

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

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No. 37

## "I Have Called You Friends"

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY

No more shall these, beloved of my soul,  
Be called my servants; for to them have I  
All that my Father hath revealed made known;  
Yea, all that man, bound by mortality,  
Can e'er conceive of or can understand,  
I have revealed, in tenderest love, to them.  
Bound close together, we, these souls and I,  
By mystery inexpressible and grand,  
Where man is one with God through God in man.  
Linked thus by love incarnate, we are friends—  
Relationship unspeakably sweet.

Christ is thy friend. O, ne'er untrue will he  
Prove to that friendship! He that toucheth you  
Toucheth the apple of his eye; and e'en  
The very hairs he numbers of thy head.  
The friend of Christ; O soul of mine, expand;  
Rejoice in thy blest privilege, and vow  
That nevermore shall earth's defilements mar  
That holy tie that binds thee to thy Friend.

*Bocas del Toro, R. de Panama.*





From the Chronicle, May, 1914

#### AN ASSEMBLY OF ROMAN PRIESTS OR PROTESTANT MINISTERS; WHICH?

See article on page 425 of the September or "Idoltrous Sacrifice of the Mass" and "Pope and Politics" number of the *Protestant Magazine*, now ready. The August edition was sold out by Wednesday, August 19. Less than 400 copies are now available to start subscriptions with. Other illustrations in the "Picture Section" are: "Great Procession of Eucharistic Congress in Vienna" (2 page), "Wafer Used in Roman Mass," and "Offering the Sacrifice of the Mass." Leading articles: "Authority and Obedience," "Roman Catholic Bishops as Directors in Politics," "The Pope in Politics," "The Sacrifice of the Mass," "Superstitious and Idoltrous Sacrifice of the Mass," "Defects Occurring in the Mass," "History of Religious Toleration in Maryland—No. 5," "A Ban on the Roman Church in Mexico," "Rome's Share of the New Chaplains," "Protestantism and Anarchy," and "Liberty Condemned." **TWENTY-TWO PAGES ON "THE MASS" ALONE! THIS NUMBER SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF HONEST CATHOLICS EVERYWHERE. IT OVERTHROWS THE VERY KEYSTONE OF THE ROMAN THEOLOGICAL ARCH. A SAFE, SANE, DIGNIFIED DOCUMENT.** Send \$1.00 for 20 or \$2.00 for 50 copies. Or send \$1.50 for 5 six-month subscriptions to 5 different addresses. [The above picture represents a group of Episcopal bishops.]

POPE PIUS X died on the morning of August 20. It is thought that his grief over the great European war hastened his death.

THE armored cruiser "Tennessee" sailed from New York on August 6, carrying \$5,867,000 to relieve penniless tourists marooned in Europe. The money was conveyed in kegs, each keg worth \$3,000.

THERE is in New York, London, and Paris a cult of Satan worshipers. Black mass prayers to the evil one are held. At these services the worshipers are controlled by unseen powers of evil, and unbelievable deeds are committed.

GENERAL OBREGON, with 15,000 rebel soldiers, marched into Mexico City on the fifteenth of August, and peacefully took possession. Carranza assumed the provisional presidency a few days later. General Villa is still in the north of Mexico, and has not yet acknowledged Carranza as head of the Mexican government.

THE French government recently approached the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. with respect to a loan for \$100,000,000, no part of this to be withdrawn from the United States, but to be used in purchasing foodstuffs and other supplies. The firm sought the counsel of the administration, and Mr. Bryan gave out the word that loans by American bankers to any foreign nation at war are inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality.

THE Senate recently, in one week, confirmed nineteen of the twenty-one peace treaties negotiated by Mr. Bryan, and they are now the law of the land. The two with Panama and Santo Domingo are postponed for further consideration.

"FIGURES were given last year at the convention of the Chicago Dressmakers' Club showing that several society leaders of that city spend \$75,000 a year each on dress, while a hundred women of that city lavish on their personal adornment \$50,000 a year apiece. Add the figures for New York, Paris, Vienna, London, Berlin, and you will have only the beginning of a conception of this one extravagance."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 15, 1914

No. 37

## Speak Kindly Words

THINK kindly thoughts, and utter words of cheer,  
For kindly words shall never, never die;  
Their music, ever ringing sweet and clear,  
Shall echo softly, as the years go by.  
Think kindly thoughts, and utter words of cheer,  
The harvest time is slowly drawing near.

A kindly word shall never, never die,  
And men shall know the magic of its power;  
Then speak kind words; the years are drifting by,  
And precious is each moment and each hour.  
A kindly word shall never, never die,  
'Twill make sweet music as the years go by.

Free from our lips, unto the hearts of men,  
A kindly word, once sown, is capable  
Of subtle power far beyond our ken;  
This no boast, or idle parable.  
Free from our lips, unto the hearts of men,  
A kindly word shall live and grow again.

A kindly word, once sown, shall bear its seed;  
It may not be today, but some glad time  
The recompense shall come; for every deed  
Thus prompted will reward come, sweet, sublime;  
For kindly words, once sown, shall bear their seed,  
And every seed shall be a kindly deed.

—Selected.

## County Hospital Work

MABEL FERGUSON



THE regular visiting day of our county hospital workers of the different denominations is Thursday, though visitors are now received any day of the week by obtaining permits at the office, and can then visit two patients in an afternoon. We workers, however, who wear badges, are received in any of the wards and may visit any number of patients.

The ward which has been apportioned to our church to work in is the Women's Surgical, containing twenty-nine beds, which are nearly all occupied all the time. We are not restricted, however, to this ward.

A short time before Thanksgiving, I became interested in a young Polish woman in our ward, who is the mother of four children under eight or nine years, and who is quite poor. The doctors had said she might go home to her children, as they were alone during the day, if she had a wheel chair. Mrs. Hudson, superintendent of the chapel workers, decided to purchase a secondhand wheel chair, drawing on the Inasmuch fund, which is used for needs of this kind and others which the county does not supply. The wheel chair was sent to this woman, who was very much pleased, and who is now at home improving. When she is well, the chair will be given to some one else in need of one. Previous to this I had visited her each week at the hospital, giving her papers to read, and at different times fruits and jelly. She is a Catholic, and her husband, learning of these little attentions, made the remark to her that he did not know Christians ever did such things. He also said that if they had a Polish Bible, he would like to have her read from it to him. This pleased his wife very much, as she told me he was not a Christian. We decided therefore to buy a Polish Bible with money received for such purposes at camp meeting. Right here I might say that about seventeen Bibles were purchased from this fund for the hospital work,—ten in English, two in French, one in Polish, two in Spanish, and one or two in Scandinavian.

At Christmas time I took a number of toys for the children, rugs for the house, and the Polish Bible to this family. The lady was very much pleased with everything, and especially with the Bible. Several of our Bibles were given out judiciously as presents to those in the hospital. Those receiving them were

very much pleased, as the print in these Bibles is good.

The Thursday before Christmas each one of the five hundred and fifty patients in the hospital received a present, besides the nurses and porters, making six hundred in all. The presents for our ward were donated by different ones in the Carr Street church, and were all very acceptable. The different wards were in this way apportioned to the young people's societies of the different churches. Five denominations are represented in this work in the hospital, about sixteen or eighteen young people's societies, and there are twenty of us who are *regular* workers.

The gifts presented were all useful ones, such as shoulder capes, bed slippers, stocking bags, and comfort bags containing a pencil, post cards, comb, calendar, etc.; some of these bags contained small Testaments. On each of these presents given was a Christmas card, having the words on it, "From the Young People's Society of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, in Jesus' name," with also an appropriate Scripture quotation. The patients were all much pleased and cheered by having been remembered. One lady especially seemed sad as I talked with her. She was far from all friends and relatives in the East, and ill in the county hospital—the first Christmas she had ever spent away from her people. I gave her her gift, and as I passed back, she had opened it. She called to me, telling me she would send to her mother, who is an Adventist, the calendar which she had received, which had written upon it a greeting from the Seventh-day Adventist young people's society. She felt then she had a friend in me, as I was the first Seventh-day Adventist she had met in the West. She was glad to receive the *Signs* I handed her, and her face wore an entirely different expression when I left.

A man, as I passed by his bed to go to my ward, noticed a *Signs of the Times* under my arm, and stopped me to ask if I had an extra one. I gave him the one I had, and he said that he knew the paper, as his mother is a Seventh-day Adventist, and he knows that we have the truth. He also asked for *Life and Health*, which I have taken to him, with foods of different kinds suited to his special condition.

At Thanksgiving each patient was given a glass of jelly. About sixteen glasses were donated by the Carr Street young people's society.



### "Statistics Prove"

"STATISTICS prove" so many things:  
The size of towns, the height of kings,  
The age of children in the schools,  
The skull development of fools,  
The salaries that parsons get,  
The number of abodes to let,  
The wealth of lucky millionaires,  
The price of hens and mining shares;  
All things below and things above,  
It seems to me, "statistics prove."

But, no! statistics never yet  
Appraised a single violet,  
Measured the glances of an eye,  
Or probed the sorrows of a sigh.  
Statistics never caught the gleam  
That dances on a meadow stream,  
Or weighed the anthem of a bird  
In forest aisles devoutly heard.  
Statistics never proved a soul,  
In high or low, in part or whole,  
Sin, beauty, passion, honor, love—  
How much statistics cannot prove!

—Amos R. Wells, in *Life*.

### Settle It Now

THIS is the time of year when young people are making decisions on whether or not they will go to school next year. Of very great importance in this connection is the question, Where shall I go? This is especially true when the question lies between attending a secular school or one of our own schools.

In my work in the field this summer I have met a number of students who had a struggle over this question, but who came out on the right side, if my eyes and ears can be trusted, and if their personal testimony counts for anything. I have been so much interested in these cases that I have requested some of them to tell me of their experience. In a letter recently received from Miss Harriet Maxson, of Pacific Union College, California, she says:—

Why did I leave a well-equipped and rich university to come to one of our schools when I had but half completed my college course? Friends thought I was narrowing my chances for usefulness. With this excuse I had refused to come the year before. O, yes, I was preparing myself for the Lord's work! But I was going to keep myself where I could receive the best the world had to offer, then, when the world would recognize me as an efficient worker, I would give all to God. I think I really meant this.

Finally God in his mercy showed me I was looking at this question from man's side and not his. Gradually, during the last term there, I began to feel the need of associations that would strengthen this desire instead of tear it down. I felt I must study with teachers absorbed by the same aim toward which I was striving. More than this, I realized that I knew very little of the progress of the third angel's message. I had a closer connection with the world than I had with God's work. By the Lord's help I felt I might be able to fight my way through two more years of association with doubt and skepticism and still keep my faith in him, but I acknowledged that the struggle would be desperate. Then when it was all over, I should be an utter stranger to the ways in which God had directed his work to be carried on. At last I came to the place where I realized that if I was sincere in my aim, I was not receiving the proper education for its attainment.

Now I am finishing my first year in one of our schools. As I look back, I am weighing just what I have received here. I have got that which I expected, and more. I have met those who have been a help instead of a hindrance, a source of encouragement instead of discouragement, in my purpose to press into God's work. I have studied with teachers whose words and example have been an inspiration. I have been in a place where news comes often from the thick of the fight, a place from which recruits have already been drawn. Those in whose consecration and self-sacrifice lies the final glorious triumph of the message have become my friends.

All these blessings I expected and I received. Yet there have come added blessings which were unlooked for. I thought I should lose a year as to intellectual development, but I find I have gained more than I ever did before. The development which God only can give has been given to me in just that measure that I have been capable of receiving it. I have learned that the best education is received from those who are rich in wisdom because they fear the Lord. I have had to study and concentrate more strenuously, and feel that

I have accomplished far more mentally this school year than in any other. I truly thank God for bringing me here.

A letter from Mr. Gus B. Youngberg, of Union College, Nebraska, tells of his experience, as follows:—

I have been a student of Union College for one year, and I can sincerely say that it has been the most profitable and enjoyable year in my experience. The courses of study offered, in my estimation, cannot be surpassed. I have been especially pleased with the Bible and the English department.

The personal interest that the teachers take in the students, the consideration of the students for one another, the home life in the college, have combined in making Union a home to me. I came here reluctantly a year ago; but now, knowing what it means, I am most anxious to return next year.

This is the experience which a great many of the students have. There is something about Union which takes hold of one's heart. One has only to come and see.

If any young man or young woman is hesitating about where to go to school next year, let the experience of these two students help settle the question, and settle it now. In the language of their testimony, "one has only to come and see" what our schools can do for him, then he will go away saying, "I truly thank God for bringing me here." W. E. HOWELL.

### An Earnest Temperance Worker

WE have frequent responses to our call made in the Temperance INSTRUCTOR for 1,000 clean boys to sell Temperance INSTRUCTORS. The answers are very gratifying. They show that there are many people as much interested in temperance and the welfare of the youth as we are, and are willing to join us in our temperance efforts. As a sample of many other letters coming to the INSTRUCTOR, we quote the following:—

I am writing in regard to your advertisement in the INSTRUCTOR saying you want 1,000 clean boys, upright and honest boys, to sell the INSTRUCTOR.

I am a young man 23 years old, a member of the Christian Church; am a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco, and am an ardent temperance worker. As I am interested in the boys and girls of today, because they are the men and the women of tomorrow, since coming across a copy of the INSTRUCTOR for 1914 and reading it, I have decided that the best way I can help the temperance cause is by distributing the INSTRUCTOR, or any other literature like that which you may provide.

I have had some experience as a canvasser. I have canvassed for the largest papers in Iowa, the *Register* and *Leader* of Des Moines, and the *Evening Tribune*. So I fully believe I can sell or appoint boys to sell one thousand or more INSTRUCTORS in each county in the State, if given the chance to do so. I wish, therefore, you would let me know about your plan, and what commission you can allow. I am going to give an address on temperance at our annual temperance rally the first Sunday in September, and would like you to send me a few copies of the last issue of the INSTRUCTOR. I want to show the officers of our temperance organization the INSTRUCTOR, and see if they will not order a liberal supply to distribute on such occasions.

As for my integrity and reliability, I can furnish any kind of references desired. So may God bless you in your work.

I am your brother in Christ.

### Lift Me Up

God speaks to men.

My soul leans toward him; stretches forth its arms,  
And waits expectant. Speak to me, my God;  
And let me know the living Father cares  
For me, even me, for this one of his children.  
Hast thou no word for me? I am thy thought.  
God, let thy mighty heart beat into mine,  
And let mine answer as a pulse to thine.  
See, I am low,—yea, very low; but thou  
Art high, and thou canst lift me up to thee.

—George Macdonald.

A MOTHER'S heart does more in the bringing up of children, a million times, than a mother's hand, though the hand is sometimes quite busy.—Henry Ward Beecher.



## The Last Trip of the Russian Steamer "Kursk" Before the War

MRS. J. T. BOETTCHER



SEVEN times across the Atlantic with the great steamers of the Hamburg or the Bremen lines we thought quite enough, and so for this trip from Russia to America we desired a less-accustomed route. In our travels upon some of the large rivers of Russia and Siberia we had been especially pleased with the comforts and homelike freedom enjoyed on the Russian boats. This led us now to think of the Russo-American fast twin-screw passenger steamers plying between Libau, Russia, and New York. By sailing directly from Russia we would avoid the long, dusty railroad ride from Riga to Hamburg or Bremen in the heat of summer.

But friends in Riga shook their heads in disapproval. "The Russian line is too little known," they said. "The voyage would be very long, and perhaps the boats are not safe." In fact, there were many objections. But both of us are good sailors and love the sea, and did not object to a long passage. The tickets were certainly much cheaper, and we had never heard of the sinking of a boat on that line.

The eighth of July Mr. Boettcher was to start on his long trip to Vladivostok, on the Pacific coast,—fifteen days on the cars and farther than from Libau to New York,—and he desired to see our daughter and myself safely started before he left. Happily, the steamer "Kursk" was sailing the seventh of July, and we secured first-class passage. Mrs. Gaede, wife of Elder D. P. Gaede, of Odessa, Russia, wishing to go to America on a visit, decided to share our fate on a Russian boat, and joined us in Riga. We left Riga by rail, Monday morning, July 6, Mr. Boettcher accompanying us as far as Libau. In Riga many friends gathered at the station to say good-by. Flowers, cakes, fruits, tears, smiles, and good wishes — and we were off.

As the train pulled into Mitau, a city on the way, more friends boarded the train to say good-by, bringing us a large basket of the most delicious fresh strawberries. The people of Russia are always extravagant in whatever they do, especially when showing kindness to those they love.

We arrived in Libau early in the afternoon. My daughter and I had never been there, but there were many of my husband's friends at the station to meet us, bringing beautiful flowers as a token of welcome. A carriage was waiting for us, and before going to our lodging, we were taken on a drive through the city.

Libau is not a large city, but very modern and clean, with good-sized stores and fine houses. The Adventists have also built a chapel in this city, the finest we have in Russia, much resembling an English church, with vines climbing over it. We were to have services in it that night, the last that we should attend in that country for some time.

The seashore of Libau is very beautiful, and it is one of the quieter bathing resorts of Russia. It was just the time for the celebration of Johanni (John), one of the most popular festivals of the North folk in Scandinavia and the Baltic provinces of Russia. Like Christmas and New Year's, this festival is handed down from pagan times. As Christmas marks the ending of the shortest days of the year, so the Johanni

festival is the close of the longest days, or when the sun has reached the full glory of his power. It is then we enjoy in the North the so-called "white nights," and indeed there is no night at all, only twilight during the midnight hours.

The churches, public buildings, and even private houses are decorated with birch trees. At Christmas time there is only one tree, but for Johanni there are as many as possible. I visited one pretty little church, and it seemed quite like walking through a forest. The pulpit and pews were garlanded, and at the entrance to each pew stood a birch tree. About midnight great tar bonfires are lighted on the hills, and the young people sing and dance around them. Many think to read their fate in the Johanni fire.

We were not celebrating Johanni night, but thoughts of the morrow's separation kept us from sleeping much. So we rose early the next morning, the day of our sailing. We were glad for one more quiet hour alone together. Father and daughter were parting, perhaps, for a long time, as Olivia is to attend college in Washington, D. C. We did not know then that this would be the last trip the "Kursk" would make before being called to help in a great European war. We little dreamed that this quiet harbor would soon see the hurrying of warships. Had we known that very soon not only the ocean but a cruel war would separate us, the parting would have been still harder, and it is possible that we should have preferred to stay and share the hardships that loved ones are now called to endure.

We could not find out just when our boat would sail, but we were told to be there at two in the afternoon, as the boat was likely to leave any time between two and six, whenever the doctors and police got through examining the passengers. When we arrived, precisely at two, a crowd was already gathered at the docks, and cabs were hurrying to and from the city.

The heat was intense, yet we were ordered into a large, low building, where we were told that our passports, tickets, and other papers would be put in order. There was a big crowd of emigrants already in there, and we were all pushed along like cattle. The air was horrible, and when we reached the first-class waiting room and found it not a bit better, we made a break back and out of doors. The men in authority tried to prevent our escape, but they found stubborn Americans instead of patient Russians. We told them that we were going to get out of there, no matter what they did to us or our papers. By this time we were out. So they had to make the best of it and examine our papers. We were the first ones ready, and with a sigh of content we sat down on the doorsteps to rest.

Seeing our escape, others tried to follow, but it was in vain. They were Russians, and were forcibly pushed back and the big doors slammed in their faces. What happened further behind those doors I do not know.

Mr. Boettcher asked permission to take some photographs of the "Kursk," which was granted. We were pleased with the looks of our boat. It is of medium size, and carries only about seventeen hundred passengers and some three hundred crew. We were obliged to ascend the great ship gang alone, as no one but passengers were allowed on board. On the highest deck, just below the bridge, were seven staterooms, and one of these was ours. Satisfied with our quar-



ters, and ridding ourselves of hand luggage, we went out on deck, where we could at least see our friends below. We watched Mr. Boettcher on the quay photographing the ship and us, and sometimes we could exchange a few words.

We also watched the passengers filing out of that building one by one, or family by family. Some did not have their affairs in order, and were sent back to the city. It is not always easy for a Russian to leave Russia; and, too, America has become very particular about the health and wealth of the emigrants that she now receives.

Our friends on shore and we on the boat were thoroughly tired out from watching, as it was between five and six o'clock before all was in readiness for sailing. Slowly we pulled out, for a long time seeing Libau and dear ones in the distance. Our captain and other officers on the "Kursk" left families in Libau; nor did they dream that before they would sail for home, that peaceful harbor would be bombarded by the enemy.

For this trip the "Kursk" was carrying only eight hundred passengers, about equally divided between second-class and steerage. There were only fourteen first-class passengers. All the lower first-class decks and berths were given up to the second class.

At seven o'clock dinner was served. The captain, five ship officers, the ship doctor, and the fourteen passengers made just an acceptable table, and, as I had hoped, a pleasant, informal ship life began. My daughter, had already formed the acquaintance of one of the gentleman passengers, a Cossack from Siberia, last year while visiting at Baron von Medem's, and we had recommendations to the captain and chief engineer.

We were sailing through the Baltic Sea, with the most delightful warm weather. At noon the next day we anchored just outside the harbor of Copenhagen, Denmark, and lay there several hours while taking on supplies for the voyage. Supplies are secured here cheaper and better than in Russia.

We had a fine view of Copenhagen on one side, and of the coast of Sweden on the other. Later on we passed the large Adventist sanitarium at Skodsborg, Denmark, one of the finest and best patronized in Europe. All the evening we were passing beautiful cities and lovely country scenes, sometimes on the coast of Sweden, sometimes on the coast of Denmark. Denmark was strengthening her fortifications and scolding about the Germans; but then one had become accustomed to that, and even the Danes themselves laughed over it.

Then came the Cattegat and Skager Rack waters, and we passed through into the North Sea, sailing along the west coast of Norway. Up in those northern waters the sun sets still later, so that the nights were very light; but the weather became cold, and Thursday evening we all sat quietly in the music parlor, singing English and Russian songs quite as if we were at home instead of on the water. We began with "The Homeland," from "Christ in Song." The captain is quite musical, and enjoyed singing our English sacred and national hymns and old melodies, and energetically beat the time.

At the table the conversation was always carried on in three languages,—English, Russian, and German.

Friday morning we sighted land for the last time before crossing. We had passed from the North Sea into the Atlantic Ocean, and were along the north-western coast of Great Britain. It was cold and often

foggy, and the sea was getting rough, and by Sabbath morning most of the eight hundred passengers were becoming seasick.

We were about the only ones who seemed prepared for cold weather. Even the first officer was suffering from cold feet, having left his warm boots on shore in anticipation of hot weather.

Sunday the boat was making such terrible lurches, traveling up and down those billowy hills, that I was very glad to lie quite still most of the time, in order not to get seasick. As far as I know, my daughter was the only woman able to go about the boat freely. As she is never seasick, she could help the doctor care for the others.

The sea calmed, but there was not a real warm, pleasant day until the next Thursday, when we were well across, and hoping to cast anchor Friday noon at Halifax, Nova Scotia. But to those of us who were well they were days of quiet enjoyment and pleasant social intercourse, in which we were gaining in health and strength, as well as getting much new information on various subjects.

We discussed the war question with our Cossack friend, who told us that the war between Russia and Germany must come very soon, probably within a year, and he explained to us why the feelings of Russia toward Germany are so bitter. "Thank God," said he, "it is not as it was during the war with Japan. Russia is now ready." We have had occasion to think of this gentleman's words a great many times since, and they have helped us to understand who was seeking this cruel war.

The wireless had notified our captain where the icebergs were, and he went several hours out of course to avoid them; still he hoped, with such fine weather, to reach Halifax on Friday. But Friday morning we were awakened by the dismal notes of the foghorn. And such a fog, so dense that it seemed like heavy rain! Our ship scarcely dared to move, and the water depth was measured every half hour at least. We passed very near to an island, but could not see its shores. Slowly we were nearing the dangerous, rocky coast of Nova Scotia, and anxiously awaited the night, which proved so dark that one could not see the water. The captain had telegraphed for a pilot to meet us between six and seven in the evening, but evidently, in the fog, he had not found us, or had not ventured out.

We received a wireless message from an Italian ship, "Palmira," which was behind us, saying she had entirely lost her course. Our ship was more fortunate, for she struck some bell ships (buoys), and by reading the numbers on them, and telegraphing to Halifax, our captain knew about where we were, some ten miles from harbor. It was impossible to cast anchor because of the rocks beneath.

On the bridge the captain was sending his orders down to the engine room: "Slow up;" "Backward;" "Forward;" "Full steam;" "Stop." I always have an uncomfortable feeling when the great engine stops. It seems quite as if the heart of the ship had ceased beating; as if something dreadful had happened.

We were thankful to know that the men guiding our ship had clear brains and steady hands, not allowing themselves the use of alcohol, at least during the voyage. We were impressed as never before with the importance of choosing the right Captain for the voyage of life. And a pilot is very necessary, too, and might correspond with the Bible, as that book



certainly does tell us where we are. The captain said he was expecting the pilot any minute, but he did not come all the long night, and the captain had to keep the ship traveling in a sort of circle near the bell ships, so that we, too, should not get lost.

About four in the morning I fell asleep, and when I awoke, between six and seven, the pilot was already on board, and was guiding us into the harbor. The fog had not lifted, but it is not so dreadful in the daytime as at night; and as we pulled in, the rain began to fall, which cleared the air so that we got a good view of Halifax. It is not a large city, but it reminded me of Duluth, Minnesota, as the high hills rise abruptly behind the shores, and one sees the long rows of steps leading to the streets above.

Halifax is an important seaport, and is strongly fortified. We had a fine view of the fortresses on the hills, and the ship purser told me about the old French fortress, the walls of which are fourteen feet through, with a canal or moat between, and a big wheel chain with which they kept out the boats of the enemy.

About half our passengers landed at Halifax, and it seemed so much easier than landing in New York. The quarantine doctors and other officials did not make nearly so much fuss, and there did not seem to be any Ellis Island. Also the Grand Trunk Railroad comes right down to the ship landing. All passengers for Canada, Chicago, and Cleveland left the ship here. By the time we reached New York, they were at their destination.

The fog was gathering again, but by dinner time, at seven, we were well out at open sea, and making quick time southward. We were glad that our good captain could leave the bridge and come down to dinner. Rising around the table, we drank his health in good cold water, wishing him the protection and guidance of the Great Captain above for many a safe voyage.

One more beautiful warm day on the ocean, during which all the seasick folk got well, and early Monday morning, July 20, we were swiftly gliding into New York harbor.

It was almost with regret that we left the ship and parted with the associates of our thirteen days' voyage on a Russian ship. But that same evening the train was bearing us safely toward Ohio, and we were dreaming of home and friends after long years of separation.

### Use of the Bible

THERE is danger that the Bible may be wrongly used. Many study the Bible to obtain arguments to maintain their theories. Hon. Robert Boyle well expresses the right use of the Scriptures:—

"I use the Scriptures, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons to defend this party, or defeat its enemies, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to be, to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe, and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored."—*"The Works of the Honorable Robert Boyle" (6 vols.), Vol. II, page 277, under article "Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scripture," 3d Obj. 8, London, W. Johnson & Others, 1772.*

There has been at different periods of our denominational history a tendency on the part of some to consider the Bible as a textbook. The mistake of this

has been well pointed out in the following words, which we quote:—

"The Bible does not consist of systematic discourses, either on theology, or on morals, or on history, or on any other topic." "Look not into the Bible for what God never put in it—look not there for mathematics or mechanics, for metaphysical distinctions or the abstruse sciences; but look there simply for the way of spiritual life and salvation, and you will find enough, an abundance for all your spiritual needs."—C. E. Stowe, *"Origin and History of the Books of the Bible," Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Connecticut, 1867, pages 22, 32.*

It is quite proper that the study of the Bible should be thorough. This is especially true of those who teach the Word to others. Martin Luther recognized that this can best be done by a knowledge of the original languages.

"Young divines ought to study Hebrew, to the end they may be able to compare Greek and Hebrew words together, and discern their properties, nature, and strength."—*"The Table Talk of Martin Luther," translated by William Haglitt, Philadelphia, Lutheran Board of Publications, 1868, page 238.*

The Bible should receive constant and thorough study.

"There is but little benefit derived from a hasty reading of the Scriptures. One may read the whole Bible through, and yet fail to see its beauty or comprehend its deep and hidden meaning. One passage studied until its significance is clear to the mind, and its relation to the plan of salvation is evident, is of more value than the perusal of many chapters with no definite purpose in view and no positive instruction gained. Keep your Bible with you. As you have opportunity, read it; fix the texts in your memory. Even while you are walking the streets, you may read a passage, and meditate upon it, thus fixing it in the mind."—Ellen G. White, *"Steps to Christ," Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C., 1908, page 95.*

The Word of God is most appreciated by those who are in trouble. Yet no life is entirely free from this, and we should all learn to turn for the consolation which men cannot give.

"Weary human nature lays its head on the bosom of the divine Word, or it has nowhere to lay its head. Tremblers on the verge of the dark and terrible valley which parts the land of the living from the untried hereafter, take this hand of human tenderness yet godlike strength, or they totter into the gloom without prop or stay. They who look their last upon the beloved dead, listen to this voice of soothing and peace, or else death is no uplifting of everlasting doors, and no enfolding in everlasting arms, but an ending as appalling to the reason as to the senses, the usher to a charnel house whose highest faculties and noblest feelings lies crushed with the animal wreck, an infinite tragedy, maddening and sickening, a blackness of darkness forever."—C. E. Stowe, *"Origin and History of the Books of the Bible," page 35.*

L. L. CAVINESS.

### A Dangerous Enemy

"GLADSTONE'S opponents," says Bryce, "used to say that it was dangerous to meet him, because one might be forced to leave off hating him." What a wonderful disposition must this grand old man of  
(Concluded on page sixteen)



## Work for the Indians of Bolivia

W. O. CLUFF

WHAT was the object in starting our young people's society? Was it to pass a pleasant hour of amusement for our young folks? — No, it was to teach them to be of service to the Master, and start them on their way for the great mission fields beyond. It is here that we learn to work for him, and many times give our



AN INDIAN FAMILY OF BOLIVIA

lives to his service. The best time to do this is while we are young.

Mrs. Cluff and I had been married seven years before we had the privilege of hearing and accepting present truth. Our first thought was how we could carry this light to others. First, we saw the need of a better education. We attended South Lancaster Academy one year, and while there decided on our future work. After spending two seasons in tent and Bible work, we took the nurses' training course at Graysville, Tennessee. Before completing our course, we had decided to go to Africa, but a call came from the General Conference to go to South America. Today we are confident that we are where the Lord desires us to be.

We are located at La Paz, in the western part of Bolivia, high up in the Andes, at an altitude of twelve thousand five hundred feet. Strenuous or prolonged exertion is very difficult here.

Our seasons are just the reverse of those in the States. We have no way of keeping the house heated in winter. Being above timber line, we have no trees. Fifty dollars gold is the price of a ton of soft coal, and there are no stoves in which to use it. Coal oil is the only fuel we can use, and that also is very expensive. We are now having summer, and the thermometer registers fifty degrees.

Living is expensive, as almost everything is imported from the United States, Germany, or England. Fruit and vegetables are abundant, coming from the lower parts of Peru or Bolivia. Canned goods are more than three times the price they are in the States. Butter is seventy cents a pound; sugar, twenty cents; and flour is three times the price you pay. Clothing is also very high.

We have in La Paz a population of 80,000. About 60,000 are Indians, while the other 20,000 are composed of the true Bolivian people and mixed classes.

Thus far my work has been mostly among the Indians. We have learned to love them very much. At

first they were somewhat repulsive, because of their dirty habits and ways, but one could expect little else of them, as they have been kept in ignorance by the Spanish people. The Indian is not ambitious. He seems to live merely for alcohol and coca. These deaden his sensibilities, and he endures all kinds of abuses and mistreatment from the white people. Being addicted to these stimulants, the Indian is short-lived, seldom living to be more than fifty years of age. The Indians are afflicted with all kinds of diseases. They receive no help from the Bolivian, and we find a large field for medical work.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed our efforts here. Several lives have been saved through our care and treatments. Some who were sent away from the hospital, where they received no help, have come to us and been helped, and sometimes entirely cured. Some of the cases we have had to deal with were broken jaws, stab wounds, all kinds of fevers, and tuberculosis of the bones. Through the medical work we are able to reach the hearts of these people. Medical work has been carried on among the Indians of our Lake Titicaca Mission, where we have about two hundred baptized believers. One month ago Brethren Maxwell and Pohle baptized seventy-five. That was a blessed day for them. These people, having given up the terrible drugs of their race, are now a clean people. Much improvement is found in their living. Formerly one would have to crawl through a hole on one's knees to get into the huts; now they have large doors and windows, giving good ventilation, whereas they had none before. Many times while caring for the sick I have had to stop and go out for fresh air, as the hut would be filled with the smoke of the fires, for they had no chimneys. Their huts are of necessity made of dried mud, and the roofs are of grass.

Bolivia is six times as large as the combined States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, with only one ordained minister, two canvassers,



W. O. CLUFF COMING HOME FROM A TRIP AMONG THE INDIANS

a nurse, and Mrs. Cluff and myself. Even though we have to work under great difficulties, the work is onward, and the Lord is blessing our efforts; but we need more help and more means. Dear friends, prepare to be of service.





### Gleanings From "Popular Mechanics"

#### Hook Hairs Into Scalp to End Baldness

**I**N order to furnish a cloak for baldness, hairs are being sewed into the human scalp successfully at a hospital in Budapest. The unusual operation is performed, it is claimed, without causing the patient to undergo pronounced pain. As many as fifty thousand hairs have been planted into the head of one man.

The process of anchoring the hair in the scalp is odd. Minute hooks made of extremely fine gold wire are threaded with a double strand of hair. These, with the assistance of a small instrument, are inserted into the subcutaneous tissues, where they are given a slight twist to fasten them into place. One hundred strands of hair to each square centimeter (about one sixth of a square inch) are drawn through punctures in the scalp to form a suite of hair.

#### First Toll Is Collected at Panama Canal

After putting millions of dollars annually, for years, into the construction of the Panama Canal, the first cash revenue from the gigantic project was recorded recently from barge traffic. Because of congestion on the Panama Railroad, cargoes were allowed to be transported over the water bridge. Most of the loads were composed of sugar shipments from Hawaii. For the business done during approximately two weeks' time, the return was \$7,356.12.

#### State-Financed Monorail Road Projected

The lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature recently approved a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the construction of a high-speed monorail transportation system connecting Boston, New Bedford, and Fall River. The proposed system, which is regarded seriously by many well-informed persons, is planned for a speed of one hundred miles an hour. Gyroscopic principles do not form the basic ideas of the invention. The plan is for a single track with an overhead trestle guide, which supports the train as it rounds a curve or comes to a stop. When velocity is attained, the individual car is righted by its own momentum, just as in the case of a bicycle, relieving the strain on the guiding line.

If it is decided to build the line, two-story cars will be employed. These will follow the lines of a ship's deck, being long, narrow, deep, and pointed at the prow. They will be approximately forty-two feet in length and fourteen feet in depth, having a seating capacity of one hundred and eight persons. The cars designed for commercial use, as well as those used on the experimental road, are of the compartment type. Plans for using the system for local transportation service in cities, eliminating the present form of elevated roads, have been conceived by the inventor. The question before the legislature, however, confines itself to the proposed line to the southeastern part of the State.

#### Heat-Retaining Dishes for Table Service

By the introduction of a chemical compound, strong in heat-retaining qualities, into the hollow walls of specially formed dishes, the manufacture of food vessels which hold a high degree of temperature for sev-

eral hours has been made possible. The new tableware is made in both sterling and silver plate. Meat platters, coffeepots and teapots, pancake and toast holders, and vegetable dishes, which keep their contents warm for considerable lengths of time, are included in the variety manufactured. By placing one of the dishes in boiling water for a few minutes, it will retain for a period of several hours the heat of the food placed in it.

#### Cottage Schools Erected at Colorado Springs

The plan of providing each grade of a public school with a separate building, which is styled the "cottage system," has been tried at Colorado Springs, Colorado, and found to be advantageous in many ways. The individual class buildings are grouped about a central, or administration, building.

Disturbance caused by the passing of classes from one room to another, or through the halls, as is common in most large school buildings, is in this manner eliminated so that no recitation is interrupted by the noise made by another department. Fire and panic dangers are obliterated, since each cottage is a single room, built on the ground floor, without stairs or fire escapes. In the case of an epidemic of disease, opportunities are afforded to prevent its spreading, since, in theory at least, it may be confined to a single building if discovered immediately.

The central cottage contains two classrooms and the principal's office, with the partitions arranged so that the whole floor may be thrown into an auditorium capable of seating four hundred persons. In the basement is a small gymnasium, fitted with shower baths for the use of pupils and their parents alike, making the structure really a social center. Ventilation and lighting are no longer problems, while heating is cared for by a large plant situated some distance away from the class buildings.

A full block of ground is occupied, so there is sufficient room for adequate recreation plots. One feature of the plan which has an especial appeal, is that the cottage type of school may be built to fit the needs of a district, and then may be added to as the population increases, thus eliminating the necessity of constructing an expensive and large structure in a sparsely settled place in order to provide for future requirements.

#### Preventive Eye Care

It was not so long ago when we never went to the dentist until a tooth ached. But gradually the idea of going to have our teeth examined once or twice a year took root in the public mind, and the thought that a tooth looked at in time might spare us an ache and save the tooth, gained ground and is becoming very generally followed. But such inconsistent creatures are we that the most sensitive member of the human body, the eye, is neglected until we feel "something must be the matter with my glasses," and then we go to the oculist. The very announcement that we are going to the oculist causes our family and friends to ask in alarm, "Why, what's the matter?" It took us a long while to accept preventive dentistry; it will probably take us an equally long time to accept preventive eye treatment. But we ought to make a start in thinking about it, especially in the case of our children. Few things are more precious to us than our sight. Once each year is not too often to have our eyes just looked into. It is vital prevention.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.






Painted by T. Webster

WHEN THE MASTER FROWNED

## Calling God's Attention

 ONE bright winter day, a long time ago — more than fifty years — two sturdy little boys were trotting along a muddy highway to school, with a few well-worn books under their arms and small dinner pails in their hands. Their sunburnt yellow heads were close together, and you could have told by the glint of their blue eyes that they were up to some mischief.

"It looks jes' for the world like a snake," John Hoover was saying. "Jacob, our man, gave it to me; he stuffed the skin himself, and put wire all through, clean out to its tail."

"Where is it?" asked Henry Blair, eagerly.

"I hid it under the Osage orange hedge, close to Joe Bell's gate. It's the very place. We can stoop down close to the hedge, and when the little greeny gets jes' opposite, out'll dart the snake, right up ag'inst his legs."

"O my, won't he holler?" cried Henry, slapping his own legs so vigorously that his Mitchell's Geography slipped from under his arm, and fell, face down, in the road.

All the rest of the way the two little boys were in high glee over their plans. They did not mean to be cruel; they were not thinking whether it was cruel or not; but because Joe Bell was a new boy, and smaller than themselves, and very timid besides, these two had been tormenting him every day for a week and calling it fun.

But that very morning, directly after school prayers, a sharp-faced little girl held up her hand for permission to speak.

"Well, Mary," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Miss Lou," said the high, shrill voice, "I saw Joe Bell talking to himself in prayer time."

"What were you doing with your eyes open in prayer time, Mary?"

The child's look fell, and the scholars giggled. The giggle was quickly checked, however.

"You can stay in at recess, Mary, and say the eighth column of your multiplication table for looking around in prayer time, and the ninth column for tale-bearing."

Mary burst into tears; but let us hope that she learned a more important lesson even than two columns of the multiplication table.

And you must not think Joe Bell was to escape.

"Why were you talking in prayer time, Joseph?" asked the teacher.

"I wasn't talkin'. I was — I was —"

"Well, Joseph, what were you doing?"

"I was asking God not to let those two boys tease me so bad," blurted out the new scholar, and instantly there were two boys with red, telltale faces in that school.

"He didn't say our name," whispered Henry, as the tide of children poured out of the little schoolhouse. "Come 'long; let's run and hide under the hedge."

But John hung back. His zest for the sport was gone.

"Come 'long, I say," urged Henry; "nobody'll know where we are going."

"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly, "but you see he's done called God's attention to us!"

John is an old man now, but he has never forgotten how the feeling that God's attention had been called to him held him back many times from wrongdoing.—  
*The Silent Evangel.*

### The Great Gift

(Reprinted by request)

It was a beautiful piece of work, woven by Zonia's great-grandmother, long before the days of factories and flying looms.

When Zonia's mother died, twelve of the children were already married and settled in other log cabins on other hills. The coverlet, which constituted all her earthly possessions, she gave to Zonia. The daughters-in-law grumbled a little to themselves. "She has no home. What does she want with a coverlet?"

When September came and the mountains were arrayed in their festive dress of gold and crimson, Zonia packed her few belongings, the coverlet with the rest, and bade them good-by.

"I always wanted to go to school, but never had the





Painted by T. Webster

#### WHEN THE MASTER SMILED

chance. Now I'm going," she calmly announced when the brothers and sisters gathered to expostulate with her for leaving the mountains. "So long as mother lived, I had to care for her; but she's gone now and I'm by myself. There's nothing to hinder. There's a college for mountain folks not far from here. I wrote to the principal, and he promises me work enough in the kitchen of the ladies' hall to pay all my expenses. The work won't be any harder than what I do at home, and I'll have time to get my lessons besides. If I keep my health, I'll be a school-teacher after a while. I don't want to be a burden on any one of you. I'm only twenty years old, plenty young enough, the president wrote. So worry no more about it. I'm going."

At one o'clock next day, Zonia McCone waited in the house of the principal. In spite of the kindness of every one whom she met, Zonia was pale and trembling. The first time she had seen a railway train was ten minutes before, when the terrible, plunging giant rushed through the little town, spitting out fire and columns of black smoke. The very earth trembled. Zonia trembled, too, like a ship in a storm. She was still trembling when she entered the velvet-carpeted room of the president's house, which was filled with choice pictures and glittering ornaments, and strains of music that filtered from a sweet-toned instrument.

In a few days Zonia became accustomed to the new order of living. She was faithful at class and attended every lecture and meeting and concert, listening attentively to every speaker who visited the chapel.

As winter approached, the need of suitable clothing troubled her. One evening when Hettie Palmer, a Northern girl, visited Zonia's room, she saw the blue-and-white coverlet displayed for the first time.

"Where did you get this lovely thing?" she cried, pouncing upon the treasure as if it had been a piece of gold. "Don't you know that you could sell it for enough to pay your expenses for a whole year?"

Zonia shook her head. To her the piece of blue-and-white cotton had been but a treasured heirloom. She listened eagerly as Hettie told of hand-woven blankets and coverlets which her aunt in Chicago had bought. "If you like, I'll write auntie about this; she's coming for Christmas. I'm sure she'll give you at least two hundred dollars for it."

Zonia accepted the offer joyfully, and on the day before Christmas Mrs. Palmer came. With her on the same train was an old man, bowed and gray.

Hettie and her aunt were in Zonia's room as soon as supper was over. Mrs. Palmer examined the coverlet, and promised to take it. "I will send you a check as soon as I reach home," she said kindly, "and you may send the coverlet by express to me."

"Dear Mrs. Palmer, take it with you," begged Zonia; "you can't know what this means to me. Without the money I would have been obliged to leave school, and I feel as if I could not bear that, for I am far behind the youngest student."

After they had gone, Zonia went about her work as if she were in a dream. A hundred times, in fancy, she expended the enormous sum. She planned her wardrobe, and the sum which she would deposit in the college bank. Two hundred dollars! She smiled as she folded the beautiful coverlet and wrapped it in strong brown paper. All the while she felt her mother's eyes upon her, and she seemed to hear the dearly loved voice: "Zonia has only her two hands. Great-grandma's coverlet shall go with her." How little her mother had known the value of this legacy!

When she had donned her wraps, Zonia started for the chapel, taking the package for Mrs. Palmer. It was late when she and the package reached there. Not noticing nor caring for the curious eyes, Zonia walked up the aisle tightly clutching the coverlet. Almost as soon as she took the seat offered her near the stage, the room became dark. Hettie Palmer, her friend, began to sing in a glorious voice the old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountain." Zonia had never seen a stereopticon, so when the first beautiful colored picture was thrown on the screen to illustrate the song, she was on tiptoe. When the song ended, there were tears in her eyes.

After this exercise, the old man with snowy hair walked to the front of the stage. His language was simple, yet so impressive that every person was interested. He told how in youth he had given up a position of honor and a good salary, and had gone with his young wife into suffering China to tell the story.

He told how for nine long years they had all but starved outside the city wall; how in the waiting time



they had healed the sick and comforted the sorrowing; how their beautiful boy had been born there; how at last they secured entrance into the city.

"For twenty years we lived in the outskirts of Peking," he said slowly. "My wife and I taught the people and fed them. One day, they would be willing to kiss our feet; the next, they would revile and persecute us. In all that twenty years we had but one convert, but we did not give up. The great Boxer trouble found us still there. With the other missionaries, we were obliged to flee. I came back to this country two years ago," he almost sobbed, "but I left my wife and my boy, who had fallen victims to the heathen's rage, sleeping beneath the foreign sod.

"After I had been in this country twelve months, an awful yearning to return to the poor people seized me. I could not go back for lack of means. I went from one church to another, and to the officers of every mission board that I knew. They refused to send me on account of my feeble health and my old age. A few called me cranky. A friend grew positively angry when I tried to borrow the money necessary for the trip.

"You're crazy, John," he declared. "You've given your health, your wife, your child, for a lot of yellow heathen who didn't so much as thank you for what you've done. Settle down and write in a book what you have told me. It will make your fortune, man."

"I wrote the book," said the old man, slowly. The people listened breathlessly. "At the end of ten months I sent it to the publisher. Last week I visited him. He gave me a check for fifty thousand dollars. 'Now, John, settle down and enjoy life,' he said. 'You've earned it.' But I laughed him to scorn. The purpose for which I had written my book was still strong in my heart.

"In one week I sail for China, never to return. I shall never again look into the bright faces of these bonny boys and girls, but I want to make this appeal to them before I go. You are preparing to celebrate Christmas, but think a moment; you have never known the hunger or cold of the sufferers dying in China. Think, too, of the thousands who are dying without hope or knowledge of the life beyond the grave.

"Boys, girls, can't you sacrifice something for these untaught, starving millions? Who will give something to the hungry across the sea?"

There was a moment's pause which was freighted with feeling. Then a girl stumbled up the steps and stood by the old man, an effective picture in her skimmed yellow gown. Few looked at the gown or the package. All wondered at the strange beauty of the upturned face. Her eyes shone like stars. "Take this; it is all I have!" she sobbed. Before the audience recovered from astonishment, she was gone. In another instant Mrs. Palmer, the wife of the Chicago minister, stood in Zonia's place, telling the story of the great gift. When she had finished, coins and jewelry fell upon the azure robe like rain. When Mrs. Palmer added to them the price of the coverlet, and went on her way, taking it with her that she might repeat the story, she had planned for a campaign of giving among the young people in her own church. Before the end of the week, ten thousand dollars had been added to the nucleus that had gathered about Zonia's gift.

Zonia appeared at class the next day as usual. A few noticed that she had worked longer hours, but there was a quiet smile on her face which not even

her best friends understood. A word of comfort came to her as she plodded at her unceasing task: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "She hath done what she could."

But Zonia did not leave school. At the end of the month, a trunk filled with good clothes came to her address. Before the end of the term, she received all her bills receipted. She kept at work until she was graduated. But she did not teach school. One of the happiest missionaries in the Southern mountains is Zonia, the one-time owner of the blue coverlet.—*United Presbyterian*.

### "Tarley's Mamma"

A BABY came into our lives one day—  
An orphaned baby not yet two—  
And because he worshiped my brown-eyed boy,  
He, mimicking, called me "mamma," too.  
"Stop that!" the heir apparent cried,  
As he knitted his brow in a fury fine;  
"I gave you my crib and my hobby horse,  
But you can't have my mamma; *she's* all mine!"



The soft lips quivered, the bright  
eyes filled,  
And "Tarley's mamma," he  
whispered low,  
Learning the lesson his idol set  
And holding it stoutly through  
weal and woe.  
So whether he ravaged the straw-  
berry bed,  
Or chased the chickens in imp-  
ish glee,

Or played like a cherub new fledged, the call,  
"Tarley's mamma," rang up to me.

I made no protest; love is a flower  
That with forcing dies, and I knew my own;  
So I bided my time through the summer hours,  
While the breezes sang and the bright sun shone;  
And just at the end there came a day  
When the merry baby lay hot and still,  
And the doctor talked in a solemn way,  
And looked solemn yet—as doctors will.

Close to my knee crept my little lad,  
With a piteous, tear-choked tale to tell:  
"I'm sorry I ever was mean to him,  
And him so little. If he'll get well  
I'll give him my soldiers, my very best,  
And my truly gun, and my fish pole, too.  
And—I said I wouldn't, but now I will—  
Mamma, I'll give him *half* of you!"

Who can measure love's power? In his little crib  
The languid baby stirred and smiled,  
And the flame of the fever flickered low  
As he held out his arms to the older child;  
Then, holding him close with one dimpled hand,  
"Tarley, Tarley, me loves you!"  
He stretched the other to me and smiled.  
"Tarley's mamma my mamma, too!"

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

### Made for Better Purposes

HUMAN flesh was not made to be torn and gashed by bullets and bayonets. Human bones were not made to be shattered by projectiles and bombs. Human eyes were not made to be shot to bits. Human limbs were not made to be wrenched or cut away by sword and shrapnel. Human blood was not made to be smeared on the dust of battle field.—*The Christian Herald*.

A LAWYER who works ten months in the year and then for two solid months amuses himself, will last twice as long as if he took no recreation.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.



### What Made Some Boys Famous

A SEEMINGLY trivial incident started the Wright brothers to thinking about airships when they were small boys. During the autumn of 1878 their father, then Rev. Milton Wright, but later Bishop Wright, brought them a curious toy called a helicopter. This device was a small flying machine with two horizontal propellers which, when revolved rapidly by twisted rubber bands, would fly through the air for a short distance. At that time Wilbur Wright was eleven and Orville seven. They played and experimented with their little scientific toy, and their father smilingly encouraged them in their efforts to make a better one, little realizing that his boys were to solve the problem of aerial flight and receive a medal from Congress for their achievement.

Eight years later the bold and ingenious experiments of Lilienthal, the German inventor, attracted their attention and stirred their ambition. Lilienthal lost his life gliding or coasting on the air. The principle of the helicopter, or revolving propellers for lifting an airship, was abandoned by the Wright brothers, and afterward in all of their experiments they relied on the aeroplane or kite principle. On Dec. 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the first successful flight of the Wright airship was made—the first instance of the kind in the history of the world—twenty-five years after Wilbur and Orville began playing with the helicopter. Their father, when he bought the toy, did not realize that he was giving a direction to their lives that would mean so much to them and to the world.

Parents and teachers today are giving direction to the young lives committed to their care, and the apparently trivial thing they say or do may be the most far-reaching. This is true in education and in the choice of a life work, but it is emphatically true in the development of those qualities of character that make for permanent and enduring success. Watch even the toys you give to children, for they may affect their lives in a most unexpected manner.—*Albert Sidney Gregg.*

### What Is Yours?

SHE's not a fool, but the girls in school  
Nickname her "Gertie Giggler;"  
And the fellows, all who know him, call  
Another "Bobby Wiggler."  
In shedding ugly ways be quick,  
Nicknames are ugly things to stick.

—Selected.

### Tom's Girl

"WHOM are you going to take to the concert tonight, Tom?" asked the boys.

"It's a secret," said Tom, looking up for an instant from his desk, his blue eyes twinkling.

"O, tell us her name! Come, Tom; I always thought there was a girl you liked, for all your pretending not to care for them!"

"Sure there's a girl," answered Tom, mischievously.

"Thought so! What's her name?" chorused the crowd.

"That would be telling! Don't you wish you knew?" returned Tom. And no more was to be extracted from him on the subject of his girl.

He went home at supper time, smiling to himself as he stopped at the florist's on the way, and whistling a catchy little tune:—

"I want a girl  
Just like the girl  
That married dear old dad."

"That's the girl for me, bless her heart!" said Tom.

And when he walked into the concert hall that evening, the boys, looking around with open curiosity to see whom he was escorting, beheld Tom proudly giving his arm to a sweet-faced, blue-eyed little lady dressed in silvery gray, with the bunch of violets he had bought that afternoon nestling in the lace at her throat.

His mother! The boys looked at each other.

"So that's Tom's girl!" they remarked. "Well, what do you think of that!"—*Selected.*



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, September 26

#### 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 (twenty minutes).
5. Social Meeting.
6. Closing Exercises.

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

2. Eze. 3: 16-27. Suggestions: Ezekiel was whose watchman? What was the work of a watchman? How responsible was Ezekiel's position? Where did God talk with him? Notice the lesson in obedience. Who directed his course? Imprisonment foretold; how was his speech affected? Compare his experience with that of Zacharias; was he permanently dumb? Draw practical lessons.

3. 1 Thess. 5: 2-4.

4. Three live talks: "The Indians of Bolivia" (see *Gazette*); "Work for the Indians of Bolivia" (see this INSTRUCTOR); "A Day at Our Lake Titicaca Indian Mission" (see *Gazette*).

### Junior Society Study for Week Ending September 26

#### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. Children of the Poor—No. 7: "Little American Highlanders, No. 2" (ten minutes).
3. "The Great Gift" (seven minutes).
4. "Speak Kindly Words" (five minutes).
5. Echoes From Abroad (eight minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).

1. Song; review Morning Watch texts; sentence prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; special music.

2. This is another story from Brother Spaulding about the poor mountain children in the South. See *Gazette*. Have the story read or related by a Junior who has studied it carefully.

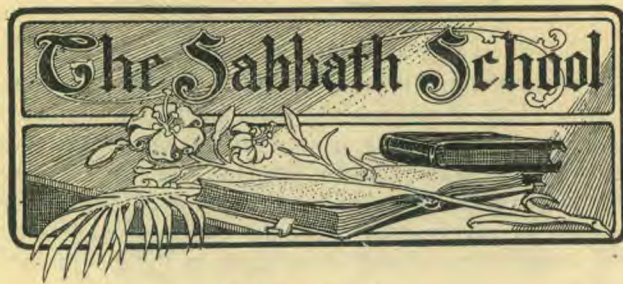
3. To be read by a Junior. See this INSTRUCTOR.

4. Recitation. See this INSTRUCTOR. Kind words and kind deeds do much to brighten this old world. Let each of us contribute all we can.

5. Appoint a Junior to glean missionary items from recent issues of our papers, also from the *Missionary Review of the World* if possible.

6. Have one-minute reports from the leaders of all working bands. Announce time for next band meetings. Repeat membership pledge.





## XIII — Review

(September 26)

MEMORY VERSES: Review all memory verses for the quarter.

## Questions

Did you keep your INSTRUCTORS fastened together this last quarter? If so, open each one to the lesson, glance through the headings, and find what kings we have learned about this quarter; what prophets; what boy; what girl.

1. How long did King David reign? How long did he live? What great work did he plan to do for the Lord before he died? Why was he not permitted to do it? What part was he allowed to do? How heartily did he make these preparations? To whom did he give all the glory? Memory Verse: 1 Chron. 29:14. What important patterns did he deliver to Solomon before his death? Lesson Scripture: 1 Chronicles 17, 28, 29.

2. How old was Solomon when he began to reign? In what praiseworthy manner did he begin his reign? What doors of opportunity were opened before this young king? Which one did he choose? What is the beginning of wisdom? Memory Verse: Prov. 9:10. How long did it take Solomon to build the temple? Describe the temple. Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 3, 5 to 7; 2 Chronicles 2 to 4.

3. For what purpose was the temple built? Without God in it, what would it have been worth. Therefore to whom did the king solemnly dedicate it? What should we remember every time we enter a house dedicated to God? Memory Verse: Ps. 11:4. Describe the dedicatory services. Lesson Scripture: 2 Chronicles 5 to 7.

4. How did Solomon's glory compare with that of other kings? Describe the visit of the queen of Sheba. How did Solomon finally lose both his wisdom and his glory? What did he discover was the only thing in life worth doing? Eccl. 12:13, 14. What warning did he leave on record for us? Memory Verse: Prov. 3:5. Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 4:29-34; 10; 11.

5. Who succeeded Solomon as king? Over how many tribes did he reign? Who reigned over the other ten tribes? By whose intervention? How did Jeroboam try to keep the ten tribes to himself? What direct commands of God did he break? How did the Lord try to show him his sin? How was the prophet himself finally led into disobedience? What should we learn from this disobedient king and this disobedient prophet? Memory Verse: 1 Sam. 15:22. Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 12, 13.

6. What unenviable record did King Jeroboam earn for himself? How did the kings who succeeded him, follow his example? Which was the most wicked of all? When warning failed to bring Israel to repentance, what judgment did the Lord send? What three great tests of faith came to Elijah? What should

his experience teach us? Memory Verse: James 5:16. Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 17.

7. How long did Elijah's faith lock up the windows of heaven? How severe was the famine? At the end of three years and a half, what did Elijah do? What test did Elijah give on Mt. Carmel? What was all Israel forced to admit? What is just as necessary now as in those days? Memory Verse: Joshua 24:15. Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 18:1-39.

8. When the people confessed their sin and returned to God, what judgment was removed? By whom? In what manner? How did Elijah know that it was God's will to send rain? Therefore what did he believe when he prayed? Memory Verse: Mark 11:24. After this mountain-top experience, what dark-valley experience did Elijah have? What useful lesson did he learn? Where was he then sent? What work was given to him to do? Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 18, 19.

9. Whom did Elijah anoint to take his place? When his work on earth was finished, where did Elijah go? In what manner? Of what great day was that day but a faint picture? Memory Verse: 1 Cor. 15:51, 52. Lesson Scripture: 1 Kings 19:19-21; 2 Kings 2:1-11.

10. Although Elijah had ascended to heaven, who was still among men? Whose faith proved it so? How were the waters of Jericho healed? What occurred at Bethel? How are we told to treat the aged? Memory Verse: Lev. 19:32. Lesson Scripture: 2 Kings 2:13-25.

11. How was a poor widow helped to pay her debts? Tell the story of the Shunammite's son. Is there any trouble or condition which is too hard for the Lord? Memory Verse: Gen. 18:14. Lesson Scripture: 2 Kings 4.

12. What wonderful work for Jesus did a little captive maid do? Where? How? By what is even a child known? Memory Verse: Prov. 20:11. Lesson Scripture: 2 Kings 5.

## Memory Verses for the Third Quarter

1. "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." 1 Chron. 29:14.

2. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." Prov. 9:10.

3. "The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven." Ps. 11:4.

4. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." Prov. 3:5.

5. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." 1 Sam. 15:22.

6. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5:16.

7. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Joshua 24:15.

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

9. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." 1 Cor. 15:51, 52.

10. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God." Lev. 19:32.

11. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Gen. 18:14.

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



### XIII — Our Duty to Labor for the Salvation of Others

(September 26)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	God's will concerning us	Questions 1, 2; note 1
Mon.	A great commission	Questions 3, 4; note 2
Tues.	An effective soul-saving method	Questions 5, 6; note 3
Wed.	An example for us	Questions 7, 8; note 4
Thurs.	Guiding principles	Questions 9-11; notes 5-7
Fri.	Review the entire lesson	

#### Questions

1. WHAT is the will of God concerning the inhabitants of the world? 2 Peter 3:9. Note 1.
2. For what purpose did Jesus come to this earth? Luke 19:10.
3. When Jesus left this world, to whom did he commit this work of saving the lost? John 17:18.
4. What commission did he give them? Matt. 28:18-20. Note 2.
5. What is the most effective method of saving souls? *Ans.*—The personal work of one individual for another. John 1:40-42, 45, 46. Note 3.
6. What parable shows Christ's care for one individual? Matt. 18:12-14.
7. What evidences are there in the work of Christ of this tender care for the individual? Mark 10:46-52; Matt. 15:21-28; Mark 5. Note 4.
8. What record is there of the personal work of Christ for individuals? Matt. 9:9; Mark 1:19, 20; John 3:1-21; 4:6-30; 5:5-9; 9:6, 7, 35-38.
9. What may we learn from the way in which Christ worked with individuals? *Ans.*—To begin by finding something in the person which we can commend. John 1:42-47. Note 5.
10. What is another important principle to be followed in personal work? *Ans.*—To begin with that in which the individual is interested, and from that lead to that which concerns his salvation. John 4:7-10; 6:26, 27, 34, 35; Luke 5:4-6, 10. Note 6.
11. Why is personal work often found the hardest to do? *Ans.*—Is it not because Satan knows it is the most effective? Eph. 6:12. Note 7.

#### Notes

1. God has given to every man a free will, to choose to follow good or evil. It is the will of God that every one should choose to follow him, but all do not accept this will of God as their guide and director. He commissions those who accept his will as theirs, to labor to bring others to accept it too.
2. "The words, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature' (Mark 16:15), are spoken to each one of Christ's followers. All who are ordained unto the life of Christ are ordained to work for the salvation of their fellow men. The same longing of soul that he felt for the saving of the lost is to be manifest in them."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VIII, page 16.
3. "The case of Philip and Nathanael is an example of true home missionary work. Philip had seen Jesus, and was convinced that he was the Messiah. In his joy he wished his friends also to know the good news. He desired that the

truth which had brought such comfort to him should be shared by Nathanael. True grace in the heart will always reveal its presence by diffusing itself. Philip went in search of Nathanael, and as he called, Nathanael answered from his place of prayer under the fig tree. Nathanael had not had the privilege of listening to the words of Jesus, but he was being drawn toward him in spirit. He longed for light, and was at that moment sincerely praying for it. . . . At Philip's invitation, Nathanael sought and found the Saviour, and in his turn joined in the work of winning souls for Christ."—*Id.*, Vol. VI, page 428.

4. The need of the one blind man called forth the sympathy and help of the Saviour; he went sixty miles to help one who was in need; he crossed the sea to save another; he recrossed the sea to help one woman and one child. The Saviour was always ready to spend and be spent for the one needy soul who might need his help.

5. "The use of hearty commendation is common in Christ's earthly ministry. The surest way to drive men from us is to begin with condemnation or criticism. It is not reasonable to suppose that we can win men to ourselves or to Christ if we begin by telling them of their sins. Christ did not work that way. He never began his message to any individual or group of persons by condemnation of sin. He did not hesitate to denounce sin and sinful persons under certain circumstances, . . . but when Jesus set out to win a person to himself, it seemed to be his resolute purpose to find something in that one which he could commend, and then to commend it in all heartiness.

"For example, the men whom Jesus first invited to follow him undoubtedly had as glaring sins and as obvious defects as most of us have today. Those imperfections must have been quite as much of a trial to Jesus as our fellows' shortcomings are to us. But he did not commence by telling them of this, nor did he seek to help them at the outset by showing them what was wrong with them. His first recorded word to faulty Simon was, 'Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Rock;' as though to say, 'for you deserve a stalwart name.' So with another of the disciples: there is no reason to suppose that Jesus could not have found, and did not see, any sin in Nathanael; but instead of condemning that which was there, Jesus' first word was an outspoken, hearty admiration of this man, in that he was particularly free from craftiness, or deceit. . . . We must learn to work in that way if we would take men alive, as Christ did. We shall never lose, but always gain, in our influence for Christ if we determinedly seek that which can be commended in one whom we would win, and speak heartily of it."—*Taking Men Alive*, pages 176, 177.

6. One of the principles on which Christ worked was that of giving the present interest of the one with whom he worked prominent place to begin with. An instance of this is given in the first miraculous draft of fishes and the call to the fisherman. With the woman of Samaria he began with a request for a drink of water, that in which she was then interested. With the multitude who had been miraculously fed, he led from the temporal bread in which they were interested to the Bread of heaven. In the same manner we must, if we would be successful soul winners, begin our work with the subjects in which the people are interested.

7. Dr. Trumbull was a personal worker for nearly fifty years. Here is his testimony concerning this question: "From nearly half a century of such practice, as I have had opportunity day by day, I can say that I have spoken with thousands upon thousands on the subject of their spiritual welfare. Yet, so far from my becoming accustomed to this matter, so that I can take hold of it as a matter of course, I find it as difficult to speak about it at the end of these years as at the beginning. Never to the present day can I speak to a single soul for Christ without being reminded by Satan that I am in danger of harming the cause by introducing it just now. If there is one thing that Satan is sensitive about, it is the danger of a Christian's harming the cause he loves by speaking of Christ to a needy soul. He [Satan] has more than once, or twice, or thrice, kept me from speaking on the subject by his sensitive, pious caution, and he has tried a thousand times to do so. Therefore my experience leads me to suppose that he is urging other persons to try any method for souls except the best one.

"Have we not the answer here to the question as to why this work is the hardest in the world? Just because it is the most effective work for Christ, the devil opposes it most bitterly, and always will while he is permitted to oppose anything good. The devil strikes hardest and most persistently at the forces which will, if effective, hurt his cause most. . . . This, then, is what we face when we enter upon this [personal] work. The greatest and hardest work in the world, it will never grow easy, but it will never grow small. If it always remains the hardest, it always remains also the greatest."—*Id.*, pages 44-46.

THE more laws a man understands, the more liberty he has.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.



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## An "Ist"

QUEER times at our house, just now—  
Mother's a "Christian Scientist,"  
She's never sick, that's what she says;  
And brother Jim's a "Socialist;"  
Then there's Aunt Lou, she calls herself  
A queer, big word, "Theosophist;"  
And Sister Sue declares that she's  
A really truly "Hypnotist."  
So I asked father could I be  
Some other funny sort of "Ist,"  
And he said, "No, just be a man,  
The other things will not be missed."

— Clara J. Denton.

## A Priceless Treasure

WHEN Alexander the Great was plundering the palace of Darius one of his soldiers found a leather bag containing the crown jewels of Persia. The prize was worth millions, but the stupid fellow, ignorant of its value, shook out the little glittering stones among the rubbish and went away boasting about the fine bag he had found for carrying his food. So have the higher critics thrown from the Bible priceless treasures belonging to the King of kings and Lord of lords, and have left nothing but an empty bag. An Irishman's description of a lace curtain as "a lot of holes tied together" fitly describes the mutilated Bible of the destructive critics.— *The Silent Evangel*.

## The Harem and the College

A GREAT step in the higher education of the Turkish woman was taken this summer, when the Constantinople College for Women dedicated five new buildings, the gift of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, Mrs. Russell Sage, and other American women of high vision.

It is forty years since the school of which Constantinople College is the outgrowth was founded. During this time the attitude of the Ottoman government toward the education of girls has entirely changed; and the schools of Bulgaria, Greece, and Armenia have all greatly improved. Since the revolution of 1908, which, through the constitution, gave liberty to all people, Moslem students have been coming to Constantinople College in large numbers. Today they form nearly one fourth of the student body. The class of twenty-four members which was graduated this year included eight Armenians, six Bulgarians, five Greeks, two Hebrews, and three Turks.

Thus is America effectively reaching out across the world to the women whose lives are in bondage to the oldest and unfairest of traditions.— *Selected*.

## The Power of Prayer

FALL hunting had just begun in South Dakota. The town was all astir over the sport, and many hunting parties were being made up, not a few of them being of rather rough men. Included in one of these parties, which started early one Saturday morning, was the husband of a Seventh-day Adventist woman. He was not a bad man, except that he enjoyed having a "high time."

This Sabbath morning his wife felt a special burden for her husband, and decided to have special prayer in his behalf. She went on the train to a station twenty miles west of her home, and told her trouble to a sister in the faith with whom she was intimately acquainted. Just a short time before noon they had a special season of prayer for him, praying earnestly that God would call him from his evil course to Christ. They also decided to have prayer for him each day at nine o'clock in the morning.

The woman returned home that evening, and to her surprise found her husband at home. He had left the hunting camp at about half past eleven that morning. The other men of the party said they did not know why he left, nor could he himself tell, but the woman understood. The man was converted about a year afterward as the result of these prayers.

L. C. DAMSGARD.

## A Dangerous Enemy

(Concluded from page seven)

England have had, what sympathetic cordiality, what radiant goodness, that such could be said of him. "Dangerous to meet him, because one might be forced to leave off hating him"! Do you catch the thought? Do you sense the significance of it? Would that this might be said of us all.

The world is held up by the influence of such men; it is made sweet and pure and lovely in proportion to the number of them about us. All unconsciously they live in a thousand lives about them, spreading abroad the radiance of their pacific goodness, purifying, cleansing, and uplifting society. On any terms whatsoever we can but hope to live near them: there is an impulse to virtue in the very hearing of their names or the sight of their countenances.

This quality of character which disarms opponents and causes even bad men to love us is such as every Christian should cultivate. It is not to be made to order in Germany, nor is it to be purchased in Parisian shops; it comes into our lives through association with Jesus Christ and by loving his creatures—our fellow brothers and enemies. We need pray, even as has been said, for those who revile us and persecute us and say all manner of evil against us falsely. Nothing can stand against love.

"It used to be said," says Spencer, "of Archbishop Cranmer, 'If you would be sure to have Cranmer do you a good turn, you must do him some ill one;' for, though he loved to do good to all, yet especially he would watch for opportunity to do good to such as had wronged him."

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

REAL suffering ought to make you stronger, finer, and better than tempered steel.— *Henry Ward Beecher*.