

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

September 8, 1914

No. 36



"I THINK QUEENS ARE NICER THAN PRESIDENTS"

CALIFORNIA'S apricot crop this year, the largest ever harvested, is valued at \$4,000,000.

GEORGE BEERMANN, of Clatskanie, Oregon, desires clean copies of our publications for missionary purposes.

DR. RALPH HOPKINS, of New Orleans, reports the cure of nine cases of leprosy by means of a vaccine from the bacteria of erysipelas.

KING GEORGE V of England has recently sold for \$25,000 a patent right covering a movable fireplace for workmen's dwellings. The proceeds of the sale were settled on Prince John, the king's youngest son.

THE *Scientific American* offered three prizes for essays on the subject, "What are the greatest ten inventions of the past twenty-five years?" The judges had great difficulty in deciding which essay was entitled to first prize. The essay finally awarded first place gave the greatest ten inventions as follows: The electric furnace, the steam turbine, the gasoline automobile, moving pictures, the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, the cyanide process, the induction motor, the linotype, and electric welding.

THE octagonal cup held in the cathedral of Genoa, and believed by many persons to be the Holy Grail, was recently found broken beyond repair. So much of medieval lore, so much of poetry and drama and tradition, has gathered about this cup that its breaking is a real loss to Christendom, even if it is not the actual cup from which our Lord drank at the Last Supper. The cup was among the spoils of Casarea taken in 1101; it was taken to Paris by Napoleon, and was badly broken in transit on its return to Italy. It was then mended with gold filigree. When brought from Casarea it was thought to be a carving from a flawless emerald, but when tested in Paris it was found to be glass, of expert workmanship.

Attention! Sabbath School Workers

Have the FREE supplies for the observance of World's Temperance Sunday, November 8 (in most States November 1—in Ohio September 20), been ordered for your school? Make sure by cutting out and handing to your superintendent the blank below. Millions of pieces of literature must be printed, and all orders must be sent to us early if they are to be filled. Last year over a thousand schools sent in their orders for supplies too late to be filled before the day. Every school should have its supplies three weeks before its Temperance Day in order properly to prepare the program.

PLEASE SEE THAT THE REQUEST FOR YOUR SCHOOL IS SENT IN TODAY

Anti-Saloon League of America

LINCOLN-LEE LEGION DEPARTMENT
WESTERVILLE, OHIO

Please send me full details regarding your plan to supply free literature for World's Temperance Sunday, Nov. 1, 1914.

Signed

Superintendent of

.....Sabbath School

Street address or R. F. D

Post office

State

Cut out and mail this coupon to the above address at once.

The Ideal Phonic Primer

As a supplementary book to aid the teacher in readily and effectively extending her phonic drill exercises in reading, "The Ideal Phonic Primer" will be helpful.

Through "The Ideal Phonic Primer" there is a gradual progress and a plentiful amount of thought-provoking material for the mind of the pupil. All difficult or long words are purposely omitted so as not to retard but to encourage and stimulate the child.

The arrangement in seventy families of the two hundred and eighty simple phonetic words used in the primer lessens materially the work of the pupil in recognizing and pronouncing them. The words, moreover, are arranged according to definite order. The short sound of the vowels followed by one consonant is given first. Then comes the short sound of the vowels followed by more than one consonant. After these the long sound of the vowels and their equivalents are given.

The illustrations are arranged in groups throughout the book. In this way, the child begins by becoming acquainted with the principal objects mentioned in the lessons which follow. The transition then from object to the word equivalent is made comparatively easy.

The price of the book in cloth is twenty cents.

Some Hints for the Kitchen

A FLAT bristle brush, such as artists use, an inch to an inch and a half in width, will be found of use in the kitchen for buttering toast and baking-pans.

The water in which potatoes have been boiled is excellent for cleansing silverware, as it produces a luster like the expensive polishers. It is also a good liquid to cleanse silk in.

Currants, raisins, figs, and dates should be sterilized before using. Put them in a strainer over a steaming kettle. The sand will fall to the bottom of the kettle. This is more cleanly than the old methods.

If you have no access to a chopping knife, and wish to prepare some dish that would call for its use, take an empty baking-powder can. I always use one to chop up potatoes that are to be warmed over. The edges of the can are so much sharper and thinner that they do the work in less time.—*Selected.*

A Floral Wedding

1. WHAT was the bride's name? 2. What did she wear on her feet? 3. What was the disposition and name of the bridegroom? 4. What was the hour of the wedding? 5. What did he wear for the last time? 6. With what did he rule his home? 7. How enduring was their love? 8. Who married them? 9. When the bridegroom went away to war, what did he say? 10. What was she when he was away?—*Ellen Fenestein.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
My King! (poetry)	3
How Much Reserve Power Have You?	3
Two Fine Animal Pictures	5
Manners and Customs of the Koreans	7
A Missionary's Dinner	7
The Call to the Foreign Field; Its Relation to Our Society	8
Missionary Volunteers, Reach Your Goal	9
A Wonderful Metamorphosis	11
Books	16
SELECTIONS	
A Business Man's Experience	4
The Prince's Garden	5
A Small Stone	10
When the Whistle Blew	12
Pins That Grew on Bushes	13
The Prayer of the Lonely Heart	16

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1914

No. 36

My King!

B. F. M. SOURS

My song I sing unto my King,
Who loves me all the days,
He leads me by his loving hand
Through all life's ways.

And ever where the flowers are fair
Or life expands the best,
The pierced hand my feet shall guide
To pastures blest.

Sometimes the turbid waters rage
And rush, with threat and foam;
But close he folds me in his arms,
And bears me home.

O Saviour, in thy clasp divine
Still hold thy weak one fast
Until the freshets sweep no more,
And fears are past!

But am I loyal to my King,
Unto my God and King?
I fain would enter with him now
Where angels sing.

My Monarch!— Monarch of the skies!—
Look down upon me now
The while in humble, trustful prayer
I loyal bow.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

How Much Reserve Power Have You?

C. L. BENSON



THAT one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" cried David in the hold, when the Philistine garrison was encamped at Bethlehem. While their leader wasted his time pining for the sparkling, refreshing water, three of the mighty men "brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem."

While Saul tarried in the uttermost part of Gibeah, under a pomegranate tree with hundreds of armed men about him, the Philistine spoilers were carrying devastation and ruin throughout the land. But it was Jonathan, accompanied only by his armor-bearer, that scaled the walls, and fell upon the almost impregnable stronghold of the enemy, and smiting them hip and thigh, drove them from Israel.

Ahimaaz, the fleet of foot, said, "I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was." King David, who was yearning for news, said, "Turn aside, and stand." Then addressing Cush, who had run only when he had got his tidings, the king said, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Cush answered, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is."

"O, if I could thus put a dream on canvas!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young artist, pointing to a most beautiful painting. "Dream on canvas!" growled the master, "it is the ten thousand touches with the brush you must learn to put on canvas that make your dream."

"Where did you get that story, Mr. Webster?" asked a man who had been deeply impressed by an anecdote the orator had related. "I have had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it until today," was the reply.

"Not so very long to do the work itself," said a great artist, when asked the time required to paint a cottage scene with an old woman trying to thread a needle near the open door," but it took me twenty years to get that pose of the figure, and to correctly represent that sunlight coming in at the door."

"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only

ten days of labor." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

"It is marvelous, Monsieur le President," said the Paris correspondent of the *London Times* to Thiers, "how you deliver long improvised speeches about which you have not had time to reflect." "You are not paying me a compliment," replied the president of the French Republic. "It is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised—why, for fifty years I have been rising at five in the morning to prepare them!"

Young friend, you can draw from your bank of learning or of manhood only what you have on deposit subject to call,—not one ounce more. In any crisis you will stand or fall according to your reserve power. The successful general uses his reserve forces to strike the decisive blow when the opportune moment comes.

Jesus promised that the Holy Ghost would bring all things to the remembrance of his disciples, "whatsoever I have commanded you." Has he been talking to you through his Word? Are you creating a reserve fund of Bible knowledge against that crisis, be it the hour of temptation or the hour of opportunity, when you can say with Luther, "Here I take my stand, I cannot do otherwise, God be my help"?

Do you desire to become a Bible student, a man of prayer, a man of God? You can be what you will to be, if you will pay the price. Are you eager for Bible knowledge? How hard can you work? Are you studying to become a Standard of Attainment member? "We are the sum of our endeavors. Our reward is in the race we run, not in the prize."

Fill All Our Schools This Autumn

A Call to Our Youth

WHEN King George issued a call the other day for a hundred thousand volunteers for the English army, the dispatches say that nobleman and peasant, wearer of the silk hat and the commonest navvy in his homespun, stood side by side from morning till night in the long lines at the recruiting stations, waiting their turn to enlist in the service of their king. That was an impressive scene. A crisis was on. Their country

was in danger. They rallied like minutemen at the call to arms, and offered themselves, for life or for death, to one common cause,—the defense of their native land.

Many times since reading that account I have said to myself, "That is what ought to happen at the opening of our schools this fall." The call has gone forth this summer with unusual vigor and earnestness to parents, laborers, and all concerned, to help fill our schools the coming year. The call is well timed. Missionary volunteers are needed in the service of Christ. Our schools are the recruiting stations. Our King has sounded the call, Send forth more laborers into the harvest. The harvest of the world is ripe. Who of our young people will volunteer to help reap it?

"Today if Ye Will Hear His Voice"

My dear youth, if ever there was a time to hear and act, that time is now. If you ever have had what seemed to you a good reason for not attending one of our schools, do you not agree with me that the whirl of events in the world today removes that reason? Above the din of battle, can you not hear the "still small voice" saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it"? So far as education is concerned, are you not convinced that this "way" leads to a Christian school — to a Seventh-day Adventist school?

As nearly as we can estimate it, about one half of our own young people are still in secular schools. What a sorry commentary upon the times that have burst upon the world! If you have been feeling that the high school or the university is "good enough for me," are you not ready to change that opinion? Some of my personal acquaintances changed theirs a year ago, and the past year's experience in our own schools has made them marvel at what they missed by not coming sooner.

We do not know how much time is left for us to work. We do know that time is growing rapidly shorter. We know, too, that there never was a time when the need of laborers was more imperative; never a time when it was more vital to the interests of your own souls to ally yourselves fully with the advent people. One natural step in this direction is to enter one of our own schools.

Will You Come?

There never was a time, either, when you who have been in our schools should work more zealously to "bring back one" or more new students with you to school this autumn. Will you strive to do it?

The message of the hour is: "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart," but *come*; "let not thine hands be slack," but *bring one* with you.

Will your hear?

W. E. HOWELL.

Boys Who Laugh at the Church

"You believe in a college education, don't you, Mr. Gladstone?"

"Yes, indeed. A man should make the most of himself, and he is not doing that unless he takes advantage of every opportunity for broadening his mind. It seems to me now that I could not have lived without my Homer and my Vergil. I am sure that I could not have lived so profitable a life without them."

"Many American boys are laughing now at colleges and churches, and are scoffing at those of their fellows who persist in attending them." I said, "and their taunts have been the means of keeping many a boy from becoming a great man."

"Yes, there are such boys everywhere," replied Mr. Gladstone, "but you only need to watch their careers to be convinced of their folly. Religion I hold to be more essential to a young man than education; for without religion an education is nothing. Religion is an education for the next world, and teaches us how to use our learning in this world. The church and college should always go hand in hand."—*Harry Steele Morrison.*

A Business Man's Experience

Not long ago, a well-known business man in New York was passing through a period of great stress. The life of his concern was hanging in the balance. Great interests, involving many persons, were at stake. He was fighting a determined battle against odds. Every step was taken only after the most careful thought and planning.

One day a large note was due at the bank. It represented part of the account of one of his principal creditors. Already the note had been renewed twice. The creditor was angry, and had served positive notice that under no circumstances would the note be renewed again. It must be paid now, or the work on existing contracts would stop. That meant disaster. No matter, the creditor had weighed the matter and decided to stop, getting all he could out of the wreck rather than go on and increase the account.

For several days the man had tried to see the creditor and adjust the matter. No interview would be granted. He had written, but the reply was a curt ultimatum that no adjustment except payment would be considered. Telephone communications met with the same result. If disaster must come, let it come; the creditor had already made up his mind to accept it; there was nothing more to be said.

On the afternoon of the day before the note was due, the business man decided to make one last effort to see his creditor in a personal interview. He learned that the man he wanted was at his office. Before starting, and even on the way, the business man, as his habit was, prayed earnestly for help; he prayed that the heart of the man he was to see might be softened toward him, and that his own temper might be kept under control, so that no hard words would be spoken. Yet his heart was very anxious.

About three o'clock he came out of the subway and turned down a side street. The sun was hot. Just a few hundred feet beyond was his destination. Suddenly he glanced down, and at his feet lay a bright new pin shining in the sunlight. How much can happen in an instant of time! This business man was not superstitious, yet instinctively he stooped to pick up the pin, saying to himself the childish rhyme, "See a pin and pick it up; all that day you'll have good luck." Surely he wanted good luck that day, and here almost at the threshold of his most desperate need was a good omen.

Then, instantly, before his fingers touched the little omen, came another thought flashing into his brain. Clear and decisive as the voice of one who would snatch him back from the act of foolishness, came the words: "My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved."

The man straightened up, and a thrill ran through him. "What a fool! grasping at a pin, when I can lean upon the Lord, who made heaven and earth!"

His shoulders went back, and his head was lifted

to the skies; his feet trod the pavement like a conqueror; his jaw squared, and his eyes sparkled. In such fashion he entered the office of his creditor. The interview was one of the friendliest and most successful he ever had. Not only was the note renewed, but the creditor actually promised financial assistance outside of the note.

I have the facts from the man himself. He believes the Lord spoke to him just as truly as he did to Saul on the road to Damascus. You may be sure what his idea is regarding "business man's luck."—*The Circle and Success Magazine*.

Two Fine Animal Pictures

ROSA BONHEUR (1822-99), of Jewish origin, was perhaps the most accomplished woman painter who ever lived. She loved animals and painted them as they really are, depicting their anatomy and movements, their habits and dispositions, with such patient enthusiasm and sympathetic understanding that her work has never been excelled.

Her most famous picture, "The Horse Fair," was exhibited in many parts of the world, and was everywhere regarded with the greatest admiration. It is over eighteen feet long and represents a great many horses, all crowding with wild gayety toward the fair, where it is quite plain they know they are about to be admired and their beauty shown to the best advantage.

This magnificent painting was purchased by Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1887 for \$55,000, and was presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where it can now be seen.

The two pictures "A Noble Charger" and "A Humble Servant" are superb examples of animal painting. The heads stand out from the frames in a very real and lifelike manner. Every detail of anatomy is so exquisitely drawn that in imagination one can feel the touch of the shaggy hair of the donkey's coat, or the hard bones of the horse's face and the soft, firm flesh of his neck, covered with its satiny skin. One can almost see the dilation of the horse's sensitive nostrils and can hardly keep from patting his beautiful face and neck. For second picture see next page.

The donkey's face is just as perfectly drawn, though

one would hardly dare to presume to pet him for fear of his disdain. He knows he is no parlor ornament, and any coddling would make him feel foolish. His rude halter suggests that his business in life is more homely and practical than esthetic. He holds his head low—the proper attitude for a "humble servant;" but his shrewd, bright eyes look out at us from under his shaggy brows in a way that tells that he knows his place, and although he doesn't pretend to be anything but a plain, homely donkey, yet he means that we shall estimate him at his true value and respect him for what he is.

The "Noble Charger" holds his beautiful head well up, with the natural unconscious air of a born aristocrat. His broad forehead, delicate nostrils, fine hair, and erect ears, all bespeak his fine breeding. His gentle, intelligent eyes show responsiveness to affection and kindness. The well-made bridle suggests the human companionship for which this noble animal is in every way fitted.

Fine pictures like these help us to see points of interest and beauty in common things which "we have passed, perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see." Mayhap you have met this donkey or one of his kinsmen a number of times in real life and have seen nothing to interest you. But who, after making the acquaintance of Rosa Bonheur's "Humble Servant" can fail to see the interesting personality underneath the rough coat and unassuming manner of a common donkey?

Even a fine horse, whose beauty is admired by every one, seems to us more intelligent and companionable after we have looked into the spirited, yet gentle



"A NOBLE CHARGER"

eyes of the "Noble Charger."

ELSA NORTHRUP.

The Prince's Garden

I REMEMBER reading somewhere the story of a king who had three sons, to each of whom he gave a garden, with the promise of a very valuable prize for the one who should put his ground to the best use.

This story suggested the thought to me that our Father who is in heaven has given us a garden,—the garden of our life,—and has promised not one prize alone, but a great reward to all who use what he has given them as it ought to be used; and I think we may learn some useful lessons from the account of what

each of the young princes did with his particular plot.

You will hardly believe it, but in this story the first lad planted his garden with wild poppies and thistles. He reminds me of a child who is willfully naughty; of the boy or girl who willingly gives way to bad temper, who is intentionally untruthful, or dishonest, or lazy, or selfish, or greedy. If we fill our lives with harmful things, as this young prince did his garden, there can be no beautiful life garden for us.

The second prince planted nothing in his garden. He could not be bothered; it was too much trouble; there was plenty of time, so it really did not matter very much. If he wanted the prize, he could see about it later on; at any rate, he was not so foolish as his brother, he had not planted weeds. If his garden was not full of flowers, it would at least be clean, — so he thought, and said. He reminds me of the child who "does not mean any harm." He does not willfully do wrong, but he will not trouble to do the right; he just lets things drift, and thinks because he does not willfully do wrong things, he will get along all right.

Do you know what happened to this second garden? Why, it was soon as full of weeds as the first; for weeds grow of themselves. We need not plant them nor water them; we have only to do nothing with the ground and the thistles and other weeds will soon appear. So it is with our hearts and lives. The empty heart will soon be full of all kinds of ugly things. Let us ever remember, dear young people, that it is much easier to get weeds into the ground than it is to get them out.

When I was a boy, we went to live in a house which had a long garden, and that garden had been allowed to get full of what we called bindweed, a plant with a long fibrous root. I well remember how many weary hours I spent in trying to pull it all up, and how my back ached over the task. And even then I could not quite succeed; for every little bit of root that was left grew into a fresh plant. In the same way it is much easier to get wrong thoughts and bad habits into our hearts and lives than to get rid of them when once they are there, and they may cause us many weary hours in trying to root them out.

A garden of weeds is not only wasted, as far as its owner is concerned, but it is also a danger and a source of trouble to others. The bindweed in our garden had come under the fence from a neglected garden

of the house next door. So sin in our own hearts spreads to the hearts and lives of those around us, and we become, in a sense, responsible for their misdoings.

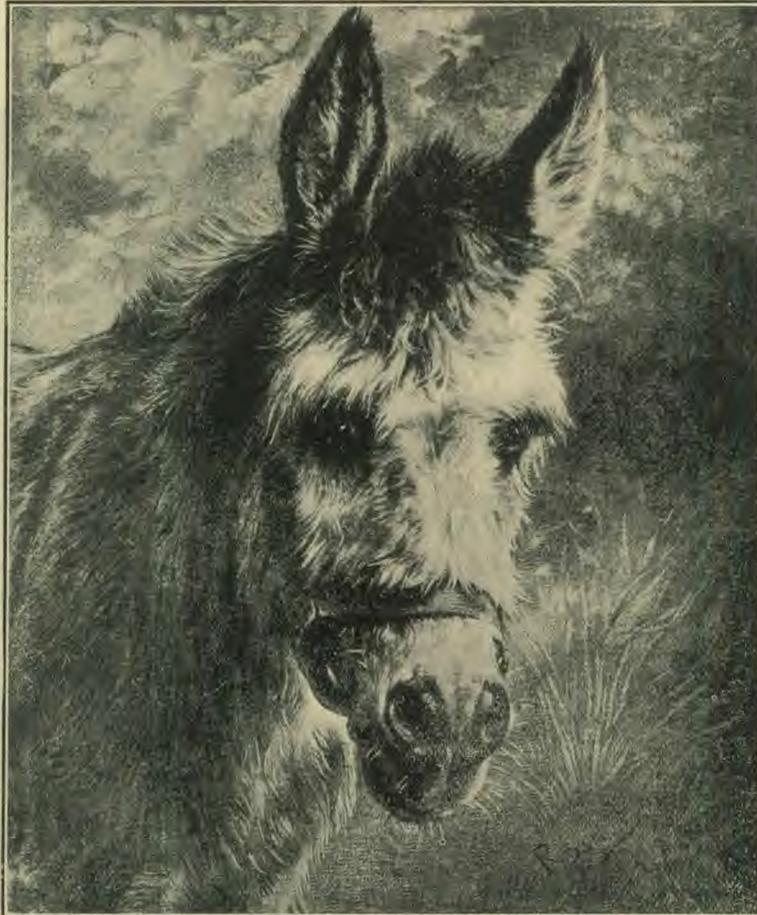
Our third prince was a wiser boy than his brothers. He planted flowers and fruit trees in his garden, and tended them carefully and patiently. By this means he gained the prize, and, which was more to be desired, he obtained his father's glad approval. This reminds me of a Christian child who strives to bring forth the flowers of love, gentleness, purity, and obedience, and the fruit of happiness, usefulness, and peace.

We must remember, however, that we cannot really plant these things in our hearts ourselves; we must ask the Lord Jesus Christ to plant the seed there for

us. Neither must we forget that, just as the flowers in our gardens cannot grow without air, water, and sunshine, so we need the air of God's grace, the water of the Holy Spirit, and the sunshine of the Father's love, in order that these good things may flourish within us. We must therefore pray earnestly every day that God will give us his Holy Spirit and his help. We must read the Bible diligently; we must attend the house of God regularly; we must seek every hour to please him. The things that we need, in order to bring forth flowers and fruit, will not come to us unless we earnestly desire to seek them.

Dear young friends, our gardens

— our lives — are not ours, but God's; he has given them to us, not that we may use them for ourselves, but that we may make them beautiful for him. Only as we strive to fill them with the things in which he delights, can we hope to gain his approval, to win the great prize of the crown of life which he has promised to them that truly serve him; and only thus can we hear him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." — *Wilfred M. Hopkins.*



"A HUMBLE SERVANT"

Indians Pleading for Help

THERE are five hundred and fifty thousand Aymara and over two million Quichua Indians, the majority of them living in Bolivia. The Aymaras inhabit the high mountains, living in an altitude of from twelve to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are naturally a strong people; but the free use of intoxicating liquor, and an ignorance of all the laws

of health and hygiene, lead to much sickness and death.

We have been in touch with these people for nearly three years, and this past year have lived right among them, conducting a school and caring for their sick. They come to us in great numbers, bringing their sick when it is possible; and when it is not, we visit them at their homes. We must have means with which to build schools and purchase medical supplies.

They come to get us to help them, from a radius of twenty-five miles, and some from much greater distances. It takes time to make such trips. When at last the home is reached, instead of one sick person, we often find that others have been brought in to be treated. Sometimes I stay with the people a day or two, treating the sick and teaching the others how to keep well. A child will come, begging us to visit a father or mother who is ill, the child telling us he is the only one left. I have visited Indian families where orphan children were being cared for from various families, though the hosts had barely enough for their own.

A few months ago a man came to me pleading that I teach him to read. "I lack a little, just a little," he said. He held a Bible in his hand. He had learned the letters, but could not put them together.

Indians living on the islands in Lake Titicaca have asked us to please send them teachers. A few weeks ago we received a request for teachers from two large Indian provinces three days' journey from where we are located. I always send back word that we will do all we can to secure the teachers; and so they are patiently waiting.

Who will help to shorten this time of waiting? Who will assist in giving these people a chance?—*F. A. Stahl, in Signs of the Times, October, 1912.*

Manners and Customs of the Koreans

KOREA is about half the size of Japan, or about equal in extent to Kansas, and contains from twelve to fifteen million people. The inhabitants are of Mongolian origin, and are tall and well formed, of good appearance, and dignified in bearing. They have a dark complexion, and long, straight, black hair. As in some other countries, the way in which the hair is arranged indicates whether the person is married or not.

Korea is rich in minerals, such as gold, silver, and copper; but because of the sacred character of the hills, and of the spirits supposed to reside within them, very little mining has been done.

The religion of Korea is a mixture of ancestor worship, Buddhism, Taoism, demon worship, etc. Every boy must perform the ceremonies connected with ancestor worship. If a son does not do this, he is looked upon almost as an outcast. While ancestor worship is the great religion of the people, yet it is estimated that demon worship costs Korea over a million dollars (gold) each year. In Korean belief, earth, air, and sea are peopled by demons. Here, there, and everywhere posts are seen by the wayside cut roughly with grinning teeth, horrible faces, and terrible eyes and ears, placed thus to keep devils from passing.

Child marriage is the custom in the Hermit Kingdom. Children are sometimes married as early as nine years of age. The parents arrange the marriage usually while the children are still babies. Years later, when the wedding day comes, neither the boy nor the girl thinks of entering a protest or of saying, "Why

was I not consulted?" The young wife is really a slave to her husband's family. She must carry all the water for the family's use, hull the rice, wash and iron the clothes, do the general housework, and help in the field besides. It is interesting to watch the women and girls as they go to the public wells for the household supply of water. They walk very erect and look straight ahead, for they carry the jar of water upon their heads.

The homes in that land are in a sense open to all the world. Any one who pleases may try the door, push it open, and walk in. This applies only to the outer room, however. The inner quarters are separate, and the women are kept closely confined to their apartments. The men enjoy the company of their neighbors in the outer apartments. For a man to venture into the inner quarters would be a breach of the most sacred law of society. When a peddler comes to the door he gives a warning, and then after all the doors to the women's apartments are closed, he is allowed to enter the outer room.

In medical matters the Koreans are very unreasonable. If one has a pain, a long darning needle is sometimes stuck into him to relieve it, and other absurd remedies are used for different ailments. They have little idea of sanitation; and odors abound, and epidemics are many. However, Korea is clean in dress. The frequent bathing that one sees in Japan does not exist here, but the immaculate suits that are donned at very short intervals go far to make amends.

Few women in Korea either read or write. One of our missionaries in speaking of the women says it is a hard matter to reach them with the message of salvation, because they believe they are beyond hope. One Korean woman asked the missionary this question: "Do you think I can be saved? My husband tells me I have no soul, and that I am not worth saving." But as soon as these women learn that the love of God is freely given to all alike, they are very thankful and become faithful Christians.

Many intensely interesting habits and customs of the Koreans remain untold; and yet enough has been given to show the great need of the gospel to the Hermit Nation.

IRENE CURTISS.

A Missionary's Dinner

ELDER JOEL C. ROGERS while traveling in the Tanganyika forests one day chanced upon a natural appetizer that quickly revived his failing appetite. Perhaps a description of this acceptable addition to his usual menu in the wilds of Africa may help us to prize better our own rich blessings, and also to appreciate to a degree the personal sacrifice that the servants of God in heathen lands gladly make for the spread of the gospel. Elder Rogers says:—

While exploring about a certain hill I came upon a little garden of green peas right in the forest. That was a great luxury indeed. A little native boy of twelve, whose language I did not know, was my only companion, but I gathered from his gestures that we had stumbled upon his mother's pea patch. With a little difficulty I persuaded him to gather enough for my dinner.

But how was I to get those peas cooked? I had an empty biscuit tin, a handy thing in the woods. The boy filled this with water, but spilled so much of it into the fire that it was half drowned. Fearing it would go out entirely, we at once put our peas on to simmer, pods and all. In trying to level up the fire, part of them were spilled among the ashes, but were gathered up and replaced in the tin.

When they were done, they were a rare delicacy, although they were eaten while sitting on the ground, and by stripping them out of the pods a spoonful at a time.

I am still traveling in the woods; and as for appetite, no one need ask, "Are you there?" For a small sum of money the boy brought me enough green peas to last me four days. For breakfast I have eaten a piece of butterless bread baked in a pot, cocoa made without milk or sugar, and warmed-up peas and potatoes.

Who Will Tell the Story?

THE great, wide world is dying
For the story of God's love.
Go forth, my friend, and tell them
They have a Saviour from above
Who came to this earth in person
His precious life to give
That they, who have transgressed his law,
Might lift their heads and live.

Speak to their hearts and tell them,
To open wide the door,
That Jesus, their Redeemer,
May dwell there evermore.
See he is patiently waiting
For them to let him in;
He is longing now to help them
And to forgive their sin.

O, the great, wide world is longing
For these tidings glad!
Who will volunteer to go
And help these souls so sad?
Who will tell the story,
So old, yet always new?
Who will volunteer to go?
My friend, why may not you?

FLORENCE M. SACKETT.

The Call to the Foreign Field; Its Relation to Our Society

WE hear a great deal about the foreign work, and we talk much about being ready to go should the Lord call us. What constitutes a call to the foreign field? The call to the foreign work consists of three steps:—

1. The call of God direct to the heart of the individual.
2. A message from God through a friend or the Mission Board.
3. The voice of circumstances.

These do not always come in the order I have mentioned, but they are the three voices through which God usually speaks to those who enter the foreign work. He does not speak to every one in the same way. As he is infinite, so he has an infinite number of ways of doing the same thing.

Egede, the missionary to the frozen regions of the north, was one day looking over some old legends of the Norsemen who settled in Iceland and Greenland, and the inquiry came to him as to the condition of the present inhabitants of those islands. Were they as wild and barbarous as their ancestors had been? Were they living in the same old primitive way? Were idols their gods, or had some one carried to them the blessed gospel of salvation which was so precious to his heart? These and similar questions crowded into his mind with peculiar force and interest, and he began at once to search for information concerning them. He found that the islands were still inhabited, that the people knew little of our ways of living, and that they were sadly in need of the gospel. Day by day his burden for them increased. He was deeply impressed that some one should take to them the light of life. He began praying about it, and the result was that God answered his prayer by sending him. But the impression that God would have him there was not all. Friends and circumstances conspired to discourage him at first, but later to encourage and strengthen his conviction that the call was from God.

The Lord may not call to any definite field at first, but to the foreign work in general. Such was the case with David Livingstone. At the age of twenty he was converted, and his heart was thoroughly penetrated by the new life that flowed into it. The truth took hold of him, and "although at first he had no thought of becoming a missionary himself, he made a resolution that, as the salvation of men ought to be the chief aim of every Christian, he would give to the cause of missions all that he could earn beyond what was required for his subsistence." About a year later, on reading an appeal in behalf of China, he resolved to give himself to the work in that country.

Without delay he began to prepare for his work, taking the necessary theological training, and with that he determined to acquire a medical education. Believing that the call was from God, the Mission Board accepted his services, but circumstances forbade his exercising the healing art in China.

You may ask, Was it God that led him to offer his life to China, seeing he never went to that field?—Yes; the missionary road is a large one at this end; and as the aorta divides and subdivides, sending its branches to all parts of the body, so this road divides; one branch going to China, one to India, another to Africa, to South America, to the islands of the sea, and wherever the life-giving current of grace is needed.

Before we can start upon this road, we must have a vision of the need at the other end. We must have something definite toward which to aim our preparation. So God may lead us to see the need of some field where we may never go, in order to cause us to start upon this road. When once our hands are placed in his, it is an easy matter for him to lead us anywhere he chooses.

As an illustration of this: Two young persons were deeply interested in Africa. From a child the young man had loved Africa, and hoped that sometime he might go there as a missionary. The young woman had a sister in that field, and all through her school days she studied, worked, and prayed that she might be permitted to join her sister in working for the Africans. In the course of their preparation, these two young persons met; and they went to the Foreign Mission Seminary with the expectation that soon they would be numbered among the workers in the field of their choice. Ere long there came an urgent call for a man and his wife to fill a place of responsibility in India, and as the brethren were looking over the band of recruits for some one to send, the Spirit whispered, "There are Brother and Sister Peugh, send them." So India, instead of Africa, proved to be their field of labor.

These I have mentioned are cases where God first spoke direct to the heart, and where the persons were expecting a call from the Mission Board.

Let us notice for a moment some cases where God has first spoken through some individual. A young man, upon accepting the truth, entered the canvassing work, continuing in it for nearly a year and a half. During this time he manifested so much perseverance that his name was suggested as one to answer the call for canvassers in Mexico. When the news reached him, he was anxious to respond. In the ardor of his "first love," he was quick to say, "Here am I; send me." But upon further counsel with those older in the faith, it was thought best for him to wait a few years until he was more firmly established in the mes-

sage, and until his preparation was more complete. He entered school and began active preparation for the Lord's work. He now sees that he was not ready to go, but that God called him, to arouse in him a living, active interest in missions, where before had been only a passive one.

A boy of fourteen, herding sheep among the hills, one winter attended some revival services, and at this time decided to be a Christian. The minister took an interest in him, and one day, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, said: "I shall not be surprised to hear of you as a missionary over in China some day." The boy smiled. He thought of the sheep, of the few months' schooling only during the coldest part of the winter, and then tried to see himself a missionary. The possibility of such a thing had never before occurred to him. About three years later his family moved to California, and later he went to Fernando Academy. As he became better acquainted with God, the idea of being a missionary became more real to him. Indeed, it was very real to him when some two years from that time he was called to take up canvassing work in the Philippine Islands. After making sure that this call from the brethren was also God's call for him, he accepted it. One day, referring to his boyhood experience, he said, "Well, I'm not going to China, but I'm not far from there." The cases of Mary Reed and of Fred Darling serve as examples where circumstances first pointed the way of duty. When Mary Reed found herself stricken with the leprosy, she felt that God was calling her to be a missionary to the lepers; and when circumstances placed Fred Darling where he could see the need of China's millions, he decided to offer himself for their relief as soon as he was released from the navy.

But what has all this to do with us? What is the relation between this and our society here at Fernando? "The advent message to all the world in this generation,"—did you ever hear that before?—"Yes." That is what you said when you joined the army of Volunteers. Do you still say it? or has something else become the ruling passion of your life? If this is still your aim, then you have placed your feet in the missionary path that leads from the members of your own home to any place on earth where there are hearts hungering for the message of peace. You have placed your life in the hands of the Master to be molded and shaped for the work he has prepared for you. You have heard the cry for help, and have answered, "Here am I; send me."

"Anywhere, dear Saviour,
In thy vineyard wide,
Where thou bidst me labor,
Lord, there would I abide."

LUELLA ASHBAUGH.

Fernando Academy.

Missionary Volunteers, Reach Your Goal

"THE battle is completely lost," said Desaix, looking at his watch when consulted by Napoleon at Marengo. "But it is only two o'clock," said Napoleon, "and we have time to gain another." He then made his famous cavalry charge, and won the field, although five minutes before, every Frenchman along the line was expecting to retreat.

This spirit of never give up will win the day for every Missionary Volunteer. The year is almost gone, but if you are fired with a determination to win, there is sufficient time remaining to earn your certifi-

cate. Begin today. Almost eleven hundred have successfully finished reading these excellent books, and have secured the General Conference certificate this year.

Volunteers on the farm, in the shop, in the kitchen, on the hot, dusty road selling our publications, many under the most trying conditions, have completed the course this year. Why can't you?

Napoleon said, "Show me a man who reads good books, and I will show you a man who wields an influence." Young man, young woman, would you wield a stronger, more manly, more womanly influence? Fill your mind with true, pure, lovely thoughts. Do not let your mind dwell on mean, cheap, commonplace matters. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Devote some time daily to improving your mind. Get the inspiration that comes from reading the noble lives and worthy endeavors related in these excellent Reading Course books. Associate mentally with the best men and women. Christ admonishes us to think his thoughts after him. Paul challenged that developing, aspiring young man, Timothy, to "give attendance to reading." Paul said, "Bring with thee . . . the books." The spirit of prophecy says, "Study the lives of such men as the apostle Paul and Martin Luther, as Moffat, Livingstone, and Carey, and the present daily unfolding history of missionary effort." Dear reader, are you heeding this instruction? Resolve to do so at once. Your resolution is your prophecy.

It was, "On to Richmond!" and, "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer!" that decided the outcome of the Civil War. It is, On to the goal! and, I shall finish my Reading Course, if it takes all summer! that develops strong, muscular Missionary Volunteers who reach their goal. C. L. BENSON.

Faith

How am I to know when I am consecrated? "The one chief temptation that meets the soul is the question as to feeling. We cannot believe our lives are consecrated until we feel that we are; and because we do not feel that God has taken us in hand, we cannot believe that he has. As usual, we put feeling first, and faith second. The way, then, to meet this temptation is simply to take God's side in the matter, adopt his order, and put faith before feeling. Give yourself to the Lord definitely and fully, according to your present light, asking the Holy Spirit to show you all that is contrary to his will. If he shows you anything, give it to the Lord; if nothing, then you must believe there is nothing and that he accepts you; and at once let your faith take hold of this fact. Begin to believe, and hold on steadfastly, that he has taken that which you have surrendered to him. You must not wait to feel that you have given yourself, or that God has accepted you. You must simply believe it; and if you are steadfast in this reckoning, sooner or later the feeling will come, and you will realize that it is indeed a blessed fact that you are wholly the Lord's."—*Hannah Smith.*

Many look at faith as something mysterious, but it is not. It is simply believing God, or taking him at his word. "As the only necessary thing about sight is that you see the thing as it is, so the necessary thing about faith is that you believe the thing as it is. The virtue does not lie in your believing, but in *what you believe.*"

JENNIE HALBERT.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



A Small Stone



THE doorbell rang as if it had suddenly gone mad, and Dorothy flew to open the door.

"O Beth, it's you! I thought it must be a telegram, at the very least," she cried with relief, finding herself gathered into a pair of blue

serge arms. "You dear child, how did you know I'd come home?"

"O, I've missed you so I couldn't help knowing the minute you got here."

"Well, I'm glad enough to see you," Dorothy declared. "I've had a lovely time and have lots to tell you, but it's nice to be home again. It's the best place after all."

"Indeed, it is," said Beth, sobering. "I have something to tell you, too. It isn't anything very wonderful, but it's made me feel as different as if I'd been on a journey myself, and come back somebody else."

Dorothy reached for a box of chocolates. "I brought them purposely for you. Come on up to the den and tell me your story first. Mine will have to spread over a good while, there is so much of it."

"Well," began Beth, when they were settled in Dorothy's cozy den on the third floor, "you know how often we've talked about wanting to do something big and grand to help in the world? Somehow lately it has seemed as if my chances got smaller and smaller all the time. I didn't seem to amount to anything, even at home. Every single one of the family can do something special but me. Ella plays the piano beautifully, and father likes it so much evenings when he's tired. Josie can paint and embroider and sew. She makes all her own clothes and some of mine. Flo keeps the house since mother went out to Aunt Mary's to stay the year and get well, and she's a fine housekeeper. You just ought to eat the things she cooks! But I can't do a thing—not a single thing that is what Miss Meeks calls 'an accomplishment, young ladies.' I'm just an ordinary girl, the youngest of all and not a bit smart like the rest."

"You are smart, Betty," interrupted Dorothy, loyally; but Beth would not listen to her.

"No, I'm not; only a commonplace, Dot dear. And the other night I was completely discouraged thinking about it up in my room. I said to myself: 'They don't need you the least bit; they would get along just as well if you weren't here at all. You know you're tired to pieces doing scraps of things that don't count for anything—dusting the parlor, and getting clean napkins, and picking up the papers, and all that. Why don't you run off to grandmother's and stay awhile? Maybe she needs you, and nobody would miss you here.'

"I cried myself to sleep, and next morning I got up bright and early so as to slip away before breakfast. You see, I didn't want father or Flo to ask any questions or try to stop me.

"I was about half dressed when I looked at the calendar Uncle Jack gave me. It has a quotation for every day, and I always read it the first thing. What do you suppose it said for that morning? It was this: 'I amount to nothing,' said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded."

"Wasn't that written expressly for me? I sat down to think it over. Maybe I was that stone, and something dreadful would happen if I rolled out of my place and went away. I couldn't imagine what, but I wasn't going to risk it, anyway.

"I hurried into my clothes, not my best ones I'd laid out, but my gingham dress and apron; and the way I dusted that parlor made it shine, I tell you. I made the beds, too, and cleared up the sitting room, and picked a geranium blossom for the middle of the table, and washed Flo's dishes for her so she had time to make an extra nice pudding for dinner. I seeded the raisins for that, too. I didn't have a single minute to be discouraged in, even if I'd thought of it.

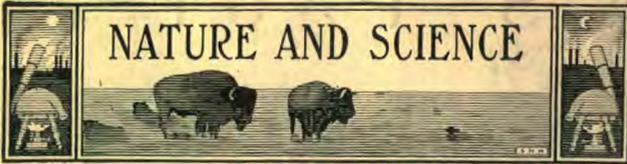
"Just as we were putting dinner on the table, the doorbell rang, and there was Colonel Graham, father's oldest friend. Wasn't I glad the parlor was dusted! He enjoyed the pudding and said a great many nice things about Flo's housekeeping, which made her blush. And she said, 'I do try to do my best for father, but Elizabeth helps me ever so much. I shouldn't know what to do without her.'

"Maybe my heart didn't feel good and warm! It wasn't because she praised me to him, either, but because I was so glad to know I did amount to something in my home, after all. Wasn't I glad I hadn't rolled out of my place like that little stone! Nothing dreadful would have happened, but Colonel Graham might have found dust in the parlor, and have had to sleep in a wrinkly bed, perhaps, and go without pudding. Father and Flo would have been ashamed, if he had. Besides, I might never have known how Flo felt about me.

"I can assure you of one thing, Dorothy Burns, my place may not be very big, but there isn't going to be any flood in our house if I can help it. There, I've talked all the time, and I wanted you to tell me so many things. But it's almost dinner time, and I've just remembered that the salt shakers are empty, and I must go home this minute and fill them."

"Never mind, I'll run over this afternoon," promised Dorothy. "I'm so glad you found that quotation before you started for your grandmother's. Of course, Flo and your father would miss you terribly, you dear, faithful little soul, and so should I. Here, take what is left of the chocolates with you."

Beth gave Dorothy a parting squeeze. "Thank you, honey; they'll help to keep me sweet. Good-by till this afternoon. You'll find me hemming dust cloths. I've worn out one since Friday."—*Marion Mallette Thornton, in Girls' World.*



Ode to the Fly

"Most injurious typhoid fly,
 Drink with you no more will I.
 When you settle on my cup,
 I perchance bacteria sup;
 After what I've seen today,
 I would have you chased away.
 I dislike those feet of thine,
 What they've touched I shall decline.
 Carrier of germ and spore,
 Get thee hence! Return no more!
 Spreader of disease, begone!
 Kindly leave my food alone."

A Wonderful Metamorphosis

A LOATHSOME crawling worm! Instinctively you brush it from your clothing with a shudder. Do not abhor it; for it is one of God's creatures, within which lie astonishing possibilities of development.



Notice that it has strong sharp jaws with which to cut the leaves of plants upon which it feeds. It has sixteen very short legs, and twelve exceedingly small eyes. Its stomach occupies nearly the whole length of its body, and is distended, at times, almost to the point of bursting, by the food upon which it subsists. In a few weeks it seeks a retired place, where, with no help from its fellows, and no hand to mold and fashion, it undergoes a change so wonderful, so adaptable to altered conditions, that it baffles human wisdom to comprehend it. It becomes a chrysalis, unlike a worm or its destined form of being. It is amply protected, by a kind of varnish, from rain and frost. It hangs inert, no signs of life being apparent except a slight wriggling motion when touched, until the warm days of spring, when there bursts forth from its body a butterfly.

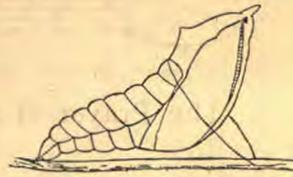
What a beautiful creature! It is no longer a loathsome crawling worm, but a free denizen of the air. It has only a thread-like stomach for the sweets of flowers upon which it feeds, while its large abdomen is filled with ova from which worms like its ancestors will be developed. It has six long legs, two long delicate knobbed horns or feelers, and a long proboscis, curled up, and used only for sipping liquid sweets. It has no jaws like the worm. It has two very large eyes containing nearly twenty-five thousand fascicles said to be each as perfect as the human eye. The changeable, silk-like appearance is caused by the light angles of refraction and reflection from the fascicles.

Its wings of green and crimson and gold in some varieties are so distinctly outlined and of such delicate texture that, as it rests for a moment upon a flower and waves its beautiful wings in the sunlight, we are instinctively compelled to ascribe the beautiful vision to Him who paints the grandeur of the sky at the setting of the sun.

Take a fleck of the so-called dust of the wing, and place it under a microscope, and lo, it is transformed into feathers with quills and veins as perfect as those of a fowl, though far more delicate. Remove all the dust from the wings, and there remains a gauze-like skin with orifices from which the quills have been

taken, bordered with a most delicate, beautiful fringe arranged with the utmost regularity.

The most perfect artistic work of man, the most delicate fabric of the loom, are unsightly daubs of the brush or rope-like textures compared with the delicate vestments of the butterfly. None but God, infinite in wisdom and power, could create such a worm and provide for its transformation into such a lovely insect. It is a memento of the Paradise we have lost by sin, and prophetic of that to be restored. It is a type of the resurrection: "Thou sowest not that body that shall be, . . . but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . . It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory." 1 Cor. 15: 37-43.



If God took so much pains in the creation of an insect, how much more he must care for man, whom he formed in his own image!

More lovely than tintings of evening sky
 Are the gorgeous hues of the butterfly.
 As it flits in the air from flower to flower
 Or rests for a moment on leafy bower,
 And waves its wings in the clear sunlight;
 Or resting, or moving in easy flight,
 It seems a visitant, pure and free,
 From a sinless heaven, sent to me
 To win from the paths of sin I've trod
 To a home in the paradise of God.

A. SMITH.

Colonel Roosevelt's Party and the Armadillos

EARLY one morning we came across two armadillos — the big, nine-banded armadillos. We were riding with the pack through a dry, sandy pasture country, dotted with clumps of palms, round the trunks of which grew a dense jungle of thorns and Spanish bayonets. The armadillos were feeding in an open space between two of these jungle clumps, which were about one hundred yards apart. One was on all fours; the other was in a squatting position, with its fore legs off the ground. Their long ears were very prominent. The dogs raced at them.

I had always supposed that armadillos merely shuffled along, and curled up for protection when menaced; and I was almost as surprised as if I had seen a turtle gallop when these two armadillos bounded off at a run, going as fast as rabbits. One headed back for the nearest patch of jungle, which it reached. The other ran at full speed — and ran really fast, too — until it nearly reached the other patch, one hundred yards distant, the dogs in full cry immediately behind it. Then it suddenly changed its mind, wheeled in its tracks, and came back like a bullet right through the pack. Dog after dog tried to seize it or stop it, and turned to pursue it; but its wedge-shaped snout and armored body, together with the speed at which it was galloping, enabled it to drive straight ahead through its pursuers, not one of which could halt it or grasp it, and it reached in safety its thorny haven of refuge. It had run at speed about one hundred and fifty yards.—Theodore Roosevelt.

EXPORTS of raw cotton in the fiscal year that ended with June made a new high record. Their value was \$610,000,000. Twelve years ago, in 1902, the cotton exports were only \$291,000,000.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Prayer of a Child in Bondage

OUR Father, who art in heaven,
I pray thee look down and see
What grown-up and godly Christians
Are doing each day to me.
Please listen, my Heavenly Father,
To the prayer of a working child,
For the sake of thy Son and Mary's,
The kind Christ-Child, meek and mild,
Who pitied and loved the children,
And sought not to make them spoil
Of taskmasters greedy and cruel,
Who live upon childhood's toil.

O Lord of the weak and helpless,
Must a child give daily bread
To the strong and rich and cunning,
And on crumbs of their feast be fed?
Why, God, the puppies and kittens
Don't work, they're allowed to play;

But poor little human kiddies
Are working by night and day,
Till their hands and hearts are weary,
And the childish bodies ache.
Do, Father, pity and save us,
For thy own dear children's sake.

If I have trespassed, forgive me,
And forgive my owners, too:
Perhaps thy Son had them in mind,
For "they know not what they do."
I have only one temptation:
When noise and fatigue strike deep,
I grow sick for rest and silence —
O, my Father, give me sleep!
This evil is our undoing,
But thy hand holdeth the sword;
So out of the house of bondage
Deliver thy child, O Lord.

—W. E. P. French, in *Child Labor Bulletin*.

When the Whistle Blew

One Picture



"I 'D like ter go ter school, if I had der time."
The voice was grave. The serious face might have been an old man's. Both belonged to a little nine-year-old boy. His statement seemed absurd until one noticed that the boy was covered with lint, the unmistakable mark of the cotton mill worker.

Then the whistle of the big mill across the road blew. James, the nine-year-old, arose; so did his brother of eleven. No word or sign was needed from father or mother who made up the rest of the party on the doorstep of a Southern mill tenement one glorious noon hour. Together, unwavering, the two made their way to the mill, and the big doors closed behind them.

As doffers, sweepers, or spinners they had begun work that morning at seven; after three quarters of an hour for lunch they were returning to work until six o'clock at night.

The mill whistle had not called the big, strong father. He still sat on the doorstep playing with his jackknife; the unkempt mother continued to "rub snuff." "The mill cannot use many men," said the father, "but it needs a lot of women and children," and so he and his wife had provided ten children to support them while filling the mill's needs.

And this happened in the year 1913 of the "Century of the Child."

Another Picture

About the same time that one National Child Labor Committee agent visited James's family in North Carolina, another agent met Miss M., a mill worker in Georgia. She was thirty-four years old, but so worn she looked fifty.

She began work in the mill when nine years old, she said. Nothing could have kept her out then. She waited eagerly for the mill whistle to blow so she could get to work. It never blew too early for her.

Now she wishes she could get where she could never hear it. She is so tired, she hates the very thought of work in the mill. She makes ninety cents a day when she works, but cannot work steadily.

"The cotton mill ain't no fit place to raise children," pleaded one mother, but her husband decided to leave the farm for the mill because he felt he could do better, while even their young children could earn money.

"That was twelve years ago, and I ain't changed my mind since," said the mother. The girl of twenty-two and the boy of eighteen, now earn more than the father. He has dropped from \$1.25 to \$1 a day. Slowly, surely, he is being relegated to the industrial scrap heap.

The 1910 census shows over 40,000 children under sixteen employed in the cotton mills of the country. The number of very young children can only be conjectured. In five large cotton-producing States in the South, representing 605 mills, the United States Bureau of Labor Investigation of Woman and Child Wage Earners, in 1910, found that out of 143 mills investigated, 107 (or 74.8 per cent) were illegally employing 753 children less than twelve years old.—*Leaflet published by the National Child Labor Committee.*

His Mother

JUDGE LINDSEY tells a striking incident of a little fellow who was before his court, and was many, many times admonished about truancy from school. The teacher kept writing, however, that nothing had been accomplished, and that Tim seemed bound to work and to let school go. One day, in reproving him, the judge said: "Now, Tim, there will be time enough to work when you are a man." The boy replied like a flash: "My father was a man, and he didn't work. He went off and left mother and me, and I guess that's what killed her, too."

Finally, after breaking every instruction, Tim ap-

peared in court one day with a changed expression, his face ablaze with satisfaction. Walking up to the judge, he pulled from his pocket a dirty piece of paper, all crumpled up, and handed it up for inspection, saying: "I'm going to remember all the things you have told me now, judge, and I am going to school regular now; for I've got that job all done."

Judge Lindsey unrolled the paper, and found it to be a receipted bill, and discovered that little by little poor Tim had actually paid with pennies and nickels fifty dollars for a headstone for his mother's grave. "My boy, is that what you have been doing while you have been missing school so much?" said the judge; and Tim answered, as he wiped the tears from his dirty little face: "I wanted her to have a monument, too, judge, like the others had. She's done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now."—*Expositor*.

The Safest Bank

"WHEN I am a man," said Tom, "I'll put my money in the safest bank in the world."

"Which bank is that?" inquired Tom's father. Tom hadn't thought of that. As he talked it over with his father, he found there were more things than he had dreamed of to render banks uncertain,—fire, flood, burglars, panics, dishonest employees,—so that even the strongest in the world might be compelled to suspend payment.

"But, papa," Tom asked in dismay, "isn't there one sure of keeping his promises?"

"There is One who has never forgotten or broken a promise. His promises are dated thousands of years back. They are scattered over the world. Not one of them has been refused redemption."

"O, that's the bank for me!"

"Here is a check book," and he handed Tom a Bible. —*Christian Endeavor World*.

Pins That Grew on Bushes

WE are told that when England was sorely oppressing the American colonies, pins were among the many things our forefathers did without rather than pay unjust taxes. At that time the pins used by the American colonists were brought over from England and were expensive. In those days people found just as many uses for pins as we do this very day, and it was indeed troublesome to have to do without them. They had to do without them. They had to find something to take the place, as far as possible, of those useful little things.

About the year our independence was declared, a little boy was roaming over the hills on the banks of the Hudson River and was attracted by some long, sharp thorns that almost covered some of the bushes. As he looked at the thorns the thought came to him that they would make good pins. He remembered what an annoying time his mother had trying to get along without pins. So he selected the longest and sharpest of the thorns and filled his pockets with them. When he reached home he found a strange gentleman there talking to his father. The boy was shy, so he went quietly to his mother, carefully took the thorns from his pockets, and put them in her lap. Then he whispered to her, "They will do fine for pins, mother."

Some way or other the strange gentleman was interested, and asked what the boy had brought home. Then that long-ago little American boy forgot his

shyness, and his eyes sparkled with pride as he answered: "American pins, sir. They grew right here in America on bushes."

Much pleased at the boy's reply, the strange gentleman asked to be given some of those home-grown American pins. "I am now on my way to France," said he, "and I will take the thorns along as convincing proof that a nation able to grow even its own pins is a truly great one and can never be conquered."

Whether those pins that grew on bushes helped in any way to make France believe in us, I cannot say. The strange gentleman who on that long-ago day asked for some of the thorns was the illustrious American statesman, Benjamin Franklin. As every one knows, Benjamin Franklin soon satisfied France that we were able to govern and look out for ourselves. France was among the first of the foreign nations to acknowledge our independence of England.—*The Visitor*.



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

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, September 19

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
4. Our Work in South America (fifteen minutes).
5. Reports (five minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

1. Song; prayer; special music; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual report blanks and offering; secretary's report.

2. Eze. 3: 1-15. Suggestions: What was Ezekiel to do with the roll? After eating, what should he do? Notice Ezekiel's obedience; the taste of that which he ate; where he should go; whose words he should speak; his reception foretold; which—feeling or principle—to actuate him; his attitude toward his own message; his mode of travel; comparison with Philip's experience (Acts 8: 39); the practical lessons to be drawn from this study.

3. Matt. 13: 30, 38-40.

4. Three live talks on the following subjects: "The Sequel to Religious Tolerance in Peru;" "Indians in Prison for Jesus' Sake;" "Indians Pleading for Help." See *Gazette* for the first two articles and this *INSTRUCTOR* for the last article.

5. Reports from bands.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending September 19

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "Manners and Customs of the Koreans" (ten minutes).
3. "Early Missionary Effort in Korea" (ten minutes).
4. "A Letter From Korea" (five minutes).
5. "Calling" (five minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).

1. Singing; prayer; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; review Morning Watch texts.

2. This week our mission class in its trip around the world enters Korea. Have the article in this *INSTRUCTOR* studied carefully by one of the Juniors, and then either read or given as a talk.

3. Appoint one of your older Juniors to prepare a talk on this subject. See article in *Gazette*.

4. Some of our Junior Missionary Volunteers sent some little hoods to Korea, and Sister Russell, in acknowledging them, wrote the interesting letter published in the *Gazette*. Have it read by a Junior.

5. Recitation. See *Gazette*.

6. Devote a few minutes to social meeting, and let the Juniors speak of their interest in Korea. Remind them that all they give on the \$25,000 fund will help in the work in the Orient. Repeat in concert Matt. 24: 14.

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.]

55. WHEN can we get the Standard of Attainment questions? Our department began sending out the questions the twentieth of August.

56. Will you kindly tell us where we can find live, interesting material for our Senior society studies?

We are glad to call your attention to the *Church Officers' Gazette*. Every issue of this paper devotes several pages to just the material for which you are seeking.



XII — The Captive Maid

(September 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 5: 1-27.

MEMORY VERSE: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. 20: 11.

Questions

1. Who was king of Syria at the time of the events of this lesson? 1 Kings 20: 1, first part. What is said of the size of his army? Verse 27, last part. Who was captain over this great host? 2 Kings 5: 1.

2. How was Naaman regarded by his king? Why was he regarded so highly? Yet what great affliction did he have? Verse 1. Describe this loathsome disease. See Bible dictionary or encyclopedia.

3. Who was living in Naaman's family? How did she come to be with them? What work did she do? What shows that she was not thinking of her own troubles? Although so young, in whom did she have faith? What did she know of God's power as revealed through his prophet? How did she show unquestioning faith in God's power? Only what god did the Syrians know? Verses 2, 3, 18.

4. To whom were her words reported? Although it was but a child's saying, what did the king at once advise Naaman to do? What did he promise to send with him? What did Naaman conclude to do? What valuable presents did he take with him? Verses 4, 5. Note 1.

5. How did Naaman travel? Who went with him? How far was it from Damascus to Samaria? Verses 9, 13, first part. Note 2.

6. When he reached Samaria, to whom did he deliver the king's letter? What did the letter say? What showed that Naaman had gone to the wrong person for help? With whom was the king of Israel himself not very well acquainted? Verses 6, 7. Note 3.

7. What news finally reached Elisha, the man of God? When he heard this, what word did he hasten to send to the king? Where was Naaman then sent? Verses 8, 9. Note 4.

8. What message did Elisha send to Naaman? How did Naaman receive this message? Why was he angry? Why did Elisha send word instead of going out himself? Verses 10, 11. Note 5.

9. What else did Naaman say? How did his servants seek to show him his folly? Verses 12, 13. Note 6.

10. At last, when Naaman's desire to be healed was so great that he was willing to have it done in God's own way, and in perfect simplicity, what glorious experience did he have? What did he then know for himself? Which was worth more to Naaman, this knowledge or the healing of his body? To whom did he return to give thanks? Verses 14, 15.

11. What did Naaman want to give Elisha? What did Elisha say in reply? Why did he refuse? Verses 15, 16. Note 7.

12. What memento from the land of Israel did he beg Elisha to give him for his altar? What did he say he should henceforth do? Although he would never again worship Rimmon, the Syrian idol, where did he suppose he should still have to go with the king? Do you think this was a necessary conclusion? However, not expecting everything of him at first, what kind parting words did Elisha say to him? Verses 17-19.

13. Who really led this idolater to the true God, and opened the doors of a foreign land to the gospel? Verses 2, 3. Of what is this lesson a good example? Memory verse. Besides being only a child, what was her position in the family? How was she doing this service? Eph. 6: 7.

14. After all of Elisha's care to give Naaman a correct idea of the true God, what wicked thing did Elisha's servant do? 2 Kings 5: 20-24. What would this tend to make Naaman think?

15. What other sin did Gehazi add to his sin of covetousness? What did Gehazi learn about sinning in secret? What outward sign of the leprosy of his soul did he carry about with him the rest of his life? Verses 25-27. Do you wonder, now, that the Shunamite's son was not helped by Gehazi?

16. What Fountain has been opened that can cleanse from the leprosy of sin? Zech. 13: 1. Where is it? 1 John 1: 7.

Notes

1. "Coined money did not exist as yet, and was not introduced into Judea till the time of Cyrus. Gold was carried in bars, from which portions were cut when need arose, and the value was ascertained by weighing."—*Cook*. "Ten talents of silver, worth about £3,420 (\$16,400); and six thousand pieces of gold, worth \$48,000."—*Bagster*.

2. "Chariotry; Revised Version, *chariots*. He came with a gorgeous *cortège* and pomp, to show how great a man he was."—*Peloubet*.

Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, was about one hundred and ten miles from Damascus.

3. Joram was king of Israel. There are people in these days who seek help from the king instead of from God; and they are disappointed. It makes a great difference whether or not we go to the right one for help.

4. "It was not for his own honor, but for the honor of God, that he coveted to make them all know that there was a prophet in Israel."—*Matthew Henry*.

5. "It was that he wished to prevent any thought of himself as the worker of the cure coming into Naaman's mind. The prophet was only the mouthpiece of Jehovah."—*Cambridge Bible*.

6. If you look up the Abana and Pharpar Rivers in a Bible dictionary and compare them with the Jordan, you will understand his feelings better. But when he is healed, he must be able to give all the glory to God, and not to the king, nor to the prophet, nor to the river.

7. Elisha did not want Naaman to think that the gifts of God could be purchased. See Acts 8: 18-20.

XII — Christian Education

(September 19)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	True education	Questions 1-4; note 1
Mon.	Fear of the Lord; wisdom; understanding	Questions 5-7
Tues.	Our children	Questions 8-13; notes 2-5
Wed.	Our young men and women	Questions 14-17; notes 6-8
Thurs.	A guiding principle; a high aim	Questions 18-20
Fri.	Review the entire lesson	

Questions

HEART WORK

1. What is of first importance to both young and old, in the work of education? Prov. 4:23.
2. What, then, may true education be said to be?
Ans.—Heart preparation to meet the issues of life. Note 1.
3. In what state must the heart be to relate itself properly to the issues of life? Prov. 23:17.
4. What is the fear of the Lord? Prov. 8:13. What comparison is made? Prov. 16:16.
5. What relation does the fear of the Lord bear to wisdom? Prov. 9:10. To knowledge? Prov. 1:7 (note the margin also).
6. What is understanding? Prov. 9:10. What more is it? Job 28:28, last part.
7. What longing does the Lord express for heart work in his children? Deut. 5:29.

OUR CHILDREN

8. What fundamental principle is given to parents on the training of their children? Prov. 22:6. Note 2.
9. What earnestness should parents show in this work of training? Deut. 6:5-9.
10. Cite an example of such training. 2 Tim. 1:5; 3:15.
11. Can this kind of training be obtained in the secular schools? Note 3.
12. What provision should be made for the children of Sabbath keepers? Note 4.
13. How should such schools be supported? Note 5.

OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

14. What charge is given those who expect to become workers? 2 Tim. 2:15. What additional admonition is given? Verse 22.
15. What provision is made for more advanced study? Note 6.
16. What is the primary object of our college work? Note 7.
17. Give some reasons why the work of educating our children and youth should be pushed vigorously. Note 8.
18. What must be the guiding principle in all study, in these days of unbelief? Col. 2:6-9.
19. What is the highest aim for a successful career? Dan. 12:3.
20. What words will parents, teachers, and workers for souls rejoice to speak in the last day? Heb. 2:13, last part.

Notes

1. In full harmony with this answer is the familiar passage

in "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 595. "The true object of education is to restore the image of God in the soul."

2. There are seeming exceptions to this rule, but where the promised result does not follow, careful examination will usually show some fault in the training rather than in the principle enunciated.

3. In the very nature of the case, the state-supported school cannot make the Bible the basis of instruction. This work can be done only by the church and the parents.

"Those who attend the public schools often associate with others more neglected than they, those who, aside from the time spent in the schoolroom, are left to obtain a street education. The hearts of the young are easily impressed; and unless their surroundings are of the right character, Satan will use these neglected children to influence those who are more carefully trained. Thus before Sabbath-keeping parents know what evil is being done the lessons of depravity are learned, and the souls of their little ones are corrupted."—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. VI, page 193.*

4. "The church has a special work to do in educating and training its children that they may not, in attending school or in any other association, be influenced by those of corrupt habits." "Wherever there are a few Sabbath keepers, the parents should unite in providing a place for a day school where their children and youth can be instructed. They should employ a Christian teacher, who, as a consecrated missionary, shall educate the children in such a way as to lead them to become missionaries. Let teachers be employed who will give a thorough education in the common branches, the Bible being made the foundation and the life of all study."—*Id., pages 193, 198.*

5. While primarily the education of the child is the duty of the parent, the training of the children of the church is a part of church duty. "Feed my lambs," said Jesus to the church. "Let all share the expense. Let the church see that those who ought to receive its benefits are attending the school. Poor families should be assisted. We cannot call ourselves true missionaries if we neglect those at our very doors who are at the most critical age, and who need our aid to secure knowledge and experience that will fit them for the service of God."—*Id., page 217.*

6. "It should be the great aim in every intermediate school to do most thorough work in the common branches."—*Counsels to Teachers, Parents, and Students, page 210.*

"The Word of God is to lie at the foundation of all the work done in our intermediate schools. And the students are to be shown the true dignity of labor." "In these schools thorough work is to be done; for many students will go forth from them directly into the great harvest field. They will go forth to use what they have learned, as canvassers, and as helpers in various lines of evangelistic work. Many workers, after laboring for a time in the fields, will feel the need of further study, and with the experience gained in the field will be prepared to value school privileges, and to make rapid advancement. Some will desire an education in the higher branches of study. For these our colleges have been established."—*Id., page 203.*

7. "The primary object of our college was to afford young men an opportunity to study for the ministry, and to prepare young persons of both sexes to become workers in the various branches of the cause."—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. V, page 60.*

"In our schools the standard of education must not be lowered. It must be lifted higher and still higher, far above where it now stands; but the education given must not be confined to a knowledge of textbooks merely."—*Id., Vol. VI, page 126.*

"While attending school, the youth should have an opportunity for learning the use of tools. Under the guidance of experienced workmen, carpenters who are apt to teach, patient, and kind, the students themselves should erect buildings on the school grounds and make needed improvements, thus by practical lessons learning how to build economically. The students should also be trained to manage all the different kinds of work connected with printing, such as typesetting, press-work, and bookbinding, together with tent making, and other useful lines of work. Small fruits should be planted, and vegetables and flowers cultivated, and this work the lady students may be called out of doors to do. Thus, while exercising brain, bone, and muscle, they will also be gaining a knowledge of practical life."—*Id., page 176.*

8. "There is a dearth of educated ability among us, and we have not men who are sufficiently trained to do justice to the work. . . . It is for the honor of Christ that well-educated workers should be multiplied among us; they will be better able to communicate the truth in a clear, intelligent way, and the truth should be presented in a way that will be as free as possible from defects. . . . There is more need now than ever before that our young men and women shall be intellectually qualified for the work. . . . The mind receives its tone and efficiency by thorough discipline."—*Christian Education, pages 138, 139.*

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

Yearly Subscription	- - -	\$1.25
Six Months	- - -	.70
CLUB RATES		
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	- - -	Each \$.85
Nine months at the rate of	- - -	.90
Six months at the rate of	- - -	.95
Three months at the rate of	- - -	1.00

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

Our Dynamo

GOD has arranged, through Christ, to pour a measureless supply of himself into our lives all the time. If our life lacks this, it is not God's fault. A missionary in Algiers, asking prayer for a native who had been "slack," quotes him as having said of himself, borrowing his illustration from the tramcar on which he worked, "I have not stopped, but the current is weak." How often we of greater privilege and enlightenment have had to say the same thing of ourselves! The current from the tramcar power house may vary in its power from time to time; the dynamo with which we are connected never varies in its infinite power. If our current is weak, it is only because we ourselves are obstructing it through disobedience or distrust. Christ can sweep the hindrance out the instant we trust and obey. The life of full, unhindered power incessantly is his offer to us.—*Sunday School Times.*

Books

RUSKIN says: "I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche."

His reason for so advising the youth is that "there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they say, all day long."

There are multitudes of books, but how, from among them all, is the person of limited leisure to choose the most profitable, the essential books? A great deal depends on the temperament of the person, the occupation, and the aims. We all may well read some general books; such as, travel; it extends our

horizon: biography; it teaches us human nature, the commendable attempts to reach the highest aspirations: history; it tells us the story of peoples living before us, their customs, religions, and achievements: science; it broadens the mental scope.

He who desires as much as is possible to obtain in small compass will go to the Bible. There he will find the missionary journeys of Christ, Paul, and others: biography; the lives of Moses, David, Solomon, Abraham, and the Man of Galilee: history; the most ancient, dealing with the very beginnings, and very concisely following monarchy, empire, and nation till the end of earthly time: science; for "true science and inspiration are in perfect harmony," and teach us the "fear of the Lord," which is the beginning of wisdom. Truly it is the Book of books, and is corroborated by science, archeology, history, and current events.

Because you may have only a very little time each day to read, do not consider it as valueless. Some one pertinently asks, "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." So with your books: if you value their counsel, do not fail to spend a little time with them regularly.

Do not despise small beginnings. "Rome was not built in a day," and the tallest skyscrapers are erected a stone at a time. Our Master permits the rain to fall a drop at a time, yet it waters our earth and makes it bring forth fruit. So in building a library, or in reading, a book at a time will make it complete; and a page at a time will give us broader ideas of things, and eventually the knowledge for which we seek.

E. A. JONES.

The Prayer of the Lonely Heart

TEACH me, O Lord! the beautiful significance of solitude. Show me that the lonely day was given me in order that I may think quietly and feel deeply, in order that I may live with myself. Grant that I may not continually try to escape myself, but may study to be friendly with myself.

Direct me, that I may intelligently develop all the resources within myself; that I may practice the art of meditation; that I may exercise my imagination, so that it will lift me up to the beautiful meaning of the day; that I may learn the value of books,—those comforters of the lonely,—to read and mark and love them; that I may have some hobby which will call me each day to the hour of solitude and make it a beautiful every-day.

Help me to learn the courage and patience and self-sufficiency that will temper my loneliness.

Too much are our lives surrounded by hurrying feet and the fevered voices of the self-seeking. Grant that I may find my happiness not in what I have, but in what I am; not in possessing much, but in hoping and loving much.

May these hours of solitude give me strength to make real my ideals of womanly sweetness. Amen.
—*Edith Markham Wallace, in Good Housekeeping.*

By your trials and sufferings you are being made beautiful. Do not count them to be the most fortunate who seem farthest removed from God's discipline.
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A MAN does not live by the length of his years, but by the activity of the nature that carries him through those years.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*