

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 41

## *A Little More Cross*

*A little more cross and a little less creed,  
A little more beauty of brotherly deed ;  
A little more bearing of things to be borne,  
With faith in the infinite triumph of morn ;  
A little less doubt and a little more do  
Of the simple, sweet service each day brings to  
view ;  
A little more cross, with its beautiful light,  
Its lesson of love and its message of right ;  
A little less sword and a little more rose  
To soften the struggle and lighten the blows ;  
A little more worship, a little more prayer,  
With the balm of its incense to brighten the  
care ;  
A little more song and a little less sigh,  
And a cheery "good day" to the friends that  
go by ;  
A little more cross and a little more trust  
In the beauty that blooms like a rose out of  
dust ;  
A little more lifting the load of another,  
A little more thought for the life of a brother ;  
A little more dreaming, a little more laughter,  
A little more childhood, and sweetness there-  
after ;  
A little more cross and a little less hate,  
With love in the hands and a rose by the gate.*

—Baltimore Sun.





"THIS world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above."

"THE gospel seems like a palace of opened windows, from each of which issues an invitation, declaring that God has no pleasure in our death, but rather that we would turn and live."

WE all live on far lower levels of vitality and of joy than we need do. We linger in the misty and oppressive valleys when we might be climbing the sunlit hills.—*Frederick Farrar.*

"It is not what you do, but what you are, that marks your place in society. No matter how menial your occupation may be, dignify it, and the world will quickly recognize your true value."

FIFTEEN years ago there were less than seventy-five Seventh-day Adventist Negroes. Now there are more than twelve hundred. Last year they had thirteen canvassers in the field and manned fourteen tent companies.

GOD "leads sometimes darkly, sometimes sorrowfully; most frequently by cross and circuitous ways we ourselves would not have chosen; but always wisely, always tenderly. The believer's is not a right way, but *the* right way."

"NOT more faithfully did the pillar-cloud and column of fire of old precede Israel, till the last murmuring ripple of Jordan fell on their ears on the shores of Canaan, than does the presence and love of Jesus abide with his people."

"THE camera was too near the tree, and the tree loomed up too large, and the whole picture was spoiled. A whole day may be spoiled by letting one thing loom up too large within it. The balance and proportion of work and pleasure must be steadily maintained."

"As Jonathan of old, when faint and weary, had his strength revived by the honey he found in the tangled thicket, so the faint and woe-worn children of God find 'honey in the wood'—everlasting consolation dropping from the tree of life, in the midst of the thorniest thickets of affliction."

HUMBOLDT says that, after bathing among the noctiluca in the phosphorescent waters of the Southern Pacific, his skin was luminous for hours. In a spiritual sense it is true that when we bathe the mind and heart in the words and influences of Jesus Christ, the whole character shines with heaven-given light and beauty.

#### A Prayer

"MY Father, I would have a stronger appetite for the right. I turn to it reluctantly when I ought to hunger for it. I turn to it as a sick man to his food, when I ought to long for it as thirsty men seek water. Breathe upon me, that my appetite may be restored."

#### Acrostic

"Cease not to pray.  
Hold fast the good.  
Rejoice always.  
In everything give thanks.  
See that none renders evil for evil.  
That which is good always follow.  
In love esteem those that labor among you.  
Abstain from every form of evil.  
Now we exhort you, brethren, encourage the faint-hearted, support the weak."

#### Thoughts From Mr. Bryan

GOD has indissolubly linked together an upright life and a happy, successful life.

It is no sacrifice to be denied a happiness in the evening that would leave a headache in the morning.

Do not envy a man that does evil; it is like-envying the happiness of a horse-thief between the theft and the arrival of the sheriff.

When God makes our happiness depend upon what we do for others, he puts it in our own keeping; and it is our own fault if we are miserable.

What we need in this country is a conscience that will make a man quit a business that is dishonest.

#### An Ant Hunt

GUESS the name of the ant that's a brief space of time,  
The ant that is flung to the breeze,  
The ant that has feathers and wings and a tail,  
The ant that is held on the knees;

The ant that's unyielding, not fickle, but firm,  
The ant that's a little too small,  
The ant that's a berry that grows on a bush,  
The ant that will come when you call;

The ant that is pleasing and sprightly and gay,  
The ant that is used aboard ships,  
The ant that's courageous, heroic, and brave,  
The ant in which people give tips.

—*Selected.*

Each name ends in *ant*.

#### On Keeping People in Mind

IT was a saying of Ruskin that the difference between one man and another lies in the capacity for emotion. "Some feel more, others feel less, and here lies the great distinction."

Surely a not less remarkable point of difference is that some remember better than others. One woman leaves a house where she has been calling on a friend, and, almost before the door is closed, her thoughts are occupied with her own reading, her own business, or her own pleasures. Another has her mind full of the little interests, the wants, the plans of the family she has been visiting. By some little act of attention her friends discover that she has been keeping them in mind.

An instance of what I mean occurred last week. A very eminent scholar had heard a year ago that I wished to purchase a particular volume which is not easily available. After a year, he saw the name of the book marked on a bookseller's catalogue, and at once forwarded me the notice. People have little idea of the pleasure they confer on others by such acts of unexpected kindness.—*British Weekly.*

"ILL habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

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No. 41

## To What Are You Anchored?

MRS. M. A. LOPER

**S**OME of your number, dear young people, have severed themselves from that beautiful and trustworthy cable of love known familiarly as "mother's apron string," but they would do well to pause and ponder to what they are anchored to-day. The world holds out many flattering inducements, picturing to the fancy that happiness consists in breaking down the golden bars of parental restraint, and entering the broad pastures of sin, there to roam at will, following one's own wayward inclinations. Some of your number who used to be their father's pride, their mother's joy; who used to take a lively interest in home affairs; who used to attend Sabbath-school, and sit in the family pew at church service, are becoming sadly changed in their habits. Home is not so attractive to them as it used to be; they do not attend Sabbath-school regularly; and they have abandoned the family pew, and drifted to the rear of the auditorium during church service. There they manifest their new ideas in regard to personal liberty by writing silly notes, whispering, smiling, chewing gum, etc. Sometimes they loiter about the vestibule, or on the outside of the house dedicated to the worship of God, and with thoughtless associates engage in senseless chit-chat, the record of which they would not have their parents look upon, but which they must face at the heavenly tribunal when every secret thing shall be made known.

To be sure, when they severed themselves from "mother's apron string," they may have done so with no special aim in view except that of imitating the example of others who have little or no respect for parental authority. It is so gratifying to the natural, sinful heart to do just as a person pleases,—to go and come at will, to associate with whomsoever he may choose, and to spend his precious time in a manner most gratifying to himself. But how different are the desires of the heart that is renewed by the Spirit of Christ, "who pleased not himself." The only true happiness ever experienced by a human soul is that which is found along the shining path of self-denial. Selfish indulgence never makes any one happy. Evil associates do not encourage one to have as his definite purpose in life, living to bless others. Intimacy with those who loiter about the street corners, who giggle and simper and plan mischief, and do many things by which they dishonor those who love them best, does not inspire one with a longing desire to aid in giving "the gospel to all the world in this generation." It does not implant within him a fixed purpose to see to it that his grain becomes thoroughly tilled with the plow of Christian education, that he may be fitted to perform successfully his life-work.

Those of your number who love idleness and the association of evil companions, have ceased to study the blessed Bible; have ceased to pray with the spirit and with the understanding. They peruse literature that is not fit for human eyes to look upon. They attend the satanic vaudeville theater and the immoral

moving-picture show. They dance, they smoke the deadly cigarette, they drink intoxicating liquor, they indulge in after-theater suppers and soul-destroying revelry. Thus the good seeds sown in the heart by Christian parents and Sabbath-school teachers, are choked by the noxious weeds of evil associations.

### Stepped From the Right Path

Dear young people, some of your number have taken but one step from the right path, others are far gone on the downward way, while still others stand to-day at the point of divergence, hesitating as to which road to choose. O that the first step in the wrong direction might be averted!

Sad is the day when a boy or a girl first begins to depreciate parental advice, and to go beyond the limits of propriety. Exclusive marks of preference between young boys and girls do not tend to mental uplifting or to the highest happiness. Many a poor girl has been stranded on the barren rocks of bitter disappointment because she consented to associate with some unstable youth who because of temptation made her his prey. Many a boy has had his confidence in womankind shaken because of a regretful termination of acquaintance with one who lacked the true principles of womanhood. With what remorse are recalled silly flirtations and immodest, undignified behavior, which led away from the path of innocence and purity, which at the time were as thorns to prick the conscience, and which resulted in lifelong regrets.

How many rob themselves of the pure joys which rightfully belong to the spring-time of life, and turn their thoughts into an evil channel, by engaging in frivolous and wicked pastimes, which lessen one's taste for that which savors of true culture and refinement. I once asked a youth the question, "When a young man accompanies a young lady to a vaudeville show where girls appear on the stage in a half-nude condition,—after witnessing such a show, where is their modesty?" He frankly replied, "They haven't any." When the sense of propriety becomes so blunted that boys and girls persist in witnessing such vile and murderous scenes as are witnessed in the vaudeville and moving-picture shows of to-day, is it any wonder that so many promising young people make shipwreck of life, and drift aimlessly down the stream of time? Too much can not be said against this soul-destroying popular amusement maelstrom of the twentieth century. Let our young people put forth strenuous efforts to raise the standard of purity of thought, which to-day is trailing in the dust. Let every one so prize purity of character that he will not accept as associates those who do not esteem as sacred the divine principles of true manhood and womanhood.

### A Slight Movement of the Switch Wrecks the Train

It requires but a slight movement of a switch to cause the engine to diverge from the main thoroughfare. It requires but a small step to change the trend of one's life from the straight and narrow way. It



may be induced by an evil note in school, a poisonous kissing game, a sample of deadly yellow literature, attendance at one vile show, an evil communication from some unprincipled schoolmate, something which for some reason was not told to father or mother; "but the end thereof are the ways of death." Sinful secrets kept from parents are seeds of wickedness which some day will bear an abundant harvest. By constantly beholding, one gradually becomes changed. By permitting the thoughts to dwell upon that which is evil, one is apt to conclude it is not so bad, after all; that father and mother are too particular in giving advice. Pope has truthfully said:—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

One who has been reared in the congenial atmosphere of a true Christian home requires immoral courage to speak for the first time of the dearest members of the home circle as "the old man" and "the old woman;" to bid the first adieu to uplifting associations for the companionship of those who are treading the downward way. It requires immoral bravery for one accustomed to the fragrance of the sweet flowers of literature constantly blooming along the highways of life, to accustom himself to endure the foul odor arising from the poisonous weeds flourishing in the back alleys, to permit the tender conscience to become so hardened that he can indulge in profanity and vile epithets. But it can be done. Perseverance accomplishes tasks in the wrong direction as well as in the right. Satan can cause one to philosophize thus: Other boys and girls have no reverence for gray hairs, and yet they seem happy. Other boys and girls feed upon literary scum, and yet they seem healthy. Other boys and girls use slang, swear, smoke cigarettes, drink liquor, play cards, dance, keep late hours, and indulge in shockingly undignified and immodest actions, and yet they associate intimately with some who have been taught to place a higher estimate upon purity of life. To be sure, an army of boys and girls are traveling the downward road to state prison, premature death, and dishonorable graves; and every one has the personal liberty to terminate his life career in the same disgraceful manner. Whose business is it?

Listen!

Nineteen hundred years ago the only begotten Son of God died the ignominious death of the cross,—died because wicked men sought to rob him of the personal liberty to serve God according to the dictates of conscience. Centuries before, he had spoken from Sinai's trembling summit that divine law of liberty for every child, which has been preserved miraculously through all the ages of idolatry and pagan and papal darkness and superstition,—“Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,”—“the first commandment with promise,” a promise which spans the stream of time, and stretches on and on with the eternity of years. The Redeemer of the world, rather than prove untrue to the principles of this divine command, chose to yield up his life on the cruel cross, thus giving to humanity the greatest example possible of personal liberty. And that son or daughter, whether young or old, is a shining example of true personal liberty to-day, who obeys his parents in the Lord, honors his father and mother, no matter what his schoolmates may say about him, no matter how unpopular he may become. Being tied to a Chris-

tian “mother’s apron string” represents a freedom that is divine. When the lamented James A. Garfield, on the occasion of his inauguration as president of the United States, sweetly stooped to kiss his aged mother, he left to Young America a priceless legacy which they would do well to cherish.

Those of you who have not yet permitted yourselves to undervalue a Christian mother’s advice, I beg of you, never do it. Honor her always, no matter where you may be, or what may be the circumstances. Remember that *she is your mother*, and esteem it a privilege to make her life happy. Be assured you never will have cause to regret performing your duty in this direction. Treasure the advice of Christian parents as you would treasure all the precious souvenirs gathered along the path of life. Prize it while they are with you; and when they are gone, it will be a safeguard still against the temptations of evil. Make your parents your confidants, remembering that they have an interest in you that never fails. Never permit yourself to engage in conversation or in actions which you would not deem proper in their presence. Avoid the first step in the downward way as you would avoid the venomous reptile. Preserve such an atmosphere of purity about your life that no one will dare approach to familiarity in your presence. Make no compromise with sin. Virtue is too priceless a birthright to be bartered away for a mess of pottage — a midnight supper with wines and cocktails, amid scenes of satanic revelry. Ask God to keep you from impure thoughts, and help answer your prayers by daily storing the mind with the truths of his Word. Remember that you have a definite individual work to do in saving humanity, and that the greatest happiness that can possibly come to you in this world is the consciousness that you are accomplishing that work in the most successful manner. The muckrake of earthly ambition lies in your pathway. It does not belong to you, but you may have it for stooping. But the golden crown of heavenly attainments is held within your reach. Take it; it is yours.

It never pays to deviate from the right way. It may seem a little thing to read just one vile book. It may seem a small thing to attend just one debasing vaudeville show or one murderous or indecent panorama of moving pictures. It may not seem much to permit of just one poisonous kiss, just one drink of liquor, just one cigarette, just one immoral dance — just one. But after “just one” of all these, how easy follow the night of revelry and the dawn of remorse for sin. Beware of the first wrong step.

Instead of the wayward path being a path of liberty, those of you who are traveling that way know it to be bondage to sin from beginning to end. When one loses the priceless gem of purity of character, he loses his own self-respect. And when one loses his own self-respect, he feels that he has forfeited his right to the confidence and esteem in which he has been held. And O what remorse of conscience comes as the wages of sin! But, blessed thought! there are moments that come to wayward souls when they fain would return to the Father’s house, and begin life over again; for “where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.” O that every one would heed the Spirit’s entreaty to abandon the path of sin!

Yes, those of you who have started on the downward way, are graciously invited to retrace your steps. There is a better place for you. Do not let Satan lead you to believe that nobody cares for you. Christian parents have offered many prayers for you. You



have wandered away, but do not let Satan cheat you out of heaven. Return, and do it now, remembering that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repents than over "ninety and nine which went not astray." Every true Christian who knows you, will be glad to welcome you back to the fold of the True Shepherd. Christ came to release from the slavery of sin just such unfortunate beings as you are. A pitying Saviour entreats you to return, and longs to save you.

#### Heed the "Still Small Voice"

Dear boys and girls, you who are bringing down your parents' gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, you surely do not find any real enjoyment in the life you are leading. Many times the "still small voice" whispers to you, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" but you refuse. And yet the remorse of conscience which you have suffered already, far more than outweighs all the pleasures of sin. Decide with God's help to abandon the downward road, and strengthen this decision in your own life by reaching down to help some one who is weaker than yourself.

Sometime these earthly temptations will cease. Sometime those who have obeyed their parents in the Lord will be rewarded for that obedience by being counted worthy of endless joy in a world where there will be no

tobacco, no cigarettes, no intoxicating liquor, no slang, no profanity, no lies, no evil associations, no immorality of any sort.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." "And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

#### Ntsikana — No. 1

THE progress of the gospel of Jesus Christ in Africa — considering that scarcely a century has elapsed since its advent — is indeed surprising. But it is not so much with Africa in general that the present story deals, as with the southern part of Africa, and, more particularly, with a certain tribe in Kaffraria known as the "Gaika." It comprised several branches under different chiefs, but the paramount chief of the whole Kafir tribe was Kveli. The Gaika division was the most powerful and warlike in the south, and occupied territory which was named Kaffraria, the central town of which is King William's Town.

The story of Ntsikana, the first Christian convert among the Kafirs, necessarily touches on certain characteristics and customs of that people, which, perhaps, it may be interesting to relate. The color of the Kafirs is more brown than black. To protect themselves from the effects of the hot sun, the women especially paint their faces, and such exposed parts of their bodies, with red ocher, or brownish clay, and

anoint themselves also with fat. This gives them the color of polished bronze, though before the clay has been rubbed off, the appearance is hideous and unnatural.

As to dress, originally the skins of animals formed the only material. The skin of the leopard or tiger was reserved for chiefs and principal councilors alone. All other kinds could be used even by common people. Women wore short leather skirts at all times; their persons decorated with ornaments, such as shells and teeth of animals, used as necklaces; copper and ivory rings on their arms. The latter ornaments are principally worn by men.

The Gaikas lived in villages, and in huts shaped like beehives, formed on strong wickerwork frames, thatched with reeds or grass, made proof against rain or wind. To this hut there was only one opening, a low, narrow aperture, which served for all purposes of light and ventilation.

A fire was made in a round, shallow hole, in the center of the hut, round which the family gathered. There was no chimney, so the smoke found its escape through this one door, or through the thatched roof. There were no separate rooms; one hut served for dining-room, parlor, pantry, kitchen, and bedroom for the whole household, and sometimes for pet animals besides!



THE FRAME-WORK OF A KAFIR HUT.

The chief builder of the house was the woman. She had to gather the material, build, thatch, and furnish ready for occupation. The only thing the man was called upon to do was to fix the four or six pillars supporting the roof of the hut. Chairs or tables were not needed, the flat mat spread on the earthen floor being sufficient for purpose of comfort. A low wooden block, or stool, might sometimes have been found. It was, however, not a necessity.

While in their heathen state, they believed that there was a God, but they had no way of describing him. They had no idol-worship; but they believed in the existence of the spirits of their departed ancestors, who they thought had the power of regulating their form of life, could take care of them on their travels, and could intercede for them to a Being whom they called "Qamata," God, or "Nkulu-nkulu," the Greatest-great. The chiefs of the tribe, who were the only personages who had the privilege of a funeral ceremony, were asked to intercede with this great Being — now that they had newly gone to join the spirits of the ancestors — for those left behind, and speak well of them when they had reached the land of bliss! One form of prayer was the custom of throwing a pebble on a heap of stones at a roadside or near the ford of a river, and, while throwing it, the individual exclaimed: "May God and the spirits of my fathers befriend me in the hour of need."

They had a strong belief in witchcraft. Every sickness or death, however natural, was attributed to this cause. The belief pervaded almost every act. An infant sleeping soundly on its mother's back, when about to cross a stream for the first time, must needs



have its neck or forehead smeared with wet clay, taken from the water's edge, to propitiate the mermaids. A wolf was a witch, so was an owl; and when the latter uttered its doleful wail, it was supposed to be out on an errand of destruction for its owner. Each Gaika in the heathen state suspected the other of possessing deadly charms, or being in league with a miniature elephant, wolf, or baboon, which, amid the darkness of night, fulfilled its deadly commission. On his person, and in his tobacco pouch, he carried secret charms to ward off evil. The clashing of the elements in a thunder-storm were supposed to be the wings of an unseen, but deadly bird, called *impundulu*, bearing messages of death from the great Being. The locality of a river was greatly feared, because supposed to be a resort of a snake which had the power of changing itself to any form, the coming in contact with which was the cause of leprosy and other diseases. There were other animals whose looks were believed to have such powers of attraction that all cases of drowning were attributed to them. If a person was about to cross a ford, he was always recommended first to throw a stone at the nearest deep part of the river, and while the animal was winking with alarm, he had time to run across.

Such was the state of this African tribe, typical also of other tribes, before the truths of the gospel penetrated the land. The story of Ntsikana forms a connecting-link between the days of utter darkness, such as I have described, and the now apparent marks of civilization.

(To be continued)

#### A Note of Thanks

To our Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of Boulder, Colorado, and the many friends of our work at College View, Nebraska; to our brethren in Iowa, Michigan, the Dakotas, Kansas, Colorado, Washington, Oregon, and California; and to tried friends in other places, we wish to acknowledge our heartfelt thanks for the liberal help that has placed us in Spanish Honduras again.

We came to this country some years ago, at the invitation of leading men of the republic, to start a school in which boys would be taught the elements of agriculture.

Our people will be glad to know that the officers of this administration are favorable toward our work. President Davila has expressed himself as willing to do all that former administrations offered. Our tools and freight have come in free of duty, by his order.

Dr. Munoz Hernandez, the most skilful surgeon in Honduras, has offered buildings for our school in the beautiful valley of Siguatepeque. One mile away from the buildings the town council of Siguatepeque has given us one hundred thirty acres of land for a model farm.

The hand of God seems apparent in the preparation of these buildings. About twenty years ago a rich Roman Catholic bishop sought out the most beautiful and healthful valley he could find for the estab-

lishment of a grand residence and school for priests. "The bishop's palace," as it is known in Honduras, is an adobe building, one hundred fifty by fifty feet, including the corridor that girdles it. It stands in a field of fifty acres, in the outskirts of town. Back of the large structure are other cottages that can be used for dwellings.

The bishop made no mistake in selecting the valley of Siguatepeque. Thirty-five hundred feet above sea-level, its climate is mild and invigorating. Malaria is unknown. Cool breezes are almost constantly drifting over the pine-covered foot-hills. Higher up, the mountains are covered with a dense growth of timber, much of it valuable. In Siguatepeque, mahogany is used

for firewood. The valley is covered with short grass, the grazing land for many generations of cattle. Several streams, fringed

with timber, cross the prairie, and unite in a river that flows into the Atlantic.

The land we selected for the school lies on the south side of the valley, about one mile from the buildings. An old Aztec ditch, when cleaned out, will bring an abundance of soft water to any part of the gently sloping land.

The clumsy tools of the country, and the ignorance of improved methods of tilling the soil, have made agriculturists the poorest and most hopeless class in the country. There is a crying need for the work we are beginning.

We shall be two days' journey farther from Tegucigalpa than we are at Cantarranas, but we shall be in the political center of Honduras.

Dr. Hernandez has been acquainted with us from the time of our first visit to Honduras. He knows all about our work at Santa Lucia, and in spite of our experience there, he has entire confidence that we will succeed.



A DORMITORY — SIGUATEPEQUE SCHOOL

As we look about us and see what there is to be done, and then think of our resources, our problem seems too great for us. But we believe in God. He can cause the foolish things to confound the mighty.

We must prepare furniture for the buildings. School should open Feb. 1, 1910. Mahogany and cedar logs must be cut and hewed square, then sawed by hand, planed and mortised into the plain but beautiful furniture of this country. The land must be fenced, and we shall have to defer our agricultural department until that is done. We must plant, and have a variety of nourishing food supplies on hand before we receive boarding students.

The teachers and students at Berrien Springs, Michigan, sent us a power corn-mill some years ago. We



have kept it carefully during these years of waiting, and it can now have a place in our plant on the school farm. Centuries ago the Aztecs dug a ditch at great labor over the mountains for three miles. Water from that ditch can now turn the mill from Berrien Springs. One of my former teachers sent us money for the purchase of some brick. The graduating class of 1909 at Walla Walla College gave us fifty dollars for a tool house. A friend in Battle Creek furnished a steel plow for hillside work. The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of Boulder gave us a turning plow. We have a steel harrow, a cultivator, a planter, and some steel hoes. We have enough tools for beginning our work. In our tool shed we shall set up a good portable forge and anvil, the gift of a brother in California.

We have received liberal gifts of money, for which we are very grateful, and in behalf of this disheartened people we thank you all for them.

A gift that means more even than money and tools was the gift of Walla Walla College, in the persons of Brother Harry Graham and wife to help us in our work here. Above all, we thank God for his care over us and the work here. HERBERT OWEN.

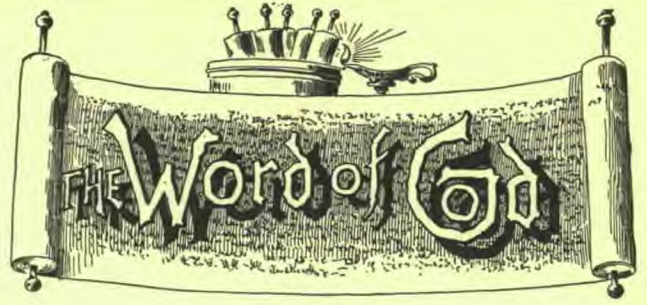
*Signatepeque, Honduras.*

### Preaching for God, Not for Men

THE story is told of Peter Cartwright's preaching in a leading church of Nashville, and General Jackson's coming in when the preacher had just read his text, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And the fastidious city pastor, fearful that the "backwoods" orator would not regard the "amenities," said to him in a loud whisper, "General Jackson has come in. General Jackson has come in." At this Cartwright says: "I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he doesn't get his soul converted, God will destroy him as quick as he would a Guinea Negro.'" General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels, and the next morning the city preacher went down and apologized to him. Shortly after he had gone, Cartwright passed by the hotel, and met the general on the pavement. He stretched out his hand and said, "Mr. Cartwright, you're a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. —, and that he should suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir, I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. — that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you are, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England."—*The Christian Advocate.*

"NEVER be afraid to speak for Jesus,  
Think how much a word can do.  
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,  
He who loves and cares for you."

HOWEVER complete an electrical machine may be, unless it has contact with the dynamo, it is of no good. These prayer hands furnish the point of contact between the society and the dynamo of heaven. There we get the power, and the machine is put in action.—*J. M. Burdick.*



### The Coming of Christ

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Titus 2:11-13.

#### Taught to Look for the Coming of Christ

THE grace of God teaches us to look for the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ. Titus 2:11-13.

Those who are looking for him, are the ones to whom he brings salvation. Heb. 9:27, 28.

#### The Great Theme of the Prophets

Peter speaks of what he knew about the coming of Christ, and refers us to prophecy, whereunto, he says, we do well that we take heed. 2 Peter 1:16-19.

The second coming of Christ has been spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began. Acts 3:20, 21.

#### The Prophets' Testimony About the Coming of Christ

Enoch understood the second coming of Christ and the events connected therewith. Jude 14, 15.

Abraham looked for a city whose builder and maker is God. Heb. 11:8-10.

Job's hope rested in the coming of Christ at the latter day. Job 19:23-27.

Balaam beheld the day of Christ's coming. Num. 24:15-19.

The psalmist tells of the devouring fire which accompanies Christ at his coming. Ps. 50:1-6.

Isaiah describes the humbling of the proud in the day of Christ's coming. Isa. 2:10-12, 17-21.

Jeremiah declares the effect of Christ's coming. Jer. 4:23-27.

Malachi speaks of the destruction of the wicked and the salvation of the righteous at the time when Christ comes and closes up the great controversy. Mal. 4:1-3.

Christ himself promised to come again. John 14:1-3.

The angels that stood by at the ascension of Christ, reassured the disciples that he would return. Acts 1:9-11.

Much is made of the event of Christ's coming by the last Bible prophet. Rev. 1:7; 3:10, 11; 6:12-17; 10:6, 7; 14:14-16; 19:11-21; 22:11-16.

#### The Greatest Day of All Time

The time of Christ's coming is spoken of, by way of pre-eminence, as "that day." 2 Tim. 1:18, 12; 4:8; Mark 14:25; Matt. 7:22; Isa. 2:11.

The expression "that day" is so common in referring to the time of Christ's coming that the Bible writers have not deemed it necessary to explain what time they meant. Mal. 3:17; Isa. 2:11, 17, 20; 25:9; Mark 14:25; Matt. 7:22.

#### Dreaded by Wicked

Enoch says Christ will execute judgment, and convince the ungodly of their ungodly deeds. Jude 14, 15.

Isaiah tells that the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and that they shall cast their idols of silver



and gold to the moles and to the bats. Isa. 2: 17, 20, 21; Rev. 6: 14-17.

#### Welcomed by Righteous

Jeremiah describes that day as great, so that none is like it, but God's people are to be saved out of it. Jer. 30: 7.

When he comes, he will remember his own people who have made a covenant with him by sacrifice. Ps. 50: 3-6.

The righteous shall say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us." Isa. 25: 9.

#### Read

Bible Students' Library, No. 117, pages 31-44. This number is the little book entitled, "Prophetic Lights."

#### Christ Is Coming!

"Christ is coming! let creation  
From her groans and sorrows cease;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore and faith increase:  
Christ is coming!  
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

"Earth can now but tell the story  
Of thy bitter cross and pain;  
She shall yet behold thy glory,  
When thou comest back to reign:  
Christ is coming!  
Let each heart repeat the strain!

"Long thine exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home, and thee;  
But in heavenly vestures shining  
Soon they shall thy glory see:  
Christ is coming!  
Haste the joyous jubilee!

"With that blessed hope before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:  
Christ is coming!  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

O. F. BUTCHER.

#### Books That Have Helped Me Most

SECOND only to parental instruction, books have had most to do in molding my ideas, giving me aspirations, and shaping my life. A book entitled "Mr. Wallingford's Mistake," presented to me by my father, and read while but a boy, impressed upon me the evils of intemperance. Another book, called "Young Man's Counselor," by Daniel Wise, likewise a gift from my father, made a deep impression upon me, and gave me some guiding principles which have stood by me all the years, as well as creating in me an admiration for good language.

Three works by William Mathews, read a little later, "Getting on in the World," "Words; Their Use and Abuse," and "Literary Style," still further helped me in these same directions. "Self Help," "Thrift," and "Character," by Samuel Smiles, I have found equally good and helpful.

The "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" I found not only deeply interesting and entertaining, but of a character to impress upon a young mind good principles and the practical side of life, especially the value and virtues of industry. "Washington, Hero and Patriot," by John S. C. Abbott, and "The Life of John Wesley," by Watson, are also excellent for creating in the young an admiration for great and good men, and giving high ideals of life.

For their literary value, as well as the good thoughts, sound reasoning, and excellent principles inculcated in them, I have greatly prized "Macaulay's Essays." A work called "Gems of Great Authors" has like-

wise been a treasure-house to me in this same field. A two-volume work—a present from my wife—entitled "The Student's Reference Work," I have found very helpful in looking up biographies and information on general educational topics.

While still in my twenties, my father made me a present of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which I prized very highly. Like a concordance to the Bible, I found it a ready index to all knowledge. I had already worn out a Webster's Academic, which perhaps was an incentive to the gift. I may state right here, that fathers can make worse presents to their boys than books, and of books, presents of less value than a "dictionary."

In the religious realm, aside from the Bible,—which I read through by course in one year in my teens,—and portions of the writings of the spirit of prophecy, "Pilgrim's Progress," I think, made the greatest impression upon me. "History of the Waldenses," by J. R. Wylie, also gave me a very vivid picture of some of the trials and sufferings which the Christians in Europe had to endure during the Dark Ages, and helped to bind my heart to pure doctrine and primitive Christianity.

D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," Wylie's "History of Protestantism," and "Great Controversy," I consider the three best works to give one a correct and comprehensive view of Protestantism and the Reformation. The "Works of Josephus," "The Book of Jasher," and "Patriarchs and Prophets," I have found excellent helps in gaining a clear understanding of religious affairs in ancient times.

"The Struggle for Religious Liberty in Virginia," by Charles F. James, helped me to understand more clearly than ever the great moral battle which was fought out in this country over the question of the rights of conscience, and which came to a climax during the time of the Revolutionary War, and resulted in the establishment of the national government upon a purely civil basis. This little work I prize very much.

As a commentator on the Scriptures, I regard Dr. Albert Barnes the best,—the simplest, the most practical and spiritual, the nearest to the mind and thought of the Spirit. I never tire reading after him.

As to poetry, only the gems of the best authors have especially attracted me,—those in which good sense and sound wisdom have found expression in terse, well-put, and happy phrase. In "One Thousand Best Poems" are many such.

Among the works which I have read with deep interest and much profit, in addition to those already named, I may mention the following: "The Royal Path of Life" (compiled); "Week Day Religion," by J. R. Miller; "Moody and His Work," by W. H. Daniels; "Full Assurance of Faith" and "The Second Coming," by D. L. Moody; "Footprints of Angels," by Stockton; "Moral Philosophy," by James H. Fairchild; "Human Responsibility," by Francis Wayland; "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Henry Drummond; "Our First Century," by R. M. Devens; "Up From Slavery," by Booker T. Washington; "Life of William Miller" and "Life of Joseph Bates," by James White; "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," "Marvel of Nations," and "Man's Nature and Destiny," by Uriah Smith; "Early Writings," "Steps to Christ," "Desire of Ages," "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," "Educa-

(Concluded on page eleven)



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Indoor Sun

ONCE on a time, in far Japan,  
There lived a busy little man,  
So merry and so full of fun  
That people called him Indoor Sun.  
Now Indoor Sun made mirrors fine,  
Like those in your house and in mine,  
And in these looking-glasses bright  
His own face saw from morn till night.  
It made him feel so very bad,  
To see his face look cross and sad,  
That he began to take great care  
To keep a sweet smile always there,  
And soon he found that those he knew,  
All seemed to like him better, too;  
For, like the mirrors, every one  
Began to smile on Indoor Sun.  
Now try this just one day and see  
How bright and smiling you can be;  
You'll find both happiness and fun  
In playing you're an "indoor sun."

— Inez G. Thompson, in *Little Folks*.

## Story of an Artist's Studio

**Y**EARS ago a painter stood in his studio, his right thumb to the belt of his blouse, and his left hand holding the pipe he had withdrawn from his lips, in honor of his visitor,

Father Hugo, the vicar of the rich Church of St. Jerome. The artist had not yet reached middle age. He was famous in Düsseldorf, and some said that his name would some day be known world-wide. When that day came, Stenberg ruefully thought that he would be past the enjoyment of riches which tarried so long. He loved his art. Now and again he became so absorbed in his work that he forgot all else than the picture upon his easel. Still, though good work he had done, he had never satisfied himself, nor reached his own ideal. His was good work, but he desired something more. Thus Stenberg was not a satisfied man. Otherwise, to the world, he appeared a jolly, prosperous man, who displayed, on occasion, a shrewd business capacity, and one who knew his own interests well. He was speaking now.

"No, Reverend Father; the sum you offer would but ill repay me for the labor of so large an altar-piece as you honor me by naming. It must have many figures, all carefully studied. The crucifixion is not an easy subject, and it has been so often taken

that it would be difficult to compose a picture different — as I should wish it to be — from others."

"I will not limit you to the price. You are an honest man, Sir Painter, and the Church of St. Jerome will not pay for the altar-piece. It is to be the gift of a penitent."

"So! That makes a difference. Return, Reverend Father, a month from to-day, and studies for the work shall be ready."

So they parted, both well pleased, and during the following weeks Stenberg studied the composition of the altar-piece, and penetrated into the Jewish Strasse for models for his figures.

Father Hugo was satisfied. He desired the central point of the picture to be the cross of the Redeemer, and left the grouping of the accessories to the artist. From time to time the vicar dropped in to inspect the progress of the work.

With the bursting of the young green leaves, and the upspringing of the first flowers, a hunger had seized upon the artist's soul to leave Düsseldorf, and with his sketch-book wander over the surrounding country. On the borders of the forest he came one

day upon a Gipsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was beautiful; her coal-black hair fell in waving ripples to her waist; and her poor, tattered, red dress, faded and sunburned to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the feature that caught the artist's regard, — restless, limpid, black eyes, whose expression changed every moment: pain, joy, fun, and roguery were reflected in their depths as swiftly

as the cloud shadows chase one another across a lake.

"What a capital picture she would make!" thought Stenberg; "but then, who would buy a Gipsy girl? No one!"

The Gipsies were looked upon in Düsseldorf with hatred, and even to this day the fact of being a Gipsy is, in the eyes of the law, a punishable offense.

The girl noticed the artist, and, flinging her straw down, sprang up, raising her hands above her head, and snapping her fingers to keep time, danced lightly and gracefully before him, showing her white teeth, her glance sparkling with merriment.

"Stand!" cried Stenberg, and he rapidly sketched



LITTLE FRANCES' FIRST RIDE



her. Quickly as he drew, it was a weary position for the girl to maintain; but she never flinched, though a sigh of relief, as her arms dropped and she stood at rest before him, attested to the artist the strain the attitude had been.

"She is not only beautiful, she is better — a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing-girl."

So a bargain was struck. Pepita was to come thrice a week to Stenburg's house to be painted. Duly at the appointed hour she arrived. She was full of wonder. Her great eyes roved round the studio, glancing on the pieces of armor, pottery, and carving. Presently she began examining the pictures,—and soon the great altar-piece, now nearing its completion, caught her attention. For days she gazed at it intently. At last, in an awed voice, she asked:—

"Who is that?" pointing to the most prominent figure.

"The Christ," answered Stenburg, carelessly.

"What is being done to him?"

"Being crucified," ejaculated the artist. "Turn a little to the right. There! that will do."

Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words.

"Who are those people about him — those with the bad faces?"

"Now, look here," said the artist, "I can not talk to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you."

The girl did not dare speak again, but she continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio, the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her.

"Why did they crucify him? Was he bad, very bad?"

"No; very good."

That was all she learned at one interview, but she treasured each word,—and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery.

"Then if he was good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let him go?"

"It was because —" The artist paused with his head on one side, stepped forward, and arranged her sash.

"Because —" repeated Pepita breathlessly.

The artist went back to his easel; then looking at her, the eager, questioning face moved his pity.

"Listen. I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions;" and he told her the story of the cross—new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it had ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quivered; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears, which the fiery Gipsy pride forbade to fall.

The altar-piece and the Spanish dancing-girl were finished simultaneously. Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She looked upon the beautiful representation of herself without emotion, but turned and stood before the altar-piece, unable to leave it.

"Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over and above, for you have brought me good luck, the 'Dancing-girl' is already sold: I shall want you sometime perhaps again, but we must not overstock the market with even your pretty face."

The girl turned slowly.

"Thanks, Signor!" but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love Him *very* much,

Signor, when he has done *all that for you*, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them, but impossible. He hastened to send the picture to its destination; still he could not forget "*all that for you*."

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. He went to confession: Father Hugo questioned Stenburg. He believed all the doctrines of the church. So the vicar gave him absolution, and assured him that "all was well." The artist allowed a liberal discount on his altar-piece, and for a week or two felt at ease. But then up rose the old question, "You must love him very much, do you not?" and *would* be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So wandering about, he heard of things which had not come under his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned could not satisfy him. This aroused his curiosity.

A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there—one of those despised men who appealed on every occasion to the Word of God. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know them. Yet perhaps here he might find that which he sought. They might possess the secret of peace. So Stenburg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join them; but a man can not approach fire and remain cold. This Reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who was walking the earth with Christ; yes, one to whom he was all. Stenburg found what he longed for — *a living faith*. His new friend lent him for a time a precious copy of the New Testament, but, hunted from Düsseldorf after a few weeks, he left, and had to take the Book with him; but its essence remained in Stenburg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now. He felt in his soul the fire of an ardent love. "Did all that for me! How can I ever tell men of that love, that boundless love, which can brighten their lives, as it has mine? It is for them, too, but they do not see it, as I did not. How can I preach it? I can not speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try, I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I can not express it — *the love of Christ!*" So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul: "I can paint! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that altar-piece His face was all agony. But that was not the truth. Love unutterable! infinite compassion! willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees, and prayed to paint worthily, and thus speak.

And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed up — up to the highest fiber of his power; nay, beyond it. The new picture of the crucifixion was a wonder — almost divine.

He would not sell it. He gave it a freewill offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes



knowing the love of God, and repeating to themselves the words written so distinctly beneath,—

"All this I did for thee;  
What hast thou done for Me?"

Stenburg also used to go there, and watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day he observed, when the rest of the visitors had left, a poor girl standing weeping bitterly before it. The artist approached her. "What grieves thee, child?" he asked.

The girl turned: she was Pepita. "O! Signor, if He had but loved me so," she said, pointing to the face of yearning love, bending above them. "I am only a poor Gipsy. For you is the love, but not for such as I;" and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

"Pepita, it was also all for thee." And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed, they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of resurrection, and also explained to her the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received, and believed His words: "All this I did for thee."

Years after, when both the painter and the Gipsy girl had gone to rest, a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage into Düsseldorf, and while his horses were baited, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent,—the world bright, and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg's picture arrested. He read and re-read the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away,—it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul. Hours passed; the light faded; the curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night had come,—nay! rather for that young man, the dawn of eternal life. He was Zinzendorf. He returned to the inn, and re-entered his carriage, but to turn his back on Paris, and seek again his home. From that moment he threw life, fortune, fame, at the feet of Him who had whispered to his heart,—

"All this I did for thee;  
What hast thou done for me?"

Zinzendorf, the father of the Moravian Missions, answered that question by his devoted life and his welcomed death.

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Düsseldorf, for when, some years ago, the gallery was destroyed by fire, it perished; but it preached, and God used it to tell of his gift — Calvary's Substitute — of whom Paul said, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Can you, reader, say "and for me"? — *The Traveler's Guide*.

#### Malamulo Mission Items

RECENTLY the governor of Nyassaland requested a report from this mission. After carefully examining the records of all our schools, the following was sent for publication in the next annual Blue Book:—

One main station, one out-station, and six out-schools.  
Total enrolment in schools .....472

Average daily attendance .....304  
Church services held at seven different places.  
Average attendance at Sabbath services....455

This is but a small beginning among the million people of this land. Doubtless five times the number enrolled are influenced by the mission. Eighteen teachers (natives) are employed in these schools, with a small outlay of money. Our native helpers must be increased.

The superintendent spent a month in May and June visiting Matandane and Monekera out-stations. Brother and Sister Konigmacher were well, and enjoying their work. Plans were laid for extending the schools of their station up among the villages near the Portuguese border.

While visiting the out-stations, I extended my journey northward into many native villages of the Angoni tribes, from which many of our schoolboys have come. I also visited the missions of other societies as far north as Mvera, the main station of the Dutch Reformed Mission, near Lake Nyassa. On this trip many things were learned which will be helpful in our own work.

On the first of July our teachers gathered at Malamulo for a four-weeks' teachers' training-school. We endeavor to give a special preparation for the coming year's school work. Our principal subjects are: Church Organization and Support, Hygiene, and Mang'anja Reading, by Joel C. Rogers; School Method, Arithmetic, and Geography, by Mrs. Rogers; Present Truth Lessons and English Reading, by Miss Ina Austen; Care of the Sick From Bible and Testimonies, by Miss Etta Austen.

Over twenty teachers are attending. We pray that the Spirit of God may fill their hearts for teaching their people. Twenty-seven native teachers and assistants will work in thirteen schools during the coming year, enrolling about six hundred children.

On each Sunday of the teachers' school I go with them to visit the villages in the vicinity, to learn their needs, and find where schools should be started. It is probable that we shall open three new schools this year, making six near the mission.

JOEL C. ROGERS.

*Malamulo Mission, Nyassaland.*

#### Books That Have Helped Me Most

(Concluded from page eight)

tion," "Christ's Object Lessons," and "Ministry of Healing," by Mrs. E. G. White.

While I would advise no one to become a mere "bookworm," from my own experience and from the good which books have done me, I feel free to advise all young people, urge them, in fact, to obtain and read good books. Regard a good book as a companion, a counselor, a friend. Surround yourself with good literature. Provide yourself with a library. Though small, let it be choice. Its value does not depend so much on its size as on its quality.

W. A. COLCORD.

"To come to Jesus is thy part;  
His part to give thee rest."

"Nor thy gifts I seek, O Lord;  
Not thy gifts, but thee.  
What were all thy boundless store  
Without thyself? What less or more?  
Not thy gifts, but thee."





# THE HOME CIRCLE

Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourteous.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*



## A Moment in the Morning

A MOMENT in the morning, ere the cares of day begin,  
Ere the heart's wide door is open for the world to enter in;  
Ah, then alone with Jesus in the silence of the morn,  
In heavenly sweet communion let your duty day be born.  
In the quietude that blesses, in the prelude of repose,  
Let your soul be soothed and softened as the dew revives  
the rose.

A moment in the morning, take your Bible in your hand,  
And catch a glimpse of glory from the peaceful promised  
land;  
It will linger still before you when you seek the busy mart,  
And like flowers of hope will blossom into beauty in your  
heart;  
The precious words, like jewels, will glisten all the day,  
With a rare effulgent beauty that will brighten all the way.  
When comes a sore temptation, and your feet are near a  
snare,  
You may count them like a rosary, and make each one a  
prayer.

A moment in the morning, a moment if no more,  
Is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er;  
'Tis the gentle dew of heaven, the manna for the day,  
If you fail to gather early, alas! it fades away;  
So in the blush of morning take the proffered hand of love,  
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness  
thereof.

— *Selected.*

## Stumbling-Blocks

"You may step over the stumbling-block easily, but how about the next man?"

ON wet days, when lessons were done, long years ago, we children were allowed to play a game of our own invention called "tig-all-over-the-house."

As its name suggests, this game provided plenty of exercise for limbs cramped in study. It benefited us morally as well as physically, though the name does not suggest that. Whether it benefited our stair-carpet is "another story."

The moral benefit came from a strict rule of the game relating to stair-rods. You will find, if you race up and down stairs in sufficient numbers, that a stair-rod now and then becomes loosened. This is a very real source of danger, as one might be tripped up — sent flying to the foot of the stairs. So a rule was made that any one perceiving a loosened rod should cry "Pax," drop on his knees, and remedy the defect before the game was resumed.

Even now the habit is so strong that not one of us can pass a loosened stair-rod in a strange house, and the custom of removing the stumbling-block has been extended to orange-peel and banana-skins in the streets, and, I trust, to other ways of helping a neighbor.

## Helping a Neighbor

For that was the lesson of the stair-rods — to help some one who was coming after. One might step over the stumbling-block in safety, but it would trip up the next comer.

Isn't it true that a great many people consider that perfectly fair in the game of life? "Each man for himself," they say. "As long as I am safe, why worry about the next man? Let him learn to be as careful as I."

And would not this world of ours in which the great game goes on be an infinitely happier, brighter, and more useful place if the stair-rod rule were followed, and each one thought of his neighbor as well as himself, and cleared away obstacles instead of stepping over them?

In the game of tig one did not know who was coming next — the favorite sister or the butt of the family; the stair-rod rule held good for all. In the game of life we never know who will come next along the path. The point is to do the kind thing and clear the way of evil. Then sometimes God lets us have the gratitude of one we love as a reward.

## I'm Much Too Busy

So easy to say that! Want of time is the great excuse just now. "I'm much too busy to stop and right a wrong." "I'm much too busy to find time for a kind act." Think of the stair-rod rule when you say that. You would be racing along as hard as you could go, but the stop had to come, and it was for such a little time after all. It might be saving a limb, or even a life, but fifteen seconds sufficed for the whole piece of work.

Kind actions are never measured by the length of time they take to perform; and it is just the busiest people who find odd moments to perform them. The point is to make the rule, practise it till habit helps in the prompt performance. That done, besides the gain to those who come after and benefit by the help, there will be the still greater gain of a fine character made ready for heaven.

## As You Are Strong

Often the strongest people — those whose characters are made of the best material in the rough — are the hardest and least considerate. They need to remember not to judge others by themselves. "I am strong enough to step over the stumbling-block, but as all are not, I will clear it away," is better than, "I can look after myself, so why can't she?"

Strength is given to one just for the sake of the weak who are to follow — spiritual strength as well as strength of body and mind; so let us pray:—

"O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea."

— *Home Chat.*

SAID an ancient, "Turn to God the day before you die." "But," said his disciples, "we do not know the day of our death." "Therefore," he replied, "turn to God to-day."— *Selected.*

THOSE that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.

— *Longfellow.*





M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

## Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society The Harvest Ingathering Campaign

NOTE.—Preparation is the secret of success in any line. Enter heartily into this program, which will do much to prepare you for the week's campaign. Let the leader see that the program is well prepared.

### Program

SONG: "Where Are the Reapers?" "Christ in Song" (new edition), No. 548.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PRAYER.

SONG: "The Call for Reapers," "Christ in Song" (new edition), No. 548.

THE THANKSGIVING CAMPAIGN OF 1908:—

Results to Missions (Harvest Ingathering Leaflet).  
Experiences of Those Who Took Part in It.

THE NEEDS FOR 1909 (Harvest Ingathering Leaflet).

RECITATION: "There Are No Foreign Fields" (from the Ingathering number of the *Review*).

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ON OUR MISSION (from the Harvest Ingathering number of the *Review*).

SELECT READINGS (from the Special *Review*). We suggest:—

"As a Japanese Journalist Saw It."

"Greeted by Fireworks."

SONG: "Even Unto the End," "Christ in Song" (new edition), No. 537.

BIBLE AND TESTIMONY STUDY (sent out by conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries).

SUGGESTIVE SOLICITOR'S PRESENTATION (see suggested canvasses sent out with papers).

WHAT SHALL WE DO? by the Leader (letter sent out by the Missionary Volunteer Department).

SONG: "Forward," "Christ in Song," No. 530.

## Missionary Volunteer Reading Course — No. 3

### Outline No. 2—"Quiet Talks on Service," pages 29-53

*The Triple Life: The Perspective of Service*

1. UPON what occasions did Jesus commission men to enter his service? In what two particulars were all these commissions similar? How do we obtain power for service?

2. What must the surroundings of the farewell meeting have suggested to the disciples? What was the burden of their Master's last words?

3. How does the story of the two trees show the importance of a life of secret prayer. Draw some practical lessons from the "sputtering faucet" and the "live wire." What is the author's opinion of morning devotion?

4. What relation does the open life of purity sustain to our words?

5. How many are called to serve? Mention several kinds of service. How does the selfish heart interpret the command to serve?

6. Show how the life of service is related to the life of purity and prayer. How does drawing near to God affect one's relation to men?

7. What lesson for home and foreign mission work do you find in the story, "A Long Time Coming"?

### Thoughts on Prayer

"All prayer really costs. Our Saviour's prayers cost him tears and drops of blood. They led him to Calvary and the tomb. Where do our prayers lead us? What do they cost us?"

"Practise in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it to you more abundantly."

"Prayer is not an overcoming of God's reluctance, but a taking hold of his willingness."

"He that saves his time from prayer shall lose it. But he that loseth his time in prayer — communion with God — shall find it in a life of multiplied blessings."

"Prayer deepens and strengthens the desires which gave them birth."

"God answers prayer; sometimes, when hearts are weak, He gives the very gifts believers seek, But often faith must learn a deeper rest, And trust God's silence, when he does not speak; For he whose name is Love will send the best. Stars may burn out nor mountain walls endure, But God is true; his promises are sure To those who seek."

"Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion. No man can ask, honestly and hopefully, to be delivered from temptation unless he has honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it."

"No large growth in holiness was ever gained without taking time to be often and long alone with God."

## Junior Reading Course — No. 2

### Reading No. 2—"Letters From the Holy Land," Chapters 4-6

Notes and Suggestions

A YOKE makes work easier. Notice what happened when the man in the story took his eye off the plow. Read the song "Hold On" in "Christ in Song." What do you think of the Eastern bed? How does the story of "the rod and the staff" compare with psalm 23? Here are a few words from Frank Carpenter:—

"Let us take a bird's-eye view of Palestine. Its size is a surprise to us. We knew that it was small, but we did not think how very small it is. Palestine is not, on the average, more than fifty miles wide, and it is about one hundred fifty miles long. Were there a railroad across it, a fast express-train could go from one side to the other in an hour, and if the road ran lengthwise, we might start at the north at eight o'clock in the morning, and by noon reach the other end of the country.

"Just opposite Jerusalem, not a mile from the walls, is the Mount of Olives, which is twenty-seven hundred feet high. We can stand on this mountain, and on a bright day can behold the Mediterranean on the right hand, and on the left the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. It is not so far from Dan to Beer-sheba as from New York to Washington, and the Jordan is so narrow that almost any boy could throw a stone across most parts of it. The country is rocky, and at present mostly barren and uncultivated.

"Jerusalem is surrounded by hills covered with limestone. The walls of the city are of yellow limestone, beautifully cut, and of the height of a four-story house. They run around the town skirting the edges of a little plateau. From three sides of this plateau the ground slopes down into valleys at an angle so steep that it is almost impossible to climb up without getting down on your hands and knees. The fourth side of the city faces a plain."





#### IV — Death of John the Baptist

(October 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 6: 14-29; Matt. 14: 1-13; Luke 9: 7-9.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. 10: 39.

##### The Lesson Story

1. The King Herod who tried to have Jesus put to death in his infancy, had a son also named Herod, who became king over Galilee and the country east of the River Jordan where John had done his work. This King Herod married Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip.

2. John the Baptist said unto Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife. Therefore Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him; but she could not: for Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy." But Herod "sent forth and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison, for Herodias' sake."

3. "Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; and when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee. And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom."

4. "And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist. And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist. And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her." He sent one of his soldiers and beheaded John in the prison.

5. Herod feared that if he refused this wicked request, some of his guests would be displeased or would think less of him. He also tried to make himself believe that it would be wrong to break the wicked promise he had made. But no excuse is sufficient to justify any one in doing wrong.

6. Herod had been drinking wine. Some people think there is no harm in drinking wine or other intoxicating liquors if one does not become intoxicated; but the smallest amount that a person may drink of these liquors, does harm. Possibly if he had not been drinking, he might not have made so rash a promise, nor done the wicked deed he did.

7. When the disciples heard of John's death, "they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb." John the Baptist lost his life for Jesus' sake, but he will receive eternal life.

8. After committing this great sin, Herod was troubled and unhappy, and fearful that some evil might overtake him. As the people heard of Jesus' wonderful works, some said, "One of the old prophets was risen again." Others thought that Elijah, who had been taken to heaven many years before without seeing death, had come back. But Herod said, "It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead,"

"and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him."

##### Questions

1. When Jesus was a babe, what king tried to have him put to death? Matt. 2: 1, 13, 16. After the king's death, over what part of Palestine did his son reign?

2. For what did John the Baptist once reprove this latter king? Because of this reproof, who became offended at John? How would she have punished him if she could have done so? What wrong did the king do John, to please Herodias? Mark 6: 17-20.

3. How did the king celebrate his birthday? Who helped to entertain the guests? What promise did Herod make to her? Verses 21-23. In what manner did he emphasize his offer? Matt. 14: 7.

4. Instead of any of the rich presents that the king was willing to give, what did the cruel Herodias tell her daughter to choose? When any one does an unkind thing for revenge — in order to "get even" with another — is not his spirit similar in some degree to that of Herodias? How did Herod feel when the girl made known this choice? What did he finally do? Mark 6: 24-27.

5. Why did Herod fear to refuse this wicked request? What did he try to believe? For what is there no sufficient excuse? Did his promise really bind him to give what she asked?

6. What is one reason why Herod was so easily led into doing wrong? What does even a small amount of wine do?

7. After the death of John, what was done with his body? Verse 29. What words in our memory verse apply to John the Baptist?

8. How did Herod feel after his great sin? Read Isa. 57: 20, 21. What did the people say of Jesus? When the king learned of the miracles Jesus was doing, what did his troubled conscience cause him to think? Mark 6: 14-16.



#### IV — Death of John the Baptist

(October 23)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Mark 6: 14-29.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matt. 14: 1-13; Luke 9: 7-9.

LESSON HELP: "Desire of Ages," chapter 22.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 10: 39.

##### Questions

1. How did King Herod try to account for the miraculous work of Jesus? Mark 6: 14, 16; note 1.

2. What explanation did others offer? Verse 15.

3. Why had Herod imprisoned John the Baptist? Verse 17; note 2.

4. What had aroused the hatred of Herodias against John? Verses 18, 19; note 3.

5. How did Herod regard John? Why? Verse 20.

##### Death of John the Baptist

6. What promise did Herod make the daughter of Herodias on his birthday? Verses 21-23; note 4.

7. What request did Herodias instruct her daughter to make? Verse 24.



8. What did Salome ask of Herod? Verse 25; note 5.

9. How did Herod feel concerning her request? Verse 26.

10. What did he do immediately? Verse 27.

11. What was done with the head of John the Baptist? Verse 28.

12. What did John's disciples do? Verse 29.

13. To whom did they go for comfort? Matt. 14:12.

14. What testimony did Jesus bear concerning John? Luke 7:24-28. Compare Luke 1:15; note 6.

#### Notes

1. "The Herod who killed John the Baptist was not Herod the Great, who built the temple and slew the children of Bethlehem. Herod Antipas was the son of Herod the Great by Malthace, a Samontan. His father had originally destined him as his successor in the kingdom, but by the last change of his will, appointed him tetrarch of Galilee and Perea. Matt. 14:1; Luke 3:19; 9:7; Acts 13:1; Luke 3:1. He first married a daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia Petræa, but after some time he made overtures of marriage to Herodias, the wife of his half-brother, Herod Philip, which she received favorably. Aretas, indignant at the insult offered to his daughter, found a pretext for invading the territory of Herod, and defeated him with great loss."—*Smith's Bible Dictionary, Art. Herod.*

2. "The place of John's imprisonment was the castle of Machærus, a frontier fortress between Perea and Arabia, and where all the transactions of the following narrative took place."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

3. Sinners do not like to be reproved for their wrong-doing, but John dealt faithfully with sin wherever found. He did not spare even the king.

4. "Herod's birthday — either the day on which he was born or the day on which he began to reign; for both were termed birthdays."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

5. "The word 'charger' formerly signified a large dish, bowl, or platter."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

6. "For the sake of thousands who in after-years must pass from prison to death, John was to drink the cup of martyrdom. As the followers of Jesus should languish in lonely cells, or perish by the sword, the rack, or the fagot, apparently forsaken of God and man, what a stay to their hearts would be the thought that John the Baptist, to whose faithfulness Christ himself had borne witness, had passed through a similar experience."

"Not Enoch, who was translated to heaven; not Elijah, who ascended in a chariot of fire, was greater or more honored than John the Baptist, who perished alone in the dungeon."—"Desire of Ages," pages 224, 225.

#### The Mirror of Fable and Fact

THERE was a fable among the ancients, that there fell from heaven a mysterious mirror, endowed with such strange properties that one needed but to turn it forward, and it would reflect all the future; to turn it backward, and it would reflect all the past; to turn it upward, and it would reveal all above; to turn it downward, and it would disclose all beneath; to turn it toward one's own breast, and it would reflect all within. This, we know, was but a fancy; but what they pictured in fiction we possess in fact; what with

them was a day-dream, is with us a glorious reality.

"The Word of God," wrote one in using the foregoing illustration, "is that marvelous mirror, fashioned and burnished by infinite skill, which has been committed to man in order that it may reveal to us eternity past, foreshadow to us eternity to come, unshroud to us the horrors of the world of darkness, uncurtain to us the splendors of the world of light, and unbare to us the mysteries of the complicated world within us — reflecting a man on his own self, till he is forced to exclaim, 'Come, see a book that told me all that ever I did. Is not this the Book of God?'"

What a wonderful book! When we turn to the remarkable disclosures which it makes, we are filled with amazement, and we ought to be filled with deepest adoration for him who reveals such marvelous things.

No other book occupies so great a place, exerts so potent an influence, or is competent to produce such important results. Earth's noblest structures are its monuments; the best institutions have originated in its spirit, and are supported by its friends. "It has given character to the laws of the foremost nations of the earth; on their seats of justice its principles are recognized." Much as they sneer at its age, and confidently as they predict its overthrow, even skeptics (and university professors), in their candid moods, are constrained to acknowledge that "*this book has taken such a hold on the world as no other.*"

An eloquent English writer bears a noble testimony to the universal worth of the Bible, in the following beautiful language:—

"The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up, week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar. *It borrows from none, yet lends to all.* No ship of war can go to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters the home, mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The greatest and the lowliest men and women bow before the majesty of the Book. It attends them in their sickness, when the fever of the world is upon them. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies upon it. The mariner, escaping from shipwreck, clutches this first of his treasures. It blesses us when we are born; it gives names to half of Christendom, rejoices with us, has sympathy for our mourning, tempers our grief to finer issues. It lifts man above himself. It is man's guide, companion, and comforter."

*Reader, make it yours.* "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." Let us not rest content with a naked assent to its truth; we must have a living faith in its power. It is one thing to admit that it is divine; it is another thing to hide it in the heart. A godly minister urges us to "attain to the witness of its divinity in ourselves—to that experimental witness which nerved the martyrs for the stake and sustained them in the flames. Covet that witness; it is so simple that a peasant can appreciate it, so assuring that without it the profoundest theologian is unsafe."

"The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

ERNEST LLOYD.



# The Youth's Instructor

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DON'T overlook Mr. Lloyd's excellent article on the preceding page.

## Macadamized Roads

ONLY a few years ago the macadamized road was thought a luxury, and a pretty expensive and foolish luxury at that. Now, in this country, as for many decades in Europe, it is coming to be considered a necessity and a great economy.

It has been computed that on an ordinary dirt road a horse can draw three times the weight he can carry on his back, but on a good macadamized road a horse can draw three times as much as on a dirt road. If you lay down the very finest of all roads, the asphalt pavement, you multiply the power of every horse by eleven as compared to what the animal can do on a dirt road. Of course even the asphalt pavement is excelled by the street railroad, which may be considered as far as certain vehicles are concerned, a road of solid iron; and here a horse can pull one and two-thirds times what he can draw on the best asphalt pavements, or fifty-five times what he could carry on his back. Some day, doubtless, even our country roads will receive a coat of asphalt. Some day they may even be provided with iron rails. But for the present we must be satisfied with the extension, as rapidly as possible, of the stanch layers of stone, pitch, and gravel, contrived by mankind's good friend, Mr. MacAdam.

\*And now for the application. There are some workers who scout system. When they have a thing to do, they get at it with their heads down, like a mad bull. They pull and tug frantically at it until it is in some way accomplished, and then glare about them for the next task. They have no schedule, no plans. They use no note-books, make no memoranda. They are not fore-handed, they are off-handed. They read only the books and papers that are thrown in their way; to lay out a course of study would seem preposterous to them. Equally preposterous would seem the idea of clearing away unimportant duties in order that some important task might have their full attention. Things must take their turn, with them, and the arduous work may be put off till the weary evening. They do not think it necessary to lay in a store of strength for an emergency, but use up their nervous force as fast as they can get it. They take a vacation — when they must. They never supply

themselves with all the needed information before beginning a piece of work, but get the information from hand to mouth. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is a maxim they wrest from its meaning, and apply to all their life.

There is no need to go further. You recognize the picture at once. It is that of a rickety farm wagon with a load of corn, which a poor, raw-boned horse is hitching along the orthodox mud road. There is the most artistic diversity about that mud road. You never can tell which puddle goes to China, and which only to the earth's center. Splash, tug, wheeze, wear out wagon, wear out horse, wear out temper, wear out time, get little to market, and all for the lack of a road.

O, my workers, toiling at the world's heavy burdens or getting ready to take your places among the toilers, learn a lesson from our Scotch friend, MacAdam! Time spent in getting ready is never lost time. A sharp tool lengthens life. A long breath at the start puts the goal nearer. A clear look ahead is worth many a rod. Don't get into a nervous hurry. Don't go at your work like a billy-goat. Have a place for things, have a time for things, have a way for things. First smooth down the hills, and fill up the valleys, and pack the gravel hard, and then hitch up your wagon and bowl ahead! My word for it, you will pull a mighty load to market.—*Amos R. Wells, in "Sermons in Stones."*

## Forget: Don't Remember

MEN have made fortunes teaching the human race how to memorize and how to remember. But a greater fortune awaits the man who will teach humanity how to forget. A good memory is excellent, when it is cultivated to remember the right things. But what many of us need is to learn how to forget the unpleasant things, the things that irritate and drag down the health of the mind and of the body. We do not realize how much our health depends upon the art of forgetting. We nurse a grievance until it makes us angry and bitter; we hug to our minds a fancied wrong until it becomes a real one. A word, an action — in the majority of cases misunderstood — rankles in our bosom, and we let it linger there until it fairly eats our vitality. If all this did us any good — if it undid the wrong, actual or fancied — there might be some excuse for our doing it. But all it actually does is to sap us mentally and physically.

"Easily said," says some one, "but how can you forget?" Simply by cultivating the habit of switching your mind off to some happy memory the moment some disagreeable thought enters into it; by forgetting the faults of your friends and keeping strictly in mind their good qualities; by believing not in the worst side of people, but in their best; by letting go and not hanging on to the little jealousies, the petty annoyances, the disappointments, the rankling acts — the little gnats that eat into our very souls and minds and bodies. Just to forget — that is what we need as much as how to remember. It is not easy. No. Nothing that is worth while is easy. But the mind can be trained to forget what it is best for it to forget just as well as it can be cultivated to remember what it is wise for it to remember. To learn to forget, to practise it, to make a study of it — that is what we need! — *Edward Bok.*

"CHRIST never lost sight of the children."