

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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God Understands

*It is so sweet to know,
When we are tired, and when the hand of pain
Lies on our hearts, and when we look in vain
For human comfort, that the heart divine
Still understands these cares of yours and mine:*

*Not only understands, but day by day
Lives with us while we tread the earthly way,
Bears with us all our weariness, and feels
The shadow of the faintest cloud that steals
Across our sunshine, even learns again
The depth and bitterness of human pain.*

*There is no sorrow that he will not share,
No cross, no burden, for our hearts to bear
Without his help, no care of ours too small
To cast on Jesus: let us tell him all—
Lay at his feet the story of our woes,
And in his sympathy find sweet repose.*

— Selected.



THERE are 2,500 daily newspapers published in the United States, 1,500 in Germany, and only 250 in Great Britain. Japan has 400 dailies, one of them with a circulation of 400,000.

THE New York Legislature has passed a law making it a misdemeanor to put advertising signs in public highways. Persons who remove such signs are exempt from punishment.

THE Mormon Tabernacle choir of Salt Lake City, Utah, is to make a tour of the country. This is said to be one of the largest musical organizations in the world, comprising about six hundred members.

THERE has been established at Gwynedd Valley, near Philadelphia, a home for convicts' children. The buildings and grounds have been given to Mrs. Ballington Booth for her use in this particular line of work.

THE women of a church in Ithaca, New York, are to remove their hats during the services. This was decided by the women themselves, giving for their reason that the large hats prevent the men from seeing the pastor.

JEAN K. BAIRD says of a young woman who could talk easily: "When one looked good and close at her words, one found there wasn't much in them. They were like a cup of whipped cream—a little was made to look like a good bit."

IDA LEWIS, the lighthouse heroine who has saved many lives during the fifty years that she has been keeper of the Lime Rock Light in Narragansett Bay, died on October 24, after a brief illness. For her heroism she received the thanks of the legislature of Rhode Island and of the Congress of the United States. By a vote of Congress she was made a permanent light-keeper, and was the only woman to gain that distinction.

It is believed that the manufacture of the Navajo Indian blankets by that tribe amounts to about \$500,000 a year. This is astonishing when one realizes that the industry is carried on solely by manual labor of the squaws, who still adhere to primitive methods and appliances. "The squaw weaves 'out of her own head,' with no pattern to guide her. The most highly prized of their weaves of blankets are known as *bayeta* blankets, which are valued at anywhere from \$250 to \$1,000 each."

A Tale of Modern Persecution

TWENTY years ago Bible work in the province of Quebec had to face no ordinary difficulties, especially in outlying districts where prejudice and superstition possessed the minds of the people. In the county of Beauce during 1886-88, our Quebec Auxiliary employed a colporteur named Jules Fresque, who was not afraid to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. From him a farmer named Pierre Rodrique bought a French New Testament, and studied it diligently, and was led to accept its teachings. He became active in spreading abroad the gospel, distributing several dozen New Testaments among the farmers in his neighborhood. He met with bitter opposition.

The local Roman Catholic priest collected the books, all save those in the house of Pierre Rodrique, and after mass one Sunday morning publicly burned them, denouncing them as bad books, and threatening any one who obtained and read another copy. Rodrique was summoned before the Roman Catholic bishop, and when he refused to obey him and give up his Bible and his faith, he was publicly denounced and cursed from the altar, and his friends were forbidden to deal with him or to recognize him in any way whatever. They must not even visit him in sickness: they were to leave him to die like a dog in the ditch, as a traitor to his race and religion.

As the direct result of this, Rodrique was boycotted and attacked in merciless fashion. His cattle were hamstrung or poisoned; his only horse was killed; his barn was demolished; his ripe barley field was set on fire. For the sake of God's word he was driven off his farm, a ruined man—but rich in faith. In the end, Rodrique and his family were compelled to seek in the United States what was denied them in Quebec.

To-day they are settled at Waterville, in the State of Maine—prosperous, happy, and useful. Rodrique himself is a successful evangelist. Moreover, the burning of the Testaments and the persecution of their possessors, brought forth fruit for the gospel in the county of Beauce. A considerable number of persons followed the footsteps of Rodrique, and migrated to Waterville. In that town there are now nearly two hundred families who originally belonged to Beauce, and who have now embraced the Reformed faith.

It is happily true that the events which we have described could not take place to-day in the province of Quebec. Persecution, indeed, is not ended; the New Testament, without note or comment, is still a forbidden book, and its possessors are ostracized. Nevertheless, the most benighted and superstitious districts of French Canada are hastening toward a clearer light and larger liberty.—*E. J. Stobo, in "The Bible in the World."*

Give the Best

CHRIST wants the best. He in the far-off ages
Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat;
And still he asks his own with gentlest pleading
To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at his feet.
He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love;
He only asks that of our store we give to him
The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer,
And fills them with his glorious beauty, joy, and peace.
And in his service, as we're growing stronger,
The calls to grand achievements still increase.
The richest gifts for us on earth or in the heaven above
Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
The best we have. —Selected.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1911

No. 48

Thanksgiving

B. F. M. SOURS

OUR hands are full of precious things,
Within our homes are hearts of love,
The hills and valleys seem to sing
The praise of Jesus, while above
The silver stars have seemed to say,
"All hail!" and then they stole away.

"All hail!" O thou sweet morn of morns
When mortals bow before the throne
To render praise to God most high,
Who reigns, our King, o'er all alone—
And all our hearts are glad, and they
Unite on this thanksgiving day!

Across the dells the sound of bells
The mission of the glad day tells,
And every note seems from a throat
To leap in joy, as forth it wells
Upon the laden air, away,
To tell, "'Tis glad thanksgiving day!"

And thou, my heart, thy humble word,
In thine own way; in tribute bring;
But let thy joy find no decoy,
But sing thy song to Christ thy King.
And angels, in the far away,
Will join in thy thanksgiving day.

The Hills O' Ca'liny—No. 3

The Path to Pisgah

A. W. SPAULDING



MOUNT PISGAH dominates the French Broad Valley. Though not the loftiest of the score of mile-high peaks that keep Mt. Mitchell company, it occupies the most commanding position in the view from Asheville to Brevard, and, next to Mitchell, is the most talked of and the most frequently visited of all the Carolina mountains.

A beautiful dome-shaped mass, steep, almost sheer, on three sides, it is approached on the east along the ridge of Little Pisgah, a ridge which, because of its rodent-like appearance from Asheville, has received the nickname of "The Rat." Southward from the big mountain runs Pisgah Ridge, a series of peaks and connecting elevations that, nearly circling Lake Toxaway, finally lose themselves in the ramparts of the Blue Ridge.

Famed in song and story is the region which Pisgah conspires with the Blue Ridge and the Great Smokies to shut in. Its hill-broken expanse lies before him who stands upon Pisgah's height. And not ill-named is Pisgah; for, while the mountains to the west shut off the view from a possible Great Sea, far to the north lies Mt. Mitchell, the Hermon of the Appalachians, while between stretches the fruitful plateau of the French Broad like another Jordan Valley. And so it was with some tinglings of anticipated pleasure that I found my feet on the path to Pisgah.

Crossing the river over Long Shoals Bridge, I found myself the first night sheltered in the hospitable home of an Esau whom I had met that morning hunting in the fields. Those late days of November bore suggestions of winter's reign, and the night was cool enough to make us welcome the leaping flames in the stone fireplace. Several men there were staying with Brother Esau, one a school-teacher, another a miller, and still another a farm-hand; and the conversation that night was varied and sprightly enough. I had the Book before them all, and one point in the canvass awakened the curiosity of Brother Esau.

"Now what do you think of this everlasting torment?" he asked. "I ain't much Bible-read myself,

but some says one thing, and some says another, and I should like to know for sure."

I let the school-teacher talk on the subject for a while; and then taking out my pocket Bible, I read some texts, a very few, with an explanation of Rev. 20: 10, that quite satisfied Brother Esau and the miller, but left the school-teacher a little hostile. However, none of them wanted the Book.

"Fact is," said Brother Esau, "I got burnt on one book. The fellow said it was a Bible, but when I got it, I found it was a Mormon Bible. Er—no [turning to his wife]—what was it? An Advent Bible, I believe. Yes, that's it, an Advent Bible."

"What is an Advent Bible?" I asked, with true innocence, "I never heard of an Advent Bible."

"Well, it's over there in the corner. I'll show it to you. Old Pap Somers come by after I'd bought it, and he says, says he, 'Huh, hit may be you kin stand this here, but you don't wan' to let your children see it.' And so I kivered it under all those books and papers, and ain't never looked at it sence."

It was dug out from its hiding-place, and presented for my inspection. And with great curiosity I looked upon the Advent Bible. A part of the title was there, sure enough,—Bible,—"*Bible Readings*"!

"Why, I know that book," I said, "I have it myself. It isn't a new kind of Bible; but it's made up of questions and answers taken from God's Book, the true Bible. Have you ever read in it?"

"Not much," he said; "not after old Pap Somers warned me. But I reckon hit's all right, sence you say so." And I really had some hope that he might thereafter touch the Advent Bible less gingerly.

The morning was bright, clear, and cold, with a wind out of the northwest. Pisgah was wreathed with a circlet of snow, which in the distance, through the frost-laden air, looked like a white cloud. I stepped along briskly, drawing in with delight the pure, crisp air. Around a turn of the road I passed out of the woods into a clearing a mile or two long, cluttered with log cabins. It was a Negro settlement. As I

neared the first house, a small cabin with a lean-to and one window beside the chimney, my ears were greeted with a fierce hubbub, half a dozen voices combining in a dread cacophony, above which a child's voice and a woman's voice rose shrilly. "I'll skin yo' alive!" I heard just as I came to the open door.

"Good morning," I cut in incisively.

The racket miraculously died. "Mo'nin', suh. Yassuh; we's all well, 'ceptin' fo' de fightin'. Mighty ornery passel o' chillun, suh! Books! Huh! No, suh; I ain' got no money fo' no books. I's a po' widow woman, an' I has to u'n a livin' fo' dese chilluns at de washin's; 'coz my husban' he wu'ks in de lime-kiln — uh — uh — my oldes' son, I mean."

I did not smile. Perhaps it was her oldest son: Maria had an enviable reputation for veracity among her white neighbors. And Maria took a book — two books.

I took Thanksgiving dinner with the squire. A hearty man is the squire, ex-sheriff and present assemblyman, with a quiet, straight-looking gray eye, grizzled hair, and a hand-clasp that has no sham in it. His wife, a busy, bustling woman, presides at a bountiful board, whose length can afford no explanation but of frequent and generous company.

It was Thanksgiving dinner, spread late for the sons who came from the city, bringing with them their wives and children, stately dames and rollicking boys. Yet in this family reunion the stranger was made welcome, despite the added fact that he ate no turkey nor bacon nor venison, and was therefore jocularly called a Jew. And around the evening fire, backed in a corner with the little ones, the stranger found himself not merely welcomed but hailed a hero, because he was a storyteller.

The squire's is a great old rambling house, built piece by piece, yet modernized with piazzas and plenty of paint, — a house set in a fine old oak grove, and backed by spacious barns; for the squire owns broad acres of river-bottom, and his horses and dairy cattle and hogs have taken prizes at the county fair, — not that the squire bends his back so much in the fields now; his day for that is past: he is a public-service man, and he has a son-in-law to superintend the blacks.

Almost it seemed we were back in ante-bellum days; for there were Negro house servants and Negro field-hands, Negro boys and girls and mammies, Negro minstrels and Negro jollity. There was a young Negro butler, and a fat, jolly old Auntie Dede for cook. A Negro boy tended the fires, a Negro girl was ready at beck and call for errands; and during the evening could be heard, back in the kitchen and long dining-hall, the scraping of the fiddle and the shuffling of feet, with bursts of laughter and raillery, where the servants, all of one hue, were making merry.

My path to Pisgah was not direct. It is a wide country lying at the foot of the mountain; on one side I visited three or four hundred homes. It was up toward the head of the North Fork, the second week, that I found Loney. Up a creek, off the road, a faint wagon trail ran, and I followed it and my nose — especially my nose — until I came to the cause. Passing the pigsty, I came to the log house. A woman, with uncombed coarse black hair, and a subdued expression in her fading eyes, opened the door. Within were several children, one of whom was a plump-faced girl of sixteen, almost the mirror of her mother, but without the subdued expression. She was Loney.

I talked with them about the Book, and with each telling point came their prompt assent, especially when my eye lifted to appeal to theirs: "Yes, suh! In-deed! Shu' 'nuff! Law, yes! Yes, suh!" It meant no profound agreement; it was simply the requirement of etiquette.

"Let's take the Book, maw."

"What d'you think yore paw would say, Loney?"

"What kin he say? 'Cose, he'll r'ar, but that don't do nothin'."

"No, I don't reckon we'd better. Powerful hard to git any money now."

"Yes, but, maw, let's take it. I liked that last part the most."

So I turned again with them to the preparation for Jesus' coming, and read and talked. The New Jerusalem and the new earth! How incomprehensible a change from the surroundings in which we read of them! Could the Book lift them toward it?

"I'd give a dollar just to read that," exclaimed Loney. "Let's take it, maw. Paw can't say nothin'. 'Cose, he'll chase us, but we kin run faster'n he kin."

So they took it. And up above the joists, on some loose boards, they discovered a purse, paw's purse, out of which to pay for a primer also. I wondered, as I left, if Loney would take the Book when it came, and what the Book might do for her. But sure enough, I found her when the time came to deliver, away upon a front seat in a closely packed crowd at a Christmas tree in the country chapel, her handkerchief tightly twisted and wadded in her work-a-day hands, quivering with excitement over the great event, but ready for the Book. Leaving me screened at the door by a boisterous crew of gallants and red-cheeked girls, she went in search of, and found, a very manageable "paw," who had a dollar. So Loney took the Book.

I think often of her, eager, lawless, untrained. What forces will there be that shall bring the light of truth and love into the darkened coves of the Forks, North, South, East, and West? Maybe the Book is glimmering yet in Loney's home, keeping alive the longing for the sunlight of education and salvation. O, when shall it come?

(To be concluded)

The First Church — an Experience With a Roman Catholic

WITH my Bible under my arm, having just concluded an evangelistic service in Alexandria, Va., I waited on the corner of a street for an electric car to convey me to Washington, D. C. Several other persons were waiting with me, two of whom made use of profane language. In a quiet way I protested, and noticing my Bible, one of them asked me this question: —

"Which church was the first church?"

"The Christian church."

"No, indeed. You are mistaken about that. The first church was the Roman Catholic."

The friend who accompanied him heartily indorsed his statement, so I asked: —

"When was the Roman Catholic Church founded?"

"I do not know when; but I know it was the first church," was the reply I received.

"Did not Jesus Christ found his own church?"

"I suppose he did."

"Was Jesus Christ ever in Rome?"

"No, I suppose he never was."



Frontispiece, "Protestant Magazine," Current Issue

LEO XII IN THE PROCESSIONAL CHAIR — THE LOVE OF POWER,
POMP, AND PRESTIGE

Through its double frontispiece the November-January issue of the *Protestant Magazine* preaches a silent but eloquent sermon upon the striking contrast between Christ and the Pope, the pretended representative of Christ upon earth. In addition to these pictures, this current issue contains a large variety of thrilling articles upon the conflict between Protestantism and Romanism, which will quicken the pulse of every young Protestant who reads them. Note the following titles: "Rome's Plan to Exclude Anti-Catholic Publications From the U. S. Mails;" "Rome and Democracy;" "Portugal and America;" "The True Apostolic Succession;" "A Timely Warning;" "The *Outlook's* Mistaken View of Romanism;" "Rome's Organized and Armed Forces;" "An Indictment of Romanism;" "An Interpretation of the Mass;" "Did Christ Give Peter the Supremacy?" "Recent Protests Against Rome by Presbyterians and Seventh-day Adventists."

"Then if Jesus never went to Rome, and yet he founded the Christian church, how can the Roman Church be the first church?"

An insult was the only answer vouchsafed. Ignoring this, I asked:—

"Jesus promised to send the Holy Spirit after he had gone to the Father. The promise was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. Jesus certainly knew where his church was located. How do you account for the fact that the Holy Spirit went to Jerusalem, and not to Rome? Did he not err in taking the place assigned him as the head of the church at Jerusalem, and not at Rome? Are you not aware that when the day of Pentecost arrived, there was no Christian church in Rome? There were Romans present at Pentecost,

and these took the gospel back with them to Rome. Rome received the gospel from Jerusalem."

"The Lord made Peter the head of the church, did he not?"

"Why, then, did James preside over the first council of the church? James rendered the decision of the council. Peter was the apostle of the circumcision (the Jews). God wished to make Peter an apostle to the Gentiles, but could not carry out his wish, owing to Peter's inability to free himself entirely from Jewish prejudices. Paul was the apostle to the Gentiles, and it was Paul, and not Peter, who organized the Christian church at Rome. What would you think of a priest's rebuking the Pope to his face, and proving him to have erred? This is what Paul did to Peter. What would you think of a few priests' deciding what the Pope should do by sending him on a missionary tour? This is what the disciples did to Peter. Does not this prove that Peter was no greater than any of the apostles? Paul says that Peter was a pillar in the church. How could this be true if Peter was the foundation? A pillar is very different from a foundation. When Peter baptized Gentiles, he was called to account for it by the apostles. Think of priests calling upon the Pope to submit to them reasons for his ecclesiastical acts."

"But the Roman Catholic Church is the true church."

"Then it ought to teach the truth. The Jewish church was once the true and only church. The Jewish priests could trace the church's lineage back to Abraham. Direct descent from Abraham was ever their boast. Jesus brought to that church light and truth, which it rejected. Did not that church's light go out in darkness? Did it not cease to exist as God's church?"

"I suppose so."

"Even though it could prove succession from Abraham's time?"

"They crucified Christ."

"Thus truth is more than succession. The real test of the true church must be truth. Rome does not teach the truth, therefore if Rome ever was the true church, she now has no claim to that prerogative. Is



Frontispiece, "Protestant Magazine," Current Issue

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE — THE POWER OF LOVE AND CHRISTIAN HUMILITY

In 1903, M. Gohier, a prominent Frenchman, stated in the *Literary Digest* that Romanism in America may be compared to "a solid block in the midst of a heap of crumbling Protestant fragments." In Luther's day Protestantism was truly "a solid block in the midst of a heap of crumbling Catholic fragments." Why the difference between then and now? What is the meaning of Rome's control of political parties, of the great cities of America, of the public press, public-school text-books, etc.? Why and when will Rome again rule the world? To what extent is she already ruling? These, and many other burning questions are answered in this and other numbers of the *Protestant Magazine*. Subscribe to-day. Yearly subscription, 25 cents; single copy, 10 cents. Send all orders through your conference tract society, or to the Protestant Magazine, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

not apostolic power and apostolic teaching more than apostolic succession?"

"What truth does the Roman Church not teach?"

"A number of truths taught by the apostles are rejected by Rome, among them being justification by faith without works; righteousness a gift from God; eternal life based upon the finished work of Christ, and not in any sense on fleshly works; Christ as the *one* mediator; all believers priests, and not a special class; Bible baptism; the new birth."

"To what church do you belong?"

"The church which teaches the truth taught by Christ and the apostles. Does not this make of me a member of the church of Christ, of the apostolic catholic church, of which Christ is the head?"

A spirit of bitterness was manifested by the man; and I thought, Surely Rome never changes; her spirit never changes. A prod from the sword of truth, the Word of God, still enrages her. She would like to respond with a prod from the sword of steel, a weapon in the use of which she is very proficient. Rome used the sword of steel in Europe, and now she is perishing with it there. May it never be placed in her hands in the United States, for if it is, she will use it again as she has in the past, to stop the mouths of heretics! JOHN N. QUINN

Loving With Our Minds

WE are to love God with our minds as well as with our hearts. This means that God is to have possession of our thoughts as well as of our affections.

And we are to love our neighbors with as wise and true a love as that with which we love God. The mere impulse of love will not always suffice. How can I show my love most helpfully? is the necessary inquiry.

"My sister is one of the most loving and unselfish souls," a man remarked, "but half a dozen people have to follow her around to clear up the unfinished jobs of unselfishness she leaves behind her." She loved with everything except her mind. Her unselfishness created more burdens than it relieved. She left, wherever she went, a mess of well-meant kindnesses which were not reasoned, which required work on the part of others in order to redeem her assurances, while she went serenely on her way, happy in the thought of her thoughtless love.

Whatever duty we owe to God needs to be discharged with all the faculties we have, mind and soul, as well as heart and strength. We are not helping a man enough when we endow him with a deed of kindness on which he has to pay a usurious interest to make it of any real use or to save it from being a positive encumbrance.—*Selected.*

The Tower of London

A. GREENE HORNE

PERHAPS no place in England is so interwoven with the history of the country, especially the darker side, as the old fortress which was once a royal residence and state prison. The central or White tower (supposed to have been so named because it was whitewashed in 1240)



was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, partly as a residence, partly to keep the city of London in subjection. Within the next two centuries the moat and the two walls were completed. A royal palace was afterward built within the enclosure, but it was destroyed in the time of Cromwell, when kings were at a discount in England. Only a small fragment of the Wardrobe Tower remains of this palace. From time to time, there have been many alterations, and in 1841 there was a disastrous fire; nevertheless there is much to take one's mind back to the times when the Tower of London was a sinister reality, a huge specter, hanging darkly over the course of every person who had any court aspirations, or who had earned the distrust or the dislike of the king.

Not all the tower is shown to visitors. Ordinarily the tower court, with its old cannon, the site of the scaffold, St. Peter's Church (outside), Beauchamp Tower, the crown jewels (admission, sixpence), and the armory in the White Tower are all that are shown, though the interested visitor may, by obtaining special permission and feeing the guards, see some other historic spots, such as the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh languished while he wrote his "History of the World." The tower is still maintained as a fortress and arsenal, and consequently there are considerable portions of the grounds and buildings not accessible to the visitor.

However, what one is privileged to see, if he remembers his history and has an imaginative mind, will serve to conjure up mental pictures gruesome enough to satisfy the most morbid taste. It was here that some of England's noblest blood was spilled because of jealousy, or malice, or religious bigotry. Whatever king was in power made use of this fortress as a means of disposing of "undesirable" persons.

It was here that Edward V and his younger brother,

sons of Edward IV, were smothered, it is supposed, on the order of their uncle, who thereby became king, with the title of Richard III.¹ It was here that the rival parties in the Wars of the Roses, in turn, made way with their enemies. It was here that Protestants and Catholics suffered for their faith, according to which religion was in power. It was here that an execrable king got rid of two of his wives by means of the block and ax.

Entering the old fortress, one passes through the Middle Tower, over the bridge which crosses the moat (formerly filled with water from the Thames, but now drained), through the Byward Tower into the outer ward. Proceeding eastward, one comes to the old water-gate on the right known as the Traitor's Gate, through which many an illustrious visitor entered the enclosure never to leave. Around the inner wall there are about a dozen towers, the dungeons of all of which have been used for the confinement of state prisoners. Many of these have left on the walls interesting but mournful inscriptions, which are still preserved. The most interesting are in Beauchamp Tower, some of them having been transferred from their original places to a room in this tower, for the convenient inspection of visitors.

In the tower yard is a small square enclosed with posts and chain, marking the site of the scaffold on which so many historic personages lost their heads; and beyond it is the Chapel of St. Peter in which are buried many illustrious victims of the block, some of whom were executed in the tower yard, others publicly on Tower Hill.

The White Tower contains one of the finest collections of armory in Europe. In the southern part of the building is the Chapel of St. John, one of the most excellent examples extant of Norman architecture.

But to many visitors the Wakefield Tower, with its exhibit of crown jewels, is, perhaps, the most interest-



ing of all the contents of the Tower of London. Here, in small space, are jewels of gold and precious stones,

¹ There is in Madam Tussaud's waxworks a wonderfully realistic representation of the assassins surrounding the bed where the beautiful and innocent boys are peacefully sleeping.

worth, perhaps, fifteen million dollars. These, while having in their way as great a historic interest as the tragic parts of the tower, are less gruesome, and certainly are far more artistic.

From the great crowds that throng the jewel-room (admission, sixpence) one would think that the government would be in a fair way to get back the money expended on the jewels.

As one contemplates this scene of countless tragedies, it is with a feeling of thankfulness that the time is past when government is simply the will of the man who, by whatever means he can, is able to get the best of all his enemies, when the possession of unusual intelligence and special gifts was one of the surest passports to the scaffold.

Italy and Turkey Force a War

I HAVE been through two wars as a correspondent for newspapers. I do not believe in war after my experiences. The contest now on between Italy and Turkey is unfortunate. It is pitiable that reason, arbitration, sentiment without battle, could not have prevailed.

The cause of the war, in which already more than five thousand soldiers and sailors have been killed, and much valuable property destroyed, is the desire of Italy to own and control the city and district of Tripoli, in North Africa, which legally belongs to Turkey. However, in late years the Turkish population of the city has much decreased, and the Italian population has grown.

Italy demanded of Turkey a right of governmental control of Tripoli. This Turkey refused on the ground that it alone should control, since it was the rightful possessor. Germany suggested, when the dispute on this point grew warm, that both Italy and Turkey take their contentions to the peace commission of The Hague, Holland, and permit arbitrators to settle the matter.

Sad for the cause of peace so much of the world is now advocating, Italy ignored this suggestion and forced war, making the declaration herself, and starting the fighting. So far she has had the advantage, owing to the fact that her navy and army are much superior to those of Turkey.

Tripoli is a province of the Turkish empire, situated on the northern coast of Africa, and bounded by desert and the Mediterranean. The northern half of the country is called



EXECUTION BLOCK AND AX,
TOWER OF LONDON

Tripoli, and the southern part Fezzan. The area of the province is about four hundred thousand square miles.

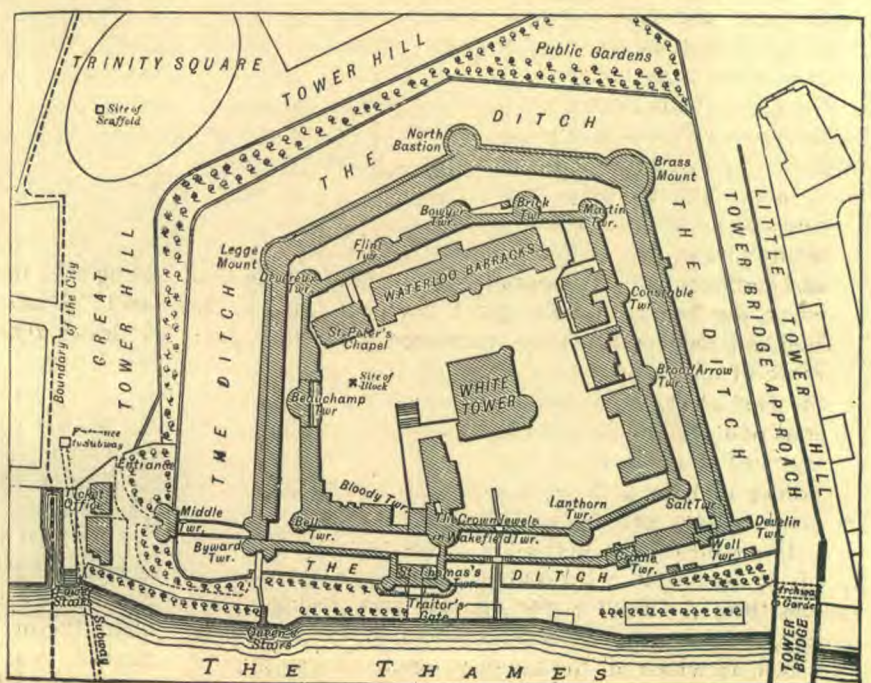
The interior of Tripoli is elevated and sandy, with fertile spots along the streams, but the general area is exposed to fierce clouds of sand from the desert. The coasts are mostly low and sandy, with the exception of the north-eastern part, where some of the mountains attain an altitude of two thousand feet. Tripoli has no permanent rivers, but there is a considerable number of springs, and the dry river courses fill up during the rainy season. Owing to the scarcity of productive land and its small population, the province is very little developed.

More attention is paid by the people to stock-raising than to agriculture, although we have wheat, dates, grapes, and olives from that land. Sheep are raised on a large scale. The commerce of the province was formerly very considerable, but owing to Turkish misrule, has declined seriously during the last twenty-five years. The capital of the province is Tripoli, which has just been bombarded by the Italians. The direct rule of the country is under the sultan of Turkey, who maintains a large military force at the capital.

In history Tripoli is one of the oldest spots in the civilized world. Centuries ago it formed a part of the territory of the Carthaginians, and then it passed under the control of

the Romans, who included it within the province of

(Concluded on page thirteen)



A MAP OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

The Value of the Morning Watch

G. B. THOMPSON



ET the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God," Henry Ward Beecher once said. "The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day."

There is nothing so important to Christians as to learn to pray. Jesus prayed. The stillness and darkness of the night found him, though weary with the cares and burdens of the day, amid the solitude of the mountains praying. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

It is said that every morning during General Gordon's journey in the Sudan, there lay outside his tent a handkerchief. By this token the whole encampment knew that the great general was praying. No foot dared to enter the tent while the handkerchief lay there. No message, however pressing, was sent in. Every one knew that General Gordon was having his morning communion with God. Refreshed and strengthened, he came forth from his tent for the burdens and duties of the day. We, no less than this great general, need the same preparation for life's daily duties.

Morning is the golden time for prayer and for study of the Bible. "Satan well knows that one whom he can lead to neglect prayer and the searching of the Scriptures will be overcome by his attacks. Therefore he invents every plausible device to engross the mind." —*"Great Controversy."*

Ten minutes' talk each day with the eternal God will transform the life, and do much to fashion us after the similitude of the Infinite. The children of Israel gathered the manna "in the morning," and those who failed to gather this food of the angels at that time secured none, for it melted and vanished away. It is in the morning that *we* should secure the "rations" for the day's march and its conflicts. One precious promise from God's Word, lodged in the memory in the morning, and well digested, will be a breakfast for the soul and furnish much needed strength for the day. It is thus that the servants of the Lord in all ages have won their victories. "Martin Luther, in the thick of his campaign with the Pope and the devil, said that he could not get on without two good hours each day with his private devotions."

In the life of every true Christian there should be times of silent meditation on the things of God. How fitting that in the morning hour, before the busy scenes and conflicts of other hours begin, we take a little time when the heart, in holy, quiet devotion, can, in the hush of the opening day, commune with its Maker. How fitting to sit, ere the toil of the day begins, at the feet of the Master and receive from him such instruction as pilgrims journeying through an alien country need to guide them aright, and to save them from falling into the pitfalls of sin, or becoming entangled in the subtle webs woven by the enemy.

It is said that in Wellesley College a special feature of the household is the daily morning and evening "silent time." "Both at the opening and closing of the day, there is a brief period, marked by the strokes of a bell, in which all the house is quiet. Every pupil is in her room. There is no conversation. No step is heard in the corridors. The whole great house, with

its thronging life, is as quiet as if all its hundreds of inmates were sleeping. There is no positively prescribed way of spending these silent minutes in the rooms, but it is understood that all whose hearts so incline them shall devote the time to devotional reading, meditation, and prayer. At least, the design of establishing this period of quiet as part of the daily life of the school, is to give opportunity for such devotional exercises, and by its solemn hush to suggest to all the fitness, the helpfulness, and the need of such periods of communion with God. The bell that calls for silence, also calls to thought and prayer; and even the most indifferent must be affected by its continual recurrence."

This is suggestive. Why should not each of us have a "silent time" each day for prayerful meditation and study of the Bible? "As those who keep clocks wind them up daily lest the weights should run down, and the clocks stop, so we must set apart some portion of every day for meditation and prayer, lest our hearts should so far descend, through the weight of the cares of this world, that our course in godliness should be hindered and stopped.—*Cawdray.*

"One morning," says a writer, "I called to see a man at his place of business. 'He is in, but you can not see him for twenty minutes,' I was told. I urged that my card should be sent to him, for it was important. The clerk replied, 'I can not do it; come with me.' He led me through the basement till we were beneath the sidewalk of Broadway. He bade me look quietly down a long corridor, at the other end of which I saw my friend upon his knees. The dim light revealed an open Bible upon a chair before him. The clerk then said, 'He spends thirty minutes there each day, and there is not a man in the house who would dare to interrupt him.' What a splendid example is this for all, especially the youth who are looking for the Lord to come.

Truly that day is not wholly well spent that is spent without a quiet hour. Prayer is the breath of the soul. Jesus has bidden us to "watch." "And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." We are to watch against the spirit of the world, against temptation, against Satan, against sin. We are also to watch for opportunities to do good, and to be useful. We must constantly "watch and pray."

"In an old book there is a story of a wayward young man, whose father, lying at the point of death, sent for him to come home and receive a message from his lips. The son came, and went with fear and trembling into the room where his father lay. The father said: 'I have one request to make. After I am gone, I desire that you spend one hour each day alone in your room.' That was all. The young man was surprised and puzzled, for he had expected to hear that he was disinherited on account of his wickedness. The request was so reasonable and the task so easy that he readily promised. As soon as his father was buried, the son proceeded to fulfil his promise.

"At first he did not know why his father had requested him to spend an hour alone each day, but the meaning of it all soon dawned on him. While shut up alone the myriad voices which had deceived him were hushed, and in the silence he heard another voice which he had not heard since he was a child—it was the voice of the Lord.

"Let the voices of the world be shut out for a time every day, and the soul will hear God speaking. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'"

As a help to prayer, meditation, and communion with God the Morning Watch Calendar has been prepared. It is intended as an aid to personal devotion and Bible study. A text is suggested for each day in the year for prayerful study, and some special objects are given for prayer. Great blessings have come to those who have followed it through the year, directing their minds toward God in the morning hours, and asking (1) for the Holy Spirit; (2) perfect trust; (3) watchfulness; (4) keeping power; (5) guidance; (6) growth in grace; and (7) victory over all temptation.

A Moment in the Morning

(Reprinted by request)

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 with a 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 glory 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—
It is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er.
'Tis the gentle dew from heaven, the manna for the day;
If you fail to gather early—alas! it melts away.
So, in the blush of morning take the offered hand of love,
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness thereof.

—Selected.

Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile

THE wheels of time turn on and on; the day, the month, the year, come and go on swiftest wings, bearing us ever on, on toward eternity. Childhood and youth and the full tide of life—and then the ebb; and after that, the judgment.

The struggle for existence has become intense. Every fiber of our being is stretched almost to the breaking point to keep up with the demands made upon us. Whether on the farm or in the shop or in a trade or profession, the same strenuousness must be maintained, or we are crowded out by the stronger and more daring.

On, and ever on, we rush, trying to keep pace with the maddening crowd, infatuated with the very intensity of the struggle. The insane asylums of the country are filled to overflowing; nervous wrecks are seen all along our pathway, the pitiful cry of the unfortunate importuning for help is heard, but we have no time to minister to their needs; for on we must hurry to keep pace with our daily tasks.

Disappointed hopes end their career in suicide; jealousy and envy bathe their hands in human blood; robberies, both public and private, are everywhere, and the very thoughts of men seem "only evil continually."

What means this maddening chase? Whither are we drifting in this current of commercialism, and universal rush for wealth? Surely not nearer the kingdom of heaven.

Were the Master here, think you his voice would not cry out above the noise and din of life, even as he said to the weary disciples of old, "Come ye yourselves apart, . . . and rest awhile"? Stop this hurry and rush, lay aside your cares and labors, and "come apart, and rest awhile."

The Master has somewhat he would say to you. He has promises he would have you ponder; he has love he would bestow. Are you bruised and scarred with sin and sinning? He has balm for your wounded soul.

He longs to hear your voice in earnest prayer. Are your lips silent and speechless? He will quicken their life, and put a song in your mouth.

Come, brother, come, sister, let us go aside a little while with the Master, and rest. I. H. EVANS.

Two Experiences in Outside Schools

OUR young people attending the schools of the world do not always have equal advantages with their classmates, because either recitations or examinations come on the Sabbath. However, if a person who is a good student and otherwise exemplary explains that he can take part in no exercise held on that day, he gives a strong testimony in behalf of the truth of God; and often he will find the teachers will make an effort to accommodate him if possible.

The following testimony from Miss Gladys King, of North Vernon, Indiana, also the one from Mr. H. W. Hartzell, of Chicago, shows that in such schools there will be many tests of one's loyalty to right; but that all such tests may be used to reveal the message of mercy for this time, and perhaps win some to the truth of God. Miss King writes:—

"On one occasion I had the privilege of speaking to my teacher a few words concerning the Sabbath. Our southeastern Indiana high schools have annually a reading and oratorical contest. Preparatory to this, each class has a contest, and the winners have a preliminary in which it is decided who shall contend in the final. I won in my class, and was to be in the preliminary. I found out it was to be held on Friday night, and requested my teacher to drop my name. Of course I was requested to give my reasons. They wondered why I should give up the chance of winning the gold medal."

Mr. Hartzell writes:—

"Upon my arrival here, I went to the superintendent of the medical department, and made further arrangements regarding the Sabbath work. Shortly afterward I gave him a letter signed by the elder of the church, which stated that I was a member of the North Side Seventh-day Adventist Church, and that I attended church there regularly every Sabbath, commonly called Saturday. He told me to show this to each of the professors whose work came on Saturday, or whose class extended into the Sabbath on Friday evening. One of the most important quizzes for the entire week came on Friday afternoon, from four to five. During the first of the term in the fall I could take this entire hour; but as the Sabbath came a little earlier each week, it soon began to chip into this class period, as I must be at home when the first precious moments of the Sabbath came. I would stay as long in the class as possible; then when it was nearly sunset, I would hand in my name on a slip of paper (as the roll was not called in this class until the close of the hour) and start home in time to be there by sunset. Al-

though I had an excuse for Sabbath work, yet my difficulties were not all met, as six of the examinations came on the Sabbath. Two of these came Friday evening, and extended into the Sabbath, allowing me only a few minutes to write on one, and a little over half an hour on the other. However, the Lord heard my prayers, and blessed in the work, for which I give him all the praise.

"When I learned that the other four examinations came on Saturday, I went again to these professors, and told each one that it would be impossible for me to take the examination, as it came on the Sabbath day. In each case he very kindly granted me another day to come and take an examination.

"Frequently students ask me why I never come to school on Saturday, and as I give them the reason, it often leads to the presentation of various points of the message for to-day. Some students are now interested, and I have talked several hours with them on the second coming of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible, prophecy and its fulfilment, and on other subjects. One of my classmates has been to our church and to special meetings several times; others have been to my home, where we have talked over various points. I endeavor to be discreet in presenting the truth."

Borrowing a Family

A Unique Way of Helping a Tired Mother

WE all believe the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the fact that "a stitch in time saves nine" is rarely disputed. Nevertheless, we do little to relieve the overburdened relative, friend, or neighbor, until the case has become serious enough for the doctor. Then we hurry over with flowers and delicacies, and often add to the general confusion.

If we are in any true sense our brothers' keepers, we do not wait for such emergencies to give such spasmodic help, but watch for the opportunity to say a kind word or give an encouraging lift to the burden.

One of my friends, who is always original in her methods, recently came to me with the story that one of our circle was very near a nervous breakdown,—just tired out and discouraged.

The children of the family were unusually bright and active; the oldest, a splendid girl, had just entered the high school. She was high-strung and talkative. The boys, strong, rollicking fellows, were noisy and full of fun. They all adored the mother, and the father was unusually kind and thoughtful. But the preparing of meals, and the washing, ironing, and mending were too much for one pair of hands; and, though the children helped, it was under supervision that required patience and tact.

The finances of the family made it impossible to hire extra help without going into debt; and this the mother refused to do, using all her energy in every way to piece out the family income rather than to save her own strength.

The doctor ordered a complete rest, and suggested a trip in the easy way that doctors have. But, even if the ticket had been forthcoming, there was the family to be left with the housework; and the thought of the accumulation of work which she would find on her return was more discouraging to the mother than the daily struggle with life as it came.

It was just at this season that her "sister's keeper" stepped in. She asked me whether I would invite the

young daughter to spend Saturday and Sunday with me, coming directly from school on Friday night. I could do this very gracefully, as she was in my Sunday-school class, and had visited at my home. This good friend had further planned for the boys by inviting them to her own camp for the week-end. When she called to give the invitation, she took with her two loaves of her own home-made bread, knowing that, if there was an abundance on hand, there would be a postponement of baking day.

One more detail she arranged. She called up her brother, and suggested that he have a business engagement with the husband, and invite him to remain downtown to dinner for at least one of the evenings, and to provide for two if he could.

Everything worked beautifully. The house was suddenly quiet, with no thought of preparing for the evening meal. Two rooms, occupied by the children, now being empty, the mother had a complete rest by occupying a room by herself. Her husband suggested that she sleep as late as possible in the morning, and slipped away without waking her. By Sunday she was a new person, and enjoyed the quiet little dinner with her husband in a way that did them both good.

Monday night, when the children came home, there was great rejoicing to see mother looking so well and so rested. The children, too, were less nervous after their outing, and appreciated home all the more because of their little trip away from it.

How often we might relieve the strain by such thoughtfulness, and how much better it expresses our thoughtfulness than flowers or Christmas gifts!—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Get the Habit of Succeeding

A GIRL in a high-school class in geometry was sent to the board to demonstrate an original proposition. Several members of the class had tried it, and their instructor had promptly found a flaw in their reasoning. This girl gave a neat, correct demonstration, and was cordially commended.

The effect was unexpected. The student in question was far from brilliant. She had never been particularly interested in her work. How she had chanced on that demonstration, was a mystery no one could fathom. She walked to her seat tingling with a sensation novel in her experience. She was tasting the joys of success. That night she applied herself to her work as she had never done before in the course of her school life. By the end of the year, she was acknowledged the most promising student in her class, and her record more than fulfils the pledge of those early days.

Nothing inspires like success. It is hard work to get up ambition enough to carry you on through a humdrum routine, but as soon as you have done anything splendidly, your pride and satisfaction will supply the energy you need for duplicating your achievement.

Get the habit of succeeding. Make your work easy by making it good.—*Selected*.

A Level-Topped Cake

IN filling a cake pan it is well to remember that the center of the cake is the part which will usually be the highest; so spread the batter as much to the sides as possible, leaving a depression in the center. Then the cake, when baked, will be level.

The Remarkable Schoolhouse



YOU are going to school in the most remarkable schoolhouse in the United States," remarked Uncle Rob, as he put Mildred on the little burro that was to carry her the mile and a half to school. It was only four months before that Mildred had come to New Mexico, and it seemed very queer to be riding to school on a funny little long-eared burro, and to be able to see jack-rabbits and prairie-dogs on the way. She asked Uncle Rob if he meant that, but he only shook his head and laughed.

"You will have to find out for yourself," he finally replied. "Ask Miss Wilson if she knows why the schoolhouse is the most remarkable one in the United States."

When Mildred reached the small frame building and told what Uncle Rob had said, Miss Wilson was as much mystified as Mildred had been.

"The most remarkable in the United States," she repeated wonderingly; "is it because we have ten little boys and girls from all parts of the country?"

When Mildred came home, she asked Uncle Rob if that was the reason, but her uncle laughed and shook his head.

"Guess again," he chuckled. "If any one can find out before the end of the term, I will give the school a fine new map of the United States."

"We must set our wits to work," Miss Wilson said when she heard that, "for we need a new map badly."

"Maybe," suggested Mildred, "it's because we can stand in the front door and look at mountains in Mexico."

"No," Miss Wilson answered, "because there are other schoolhouses here where one can do the same thing."

Several weeks passed away and they were still wondering. The children hunted through their geographies in hopes of finding something unusual about the place where the schoolhouse stood, and they studied their histories to find out if any great battle had been fought there. Miss Wilson said she never had scholars who gave as much time to geography and history as these did.

One day while she was hearing a spelling lesson, she suddenly exclaimed, "O!" and then laughed at the astonished faces of her pupils.

"You will have to make me stay after school for speaking out loud," she said, "but it just came over me like a flash why we are so remarkable."

They crowded around her at recess time, begging her to tell them, but she only smiled mysteriously and shook her head. "Keep on guessing a little longer," she said. "If no one has found out by Friday afternoon, I will tell you, just before school closes."

It was an exciting week. The children searched the ground around the schoolhouse, and asked all the old residents if they knew of any reason why the schoolhouse was remarkable. Friday afternoon came at last, however, and none of the children were any wiser about it. They could hardly wait for Miss Wilson to tell them.

"Did you ever see the water run off after there had been a rain?" she began. The children shouted, "Yes!"

"Where did it run, Mildred?" was her next question.

"Down the hill away from the schoolhouse, of course," answered Mildred.

"Do you think the water that runs down the west side of the schoolhouse and the water that runs down the east side go to the same place?" Miss Wilson continued; but before she had time to say any more, one of the boys jumped to his feet, waving his hand frantically for permission to speak.

"Well, Robert," she said, "tell us."

"The water on the west side would run into the Pacific Ocean if it went far enough, and the water on the other side would go into the Gulf of Mexico. We are on top of the Great Divide. I remember now that father told me so once."

"That is just it," answered Miss Wilson as the children began to clap. "Hurrah for our new map!"

—Minnie Louise Berray, in *Sunday School Times*.

Satan at the Moving-Picture Show

LITTLE Clare had been taught that the moving-picture show was Satan's show; that the music he heard in passing along the street which emanated from the show-house, was Satan's music. He had never visited such a place, and he had no desire to do so. He believed what he had been taught, and that was sufficient.

One day a gentleman friend of the family was a guest in his home, and Clare accompanied him on a down-town tour. The gentleman, wishing to bestow what he supposed would be considered an act of kindness by his little friend, took him into a moving-picture show. They had been seated but a short time when the first picture they saw upon the screen proved to be a representation of the devil, painted red, with horns, etc. Little Clare realized where he was, and was so shocked that he instantly began to entreat his friend in no uncertain terms to take him out of the wicked place, saying with much emphasis, "I want to go where Jesus is;" "I don't want to stay here;" "Take me to my mama," etc. His cries became so urgent as to disturb seriously the show, and his desire was complied with. His gentleman friend gave him twenty-five cents, at the same time requesting him not to tell his mother. Clare was true to his trust, but his mother learned of the incident in another way, and he seemed glad to have her know it.

Little Clare found just what other boys have found, that the ordinary moving-picture show is indeed Satan's show. We sincerely wish that every boy and every girl would cherish the same antipathy toward this degrading pastime that Clare still cherishes, and that all would take as their standard in measuring the probable good or ill to be derived from an entertainment, the significant words, "I want to go where Jesus is."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

The Body

1. I HAVE a trunk — my body.
2. It has two lids — eyelids.
3. And two caps — knee-caps.
4. Two musical instruments — drums.
5. Two established measures — feet.
6. A great many articles carpenters can not do without — nails.

7. I have about me two good fish — soles.
8. A great number of small shell-fish — muscles.
9. Two lofty trees — palms.
10. Some fine flowers — two lips.
11. Two playful domestic animals — calves.
12. A great number of small wild animals — hairs.
13. A fine stag — heart.
14. A number of whips without handles — lashes.
15. Some weapons of warfare — arms.
16. A number of weathercocks — veins.
17. Terms at a political meeting on the verge of a division — eyes and nose.
18. Two students — pupils.
19. A big wooden box — a chest.
20. Two fine buildings — temples.
21. Product of camphor — gums.
22. A piece of English money — crown.
23. An article used by artists — palate.
24. A boat used in racing — skull.
25. Used in crossing a river — bridge of nose.
26. Pair of blades without handles — shoulders.
27. Twelfth letter in the alphabet finished with bows — elbows.
28. Instruments used in church music — organs.—
Selected.

Italy and Turkey Force a War

(Concluded from page eight)

Africa, giving it the name of Regio Syrtica. About three hundred years after the death of Christ, it became known as the Regio Tripolitana (on account of its three principal cities, Oea, Sabrata, and Leptis, which were leagued together; whence its present name Tripoli), and was raised to the rank of a separate province of Septimius Severus, who was a native of Leptis.

Later the province and the city were ravished by the Vandals and the Greeks, and in the seventh century it was conquered by the Arabs, and the young life of Christianity which had started there was strangled by the Mohammedans. For a thousand years, or until 1510, the Turks controlled the district, and then the city was captured by Ferdinand, the Christian. He gave the city into the possession of the Knights of St. John. Since 1551 the country has formed part of the Turkish empire, although many times since then the city and the province have been in the control of fierce pirates recruited by lawless characters from the people of the desert. England and France repeatedly attacked Tripoli on account of piratical depredations. Between 1801 and 1805, Tripoli was involved in unsuccessful war with the United States, and in 1815 an American expedition exacted reparation for injuries done to American commerce.

The necessity for bloodshed and the ruin of public property has not yet been made apparent by either government.—*R. H. Little, in the Boys' World.*

Reminders

THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.—*Disraeli.*

THE world is unfinished; let's mold it a bit.—*Sam Walter Foss.*

TO believe a business impossible is the way to make it so.—*Wade.*

OUR character is our will; for what we will we are.—*Archbishop Manning.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, December 16

The Morning Watch

OFFICERS' NOTE.—Pray that this meeting may open the eyes of your young people to the importance of prayer. Work to that end. Would that we all might realize the value of prayer, and avail ourselves of the privilege. Let the paper "Prayer and the Efficient Life" draw illustrations from the Bible and history showing that the men and women of power and true nobility have been men and women of prayer. Those who so desire might substitute for the paper "The Foolishness of Not Praying," the article by Elder I. H. Evans, on page 10. Make some use of this article in your program. It merits careful, prayerful reading. The paper on "The Rudder of the Day" may be drawn largely from the article by Elder G. B. Thompson, page 9. Let "Weapons for Christian Warfare" be a short paper showing the value of memorizing Scriptures. Let it also remind those present that the Morning Watch Calendar will be very helpful in this work. Remember God's Word is filled with arrows for routing the enemy, but we can use only those our memories have gripped. Alexander McLaren said that the secret of his spiritual power was, first, the habit of personal Bible study daily; second, the place he gave Christ in his life.

Have a Morning Watch Calendar on hand at this meeting. Order from your tract society. Place as many calendars as possible in your community. Let your aim be, A Morning Watch Calendar for every young person in our neighborhood.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).

Prayer and the Efficient Life (eight-minute paper).

The Foolishness of Not Praying (five-minute paper).

The Rudder of the Day (five-minute talk).

Weapons for Christian Warfare (five-minute paper).

A Moment in the Morning (recitation). See page 10.

Report of work.

Take orders for Missionary Volunteer Calendars.

Morning Watch Illustration: Our Refuge

It is said that some years ago the king of Abyssinia took a British subject by the name of Campbell prisoner. They carried him to the fortress of Magdala, and in the heights of the mountains put him in a dungeon, without assigning any reason for such a course.

It took six months for Great Britain to find out where he was, and then his instantaneous release was demanded. King Theodore refused, and in less than ten days ten thousand British soldiers were on shipboard and sailing down the coast. They disembarked, and marched seven hundred miles beneath the burning sun up the mountains to the very dungeon where the prisoner was held; and there they gave battle. The gates were torn down, and presently the prisoner was lifted upon their shoulders, carried down the mountains, and placed upon the white-winged ship, which sped him in safety to his home. And it cost the British government twenty-five million dollars to release that man.

I belong to a better kingdom than that; and do you suppose for a moment that earthly powers will protect their subjects, and that God will leave me without help? His allowance is a continual allowance, given to me every day, and shall be all the days of my life.—*"From Life to Life."*

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5—Review Questions for "The Price of Africa"

In answering these questions the book may be used. Write out your answers, and send them to the Missionary Volunteer secretary of your conference. That task accomplished, get the next book, and keep up with the lessons.

1. GIVE three reasons why Africa has special claims upon the church at this time.
2. Name the different elements of character that prepared Livingstone to do the work he did.
3. What do you gather as to his desires from the word he sent the London Missionary Society?
4. Why do you say Livingstone was doing the Lord's work when he went out under commission from the British government as an explorer?
5. What influence do you think the hardship endured in early life had upon the success of Dr. Good as a missionary?
6. Name the different lines of study that made up Alexander Mackay's preparation for mission service. Which of these was he able to use most effectually?
7. How much can you say he accomplished before being called to rest?
8. Why would you not have selected Mr. Cox for Africa if you had been asked to select missionaries?
9. What qualifications did he have that made his life and example a power for the redemption of Africa?

Junior No. 4—Lesson 9: "Uganda's White Man of Work," Pages 250-279

1. IN what way did Mr. Mackay occupy himself after the persecution ceased?
2. What efforts were made to drive him from the country?
3. Describe his leave-taking.
4. What changes in government took place soon after his departure?
5. How was the work of the missionaries affected?
6. Where was Mr. Mackay at this time? How was he employed?
7. What cherished desire did he now set out to accomplish? Name some necessary preparations.
8. What traveler visited Mr. Mackay in his new home?
9. Repeat as much as possible of the description of his visit.
10. When did Mr. Mackay die, and by whom was he cared for?
11. What were some of the sacrifices made by this missionary?
12. How many of his associates had lost their lives?
13. What notable incident occurred twenty-nine years after the publication of Stanley's letter?

Seed Thoughts

WE often criticize and find fault with other people, when at the same time we are very imperfect ourselves.

It is no evidence that we are not so bad as other people simply because we have not the same faults they have.

Perhaps the imperfections of our characters are as much to be deplored as the imperfections of their characters.

The spirit of criticism and faultfinding has not its source in God, for it is not prompted by the motive of love.

J. W. LOWE.



X—Shipwrecked and Saved

(December 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 27:27 to 28:6.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

Questions

1. Where were Paul and a company of prisoners going? What trouble were they in? How were they comforted? Note 1.
2. How long was the ship driven up and down the sea? About midnight what did the shipmen think? What did they do? How deep was the water? What did the second sounding indicate? Acts 27:27, 28; note 2.
3. What new trouble now threatened them? How did they try to avoid this danger? How did the sailors think to save their own lives? How did they plan to desert the ship unnoticed? Verses 29, 30; note 3.
4. To whom did Paul speak about what he had discovered? What did he say? How did the soldiers frustrate the plans of the sailors? Verses 31, 32.
5. While they were waiting for day, what did Paul beg them to do? How long had they been fasting? With what words did he encourage them? What example did he himself set? What effect did Paul's words and example have upon them all? Verses 33-36.
6. How many persons were on board the ship? After they had eaten, what did they do? What did they find when daylight came? What did they discover? What did they think it was then possible to do? Verses 37-39.
7. What preparations did they make to land? In trying to run the ship ashore, what occurred? With what result? Verses 40, 41; note 4.
8. What counsel did the soldiers give? Who kept them from their purpose? Why was the centurion unwilling for the prisoners to be put to death? What command did he give? How did those who were unable to swim reach the shore? How many were saved? Verses 42-44; note 5.
9. When the ship's company reached the shore, what did they learn? How were they received by the people living on the island? Acts 28:1, 2; note 6.
10. What occurred when Paul was laying wood on the fire? What did the natives of the island conclude? What caused them to change their minds? Then what did they say? Verses 3-6.
11. When had Paul been called a god before? Acts 14:11, 12. What promise of the Saviour was fulfilled in this incident? Mark 16:18. What promise may every one claim? Memory verse.

Notes

1. Paul and a company of prisoners were under the charge of a Roman centurion sailing from Caesarea to Rome. The ship encountered a storm so severe and so long-continued that they gave up all hope of being saved. The angel of the Lord appeared to Paul, and assured him that no lives would be lost, and that they would be cast upon an island.
2. Adria was not the Adriatic Sea, but a name then given to the central basin of the Mediterranean Sea. Probably the trained ear of the seamen caught the sound of breakers,—waves dashing against the shore. A fathom is the distance between the forefingers of the outstretched arms, or about six feet.

3. The sailors, under pretense of throwing out anchors from the fore part of the ship, had lowered the small boat, and it seemed that no one but Paul noticed that they were selfishly making ready to leave the ship. If they had succeeded, most likely they would have been drowned, and there would have been none left to manage the ship.

4. The ship, broken and at the mercy of the waves, would soon go to pieces, and sink. Those aboard were forced to make a hurried escape.

5. The centurion understood that Paul was no common prisoner, and though his own life might also be in peril, if the prisoners escaped, yet he was willing to take the risk rather than see a man killed who had shown so good a spirit during the dark days of their voyage.

6. Melita, now known as Malta, is a rocky island south of Sicily. The people were not barbarians in the ordinary sense of that word. It was a term given by the Greeks and Romans to all people who did not speak the Greek or the Latin language. Their language was the Phœnician.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X — Shipwrecked and Saved

(December 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 27: 27 to 28: 6.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: The Mediterranean Sea, Melita Island.

PERSONS: Paul and his companions, the soldiers, the prisoners, and the ship's crew.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 34: 7.

Questions

1. On the fourteenth night what discovery did the sailors make? Acts 27: 27.
2. What did the sailors do? Verse 28.
3. What measures did they take for safety? Verse 29; note 1.
4. What cowardly act did the sailors attempt? How was this plan frustrated? What counsel did Paul give? Verses 30-32.
5. As the day dawned, what did Paul desire all to do? How long had they fasted? Verse 33.
6. What assurance did he again give them? For what did he have thought? Verse 34; note 2.
7. Having said this, what did he do? What was the effect of his example and words? Verses 35, 36; note 3.
8. How many persons were on board the ship? How did they further lighten the ship? Verses 37, 38.
9. What did they discover as soon as it was day? What did they try to do? Verse 39.
10. How did they proceed? What was the result? Verses 40, 41.
11. What did the soldiers advise? Verse 42.
12. Who kept them from their purpose? Why? What order did the centurion give? What was the result? Verses 43, 44; note 4.
13. When they reached shore, what place did they find it to be? Acts 28: 1; note 5.
14. How were they treated by the people of the island? Verse 2.
15. How did Paul busy himself? What happened to him as he worked? Verse 3.
16. How did the people of the island regard this? What did Paul do? Verses 4, 5.
17. What did the barbarians expect to see? When they saw no harm followed, what did they conclude? Verse 6; note 6.

Notes

1. "It was the fourteenth night that they had been tossed up and down on the black, heaving billows, when, amid the

sound of the storm, the sailors distinguished the roar of breakers, and reported that they were near some land. They 'sounded, and found it twenty fathoms; and when they had gone a little farther, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms.' They were now threatened by a new danger, of having their ship driven upon some rock-bound coast. They immediately cast out four anchors, which was the only thing that could be done. All through the remaining hours of that night, they waited, knowing that any moment might be their last. The leak was constantly increasing, and the ship might sink at any time, even if the anchors held."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 267.

2. "A slight effort of imagination suffices to bring before us an impressive spectacle as we think of the dim light just showing the haggard faces of the two hundred seventy-six persons clustered on the deck and holding on by the bulwarks of the sinking vessel. In this hour of anxiety the apostle stands forward to give them courage. He reminds them that they had 'eaten nothing' for fourteen days, and exhorts them now to partake of a hearty meal, pointing out to them that this was indeed essential to their safety, and encouraging them by the assurance that 'not a hair of their head' should perish. So speaking, he set the example of the cheerful use of God's gifts and grateful acknowledgment of the Giver by taking bread, 'giving thanks to God before all,' and beginning to eat. Thus encouraged by his calm and religious example, they felt their spirits revive, and 'they also partook of food,' and made themselves ready for the labor which awaited them."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), page 610.

3. "Whether one is ready for the hour of opportunity or emergency depends on the whole previous life, and the real testing time is not the critical moment itself, but all the apparently unimportant moments which precede it. The hour reveals, but does not make, the man. David was able to save the armies of Israel because he had learned to use his sling in his shepherd life. It was General Charles James Napier who said, 'The smith who has to look for his hammer when the iron is red, strikes when it is too late; the hammer should be uplifted to fall like a thunderbolt while the white heat is in the metal.'

"The greatness of Paul as a man and as a leader is shown on this voyage to Rome. His brave endurance of hardship, his presence of mind in time of danger, his tireless activity, his unselfishness, his practical wisdom, his sympathy for others, his good cheer, and above all his perfect trust in God, are brought out by the exciting scenes of peril. But all these qualities have been shown again and again in the record of his life given in the Acts, and in his own self-revelation in his letters. He was the foremost man on that ship, because he had lived the noblest life and had attained to the greatest character."—*Tarbell's Teachers' Guide*, 1909.

4. "Julius the centurion knew that Paul had been instrumental in saving the lives of all on board, and he felt that it would be the basest ingratitude to allow him to be put to death; and more, he felt convinced that the Lord was with Paul, and he feared to do him harm. He therefore gave orders to spare the lives of the prisoners, and directed that all who could swim should cast themselves into the sea and get to land. The rest seized hold of planks and other fragments of the wreck, and were carried landward by the waves."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, page 270.

5. Melita is the island that it now called Malta, in the Mediterranean Sea, one hundred fifty miles southwest of the most southern point of Italy. "Malta is seventeen miles long by nine miles wide at its greatest breadth. Its area is ninety-five square miles. One of the greatest sieges of history took place here in 1565. Since 1800 it has belonged to the English."—*Peloubet's Notes*, 1909.

6. "The whole scene is brought very vividly before us as in the sacred narrative. One incident has become a picture in Paul's life with which every Christian child is familiar. The apostle had gathered with his own hands a heap of sticks and placed them on the fire, when a viper came 'out of the heat' and fastened on his hand. The poor superstitious people, when they saw this, said to one another, 'This man must be a murderer: he has escaped from the sea, but still vengeance suffers him not to live.' But Paul threw off the animal into the fire and suffered no harm. Then they watched him, expecting that his body would become swollen, or that he would suddenly fall down dead. At length, after they had watched for a long time in vain and saw nothing happen to him, their feelings changed as violently as those of the Lystrians had done in an opposite direction, and they said that he was a god. We are not told of the results to which this occurrence led, but we can not doubt that while Paul repudiated, as formerly at Lystra, all the homage which idolatry would pay him, he would make use of the influence acquired by this miracle for making the Saviour known to his uncivilized benefactors."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul*, pages 613, 614.

THE aim, if reached, or not, makes the life.

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The Excuse

Let the passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way!

— Louise Imogen Guiney.

What Might Come Again

THERE are many people in Spain and Portugal who are longing for religious liberty, religious equality, and nothing more. Roman Catholics count them anarchists. This is what the *Western Watchman* (Catholic) of June 9, 1910, says: "The anarchists of Spain and Portugal are becoming very active again. A little *Spanish Inquisition* would come in very handy just now."

A Wrong Foundation

I RECENTLY attended the dedication of a church which is to cost four hundred thousand dollars. In the corner-stone was placed a copper box containing a Bible, and many religious documents. Two or three hundred years hence, the building may be torn down, and future generations will see that the founders believed in the Bible and temperance.

I have read of a building which was recently torn down, in a town in Ohio, which was dedicated to Satan. The building stood in the center of the town, and was one of the most conspicuous. Shortly after its completion, about fifty years ago, it was whispered around that the building had been dedicated to the devil. Business men laughed at the rumor, and rented the different stores and rooms because of the fine location, but misfortune seemed to follow every tenant; and it is said that about every firm failed in business which occupied the structure. Lately the block was partially destroyed by fire, and workmen began to tear down the brick walls. Many persons crowded around to watch when the workmen reached the corner-stones. When the first corner-stone was unsealed, a whisky bottle was found. It had been full, but had leaked out. At another corner a pack of cards was discovered. At another corner was found a pair of dice in perfect preservation. Two old residents said that they were in the group of four men who watched the dedication of the building fifty years ago. The placing of a bottle of whisky in the corner-stone would certainly indicate that the owners of the building founded their structure on intemperance, which is as insecure a foundation for a building as it is for human life.—*Boys' World*.

International Courtesy

IN the summer of 1900 the antforeign movement in China, known as the Boxer uprising, was the cause of much damage to foreign property, and legations from other countries were besieged in Peking, and lives were lost.

Ten countries besides the United States, demanded indemnity from the Chinese government, the total amounting to \$333,000,000, or thereabouts. The countries which together decided what the amount of the indemnity should be, were Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, Spain, France, Great Britain, Japan, and the Netherlands.

The American share of this amount was \$24,440,778.

In 1908 while Mr. Roosevelt was president and Elihu Root secretary of state, a report was made to the President by Secretary Root, showing that the total amount of damage suffered by the American government and its citizens was \$11,655,492, which was less than one half of the American share of the indemnity.

President Roosevelt urged Congress to return to the Chinese government the excess over the actual cost to the United States, which was done.

China showed appreciation of this just and courteous act, by using the money thus refunded in educating Chinese students at American institutions.

EMMA MARIE HARRIS.

A Letter to Mr. Stifneck

DEAR MR. STIFNECK: I sat behind you in church the other Sunday, and was pained by the uprightness of your carriage. Not that uprightness is usually a fault; but, when one's spinal column is so stiff that he can not bend it before God, his Maker, he certainly shows the "defects of his qualities," to put it mildly. A reverent attitude does not necessarily show a reverent heart, to be sure; but an irreverent attitude is very sure to indicate that God is not in *all* one's thoughts.

A hypocrite may bow his head and mumble his prayer in church while his heart is in Kamchatka or Patagonia, or, perhaps farther away still from God, in his counting-house or bank vault; but to bow his head does not make him a hypocrite, and to sit up like a ramrod does not prove his sincerity.

When you sit thus, my dear Stifneck, you seem to be advertising to God and man: "I am not praying, and I don't want you to think I am. I will stare straight ahead with eyes wide open while the minister does the praying. I am not here to worship, but because—well, because it is the respectable thing to put in an appearance at church once in a while; but I wouldn't have you think I am a praying man, not by any means."

For my part, I wish the back-bones of all of us in the non-liturgical churches were a little more flexible.

"How do you know, Parson Mossback, that I was sitting upright if your own head was bowed and your eyes closed?" do you say? For the very good reason, my dear Stifneck, that your broad back prevented me from bowing my head on the seat in front, as I wished to do.

If you don't care for your own appearance, my friend, remember those behind you, and give them a chance to bow their necks as well as their hearts before God.

Faithfully yours,

A. MOSSBACK.

—From *Christian Endeavor World*.