

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

July 21, 1914

No. 29



"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee"

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND and his wife, of Austria, were assassinated the latter part of June.

GUANAJUATO, Mexico, is a city of 70,000 inhabitants, instead of 10,000 as stated in our issue of July 7.

FIFTY years ago there was not a single worshiper of God in Formosa; there are now about 30,000, and 300 Christian workers evangelizing the island.

"THIRTY-EIGHT million dollars are contributed annually to Protestant foreign missionary work," says Dr. S. Earl Taylor, "and yet each of us contributes only two fifths of a cent a week."

ON June 30 another violent eruption of Mt. Lassen, in California, the thirteenth of the series, occurred. The explosion threw an immense column of dense black smoke to a height of several thousand feet.

PLANS for a vigorous campaign to exterminate rats in an effort to prevent the spread of bubonic plague, two cases of which have been discovered in New Orleans, were made by State and city health authorities today.

AN English consular report states that a large portion of the 334,000,000 needles imported into China in 1910, were planted in plaster in Chinese houses, with the points out, to prevent crows, birds of ill omen, from settling upon the Chinese characters which stand for good luck.

ON account of the prevalence of bubonic plague in New Orleans, all vessels from that port must adopt strict sanitary measures upon entering New York harbor. Rat guards must be installed to prevent the plague carriers from making their way ashore, and the ships must be fumigated thoroughly.

FIRST of San Francisco's native daughters of the Chinese race to start the practice of dentistry, and the second Chinese-American woman in the United States to be a graduate in dentistry, is Miss Marjorie Virginia Kimlau, who has just been graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Miss Kimlau was born in San Francisco twenty-two years ago, and is a real American as far as dress, speech, recreation, and opinions are concerned.

Stammering Is Just Habit

"We are going home."

"We are g — hup —"

The little boy forgot that the professor had just explained that stammering was only a habit, and so he started to swallow the rest of the sentence. He was one of thirteen boys and three girls — all stammerers — at Central High School, Kansas City. Prof. O. H. Ennis, of Los Angeles, a specialist on stammering, was giving a demonstration.

"Stammering is generally the result of a habit formed in childhood from speaking our own way instead of the right way," said Professor Ennis. "It is a nervous dread of speaking that becomes worse as the child grows older. Stammering is trying to find the word in one's stomach instead of in the throat, where all words are formed."

These things are necessary to stop stammering, according to Mr. Ennis: —

A determination to quit the habit.

Give each word its full value by speaking plainly, smoothly, and distinctly.

All words formed in the throat carry vibration, and should be allowed to run together as a singer runs his words together in a certain tone of voice.

Keep head as near as possible in one position when speaking; otherwise the words will be jerky and jumpy.— *Kansas City Star*.

The Worship of Alaskans

THE prevailing religion of the native Alaskans is totemism, a kind of ancestral worship by means of totem poles. They believe that the souls of their dead enter into the animals that are specially worshiped by the tribe. Thus in the form of that particular bird or beast the spirit of the departed one comes back and takes up its abode in the totem pole set up for that purpose.

Prof. L. L. Blake, of the Kansas City University, states that he has seen from two to ten poles in front of one hut. Sometimes the poles are forty or fifty feet high, and are usually carved throughout their entire length into the grotesque forms of birds and animals. Some of these poles are genealogical records of each branch of the family, and are worshiped as the Chinese worship their ancestral tablets. Professor Blake further states that many Alaskans believe their ancestors to be either crows, eagles, whales, or bears, and thus, in doubt, carve all these upon the ancestral totem pole.— *Selected*.

A Camp Cot

MR. A. NEELY HALL, in the *Youth's World*, suggests a novel camp cot which requires little space to transport, but which is admirably adapted to serve its purpose. The accompanying cut shows the adaptation of the backwoodsman's style of camp cot which Mr. Hall suggests. He says: —

"Two poles rest in the crotches of four stakes driven into the ground, to support the cot. For the covering, two bags of the right length and width should be made of canvas, to slip over the poles. Sew up one end of each bag, and slip them over the ends of the poles, and make the open ends meet at the center. Stuff the bags with hay, straw, or dried grass, spreading this out evenly, and you will have as comfortable a mattress as you could wish for. One advantage of making bags out of the covering material, is that they may be used as duffle bags for packing equipment to and from camp."



A COMFORTABLE CAMP COT

Another Giant Liner

THE great new ocean liner "Vaterland," which is about to make its maiden voyage from Hamburg to New York, is nine hundred and fifty feet long. She has a double hull, a complete inner "skin" of steel having been carried up to the water line. Her double system of bulkheads, it is said, will make her proof against crushing in a collision, and she will carry more than enough lifeboats to accommodate the full complement of passengers and crew.

The main dining room will accommodate eight hundred persons at one sitting. Ten marble pillars support the roof of the great swimming pool. There is a complete fire brigade on board, the members of which were recruited from the most expert fire fighters of the German towns and cities. In the steerage are separate rooms for two, four, or six persons, with private baths and laundries. The stewards speak all the languages and dialects of Europe.— *Young People's Weekly*.

To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibilities.— *Carlyle*.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 21, 1914

No. 29

Tempest and Calm

JOSEF W. HALL

THE night is black, and the tempest
Is raging across the plain,
And the lights that shine in the distance
Are dimmed by the falling rain;
The wind howls wild round the building,
And shrieks like a frightened ghost,
And it tells a tale of terror
To the watchers on the coast.

The storm becomes yet more furious,
And blacker grows the sky,
Till it matches the dismal darkness
Of the shadows on earth that lie;
And the gale becomes more threatening
As its shriek becomes a roar,
Till it rouses the mighty breakers
That boom along the shore.
But my heart is serene and peaceful,
And a calm resides within;

For it rests in a heavenly haven
Secure from the tempests of sin;
And its light of hope in the distance
Shines clear as a summer star,
And the ghosts of days that were wasted
Are removed from my presence afar,
And instead of their shrieks, the angels
Are singing their sweetest lay,
A song of faith and of courage,
Of sins that are washed away.

Though the storm is beating the landscape,
I would not exchange this night
For a night that was quiet and radiant
When the sky of June shone bright,
O, rather ten thousand tempests,
Stirring nature from valley to hill,
Than one of longings and heartaches
That nature can never still.

Prayer; Its Value to Volunteers

MABEL SWANSON



OFTEN wonder whether we young people realize the full significance of prayer. Do we not sometimes forget that, after all, praying is simply having a heart-to-heart talk with our very best friend, Jesus? Do we not at times fall into the deplorable habit of simply "saying our prayers" mechanically, with our minds only one half centered upon what we are saying, while the other half wanders off to some of the cares, joys, or other interests of our daily life? This sounds bad, but I am convinced that the most of us will have to admit that sometimes we have found ourselves in the condition described. And if this is true, there must be some reason for it. Perhaps there are many reasons, none of themselves being large, but when combined, they bring us into this irreverent attitude. Let us see if we can find what these reasons are.

In "Steps to Christ" prayer is said to be "the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Not that it is necessary to make known to God what we are, but in order to enable us to receive him. Prayer does not bring God down to us, but brings us up to God." Here, then, is our first clue. Have we looked upon prayer more as a religious duty than as a privilege of conversing with a much-loved friend? If so, then there is small wonder that we should pray as we perform other duties, more or less mechanically.

Just here let me tell you of an experience that I read not long ago. There was a professor whose Christlike life made him the marvel of the whole school. One student was especially desirous of discovering the secret of this beautiful life, so one evening during the lecture hour this student concealed himself in the professor's room. It was very late when the professor returned home, and the student, who knew how tired he must be after a hard day of teaching and the evening lecture, was greatly surprised to see his teacher sit down, Bible in hand, to read. For an hour the professor sat there and read from the Word of God. Then he finally closed it, and leaning his head upon his hands for a few minutes in silence, said aloud, "Well, Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms.

Good night." What a friendship! Here, then, was the secret of his godly life. He always kept on the "same old terms" with his best friend, the Lord Jesus. It would be impossible for one so intimate with his Saviour as that to become negligent in his hour of prayer.

But let us notice one thing further. The professor did not keep up this friendship through the one medium of prayer. That would have been a one-sided conversation indeed. No, he let Jesus talk to him through the Book of books. Prayer and Bible study go hand in hand. We are told in "Great Controversy" that the Bible should never be studied without prayer, since "it is the office of the angels to prepare the heart to so comprehend God's Word that we shall be charmed with its beauty, admonished by its warning, and strengthened by its promises."

Another mistake that we may have made is this: We may have waited for some set time to have our conversation with Jesus. Perhaps we read our Bibles only in the morning or the evening. Should we leave our praying to be done then also? Let us look at it from the "best friend" basis once more. Christ tells us that he is with us always. As long as we live, even to the end of the world, he is always with us. If you were spending the day with a very dear earthly friend, do you think for one minute that you would remain silent all day, and then sit down in the evening for a few minutes and try to say all that you had thought of saying all day? Would that be a satisfactory visit?—No; it would not. By evening you would have allowed many important matters to slip from your mind. You might have needed your friend's aid, and in matters which would have been all over with by evening. So it is with Christ. We must keep in touch with him every minute of the day; for we need him, and he wants our company. He loves us and wants to help us. He tells us that we have only to ask, and if it is best for us, we shall receive that for which we ask.

"They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright." This is a well-known quotation. But what

can that little word "aright" mean? There must be some qualifications necessary on our part. Let us see what they are: First, we must feel our need of him. In Isa. 44:3 we are told, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." Second, we must have faith that our prayers will be answered. I quote Mark 11:24: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them." Third, we must not cling to any known sin, but must right all known wrongs, in order to be in a frame of mind that will allow us to pray sincerely, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

Since we have only to think our prayers and God will hear them, we shall be able to carry on our conversation with him all day, no matter where we are. But still, as with an earthly friend, we can get closer to him if we have a few minutes alone with him. It has been truly said, "Secret prayer is the life of the soul." Some time ago I read in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR an article by Elder I. H. Evans entitled "Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile." In his article he showed the necessity of secret prayer in this busy age. Here we have the excuse most of us give for not spending more time with Christ: we are too busy. But we must remember that in order to be like Jesus, we must take time to be alone with him, and prayerfully listen to what he has to say.

Then since we have found it necessary to one's Christian life to have a secret time with the Saviour, the question arises, When is the best time for this purpose? Let us look to our example, Christ. We shall find that he always prayed before undertaking anything. We find him in prayer before his baptism, for forty whole days before undertaking his ministry, before raising Lazarus, before his betrayal, and at many other times. If we would follow this example and pray *before* things occur, we should get the help that we need to enable us to stand true. We can find no better time than in the morning when we first arise. Since we have learned that prayer and Bible study go hand in hand, and we have our Morning Watch Calendar with helpful studies outlined for this very time, let us observe it in secret with him. It will not take much time; but it will be well worth while to arise a few minutes earlier, if necessary. Let us not lose the golden opportunities offered us. I am sure that if we all studied the Morning Watch Calendar, kept up our conversation with our best Friend during the day, and then at the close of the day took time to thank and praise him for doing so much for us, there would not be a backslider among us, but we should all be on the "same old terms" with the Lord Jesus, and could say with Matthew Henry, "Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening."

Among the Incas

PERU was the capital of the ancient empire of the Incas, the wealth and dazzling glory of which drew Pizarro and his bands across the Spanish Main. Oppressed for centuries in the land of their fathers, with its ruins of departed glory, it is just and right that the Inca Indians should hear the message of the goodly land.

The largest company of Seventh-day Adventists in Peru are all Inca Indians, only a few of whom speak any language but the Haimara. They live high in the mountains, by Lake Titicaca. This company, the fruit of labor done by a native of the place, has been visited by only a few of our workers. Manuel Camacho, who

was taken to serve in the house of a gentleman in Moquegua when a boy, is the one who carried the truth to this company. While in service he was allowed some school privileges. Afterward learning the gospel, he desired to give it to his people. He therefore returned to his native home, opened a school, and began teaching them the gospel story.

While Brother W. R. Pohle and I were in Puno, we tried very hard to procure horses that we might visit this company; but all efforts failing, we sent Brother Camacho word to come to us. The night before he received the word, he dreamed that he was in Puno (the place in which we were waiting); that he met two strangers; and that in talking with them, one of them told him he had been called to give his people the gospel. After receiving our message, he came to us. I had just finished telling him that he had been called to a sacred work, and that as he could read, and his people could not, he must break the bread of life to them, when he related this dream. At present he has a prosperous school, and a good attendance at his Sabbath service. The priests have never ceased to persecute him. Several times his house has been surrounded by an angry mob of Indians, who, swinging clubs and threatening his life, called him to come out, but each time they have retired in confusion. God protected his servant, fulfilling his word, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—*A. N. Allen, in Review and Herald.*

In South America

IN a Spanish paper, *El Inca*, published in Puno, Peru, in the issue of April 10, 1911, appeared a report giving the experience of our Indian brethren in the region where Brother Stahl is now working, in connection with the little school which Brother Camacho has been conducting in his own home. This article reveals the sentiment prevailing among the people of this section regarding the efforts our brethren are putting forth for the uplift of these downtrodden Indians, by their medical missionary and school work. A translation of the article follows:—

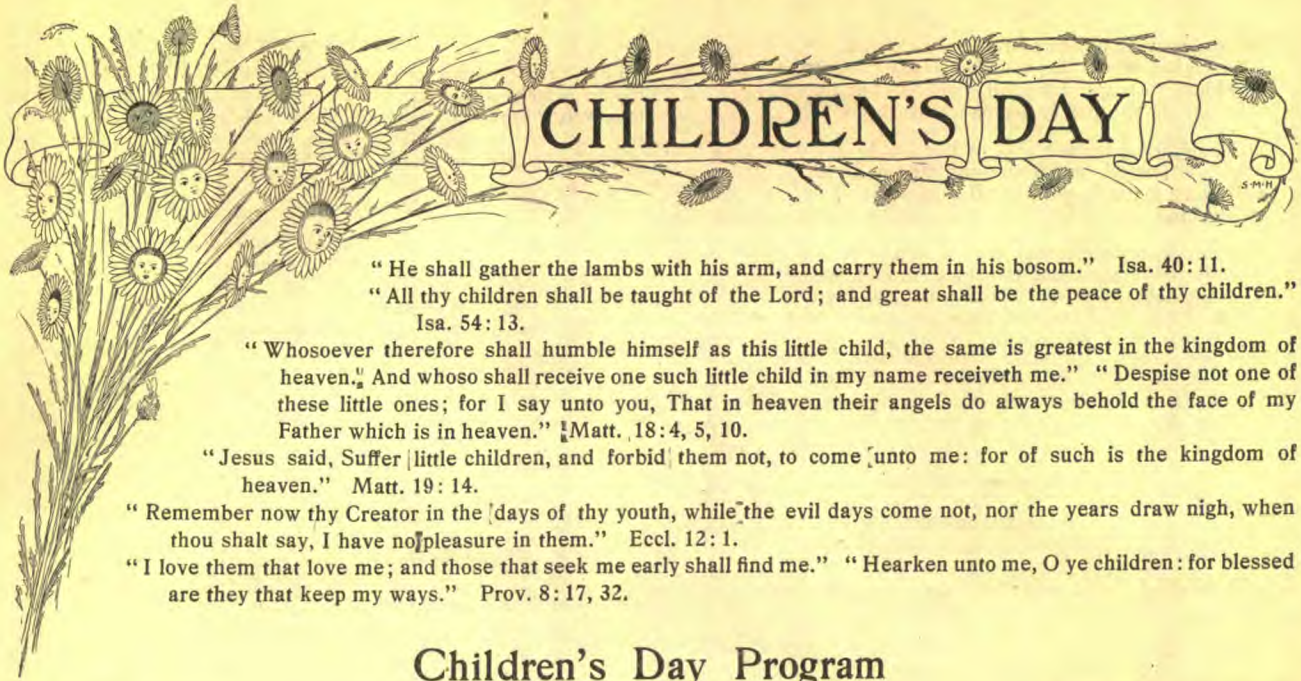
"Those of us who dedicate ourselves faithfully and with true philanthropy to the defense of the Indian, cannot—and we should not—hush up any abuses or outrages committed against them. Because of some odious prejudice, or of occupying some office in these districts where the native weeps over his misfortune and helplessness, there are persons who seem to experience a special pleasure in practicing their instincts of cruelty on these poor, defenseless, and unfortunate Indians.

"In the district of Chucuito there is a place called Pallalla, where a group of natives, disciples of that good native Camacho, are doing all they can to secure a place that will serve them as a schoolhouse. Some time ago, these same natives built a room, where a mixed school is now being held. But they wish to finish their work by erecting a room that will serve as a living room for the teacher.

"On the eleventh of March, the priest, Thomas Bravo, found them engaged in this humanitarian work, and, as if he had caught them in one of the greatest crimes, severely reprehended them, calling them heretics, devils, and many other epithets that cannot come from the lips of an apostle of Christ.

"Not being content with these imprecations, he seized Juan Huanaca, one of the most intelligent In-

(Concluded on page thirteen)



"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Isa. 40: 11.
 "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children."
 Isa. 54: 13.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." "Despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 18: 4, 5, 10.

"Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 19: 14.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12: 1.

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." "Hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways." Prov. 8: 17, 32.

Children's Day Program

SONG BY CONGREGATION "Christ in Song," No. 544
 PRAYER
 SCRIPTURE LESSON Exercise for Four
 RECITATION Little Christel
 RECITATION A Life Garden
 RECITATION His Best
 EXERCISE FOR EIGHT Seed Sowing
 RECITATION A Child's Thanksgiving
 QUARTET
 RECITATION Even This Shall Pass Away
 EXERCISE FOR TEN Nature's Messages

RECITATION The Hindered Christ
 EXERCISE FOR FIVE Bring Flowers
 SONG BY CHILDREN Building for Eternity
 DIALOGUE The Value of Missions
 MUSIC Two Missionary Hymns
 RECITATION The Harvest Call
 RECITATION A Whole Round Dollar
 RECITATION Found in Heathen Lands
 RECITATION Do Missions Pay?
 SONG Little Giver's Song
 BENEDICTION

Scripture Lesson

(This exercise should be given by four children, each repeating only a verse at a time. All sing together the hymn as a prayer, lifting eyes slightly upward.)

"WHAT doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works?"

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

"That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

"Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

"As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."
 "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

"But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

"Not with eyeservice, as men pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."

Hymn

(Air: "The Morning Light Is Breaking")

With grateful hearts, our Father,
 We gather in his name
 Who, from the heights of glory,
 To save lost sinners came.
 Fill us, O blessed Spirit,
 And with the living fire
 From off thy holy altar
 Our hearts and lips inspire.

Give us a burning message
 To Christian hearts to tell,
 That shall the ranks of reapers
 In glorious numbers swell.

Fill us, that, like our Master,
 Our hearts with love aglow,
 We seek to bring earth's lost ones
 His wondrous love to know.

Little Christel

SLOWLY forth from the village church,—
 The voice of the choristers hushed overhead,—
 Came little Christel. She paused in the porch,
 Pondering what the preacher had said:

"Even the youngest, humblest child
 Somthing may do to please the Lord;"
 Now, what," thought she, and half sadly smiled,
 "Can I, so little and poor, afford?"

"Never, never a day should pass
 Without some kindness, kindly shown,"
 The preacher said." Then down to the grass
 A skylark dropped, like a brown-winged stone.

"Well, a day is before me now;
 Yet, what," thought she, "can I do, if I try?
 If an angel of God would show me how!
 But silly I am, and the hours they fly."

Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,
 And the maiden thought, as she rose to the blue,
 "He says he will carry my prayer to God;
 But who would have thought the little lark knew?"

Now she entered the village street,
 With book in hand and face demure,
 And soon she came, with sober feet,
 To a crying babe at a cottage door.

It wept at a windmill that would not move;
 It puffed with round red cheeks in vain,
 One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
 And baby's breath could not stir it again.

So baby beat the sail and cried.
 Will no one come from the cottage door?
 But little Christel knelt down by its side,
 And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so."

No thought of herself was in her head
As she passed out at the end of the street
And came to a rose tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,
Made of her two hands a nice, round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O happy brook!" thought little Christel,
"You have done some good this summer's day,
You have made the flowers look fresh and well!"
Then she rose and went on her way.

—William B. Rands.

A Life Garden

A GARDEN plot of sunny hours
God gives me when I wake,
And I can make it bright with flowers
All day for his dear sake.

Red roses, if my heart is sweet
With love for all my own;
And heart's ease springing at my feet
For every kindness shown.

And shining, sunny marigold,
If I am brave and bright;
And lilies, for the thoughts that hold
My heart all pure and white.

Sweet violets, hiding in their leaves,
For truth and modesty;
And balsam, if a soul that grieves
Finds comforting in me.

And poppies, if my toil brings rest
To hands grown tired with care;
And always—first and last and best—
Forget-me-nots of prayer.

—Mabel Earle.

His Best

THE day had been one long struggle
Such as all teachers know,
When the hands and feet are restless
And the childish minds so slow;
And my head ached with the burden,
And my lips forgot their smile,
When slowly the littlest scholar
Came plodding down the aisle.

He was inked from his curls to his shoe tops,—
The children giggled to see,—
But his hands grasped a grimy paper
And lifted it up to me;
His brow was damp with effort
And he spoke with a hearty zest:
"Look at my copy, teacher;
I tell you, I tried my best."

Pothooks, and worse than pothooks,—
Scratches and blots galore!
A gust of mocking laughter
Rippled from desk to door.
He turned to them wide-eyed, wounded:
"Why do they laugh—the rest?
It's the truth I'm tellin' you, teacher;
I tried just my level best."

I curbed my tongue and my temper;
Dame Life keeps a cynic's school,
Where only the goal is honored,
Where only the mighty rule.
My boy should not learn so early;
I pressed him close to my heart:
"Thank you, dear, for the copy;
I'm sure that you did your part."

And I know when the great All-teacher
Gathers his children in,
Most of us sick with longing
For the joys that might have been,
How warmly his arms will fold us,
How close we shall creep to his breast,
If, spite of our sorry records,
We have really done our best.

—Eleanor Duncan Wood, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Seed Sowing

(For this exercise each child is provided with a staff, to the top of which a card is attached, on which is printed in large letters the word he represents. As each one recites, he lowers the staff, as if planting it. The leader carries a banner on which is printed the words, "Little Seed Sowers.")

LEADER:

'Tis the springtime of our life,
Just the time to plant and sow
Precious seed within our hearts;
What we plant will surely grow;
And we would learn while very small
What seeds are just the best of all.

SECOND CHILD:

I will plant the tree of *Truth*
In the years of earliest youth.

THIRD CHILD:

Kindness is the charming name
Of the fruit I hope to claim
When my precious little tree
In life's autumn I shall see.

FOURTH CHILD:

Honor is the seed I've sown
To make the tree I call my own;
And all through life I'll guard with care
Its fragrant blossoms, rich and fair.

FIFTH CHILD:

I'll set the plant of *Temperance* deep,
And over it close watch will keep;
Its praise I'll tell, its blessings teach,
Till everywhere its branches reach.

SIXTH CHILD:

I've found a plant of loveliest hue,
I'll plant it here, and promise true
To wear its blossoms on my heart:
Virtue is my chosen part.

SEVENTH CHILD:

I'll plant a sturdy little tree,
Its name is patient *Industry*;
And I must tend it with great care,
Or it no precious fruit will bear.

EIGHTH CHILD:

(This child holds an American flag.)
I love my country and its laws,
The emblem *this* of freedom's cause;
I'll plant it deep in patriot soil,
So traitor's hand can never spoil.

ALL:

Thus, in the springtime of our youth
We've sown the seed of *Kindness, Truth,*
Of *Virtue, Honor, Industry,*
Our *Country's Flag* where all may see,
Temperance, and, best of all, the *Love*
For man below and God above.

—Selected.

Even This Shall Pass Away

ONCE in Persia reigned a king,
Who, upon his signet ring,
'Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before the eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarkand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine and main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say:
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "O loving friends of mine,
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
Even this shall pass away!"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience day by day,
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly: "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay:
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sear and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."
— Theodore Tilton

A Child's Thanksgiving

CAN a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?—
Yes, O, yes! Be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart:
Father, we thank thee;
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing to thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest;
For thy precious loving care,
For thy bounty everywhere,
Father, we thank thee;
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

— Selected.

Nature's Messages

(An exercise for ten children and one older girl, the latter personating the Herald of Spring. The platform should be decorated with branches of evergreens and blossoms. Wired firmly to the evergreen boughs should be five wide-mouthed bottles, and these should be concealed by vines or other greens. Several canaries in cages will add to the pleasing effect. The girl who represents the Herald of Spring may wear pink or green, and should carry a basket of wild flowers or a spray of blossoms. The other children should preferably be dressed in white. While soft music is being played, the Herald comes upon the platform and recites the following lines.)

EVERYTHING today is bringing
Tidings of a Father's love;
List the birds as they are winging
In the azure heights above.

(Five children then come upon the platform and recite as follows)

FIRST CHILD:

The raven would a message bear
Of God the Father's tender care.
(Repeats Luke 12:24)

SECOND CHILD:

The sparrow with its cheery song
Proclaims a trust forever strong.
(Repeats Luke 12:6, 7)

THIRD CHILD:

The dove of perfect peace would tell
The peace that in each heart may dwell.
(Repeats Lev. 1:14)

FOURTH CHILD:

The eagle tells of strength and power
Which God will give for every hour.
(Repeats Isa. 40:31)

FIFTH CHILD:

This story would the swallow tell,
That safe in Him we e'er may dwell.
(Repeats Ps. 84:3)

HERALD:

The flowers, with their fragrance sweet,
Glad messages to us repeat,
And tell us by their beauty fair
That God is reigning everywhere.

(Five children enter, each one carrying flowers. After each recitation the flowers should be placed in the bottles which are fastened to the evergreen boughs.)

FIRST CHILD (with roses):

The queen of flowers in garden grows,
And tells of Sharon's wondrous Rose.
(Repeats the Song of Solomon 2:1)

SECOND CHILD (with a lily):

The snowy lilies of the field
A Father's loving care revealed.
(Repeats Matt. 6:28, 29)

THIRD CHILD (with blossoms):

The blossoms on the bending bough
Bring joy and gladness to us now.
(Repeats Isa. 35:1)

FOURTH CHILD (with wild flowers):

And wild flowers, too, in woodland ways
Repeat their great Creator's praise.
(Repeats the Song of Solomon 2:11, 12)

FIFTH CHILD (with mignonette or other fragrant flower):

The gardens, with their treasure store,
Call us to worship and adore.
(Repeats the Song of Solomon 4:15)

(All the children then sing the following to tune "Stand Up for Jesus")

God's Word is filled with treasure,
And if we seek we find
His love in richest measure,
His joy for all mankind.
The birds of air have brought us
A message from above,
And lowly flowers have taught us
A Father's changeless love.

— Ida Mary Reid.

The Hindered Christ

THE Lord Christ wanted a tongue one day
To speak a word of cheer
To a heart that was weary and worn and sad
And weighed with a mighty fear.
He asked me for mine, but 'twas busy quite
With my own affairs from morn till night.

The Lord Christ wanted a hand one day
To do a loving deed;
He wanted two feet, on an errand for him
To run with gladsome speed.
But I had need of my own that day;
To his gentle beseeching I answered, "Nay!"

So all that day I used my tongue,
My hands, and my feet as I chose;
I said some hasty, bitter words
That hurt one heart, God knows;
I busied my hands with a worthless play,
And my willful feet went a crooked way.

And the dear Lord Christ— was his work undone
For lack of a willing heart?
Only through men does he speak to men?
Dumb must he be apart?
I do not know, but I wish today
I had let the Lord Christ have his way.

— Alice J. Nichols.

Bring Flowers

(Have five little girls dressed in white step to the platform, each laying a bouquet on a table placed near the center but toward the front of the platform, and then pass to her place in the semicircle. After all are in position, let the one in the center step out from the line a short distance and recite the following poem.)

SWEET flowers are blooming so bright and so fair,
Then scatter them freely with many a prayer;
Go where the sick and the weary ones stay,
And scatter them, scatter them, over their way.

Lay them not low on the graves of the dead,
But bring them to hundreds that are toiling instead;
Let each petal of beauty sweet stories unfold
Of mansions on high where are glories untold.

Then hope will arise mid shadows of night,
And the tear-heavy eyes grow joyous and bright;
Yes, carry them, carry them, flowers so fair,
Where sweep the dark pinions of sorrow and care.

— Clara J. Denton.

Two Missionary Hymns

(Let one girl, or more if desired, sing the first stanza and chorus, making a direct appeal to the children as she sings the chorus. Then as she finishes and steps to side of platform, let a group of primary children, each carrying a blue, red, or white lighted candle, pass to the platform singing "Little Lamp-lighters' Hymn.")

"Over the Ocean"

(Air: "I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me")

OVER the ocean, from lands far away,
Comes the sad pleading of millions today:
"Send us the light of the gospel we crave;
Tell us of Jesus, the mighty to save."

CHORUS:

Hearken, O children! hear the sad cry
Coming to you, coming to you;
Surely the Lord will help if you try
Something for him to do.

"Little Lamp-lighters' Hymn"

(Air: "He Leadeth Me")

We come, a children's mission band,
To light the lamps in heathen land;
To spread the truth that Christ hath given,
And win benighted souls to heaven.

REFRAIN:

We send them light, we send them light,
When earth is wrapped in darkest night;
Though but a children's mission band,
We light the lamps in heathen land.

A Whole Round Dollar

A WHOLE round dollar, think of that!—
Enough to buy a ball or bat;
Enough for marbles, lemon drops,
Popcorn balls, and singing tops.
And it's my own, my very own—
Hurrah for pie and ice cream cone!

Whew! Wait a moment! Not so fast!
The Lord comes first, and I come last;
A tenth of that belongs to him:
"In God we trust," is round the brim.
If he had not his life power lent,
I never could have earned a cent.
He is my King; to him I pray:
His tribute, therefore, I must pay.

"Will man rob God? Ye have robbed me
In tithes and offerings." I—see!
I quite forgot the offerings. Lord,
Help me to follow all thy Word.
Of course, I want to "lend a hand"
To brothers in the fatherland,
As well as those beyond the sea;
I gladly give, through them, to thee.
And there is mother, surely none
Have done for me what she has done.
I cannot—no—I cannot err,
If I give all the rest to her.
I do not need the ice cream cone;
And all those things I might postpone.

I say I'm glad I thought of that;
It's better than a ball or bat;
It leaves the sweetest taste I've known,
Better, by far, than ice cream cone!

HELEN ADAIR.

The Harvest Call

O'ER the world's fast ripening harvest
There resounds a message clear,
From each land and distant island,
From the far and from the near.

And the rivers in their courses,
And the winds of every clime,
Echo back the warning message,
Haste! prepare for harvest time!

Consecrate your every talent
For the work that you must do;
Though there's many round about you,
None can fill your place but you.

See that mighty host of evil,
Writhing, struggling on their way,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Soon to face a judgment day.

Look again! Behold the reapers
Laboring on amid the strife
And confusion that surround them,
Yielding oft their very life.

They have borne the heat of battle
And the noontide's sultry glare,
And the lowering sun beholds them
Faithful still on duty there.

But the harvest must be garnered
Ere the close of earth's short day;
Urgently then comes the message,
Glean the fields while yet you may.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the old, old story,
You can say, "He died for all."

Onward go where duty leads you,
Fear no foe nor stormy gale;
List the promise, "Lo, I'm with you,
In my strength you cannot fail."

Gird thine armor on, be ready
In the springtime of thy youth;
Let the world know that you're standing
On the vantage ground of truth.

Then whate'er the future bringeth,
Or what call comes o'er the sea,
Quickly then will come the answer,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

ROLLA R. WERLINE.

Little Giver's Song

(Have ushers appointed from the children to gather the offerings from the congregation. Then as they return to the front with the offerings, let one stand at one end of the platform and one at the other end, but not on the platform. Then have two groups of children march upon the platform at the same time, one group dropping their offerings as they pass the usher at the right, and the other giving theirs to the usher at the left. As these groups come upon the platform in opposite directions, have the group of older children pass behind the younger group. When all are in readiness, let them assume an attitude of prayer and sing the closing stanza together. This should not be followed by the chorus. The first stanza and chorus should be sung by the children as they march to the rostrum and arrange themselves in line. After receiving the offering from the last child, the ushers should step to the front of the platform and stand with bowed heads while the last stanza is being sung.)

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

HARK, the nickels dropping,
As we march and sing!
Some of us have earned them
Working for our King.
Running little errands,
Working cheerfully,
Giving self for others,
Blessed charity!

CHORUS:

Coming, coming, coming,
Willing gifts to bring,
Serving, praying, giving,
Honor Christ, our King.

Now, our Heavenly Father,
These our offerings take;
Bless the gifts and givers,
All for Jesus' sake.
Thus we'll spread the story,
"Jesus died for me;"
Unto him the glory
Evermore shall be.

— Selected.

No. 42. BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Faith-ful build-ers all are we, Building for e-ter-ni-ty,
 2. One by one the stones we lay, Building slow-ly day by day;
 3. Build-ing in the Hin-doo land, Where the i-dols are as sand;
 4. Build-ing temples for our King, By the off-rings we can bring;

Children of the mis-sion bands, Working with our hearts and hands.
 Building by our love are we, In the lands beyond the sea.
 Liv-ing tem-ples rise to view As we work for Chi-na too.
 Liv-ing tem-ples He will raise, Fill'd with life, and light, and praise.

CHORUS.

One bright day our eyes shall see Where the ma-ny mansions be.
 Liv-ing stones we helped to bring For the pal-ace of our King.

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Do Missions Pay?

Do missions pay? Do missions pay?
 What a question for today!
 Why, all of life that's worth a thought
 Has been by missions dearly bought.
 Truth and honor, love and grace,
 Only find on earth a place
 Where the mission of the cross
 Brings always gain, and never loss.

Do missions pay? Ask those who praise
 Heroic deeds, and count the days
 As idly vain which add no star
 To victor's crown or field of war;
 No battle plain e'er gave such yield
 Of heroes as the mission field.
 Our missionaries' records grand,
 Enrich today all Christian land,
 And add a wealth beyond compare
 To those who in their triumphs share.

Do missions pay? — Yes, pound for pound,
 Dollar for dollar, earth around;
 And e'en the shrewdest worldlings say,
 "It's strange how largely missions pay!"
 They've opened up the ports of earth
 To trade and commerce, millions' worth;
 They've gone where science dared not go,
 And marked out paths in which now flow
 Blessings so full, so rich, so free;
 Men wonder what the end shall be,
 When Christians everywhere shall say,
 "I'll take more stock, for missions pay."

Do missions pay? — Yes, in the gold
 That yields through time a hundredfold,
 And more in worlds to come, for then
 God puts it in a diadem,
 And calls it our rejoicing star.
 Clear profit all, for missions are
 The power by which earth shall be won
 To Christ, God's well-beloved Son;
 And angel hosts in heaven today
 Send down the answer, "Missions pay."

Do missions pay? As well declare
 Love, law, and liberty a snare,
 Our homes a curse, the darkness day,
 As claim that missions do not pay!

As well declare God's promise naught
 The prophecies in Scripture taught,
 As doubt what heaven and earth both say
 That missions are from God — and pay!

Then let us each to truth awake,
 Invest, extend, large interest take,
 And soon the heathen world will say,
 With loud rejoicings, "Missions pay."
 Then shall the Christ of Calvary
 Reign Lord supreme, from sea to sea;
 And to his church he'll say, "Well done;
 The world by missions hath been won:
 The triumphs of my glorious cross
 Bring always gain, and never loss."
 And hosts redeemed shall joyous say
 Through life eternal, "Missions pay!"

— Selected.

Found in Heathen Lands

(This may be given by one or by three persons.)

WHAT kind of people do we find in heathen lands?
 "We find all kinds of people, just as we do in the
 homeland," say the missionaries; for God has made all
 nations of one blood. A glimpse at two or three per-
 sons whom missionaries have met may interest you.
 There are many more whose personality is equally
 striking.

Rev. Charles Newton Ransom, a missionary in Af-
 rica, tells the following story:—

Twenty-three years ago in October we landed in Natal, South
 Africa. The day after reaching Durban we went to our Amer-
 ican Zulu mission station of Inanda. One of the first sights
 which attracted our attention was that of a bright-eyed little
 Zulu, cutting grass with a sickle. "Who is he?" we asked.
 "X." "What is he working for?"—"To earn a Bible."
 "How much does he get?"—"A penny [English] an hour."
 "How many hours will he have to work?"—"Seventy-two."
 "Well!" I prophesied, "any boy who appreciates that grand
 old Book enough to sweat away seventy-two hours in order
 to call one his own is sure to hew his way through the world
 with success."

But my expectation did not rise to the reality. He got
 what he could in the station school, in the boarding school,
 — and he learned photography and a good many little extras.
 He was not satisfied. He earned his passage to Cape Town,
 nearly a thousand miles away; thence to England, then across
 the North Atlantic to the land of his missionaries. He sought
 the source.

He went to Mount Hermon and finished his course with
 credit. Friends were found to give financial help. Dr. Wilder
 asked his teachers whether they favored him because he was
 a foreigner. They said, "No, he is treated as the rest, and
 fairly earns what credit he receives."

He went then to Columbia University and was graduated
 with high honor. President Butler gave him a letter to one
 of the colleges at Oxford University, and he became the
 path breaker of his nation in that ancient seat of learning.
 He studied law three years. I was interested in talking with
 an Oxford don who kept close watch of his career.

His motto from the start seemed to be, "Thorough." So
 after these three years he crossed the channel to Holland to
 study Dutch law, as this prevails in South African practice.

One of our South African missionaries, Elder B. F.
 Armitage, tells of the first inquirer that came to the
 Somabula Mission. He says:—

One Sabbath day, as we were gathering in our little meet-
 ing, in came four young people, three men and one woman.
 As the meeting closed, the oldest of the young men arose.

"Teacher," he said, "I should like to speak some words
 to you."

"Speak on," I said.

"Night before last," he went on, "I had a dream. In my
 dream I came here to this little room, and as I put my head
 into the door, I saw one of the boys sitting by the door read-
 ing from a book. I listened to the words and became inter-
 ested. I sat down by the boy, and at last I said to him, in
 my dream, 'What are you reading?' 'This is God's Word,'
 he told me. It was the first time I had ever heard of God's
 Word. I had never heard before that God had spoken words.
 Then my dream ended."

To make the story short, he told us that in the morning
 when he arose he went to his father, and told him how he
 had visited the new mission school in his dream, and now
 he wanted to go and visit the place in person. "They have
 God's Word there," he said to his father. "I saw it in my
 dream. Now I want to go and hear God's Word."

"So we have come today," the young man told us; "and I have seen and heard it all just as it was in the dream. This little boy," pointing to one of the orphan children, "is the same one that I saw sitting by the door, in the dream." And pointing to another boy and a girl, he said: "I saw these also, and the teacher there is the same. I should have known him if I had met him many miles from here."

This young man accepted the gospel fully, and became a trusted worker in the cause of God.

Among the missionaries in Porto Rico is a fair-haired, sweet-faced woman. She noticed one day that a little colored girl kept close to her. Finally she asked the child why she clung to her. "You are so white, Señorita," she said, "that I thought perhaps if I kept real close some of the white would rub off on me."

Miss Minerva Guthapfel tells a pathetic story of a Korean woman who became a Christian worker:—

She was an ordinary woman of the city of Seoul, of the little land called Korea; brown-faced, rather careworn, but peaceful. She had been employed as Bible woman for some years, by the missionaries, at a salary of three dollars and a half a month, when this incident happened.

The missionary had said: "We'll go down on the district for a ten days' visit to the people."

"It will be well," was the answer, three days before they had started. A pony with a food box containing the missionary's food—all kinds of canned goods from America—strapped on one side of his saddle, her cot and bedding on the other, went before them.

Behind the pony came a Korean chair, a framework structure carried by two Korean men, on the floor of which the missionary sat and rode when the Bible woman did not ride. They had traveled thus many miles, a different village containing a Christian community being their stopping place each night. There they had preached the word until late hours of the night to crowds of waiting women, some eager to hear, others merely curious, but all attentive. And now the third day had come. The morning greeting of their hostess had been, "It is altogether difficult work, but the chairs and chairmen are today in this village altogether lacking." Alas! all too true, but the missionary, refusing all invitations to tarry one more day until a chair and chairman might return, decided to walk the ten miles to the next meeting place. The Bible woman, with a quiet, "It will be well," led the way.

Three miles, four miles, five miles—"My! how long the way seems," thought the missionary. Six miles, seven miles—the Bible woman seemed very quiet. Eight miles—suddenly she sank to the ground and big tears rolled down the dark cheeks. The missionary, amazed, exclaimed: "Why, Ma-de-ah, what is the matter?"

The reply was only sobs for a few moments, and then a pathetic voice greeted her as if in apology: "Nothing, Pou-in [lady], only my feet!" The missionary, whose back was aching, said gently: "What is the matter with your feet? Let me see them."

A moment more and the feet came to view. The missionary's heart sank. Blistered on the first day, blistered the second day, and on this, the third day, ulcerated and swollen! In horror the missionary said:—

"Ma-de-ah, bathe them quickly in this pool of water; why did you not tell me this morning? You could have remained at the last village today, or until your feet were well. Don't you know that Jesus is not pleased when we try to serve him without a well body? You should not have done this. O, why did you not let me know? How can I get you the other two miles?"

The tears were choked back as Ma-de-ah caught hold of the pitying hand laid on hers. "No, no! Pou-in, don't say that Jesus is not pleased. O! it was for his sake I came all the weary miles. This morning I wanted to tell you I couldn't go on, but just in time I remembered whom it was for,—this traveling,—remembered that you do not speak our language well, and I was needed." The missionary groaned, knowing that it was true. "I remembered how American people must sacrifice like this to send all the money for my salary, and to send you Pou-ins to teach us. I remembered just in time and came on. Pou-in, for Jesus' sake I am willing to suffer this way, but do you think I shall ever suffer as you Americans do for him? Will he know that I love him as much as your people do?"

The Pou-in turned away and thought of her American people. Something seemed to choke her. She gulped it down and said: "Yes, I think he will, but never mind about the American people; you must not do this again. Jesus wants well bodies to serve him. How shall I get you to the next village?"

The cool waters must have helped, for the three-dollar-and-a-half-a-month Bible woman said: "Let's sing 'Onward,

Christian Soldiers!'" They did, although the Pou-in's voice was shaky; the thing in her throat would not go down. At the last verse the woman tried to rise, but could not stand.

"Don't worry, Pou-in," she said; "I know a stronger hymn than that. Let's sing 'Soldiers of Christ, Arise!'" It was sung, and at the last verse, Ma-de-ah was on her feet. The two miles were plodded over, the crowds of people were met. A meeting was held until late, for the people would not leave, and Ma-de-ah, smiling faintly as they put poultices of healing herbs upon those brave feet, said:—

"Don't worry, Pou-in, it's all right for Jesus' sake. He'll know that I love like the Americans, will he not?"

The Value of Missions

HAROLD: Mother, do you really think missionaries do much good? Don't you believe the heathen are better off if left to themselves?

Mother: Why do you think so, my son?

Harold: Why, I heard two men on the street car talking this morning. One man said that missions were a failure; that they did but little good to any of the heathen, and most of the natives were worse off after the missionaries went among them than before. He also said that we never know whether the money we give to missions is rightly used or not, and he thought so long as there are so many in need here, we should not be sending our money across the ocean. The other man said that was exactly what he thought.

Mother: Yes, Harold, I know there are many persons who say those things; but I am sure it is because they do not understand conditions. As to our gifts to missions, don't you think it is for us to give, leaving it to the Lord of the harvest to see that the money is properly used? It is true that often after missionaries have opened up a country, unchristian white traders have taken advantage of the situation to engage in trade with the natives, and have cheated them, made slaves of them, and for gain have initiated them into some of the white man's worst habits, such as liquor drinking and tobacco using; but all these things have come despite the missionary, not because of his work. From the viewpoint of science, geography, and commerce, to say nothing of his work for the spiritual uplift of the people to whom he was sent, the missionary has done much for the world. Let us note a few definite points:—

All the museums of the world have been enriched by missionaries who have made contributions of plant and animal life and other products of distant lands.

A useful drug in medicine is quinin. The world owes its discovery to missionaries of South America.

African rubber was discovered by a missionary; khaki, the dye used for soldiers' uniforms, by a missionary on the west coast of Africa.

Missionaries were the first to give any information about the far interior of Africa. They have given the world more accurate geographical knowledge of that land than all other persons combined.

Missionaries have expanded the world's commerce. The trade with the Fiji Islands in one year is more than the entire amount spent in fifty years in Christianizing them. An English statesman estimated that when a missionary had been twenty years in the field, he was worth in his indirect expansion of trade and commerce ten thousand pounds a year to British commerce.

During the nineteenth century missionaries reduced to writing for the first time two hundred and nineteen spoken languages for the purpose of Bible translation. Bishop Patterson alone gave a written form to twenty-three Melanesian languages, and made grammars in thirteen of these.

Missionaries have translated the Bible into about seven tenths of the languages of the world.

It is to missionary efforts that all South Sea literature is due. There is not a single case on record of the reduction to writing of a Polynesian language by another than a missionary or mission worker.

Fifteen years ago there were no post offices in China except those maintained by foreigners for their own use. Today there are nearly 2,000 post offices. These are largely due to the work missionaries have done for China. When Protestant Christianity was introduced into China a century ago, only five per cent of the men, and only one woman in a thousand, could read and write. There are now more than 1,200,000 boys and girls receiving Christian instruction in mission schools, and the government is doing much in the way of providing education for its children and youth. This of course is due to the influence of the mission schools. Rev. Isaac Headland said: "When I went to China, twenty years ago, there was just one school, established by the government, teaching foreign learning. Now there are 40,000 schools, colleges, and universities under government supervision."

Are not these things of importance, Harold?

Harold: They certainly are, mother. I never thought missionaries did anything much but preach.

Mother: Preaching is only a small part of mission work. One of the chief features of such work is caring for the sick. The only hospital for the insane in Syria — and, indeed, solely for the insane, in the Turkish Empire — is that of the Friends' Foreign Missionary Society, near Beirut. This has treated over 1,000 patients in the last twelve years, of whom 290 have recovered, and 241 have been dismissed improved. Don't you think those hundreds of patients think missionaries are worth while?

Harold: Indeed, I do, mother.

Mother: The 219 hospitals and dispensaries of American missions in India last year treated 1,000,000 patients. Had it not been for the missionaries, these 1,000,000 persons would have been uncared for, or horribly tortured, to drive away the evil spirits that were supposed to be accountable for their sickness.

Harold: But, mother, do other people believe that all these benefits have come as the result of the work of missionaries?

Mother: No one, I believe, who has intelligently studied conditions, attributes the results to anything but missionary effort. An English lieutenant governor of Bengal said, "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined." Your brother Charles has in his scrapbook other interesting quotations from well-known men on this point. Will you ask him if he will not come and read us some of these? Eleanor, hand me, please, the last number of the *Record of Christian Work*. Thank you. Charles, haven't you something in your book on what Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, said about the Fuegians as he found them in 1883, when he first visited the island of Terra del Fuego?

Charles: Yes, mother, I remember that he said: "They are in a more miserable state of barbarism than I ever expected to see any human being. The expression of their faces is inconceivably wild, and their tones and gesticulations are far less intelligible than those of domestic animals." Then about forty years later, after the gospel had been carried into the island, he visited the place again, and said: "I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the

world could have done what has been done by the few on this island."

Mother: Haven't you other similar testimonials, Charles?

Charles: Yes, here is one. A native chief said to a French naval officer, who was sneering at the work of missionaries in the South Sea islands: "Do you see that oven over there?" "Yes," replied the skeptic. "Well," said the chief, "we have eaten many men that have been cooked in that oven. You may thank God that the missionaries came over to this island and told us of the love of God and of the salvation of Jesus Christ. If they had not, you would never leave here alive." A striking tribute to the worth of the German missions on the island of New Guinea, was recently given by a professor of ethnology, Dr. Neuhaus. It is all the more interesting as coming from one with little sympathy for Christian things. He says: "Ethnologists have an instinctive aversion to missionary activity, since it takes from the natives their spontaneity, and has been the cause of the disappearance of so many wonderful things in native custom and tradition. This aversion possessed me until a residence of nearly two years in German New Guinea convinced me of my error. What was the situation before the missionaries reached the island? The whole life of the Papuans was dominated by fear of spirits, sorcery, murder, and violence. Consequently, a country one third the size of Germany, counted only 200,000 inhabitants."

Mother: In this magazine, which came yesterday, I found an interesting testimony from the *Japanese Times*. It was a tribute given at a recent dinner by Baron Kanda to the Protestant missionaries in Japan. He said: "Let me in this connection pay a humble tribute to that noble band of American missionaries and teachers who have consecrated their lives to the cause of the moral and intellectual elevation of our people. I am glad to say that this noble band is constantly swelling with new recruits, whose influence is being deeply stamped on the rising generation and will be felt indirectly through generations to come."

Eleanor: Mother, the other day I was reading that the educational work of the missionaries in India is not only Christianizing the Hindu thought of the higher classes; it is, in a marvelous way, elevating the lower classes of society. Dr. John Wyckoff says: "In India there are no fewer than 50,000,000 people who have been excluded from the pale of caste, and have no standing in Hindu society. Not being allowed to mingle with caste Hindus, they have received the name of the 'untouchable,' their very shadow causing defilement to the Brahman. Assigned a place to live outside the village proper, into which no respectable Hindu will enter, they are regarded as the filth and off-scouring of the community. They are denied access to the temples; they cannot bathe in the public tanks; they are practically shut out from government schools. Oppressed for centuries by the higher orders, compelled to perform the lowest, the most menial services, treated like dumb cattle by their merciless taskmasters, they drag out a wretched existence, without God and without hope."

But "during the last fifty years or more, thousands of these poor people have been placing themselves under Christian instruction in the different missions, so that of the more than 3,000,000 persons who believe in Christianity in India, at least 2,500,000 have come from this class. The vast majority of boys and girls in the village schools and in the station boarding

schools are from this class. There they are being taught habits of cleanliness and thrift, and fitted to occupy positions of responsibility and trust. . . . The most responsible office in the revenue department of the North Arcot district is now filled by a Christian from the class of which I have been speaking, who has won his way up by dint of industry and perseverance joined to ability, until he is now one of the few Masters of Arts of the Madras University. This man is practically prime minister to the English commissioner of a district with nearly 2,000,000 people. Every public document of note has to pass through his hands. Another Christian in the police department of the government was educated in a mission school, entered government service, and is now a man, like the centurion of old, 'with authority,' having more than a hundred high-caste men at his command, some of whom guard his house while he sleeps at night."

All over India, God is literally taking the beggar from his low estate and setting him among princes, and it is through the work of missionaries that he is doing it.

(Speaker must look at brothers at times, though the mother is addressed.)

Mother: That is worth while, isn't it, Harold?

Harold: Yes, mother.

Mother: We know what Christian schools, Christian physicians, and hospitals stand for in our own land. Is it not evident, then, that more than 25,000 consecrated, intelligent missionaries, nearly 35,000 mission schools, and more than 1,600 hospitals and dispensaries treating more than 3,000,000 persons each year, must accomplish an infinite amount of good? I am sure, Harold, you must have no question whatever in regard to the great value of foreign missions to the world. But your only question must be why there are not more missionaries.

Harold: I certainly do not question the worth of missions; and I mean to do all I possibly can to help the missionaries in their work. But sometime I want to learn more about the present needs of heathen countries. Aren't there about enough missionaries now in foreign fields?

Mother: Charles, haven't you some statistics on the superstition and ignorance that still prevail in all unevangelized countries?

Charles: Yes, a few that I collected last year, and the last *Indian Daily News* gave a long list of recent abuses of childwives in Calcutta. It is not uncommon at all for childwives to be miserably abused; but a poor child widow, of which India has 26,000,000, is hated and accursed for life. There are said to be 750,000 of these widows under twenty years of age, 115,000 under ten years, and 20,000 under five. These are supposed to have caused the death of their husbands, and so it is considered but just that everybody's hand should be against them. Think of millions of innocent girls, just because the people do not understand the blessed gospel, being doomed to a life of such torture and sorrow! Often the widows are allowed only one meal a day, and must fast many days a month and sleep on the floor. They must have no love, presents, feasts, or friends, and are the slaves of their husband's relatives.

Eleanor: I just read of how the heathen African treats children. A child, for instance, is in convulsions; a red-hot iron is pressed to the skull till a hole is burned down to the brain, to let the demons out. There are other customs as deplorable. "There is the massacre of the innocents—dentition deaths, these

are called. Here is a Luban episode: A bonny baby doomed to die, merely because its little milk teeth sprouted on the wrong—that is the upper—gum first. Far from being the usual little black bundle of screams, behold a dear little, queer little morsel who *must* be murdered. No Rachel ever weeps for such a child, and when the mother detects the first tooth on the wrong gum, she flees from the innocent, frozen with fright. The idea is that there is a fiend taking ambush inside such an abnormal baby, therefore death is the doom. For if a demon be inside baby, and baby be inside the town stockade, then woe to that town, and woe to that baby. Chief Nkuva was the father of three bouncing boys, each of whom he murdered in succession, the appearance of the upper teeth causing it all. When dentition drew near, the poor mother spent three agonizing days in suspense, each baby being spurned like a serpent when he revealed his terrible upper teeth first. Finally, the chief, having spurned his babies, spurned also their mother as the latent cause of it all." But the mother married again, and was able to point the finger of scorn at her first husband, when her new baby had normal dentition.

Mother: In all heathen lands there is being constantly enacted a similar program of suffering and horror resulting from ignorance and superstition. In China, "if a wound is discharging pus, a plaster is put on to keep the discharge in. If the pus works through this, a second plaster is superadded. Ear troubles are treated with puncture in order to let the pain out. The insane are commonly tied to stones and kept out-of-doors in all weathers. The heads of sick children are seared with hot irons to let out the devils. A woman had a hip sore which was discharging freely. Her well-meaning husband came to the doctor and described a curious white string which he had been attempting to pull out. This proved to be the sciatic nerve. When little children are dying, they are thrown out into the street for the dead cart to pick up. If a child should be allowed to die in its bed, its spirit would come back to haunt the home."

Charles: China has 350,000,000 inhabitants, and less than 300 medical missionaries. India is about as scantily supplied with medical missionaries as China. Japan has less than 20 medical missionaries to its 42,000,000 inhabitants. Amid such gross ignorance on the part of the people, what can these few men do in caring for the health of these hundreds of millions of persons? We have in the United States less than one third as many inhabitants as China, but 150,000 physicians, or one to every 150 families. New York City has one for every 92 families, and the national capital has one for every 54 families. Should we not willingly share our blessings with those in such great need?

Mother: We see that many more medical missionaries are certainly needed in all these great heathen lands; and, Charles, haven't you figures that show the serious need also of more evangelistic workers?

Charles: Yes, I read recently that more than 80,000,000 of Africa's inhabitants are pagan, 40,000,000 are Mohammedan, while less than 10,000,000 are professed Christians, and only a few hundred of these professed Christians know of a soon-coming Saviour. In Mohammedan North Africa, there are 50,000,000 persons, and only 250 missionaries! The vast Sudan, 3,000 miles across from the heights of Abyssinia to the wide-sweeping flood of the Atlantic—100 lands, 100 languages,—all, all are non-Christian. Not more than one person in 10,000 in South America has seen a

copy of the Word of God. There are 700 towns in the Argentine Republic without missionary work or any religious influence whatever.

Mother: As long as superstition and ignorance prevail to such an extent in these countries; and as long as there are more than 1,000,000,000 persons in the world without any knowledge of the Bible, and less than half as many with that knowledge, there will be great need of missionaries. And all Christians ought to feel as a little Chinese girl suggested, who had just professed Christ in public baptism. She was asked by her teacher, "Are you not glad of the privilege of attending school where you can hear about the Lord Jesus?" Quickly she replied, "Are you not glad, teacher, that you are in China, where you can teach about the Lord Jesus?" It surely should be to every Christian a privilege to teach heathen nations of the dear Lord. Should not our chief solicitude be, What can we do to help spread the gospel in heathen lands, and especially that of the third angel's message, which must go to every kindred, tongue, and nation?

Harold: I wish those men I heard talking in the car could have heard these facts. I believe they would feel entirely different concerning giving for the support of missions. I know I do, and I should like to be a foreign missionary myself.

Mother: I am glad you feel that way, Harold. Let us all together sing the hymn "What Can We Do for Jesus?" for in it we shall find the answer to the question that I know all our hearts are asking, What can I do for Jesus?

(Air: "Webb")

"What can we do for Jesus?
His work needs many hands.
New doors are opening daily
In distant heathen lands;
And eager eyes are watching
The Light of life to see,
While plaintive voices reach us
From homes of misery.

"What can we do for Jesus?
We'll help to send his light
To cheer the weary watchers
And chase away their night.
We'll answer those who call us:
'The Christ whom we adore
Belongs to every nation—
Our King forevermore!'"

In South America

(Concluded from page four)

dians in that region,—one who knows how to read and write, and has served in the army; one who has done much for the regeneration of his race,—and gave him a severe pounding with a stick or club. This man was for some time confined to his bed, suffering from the bruises received. The priest then turned to the other Indians and said:—

"I forbid that you continue work on this building. You have no necessity to learn to read. I shall hunt you with a revolver as I would partridges, without fear. I am the inspector and public instructor and priest. You continue with your farming and do not listen to or obey Camacho, who is an enemy of God."

"We inquire, Since when is it that the priests have the right to coerce the consciences of those who do not desire to follow their doctrines? Since when can they impede the current of civilization among the native masses, which has its origin in the school and in the true gospel? Who authorizes them to change their mission of peace, goodness, and love, into one of hatred and of iniquity? Has not the priest the

power of a pure life and of kind words to present to the natives, or has he lost altogether his influence, and can only resort to the club to make his doctrines understood?"



"VOT IFF I DO HAF BIG FEET, MY HEART IT
ISS BIGGER, YET"

To Build Porcelain Ships

W. HALE TURNER, of Gravesend, England, made public a daring scheme to build big ships of porcelain. He believes liners of porcelain driven by petroleum derivatives will some day oust steam-driven ships of steel and wood.

After forty years' labor and an expenditure of \$500,000, he has discovered how to manufacture plate porcelain at thirty-five dollars a ton in any size up to ten by fifteen feet. He would make all parts of his ship porcelain except the framework and sides.

Mr. Turner points out the advantage of the new material as regards cheapness, cleanliness, and permanence.

It is cheaper than any of its rivals, it harbors no vermin, it can be cleaned by washing, the decoration can be supplied at the time of manufacture and will never need renewing, and it will never need painting. Such a ship could be washed up like a china cup.

Porcelain is practically everlasting. Tiles at Nan-king four thousand years old are as good as new. If a ship's hull had to be scraped, the porcelain could be taken out and used for another vessel.

In addition, fire risks could be reduced to a minimum, and fire insurance premiums reduced.

"It would require a \$300,000 factory to manufacture plate porcelain on standardized lines for ships' use," said Mr. Turner, "and as the climate on the Thames is favorable, also the cost of raw materials, why not once more build ocean liners there?"—*Selected.*

ACCORDING to Katherine Field White, the man or woman who willfully breaks the quarantine laws is no better than a murderer. If this is true, what should be said of the man or woman who votes to perpetuate the liquor traffic, which is destined to slay thousands of persons each year, and cause untold anguish to thousands of others?

Meaning of "Half-Mast"

EVER since flags were used in war, says the *Yorkshire Post*, it has been the custom to have the emblem of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten, it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole.

That was a token not only of submission, but of respect. In those days, when a famous soldier died, flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed into common use. The flag flying at half-mast is a sign that one is dead who was worthy of universal respect. The space left above the flag is for the flag of the great conqueror of all—the angel of death.



| | |
|------------------|-----------------------------|
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Senior Society Study for Sabbath, August 1

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
 2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
 3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
 4. Our Work Among the South American Indians (twenty minutes).
 5. Social Meeting (ten minutes).
 6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Special music; sentence prayers; song; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual reports and offerings; secretary's report.
 2. 1 Samuel 16. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets." Suggestions: Saul rejected; God had his successor in sight; David unconscious of it; the danger of Samuel's mission; how Samuel's method of choice differed from God's; David's first acquaintance with court life; characterization of David; position David held.
 3. Jer. 29: 11-13; Heb. 4: 16. Review previous texts.
 4. The three following papers should be given as talks: "Among the Incas" (see this INSTRUCTOR), "Among the Indians of Peru" (see *Gazette*), "In South America" (see this INSTRUCTOR).
 5. Discuss the lessons drawn from the talks given on the Indians of South America.
 6. Repeat in concert the aim of the Missionary Volunteers.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending August 1

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
 2. Bible Characters (twenty minutes).
 3. Search Questions (five minutes).
 4. "We Won't Give Up the Bible" (five minutes).
 5. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).
1. Singing; prayer; secretary's report; report of work done; Morning Watch texts. At this time it will be interesting for all who can to locate on a map all the places visited by the apostles since we began the study of Acts in our Morning Watch.
 2. Appoint four Juniors to give five-minute talks on papers on the four Bible characters which we shall study today,—Abraham, Lot, Isaac, and Rebekah. If it is desired, the Juniors in giving each paper or talk could withhold the name, and then let the society tell the name of the person described. The *Gazette* contains, in the article "Bible Characters," a Bible picture and a brief sketch of each of these characters, but the Juniors writing the biographies should be encouraged

to study also the Bible, "Patriarchs and Prophets," and "Easy Steps in the Bible Story."

3. Use the search questions given in the *Gazette*, and also such additional ones as the leader may prepare on the lives of Lot, Isaac, and Rebekah. These search questions may either be answered like a regular class exercise, or written on slips and passed out among the Juniors for answers.

4. Recitation. See this INSTRUCTOR.

5. Devote a few minutes to social meeting, and invite the Juniors to tell how the study of Bible characters has helped them. Repeat together the membership pledge.

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

37. HAVE Elder MacGuire's studies on personal work ever been printed in leaflet form?

Yes; this leaflet is just off the press, and can be obtained from the Review and Herald, Takoma Park, D. C. Price, two cents. Every Missionary Volunteer should get this leaflet and make a careful study of it.

38. Have any arrangements been made whereby it is possible for isolated young people to take the Standard of Attainment examination?

Yes; declaration slips have been prepared by the department, and any isolated young person desiring to take the examination should write to his conference Missionary Volunteer secretary for this slip and to make definite arrangements.

39. What are the numbers of the Reading Courses to be taken up in the fall?

In October we shall begin Senior Reading Course No. 8 and Junior No. 7.

40. Do you know where I can obtain a good book on the temperance work in Europe?

"The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe," published by Fleming H. Revell, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, 1913, is considered a very valuable book. Price, \$1.50.

We Won't Give Up the Bible

We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On else a dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible;
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From the sin into which we fell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hope and heaven,
That through a Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.

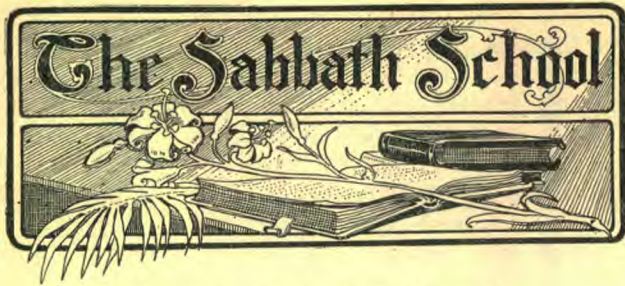
We won't give up the Bible,
Nor heed the crafty tongue
That would this treasure take away:
Ye evil ones, begone!
For you would fain condemn our minds
To gloom of mortal night;
But we defy your baneful powers,
And "God defend the right."

We won't give up the Bible;
But could you force away
That which our life holds dear,
Yet hear us joyful say,
"The news which we have learned while young
We'll follow all our days;
And these, engraven on our hearts,
Ye never can erase."

We won't give up the Bible;
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand your treacherous art,
And that from God's own sacred Word
We'll never, never part.

—Selected.

I WILL go anywhere, provided that it is forward.—
David Livingstone.



V — The Disobedient Prophet
(August 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 12:26-33; 13.
MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." 1 Sam. 15:22.

Questions

1. At Solomon's death, what son was heir to the throne? 1 Kings 11:43.
2. Where did all Israel go to crown Rehoboam? On what conditions did they promise to serve him? How did he comply with their request? 1 Kings 12:1-16. Which gave him the better advice, the old men or the young men?
3. What was the result of his sowing seeds of unkindness and harshness? Verses 16-20.
4. What did Rehoboam decide to do? By whom was he forbidden to do it? With what result? Verses 21-24.
5. Who was Jeroboam? How did the ten tribes come to choose him for their king? Read 1 Kings 11:26-40.
6. Where did Jeroboam have his capital? Although the Lord had given him the kingdom, how do we know that he lacked faith in God's word? What evil did he do? 1 Kings 12:25-30.
7. How did the Lord try to open the eyes of Jeroboam to his sin? How did Jeroboam receive this messenger from God? How was he punished for thus stretching out his hand against God's prophet? What promised sign was given? Although the king was dismayed at the punishment, how do we know that he did not repent of his sin? 1 Kings 13:1-5, 33, 34.
8. What great mercy did the Lord show to him, in answer to the prophet's prayer? What did Jeroboam then invite the prophet to do? How did the prophet respond to this invitation from a king? Verses 6-10.
9. Although the prophet of God so successfully overcame this first temptation, how was he entrapped by the second? Verses 11-19. Why was this second temptation more successful with him than the other?
10. What message came from God, while he was eating his forbidden dinner? Verses 20-22.
11. How speedily, and in what manner, was this prophecy fulfilled? Verses 23, 24. Note.
12. When the false prophet who led the man of God astray heard the sad news, what did he do? Verses 25-32.
13. What did King Solomon gain by disobeying God? What did King Jeroboam and his people gain by disobeying God and sacrificing to idols? What did the prophet of God gain by disobedience? Sum up these persons' lives, and this lesson, in one sentence. Memory verse.

Note

"The penalty that overtook the messenger of God was a still further evidence of the truth of the prophecy uttered over the altar. If, after disobeying the word of the Lord, the prophet had gone on in safety, the king would have used

this fact to vindicate his own disobedience. In the rent altar, in his palsied arm, and in the terrible fate of the prophet, Jeroboam should have discerned the swift displeasure of an offended God, and should have taken warning not to persist in wrongdoing."—Mrs. E. G. White, in *Review and Herald*, July 24, 1913.

V — Warnings and Safety Measures (Continued)
(August 1)

| Daily-Study Outline | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Sab. | Read the lesson scripture | |
| Sun. | Faultfinders and critics | Questions 1-3 |
| Mon. | Departing from the faith | Questions 4, 5 |
| Tues. | In bondage to sin | Questions 6-9 |
| Wed. | Turning back to sin | Questions 10-12 |
| Thurs. | Hold fast to the end | Question 13 |
| Fri. | Review the entire lesson | |

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Peter 2:12-22.

Questions

1. What practice is common to faultfinders and critics? 2 Peter 2:12, first part. Note 1.
2. What is the result of such a practice? Verse 12, last part.
3. Whose reward shall they receive? Verse 13, first part. Note 2.
4. How is this class of evildoers further described? Verse 13, last half, and verse 14. Note 3.
5. From where do false teachers come, and oft-times from what motive? Verses 15, 16.
6. Under what figures are false teachers further described? Verse 17.
7. What is the nature of their work? Verse 18.
8. What vain promise do they make? Verse 19, first part.
9. Why is their promise vain? Verse 19, last part.
10. What does Peter say of those who "have escaped the pollution of the world," then afterward "have forsaken the right way" and sunk again into sin? Verse 20.
11. By what homely but striking proverbs does Peter describe the condition of one who has returned to a life of sin? Verse 22.
12. What would have been better for those who turned from such great light? Verse 21.
13. What is the best course for all of us? Heb. 3:12-14.

Notes

1. "Speak evil of the things that they understand not." Here is the key to a large amount of mischief-making,—people's speaking against a thing on first impression, or without sufficient knowledge of it to base a judgment on. If every person of critical temperament, in fact, if all Christians everywhere, would adopt the principle of not commenting upon a thing, especially to make slighting remarks about it, until they understand it fully, with the reasons for it, how many evil results would be avoided!
2. The cover of night is usually sought for evil excesses of all kinds. When people come to the place where they find pleasure in such indulgences in the daytime, it indicates a reprobate condition. The reward of such is no worse than the reward of false teachers, according to the severe arraignment of them in this chapter.
3. It is "unstable souls" that are drawn into the vortex of sin. How important then to give all diligence to building solid elements of stability into the character according to the outline in "Peter's rainbow" of character in chapter 1.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

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| Yearly Subscription | - - - - - | \$1.25 |
| Six Months | - - - - - | .70 |

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Come Back

THE Spirit of God is saying to you, dear friend, if you have slipped out of the place of fellowship with God and God's people, Come back. God has visited his people with bread. And the Lord is saying to every Ruth and to every Orpah: "Come to Bethlehem; come to the house of God. Join yourself with the people of God, and above everything else, be joined to the Lord himself. Choose you this day whom you will serve."—*Selected.*

Our Leader's Rallying Word

A HIGHLAND chief of the Macgregor clan fell wounded at the battle of Sheriffmuir. Seeing their leader fall, the clan wavered, and gave the foe an advantage. The old chieftain, perceiving this, raised himself on his elbow, while the blood streamed from his wounds, and cried out: "I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty." This roused them to new energy and almost super-human effort. So, when our strength fails and our hearts sink within us, the Captain of our salvation cries: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*D. L. Moody.*

For the Extra Fellow

"MAKE enough for ten, Bobby," advised the young scout master as the "tenderfoot" sat peeling potatoes for his first real camp stew.

Bobby was tired of the potatoes, and there were only eight boys in the patrol. But he caught the look in his leader's eye, and answered cheerily, as a scout must:—

"All right. You mean enough for the extra hungry fellows we may run across. Or," he added whimsically, looking over the wide fields that were quite out of sight of any village, "or maybe it'll be only a poor little old dog, after all."

And it was a dog, a fine little old dog, who gratefully attached himself to that patrol, and became its especial pride.

"Anyway," said Bob, rehearsing the tale later, "it makes your work a lot more interesting if you plan for the extra fellows every single time."

To "plan for the extra fellow every time" is to

build a solid foundation of generosity, of justice, of brotherliness, into one's life. It may be with food, or it may be with knowledge; it may be in the added bit of work that saves another, or in the great pleasure that is shared joyously with the other one most in need of it, but the "extra fellow" is to be planned for in each day's living, if life is to be rich and faithful and full of fresh interest every hour. To make only enough for oneself is to starve oneself.—*Youth's World.*

Result of Tears

THE Grenadier Guards were stationed in Barnstaple, Devonshire, and into the barrack yard came a young man named Dick, to give each of the soldiers a tract. Most of the soldiers took the little tracts he offered them. But presently a great bully of a man stared at him, took the tract, and began to swear.

"Don't swear at the tract," cried Dick. "You can't hurt that, but swearing will hurt you."

Then the bully lost his temper.

"Swear," he said, "I'll teach you what swearing is. Here," he said to his mates, "just make a ring round him, and I'll show him."

They gathered round him, and the bully poured out a string of the most terrible oaths.

"There," he said, "what do you think of that?"

Dick stood with a white face and trembling lips. He would have given worlds to know the right words to say; he even lifted up his heart praying to be told, but no words came, and he just burst into tears, and they let him go.

He worried that he had not been able to say the right thing to reprove the man, and he wondered for a long time that the words had not been put in his mouth by God. Yet God had heard that prayer.

Years passed, and Dick went out to India as a missionary. After many years he came to England again. And the famous missionary, the Rev. Richard Knill, preached in Devonshire. At the close of the service a gray-haired man came up and asked him if he remembered that scene in the barrack yard.

"Remember it? Rather!"

"Sir," he said, "I was that man. I never forgave myself for that wicked act. But it led me to think and see how wicked I must have become. The sight of you crying broke me up more than anything you could have said, and more than any tract. And it stuck with me until I began to cry about myself. God has forgiven me. Will you do the same?"

Did he?—Of course he did, only too glad to find that the influence of God had moved him to shed tears, better even than words.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

THE first carpet seen in East Hampton, Long Island, was in Parson Lyman Beecher's house. One day a little money came from Uncle Lot Benton. Young Lyman bought cotton; his wife, Roxana, spun it, had it woven, and painted it in oil colors, with a gay border round the edge, and groups of flowers in the center.

When the new carpet was laid down, the people were astounded at the magnificence of the pastor's parlor. Good old Deacon Tallmadge, coming one day, stopped at the door, afraid to enter.

"Walk in, deacon," said the pastor.

"I can't," he answered, "'thout steppin' on't. D'ye think," he added, in wondering admiration, "ye can have all that, and heaven, too?"—*The Expositor.*