

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

October 6, 1914

No. 40



Photo by Mrs. Ada Wilson

A WESTERN TRILLIUM

At one of our large correspondence schools more than one hundred thousand lessons a month are received for correction.

The biennial convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America will be held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, from July 6 to 10, 1915. It is expected that 30,000 will attend.

On May 17, 1814, Norway adopted a constitution as a free and independent kingdom, having just been released from Danish control. To commemorate this event a centennial exposition is being held at Christiania until October 15.

Five thousand students attended the summer school which has just ended its session at Columbia University, in New York City. The Washington Irving High School of that city, which is a building nine stories in height, has an attendance during its school term, of 6,000 pupils, all of whom are girls. Dish washing and the dressing and undressing of babies are among the subjects taught.

SPRINKLE a little fine sand on the second coat of paint on the entrance of hives, while the paint is still wet, and dust off loose grains before applying the last coat. In a blustering wind, hives so treated lose scarcely a bee, while chilled bees with their loads of pollen lay thick about untreated hives. The sand allows the bees to hold their own against the wind.—*British Bee Journal*, page 156.

"A WRITER in *La Luce* describes a superstitious ceremony which is performed in the great cathedral of Milan every first Sunday in May. This is the function of the holy nail. In a niche high up in the nave of the cathedral is preserved a large nail, alleged to be from the cross. On the May morning a priest is put in a willow basket, and by means of pulleys and cords, hoisted up to the high niche whence he takes the relic. He is then slowly lowered to the great altar. The holy nail is there exposed in the midst of candles, mass is said before it, and during the whole day it remains visible for the veneration of the faithful. At dusk the willow basket

and cords are utilized by the priest again to restore the nail to its accustomed niche."

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REPUBLICA DE CUBA
PRESIDENCIA

Havana, Cuba, September 3rd, 1914.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 24th ultimo, and in compliance with your request to express my views on civil and religious freedom, I wish to state the following:

Religious liberty is the true basis of civil and political liberty and the best guarantee of peace and prosperity of the nations. Where conscience is not free; where mankind cannot freely worship the Supreme Creator in accordance with the credence they profess, it is impossible to enjoy personal freedom, nor freedom of the home nor of patrimony. The Liberty Magazine, devoted to the defense of these essential principles of civilization has my most heartfelt sympathies.

With the assurance of my most distinguished consideration, I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly

Menocal
President of the Republic of Cuba.

Mr. C. S. Longacre,
Editor The Liberty Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

What the President of the Republic of Cuba Thinks of "Liberty"

These words of President Menocal ring true. Other presidents and people of influence should have the privilege of reading *Liberty* and studying the noble religious liberty principles it advocates. "I will also give thee for a light . . . that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth. . . Kings shall see and arise." Isa. 49:6, 7. Let the light shine into the hearts of kings, queens, princes, presidents, chancellors, ambassadors, legislators, governors, generals, admirals, mayors, councilmen, educators, authors, teachers, clergymen, financiers, physicians, attorneys, sheriffs, wardens, editors, captains of industry, and all other molders of public opinion. Become a *teacher* of the *teachers* of the people. Let *Liberty* be your silent textbook. For \$2.00 we will send this quarterly magazine to ten of these molders of public opinion for one year. Or \$1.00 will pay for five yearly subscriptions. Send the names if you have them; if not, ask us to supply them. There is no better number to start these subscriptions with than the "Lincoln," "Armageddon," and "Church and State" number, just off the press. Send \$2.00 for 50 or \$1.00 for 20 copies of this truly great number. Address your tract society. Do it now. This "Lincoln" number is going fast.

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 6, 1914

No. 40

If

CORA FERRIS

COULD we draw back the mystic screen
That hides the future from our view,
Could the unseen become the seen
And stand in all its colors true,

What care and woe would be revealed!
Our hearts with grief would overflow
Could future days but be unsealed,
And we events in full could know.

Our vision would too swift perceive
The sorrows that before us lie;
Nor could more pleasant things relieve
The troubles that our faith will try.

Then let us trust the guiding hand
Which turneth all things for our good,
Until we reach that better land
Where mysteries are understood.

With the Russian Students at Friedensau

N. Z. TOWN



THE accompanying picture represents a group of Russian students who were in attendance at the Friedensau school during the past year. One of my pleasant experiences while visiting Friedensau, Germany, was a ramble in the beautiful pine woods adjoining the school, in company with Elders J. T. Boettcher and O. E.

of these Russian Sabbath keepers. When I asked what I should say, Elder Boettcher told me I could talk about anything but religion or politics. It was a new experience for me to see the people watch the entrance to the meeting hall so closely, but fortunately no one molested us, and we had two good meetings.

The following experience illustrates how the Lord

is preparing hearts in Russia to receive the message: Some months ago one of our colporteurs called on a very wealthy high-class lady, who lived in a fine mansion on her estate. It was with some difficulty that he obtained an audience with her, as she had resolved to have nothing whatever to do with any agent or colporteur; but she was im-



pressed that she ought to listen to him. As he described his book to her, she soon saw that he was not an ordinary agent. She became very much interested in the book, as it seemed to clear up questions which had been troubling her. She was so anxious to get the truth that she urged our brother to remain at her house and teach her. Being a man of limited education and not accustomed to dealing with such people, the colporteur hesitated, but finally accepted her invitation. For two weeks she listened to the truth. She then paid him a liberal wage for the time spent in her home. She is now one of the staunchest Sabbath keepers in Russia. She told the colporteur that he was the first agent to be allowed in her house for over thirty years. We hope our young workers in Russia may have many such encouraging experiences.

It was interesting to see the different peoples represented in those who were present. There were five Esthonians, five Lettonians, seven German Russians, six Little Russians, two White Russians, three Siberians, two Cossacks, and four Great Russians.

One of the Little Russians accepted the truth in Harbin, Manchuria; and one of the Great Russians came from a church of nearly two hundred members, near Mt. Ararat, a church which had its beginning with a company of brethren who were banished to that place several years ago.

In spite of the difficulties which our workers have to meet in Russia, the message is winning its way into the hearts of the people. Six years ago there were forty Sabbath keepers in the city of St. Petersburg; now there are nearly two hundred. When I was there in June, I had the privilege of speaking to two groups

of these Russian Sabbath keepers. When I asked what I should say, Elder Boettcher told me I could talk about anything but religion or politics. It was a new experience for me to see the people watch the entrance to the meeting hall so closely, but fortunately no one molested us, and we had two good meetings.

TRUE nobility should never be satisfied with anything in any direction so long as there is anything better.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THERE are none that stand hardship so well as those who are cultivated.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Appreciation of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering

THE following extract from a personal letter from Mrs. F. H. Westphal, who is connected with the Pua Training School in Chile, will be of interest to our young people, especially those who sacrificed to give to the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering of the fourth quarter of 1912. Would it not seem that others should go to help our faithful, sacrificing workers in these foreign fields, where the work is so vast and the laborers so few?—

"With the aid of the generous donation from the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, we have been able to buy more land for the school and to make some needed improvements in the school buildings. The dining room has been enlarged, a kitchen built on, and some other rooms added; one for an office, which will greatly relieve the congested condition of classrooms, for until now one room had to serve for classroom,—two or more classes at once,—office, etc.

"I have a very busy life here, as besides being mother of the home and overseeing the domestic work, I bake bread for nearly forty persons, teach five English classes, and am secretary of the Sabbath school work and corresponding secretary of the missionary work. One of the teachers assists me some in the office, being very proficient in the use of the typewriter. There are so few workers here that heavy burdens fall on all.

"We have excellent help in the school in the person of a young German lady teacher, from the Argentina school. She carries heavy work in the regular teaching, and also gives instruction in music. We are all well and happy, so the work goes forward."

M. E. KERN.

Shadows of Life

THE young art student was weary and discouraged. Many long hours he had labored to bring expression to the figure he had placed on the canvas before him, but, alas, he had failed! With despair in his heart and tears in his eyes, he stood in deep thought as he studied carefully every detail of the figure which he had hoped, yes, even longed almost to desperation, to see become so perfect under the touch of his brush that one could almost expect to hear a voice speaking from the canvas.

He had put much delicate color, shading, and light upon his painting, yet he could not bring it out as he desired. Again he touches the beautiful face and hair and robe with more and more light, yet sees the figure grow less and less lifelike. Yes, it is a failure! There it stands, pale, flat, lifeless, a thing expressionless. It should have been beautiful, for had he not given it hours of labor, thought, and attention? Ah, there stands the faithful master, unnoticed by the student! He knows that the time has now come when he can give a lesson which will never be forgotten. Going to his pupil, he takes the paints and brush in his own hands, and seats himself before the canvas. See! he takes this dark, dingy-colored paint and—O, surely he intends to destroy the picture, for see him put that dark color against the delicate tints and lights of the fair face and robe!

Almost stricken with horror, the young student waits. He sees his master touch the canvas again and again, and, behold, with every touch new beauty and expression come to his picture! The faithful master works on, and explains to the student why his picture seemed a failure. The shadows were not there.

There was too much light, too little shadow; and as the master puts in the shadows, the student sees what he had longed to see, a figure that seems ready to speak. The shadows have saved his picture and made it beautiful.

The Master Artist, discouraged child, is making us fit for the beautiful home in heaven. Every one found there must be faultless. There are many pieces of unfinished work in the Master's workshop. Many, like the student's painting, are flooded with light, surrounded with beauty, yet seem lifeless, expressionless. The divine Master knows what they need, and he permits shadows to come, that there may be more life, beauty, and expression to the living picture he is making for one of the beautiful mansions Jesus has gone to prepare.

Dear child, do the shadows sometimes seem dark? Ah, the Master knows best. He will not put one dark shadow where it is not needed, and if the shadow is dark it will bring out more beauty in your character. The trials and disappointments of life are the shadows. You may be filled with the light of God's glorious Word, and yet be a failure unless you permit the shadows to bring out life, sweetness, patience, and trust in your Christian experience. Remember our Master Artist is he who has made all the original and most beautiful pictures of heaven and earth and sea and the creatures therein. He gave to the sky the wonderful blue, the great white billowy and the dark shadowy clouds, and touched them with the glorious shades at sunset. He tinted and shaded the millions of beautiful flowers; gave the rich purple to the grape, the perfect red to the apple, the delicate blush to the peach, and the most beautiful plumage to the birds of the air.

Can you not trust him to place the shadows in your life and bring out that perfect character that he would have in his kingdom? Then like the figure on the canvas, be perfectly submissive to the Master Artist that is working over you, and thank him for the trials and sorrows that he permits, remembering they are your shadows.

LUELLA L. HARMON.

Mottoes

A MOTTO is a thought embodied in a few words which holds before one a high ideal—something at which to aim. A thought of this kind has often been a large factor in molding and shaping the life and destiny of individuals.

Soon after coming to China, I entered the study of one of our foreign workers, and noticed at once these lines which he had pasted upon his writing desk: "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own." It is an excellent motto,—one that many would do well to follow,—and I am sure that worker endeavored to live up to it.

Almost every one has heard of John Wesley's famous motto, "At it, all at it, always at it." Always at what?—At working for God. John Wesley was more interested in saving souls than in anything and everything else.

Abraham Lincoln had many good mottoes, but the one of his that I like best is this: "Be prepared, and then maybe the chance will come." Years ago I saw a picture that illustrated how well he lived up to his motto. It was in a newspaper, and I remember keeping that picture and looking at it again and again. It made a deep impression upon my mind, one that I

have never forgotten. The picture was in two parts. On one side was the boy Lincoln, flat on his stomach, down on the floor before the open fireplace, working out his arithmetic problems by the light of a burning pine knot, and with nothing to write on but the back of an old shovel. On the other side of the picture was the man Lincoln, seated in his chair in the White House at Washington. It was a beautiful contrast.

Another motto that I like as well as any, and one very similar to Lincoln's, is this: "Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing." No one ever outgrows his place until he has first filled it. God expects us to grow in intellectual power and in ability to work for him. No matter what position you may fill, if you discontinue your reading and stop studying, you will be sure to find yourself going downhill.

The following can hardly be called a motto, for I copied it in the Hongkong cemetery. It was an epitaph written above a very old grave. I put it in here, for I believe it is worth being read and heeded by all:—

"Stay, stranger, stay, as you are passing by;
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, you soon may be;
O, then, prepare to follow me!"

Every young person should make it a daily practice to commit worthy passages of both prose and poetry. Those who do this will have many reasons to feel thankful as they grow older. Combine the best with your Bible verses. Another good habit is to write down in a notebook all the good short selections you find. You will be thankful for these when you are older, and will find much that will be a help to you in your work. Writing them down fastens them in your memory, and in case you should forget them you have them for reference.

"Take this motto for the bitterest cup:
There is no failure save in giving up;
No real defeat so long as one still tries,
For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win."

S. A. NAGEL.

Wai Chow, China.

The Years 1817 and 1914

THE city of Washington has just taken possession of its new post-office building, the architecture of which is magnificent. As one walks through the handsome corridors, passes the massive granite pillars, and watches the activities of those who handle the mail, the mind is impressed with the marvelous development of the postal system.

An old almanac of 1817 contained the following:—

Rates of postage on single letters:—
For any distance not exceeding 30 miles 6 cents
Over 30, and not over 80 miles 10 cents
Over 80, and not over 150 miles 12½ cents
Over 150, and not over 400 miles 18½ cents
Over 400 miles 25 cents
Double letters, or those composed of two pieces of paper, double these rates.
Triple letters, or those composed of three pieces of paper, triple these rates.

Three pieces of paper, a distance of 400 miles, 75 cents!

Contrast these rates of ninety-seven years ago with those of 1914, and surely the conviction will be strengthened that the hand of God has guided in the development of the postal system:—

Domestic Postage Rates

(Apply to mail matter for Canada, Canal Zone, Cuba, Guam, Hawaii, Mexico, Philippines, Porto Rico, Republic of Panama, Tutuila, and the United States Postal Agency at Shanghai. The domestic rate for *letters*, but *not for other articles*, applies also to Germany,—by direct steamers only;—Great Britain and Ireland, and Newfoundland.)

First-class.—Letters and sealed matter: 2 cents for each ounce or fraction. Postal cards and post cards: 1 cent each.

Second-class.—Newspapers and periodicals: 1 cent for each four ounces or fraction.

Third-class.—Miscellaneous printed matter: 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction.

Fourth-class or Parcel Post.—All matter not included in first three classes: 1 cent for each ounce or fraction up to four ounces. Over four ounces, by the pound according to zone.

Foreign Postage Rates

Letters and sealed matter: 5 cents for the first ounce and 3 cents for each additional ounce or fraction.

Postal cards: Single, 2 cents each; double, 4 cents each.

Commercial papers: 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction, but not less than 5 cents on each packet.

Printed matter: 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction.

Samples of merchandise: 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction, but not less than 2 cents on each packet.

Parcel post rates: 12 cents per pound to all countries. For further particulars consult your postmaster.

For one penny the gospel of Jesus Christ in printed form may be sent from one's fireside to "earth's remotest bounds," and for five cents the personal word, the heart-to-heart appeal, may be sent to the one in darkness.

"What hath God wrought!" In these days each believer may do something, in any and every land, to herald the tidings of God's salvation and to make known the coming of his Son in the clouds of heaven in this generation. Good use has been made of the postal system, but we should make far greater use of it in our missionary correspondence. The times demand activity; laggards will not be in the fight and will not share the triumph.

Now is the accepted time, now is the day of opportunity.

"God wants no cowards in his ranks,
So let your colors fly;
He calls for fearless, loyal hearts
Who dare to do or die."

"We've an angel's message, brothers, to be borne abroad to others,
Borne by humans who are servants of the King;
Write it, pray it, sing it, shout it, tell the peopled world about it,
Till the sunny dome above us with it rings."

JOHN N. QUINN.

A Weird Scene

TUESDAY, July 21, the writer, in company with Dr. W. C. Dunscombe of the Plumstead sanitarium, Cape Town, was traveling down the Shire River on a small steamer, toward the Zambesi. As night came on, it became very dark, there being no moon. The captain therefore decided to tie up to the shore and wait for morning, as the river was narrow and tortuous and difficult to navigate in the darkness. Wood for the engine had also run low.

So after anchoring the boat, two dozen natives were soon at work bringing down wood from the piles on the high shore above. On the banks a bonfire had been lighted that the carriers might see their path down to the steamer, and with a singsong, which always accompanies the labor of an African native, the work of loading the wood proceeded. The writer was on the upper deck watching the scene, when from the far distance came the deep sound of the native drum accompanied with loud shouts and cries of native men.

Climbing the bank, we saw in the distance a light, and thence came the tom-tom of the drum and the hilarious shouting.

We readily imagined that a native dance was on, and as it was not far away and we had never seen one, though we had often been told of the weird sight, we concluded to go over. One of the boat's crew led the way with a lantern, and after a brisk walk we drew near the scene. What a wild, weird sight met our gaze! There was no light only that which was cast by a small grass fire, which had to be constantly replenished; but around this little fire were gathered in a circle possibly one hundred nearly naked savages, the men occupying the place nearest the fire.

When we arrived, two brawny natives were dancing in this circle, and were going through all manner of contortions,—jumping, twisting, yelling, and each shaking a rattle which he had in his hand. In the dim light of the fire the whole scene was wild and strange. For applause, which the crowd liberally bestowed on the performers, these men would go through these antics for a long time, till perspiration would flow from their naked bodies in small streams.

All this was carried on to the sound of eight native drums made from logs and covered with the skins of animals. Two of these were beaten by men with the palms of their hands, the other six by three men, each beating two with sticks. There was no music, but much noise; and to these wild, unearthly sounds one after another performed. Girls twelve or fourteen years of age took their turn in the circle and danced with the men, and one old grandma did her best, though it was evident that rheumatism had disqualified her years ago.

We spent some time watching the strange sight, which cannot be described, and then made our way back to the boat and retired; at three o'clock the next morning we could hear the drums still beating, and the wild cries of the men and women resounding through the hills. We are glad that when these natives give their hearts to God, he takes away all love for such wild scenes, and they do not engage in them. We have many native Sabbath keepers in Africa, who love God and are faithfully following Jesus, and many others will do the same when we take to them the good old story of salvation. We hope the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will remember in their prayers these heathen of Africa who so greatly need the light.

W. B. WHITE.

A Good Time

THREE years ago a young woman came to the Washington Foreign Mission Seminary to prepare for foreign mission work. She was a graduate nurse, and studied hard to prepare to do Bible work in connection with her nursing. Long before she had finished the year, the Mission Board sent her on to a distant field. I felt a tinge of sadness to see her leaving home and friends for a country where she would find few congenial associates.

On arrival in her field, she entered at once upon the work of nursing, studying the language in the meantime. To one who can read between the lines, her letters reveal that she has not been a stranger to loneliness; but they also reveal much of courage, earnest determination, and true joy in the Lord. A letter from a friend says that she has made remarkable progress in the language.

A recent letter from this young missionary breathes

such a depth of consecration, and reveals so much joy at seeing some fruit, that I desire to pass it on to our young people, hundreds of whom are just as capable as she—if they have made a complete surrender. I wish, too, that these words might come to any who are seeking a "good time" as an end in itself, as an invitation to seek pleasure only as a by-product of earnest service. After speaking of a lull in the nursing work, she says:—

It has been for this reason that I am permitted to do Bible work, and I shall have to do nursing again as soon as calls come in. I almost wish no calls would come. I suppose it is not right to feel that way, but I have longed to be in the Bible work for so long that I just cannot bear to think of leaving it now.

I have some very interesting readers. Four are just beginning to keep the Sabbath; all are from different families, and all were previously Catholics. Two of these are not entirely the results of my labors, for they were well impressed with the truth as a result of attending the meetings, before I began studies with them.

It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to see these growing into the truth under my work,—just to realize that God is using me, and is blessing my work; for, somehow, I have always felt that I was somewhat of a failure. It has brought me closer to the Lord, and makes me anxious to rid my life of every fault, that nothing may stand in the way of God's adding to my work his blessing; for it is only his blessing that can give success in winning souls. And I do desire to be a soul winner. This fact gives me a strength in resisting temptation that I did not have before.

The same joy and strength will come to all young women and young men who will, where they are, begin to pray and work for souls. M. E. KERN.

Our Work in Korea

How It Started

How many of you boys and girls are ten years old? Well, in May, 1904, the year you were born, a Korean young man walked along the streets of Kobe, Japan, looking into the store windows, and noticing the strange things on display. Suddenly he stopped, and gazed at a sign written in Japanese and Chinese characters. He had never seen the like before: "Meeting Hall of the Seventh-day Adventist Church." What did that mean? As he looked at the characters in bewilderment, a Japanese brother within saw the stranger, but not knowing his language, smilingly beckoned him to enter. The Korean went inside. Neither could speak the language of the other, but both could write the Chinese characters. Securing a slate, they carried on a silent conversation. The Korean was so deeply interested in what he learned that he could not stay away from the hall. He returned, bringing a younger man. Both were Christians desirous of light, and their hearts responded fully to the truths taught.

The last study, which was on baptism, lasted till midnight. "The older man, Ryn Un Hyun, was to sail in the morning, and with tears our first two Korean Sabbath keepers begged for immediate baptism. By the light of paper lanterns, after midnight, they were buried in baptism,—the older to go to Hawaii; the younger, Song Fun Cho, to return to Korea."

On his way to Korea, Song Fun Cho couldn't keep from talking the wonderful things he had just learned to a fellow traveler, Lim Ki Pan, who lived near Port Arthur, at Chinnampo. Lim Ki Pan was so glad to hear the story of Jesus and his soon coming that he told his neighbors. Then came this message:—

"My dear brother, when you read this, hasten to take the boat and come to us. In your letter you wrote that you cannot understand our language; but if God is with you, need you fear?"

This was a challenge to Brother Kuniya, our Kobe preacher, and he went to see the new believers. Later Elder Field, director of the Japanese Mission, followed. Seventy-one persons were baptized and four churches organized in two weeks. The Sabbath truth spread rapidly in that neighborhood. This was the method of work:—

Brother Kuniya talked the little Korean that he had picked up and the little Japanese that the Korean brother knew, with an occasional English word. When words failed, Brother Kuniya wrote on a slate in Chinese characters; then Brother Lim Ki Pan spoke to the inquirer in good Korean.

Song Fun Cho, meanwhile, was at work about Fusan, across the straits from Japan. After a time he returned to Kobe, asking for help. Thirty-five Koreans were keeping the Sabbath, and many others were interested.

Recent Progress

The work in Korea for the past four years has been marked by much of the blessing of God. Advancement has been made in all lines. The Korean church today has more than four hundred members.

The following article by Dr. Riley Russell, which appeared in the *Review and Herald* of Oct. 9, 1913, gives some idea of our medical work in Korea up to that time:—

"Twenty Thousand Patients in a Twenty-Dollar Building"

"We have in Soonan a small Korean house that cost twenty dollars gold, or forty yen; also one small house, where women and children may wait. This has been our dispensary. In the four years we have been here we have seen over twenty thousand patients. The people know nothing of infection, but in the old heathen mind all disease is wind in the bones or some other part of the anatomy, and it must be let out. This is generally accomplished by means of needles of various sizes and of all possible degrees of uncleanliness.

"One woman we found to have been stuck nearly three hundred times in the face. It was only by diligent effort that her life was saved, so severe was the infection.

"The medical work makes openings for the gospel; for the rankest devil worshiper, who hates Christianity and all that goes with it, will call the Christian physician when the grim monster Death faces him or his family. Only two weeks ago, while returning home from a one-hundred-mile horseback ride, I was called to see a woman about nineteen years old who could not possibly have lived more than a few hours; but the diagnosis was easy and the treatment simple, and from my saddlebags I was able to give her almost instant relief. She and her mother walked twenty miles to see me last week, and the old woman said no one but a missionary could have known what to do, and 'thus our daughter, who was the same as dead, is alive and with us well.' There are things in such work as this that shake heathenism to its foundations.

"The schools are now changing these sorrowful conditions. The Union Medical School in Seoul and the Japanese medical schools are training young men in better methods. The change in government has also brought in many much-needed hygienic reforms, but Korea's great need is yet only touched on the extreme edges."

The conditions under which our medical work is carried on have greatly changed since then. In the

autumn of 1913, our Korean workers erected a small, neat hospital, where plenty of hot and cold water can be had to treat the sick. A few beds have been provided, where the most needy cases can remain for a few days. Sometimes from six to ten patients are cared for at one time in this place. The charge for fomentations and for other simple treatments is two and one-half sen, or one and three-fourths cents. They have received on an average about sixty yen, or thirty dollars, a month for these treatments.

A graduate native doctor assists Dr. Russell; and Mrs. Russell, who is a well-trained nurse and has a heart full of love and sympathy for the Korean people, does good in ministering to them. She also takes charge of the hospital during the absence of the doctor on his evangelistic tours.

It is difficult to appreciate what a great blessing a little hospital in a rural community where the people have had no access to an educated physician, may be.

The Koreans believe that the foreign doctor can do anything he will try to do. His work is a sort of miracle to them, and his power is regarded by the native as almost infinite.

C. L. BENSON.

Delivered From an Army of Locusts

IN one of his reports to the European Division, Elder H. Steiner, of the Abyssinian Mission, in the Italian colony of Eritrea, East Africa, reports an experience that gave to the workers in that mission field a new appreciation of the protecting care of the Lord. This mission has depended largely upon its cultivated fields, which have been encouragingly productive. Therefore the threatened destruction of the entire crop by an invasion of locusts was a serious thing. Here is the story as told some months ago by Elder Steiner in the *European Division Quarterly*:—

"This year we have been troubled greatly by drought and locusts. A few days ago I saw something I had never before seen—clouds of locusts. Like a snowstorm they settled on the fields for miles around. What a sight it was! I was right in the middle of the cloud, and the insects buzzed loudly. We tried to protect our fields as far as possible. Like a dense cloud they gathered yesterday on our station. A general panic follows when the locusts are sighted. I cried inwardly to the Lord to help us, and he heard my prayer. Soon after, thousands of birds—storks, vultures, etc.—gathered on our land. Where they came from we have no idea. We were all impressed with the fact that the Lord had sent them. Even the natives believed this. I called all our men back out of the fields so as not to frighten the birds away. Still the locusts kept coming, but the storks walked up and down in our fields and kept them away, protecting our crops, where we had tried in vain. Birds were to be seen everywhere; I had never seen such flocks before—thousands; everything was white and black with storks. Soon after, the locusts disappeared, without our crops having been spoiled, whereas all around us everything eatable was devoured by the insects. It was a miracle before our eyes. May our faithfulness to God be increased by this wonderful incident. We thank and praise the Lord for his goodness."—*W. A. Spicer.*

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



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."



Principles Underlying Effective Discipline

[In the following article, from the *Medical Missionary*, Dr. J. H. Kellogg recites some of his experiences in disciplining children. These suggestions are as valuable to our young people as teachers and as older brothers and sisters, as they are to parents; so they are reprinted here.—Ed.]



I DO not believe in corporal punishment as a usual thing. We have had many children in our home, and I have never whipped one, nor said a cross word to one of them, nor scolded them. I have always felt that if I could not get obedience from a child without the use of brute force, it is because the child is a good deal smarter than I am. If I have no advantage over a child except that I am bigger than he is, if that is the only superiority I have over the child, then I deserve to be beaten and overwhelmed; I am not fit to control and discipline children. I determined that it was incumbent upon me to obtain obedience and respect from children without the use of mere force.

I do not mean to say that a child should never be whipped. A child should probably be whipped when he needs correction and discipline and the parent is too stupid to know any way in which to discipline him except by whipping, but it may be set down as a general rule that it is simply parental stupidity that makes corporal punishment necessary. The fact is, corporal punishment is in no way connected with wrongdoing. Usually if a child has pilfered something, he gets a whipping. If he tells a wrong story, he gets a whipping. If he is late at school or dilatory in coming home, he gets a whipping. If a child does not go to bed when he is told or get up when he is called, he is whipped. Everything he does has the same remedy.

But No One Remedy Is Good for All Diseases

We had a boy in our family once who could not remember to hang up his hat and coat when he came into the house. He was so full of what he had been doing outdoors that he forgot about putting away his things. They went down on the nearest chair or sofa, or perhaps on the floor. We mentioned the matter to him a great many times and showed him how to take care of his things, but it did not make any difference. We thought the matter over and discussed it for some time. Mrs. Kellogg had become almost discouraged after repeated admonitions, so I had the boy come in, and talked it over with him. I said: "I think the only way for you to form the habit of doing this thing right is to go upstairs and come down and take your hat off and hang it up, then put it on again and go upstairs and come down and take it off and hang it up again; and you are to repeat this performance six times." The experiment worked for a week, during which time he did not forget to hang up his hat; then he lapsed and forgot once. Then Willie went upstairs and down, took his coat and hat off, hung them up, put them on again, and went upstairs and downstairs and took them off again, and repeated this one hundred times. It occupied him all day. He never

again forgot to hang up his coat and hat. He got the habit very thoroughly that time, and could not get away from it.

Another boy could not give us his attention. When I talked to him, he was looking around the room. He seemed to know everything else that was going on except what I was saying to him. So I made a long chalk mark on the dining room floor and had that boy walk that mark back and forth for an hour. He was obliged to keep his eyes right on that mark, for every time he wobbled and got off the track added a minute to the time he had to walk. We kept up the experiment every day, having him walk that chalk mark for half an hour to an hour, until he thoroughly got the habit of fixing his mind upon a certain thing.

There Is a Natural Remedy

for every fault a child has, and the thing is to find what the remedy is.

At another time one of our boys positively refused to do something which I asked him to do. I said: "All right, we will part company. You are a rebel. You may go to the barn and live with the horses, or stay out in the woods with the squirrels and birds; we cannot live together, because we are not friends any more. I am the governor here, and as you are a rebel you have to be expelled; and when you try to come back, the doors and windows will be locked, so you cannot get in. You can go and live in the woods." That boy started for the woods, but pretty soon he came back. He was gone about fifteen minutes. Then he came to me, threw his arms around my neck, looked up in my face, and said, "Papa, I will be a good boy." We did not have any trouble with him, because he saw that we ceased to do business except upon the basis of proper relationship. I might have thrashed that boy, and he would have

Hated Me as Long as He Lived

Undoubtedly there is much to be learned yet about dealing with children. We have only just begun to know what the child is. We just begin to understand the psychology of childhood and infancy and adolescence and find we have managed our children very badly. They are often very badly abused, too often needlessly condemned. A man once told me of a dog he had. He was a faithful house dog, and became so much interested in watching the house that he leaped out upon any one that went by and even looked at the house. He bit a man finally, so the owner thrashed him until the dog was almost dead. After that the dog never barked even at a cow. He would allow anybody to walk onto the premises and carry off anything he wished. He was fairly subdued; his will was broken.

That is what parents often think they have to do for the boy,—they must break his will,—but a boy with a broken will is not worth a fig. We want boys

(Concluded on page sixteen)



Fish That Climb Trees



WOULD you believe that there is a place where the seabeach is alive and moving, and where the fish come out of the ocean to climb the trees of the jungle along the shore? Well, there is such a place, called Ceram. It is an island in the far-off Eastern seas, one of the Molucca, or Spice

Islands.

The photograph herewith was taken by David G. Fairchild, of the United States Agricultural Department, upon landing in this strange place a few months ago. It is a species of fig tree whose roots start out of its trunk at a distance of about ten feet above the ground, and then grow downward to meet the marshy soil in the form of a queer sprawling animal. The trees are fifty to sixty feet in height; their leaves are polished like those of a rubber plant, and their juice is sweet and milky.

"This tree," says Mr. Fairchild, "grows so near the seashore that a species of climbing fish crawls up the roots, sometimes to a distance of thirty or forty feet. When we landed on the island, there were hundreds of these fish jumping around on the sand and climbing the roots of such trees as this, hunting for insects."

But this was by no means all. A greater marvel was still to come. Mr. Fairchild writes:—

"As we set foot on this beach of wonderland, I could scarcely believe my eyes. The seabeach was running away! When I looked more closely, I found that the sands were alive with hermit crabs. There were thousands upon thousands of them, crawling up and down the blades of grass, and swarming over the trunks of trees along the edge of the jungle. Their shells ranged in size from a pin's head to that of a chestnut. They were about as numerous as the sands, and pretty much the same color.

"The moving sands, the queer trees whose roots were all above ground, and which were covered with fish scrambling up and down them, made me feel that, at last, I had found the wonderful land of dreams."

As for the fish in question, it bears the long scientific name of *periophthalmus*, from two Greek words,

meaning "around" and "eye," as the eyes, placed at the top of the head, are capable of looking around. It is one of the greatest curiosities of nature, with its expanded ventral fins, which serve the purpose of feet, enabling the creature to walk, with the help of highly developed pectoral fins, the latter being used as arms. The fish, of course, lives in the water, but its gill openings are so small as to conserve the supply of moisture, the gills being kept wet, and the animal is thus enabled to stay for quite a while out of its native element. The creatures are of a dull, ugly slate color, about nine inches long when full grown, and remarkably active, walking on land with short quick jumps. This feat they manage by bending the hinder third of the body sharply around to the left, then straightening it out suddenly, and, at the same time, lifting the front

half of the body clear of the ground by means of the front fins, which act like the flippers of a sea lion, and are very much like arms in structure and use, the bones being of great length.

These fish live in burrows, which are simply mudholes, going straight down to a depth of three or four feet.—*Rose L. Honeyman, in Saint Nicholas.*



FISH CLIMBING A TREE

Our Big Guns

THE great organization known as the federal government is a constructive force. It conserves the nation's resources, builds up commerce, agriculture, and the health of its citizenship. It extends education, protects property, and encourages invention and manufacturing. Even the Army and Navy Departments are primarily devoted to constructive work, though a visit to the navy yard or a tour over some of the large war vessels forces upon one an almost overwhelming sense of terrible destructiveness, and one leaves with a more intense feeling than ever that at least war is an unsatisfactory way of conserving the nation. But until international peace is built upon surer foundations, it seems necessary to maintain these destructive forces.

The United States has one of the most powerful navies in the world, maintained, it is estimated, at an annual cost of not less than \$130,000,000. "Thirty years ago our nation had not a single armored seagoing warship, but today it leads the world in naval construction." "And if it carries out the recommendations of naval authorities, it will have in less than ten years, 40 first-class battleships, 40 scout cruisers, and 120 torpedo-boat destroyers." Jan. 1, 1913, the strength of the navy was 8 first-class battleships, 3 scout cruisers, 30 torpedo boats, with 350 other boats of various kinds. What these in ag-



AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SKUNK CABBAGE

gregate stand for can be better comprehended when one fully senses what one of the great guns with which the warships are equipped stands for. To ascertain this, a visit to our navy yard, the greatest gun factory in the world, will be necessary. Here huge guns fifty or sixty feet long, and weighing 300,000 or more pounds, are made ready for service. These great guns of warfare are moved from one place to another as easily as a hunter shoulders his rifle.

The navy yard at Washington was established in 1799. It covers an area of fifty-two acres, and its gun shop is almost one thousand feet long. The guns are cast in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and are sent to the Washington navy yard to be finished. Each gun consists of a central steel tube with a covering jacket for reenforcing the gun, and hoops or bands around the jacket. The jacket is donned in Washington, and consists of a steel covering fitted tightly upon the steel tube. This jacket is heated for a long time in an electric furnace which has a temperature of 400 to 600 degrees. When the covering is at a blue heat, it is slipped over the tube, which stands in a vertical pit to receive it. The jacket is so accurately fitted that when it shrinks through cooling, it and the tube seem to be one solid piece of steel, and the same is true of the hoops on the outside of the jacket; they appear to be a part of the jacket.

A gun thus built up of separate pieces is found to be stronger than if made of one mass of steel. The old-style gun was cast in one piece. "So great is the pressure exerted upon the inner tube of the gun by these close-fitted steel jackets that if these outer coverings were cut suddenly, the tubes would blow themselves into pieces from the violent reaction of release." A gun so constructed is supposed to be able to resist a pressure of 70,000 to 90,000 pounds a square inch. "No engine or machine made by man," says Cleveland Moffett, "produces anything like this pressure."

The boiler pressure in steam engines or in big turbines driven by superheated steam, is said not to exceed 200 or 300 pounds to the square inch. The huge hydraulic pieces that would crumple up a steel girder do not exert a pressure of more than 1,000 pounds to the square inch. But the actual pressure exerted inside of these huge guns behind the projectile, is between 35,000 and 40,000 pounds to the square inch. This great pressure, together with the enormous heat generated at each discharge of the gun, soon wears away the rifling of the gun, and loosens other parts, so that the large gun is short-lived, less than 500 shots entirely disabling it for future service, unless it is renewed by boring out the old tube and inserting a new one.

Now all our latest battleships are fitted out with ten or twelve of these 11- to 14-inch guns, which fire projectiles weighing from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds at the rate of 25 miles a minute or 900 miles or more an hour. "These are said to be the swiftest things the human race has ever put into motion," being able to compass the distance from New York to Chicago in

one hour. Still even these are cumbrously slow when compared with the speed with which light flashes over the earth, 667,600,000 miles an hour. It would take our projectile, which represents man's highest achievement in the speed line, $84\frac{1}{2}$ years, continuing its initial velocity, day and night, to compass the distance light travels in one hour.

The April number of *McClure's Magazine* gives an exceedingly interesting account of the successful effort of an army officer, Capt. J. R. Behr, to photograph the flight of these projectiles. A series of photographs, taken by camera exposures of one five thousandth of a second, record the flight all along the line. Three of these picture the projectile in positions before it becomes visible to the observer, some of these photographs being taken one hundred thousandth of a second apart.

The great projectile does not wear out its speed until it has accomplished fourteen or fifteen miles. If stopped at half this distance, it would pierce the heav-



ONE OF THE NEW 16-INCH GUNS USED IN THE DEFENSE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

iest armor. The navy uses smokeless powder for the discharge of these great guns, "a charge of 365 pounds being necessary to hurl a 1,400-pound shell through the air with an initial speed of nearly half a mile a second." It is said that our government understands better than other nations how to preserve the smokeless powders. This secret gives our navy some advantage in warfare over those of other nations.

Some guns are reenforced by wire wrappings instead of by the solid steel jacket. Wire ribbons one fourth of an inch wide and one sixteenth of an inch thick are used. Fourteen layers of wire are used at the muzzle end of the gun, and seventy-five at the breech end. There may, therefore, be as many as one hundred and seventeen miles, or fourteen tons, of wire on one gun. But the solid steel jacket is found preferable to the wire wrappings.

About one year is required to construct a 67-ton gun, or a gun that weighs 130,000 pounds. Next to the largest gun now made is the 14-inch gun, which is 52 feet and 8 inches long, weighs 148,524 pounds, and sends forth a 1,400-pound projectile. The mount for the gun weighs 62,540 pounds. The new 16-inch gun to be used in defense of the Panama Canal, and now being tested at Sandy Hook, weighs 300,000 pounds, shoots a projectile of 2,400 pounds in weight, and requires $666\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of powder for each discharge.

(Concluded on page fifteen)



Lake Estelle and Hester Belle

S. J. TOWNSEND

WHAT a beautiful name you have, Lake Estelle!
'Tis almost as pretty as Hester Belle.
Don't you think that the loveliest name for me?
My true name is Mildred; but, you see,
Though Mildred is pretty, and nice, and sweet,
There are no rhymes for her tripping feet;
And I'll tell you, but you must not tell,
My poetry name is Hester Belle.

I wonder how old you are, Lake Estelle?
I'm just past eight, and I remember well,
Yes, very distinctly I remember,
'Twas on a sunny day in December
That I first met you and clasped your hand,
And played with your curls rolling in on the sand;
And you dropped a curtsy and kissed my feet,
And at once we were 'quainted, with friendship sweet.

What a wonderful thing you are, Lake Estelle!
Your wonders I scarcely know how to spell.
When the sun takes the day and goes home in the west,
And the moon brings the stars from their noontide rest,
And I push from the shore in my little boat
And on your bosom I float, and float,
I'm lost in dreamland, though wide-awake,
And a strange dream voyage my fancies take;

And I stop and gaze, as I rest my oars,
At the wonderful things along the shores,
Where the orange trees grow upside down;
(I'd think the oranges all would drown!)
Then I speed away, away, away,
As I dip my oars in the silver spray;
Away from earth and among the stars
To the golden city with pearly bars,

Where all is gladness, and folks don't cry;
Where they don't get sick, and they never sigh;
Where they don't put people under the ground,
But they just live always; and nothing is found
But flowers and birds and love and song,
And it never grows dark, and they never do wrong.
O, that place is the loveliest, Lake Estelle!
How I wish I could go there, forever to dwell!

O, the dearest friend you are, Lake Estelle!
I'm so pleased to have known you; I wish you well!
Though I long to go to that lovelier place
I've seen pictured so oft in your beautiful face,
Yet when things go wrong, and I'm feeling sad,
I'll just run to you, and you'll make me glad.
And I'll tell you, but you must not tell,
Your little friend Mildred is Hester Belle.

Beth Martin's Pretty Mother



BETH MARTIN could tell the very day and hour and minute when the desire came to her to transform her plain, old-fashioned mother into a pretty mother.

It was on the ninth day of July, just the day before the big musical entertainment, when Beth was to show the people of Maybrook what a fine musician she was getting to be. It happened this way: Beth was lying in the hammock, out of sight behind the tall hedge, when she heard voices. She instantly recognized them as her mother's old friends. One of the ladies was saying:—

"How plain and old-looking she is! She never goes anywhere. Why, I can remember when Mrs. Martin was called very handsome, but that was before Mr. Martin died and left her to pay off the mortgage on the farm, and educate Beth, and ——"

The voices were left in the distance, and suddenly Beth sat up with a jerk as a new idea lodged in her ever-active brain. She'd like her mother to be pretty. She wondered why she had not thought of it before. There were so many pretty mothers nowadays. "I'll do it," she whispered to herself. "I'll make her over into a pretty mother. I'll just make her."

Beth had a way of "making" mother do things, and now she was going to make this plain, business-like, old-fashioned mother over into a "pretty mother."

"I'll fix her hair, and make her get some white and lavender gowns instead of those old black ones," was her mental comment a half hour later when she stood in the little sewing room and took note of her mother's fine brown eyes, heavy gray hair, and slender figure, now a little stooped from years of hard work. "O mother," she cried, "put away that dress you are sew-

ing on. I'm going to wear my white one to the musicale, and I want you to fix up something pretty for yourself to wear, and ——"

"I can't go," interrupted Mrs. Martin. "You hadn't ought to think I would."

"Now, mother," began Beth, her face flushing with annoyance, "don't say hadn't ought, and don't say ain't. And don't, please don't, pull your hair back so tight from your face; and you sit all stooped over as though you were a hundred years old. We've got some money. You work like a slave. I'm going to see to it that you have it easy this summer, mother."

Mrs. Martin's face went white as she looked helplessly at her big, strong, handsome daughter. She wondered what Beth had in her mind to do. She was honestly afraid of this assertive yet attractive girl, who had found so much fault, of late years, with everything she did.

As Beth stood a moment, studying her mother's face and figure, a new thought came to her. She believed her mother ought to have some medicine. Her face was thin. She would consult old Dr. Wood. Perhaps if he prescribed a rest and some medicine for her mother, she could more easily carry out her plans of making her pretty.

As Beth acted expeditiously in all her plans, a half hour later found her in old Dr. Wood's office.

"Well, well, well," began the doctor. "So you've come back to Maybrook a full-fledged musician. My, but we shall be proud of you! I suppose after the concert you'll be besieged with music pupils. There is no music teacher here now."

"Why—I hadn't thought of teaching," answered Beth, in surprise. "I'm going to travel a bit next year. See the country and ——"

"How do you like traveling out to feed your mother's chickens? They're a fine-looking lot, aren't they?"

"Why, really, I haven't seen them," answered Beth. "I came to ask you about——"

"What? Haven't you seen those handsome white leghorns? I suppose, though, that you are busy looking after the farm. That new barn is a dandy, isn't it?"

"I—I—I haven't been out to the farm yet," stammered Beth. "You see, mother always looks after those things. I came to ask you about——"

"O, I might have known you'd be busy with the housework! I venture your mother enjoys your cooking all right."

"But I don't cook," laughed Beth, her face flushing under the doctor's queer questioning. "I came to ask you about—about mother," she stammered out. "I think she needs a tonic. She looks so thin and old and—and—and I'd like to have her spruce up and be pretty."

"O, so you'd like to have a pretty mother!" ejaculated the doctor. "I can remember when she was handsome, but paying off ten-thousand-dollar mortgages, running a big farm, keeping hens, and doing housework, and later sewing to send a daughter to school, hasn't somehow developed Mrs. Martin's beauty. I see—I see—I—— Suppose you call tonight and I'll have a prescription for you. Your mother does need a tonic."

Beth felt a bit uncomfortable as she thought over the doctor's queer questions. She felt so annoyed that she walked straight home and on out to the hen-house and looked at the white leghorns. Then she walked slowly back to the house. "I wonder what he was getting at," she muttered to herself as she sat down on the porch and was soon deeply absorbed in a late novel.

Six o'clock that afternoon found Beth again in the doctor's office. "I do hope the prescription will help mother's complexion and make her look rested and young," she remarked as she took the rather bulky envelope the doctor handed her, and paid her office fee.

Dr. Wood stood in the window and watched Beth hurrying down the street. "If she's got any heart and any sense, she'll help me carry out the prescription," he said to himself, shrewdly. "I'd like to see her when she reads it. If her eyes don't snap fire, then I miss my guess; but I had to do it."

Before reaching the drug store, Beth stopped to look at the prescription. She was astonished to find a long, closely typewritten list of directions with the date and day carefully marked out. It began with the following day:—

"Thursday, July 10.—A few words of appreciation are the best things in the world for a mother's complexion. Begin by telling her that she's pretty. She may make the effort to live up to your opinion. Persuade her to go to the musical entertainment with you. See that she wears a pretty dress, and has a seat where she can see her accomplished daughter when she plays. Don't go to paying out a lot of money for her new dress. It would worry her. She earned everything you have in too hard a way to pay it out recklessly. Drop a hint that you may get up a class in music. A business woman like your mother would appreciate a daughter who could earn money.

"Friday, July 11.—Start out to get some music pupils. Talk it over with your mother and see if she

does not think it would be a good idea for you to begin to earn some money to pay for your musical education.

"Saturday, July 12.—Take your mother to the milliner shop and get her a new hat. Then call on the new minister's wife.

"Sunday, July 13.—Insist on your mother's going to church with you. Kiss her twice today, and tell her that she is the dearest and best mother in all the world. Better take her arm as you walk along the village street. Mothers sometimes like to lean on their strong, young daughters.

"Monday, July 14.—Get up early and see that the washing is well under way before your mother awakens.

"Tuesday, July 15.—Convince yourself and your mother that you want to learn how to take care of the chickens. Then take care of them.

"Wednesday, July 16.—Drive out and spend the day at the farm. Learn all you can about the place: what rent the man pays; how much stock on the farm; how high the taxes are, and if it is well insured.

"Thursday, July 17.—Today the county grange meets here. Take your mother to the meetings. She'll appreciate the speeches, and it will help you to assist her in running the farm.

"Friday, July 18.—Persuade your mother to give up sewing for other people. Your music pupils ought to more than make up for the money she would earn with the needle.

"Saturday, July 19.—Take your mother on the excursion to the beach. Let people see that she is truly a companion for you.

"Sunday, July 20.—Kiss your mother three times today. Tell her she grows prettier every day. Take her to church, and out for a walk in the afternoon.

"Monday, July 21.—Invite your mother's best friends in for a little afternoon tea party. Play your choicest selections for them, and serve your tea on the front porch. Call at my office sometime during the day and tell me how your mother improves under my prescription, and perhaps I can suggest some medicine if she needs it."

Beth's face was very grave as she carefully reread the peculiar prescription. For the first time in her life she faced the fact that she had never appreciated her mother. She was a wonderful woman, and she had always criticized her and found fault with her. She suddenly saw herself from her own selfish point of view, and she set about carrying out the doctor's prescription.

The next morning she began to plan what her mother would wear to the musicale. "I think your black silk, with a little fixing over, and with pretty, dainty white lace in the neck and sleeves, would be very nice," suggested Beth.

"What? For me!" ejaculated Mrs. Martin. "You didn't think I'd go to the musicale, did you?"

"Certainly. Do you think I would go without you?" replied Beth. "You gave me my musical education, and I want you to see if you are pleased with it and me."

That night when Mrs. Martin was dressed for the musicale, she scarcely recognized the little lady who smiled out at her from the looking-glass. The black silk dress, with its handsome lace collar and dainty white lace in the neck and sleeves, looked new and stylish. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes were shining. Her hair, which had been

combed by Beth's clever fingers in a becoming way, softened the outline of her face till she actually looked pretty. A tiny red rose was half hid in the folds of her waist. "There," said Beth, giving her mother an affectionate little squeeze, "if people don't think you are the prettiest mother there, I miss my guess; and when the folks hear me play, they'll want me to give their children music lessons, and then I'll begin to earn some money."

Tears sprang to Mrs. Martin's eyes. She could not trust herself to speak. But over and over as she sat in a prominent place in the big hall, the words, "You're the prettiest mother," came to her, and she felt repaid for all the long years of hard work. As for Beth, she never played so well.

As the weeks passed, each day's prescription was faithfully carried out, and when Beth told her mother of the ten music pupils who were going to begin taking lessons, and they drove out to the farm, where Beth set about with the air of a business woman to learn all about its every detail, Mrs. Martin's cup was full to overflowing.

"I declare," she remarked to Dr. Wood, who chanced to stop by the porch where Mrs. Martin was sitting, reading, "I thought a week ago I was going to die, and I didn't care much if I did. But now that Beth takes care of the hens and does so much work and looks after the farm, I feel like a different person. She's even got me a new white dress and a hat with pale lavender flowers on it." Then she added, with pardonable pride, "She's going to pay for them with the first money she earns giving music lessons."

One afternoon a few weeks later Beth Martin knocked softly at Dr. Wood's office. "I came to thank you for the prescription," she said. "It worked like a charm. What mother needed was appreciation, and she's growing prettier every day; and when we walk along the street people say, 'There go Beth Martin and her pretty mother.'"—*Francis Bowman, in Young People's Weekly.*

Terms to Be Inserted in Musical Game

THE words to be inserted in the musical journey game that appeared in last week's INSTRUCTOR follow in the order in which they occur in the article:—

Minor	Bar
Time	Staffs
Major	Dot
Time	Hold
Toned	Space
Natural	Sharp
Air	Tied
Key	Line
Tonic	Repeated
Tie	Pitched
Retard	Flat
Staff	Measure-ing
Line	Swell
Scale	Note
Base	Signature
Clef (cliff)	Rest

THERE is no spendthrift like the heart. It does not know economy, but gives all always.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

ONE who knows how to serve gloriously is always served gloriously.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



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,
October 17**

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
 2. Bible Study (ten minutes).
 3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
 4. The Negro Problem in America (continued) (fifteen minutes).
 5. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).
1. Song; prayer; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual report blanks and offering; secretary's report.
2. Neh. 12:27, 31, 38-40, 43; 13:15-21. Suggestions: Nehemiah's walls stood because their foundations were laid in prayer,—prayer, labor, fighting,—so all victories for God are won; why Nehemiah feared neither his opponents nor the weak of his own people; Nehemiah accomplished his work because he knew how to enlist others' help and organize the helpers to accomplish the greatest amount of work; what form of Sabbath breaking Nehemiah stopped; God requires of us obedience as well as achievement; Nehemiah succeeded because he (1) had a vision, (2) he prayed, (3) he had a purpose, (4) he did not fear difficulty or opposition, (5) he knew how to inspire others in a good cause.
3. Eph. 4:8, 11-13; 1 Cor. 1:5-7.
4. (a) "Nature of Christian Effort in Negro's Behalf." For this talk see article in *Gazette*.
- (b.) "What Has Been Done and What Remains." A five-minute talk. See *Gazette*.

**Junior Society Study for Week Ending
October 17**

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
 2. "Our Work in Korea" (fifteen minutes).
 3. "Kim Chung Sik" (five minutes).
 4. "Children's Service" (five minutes).
 5. Social Meeting (ten minutes).
 6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; review Morning Watch texts; sentence prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; special music.
2. To be given as a reading or a talk by one of the Juniors. See article in this INSTRUCTOR.
3. This should be well read by a Junior. See *Gazette*.
4. Recitation. See *Gazette*.
5. The poem "Children's Service" is a good introduction to a social service. Invite the children to express their willingness to serve the Master in every way they can.
6. Song; repeat in concert Matt. 24:14.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

**Senior No. 8 — Lesson 2: "A Retrospect,"
Pages 45-97**

1. LOCATE Shanghai on the map.
2. What difficulties did Mr. Taylor encounter upon his arrival in China? In what spirit did he meet them?
3. When did he make his first missionary journey?
4. Where, when, and under whose direction did he begin evangelistic work?
5. Relate their experience at T'ung-chau. Why were they not afraid?
6. Why was Taylor so anxious to make his home in the native city? When and why did he adopt Chinese costume?
7. With whom was he providentially associated at this time? What did they undertake together? Relate their experience of January 12.
8. Find Swatow on the map. Tell how the missionaries were led to take up work there.
9. How were they received by the natives? In what way did they at last gain favor? Why did Taylor return to Shanghai?

10. Enumerate the events and experiences which prevented his return to Swatow.
11. How did Taylor meet every difficulty?
12. What does the command "Go ye" mean to you?

Junior No. 7—Lesson 2: "Under Marching Orders," Chapter 3

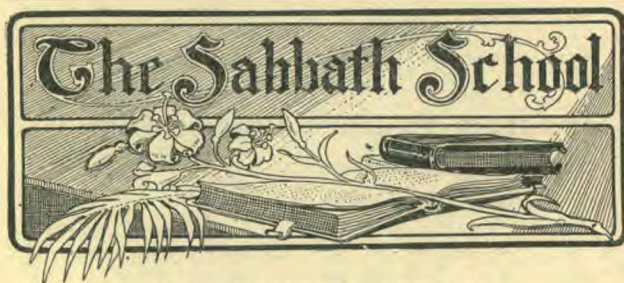
NOTE.—In foot binding, the foot, while the bones are still soft, is bent together and tightly wound with long strips of cloth. The pain is so terrible that it has passed into a proverb. "For every pair of small feet," say the Chinese, "there is a *kong* [jar] full of tears." The tiny, crippled feet are termed "golden lilies," and though the custom has been forbidden, it is still practiced to some extent.

1. Describe the "Long Home." Why was it so named? What other buildings were inclosed in the mission compound? On what lane did the large gate open? How many Americans lived in the mission?
2. What two schools were the missionaries trying to carry on? Why did the school for girls grow slowly? How many remained at the close of one year's earnest work?
3. Why did the children of the streets cover their eyes when they met the foreigners? What did they call the missionaries? What selfish reasons led some parents to allow their children to stay in the school? What did others do?
4. Who was Hui An? Why was she often in disgrace? Tell how she began to show her love for Jesus. In later years how did she show her deep love for the Saviour?
5. How far did Sarah Wang travel to come to the school? Who came with her?
6. Why did the Christian teachers decide to unbind the feet of the girls who entered their school? Why was it so hard for Mrs. Wang to allow them to unbind her daughters' feet?
7. How did little Sarah suffer for taking this step when she returned to visit her village home? What did she declare on her return to the school? What appeal did Miss Porter make to the child's heart? How did she respond?
8. Tell how the young missionary outwitted the shiftless masons who were laying the wall for the new school building? What unpleasant sights and sounds were a part of her daily life? Why did she walk on the city wall instead of in the narrow streets?
9. What did she write home about her experience at this time? What led to the establishment of the noon prayer service in the mission?

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.]

63. KINDLY let us know if money pledged by Missionary Volunteers at camp meeting for missions can be credited to our Missionary Volunteer goal.
Yes, money pledged by our people toward missions should be looked after by the State Missionary Volunteer secretary, and credit given on the goal.
64. Will money raised during the Harvest Ingathering campaign by our young people apply on our goal?
All money secured by our Missionary Volunteers through the Harvest Ingathering should be reported through the Missionary Volunteer Society as Harvest Ingathering funds, and it will apply on the goal.



III—Hezekiah's Troubles

(October 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 18 to 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Good is the word of the Lord." 2 Kings 20: 19.

Questions

1. After Elisha was dead and buried, what miracle did the Lord work through his dry bones? 2 Kings 13: 20, 21. To whom belong all the power and all the glory, both during our lives and after our death? 1 Chron. 29: 11, 12.

2. What great reformer and king arose in Judah some time after this? How old was he when he was made king? How long did he reign? Who was his father? 2 Kings 18: 1, 2.

3. What remarkable difference was there between this father and son? 2 Kings 16: 2-4; 18: 1-3. How may we account for this? Note 1. What may we learn from the fact that such a wicked father had such a good son? Note 2.

4. How did Hezekiah compare with the other kings of Judah? What was the result of trusting in God and cleaving to the Lord? What, then, is the secret of true success and prosperity? Verses 5-7.

5. What actual service did Hezekiah's faith in God cause him to do? Verse 4; 2 Chron. 29: 3-5; 30: 1; 31: 12.

6. In the fourth year of Hezekiah's reign, what great trouble came upon the king of Israel? Why was this permitted? 2 Kings 18: 9-12.

7. In the fourteenth year of Hezekiah's reign, what trouble came upon Hezekiah? How did he meet this trouble? How much did the king of Assyria require of Hezekiah? Verses 13-16. Note 3.

8. Was it necessary for Hezekiah thus to yield to the enemy of God? How had Hezekiah dealt with the king of Assyria in the first part of his reign? Why was he able to do this? What would God have done for him now if he had asked him? Verse 7.

9. Even after he was given this vast amount of money to stay away, how did the Assyrian king soon break his agreement? Where did he plant his army? What did he again have the boldness to ask? Verses 17, 31.

10. How did Rabshakeh exalt his king? Verse 19. With what senseless idols did he compare the living God? Verses 33-35. How did he seek to destroy Jerusalem's faith in God? Verses 29, 30. How did the people treat these words of doubt? Who reported these words to Hezekiah? Verses 36, 37.

11. To whom did Hezekiah take his trouble this time? 2 Kings 19: 1-5. Before whom did he spread out the king's threatening letter? What answer did the Lord send to him through his prophet Isaiah? Verses 14-34. How was this prophecy fulfilled that very night? What became of the boasted "great king" of Assyria? Verses 25-37.

12. What further trouble came upon Hezekiah? What did Hezekiah do with this trouble also? How quickly did the Lord hear and answer him? How many years did he promise to add to Hezekiah's life? For whose sake did the Lord promise to defend Jerusalem? 2 Kings 20: 1-6.

13. What seemingly impossible sign did Hezekiah ask of the Lord? How was it granted? What treatment were they told to give Hezekiah? What was the result? Verses 7-11.

14. Who heard of Hezekiah's sickness? What information must he have longed to receive? How did Hezekiah waste this opportunity of pointing souls to the living God? Verses 12, 13.

15. What questions did Isaiah ask Hezekiah? What message did Isaiah give him from the Lord? Verses 14-19.

Notes

1. It may be that he had a godly mother. It would seem so from the name she gave him. The name Hezekiah meant "the strength of Jehovah."
2. It is not necessary for a son to be wicked because his father is. He has the privilege of choosing for himself the right way, and of asking God for all the help he needs to overcome his natural tendencies. "Christ has given his Spirit as a divine power to overcome all hereditary and

cultivated tendencies to evil, and to impress his own character upon his church."

3. "Three hundred talents of silver and thirty of gold (above £200,000 [nearly a million dollars]), not to be paid annually, but as a present ransom. To raise this sum, he was forced to empty not only the public treasures (verse 15), but to take the golden plates off from the doors of the temple and from the pillars (verse 16)."—*Matthew Henry.*

III — The Ingrafted Word; Pure Religion

(October 17)

Daily-Study Outline		
Sun.	Instruction in hearing and speaking	Questions 1-3; note 1
Mon.	The ingrafted word; hearing and doing	Questions 4-8; note 2
Tues.	The Christian's mirror; bridling the tongue	Questions 9-12; notes 3, 4
Wed.	Pure religion	Questions 13, 14; note 5
Thurs.	Complete surrender to God; and formation of character	Questions 15, 16
Fri.	Review the lesson	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: JAMES 1:19-27.

Questions

1. What instruction is given with reference to how we should hear? What in reference to speaking? What concerning anger? James 1:19. Note 1.
2. What similar instruction is given by the apostle Paul? Eph. 5:4; Col. 3:8.
3. Why should we be slow to wrath? James 1:20.
4. What are we admonished to lay aside? Verse 21, first part.
5. What are we to receive? What is this word able to do? Verse 21, last part. Note 2.
6. What is necessary upon our part that the word may benefit us? Verse 22.
7. To whom is the man who hears, but does not obey, compared? What does he do? What does he forget? Verses 23, 24.
8. By what illustration did the Saviour show the folly of this course? Matt. 7:24-27.
9. What constitutes the great Christian mirror? To whom is a blessing promised? James 1:25. Note 3.
10. By what is a vain profession of religion shown? Verse 26. Note 4.
11. From what should the tongue ever be withheld? 1 Peter 3:10; Ps. 34:13.
12. What did the psalmist say he would do in this matter? Ps. 39:1.
13. How is pure religion defined? James 1:27. Note 5.
14. How much is embraced in the expression "unspotted from the world"? 1 John 2:15, 16.
15. How complete should be our surrender to God? Rom. 12:1.
16. To what should we not be conformed? What transformation should be experienced? Why should this change take place? Verse 2.

Notes

1. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." Prov. 10:19. "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life." Prov. 13:3. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God." Eccl. 5:2. Many times we have occasion to regret that we have spoken, but seldom that we remained silent.
2. The Revised Version reads "the *implanted* word," and in the margin the "inborn" word. The word of God implanted in the heart creates us new creatures in Christ Jesus. "Hav-

ing been begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the word of God who liveth and abideth." 1 Peter 1:23, A. R. V., margin.

3. It is not enough to look occasionally into the great mirror of God's law; for, like looking into a glass, we soon lose sight of the defects shown us. We should continually look into the law of God, by which sin is revealed, not being a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word. Some endeavor to destroy the law because it reveals the defects and failures in their lives. This is no more wise than it would be to dash a mirror into fragments because it revealed defects in our person or clothing. Such are illustrated by the Hindu who, when the microscope made known to him the fact that there were living organisms in the water that he drank, at once destroyed the microscope.

4. "Many will be weighed in the balance and found wanting in this matter of so great importance. Where are the Christians who walk by this rule? who will take God's part against the evil speaker? who will please God, and set a watch, a continual watch, before the mouth, and keep the door of the lips? Speak evil of no man. Hear evil of no man. If there be no hearers, there will be no speakers of evil. If any one speaks evil in your presence, check him. Refuse to hear him, though his manner be ever so soft, and his accents mild. He may profess attachment, and yet throw out covert hints and stab the character in the dark." — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, page 54.

5. Much is said about the need of the physical nature for pure water, pure air, and pure food. But that which is of the greatest importance is pure religion. It is possible to drink pure water, breathe pure air, and eat pure food, and yet be corrupt in heart, and have a censorious, domineering character. Only by the power of God, through the Holy Spirit, can the wicked, deceitful heart of man be changed.

Our Big Guns

(Concluded from page ten)

To those of us who would have serious difficulty to make our aim effective when the target is in plain view, it seems nothing short of marvelous that some men who manipulate large guns "never see the distant target or vessel at which they are firing, since they work in concrete pits of thirty or more feet in depth. They point their mortars according to directions transmitted to them, usually by telephone from observers at distant stations. And so great a degree of precision has been attained that, on certain practice occasions at Hampton Roads, a record of nine hits out of ten shots has been scored on a moving target five miles out in the ocean." The projectiles are hurled high in the air, and do their work as they fall.

If in the course of events it becomes necessary for our large, well-equipped naval fleet to give a practical exhibition of its destructive power upon the lives and homes of any people, no one can doubt that with its great engines of warfare, it could make itself felt; but we shall hope that occasion may never compel such an exhibition. Peace is a surer indication of strength than force.

WHEN at a loss to meet the claims of another with arguments based on truth and facts, it seems quite natural for many individuals to meet these claims with ridicule. But ridicule is a very poor substitute for that which is founded in truth and fact, and will not be indulged in by sensible persons.

It seems to be a weakness of human nature to have a horror of being ridiculed, even when we know we are right. We care little for the strongest arguments that can be brought against our beliefs, but to be ridiculed usually has a very withering effect upon us.

But we are glad that there are a few who are not swayed in the least by any amount of ridicule that can be brought to bear upon them. It is far better to be ridiculed for adhering to the truth than to be praised and applauded in advocating error. J. W. LOWE.

The Youth's Instructor

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Experiences

WHEN the missionary ship "Pitcairn" left missionaries at Rarotonga about twenty years ago, a half-caste Maori girl, Frances Nicholas by name, was translating for the Cook Island government. Becoming interested in the message through Dr. Caldwell and his wife, she attended our school in Cooranbong, Australia. She is now with the Australasian Union Conference, engaged as editor of the Rarotongan paper and as supervisor of all the South Sea island papers, and has the general oversight of the translation of our literature into various native tongues.

On the last Sabbath of this quarter at the Wahroonga church a special call was to be made in behalf of the workers who fall at the battle's front, in the islands of the sea. This Sister Nicholas, now Mrs. F. N. Waugh, gave a brief account of the sacrifices of the early missionaries to the Cook Islands. She spoke as follows:—

"Today we are called upon to consider the ones who fall at the battle's front, and He who gave the commission, 'Go ye,' desires that those in the homeland shall make some provision for the workers who toil faithfully and then fall under the tropical sun. There are many difficulties to meet, a tropical climate to endure, difficult languages to learn, a peculiar people to know and understand, and privations which few if any of the workers ever mention. Every man and every woman today is called upon to do his duty.

"There are graves in the mission field of some who have laid down their lives and are sleeping in the hot earth. These graves should beckon us on to fill the vacancies which death has made; especially should they appeal to the hearts of the young people who are in training, and are strong to take up the work and put into it their youth and vigor, and carry it through to the end. I was won to the gospel in my youth as the result of the work of the missionary in the islands. I have seen the privations these missionaries have had to endure, and have also seen them return to their home in Australia, too sick for work; and the much-needed rest and medical help they ought to have had was just beyond their means. My heart has ached as I have looked upon these conditions. Who is responsible for these things? Today let us do what we can to provide relief for the missionary workers.

"Permit me to give one or two instances from life. When I first became acquainted with Seventh-day Adventists, I attended a funeral service on the island of

Rarotonga. A husband and father was called to lay his dear companion to rest. She left her homeland in America in the long ago, and set her face toward the mission field; her heart yearned for the isles that had waited long for the truth of God. She did what she could, and her quiet, consistent life was a true testimony to the faith that she loved. The tropical climate proved too much for her, and she drooped and then died. Well do I remember the funeral scene. It seems but as yesterday that I saw the trio stand by the open grave, the father's right arm encircling his daughter, and his left encircling his son, and side by side they wept silently. The hearts of the islanders were touched as they looked upon them in their sorrow. As for me, I wondered why she had left her kindred and loved ones in the homeland and had come out there to die among strangers. Years have passed away, and my query has been answered by the One who gave her the commission, 'Go ye.' It was that I, too, might have the glorious hope that she took to the grave with her. As I stood by and witnessed that funeral service, I heard these words: 'They sorrow not as those who have no hope.' My darkened mind could not understand then, but I do now.

"Here is another case: A young man with his wife set out for the islands from Australia. The years that followed were years of strenuous toil, hardships, and privations; but they labored on. She drooped by his side. The necessities of life, such as a sick woman ought to have, were denied her. They looked to the homeland whence came their means, but right then the Foreign Mission Board wrote to say that there was no money in the treasury, and urged them to do the best they could. The Israel of God had forgotten to take their thank offerings to the Lord, and as the result the man at the battle's front was deprived of the help his wife so sadly needed. The treasury was empty, and she suffered on. The scene changed. The years passed by, and they returned to Australia, and I attended another funeral. The one who had toiled so faithfully in the islands was laid to rest from her work; her husband was left with two motherless boys. Her life might have been spared had she had the necessary medical skill and care in those days of suffering. They were given too late to save her tired-out body. 'There is no money in the treasury' was the word that came from the Foreign Mission Board in America.

"Let these two graves speak to us and show us our neglects, and may the remembrance of our mistakes help us to do better for our workers in the field."

E. M. GRAHAM.

Principles Underlying Effective Discipline

(Concluded from page eight)

with wills strong enough to stand up against temptation and the influences which they are going to meet in the world, and with wills enough to undertake enterprises and carry them through. Such boys are worth while. But the boy must be taught to hold his will subject to the will of proper authority, must be taught first of all to recognize his father and mother. Then he should be taught allegiance to God and the obligation he is under to moral requirements and principles. The motive of life is in the will, and that will is not to be repressed, but to be disciplined and instructed and thus developed in both strength and discipline.