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The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

December 16, 1913

No. 50



CANCER claims an annual toll of 75,000 lives in the United States alone.

JAN. 15, 1914, has been set apart by the N. W. C. T. U. as a day of fasting and prayer for Constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic.

By the end of the year the approximate number of dreadnaughts in the world, built or in building, will be one hundred and fifty. And it was only eight years ago that Britain laid down the first dreadnaught.

THE goal of all temperance forces is "a saloonless nation in 1920," the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. And they hope to attain their goal through education and extermination.

"ON to Washington!" is now the slogan of all temperance forces. It is time for Congress at least to begin to think about enacting a law that shall prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation of liquor as a beverage.

So many persons have died of late from accidental poisoning that Congress is now urged to make a law requiring manufacturers to put up their poisons in some standard distinctive package, bearing the shape perhaps of a skull or a coffin, either of which is suggestive of death. This would be well if the law should be made to include cigarettes as well as bichlorid of mercury.

ACCORDING to a statement of the Forest Service, a large manufacturer of school desks in Michigan had a considerable amount of waste material in sizes too short to enter into the manufacture of the smallest desks. This waste material was all hard maple, amounting to from 1,000 to 1,500 board feet each day. A near-by manufacturer of brushes now places orders with the desk manufacturer for his raw material, and what was formerly waste is now a source of profit.

Habit Breaking

A STORY is told of an English minister who offered a prize to the boy who would write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome a Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. The following is his essay:—

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'a bit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit, you must throw it off altogether."—*Selected.*

THERE are 32,000 epileptics in the United States caused by alcohol. The loss in productive power of these is \$1,600,000 a year; and the 43,605 insane persons in the United States chargeable to alcohol, represent a financial loss in productive power of \$27,134,817.

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CAUGHT AT LAST!

Rome Officially Denounces Our "Lying Constitution" and "Declaration"

Mr. Protestant! You will not need to read more than FOUR of the many bristling articles in the January PROTESTANT MAGAZINE to make your Protestant "pulse" run high! Note these—

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"Roman Catholic Congress"—Full Report of Boston Meeting

"Secreta y Bryan Addresses Knights of Columbus"—A Shocking Eulogy of Rome

"Against Freedom of the Press"—Watch Your State Legislature! Rome Is Busy!

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Protestant Magazine - Washington, D. C.

THE PROTESTANT MAGAZINE

ADVOCATING PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY PROTESTING AGAINST APSTASY

A Spiritual Religion
Versus
Pompous Ceremonials

THE most prominent difference between Protestantism and Romanism may be summed up in the statement that the former is a spiritual religion and the latter a carnal and worldly belief. Protestantism appeals to the soul of man, while Romanism endeavors to captivate the carnal senses. There can be no place in a truly spiritual religion for the materialism afforded by images, "holy" water, scapulars, rosaries, chaplains, "sacred" models, and all those pompous ceremonials which delight the heart of sinful man. Carnality and spirituality are diametrically opposed to each other.—*The Protestant Observer (London), October, 1913.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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No. 50

Why?

NELLIE M. BUTLER

How oftentimes we ask the question, Why?
When we must see our own beloved die
And laid within the dark and narrow tomb.
We weep awhile in our distress and gloom;
Our homes seem very desolate and lone
Without the ones that we have called our own.
It seems to us that all the world is drear,
Because our loved will nevermore be here.

How oftentimes we've asked the question, Why?
When we are left alone to mourn and sigh.
We've found no comfort and no hope or cheer,
And so we wander on in darkness here.
There's none that seems to sympathize or know
What we endure, or why we suffer so.
They pass along upon the other side,
And not to them can we our thoughts confide.

How oftentimes we've asked the question why
We must be tempted so, and by and by
We're nearly overcome, and cares and woes
Around us press till it seems a thousand foes
Have crushed out life; and so we fail to try,

But only ask again the question why
We must be still afflicted so with grief.
Our tears flow on, nor find we yet relief.

How oftentimes we've asked the question, Why?
And failed to look to Him who dwells on high,
As One who comforts and who loves us still.
We fail to be resigned to his will.
We know 'tis found within the Word of God
That whom he loves he chastens with the rod
That pure they may be made. And so the cross
We here must bear. To us 'twill not be loss;
We'll free be made from every sin and stain.
But oft in cleansing we must suffer pain.

We know all pain will sometime pass away:
One thing will still endure through endless day—
A character made spotless, pure, and white.
And when we dwell in that immortal light
With God throughout eternity's glad years,
We'll praise him for all the sorrows and the tears
We've had on earth. In that bright land
We'll ask no longer, Why? We'll understand.

What Is a Man Worth?



WHEN Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, was asked, "What is the great thing to learn in life?" he replied, "To tell the truth." It requires more courage to tell the truth, and above all, to live it, under all circumstances and at all times, than to do any other one thing. It is the supreme measure of greatness. Frederick of Prussia once sent a message to the senate of his country, in which he said, "I have just lost an important battle, and it was entirely my own fault." This confession of the truth evidenced a higher degree of greatness than all his victories. The greatness of Huxley, for whom the sea and sky and earth gave up their secrets, was shown not so much by his attainments in natural history and comparative anatomy, as in these words of gold: "I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think that which is right, and do that which is right, as truth measures the right, on condition of being turned into a clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer."

Knowledge without truth is worthless, and religion empty and meaningless as idiocy itself. Nations are held together, not by armies, or commerce, or law, but by what of truth there may be in the minds and hearts, the thoughts and deeds, of the people. The fact that in an hour of temptation, one man in the history of our country stood by his obligations, and could not be bought from his high ideals of truth and right even by a king, has made this nation possible. In our earlier colonial days, when General Reed was president of our Congress, the British commissioners offered him ten thousand guineas to become false to his trust, and to desert the cause of his country. General Reed replied: "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me!" But for General Reed, there might have been no United States of America.

The young man who hopes to achieve success in the commercial life of the world, must make truth, which

is the higher name for honesty, his principal stock in trade. A cynical philosopher once insisted that if all the lies told across the counters of mercantile houses were laid upon the shelves, there would be no room for the display of goods. This is an exaggeration, an overstatement. If such a condition prevailed, there would be no commercial houses. Honest statement and square dealing alone make commercial houses possible. The merchant or salesman whose methods are untruthful will not prosper, certainly will not endure. The wicked may flourish "like a green bay-tree" for a season, but the end is not far off, and the end is ruin. A young man once said to me, "I am tired and ashamed of lying in the store where I am employed. I intend to leave it tomorrow, and next week I shall start a little baker's shop, and see if by fair dealing and honest service I can make a living. Will you patronize me?" "Certainly," I replied, "and my friends will patronize you." That was seven years ago. The little establishment flourished. Its service has always been an honest one. Today it is one of the largest institutions of its kind, and its patrons reach into the thousands.

Some years ago a little red-headed lad was employed in an Irish linen factory. One day an order was received for ninety yards of a certain grade of linen. The superintendent of the establishment found that they lacked three yards of the desired quantity; he proposed by a process of wetting, to stretch the linen to the requisite length. Preparing the linen, he took hold of one end of a piece, and, directing the lad to take hold of the other end, said, "Adam, the linen is too short, it must be stretched; pull, Adam." Adam replied, "I'll not pull; I'll not make the linen lie!" The superintendent ordered him out of the factory, saying, "You're a fool! You'll never make a linen manufacturer." The courage which enabled the boy to resist the temptation to "make the linen lie" laid the foundation of after-greatness. The red-headed lad was Adam Clarke. He became one of the greatest commentators of the Bible the world has known.

In all the relations of life, truth is an unquestioned test of success, and a supreme measure of the worth of a man. View it as we may, apply it as we may, it is, of all the verities, the one thing immortal, eternal. No power can destroy it.

Truth is kingly in its power; and its possession, together with absolute obedience to it, makes a man invincible. Only when he follows error is he weak. Truth has all the qualities of sovereignty. It conquers for itself a kingdom, and gathers to itself subjects by its own unconquerable might. It has power to grasp the reason, move the conscience, and stir the heart. It makes a man noble, and brings the noblest spirits of every age into willing subjection. Truth is the motive power of all progress upward toward perfection in social and personal life. The progress a man makes is determined by his grasp and his employment of truth. By its alchemy he exchanges disease for health, ignorance for knowledge, poverty for wealth, the slime of the snail for the wing of the eagle, the puny weakness of a pygmy for the strength of a giant. — James Hedley, in *Success*.

Basutoland

BASUTOLAND, being near the coast, and therefore much more accessible than the interior, has been the field of missionary effort of a number of denominations for the past fifty years, this year being the jubilee celebration of those who first came. For this reason the people of Basutoland are much farther advanced in civilization than are other tribes of the interior of Central Africa.

For instance, the tribes of the interior often wear only the skins of animals thrown around the shoulders, or less; while here the men wear a blanket pinned around the shoulders, and often trousers as well. Especially is this true here near the border, for just across Caledon River are the Dutch (Boer) and English farmers, from whom also the natives copy many things, as well as from missionaries.

The Basuto women wear the blanket in the same



GIRLS IN THE KOLO MISSION SCHOOL, AND THE NATIVE TEACHER, LAZARUS MOLOKOMME

way, and often a skirt which they have learned to make at the different missions. The little girls wear a skirt from three to six inches in length, made of the twisted fibers of a weed called the *sikitlane*, or butterfly-plant. Clothing is the least of the troubles of the small boys.

The plowing is done similarly to that done by the Boers across the river, except that the plows are of an older and more clumsy type. They are drawn by from

six to sixteen oxen yoked to a long chain which is attached to the plow. A boy leads the two front oxen, and the others, not being able to get away from the yokes, follow after and are driven by another native, who carries a whip the stock of which is ten or twelve



A GRADUATING CLASS OF GIRLS

These are girls from the heathen circumcision school near Kolo Mission. These girls are decorated with sheep bladders tied to their hair, and animal-skin skirts. They are now ready to be sold as wives.

feet long and the lash four to six feet longer than the stock; a third man holds the plow. And so they plod along, always having plenty of time, the word hurry evidently having no place in their vocabulary.

The corn, wheat, and Kafir-corn (similar to Egyptian corn) is invariably sown, or planted broadcast, with no care as to order.

The women do the harvesting, the smaller grain being cut with the old-fashioned sickle, bound in bundles, and threshed by walking oxen around on it after it has been placed on a threshing-floor. These threshing-floors are simply smooth places of hard ground, left for the purpose in the middle of the field or at one side.

The women must also grind the grain. This is done by placing it on a smooth, flat rock and rolling it with a round, rough stone which is a little like a rolling-pin without handles. The women then make this meal into a porridge, or mush, always cooking it very thick. At meal-time the whole family, including all visitors of their own people, sit on the ground or on low stools around the pot of porridge, hot or cold, and eat, each one taking a portion of the stiff *motoho*, and eating it from the hand.

The women must also carry the water. They do this by means of large baked-clay pots which hold from two to five gallons, which they fill and place on their heads, balancing them with a nicety that would puzzle the most fantastic tight-rope walker. In this country the water is carried in this way for about a mile, more or less, according to the distance of the kraal from the spring or water-hole. In Rhodesia, in a dry season, I have known the women to carry water in this way twenty miles.

A man in this country is usually a "gentleman of leisure;" and here, as everywhere else in this world, "Satan finds work for idle hands to do;" so it is little wonder that the standard of morality is very low, sometimes seeming to be entirely lost sight of.

Notwithstanding this, when we consider the fact that the Basutos are only two generations removed from cannibalism, we can see that they have made no little

progress within the last century. One of our native church-members, who is now an old woman, well remembers the days of cannibalism when she was a child.

The marriage contract is held very loosely. Its principal parts are the buying of the girl with cattle, and the marriage feast, at which both men and women get very drunk on the native beer, *joalla*. Not infrequently a man does not care for his wife after they have been married a time, and he simply sends her home to her parents. Young women are considered valuable by the parents only because they are worth so many oxen. The son is always an honor to his parents, because it is he who preserves the family name. A man may have as many wives as he is able to buy, which is anywhere from one to thirty.

Often it means very much more to one of these to give up all for Christ than it does for one of us who are more favored. And yet the gospel is selecting gems from even these who are so sunken in sin and superstition, and is polishing them for the Saviour's crown.

Thus far we have hardly touched the work here with the tips of our fingers, and we can count our native converts on our fingers; but it is a pleasure to see how earnestly these few work with us to bring the "glad tidings" to their fellow men. We greatly need more workers and more means in order properly to carry on the Lord's work in this part of the field. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

E. C. SILSBEE.

Pointing a Man to Christ in a Machine-Shop

A WORN-OUT part of a linotype machine made it necessary for me to visit the machine-shop of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, where I found the engineer busy at his work, and yet not so busy but that he was testifying to a stranger visiting him of the certainty of his experience since accepting the everlasting gospel. Ten minutes being necessary to repair the piece of machinery, I turned to the stranger, and said:—

"Pardon me, my friend, but may I talk to you as man to man about one of life's most vital questions, that of our attitude toward our Creator?"

"I am willing," was his reply.

"Undoubtedly you, in common with very many others, look upon God as a Being vindictive, revengeful, who takes so much delight in suffering that he will assign the lost to a lake of fire, where they will be tormented forever and ever."

A queer look came into his eyes as I said this, and I knew I had found a point of contact. I continued:—

"A crime is committed, and the person guilty of the offense against the law of the State is arrested, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to State prison for sixteen years. When will the law be satisfied?"

"At the expiration of the sixteen years."

"A friend offers to take the convicted man's place, to become his substitute, and meet the law's penalty in his stead. His offer being accepted, how long must the substitute remain in jail?"

"Sixteen years, of course; but what do you mean by the illustration?"

"Just this: Jesus Christ became man's substitute, and as such must satisfy the law of God. If the penalty for transgression is eternal suffering in fire, then must not Christ suffer forever in order to free the sinner? But Jesus is at the right hand of God today, having

met the penalty, and thus forever refuting the doctrine of eternal suffering. Calvary expresses God's love to men, his abhorrence of sin, and establishes the wages of sin, which is eternal death, not eternal life in physical or any other kind of suffering.

"That is clear," was his reply, and a look of interest overspread his features.

"Then when we deal with the salvation of the soul, God's goodness must have the preeminence; the wrath of God is subordinate. 'The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.'

"Friend, you are a sinner, are you not? We all are. But do you not know that your sins belong to Christ by right of purchase? I meet a man on the street who is dirty, ragged, forlorn. Out of friendship and sympathy I give him twenty dollars. A suit of clothes in a near-by store appeals to him. He enters, pays the price demanded by the clerk, secures it, bathes, and dons the new garments. The moment he paid the price, the suit became his. Christ gave himself for our sins; they are his by right of purchase. Will he refuse that which he has purchased? Gladly will he take them, and cast them behind his back—forget them. In their stead he will impart his own righteousness, which is the character of God, and this you take by faith. Money is the medium of transfer in the business world. The larger your bank-account, the greater your purchases. In the divine realm, faith is the medium of transfer. You give sin and self; you take righteousness and Christ. Faith is the medium of transfer, and the transfer is a blessed reality. I know, because I have made the transfer. Will not you?"

"What is faith?"

"I go to the Carnegie Library, and listen to a university man lecture on English history. A great desire to become conversant with the past comes to me, and I express my desire to the lecturer, who says the fountain of knowledge is open to me. 'But I cannot read.' 'Do you wish to learn to read?' 'I do.' 'Then I will teach you. Come to my home, and if you will comply with but one requirement, I promise you will be able to read.' I go, and a mark is placed on a blackboard, which my friend says is 'A.' 'Prove this to me, and I will believe.' 'It can be known only by believing.' 'I refuse to believe.' 'Then you will remain illiterate.' Thinking the matter over, later I return and apologize for my hasty conclusion, and admit that the mark is 'A.' Other marks are made, all of which I accept, and in a short time I am able to read. 'Through faith we understand.' Christ is the A B C of divine things. Believe what he says, and you will then know. He says if you come to him, he will accept you; if you confess your sins, he will forgive and take them from you. Why not believe and become the possessor of God's most blessed gift?"

"May a sinner come in personal touch with God?"

"Yes. Let me illustrate. I am indifferent to the political tenets of Mr. W. J. Bryan; I neither favor nor oppose Mr. Bryan's views of political economy. I am indifferent. A friend invites me to listen to the silver-tongued orator. I consent, and go with my friend. As I listen to the Nebraskan, my mind yields assent to his views. I seek a personal acquaintance, and through my friend I secure it. As Mr. Bryan grips my hand, his personality wins me to him, and I am a convert. Securing literature dealing with the questions discussed, I absorb the truth, and become an enthusiast for my new-found political faith. I was invited to go; I went; my mind was convinced;

my heart was won; I read the literature; I sought to win others. I am an out-and-out Bryanite. I am invited to hear the truth of the gospel; I go; my mind yields assent; I pray to God; he answers, and sheds abroad in my heart his love. I read God's Book, I absorb it; I seek to win others to Christ. I am an enthusiastic Christian. Why not surrender? You may do so before the day closes, and thus be at peace with God."

"You make it very clear," was the response of my new friend, in whose eyes I noticed the shadow of a tear.

"The wife of a friend is an expert in the culinary art, and an invitation to dine with them is always appreciated. I go one day, and as I view the spotless linen, the tastefully set table, the wholesome food, I spend several moments in expressing my appreciation of their courtesy and hospitality and abundant provision for my physical needs. My friend quietly remarks, 'Never mind the words of appreciation; partake of the food; that will be more of a compliment than praise.' God has spread the feast; he has made abundant provision for the needs of the soul; he invites you to partake of the feast. Why not do so?"

Just then the repairs were completed, and as I parted with him, I urged him not to delay, but to enjoy all that God has for him, and then told him that should he wish to correspond with me, my address was on the literature which I handed him.

We are told that the people are more ignorant concerning the way to Christ than concerning any other subject and need more instruction on that truth; and constantly do I find this statement verified. The foregoing illustrations, simple though they are, have been blessed by the Spirit of God to many hearts. May they be blessed to the good of my friend of the machine-shop, and to the good of the reader, if he has not yet found Christ. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Tomorrow never comes.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Takoma Park, D. C.

A Himalayan Student

UP in the foot-hills of the Himalaya Mountains, about fifteen miles from the railway, on the road to the Garhwal Industrial School, is the village of Dadamandi. This village overlooks a swift-flowing mountain stream, and is surrounded by rugged mountains, on the steep sides of which the shepherds graze their flocks of goats and sheep.

Near this village is the home of Banka, who lives in a small house made of stones dug out of the mountainside. His father, Mansubi Mistri, owns an acre or two of stony land, from which he raises wheat and barley to furnish bread for his family. Mansubi has several boys, but Banka, like Joseph of old, is his father's joy and pride. Although Banka belongs to an illiterate caste, yet his father has determined that he shall have the best education obtainable in the jungles of the Himalayas. So one of the first boys enrolled in the Garhwal Industrial School was Banka Mistri.

Although belonging to the lowest caste of Hindus, Banka has, by his good conduct and success in his studies, commanded the respect of his fellow students, most of whom are Brahmans and Rajputs, the two highest castes. Of course he cannot enter their rooms in the boarding-house, for fear of defiling the food of the higher-caste boys; therefore he lives by himself and cooks his own unleaven cakes on his own native

chula, a fireplace made of stones plastered with mud.

Besides his own native language, Banka has begun the study of English, in which he is making some progress, as you will see by the following extracts from a recent letter, which we transcribe in his own words, without embellishment:—

DEAR SIR: I am quite well here hoping you to be the same. I read the letter which you sent to Fateh Ram, "We remember all the boys up in Garhwal." I am so glad that you remember us. I have been passed in the sixth class and now I learn in the seventh class. We are four boys in the seventh class. And other boys went to other schools. But I am learning here with all my might. I go in Sabbath-school every week. When will you come to India? We are very hungry of your meeting. How is *mem-sahib* [madam] feeling now? All people remember you in Garhwal. The work is going on allright. And we have a Urdu Bible and a book Physiology.

I wish I would be prepared for the kingdom of heaven. When Jesus Christ comes I will go to meet him.

My father salaams you and *mem-sahib*. He is safe and sound. He is remembering you every time.

Please send me the news paper that has the short english [he refers to *Our Little Friend*]. I will thank you for this kindness. What can we give except thanks. I am very anxious for the news. And when you come it will be a new day for us. When you went we were very sad.

May I should be a converted, if God wills.

Yours Obediently
BANKA.

This boy is one of many who have heard the gospel message for the first time in the Garhwal Industrial School. We hope that this desire to be converted and to meet the Saviour when he comes may be realized, and that when Banka finishes his work in the school he may return to his village to tell others of the new hope he has found.

L. J. BURGESS.

Lack of True Courtesy

A LADY from one of the European countries was sent as a delegate to the World's W. C. T. U. convention recently held at Brooklyn, New York. After the convention she wished to visit a friend in a place where one of our sanitariums is located. Not knowing the street address of the friend, she called up the sanitarium and asked for information. She asked the young man at the telephone if he could give her the address of her friend, who was well known in the community. No, he did not know where the lady lived, so he said. The inquirer asked if he could not find out; but his brief effort resulted in no information, nor did his failure appear to awaken regret on his part.

She then asked if he knew how she could get a message to this friend. He very quickly responded that he did not, though the sanitarium automobile made many trips a day directly past the house of this friend.

As a result of the thoughtlessness or unaccommodating spirit of the one at the telephone, this lady was unable to make her visit that evening. By a few more questions she finally succeeded in getting some slight information that she might undertake to act upon in daylight, but which was too indefinite for a stranger to attempt to follow in the evening.

Now all this was unnecessary. If the one at the telephone had only been possessed of a courteous spirit, he could easily have given definite information in response to all the lady's inquiries. But it was easier to say, "I don't know." And the easier way was chosen, though the sanitarium was unfavorably advertised thereby, the woman inconvenienced, and the young man's reputation at least made none the fairer.

Hardly can an institution afford to keep an employee who is unwilling to make every effort to show the courtesies requested of him.

Mr. Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadel-

phia, once overheard a clerk in his store, when asked by an elderly countrywoman where a certain department was, merely answer, "Over there," pointing carelessly in the direction of the department. Mr. Wanamaker stepped up to the lady and said, "I will show you to the department." He escorted her there, and having secured some one to serve her, he returned to the young man who so carelessly answered the woman's question, and invited him to his office, where he received his immediate discharge, after having been assured by Mr. Wanamaker that every person who came to the store must be treated with the utmost courtesy.

Institutions too often suffer at the hands of discourteous employees, but the discourteous employee suffers more than the institution. His reputation and his character are both injured. He who chooses to be unaccommodating rather than exert himself even to a degree not absolutely required by his official duties, is not worthy of promotion, and he is decidedly disloyal both to the institution and to himself. Conservation of one's own resources is important; but there is no surer means of self-conservation than through courteous, helpful, willing service to others.

An Uplifting Evening

SUNDAY evening, November 9, the faculty of the Washington Foreign Mission Seminary held a reception for the students and their friends on a somewhat novel plan. There is a special testimony which reads: "Gathering for social intercourse may be made in the highest degree profitable and instructive, when those who meet together have the love of God glowing in their hearts, when they meet to exchange thoughts in regard to the Word of God, or to consider methods for advancing his work and doing good to their fellow men." This suggestion was carried out in the program, and all agreed that the evening was well and happily spent.

As Miss Campbell, for three years teacher of the Bible workers' class at the Seminary, was to leave the same evening, the gathering was given over to the consideration of Bible and city work, and served as a farewell reception for her.

At the door neat little folders bearing the above quotation and the following questions, were given out:—

- "1. What per cent of the population of the United States is urban?"
- "2. What per cent of land area does one fourth of the population occupy?"
- "3. About how many immigrants come to America annually?"
- "4. What great change has come about in recent years in the tide of immigration?"
- "5. How many nationalities are there in New York?"
- "6. What is meant by an institutional church?"
- "7. Why is the call to work the cities so urgent?"
- "8. Among how many nationalities in the United States are Seventh-day Adventists working?"
- "9. When did Bible work among Seventh-day Adventists begin?"
- "10. How shall we secure a larger and more efficient corps of Bible workers?"

The answers, among other appropriate mottoes and quotations, were found hung around the wall of the large Seminary dining-hall.

The paper (given elsewhere in this issue) by Mrs. A. T. Robinson on the beginning of the Bible-reading

work in our denomination was read by Mrs. R. P. Robinson, who, with her husband, leaves in a few days for Africa.

Miss Campbell made some interesting remarks on her work as teacher of the Bible workers' class the past three years, prefacing them with the quotation: "The plan of giving Bible readings is a heaven-born idea." She showed the necessity of training for these workers in the responsibilities and difficulties they must meet. Their work oftentimes borders on that of the pastor, and to be capable they need the general education of a school as well as a special Bible training. In the past, the life of the class has really centered on its one day a week in the field. Several have been brought into the truth by the efforts of the Bible workers while still in school. This class now has representatives in South Africa, India, Japan, Korea, South America, and other countries.

Elder Wilcox spoke briefly of the importance of the Bible work. The most important factor in any Christian effort is the personal touch, and this is supplied by the Bible worker more than by any other church worker. She creates an interest ahead of the public preacher, then follows up the interests that arise from his work. But plainly, her most important place is in the large cities, among the thousands who can be reached in no other way. There are three distinct lines of work for young women devoted to this message,—teaching, nursing, and Bible work. Women had a great share in the apostolic message, and their ministry will perhaps reach a still higher development in this last message.

Professor and Mrs. Johnson, here en route to Mexico, furnished some very enjoyable music.

The entire decoration of the hall, which was neatly and tastefully done in autumn boughs and colors, was planned by the present Bible workers' class.

Perhaps the most impressive part of the program was the little poem rendered by Mrs. L. L. Caviness, which formed a fitting conclusion to the discussion of the evening:—

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'
He said, 'No, walk in the town.'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

"I said, 'But the skies are black:
There is nothing but noise and din.'
And he wept as he sent me back;
'There is more,' he said, 'there is sin.'

"I said, 'But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun.'
He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark, undone.'

"I said, 'I shall miss the light;
And friends will miss me, they say.'
He answered, 'Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they.'

"I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, 'Is it hard to decide?
It will not be hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your guide.'

"Then into his hand went mine,
And into my heart came he;
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see."

J. W. HALL.

Origin and Development of the Bible-Reading Work

IN 1882, at a camp-meeting held in California, while Elder S. N. Haskell was preaching, a storm came up which made so much noise that the service had to be discontinued. He, however, gathered a group of persons around him in the center of the tent, where he

gave out texts of Scripture to different ones to read, and asked questions upon them. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to impress the truth upon the minds of those present, and Elder Haskell conceived the idea that this plan would be an effective way of presenting Scriptural truth in families and in companies. He began to arrange different subjects in the form of Bible readings. At the service referred to, Mrs. E. G. White was present, and the next day related to Elder Haskell and others that what he had done was in harmony with the light she had received. She related having seen many young people going from house to house with the Bible under their arms, teaching the people the last gospel message to a perishing world.

At this time Elder and Mrs. A. T. Robinson had charge of a company of students from South Lancaster Academy, who were taking subscriptions for the *Signs of the Times* in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts. Elder Haskell wrote to Elder Robinson about his plan of Bible work, but did not succeed in making the plan sufficiently plain so that the workers could understand how to follow it. Elder Haskell, however, soon returned to South Lancaster; so Elder Robinson went to see him about the work, and brought back with him some Bible readings that Elder Haskell had prepared. Some of these contained over one hundred and fifty questions. With this help, Elder Robinson began preparing his own readings, which he presented in families wherever he had opportunity. During that same year a mission was started in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, Elder and Mrs. Robinson having charge of the same. They were joined by John R. Israel and several inexperienced workers, and they found the Bible work a very successful means of getting the people interested in Bible truths.

About that time, at a meeting of the General Conference, a resolution was passed authorizing the publication of the *Bible Reading Gazette*, a monthly pamphlet of twenty-eight pages. To all who would furnish four Bible readings, the magazine was to be sent free for one year. This was made the only term of subscription. By the close of the first year, the demand for these readings was so great that the year's issue was published in book form, containing one hundred and sixty-two readings, and selling for one dollar.

The following year a Bible-training school was opened in Chicago, in charge of Elder G. B. Starr, and about that time the General Conference called Elder and Mrs. Robinson to take charge of a similar work in Brooklyn, New York. A large number of young people received a training at these missions in the Bible work. From that beginning, the training of Bible workers has gone steadily forward, and has become a recognized factor in the carrying forward of the third angel's message. LORETTA ROBINSON.

Missionary Volunteer Goal for 1914

A VICTORIOUS general, when asked the secret of his repeated successes, replied, "Knowing my geography and fighting my men." When the Franco-Prussian war was declared, Von Moltke was awakened at midnight and told of the fact. He coolly told the official who notified him, "Go to pigeonhole number — in my safe, take a paper from it, and telegraph as there directed to the different troops of the empire." Then he turned over and went to sleep, and awoke at his usual hour in the morning. All Berlin was in excitement. Von Moltke took his morning walk, as usual, and a friend, meeting him, said, "General, you

seem to be taking the declaration of war very easily. Aren't you afraid of the situation? I should think you would be very busy." "Ah," replied Von Moltke, "all my work for this struggle has been done long beforehand, and everything that can be done now, has been done." Von Moltke had been diligently preparing for this war for years. Every foot of the ground on the German and French frontier had been surveyed; he knew the location of every fort and body of troops in France, and their strength and equipment. He knew, too, the most strategic positions to occupy. He knew where every soldier in Germany was stationed, and that every man was ready for marching orders on a few hours' notice.

If such foresight was necessary in order to secure success in physical warfare, how much more essential is preparation for the spiritual warfare. God studied the geography of this old world before he launched it, and Christ was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, to meet every need of mankind.

Your Missionary Volunteer Department has for some time been diligently studying the geography of every State in the Union, and the territory of every country outside of this land of the stars and stripes; now we want to fight our men — the Missionary Volunteers fourteen thousand strong. An extensive campaign has been mapped out for 1914, and God's great clock of time is striking the hour of advance. We believe in the loyalty of our Volunteers, and depend upon their cooperation to carry on the fight all along the line. Are you marking time, ready to catch step?

We are convinced that the achievements of 1913 will be but stepping-stones for the 1914 campaign. We plan to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of every outpost taken last year; first, along the devotional lines, because the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual, and all is to be accomplished through the Spirit of God.

During 1913 thirty-three thousand Morning Watch Calendars were printed and sold to all the English-speaking world; while for 1914 the edition is to be thirty-five thousand calendars just for the United States, with the type held over to print a second edition if needed. Now, Volunteers, it rests largely with you men on the battle-field and in the trenches to say how many rounds of ammunition will be used. Every calendar must be used. The Morning Watch Calendar is adapted to the spiritual needs of old and young, of all persons who profess the name of Christ, whether of our denominational belief or not. Cannot you take up the morning watch in your society, getting every member to observe it; then canvass the older members of the church, getting each one to buy a copy of the calendar? Then think of your friends. You cannot send them a more appropriate remembrance for Christmas or New Year's than a Morning Watch Calendar. Again, friends of yours, members of other churches, can easily be persuaded to buy a copy. The subject considered in the calendar will be the life of Christ.

The past year 128 have become members of Attainment, making a total of 435 of our Volunteers who have successfully passed the examinations on the doctrinal points and on our denominational history. This means much in establishing our young people in the truth and preparing them to give a reason for the hope that is in them. During 1914 our goal is 500 new members of Attainment. Are you a member of Attainment or a Volunteer for 1914?

(Concluded on page eleven)



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."

Abominable Fashions

MARY ALICE HARE LOPER, M. S.

IT does not require an especially philosophic mind to discover the trend of modern thought, or to decide where we are in this world's history. Any candid person who will take the time to observe, and to compare what he sees with descriptions found in the Word of God of what would characterize the last days, can readily determine the general condition of our world today, and easily see the parallel between our own time and that of Noah. It would seem that Satan has reached almost the limit of his wicked ingenuity in some of the latter-day fashions and customs. A pure-minded person can scarcely walk down a city thoroughfare in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," without having his sense of propriety shocked by exhibitions of fashionable slavery. And as for the popular seaside and pleasure resorts, these have become centers of display for garbs which never should greet the human eye.

God himself made the first garments for the human race, and he made them of material sufficiently opaque to serve as a covering for the body. And God intends that as long as sin exists in our world, those who desire to be redeemed shall dress in harmony with purity, modesty, and simplicity.

Civilization demands that one's apparel be sufficient to conceal one's body from the public gaze, thereby erecting a barrier against immodesty and sin. But it seems to be Satan's studied purpose to eliminate the clothing as far as possible, and thereby sink humanity deeper and deeper into impurity, while at the same time health is undermined, and as a result, many a poor soul is borne to an untimely grave. With many the time-honored petticoat seems to have had its day; and whether ultrafashionable people will ever find use for it again, remains to be seen. The gauze waist, over gaily beribboned (but much-abbreviated) underwear, and the petticoatless, narrow-contracted skirt are surely a potent factor in the ruination of precious souls.

"What fools we mortals be!" The kaleidoscope of fashion having become a demonstration of perpetual motion, the devotees of fashion put forth strenuous efforts to keep pace with the ever-varying changes of design and color. It used to be considered the proper thing for one to choose a color suited to one's natural complexion. The idea of changing the complexion and the color of the hair to harmonize with some desired color of costume, did not obtain in those good old days. There was no edict in favor of Alice blue, Helen pink, or Nell rose. Nor were there succeeding epochs when every woman was admonished to reveal upon her costume the up-to-date badge of fashion, consisting at one time of coral, just coral; at another, cerise, nothing but cerise; and again, a conglomeration

of colors somewhat resembling the cherished flower beds of our grandmothers' day.

It is truly surprising how one's taste seems to change with the variations of fashion, when one's time is devoted to its study. Fashion always has something favorable to say of every innovation, however radically opposite to what has gone before; and her followers seek to obey her mandates, even though they die in the attempt. Contrast, if you will, the wide-spreading hoop-skirt of a few years ago, supporting yards and yards of dress material, with what has been termed the "one-cylinder runabout" of the present, so narrow as to necessitate the lowering of car steps for its accommodation. Only a few years have intervened between the huge bustle and the pancake flatness of late designs.

I well remember a schoolmate in the quaint little schoolhouse that stood on my father's farm, who exhibited at school one day a "slit" dress skirt. Some way the impression received was an unpleasant one, and has remained through all the intervening years. Little did my childish fancy picture that the time would come when not only a slit skirt would be in style, but a slit skirt with no petticoat to conceal the outlines of the legs beneath it, and displaying hosiery so thin, perhaps, as to be almost invisible. More abominable still is the vulgar, transparent, petticoatless X-ray skirt, which surely is one of Satan's masterpieces, as is also the perforated skirt. The bathing-suit that is only ample enough to bear the name belongs in the same catalogue, and is a disgrace to our civilization and a great menace to morals. The nude in art has always had its non-adherents, and it is gratifying to know that the nude in nature receives the censure of those who wish to preserve their morals untainted.

There are fads and fancies of fashion which are truly ridiculous. God placed the waist line just where it should be in the human body, and no amount of attempted readjustment by the fashion fiend can change it. He did not grant to woman permission to make it smaller, nor did he place upon her the undesirable task of having to pad that it might be obliterated. It was not intended that sometime during the twentieth century the waist line should become completely lost somewhere upon the human body. It is a mark of artistic beauty that will remain just where God placed it, to all eternity. There surely is no beauty in the skirt that has the suggestion of the waist line about the feet.

The shoe, fashion decrees, at one time must have a toothpick point; at another, a sawed-off effect. At one time the shoe must be laced; at another, the laced shoe is all out of date — everything must be buttoned. There are the heel revolutions, too: the high slant heel, the slightly curved heel, the French heel, the common-sense heel, the low heel, and (what seems to be

a late fad) no heel, just a rudimentary suggestion where the heel used to be. If it finally should become visible under the toe, who will say there are not many smart (?) people who would declare it to be an artistic idea, and adopt it at once?

There are the sleeve changes. A few years ago they assumed such ponderous proportions that the rest of the waist seemed of minor importance. At one time the "balloon" was upside down, the inflated portion being at the wrist! It was not long, however, before it took a turn, and the inflated portion became visible at the shoulder, where it lingered for a time, and finally disappeared. Sometimes sleeves are so long as to half obscure the hands, sometimes they are so short as to amount to mere "cuffs in the armholes," as an observing young man has expressed it. In our grandmothers' day it would have been considered vulgar to appear in public with the sleeves rolled up above the elbows in the fashion of the schoolgirl of today. The very short sleeve and the low neck are a serious menace to health when worn in cold weather, as many do, increasing the liability to bronchial and pulmonary troubles.

Then there is the millinery problem. At one time the hat crown is so small as to perch uncomfortably on the top of the head; at another, it is so ample as to drop entirely down over the ears, perhaps obscuring one eye, while the instability of the rim outline suggests the waves of the sea. The trimming at one time is made to have a flat effect, as if held down by the force of gravity; at another, it is made to stand up stiffly to the breeze. At one time it is quite the "proper" thing to place the trimming squarely in the front; next, perhaps, it is permitted to assume a geometrical angle at the side; but, lo, another view, and we see it protruding squarely from the back, on a horizontal or slightly inclined plane, every turn of the wearer's head describing some arc of a circle.

One becomes weary of this tiresome treadmill of folly. Fashion plays a large part in the fiendish drama of white slavery, while its influence in general upon the fair manhood and womanhood of our country has assumed a decided downward trend.

In view of the fact that many lives are being sacrificed upon the altar of immorality in the frantic effort to meet the unreasonable expenditure of means demanded by the dictates of fashion, is it not about time for the pure womanhood of America to rise above the low plane of ultrafashionable ideas and dress as purity and simplicity dictate?

A Pleading Voice

MANY times have I been impressed to raise a warning note against marriage with a person not of one's own faith, but the fear that I should not be able to express in words what I feel of the importance of this subject has prevented me from doing so.

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." 2 Cor. 6:14. We are a peculiar people. The doctrines which we see plainly taught in God's Holy Word are to the majority of the world very peculiar. These holy doctrines are held in derision by the members of the popular churches. They are not believers in them. They are "unbelievers." There is no lasting heart-to-heart fellowship between those unbelievers and the believers of the truth.

"In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. 15:9. "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?"

2 Cor. 6:14. Ah! I realize now the lack of fellowship. Long experience has taught me that my dear husband cannot understand nor appreciate my religious experience or motives. I can get no sympathy from him in my belief of doctrines which to me are very precious. Why?—Because he does not believe them; hence it is impossible for him to sympathize with my feelings or my love for these truths.

When I was considering marriage fourteen years ago, I read the foregoing texts, but I quieted my conscience with the thought that my fiancé was a Christian, a member of a Christian church, a man honest and square in business, above anything mean or dishonorable. And thirteen years of married life have proved him to be no less a man than I thought him then.

My friend, are you thinking of forming an alliance with such a person, although not a believer in all the precious truths that you hold dear? I ask you to pause and consider. Is the foregoing description of character all you require in a life companion? Or do you find in your heart a longing for companionship with some one who understands you, some one who can enter into all you feel? Do you admire that friend of yours because of his honorable life and noble character? If so, see if you do not love him because of the sympathy he is able to give you in your joys, the appreciation he has for the things that interest you. For instance, you admire a noble character; so does he. You honor the person who does an unselfish act or sacrifices self for the good of others; yes, and your friend does the same. He understands how you feel, and he feels the same. Herein is sympathy. You stand drinking in the beauties of a glorious sunset or of a beautiful landscape; and your friend sees the same beauty, and appreciates it, too. This is companionship. Here is one who understands you and your feelings, and naturally your heart is drawn out in love to that person who appreciates the things that you understand. Likewise you would be repelled by a person who could see no beauty in that which you admire, one who could not appreciate a noble deed or an unselfish act that stirs your admiration.

Ah, but you have religion! The Word of God and his truth are more precious to you than rubies. To win souls to the saving truth in Jesus is the greatest ambition of your life. Is it? It should be. Why, yes, you greatly desire that this same friend of yours shall see and accept this precious truth. That is right. But let me tell you, never marry a man to save him. This truth is too testing to be accepted and lived out for love of any human being. The person who keeps the Sabbath for love of wife or husband has a foundation of sand only, and cannot stand the storms and bear the trials that will come upon every commandment-keeper.

Perhaps you are not very much alive spiritually. Perhaps you do not now notice in your friend any lack of appreciation of spiritual things. But do you think you could remain in a more-dead-than-alive spiritual condition if you, as wife and mother, found yourself responsible for the training of little children for God?

Soon after I married I went with my husband to live at his home many miles from my parents, and likewise many miles from any of the people who enjoy like precious faith. For a few years I could enjoy the Sabbath rest in my own room, in study and communion with God, in reading our good papers and

God's Word. And I want to say right here that during those months of comparative leisure I studied and examined carefully the foundations of my faith, and came to the point where I knew for myself what God's Word says about these precious truths. I saw that there was no chance for me to compromise the truths which I had learned in childhood.

When our little ones came to gladden our home and to add to our cares, I had to bear the responsibility of training them for God and truth almost alone. My husband consents to the truth in that he allows me to train our children as I wish; but O, how heavy is this responsibility! God helps me to bear it; but if I could only talk matters over with their father, and if we were only united in their training, instead of there being no bond of sympathy here, how much better and easier it would be, and how much more we might accomplish! But he whom I chose as my sympathetic companion can but laugh at that which he does not believe nor understand. I stand alone spiritually. Alone, with God's help, must I train my children. My brother, my sister, I beg of you, do not follow my example.

A READER.

A Touching Letter From a Loving Wife to Her Husband

THIS letter, bedimmed with tears, was found by the husband after his wife had departed. It was written before the husband was aware that death was fixing its grasp upon his lovely companion. She had laid it in a book which he was wont to peruse:—

When this shall reach your eyes, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that will hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart.

For many long and sleepless nights, when all your thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself on my mind. Although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so. Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave forever and to go down alone into the dark valley. But I know in whom I have trusted, and, leaning upon His arm, I fear no evil.

Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such a sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damp from your brow and commend you to your Maker, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer.

But it is not to be so; and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for life's cessation. And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of my hand and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death.

Well do I know the spot, dear George, where you will lay me. Often have we stood by the place, watching the mellow sunset as it glanced its quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of gold. Each, perhaps, has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. We loved the spot, and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight and gentle breezes play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will often go there alone when I am laid away, and will look with joyous expectation to that day when, death having been conquered, we shall meet again, love's tie never to be broken.

What a hope is that of the Christian! How dreary and dismal existence here would be if death ended all!

JOHN N. QUINN.

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Missionary Volunteer Goal for 1914

(Concluded from page eight)

Two thousand sets of Reading Course books were ordered during 1912 and 1913. Already 1,500 sets for the 1913-14 courses have been secured, while orders are coming in daily. We expect to enroll 2,500 in our two courses. The Junior books are: "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," or the life of George Leslie Mackay, of Formosa, by Marian Keith (price, 60 cents); "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," by Mrs. E. G. White (price, 75 cents); and "In the Tiger Jungle," by Jacob Chamberlain (price, 85 cents).

The Senior Course contains: "From Exile to Overthrow," by John W. Mears (price, 60 cents); "From Judaism to Christianity," by Elder F. C. Gilbert (price, 85 cents); "Wild Life on the Rockies," by Enos A. Mills (price, \$1.10). Order all books through your conference tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C. If you have not enrolled already, do so today.

During 1914 we invite every Missionary Volunteer Society to study the lessons outlined in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Much thought and study have been devoted to their preparation. These intensely interesting topics will be considered, first, on home missions: "The Children of the Slums," "The Immigration Problem," "Work Among the North American Indians," "Negroes," "Soldiers and Sailors," "The Miners," "Factory Men and Boys," "Prisoners," "Work for the Blind, Dumb, and Deaf," etc. The last six months will be devoted to "A Tour Around the World With Our Volunteers," visiting each country and learning of the experiences of our young people.

In using these lessons there is a wide latitude for individuality and originality. This department has no desire whatever to place its mold or padlock on anybody's mind, but it does recognize the splendid results that have come through a uniform study of the Sabbath-school lessons, and we believe that on the whole much better results will be secured through studying, in all our societies, the lessons prepared by this department. We desire that you with us shall study the geography of your society, church, and neighborhood, and see *where* and *how* you can fight your men better in 1914, so as to hasten the day when Jesus will be made "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

C. L. BENSON.

I Have Written a Letter to Mother Today

I HAVE written a letter to mother today,
I have told her I'm coming home,
No more in a stranger land to stray,
No more from her side to roam;
I will feed no more on the husks of sin,
Nor drink of its bitter wine;
For her prayers and tears, through the lonely years,
Have at last reached this heart of mine.

I have written a letter to mother today,
The first in one weary year;
Many pages were filled, there was much to say,
And blurred with many a tear;
For last night the dear Shepherd came to me,
When my spirit was dead and cold.
He quickened my soul, he made me whole,
And I entered within his fold.

I have written a letter to mother today,
She is widowed, and all alone;
And I wonder now I e'er went away,
An erring and only son;
But I know, when she reads my letter o'er,
How her heart will o'erflow with joy!
And she'll wait for me far across the sea,
To welcome her long-lost boy.
— Nettie Bacon Christian, in *Herald and Presbyterian*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



How Two Boys Made a Steam-Engine

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

NOW, Bobby," and it was Bobby's father who was talking, so Bobby listened; "you get all your chores done —"

"You mean the wood and the coal, don't you, daddy?" interrupted Bobby.

"Yes, son; and water the flowers, and run that errand for mother that you promised to this morning."

"And then what?" inquired Bobby.

"Then you may go over and visit Lewie, if you wish."

"May I? O, good! And we'll do all kinds of 'stunts' there. Thank you, daddy," he added, respectfully.

Now to visit Lewie was keener enjoyment to Bobby than to eat cake or candy. Even though Lewie was older than Bobby, he liked to watch him make things and construct new toys.

Bobby fairly flew around to get his work done, and in a remarkably short time he stood before his mother, cap in hand. "I'm going over to Lewie's now," he said. And away he went.

He found Lewie "tinkerin' round" in the rear yard, making a steam-engine — and such an engine!

First he took a baking-powder can, quarter-pound size; then with a nail he punched two holes through the tin just about an inch from each end, — one a pinhole, the other the size of a pea. (See Fig. 7, A and B.)

"What are those holes for?" said Bobby.

"Just you wait and see. One's where you put the water in. This is going to be the boiler," answered Lewie.

"But the can won't hold water, now!"

"It will in a minute;" and he put some pieces of lead in the can, put the cover on, and then ran into the house and put it on the stove, the cover end down. Very soon the lead melted and fastened the cover on tight, and when the can cooled and they poured some water into it, it didn't leak a bit. "How'd you know how to do that?" asked Bobby.

"O, my big brother told me how, he knows everything," promptly answered Lewie.

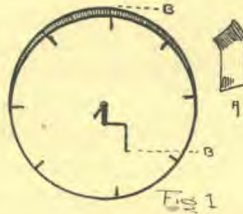
"Now for a wheel!" exclaimed Lewie. "Did you bring that piece of heavy cardboard that you promised you would?"

"I think I forgot it."

"O Bobby, did you?"

"No; here it is, I laid it on the steps," exclaimed Bobby.

So they hunted up a pair of big shears and a compass, and cut a circle nine inches in diameter (Fig. 1), and then took a sharp knife and slit the outer edge of the cardboard eight times, cutting it about one eighth of an inch deep.



"Bobby," said Lewie, "take these pieces of tin five eighths of an inch long (Fig. 1, A) and half an inch wide and shove them into the slits (Fig. 2, B) on the

wheel. Careful, don't cut yourself! I'll get a nail or wire or something for an axle while you're doing that," he added.

After Bobby had finished his job, he held the wheel over the can. "O, how are we going to make it stay there?"

"Let's see," said Lewie. And he scratched his head and thought very hard.

"I've got an idea at last," exclaimed Lewie, and he jumped up and ran for a piece of tin. "This is just about right, I think." "You've a ruler, you measure it, Bob."

"What size do you want?"

"O, about nine inches long and an inch wide!" (Fig. 2.)

After laboriously cutting and measuring the tin, Lewie took a hammer and a nail and cut two holes one-half inch from the ends, then two more three inches from each end. (Fig. 2.)

They found some clothes-line wire and threaded it through the middle holes (Fig. 2, A); placed the strip under the boilers, bending it to fit the can; then he drew the wire ends together at the top and twisted them to hold it tight.



"O!" said Lewie, "almost done," as he watched Bobby fasten the wheel with the tin in it. (See Fig. 6.)

Lewie then put a wire axle through a small hole in the wheel, and into the tin that now encircled the can. The axle went through the end holes. (Fig. 2, B.)

"Now for some legs to this steam-engine! What'll we have to hold it up, Bobby?" asked Lewie.

"Let's make it stay up with sticks, or something of the kind," answered Bobby.

"No; we'll make some legs for it. I've got an idea." And he proceeded to bend some wire around each end of the can, wrapping it around twice, and then cutting the ends off even about four inches



from the can. He found it necessary to reenforce the ends — the wire legs — with a little lighter wire.

While Lewie was busy making the legs, Bobby hunted around and found an old mucilage-bottle, with the tin cap and the hollow tin brush. (Figs. 3 and 4.) He cleaned it up, and cut the tin brush off just above the bristles (Fig. 4, C), leaving a hollow tube for the wick-holder.

"Say, Lewie, got a piece of string?" Bobby asked. For Bobby was fast beginning to see how to do things, too.

"Yes, in my coat pocket; I'm busy; help yourself."

The string was cut into pieces four inches long, and tied around with another string. (Fig. 4, A.) Then Bobby threaded it through the tin tube, and he had a wick for his bottle-lamp. (Fig. 3, A.)

"How's this, Lewie?" he asked. Lewie examined it with a critical eye. "Great!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you."

"Well, well, what do you think you're doing?" It was Lewie's older brother who had come home. "Hello, Bobby," and he gave him a friendly tap on the back.

"O, we are making a steam-engine!" they both answered.

The older brother examined it critically, straightened the wire legs, and declared that two acrobats were needed.

"Make them! Make them!" urged Lewie.

So he drew an acrobat on thin paper for a pattern, and traced the two on light cardboard. He then cut

them in pieces, making two body pieces (Fig. 5, E) and two sets of legs and arms (Fig. 5, A, B, C, D). He colored one acrobat with red ink, the other with blue ink. He then bent pins to fasten their legs and arms to the body pieces, but left them loose enough to move easily. (See the holes in Fig. 5.)

Next he bent the wire wheel-axle (Fig. 1, B) so that when he put it through holes in the hands of the acrobats, they would not whirl off.

"Now for some fun!" the boys shouted together.

They filled the boiler a quarter full of water, putting a plug in the larger hole, and mounting the wheel so the steam would come out of the pinhole and strike the paddles of the wheel. They filled the mucilage-bottle with alcohol, lighted the wick, and put the bottle under the boiler, and waited for the performance to begin.

Lewie and Bobby danced around in high glee, to see the antics of the acrobats, and to watch the engine go.

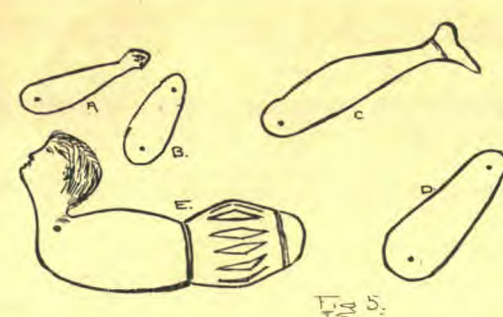


Fig. 5.

They even dreamed about it. With a common spool instead of the wheel, they found that it would drive toy machinery.

To enjoy it the way these boys did, just do as they did.

Mountain View, California.

News Notes

PROF. ELIE METCHNIKOFF, the world's leading bacteriological expert, and director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has willed his body, when he dies, to scientists, whom he gives permission to do what they like with it.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN" is now presented from the stage. Sir Herbert Tree, said to be one of the most finished actors of England, represents Jacob, the old patriarch; Maxine Elliott, Potiphar's wife; and Mr. George Pelph represents Joseph.

PRESIDENT WILSON and Secretary of State Bryan attended the Thanksgiving Pan-American mass held at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., despite the many protests that had come to the President from Protestant churches and patriotic societies.

THE Negro messenger who has served the United States Supreme Court almost sixty-four years died suddenly on the nineteenth of November. Chief Justice

White and four other members of the court attended the funeral of the aged man, which was held at his home.

NEAR La Ventura, Mexico, a train carrying four hundred passengers, three hundred or more of whom were federal soldiers, was blown up by the rebels on Thanksgiving day. There were one hundred women and children also on board. Of all these passengers only one man, it is said, escaped alive.

INVESTIGATION by Congress of the cold storage interests of the country is sought by Representative McKellar. Mr. McKellar charges deliberate destruction of eggs to keep up prices. He has been informed that one firm actually destroyed eggs by the carload after its warehouses had become taxed to their capacity, rather than allow them to go into the retail market.

FOLLOWING a spectacular raid upon his offices in one of our large cities, Dr. Herman Seidler is under arrest now on a charge of being the host at "opium suppers," at which the federal authorities claim scores of beautifully gowned women and girls indulged in the pipe as the principal morsel. The raiders found forty pipes, one hundred pounds of opium, and a complete manufacturing kit in the rooms. It is alleged that Dr. Seidler treated women suffering with cancer and other diseases by teaching them to become slaves to opium.



Fig. 4.

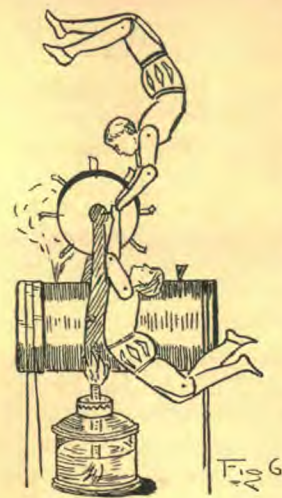


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



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 27

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Special Study (twenty minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work; review objects for special prayer given in the Morning Watch Calendar for the quarter, and have a season of prayer for these objects.
2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 29. The secret of faith. Many express a longing for more faith. God gives to every man a "measure" of faith, and this grows by exercise and cultivation. Rom. 12:3; Matt. 13:31, 32; 17:19, 20; Mark 11:23, 24; 2 Thess. 1:3. We can do nothing of ourselves (Luke 12:25, 26), therefore should put our faith wholly in God. Mark 11:22; 1 Sam. 14:6-15. We must take God at his word (Matt. 14:28, 29); and when we meet the conditions (John 15:7), we may claim his promises. John 14:12-14. Genuine faith is very active. James 2:17-26. It works by love (Gal. 5:6), which seeks not her own (1 Cor. 13:5), but gives all for others (1 John 3:16), and overcomes the world. 1 John 5:4.
3. Use this time for a special study of your own society. It might be well to have two talks on "What We Have Done During 1913," and "What Shall We Do During 1914?" For suggestions see Prof. C. L. Benson's article in this paper.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7 — Lesson 11: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 31-33

NOTE.—Even the blind are pressing into our circle. One Missionary Volunteer secretary writes: "What shall I require of a blind person to whom the books are read and who would like to have a certificate?" Are you as eager to read? Are you keeping up with the weekly assignments?

1. What had God designed should emanate from Jerusalem? Describe the city of Jerusalem and its surroundings.
2. At what date did this siege begin? What feast were the Jews now celebrating?
3. How was their worship interrupted at this time? Who led the Roman army in this encounter against the city? How long did the "outer wall" resist the attacks of the enemy? How long before the "second wall" fell?
4. What victory did the Jews then gain? How long did they retain this? In order to save further bloodshed what effort did Titus make? Was he successful?
5. Who was commissioned to bring about a surrender? Mention the leading points in his speech. How was it received?
6. What horrors now faced the city? What happened to those who believed the prophecies of Christ?
7. After repeated failures to take the city, what did Titus then do? What prophetic utterance of Christ was thus fulfilled?

Junior No. 6 — Lesson 11: "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," Pages 9-33

We invite all our Missionary Volunteers to join us now in reading this book. We are sure you will enjoy it. Just a few minutes each day will enable you to keep pace with the number of pages assigned for each week, and will give you noble thoughts for the busy hours of the day. Hundreds of young people are reading with you. Many lead the same busy life which comes to you, but they are determined to spend a few quiet minutes in storing up good things mentally. You will join with them, will you not?

1. On what chapter in the Bible is this book based? By whom were the beatitudes spoken, and where? Why was this mountain known as the "mount of blessing"? When Christ came, were the people prepared to receive him as the Messiah? Why not? For what were the people looking? Through association with Jesus, what did the disciples at last recognize? As the multitudes gathered about Jesus at this time, what were they hoping?

2. Repeat the first beatitude. How did many of the people feel at this time? Repeat the prayer of the Pharisee. How did Peter feel? Who are the poor in spirit, and how are they blessed? Tell what Christ's kingdom is, and who are his subjects. What gracious invitation does Jesus extend to each of us? Have we accepted it?

3. Repeat the second beatitude. State what "mourning" is here meant. Tell how God comforts us. What may the "trials of life" become to us? Why did Christ weep, and how will his followers feel?

4. What other blessing is pronounced? How was this grace looked upon by the Jews? What is it that destroys peace in our hearts?

Why Organize Foreign Mission Bands in Our Schools?

LET us each understand, to begin with, that by the term Foreign Mission Band is meant a group of individuals united for the purpose of fanning into constantly brighter flame, both in their own hearts and in the hearts of others, the spirit of foreign missions. The majority in such a group will usually be young persons, but older ones are by no means to be debarred.

Why, then, should such bands be organized in our schools?

Broadly, a first reason appears in that we as Seventh-day Adventists cannot consistently hold any other position than that of the gospel for all the world. We understand this to mean just what it says. England has no greater right to the gospel than Korea; the United States is no whit nearer heaven than Nyasaland; Christ's salvation is for any man who will believe, and we dare not exclude even one.

To give the gospel to all is our plain duty. But not simply as duty are we to see it, but as privilege. Christ's love is to constrain us, to woo us to see the lost world through the Saviour's eyes. Then, though duty still remains, privilege will be uppermost, and our own souls will yearn over the lost. To foster such a love as this is a purpose of the Mission Band. As the great needs of foreign lands are studied, the Holy Spirit will deepen the purpose to give all for the Master. And the knowledge obtained in study will increase the efficiency of the one who goes when the Master calls.

But, specifically, there is another reason for organizing Mission Bands in our schools. New languages, new climates, new customs, new surroundings, which must be met in foreign fields, all present difficulties that few are so well able to meet as young persons. They are more supple than others. They bend easier. The task of fitting into new conditions is not so difficult for the sons and daughters as it would be usually for the fathers and mothers. Consequently, the fields send out an earnest call for the young people. And happy the school whose Mission Band succeeds in turning the ambition of many of its strong young men and women into service in lands afar.

Are we justified, then, in wishing to see Foreign Mission Bands organized in our schools? — Assuredly; for any agency that legitimately aids in spreading the gospel of salvation from sin can expect God's blessing, and it certainly should have our loyal support.

E. R. JOHNSON.

WOULDEST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
 'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
 Its life and beauty, not when, unrolled
 Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

—W. Wilcox.



XIII — Review

(December 27)

Questions

1. NAME in order the eight plagues found in Exodus 8-10.
2. What lesson did God wish to teach both Egyptians and Israelites by the plagues?
3. What had to be done by the Israelites to save their first-born on the night of the last plague? Ex. 12: 21-23.
4. What directions were given concerning the Pass-over feast? Whom did the lamb represent? Verses 3-11, 24-27.
5. About how many of the Israelites were there who came out of Egypt? Verses 37, 38.
6. In what wonderful way were they led? Ex. 13: 21.
7. Describe the deliverance at the Red Sea. Ex. 14: 5-31.
8. What took place at Marah? Ex. 15: 23-26.
9. How did the Lord feed Israel while they were in the wilderness? Ex. 16: 1-21.
10. What lessons in Sabbath-keeping did the people learn from the falling of the manna? Verses 22-30.
11. Relate the wonderful experience of the children of Israel at Mt. Sinai. Exodus 19.
12. Repeat the ten commandments. Ex. 20: 3-17.
13. What invitation did Moses receive from the Lord? Ex. 24: 9-18.
14. What occurred in the camp while Moses was in the mountain? Ex. 32: 1-6.
15. What punishment came upon the people as a result? Verses 19-35.
16. What were the people asked to build? How was the material provided? Name the articles of furniture in the ark. How did the Lord show that he accepted the sanctuary? Ex. 25: 1-9; 40.

XIII — Review of Romans 1-5

(December 27)

Questions

1. WHAT is an apostle? Has the Lord true apostles now? Who wrote the epistle to the Romans? To whom was it especially addressed? By what event was Jesus Christ declared to be the Son of God?
2. How extensively was the church at Rome known? Being purchased by Christ, to whom do we become debtors? What is the gospel? What does it reveal to the believer?
3. What is revealed in creation? What has been the result of man's turning from the truth of God?
4. Whom do we condemn when we assume to judge another? What warning is given those who commit the things they condemn in others? What is the result of retaining sin in the heart?
5. What will the Lord render to every man in the judgment? By what will each be judged? What things will be considered in the judgment?

6. What did the Jew know and approve? Who is the true Jew before God? What is true circumcision?

7. What chief advantage had the Jew according to the flesh? What is the condition of all by nature? Cite a text in proof of this. To how many does the law of God speak?

8. How only can man be justified? For what purpose has Christ been set forth? How does faith affect the law in the heart of the believer?

9. What was faith reckoned to Abraham? What is it reckoned to the children of Abraham? What great promise was made to Abraham?

10. How much did the promise to Abraham include? What does this promise to Abraham mean to us? What relation, or condition, does faith establish between the sinner and God? How numerous did the Lord say the seed of Abraham would be? How did Abraham receive this promise? Of what was he persuaded?

11. By what are we justified? What condition does this bring into the heart? Through whom do we have peace? By what are we reconciled? By what are we saved? In whom only is true joy found?

12. How did sin enter the world? When only is sin imputed? Why did the law enter? Where does grace abound? What should reign in the heart of the believer?

Starting a Sabbath-School in the Home

ALL the girls were eager and enthusiastic over the suggestion by Miss Hibben that they were to have a Sabbath-school of their own. They studied their lesson with much interest, and when the bell sounded promptly at nine o'clock Sabbath morning, they gathered in the large parlor. Only one of their number was unable to attend.

After several songs, a responsive reading of the one-hundred and fifth psalm, and prayer, the Sabbath-school was organized. Mrs. Brumer, the assistant matron, was elected superintendent, and the secretary and assistant secretary were chosen from among the girls.

Two classes were formed, and the lesson was recited, which was based on the experience of Israel at Rephidim when Moses was told to smite the rock and waters gushed forth to satisfy their thirst. This was only a type of the smiting of our Rock, Christ Jesus, and the flowing forth of the waters of salvation, which are still flowing for you and for me.

A lesson was also drawn from the experience of Moses on the hill at the time of the battle with the Amalekites. As long as he held up his hands, the Israelites prevailed; and when he became weary, Aaron and Hur "stayed up his hands," and so Israel won the battle. Each one of us is in one battle or the other. We who are on the Lord's side cannot all fight as did Joshua, nor direct as did Moses, but we can each stay up the hands of our leaders, and help win the battle for God in our own little sphere.

Before the closing song was sung, a collection was taken. This was somewhat of a surprise, but every face lighted up as the members caught the spirit of giving to help the heathen to receive the gospel. Some one suggested that we might weave a rug on the new loom which we expect soon to have, then sell the rug for this purpose.

The girls enthusiastically entered into the spirit of this new feature of the Home life, which we trust will in the future be a great blessing.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The Youth's Instructor

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Consecration

I AM willing to take what thou sendest,
For I know that my Father knows best;
And so, whether shadow or shining,
My heart shall be never repining,
And in thy strong arms I shall rest.

I am willing to go where thou sayest,
And to start on the journey today.
The path that I take of thy choosing,
'Tis safe; there's no danger of losing,
In the darksome earth-shadows, my way.

I am willing to stay if thou thinkest
It best for my poor, tired feet;
And in quiet contentment be learning
Thy lessons of love, still discerning
The touch of the Father, so sweet.

I am willing to be what thou seest
Would honor and praise bring to thee;
The plans of my life all surrendering,
Thy choice for thy child comprehending
Brings peace and contentment to me.

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL.

Taught by a Flower

LITTLE Joanna one morning knelt with her sister beside their mother's knee to pray. She had finished her petition, and while her sister was praying, Joanna, in her good humor and without ill intent, reached over and pulled her sister's hair. This was too much for the gravity of the little petitioner, who laughed outright though her prayer was unfinished.

The mother, a conscientious Christian woman of Puritanical belief in an ever-burning lake of fire where the wicked are tortured eternally, was disturbed at the irreverence of her little girls. She therefore faithfully rebuked Joanna, who was the chief offender. She told her that if she did wrong she would go to the place of torment, while her sister would go to heaven, where she would be eternally happy.

Joanna questioned whether Anna could be happy if she were allowed to look upon her sister suffering eternal torment. The mother explained that this was possible, as Anna would know that God had pronounced righteous judgment upon her sister.

But this seriously shocked Joanna's sensitive nature. Though but seven years of age, a feeling of strong disgust came over her at the thought that God could take pleasure in seeing others suffer, or that his children could be happy when they beheld the suffering of loved ones.

This thought pressed so heavily upon the child that she could not remain in the house; it seemed she

scarcely could breathe. So she fled to the great outdoors. She wandered for a while among the shrubs and trees, then went over to a fallen tree, for it seemed that it could better understand something of her broken feelings. Finding little comfort here, she fled into the woods,— woods so deep that she had never dared to enter them before. The underbrush caught her hair, scratched her face, but she ran on and on, hardly knowing whither she was going. Suddenly she came upon a large, beautiful flower in her path. It stood there on a tall stalk, and seemed as if it bade her halt and listen to its message. With the sun shining upon it so beautifully, it was to her a bit of heaven's own glory. As the child stood there absorbing its beauty, a sense of God's goodness and love was so strongly impressed upon her that involuntarily she cried out, "It is not true: God is love!" "It is not true: God is love!" The echo of her own voice frightened her; but she still looked upon the beautiful flower. She caressed it, she communed with it; and God, who is love, through his own handiwork forever dispossessed her soul of the unhappy and untrue thought that he takes pleasure in the destruction or punishment of any of his children, or that his children will delight in the punishment of others.

Upon every flower and leaf and upon all his handiwork God has written the message of his *love*, but upon nothing more clearly than upon the sensitive heart of an innocent child. God is love.

St. Louis Becomes World's Seal-Fur Center

By the action of the United States government through the Department of Commerce, in deciding that government seal furs shall be sold at auction in St. Louis, the world's fur center is transferred from London to an American city. Two years ago Congress passed a law providing that no seals on United States islands should be killed for the next five years, except those seals needed by the natives for food. The skins of seals so killed are known as "government catch," and will amount to several thousand for the 1913 season. Under the protection of laws favoring the increase of the herds, the number will increase largely in the next few years. The next step will be the removal of the dyeing and tanning establishments from London to St. Louis, and the establishment of a great new industry. The economy effected by this home industry and by the elimination of the heavy duties paid on dressed and dyed skins, will mean the saving of a hundred dollars or more on each garment in the purchase of sealskin coats.— *Popular Mechanics*.

Sentence Sermons

- "JUST one error lost us paradise."
- "TRUE obedience is true liberty."
- "GOOD examples are convincing teachers."
- "LOVE is the fulfilling of the law."
- "CROSSES are the ladders to heaven."
- "PUNCTUALITY is the soul of business."
- "A LONG tongue is the sign of a short hand."
- "A CHEERFUL disposition lengthens life."
- "EVIL companions corrupt good morals."
- "PLAIN truth needs no flowers of speech."
- "WE lift our lives by raising our ideals."
- "A GENTLE mind by gentle deeds is known."