

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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CHINA is said to have 400,000 deaf-mutes.

THE government expects to save \$240,000 a year by printing postage-stamps on rolls of paper, as a newspaper is printed, instead of on separate sheets.

ONE hundred and twenty-five words a minute for sixty consecutive minutes is the net average typewriting record established by Miss Margaret B. Owen, of New York.

AN art collection, with an estimated value of \$10,000,000 or more, is left to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York by the will of the late Benjamin Altman, dry-goods merchant.

A THEOLOGICAL night-school was recently started in the North Baptist Church of New York City, which is believed to be the first of its kind in America. Sixteen young men were enrolled in this class.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by the municipal reference librarian of Chicago, during 1912 there were 691 persons killed by automobiles in 22 American cities having 100,000 or more population, while the railway fatalities of all the railways of the United States during that period were only 270.

OAKLAND, California, has stepped to the front rank of up-to-date cities by placing the city prison on the top floor of its beautiful new municipal building, nearly three hundred feet above the street. From the upper observation platforms, one can observe on a clear day nineteen cities and towns. The prison is sanitary, well lighted and ventilated.

THE recent discovery of fossil remains of camels in Alaska and within the arctic circle has led some scientists to conclude that the climate in those regions must once have been much milder than it is now. The discovery also strengthens the belief that there was once a land connection between Alaska and Asia, which served as the highway for the migration of mammals from the Old World to America.

"DR. REGINALD HEBER FITZ, of Boston, a physician and surgeon of international reputation because of his discovery of appendicitis, died September 30, at the age of seventy years. In 1886 he read a paper before the Association of American Physicians on the diagnosis and treatment of perforating inflammation of the vermiform appendix. He ascribed the well-known fatal inflammation of the bowels to infection from inflammation arising in the appendix, and said that the proper treatment for such cases was removal of the appendix. The importance of his conclusions was at once recognized, and it was suggested that the disease that he had localized be called for him. He objected, and it was at his wish that the scientific name of appendicitis was given to it."

How to Prevent Lawsuits

IN a copy of the *Christian Advocate* dated Jan. 27, 1829, I find an article on the foregoing topic, credited to the *New England Farmer*, which reads as follows:—

"Some time since [it was in October], the weather being favorable for clearing land, A. H. determined to burn away the brush in one of his pastures. The fire ran faster than was expected, and extended into the wood of his neighbor N. H., where it did considerable damage before it could be subdued. N. H. was absent on a journey at the time, and on his return met A. H., who expressed his regret at the accident which had taken place, and his readiness to satisfy him for his

loss. 'Let us refer the case to two men we can trust, and let those men be you and me.'

"Your proposal, Mr. A. H., is very fair; but in such cases two men have been known, at times, not to agree. Therefore I should propose to you to leave it to one alone, and let that man be your own good self. You will take the case into consideration, and when we meet again you will inform me to what amount you find the loss.' The next time they met, A. H. informed N. H. that he had walked over his wood-lot, and that from the best opinion he could form of injury it had received, he had estimated the loss at sixty-five dollars. N. H. professed himself perfectly satisfied with the liberal damages which A. H. had brought in. 'But, neighbor,' said he, 'it is a hard case, and therefore I will propose to you that we should divide the loss. You may pay me one half, and I will bear the rest.'"

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

True to His Convictions

THE chaplain-general related an incident of a young soldier who on one occasion had consulted him upon a question of Christian duty. "Last night," said the young man, "in my barrack, before going to bed I knelt down and prayed in a low voice, when suddenly my comrades began to throw their boots at me, and raised a great laugh." "Well," replied the chaplain, "but suppose you defer your prayer till you get into bed, and then *silently* lift up your heart to God." A week or two afterward, the young soldier called again. "Well," said the chaplain, "you took my advice, I suppose? How has it answered?" "Sir," he answered, "I did take your advice for one or two nights; but I began to think it looked rather like denying my Saviour; and I once more knelt at my bedside, and prayed in a low whisper as before." "And what followed?" "Not one of them laughs now, sir; the whole fifteen kneel and pray, too." "I felt ashamed," added the chaplain-general in narrating the story, "of the advice I had given him. The young man was both wiser and bolder than I."—*Selected.*

Saved Their Parents

ANCIENT history records that a certain city was besieged, and at length obliged to surrender. In the city there were two brothers who had, in some way, obliged the conquering general, and in consequence of this, received permission to leave the city before it was set on fire, taking with them as much of their property as each could carry about his person. Accordingly the two generous youths appeared at the gates of the city, one of them carrying their father and the other their mother.—*K. Arvine.*

ALL our actions take
Their lines from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.

—W. T. Bacon.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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No. 48

Autumn's Gift

BENJAMIN KEECH

SOFTLY the maple leaves
Fell from the parent tree;
Autumn, with garnered sheaves,
Rested awhile.
Then, with a lingering look,
Sadly and tenderly
Gave to each field and brook
One parting smile.

Onward through woodland ways,
Autumn passed musingly;
Soon fled the mystic days,
Peace filled the air;
Footsore and tired, at last,
Autumn lay mournfully
Where pines their shadows cast,
Sheltering her there.

Soon had the wintry wind
Found Autumn's hiding-place;
Then she, with thoughtful mind,
Softly did say:
"Soon must I fade and die,
Winter my charms efface;
Yet one last gift have I—
Thanksgiving day."

A Glimpse of Central Africa—No. 2



I WANT, dear friends, to tell you a little about the missionary's enemies. As we were drawing near Benguela, where we were to land, yet still so far out at sea that we could not see the African continent, I saw a panoramic parable of the whole missionary situation in that vast continent. Our beautiful blue Atlantic, as we neared the mainland, became tinged with a muddy brown. The brown Kongo was vomiting its dirty contents into the blue Atlantic. There you have the sad and symbolic story of decadence on the west coast of Africa. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and to go out to Africa means to go *down* to Africa, for the tendency is down, down, ever down.

Well, from the day I landed, the devil lurked by my side. I saw that there was one thing he especially wanted. He wanted to sap my gladness, wanted to steal my song, to steal my laugh, to rob me of the joy of my life. But one day I read in this dear old Book, "My heart is fixed; . . . I will sing;" that is, I'm going in for singing. It was not much, only a few words, but it has shed glory in my darkest places ever since. And, friends, when you find your song in peril, just run to David, the sweet singer of Israel, and get a little snatch of one of his songs. Fix your heart on it. Make it the habit of your life.

Recently I was talking with a cabinet minister in England. He said to me, "Mr. Crawford, I should like your eyes."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, I should like to experience the surprise that you must be having in seeing the difference between twenty-five years ago and now. What is the biggest thing you have seen in the way of change?"

"Well," I said, "one of the greatest differences between now and twenty-five years ago that I notice is this: Modern materialism has robbed the modern young man of his smile. When I came into town the other morning in 'the tube,' there were thirteen clean young

English sphinxes before me, with a strained, almost struggle-for-life look on their faces. Twenty-five years ago I should have had before me thirteen genial, joyful Englishmen dissolving in smiles."

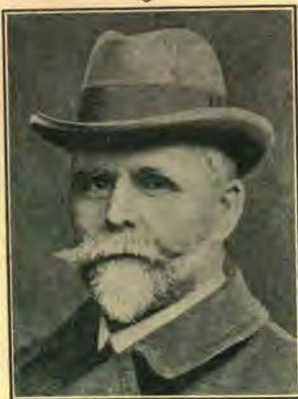
"What is your point?"

I said: "Do you remember Herbert Spencer's chapter on 'The Psychology of a Smile'? The point to that long chapter is that *nothing on four legs ever smiled a mighty smile*. It is only God's biped, feet in the mud, if you like, but head in the glory, who smiles that wonderful thing called a smile."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah!" I said, "Spencer would never put the sermonizing tag on, but I am going to. Spencer proved that the smile is the coat of arms of the soul. The smile is like the flag over Buckingham Palace. When the flag floats, we know the king is in the palace. You see? Ah, 'what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world'?"—you in America, they in England, we in Africa—"and lose his' smile? 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.'"

Another thing that I saw at once in Africa was the limitation of self. One thing I was particularly anxious to do—and I asked God that he would equip me for it—was the translation of his Holy Word



MR. DAN CRAWFORD

into the Bantu tongue. The question was as to how it should be done. What I resolved to do was this: not to invite Mr. African to live with me, but to go and live with him in his little native town. So I went at first to Chenda, or Pilgrim Town, on the Kunje River. I was the Lord's pilgrim. For the first twelve days the people stared at me in the most stand-offish manner. Who are you? You are a spy. You are not black. You are white. And for ten days, twelve days, fourteen days, they were very exclusive. But about the sixteenth day they apparently decided to take me in. Then I began what is called "Thinking Black." The normal Bantu speech was pouring into my ears all the time. I had my note-book and pencil, and I tell you, as I found my note-book filling up with nouns, verbs,

and adjectives, I just gasped. The verbs have thirty-two tenses and about ten voices, and the noun is a great big fellow with nineteen genders.

Living as I was with the natives, I saw their normal life. I lived in their beehive huts, and even got accustomed to their simple native food. There was a dear old grandmother who used to stir my porridge every morning with her gnarled old hands. She was what one would be inclined to call repellent, at first, but she soon developed into a charming old dowager. You should hear some of these old women talk. Suppose you are listening to her: she is talking in that wonderful thirty-two tense language of hers. What does she say? We'll suppose she comes to some so-called ugly word. We should use it, but she, O, no! she is supersensitive, and when she comes to this word she dodges it: "But not to be impolite to the gentleman," and around it she goes. And if a Negro brings you four pots of temperance beer, he does not call it that; he says he is bringing you four pots of water. If you invite him to supper and he wants to say no, he says, "I am not refusing," but all the time he is refusing.

One very tragic thing is that these natives have never, never, had a book. But though they have never had a book, when they look at you their glance goes right through you. O, that Negro! He can look through you as if your body were made of plate glass. You now understand why I ask you to pray for every missionary in the foreign field. Those people do not know what literature is, and so the missionary is their walking and talking Bible. They will speak about Christ being in him, and even dare to talk about him as being their god.

Many years after I had gone into the interior of Africa, an Irish friend of mine, a very charming and scholarly man, Mr. Cobbe, with a heart for God's work, decided on a trip off the beaten track in Africa. He wanted to get in touch with the people. I met him at the Lualaba River. When we met, I gripped his hand, and he said, "I have come to pay my debt." We lived together for a little while. He was a cultured classical scholar, and a good linguist; he was no use, however, when he tackled a language that had never been reduced to writing. But Christ was living in his heart by faith, and he was a living example.

One day the cannibals came over the hill. Those cannibals are true Tories, every man of them. You cannot force the missionary on them. They size you up for about a week. They are reading *you*. The one thing the African goes for is the eyes. Every morning he comes with his imaginary fishing-rod, and he goes into the missionary's eyes and fishes out any information he wants. He knows, for instance, if you begin the day with God. Well, one particular cannibal, he looked over Cobbe, and he thought he had struck the real thing. He stayed around with Cobbe for about fourteen days, and then he took French leave. "Over the hills and far away" he disappeared. That is also a cannibal trick — no good-by. Later, that dear friend of mine, Mr. Cobbe, passed away.

Ten years passed. I was traveling in Lubaland, and there, one day, in one of the villages, a man came up to me and said, "You are the very man I have been looking for." It was the cannibal who was so glued to Mr. Cobbe. I went to his hut and sat down, and he told me that he had started a new religion. I found out that the new religion that this man had set up was based upon the worship, not of God, but of Mr. Cobbe, the living epistle. It was enough to have made Cobbe

turn in his grave. Here was a man who practically said: "We know about God; but he is too busy off among the stars. He has left us alone. So I will lift up a little prayer to this Christian god, and he will pass it on to God. He will have big influence with God." O, the tragedy of these poor souls groping their way along, if haply they might find a walking and talking Bible!

I want to say, dear friends, that we who live away off there in Central Africa do not all want your commiseration. We have a great time there shut off from everything. Again and again the Lord has fed us in the most marvelous manner and done many wonderful things for us. I remember when once a robber got my boots how the Lord God gave me another pair in the wilderness. We have learned, when we get a pair of boots like that, not to ask whether they fit or not. And that reminds me of something that Billy Bray once said. Some one told him that the Lord had put it on his heart to give him a suit of clothes. "Well," said Billy, "if the Lord has put it on your heart to do this, the clothes are going to fit; for the Lord knows my measure." In some marvelous way the Lord has again and again come to succor us.

Emerson was quite right when he said that in this world there is a law of compensation that really compensates. It is so with the African native. He never had such a thing as a note-book, and the law of compensation has ordained that he should have a most wonderful memory. One day, many years ago, I limped into a town. I was tired out. The temperature was probably one hundred and two, or more. I did not want to have a meeting; but the people came so insistently and begged so pathetically that I gave them a broken little scapegoat message. Ten years afterward I came into that same town,—I had not visited it in the meantime,—and those poor people, like a gramophone record, had kept that message of mine, and they gave me back my poor old sermon. They had preserved it, passing it on from lip to lip.

Take the matter of light. In Central Africa they have never had artificial light of any kind. The result is that, by this law of compensation, they have wonderful eyesight. They disapprove of artificial light, saying that to light up any dark place is to fight God. When the sun sets, that means that God has drawn the curtains that your eyes might have sleep.

And — my brother missionaries will support me in this — give me a church with the old people. Some people think the old are done for. The dear old friends, they are delightful. They are just themselves. And I am sorry to say that some of the recent generations of Africans make excellent parrots. They take after the missionaries in every way. But the old people just remain their dear old selves to the end. I have seen these dear old grandmothers work. I have seen them hobble out three miles, not as mission agents, but for nothing. At one end of the town I attended the meeting of this old grandmother I was speaking about; at the other end of the town the young evangelist was holding a meeting. He spoke splendidly, but his preaching was not to be compared with hers. The words of the poem just fit these dear old women: —

"Life is a sheet of paper white,
On which each one of us may write
A word or two — and then comes night."

Here is this dear old grandmother. She is a finished metaphor. She realizes that "life is a sheet of paper white," — very dirty sometimes! — and she realizes that

her paper is coming to a finish and that she must write close. And, O, I want that to symbolize my life for God, for I want to be true to him!

About ten years after I went to Central Africa, my dear wife joined me. All the time I was alone the loudest song of the sons of men was humming in my heart: "The girl I left behind me." Well, I sent a letter, and she dared to come. She joined an expedition that dropped her about two hundred miles from the eastern ocean. I went to meet her, and the British consul married us. Before he married us, I said, "We are going to pray." Down we went on our knees, and down he went, too. Just fancy getting a British consul on his knees! We were married in good old Puritan fashion, with two texts of Scripture. One of the two was: Abram "pitched his tent . . . and there he builded an altar unto the Lord." Brethren and sisters, I challenge you: you have pitched your tent, but have you *builded* your altar? O, there is the leakage of power! That is why our prayer languishes; we do not do what Father Abraham did. He did more by building his altar than he did by pitching his tent. Take that, America! Take that, England! You are building your tents, and you are pitching your altars, I fear, out of the window. I am here to testify this morning—and we are here for business—that I learned really to pray only after I was married. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." And who can agree like husband and wife, and, hand in hand, go to the throne of grace and ask of the Lord a boon or a bounty? O, it is grand! There is a verse of Scripture that I think is very much mangled and muddled: "That your prayers be not hindered." That word prayers does not refer to ecclesiastical prayers or to conference prayers. It means specifically and technically *your* prayers, husband and wife.

The second text of Scripture was very simple. It was: "My beloved, . . . my friend." My friends, there is many a husband who is not his wife's chum, who is not his wife's friend. And there is many a wife who is not her husband's chum, who is not her husband's friend. "My beloved, . . . my friend." I tell you where a husband and wife have learned to chum and have a great good time together, there you have the very spice of life itself, the best thing on the earth. "I speak concerning Christ and the church."

These natives have great temptations. Down in the south there is a certain kind of civilization advancing, that civilization that brings drink, gambling, and all the rest with it. It was down that way that I went when I was starting out for England, down there by the railway head, where I and my black friends bade each other good-by. O, how they looked at that railway! Then they asked me to explain to them about some of the things belonging to your so-called civilization. So I began gushing about all your wonderful civilization. How they looked and listened! As I went on telling them of automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, and everything else, trying to draw a wondering look from them,—and how I piled it on!—I noticed one man with an uncomfortable look in his eyes. I could see he was waiting for me the way a cat waits for a rat. Finally he said, as I stopped: "Are you finished?" And then, dear friends, he punctured my tire with a bang. I shall never forget it. He said: "To be better off is not to be better." *To be better off is not to be better!* That was the last speech I heard in Africa.

You do not need to talk about David Livingstone and others being pioneers of the gospel in heathen lands. *God is his own pioneer.* In some senses God has preceded us. He has unfurled his own flag. He is not merely talking to those natives; he is shouting at them out of every stick and stone and running brook. O,—and I say this with gusto,—wherever we have planted the dear old Bible in those latitudes, we have done it on bed-rock, for we realize that there, at least, is a sure foundation upon which we may build!—*Dan Crawford, in Record of Christian Work.*

Purity Is Power

"KEEP the imagination clean," said Hawthorne; "that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven."

There are plenty of people who are extremely fastidious about their bodies who will feed their minds upon filthy literature. They do not realize that it is a thousand times worse to take filth into the mind than into the body.

The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations and mischievous polish reflect upon the mind the image of impurity without presenting the impurity itself. A plain vulgarity in a writer is its own antidote. It is like a foe who attacks us openly and gives us opportunity for defense. But impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend who strolls with us in a garden and destroys us by the odor of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses.

A mayor of Philadelphia said he could rid the jails of two thirds of the boy criminals in the next year if he could banish bad plays from the boards of the variety theaters and put bad books out of print. An officer of the British government declares that nearly all the boys brought before the criminal courts owe their downfall to impure reading.

Many people seem to think that if their acts are pure and clean so far as the public is concerned, it does not matter much what they do privately. The privacy of the deed has nothing to do with the results to ourselves. Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a crag. It flew majestically far up into the sky, but by and by became unsteady and began to waver in its flight. At length one wing dropped and then the other, and the poor bird fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherd sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while resting on the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But it crawled in through the feathers, and while the proud monarch was sweeping through the air, the serpent's fangs were thrust into its flesh, and the eagle came reeling into the dust. It is the story of Samson; it is the story of many a life. *Some secret sin* has long been eating its way into the heart, and at last the proud life lies soiled and dishonored in the dust.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Pictorial Review.*

No Armor for the Back

OF all the various parts making up the armor of God, there is none provided for the *back*, showing to us that the Christian warrior was never meant to run from his enemies, but to fight the good fight of faith, that he may lay hold on eternal life; and also that if any opposition came from the rear, he might be stimulated and impelled to run all the faster toward his heavenly inheritance.—*John Bate.*

Progress in Mission Fields During 1913

T. E. BOWEN

THE advance into mission fields during 1913 has been largely that of strengthening the work already in hand.

New Missions Established

Elder and Mrs. J. C. Rogers, formerly of Nyasaland, were authorized by the General Conference to open a new mission in northeastern Rhodesia, one thousand miles north and a little west of Blantyre. This is in a densely populated region. The mission will be known as the Tanganyika Mission. Five thousand dollars was appropriated for opening this mission.

Elder L. R. Conradi reported, at the recent autumn council, that two missionaries were under appointment by the European Division Conference for Madagascar. They may reach their field before the year closes. Madagascar has hitherto been unentered by representatives of the third angel's message.

The islands of New Hebrides, northeast of Australia, while mentioned as a new field opened last year, were really not entered permanently until the early part of this year, when Elder and Mrs. C. H. Parker and Elder and Mrs. S. W. Carr settled on the small island of Achin, where property has been purchased and a mission established. This is in the stronghold of heathenism of the New Hebrides group, and is also virgin territory in that no other mission is operating on the island. Cannibalism is practised to some extent on an adjoining island.

The Selukwe Reserve, for which the Sabbath-schools raised funds June 29, 1912, was not actually opened until the first of the present year. Its name has been changed, the station hereafter to be known as Glendale Mission. An interesting account of its opening will be found in an article in the *Review* of Nov. 27, 1913, by Brother Walston. Several other new stations, such as the new mission home built at Swatow, China, and the Kalyan Mission, West India, have been added in the expanding work of the fields already entered.

Amid Perils of War

War conditions in Bulgaria and Mexico during the year have apparently hindered for a time the progress of the message in those fields. In Bulgaria nearly all our ministers and colporteurs were forced into service. At one time several of them, because of their loyalty to the Sabbath, were threatened by the commanding officer to be shot. One brother, a minister, was ordered out of prison. He prepared himself to die, for he expected the hour had come for the threat to be put into execution. Instead, he was sent home.

In Mexico but little could be done aside from the selling of books. Several appointees to that field have been unable to enter the country because of the conditions there.

Asiatic Division

At the General Conference, Elder R. C. Porter was chosen president of the Asiatic Division Mission, and Elder I. H. Evans president of the North American Division Conference. Splendid gains have been reported in the Orient. At the general meeting in Honan 137 believers were baptized. Brother Cottrell reports that out of 108 baptized, 103 came direct from heathenism. In Korea Dr. Riley Russell, in his evangelistic medical missionary work, reported seventy baptized believers during a little over one half of the first portion of this year. Other workers in Korea have also been

prospered in finding honest souls who now rejoice in the light of truth.

European Division

At the General Conference the European field was organized into the European Division Conference. During the first six months of the present year this conference, comprising all Europe, Siberia, Persia, Turkey in Asia, and all northern Africa (the West African Mission, including the Canary Island Mission, having been set off to the European Division at the time of the General Conference), also the missions in British and German East Africa, reported a gain in membership of 1,893.

South America

Steady progress is reported in this great division of the field. The twenty or more recruits for Brazil bring rejoicing to the hearts of the brethren of the Brazilian Union. This will enable them to push on up north, or rather, down north, into the Amazon region, as well as to strengthen the fields already entered.

In the South American Union Conference, especially in Argentina, the colporteurs have been greatly prospered in their work of placing the larger subscription books in the homes of the people, in the face of opposition and persecution from fanatical Catholics. Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia have been set off as a mission field, with E. L. Maxwell as superintendent. A new mission building has been completed among the Aymara Indians in the Titicaca region of Peru. Steady progress among them has been made, notwithstanding severe persecution from the priests. Several Indians were thrown into prison, but all remained loyal to God.

Visits by General Conference Representatives

During the summer following the General Conference, the president of the General Conference, Elder A. G. Daniells, visited Europe, attending the leading general meetings in that field prior to the autumn council of the General Conference Committee held in Takoma Park, October 14-28. These meetings were held in Friedensau, Germany; Nottingham, British Union; Lausanne, Switzerland; Nimes, southern France (in the very place where some Huguenot witnesses suffered martyrdom for the truth's sake during Reformation days); Barcelona, Spain; Vienna, Austria; and closed with a ministerial institute in Sweden.

The first months of the year Elders L. R. Conradi and Guy Dail toured among the East African missions. In British East Africa, in speaking of the progress of the two main stations at Gendia and Wire Hill, Brother Conradi says: "Our hearts were rejoiced most at what God has wrought in the spiritual upbuilding of the natives. Two years ago we secured our first converts. Now forty promising young persons have been baptized. Sixteen will soon go forward in this rite." Twelve were baptized later down in the German territory. In much of this territory in East Africa our work is in sections where no other missionaries are located. Our workers are reducing languages to writing, translating portions of the Scriptures into vernacular, these manuscripts being eagerly accepted by the British and Foreign Bible Society for printing.

Prof. H. R. Salisbury's Return From India

After spending two months in attending the Calcutta

general meeting and visiting missions in India the last of 1912, Professor Salisbury visited the Malay States, China, Korea, and Japan the first part of 1913, reaching San Francisco about March 1. At Singapore he found the work progressing well under the direction of the new superintendent, Elder F. A. Detamore. At Shanghai he found the new mission homes occupied and greatly appreciated by the missionaries, and the new printing plant doing good work. On reaching Seoul, Korea, he assisted in the dedication of the new publishing house there. These publishing centers truly mean much for the furthering of the message in the densely populated Orient.

Comrades Fallen

Two faithful missionaries have fallen at their post thus far this year,—Mrs. F. W. Vasenius, of black-water fever, January 22, at the Victoria Nyanza Mission, German East Africa; and Brother C. Lynn Bowen, of smallpox, June 2, at the Tsungwesi Mission, Rhodesia, South Africa.

The list of outgoing missionaries up to November 1 totals 136, not counting the children. To add these to the large number already in the field means much to a small denomination with limited resources. The mission budget voted for 1914 amounts to \$475,775. Additions will doubtless be made, so that next year probably half a million dollars will be required to carry forward our mission operations throughout the world. No small task surely, but with the blessing of God, and united effort on the part of all, including our young people, we shall be able to meet the demands of the ever-expanding work of the third angel's message to all the world in this generation.

Balboa, Discoverer of the Pacific

It was four hundred years ago the first day of September, 1513, that Vasco Nunez Balboa set forth with his little company of Spaniards in search of a great unknown sea that rumor stated lay somewhere to the westward. Twenty-five days later came the dramatic moment when, with his flag about him and his sword drawn, Balboa stepped onto the crest of a mountain, and for the first time the eyes of a white man viewed the greatest of oceans, which we call the Pacific. It was still four days later—the twenty-ninth of September, 1513—that the adventurous band reached the shore, and the leader entered the water and claimed dominion over the sea and all the lands that might border it, for his master, the king of Spain.

In the year 1500 Balboa left his native Spain as a youthful and humble follower of Bastidas when that leader sailed from Cadiz with two caravels bound for the new lands which Columbus had discovered but a few years before. These caravels were scarcely larger than a good-sized launch, and crossing the then-uncharted Atlantic was in itself no small adventure.

Trouble befell the expedition, and young Balboa found himself marooned on the island of Haiti. Agriculture was the only pursuit open to him, but lacking the cruelty to drive the Indian slaves, Balboa could not succeed as a planter, and soon became bankrupt. In those days there were no bankruptcy laws, which allow one to go free from a load of debt, and Balboa knew that he would never be allowed to leave the island. It chanced that Fernandez Enciso, governor of the coast of South America, was fitting out a ship to found a new colony on that coast, so Balboa had himself nailed up in a cask marked "supplies" and addressed to the new colony. Thus he got aboard ship as a stowaway,

and though Enciso was furious when Balboa was discovered, he was allowed to continue with the expedition, his worth and experience being recognized.

Enciso proved a tyrannical governor, and the colonists deposed him and raised Balboa and another named Zamieda to joint leadership. Enciso left for Spain to lay his grievances before the king, and, recognizing his power at intrigue, Balboa feared, with good reason, that he might be summoned to Spain and imprisoned. So he sent Zamieda on another ship to lay their side of the difficulties before the king. This left Balboa supreme at Darien. He was anxious to accomplish some notable feat, that his position might be more secure before the king, and the lust of adventure and discovery was also his. He had heard from the natives that a great water of unknown extent lay somewhere to the west, and that on it bordered a kingdom of inconceivable wealth—the land of the Incas. So he determined to search for this sea, and if possible, reach the land of gold.

So hazardous was an expedition into the interior, thick with tropical growths and peopled by hostile tribes, that Balboa had difficulty in securing followers. At last he found one hundred and ninety daring men who volunteered to accompany him. Among them was Francisco Pizarro, who was destined to accomplish that portion of the object of the expedition that Balboa was not to achieve—the conquest of the land of the Incas. The little party set forth, accompanied by a pack of bloodhounds led by Balboa's great dog Leoncico,—so useful that he held the rank of captain,—and about one thousand natives. The difficulties overcome were tremendous, the diplomacy displayed by the leader in dealing with the savages was wonderful. Where possible, he made friends with the Indians; to those conquered he accorded honorable treatment.

After many days of struggling through morasses and fighting with Indians, the expedition reached the mountains from which the sea was to be seen, so the Indians informed Balboa. But sixty-seven of the Spaniards were able to start on the last lap of the journey, the others having been killed, or lying sick or wounded in camp. Early in the morning of the twenty-fifth, Balboa and his sixty-seven followers began the ascent, cutting their way through the forests. When they had come almost to the summit, Balboa seized an ax and cleared a way in advance that he might be the first to look upon the ocean. Then it was that he stepped forward, sword drawn and banner afloat, to view the great ocean.

Balboa's achievement rang through Europe, and brought to his name fame and recognition second only to that of Columbus. Yet he was not to enjoy the renown that was his. He returned to the eastern coast of the isthmus to find that a new governor, Pedrarias, had been sent, with a large expedition, to replace him. But Balboa secured permission to carry his original enterprise further and go in search of the empire where gold lay in the streets. In order to secure ships to sail upon the newly discovered ocean, the beams and planks had to be cut on the east coast and carried across the isthmus, where the construction of four ships was begun. Finally the difficulties and misfortunes encountered were all overcome and the expedition was prepared to embark, when false charges of treason and treachery were brought against Balboa by his enemies, and he was summoned back to the east coast. Pedrarias, the governor, who hated Balboa, showed neither justice nor mercy, and the discoverer of the Pacific was beheaded.—*Pictorial Review*.



THE HOME CIRCLE



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

Fiendish Devices of White-Slavers

Warning to All Women

THAT girls and women need to be constantly on the alert as to the devices of agents of the white slave traffic has been brought recently to our attention in two marked instances. A mother and her daughter went from Jersey City to New York City on a shopping tour. To economize time they separated, agreeing to meet in an hour and a half in Macy's parlor. The daughter finished her errands first, and having time to spare, was looking into the window of a store near by. As the crowd gathered around her, she felt a sharp pin-prick on her arm, but paid no attention to it except to rub the spot. She then went to Macy's, as agreed, to wait for her mother, but as soon as she had taken her seat, fell to the floor in a swoon.

The matron was called, and the doctor of the establishment was summoned. After looking at the girl, he said, "O, it's only a case of drunk! We will take her to the window and the air will revive her."

At this juncture, a well-dressed man came hurrying up as if looking for some one, and seeing the unconscious girl lying there, said to the matron, "This is my wife; she has these drinking spells occasionally. I have a carriage at the door and will take her home."

Providentially, the mother, who had been searching for her daughter, pushed her way through the group, and, seeing the man about to take her away, sprang forward, saying, "This is my daughter. What are you doing?" In the

excitement of the moment the man fled, and could not be found.

Another instance is of a young woman living in Newark, New Jersey, who went to New York City recently, and after attending to her business stepped

into a moving-picture place in the shopping center. After a few minutes, the girl felt a sharp pin-prick in the side of her neck. She looked around and saw a man and woman of ordinary appearance, sitting behind her, intent upon the pictures being exhibited. She felt dizzy, so made her way out of the place, and seeing a policeman near by, went to him and asked him to take care of her. The officer took her to the station-house near by, and the sergeant in charge, as soon as she was brought before him, recognized the symptoms, saying, "It is another of those knock-out cases." In both instances these girls had been punctured with a hypodermic needle containing some strong opiate, and, had not Providence mercifully interposed, both without doubt would have been counted among the numerous cases of young women who mysteriously disappear, and are forced into slavery as inmates of houses of prostitution.—*Union Signal*, Oct. 9, 1913.



School-girls and Paris fashions do not go together. The Congress of Mothers would dress the girl becomingly, but not so as to attract attention

Good Housekeeping

Reinstated

MR. FRED P. FALKENBERG, who was sent from the Cleveland Naps to the Toledo club of the American Association in

1911, as a baseball "has-been," gives his recipe for recovering his pitching ability. Instead of becoming disheartened by his transfer or consoling himself with the thought that he was merely traveling the path that all baseball players have to travel, he went to work energetically to recover his lost standing. He says:—

After playing the few remaining games in Toledo in 1911, I went to work in the upholstering department of the Willys-Overland Company in the big plant in Toledo. For eight hours a day during that winter I operated what is known as a tufting machine, a contrivance for making back-seat cushions for motor-cars. Day by day I thumped and pounded the long curled hair of commerce into that machine, getting a great deal more of good, solid exercise for my throwing arm than if I were pitching a game every day. I took the best possible care of myself, and in the spring I felt as fit as ever in my life.

I reaped the benefit of my work in the season of 1912, making an excellent record with Toledo. That winter I went right back to the automobile factory and hair stuffing, pounding away as hard as ever at the day's work. This spring, having investigated my physical condition, the Cleveland management took me back with the Naps. I have been meeting with success during all the season, and can see no reason why I shouldn't be good for several years more of big league baseball.

Mr. Falkenberg has never indulged in liquor. He keeps good hours, always getting plenty of sleep. He exercises care as to what he eats, but sometimes indulges in cigars. These are, however, absolutely tabooed during the playing season, for the gentleman himself says that he can very easily weaken himself by smoking.

It seems strange that Mr. Falkenberg doesn't altogether forego the smoking habit, for if smoking is an injury to him during the baseball season, he must know that he cannot be altogether at his best if he allows himself to indulge in the use of tobacco during the off months.

We who are preparing to engage in more earnest and serious work than baseball playing, can learn lessons from Mr. Falkenberg, emulating his courage and perseverance in the face of failures, his generally wise and abstemious habits of living; but we should forego this weakness in yielding to even one point that is conceded to be injurious.

The safest, the best, the manliest rule is absolute abstinence from all that is not uplifting and ennobling. Tobacco is never granted a place among uplifting forces. This fact alone should forever debar it from civilization.

Wise Counsel

Know thyself. Be content with thy lot. Trust not wealth, beauty, nor parasites; they will bring thee to destruction. Have peace with all men, war with vice. Be not idle. Look before you leap. Beware of Had I wist. Honor thy parents; speak well of friends. Be temperate in four things, *lingua, locis, oculis, et poculis*. Watch thine eye. Moderate thine expenses. Hear much, speak little *sustine et abstine*. If thou seest aught amiss in another, mend it in thyself. Keep thine own counsel, reveal not thy secrets, be silent in thine intentions. Give not ear to tale-tellers and babblers; be not scurrilous in conversation. Jest without bitterness; give no man cause for offense; set thine house in order; take heed of suretyship. *Fide et diffide*, as a fox on the ice; take heed whom you trust. Live not beyond thy means. Give cheerfully. Pay thy dues willingly. Be not a slave to thy money; omit not occasion, embrace opportunity, lose no time. Be humble to thy superiors, respectful to thine equals, affable to all, but not familiar. Flatter no man. Lie not, dis-

semble not. Keep thy word and promise, be constant in a good resolution. Speak truth. Be not opinionative, maintain no factions. Lay no wagers, make no comparisons. Find no faults, meddle not with other men's matters. Admire not thyself. Be not proud nor popular. Insult not. *Fortunam reverenter habe*. Fear not that which cannot be avoided. Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled. Undervalue not thyself. Accuse no man, commend no man rashly. Go not to law without great cause. Strive not with a greater man. Cast not off an old friend, take heed of a reconciled enemy. If thou come as a guest, stay not too long. Be not unthankful. Be meek, merciful, and patient. Do good to all. Be not fond of fair words. Be not a neuter in a faction; moderate thy passions. Think no place without a witness. Admonish thy friend in secret, commend him in public. Keep good company. Love others, to be loved thyself. *Ama tanquam osurus*. Provide for a tempest. Do not prostitute thy soul for gain. Make not a fool of thyself to make others merry. Marry not an old crony or a fool for money. Be not oversolicitous or curious. Seek that which may be found. Seem not greater than thou art. Take thy pleasure soberly. *Ocymum ne terito*. Live merrily as thou canst. Take heed by other men's examples. Go as thou wouldst be met, sit as thou wouldst be found. Wilt thou live free from fears and cares? Live innocently, keep thyself upright—thou needest no other keeper.—R. Burton.

What They Remembered

A SHORT time since, just at sunset on a summer's day, I went to the grave of a dear sister of mine. Her two little boys went with me. When we had arrived there, I saw four little rose-bushes, two at the head and two at the foot of the grave, bending over, as if to meet and hang over the grave.

"That is her grave, our mother's grave," said one of the boys.

"And those rose-bushes——" I said, as the tears started in my eyes.

"Those," said the elder, "brother and father and I set soon after she was laid there. Those two at the head she planted in the garden herself, and we took them up and set them there, and call them 'mother's bushes.'"

"And what do you remember about your dear mother, my boys?"

"O, everything!"

"What in particular?"

"O, this, uncle, that there never was a day since I can remember in which she did not take us to her closet, and pray with us, unless she was sick on the bed!"

Never did that sister seem so dear to me as at that moment; and never did my heart feel so full a hope in the words which were engraved on the tombstone:—

"No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch her soft repose."

—Dr. J. Todd.

"'MORE and more' is the apostolic rule for good work of every kind, but let us never sacrifice quality to quantity."

"IN character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."



Desert Water Barrel

THE accompanying illustration shows a variety of Echinocactus, the Mexican name for which is *bisnaga*. It is common along the Mexican border from Texas to California. This is

the cactus from which the desert traveler is enabled to obtain water when nearly perishing of thirst — the average growing specimen contains ninety per cent of water. To obtain this the top is cut or beaten off, and with a stick or stone the inner portion is beaten into a pulp from which the water is pressed with the hands into the cavity thus formed.

Some of the local and common names are "desert water barrel," "fishhook" cactus, "barrel" cactus, "ball" cactus, "Turk's head," "niggerhead," and "Devil's nail keg."— *Technical World*.



The Sound of Thunder

For a long time it was supposed that the noise of thunder was caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of the lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap; but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now thought that thunder is due to the intense heating of gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of electric discharge, and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosion on a small scale caused by discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which sounds loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor.

In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the clouds to the earth, the clap is loudest at the beginning. One investigator (Trowbridge) has given substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes to pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton-wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a startling extent. It is quite possible that further experiments will add to his findings.— *Selected*.

Open Mouths

MUCH physical harm is done by open-mouth breathing, but it is not the unhealthful phase of this practise I shall consider. It is the personal appearance to which your attention is invited. If in an assembly you will notice different faces, you will readily discover what I mean by open-mouth breathing.

Perhaps he is one of your intimate friends, a man whom you know to be brilliant, one of those earnest thinkers whose society is highly prized; and yet as you view him listening intently, with eyes, ears, and mouth

wide open, you cannot help thinking that his appearance would be greatly improved by a closed mouth.

Have you ever noticed that persons of inferior intellect, not to mention idiots, often pose with open mouths? Does not the same practise by intelligent persons detract from the facial appearance, giving an inferior look to otherwise interesting features?

Youth is the best time to form right habits, not only the moral, but also those which affect the physical appearance and well-being.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

How a Stolen Cat Cost a Fortune

SOMETIMES boys think it is good fun to steal pet cats. Of course, they may do it thoughtlessly, not realizing how very much such a pet may mean to a lonely and aged person. In Middletown, Connecticut, there was a woman of advanced age who had a pet cat. It was stolen by a boy, a student, and used for experimental purposes in the biological laboratory. The woman was heart-broken when her cat disappeared, and when she found out what had become of it, she changed her will and deprived the university of a legacy which might have amounted to \$100,000 or more.

Students are loyal to their colleges, and every one desires to render the best possible service to his alma mater. Little did this young man think that he was depriving his own college of \$100,000 by his perhaps, thoughtless but certainly unfortunate and altogether reprehensible act, in stealing a pet cat.— *Selected*.

Tree That Kills

THE matapalo-tree is one of the curiosities of the tropics. This variety of tree never grows without the aid of another tree. It at first resembles a vine, and

usually selects a young palm-tree as its aid in its upward growth. In a few years' time it has grown until it has completely surrounded the palm and has choked out the life that aided it.



The accompanying photograph was taken near Bas Obispo, in the Canal Zone, in the dry season, when the tree sheds its leaves. It shows the palm still alive and sticking through the trunk. The name for these trees is probably a corruption of the two words "mata arbol," meaning "kill tree" or "the tree that kills." The matapalo attains a diameter of from eight to ten feet.— *Technical World*.

Only Two

A TRADESMAN once advertised for a boy to assist in his shop, and go on errands. A few hours after the morning's papers were circulated, he had his shop thronged with all kinds of boys; and not knowing which to choose, he advertised again as follows: "Wanted, to assist in a shop, a boy who obeys his mother." In reply to this there were only two boys who ventured to apply for the situation.— *John Bate*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Redeemed With a Lamb

JOHN N. QUINN



MIRIAM'S home was in the land of Palestine, her father's family being of the tribe of Judah. When Miriam was twelve years of age, one day she noticed that her father was making preparations for a journey, and she wondered what was the cause of the unusual commotion; besides, her father and mother were talking in earnest tones. After breakfast, her father went to the fields, and a few moments later returned with Miriam's donkey, but recently born.

"O mother, here comes father with the donkey! I wonder what he is going to do with it?" asked Miriam.

"My dear child, father has to take the beast to the priest of God, who will break its neck unless it is redeemed with a lamb."

"Well, mama, why cannot he take some other animal?"

"My dear, the Lord's Word says: 'And every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck.'" Ex. 13: 13.

"Mother, father's friend Azariah has a number of lambs in his flock. He is kind and generous; I believe he would give father a lamb, and thus save the life of my donkey. Why does not father ask him for one that he may redeem it?"

Miriam's mother was silent, for just then the father, leading the donkey, came to say good-by. Tears were in Miriam's eyes as she parted with her pet, which she expected never to see again.

All day long she was sad, and prayed that God would in some way save her donkey and send it back to her.

All morning her mother was quiet; evidently she was thinking of the law which made it necessary for her husband to journey to the temple at Jerusalem.

Late in the afternoon, great was Miriam's delight when she saw her father returning home with the donkey. Soon the story was told,—how he besought the priest to spare the ass for Miriam's sake: how the priest said it would be impossible for him to do so, for the law of God must be obeyed; unless redeemed with a lamb, the ass must die.

"But I have no lamb," was the father's plea.

"Then the ass must die," came slowly from the lips of the priest.

Hearing the conversation, Azariah, who was wor-

shipping at the temple, offered to provide a lamb, which was accepted and slain, thus redeeming the ass.

Miriam went to bed that night happy in the thought that God had heard and answered her prayer. Her father and mother sat together for some time talking about the law which demanded an ass's redemption with a lamb. They remembered that Ishmael was to be a wild-ass man, and that Job said that man was born a wild ass's colt; that Ishmael represented the Gentiles, who were wild by nature, unable to submit to the authority of God's law. "The lamb must represent the Messiah, who will appear and give his life to redeem all men, for all are under the condemnation

of the law," was the father's last word as he retired.

Many were the pleasant times enjoyed by Miriam as she drove her donkey into the villages with the grapes from her father's vineyard. One day she saw a great throng of people listening to a man dressed in camel's hair, who was preaching about the Lamb of God who was about to appear, and who would die for the sins of the world.

On her return home she told her parents what she heard, and the next day her father went and heard the message. He believed

the word of God's prophet (for so he was), and told his wife and Miriam that the Messiah had been born, and was about to appear in Israel. Several days passed, and then one day the father came home with his heart full of praise to God.

"Mother, I have looked upon the Messiah. I have listened to his gracious words. I have witnessed his mighty works. You and Miriam must go with me tomorrow and see and hear for yourselves."

They went; they saw; they believed. A great joy came into their lives. Now they understood the meaning of the law that demanded that the firstling of an ass be redeemed with a lamb. Jesus, God's Lamb, was about to be slain to redeem all. They received him as their substitute, and knew they would be redeemed, that they would be free from all condemnation. To them there was no fear of the future. God's Lamb would be slain; they would be made free.

They witnessed the scenes connected with the death of God's Lamb; they knew God raised him from the dead, and placed him at his own right hand, and they continued faithful followers of Christ.

NEEDLE AND THREAD SONG

HELEN ADAIR

Some boys keep trousers on with nails,
Or safety-pins, or strings;
Their tattered coats flop in the gales
Like birds with broken wings.

Give me the boy, what'er his name,
On whom I can depend,
Who sows on buttons without shame,
And who knows how to mend.

Some girls mend stockings with a pin,
Or tie the holes with string,
Behold Miss Slipper-sloppers' twin!
She isn't worth a thing.

Give me the good old-fashioned girl;
You'll know her by the sign:
She mends her clothes — Ruth, Jane, or Pearl.
"A stitch in time saves nine!"

Whenever Miriam rode behind her donkey, she ever remembered the gift of God's Lamb by which she was redeemed. Her life was safe; did not she believe in and accept as her sacrifice the Lord Jesus, God's Lamb slain from the beginning of the world?

The Intelligence of Ikey

IKEY was a large green bird with red markings, and during a long life his extremely active brain had gathered up an immense store of knowledge. His sixty-

his thoughts. After the cloth was thrown over his cage, for example, he would sulk in silence for a while. Then, in subdued and plaintive tones would be heard from under the cover, "Ikey be good. Ikey be good now."

He was an adept at modifying his voice to suit conditions. When he wanted anything, it was always soft and pleading. As night came on, he would be heard calling with a rising inflection and a lingering cadence on the last syllable, "Mo-ther, mo-ther." And then, in drowsy tone, "Ikey tired. Ikey seepy."

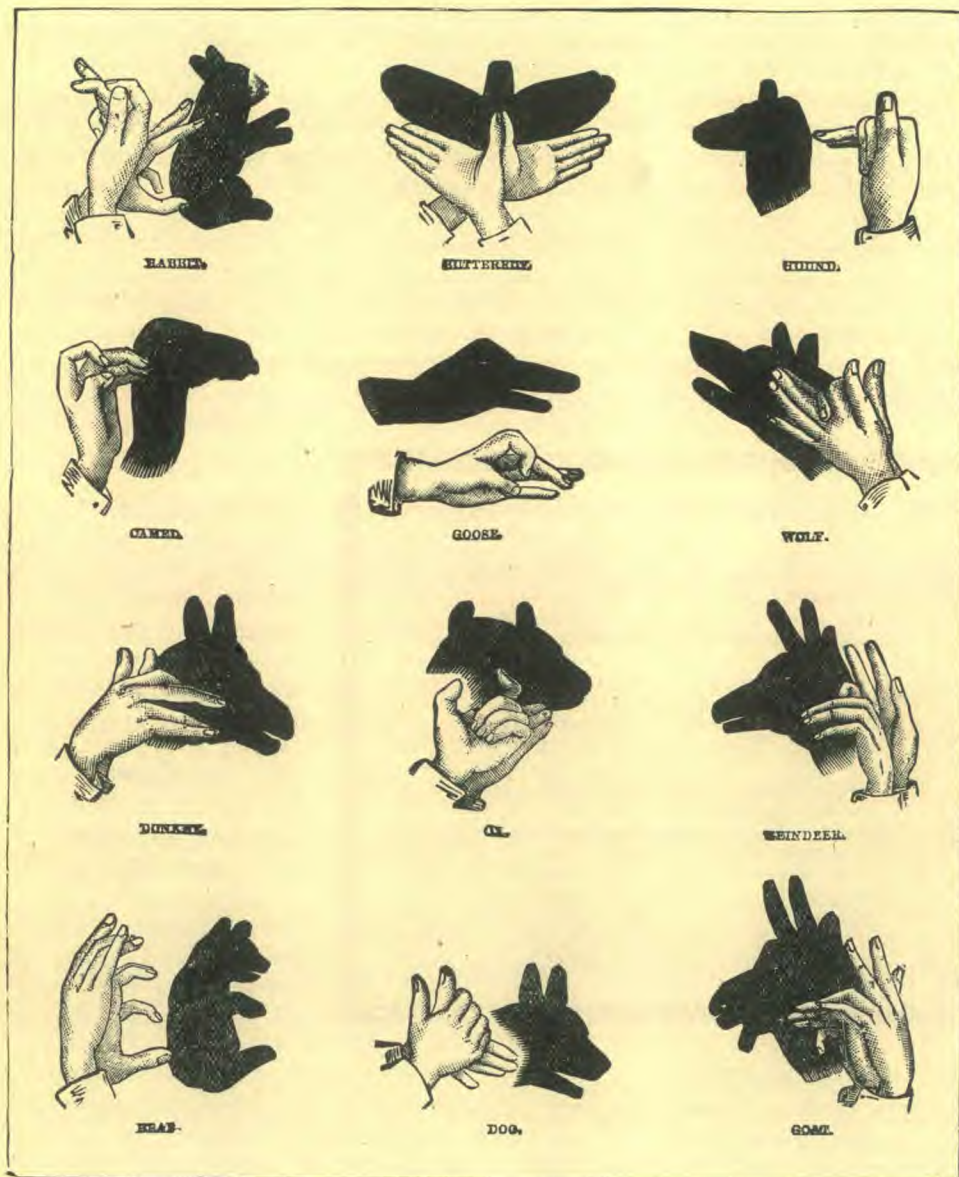
He wanted his cage covered, as he desired to retire for the night. If mother did not come, however, his voice would grow more raucous until it became a vicious screech. The bird knew his rights, and if they were neglected, made the whole house uncomfortable.

He knew perfectly what punishment was for, and would wheedle and promise anything to escape the consequences of his villainy. His most solemn promises, however, were utterly worthless. He was treacherous, and concealed a bad character behind his polished exterior. He loved to have his head scratched. When any member of the family came near his cage, he would insinuatingly suggest this pleasing operation. "Scratch head. Scratch head," he would say, ducking his green poll to suit the action. "Ikey got headache." The family learned to use a pencil, instead of a finger, for this task, for good reasons. When he got enough, Ikey would strike a blow like lightning, and either break the pencil or bury his beak in a finger, if it were not withdrawn quickly enough.

The way in which Ikey would pick up phrases used

by the humans and apply them properly to his own case would have caused him to be retained had he pecked a hundred fingers. The thing he loathed most was a bath. This was given him by placing his cage on the ground in the back yard and drenching him well from a common garden sprinkling-pot. One day he sat, the picture of misery, huddled into the smallest possible compass, so as to escape as much as possible the detested fluid, when a friend whom he knew appeared. Instantly Ikey rose up and yelled at the top of his voice, "Bring a 'brella! Bring a 'brella!" Doubtless he had heard members of the family pause at the door at sight of cloudy skies and call back to some one within, "Bring an umbrella!"

Several of Ikey's later years were passed in New



SHADOW PICTURES

five years had been passed entirely in polite society, and this had made him superficially of a rather tame and conventional type, in distinction to the lurid and rowdy character of the traditional sailor-trained parrot. Ikey may have known and used bad language at an early period of his existence, but for sixty-five years he had been a ladies' parrot, and conducted himself as such. At times he would have fits of shrieking loudly, and the only way to quiet him was to throw the cover over his cage. This always filled the bird with immeasurable disgust. He yelled because he felt good, and he considered it unfair to cover him up in the daytime so that he could not enjoy himself.

It was his fitting of his remarks to the circumstances which made Ikey so unusual. He thought, and spoke

Haven, in a house directly opposite the medical college of Yale University. Here he became one of the most vicious of Yale rooters. When the little blue flag of Yale was placed in his cage, he would wave it aloft and strut about with it proudly; but when the crimson banner of Harvard was introduced, he would tear it viciously and gloat over its destruction. When company came to the house and it was highly desirable to entertain them with Ikey's accomplishments, the bird would remain as dumb as a clam, cocking a wicked eye at those who tried to wheedle him into talking. But in summer, when the window was open, Ikey could frequently be heard exchanging vigorous personal remarks with the college boys in the street. All the college yells Ikey had at his beak's end. On great athletic days he was in his element, for he loved the noise and clamor. When the students came down the street singing "Boola," he would catch the first distant refrain before any one else, and become positively hysterical with excitement. He always joined in the song, yelling it through the open window, and as he always sang about two notes behind the rest and made more noise than anybody else, the effect was enlivening.

His owners were pet-loving, and, besides Ikey, cherished two cats, Buttons and Gipse, and a fox terrier, Chasca. All these animals regarded Ikey with extreme respect. They never solved the mystery of him, and kept their distance. When the humans were in the room, Ikey behaved. But when he and the rest of the menagerie were alone, the bird would actually drive the other creatures from the room with his hectoring and abuse. The terrier, being the most nervous and intelligent, would weaken first, and slink out, head and tail down, with every evidence of disgrace. Ikey would continue, calling each animal by name so that there could be no mistake. The cats, with the usual cat dignity and indifference, would lie still, feigning not to hear. But at a certain point Buttons, the more nervous of the two, would dash out; and finally Gipse would rise with dignity and stroll leisurely away, as if she had an appointment elsewhere. Then Ikey would laugh sardonically. The bird always laughed at its own villainy, and could often be heard chuckling to himself for hours after some escapade. He laughed as he talked, at the right place and with good sense, if not with good intent.

On one occasion Chasca turned the tables on the parrot in a manner delightful to the family, Chasca had had a bath, and, running into the room where the bird's cage sat on the floor, he went up to it and shook himself thoroughly, so that drops of water spattered on the parrot. Ikey retreated to the limits of his cage, and in the most natural tone of astonishment exclaimed, "For the land's sake!" How the dog could transform himself into the watering-pot and spatter the hated liquid about was evidently too much for Ikey, and he kept a wary eye on Chasca for some time after that.

The intelligence of Ikey's conversation was sometimes disconcerting. A charming young woman named Edith had been paying a long visit at the house, during which she had received pointed attentions from a certain captain. One day the captain called while Ikey was out in the kitchen "jollyng" the cook. Nobody mentioned to Ikey that the captain was there, but the bird came waddling into the parlor, which was full of people, walked straight up to Edith, and in a loud, clear voice inquired, "How's the captain?"

Ikey did not die of old age. His strength and in-

telligence remained normal until within a few days of his death, although his beak had become so hard and dangerous a weapon that during his later years he had to be confined permanently in his cage. After braving sixty-five years of northern climate, he succumbed finally to pneumonia. He had always been sensitive to cold, and when the steam heat grew low or the weather changed, would often call plaintively, "Ikey seepy," which meant that he wanted the cover put over him for the sake of warmth. A sudden and violent change in the weather proved fatal, and he departed, leaving traditions which have ramified among several generations of children.—*New York Tribune*.



M. E. KERN	General Secretary
C. L. BENSON	Assistant Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON	N. Am. Div. Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE	Field Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, December 13

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. "Great Controversy" Study (twenty minutes).
3. Mission Study (twenty minutes).
4. Social Meeting (ten minutes).

Suggestive Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
2. "Great Controversy," chapter 42. Have this chapter given in five four-minute talks. The following subjects will cover the chapter nicely: (1) Satan's Army; (2) Jesus and the Redeemed; (3) The Plan of Redemption Portrayed; (4) Satan's Meditation and Acknowledgment; and (5) The New Earth. Let each one who takes part put much prayer into his preparation that he may be able to picture the scenes impressively.
3. A general survey of the field. Have a symposium, asking ten persons to come prepared to give two-minute talks on the progress of the work in foreign fields, assigning a definite field to each individual; thus, let one take South America, another Japan, etc. The *General Conference Bulletin* and back numbers of the *Review* will supply the needed information, but see also *INSTRUCTOR* for Brother Bowen's splendid article entitled "Progress in Mission Fields During 1913."
4. Have sentence testimonies. Make Acts 26:19 the keynote. That verse contains the secret of success in life.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7 — Lesson 10: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 29, 30

1. WHAT cities were next captured by Vespasian? To what place did this bring him?
2. Who had previously visited this place? What message did he carry to the people?
3. How did the conflict finally end? How did Gamala resist the efforts of the Romans? When did it finally fall?
4. From what was the Jewish army suffering now? What did the people of Giscala do? What did this lead Titus to do?
5. Upon the reported death of Josephus what did the people of Jerusalem do? To what did their sorrow finally turn? What condition was now raging in Jerusalem?
6. Who endeavored to uphold the sanctity of the temple service, and with what result?
7. Describe the entrance of the Idumeans into the holy city. What was the greatest sin ever committed by the Jewish nation?
8. What three evils now threatened the city, and what three factions were fighting in and around the city?
9. Who became emperor of Rome in A. D. 69? How did he honor Josephus?

Junior No. 6 — Lesson 10: Review of "The Black-Bearded Barbarian"

NOTE.—Answer any ten of these questions. You have enjoyed studying this book, and this review will serve to fix in your minds the facts which you have read. Make your

answers brief, yet not so brief that any of the important points will be omitted. Send your paper to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. Then be sure to take up that most helpful book "Mount of Blessing."

1. Give a short sketch of the boyhood of George Leslie Mackay.
2. When he became a man, where did he go? Tell something of his experience in choosing his field of labor.
3. Tell of his experience with the Chinese scholars and of the conversion of Giam Cheng Hoa.
4. What place did Mr. Mackay and A Hoa visit on their first missionary trip? How were they treated in Kelung? at Go-ko-khi?
5. What was Mr. Mackay's usual program when visiting a town?
6. Where was the first chapel in north Formosa built? the second?
7. How did Bang-kah receive Mr. Mackay? How did the villagers of the Kap-tsu-lan plain receive him?
8. How did Mr. Mackay's marriage help the work?
9. What were the results of Mr. Mackay's visit to his native land?
10. What effect did the coming of the French battle-ship have on the work in Formosa?
11. What do you consider most interesting in Mr. Mackay's visit to Ki-lai plain?
12. Have you enjoyed the "Black-Bearded Barbarian"? How has it helped you?

Gift-Books

ALREADY this year gift-books have been sent out as follows:—

- Miss Janette Bidwell, Ohio, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Mrs. James Willis, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Tressa Smith, N. Texas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Miss Litha Butka, N. Texas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Mrs. Nannie Risinger, N. Texas, "Great Second Advent Movement"
 Miss Ruth Korgan, N. Texas, "The Man That Rum Made"
 Miss Florence Gourly, Iowa, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Miss Ellen Lambeth, N. Texas, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Miss Flora Moffitt, N. Texas, "Great Second Advent Movement"
 Mr. Worth Moffitt, N. Texas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Miss Annie May Wareham, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Flora Shulenberger, N. Texas, "William of Orange"
 Miss Una May Gourly, Iowa, "Out of the Fog"
 Miss Flora E. Hall, North Carolina, "Tiger and Tom"
 Mr. Percy Suffcool, Oklahoma, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Miss Irma Christenson, Minnesota, "The King's Daughter"
 Mrs. George S. Juhl, Iowa, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Louise Emmons, N. Cal.-Nevada, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Mr. Clyde Bishop, N. New England, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Miss Ruth Estes, N. Texas, "Our Paradise Home"
 Mr. Oliver Estes, N. Texas, "Great Second Advent Movement"
 Miss Eva Rhyne, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Alice Clinkinbeard, S. Oregon, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Bernice Norwood, Arkansas, "Talks to Girls"
 Miss Ruby Dart, Arkansas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Mrs. Charles Lantz, Louisiana, "Elijah and the Secret of His Power"
 Mr. Glenn Willhelm, W. Texas, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Miss Grace Martin, N. Texas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Miss Miriam Martin, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Ethel Taylor, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Letha Taylor, N. Texas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Miss Janie Layland, N. Texas, "William of Orange"
 Mr. O. J. Corwin, N. Texas, "Great Second Advent Movement"
 Mrs. O. J. Corwin, N. Texas, "Steps to Christ"
 Miss Ruth Chestnut, N. Texas, "The King's Daughter"
 Mr. O. W. Wolf, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Mrs. C. B. Hand, N. Texas, "Steps to Christ"
 Miss Cerena Shaw, N. Texas, "The King's Daughter"
 Miss Laura Reynolds, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Miss Lenoa Huguley, N. Texas, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Mrs. W. J. Huguley, N. Texas, "Talks With My Students"
 Mr. Herbert Huguley, N. Texas, "William of Orange"
 Mr. Byrd Bullard, N. Texas, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"
 Miss Grace Morel, N. Cal.-Nevada, "Pastor Hsi"

- Miss Jennie Burdick, Arkansas, "The Missionary Idea"
 Mr. Roi Bullard, N. Texas, "The Missionary Idea"
 Miss May Bullard, N. Texas, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Miss Etta Huguley, N. Texas, "Abraham, or the Obedience of Faith"
 Mrs. Grace Wolfinger, Chesapeake, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Mrs. Olive Smith, Ontario, "Elijah and the Secret of His Power"
 Miss Elizabeth Wasell, Ontario, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Mr. Clarence Pearson, W. Colorado, "Tiger and Tom"
 Mrs. J. A. Pearson, W. Colorado, "Talks With My Students"
 Mrs. Guy Hutchinson, W. Colorado, "Steps to Christ"
 Mr. Guy Hutchinson, W. Colorado, "Elijah and the Secret of His Power"
 Miss Lottie M. Angell, N. Cal.-Nevada, "Kingship of Self-Control"
 Mrs. M. B. Cubley, N. Texas, "Great Second Advent Movement"
 Mr. Strauss Cubley, N. Texas, "William of Orange"
 Miss Ruby Cook, Upper Columbia, "Steps to Christ"
 Mr. P. H. Briggs, W. New York, "Out of the Fog"
 Miss Ethyl L. Briggs, W. New York, "Personal Life of David Livingstone"

Why do not other young people take advantage of this offer? Every conference should be represented in this gift-book honor roll, and every society should be represented. Why should not you be among those who have completed successfully three reading courses? *Many will reach this triple goal in 1914. Why not you?*

M. E.



XI — The Tabernacle

(December 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ex. 25: 1-9; 35: 5-9, 21-35; 36: 3-7; 39: 32-43.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 343-358.

MEMORY VERSE: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men." Rev. 21: 3.

Questions

1. What command was given to Moses while he was in the mount with God? Ex. 25: 8.
2. How was Moses to know how to make the sanctuary? Verses 9, 40; 26: 30; note 1.
3. Name some of the things that Moses asked the people to bring for the building of the tabernacle. Ex. 35: 5-9.
4. How could these people who had been poor slaves provide these expensive things? Ex. 12: 35, 36.
5. What kind of gifts only would the Lord accept? Ex. 25: 2; 35: 5.
6. In what respect is God just as particular now? 2 Cor. 9: 7.
7. What command did Moses finally have to give to the people? Ex. 36: 5-7.
8. Where are we given a list of the different parts of the tabernacle all finished and ready to put together? Ex. 39: 32-41; note 2.
9. Name the furniture of the tabernacle mentioned in this list? Verses 35-38.
10. What part of the work was done by women? Ex. 35: 25, 26.

11. How completely had the instruction of the Lord been followed? Ex. 39:42, 43.
12. How were the people enabled to do the work so well? Ex. 31:1-6; 35:30-35; note 3.
13. At what time in the future will the tabernacle of God be with men? Rev. 21:3; note 4.
14. Whom had God chosen to act as priests in this sanctuary when it should be finished? Ex. 28:1.

Notes

1. In Exodus 25-31, is found the instruction which God gave Moses, during the forty days he was in the mount, concerning the building of the sanctuary, or tabernacle. He was "caused to see" God's sanctuary in heaven and the earthly sanctuary was to be patterned after that. Acts 7:44; Heb. 8:5. When Moses came down from the mount and found the people worshipping the golden calf, he did not tell them about the tabernacle. After they had repented of their great sin, God again called Moses into the mount for another forty days, and then when he returned to the people he told them of the house the Lord wanted them to build. Ex. 35:4-20.

2. While the children of Israel were journeying and had no settled home, it was necessary that they should have a sanctuary that could easily be taken down and put together again. So the parts were arranged in this way, in order that it could be carried from one place to another. It was therefore small, being about fifty-four feet in length, and eighteen in breadth and height.

3. The Lord never asks that anything be done without giving somebody wisdom and skill to do it. He gave Moses the plan of the building, and told him just what materials to use in it, and how it was to be put together. He also gave him careful directions about every article of furniture for the tabernacle. Then God chose the workmen and gave them wisdom, not only to do the particular work themselves, but to teach others to take part in the work also.

4. As we study about this tabernacle which was built as a temple for God that he might dwell among the children of Israel, we can look forward to that time yet to come when the holy city will come down from God out of heaven. Then a great voice will cry out, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men."

XI — Saved by His Life

(December 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 5:1-11.

Questions

1. By what are we justified? Being justified, what do we have? Verse 1; note 1.
2. Through whom does this peace come? Verse 1, last phrase. Compare Eph. 2:14.
3. To what does faith give access? In what do we rejoice? Rom. 5:2; note 2.
4. In what do we glory? Why do we rejoice in tribulation? Verse 3; note 3.
5. What does patience, or steadfastness, work? What does experience work? Verse 4.
6. What does hope not do? Why? Through what do we receive God's love in the heart? Verse 5; note 4.
7. When and for whom did Christ die? Verse 6; note 5.
8. What expression of love is seldom seen among men? Verse 7.
9. How does God's love commend itself to us? Verse 8.
10. If Christ has justified us by his death, of what have we assurance? Verse 9.
11. When were we reconciled to God? By what were we reconciled? By what saved? Verse 10.
12. In what then may we find joy? Why? Verse 11; note 6.

Notes

1. "We have peace." Faith sees the holiness of God's law, sees sin as evil, denies self, and confesses and renounces sin. Faith yields all to God, and lays hold of the righteousness of God in the place of sin. Then there is peace. Peace is not merely a feeling; it is more; it is a condition. When the soul surrenders to God, there is peace. God has naught against us, and if the enmity of the carnal heart is yielded to him,

whether there is feeling or not, whether in joy or sadness, there is peace. Peace abides. It is found in Christ, and if Christ is ours we have peace.

2. "Have access." Through faith we have entrance to the great treasures of God's grace. Faith in Christ admits us into the audience-chamber of the Most High, and introduces us, also, into God's marvelous storehouse of riches. Through Christ we may enter and partake freely of all things.

3. "Tribulation." The English word comes from the old Latin word *tribulum*, a threshing instrument, used to pound out the grain. The Greek word means to squeeze, or press. So God permits the pounding, the threshing, the squeezing, to separate the chaff, to press out the choice wine, or oil of rich experience. Only in trial and tribulation can we obtain experience; only in the testing of experience can we obtain hope. Therefore let us rejoice in tribulation.

4. "The love of God." The love of God is what many long for. They desire to serve God; but confess that they do not love him nor his service. They are trying to do this by human effort, which is doomed to failure. The love of God is of heavenly birth, and must be fed on heavenly manna. Do we really desire it? It comes by the indwelling of his Spirit. Do we desire the Spirit? "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke 11:9-13.

5. There are times in the experience of every child of God when the sense of our lost, awful condition almost overwhelms us, and we are tempted to feel that there is no hope for us. But be of good courage. It was for sinners, for the most ungodly, that Jesus died; for those who are lost, who have strayed the farthest from the Father's house. Every returning prodigal will find a welcome and a father's blessing.

6. "Atonement." Reconciliation is given in the margin and Revised Version. Surely there is reason to be joyful in God. It was while we were enemies that he died to save us. Much more when reconciled we shall be saved by his life. When reconciliation to him brings all the blessings named, and gives access to all the blessings we need, why should not our hearts be filled with thanksgiving to God?

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

- Is peace a feeling or a condition?
- What is the purpose of tribulation?
- How may we obtain the love of God?
- For whom did Jesus die?
- If Jesus died for our sins, is it necessary that we die for our own sins?
- By what are we saved?
- When the Holy Spirit sheds the love of God abroad in our hearts, what will be our attitude toward sinners? what toward our enemies?

Seed Thoughts

BETTER be a hod-carrier and honest than a millionaire and a spoiler of the people.

Better be a mere servant and faithfully perform one's duty than a king and shirk the duties of that office.

Better be a dish-washer and perform that work conscientiously and properly than a queen and fail to fill that position.

Better have little education and make good use of that little than be a great scholar and turn one's education and ability into demoralizing channels.

Better be a true man or woman and utterly despised by the world at large than be a reprobate and have the plaudits of the world.

Better die in obscurity and in favor with God than be famous in worldly things and in disfavor with God.

J. W. LOWE.

"THE mother of a little four-year-old said to him one day: 'Charlie, what makes you so sweet?' Charlie thought a minute; he remembered that he was made of the dust, and then he answered, with a smile: 'I think, mama, God must have put a little thugar in the dust, don't you?'"

The Youth's Instructor

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ADVERSITY, sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best,
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below.

—Somerville.

Too Busy to Look Up

It is said that when Henry the Fourth of France asked the Duke of Alva if he had observed the eclipses happening in that year, he answered that he had so much business on earth that he had no leisure to look up to heaven. A sad thing it is for men to be so bent, and their hearts so set, on the things of this world as not to cast up a look to the things that are in heaven; nay, not to regard though God brings heaven down to them in his Word and sacraments. Yet so it is; most men are of this Spanish general's mind. Witness the oxen, the farms, the pleasure, the profits and preferences, that men are so fast glued unto that they have hardly leisure to entertain a thought of any goodness. —Spencer.

Wins a Silver Cup

ERIC HOWLETT, of Newton, Long Island, recently won a handsome silver cup, eighteen inches high, as a prize for the best oratory in a contest with a number of older competitors. Master Howlett is only thirteen years of age. While original orations were not required, young Howlett won the prize with a composition of his own, having chosen for the subject of his oration, "The Choice of a Life-Work." He is a boy of high ideals. Such boys are not the ones who destroy their powers by the use of the cigarette. They are wise enough to eschew that which will even unfit them for first-class jockeys; for Hon. G. Lambton, who trains for Lord Derby, says that the reason of the dearth of capable jockeys at present in England is because of the excessive use of cigarettes among them.

A Worthy Example

CYAXARES, uncle of Cyrus the Great, having been an eye-witness of the courage, conduct, and many amiable qualities of his nephew, was desirous of giving a signal testimony of the value he had for his merit. Cyaxares had no son, and but one daughter. This favorite princess he offered in marriage to Cyrus, with an assurance of the kingdom of Media for her portion. Cyrus, who loved the princess, had a grateful sense of it; but never-

theless did not think himself at liberty to accept it till he had first obtained the consent of his father and mother, thus leaving a noble example to all future ages of the respectful submission and dependence which all children ought to show their parents on the like occasion, of what age soever they be, or to whatever degree of power and greatness they may have arrived. —L. M. Stretch.

The Church-Schools and the Public Schools

In some places there are those who insist that the church-schools should be patterned after the public schools, using the same course of study, with religious Scriptural instruction added to the usual school curriculum. The church-school certainly does not wish to come behind the public school in any good thing. But those educators who are thoughtfully studying our national system of education are themselves by no means sure that the system is altogether desirable, or altogether to be emulated.

The United States Bureau of Education asserts in a recent report that according to the conclusion reached by a committee of prominent educators, at least two years in the present plan of American education is wasted.

"This conclusion follows an investigation lasting nearly ten years by a committee of which Pres. James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado, is chairman. To do away with the two-year loss the committee proposes that six years be assigned to the elementary school, instead of eight as at present; that the high-school period be from ages twelve to eighteen, divided into two parts, of four and two years each; that college work extend from eighteen to twenty or sixteen to twenty; and that graduate or professional work at a university cover the years from twenty to twenty-four.

"This would enable boys and girls to get ample vocational training after the age of twelve; it would enable those who go on to college to get through their college work at the age of twenty; and it would save the professional man from having to wait until twenty-seven to start his career.

"To save on elementary schooling the committee urges: 'Choose the most important subjects; confine the period of elementary education to mastering the tools of education; include the last two years of the present elementary school in the period of secondary education, and begin the study of foreign language, elementary algebra, constructive geometry, elementary science, and history two years earlier than at present.'

Whether or not these suggestions are worth while does not preclude the thought that the church-school system should be built upon a good foundation, the product of careful thought and investigation, rather than upon one of mere imitation. We believe those directing the work are following this plan. If patrons as well as educators demand this, the tendency to unduly compare with other systems will be lessened, and the endeavor to reach high standards will be increased.

Loyalty to Right

THE king of France ordered Prince de Condé his choice of three things: first, to go to mass; second, to die; or, third, to be imprisoned for life. The answer was, "With regard to the first I am fully determined never to go to mass; as to the other two I am so perfectly indifferent that I leave the choice to Your Majesty." —Selected.