

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

March 10, 1914

No. 10



NEW YORK paid its truant officers \$200,000 last year.

THERE are 372,635 women teachers and professors in the United States.

THE president of the Quaker Oats Company is also president of the Moody Bible Institute.

IN 1914 the present railway across German East Africa will extend across to Lake Tanganyika.

IN one year Chicago spent \$30,000,000 for musical instruments, sheet music, music books, musical supplies, and music lessons.

THERE are at the present time almost 2,000,000 automobiles in the world. By far the greater half of these are in the United States.

THE position of commissioner of correction in the city of New York is now filled by a woman, who promises to make an able commissioner.

THE world's largest automobile, with a carrying capacity of twenty-five tons, has been built for transporting wool across country in Australia.

THE continent of Africa has now been completely partitioned among the European powers, with the exception of two countries, Liberia and Abyssinia.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON said that forty-five Negroes were lynched during the first ten months of 1913. Race hatred is undoubtedly the cause of most of this mob rule.

A STRIKING illustration of the terrible human waste in war is furnished by the census just taken of the new Bulgarian territories acquired by conquest. The male population of that portion of Macedonia allotted to Bulgaria was reduced during hostilities from 175,000 to 42,500. In Bulgarian Thrace only 225,000 males remain of a total before the war of 494,000, while in the district of Mustapha Pasha, where fighting waged long and fiercely, only 4,000 males are left out of 33,000.

ICE costs more in Alaska than it does in the United States. The ice there is often five feet eight inches thick, and it is harder to harvest ice when it is thick than when it is thin.

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 10, 1914

No. 10

Living in Character, Not Carelessness

Fearless Before Hard Tasks — Braced Against the Crowd — The Marks of a
Thoroughbred — The Boy That Won Out



R. JOHN R. CLEMENTS, writing in the *Christian Endeavor World*, says: "I have been strangely moved by a booklet that I have just laid on my library table. It tells in a father's words the story of a boy who, dying suddenly at less than twenty-two years of age, had yet lived a completed and rounded-out life.

"Rufus Fearing Dawes was the only son of Hon. Charles G. Dawes, comptroller of the currency in President Cleveland's last administration. Rufus met death in the waters of Lake Geneva last September, and at his funeral Rev. Dr. W. T. McElveen, of Christian Endeavor fame, officiated, and during the service read this tribute written by the father of Rufus. The tribute is sweet in its conception, thrilling in its resignedness; and, mirroring, as it does, a very possible type of young manhood, it should stand as a challenge to other young men and boys the world around.

"I should be glad if this tribute might be read in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting everywhere to stand as an inspiration to our young people to will to live 'in deeds, not years,' in character, not carelessness."

The Father's Tribute

The most of those here assembled are the personal friends and acquaintances of my dear son. As far as the outer world is concerned, his promising life, cut off so early, must ever be wrapped in obscurity. But I, his father, owe him one last and solemn duty, to project the high lesson of his life as far as lies within my power, by using this last assemblage of his friends, when their minds and grieving hearts will the more indelibly receive the final impressions of his memory.

Rufus's business career covered his last four summer vacations, dedicated voluntarily by him to preparation for his life's work. Passionately fond of sports and of social recreation, to which the college work of the remainder of the year legitimately entitled him, he gave them up, and spent in the comparative solitude of a small engineering corps in western South Dakota his summer vacation of four years ago.

Here he lived uncomplainingly a life of terrible hardship, without my knowledge until it was over. Every man in the corps went down with malignant typhoid fever. Rufus was the last man up, and for days, while suffering with the fever himself, took charge of and ministered to the rest of the camp, finally succeeding in moving them to a place of comparative comfort. He then temporarily collapsed, only to pull himself together again, and, alone and sorely stricken, set out on the long journey home.

It is hard to speak of the suffering of the fifty-mile wagon trip to the railroad station, of his long wait there, of the terrible railroad trip home when he was

unable to sleep or eat, and of his final arrival, which was our first knowledge of his trouble.

For weeks, without a word of complaint, he fought the fight of life and death; and then, when relief and apparent convalescence came, it was only to usher in a relapse for as long and severe a second attack.

Gaunt and haggard, yet happy and cheerful, he finally left the sick room. He saved out of his compensation for his surveying work, over and above his expenses, the sum of sixty dollars.

Of his own initiative and without suggestion he devoted this money to the following purposes: He made a close contract with his friends in the wholesale department of Jevne & Co. for twenty baskets of provisions at one dollar each, which on Christmas Day he personally delivered at the houses of the poor. Of the remaining forty dollars he expended twenty dollars for a Christmas present for his sister, and kept twenty dollars for his personal use.

The next summer, with his dear friend Melvin Ericson, he went to Seattle and took a position in the gas company in which my brothers and I are interested.

The superintendent, who is one of our personal friends, endeavored to persuade the lads to accept salaries large enough to enable them to live at the best hotel; but Rufus and Melvin declined upon the score that their services would not fairly command the sum offered, took a lesser one, and secured board and lodging elsewhere for twenty-five dollars a month each.

The next summer vacation Rufus spent in the wholesale plumbing establishment of his close friend, Donald Raymond. With his characteristic masterfulness he announced to Donald that he would fix his own salary at sixty dollars a month, which he believed he could earn in the sales department. In this place each month he turned profits into the firm amounting to two or three times his salary.

This present summer he spent in the gas works at Chicago Heights under the tutelage of his friends Walter F. Booth and Verne Cutler. During the hot summer days, with the temperature one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit in the gas house, Rufus Fearing learned to make gas. He also mastered gas analysis, and in the last week of his work was given charge of the entire plant.

The last two weeks of this present vacation, which proved to be the last two of his life, he gave up to recreation, with the great nervous energy with which he did everything.

But I pass now to the more important things. My boy was only in the beginning of his business career, while the career of which I am to speak is complete. The Lord gave him ample time to fully and wholly complete it.

The truly great character must unite unusual strength and determination with great gentleness. My boy was imperious. He recognized no superior on earth, and yet was the tender and intimate friend of the weak and humble.

I have taken him with me among the greatest in the nation, and looked in vain for any evidence in him of awe or even curiosity. He has taken me, asking me to help them, among the poor and lowly of earth.

He loved his friends, and but recently told his mother that our house was all through the coming years to be the stopping place for his college friends passing through the city. How grateful our lonely hearts will be to them now if they will only accept this invitation, and sleep in his room, and fill for a little time the empty chair!

He began early in life to set himself against the crowd, for no man rises to real prestige who follows it.

Of his own initiative he joined the church. For a long time he taught a Bible class of boys at Bethesda Mission. He did not smoke, nor swear, nor drink. He was absolutely clean. Yet, in his stern opposition to the drift, he mingled tolerance in just that quality which contributed to real power to be used in opposition, and for that purpose alone.

He organized systematically rescue squads for weaker boys at college who were wavering before strong but evil leadership. Against the boy who sought to lead astray the weaker he set his face like steel.

Like every born leader, he had his many warm friends; but, if Rufus Fearing ever had a bitter enemy, I have yet to hear of him. His kindness, sincerity, and good humor disarmed hatred. I never saw him angry. In twenty-one years he never gave me just cause for serious reproach.

He was absolutely natural in any environment, great or humble. He was extremely ambitious. He was extremely proud. Upon one occasion, years ago, when I mistakenly reproached him, he patiently explained my error, and then peremptorily demanded and received an apology from me.

I have noticed that one of the characteristics of the thoroughbred is the refusal to accept or recognize a handicap, which he always regards as a self-confession of inferiority. The man who accepts a handicap is beaten before the race begins.

In any matter to which Rufus Fearing set himself seriously he saw no possible measure of his full abilities or efforts except in the leading contestant. He recognized no victory in a second or third prize. It was not altogether modesty which kept him so silent about his marked achievements, but because a high average of proficiency, which left the field far behind, only brought him into closer self-comparison with the few winners. The natural leader in life, while he keeps his head, keeps his eyes only on the runners in front, and not on the multitude behind. This is why the truly great are so often humble.

His mother and I never knew until we read it in the yearbook, of Rufus's athletic successes at Lawrenceville, or that he was captain of the fencing team at Princeton, or that he had this or that distinction. He never talked about his achievements in any line of work, study, or recreation, for the reason that he himself never regarded them as important or worth while.

But with almost reckless intrepidity he sought in his friendly conflicts a contact with any exceptional individual he could find. In the fact that contact

means comparison he saw only the opportunity for taking his own full measurement, even though it might prove disappointing or defeat prove bitter.

But under these continuing and often disappointing contests, moral, physical, and mental, there worked out under the inexorable laws of human nature a splendid and complete young Christian gentleman. And the lesson of this complete life is that this can be done by a young man without his being a prig, without his failing to be a "good fellow," without his bending to debasing environment.

My boy lived long enough to "win out." Whatever the years would have added would be only material. In a man character is his real career.

He died suddenly in the midst of happiness. He died with his high ideals unlowered. He died with all the noble illusions of a high-minded youth undisturbed and undispelled. He died without having lost ambition, with his eyes fixed on the mountains of life.

But, dear young friends of my boy, he had already climbed the high and rough ways which lead up the steep mountain of character. He stood there firmly at the top. Mistake not. It was no easy victory. Material achievement may be both, but no moral victory is ever easy or ever accidental.

But yesterday strong and joyous in the full might and swing of buoyant youth, surrounded by his loving friends, the sun of his happiness high in the sky, Rufus Fearing was mercifully spared the sight of grim Death, whose unseen hand was even then upon his shoulder. But, had this happy boy turned and seen him beckoning him away from the dear ones,—from his home; from his parents and his sister; from the great battle field of life, with its fine victories to be won,—you know and I know that without complaint, clear-eyed, unafraid, in simple, unquestioning faith, with hope and trust in his Lord, my dear son would quietly have followed into the darkness of the shadow.

Daylight Has Come

"RAYMOND, it is daylight, and so time to get up," said Mrs. Edson to her son one very bright morning.

"It does not seem light to me, mother," replied the lad.

"Then you must have your shades down or your eyes closed," said the charitably inclined woman. "Which is it?" And so the boy slept on, disobeying his mother, neglecting his morning work, causing delay at breakfast, and storing up a guilty conscience.

The long night of the Dark Ages has passed. At this time a light has arisen, the gospel call is sounding, inviting us to awake and engage actively in the God-appointed work of soul saving. It is now gospel daylight.

"But," you say, "I do not see that it is morning. No special light is shining into my soul." Perhaps the reason you do not see the light, is that the shades have not been lifted from your spiritual windows so that the light can stream into your soul. Or it may be your hands are over your spiritual eyes so that it is impossible for you to discern the abundant light.

O, listen to the call, uncover the organs of vision, draw aside the heavy curtains of doubt, and let the light of life stream in! Jesus, with his good news of everlasting salvation, is just waiting to be "let." O, let him help you!

A youngster who had been taught that Jesus is

ever ready to help children to be good, was in the habit of praying to that end. Usually he was a very good child, but one day he naughtily threw himself on the floor and would not rise in obedience to the requirement of his caretaker. At length she asked him why he did not get up. He said, "Jesus hasn't helped me yet." Just so it is with many older ones; they, perhaps unconsciously, decide to have their own way, and then think the heavenly Helper has failed them. With blinded eyes we, of course, cannot see the light, and are left to grope in darkness.

Some years ago I read in the *Bible Training School* the story of a lad, who, being desirous of helping his poor mother, took his Maltese kittens to the home of the Methodist minister and offered them for sale. On being asked what kind of kittens they were, he replied, "They are Methodist kittens, please, sir." A few days later when this minister was calling on the Adventist minister, the same boy came there with the same kittens for sale. The minister asked about the kind of kittens, to which the lad replied, "They are Adventist kittens, sir." To the Methodist this looked like duplicity, so he said to the boy, "You told me just the other day they were Methodist kittens." The boy's mental faculties were sufficiently acute to help him out of the dilemma into which he had fallen, and he replied, "O, but now they have their eyes open!"

If we will but open the eyes of the understanding, we shall be enabled to see the light of truth abundantly shining all along our pathway. "Talk light and faith and hope, and educate yourself to see the light when God reveals it to you."

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Work for the Jews

I HAVE lately finished reading Elder F. C. Gilbert's book "From Judaism to Christianity," and it has given me a much better understanding of him and his nationality than I ever had before, and also a deeper appreciation of the great work to which he has consecrated his life.

After reading this deeply interesting book, I am convinced that he has been called of God for this important work on behalf of the long-suffering Jews, just as surely as William Miller was raised up by the Lord to proclaim the prophetic truth for his day. May we not believe that the time has now come for the fulfillment of Deut. 4:30, 31? This is how it reads: "When thou art in tribulation, and all these things are come upon thee, *in the latter days* thou shalt return to Jehovah thy God, . . . for Jehovah thy God is a merciful God; he will not fail thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers which he sware unto them."

The work is now well started, and it is of the utmost importance that Christians see this and come up to the help of the Lord by cooperating in the blessed work of preparing the Jews for the second coming of their Messiah.

There are different ways in which this can be done. One way to help on the good work is to circulate more extensively Elder Gilbert's books, the *Good Tidings*, and Jewish tracts. Especially should this be done where Jews are numerous.

Our churches and young people's societies should take this matter up earnestly and prayerfully, and plan to get these books into the public libraries, Sunday school libraries, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, colleges,

seminaries, and all other institutions wherever a library is found.

If every Seventh-day Adventist church does this for its own town or neighborhood, and also circulates Jewish tracts and secures subscribers to *Good Tidings*, a foundation will thus be laid for future work. Earnest prayer for divine guidance and blessing is needed. God's blessing will certainly rest upon those who put forth efforts on behalf of the Jews; for he desires to have them saved with us.

"If their fall is the riches of the world, and their loss the riches of the Gentiles; how much more their fullness?" Rom. 11:12. Paul (although "the latter days" were then so far in the future) was a firm believer in the return of the Jews. Every one who assists Elder Gilbert may have this assurance that in so doing he is cooperating with Christ, the deliverer of the Jewish people. What a privilege and honor is this, to be a coworker with God! We are debtors to the Jews, and under obligation to do all we can to lead them to Christ.

Every one who reads the books "Practical Lessons From the Experience of Israel" and "From Judaism to Christianity," must admit that the author of those illuminative volumes is the man best qualified to lead out in the noble work of bringing to the Jews a saving knowledge of the gospel in its last phase just before the Lord's coming.

A. CARTER.

Reading in Church

IN the home it is considered one of the worst of ill-mannered habits to talk or read while another is talking; we feel that at least we must appear interested. How is it in church? How do we regard the house of God. O, we think nothing of making a regular practice of reading the INSTRUCTOR during the sermon hour!

But consider what it really is; it is positive disregard for one of the most important rules of conduct; more, it is showing not only disregard for the speaker, but disrespect. The minister has made a careful study of a line of truth for his hearers; the reader gets never a word. The minister endeavors by every means within his power to hold his hearers' attention; the reader does all he can to hear nothing. The speaker is worried; the reader is shamelessly selfish and ill-mannered.

There is another thought. The King is there, and inattention does not honor him. When men come into the presence of earthly kings, they make a show of respect, and it is proper that they should, for the king is worthy of honor; when we come into the presence of the King of kings, shall our attitude be less respectful? Can we not give one hour to him? Are we so weak that we cannot hold our attention to the sermon for one short hour? Be ashamed to admit it! It makes no difference if the sermon is dull; we have come ostensibly to hear it, and it is the least we can do to give attention. Get the thought of the sermon, and make it an active force in your life. Whatever you do, do not annoy the speaker and others with rattling paper and with disrespectful indifference.

Are you reading this in church? Do you feel a little guilty? Put your paper away, and listen to the sermon.

MAX HILL.

"ONE person upon whose word you can always depend is worth more than all liars put together."

The Story of an Armless Artist

WHEN a boy has a deep-laid determination to succeed, he will often find a way in spite of every handicap that may be put upon him. It seems impossible to believe that good pictures can be painted by a man who has no hands, and yet this is the very thing that is being done by an English artist, Mr. Bartram Hiles, who, when eight years of age, lost both arms in a street car accident. The lad always had been very fond of drawing, and the loss of his hands came as a great blow to him. But still he would not give up the thought of being a great artist. So setting his ingenious mind to work, he learned by persevering effort and patience that he could paint pictures by holding the brush in his mouth.

When only sixteen years of age, he exhibited some of his pictures at the Bristol Academy, and won much praise from fellow artists. In 1890 he won further honors, and was given, as a reward of merit, a National Art scholarship of one hundred guineas' value. Everywhere the value of his work was recognized. He was invited to make exhibits at the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of British Artists, and other societies.

In speaking of his methods of work, Mr. J. F. Cross says: "In order to model, he has to beat up the clay with his chin, take it in his lips, and then, placing it on a slab, complete the work with his tools. When painting, he finds no difficulty in mixing his colors, and has become so accustomed to using his mouth that he does not in the least miss his arms when at work.

"Picking up a pencil or paint brush with his mouth, he sketches rapidly, drawing scrolls, straight lines, and landscapes with ease. Not long since there was an exhibition of his works, at which, in addition to pictures, he showed designs for friezes, fans, and door panels."

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

How I Became a Total Abstainer

SOON after my marriage our rector, who was a staunch total abstainer, invited me to write and read a temperance story at his monthly meeting in the mission hall. I did so then, and also at the next two monthly meetings; but I had no thought of signing the total abstinence pledge myself, though I was willing enough to belong to the "weaker brother's" section.

But the third night, just as I rose to read my new story, a curate whispered, "Do, if you can, try to reach that man down there in the second row. He is a notorious drunkard, and turned his wife with her baby out into the snow when her child was but two hours old." So with soul afire to save the drinking seaman, I read my written tale with extemporizations. And they struck home, for I saw a tear on the man's rough face. At the end there was a strong entreaty from the chairman for people to come forward and sign the pledge. I went to the seaman and prayed him to come up to the table and sign. He did the former, and I, in a passion of expectant joy, dipped the pen in the ink and smoothed the page for him.

Just as he was going to write, he looked down at me, saying, "I reckon you've done it yourself, mis-sus?" No, I had not, I told him. And to explain why, I said I had never taken too much drink in my life, but for him it was the only thing that would save

him. In a moment he blazed up with righteous anger at the unintended, but patent insult, and, shouting, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and what's good for you is good for me, I reckon," flung down the pledge book and pen, and strode out of the hall. In a flash of spiritual vision, made the clearer for my profound humiliation and sorrow because I had let him go, I saw the great truth,—the saving power of example,—and saw it as never before. I rushed down the hall and into the street, and with entreaties brought him back. "It may be you will save me," I said. "Come back!" I signed first; he signed after me. And a few years after, I saw him a sober, God-fearing, prosperous father of a bonny family, with his happy wife beside him in the house of God.

But who dare say he needed saving more than I did that night? And who knows but that he was sent there to shame me?—*Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant.*

Go Back and Do It

YESTERDAY morning an old, beggarly-looking man was standing beside the stairway that led to an elevated railway station, seemingly bewildered. I was in a hurry, and did not ask him where he wanted to go. Why didn't I go back and do it?

My mother used to take great pains to think of lovely little surprises for me, and I used to take them as a matter of course. I see now how happy she could have been if I had ever thanked her. It is too late for me now to go back and do it.

I had a schoolmaster in a country school who fitted me for college more thoroughly than many a boy is fitted in a larger and more famous school. Often when I was in college I had good reason to thank him for his patience with me, but I never did. And it is now too late for me to go back and do it.

My chum did more for me than anybody else when I was a student; he was so honest and genuine and sensible, and so full of fine, manly purposes, and I was so much younger than he and needed him so much. Every day of my life I am thankful for him, and I often tell others what he did for me, but I never told him. And now it is too late for me to go back and do it.

Tomorrow somebody else will do me a kindness. I shall be hurried and forgetful, but perhaps the memory of some kindnesses done by those of the past may make me willing to pass them on to those who are to come. And even if I hurry by, and feel timid about opening my heart by saying an appreciative word, still I can go back and do it.

Tomorrow somebody else will wave a hand to me or speak friendly about the weather in passing. Perhaps I shall remember that I shall not forever walk this friendly road, and that the number who wave to me is not unlimited. Even if I have passed them by without giving a sign of brotherhood, perhaps because they are poor or humble or because I myself am shy, still I can go back and do it.

I have yet some friends who mean more to me than any other friends I have ever had. They are close to me, and some of them are in the house where I live. I shudder to think that I might die or they might die before I have said to them all that is in my heart. I haven't done it yet, but, thank God, I can still go back and do it.—*William Byron Forbush, Ph. D., in Young People.*

All-Round Knowledge

It is the custom of the principal of the Friends' School, Germantown, Pennsylvania, to give a "general information test" to the pupils every year. To the following list answers were required the early part of the present year:—

Name,—

1. The President of the United States.
2. The Secretary of State.
3. The American ambassador to Great Britain.
4. The engineer of the Panama Canal.
5. The king of England.
6. The prime minister of England.
7. The political party now in power at Washington, D. C.
8. The political organization recently defeated in the New York City Municipal election.
9. The new national revenue tax.
10. The neighboring country in a state of revolution.
11. The general who led the Carthaginians over the Alps.
12. The man who first circumnavigated the globe.
13. The original thirteen colonies.
14. The cities that have been capitals of our country.
15. The city that was saved by geese.

II

In what field or office have the following become prominent? Give nationality, also state whether contemporary or historical: 17. Leonardo da Vinci; 18. Alfred Noyes; 19. Huerta; 20. William Sulzer; 21. Martin Luther; 22. Winston Churchill; 23. Madame Homer; 24. Rembrandt; 25. Rabindranath Tagore.

III

What historical or literary associations are connected with the following? Tell what nations were involved: 26. Waterloo; 27. The Treaty of Ghent; 28. Trafalgar; 29. The Statue of Liberty; 30. The Craigie House; 31. Islam; 32. The Fourth of July; 33. Gettysburg; 34. Domesday Book; 35. Jamestown, Virginia.

IV

Name the city referred to by each of the following expressions: 36. Gotham; 37. The Smoky City; 38. The Windy City; 39. The City of David; 40. The Eternal City; 41. The City of Brotherly Love; 42. The South American Paris; 43. The Hub of the Universe.

V

44. Where should the signature be placed on a check? Where the indorsement? Who does the writing in each case, and what does he write?

46. Explain O. K.; i. e.; B. C.; M. D.
49. What were the calends and the ides?

VI

Who was the national hero of: 51. Switzerland; 52. Scotland; 53. Holland; 54. Celtic Britain; 55. Italy; 56. Ireland?

VII

Locate by country: 57. Vancouver; 58. The Amazon; 59. The Apennines; 60. Stockholm; 61. Vera Cruz; 62. Florence.

VIII

Who was: 63. The Maid of Orleans; 64. The Father of his Country; 65. The Scourge of God; 66. The Little Corporal; 67. The Iron Chancellor; 68. Le Grand Monarque?

IX

69. What is the cost of letter postage to England? France? Canada?

70. What curse rested upon King Midas?
71. What is raw water? How are its dangers averted?
73. What is a "ship of the desert"? a chronometer?
74. What is a semaphore? a carburetor?
75. Who wrote "The Waverley Novels"? "Little Women"?
76. Of what play is "Rosalind" a heroine? "Titania"?
77. Who were Jove? Diana?
78. Who were Circe? Pandora?
79. Express 32 degrees Fahrenheit in the Centigrade scale.
80. If a clock were gaining, would you lengthen or shorten its pendulum?
81. Show by two figures the difference between two square inches and two inches square.
82. What is the cube root of 125?
83. Define hexameter, kilometer, cyclometer.
84. Who slew Sisera?
85. Where is the "Mona Lisa" now?
87. Name one of the great composers of symphonies.
88. Who decorated the Sistine Chapel in Rome?
89. What great American artist helped decorate the interior of the Boston Public Library?
90. What distinguished American is now completing the art decorations in the Pennsylvania State Capitol building at Harrisburg?

X

Identify by naming author or work,—

91. "England expects every man to do his duty."

92. "They also serve who only stand and wait."
93. "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives me to see the right."
94. "I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."
95. "This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
96. "Veni, vidi, vici."
97. "God's in his heaven:
All's well with the world."
98. "But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"
99. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."
100. "The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I
Hear thy shrill delight."

The questions that were purely local are omitted. Lest you may repeat the mistakes made by some who first submitted answers to the list, their answers are herewith given:—

Name the American ambassador to Great Britain. Ans.—Mrs. Pankhurst.

William Sulzer,—running for president of Mexico; Martin Luther,—a Methodist minister who wrote hymns; Madame Homer,—a French woman who invented radium; a Greek singer.

What is raw water? How are its dangers averted? Ans.—By not drinking it.

What is a semaphore? Ans.—A boy in his second year at college.

The Marred Pattern

LONG ago there was a weaver who expected a large sum of money from weaving a beautiful web. The support of his family and of himself depended on whether the web was woven exactly like the pattern. To do this the greatest care was required, and he must keep his eyes constantly fixed on the model. But day by day as he worked he grew weary; he looked away from the pattern many times to talk with friends, and to look at the pleasant things about him. He enjoyed the society of his friends, and felt that it was not necessary to relinquish this even for the sake of his important work.

Finally the day came when the web was to be taken from the loom. He had used the finest of material and the richest of colors; but, alas! when the loom was opened, the pattern appeared marred and broken. Where he had stopped his work for the pleasure of an idle hour with his friends, where he had looked away from the pattern, appeared unacceptable changes in what should have been a beautiful web. The weaver's livelihood was gone; he had spent all he had for material for the web. His anguish was great and his despair hopeless, for it was now too late to repair the mischief. Dearly indeed did he pay for his carelessness.

God has given us all a web to weave, the web of our own character. There are many careless weavers. Even among our own young people are those who slight their work. We have been given a pattern of a perfect life; divinity itself in the form of humanity is set before us. Our future life in heaven depends on whether we keep our eyes on the pattern. How easy it is to look away! Many of our young men turn from the divine model and seek to form their lives after the men of the world. And sometimes our young women look to the follies and frivolities of present-day society for a model for their lives. In many ways the dress, manners, and occupations of the world are imitated. Let us each look to himself to see if he fails in any of

these ways. Let us not turn to the distracting things about us, but keep our eyes on the perfect pattern, that our lives may be fashioned by it.

But our case is not an exact parallel to that of the weaver. The first deviation he made from the pattern ruined the web. But God is merciful and gracious to us; and if we have failed in the past, he will cover the marred places in our character with his own perfect life. Let us turn to him with our whole heart, that in that day when he shall gather his people together, we may be found without fault before the throne of God.

LORENA WILCOX.



Scholarship for Prize Winners

THE Department of Agriculture recommends that in place of a trip to Washington the young prize winners of the corn, canning, poultry, and other agricultural clubs, be given a year's course in practical training at some agricultural college. In case the young champion's academic training would not enable him to enter the agricultural college of his State, a more elementary course in a school where agriculture is taught, or a course in an agricultural high school, is recommended.

The department considers that such courses have considerably more lasting value for prize winners and for the agriculture of their sections than flying trips to the capital. The State and local organizations which have been paying for these trips have been sincerely interested in developing a true appreciation of farming as a business among the boy and girl farmers. Some of these have already considered this question, and have decided on the agricultural course as the more desirable prize.

One of the first persons to raise the question as to whether the practical training or the more spectacular trip was preferable, was Willie P. Brown, an Arkansas corn club prize winner. Given his choice of all the prizes offered by the State, including the trip to Washington, he selected a scholarship giving him a year's tuition in an agricultural school. This gave impetus to the idea in Arkansas, and now the biggest annual prize offered the corn club boys is a scholarship given by the Bankers' Association. The same association gives a similar scholarship to the girl champion of the canning clubs.

While a year's course with all expenses paid is the suggestion of the department for the biggest prize for State winners, less extensive courses might be offered to county winners. It has been suggested that such counties as care to give prizes, give one or more short courses in the State agricultural and mechanical colleges to the fortunate county champions. These courses are usually only two weeks long and are held in winter or in summer. The training given is of the most practical sort, and the amount of time spent is no gage of the amount of benefit to be obtained. These short courses have already been given as prizes by certain counties, and have proved most valuable to the young people.

Gleanings

POTATOES in Greenland do not grow larger than an ordinary marble.

One telephone company in Chicago handles more than 600,000,000 calls annually.

A nonsinkable mattress for steamer use has recently been invented in France. The mattress is filled with a buoyant fiber.

The largest electrical egg-hatching plant in the world is in England, having an average output of eight thousand chickens a week.

Minor planets are still being discovered. During the year that ended June 30, 1913, sixty-two of these bodies were discovered, numbered, and named.

Ants have been found in Dalmatia that actually make bread by chewing seeds into pulp, forming it into loaves, and baking them in the sun. This bread is then stored away for future use.

A newly invented egg-shaped lifeboat, about eighteen feet in length, made the voyage from Norway to Boston, unaccompanied, and propelled by sail power alone. The boat carried four passengers.

Mr. O. W. Barrett, horticulturist of the Philippine Bureau of Agriculture, thinks maize may become a serious rival of cane in the sugar market, since from twelve and one-half to fourteen per cent of sugar and about one per cent of glucose has been found in the decobbed maize stalks. This is above the average yield from sugar cane.

The New York Edison Company has perfected an apparatus for eliminating the smoke and cinder nuisance at its great waterside station, New York. The smoke, laden with soot and cinders, is driven at high speed through a sheet of water, by means of which ninety-five per cent of all the material which constitutes a nuisance is deposited in a big water tank.

Sir Edwin Landseer was one of the best examples of the ambidextrous person of whom there is any record. When present where the subject of drawing with the left hand was under discussion, he remarked, "I not only think I can draw with my left hand, but I think I can draw with both hands at once." Then he took two pencils and actually drew a horse with one hand and a dog with the other.

It is asserted by H. T. Glüsson, Dominion botanist of Canada, that smut diseases in grain are spread by the threshing machine. At one threshing of smutted grain a machine may become infested with spores. He urges that the laws requiring that machines be swept clean after use should also require thorough disinfection by inclosing bags soaked in formalin solution in the machine for a few hours and spraying the exterior parts and the implements with the same solution.

Farming over ice is a feature of ranch life in the Tanana valley, Alaska. The valley is three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. It is described as a vast bowl of solid ice thinly sprinkled with dirt. But on this foundation of perpetual ice, farmers are raising crops of grain and vegetables, declared to be superior in yield and quality to any grown in the United States. When the ground begins to thaw in the spring, the plow turns over the surface of the earth above the ice. As the thawing goes deeper, moisture is given off from underground, forming a perfect subirrigation system.



Mistress Gossip

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY

MISTRESS GOSSIP went to town well supplied with plunder,
For she'd gathered carefully every precious blunder

Of the whole community, and to "talk it over"
With her friend, Miss Critical, was to her "sweet clover."

"Did you know, my dear," she said, "that Jenks' baby
Doesn't get enough to eat, 'cause the father's crazy?"

"And they say that some one said that he told somebody,
When he was delirious, just an *awful* story.

"And if you won't ever tell, I'll repeat it to you,
But you mustn't breathe a word, or ever tell who told you;

"For the story's surely true, and reveals a mystery
I've long tried to know about, that's not writ in history.

"Well, Mistress Jenks was married first to another fellow,
But he went away and left her in Desert Hollow;

"And she couldn't do a thing, so she went and married
This here Jenks, and now he's gone—but you look so worried;

"You don't seem to want to hear what I have to tell you.
I'm not gossiping, you know; only listen— Shall you

"Tell me, first, the sermon that you heard last Sabbath?—
How the tongue is evil and will sure betray us;

"How you got converted, and do not mean to gossip;
It's as bad as stealing! Bless me, who'd a thought it!

"The sermon'll be continued? Will I go to hear it?—
Yes, I'll go, for gossiping is an evil habit.

"But nobody e'er before said I was a gossip;
If you really think I am, why, I'll try to stop it.

"Yes, I'll hear that sermon, sure; and if it converts me,
You and I will still be friends, better friends it may be.

"And my name I'll have to change to 'A Word in Due
Season,'
And your name from Critical to Helpfulness. That's reason."

The Thankful Book



LITTLE group of men and women with smiling lips and sadly sober eyes talked together fitfully, in a country living room. When silences dropped, like snuffers on a candle, some one was sure to start with guilty haste and reopen the conversation, which flourished for a while, only to die once more. These periods of self-conscious silence grew more and more difficult of banishment as the bits of news brought by one and another had been discussed over and over from every possible standpoint. They turned with quick relief to greet the entrance of the home-keeping sister. She held a little package, and her eyes smiled, as well as her lips. She had learned the lesson.

"Come near, dears," she said with the motherly accent of the eldest of many kindred. They gathered close, and she showed them words written in a delicate script upon the wrapping.

"To the dear children who will be coming together on Thanksgiving Day," they read in silence.

"She told me she knew you would come, for the sake of the past days," went on the quiet voice. The hush with which they listened answered, "Of course," as they watched the unwrapping of their gift. It was an old-fashioned little leather-bound book which emerged, limp and bent with much handling. Upon the cover in gilt letters was printed the little-girl name that tightened throats as they read, "Her Book."

A letter dropped from between the covers with superscription similar to that upon the wrapper. The big sister broke the seal, and read to them the message with voice whose clearness never dimmed.

"DEAR CHILDREN: My grandmother gave me this book many years ago, when I complained bitterly that everything seemed to go wrong. She asked me to

promise to write in it some reason for thankfulness contained in every event in my life. I began it when not more than a child, and have kept my promise to that dear saint. I was about to destroy it today, when the thought came to me that it might perhaps be to you a guiding message upon the coming Thanksgiving Day. So I give it to you, my very dears, with your mother's prayer that to you also may come the knowledge its keeping has taught her."

The reader laid aside the sheet, to open with tender, caressing fingers the little book; and they gathered still closer. The pages were closely written in a hand which showed steady growth from childish scrawl to clear-cut script of the well-poised woman. Some pages bore telltale spots as of tears. Some were torn as by a hasty hand which would have snatched them from their place, and then repented.

"Shall I read, dears?" asked the calmly gentle voice. They begged her to begin, and leaned still more closely, not to miss a syllable; men and women turned children again as they sat once more at the feet of her who had written with no thought of their reading.

The flyleaf bore the same explanation as that contained in their letter, with the frank addition, "It seems rather silly to me. How could there be a thankful to everything? But it is a nice book, and I like to write in it; so I shall. Besides, I promised grandma. I wonder could there be any thankful to that promising."

The first chronicle was dated the very next day. "I thought it would be very easy to write I was thankful Rebecca Corning gave me a Banbury tart this afternoon. Then all of a sudden it gave me a awful stomach ache. How could a child be thankful for a pain? I'll have to ask grandma. I did, and she said to think it out. So I've been thinking since. I s'pose it's because

now I know that tarts with such rich stuffing are not good for me between meals. O, dear, I do like them!"

"Poor baby," smiled the reading sister.

"Something dreadful has happened," she read on. "It took me two whole days to think up a thankful to it. My darling Prince is dead. He has lived in this house ever since I got born, and before, even. And he was still a real good dog, only blind and lame behind him. I just cried and cried, and said I wasn't thankful one bit. Then grandma told me stories about how he used to run and take care of me when I was a baby, and all of a sudden I got dreadful sorry for his not doing it any more because he couldn't. So I guess I am thankful he needn't limp around any more and bump into things. But I don't want any other dog ever."

"Rebecca and me have had a mad at each other," began one entry during those early days, "and it was all my fault. I said a horrid thing about her dog just because mine was dead and I didn't have it any more. We didn't speak for two whole hours. Then I suddenly got ashamed, and we made it up. I got ashamed because how could I write down in this book I was thankful to be mad at Rebecca? That would be ridiculous. So I just had to say excuse me. So now I am thankful we got glad again. Not just for writing, but because it's much nicer to be that. I wish I didn't speak so quick."

"Poor lamb," smiled the reading sister.

"I have the very beautifullest thankful in the whole world to write down," began one burst of pure joy. "I got up out of bed to write it. Mother came upstairs awhile ago and sat on my quilt and hugged me up tight, and said I had been a specially good girl for a whole week, and called me her blessing. She said she had watched me trying to keep my temper. I am very thankful to have a understanding mother. It is lovely to get called a blessing."

The girlish philosophy groped more and more surely, as the pages turned, and the child merged into the maiden.

"I am going to boarding school," they read. "At first it was hard to feel thankful. I love to live here with my family, but I suppose there are many things to be learned at such a place, and I am thankful I am smart enough to learn some of them. I might have been simple-minded like that boy at the poorhouse who shakes a shaving all the time. It would be awful to be that. And, anyway, I shall probably have a very pleasant time when I get used to it."

They listened to descriptions of early school days, to the tightening grip of the girl upon the facts of life learned by contact with her fellows.

"I have a sad thing to write," began one record. "I have failed in history. It took quite a long time to think out a thankful for that, but this is it: I am thankful that I know it was my own fault. I hate history, and didn't pay proper attention to it. I am thankful that I know better for next term. It is quite hard to pay much attention to things you hate, but you have to if you want good marks, which I do."

Even the good times brought their lessons, big or little. Vacation time was ushered in with one such.

"Never did I expect to write I was thankful for slapping somebody, but just the same I am. It was at Rebecca's party, walking on the piazza between dances, that a boy (I sha'n't write down his name because I think it would be mean, and anyhow I don't expect to ever see him again; he doesn't live here) —

well, anyway, the first thing I knew, if he didn't grab me round the waist and just kiss me. And that was the slapping part. Grandma mourns my quick temper, but that time I most think she would have been thankful for it, too. Anyhow, I am."

"Dear book," began another page, tear-spotted, "I thought I could never tell you I was thankful darling grandma has passed away, but I can, now. The last time I came home for vacation, she couldn't think who I was. It frightened me dreadfully, but mother explained that she was so old; it sometimes happens to people like that. So now, I am truly thankful she won't have to grow any more forgetful. And I shall never, never forget to write in this book, because she asked me to."

"Bless her heart," whispered the reading sister.

The end of school days brought with it a thanksgiving without a flaw. "I am thankful that I got a prize in history at graduation, for two reasons: because father was so proud, and because it was what I hated once and had to work at hardest. It is really not bad at all, even interesting in spots, except the dates. I don't believe even grandma would have expected me to be thankful for dates."

Then with the coming of a lover the girl became with one breath a woman.

"Dear, darling book," they read, "I am so thankful I have you to talk to! I couldn't say it out loud, even to mother, and I do need some one to tell how wonderful the world is since John came, and I know he loves me. It isn't hard to think of thankfulnesses for that. I am thankful for every littlest thing about him, the way he looks and talks and acts, because he is tall and not too good-looking, because he thinks me prettier than I really am, because he is so sweet to mother, because father thinks he is so smart, because he has a good position, because his name is John, and a hundred other reasons. I was just going to write, because he hasn't any relations, but I am thankful I was ashamed of it in time. What would I do without mine, I'd like to know? I would be thankful for whole crowds to be nice to for his sake."

The entries in the little book thereafter sang so pure a song of love and thankfulness as to bring the first tremble to the voice of the reading woman who knew not that of which they spoke.

Then on a torn and spotted page they read: "I haven't written for a long time. I couldn't. I couldn't think of one thing to be thankful for when mother and father were both lost in that awful boat. I have been almost stunned, and even began to feel there weren't any thankfulnesses anywhere. Then I remembered that grandma and mother had both said they knew there was one in everything, and I had promised to try to find it. So I began trying, rather rebelliously and doubtingly, to think of one, and John helped. It was having him that brought it at last. And now I am thankful that they went together, which I see now is as it should be, and quite wonderful that after a long and exceptional life of understanding together here they should give up life together, with never an hour of separation. The going was a shock to me; but what a happiness to them to have been together at the last! and I wonder, after all, if their going at any other time and in any other manner would not have been just as great a shock to me. I doubt that, no matter how peaceful the earthly end of those we love, it finds us prepared; it must ever be a shock to us. And so at last I am thankful for those two dears whose spiritual

understanding was so perfect that they had to but touch the things of this plane to make them glow with the light of their great love. John and I are going to be married right away, and for this I am thankful."

"The thankfulnesses are very thick just now, for the dear wonder of it all. It seems to me this material world is scarce big enough to hold all the beauty and all the marvelous sweetness that have been unfolded to me in this new life. The vision of the possibilities of the future is very dazzling, as seen by these blessed months John and I have had together. Like a fair piece of tapestry into which is woven threads of many colors, I see the golden thread of our love running in and out the length and breadth of the cloth, ever lending its dominant note of light to brighten the pattern where the somber colors largely form the pattern. This vision helps to lighten the practical side of the home making; and I am very thankful that the guidance of a wise mother fitted me for that."

Then came the first little rift.

"I shall make myself write it down, for punishment. O, my miserable temper! Am I never to get the best of it? It has run away with me again. I flew out at my poor, dear, hard-working boy about some foolish thing, and he looked so surprised and hurt. I don't know whether I ought to be thankful that he didn't answer back, or not. I was ashamed in one second, and I am thankful for that. Perhaps the remembrance of his face will be better than a scolding. I think perhaps I may be thankful for a patient husband. I don't know why people are so horrid to those they love best. I do mean never to be so again."

"I haven't been able to catch my breath long enough to write, lately. John's lost position and illness came so suddenly that everything has been topsy-turvy. But now I may stop a minute to think. How can I be thankful for my poor lad's trouble and bad heart? I don't think anybody could say that; but I am thankful for some of the consequences, for the opportunity to shoulder my end of the load, for a strong constitution and good spirits. I am thankful, too, that we never sold the old homestead that grandmother left me, and have had that to fly to for refuge. I am thankful for the quiet and the greenness, for the birds and the smell of the ground. John is better already, and eager to begin being a gentleman farmer. O, I am thankful for that, and that our coming darling may breathe fresh air and roll on real grass! Nobody can know how thankful I am that I could help when the need came."

"Bless her," whispered the reader to those whose murmur of assent answered "Amen." They knew how she had always helped.

Then came a cry of rapture almost beyond expression.

"I may write but a word, but that one I must add quickly to my dear book of thankfulness, if I can. With what words of gold shall a woman speak of her first-born child? It needs a greater skill than mine. I may only say that I am thankful to God for every hour of waiting, for every task, for every pang that has wrought this miracle of perfect love."

They read more of the first days of country home making, of the little makeshifts to piece out a slender income, and the statement wrung many times from difficult experience that she who wrote was thankful things were not too easy. "It was the hardnances that drew them closer." Then more babies came, and the mother heart almost burst with thankfulness for each

new soul to tend and shape. Many an entry was but a hurried scrap of anecdote concerning childish doings, all important to the mother who rejoiced in the clasping arms of "dear, dirty darlings," and yearned for more time to chronicle their growth and development.

"I am thankful I had a temper," was one confession. "The memory of that helps to keep me patient now, when the children show traces of it."

Smiles and tears struggled for the mastery upon the faces of those who listened to the tale of those hard, work-filled days.

Then came a long period wherein there had been no entry, after which, on a separate page, came this:—

"It has taken many, many months for me to learn wherein lay the thankfulness in John's going from me. When they brought him home to me, and during the long, painful months that followed, it would have been impossible for me to write a line in this little book; but I have learned many lessons since that day. I know now that only through much suffering—by going down to the very depths of despair—do we learn to know the realities. They may be told to us, preached to us all our earthly lives, but until everything material has been swept from beneath our feet here and now on this earthly plane, nothing left for us to hold to, not until all light has disappeared, and we are completely enveloped in earthly darkness, and are groping for light, does the white light of the divine Spirit begin to illumine the darkness for us and grow in brilliancy as our understanding unfolds, until, ere we are conscious of it, our whole being is vibrant with its rays. And for this light, for this divine understanding, I am so truly, thankful.

"The long, weary months of nursing, of witnessing the suffering of one's best beloved, the agony of helplessness at such a time, the failure of all financial affairs, John's end, and then the months of my own illness and complete prostration,—it took all this, and more, to open my inner eyes; for until I had passed through the very gates of hell, I was not to know regeneration. But now I know, now I see, and never before did I live. All the dear years John and I were together, I was existing on the surface, with merely the intuition of holy things; but at last have I entered the holy of holies and am conscious of my oneness with the divine Spirit,—oneness with the whole universe, animate and inanimate. Now for the first time do I feel my oneness with all humanity, and know that all beings are my brothers, and for this, dear God, I am thankful; and thankful, too, that in those long months of his suffering, John, too, learned somewhat of this, and we both learned the patience and tolerance and forbearance so necessary to the larger understanding and love. And now the material things of life sink into insignificance, appear as they are, petty and trivial by comparison, take their rightful place in the scheme of things. I know now that nothing ever happens out of time or place; therefore, as it was given unto me to minister to my dear love when the need called, so has it been shown through him the way for a larger ministering by me to our brothers. Therefore, dear little book, I am very thankful, and at last can feel that I have been privileged in much suffering, for only to those who are strong enough to overcome in the struggle is the trust vouchsafed."

The following entries were hurried, only snatches, a word or two that told of work, and sometimes of weariness of the flesh, but always gladness of spirit, of pride in the growth and success of the little flock

she shepherded alone, never failing to recognize the bright spot on the oft-times heavy horizon.

The voice of the reading sister whispered into the quiet of the dusky room. Then, after a moment's hush, came another, a man's it was, deep with the emotion of which his manhood was not ashamed.

"Let us finish it, brothers and sisters. May I write it? Let us say just this, in simple words like hers:—

"We, her children, are thankful, proudly thankful, for the brave heart that was, and still is, our mother."
—Helen Peck, in the *Circle and Success Magazine*.

A Campaign Letter

FROM Espy, Pennsylvania, a pastor of a church in that place sent the following encouraging word for the Temperance INSTRUCTOR:—

"I inclose for you three dollars in payment for fifty copies additional for our Sunday schools. I very quickly distributed the copies sent us last week. In the past month we have knocked out two saloons. My charge is now clear of these pests. I have used your magazine with mighty effect. Wish you could send these at your earliest convenience. We need them for next Sunday."

The Postman

WHILE recently visiting a friend, a Mr. Chalmers, of Grand Junction, Colorado, who is a mail carrier, I learned something of the detail of his past week's work. If we better understood a carrier's work, I am sure many of us would be less inclined to complain and fret because he does not reach our home just to the minute. We should be more considerate of him, and instead of unkind or impatient looks, have a word of cheer for the faithful hero of all kinds of weather, and, we might add, of all kinds of people.

The following is a report of six days' work, by Mr. Chalmers, on his regular mail route:—

Papers delivered, 1,496, letters, 1,556, making 3,052 pieces, which together weighed 471 pounds. The average number of pieces delivered per day was, letters, 259 1-3, papers, 249; the average weight per day, 78½ pounds; number of pieces per day, 508 2-3. To deliver the vast amount of mail required 232½ calls a day, or 1,395 for the six days, and necessitated the carrier's walking fifteen miles a day, or a distance of ninety miles for the week.

U. G. ADKINS.

Some Things That Have Made Me Think

Living One's Belief

ONE of the most inspiring autobiographies I have ever read is "A Retrospect," by J. Hudson Taylor.

For years Mr. Taylor was a missionary in China. His experiences that impressed me most, however, happened before he left England for his field of labor.

His attention was called to the matter of tithing his income. Seeking the Bible for light, he became convinced of this duty. From that time, of everything that came into his hands he gave one tenth for the Lord's service.

Later a friend drew his attention to the question of the personal and premillennial coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and gave him a list of passages bearing upon it, without note or comment, advising him to ponder upon the subject.

He studied the question, and came to believe in the

second coming of the Saviour. The effect upon his life of this belief cannot be told better than in his own words: "It led me to look carefully through my little library to see if there were any books there that were not needed nor likely to be of further service, and to examine my small wardrobe, to be quite sure that it contained nothing that I should be sorry to give an account of should the Master come at once."
Page 22.

Christ is soon coming. How should we live and act, knowing and believing this? C. E. HOLMES.

The Firmamental Story

GAZE upon the nightly glory
Of the firmament above;
Read thou there the star-writ story,
Ever blazing, "God is love."

F. FREDERICK BLISS.



M. E. KERN

C. L. BENSON

MATILDA ERICKSON

MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary

Assistant Secretary

N. Am. Div. Secretary

N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Study for Sabbath,

March 21

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (ten minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts (five minutes).
4. "The North American Division Foreign Department of Seventh-Day Adventists" (twenty minutes).
5. Report of Foreign Work in Your Community.
6. Closing Exercises.
1. Special music; prayer; song; Morning Watch texts reviewed; minutes; report of work; the offering.
2. 2 Kings 17:1-24; 18:1-12. See Geikie's "Hours With the Bible."
3. Eccl. 12:13, 14; Rev. 14:7.
4. Two ten-minute papers,—one on "The History of This Department," the other on "Its Work Through Education and Literature." See *Gazette*. For additional material see the *General Conference Bulletin* for 1905, 1909, 1913. Also see *Review and Herald*, October, 1913, articles by O. A. Olsen.
5. Report of committee on foreign work in your community. Appoint a committee to draw up plans on how your society can work for the foreign nationalities in your neighborhood, and report at next meeting.
6. Repeat in unison the Missionary Volunteer pledge.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending

March 21

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "Landing of the First Missionaries" (ten minutes).
3. "The Work of William Cross and David Cargill" (ten minutes).
4. "New Recruits" (five minutes).
5. "Heroism of Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth" (five minutes).
6. "The Silver Sixpence" (five minutes).
7. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; review Morning Watch texts, following plan suggested the first week (see INSTRUCTOR for Dec. 23, 1913); sentence prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; special music.
2. Before we leave Fiji on our imaginary trip, we must learn the story of the pioneer missionaries in that once cannibal island. Let the story in the *Gazette* be read, or given in a talk. Either demands careful preparation.
3. This article makes splendid material for a talk. See *Gazette*.
4. These new workers came from England. See *Gazette*. If thought best, trace their probable voyage to Fiji.

5. Let this thrilling story be well read. See *Gazette*. It should strengthen our faith in God's protecting care.

6. Let this be recited well. See *INSTRUCTOR* of Aug. 5, 1913. We, too, can help give the message. What are we doing to raise \$2.50 each this year for heathen lands?

7. Have your weekly offering taken. Let your band leaders (or committeemen) announce their next meeting. Possibly the leader will desire to announce that our next stop in our mission tour will be at the New Hebrides, where we shall learn something of John G. Paton's work. Encourage each Junior to learn one thing about that man's work before that meeting. Close by repeating in concert the membership pledge as given the first week in March.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7 — Lesson 23: Review of "From Judaism to Christianity"

NOTE.—Select eight of the questions given below; referring to the book if you desire, write out your answers, and forward your paper to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. Please write your name and address clearly. We invite you to take up at once "Wild Life in the Rockies," the next book, believing you will find it interesting and helpful.

1. Mention some of the desires of a pious Jewish family, the influence of the rabbis in their accomplishment, and the studies necessary to enable a boy to become a teacher.

2. Tell something concerning Mr. Gilbert's childhood, his first impressions of Christianity, and his experience in finding employment where he could keep the Sabbath.

3. With whom did he make his home, and what did he finally decide from their treatment of him?

4. Relate briefly the incidents in connection with Mr. Gilbert's conversion, and the special encouragement he received from the Lord at this time.

5. What work did he then take up, and with what experiences did he meet?

6. What did he next do? After being graduated, what work did he engage in, and with what result?

7. When he visited his home, how was he received by his relatives? Relate how he presented the gospel to them.

8. What further effort did he feel should be made to give the gospel to the Jews, and how was he helped in accomplishing this?

9. Give some reasons why it is so difficult for the Jews to accept the gospel.

10. What lessons have you learned from reading this book? State if it has increased your faith in God and his message, and why.

Junior No. 6 — Lesson 23: "In the Tiger Jungle," Chapters 5, 6

1. How are the old tunes of India made to serve the gospel? 2. How did the little heathen boy from the mission school preach of Jesus?

3. What part do tracts play in this work of giving the truth to India?

4. How did Mr. Chamberlain make use of the tickets given to the patients at the hospital to spread the message?

5. In what way are pictures used to tell the story of the Bible?

6. Tell of the result accomplished by the one tract that found its way all alone into the distant Telugu village.

Side Lights for the Readers of the Book "From Judaism to Christianity"

Chapter 19

THOUGH for two thousand years the Jews have been bitterly persecuted, though they have wandered up and down the earth, though they have been scattered in all nations of the world, still they have maintained their distinctiveness as a people. Their habits, manners, and customs are today exactly as they were when Jesus was here on earth. This is true of the cleaning of the pots and of the washing of the hands. It is true of the preaching of the word and in the attendance at services.

Many persons have attempted at different times to solve the problem; but it is evident that, in spite of the conditions, God has had his guiding hand over these people. The very methods they adopted in their synagogue service nineteen hundred years ago, they practice today. The psalms are still used by them as they were nineteen hundred years ago, except that rabbinical teachings have been interspersed. But the Jews have no hymns today except the psalms, exactly as they used them nineteen hundred years ago.

They wear the phylacteries today as they did then; they wear the tallith—the praying scarf or shawl—now as then. In fact, they now do in their worship exactly as they did nineteen hundred years ago. This is just as true of the Jew in Russia as of the Jew in Australia; it is the same with the Jew in America as with the Jew in South Africa. This is true of all the devout orthodox Jews the world over. We believe that this is due largely to the power of the Talmud over their lives. During the three centuries immediately preceding the Christian era and during the first two centuries of the Christian era, the rabbis wielded such a tremendous power over the Jews that the rank and file of the people came to regard the teachings of the Talmud exactly as sacred as the words of the Holy Bible. Especially when the temple was destroyed did the rabbis seek to influence the people to believe that hereafter they must continue their forms of worship the same as they had been doing, until another temple should be built. The rabbis, they said, were the ones to whom the Lord had committed spiritual instruction; and so wherever they went, they must keep very sacred the rabbinical oracles, the same as they regarded the living words of the Lord.

To reinforce this idea, the rabbis made much of this text: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips." Hosea 14:1, 2. The leaders said that the Lord was just as pleased with the calves of their lips as he was anciently with the calves of animals. It must be so, since the Lord had it inserted in the Scriptures of Truth; so they substituted the word calves in this text to mean an offering to God with their words instead of a sacrifice to God as they formerly offered. The word calves in this text comes from the Hebrew word that means fruit. The word calves in this text is not *A-gel*, the ordinary word for calf; neither is it *Bek Bo-kor*, the son of a heifer, representing a tender animal; but it is the *Po-rim*. Now the word *Po-rim* is from the word which means fruit. We might give many texts to illustrate this, but one will suffice. This text is found in Gen. 1:28, where God says, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." The word fruitful in this verse is from the same root as the word calves.

That this was the original idea of the thought of God in giving them that text in Hosea 14:2 is clear from the teachings of the apostle Paul to the Hebrew Christians in his letter to the Hebrews; for we believe that he gives a divine comment on this very verse in Hosea by the following expression: "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name." Heb. 13:15.

Wherever the Jews wandered, they took the Talmudic teachings with them. For fear that the people might not always carry them around in books or scrolls, the children were taught them orally. In this way, this terrible burden of tradition was laid upon the people, and wherever they went in all parts of the world, they used these words and teachings of the rabbis. These teachings have been observed and preserved all through these nearly two millenniums by the orthodox Jews. This Talmudical rabbinical teaching has held the Jewish people as a separate and distinct people, and has made possible the continuance of the same form of worship that was in vogue nineteen hundred years ago.

We believe, however, that the hand of God has been over all this. In spite of these traditions, the Jews have also preserved the Old Testament, the law, the Sabbath, and many other sacred truths. It is a fact, though, that thousands of the so-called orthodox Jews are now beginning to let go their grip on these teachings, and are casting them away. It may be interesting to the reader to learn that the great movement among the Jews to lessen the sacredness of the Sabbath was begun about the year 1844, in Germany, by a company of Jewish people who began to imbibe some of the ideas of modernism. It was the very year the Lord was beginning to raise up a people who would guard the sacred truths of God, but would free them from rabbinical or priestly tradition. The Lord surely has had a purpose in holding the Jewish people together in spite of their traditions; at the same time their conduct today proves to the thoughtful person that the word of the Lord is as true now as it was when it was given in the days of old.

The writer is becoming more and more impressed that Jewish missions are not the most satisfactory way of working for the Jews. They are too costly, and do not do the work. It may be well for people of other faiths who have plenty of money to spend, and no special message to carry, to settle in one place in a city and remain there the rest of their lives and work for the Jews. But our work and our message must be carried to the Jews everywhere. The Jewish question is a city question. It is also true that thousands of Jews are settling on farms and in agricultural districts; but the fact nevertheless remains that they will still live together. They are like sheep,—where one goes, the rest follow. So we believe that there must be other ways that the Lord has

for us to give the Jews the warning message quickly. We believe that our literature is a great factor in enlightening the Jewish people. The fact that there is a people in the world today that believes in fact what the Jew believes in theory will mean much to the Jews. Do not forget, dear reader, to interest the Jewish people in your neighborhood in our literature.

It should be remembered that when Christ was here on earth, the Jews asked him many questions. They asked questions when the apostles went among them. We must expect the same at the present time. That is why every Missionary Volunteer, and in fact every disciple of Jesus, should have a good knowledge of the Old Testament. We must meet the questions of the Jews and answer them from the Old Testament, for they will not accept the New. When we do this, we believe that many of them will become interested in the New Testament.

Chapter 20

One of the difficult things for the Jews to believe is that the Old Testament which the Gentiles read is exactly the same as the one that Jews read. The Jews believe that if the Gentiles do have an Old Testament which tells them about Christ, it must be because they have inserted some passages of scripture to fit the Gentile ideas. One time I spoke to the people in the mission on the crucifixion. After the service, a Jew came to me and said that there is nothing in the Old Testament that speaks about Jesus' being crucified or speared by the soldiers. I then called his attention to the words of Zechariah the prophet (chapter 12:10), quoting them to him in the Hebrew. He became indignant, and said that there was no such text in his Old Testament. I told him to go home and turn to the prophet Zechariah, and see what he would find, then to report to me at the next meeting. It so happened that he did not come to the next meeting, nor to the next. But later I met him, and asked him about that text in Zechariah 12. He turned the subject, and said nothing about it. It is true that Moses and the prophets have written all about the sufferings of Christ. This the Jews do not know. We should be so acquainted with these teachings that we can explain them clearly to the Jews when the Lord opens the way.

While history records that in different centuries there have been attempts to bring the gospel to the Jews, there never has been a time when there have been many Jews in one place who have accepted the gospel, and have stayed there very long. In modern times there was one man who seemed to be well under way in getting a large number of Jews together, and it looked as if there might be a Jewish Christian church. This man was a Mr. Rabinowitz. See page 314 of this book. He built a large brick building in his home town, and the Jews gathered by the hundreds to hear him. There were many of the Jews that believed, and it seemed as if there would be a large Christian congregation. Finally the Russian persecution overtook them in Kief, and the believers have nearly all been scattered. See pages 314, 315.

We believe that there is a reason why the Lord does not want Jewish Christian churches organized. The belief of the Jew is exactly the belief of the message of God today. When he accepts Christ as the Saviour as seen in this blessed message, the other teachings of present truth naturally take care of themselves. He at once becomes a believer in the message of present truth, and is then the same as other believers in the message. He is not really of another nationality; he is now an Israelite indeed. But this is the work of this truth. This message is to make true Israelites of its believers. So in this way, the literal Jew and the spiritual Jew become one.

Then we must remember that when the Jew does believe, he is subject to suffering and persecution. He is not able to stay very long where he has been accustomed to live. He is likely to separate from his people. We should do all we can to bring the Jew in contact with our people and with our churches, and encourage him to see that in accepting Christ as revealed in this message, he is coming among his own people and his own spiritual kin. F. C. GILBERT.

Gift Books for 1914

DURING 1912 a book was offered to each young person holding five Reading Course certificates. Quite a number of gift books were sent out. The plan was slightly changed for 1913, and a less expensive book was offered to each one holding three certificates. During 1914 the Missionary Volunteer Department will send to each young person holding three certificates one of the following books, to be selected by the young person himself or by his conference Missionary Volunteer secretary:—

1. "Steps to Christ," gilt, Mrs. E. G. White.
2. "Great Second Advent Movement," paper, J. N. Loughborough.
3. "William of Orange," George P. Upton.

4. "Missionary Idea," paper, Mrs. A. E. Ellis.
 5. "Our Paradise Home," gilt, S. H. Lane.
 6. "Passion for Men," cloth, E. F. Hallenbeck.
 7. "Christ's Object Lessons," Mrs. E. G. White.
 8. "Victory in Christ," Robert Horton.
 9. "The Second Mile," H. E. Fosdick.
 10. "Elijah and the Secret of His Power," F. B. Meyers.
 11. "Abraham, or the Obedience of Faith," F. B. Meyers.
 12. "The Kingship of Self-Control," Wm. J. Jordan.
 13. "Out of the Fog," Chas. K. Ober.
 14. "The Personal Life of David Livingstone," W. G. Blaikie.
 15. "The King's Daughter," J. E. White.
 16. "Tiger and Tom," J. E. White.
 17. "The House That Rum Built," J. E. White.
 18. "Christ Our Saviour," Mrs. E. G. White.
 19. "Letters From the Holy Land," Henry A. Harper.
 20. "Things Foretold," W. N. Glenn.
 21. "Talks to Boys," Eleanor A. Hunter.
 22. "Talks to Girls," Eleanor A. Hunter.
 23. "Uganda's White Man of Work," paper, Sophia Lyons Fahs.
 24. "A Retrospect," paper, J. Hudson Taylor.
 25. "Pastor Hsi," paper, Mrs. Howard Taylor.
- Numbers 15-23 are especially adapted for Juniors.

M. E.



XII — Death of Joshua

(March 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 14, 21, 23, 24.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 510-524.

MEMORY VERSE: "Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth." Joshua 24:14.

Questions

REVIEW.—Relate how Joshua and his princes were deceived by the Gibeonites. How might the Lord's people have been saved from this deception? Of what most remarkable battle did you learn last Sabbath? What made it remarkable? What was the secret of Israel's success? Describe a still more remarkable battle which is yet to take place. Who only will be on the winning side?

1. For how long did Joshua continue to make war upon the kings of Canaan? Joshua 11:18. How many kings did he conquer? Joshua 12:7-24. How much of the land did he finally take? To whom did he give it for an inheritance? Joshua 11:23.

2. Who was the first to receive his inheritance? Joshua 14:13. Why did Caleb deserve his inheritance first? Verses 6-8. Only how many old men were now among the Israelites? How old was Caleb? Verse 10. Of what had the false spies been especially afraid? Num. 13:28, 33. And yet, in his old age, which part of the land did Caleb have faith to choose? Joshua 14:12. In whom did he trust for power to overcome the giants? Same verse, last part. Was he disappointed? Joshua 15:14; note 1.

3. What place did the Israelites make their headquarters? What did they set up? Joshua 18:1. What great work did Joshua do at Shiloh? Verse 10. How did he learn which portion the Lord wanted given to each tribe? Same verse, first part. Who was the last one to receive his inheritance? Joshua 19:49. Where was his portion? Verse 50; note 2.

4. For what did they appoint three cities on each side of the Jordan? Joshua 20.

5. How much land did the Lord give to Israel? Joshua 21:43. How many of his promises had he failed to keep? Verse 45.

6. When Joshua became old and stricken in age, for whom did he call? Joshua 23:1, 2. To whom did he give the glory for all their great victories? Verse 3. What did he say the Lord would do to the remaining nations if his people were courageous and obedient? Verses 5-8. What would one man, with God's help, be able to do? Verse 10. But if they disobeyed God and joined themselves to the heathen, what would become of them? Verses 12-16.

7. In what place did Joshua preach his farewell sermon? Joshua 24:1. What other farewell meeting was held in Shechem? Of what past mercies did Joshua remind them? Verses 2-13. What did he admonish them to do? Memory verse. If any had not already given their hearts to God, what did he plead with them to do that very day? Verse 15, first part. What definite, ringing testimony did he himself give for God? Same verse, last part.

8. What did the people promise him again and again? Verses 17, 18, 21, 24. Who were witnesses to this promise? Verse 22. What other witnesses did he leave to remind them of their promise? Verses 26, 27. What did he then permit the people to do? Verse 28.

9. When Joshua had done all this, what came to pass? Verse 29; note 3. Where was he buried? Verse 30. What proved their love and respect for Joshua? Verse 31.

10. Who else died at that time? Verse 33. Where was he buried? Same verse. Whose bones had been brought up from Egypt with the children of Israel? Verse 32. Where were these bones now buried? Same verse.

Notes

- 1. "Giants are dwarfs to Omnipotence."—Matthew Henry.
- 2. "The name given to the city was Timnath-serah, 'the portion that remains,'—a standing testimony to the noble character and unselfish spirit of the conqueror, who, instead of being the first to appropriate the spoils of conquest, deferred his claim until the humblest of his people had been served."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 515.
- 3. Joshua was a type of Christ. As Joshua underwent the "fatigue of conquering" the Land of Promise, and then, "through his hand, each tribe received its allotment," so Christ "not only conquered for us the gates of hell, but has opened to us the gates of heaven, and, having purchased the eternal inheritance for all believers, will in due time put them all in possession of it."

XII—God's Mercy in Election
(March 21)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	A question and answer	Questions 1-3; note 1
Mon.	Vessels of wrath; vessels of mercy	Questions 4-7; notes 2-4
Tue.	The work will be finished	Questions 8-10; notes 5-7
Wed.	The Preserver of righteousness	Questions 11-13
Thur.	Why Israel failed to obtain righteousness	Questions 14-16; note 8
Fri.	Review of the lesson	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 9:19-33.

Questions

- 1. In the light of God's workings, what question of the objector is anticipated? Rom. 9:19.
- 2. What reply does the apostle make to this? Verse 20; note 1.

3. What illustration does the apostle use to show God's sovereignty? Verse 21.

4. What does God do regarding vessels of wrath? Verse 22; note 2.

5. What does he make known to the vessels of mercy? Verse 23.

6. What evidence of God's mercy is thus cited? Verse 24; note 3.

7. By what prophet does he prove this? Verse 25; Hosea 2:23; note 4.

8. What transformations will God's mercy and grace work in the earth? Verse 26; note 5.

9. What hope is given us from Isaiah? Verse 27; note 6.

10. What will God do notwithstanding man's sin and rebellion? Verse 28; note 7.

11. To whom, then, do we owe the preservation of righteousness in the earth? Verse 29.

12. By what means alone did the Gentiles receive God's mercy? Verse 30.

13. Who failed in this respect? Verse 31.

14. Why did Israel of old fail of God's righteousness? Verse 32, first part.

15. At what did they stumble? Same verse, last part.

16. What hope is given us in this stone of stumbling? Verse 33; note 8.

Notes

- 1. "Why?" Our poor human heart often asks "Why?" when it is better to trust to God's infinite wisdom, power, and love, and eternal, rightful sovereignty. Let us not by our murmuring place ourselves on the outside of his purpose toward every soul. "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Jer. 29:11.
- 2. "Vessels of wrath:" God did not make them such—they fitted themselves for that; and he, the great, loving God, endures with much long-suffering. They need not remain vessels of wrath. "In a great house there are . . . vessels, . . . some to honor, and some to dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." 2 Tim. 2:20, 21.
- 3. "Even us:" Every saved soul among Jews and Gentiles was a demonstration of God's mercy toward all; for he "is no respecter of persons," and every man will be left without excuse.
- 4. "Osee" is a Greek form of the Hebrew Hosea. Read the passage in Hosea and note the class of people out of whom God gathers his people. See also 1 Cor. 6:9-11 and many other passages.
- 5. "Ye are not my people:" The book of Acts and the epistles of Paul are records of the transforming power of God's mercy, and so has been the history of Christianity from that day to this. From sin to righteousness, from darkness to light, from vice to virtue, from death to life, from paganism with all its sins to Christianity with all its graces,—such has been the transforming power of his mercy and grace. In lands of the greatest darkness, where righteousness has been unknown, there the Word has begotten "children of the living God."
- 6. "Esaias:" A form of Isaiah. "Remnant:" The Revised Version has a stronger thought: "It is the remnant that shall be saved." The quotation is from Isa. 10:22: "For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." It is ever the remnant, those who yield to God's purpose.
- 7. "Finish the work:" Yet God will finish his work. Man's unbelief and hardness of heart will not frustrate God's work forever. Sometime it will close quickly, and that day draws on apace.
- 8. "Whosoever:" This is in harmony with all that has been said by the apostle; for notwithstanding God's sovereignty and arbitrary choosing to special work, eternal life is possible for all. "Whosoever" is not used of the Spirit to tantalize or mock the sinner. Upon that stumblingstone, Christ Jesus, all can build if they will, and not be ashamed.

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"If"

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the thing you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build it up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will that says to them, "Hold on!"
If you talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but not too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And — what is more — you'll be a man, my son!

— Rudyard Kipling.

In Times of Trouble

How to act in times of trouble is a question of vital interest to every child of God. "Whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Job said, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" God is not to be cursed because trouble comes. He has made himself our hiding place. Under the shelter of his throne we are safe "from every stormy wind that blows." Our anchor holds; our faith cannot be wrecked. We are in a world of suffering, sickness, and death, a world where losses and crosses come; and we must bear them, not fretting under them as the unbeliever frets. These things are incident to a world where sin exists. God does not send them on his children, but he permits them, and he wants us to make of them the stepping-stones to a better life; to rise and not to sink.

One said, "I have tried to be good, but the harder I try, the greater are my troubles, the larger my losses. Wicked men prosper in everything they undertake. I am not going to church any more, for it doesn't look as

if the Lord took any thought about us." Poor woman! She knows little of the love of God.

She made me think of David. He felt just as she felt, when seeing the wicked "spreading himself like a green bay tree." But David considered the latter end of both righteous and wicked, and the woman did not. It is by looking forward to the coming joy that we are made able to endure. There are harder things to bear than money losses; cups more bitter to drink than those that are pressed to our lips when death enters our homes.

The fight of faith is not an easy fight. The cross stands at the beginning of the road. But Jesus "endured the cross, despising the shame." He suffered and was made perfect. We, too, must suffer, and suffer patiently. If we are not "exercised" by the chastening, it will bring forth no "peaceable fruits of righteousness."

If wronged, we are not to avenge ourselves, but are to commit our case "to him that judgeth righteously." If reviled, we are not to revile again, "not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing." The world will not meekly bear these distressing, perturbing things. It will strike back. We must put up our swords. There is hunger and nakedness and peril and shipwreck in the deep in the path of those who go forth like Paul, to win, if possible, some souls to be crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

There is trouble and suffering for Christ's sake in the path of every Christian. These things make the heart quiver; they pierce the flesh like thorns. And yet there is joy in them. "If we suffer, we shall also reign." If we act in times of trouble as God bids us act, we shall prove that we are indeed his children, and shall sow seeds that will grow and blossom and bear fruit long after we have passed away.

The Hebrew worthies and the long line of martyrs are remembered yet, and "their souls are marching on."

S. ROXANA WINCE.

The Russian Convict

A LARGE number of Russian criminals were standing in the courtyard of their prison, chained together, and about to start for their long, sad journey into the Siberian wilds. Among them was one Christian man, sharing their banishment and punishment, simply because he had spoken to his fellow workman about the faith that made him count all things as dross for Christ's sake. His fellow prisoners were jeering him about it, saying: "But you are no better off than we are. You are wearing the handcuffs as we do. If your God is of any use to you, why doesn't he knock off your chains and set you free?"

The man fervently replied, "If the Lord will, he can set me free even now."

At that minute a voice was heard calling him by name and telling him that a paper had just been received granting him full pardon. He was then told to stand aside, and his chains were struck off. The prisoners were awe-stricken and solemnized by what they had witnessed. It became known afterward that a Christian lady in high position, who took an interest in this poor laboring man, had secured his pardon.—*Light and Life Evangel.*

"VICES outnumber virtues, but the virtues will win out in the end."