

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

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No. 42



ONE OF OUR JAPANESE FRIENDS



IN the United States the telephone conversations of a single day average more than 6,300,000.

A SIX-STORY ice palace, with seating capacity for 3,000 persons, and estimated to cost \$300,000, is being planned for New York City.

PLANS for crossing the Sahara by aeroplane are being made by French airmen. The route will probably be that from Algiers to Tuggurt, and thence across the Sahara to Banmako, a distance of 1,675 miles.

WITH the completion of the line from Denver to San Francisco, there is now a continuous commercial telephone line stretching across the continent from New York to the Pacific Coast. Construction parties working westward from Salt Lake City and eastward from San Francisco met in the desert at the Nevada-Utah State line on June 17, 1914, and the junction of the two lines was made at a pole erected on the State line. Flags were unfurled, and the work of making the last splice was accompanied by a ceremony much like that of driving the last spike on a transcontinental railway.

"A CANADIAN railway is planning a system of auxiliary transportation that will have the effect of extending the railway right into the barnyard or field of the farmers living along the line. This service will consist of a fleet of motor trucks operated from each station by the railway company, and specially designed for collecting farm products, including grain, and transporting them to the railway. The number of motor trucks at different stations will vary with the size and importance of the districts served, but it is expected that from twelve to twenty will be placed in service at the more important stations."

### Others

WHILE Mrs. Ethel M. Knapp, of Charlotte, Michigan, was visiting at the Michigan State Reformatory recently, the following poem was handed her by one of the inmates. It was composed by a fellow prisoner, and had the foregoing title:—

"Lord, help me live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way  
That even when I kneel to pray,  
My prayer may be for others.

"Help me in all the work I do,  
To ever be sincere and true,  
And know that all I do for you,  
Must needs be done for others.

"Let self be crucified and slain,  
And buried deep, and all in vain  
May efforts be to win again,  
Unless to live for others,—

"Others, Lord, yes, others.  
Let this my motto be:  
Help me to live for others  
That I may live for thee."

### To the College Girl

SIMPLICITY should be the keynote of every school-girl's wardrobe. The crape weaves and seersucker gingham are cheap, serviceable, and appropriate for underwear. The use of such materials decreases the amount of laundry work considerably.

Negligees are suitable only for the privacy of one's own room. Quiet colors are much prettier than gaudy ones, and one does not tire of them so quickly.

A well-kept room is a pleasure to both the occupant and the occasional caller. Loud laughter and noisy manners stamp a girl as ill-bred.

A gingham dress designed in good taste is more becoming than a silk dress poorly made.

Pretty faces are always the pleasant ones.

Attendance at chapel and strict attention while there are always appreciated by the faculty, and of benefit to the student.

High-necked, long-sleeved aprons of print or gingham are appropriate to wear over the dress while performing the usual two hours' domestic work. They are both neat and serviceable.

Puffs, coronation braids, and jeweled bandeaus are never permissible for schoolgirls. The hair should be arranged neatly and becomingly. Invisible nets and plain velvet bands are sometimes required to keep the hair in a tidy condition.

Shoes, gloves, and all the smaller articles of apparel should be kept in good repair and in an immaculate condition.

Last, but not least, the schoolgirl should always be courteous to her classmates as well as to her teachers, remembering that a well-bred girl is never rude.

LAVESTA BEULAH BLAKE.

### Helps From Others

A MAN that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time.—*Bacon*.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on every person's face; every wrong action and foul thought, its seal of distortion.—*Ruskin*.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

—*Young's "Night Thoughts," Night 2.*

Great thoughts come from the heart.—*Vauvenargues*.

It is not often that a man can make opportunities for himself. But he can put himself in such shape that when or if the opportunities come, he is ready to take advantage of them.—*Roosevelt, Chapters From a Possible Biography.*

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

### Notice

THE November issue of the *Watchman* promises to be of much interest. Its attractive cover design in colors pictures a naval battle in the North Sea. There is also a special feature in this number in the form of a supplement. This is a colored war map of the world, showing the different countries that are affected by the European war. The cover design with this supplement and the usual good articles and illustrations, makes the November issue unusually attractive, and an easy seller.

Send in your order early for a thousand copies of the November issue.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

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No. 42

## The Perfect Life

ONE day the wish went forth from the great King  
To all the people round that they should bring  
To him some special token of their love.  
And so with many a gift they sought to prove  
Their adoration. Frankincense and myrrh  
And shining gold among those gifts there were,  
Even as of old; and richest spikenard, sweet  
As that which Mary poured on Jesus' feet;  
Attar and musk and yellow sandalwood  
So fragrant at the heart from having stood  
Age-long 'neath ripening suns; each precious stone  
To all the world's great merchants ever known,—  
The ruby's blood, the diamond's prisoned fire,  
And pearls as priceless as the queen's desire,  
Rare opals misty till the sun has kissed  
To myriad hues, and melting amethyst;  
Velvets and silks and rich embroideries,  
Almonds and dates and all the fruit of trees;  
What earth and man produce they sought to bring  
And lay before the feet of their great King.

Then last of all that throng there slowly came  
A man so very old and bent and lame

He scarce could walk. He eagerly held up  
Before the King a little earthen cup  
Filled with a brook's clear water to the brim.  
Then kneeling by his Lord, he said to him:  
"O blessed Christ! so hard life's burdens pressed  
I could not once go forth with all the rest  
To seek for thee some priceless gift. My way  
Led past a little brook, and thrice each day  
I drank from its clear water, and it gave  
Refreshment and new strength, and made me brave  
To still go on. It was thy gift to men;  
And so I only offer thee again  
What is thine own. That which thou gavest me  
Is all I have, dear Lord, to give to thee."

Then spoke the King: "My son, thy sayings prove  
Thou givest what is priceless—perfect love.  
And who gives this with some small gift gives more  
Than he who brings of his abundant store  
And adds no love to it. Thy offering  
Is precious as pure gold unto the King."

—The Christian Herald.

## Lessons From the War

R. C. PORTER



WHEN sending out his army the German emperor is reported to have said: "In the midst of peace our enemies have surprised us. We will resist to the last breath of man and horse, and fight out the struggle even against a world of enemies."—*The National Review*, China, August 7.

In the parting words to his forces as they left for the front, King George of England said: "I have implicit confidence in you, my soldiers. Duty is your watchword, and I know your duty will be nobly done. I shall follow your every movement with deepest interest, and mark with eager satisfaction your daily progress; indeed, your welfare will never be absent from my thoughts, and I pray God to bless you, guard you, and bring you home victorious."

Lord Kitchener, British secretary of state for war, gave the following parting instruction to the soldiers as they were leaving to participate in the greatest war campaign of history: "You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the king, to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy, and you have to perform a task needing your courage, your energy, and your patience. Remember that the honor of the British army depends upon your individual conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in the struggle. The operation in which you are engaged will for the most part take place in friendly countries, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier. Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind; never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with welcome and be trusted. Your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust. Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound; so keep constantly on your guard against any excesses in this new experience. You may find

temptation in both wine and women, but you must entirely resist both temptations; and while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy. Do your duty bravely, fear God, and honor the king."—*China Press*, August 20.

The lofty sentiments encouraging loyalty to the emperor and the king, a moral character representative of the character of the kingdom sending forth its representatives into the conflict, the expressions of confidence which beget courage, and the assurance of constantly observing their faithfulness, remind one of another and a higher King who has sent forth the representatives of his kingdom into a conflict with the kingdom of darkness in a world of rebellion.

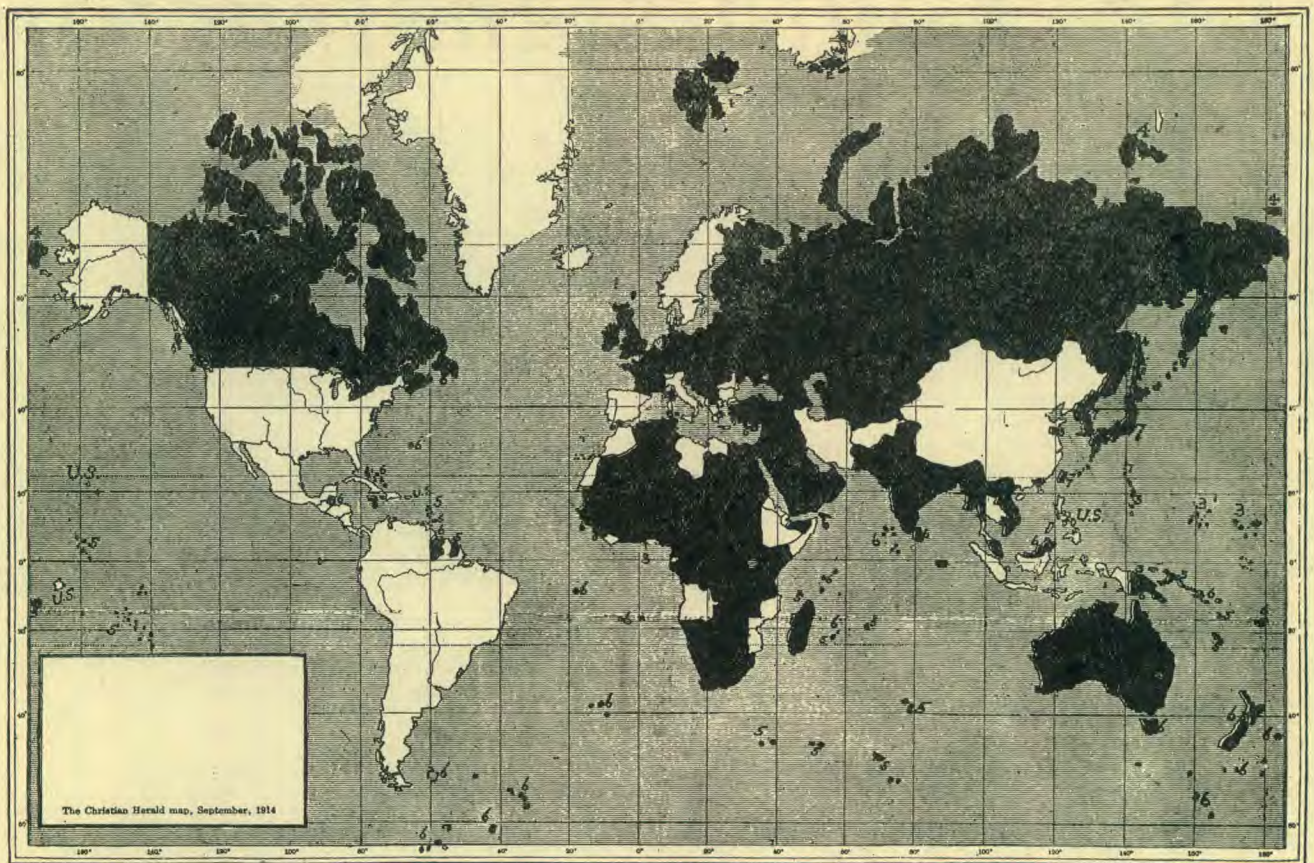
### The King of Kings and the Final Conflict

In giving his final commission to his servants who were to go forth into a world conflict with the kingdom of darkness, Christ said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 18-20.

Four things are made prominent in this commission: (1) All power in the universe is placed in the hands of him who has charge of the commissioned forces; (2) it is a world conflict; (3) all things commanded by the King are to be taught in every nation, regardless of results; (4) the King gives assurance that with all the power committed to him, he will accompany the expedition personally, "even unto the end of the world."

This commission assures Christ's soldiers that they are sent forth into an unfriendly country: "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake." It speaks of assured victory when the conflict is ended: "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." The Commander in Chief iden-





The Christian Herald

Turkey is included as involved by reason of her preparations for war, though not engaged as yet.

#### MAP SHOWING THE COUNTRIES INVOLVED IN THE PRESENT GREAT WAR

tifies himself with his comrades in the conflict, and expresses the fullest confidence that they will not misrepresent the kingdom of God in their conduct during the war: "For both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Heb. 2:11.

As earthly soldiers going to the front leave all commercial interests behind, and devote themselves unreservedly to the king's commission, and as they are exhorted to a life of moral rectitude during the war; so the soldiers of the cross are entreated, "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully. . . . Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:3-5, 15.

The loftiest call to heroism ever penned is recorded in the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah and in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Revelation. Here the climax of the conflict of the ages is reached. All reserves are called into action for final and eternal victory. The King of kings did not engage in the warfare against evil for defeat. He risked all for victory. Foreseeing that the outcome would restore the dominion which had been usurped by Satan, Christ has issued the following proclamation to all people: "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Dan. 7:27.

While the world is filled with the war spirit, let us study the warfare between Christ and Satan. Are we stirred with feelings of patriotism at the sound of martial music calling citizens to arms? Let us loyally

rally round the standard of the cross for valiant deeds in aggressive campaign for the kingdom of God. Would we be heroes in a great conflict? No other field offers such an opportunity for heroism as is presented in the closing conflict of the last message. A mightier bugle call to action was never blown than is now sounding throughout the world, enlisting every loyal soul for service in God's last sold-winning campaign before eternal victory is proclaimed. Soon wars shall be no more, and eternal peace shall pervade the universe of God. This is the last hour of the conflict. They who now enlist in the Master's service and share in the closing struggle, will wear crowns of unfading glory when the King reviews his victorious army and rewards their faithful service. Have you enlisted?

#### The Day Is Done

ONCE more the evening shadows fall,  
Another day is done;  
Beyond the mountain's dark blue wall  
Fast sinks the setting sun.

Another day forever gone;  
Recalled it cannot be.  
How time resistlessly sweeps on  
Like billows of the sea!

Have we improved the day now past?  
Have we a kindness shown?  
We know not, it may be our last;  
Our time is not our own.

Let us improve each passing day,  
Some deed of kindness do;  
And as we journey on our way,  
Be loving, kind, and true;

To others fallen by the way  
Reach out a helping hand,  
And in each swiftly passing day  
Spread sunshine through the land.

And when our life on earth shall cease,  
We'll leave a memory sweet,  
And gain a home of joy and peace  
At our Redeemer's feet.

TENNEY C. CALL



## "But by My Spirit." Zech. 4:6

INER SIELD-RITCHIE



WHILE reading Volume IX and other Testimonies concerning the work to be done by the students of Loma Linda, I felt impressed by the Lord's Spirit to move out into a new field. Without entering into detail, let it suffice to say that after some effort on my part, the Lord opened the way before me, and I was established as interne in one of the neighboring county institutions.

Upon my arrival at the hospital, I found, like Joshua the high priest, that Satan was there to resist me. Every door seemed locked and bolted against my influence. He sought in every way to discourage me. It did not take long for me to find out how very undesirable an acquisition I was considered. I shall never forget how many times this fact was rudely impressed upon me that first morning. The physician in charge introduced me to the head nurse, saying, "This is Dr. —, our new interne," whereupon, lifting her chin and walking away, she remarked, "We need nurses here, not internes." My next rebuff came from no less a personage than the matron, who said, "So we've got another one to take care of." Next, the physician explained to the superintendent that Saturday was my Sabbath and that I wished to have that day off. This called forth from him, in most unpleasant tones, an exclamation to the effect that I was a bother and a nuisance around there. Nor did the physician forget his turn at me; for before leaving, he left orders with the matron, "Make him work; that's what we've got him for."

Such was my reception. I was also regarded as an object of suspicion by the nurses. Needless to say, I did not feel exactly "at home." I believe I felt as the Hebrew captives felt away off in Babylon. Anyway, I read with renewed interest the story of Daniel and his Hebrew companions. As they had learned their fundamentals back in their humble Judean homes, so had I learned those same precious principles at Loma Linda. And with my Bible open on my knees before God, I asked that I might not be defiled with the king's meat, but that I might stand and find favor in the sight of men, even as did faithful Daniel and his companions.

A Catholic influence seemed to predominate the place. Many wore suspended crosses, and daily the priest would come and march down the halls to the wards, with all the pride and arrogance of his kind, his hat on his head, cane in hand, and puffing his old filthy pipe.

At mealtime I was sent with the helpers to the common "mess" table. I knew that God had placed me there to be a light, and if I would simply trust him I should see him make bare his mighty arm, open those barred doors, and work out his eternal purpose in this place. So I performed as faithfully and well as I could every task assigned me, though I well knew that so many were not ordinarily imposed upon an interne. As the days passed, I began to see that the Holy Spirit was working on hearts, although I had said little to those in the hospital, but I had said much to God. Being kept up late at night ministering to the sick, I felt so tired some mornings that I would lie in bed until the breakfast bell rang, thus neglecting my morning worship. Not feeling right about this, I arose one morning and on my knees alone before the

Master, I opened my Bible at the first page and read the first four words, "In the beginning God." I told him how very much I needed him in the very beginning,—the first thing in the morning,—and what for? —to create, as the next word says, to bring order out of chaos. I asked the Lord that his Spirit might move upon me as it did upon the shapeless, dark earth back there, and separate the light from the darkness. I reasoned with God that Adam was useless as lifeless clay, that only as he was breathed upon by the Holy Spirit could he live, move, and be useful to God. And, dear reader, I believe in prayer. The God whom I serve is Daniel's God, the only true and living God, and he hears and answers prayer today the same as he did for Daniel; for he never changes.

Scarcely had I risen from my knees when there was a knock at my door. It was one of the nurses. She said, "Doctor, Mrs. —, in Ward 4, wishes to see you." I immediately went. This patient was a large, muscular neurasthenic, and was feared by every one; for at times she became violent. She was sitting up in bed trembling. I asked her if she felt ill this morning, and how she had slept. She interrupted me and said, "O, it is not my health I wanted to see you about! I know you are a Christian young man. I have heard you know how to pray, and understand the Bible. Won't you come and teach me out of it, some every day? It is this that I need. It is this I want." Here was the first outward demonstration of that for which I had so earnestly been praying, so patiently waiting. The spell was broken, and the Holy Spirit was felt throughout the entire ward. That day proved the fullest of similar blessings I had yet experienced. I cannot dwell longer on these.

Let me add, in passing, that on the afternoon of the same day, I was called seven miles out into the country to attend a case of ptomaine poisoning. Upon my arrival I found that another physician had been there and had given the patient morphine. Evidently the family had heard of my method of treatment; for when I ordered hot water for fomentations and ice for his head, the patient looked up and said, "O, that is what I want!" Improvement was apparent at once, to all. While I was astonished at the distance my quiet influence had traveled, I learned of a truth that "none of us . . . liveth to himself."

Shortly after this an aged woman who occupied a single room in the hospital, and had lain in her bed there for five long years, with an incurable and painful disease, called me in and told me something which made my heart glad. Briefly it was this: Prior to my coming the nurses had been careless and disrespectful of religious matters, but since my coming she said there had been a marvelous change in their lives. They were quite different now because my influence upon them was so powerful for good; and even the doctor himself, who was ordinarily so rough that the patients feared him, was much gentler. I gave her some tracts on Christ's second coming, and many and blessed were our visits together after this, in which we spoke of that glad event.

Another old lady, dying of cancer, after reading a tract on the second coming of Christ, told me that she would never complain about her condition again, and if the Lord did not come before she died she would answer his call at the first resurrection.



I now began to give tracts to those I thought would be interested. One by one the doors were being opened. While I rejoiced with my Lord in each of our victories, I prayed more earnestly than ever before that he would give me tact and wisdom to know how and when to take advantage of the openings as they presented themselves. One day the matron came to me and said: "I don't believe you had better eat with the helpers any more. There is room at our table, so after this come in with us." This meant that I was to dine at their private table in the superintendent's dining room. Having become accustomed to the other, I dreaded the change, but later saw the purpose and wisdom of the Lord in it all.

The surgeon began to favor me now, and many times he simply stood by and directed me in operations. I became his first assistant on all occasions, and he being politically influential, I gained access to two other large institutions. On several occasions I was invited into his home, and was taken for outings with his family.

I became much interested in a young man who, because of tuberculosis of the knee joint, had to have his leg amputated. The infection was disseminated throughout his body, and he was pronounced hopeless by the physicians. He suffered much, and at times I would be called at night to relieve him. This I did with our rational treatments. He had been given opiates until the habit had become fixed upon him. I explained the effects of the habit to him, and we succeeded in breaking it up. One night after he had been crying from pain and discouragement, while I was treating him I tried to persuade him to be cheerful — not that false cheer the world possesses, but that joy and peace of soul which God gives, which passes understanding. Looking into my eyes, he said: "You are a wonder; what kind of doctor are you? You are never cross to me, even when I am hateful and cross. No matter when I call you, you are always gentle with me." I said: "I am trying to be like Christ, the Great Physician, and you must try to be like him also." He seemed greatly affected. The next day as I stood by his bedside, he raised his hand and looking up, said, "God." He then looked at me. His eyes were filled with tears, but he was smiling. Each day I noticed improvement as I dressed his wound. In about a month he was out on crutches. Every one said it was a miracle. I prayed earnestly that God would heal him spiritually even more perfectly than he had been healed physically.

An interesting incident took place in connection with this young man, which I must relate. At the time it occurred I was distributing tracts quite freely to all who would read them, and this had caused an influence to spring up against the priest. Finding this young man, who was one of his subjects, reading a tract I had given him, the priest flew into a fit of rage, and cursed and swore right in the ward in the presence of all. This caused the young man to turn pale with fright. The nurses and patients were disgusted with the priest. I said nothing, but noted how disastrous to his influence this scene proved. I thought, "That settles it for my tracts among his people." I saw no sign of them for several days, then to my surprise I saw one of the patients carefully slip a tract out from under his pillow and begin reading it. He called me over and asked if it would do him harm as the "father" had told him. I told him no; it was the best reading matter in existence, and to read it. All the patients seemed satisfied, and they did read the tracts.

They had more confidence in my word than they had in the priest's.

In one of the out-cottages was an ex-police who had been shot while at his post of duty. He was very influential with the authorities, and to this man I gave a number of tracts. As is common among the police, he smoked and drank moderately. Nevertheless, he read the tracts eagerly, and then sent for me to bring him more. Whenever opportunity and time afforded, I talked with him about the Bible, the Sabbath, and the signs of our times. One day at the dinner table the superintendent's daughter said to me, "Doctor, the officer is converting everybody in his cottage to your doctrine." "What makes you say that?" I asked. "Well," she said, "he talks it. He has given those little books to his nurses to read, and then had the nurses give them to the other patients, and he talks it himself." Shortly after this I went to his room. He told me to sit down. I knew he wanted to tell me something. He did not know where to begin, but with tears in his eyes and a trembling voice he began, "I have quit all liquor, and it has been five days since I touched tobacco." I knew what a terrible struggle he was having. I assured him that the Lord would give him overcoming power. Shortly after this I had the pleasure of hearing him defend the Sabbath. He read "Great Controversy" and many other of our books, and expressed his belief in them all.

Of all my charges, the most pitiful to me was the tubercular ward. In it were thirteen young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years. How my heart went out to these poor, hopeless souls! I pleaded with God that we might save some one there if possible. And truly the Lord is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. They read eagerly the tracts I gave them, especially those which foretold the nearness of the end and our Lord's soon coming. I soon had the opportunity to give them Bible studies. What a blessed time that was to us all when I read the precious promises out of God's Word! It soon became a sore disappointment to them whenever, because of duties elsewhere, I could not meet with them. They would sometimes send for me to come and read to them. One day, after reading to them Titus 2:13, "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," the most unpromising young man suddenly said, with tear-filled eyes: "Doctor, you are well and strong. Life's bright hopes are before you. Perhaps it doesn't mean so much to you, but, to me, wasting away here with this fever, it is a blessed hope indeed." I had thought how miserable indeed must their existence be without this "blessed hope"! Only a short time before, two of their number had died suddenly of fatal hemorrhage. They had witnessed the life-blood stream forth from the mouths of their fellow sufferers, yet were helpless to stay its flow. This had caused me to seek the Lord earnestly in prayer in behalf of those left, that they might be ready to go.

One night I was called to the bedside of the young man whom I had thought so unpromising. He was having a hemorrhage, which I succeeded in checking. Weak though he was, he was able to smile up at me and say, "The Lord knows what is best. I am ready." Shortly before this I had given him "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," which he had read through. He sent for me again after a few days. I thought perhaps he was having another hemorrhage; but he said, "It is not medicine I want." Then clasping the



book, he continued: "This is such a good book. I just love this book. Have you any more like it?" And after I had secured "Great Controversy" for him, he seemed equally devoted to it.

Next to his cot was that of a young Finn who could not read English. It was marvelous to note how eagerly he listened to, and how much he retained of, the tracts I explained to him. I asked both the boys to pray. One day during my absence the young Finn died. I asked his neighbor if he thought the Finn was saved. "O, yes," he said, "we had just been praying, and, Doctor, when he was dying he prayed for you, that you might continue to be the same blessing to others you have proved to us." My feelings were too deep for words. I could not keep back the tears. I told the Lord that this experience alone was worth all I could ever do. But the Lord had yet other experiences for me.

One evening I was accosted on the hospital grounds by one of the patients — a man of good family and character, but depressed in spirits — who was suffering with stomach trouble. Said he: "Doctor, I have been listening with interest to what you have been saying to the patient in the next room. Have you anything I could read on the subject? I have never heard anything like it, but I believe it is so." He read the tracts I gave him, and seldom indeed does one see such eagerness for truth as this man manifested. A day or two later, when he was leaving, he told me, with eyes swimming in tears, of his love for Jesus and his belief that he would soon come. He asked for as many tracts as I could spare to take home to his wife and daughter. He also subscribed for the *Signs*. Thus was the message of truth carried into a distant valley. He was not at the hospital long, and I have always thought the Lord sent him there to hear the message. How prompt we should be to recognize the opportunities the Lord brings to us!

I felt deeply anxious for a young man who was dying of tuberculosis, whom I had interested in the truth. He lingered on until after I had left the hospital and returned to school. I planned to visit the hospital at the end of every week. Each week as I left him, I expected it would be the last time I should see him in this life. He seemed always glad to read what I gave him. But I felt sad that I could not get closer to his heart and find out his real spiritual condition. I took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and asked him to help me lead the young man all the way to the Saviour at my next visit. The next week I was much disappointed to learn that he had taken a sudden turn for the worse; and when I visited him, I found him in a stuporous condition. Time and again I went to his room in the hope that he might be sufficiently aroused to tell me if he was prepared to go. Looking at his pallid, emaciated features, his eyes turned back and mouth open, and noting his slow, weak, and labored respiration, I realized that unless God intervened he would pass away before I could see him again. With aching heart I thought, "O, why didn't I speak to him before! Perhaps now he will be lost, and all because I did not speak to him about his condition."

I sought the Lord that he would let me have just one more chance to speak with him; and when I asked, I believed that he would grant my request. He had never failed me. When I returned the next week, his nurse came running to me and said, "Doctor, what do you think! Mr. — is still alive; he is much better, and he wants to see you." What joy of heart I ex-

perienced as these words fell upon my ears! Glancing hurriedly over the night orders in the office, I noticed the order, "Lay out Mr. — for the undertaker." This order had been written for three nights in succession, but the Lord had rebuked the destroyer. I went at once to the patient's room. He seemed unusually bright that morning. I began at once, for I felt the Lord had already spoken to his soul. I asked if he believed Jesus had saved him. He answered me in this wise: "Yes, I believe Jesus has saved me. It cannot be long until he comes to take his people home. Many tell me that I am foolish for believing that Christ is soon coming again, and they try to discourage me, but I have read those little tracts and the Bible, and there is no one can make me believe differently." Then shaking his head but smiling, his eyes filled with tears as he continued: "No, no, I believe his Word, and I pray and sing to the Lord every day. I am so happy now!" I asked him how he sang when he could not speak above a whisper. He replied, "I can think the song, anyway. I shall be so glad when I can walk again and can visit with you in the beautiful new earth." And when I left him, I felt convinced that what he said was true, that no man could take this blessed hope from him. And even though he sleeps in the potter's field, yet he will come forth to receive his reward when Jesus, whom he loved and longed so much to see, comes to give his people immortality.

Recently I attended the Sunday evening services at one of the popular churches near the hospital. One of the local physicians and his wife, seeing me, came over and sat down by me. During the course of our conversation, the woman said: "Doctor, do you know I really believe you have converted Mr. — to your belief. He keeps your Sabbath, and he believes as you people do." I had given this man tracts and lent him "Great Controversy" and other of our books seven months before, when he was in the hospital; and the seed sown had sprung up and borne fruit.

And so I might go on giving still other experiences equally interesting. Truly the Lord fulfilled his promises and caused his truth to triumph. He opened the doors so widely that I succeeded in spreading the printed pages of truth as "the leaves of autumn," giving away over four thousand pages of tracts, and putting a few of our large books in nearly every ward, where they remain to bless and enlighten others who come.

During the latter part of the summer the physician in charge ordered that before I had to leave, the matron and the superintendent take their vacations. This they did, the physician himself leaving also; and I was thus placed in full charge of the institution for about a week. Upon their return, the hospital being a training school for nurses, they placed me upon the teaching staff, my subjects being such that I could bring out many examples of our Creator's wonderful power and wisdom. The request was also made that I give health lectures in the hospital parlors. Am I now considered a "nuisance" and a "bother" around there? It came to the place where even in case of sickness of the farm animals, the superintendent must come to me for advice and treatment. On one occasion even the county coroner was given a severe scolding because he had apparently forgotten to call me to an autopsy. The application of an interne from one of the older medical colleges was refused because of the possibility that I might wish to return this summer, and I have been requested by all the officials to do so.

What a saving truth we have! and who can stand



against it? This is not man's work; for "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." It was nothing in me that wrought such a change. How often in my weakness did I cast myself at the foot of the cross and cry, as did Paul, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." Then would answer the voice from above, "And I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto me." It is that divine love manifested upon the cross that draws men upward; and if we have this love of Jesus in our hearts, it will melt the stoniest hearts. Beneath the hardened faces of many, who, because of open violation of God's holy law, were there suffering its results, I found aching hearts that responded to even a little sympathy, hearts that were longing for something better, such as I professed to be able to give. I thought of each as some mother's wayward, but loved son or daughter, some one's brother or sister; and these persons' love, once won, is genuine. Many times they have put their arms about me, and tried to express their gratitude and love to me in words. And how touching when they have tried to persuade me to accept money, even their last penny! When you consider that they would never again be able to work or to earn more as others could, it means something; for when an individual gives his all for all time, his love is genuine.

How sure to us are the Lord's precious promises! How true that "them that honor me I will honor"! Surely in all these experiences the Lord has been present with his Holy Spirit; and as I go back to take up the work again this summer, my prayer is that we may see even greater results.

### "What Shall I Read Next?"

THIS is the question so often raised by boys and girls. Mr. Edmund C. Jaeger, special teacher in moral education of the Pasadena (California) city schools, and a contributor to the INSTRUCTOR, has endeavored to answer this question by making out a "Summer Reading List of Nonfiction Books for Boys and Girls in the Teens." The books are such as have proved especially attractive and helpful to the pupils with whom he has associated in the schoolroom, and are of such a nature that parents may feel free to recommend them to the youth.

#### Biography

Perfect Tribute .....	Andrews
Famous Leaders Among Men .....	Sarah K. Bolton
Poor Boys Who Became Famous .....	Sarah K. Bolton
Story of My Life .....	Helen Keller
Livingstone, the Pathfinder .....	Mathews
Winning Their Way; Boys Who Learned Self-Help .....	Paris
An Uncrowned Queen—Frances Willard .....	Babcock
The Boy Life of Edison .....	Meadowcroft
From Boyhood to Manhood .....	Thayer
The Making of an American .....	Jacob A. Riis
The Wonder Workers .....	Wade
Florence Nightingale .....	Laura E. Richards
David Livingstone .....	Vautier
Benjamin Franklin .....	An Autobiography
Up From Slavery .....	Booker T. Washington
Story of Inventors .....	Russel Doubleday
Heroes and Martyrs of Invention .....	Geo. M. Towle
Story of My Boyhood and Youth .....	John Muir
Story of Bishop Patterson .....	E. K. Paget
Story of Oliver Cromwell .....	H. E. Marshall
Story of Chalmers of New Guinea .....	J. H. Keltman
Music and Musicians .....	Lucy C. Lillie

#### Applied Science, Natural Science, Occupations

Wonders of Modern Mechanism .....	Cochrane
How to Make a Dynamo .....	A. Crofts
Man and His Work .....	Herbertson
Science at Home .....	Russell
Boys' Book of Modern Marvels .....	Clark

The Wonder Book of Magnetism .....	Housten
Stories of Useful Inventions .....	Forman
The Boy's Book of Steamships .....	Howden
Harper's Book for Young Naturalists .....	Verrill
The Boy's Book of Inventions .....	Baker
The World's Minerals .....	Spencer
Century Book for Young Americans .....	Brooks
Electric Toy Making .....	Sloane
How It Is Made .....	
How It Works .....	
Industries of Today .....	M. A. L. Lane

#### Out-of-Door Books—Travel

The Continents and Their People .....	Chamberlain
Stoddard's Lectures .....	
Some Strange Corners of Our Own Country .....	Loomis
Roy and Ray in Mexico .....	Plummer
Adrift on an Ice Pan .....	Grenfell
Wonders of the Colorado Desert .....	Geo. Wharton James

#### Nature Stories

Elo the Eagle .....	Floyd Bralliar
Stickeen .....	John Muir
Scraggles .....	Geo. Wharton James
Animal Artisans .....	C. J. Cornish
Hermit's Wild Friends .....	Walton
Social Life of the Insect World .....	Fabre
Insect Stories .....	Kellogg
Rob and His Friends .....	John Brown, M. D.
Wild Animals I Have Known .....	Seton
Lives of the Hunted .....	Seton
Biography of a Grizzly .....	Seton
Biography of a Silver Fox .....	Seton
Lobo Rag and Vixen .....	Seton
Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag .....	Seton
Animal Heroes .....	Seton
Call of the Wild .....	Jack London
Curious Homes and Their Tenants .....	James C. Beard
The History of the Robins .....	Mrs. Trimmer
Old China and Young America .....	Sarah P. Conger
The Bee People .....	Margaret Morely
Eye Spy .....	Gibson
Spinner Family .....	Patterson
Nature and the Camera .....	Dugmore
House in the Water .....	Chas. D. Roberts
Hector, My Dog .....	Egerton R. Young
Heroes, Great Hearts, and Their Animal Friends .....	Dale

#### General

The Man Without a Country .....	Hale
Working With the Hands .....	Washington
Boy Wanted .....	Nixon Waterman
Girl Wanted .....	Nixon Waterman
The Pilgrim's Progress .....	Bunyan
Children of the Tenements .....	Riis
Out of Mulberry Bend .....	Riis
Children of the Poor .....	Riis
How the Other Half Lives .....	Riis
Character and Empire Building .....	Cross
Pictures Every Child Should Know .....	Dolores Bacon
The Strength of Being Clean .....	David Starr Jordan

#### Tithes

AND let us not now lose sight of this broad and unabrogated principle—I might say, incapable of being abrogated so long as men shall receive earthly gifts from God. Of all that they have, his tithe must be rendered to him, or in so far and in so much he is forgotten. Of the skill and of the treasure, of the strength and of the mind, of the time and of the toil, offering must be made reverently; and if there be any difference between Levitical and the Christian offering, it is that the latter may be just so much wider in its range as it is less typical in its meaning, as it is thankful instead of sacrificial. There can be no excuse accepted because the Deity does not now visibly dwell in his temple; if he is invisible, it is only through our failing faith: nor any excuse because other calls are more immediate or sacred; this ought to be done, and not the other be left undone.—*John Ruskin.*

THE predominant impression she leaves upon you is of character and not of costume.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



## Whang, the Blind Sorcerer



WHEN three years of age Whang Pum Oh was taken with smallpox, and became blind as a result of the disease. When he was only ten years of age both his parents were seized with cholera, and died within a few days of each other. Whang went to live with his uncle, who had the blind boy taught the art of sorcery. In Korea it is customary for nearly all the blind people to become sorcerers. The art is prevalent throughout the land. It is especially in demand in times of sickness. When a blind sorcerer is consulted, he goes through some weird incantations, and tells the people how to propitiate the evil spirit that has sent the disease.

The sorcerer also professes to tell people how to find lost articles, how journeys may be made successfully, how a new house should be built to avoid the evil spirits, etc. It is all a system of deception. Whang made money in this profession, and purchased household goods and fields.

On one occasion Mr. Bruen's Korean helper was preaching in a guest room in Whang's village. The sorcerer went to hear him, and was deeply impressed with the gospel story. The more he listened to the Korean messenger of the gospel, the more he felt the wickedness of his sorcery. He argued with the helper for two days. At last he was convinced of the truthfulness of the gospel, and became a believer.

Whang began to attend church, but continued to practice his art of divination, for it was a very lucrative profession. Week after week, however, as he understood the doctrine of the gospel more fully, he began to have a greater distaste for his work. At length one day, when requested to attend a certain house, he refused, and broke all his instruments before the eyes of his visitor.

He now began to experience a great longing to learn to read God's Word. On account of his blindness, however, this was an extremely difficult task. Week after week he groped his way fifteen li (five miles) along the country road to attend church, for there were no Christians in his village. For a year he prayed earnestly that the Father would make it possible for him to gain a knowledge of the Bible.

One night God answered his prayer in an unexpected manner. The thought flashed into his mind that he might adapt one of the arithmetical tables used by blind sorcerers, and, by the aid of this, work out a system of his own that would enable him to read. His next step was to purchase several large Standard Oil tin cans, of the type commonly used in the Orient. From these he made four or five thousand small tin squares, with a hole through each so that they could be threaded on a string. Then he made indentations in different corners of these squares, to indicate the various letters of the Korean alphabet. He also procured two thousand pieces of wood in varying shapes to indicate the final consonants.

The great desire of Whang's soul was not only to read, but to memorize God's Word. Having created a crude system of reading, he began to master the Scriptures. His plan was to have a friend read St. John's Gospel, while he himself formed sentence after sentence by threading his tin and wooden squares on a string. Then by running his fingers over the crude type, he committed verse after verse of God's Word to memory. In this manner he learned the first six

chapters of John. On one occasion while at the church, a new vision dawned upon the soul of Whang. He heard that at Pyeng Yang, about one thousand li distant, there was a school for teaching the blind to read in a new and wonderful manner. For two years he prayed that God would open the way for him to go to that school.

At length Mr. Bruen heard of the former sorcerer's heroic efforts to master God's Word, and of his great desire to go to Pyeng Yang, and sent him seven yen to buy a railroad ticket to the northern city. Whang was full of joy over the prospect of the realization of his great desire. But knowing that his wife and family would suffer if he left them unprovided for, he revealed the strength of his Christian character by using the money to purchase food and fuel for them. The blind enthusiast then set out to grope his way along the highways of Korea toward the goal of his dreams, three hundred miles distant. . . .

Upon reaching his destination, Whang made his way to the school for the blind conducted by Mrs. Samuel A. Moffett, and was at once admitted. He made marvelous progress. In a month's time he had learned to read by the Braille system. Then he was eager to leave to tell other blind men about the Saviour. Dr. Moffett gave Whang a sum of money to enable him to ride home in ease and comfort, but the blind man sent the money to his wife and children, and started out to walk the entire three hundred miles to his own village in southern Korea. When he was nearing the capital, a strange thing happened. He met his brother, who had been a wanderer for four years, and after instructing him for a week, had the joy of leading him to Christ. At length Whang reached his village in safety, having in all groped his way about five hundred miles along the Korean highways in order to learn to read the blind man's Bible.—*"Korea for Christ,"* pages 58-61.

### The Foreign Mission Band

EARLY in the life of our first denominational school, Battle Creek College, a number of young men met together and organized a Foreign Mission Band. They continued to meet from time to time throughout the year, though they had to meet privately because of the opposition of the school faculty, who felt that the young men were wasting the time which they gave to the consideration of foreign missions.

When Union College was started, the Foreign Mission Band sprang up there also. No information is at hand that anything was done in this line either in South Lancaster Academy or in Healdsburg College; but a band was started in Walla Walla College and still continues. The Foreign Mission Band is of recent but sturdy growth in Mount Vernon.

At the recent General Conference a meeting of delegates from schools having Foreign Mission Bands was called for the purpose of strengthening and extending the work of these bands. An interband secretary was chosen, and it was proposed that each school band have a twenty-five-cent membership fee, of which one tenth should be sent the interband secretary to cover the expense of interband correspondence.

Some present at that meeting cherished the hope that the number of young people definitely planning on service in the needy foreign fields would be as many as two hundred during the year of 1913-14. It was a



cause of surprise and joy to the interband secretary, on counting the names sent in by the various schools last spring, to find the total was *exactly two hundred*. The reports came from Berrien, Union, Walla Walla, Mount Vernon, and the Foreign Mission Seminary. Pacific Union failed to report.

The following table shows the number from each school and the grade of work they were doing:—

	COLLEGE	ACADEMIC	TOTAL
Emmanuel Missionary....	24	37	61
Union .....	23	15	38
Walla Walla .....	10	26	36
Seminary .....	15	18	33
Mount Vernon .....	3	29	32
Grand total .....			200

This past summer Loma Linda Medical College sent in a list of forty-five young people who were members of the Foreign Mission Band last year, at that institution. This brings the total up to two hundred and forty-five young people definitely planning and preparing to serve their Master in the most needy fields.

Should not this year witness the establishment of such groups of earnest young men and women in all our schools? A young man must plan definitely on being a doctor, at least four years before he finishes his medical course and actually becomes a doctor. A little more of this definiteness of plan along foreign mission lines would mean more and better prepared foreign workers, and our Mission Board would be spared much needless expense in bringing workers back home for better preparation, or permanently removing them from the foreign fields because of inadequate preparation.

Young man, young woman, why not search out some one else who feels the desire to respond to the call of the harvest field? Why not meet together from time to time for study of the field and prayer for the field? One of the best ways you can serve the foreign field while at home is to get some one else to resolve to prepare to go also. May the Lord grant us five hundred young people in our denominational schools this year definitely preparing to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth! When the work abroad is done, the work at home will also be finished; and we may then expect our Master to come, and say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

L. L. CAVINESS,  
Interband Secretary.

#### Benefits of the Study of Literature

NEAR the close of the Fireside Correspondence School course in English literature, the following requirement and questions are set before the student as a part of a test paper: "Discuss somewhat fully your experience in reading the assignments in this course, in both English and American authors, covering the ground suggested in the foregoing paragraphs. Ask yourself especially how the reading has affected the growth and development of character. Has it fed the higher springs? or has it not done so? Has it given you a deeper sense of the beauty and the mystery of human life? Has it been the mere acquirement of a certain set of facts? or has it been growth from within?" The thoughts contained in the answers of one of our students to these questions are so interesting and so helpful in showing the benefits of the study

of literature that they are here quoted for the encouragement of the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR:—

I can truly say that every moment I have spent with the English and American authors has been a happy one. When I have time, be it five minutes or two hours, that I can read, I throw aside my work, forget it all, and bury myself in the author I am reading. [This sentence unwittingly furnishes the key to the success of this student, who, being deprived of the privilege of attending our schools by the blessed duty of caring for an invalid relative, has pursued her studies year after year in the Correspondence School.—C. C. L.]

I enjoy knowing something of each one's life. I enjoy watching the different authors' lives and seeing how their surroundings affect their writings. To me Milton's sonnet to the "Blind" is more beautiful, knowing that everything was darkness to him. I like the loyalty to his nation he expressed when he said that he could not enjoy himself traveling abroad when his countrymen were suffering at home.

I have grasped thoughts throughout the course that have helped me spiritually. Milton and Wordsworth have especially helped me to know more of our Heavenly Father. In "Paradise Lost" Satan's subtle workings were made clearer to me than ever before, and the love of God and his Son were brought out very clearly to me. Wordsworth made me see the beauty and loveliness of things God has created.

In studying, it has been my aim to learn the thoughts the author was presenting, the circumstances that led to his writing, and the time he lived in, rather than to learn the little nonessentials of his life, as his birthday, genealogy, and the day of his death. I read a paragraph some time ago that has been very helpful to me in this course. It read something like this: The glory of the English race is its literature. The Bible is our literature as well as our religion. Caedmon and Bede first sang its praises in a monastery. It is the Bible that gave Milton his paradise, Bunyan his dream, Carlyle his law, and Tennyson his immortal hope. So in reading this literature, in a large sense we are reading what men have gained from studying the blessed Book. It has been very helpful to me in seeing what others have gained from the study of the Holy Scriptures.

C. C. LEWIS.

#### Too Big for Our Job

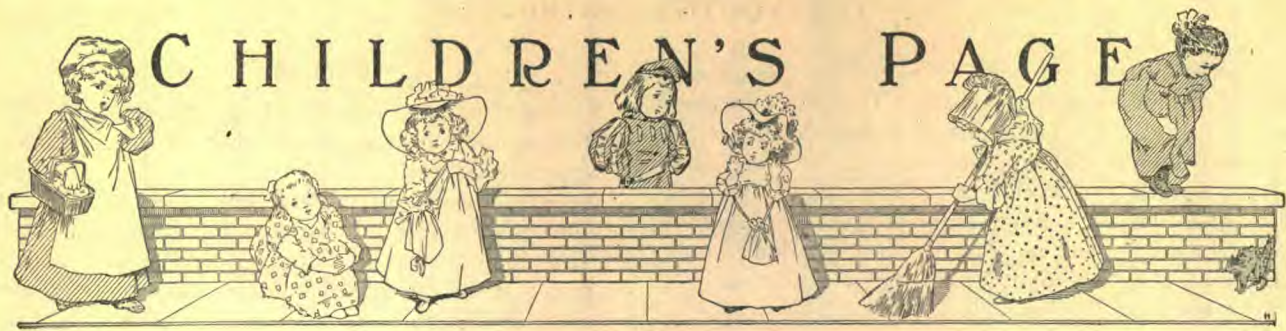
"GRANDMA, I never can get my head into that sweater." It was an early winter morning, and grandma was helping the little three-year-old make his toilet preparatory to breakfast. The gas had been lighted in the bathroom in order to expedite matters, and the little fellow was looking intently first at the big round shadow on the wall and then at the little red sweater which grandma held up for him to put his head into. "O, yes, you can!" said Grandma encouragingly. "Your head isn't nearly so large as it looks in the shadow on the wall, and besides, the sweater will stretch."

Sometimes we older ones get to looking at some deceptive shadow which the light of a supposed success has thrown over our pathway, and we find ourselves thinking we are too big for our job. In other words, our heads look wonderfully big to us, and we feel that it is a shame to use them in some work which at the time may seem small and insignificant. But what if we have achieved what seemed to be a great success? According to Mr. Law, "the devil is content that we should excel in good works provided he can make us proud of them." And if we really are too big for our job, we need not fear; the job will stretch.

Horace Greeley has said, "Fame is vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse tomorrow; only one thing endures—character." Fame, riches, and popularity can all make tremendous shadows and cause us to look wonderfully big for a time; but these are bound to pass away, and then we who have been accustomed to viewing the shadows which these things cast, find ourselves so shockingly small that we wonder that we are big enough for any job.

(Concluded on page thirteen)





### Anatomy in Rhyme

How many bones in the human face?  
Fourteen, when they are all in place.  
How many bones in the human head?  
Eight, my child, as I've often said.  
How many bones in the human spine?  
Twenty-four, like a clustering vine.  
How many bones in the human chest?  
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.  
How many bones in the shoulder bind?  
Two in each; one before, one behind.  
How many bones in the human arm?  
In each arm one; two in each forearm.  
How many bones in the human wrist?  
Eight in each, if none are missed.  
How many bones in the palm of the hand?  
Five in each of many a hand.  
How many bones in the fingers ten?  
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.  
How many bones in the human hip?  
One in each — like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?  
One in each, and deep they lie.  
How many bones in the human knee?  
Two in each, we can plainly see.  
How many bones in the ankle strong?  
Seven in each, but none are long.  
How many bones in the ball of the foot?  
Five in each, as the palms were put.  
How many bones in toes, half a score?  
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.  
And now if you reckon the bones on a slate,  
They count in a body, two hundred and eight.  
Then we have in the human mouth, too,  
Teeth, upper and under, thirty and two.  
And now and then there's a bone, I think,  
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink,  
A sesamoid bone, or Wormian, we call;  
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

— Selected.

### "A Soldier of Sunny France"



WHEN I was in France last summer, attending the camp meeting, I saw coming on the camp ground a French soldier boy, about twenty-two years old. I said to Brother Conradi: "There is a soldier. Is he a Sabbath keeper?" Brother Conradi answered, "Yes, and I want you to have a talk with him and learn the experience he has gone through." So I got a stenographer, and called Brother Badot in. He told me this story:—

He had been the secretary and stenographer of Elder Tieche, president of the Latin Union Conference; and when he came of age, he was called into the service—the army. Every one in France must spend three years in the army. Well, Brother Badot answered the call. He must. There was no way out of it. When he was called in by the captain to receive his instructions, he ventured to tell the captain that he was a Sabbath keeper, and to ask if his work could be arranged so that he could keep the Sabbath.

The captain flew into a terrible passion, and jumped to his feet. He exclaimed: "Are you a fool? Do you think you are going to run the French army, and boss the lot of us?" He struck the desk with a terrible blow, and said: "Don't let us have any more such nonsense from you! You are going to obey orders, like any of the rest of us, and we will teach you that you are not going to run the affairs of the army." The captain was foolish in his talk, and very stubborn and rough.

Brother Badot said: "I don't wish to dictate to the army. That isn't it. And I don't think I am a fool either. I tell you plainly, I do this from a conscientious standpoint. I fear God, and believe the Bible, and I am trying to live a Christian life, and I feel that it is my duty to obey that commandment of God."

The captain tried to show him that there was nothing in that; when it came to the requirements of the army, a man had to do them above everything else. The young man replied, "I can't do that in disobedi-

ence to God." The commander told him to stop, to go back to his barracks, and to obey the orders and regulations of the army. He said, "If you don't do that,—if you venture to disobey,—we will send you to the fortress." Brother Badot replied, "Then I shall have to go, captain." "Well," the officer remarked, "you will want to go only once." But our brother said: "Captain, we might as well understand this thing now. I shall go to the fortress until I go to my death before I will work on the Sabbath. You may as well know, when you start in, that it isn't imprisonment in the fortress for one week, or one month, but for the rest of my life. That is where I stand."

Then the captain declared: "I will draft you off into the African fortresses. I will send you to the worst climate in Africa, and with the scum of the French army—with the worst lot of rascals we have." "Very well," the young man said, "I can go there, but I cannot work on the Sabbath and disobey my God."

That is pretty good talk for a twenty-one-year-old. The captain drove him out, and said, "You will report Saturday for duty." But Sabbath morning Brother Badot went off into the woods, and stayed there all day, and read the Bible and prayed to God. I tell you he settled it with the Lord; he faced death in the fortress and life in the African jungles, and took his stand to live for God no matter what the consequences might be.

He expected to be summoned before the captain Sunday morning, but he wasn't. But Monday morning the captain called for him, and said, "You were not on duty Saturday." He replied, "No, I was not." The captain wanted to know where he was and what he was doing, and he told him. The captain was furious, and said, "Now I am going to take you to the higher officer, and he will give you your sentence." So he led this young man in, and reported to the higher officer.

This officer looked at him kindly. "Well," he said,



"my man, what's the matter?" Brother Badot explained to him about the Sabbath. The officer listened and then said, "Do you think you can't do any work whatever on the Sabbath, on Saturday?" He said, "No, I cannot." "Well," the officer asked, "do you think that the French government can surrender to your whims?" And our brother said, "I don't know what they can do, I only know what I cannot do—I cannot work on the Sabbath day."

After some conversation, the commander stepped out with the captain, and the young man remained in the room, and prayed to the Lord to move on their hearts that the right thing might be done. After a bit, the captain came back, but the commander went away. The captain asked, "Well, how do you feel since seeing the officer?" He answered, "I feel just the same." "You do not intend to do any work on Saturday?"—"No." "You say you were a stenographer and secretary before you came here, and you can do that work now?"—"Yes, if I have a chance." Then the captain asked, "How should you like to be my stenographer and secretary?" "Why," he said, "I should like it fine, only no work on the Sabbath." "Very well," said the captain, "that's taken for granted now." And he made that boy his secretary, and gave him the Sabbath from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday night.

He had been the captain's secretary a full year, and his two weeks' holiday was to come at the time of our camp meeting, but it would begin just as our meeting was about to close, so he would have only one Sabbath with us. His vacation would begin on Friday, and our camp meeting would close Sunday. He had his work all finished, so he went to the captain and told him about this camp meeting, and asked if the captain would be willing to let him leave early, and cut the time off the other end of his vacation. He said, "Captain, I would stay up all night tonight and all night tomorrow night, and do everything necessary, if you would let me go." But the captain said, "I haven't anything to do now, you have everything done; so you may go." Brother Badot said: "Very well, captain. I will come right back as soon as it is over." But the captain said, "Your regular time closes Saturday, and you are no good Saturday, and I don't want to be fussing around here Sunday, so you needn't come back until Monday." And there he was, with the full time of his holiday and eight days over.

I took a stenographic report of his story, and it was a revelation to me of splendid Christian heroism, a real, firm, definite loyalty to God. Just a French boy, only twenty-two years old, and I tell you he would die in the fortress or in the jungles of Africa before he would work on the Sabbath.

How I wish every young man and every young woman in our ranks in the United States had that fixedness of purpose, and that loyalty, and that conscience, and that devotion to God! I see some going away from the truth, away from God, for the merest baubles, for the allurements of the world,—picture shows, and dress, and money, and such things,—losing heaven for these trifles. But out in some of these lands, we have men and women enduring all kinds of persecution for the cause of this third angel's message.—*A. G. Daniells, in Signs of the Times, September, 1914.*

It is growth that emancipates men.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## Kindness

A GREAT man once said: "I sometimes think that nothing in the world is worth while except kindness. It is my creed."

We are justified in making kindness a creed. It has power to make the lives of those among whom we live not only easier, but also happier and richer. However small the act of kindness may be, it is the outward and visible sign of human feeling, of our sympathy with another. Nothing is so truly courteous as a kind act, and all the courtesy in the world is only cold and formal unless kindness is its source.

Kindness has as many ways as love for revealing itself. It is tender to those whom we love or who need our gentleness. It is benevolent to those upon whom we can confer anything. Kindness shows itself in a negative way; in lack of prejudice. It shows itself, too, in acts of forbearance, in patient refusal to see the faults or mistakes of others, when by that refusal we may be more useful to them.

Have you ever realized that for the expression "find fault," there is no parallel expression of "find good"? Is that not enough to show how much the kindness of forbearance is needed? Have you ever thought how much of a virtue indulgence to others may become? Both in others and in ourselves we regard the strenuous pursuit of duty as a virtue; but how often do we realize that there are times when it is more of a virtue to be indulgent than to insist that another do his duty?

Kindness shows itself in compassion. It refuses to see the deformity that in harelip or lameness or crookedness is hard enough to bear without attracting to itself the careless attention of other eyes or the cruel mockery of playmates or companions. It refuses to laugh at what is old or helpless or unlovely. It sees nothing funny in what is evil or weak. Kindness can never be anything but humane.

Can we do better than to speak kindly, if for no other reason than because we cannot tell how rough, how full of pain, how full of loneliness, another's way may be? Can we do better than to think kindly, if for no other reason than because a kind thought can never come amiss? Can we do better than to act kindly, if for no other reason than because we are certain a kind act can hurt no one and may help?—*The Youth's Companion.*

## Bessie's Temptation

BESSIE was a girl about nine years old. She is a woman now, many years having passed, but the memory of a great temptation is very fresh in her mind.

She went one afternoon with her grandmother to call on a lady. Mrs. Brown's parlor had few attractions for the little girl, and the ladies' conversation was not interesting to her. Mrs. Brown told her she might go out and amuse herself in the grapery. This was a small conservatory leading from the parlor, where there was growing a very fine grape vine, at this time loaded with large bunches of the finest grapes. There were a few flowers on shelves. The grape vine was trained back and forth across the roof, and the luscious fruit hung down very temptingly. There was a seat all around the grapery, and where the roof slanted, Bessie could kneel and easily touch some of the tempting grapes with her head.

The view from the windows kept her busy for a while. She watched the people, the teams, and the



boys and girls playing around, and wished she were with them, having fun. But the aroma from the grapes soon brought her thoughts back to them. She had not often tasted hothouse grapes; they were too expensive. Such as these would cost at least a dollar or more a pound.

Her mother was sick at home, and she soon began to wish she could have some of the grapes for her. Then came the tempter, "How nice a bunch of those grapes would be for your dear mother!" It was almost as if she heard the voice softly talking. "You can easily reach a bunch and drop it into your pocket. Mrs. Brown can't see from where she is sitting, nor can your grandma."

"That's so," thought Bessie; in fact, she softly whispered.

"It is for your mother," the voice continued. "You know you cannot buy her any,—they cost too much,—and they would taste so good!"

"Yes, and it isn't as if I wanted them for myself," said Bessie.

"Well, just try and see if you cannot reach that little bunch above your head."

"Yes, I can reach it. See! My hat easily touches it; but, O, it would be stealing! And God can see me; my dear mother said so. He can see me all the time. O, do go away, wicked tempter!" And, kneeling right there, the child prayed: "O God, please help me. I don't want to be wicked; but I would love to have some grapes for my dear mother."

Then she tried her best to look out on the street, and keep away from the grapes, and she did not hear the tempter's voice again.

It seemed a long time, but really it was not many minutes, before grandma called Bessie to go home, and Mrs. Brown at the same time began telling her what a nice, well-behaved little girl she was, and that because she had been so quiet she was going to cut three bunches of grapes for her to carry home — one for mamma, one for grandma, and one for herself.

When Bessie knelt to pray that night, she did not forget to thank the dear Lord for helping her in the time of temptation. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," the Bible says.—*Rose of Sharon.*

### Too Big for Our Job

(Concluded from page ten)

The work demanded at this time of every true-hearted man and woman is great,—too great for any soul to touch save he that is humble, save he who, having met the divine requirement given in Isa. 57:15, has the constant companionship of the high and lofty One. Young people are needed who do not feel too big for their job,—young people whose "strength is made perfect in weakness," whose infirmities are borne cheerfully because those very infirmities give a chance for the power of Christ to be made manifest in all their successes. But what a shame it is, after we have felt our own weakness, our own infirmities, and the power of Christ does rest on us and give us success (2 Cor. 12:9), that we forget the former weakness and begin to think our failures hitherto perhaps were a happen-so, and we have considerable talent in and of ourselves after all. Has some special success come to you? O, do not forget that you prayed most earnestly for strength to accomplish that very thing, and "give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains!"

VIDA V. YOUNG.

### Becoming Like Christ

A BEAUTIFUL statue stands in the market place. It is that of a Greek slave girl, but she is well dressed, tidy, and handsome. A dirty, forlorn slave girl passes by. She sees the statue, stops and gazes at it in rapt admiration. She goes home, washes her face, and combs her hair. Another day she stops, in passing, to look at the statue. Next day her tattered clothes are washed and mended. Each day she stops to look at the statue, and each next day she has imitated some of its beauties, until the dirty, ragged slave becomes completely transformed; she becomes another girl. This is the way Christ teaches. He does not hurl his own individuality upon others; he simply lives and works and loves before men, not to be seen of them, but to inspire them to a holy emulation.—*Selected.*

### The Farmer Who Found

A FARMER lost a five-pound note in the barn. He was not a wealthy man, and the loss of this note was a serious matter to him. He resolved to turn over every straw until he found it. After some days' search he discovered the precious bank note, and went to his house greatly rejoicing. A little later he was brought under deep conviction of sin, and said to his wife, "I wish I could believe in the Saviour, but, alas! I cannot find him." She replied, "If you look for him as you looked for that note in the barn, you will find him." Acting upon that advice, he was soon rejoicing in the possession of Christ. We must strive to enter in by the narrow door.—*Selected.*

JONATHAN was a faithful friend. He stuck to David through thick and thin. True love "never changeth." Let Jonathan be our model in our friendships.—*J. Ellis.*

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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

### Senior Society Study for Sabbath, October 31

#### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
  2. Bible Study: The Soldier's Armor (ten minutes).
  3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts (five minutes).
  4. Experiences of Soldiers of the Cross in the Nations' Armies (twenty-five minutes).
  5. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; prayer; special music; review Morning Watch texts for past week; collect individual report blanks and offering; secretary's report and report of work done.
  2. Eph. 6:11. Suggestions: Shall we wear our own armor? Having put on the armor, what shall we do in the evil day? Enumerate the pieces of armor — the girdle, the breastplate, the shoes, the shield, the helmet, the sword. What work does each piece do for us? Suppose, in our haste, we run to battle unarmed? Who is our Captain? 2 Chron. 13:12. Has our Captain tried out the armor he has selected for us? Heb. 2:10. Why need we not fear in this conflict? Joshua 1:9.
  3. Joel 2:28; Acts 11:27, 28.
  4. Three talks or readings: (a) "A Soldier of Far Japan" (see *Gazette*); (b) "A Soldier of Sunny France" (see this *INSTRUCTOR*); (c) "Two Soldiers of the Fatherland" (see *Gazette*).
  5. Song, "Christ in Song," No. 656.



## Junior Society Study for Week Ending October 31

### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "A Day at the Soonan School" (ten minutes).
3. What I Have Learned About Korea (ten minutes).
4. "Whang, the Blind Sorcerer" (ten minutes).
5. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

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

2. This week we have a glimpse of our school work in Korea. I am sure all will enjoy this article, which appears in the *Gazette*.

3. Ask each Junior to come prepared to tell something he has learned during our mission studies on Korea. It might also be well for the leader to prepare a few questions bringing out the most important points, thus helping to rivet in the minds of the children the facts which they should especially remember. This is our last study on China. Next month we shall go to Japan in our imaginary trip round the world.

4. Reading. See this INSTRUCTOR.

5. Let chairmen or secretaries of committees render one-minute reports of the work done by the committees for the past month. Repeat together the membership pledge.

## Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

### Review on "A Retrospect"

No separate review will be given on "A Retrospect," but the review on this book will be taken together with the review on "Ann of Ava." All who have completed the first book of the Senior Course will be unfortunate, indeed, if they fail to read the second book, "Ann of Ava." Order your book at once, as the supply is limited. Book reviews can be secured from your State Missionary Volunteer secretary.

### Senior No. 8 — Lesson 4: "Ann of Ava," Pages 1-43

1. WHAT two educational institutions of special interest are mentioned in this assignment?

2. Tell something of Nancy Hasseltine's early life at home; at school.

3. When did she publicly confess Christ? In whose conversion was she instrumental at this time?

4. What society was organized at Williams College in 1806? Under what circumstances did the first meeting take place? To what work did its members pledge themselves?

5. Four years later, what memorable meeting occurred at Bradford? What did Adoniram Judson and his companions ask at this time?

6. Give the final decision of the council. What organization was then formed?

7. Under what circumstances did Adoniram Judson and Nancy Hasseltine first meet? With what final result?

8. Why did Nancy Hasseltine's decision to become Judson's wife mean so much to the cause of foreign missions?

9. For what purpose did Judson go to England? What was the result of his journey?

10. Name the first five missionaries appointed by the American Board.

11. Tell briefly of their ordination and sailing.

12. How were means secured for their passage and support?

13. What close friends accompanied the Judsons?

### Junior No. 7 — Lesson 4: "Under Marching Orders," Chapters 6, 7

1. WHERE was the Chung-ch'ing mission located? What buildings were erected? How were these enterprises regarded for a time? What change became apparent after a while?

2. Tell how Mrs. Gamewell faced the mob that tried to force an entrance into the compound one Sunday. What appeal did she make to them? Who followed her into the house? How was the mob finally dispersed?

3. What reckless men gathered in the city later in the month? What was the condition of the people at this time? What further excited the Chinese, and led them to threaten the foreigners?

4. Where did the missionaries seek refuge? What property was destroyed by a mob that was on its way to the compound where they had found shelter? How did they escape? Relate some incidents of their flight.

5. How long did it take them to reach I-ch'ang? How long was their boat in covering the same distance when they were going up the river? What effect had these trying experiences had on the health of Mrs. Gamewell? Where did she go on reaching Shanghai? What did Mr. Gamewell do?

6. To what place did the mission board return these work-

ers when their furlough was ended? Into what had the boys' school developed? What special work for the women did Mrs. Gamewell undertake?

7. Tell how the Peking Sunday School began, and of its wonderful growth. How widely was a call for Bible cards answered? What calamity began to threaten the Sunday school? For what did Mrs. Gamewell appeal to friends in America?

8. What response was made to this appeal? Where were the plans for the new church prepared? What was its seating capacity? What was it called?

9. In those days, instead of hearing the familiar epithet "foreign devil" when she appeared on the streets, what was Mrs. Gamewell often asked? What did she sometimes hear the children singing?

### Missionary Volunteer Question Box

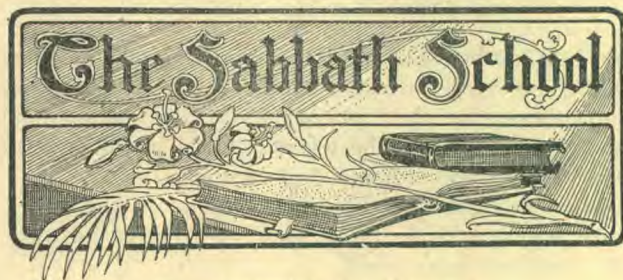
[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

67. DOES money pledged at camp meeting to foreign missions count on the Missionary Volunteer goal?

Yes, if the pledges are paid through the Missionary Volunteer Society.

68. Does the Missionary Volunteer Department have special King's Pocket League pledge cards?

Yes, the department has a very neat card, and hundreds of them have been signed this past summer.



### V — Jeremiah the Prophet

(October 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Jer. 37:6-21; 38; 2 Chronicles 36.

MEMORY VERSE: "Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the Lord, which I speak unto thee: so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live." Jer. 38:20.

### Questions

1. In the days of Josiah, what was lost in the rubbish of the temple? 2 Kings 22:10-12. What, therefore, caused the great spiritual darkness which then existed? What causes the great spiritual darkness which exists today? Note 1.

2. Since the darkness is caused by the lack of God's Word, what would disperse it? 2 Peter 1:19. Note 2.

3. After Josiah's death, who was made king? 2 Chron. 36:1. How did Jehoahaz at once begin to undo the work of reformation? 2 Kings 23:32.

4. Who was soon put in his place? What work was continued? 2 Chron. 36:2-5.

5. How did the Lord seek to stop Jehoia-kim and his people from their evil course? How was this message received? Jer. 26:1-8. How did the Lord protect Jeremiah? Verse 24.

6. What tribulation overtook Jehoia-kim? 2 Kings 24:1, 2; 2 Chron. 36:6, 7. Note 3. What prophecy now began to be fulfilled? Jer. 25:8-11.

7. How did the Lord again attempt to save Jehoia-kim and his people? To whom did Jeremiah dictate this book? When was it read to the people? By whom? Where? Why? Why did not Jeremiah read it to them himself? Jer. 36:1-7.

8. How did the king receive this heaven-sent book? What did Jehoia-kim seek to do with God's ambassadors? When contempt is shown to an ambassador, to



whom is it really shown? Verses 20-23, 26. Note 4.

9. What personal message was now sent to Jehoiakim? What effect did this have? What showed that burning God's book did not destroy his word? Where are these very words which God spoke through Jeremiah found today? Verses 29-32. Note 5.

10. Who succeeded Jehoiakim on the throne? How long did he reign? Sum up his reign in one sentence. Therefore, what still greater punishment came upon the people? 2 Kings 24: 6, 8-10, 14.

11. What prophet was carried away at this time? Eze. 1: 1-3. How long was Jehoiachin kept in prison? 2 Kings 25: 27-30. Who was made king over the remnant in Judah? 2 Kings 24: 17. For how long did the Lord grant them another season of rest and opportunity for repentance? *Ans.*—Nine years. Note 6.

12. How did King Zedekiah and his subjects improve this opportunity? Jer. 37: 2. How certain did this stubbornness make their final defeat? Verses 6-10. What did they do to God's messenger? Where did the king finally permit Jeremiah to stay for a time? Verses 15-21.

13. But upon what did the king's princes insist? To what did the king weakly consent? Jer 38: 1-5.

14. Describe the dungeon into which Jeremiah was cast. Whose heart was moved with pity for Jeremiah? What did he have courage to do? How was Jeremiah rescued from this horrible pit? Verses 6-13.

15. What final opportunity did Zedekiah have for saving his life? How earnestly did Jeremiah plead with him to hearken to the Lord? Verses 14-20.

Have you ever read the whole book of Jeremiah? If you would read it now, while this history is fresh in your mind, it would be very interesting and easy to understand.

#### Notes

1. God's Word is almost lost out of sight under the rubbish of tradition, unbelief, doubt, and the cares and pleasures of this world.

2. Hilkiah unearthed the Word of God (2 Kings 22: 8), Josiah gave it to the people (2 Kings 23: 1, 2), and the people received it and walked in its light (verse 3); and this confirmed the reformation. Reformation does more than tear down the images and altars and services of idolatry; it puts in their place the true God, the true altar, and the true services. The people must be filled with the thoughts and words and works and Spirit of the true God, or the evil spirits will soon return. See Matt. 12: 43-45.

There is no doubt about the darkness existing today, there is no doubt about what is needed to disperse this darkness; but this question remains to be answered: Who will be the Hilkiahs and the Josiahs in the reformation now due?

3. "Jehoiakim was thrown into fetters, to be carried to Babylon, but Nebuchadnezzar restored him to his throne as his vassal. He carried away with him some captives, among whom were Daniel, Hananiah, Azariah, and Mishael."—*Peloubet*. See Dan. 1: 1, 2, 6.

4. "A wrong done to an ambassador is construed as done to the prince that sends him."—*Matthew Henry*.

5. In the book of Jeremiah.

6. The king of Babylon did not besiege Jerusalem until the ninth year of Zedekiah's reign. Jer. 39: 1.

### V — Faith and Works

(October 31)

#### DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

	QUESTIONS	NOTES
Sun. .... Faith without works .....	1-3	1, 2
Mon. ... Real faith prompted by love ....	4-7	3, 4
Tues. ... An example of perfect faith .....	8, 9	
Wed. ... Justification by Faith .....	10-12	
Thurs. ... Rahab's faith; illustration of a dead faith .....	13, 14	
Fri. .... Review the lesson		

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 2: 14-26.

#### Questions

1. What question does James ask concerning faith? James 2: 14. Note 1.

2. By what illustration does he make plain the meaning of his question? Verses 15, 16. Note 2.

3. What conclusion is drawn? Verse 17.

4. What does real faith do? Gal. 5: 6.

5. What objection is propounded? What challenge is made in reply? James 2: 18. Note 3.

6. How is faith in the existence of God commended? What is said concerning the faith of the fallen angels? Verse 19. Note 4.

7. What conclusion is again drawn? Verse 20.

8. What question is asked concerning Abraham? Verse 21.

9. What was it that wrought the works? How was the perfection of faith shown? Verse 22.

10. What scripture was thus fulfilled? What is Abraham called? Verse 23.

11. How is this same truth stated by the apostle Paul? Rom. 4: 1-6.

12. What conclusion is drawn from the example of Abraham? James 2: 24.

13. What further example is given of justification by faith? Verse 25.

14. What impressive illustration is given of a dead faith? Verse 26.

#### Notes

1. "Can faith save him?"—Yes, real faith can save the soul. "By grace are ye saved *through faith*." "He that believeth . . . shall be saved." Works cannot save us; we are saved by faith alone. But the writer of this epistle is seeking to show that the mere profession of faith does not prove that we have faith. James is setting forth the emptiness of the claim when there is no fruit in the life as proof. A sign advertising wares for sale is not sure evidence that the goods are within. The meaning here seems to be that that faith which a man may claim to have, but which does not manifest itself in a holy life, will save no one; for it is not genuine faith.

2. The apostle Paul speaks of the "work of faith." 1 Thess. 1: 3. Faith is living, and manifests itself in good works. That kind of faith which will permit a man to say, "I have faith," and at the same time allow the destitute and naked to go unfed and unclothed, when he might minister to their needs, is of no avail. It is dead; it does not exist in reality. Such a person does not really believe. He is professing to be what he is not. The fruit seen in the life will determine whether or not we have real faith. The tree is known by its fruit.

3. "The word which is rendered 'yea' would be better rendered 'but.' The apostle designs to introduce an objection, not to make an affirmation. The sense is, 'Some one might say,' or, 'To this it might be urged in reply.' That is, it might perhaps be said that religion is not always manifested in the same way, or we should not infer, because it is not always exhibited in the same form, that it does not exist. One man may manifest it in one way, and another in another, and still both have true piety. One may be distinguished for his faith, and another for his works, and both may have real religion."—*Barnes*.

"But it must be a living faith—a faith that shows its sincerity by the sacrifices of self which it makes, by the works of love which it performs. A merely intellectual orthodoxy may be held by demons. A mere profession of faith may be worth no more than the body of a man without the breath of life. A true faith loves, works, lives. It regulates the conscience, the speech, and the life, by the conviction of God's constant presence; it shows its appreciation of spiritual realities by separation from the world; it takes the law of God as a reality, and, bringing its grand truths and inspiring motives to bear directly upon the conduct of every day, works by love."—*Bible in the Home*, page 115.

4. A mere intellectual belief is not faith; it will save no one. The fallen angels intellectually believe in a God. They know he exists; they have been in heaven; they know something of his nature and majesty, though engaged in warfare against him. Their belief does not lead them to repentance, it terrifies them; they tremble at the knowledge of the future which their belief reveals to them. Many have what might be termed an intellectual belief in the existence of God and in the inspiration of the Word, yet continue in sin. Real faith leads to a reformation of life, a surrendering of all to God, manifested in a service of love.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## To Lighten Loads

THE weight of a load depends upon the attraction of the earth. But suppose the attraction of the earth were removed. A ton on some other planet, where the attraction of gravity is less, does not weigh half a ton. Now, Christianity removes the attraction of the earth, and this is one way in which it diminishes men's burdens. It makes them citizens of another world. What was a ton yesterday is not half a ton today.—*The Expositor*.

## How to Become a Christian

A LITTLE girl was playing in her yard when she fell down a cistern. Her mother, who was near, quickly rescued her. Narrating her experience to a young friend, she was heard to say, in response to a question whether she was not frightened: "No, indeed; mamma told me to put my hands up as far as I could, and she reached down and did the rest." That is all God requires of us—to reach up the hands of faith as far as we can, and leave him to complete his perfect work.—*Selected*.

## What War Cannot Kill

HATEFUL as war is, and utterly abhorrent to the Christian mind, we must yet recognize the fact that it brings to the surface certain heroic qualities in man that the whole world admires. And the great war has already been prolific of heroes. What is a hero? He is one who does his duty fearlessly, as he sees it, with all the energy, ability, power, and enthusiasm, at his command. At Liege, a German officer directing his men in the trenches, fell, shot in the head. At once the others came to him, eager to help. He waved his hand. "No, no," he said; "I have got my account—go forward—do your duty." And so died a hero. Prince Frederick of Lippe, leading his command, received a bullet in his breast. He knew it to be a mortal wound, but with his last ounce of strength, he sprang forward, grasped the regimental standard which was in danger of being taken, and shouting, "Save the flag!" fell to rise no more. Many incidents of individual heroism like these are told of both sides, and they relieve the somber tragedy of war. Many undistinguished heroes went to their death at Namur, Charleroi, and other battle fields in Belgium, and along the border from Mons to Muelhausen, and at the great battle in Lorraine, where three hundred

thousand fought on either side. The story is told of a number of students of Liege University who had volunteered for military service. There was an examination to be held, but a great battle had already begun. It was at first proposed to abandon the examination; but with a unanimous voice, the students and faculty decided that it should go on. "The examination took place," relates the correspondent, "and then the candidates trooped from the hall to the battle field, where many of them lay dead a few hours later."—*The Christian Herald*.

## Timely Texts

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door, and knock:  
if any man hear my voice, and open the door,  
I will come in to him,  
and will sup with him,  
and he with me." Rev. 3:20.

"And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come,  
and the time of the dead, that they should be judged,  
and that thou shouldst give reward unto thy servants,  
and them that fear thy name, small and great;  
and shouldest destroy them which destroy the earth." Rev. 11:18, A. R. V.

"And the seventh angel sounded; and there followed  
great voices in heaven, and they said,  
The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom  
of our Lord, and of his Christ:  
and he shall reign forever and ever." Rev. 11:15, A. R. V.

## Follow Christ and Climb

It was in the late afternoon of a hot July day, and the evening time was hastened by an approaching storm. A farmer was hurrying to drive the cows home from the pasture. While the wind swept through the trees overhead, the lightning flashed through the gathering gloom, and the thunder rolled, he walked with rapid steps through the narrow valley. Thinking he heard something in the path behind him, he turned, and saw his little daughter of four summers hurrying along close behind him. He was alarmed lest the storm should break before they could reach home, but he only said to the little one, "Where are you going?" "I'm going wif you," said she. Then the father asked, "Where am I going?" Sweetly came the answer, "I don't know." Then more distinct than the noise of the coming storm there came to that Christian father's heart this question: "Though the way seems dark, and often you are tempest-tossed, can't you trust me as your child trusts you?" And his faith was strengthened.—*The Expositor*.

## Luscious Worms

AFRICAN jungle people are not very particular concerning their food. One of our missionary ladies was down with an attack of fever some time ago. This was a source of sorrow to these poor, unlearned, yet sympathetic natives, who in their own way are really compassionate and want to help. One of these "bush mummies" tried to express her sorrow because the "white mammy missionary" was so ill. After a time she left the station with a bright idea in her head, and started for the jungle. A little later she returned with a large tropical leaf from one of the trees. Upon it were several big, crawling green worms, which she had caught and brought to the sick missionary. She thought they would be nice and tender for her to eat during her illness.—*The Christian Herald*.