran furiously, and left behind it a blackened trail of death. If one could combine the speed of the prairie fire with the tumult of the blazing forest, that would be a fire indeed.

Such a combination is effected when the bamboo groves catch fire. The bamboo is but a grass,—a grass with the height of a tree, swaying stems reaching one hundred, even one hundred fifty feet in air.

In Cambodia, where the bamboo groves along the rivers cover the space of forests, it is no unusual thing for fires to break out, and sweep all before them for many miles. If the summer has been dry, the bamboo turns sere and inflammable as any grass.

All that is needed is a spark, then ruin devastates the country. It is not necessary to rely upon the carelessness of the woodsman to start the blaze. The bamboo can kindle itself.

Let two swaying stalks of dry bamboo be set in motion by the breeze; let one rub across the other long enough, and the friction will set the spark, and the long, dry leaves will feed the flame. It is known that many fires of the bamboo forests thus originate.

As soon as a flame in the bamboo has crept to the level of the tossing tips, it spreads like wild-fire—the wind carries a sheet of flame along the grove at tremendous speed. Some observers say that such fires have been seen to move forward at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Seen from below, it looks as if the sky had burst into an instant flash of flame.

From such a burst of fire there could be no escape. Fortunately, it passes high overhead at the tops of the bamboos. It serves as a warning to the traveler who may be making his way along some one of the water-courses by which the forest is intersected. The bamboo itself is almost an obstacle to travel of any sort. It is well-nigh impossible to force a way through it except by the slow and toilsome labor of hewing out a path.

The fire in the great trunks moves more slowly; and if the warning be taken, it may be possible to sink one's boat and throw up wet herbage and clay against the bank of the stream to provide shelter until the furnace blast has blown by. Such a fire in the bamboo has not only the speed of the prairie fire on its sweep overhead, but it has the same volume of fuel as is found in any forest fire. It combines the two types.

Bamboo forest fires have another quality which is all their own. They bang and rattle with thunderous crashes, as of artillery fire, without cessation.

The stalks of these tree bamboos are frequently more than a foot in diameter. Near the ground the joints are close together; in the younger growth the nodes may be several feet apart. But long or short as they may be, each joint of the sun-dried bamboo is a tightly sealed chamber filled with air. The partitions between the cavities are singularly tough; the outside rind of the stalks is almost pure flint.

When the blast of the flame sweeps onward, the air in the stalks upon which it is driven is suddenly heated to a very high temperature, the residuum of moisture which may be in the stems is immediately transformed into steam, and at once subjected to superheating, thus becoming a violent explosive. As the hot breath of the flame becomes hotter, these joints burst with loud discharges.

Sometimes the force of the explosion near the roots is so great as to shoot the stalk like a javelin high into the air, where it flashes into torchlike flame, and is carried by the wind to spread wider disaster. The bursting of the smaller joints is like the roll and rattle of rifles and machine guns. The effect is that of a battle hotly contested.—*Washington Post*.

“Do not try to use God; ask him to use you. That is what it means to pray in Christ's name and in his spirit.”

## THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



### Conscience and the Excuse-Maker

THE other day I read of the death of an old teacher of mine, whom I had not seen for thirty years, and of whom, it must be confessed, I had not thought for a long while. Yet, when I saw the notice of his death, I felt a real pang of sorrow, for he was a splendid teacher, genial, thorough, painstaking, and had given me my first start in Latin.

Much of his later life he had lived within forty miles of my home, and yet I had never called on him, or written to him, or told him in any way how much I owed to him. Why had I not done so?

"I had been very busy," said the excuse-maker within.

"Yes, but so is everybody busy," answered Conscience, "and you might have found a half-hour in thirty years to let him know that he had helped mold your life."

"He would not have cared. He was successful, became a college president, and was loved by many. He did not need your tribute," said the excuse-maker again.

"Yes, he did," said Conscience; "every one needs all the kind and appreciative words that can be spoken or written to him, if they are sincere words. No one gets too many. Most people do not get half enough. The fact is you were just lazy or careless, and there is no excuse for you."

And Conscience was right, as he usually is.

Now I have made up my mind that I will keep a mental list of people who have done me good, either by their work or by their words or simply by their influence in crossing my life's pathway, and will hereafter tell them what I think of them before they die, instead of having unavailing regrets after they are gone. A rose for the buttonhole is better than twenty wreaths for the coffin.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

### Its Heart in Its Song

If it were an authority less reliable than *Country Life*, I should not believe it, but that periodical is to be trusted. It says that the nightingale, when it sings, is wholly absorbed in the beautiful music it makes. No matter what happens around it, the bird sings on. The writer of the article referred to even believes that the bird sings in the dusk with its eyes shut, and gives as a reason for his belief the experiment he made of stealing within a few yards of where a nightingale was singing one night, and then silently striking a match. The bird, he declares, sang serenely on, without dropping a note.

Good for the sweet singer! That is the way to sing. Songs that are thus sung, whether by avian or by human poets, will always be heard.

And that is the way to do any piece of work, whether it is poetry or prose, a nightingale's song at twilight, or the digging of a ditch at noon. Become so interested in your task that nothing short of an earthquake will distract your attention away from it. Throw your whole soul into it, and not merely the

outer edge of your soul. Put your whole mind upon it, and not merely two or three convolutions of your brain. Get so deaf to the noises of men that you can do the work as well in a boiler factory as in the center of a thousand-acre farm. Pay no more heed to interruptions than a cannon-ball would. While you are at your task, make yourself to all purposes alone in the world with it.

Men that can do that are masters of the situation. Men that can not do it, but must have a thousand preliminaries of surroundings, equipment, and conditions before they can do any work, are at the mercy of every wind that blows. Their failure in this distracting world is certain and swift. The only victory for the laborer comes along the line of courageous independence.—*Caleb Cobweb*.

### Scan Wisdom's Precepts

MANHOOD arrives! and in the busy train  
Spring proud Ambition and a thirst for gain.  
Eager for something,—nothing can he find  
To quell desire, and fill the insatiate mind.  
Old Age approaches fast to end each strife,  
And snatch frail man from off the stage of life.

Since, then, my brothers, life is but a span,  
Let's study Wisdom, and her precepts scan.  
If youthful Pleasure flee away so fast,  
We'll live each day as if it were our last,  
Improve the moments by kind acts of love,  
And pay due homage to our God above.  
We'll never turn the friendless from our door,  
But feed the hungry and relieve the poor;  
For all are subject to misfortune's sway,  
And we may be distressed as well as they.  
Virtue shall guide us to that peaceful shore  
Where love and truth will dwell forevermore.

W. E. L.

### A Person to Be Counted On

"THE letter refers me to you," said the business man who had called at the minister's house to make inquiries about a certain young man who had asked for employment.

"I don't exactly know what to say," said the pastor, slowly. "Yes, he belongs to my church. I fancied you wanted an exceptionally brilliant fellow. He is not that, but what he undertakes he will do. He is a person to be counted on."

"Good!" commented the merchant, rising.

"I am afraid of saying too much," hesitated the pastor.

"You have at least said enough to secure him the position. I know dozens of 'brilliant fellows'—of scarcely one or two of whom I could say what you have vouched for."

The young man or woman who can command that recommendation can always command employment. The places are seeking them, not they the places. The boy who does the thing that is expected of him, hard or easy, regardless of any happening short of an earthquake or its equivalent, is in a world that knows enough to keep him busy. The girl who is good at work and poor at excuses is sure of all the work she wants, with no excuse to be idle.

Be a person to be counted on. Let the other people plan out ways of shirking. Leave it to somebody else to fall out of the ranks when marching is the day's business. Do the expected thing, fulfil the contract, keep even the tacit promise. It is in such ways that you will build up an enviable character.—*The Wellspring*.





### A Gentle Gardener

I SAW an old man weeding in his sunny garden bed.  
 "Come, tell me why your vegetables do so well!" I said.  
 And joyfully he answered me, in tone both glad and sweet:  
 "I manage them with kindness, sir; I never beat a beet;  
 I do not call the cauliflower too early in the year,  
 Nor from the stalk too rudely pull the corn off by the ear.  
 My onions understand that while they're strong, I'm firm  
 though meek,  
 But when I pick them, know I do not pick them out of  
 pique.  
 I never turn the turnips out of bed till they are ripe,  
 Nor root a rutabaga up for any other type.  
 "I'm sorry for the sorrel, and I oft appease the peas;  
 I never sell the celery, but let it blanch at ease.  
 I parse the Parsley and the Parsnip each as proper noun;  
 In cabs I take the cabbages to ride about the town.  
 I do not spin the spinach, though this is the age to spin,  
 Because I know that greens are slow to like the city din.  
 I never tell the cucumber to cumber up less space,  
 Nor round the rhubarb put barbed wire to make it keep  
 its place.  
 I do not pump the pumpkins when they do not wish to  
 speak,  
 Nor do I check the chicory, nor solder up a leek.  
 You see, the plan is simple; it is kindness, nothing more."  
 And in the sunny garden he went weeding as before.  
 — Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in *Youth's Companion*.

### A White Dove in Church

A YOUNG lady visiting a church in a Maine town heard the cooing of a dove. Looking around, she saw a white dove perched on the organ, apparently listening to the music. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years. It was twelve years old, and was a pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to a Sunday-school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove; every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.— *Our Dumb Animals*.

### You Did It

LITTLE Bessie was dying. Her father had come home crazed by drink, and had struck her a terrible blow on the spine. There was great grief in the home.

Among those of the neighbors who had gathered in amid the excitement was the saloon-keeper, who had been selling the poisonous liquor in that neighborhood for years. He drew near the death-bed, and heard the mother say, "That blow has killed our darling."

Little Bessie caught the whisper, and raising her eyes, which were growing large in death, she fixed a dying gaze on the saloon-keeper, and said, "*You did it!*" In a few moments she died. Bessie's dying words were never forgotten by the man who had sold her father the whisky. Over and over again he could hear the child say, "You did it!"

Bessie was dead! Who do you think killed her?  
 — *Selected*.

### The Boy Who Stood on the Box

"WHAT can I do for you?" Mr. Wilcox, manager of a city department store, turned from his desk to the lad who had entered his office.

"You advertised for a boy to work at the wrapping-counter, sir."

"Yes, a boy, but not a child," the manager said.

"I'm older than I look, sir. I was fourteen last January."

"You certainly are not fourteen years high," Mr. Wilcox said, smilingly. "Why, you couldn't reach the wrapping-counter."

"I could stand on a box, sir," was the quick reply.

"Have you had any experience wrapping bundles?"

"No, sir. But I can soon learn, and I've got a knife mother gave me on my birthday that will be just right to cut the twine; and I can go to work right away, sir, if you want me."

"We need some one, but —"

"You can't tell about any one," broke in the boy, "till you've tried him."

The manager laughed.

There was something in the earnest, business-like manner of the boy that appealed to him, notwithstanding his slight build.

"Well, go to work and see what you can do."

There was one other boy behind the counter when Robert began work. As Robert went to work, he watched this boy's way of tying up bundles. Soon he learned the trick.

As the days went by, Robert's unfailing patience, cheery manner, and prompt service, won the regard of the workers near, and also of the customers.

On a certain Friday a woman came bustling up to the counter, her arms laden with packages. Both boys were busy, a number of customers were waiting, and, being in a hurry, the woman helped herself to a sheet of paper at Robert's end, and began to wrap her packages.

"Excuse me, madam, but you're not allowed to do that," Robert said, courteously.

"Not allowed to help myself and help you at the same time?" the woman demanded, irritably.

"It's against the rules," Robert replied, reaching for the string. "I'll tend to you in your turn."

"Am I next?" the woman asked, impatiently.

Robert glanced at the waiting row of goods. "Not exactly, ma'am," he smiled. "But you aren't the last, either," he quickly added, as another bundle of goods was passed to the counter to be wrapped.

One morning an old lady came to the counter carrying a number of awkwardly shaped packages. Robert, who was working alone for the time being, took extra pains to make a convenient single bundle out of them, and for his pains the old lady smilingly slipped

a dime into his hand. Robert returned it with a shake of his head.

"We're not allowed to take anything, ma'am, except a 'thank you,'" he explained.

"I wish you might accept it," the old lady replied, and returned the dime regretfully to her purse.

As she walked away, a man whom Robert had often seen before laid down his packages to be wrapped, observing, as he did so: "You could have taken it, sonny, without anybody knowing."

"I'd have known," was the answer.

A week later, this man missed Robert from his post, and, stepping into the manager's office, he said to him: "What's become of that little boy at the wrapping counter, Mr. Wilcox?"

"You mean Robert Akin?" Mr. Wilcox asked, looking up with a smile. "He's in the grocery department. He's active, and he'll have more chance to stir around there."

"Well, he'll be enough for it, I reckon," said the customer. "Smart little chap."

"Yes," was the reply. "Small for his age, yet large for his size, in some ways."—*Marie Deacon Hanson.*

### Historical Setting of the Reformation

THE period in which the Protestant Reformation began was one of great transition. It was the dawning of our modern age, "a sort of continental divide in history." This period is marked by several great movements,—intellectual, political, and religious. The revival of learning had begun in Italy, and spread over western Europe. Industrial and commercial activities had greatly increased. The invention of the printing-press made the rapid dissemination of new ideas possible. The centralization of the power of kings over the petty feudal states was culminating in the formation of independent monarchies. The invention of gunpowder had hastened this change. This was an age of discovery. The improvement of the mariner's compass had furnished the means, and the new intellectual, commercial, and national activities, the stimuli, for the great enterprises of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan. God was marvelously preparing the way for a great spiritual revival, opening new countries as a refuge for the persecuted and for the development of his truth, and bringing about a knowledge of the entire world preparatory to his last great work.

Unlike France, Spain, and England, Germany had not responded to the new national spirit, but was yet divided into as many as three hundred separate states, great and small. The ruler of this aggregation of virtually independent states, still retained the empty title of Holy Roman Emperor. The office was elective, the emperor being chosen by seven electors, three ecclesiastical and four secular princes. They were the archbishops of Mainz, Cologne, and Treves, the king of Bohemia, Duke of Saxony, Margrave of Brandenburg, and the Count Palatine of the Rhine. The house of Hapsburg, being the hereditary rulers of Austria, the most powerful state of Germany, had also held the emperorship for many years. When Luther posted his theses against papal abuses at Wittenberg, Maximilian I (1493-1519) was emperor. His efforts to unify the empire, to make good the ancient imperial claims to parts of Italy, and to unite Europe against the Turks, who had overthrown Constantinople (1453)

and were threatening western Europe, all met with failure. He was more successful in making matrimonial bargains which brought glory to his house. He married Mary of Burgundy in 1477, heiress of the Netherlands; his son Philip married Joan of Castile, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabelle of Spain. The son of this marriage was Charles, who became, in turn, Duke of Burgundy, king of Spain and the Netherlands. At the death of his grandfather Maximilian in 1519, he fell heir to Austria, and was soon afterward elected emperor under the title of Charles V. The two rival candidates for the emperorship were Francis I of France, his lifelong enemy, and Henry VIII of England. Charles ruled over more territory than any other monarch since the time of Charlemagne, having besides the Netherlands, Burgundy, Spain, Southern Italy, Austria, and Germany, the vast, indefinite regions of the New World, discovered by Columbus.

The young emperor of nineteen had no sympathy with the new modern spirit nor with the Protestant revolt. He was Catholic to the core, and dreamed of a vast medieval monarchy, with the old order of things, political and religious. He would have crushed the Reformation if he could; but with his vast domains to administer, his incessant wars with France and the Turks, and with no army or real unity in Germany, he could do but little, and the Reformation was left comparatively free to grow.

Who can not see in all these circumstances a fulfillment of the divine prediction, "And the earth helped the woman"? Let us note, as we proceed in this Reading Course, the providences of God in the history of his work in the earth. M. E. KERN.

### Those "Examinations"

"It has been whispered to me a time or two that one reason why some of our young people hesitate to take hold of the Reading Course is that they do not fancy the idea of taking examinations. They say they have examinations enough in school."—*A Missionary Volunteer Secretary.*

There is much that might be said in favor of rigorous examinations as a stimulus to brain-developing mental effort, and of the evils of this "wiser and weaker" generation, when everything must be made "easy,"—but we are not going to say it.

It is probably true that most of our young people have enough examinations in school. It is also doubtless true that our Missionary Volunteer Reading Course would so wake up the mental energies of these youth, and so broaden their conceptions of life and its meaning, that they could pass better examinations in school.

Now about those "examinations." In the first place there are no examinations in our Missionary Volunteer Reading Course; in the second place, if there are any, they are easy; and in the third place, if they are hard, the pluck and grit of Seventh-day Adventist youth will master them.

The facts are these: The weekly outlines in the INSTRUCTOR are prepared as an aid to the members of our Reading Course in retaining the principal points of the chapter or chapters for that week. Near the middle of "Great Controversy," at its close, and at the end of "Daybreak in the Dark Continent," questions for review will be sent to all the members. Every

(Concluded on page fourteen)



M. E. KERN . . . . . Chairman  
 MATILDA ERICKSON . . . . . Secretary

**Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society**  
**Temperance, No. 2—The Liquor Curse**

NOTE.—These lessons merely touch the phases of the great subject with which they deal. Expand on them in any way you can. In this lesson it might add interest to have some one tell about the manufacture of various liquors, or prepare experiments to prove the properties of alcohol. The statistics given were secured from reliable sources. It would be well to write them on a blackboard or on a large sheet of paper, where all in the room can see clearly. Remember every Missionary Volunteer should be loaded with temperance ammunition.

**Program**

**OPENING EXERCISES:—**

- Song.
- Prayer.
- Scripture Reading: "Saloon-keeper's Psalm" (Ps. 10: 5-11).
- Roll-call (texts or quotations on temperance).

**GENERAL EXERCISES:—**

- The Liquor Traffic (short talks).
  - In Some Heathen Lands.
  - In Europe and America.
  - The Returns.
  - Saloon Wants.
- Song: "Yield Not to Temptation."
- Liquor—What They Think of It (given by different members).
- Reading: "The Model Saloon."
- Recitation: "The License Sacrifice."
- Reading: "You Did It," page nine.
- Reading: "Opened His Eyes."
- Song: "Anti-Saloon Battle Hymn."

**The Liquor Traffic**  
**In Some Heathen Lands**

THE liquor traffic is a curse wherever it goes. As a Japanese proverb says, "First the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man." That is exactly what intemperance has done for some of the Pacific islanders. The American saloon is considered the Philippines' greatest curse. Drinking has not only made the Hawaiians an aimless people, but it is also hastening their extinction. "The Maoris of New Zealand, once probably the noblest race with which civilization has been brought in contact, are now a lazy, drunken, immoral people;" and the chief justice of New Zealand says that if drinking continues, the Maoris will soon be exterminated. Similar conditions exist in Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and other island groups, as well as in the larger islands near the continents. Records roll a humiliating reproach on civilized lands in showing that the liquor curse was brought to the poor heathen by his more enlightened brother.

**In Europe and America**

The same spirit of commercialism which has introduced the liquor traffic in heathen lands, fosters it in civilized countries. In these the curse continues to

spread, and is speedily making the larger cities sinks of corruption. While it is impossible to obtain statistics showing fully the ravages of this world-wide curse, a few figures will help us to sense its enormity. During the last thirty years the drink bill in the United States has increased fivefold per capita; in France, since 1880, it has increased from 2.32 liters per capita to 4.35 liters. Great Britain destroys ninety million bushels of grain yearly in the manufacture of beer. That grain would make about five billion four hundred million pounds of bread. Each year the fair land of the "stars and stripes" spends about one billion six hundred million dollars for intoxicants. The saloons within her borders, allowing eleven feet frontage for each, would line both sides of a street reaching from Washington, D. C., to Kansas City, Missouri. Chicago alone is said to spend forty thousand dollars a day for liquor. The kegs which the nations fill yearly with beer would belt the world at the equator seven times. From each bushel of corn that the United States turns over to the liquor traffic,—

The distiller gets four gallons of whisky,	
which retails at .....	\$16.80
The farmer gets .....	.25
The government gets .....	4.40
The railroad company gets .....	1.00
The manufacturer gets .....	4.00
The drayman gets .....	.15
The retailer gets .....	7.00
The consumer gets .....	drunk
The wife gets .....	hunger
The children get .....	rag

**The Returns**

Vast sums of money are consumed in the liquor traffic. But it does not stop there. Far more deplorable is the suffering and woe for which it is responsible. The great cause of poverty, of disease, of crime, and of sorrow—is drink. It is almost impossible to read of a crime for which liquor is not in some way responsible. The dividend which the traffic pays to this nation is twenty-five per cent of all the poverty that seeks public relief, fifty per cent of insane cases, seventy-five per cent of the murders committed, and eighty-six per cent of all crimes. Last year there were 8,712 murders in the United States, and 10,782 suicides; and each year about fifty thousand persons become insane. Yearly the liquor traffic causes one hundred thousand men to reel into drunkards' graves. Nor does it curse the drinker alone. It bequeaths to his posterity diseased bodies and weakened constitutions; to his home it brings strife, poverty, and sorrow; it threatens the public safety of his community; and it robs his country of her nobility.

It does more; for the saloon never comes alone. It always brings with it the gambling booth, the dancing hall, and other dens of pollution. "The worst and most prolific source of ungovernable lust in the world is the saloon." From its darkened windows and screened doors, it sends forth sensational music to captivate those whose feet have not yet crossed the cursed threshold. The cheap talk of the saloon, the filthy stories, the obscene pictures, the suggestive songs, all are a part of its machinery for putting "the beast within men on the throne." An association in Chicago says that since June, 1907, nineteen hundred permits to sell liquor have been granted to dance-halls, making them more than ever schools of infamy. But here the heart-rending results of the liquor traffic

stifle statistics. Figures never can measure the sorrow and agony of young men and women who have entered the door "where virtue, once entered, is virtue no more."

#### Saloon Wants

Yet in the face of such facts, hundreds of thousands are to-day going to drunkards' graves. Vacancies in the drunkards' line are soon filled. Volunteers crowd it continually.

"'Tis somebody's boy who will fill the place,  
Somebody's boy with his fair young face;  
'Tis somebody's boy—is it yours or mine?—  
That will fill the place in the drunkards' line."

Just as the sawmill needs wood, and the flourmill needs grain, to make the business profitable; so the liquor dealers need boys—and they plan to get them. Should the saloon in your community put forth an unmasked advertisement, it would read something like this: "Wanted, one hundred boys for new customers; old ones dropping off—ten committed suicide; twenty in jail; fifteen sent to poorhouse; five sent to insane asylum." A Los Angeles paper speaks of clubs organized to prepare boys to become patrons of saloons and gambling-halls. Rev. Hill says that in some towns, tickets have been distributed among boys. These tickets were signed by brewing companies, and read: "To Shipping Room. Give bearer—glasses of beer." Such snares are laid for the youth. Let us save them from the first taste. That first glass is the devil's iron-clad mortgage on them. Last year during the temperance campaign preceding the election in a certain city, a banner floated across the street. These words were on it: "The saloon wants your boy. Can you spare him?" It is noble to cast out the life-line to those struggling in the sea of intemperance, but far better to light some beacon to guide the youthful, untaught feet.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

#### Lesson 6—"Great Controversy," Chapter VIII

##### Luther Before the Diet

1. WHY was the Diet of Worms called?
2. What was Germany's attitude toward the papacy?
3. Why did Luther attend?
4. Whom do you consider the three leading persons at the diet? Give reasons.
5. Why was Luther's appearance before the diet a signal victory for the Reformation?
6. What reasons did Luther give for not retracting his writings?
7. Relate incidents showing Luther's implicit faith, and his love for the truth.
8. What were the results of Luther's faithful witnessing before the diet?
9. Draw some practical lessons from the position taken by Charles V.
10. Note the efforts made to silence the Reformer.
11. Why did Luther refuse to compromise?
12. Why are the following names of special interest: Duke George, Frederick of Saxony, Wartburg?
13. Mention at least three qualifications of a true reformer, as brought out in this chapter.

#### Notes

See article, on page ten, entitled "Historical Setting of the Reformation."

SABBATH-KEEPERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—"When the Reformation had lifted the veil of darkness that covered the nations of Europe, Sabbath-keepers were found in Transylvania, Bohemia, Russia, Germany, Holland, France, and England." A few extracts may be of interest. Erasmus says of them: "Now we hear that among the Bohemians a new kind of Jews have arisen called Sabbatarians, who observe the Sabbath." Mr. Utter says: "Early in the sixteenth century there are traces of Sabbath-keepers in Germany." A woman martyred in 1529 said: "God has commanded us to rest on the seventh day." "In France also there were Christians of this class, among whom were M. de la Roque, who wrote in defense of the Sabbath against Bossuet, Catholic bishop of Meaux." "They arose in England in the sixteenth century."

#### The Summary

WE "thanked God and took courage," when it was announced at the General Conference Office several days ago that in the last two and one-half years seven thousand souls in Catholic Europe have embraced the truth. We said, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Are statistics dry and uninteresting? The foregoing are not, are they?

Every intelligent workman in any line wants to know of the success and progress of his work. He wants assurance that his efforts are producing results. This knowledge is generally the greatest factor in the shaping of his policy.

As young people we are called to earnest labor in the cause of Christ. We are called to put to use all our "tact and skill and talent" in the Master's service, to "form plans and develop methods" by which we may "work in earnest and for certain results." It is our duty to study while we work, and to note carefully the results of our plans and methods.

Not only are we interested in our local society and its plans, but it is both encouraging and instructive to watch the development and success of our Missionary Volunteer work everywhere. This brings us into closer touch with our fellow workers in all parts of the world, and profiting by one another's experience we move forward as a mighty army to victory.

Over fifty-seven hundred persons have had a part in making up the summary of Missionary Volunteer work which is published in this number of the INSTRUCTOR. Is your union conference represented here? Your conference? Your society? Are you individually represented in this report? Would the figures have been different if you had done your duty?

Let every one who reads this spend ten or fifteen minutes in studying the summary. You will find these statistics intensely interesting.

M. E. KERN.

#### Anti-Saloon Battle Hymn

(To the tune of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean")

The mighty are gathering for conflict;  
The right is arrayed against wrong;  
The hosts of the righteous are singing,  
And this is the voice of their song:

The saloon, it must go! Do you hear us?  
Repeat it again and again.  
They strive to make millions of money;  
We strive to make millions of men!

The curse of the traffic is awful!  
No language can tell it; and then,  
It makes millions of widows and orphans,  
And drunkards of millions of men.

The prison it crowds with its victims;  
Asylums are filled with its woes;  
It curses and blights every being  
As far as its influence goes.

This awful, unspeakable monster  
Must be banished from our bright land;  
From its shackles, O God! do thou free us!  
And for freedom we ever will stand.

— Rev. G. W. Dungan.

### Opened His Eyes

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern, and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord. "You have had too much already. You have had delirium tremens once, and I can not sell you any more."

He stepped aside for two young men who entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other stood silent and sullen. When they had finished, he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:—

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. They can be saved; they may be men again. Don't sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will sell to any one." And he kept his word.—*Selected.*

### Liquor—What They Think of It

WINE is a mocker.—*Solomon.*

A curse.—*Queen Victoria.*

A scandal and a shame.—*Wm. E. Gladstone.*

A trap for workingmen.—*Earl Cairnes.*

Stupefies and besots.—*Bismarck.*

The devil in solution.—*Sir Wilfred Lawson.*

Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—*Robert Hall.*

The mother of want and the nurse of crime.—*Lord Braughman.*

Drunkenness is the ripe fruit of moderate drinking.—*Frances E. Willard.*

I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.—*Stonewall Jackson.*

O! that men would put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!—*Shakespeare.*

### The Model Saloon

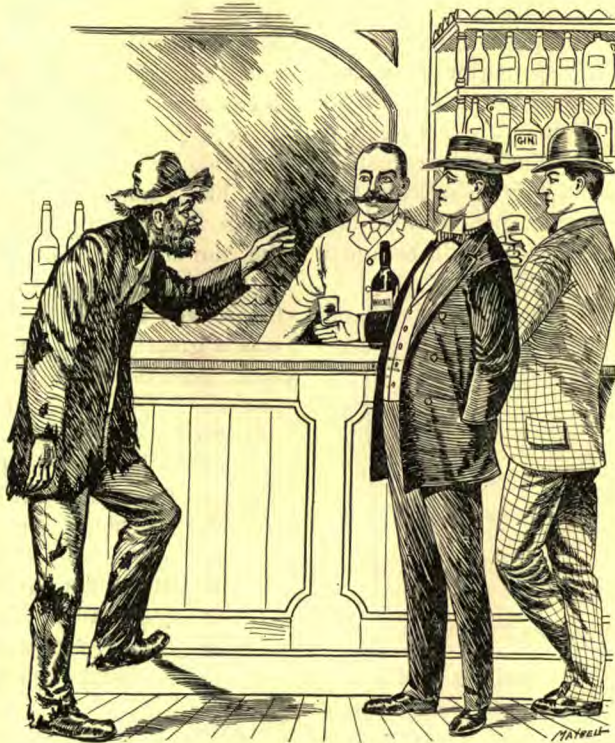
"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: I am grateful for past favors, and having supplied my store with a fine line of choice wines and liquors, allow me to inform you that I shall continue to make drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, respectable members of the community to support. My liquors will excite riot, robbery, and bloodshed.

"They will diminish your comforts, increase your expenses, and shorten life. I shall confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and incurable diseases.

"They will deprive some of life, others of reason, and all of peace. They will make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all poor. I will train your sons in infidelity, ignorance, lewdness, and every other vice. I will thus 'accommodate the public;' it may be at the loss of my soul. But I have a family to support. The business pays—and the public encourages it.

"I have paid my license, and the traffic is lawful, and if I don't sell liquor, some one else will. I know the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and I do not expect the drunkard-maker to fare any better, but I want an easy living, and I have resolved to gather the wages of iniquity, and fatten on the ruin of my species.

"If you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawn-shop, the poorhouse, the police court, the hospital, the penitentiary, and the gallows, where you will find many of my best customers have gone. The sight of them will convince you that I can do what I say."



### The License Sacrifice

A MOTHER sits weeping in sorrow and shame;  
Her heart-strings are bleeding, her love all aflame;  
While the cry from her heart for her long-erring boy  
Is, "Where, O, where, is my darling Roy?"

"I rocked his wee cradle, and wheeled the small cart  
That carried my treasure, the joy of my heart;  
Then taught his small feet the way they should run,  
And laughed at his innocent, rollicking fun.

"I sang with my bonnie, and heard his sweet prayer,  
Then asked the dear Father to lead him with care;  
While up toward the statue of manhood he grew,  
The boy of my heart, so honest and true.

"He grew to full manhood, tall, stately, and true,  
With smile still as sweet and eye as blue;  
Then out in the world he went from our hearts,  
To the battle of life in the world's busy marts.

"He went, but he came not; O, now can I tell  
Of his fall from our heaven to the world's deepest hell!  
Down, down from the teachings of mother and home,  
To the vileness and sin of a licensed saloon.

"He breathed of that poison, then entered the door,  
Where virtue, once entered, is virtue no more;

And all of his passions aflame to destroy,  
Went down like a wreck, my once noble boy.

"O God, reach down and save other boys!  
Rob not other hearts, like mine, of their joys!  
Waken men; rescue manhood; drive rum from all lands;  
O, spare mother hearts by omnipotent hands!

"God, waken the church and waken the state!  
Awaken our people, the rich and the great!  
Hurl thunderbolts down, if needed, to stay  
This traffic in blood. God, hasten, I pray."

— Selected.

### Those "Examinations"

(Concluded from page ten)

student and teacher knows the value of reviews. The answers to these questions are to be written out, and sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. In writing out the answers the book may be freely used. In fact, it should be, if the questions reveal that you have not retained what you have read.

The reviews are for two purposes: (1) To fasten the truths of the book in your mind; (2) to give evidence that you have read the book and profited by it. Otherwise we could not issue the certificate.

Away, then, with the word "examinations;" it does not belong in the Reading Course vocabulary. Of all things we want our young people to enjoy this Reading Course. Its perusal will prove a helpful recreation. And reports from all parts of the field indicate that those who took the course last year did enjoy it, and also that the enrolment for this year will be much larger.

Let our young people catch the spirit of the old English author who said:—

"O for a book and a shadie nook  
Either indoors or out,  
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhead,  
Or the strete cryes all about,  
Where I may reade all at my ease,  
Both of the new and olde;  
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke,  
Is better to me than golde."

M. E. KERN.

### Underfed Children

CHICAGO is confronted with an appalling problem of famished and underfed school-children. The truant officers, who have just finished their investigation, found that there were fifteen thousand children in that city habitually underfed; five thousand who are practically always hungry; thousands whose breakfasts regularly consist of bread soaked in water, whose dinner is bread and half-decayed bananas, and whose supper is dry bread, to be followed by a night made restless by the gnawing hunger that assails the little sufferers. Children were found in troops begging for putrid fowls and fruit in the market section, and ransacking garbage cans for morsels that would keep away starvation.

It is a picture to sicken the heart. That such a condition of affairs can be found in one of the wealthiest cities in the richest country in the world, is an indictment of our civilization. When it is taken into consideration that these fifteen thousand stunted and underfed children will become voters or the mothers of voters, one can understand how socialism, or any other "ism" that holds out glittering promises of amelioration of economic conditions, is getting its startling grip in the big cities, in many of which similar conditions are to be found.—*Washington Post*.



### VIII — Elijah Prays for Rain

(November 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Kings 18:41-46; 19:1-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

#### The Lesson Story

1. After the meeting on Mount Carmel, when fire fell from heaven and consumed Elijah's sacrifice, he said to Ahab: "Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain.

2. "So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times.

3. "And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not.

4. "And it came to pass in the meanwhile, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

5. "And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time. And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beersheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there.

6. "But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

7. While under the juniper-tree, Elijah, being weary, fell asleep. And an angel touched him, and said, "Arise and eat." And he looked, and there was a cake baked on coals, and a cruise of water. And he ate and drank, and lay down to sleep again. But the angel of the Lord woke him the second time, and said, "Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee." So he ate and drank again; and he went in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, till he came to Horeb, the mount of God.

8. While he was in Horeb, he lodged in a cave. And the Lord spoke to his servant, saying: "What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

9. The Lord pitied Elijah because he was discouraged, and he told him to stand upon the mountain before him. Then a strong wind rent the mountain, and broke the rocks in pieces. After the wind there was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the wind, nor the earthquake. After the earthquake there was a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. Then Elijah heard a still, small voice; and when he heard that, he went and stood at the entrance of the cave.

10. Again the Lord asked: "What doest thou hear, Elijah?" and again Elijah told how the people of the Lord had forsaken him, and that his enemies were seeking his life. Then the Lord told him to return and go as far as Damascus. He told him to anoint Hazael king of Syria, and Jehu king of Israel, and that he should anoint Elisha to be prophet in his place. The Lord comforted Elijah by telling him that there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

#### Questions

1. After the meeting on Mount Carmel, what did Elijah say to Ahab? How did he know it would rain? 1 Kings 18:1.

2. Where did Elijah then go? What did he do? What did he say to his servant? What did the servant say when he returned? How many times did the prophet send his servant to look for rain?

3. When the servant returned the seventh time, what did he say he had seen? What did Elijah tell the servant to say to Ahab?

4. How were Elijah's prayers answered? How did he show that he was willing to be a humble servant to his king?

5. What did Ahab tell Jezebel that Elijah had done on Mount Carmel? What message did he send to the prophet? When Elijah heard it, where did he go? Who went with him?

6. Where did Elijah go from Beersheba? What did he ask of the Lord?

7. Where did Elijah fall asleep? Who touched and woke him? What did the angel say? What did the prophet see? What did Elijah do? How was he awakened the second time? What did the angel tell him to do? Why? How long did he go in the strength of that food? To what place did he come?

8. Where did Elijah stay while in Horeb? What question did the Lord ask his servant? What was Elijah's answer? Where did he then go?

9. Why did the Lord pity Elijah? What did he tell him to do? How did he show the prophet his power? What did Elijah hear after the fire had passed? When he heard God's voice, what did he do?

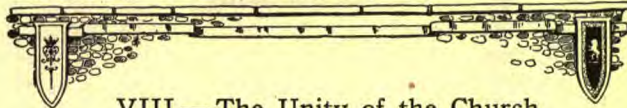
10. What question did the Lord ask his servant the second time? What did Elijah reply? Where did the Lord tell him to go? Who did he tell him to anoint king of Syria? Who was to be the king of Israel? Who was to be anointed as prophet in his place? By this what did Elijah know? What did the Lord tell Elijah to comfort him? Repeat the memory verse.

#### Church Built From One Tree

A CONGREGATION at Santa Rosa, California, rejoices in the fact that it worships in a church which has been built from a single redwood tree. The main building of the church is eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and, in addition, there are an audience room large enough to seat four hundred persons, another room

seating ninety, a pastor's study, and the usual out-offices. Every bit of the church, even to the shingles on the roof, was made from the wood of a single tree, and yet when the edifice was completed, there was an abundant store of timber left over. It has been estimated by scientific men that this giant redwood tree was no less than two thousand years old.—*Selected.*

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### VIII — The Unity of the Church

(November 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 4:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." 1 Cor. 1:10.

#### Questions

1. What does the apostle entreat God's children to do? How does he speak of himself? Eph. 4:1; note 1.

2. By what spirit should this walk be characterized? How should believers regard one another? Verse 2.

3. What are they admonished to keep? Verse 3.

4. To what does he liken the unity and oneness of the church? Verse 4.

5. To what facts does he then refer as a reason, perhaps, for unity in the church? Verses 5, 6.

6. To what contrasting thought does the apostle next call attention? Verse 7.

7. What important act in the work of Christ is mentioned in verse 8? What was given to men? Note 2.

8. For what purpose were these gifts placed in the church? Eph. 4:12.

9. Will this purpose ever be accomplished? Eph. 5:25-27.

10. Will these gifts ever fail? 1 Cor. 13:8.

11. How long must they remain in the church? Eph. 4:13.

12. Concerning what did the apostle desire that the believers should not be ignorant? 1 Cor. 12:1.

13. At what time will the true people of God not be ignorant concerning spiritual gifts? 1 Cor. 1:6-8.

#### Notes

1. As a convict in a Roman prison, the apostle penned the glorious gospel message contained in this wonderful epistle.

2. The margin of this verse reads, "or a multitude of captives." In Matt. 27:52, 53, we are told that when Jesus arose from the dead, the "graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." In Rev. 4:4, 10, 11; 5:8-10 some of this same company are seen. The "multitude of captives," therefore, are those who were resurrected when Jesus came forth from the grave. They ascended with him as trophies of his victory. They had been co-laborers with God, and "at the cost of their lives had borne testimony to the truth."

# The Youth's Instructor

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## There Is Good Reading in Them

THE temperance studies now appearing in the INSTRUCTOR make good reading. It is to be hoped they will not be regarded as belonging only to the Missionary Volunteer Societies. They are for the general reader as well as the Volunteer student. Much time and careful thought have been given to their preparation.

The church-school teacher will find in them a valuable mine of information upon the temperance question, and this subject should receive as intelligent consideration in our church-schools as it is receiving in the public schools. One teacher expressed herself some time ago as wishing that there could be a regularly conducted temperance department in the INSTRUCTOR for the benefit of the church-school teachers. These lessons will meet this demand.

## The Aeroplane Flies With a Woman Passenger

THE Wright aeroplane, as manned by Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, France, has met the conditions of the Lazard Weiler contract, and Mr. Wright will be paid one hundred thousand dollars for the French patents to his aeroplane.

The Washington Post describes Mr. Wright's first trip with a lady passenger. It says: "Mme. Berg, wife of the European manager of the Wright brothers, who was the first woman to make an ascent in an aeroplane, writes this description of her experiences:—

"I was astonished to feel that I had no anxiety. I was not even the slightest bit nervous. After tying my skirts around my ankles and my veil tightly around my head, my husband and Mr. Wright lifted me through the wires into the seat. When the motor started, I had the same feeling as if the motor of my automobile was starting, and I seemed quite used to it. Mr. Wright lost no time in taking his seat, and having been told to push down the lever which makes the motor run faster, I did not hesitate to put on full power.

"I had been warned that I might feel seasick while the machine was running down the rail, but I must say that I had no sensation of that kind. I hardly knew when the machine first soared into the air, and never felt the least bit of nervousness. It was like a boat sailing on air waves. I felt the greatest sense of se-

curity, and above all enjoyed taking the curves, which seemed to be what my imagination always led me to believe was real flying. Even when the aeroplane rose and dipped, it was agreeable, and my only wish was that it would go on for hours."

## The Worth of the Morning

I ADVISE no one to work at night, but to sleep when nature draws the curtain, and to rise with the birds. Give me only the five hours from five in the morning until ten, and I will have accomplished more with either hoe or pen than in a full day of hot sunshine, after a wasted morning.—*E. P. Powell.*

## Advice to a Young Preacher

AT eighty-two years of age, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler is still active as a "preacher at large," and addresses large audiences in different churches.

His advice to those who are trying to make the world better, is sometimes very striking. Here are some of his words to a young minister who was being ordained:—

"Let me suggest that you waste no time in assaulting the enemies of the Bible. Fill your hearers with the wheat of the Sacred Book, and there will be no room for chaff."

"Strike out for souls. To save souls is, after all, the highest object of your calling."

"Be popular. If the people do not like you, you can never do them much good; and if they do not come to hear you, you can never do them any good. The best way to be popular is to take an interest in everybody."

"Watch your health; take care of your digestion, or your sermons will be indigestible."—*Everywhere.*

## An Atrocious Crime

RECENTLY in southwestern Georgia, masked night riders had lots of fun on a Sunday night. In a region ten miles square they burned every negro church and schoolhouse, and left threats of further injury. One church and school are particularly mentioned as belonging to the most progressive negroes in that section. These institutions represent the modest and self-sacrificing efforts of these people to serve God and elevate themselves. These twenty buildings burned include their parish schools, established to supplement the failure of the State of Georgia to provide their children with a common-school education. It is said in explanation of this raid that a white woman had been attacked by a negro; but that negro had been faithfully lynched. It is also said that these negroes had sold some of their cotton, instead of holding it for an advance—a deadly offense. It is also said that in their churches and lodge rooms they form plans and plots of one sort and another. It may be fortunate that the negroes did not know that their churches and schoolhouses were to be attacked, for they might have been present to defend them; and in that case a race war would have been reported, and soldiers sent to arrest the negroes, deprive them of their arms, and send them to the chain-gang, which has a few months more of grace, or disgrace, to run. Who the night riders are is not known, of course, and never will be, but "the outrage is condemned by good citizens." We are told that "many negroes are fleeing." Strange!—*The Independent.*