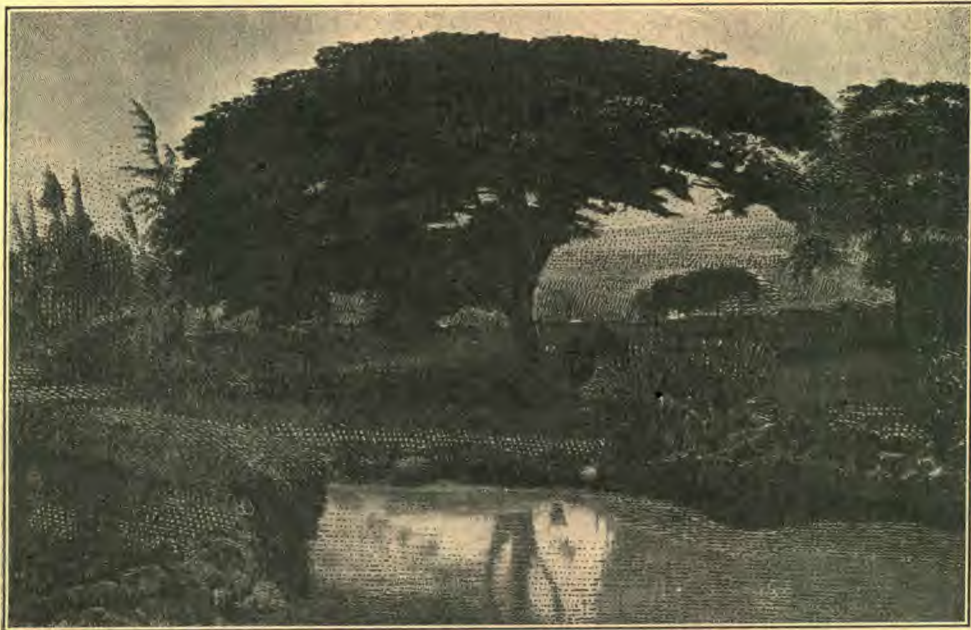


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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PONCIANA TREE, MOANALUA PARK, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

"MEN's faculties are like so many violin strings that are yet rolled up in oiled paper and lie upon the shelf."

FROM an area less than that of Texas, Germany draws nine tenths of the food supply for 65,000,000 people.

CONGRESS has recently appropriated \$200,000 to the campaign in the Pacific Coast States for exterminating rats and other rodents which carry the germs of the bubonic plague.

FRENCH soldiers will go to war hereafter clothed in a neutral shade of gray-blue, instead of the customary red trousers. The new garments make the wearer invisible at a distance of 500 yards, instead of being discernible at a distance of 1,500 yards, as at present.

THE Mormons are looking forward to the time when Cardston, their headquarters in southern Alberta, will be a center rivaling Salt Lake City in size and influence. They are planning to erect there a million-dollar temple equipped for all the needs of Mormon ritual.

REMEMBER that although a vaseline stain seems like a grease stain, it cannot be treated like a spot of oil, butter, or fat from meat. Be sure to treat it before putting into water. First soak it well in kerosene, or turpentine will do next best; and after letting it lie for an hour or so, wash it in cold soapsuds.

FOR nine months of the year it rains on the Isthmus of Panama. The precipitation of one month not long ago was fifty-nine inches. This broke even the Panama rainy season record, and nothing like it has occurred since; but with an average of twelve feet of rainfall in the nine months, the isthmus can keep up a showing of dampness without being worried about an ability to live up to soaking records.

A SERIES of experiments conducted by the chief engineer of the street department of Paris seems clearly to demonstrate the efficiency of anhydrous carbonate of soda as an agent permitting the preparation of mortar for building even in the coldest weather. The results are said to be superior to those obtained by the use of warm water, alcohol, sea salt, or any other mixture previously employed. Not only does the addition of the soda prevent the ill effects of low temperatures upon the mortar, but it causes it to set and harden more quickly than it otherwise would. The masons employing this process wear rubber gloves to prevent inflammation of the skin.

THE whale is without doubt the longest-lived animal, its age being estimated at 1,000 years by the great French naturalist Cuvier. Next to the whale in size, as in length of life, is the elephant, which, under the favorable conditions of its native habitat, if the tusk hunter refrains from his quest, may live as long as 400 years. The poet speaks of "the century-living crow," though it is doubtful whether this or any other bird lives as long as 100 years. The lion has been known to reach the Biblical age prescribed for man, the master of all animals. The horse frequently lives as long as 30 and even 40 years. The bear lives about twenty years. The cat, the dog, the fox, and the wolf rarely exceed 16 years; the squirrel and the rabbit, if they escape their numerous enemies so long, die at 7 or 8 years. Some varieties of insects run through their life cycle within the limit of a single day. The *cphemeris*—a name meaning *for a day*—gets its name from the fact of its brief span of life.

Worth Considering

IN my recent reading I ran across the following counsel, which I believe the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will appreciate:—

"Promise Yourself

"To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

"To talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet.

"To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

"To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

"To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

"To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

"To forget the mistakes of the past, and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

"To wear a cheerful countenance at all times, and give every living creature you meet a smile.

"To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

"To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

"To think well of yourself, and to proclaim this fact to the world, not in loud words, but in great deeds.

"To live in the faith that the whole world is on your side as long as you are true to the best that is in you."

JOHN S. LEMMER.

On an Equal Footing

THE Cherokee Indians through action of Congress have recently taken their place among the white men as equals. They are no longer wards of the government.

"This is the first of the great civilized Indian tribes of Oklahoma to receive this emancipation. The other tribes are the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Creeks. One by one they will come into their own in the same way.

"The Cherokees are one of the oldest North American tribes. For a long time they have been looking to their own council for government, but henceforth they must live under the laws of the state just like the pale-faces. In fact, the individuality of the tribe is obliterated.

"The Cherokee strip of Oklahoma is a whole Congressional district in itself. W. W. Hastings, counsel to the whole tribe for many years at a salary of \$5,000 a year, paid by the Indians, is about to be honored by them for faithful services. He has been nominated for Congress in that district, and it is predicted that he will be elected by a big majority."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 11, 1914

No. 32

Misunderstood

MISUNDERSTOOD! And so you now desert
The cause you pledged your life, and sink inert
And sad. My friend, if all the rank and file
Were just like you, methinks but brief the while
Ere we should see our Leader march alone,
And tread the deeps, and climb the heights till, gone
From our dull vision, he should pass; and we,
Aroused at last, bewail us fruitlessly.
I know 'tis hard, this failing of our friends
And foes, perchance, to comprehend the ends
For which we strive. I know 'tis harder still
To feel our motives judged and weighed until
To our own selves we seem but failures. Then—
A sudden we look up and catch again

The light that shines from out our Leader's eyes.
We see once more that hand point toward the skies,
Hear once again the voice that held us so,
Those wondrous tones that made the hot blood flow
Athrob through all our being, till we said,
"We will o'erlook all stings, and fix, instead,
Our gaze upon his standard waving high.
We, who have pledged to, if the need be, die,
Will of our selves give all there is to give,
And for the brethren die, or, should he bid us, live."
My friend, the strife is not for long at best.
Then, come, be brave, give courage to the rest.
And with your eyes upon his standard go
To wrest a final victory from the foe.

—Lucy L. H. Soule.

Character Building

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER



WE have been told that we brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out. In one way that is true; in another it is not. We come into the world with no traits of character save those inherited from our ancestors; we go out with a character of our own making.

Now, that is a serious thing. If, when we come up from the grave and look out on a new phase of things, the only property we can clutch in our hands is our character, it is a serious piece of business just what that character is; for the King of the far land has told us pretty closely what he desires of us; and on the sort of stock in trade we have depends our weal or woe. We move on, and hold it out with trembling hand—our only possession. There are but three things then in all the universe—ourselves, our character, and our God.

I imagine when that time comes, and it comes speedily and relentlessly to all of us, we would give, many of us, anything, everything, to go back to the old life, and build our characters over again. And we would work, how thoughtfully, how industriously, how intensely, with just that one great idea ahead—to build a gift for the King, so beautiful, so symmetrical, so strongly welded in all its parts, that we would hasten with delight to drop it at his feet, knowing that we had met his approval.

Virtually this is the life work of every one. We are ceaselessly building. It does not matter that we do not recognize it as our work, the work goes on just the same. We are building character.

The man who looks ahead to the far land and the omnipresent King will put up the framework of his structure carefully, and add thereto with even hand, here a little and there a little. His thoughts are with the King.

And the man who is indifferent and careless will put up anything—unstable things, shapeless things. His work will be illy proportioned, defective, and ready to fall at some sudden whirlwind. It is not what the King loves.

And the man who keeps his eyes on the earth and its darkness, and breathes in unlovely passions and evil doing, and hugs them to himself, will build—O, even men will abhor what he will build! for there is good in men.

And so, the earth is ours for character building; and the characters will be noble, or hit-and-miss, or evil, according as we build, according as we lift ourselves to the greatness of our work. We are on a field where right and wrong do battle, and thick and fast the shafts of hell are falling. The prince of Stygian blackness urges on his hosts to leave not one hold unbattered, not one human heart unscarred; and always at our feet is that insidious creeping—the feeling of the serpent for his prey.

But right must win, and wrong must fail; and we are soldiers. Under one banner or the other we are enlisted. Our enlistment came when life came, involuntarily, but we may choose our banner. This mental battle involves so much,—so much that is great and strong and glorious, so much that strikes terror to the heart. But in and through it all is the rearing of the mental structure, the building of character,—character that will endure because it is built on truth, or character that must fall.

Perhaps, of all the worlds that swing in space, ours is the only one that ever fell, that ever saw a war like this one. Then indeed are we an object lesson to all the realm of God. What thronging beings of other spheres, what worlds on worlds, are watching our battle field with intense interest, we cannot say; but here, for all eternity it may be, high principles are being fought out, high both in heaven and in earth, and character is the meteward.

By that meteward we must be measured, and it will be grand to be a victor,—to build a rich and glorious mental structure that angels will respect and God approve, to be worn and wasted in such a war as this one, to bear the heat and dust and discord, and then to feel the breeze of heaven strike us, and know that we are home.

Our Work in East China

CHINA has been divided into five mission fields. The mission field known as East China is located on the eastern border of China, and is made up of four provinces. What strange names these provinces have—Shan-tung, Kiang-su, Anhwei, and Che-kiang. The meaning of the first name is mountainous. If you will look on a map of China, you will find in the northeastern part the city of Shanghai, which might

be called the New York of China, and also the city of Nanking, which means, in Chinese, the south capital of China. Both of these great cities are located in the East China Mission field. There are three distinct dialects spoken in East China. The population is almost equal to that of the United States. This field is more easily reached than any other part of China, and it has also a number of railways and waterways which make it convenient to travel from one place to another.

Let us imagine that we have landed in Shanghai, where we are met by our missionaries, and go with them to visit our printing office and training school. Near the printing plant stand several of the missionaries' homes. These were built by the \$300,000 Fund, which many of you helped to gather. This printing office you think looks very different from those you



THE SCHOOL AT SHANGHAI, CHINA

have visited in your home country; but simple as it may seem, literature is here being printed which is sent out to all parts of the great Chinese field, and many are receiving the truth as a result. Listen while they tell us of what one paper did. In the province of Anhwei, where there are nearly twenty-four million people, there was not one who knew of the third angel's message. A paper from the Shanghai office found its way into the home of a native Chinese minister of the Independent Church. The paper was read, and the man was hungry to know more of the truth. This Brother Han (let us try to remember his name) wrote to our brethren at Shanghai; and in response Brother Allum and his native evangelist went down, a six days' journey in the middle of winter. The first night they sat up all night studying the Bible with Brother Han. He accepted an invitation to visit the office at Shanghai to receive further instruction. He went away with his arms loaded down with Seventh-day Adventist literature, and his heart full of love for this message, and hope in the second coming of Christ. He is now in charge of two mission stations in this province.

At the school in Shanghai are thirty or more young Chinese in training to go out as evangelists, colporteurs, and teachers. When this school was first opened, Brother Han sent eight young men to enroll as students. They traveled up the river nine days in order to reach the school. A number of these men are in our work today as colporteurs and evangelists.

Dr. Selmon is in charge of the work in Che-kiang, but the province of Shan-tung has not yet been entered by us, we are sorry to say. There are 38,000,000 people still waiting for some one to tell them of the Saviour's soon return. Shall we not pray that the Lord

will quickly send some one to tell them the glad news? And as we pray, let us give all we can of our pennies and nickels and dimes to help some one go.

EMILY JOHNSON.

Love

"THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." This can only mean that we ought to love God with full force of decision and purpose. Our love to God must not be a mere sentiment, but the settled purpose and determination of the soul. Love without will is the merest froth; but springing from the depths of the soul, expressing a firm and hearty conviction and resolution, it passes into the master passion of life. Let it, then, be our settled purpose not to allow self or any idols of the world to have dominion over us, but, 'I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.'—*W. L. Watkinson.*

Love of one's neighbor is but a proof of love of one's God. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" 1 John 4:20.

"The engineer who wishes to know how much water there is in the boiler, does not go and look into the boiler, but at the gauge, the small glass tube on the outside, and he knows the water is just as high within the boiler as it is in the tube; so our treatment of our neighbor is the gauge which shows how our love of God stands."

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." 1 John 4:7.

Study carefully 1 Corinthians 13, and there you will find what love is.

Hannah Whitall Smith says: "Above all, do not fear this blessed life, live hour by hour and day by day under the guidance of thy Lord. If he seeks to bring thee out of the world and into very close conformity to himself, do not shrink from it. It is thy most blessed privilege. Rejoice in it. Embrace it eagerly. Let everything go that it may be thine."

"How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on.

"The perfect way is hard to flesh,
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

"And only this perfection needs
A heart kept calm all day,
To catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

"Then keep thy conscience sensitive,
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee,—
Perfection lies in this.

"Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love him as he loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be."

JENNIE HALBERT.

"WITH steady mind the course of duty run:
God never does, nor suffers to be done,
Aught but thyself wouldst do, couldst thou foresee
The end of all events so well as he."

Among the Indians in the Lake Titicaca Region



THE following very interesting letter received from Brother F. A. Stahl, who is laboring for the Indians in the mountains of Bolivia and Peru, will be of deep interest. Couched in it is an earnest plea for more help to answer the calls coming from Indians farther on, for some one to be sent to teach them the truth for this time. His letter follows:—

"We have been having splendid meetings here in La Paz the past few weeks, and I am glad that I can take part in them, as I have the Spanish language quite well now.

"We are so thankful for the new workers. It seems to me that God favored us with these good workers. Brother Cluff is able to bear responsibilities in the work. We need more such workers. There are many openings where they could do excellent work. The truth is, dear brethren, we cannot see how we can get along without three more. I realize that I am asking a great deal, especially after receiving new workers, but I cannot help it. The Lord knows that we are in great need here. This is a new field, and more laborers are much needed. Our work among these Indians is having a good influence, and calls for help are coming from surrounding places. We must work hard at this time so that these needy people will not have to waste their short probationary time in error. Now is the time to strike. Now is the time to push this work. Now is the time to win out in this field. No doubt there are brethren and sisters who would help in a special manner, brethren who would keep up their giving, sacrificing to make it possible for us to get other workers, that we may with God's blessing finish this work here.

"There are good interests which ought to be looked after at Sure, Yungas, and then there is Juli, thirty miles from our Lake Titicaca Indian Mission. The Indians ten miles on the other side at Santa Rosa have called for us to teach them. Another call has come in also from Ulahya. At these places we have a few Indian brethren, and these have now done all they can. They have started the work just as it was started by Brother Camacho, at Chucuito, our very prosperous Lake Titicaca Mission. Now we ought to go to these places to help out, and with our Lord's blessing establish missions. We cannot leave La Paz, this great city of 60,000 Indians. We cannot leave our dispensary work. And besides all this, there has come to us a call to start work at once at Potosi, a city at an altitude of 14,000 feet. This city wants the truth.

"Recently I made a trip with an Indian brother around Lake Titicaca. We left our Indian mission on Sunday, reaching Juli that night, making thirty miles. I had never seen such a large Indian city as lay near this place,—Indian huts as far as the eye could see, and close together at that. O, how my soul longed for these dear people! How I longed to give them the precious truth! But I must hasten on. We passed the night at the home of a 'liberal,' a man who is a friend to our work and a friend of the Indian.

"The next day after traveling thirty-five miles we reached Punata. We could not find a place to stop overnight; nor could we buy food for our mules. I went to the governor of the town, but he would not take us in. He said he had no place. After looking about some time, a poor Indian told us to come to his place. He gave us food for our faithful saddle animals. This Indian family has been very friendly to

our Indian brethren traveling through this place.

"The next night, after another thirty miles, we crossed the line into Bolivia. Here we met with an immense Indian feast. As we stopped a few minutes, the drunken Indians would bow to us and dance around us. Some would kneel in front of us and offer us their 'fire water.' They seemed greatly surprised at our refusal. It seemed such a pity,—thousands of people ignorant of the right way! They were feasting, drinking, dancing, and cursing,—and all this in the name of religion. They were Catholics.

"The following day we went to Tiahuanacu, the city of ruins. We spent a few hours here. We were much impressed with the magnitude of the stones that had been used to build the sun temples. It is true no one has yet been able to solve how their builders could move such tremendous stones, or whence they got them. All about are ruins, and scattered among them here and there are great stone idols, cracked and crumbling before the elements. It is evident that these people trusted in these idols. They are gone. No one knows who they were, nor what they were. Some say they were Inca tribes; others say that they were pre-Inca. At any rate, all that remain to be seen are the monuments of their folly.

"I was reminded of Ps. 144:15, 'Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.' We were glad to leave this city of desolation, and after a hard day's riding we reached our mission home in La Paz, where we rested a few days in preparation to continue our journey around Lake Titicaca by land.

"We left La Paz on Tuesday. After fifteen miles we stopped by the way to feed our mules. We found in a house near by a man with a broken leg. I was able to help him. We left him some reading matter, for all of which he seemed to be very thankful. After fifteen more miles we came to a small village, where we asked for a place to stay overnight. We were directed to the *tambo*, the town hotel; but we made a mistake and arrived at the home of the governor, who received us kindly, and gave us food and a place in which to lie down.

"I found this man suffering with terrible ulcers on his legs, and left him some medicine. The next morning we learned that the *tambo* stable had been broken into and the mules and horses had been stolen. We were indeed thankful that we had made the mistake and had gone to the governor's house instead of the *tambo*. We knew God was with us."—*Monthly Missionary Reading*, Jan. 10, 1914.

A Vegetable Music Teacher

You have heard the old story of the great pianist who used to lay six beans—or was it peas?—on the piano, and compel himself to play a most difficult and intricate composition through six times without an error. Every time he went successfully through, he took up a pea and put it in his pocket. Every time he made a mistake, he took all the peas out of his pocket and began again, even if he were almost at the end of the sixth time. Many of our young music pupils seem to think an error makes no difference. They expect to make them, so of course they do make them. You cannot build great achievements of art upon these faulty foundations.—*The Christian Herald*.

The Last Gospel Message in the Levant

A. J. GIROU



THE events of the last two years have called the attention of all the world to Turkey. Those who are living in this empire have passed through a very serious time, in constant fear that the fanaticism of the Moslems would bring a massacre like the one of 1908. Thanks to the Lord, no general massacre has occurred; but small ones have taken place, the results of which brought just as much harm as the great massacres of former years. In different places our missionary work has been stopped. The government forbade all kinds of meetings.

Last winter I worked in the city of Smyrna, the



OUR WORKERS' TENT AT SMYRNA, TURKEY

second great city of the empire, with nearly 400,000 inhabitants. For some time I was forbidden to hold public meetings. As I had announced a series of lectures without permission, I was condemned to pay a fine of five piasters (\$3.50), but my consul found a way by which I escaped paying the fine.

In the spring I made a tour in the cities around Smyrna, because it is impossible to work in Smyrna during the summer on account of the hot weather. In a town of 25,000 inhabitants, one fourth of the population being Greeks and Armenians, I went to see the governor. I asked permission to deliver some lectures for the public in his city. After some explanation he told me: "If you can have a *tergyman*—translator—that can speak such a simple language that our people will understand, I will say, 'You are an angel come from heaven.'" I told him my translator was Mrs. Girou,—my wife,—and he was satisfied. But I was not satisfied with this permission only. I wanted something more; I wanted authorization to pitch a tent. We had tried to secure this in other places without success. But, thanks to the Lord, he has touched the heart of this governor; and he very kindly gave the authorization.

Only four weeks have passed since the white tent, a picture of which accompanies this article, was pitched, and we are holding meetings announcing the second coming of the Lord Jesus to the Mussulmans as well as to the Christians.

Last Sunday Mrs. Girou held a Sunday school for the little ones who are in the picture. She told them that the tent in which they were, was presented by little boys and girls like them in America. They were glad to hear it, and I think that among the readers

of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR there are many girls and boys that have contributed their pennies, economizing day by day to be able to secure enough money to send this nice tent as a present. If they could see how many youth are attending the meetings, they would surely rejoice for the good use of their gifts. They can be even a little proud because their tent is the first one authorized in the Turkish Empire. The Lord is blessing the gifts of the little ones, because they come from pure and sincere hearts.

But the tent is not used alone for boys and girls. Five times a week—in the evenings—we have meetings, and usually the tent is full. Here it is not considered well for ladies to attend meeting where there are men. On each Sunday afternoon, therefore, we have a talk or lecture for ladies. Our audience is composed of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. As I do not know these languages, I am obliged to have a translator. Mrs. Girou can speak six languages, so we can go to the families and talk with all kinds of people and believers. But this is a very ignorant country, and the Christians have lost their faith. Religion consists, for them, of a long ceremony; and they do not know anything of the close relation between God and the true Christian. Pray for the proclamation of the last message in this unfortunate country.

A Manly Man

At a reception and dinner at a prominent home in the western part of London, after the ladies had withdrawn from the room, the conversation of the gentlemen turned to Christianity, and sport was made of the claims and demands of Christ. One of the guests did not join in the conversation, but asked the servant to call for his carriage. Then he courteously excused himself.

You think this was a bishop or at least a pastor? No, the gentleman was a member of Parliament and later became the popular and greatly respected prime minister at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign.

The Spirit-Filled Temple

THOUGHTS, idle thoughts—they come I know not why,
Like guests unbidden in the dreams of night,
That haunt me still when comes the morning light,
These guests of daydreams, hid from mortal eye.
O, e'en "the thought of foolishness is sin!"
Lord, cleanse thou me from secret faults within!

Words, idle words, I speak, I know not why.
Some spirit prompts them, and I give them voice.
Help me, O Lord, henceforth to make such choice
Of words as shall thy dear name glorify;
That when in judgment I shall give account,
I may stand faultless on thy holy mount.

Deeds, idle deeds I do, I know not why.
Awake, my soul, awake to righteousness!
Awake, awake, if thou wouldst live to bless!
Far spent the day, the darkness draweth nigh;
Gird on thine armor ere the falling night;
Thou yet may'st be victorious for the right.

As when thy glory filled that house of prayer
They built for thee, of marble and of gold,
For thy name's dwelling place mid Israel of old,
So that no man might dare to enter there,
So fill me with thy Spirit, Lord, that sin
No more shall find abiding place within.

S. J. TOWNSEND.

Orlando, Fla.

Come to Camp Meeting

Selections From "Testimonies for the Church"

"CAMP meetings are a power. Come, brethren and sisters, to these sacred convocation meetings to find Jesus. He will come up to the feast. He will be present and will do for you that which you most need to have done."

"Angels who are commissioned to minister to those who are heirs of salvation will accompany you. And make every effort to induce your friends to go, not in your place, but to go with you, to stand on the Lord's side, and obey his commandments."

"Make no excuse that will keep you from gaining every spiritual advantage possible."

"Put forth extra exertion to attend the gathering of God's people."

"Many have returned home from these annual gatherings to labor with greater zeal and intelligence than hitherto."

"Each one should feel that in a measure the success of the meeting depends upon him."

"Every camp meeting should be an object lesson of neatness, order, and good taste. Everything should be so arranged as to impress both our own people and the world with the sacredness and importance of the work of God."

"The object of a camp meeting is to lead all to separate from business cares and burdens and devote a few days exclusively to seeking the Lord."

"Individually you need the benefits of the meeting, and God calls upon you to number one in the ranks of truth."

"None of us should go to the camp meeting depending on the ministers or the Bible workers to make the meeting a blessing to us. As a steward of the grace of God, every church member should feel a personal responsibility to have life and root in himself."

"Go to the camp meeting, even though you have to make a sacrifice to do so. Go with a will to work."

— E. A. Bristol.

"Thinking Black"



OUR real problem is not Africa, but the African. Wouldst thou have a key to "thinking black"? Then look at him. Paul was accused of turning the world upside down: but if you mix enough with these natives and use your eyes a bit, an hour of it will suffice to give you the notion that you are standing on your head; life is all so upside down. Yonder is a ferryman in his boat, but see the black turning tables on the white by placing his back to the stern, face to the bow, and off he starts paddling as if he were stirring his porridge, not paddling his canoe. Laugh you first, but he laughs last; for to him, what sense is there in a white man looking one way and rowing another? Wise? Nay, he shakes his head and opines we Europeans are wise, but our wisdom is rather showy than exact. The black man, he thinks, is wiser than he seems; and the white one seems wiser than he is. No wonder this looking-one-way-and-rowing-another attitude of the white man becomes the Negro's parable for an inconsistent missionary. Why does he not go in the direction he looks? Why preach this and practice that?

It is now raining, be it noted, and the problem stands how to save his bare black body from the cold; very adroitly he draws into shore and dips deep in the water to get out of the wet. For the fisher law is that, being wet, you must get wetter in order to get dry. Watch now the same man land in the reeds, donning his clothing. Out there in the piercing cold he was as bare as the blast that stung him; but now ashore when the sun scorches he can be seen sporting, not one but two sets of garments, the whole surmounted with a mighty blanket of many hues. Now watch the same man beginning to cultivate. There he is gripping his spade, and digging away in the opposite manner to ours; that is to say, he digs toward and not away from himself. Of course, after sending the earth flying at this rate, he is now dirty, but that means he is white; for a Negro is black when he is clean, and white when he is dirty.

Give him, if you dare, a book to read, and he will surely hold it upside down. Watch him with a pencil affecting a fair and clerkly handwriting, and he is sure to begin the prank from right to left. Ask him now for a drink of water, and being the very pink of courtesy he must take first drink, the gourd cup receiving a loud labrose smack at first gulp. Reeking of resultant *aroma Africanum*, you may now have your sip; for has he not guaranteed the water pure from poison, as saith their proverb, "Drink first, die first"? Even the almanac turns somersault, for here is an African winter as hot as an Indian summer sweeping over the country like a fire: a conundrum in human speech, "a fiery freezing winter." Watch now the same Negro produce a pair of ancient boots, and carefully as fastidiously lace them up with bark rope — surely this time he is going to be normal at last. Not he, for quite solemnly he produces a pair of old socks and wears them outside his boots. The same man again sports a starched shirt once white, but now unredeemably vile, a vision of smudges. Down dips the sun and out come the stars, but the tale of topsy-turvyism is not yet finished. There is your old northern friend the Great Bear on the horizon, but this time he is upside down. Sprawling on his back in a manner most undignified for a respectable constellation, he is one more instance of the somersault ways of this queer land.

But stay. These upside-down doings are not yet complete.

The scene again changes, but not the subject. Enters a young slip of a girl who has been beaten for no fault of hers, yet never a tear does she shed: no tears, mark you, and no crime did she commit. On plying them with questions, I find that far from her innocence being conjectural, they blandly admit she did nothing worthy of stripes. Yet she got them all, forty plus more, and the curiously candid confession is that because she was innocent therefore was she beaten with many stripes. It now comes out that the African can wriggle out of even this injustice, the ex-

planation being that the girl is a twin, and as her sister did the deed, they must be beaten in pairs; not either nor neither, but both or none. Twins they were born, and twins they live and die. So mad are the Africans on this twin subject that even when Miss First gets married, the bridegroom is forced to marry her twin sister Miss Second on the same day. (Although these sisters are slim little things, yet literally their names are Miss Elephant and Miss Hippo, all twins being forced to take these two traditional titles.) There was a case here where twin brothers were forced to marry the same woman, so inexorably operates this dogging law. Right up from birth each has ever haunted the other, their food being scrupulously divided into two, the twin bairns with twin portions. In proffering them a gift, you must sternly make it a two-handed one, simultaneously holding out both arms to both recipients. When a twin sickens mortally, no doctor may be called nor any medicine administered, all mourning being deprecated. God, they say, did this deed of creating "terrible twins," and God must kill or cure them. The only way to wish them well is by cursing them, and these cursings the complacent twins receive as choice compliments. The hapless father and mother likewise get all the town abuse, each vituperation being a sort of upside-down blessing. Yet these are the very folk who would throw the old anti-Paul taunt at us about turning the world upside down. Dare to suggest to them this, and Mr. African at once engages in a very unfavorable diagnosis of the mental state of a "white" who can hazard such nonsense.—*Thinking Black,* by D. Crawford, F. R. G. S.

A Faithful Child of God

MORE than three hundred years ago there lived in Lincolnshire, England, a beautiful and educated girl named Anne Askew. Her sister was to marry a certain man, but she died, and Anne's father compelled Anne to marry the man.

At that time good men were preaching the gospel and earnestly asking the people to read the Bible. Anne began to read the Bible in secret, and to see that the religion of the people around her was wrong in many things. One of the queens who lived then came to believe the religion of the Bible. When Anne Askew accepted Jesus as her Saviour, her husband turned against her, complained of her to the priests, and finally turned her out of his house. But this did not shake her faith; she was more earnest than ever in seeking God.

She became acquainted with some noble ladies who were seeking God, and we may well believe she helped them on in the good way. Finally, some of the enemies of these noble women sought to destroy them, but they could not get any evidence against them. Then they thought of Anne Askew. They would try her. So the priests came and asked her many questions, but she answered them all so wisely and so pleasantly from the Bible that they had to leave her. Over and over they tried to shake her faith in God, but could not.

Then they shut her up in Newgate jail, where she was very ill and in great pain, and she asked her friends to "pray, pray, pray," that she might not fail. At last an uncle prevailed upon the court to release her on bail. This they did, but soon imprisoned her again in Newgate, and soon after that in the Tower.

Then the cruel officials proceeded to torture the delicate woman. They put her on what is called a rack,

upon which persons were stretched till the joints were separated. There they kept her a long time to get her to tell of others who believed the Protestant faith, but though they did it till, as she said, she "was nigh dead," she would not tell.

When they released her, she pleaded with them for two hours, but they would not hear. They did all in their power by threats and flattery and pleading to get her to turn from her faith in the Word of God, but she would not.

At last they sentenced her to be bound to a stake and burned to death. She wrote out a clear statement of her faith in Jesus alone, with a prayer for steadfastness and faithfulness to the end in the performance of duty. She also prayed for the pardon and conversion of her enemies.

After she was fastened to the stake, before the fire was lighted, they brought to her a pardon signed by the king if she would only give up her faith; but she gently answered, "I come not hither to deny my Lord and Master." And so she died, with her face shining like an angel's, we are told.

So ought all Christians to be faithful. Whenever or wherever our boys or girls are tempted to do wrong, let them say, in the words of Anne Askew, "I come not hither to deny my Lord and Master." — *Selected.*

Surprising Answers to Random Questions in China

How did you happen to have a dollar today? I sold my finger nails.

What have you done for this abscess? I ate several scorpions, one of them alive.

Your boy has enlarged spleen, but why can't he walk? We blistered both his knees, as the knee is the root of the spleen.

What is the matter with your throat? I swallowed a whole egg with a needle in it. The witch told me that I should have a son if I did it.

Why cannot that teacher in the primary school control his anger? It is very difficult. A teacher needs two stomachs; one to digest his food, and another to hold his angry breath.

What medicine do you want? For the disease that cannot be mentioned, or the "devil's disease." (Or they may just hold up two or three fingers, which is the answer for malaria.)

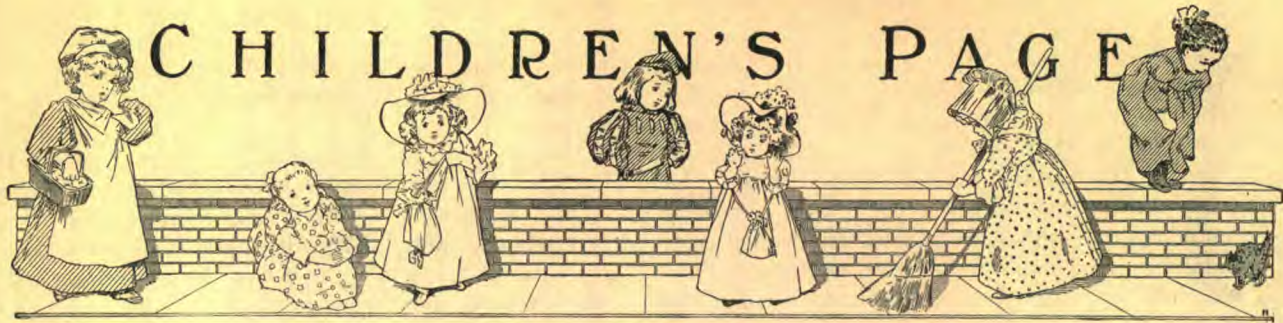
How did this girl get such a terrible burn? She was sent to the home of her betrothed. He died. His mother blamed her for the death, and deliberately burned her. (A bride is blamed for three years for any calamity that befalls her husband's family.)

You say your home is also in another part of the country. How long have you been here? Five hundred years.

Who is that crying in front of the coffin, and why did he break that old crock by burning paper in it? That shows that he is chief heir.

Why is this town called Crying River Mouth? Because two thousand years ago a wife took winter clothes to her husband, who was working on the great wall of China, one thousand miles away. When she reached this place, she found him frozen. She sat here and cried.

Why doesn't she acknowledge her fault and ask for forgiveness? She said she would rather go to the eighteenth layer of hell than lose her face.—*Missionary Survey.*



Daisy's Talent



DAISY walked home from church slowly, with her head bent as if she were thinking about something very important. Indeed, she was so much absorbed that she almost passed by her own gate.

She did not go into the house right away. Instead, she sat down on the front steps and buried her chin in her hands, still thinking.

And it was something important that made Daisy think so busily, for she had just heard a solemn sermon. Dr. Hayes had preached from the parable of the talents.

I am sure that every child who reads this has heard that wonderful story which Jesus told his disciples. If not, ask some one to read it to you this very day, or, better, take down your Bible and read it yourself.

Dr. Hayes had said that everybody has at least one talent, and that no one has any right to bury his talents, as did the wicked servant in the parable.

It was just that part of the sermon that was making Daisy thoughtful. If Dr. Hayes said every one has a talent, then she must have one. But what could it be? She was not bright

at school; her sisters and brothers always brought home better reports than Daisy. She was absent-minded, and so running errands could not be her talent. She was so awkward that she was more trouble than help in the kitchen, so cooking was certainly not her talent. Why, it seemed as if she had no talent at all.

The dinner bell tinkled, and Daisy went slowly into the house. She was very quiet all through the meal, but no one noticed her, for the conversation was about other things. Daisy longed to ask her mother about her talent,—mother would surely know if she had one,—but there was no chance. Of course it would not do to ask her before the whole tableful of people.

After dinner Daisy went out on the steps—the back steps this time—and began puzzling over her talent again. You see she was eager to serve her Master, so that he would not be disappointed when the time came for her to render an account. But she wondered how she could use her talent if she did not know where the talent lay.

There was a scream from the side porch, and then a volley of angry words. In a moment Daisy was around the house and in the midst of the disorder. Her little brothers, Ernest and Edwin, were quarreling over a whip, and Katie, the three-year-old baby sister, had fallen and bumped her head against a pillar.

It was wonderful how soon things straightened out after Daisy came. The little boys began to play peaceably, and little Katie dried her tears and was soon laughing over the funny antics of her older sister. When Daisy's mother came to the window, she smiled at what she saw below, and went away for a nap.

Bedtime came, and still Daisy had not discovered her talent. She had spent the afternoon on the side porch, and the three little children there left little time for thought. It was only when she was lying in her white bed that she found out.

Her mother came upstairs to kiss the children good night. When she came to where Daisy lay, she leaned

down and patted her cheek, saying, "You have been a dear, helpful little girl this afternoon." And then came the wonderful part, "You have a real talent for helping mother over hard places." Then Daisy went off to sleep happily. She could serve her Master now, for she knew where her talent lay; but she had been doing it all the time without knowing it.—*Christian Observer.*



His heart was a cage of gold;
His mouth was its dainty door;
His words were the birds that we
all adore,
Whose music can ne'er grow old.

Her heart was a cage of tin;
Her mouth was its ugly door;
Her words were the birds that
bite and devour,
That repel, instead of win.

Like birds escaped from a cage,
they flew.
What kind of words are shut up
in you?

Helen Adair.

The Old, Old Story, and the Mob

"SWING shut the gates. Run and tell the sentinels to stand guard, and to let no one pass in or out till we have made way with these preachers of other gods. No news shall ever go out of the city as to what has become of them."

It was in a walled city of twenty thousand inhabitants, in the kingdom of Hyderabad, within twenty miles of its capital, as we were on a gospel preaching tour, the first ever made through the kingdom of Nizam. We had been traveling since early morning, preaching in all the towns and villages on our way, and arrived before the gates of the city during the heat of the day, and camped outside. We heard of it as the wickedest city of the realm.

About three o'clock my four native assistants went into the city to offer Scriptures and tracts for sale, I promising to join them when the heat should be a little less. After half or three quarters of an hour, I went through the iron gates. The city with its high granite walls, lay four square, with a gate in the middle of each side, and the main streets running from gate to gate, crossing each other at right angles at the market place.

Just after entering the gates I met my assistants returning, with a hooting rabble following them. Speaking to me in the Tamil tongue, not understood by those people, they told me that it was not safe to attempt to

do any work within the city. Some of the Gospels were bound in yellowish buff bookbinder's muslin. The Mohammedans sent messengers running through the streets saying that they were bound in hogskin, and warning the faithful not to touch them. The Brahmans sent messengers to tell the Hindus that they were bound in calfskin,—the skin of the sacred cow,—and telling them not to be polluted by them. They had not only prevented the people from buying, but they had invited the rabble to drive the catechists out of the city.

"Have you preached to the people?" I asked the catechists.

"No, sir; only sold a few books and tracts."

"Then we must do so now. Did we not make a solemn vow that we would not pass a single town or village without proclaiming the Master's message? and have we not his covenant, 'Lo, I am with you'?"

We walked with slow and firm step up the street to the market. The crowd followed, increasing by the way. Reaching the market place, we took our stand against the massive pillars which supported the roof.

"Leave this place at once!" was the angry cry.

"Friends," I said, "I have come from far to tell you some good news. I will tell that to you, and then we will go."

"No," said some who were evidently leaders, "we will not hear you. Say not another word, but leave the city instantly, and we will see you safely out of the gates. Dare to say a word against our gods, and we will loose this mob on you."

We had seen the angry mob tearing up the cobble paving stones, and gathering them in the skirts of their garments to stone us with.

"We have no desire to abuse your gods," I said, "but we have come to deliver a message. We will not go until we have proclaimed that message."

Then came the order, "Swing shut the city gates."

I saw one nudge another, saying, "You throw the first stone, and I will throw the second." I was not conscious of any anxiety about my personal safety. I seemed to feel the presence of the Master, as if he were standing by my side with his hand on my shoulder, saying, "I am with you. I will tell you what to say." "Brothers," I said, "it is not to revile your gods that I have come this long way, far from it. I have come to you with a royal message from a King far higher than your Nizam; I have come to tell a story, the sweetest that mortal ears ever heard. But it is evident that this multitude does not wish to hear it." They thought I was weakening, and quieted down to see what was going to happen.

"But," I said, "I see five men before me who do wish to hear my story. Will you please step back a little? I will tell these five who want to know why I have come here, and what is my message; and then you may stone me. I will make no resistance." I had been carefully scanning the crowd, and had selected my men, for I had seen five honest countenances which had shown no sympathy with the abuse that had been heaped upon us.

"Brother with the red-bordered turban," I said, addressing a venerable Brahman who stood among the people at the right, "you would like to hear what my wonderful story is, before they stone me, would you not? Be frank and say so, for there are four others like you who wish to hear."

"Yes, sir, I should like to hear what your story is," he said, speaking up courageously and kindly.

"Brother with the gold-bordered turban at my left,

you would like to hear, and you with the yellow turban, and you with the brown-bordered, and you with the pink."

I had rightly judged these men, for each assented. They were curious to know what I had to say.

"Now will you five men please come forward, and I will tell you alone. All others step back, step back. As soon as I have told these five the story, you may come forward and throw your stones."

The five came forward, the rest reluctantly stepped back a little. I had purposely chosen Brahmans, as I thought I could win them better.

"Brothers," I said, in a subdued tone, "what is it that you chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? Is it not this?—

"Papoham, papokarmaham, papotura, papo sambhavaha, Trahi mam, Krupapa Deva, Sharana gata vatsala,"—

I said, chanting it in Sanskrit, "and," speaking Telugu, "is not this the meaning? 'I am a sinner, my actions are sinful. My soul is sinful. All that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek thy refuge, do thou take away my sin!'"

These five Brahmans at once became my friends. One who correctly chants their Vedas and their mantras, they look up to with respect.

"Now do you know how God can take away the burden of our sin, and give us relief?"

"No, sir, we do not know. Would that we knew."

"I know; I have learned the secret: shall I tell you?"

"Yes, sir, please tell us."

The multitudes, seeing the Brahmans conversing with the foreigner with evident respect, quieted still more and pressed forward to listen.

"Step back, step back," I said. "It is only these five to whom I am to tell my story. If the rest of you listen, it is on your own responsibility. Step back, and let me tell these five alone." This only increased their desire to hear, as I went on:—

"Brothers, is it possible for us by our own acts to expiate our sins? Can we, by faithful journeys to the holiest of all holy places, change those sinful natures that you bemoan? Does not your own Telugu poet, Vemana, say?—

*"The Moslem who to Tirupati goes on pilgrimage,
Does not thereby become a saint of Siva's house.
Becomes a dog a lion when he bathes in Ganges stream?
Benares turns not harlot into pure and trusted wife."*

Hearing their own language chanted, the people pressed forward still more intently. "Nay, brothers, it is not by these outward acts, even of utmost austerity, that we can attain to harmony with God. Does not your own beloved Vemana say again?—

*"'Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing at the sky;
'Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine;
But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then, and then alone,
Shalt thou see him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold the King."*

Now how can our hearts be made pure so that we may see God? I have learned the secret, and will tell you."

Then, as I recounted the love of God the Father, who "so loved the world," the mob became an audience.

Gradually I had raised my voice until, as I spoke in the clear, resonant Telugu, all the multitude could hear. And as I told them, too, far away here in India, that it was for them Jesus Christ had suffered this agony on the cross, shed his lifeblood, and died, I saw

tears coursing down their cheeks, and dropping on the very pavement stones they had torn up to stone us with. For, earlier in the story, I had seen them stealthily drop their armful of stones into the gutter, and come back to listen.

How they listened as I went on to tell them of the laying of his body in the tomb; of his bursting the bonds of death on the third day, and coming forth triumphant over the last enemy; of his associating with and teaching his disciples for many days; and of his ascension from Mt. Olivet, passing up through the clouds to his Father and our Father to prepare a mansion for us. I told them that now all we had to do was to repent, and forsake our sins, and lift up the voice of prayer to him—for he could understand every language—and say,—

“O Jesus Christ, I am a sinner. I cannot get rid of my sin, but thou canst take it away. O, take away my sin; I pray thee, and give me a new heart, and make me thy disciple!”

“Then,” I said, “he will do all the rest.

“Now,” folding my arms, and standing before them, I said, “I have finished my story. You may stone me now. I shall make no resistance.”

“No, no! We don’t want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had to tell us.”

They purchased all the Gospels and tracts we had with us, and appointed a deputation of their best men to escort us to our camp, begging us to forgive them for the insults they had heaped upon us; for they knew not whose messengers we were.—*Dr. Jacob Chamberlain.*

A Touching Incident

THE still form of a boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the beautiful face. “You wonder that I care so much,” he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, “but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder and asked frankly, ‘Were not you afraid of falling when you were up so high?’ and before I had time to answer, he said: ‘Ah! I know why you were not afraid; you had your prayers this morning before you went to work.’ I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and by God’s blessing I never will.”—*Selected.*

A Model of Promptness

“HE gives twice who gives quickly,” is as true of prayer meeting participation as of all other things. Something helpful said at the beginning of a meeting is twice as helpful as when said at the close, because it sets others to saying helpful things and thinking helpful thoughts. Moreover, promptness in speaking leads to promptness in acting. One of the great gains of faithful Christian Endeavor work is the decision of character which it promotes.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

GOD be thanked for the obscure who use that which is sweet in their own nature to sweeten life in humble places.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Boys’ Useful Pastimes

Chemical and Physical Experiments



HAVE you ever seen a *paper* boiler? The picture in our initial letter will show you how one is made, and if you care to make one you can do so.

Make a cone of tough writing paper and cement it carefully together

with glue or paste. After the cement is well dried, put it over an alcohol lamp as shown in the drawing, and partly fill it with water. After a short time the water will boil in the paper cone without the paper’s burning. The explanation is simple. Water, being a better conductor of heat than the paper, conducts the heat away from the paper so rapidly that the paper does not reach the burning point.

A Pocket Light

Place a piece of phosphorus the size of a pea in a long glass tube (an ordinary test tube will do) and

pour warm oil over it carefully until the tube is one-third full. Carefully cork the tube. When you wish to have a light to see your watch, take out the cork for a moment and then close the tube tightly again. The empty space of the tube will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull lamp. Each time that the light disappears, remove the cork and it will instantly reappear. In cold weather the tube should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial thus made may be used every night constantly for six months. See drawing. (Caution: Phosphorus should be handled with great care, as it is capable of causing great injury. It should *never* be touched with the fingers, and should be kept under water and picked up with a pair of metal pincers. It should always be kept moist, as it will ignite immediately if at all dry. It should not be subjected to sudden cold. The proper way to get the phosphorus is to take a bottle to a druggist or chemist, and get him to place a small piece in the tube. Novices cannot safely handle it.



A POCKET LIGHT

Musical Tube

To make a musical tube, get a thin brass tube about a foot and a half long and an inch and a half in diameter, a small piece of wire gauze, two feet of wire, and a small sponge to be saturated with wood alcohol.

Cut a circle of wire gauze slightly larger than the inner diameter of the tube and force it halfway up the tube. Then bend the wire as shown in the drawing on the next page, moisten the sponge with the alcohol, and put in the lower end of the glass cylinder. You will notice that as soon as the gauze becomes red-hot and the flame is removed, the tube will emit various musical sounds.

Invisible Correspondence

MAGIC INK NO. 1.—Two bottles, one a solution of copper sulphate, one ounce; the other bottle, a solution

of ammonium hydrate, one ounce. With a clean pen, write with the solution in the first bottle and allow to dry. The writing will be invisible. To make it visible, sponge over with the solution in the second bottle, when you will notice that the writing appears in blue characters.

MAGIC INK No. 2.—Solution of cobalt chloride. Any writing done with this fluid is invisible until strongly heated for a few seconds, when the written character or picture will appear, in blue color. By simply breathing upon the paper the writing will again disappear from vision, to reappear if again heated.

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.
(To be concluded)

An Evening Game

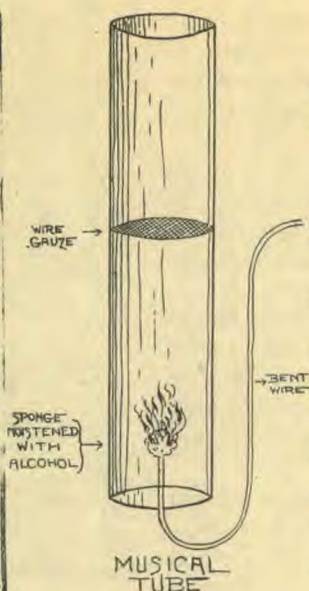
LET the invitations be in the form of railroad tickets. When the guests have all arrived, the hostess should distribute pencils and booklets resembling time-tables in which are printed these words: TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES!

The tourists may visit the following places of interest: 1. A kind of table or desk. 2. Twenty-four hours and a weight. 3. A kind of carpet. 4. Not tight enough. 5. The President who was in office in 1812. 6. A binding for books. 7. Cattle and house. 8. To wander. 9. A kind of cardboard. 10. A cap. 11. A vital organ of the body and a body of water. 12. Wild animals. 13. How she announced that her mother was going abroad. 14. The body of a ship. 15. A President who was assassinated. 16. A bell that is well tied. 17. Measures of paper. 18. Found on my lady's toilet table. 19. The work of a surgeon. 20. A stagnant pool. 21. Midday. 22. What the small boy likes to do when callers come. 23. The nest of a bird of prey. 24. The bookworm's favorite pastime. 25. A table of weights. 26. Used to roam the plains. 27. A negative conjunction; people. 28. The cyclist's favorite sport. 29. The small boy accusing his father of robbing. 30. Harmony. 31. A shade of hair. 32. A meat; a corporate town. 33. A kind of grape. 34. A famous watch. 35. What we need daily. 36. A great English poet. 37. An American poet. 38. A town that will not admit the aged. 39. Two kinds of liquor. 40. A vital organ of the body and a crossing.

As there are forty of these towns and the time is limited to eighty minutes, this gives just two minutes' stop at each place, though some will require longer and others not so long to guess. At the end of the eighty minutes, there is a "call for dinner," the cards are collected, and a prize given to the most successful guesser.

Answers.—1. Davenport. 2. Dayton. 3. Brussels. 4. Toulouse. 5. Madison. 6. Morocco. 7. Stockholm. 8. Rome. 9. Bristol. 10. Fez. 11. Liverpool. 12. Lyons. 13. Marseilles. 14. Hull. 15. Lincoln. 16. Belfast. 17. Rheims. 18. Cologne. 19. Lansing. 20. Stillwater. 21. Meridian. 22. Pekin. 23. Erie. 24. Reading. 25. Troy. 26. Buffalo. 27. Norfolk. 28. Wheeling. 29. Pawtucket. 30. Concord. 31. Auburn. 32. Hamburg. 33. Malaga. 34. Waterbury. 35. Bath. 36. Milton. 37. Lowell. 38. Youngstown. 39. Brandywine. 40. Hartford.—Lottie E. King.

LOVE is born behind blushing defenses.—Norwood.



Some Interesting Facts

A NUMBER of interesting questions were recently asked in an exchange, some of which were as follows:—

Did you know —

"That the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is farther east than the Atlantic end?"

"That Venice, Italy, and Montreal, Canada, are in about the same latitude?"

"That if any express train had started out from the earth for the planet Neptune at the birth of Christ, and had traveled sixty miles an hour day and night ever since, it would not yet be halfway there?"

"That Cuba would reach from New York to Chicago?"

"That the mouth of the Amazon River is as near to Europe as it is to New York?"

"That Texas is larger than Germany and as large as two hundred and twelve Rhode Islands?"

"That, when measured in degrees of longitude, San Francisco is about in the middle of the United States, including Alaska?"

"That the entire continent of South America lies farther east than Florida?"

"That Glasgow, Scotland, is in the same latitude as Alaska?"

"That if the southern end of Chile, South America, were placed at Florida, that single country would extend northward entirely across the United States and Canada and halfway across Hudson Bay?"—*Boys' World*.

The Stuttering Captain

PHILA spoke. The Bartletts listened respectfully. It is only natural that a newly fledged senior should speak with the voice of authority.

"The thing that has changed the most in town is the Sunday school. Why, the boys in Mud Burbank's class never talked anything but football or baseball or basketball, according to the time of year. Mud told me himself that he *had* to come to Sunday school because his mother wouldn't let him get a Sunday paper, and he had to know how the games came out. But today those boys weren't talking baseball. They were all discussing a map of Mexico and —"

"They discuss current events that affect the spread of Christianity," volunteered fourteen-year-old Bob; "they always spend the first five minutes that way. Next year we're —"

The oracle interrupted him ruthlessly. "And, really, I had palpitation of the heart when I saw my old class march up on the platform and sing that new hymn. They did it well, but they used to be too timid to read a verse."

Small Nancy wore a most condescending smile. "If you'd have been here two Sundays ago," she said kindly, "you'd have heard me sing a solo. We usually learn our new songs by having the best singers sing them first."

"Say, did you notice those Black-eyed Susans?" demanded Bod suddenly. "We fellows tramped two miles to get them."

Phila held up her hand impressively to repress further remarks of the Bartlett family until she had framed an epigram. The household waited patiently. They were beginning to show the discipline of three

years' training. "In your old Sunday school you all used to lean back and let the superintendent do the work, but now the superintendent leans back and lets you do the work," she drawled out at last, "only I don't believe you have a superintendent. At least I've never seen him."

The Bartletts grinned cheerfully. "Timmie Bolster," they informed her pleasantly.

"That little man who stutters?" demanded the oracle incredulously.

Mr. Bartlett took part in the discussion for the first time. "Yes, the little man who stutters," he said in a reverent tone.

"Tell her about it, father," beamed Mrs. Bartlett.

"Two years ago when I was on the nominating committee," he explained, "we couldn't get any one to serve as superintendent. Deacon Taylor thought he was too old, Dr. Wolcott was too busy, and James Howard had sickness in his family. And all the others we approached had some sort of excuse. The committee were discouraged, and we met for prayer in our library. And about half an hour later some one rang the bell. We all looked at one another. We had a strange feeling as if our prayer was to be answered, and then Nancy brought in Timmie Bolster. Our disappointment changed to dismay as the little stuttering man asked to be made superintendent of our Sunday school.

"You—you—you can't talk," remonstrated Deacon Lowe, stuttering as badly as Timmie himself.

"I've figured it out that I won't have to," stammered Timmie, but with an air of confidence that we all noticed. Timmie had made a splendid record as librarian. He had actually introduced the system of a certain famous public library. That seemed a very shaky reason for handing over the superintendency of the Sunday school, but that was exactly what we did.

"The first thing I suspect that Timmie did was to pray, and the second was to go to young Blake, the lawyer, who was struggling to get a living, and ask him to read the Scripture, Sundays. Blake consented. He was a lonely young chap, whom no one knew very well, but he had a magnificent voice. Nancy has told you how he improved the singing, and it wasn't long before everybody began to enjoy the opening exercises. But for a long time it fretted Timmie that he couldn't pray. Perhaps he didn't realize that his whole life was prayer. However, he found a way for his petitions to reach his boys and girls by writing them beforehand on the blackboard. There is always a hush as he pulls away the curtain that hides it."

"I didn't think that was an original prayer," remarked Phila in a tone of great respect. "I thought it sounded like Stevenson."

"It had the same note of sincerity, perhaps," agreed Mr. Bartlett. "Well, to go on, Timmie has never talked at all; he has just persuaded other people to do it. And there isn't a class in Sunday school, down even to the kindergarten, which doesn't feel its share of responsibility in carrying on the school."

"You didn't tell how he sent delegates visiting other Sunday schools, or about the Chinese Sunday school children that each class writes to, or about our Sunday school newspaper," remonstrated Nancy.

"No," agreed Mr. Bartlett, "but I've merely told you how a little man who stutters manages to run a Sunday school."

"Moral," said Bob, "don't talk too much."

"Rather," said Phila with shining eyes, "that handicaps of the flesh can't fetter a fearless spirit."—*Mary Davis, in the Wellspring.*



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, August 22

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).
7. Special music; sentence prayers; song; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual reports and offering; secretary's report.
8. Daniel 6. See "Patriarchs and Prophets." Suggestions: Daniel's position; his spirit; how he stood the test of his enemies; their trick to ensnare him; the decree; Daniel's actions when he knew the decree was signed; his custom; the king's effort to deliver him; his experience in the den; how the king spent the night; the morning conversation; how Daniel's companions in the den differed from those of his enemies; how the wrath of man praised God.
9. Matt. 4:4; John 5:39.
10. Have four talks, as follows: "The Indian Mission of Lake Titicaca, Peru;" "Among the Indians of Peru;" "By Lake Titicaca, Peru" (see *Gazette*); "Among the Indians in the Lake Titicaca Region" (see this INSTRUCTOR).
11. Urge each to take part.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending August 22

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. "Our Work in East China" (eight minutes).
3. "A Visit to the China Union Training School" (ten minutes).
4. Echoes From the Field (seven minutes).
5. What I Have Learned About China (ten minutes).
6. "A Plea for China" (five minutes).
7. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
8. Singing; several short prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; review Morning Watch texts.
9. To be given as a reading or a talk by one of the Juniors. See article in this INSTRUCTOR.
10. Have a Junior read this interesting letter from Dr. Selmon. See *Gazette*. I know every one will enjoy it. Locate Shanghai on the map of China, and get the picture of the students from this INSTRUCTOR.
11. Appoint a Junior to glean missionary items from recent issues of our papers, also from the *Missionary Review of the World* if possible. The one giving these items should be sure to mention that a young people's society has recently been organized in Shanghai, China. Each month the members send out about two hundred copies of the Chinese *Signs of the Times* to relatives and friends, and these papers reach no small part of the republic, as the students come from nearly every province, and some are even from Manchuria.
12. Ask each Junior to come prepared to tell something he has learned during our mission studies on China. In addition to this, it would be interesting to prepare a list of questions bringing out the most important points and helping to rivet in the minds of the children the names of leading missionaries, and the most interesting facts which they should endeavor especially to remember. This is our last study on China. Next month our mission class in its imaginary trip around the world moves on to Korea.
13. Recitation. See this INSTRUCTOR.
14. Announce band meetings. 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.]

47. WHAT are the "Bible Selections" in Junior Reading

Course No. 2? Is it a book, or a manuscript sent out by the department?

A part of the Junior Course No. 2 is to read certain selections from the Bible. The selections are as follows:—

"Joseph—Gen. 30:25; 37 to 50; Ex. 1:1-11.

"Elijah—1 Kings 17 to 21; 2 Kings 1, 2; Matt. 17:3.

"Elisha—1 Kings 19:16-21; 2 Kings 2 to 7; 13:14-21.

"Esther—Book of Esther.

"For your next reading choose any Bible character you desire."

We are very glad to see so much interest manifested in working up the past Reading Courses. The Missionary Volunteer Department is very glad to furnish review questions on any of these courses. A list of the books in all the courses that have been offered is given in the Reading Course Leaflet this year.

48. Is there any provision for a Russian Missionary Volunteer Reading Course?

We are very glad to receive such questions, for they show the ever-widening interest in Missionary Volunteer activities. The Morning Watch is now printed in seven languages, and we have Reading Courses in six different tongues. There has been some previous inquiry in regard to a Russian Reading Course, and Prof. S. G. Burley, of Harvey, North Dakota, is willing to assist in conducting such a course if it is arranged. Will all those who are interested in the starting of such a course please write either to Professor Burley or to the North American Division Missionary Volunteer Department at Washington, D. C., and a decision will be made very soon in regard to it.

A Plea for China

ONCE we prayed that God would open
China's dark, neglected land
For the spreading of the gospel—
Clear the way with his own hand.
Have we prayed in vain, dear Christian?
No, today as ne'er before,
China pleads for gospel workers;
God has opened every door.

Though the masses seem indifferent,
There are many hungry hearts;
And his messengers will tell us,
While the tear unbidden starts,
How while passing through a city
With just, perhaps, an hour to spare,
They would tell the gospel story,
Breathe to God an earnest prayer.

"Tell, O tell us more," they're pleading,
"Of the God who loved us so!
We'll gladly listen if you'll tell us
Just once more before you go."
God knows how they'd love to tarry,
But new duties call them on,
And ere again they meet those people,
O, how many will be gone!

Do we pray for China's millions?
Do we feel the awful need?
Are we praying for the workers
Who have gone to plant the seed?
Days are passing, Christ is coming,
Time for work will soon be gone;
Do what'er thou doest quickly,
Souls are passing to their doom.

"Send us workers," comes the message
From South China's needy field.
Shall that message go unheeded,
Or will you respond and yield?
Be not unconcerned or careless,
There's a part for every one;
You may go, or help send others,
And will share his grand, "Well done!"

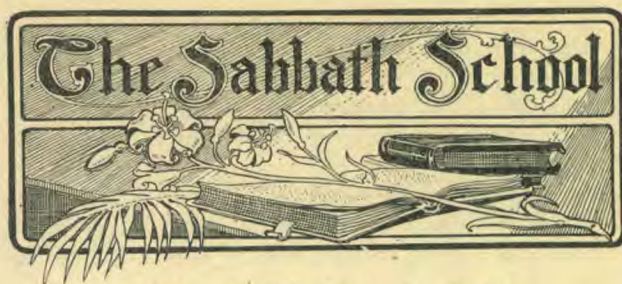
—Selected.

For Our Little Folk

ACROSS the ocean far away,
There many heathen daily pray
To idols made of wood or stone,
And know not of our God alone.

So we must go and show the way,
And teach them Jesus to obey.
If here below they taste his love,
They'll dwell with him at last above.

OLIVE WATERS.



VIII — Elijah Prays for Rain

(August 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 18:41-46; 19:1-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

Questions

1. What visible token of acceptance did the Lord send to Elijah when he offered his sacrifice on Mt. Carmel? What effect did this have on the people of Israel? That repentant Israel might be protected from those who had taught them to worship Baal, what did Elijah do? 1 Kings 18:38, 40. Note 1.

2. What did Elijah then tell King Ahab to do? What did he say there was sound of? Yet how often did Elijah have to pray before the first rain cloud appeared? Verses 41-44. What was the basis of Elijah's faith? Verse 1.

3. Although the Lord had promised rain, what was Elijah obliged to do before he could receive it? James 5:18, first three words. Although the Lord has promised the rain of his Holy Spirit in the last days (Acts 2:17), yet, if we would receive it, what must we do? Zech. 10:1.

4. What soon appeared over by the sea? What second message was sent to Ahab? Was he disappointed? Where did Ahab go? Who ran all the way before him? 1 Kings 18:44-46. How far was Jezebel from Mt. Carmel? Note 2.

5. For how long did it not rain on the earth? James 5:17, last part. What kept it from raining? After three and one-half long years, what suddenly caused it to rain again? Verse 18. Yet what was said of Elijah? Verse 17, first part.

6. What may we learn from this experience? Memory verse. According to what must we ask? 1 John 5:14. When we ask according to God's promise, what may we know? Verse 15. Note 3. How did Elijah know that it was God's will to send rain at that time? 1 Kings 18:1.

7. Straightway after Elijah's mighty victory, how did he prove that he was a man "subject to like passions as we are"? 1 Kings 19:1-3. Only what feeling could have made a man thus flee for his life? What should one do at such times? Ps. 56:3. What further victories might Elijah have had but for this sudden lack of faith? Note 4.

8. How far did Elijah go? 1 Kings 19:3, 4. Note 5.

9. Where did Elijah finally sit down to rest? What did he request for himself? Utterly exhausted and discouraged, what did he do? How was the Lord's care for his weary and despondent servant manifested? Verses 4-7.

10. Where did Elijah next go? Although he had fled so far, who was with him still? What question of gentle reproof did the Lord ask him? Verses 8, 9. Of what may the child of God always be sure? Ps. 39:3.

11. What was Elijah's discouraged reply? How did the Lord seek to teach him not to be discouraged when great demonstrations failed to accomplish the work? 1 Kings 19:10-13.
12. Where was Elijah told to return? What work did the Lord give him to do? How did he seek to encourage him? Verses 15-18.
13. What should we learn from this dark place in Elijah's experience? Prov. 29:25. Note 6.

Notes

1. "The priests of Baal witness with consternation the wonderful revelation of Jehovah's power. Yet even in their discomfiture and in the presence of divine glory, they refuse to repent of their evil-doing. They would still remain the prophets of Baal. Thus they show themselves ripe for destruction."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Sept. 25, 1913.*
2. "Elijah ran before Ahab's chariot seventeen miles to Jezreel, the summer capital where Queen Jezebel was living."
3. "With the persevering faith of Jacob, with the unyielding persistence of Elijah, we may present our petitions to the Father, claiming all that he has promised. The honor of his throne is staked for the fulfillment of his word."—*Id., Oct. 2, 1913.*
4. "Had he remained where he was, had he made God his refuge and strength, standing steadfastly for the truth, the Lord would have shielded him from harm. He would have given him another signal victory by sending his judgments on Jezebel; and the impression made on the king and the people would have wrought great reformation."—*Id., Oct. 16, 1913.*
5. "Beersheba is about ninety-five miles from Jezreel, on the very borders of the southern wilderness. Elijah cannot possibly have reached it until the close of the second day. It seems implied that he traveled both night and day, and did not rest till he arrived thus far on his way."—*Cook.*
6. "To wait patiently, to trust when everything looks dark, is the lesson that every leader in God's work needs to learn." "Providences that are now mysterious you may solve by continued trust in God."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Oct. 30, 1913.*

VIII — Carefulness in the Christian Walk as the End Draws Near

(August 22)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	The blessed hope	Questions 1-3; note 1
Mon.	A warning	Questions 4-7; note 2
Tues.	How should we regard time?	Questions 8, 9
Wed.	Our daily need	Questions 10, 11; note 3
Thurs.	A special privilege; exhortations	Questions 12-14; note 4
Fri.	Review the entire lesson	

Questions

1. IN view of the fact that all earthly things are soon to be dissolved, what searching question are we to ask ourselves? 2 Peter 3:11.
2. What influence will the genuine possession of the "blessed hope" have upon the life? 1 John 3:2, 3. Note 1.
3. Upon what is the heart to be set? Col. 3:2-4.
4. What caution is given us who know these truths of the near coming of the Lord? 2 Peter 3:17.
5. What is said of the peril of self-confidence? 1 Cor. 10:12.
6. How only may we retain possession of the truths that we know? Heb. 2:1. Note 2.
7. Therefore, of what do those who know the truth stand continually in need? 2 Peter 1:12, 13.

8. In view of the times in which we live, what exhortation is appropriate? Rom. 13:11, 12.
9. How should we regard time itself? *Ans.*—As a gift from God to be used to his glory. Ps. 90:12; Eph. 5:15, 16.
10. By what alone can the daily need of the soul be supplied? Matt. 4:4; John 5:39. Note 3.
11. Along with the feeding upon God's Word, what other means of spiritual strength is given? Eph. 6:18.
12. What is said of the privilege of church fellowship and attendance at the place of worship in the last days? Heb. 10:23-25.
13. What exhortations are given regarding the influence of example on those within and without the church? Heb. 12:13; Col. 4:5, 6. Note 4.
14. In what spirit are believers to await the day of redemption? Eph. 4:30-32.

Notes

1. The real, living hope of soon meeting Jesus transforms and shapes the whole life. By faith we see Jesus hastening forward his closing work in order that he may come again. He is preparing a place for us in the heavenly city. John 14:1-3. He is making intercession for us before the Father's throne that we may be prepared for the place. Heb. 7:25. And our attitude is one of watching for his coming—"looking for that blessed hope." Titus 2:13. Now we must do the work he has left us to do, and be ready to meet him.
2. Notice the marginal reading of the text: "Run out as leaking vessels." Unless the truths that we know are kept living and bright in our hearts by daily, personal experience in the Lord, the level of our "love of the truth" will be found sinking lower and lower, imperceptibly perhaps, as water sinks slowly in a leaking vessel. The Revised Version puts it, "Lest haply we drift away from them." No ship drifts into port, but it is easy to drift with tide and current or storm out of the harbor of safety.
3. We can no more expect to be spiritually strong without feeding the soul upon the Word of God than physically strong without eating our daily food. Take some Scripture portion into every day's work, and let it speak to the heart again and again amid the hurry of business. It will keep the thought of God near.
4. Every believer is setting a path for some one else. A Swiss mountaineer starting out from home along a familiar way by the edge of a precipice, with little thought of where he was stepping, was startled to hear a child's voice crying, "Be careful where you step, papa, for I am following you." All are setting steps for some one to follow. Let us carry a burden for the straying who should not have turned out of the way for any one's misstep. Jesus has set the path, and he is never to blame for anybody's failure. He is the one to follow, having left "us an example, that ye should follow his steps." 1 Peter 2:21.

Wild Strawberries

AWAY to the woods on a fair June day
We go hunting for trophies all hidden away.
The meadow or wood this secret can't hold,
Or keep out the robbers so swift and so bold.
The catbird and thrush both know it so well
That nearly all clusters have a berry to tell.
And the children know that around the old stump
The clusters are larger and berries more plump,
And under the leaves of the old grapevine,—
Yes, everywhere but around the old pine,—
On the side of the hill and down by the brook,
Hid among daisies in each little nook,
In the tall green grass or under some weed.
If we but take time in our haste to heed,
We shall see the daintiest little red heads,
With little green caps, tucked away in their beds.

Mrs. K. L. Davis.

The Poorest Man and the Richest

THE poorest man in the world is the one who touches his fellow men in the fewest points. The richest man is he who has the most warm and glowing sympathies with all classes and conditions of human life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Youth's Instructor

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How a Famous Hymn Was Written

As Tennyson's nurse was sitting one day at his bedside, sharing to a degree the general anxiety about the patient, she said to him suddenly: "You have written a great many poems, sir, but I have never heard anybody say that there is a hymn among them all. I wish, sir, you would write a hymn while you are lying on your sick bed. It might help and comfort many a poor sufferer."

The next morning when the nurse had taken her quiet place at the bedside, the poet handed her a scrap of paper, saying, "Here is the hymn you wished me to write."

She took it from his hands with expressions of gratified thanks. It proved to be "Crossing the Bar," the poem that was sung in Westminster Abbey at Tennyson's funeral, and which has touched so many hearts. — *Evening Mail*.

"Be Sure You Are Right"

THIS would be a much more pleasant world in which to live, most of our troubles would vanish, every one would be prosperous and contented, life would hold its full measure of enjoyment for us all — if we could but avoid making mistakes. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if we could appreciably reduce the number of errors we make, if we would all more frequently do the right thing at the right time, the millennium would be at hand.

Seldom is a mistake made intentionally. Despite his other shortcomings, the average man wishes to do his work correctly. No one likes to be censured, even by his own conscience, or to perform a task a second time. But with every incentive to accuracy, with a full knowledge of all the penalties attached to errors, we too often do our work in a hasty, careless, slipshod manner, trusting to fate that it will be correct, or at least pass muster.

In the business world, as in every other field, hasty decisions are responsible for more blunders than any other one cause. Nor are such blunders confined to the privates in the army of industry. Harrington Emerson, in a recent book dealing with efficiency, enumerates several of the gigantic mistakes made by prominent railroad officials. A striking instance of not counting the cost when making a decision was the act of a transcontinental railroad in eliminating a gravity grade. This cost \$5,000,000, entailing a fixed charge

forever of \$1,000 a day. The operating cost of the helper locomotives able to handle all the traffic over the grade did not exceed \$100 a day. Because one man made a hasty decision, this railroad will always be saddled with an unnecessary daily expense of \$900.

As further showing the need of deliberation when making a decision, another instance, also dealing with a railroad, may be cited from Mr. Emerson's book. This road was troubled by the flooding and washing away of its line on the slope of a foothill. Engineers recommended the relocation of the line at a cost of \$800,000. Before deciding, the president thought it best to make a personal investigation. With an experienced roadmaster for a companion, a day was spent tramping over the hills and debating the matter. It was then decided to dig wing ditches so as to divert the surface water around the hill and away from the roadbed, the remedy costing \$800 and proving a complete success.

While at first glance it would seem that all errors have different causes, if the reason for every mistake is traced back to its source, almost invariably it will be found that it was due to lack of foresight, to a quick decision based on insufficient or incorrect knowledge. David Crockett's advice, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is a maxim we should all keep constantly in mind. Intuitions, snap judgments — these are the forerunners of blunders. Deliberation and accuracy go hand in hand. The man who first carefully studies a task is sure to produce a much better result with less effort than if he plunged into it without a definite plan. — *Selected*.

The Tides of Memory

OVER in Holland there is a sunken village. Through some flaw in the crust the earth sank, until the cottages with their red tiles and the little church with its steeple disappeared beneath the sea. Some forty years ago a southeast wind blew for a full week and piled the Atlantic up on the shores of Labrador, and the water on the shores of Holland was ever lower and lower. One day, when some tidal wave perhaps had moved west, at the ebb, men saw the red tile of the submerged cottages, and the steeple of the lost church; for, lo, the sea had given up its dead. Most wondrous of all, on the sand a fisherman picked up a golden cup set with gems.

Memory, too, is a sea that gives up her dead. The past is gone, but not lost. All noble deeds shall have their resurrection, and every kindly service shall return with quadruple treasure. He who gives his best treasure unto God will find that God will give it back again multiplied tenfold. — *The Christian Herald*.

Making a Centimeter Measure

MEASUREMENTS are so frequently given in the metric system nowadays, and so few have rulers laid off in centimeters, that it is useful to know how to obtain the measure of a centimeter at a moment's notice. Any one who has a typewriter can obtain a very close approximation simply by typewriting the character known as the oblique stroke followed by three of the small dashes. The oblique stroke automatically marks off the centimeters as accurately as inches are marked off on the average ruler. The last dash in a series of eleven gives the measurement of eleven centimeters exactly, and the full length of such a series is six inches. — *Young People's Weekly*.