

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 44



THE LORD OF THE HARVEST



IN Hamburg an egg costs twenty-five cents.

SWITZERLAND is said to do more in a financial way for the poor than any other country.

OUR black diamonds come from the province of Bahia, Brazil. The finest specimen ever discovered brought \$20,000.

IN order to induce motormen to be economical with the current, nearly all electric cars in Europe are furnished with meters.

THE government of Roumania has placed an order with Italian factories for 100,000,000 cartridges. Demonstrations of war continue.

WE shall have this year, it is estimated, 2,000,000 more barrels of apples at our disposal than in former years, owing to the loss of European trade.

ONE hundred and sixty-one thousand three hundred and fifty-three motor vehicles were licensed in the State of New York from Jan. 1, 1914, to Sept. 1, 1914.

OCTOBER 3 the seismograph of Georgetown University recorded a series of earthquake shocks. The disturbance is said to have been about two thousand miles away.

GREAT floods in the southern part of China, along the West River, have destroyed more than \$40,000,000 in property, sent to their death many inhabitants, and made homeless two or three million people.

FOR the week ended September 5, the Hudson Motor Car Company has a record of six hundred cars built and shipped. This is an average of just one hundred cars for each of the six working days.

IN the home of a German who died in Davenport, Washington, there has been found a Bible said to be two hundred and nineteen years old. This, together with a set of silver dating back to 1733, will be sold at auction.

THE government of the United States has set apart the island of Culion for the 3,500 lepers that have been found in the Philippines. Everything possible is done here to relieve the sufferings of mind and body of these unfortunates.

WHAT is presumed to be the largest windmill in the world has been set up in Harlingen, Holland. It has been erected for the purpose of draining two thousand acres of lowland from which the sea has been cut off by high embankments.

THE women of Paris and Berlin are now conducting most of the business of those cities. They are filling the positions of mail carriers, delivery servants, and, in fact, performing most of the duties which usually devolve upon the men.

R. W. SEARS, founder of Sears, Roebuck and Company, died at his home in Waukesha, Wisconsin, September 29. Mr. Sears organized this firm in 1890, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and transferred the business in 1895 to Chicago.

PREPARATIONS are being made by the Chicago *Herald* to send a Christmas ship to the children of Europe. Some men in the Joliet (Illinois) prison saw the announcement, and sent to the *Herald* the following letter:—

The honor men at the Joliet prison will do their share toward loading down your ship. While we have no money to spend for supplies, we can manufacture toys and novelties during our spare time. The kiddies of Europe will hear from Warden Allen's men through the opportunity you have made.

Yours very truly,

COMMITTEE OF THE PRISONERS.

ONE of the latest acquisitions of the National Museum is the original model of the statue of General Lafayette by the American sculptor Paul Wayland. The erection of this in Paris was made possible by the donations of the children of the United States.

ONE of the finest specimens of the gorilla that ever reached this country has been received at the zoological park in New York. Captured gorillas are usually very sullen or morose, but we have word that this one is very playful and cheerful, and it is hoped that she will live long and prosper.

THE Great Western Sugar Company has volunteered to increase the price to be paid to farmers for their sugar beets. The beet crop had been contracted for at fifty cents a ton lower than in 1913, but on account of the increased price of sugar, caused by the European war, the contract has been withdrawn.

THE Sikorsky Russian aeroplane is the largest in the world. The body is fifty feet long, and the wings have a stretch of one hundred and twenty-one feet. This machine has four motors of one hundred horsepower each. Its cabin is steam heated, has an electric light equipment, and will seat sixteen passengers.

### An Engine of Destruction

ONE of the most important weapons of modern naval offense is the dirigible torpedo. It is a self-propelled submarine boat, about fifteen feet long and twenty inches in diameter, that carries from two hundred to three hundred pounds of explosive guncotton. It is discharged from a tube on the deck of a torpedo boat. On striking the water, compressed-air engines drive the propellers with such force that the torpedo travels a part of its several-mile course at a speed of over forty miles an hour. A gyroscope keeps the projectile true to her course, and at the desired depth. When the torpedo strikes the side of a vessel or other obstruction, the striking pin is forced into a mass of fulminate of mercury, and thus explodes the charge of guncotton. Although the torpedo is a most terrible weapon, the danger from it can be considerably reduced by protecting warships with nets of steel wire, careful arrangement of the ships at night, proper scouting, and constant vigilance.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Notice

FALSE promises of work well paid for, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, is the means that white slavers are using to allure unsuspecting ambitious girls away from their homes to ruin and eternal death. Beware of all such promises.

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# The Youth's Instructor

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## "My Help Cometh From the Lord." Ps. 121:2

CORA FERRIS

God helping me—O wondrous words,  
What is your inner meaning deep?  
'Tis lofty as the flight of birds  
That circle over mountains steep;  
As broad as space, as wide as truth.  
These words pour comfort in my ear.  
I give myself to God in youth,  
And he in tender love draws near.

God helping me—what mighty thing  
May he not bring about through me?  
He uses all, from slave to king,  
In setting Satan's captives free.  
A work is waiting—and how great—  
For willing hearts and hands to do;  
Let us press forward ere too late,  
And give the gospel tidings true.

God helping me,—his loving eye  
Is on his servants, one by one,  
To aid them when in faith they try  
To win new trophies for his Son.  
He bids us put away our fears,  
And look to him, with glory bright;  
However dark may be the years  
On earth below, at last 'tis light.

## High Aspirations and Immortalizing the Name

H. E. MILES



TO acquire a degree from a high-grade university, graduating with honors, later making a notable demonstration as master of the profession of law, medicine, or whatever vocation the person may be best fitted for; or to acquire millions, is pleasant to the carnal heart to contemplate. But if such achievements are not wrought in connection with divine principles, and with a higher object in view than the mere attainments, life has been a miserable failure. Are not all such vain attainments included in the pride of life and the lust of the flesh, which pass away? Every one who knows the history of those who have thus been honored is well aware that the most brilliant characters illustrative of such achievements declare that all is vanity. Yet people are ever accepting the deceptions of Satan, bowing down to the goddess of riches, and making homage to the god of fame.

Many who from a worldly viewpoint have immortalized their names, will be found to have come far short of immortalizing their souls. We can point to no character in history whose aspirations were not centered upon the good of others, either through the church, the state, or otherwise, whose career, even to the human view, did not show failure at its close. Whether it be Attila, the mighty chief who, while devastating the Roman Empire for conquest, termed himself the Scourge of God and boasted that grass never grew where his horse once trod, or the more cultured Napoleon of the seventeenth century, each career ended in miserable defeat. And what of that mighty genius Alexander, who at the early age of twenty-six dictated terms of peace to every known ruler in the civilized world, only to enter an untimely grave through dissipation? The world lay prostrate at his feet, but he, prostrate to selfish propensities. He had no connection with Heaven. High aspirations were wanting.

"No man builds higher than his plans." That was the trouble with the family of Cæsars. Evidently none of them had higher aspirations than pertained to this world, which passeth away; and while some of their names may have become immortal, they only figure as actors in the arena of tragic earthly power, and monuments in the history of a demoralized empire.

Most persons have a vague idea of heaven, or the future abode of the saints. It seems to be a visionary state of existence of which we know but little. And really we accept it in preference to that place of eternal torment pictured by theologians of medieval times;

but down deep in our hearts we should much prefer to remain on the earth with all its misery, so long as our wants are supplied, no matter about the other fellow. But until we are able to get a better definition of life than that which exists in this mortal state, we shall never be able to have high aspirations; for we have read from divine inspiration that this world, this life, and everything pertaining thereto will pass away. Then to what shall we anchor?

Many are so accustomed to regard religion as a separate sphere from the vocations of life that they dwell in two distinct elements, according to the occasion. On a day for worship, and other rare occasions, the religious sphere is entered as a necessary prefix or auxiliary to the more important routine of life. Although Christ, the one by whom all things exist and through whom every blessing flows, personally appeared to men and exhorted them to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, to which would be added all the subordinate fixtures of temporal wants, they fail to comprehend the magnitude of that kingdom of righteousness, the everlasting kingdom, in which men may revel in inexhaustible riches, knowledge, and pleasures untold; and turn away and seek to build a tower out in some plain of Shinar, expecting thereby to become some great men, and eventually, when this earth shall be dissolved, be privileged to float away to some mystic abode beyond the dreaded torment of eternal fire. And not only heaven, but religion, to them, is what man is to Christian Science, according to its founder,—a mere beautiful thought.

Real life must begin on earth. And that life which is not inseparably connected with Heaven is not life at all. And that pursuit, no matter by what name it is called, that is in any way separated from Christianity, separated from the purpose of assisting humanity to prepare for a real, literal kingdom of righteousness, will end only in defeat. Real greatness consists in ministering to others. Such is the work of the angels. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," ministering to those who aspire to be citizens of that kingdom which passeth not away, that kingdom to which there shall be no end?

It is the motive of our deeds that counts in the journal of heaven. Unlike those cherished by the class of commanders above referred to, George Washington, after conducting a no less brilliant campaign, not for conquest or fame, but for freedom and equity, became happy only when he could see the fruits of his



labors in founding a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and retired to the ordinary pursuits of life on a plantation as an ordinary citizen. Such noble aspirations are inspiring. They are a part of heaven brought to this earth below.

John Wyclif might have thought it aspiring to stand at the head of the universities of England, but his aspirations were so great that he never stopped to consider his position. He looked not below to become dizzy and fall, but became the rising star of that great Reformation, which shook the see of Rome to its very foundation and gave the Word of God to the common people.

We are commanded to be diligent in business, and it is quite right to produce, from the natural elements of earth, matter necessary for the comfort and well-being of those who dwell upon it. It is quite right to acquire wealth through the regular channels of trade if the object of such acquisitions is for the good of the race. It is certainly noble to cultivate oratory, study civics and law, for the purpose of rendering good government or to unearth some evil plot against the honest. In short, the wide field of noble callings open to the youth is an inspiration of itself; but that person who starts out with aspirations short of making such pursuits a factor for the upbuilding of humanity, is no higher than this earth, which will pass away.

An aspiration which fails to grasp the great and noble principles of a Christian life, ministering to others, seeking not its own, void of selfishness, taking religion into the most minute details of everyday life, can never be said to be high. Place yours beyond.

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#### Evening Time

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,  
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,  
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold,  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks  
Where the brown lichen whitens and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks,  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaints—O, rest is sweet  
When evening brings us home!

—Shirley.

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#### Beating Swords Into Plowshares and Plowshares Into Swords

EUROPE'S awful catastrophe has developed many significant events corroborative of the Word of God. Factories which in times of peace were employed in the manufacture of farm implements are now busily engaged in manufacturing munitions of war.

"Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles; Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong," is God's word to the nations just before that day when Jehovah's voice shall shake the heavens and the earth, and he shall arise to forever end that which he abhors—war. Joel 3:9-17. And the nations are responding to the proclamation.

#### The World's Leading Industry

"With millions of soldiers in Europe shooting hundreds of cartridges apiece each day, thousands of rapid-fire guns using while in action from 450 to 800 cartridges per minute, and about as many pieces of heavy artillery expending each time they are fired as

high as 100 pounds of explosives, one appreciates the truth of the assertion that the manufacture of ammunition is now the world's leading industry.

"Large orders have been placed in this country, where the science of making ammunition is just as highly developed as it is abroad.

"The Crucible Steel Company, of Pittsburgh, on October 13, received an order from the French government for 5,000 tons of bayonet and saber steel. The contract was specific as to quality and time of delivery. Steel of the quality used in bayonets and sabers is manufactured in few plants in this country.

"The French government offered the local concern the entire contract with a substantial bonus if it would guarantee delivery at seaboard in ninety days. On the acceptance of this stipulation the contract was awarded. The price is not given out, but is said to be considerably above the market figure.

"Several thousand tons of sheet armor plate for motor cars and other vehicles is wanted by the English and French governments, according to inquiries received by the Carnegie Steel Company."

#### Peace and Plowshares

Ratifications of the peace commission treaty between the United States and Guatemala were exchanged at the State Department October 13, and the first of the conventions designed to guard this nation from sudden war went into effect.

"The Secretary of State on the same day made public the fact that he had had the blades of a score of condemned army swords converted into paper weights in the form of plowshares, which will be presented to the ambassadors or ministers of the twenty-nine powers now signatory to peace commission treaties with the United States. On each will be engraved the prophecy of Isaiah: 'They shall beat their swords into plowshares.' The hilts of the weapons melted down will be presented to the members of the Senate foreign affairs committee.

"The Senate also made progress with the peace treaties on October 13, ratifying those with China and Russia."

Surely the nations are *saying*, even as they fight, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: . . . neither shall they learn war any more." Micah 4:1-3. Peace, peace, is the persistent cry, when there is no peace. Lasting peace will ensue only when earth's rightful King takes the throne and reigns. Evidence superabounds that Jesus Christ is about to return in glory to destroy those who are destroying the earth, and to establish his kingdom of peace. "Come, glad day."

JOHN N. QUINN.

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#### Are You Ready for the Bridegroom?

"THEN shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but



go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

This chapter and the preceding ones constitute the last discourse that Jesus gave to his disciples before his trial and crucifixion. Facing the agony of Gethsemane and the cross, he sought by this beautiful, pathetic parable to impress indelibly on their minds the necessity of continually being ready for his coming. The occasion mentioned in the parable was so happy, and its issue so tragic! Surely no words in the human language could teach a more piercing lesson.

There are but two classes mentioned, — those who have oil in their vessels and are ready to meet the bridegroom, and those whose lights have gone out. The Bridegroom's coming is now being heralded. "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," is the proclamation heard through all the land. Are we ready? There is little time for preparation now. The final moments will soon be gone. When he appears, there is no time to prepare, no hope of being saved. Prayer will no longer open the golden gate of the city of God. We can neither beg, borrow, nor buy the oil of grace. The last chance is gone, and it is forever too late. "Though Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness." Eze. 14: 20.

With which company shall we be found? This is the most important question in this world to be settled, and it is an individual question. Our eternal destiny depends upon it. And we are deciding this question each day. There will be but two places, — inside the city with the Bridegroom, and outside — forever outside — with the workers of iniquity and all who love and do evil. Every day we are deciding which place we shall occupy. Partial obedience will not save. "Son, give me thine heart," is the command. We must give up all. But in return we shall receive an inheritance in the land of many mansions, whose glories "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Now this kingdom awaits us. A little later — eternally lost. O solemn thought!

At such a time as this how should the Christian, young and old, labor to place before the world the only hope worthy the name! "Hope thou in God." The hope of the Christian is real. Though the world is losing hope, the true Christian may now rejoice — when there is "upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke 21: 25-28.

For "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters

thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Ps. 46: 1-3.

The questions for each one of us now are: "Am I ready to have Christ Jesus end his mediatorial work on high? Are my sins all put away and forgiven? Are my garments clean from the blood of souls? Have I finished the work Christ has given me to do? Am I ready for Jesus to receive the kingdom? Do I know that I am one of his subjects? Am I upon the rock Christ? Are my feet firmly planted upon this sure foundation? From there am I throwing out the life line to save another?"

"These questions settled, all others find a solution. And so, after all, we must come back to the one important question for today to which Jesus calls our attention when he admonishes us all, 'Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.'"

Do our actions indicate that these questions are in our minds: "How little can I do to get into the kingdom? For how long may I postpone this preparation?" To delay is to fail. The gospel of the kingdom is intended to fit men for this life as well as for eternal life. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

#### The Bishop and the Commercial Traveler

ONE day when Bishop —, who does not wear clerical raiment, but has somewhat the appearance of an active business man, was in the cars on one of his missionary journeys, a commercial traveler, espying the bishop's gripsack and mistaking him for a fellow drummer, sat down beside him and opened conversation as follows: —

"Good morning! You're a traveling man, I guess?"

"Yes," said the bishop, who likes a quiet joke, "I'm on the road a good deal."

"So am I. What's your line of goods?"

"Souls," replied the bishop.

"Soles?" said the drummer. "O! boots and shoes you mean. I carry gents' furnishing goods."

"I do something in that line, too, in the higher grades of goods. Have you been on the road long?"

"About a year," said the young man. "I travel for Loud and Noise of Chicago. Which house do you represent?"

"Christ, Church & Co. A fine firm it is, too; I am proud of them."

"H'm, don't know as I ever heard of them. Is it a new firm?"

"No, a very old one. I have been with them twenty years myself, and we have branch houses all over the world."

"So? It's queer I never heard of them! How's trade with you now? Getting many orders? I find things rather dull. Competition is so sharp in our line that a fellow has to hump around lively to get any business at all."

"Indeed," said the bishop, "I'm sorry for you. We have some rivals, but our firm is so strong that we don't mind competition. The chief trouble we have is with an enemy who is always on the watch to spoil our goods and injure our customers. But we are sure to get him locked up some day, and we are obtaining new orders constantly."

"You're lucky there. Is your house good pay?"

"Yes, excellent. I can draw on the firm for com-



pensation whenever I please, and my drafts are full paid at sight, no discount. Then I frequently start a new branch of the house in some town, and always get something extra for that."

"That's a good hold," said the drummer. "Say, does your house want any new men? I'd like to travel for such a firm."

"Yes," replied the bishop, "our house is always on the lookout for good men, especially for the West and for foreign countries. We have branches in China, Japan, Africa, and all over the world; but the firm is particular about its men and will not employ any but Christians."

"That's a queer notion; but I don't blame them. Jews are a mean lot for traveling men. Say, I believe I'll write to Loud and Noise that I am going to quit them and go with another firm. What did you say the name of your house is?"

"Christ, Church & Co."

"Where is their main office?"

"In Jerusalem," answered the bishop.

"In Jerusalem! I thought you said they were Christians. I don't fancy those foreign Jews."

"So they are Christians; but the Head of our firms lives in the New Jerusalem now. All the employees have been invited to meet him there and have a great supper. He will bear all the expenses of our journey thither. I should like to have you work for the firm, too, if you are a Christian, or if not we'll try to make you one before the time for the great supper comes."

"I don't know about turning Christian," said the young man, "though I should like to go with you to the great supper; but I say," he continued, catching the bishop's eye, "what are you giving us? You're fooling, aren't you?"

"No, I am perfectly serious. I should like to have you turn Christian and work for Christ and the church."

"O! I catch you now! You're one of these traveling parsons. Well, you're a sharp one, anyway," and he looked away and began to whistle softly.

"Well," said the bishop, "I stop at this town."

"It's my town, too," said the drummer, "and I'd like to go and see your branch house, as you call it. I would not mind turning Christian and working for your house if all the parsons were as sharp as you."

"Come on, then," replied the bishop; "we like to get hold of wide-awake fellows like you. If you only knew what a glorious thing it is to work for Christ and his church, I am sure you would join our company and go with us to the great supper when our traveling days are done."—*Standard of the Cross and the Church.*

### The Opals

FROM the *Umpire*, a weekly paper published by the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary, I take the following quotation of a story told by Mrs. Ballington Booth:—

"A gentleman who was a collector of precious gems stood one day in his little strong room, showing his jewels to a friend.

"He opened drawer after drawer, showing the emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, and then laid his hand upon one drawer and said, 'In this are my most beautiful and most treasured gems. They are opals of such value and such priceless worth that they are to me more than all the rest,' and he pulled the drawer

out and the little piece of velvet on which they lay, and the friend looked at them in surprise—they looked so dull.

"He expressed his disappointment, and they turned to the others again; but as he turned, the owner took from the velvet that little pile of jewels, put them in his hand, and closed his hand upon them.

"He showed all the others he had to show, and then in a few moments turned again and called his friend's attention to his opened hand, which was full of sparkling, glittering glory—gems that showed at a glance their priceless worth.

"His friend stood back in astonishment and said, 'What has made the change?'

"He answered, 'It is the warmth of the human hand—that is what they needed.'"

The warmth of the human hand—how many hearts which are dull to our sight, and how many lives that disappoint us, need nothing more than this.

How many children are losing the best of what might be theirs, and at the same time withholding from us the best that might be ours, because this warmth of the human hand is lacking in our treatment of them.

How many men and women who seem cold and distant and appear to take no interest in the life that goes on all around them, are chilled into this attitude by the absence of just this warmth,—this warmth so easily and cheaply given, and yet so often thoughtlessly withheld. For I cannot think there are many who would refuse such a trifle—a trifle from the standpoint of the one who gives—if even a little thought were given this great matter, so great from the standpoint of the one who receives.

Few and far between are the human diamonds that catch and reflect every ray of light. And even this most brilliant of gems is nothing more than a clod in the dark.

Few are the human rubies, emeralds, pearls, which need no special handling or care to show forth their goodness and make known their usefulness.

But how many human opals there are, children and grown folk, who need only a kindly word, a look of approval, or a note of encouragement, to be made glowing with an intense eagerness to do and to be the best that is in them.

These things are so easily given, my friends. They take nothing from the givers, yet they carry more than words can tell to the recipients. So give them freely and frequently. Never let an opportunity pass.—*Leigh Mitchell Hoopes, in the North American.*

### A Clock That Saved a Life

THE big clock of the House of Parliament is reported to have once saved a man's life. A soldier doing night duty was accused of sleeping at his post. The poor man did not know what to say in order to prove his innocence until at last he thought of the clock, and told the judges that at midnight Big Ben had sent out thirteen strokes instead of twelve. The judges, however, laughed at the idea, and, thinking it further proof of the man's guilt, sentenced him to death. He was lying in prison awaiting execution when several persons came forward and said that the soldier's statement was quite true, for they also heard the great clock strike thirteen on that particular occasion, and so the soldier was set free.—*Christian Advocate.*





### My First Impressions of Japan



FOR some it may have been raining chrysanthemums that September morning we landed in the Sunrise Kingdom at Yokohama, but for us it was raining real rain. A man of straw, wearing a spreading straw raincoat, and a rain-shedding straw hat in the shape of a flattened cone, was leading a horse hitched to a dray. Little people in kimonos, carrying paper umbrellas, were going about on wooden geta, which, by means of two thin crosspieces under each sole, kept the feet high above the mud.

In the customhouse, a coolie, without jackknife, was sawing a trunk rope in two with his teeth. Such grit, I thought, would be a strong military asset.

After our friends had bargained with the jinrikisha men, we mounted, each in his little hooded spring cart, and were off on a jog trot. My man kept yelling, "Hi! Hi!" to all pedestrians who happened to get in his way. What a lonely feeling, shut up there, with only a tiny glass through which to peer out on a wet, narrow street, off on a jog trot in a strange land for somewhere, I knew not where. But soon we found ourselves at the station, and, erelong, were speeding away toward Tokio, on a diminutive train with a screaming engine. As we passed many little irregularly shaped rice fields and thatch-roofed dwellings, everything looked so strange that we thought it almost incredible to see a number of sparrows perching on a telegraph wire, just as the same species is wont to do in America.

That evening it seemed quite romantic to be lighted along a narrow, hedge-lined suburban lane by a real Japanese paper lantern.

The first Oriental custom that we adopted was that of removing our shoes upon entering the house, for the sake of the *tatami*,—thick mats of straw,—the cleanliness of which is the pride of the little housewife's heart. When we found ourselves living in a typical Japanese house, with *tatami*, sliding paper doors on every side, and woodwork unfinished, according to the universal taste, we felt quite naturalized.

One is impressed with the marked progress the little brown men have made since their empire was opened to foreign influence by Commodore Peary's cannon only a few decades ago. Today, in the streets of Tokio, the automobile speeds past the *niguruma*—a cart drawn by a man or boy, and the common vehicle of transportation. The little mother says, "*Hikoki!*" to the baby on her back, and points to a great winged, buzzing thing far up in the sky. The people seem to take the aeroplane as a matter of course.

But the type of physique usually seen on the street, the marks of sin and self-indulgence on the faces of the people, and the tobacco and beer signs everywhere, are indications that the advancement has been largely material. A student will tell you that the young men have lost faith in the old religions, though they still cling to many of their customs. If education has largely destroyed superstition, it has substituted an even worse condition, that of skepticism.

At Asakusa temple, persons with all kinds of diseases come to seek relief by rubbing a little red wooden god on their own affected parts. The features of the

image are entirely obliterated by the frequent rubbing.

Recently I visited the beautiful temple grounds of Yagoto, near Nagoya, where there is a pagoda that has stood three centuries. On a wire screen inclosing a large bronze Buddha, were tied hundreds of slips of paper. Our guide opened two or three and read them. One was a reminder to the Buddha that the writer had made eighty pilgrimages, and was thus entitled to special favor. Another was a petition from a woman in behalf of her little girl who was suffering from headache and dyspepsia. So the old superstitions still live among the common people. Japan, like the rest of the world, is not growing better in these last days.

From the parade ground near our house we frequently hear the sound of the bugle, the clatter of musketry, and the roar of cannon as the soldiers are engaged in sham battle. This all reminds one that the Island Kingdom is striving to keep abreast of the other nations in military power. To the student of prophecy this preparation for war foretokens Armageddon.

The people are taught from childhood that the *Yamato*, their native country, shall stand forever. But we know that all earthly kingdoms shall soon be swept away, and the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom that shall fill the whole earth, and it is this kingdom alone that shall never be dissolved.

Japan needs the pure, undefiled, living truth, which alone has the power to rescue souls, to make them free from every degrading influence, to lift them up to behold the King and be like him.

ALFONSO N. ANDERSON.

*Tokio, Japan.*

### Experiences in the Mission Field

THE following extracts from a letter from Miss Blanche Davis, of California, who, a few months ago, went from the Foreign Mission Seminary to Brazil, will, I believe, be of interest to our young people. I sometimes think that letters written to friends give a better idea of the real life of a missionary than formal articles prepared for publication. This letter shows some of the joys of the missionary, as well as the difficulties. Of course, Miss Davis will find many new, and perhaps more trying, experiences when, after learning the language, she may be transferred farther inland. These great South American cities have their conveniences of modern life the same as our own:—

"You ask me to write describing my new home and surroundings. At present I am sitting outdoors under an orange tree, surrounded by many more. The large yard is hedged about with banana trees, but as yet the fruit is not ripe. We can, however, buy all the oranges and bananas we wish for a few hundred reis, and that means a few cents in United States money. We count everything in reis and mils here, instead of cents and dollars. The sun shines every day, which just suits me, for I am from a land of sunshine much like this. I never tire of the natural beauty of Rio, situated as it is on a most beautiful harbor. If I had the talent of description, I should try to tell you what it is like, but after I had said all I could, you would not half understand its beauty. On a moonlight night the scene is perfect. The waters glow with ten thousand reflections from the well-lighted city, and rising abruptly from the silent waters are lofty mountain peaks here and there. Connecting two of these mountain peaks swings a cable, on which a car glides from one to the other. You could almost imagine you were looking at a huge firefly when you



see the car passing at night from one peak to the other.

"This is a great country for holidays. Each saint has a special day on which a celebration takes place. At night skyrockets are sent up, and the sky is full of paper balloons, small and large. In the center of each balloon swings a light, which sooner or later sets fire to it. You can always hear music from early morning until late at night. Every one seems to have a phonograph, and as we sit by the open windows in the evening the music sounds very sweet as it comes stealing softly on the cool, refreshing breeze after the heat of the day. The people have dark skins, and many seem to take life in a happy, careless manner. I very much enjoy the society of those with whom I live—two married couples—and of a young lady with whom I work. Some of the people of this land speak German only, and in order to make them understand I have to speak German. I can get along very well, as I studied that language two years in school. Portuguese is very difficult for me. I don't know whether I shall ever be able to understand some of these people; they just pronounce half the word and expect you to know the rest.

"One day each week I go from house to house with invitations. Instead of knocking at the door I clap my hands together, which calls some one to greet me with '*Bon dia.*' I recite a little speech which I have learned by heart. Sometimes I get half through and forget the rest. The people look a little puzzled at times, and I do not wonder. They often ask a question, but I can't even guess what they say. I can only say, '*Nao entende*' (I don't understand). I am learning the language as fast as I can, but that's nothing very remarkable. I have a splendid teacher who speaks the language perfectly. We have a meeting every other day. I play the organ for the hymns, and have to watch my notes carefully, as the words are all so strange. If I should lose my place, I could never find it again.

"We have a very nice company of Sabbath keepers. Miss Kinner and Mrs. Ehlers go every day to give a number of Bible readings. The people seem to be interested. I shall be glad when I can do more, but as I cannot talk the language I am not able to do very much. I study five hours a day on the language and attend the meetings. Brother Ehlers is very busy holding meetings and giving Bible readings. As he speaks so well, I believe he is doing a great deal of good here; also his wife. I have given three or four demonstrations of our treatments, with Sister Kinner's help, and the people seemed very much interested. I spoke in English, and Brother Ehlers interpreted what I said. I am quite contented here, and hope soon to learn this trying language." M. E. KERN.

#### Come Unto Him

I WAS weary, sick, and despondent,  
When a voice said, "Only believe;"  
And I knew 'twas the voice of Jesus  
Saying, "Come unto me and receive."  
So I cast my load of care  
At my gentle Saviour's feet,  
And, lo, the burden lifted,  
And all was peaceful and sweet.  
O, I'm glad we have a Redeemer  
In the heavenly courts above,  
Who healeth all our diseases  
And our broken hearts with his love!

FLORENCE M. SACKETT.



#### Room for All

I LOVE God's world, and everything  
That creeps, or walks, or flies on wing;  
And I would never be afraid  
Of anything that God hath made.

I would not kill a harmless thing,  
Nor would I sever leg or wing,  
For God made them as well as me;  
How could I to them cruel be?

If I am gentle, fearless, kind,  
A friend in most things I will find;  
In this big world there's room for all  
Of God's creatures, great and small.

—*Calia Allstaetter, in Our Dumb Animals.*

#### Ants of Central Africa



THERE are many varieties of ants in Africa, but among the most interesting are the army, the driver, and the white ants. The army ants are black, and about three fourths of an inch long. They live in colonies and are carnivorous. They do not belong to labor unions, for they work night and day; but, like human beings in this part of the world, they will not work at midday in the summer. They seldom rest very long. Every two or three hours they will raid a colony of white ants, which form their staple food.

On their raids they march in columns, with a captain at the head and pickets on the sides and rear. If disturbed while marching, they make a shrill noise, and the pickets attack the disturbing party. At such times they emit a very offensive odor, and their bite is very painful. If a person is unlucky enough to step into their columns as he is walking along, he must take off his clothes quickly and pick off the ants, or his predicament will be almost as bad as that of one who inadvertently runs into a hornet's nest. If undisturbed, the ants march along until they come to a white ant hole. The leader stops until the main body of the army comes up and surrounds the hole. Then all go down into the hole, leaving a few pickets on top; and when they come up, every black ant has from one to three white ants (or termites) which he has captured. They deposit these outside of the hole, and then go back for another load. When their prey or food supply is all on top, at a signal from the captain they again form into a column, and march home, each carrying as many termites as possible. The captain



and pickets carry nothing, neither do a few of the younger ones which are being taught to raid, and which do not yet know how to fight.

When interfered with, they have no fear. They will attack anything or anybody. Their bite hurts like a bee sting; so it is probable that they inject some irritating acid into the flesh with their bite.

Their home consists of a branched tunnel in the ground, the entrance to which is surrounded by a small heap of coarse gravel. At certain times they bring out eggs, which are as long as the ants themselves. They leave the eggs out during the day to get air and sunshine, and at sunset take them back into the hole again. One sometimes sees as many eggs as would fill a quart measure, piled up in one place. These ants are only carnivorous, and destroy the termites, which are a great pest.

#### Driver Ants

The driver ants are reddish brown, and are about one half an inch long. They travel long distances; and as they go along, they make paths for themselves by cutting down the vegetation and scooping out the earth in the line of march. In places where the way is difficult they will tunnel through. In these paths the ants are piled up, one layer on top of the other, sometimes as much as two inches deep. In crossing a tiny stream or pool, if there is no branch to form a bridge, they make a living bridge, some of the ants swimming out, and the rest crossing over on these. They usually live in moist ground, keeping close to water, and travel only in the wet season. They are carnivorous, and prefer larger prey than the army ants. When they come to a dwelling house, they go right through it and clean out every living thing,—rats, mice, vermin, and human beings, too, if they fail to hasten out. Their bite, too, is very painful. If one gets on a person, he must find it at once.

They keep up the column formation until they get to the house, and then they scatter to every part of it. Some say that when they attack a person, they swarm all over him first, and then at a given signal all bite at once. They travel very slowly, as much time is consumed in making the path.

#### White Ants (Termites)

White ants are blind and always work in the dark. Their chief article of diet seems to be wood, such as trunks of dead trees, fallen branches and leaves, wooden framework of houses, wooden furniture, and cornstalks. Their house, or dwelling place, consists of large branching tunnels, which extend sometimes thirty or forty feet below the surface of the ground. In digging these tunnels, they bring the soil to the surface until it forms an enormous mound. Many of these mounds are as large as an ordinary cottage. In bringing up the particles of soil, the tiny creatures mix it with a sticky substance, which, when exposed to the air, causes it to become hard, like cement. This quality makes the ant heap very valuable as building material. Ground up and mixed with water, it makes a hard, firm plaster for the walls of houses or the outside of the native huts. It is also excellent material for brickmaking. The bricks, when sun dried and baked, stand the weather for a great many years. This ant heap dirt makes the finest tennis courts in the world. When pulverized, plants grow in it luxuriantly. But although their mounds are utilized by white men and natives, the ants are a great pest. For instance, often when one picks up a chair or a board, it

crumbles to pieces in his hand. Seemingly as strong as ever, it consists of only a shell, the inside having been devoured by the tiny termites. It is now one of the problems of Rhodesia to manufacture some substance which, when applied to the wood, will prevent the ravages of the white ant. To prevent these ants from getting into a house, the floors are made of cement; but if there happens to be a crack in the cement, they will get through.

Ant mounds are often very convenient for hunters, who get on top of them to obtain a good view, and shoot from their cover. In hunting a lion one feels safer shooting from behind a mound than shooting in the open.

It is a very curious thing that the ant, when going to eat into a piece of wood, always plasters it with this sticky mud first. He then tunnels under the plaster, and thus is enabled to do his destructive work in the dark. It is fortunate, however, that the ants put on the plaster before eating the wood, for this is a telltale evidence of what they intend to do; and if one washes off the plaster as soon as they begin to coat the wood with it, their destructive work is prevented.

Shoes must not be left outside at night; for leather is one of their specialties. They are herbivorous. They come out of their mounds in small companies. The queen looks like a grub the size of one's finger, and lays 3,000,000 eggs in a season. At certain seasons of the year they grow wings, and swarm to make a new colony. At such times the natives catch them in large quantities, sometimes as much as a bushel bag full. They have an acid taste, and are cooked and eaten with other food, as a seasoning.

After swarming, when they have flown a certain distance, they cut off their wings and begin to colonize. In flying, the male follows the female.

W. C. DUNSCOMBE.

#### Worshipping With Beer

I THOUGHT I knew my Mushidi fairly intimately, but today he quite nonplused me by spitting in my face. In a flash, I thought that here was a chance to share in the sufferings of Christ: did they not spit in that face from which one day the heavens and the earth shall flee away? But a tardy explanation of this foolery was so suave and conciliating that I soon saw that I had lost martyrdom. That spit was not a mere expectoration, but a compliment; not a spit, in fact, but a spout, for his mouth was full of beer; not holy water, but holy beer. Well, it seems that I had caught him in the spirit of worship, which in Africa also means the worship of spirits by the drinking of beer. This worshipping (*kupara*) literally means a spitting or spouting, and when they have spouted consecrated beer down into the ground, they then start and link up the living and the dead by spouting beer all around the place. This arrangement harmonizes exactly with the Negro's ideas of fellowship in dirty doings, and an Englishman would need to wear a waterproof and an umbrella at such a function. It really rains beer. Moreover, this curious custom of worshipping the spirits with a drink called "spirits" is very subtle, the hint seeming to be in the thought that a fainting, half-dead man can be vivified by such a drink. . . .

The ardent spirits of the living and the dead linked with these ardent spirits—of beer. Worshipping by fits and starts and sometimes only once an annum, the Negro can only cordially dispense cordials.—*"Thinking Black," D. Crawford.*





## Stages

CORA FERRIS

LITTLE girl of two, where are you going to?  
 Toddl'ing round the table, tripping past the chair.  
 Little girl of two, with eyes of sunny blue,  
 You'll fall if you're not careful, I declare.

Little girl of three, with step so light and free,  
 Where are you going to with Teddy bear?  
 Down the shady lane, through the gate again—  
 So father's dinner pail is now your care?

Little girl of five, so glad that you're alive,  
 Where are you going to this sunny morn?  
 "The calf is calling me; I feed him now, you see,  
 But father fed him when he first was born."

Little girl of eight, I'm thinking you'll be late,  
 The school bell's note e'en now rings loud and clear;  
 So put your sun hat on and hasten to be gone,  
 You must not spoil your record for the year.

Little girl of ten, chewing at her pen,  
 What problem is it now you find so hard?  
 "How many stacks of grain —" or does it try your brain  
 To find how many furlongs in a yard?

Her present age is ten, but she'll be older when  
 These problems all are solved and others, too.  
 Yet still her eyes are bright, her sunny heart is light,  
 And what is better — gentle, kind, and true.

## The Cannibal of Rurutu

W. S. CHAPMAN



IT was a bright day in the month of June, 1894. The charming island of Rurutu, one of the Austral group, lay like a little gem in the deep blue waters of the Pacific. In the center of the Maori village, where stood the church and courthouse, the declining sun was sending quaint shadows from the surrounding houses across the greensward.

Inside the homes the evening meal was being prepared, consisting of selections from the vegetables and fruits growing abundantly in the rich soil of the island — maca, ananni, tuava, pai nappa, ve, umara, maneota, taro, mai iure, and others. The food was being placed upon banana leaves laid upon the dried grass floor, and was contained in split coconut shells.

In front of one of the huts close to the shore, where lived good Mrs. Ta'i Oro Puaa, sat her little girl, Imara, thirteen years old, busily weaving one of the native baskets. In this work the women are all dexterous, their baskets being famed for their beauty and utility. As Imara's little fingers flew in and out among the reeds, she sang a song taught the natives by the visiting missionaries,—

"E te Atna tatou i teia nei  
 I to taton nei taa e ra,  
 Na te Atna e aratai  
 Tai tu aite Faa rerei raa mau."

Then her little brother, ten years old, Mai Ntoa, who was busy, too, beside her, joined in the chorus,—

"Faa rerei, Faa rerei  
 I te pae avai no Jesu,  
 Faa rerei, Faa rerei,  
 Tai tu aite Faa rerei raa mau."\*

Their childish voices blended so sweetly that the mother, and even old King Te Aarii, who was passing, stopped to listen.

Suddenly a cry rang out on the still air, growing stronger and stronger as the people flocked together and ran on down to the beach, waving their hands toward an object on the sea, coming nearer and nearer. The beach was soon alive with the dusky forms of men, women, and children, all eagerly gazing at a small brigantine drifting lazily toward the island.

\* Hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

When it came within a half mile or so of land, it was hove to, and as the little vessel rocked lazily in the sea swell she swung round, stern to the island, showing her name—"Pitcairn."

On her diminutive deck stood the captain, Raatira, and a group of missionaries, among whom were Elder R. G. Stringer and wife, who were destined to remain on the island for four long years. Hardly was the anchor dropped before canoes in numbers pushed off from the shore, each containing several natives, naked except for the usual loin cloth, and in their hands were long-bladed knives. As these natives drew close to the vessel, the ladies on deck retreated fearfully to the cabin, until assured of safety some time later.

Before sundown the king, Te Aarii, and the presiding judge of the island, Titiro, came alongside, and were invited on board, and with the French interpreter were taken into the cabin. It was then explained to them that the "Pitcairn" was a missionary vessel belonging to the Seventh-day Adventist denomination, and was on a trip from the United States, carrying missionaries to these Pacific islands; that it was desired to leave Elder Stringer and his family with them if proper arrangements could be made.

The king and the judge promised to call a council in the morning, and to let the missionaries know at once what the answer was. The council was called, and many others, for it was over three weeks before the natives finally consented to receive the elder and his wife. Then, on another beautiful afternoon, boats put off from the "Pitcairn," containing the missionaries, their family, and their luggage, and delivering all upon the shore. The boats returned immediately to the vessel, and the jibs were set, the bow of the vessel swung out to sea, the mainsail peak was hoisted, and as it filled, the little vessel careened to the wind and shot away from the land, while those on board tearfully waved a good-by with their handkerchiefs, leaving Elder and Sister Stringer with sinking hearts standing on the shore, surrounded by many half-nude natives, among whom they had cast their lot, for Jesus' sake, to tell them of his soon coming and of the home he is preparing for them.



As they stood there, heartsick and fearful, with the sun fast sinking in the west, wondering where they were to pass the night, how they could defend their luggage from possible thieves, and how, with no knowledge of the language, and no one among the natives who could speak English, they were to make known their wants and wishes, a woman stepped forward and spoke a few words to the king and the judge, who seemed to nod assent. She then came up to Sister Stringer, and taking her by the hand, led her to a hut next to her own, and by signs gave her to understand that that was where she was to live. Elder Stringer began at once to carry the luggage into the hut, and was quickly assisted by the men, who afterward stood around the hut watching the two make arrangements for the night, commenting good-naturedly on all they saw taking place.

It was Ta'i Oro Puaa who spoke to the king and the judge, and it was afterward learned, as our missionaries acquired the language and could converse with her, that the woman, following the custom of the natives, had "adopted" the family, and had given their native names,—to Elder Stringer the name of Porou Tane, and to Sister Stringer the name of Porou Vahine. Whenever a stranger comes among this people, if he is favorably received, he is at once "adopted" into one of the families, and this family is ever after responsible for his comfort and welfare, more especially to see to it that he is supplied with food and has care during sickness.

Another strange custom among these people is the giving away of their children. Soon after the birth of a child it is carried to some other home, often to some other island, and given to a family that will receive it. No home, therefore, contains children born in it, all being adopted strangers. This is done, it is supposed, to avoid too close relationship by marriages (the tribe numbers less than eight hundred), and to secure the infusion of new blood in the families.

For some time our missionaries were obliged to watch their children closely, as efforts would be made to steal and adopt them. When the parents mastered the language and could explain the difference in customs between Americans and the natives, this annoyance ceased.

Like all uncivilized peoples, these natives would steal, but without a sense of theft. If they saw anything that pleased their fancy, they would appropriate it and carry it off, still with no idea of theft. The elder at one time missed his nightshirt. Search was made everywhere, but without success. A few days after, a woman called upon them, Haere by name, and there she stood beside the door, with the elder's nightshirt converted into a dress. Nothing was said to her, and she was allowed to depart after her visit, carrying the coveted prize with her. Some time later a French interpreter visited the island, and the situation was explained to him. He at once called the people together, and told them that the missionaries came from a very great country, and that if they stole from them any more a great ship would be sent there, and big guns would be fired at them and kill every one of them. The missionaries were never again troubled by thieves.

However, it was not long before the people learned to love the elder and his family, and would not do or say anything to hurt or offend them. Their love was shown four years later, when the time came for part-

ing. Tears of sorrow flowed from their eyes when the missionaries were transferred to the Society Islands. The natives tried to sing the song given in the first part of this article, but their sobs of grief choked the utterance of the words, and made it all a long wail of grief, growing louder and louder, making the parting as hard for missionaries as it was for the people, as the ship sped away from the land.

It was a difficult task to teach the women the propriety of wearing clothes. They were taught to sew and to make Mother Hubbards for themselves, which they would consent to wear when "visiting" or on state occasions. It was a common sight to see women on their way to visit Sister Stringer with their Mother Hubbards folded and carried on their arms. On reaching the house they would stop and put on their dresses before entering. The visit ended, and again outside, they would remove the garments, fold, and carry them home on their arms.

One evening as the missionaries were sitting at the door of their home with several of the women with their children around them, one of the children spoke the name, Vahine Amu Taata. Instantly the children crowded close to their mothers, with little cries of fear. To Sister Stringer's request for an explanation came the following story, which we give in English:—

"Many years ago our grandfathers were cannibals. The good missionaries that God sent to us told us of the sinfulness of cannibalism, and we gave it up, and are all glad that we no longer do such a thing. It is now many years since anything of the kind has been heard of. We had among us, however, one old woman who refused to give up eating flesh, and went away from us, we did not know where, but supposed to one of the other islands.

"One day the children came in from the forest and reported that one of their number had strayed away and could not be found. The men went out and searched everywhere, but the child was never seen again. About a month after, another child disappeared, and shortly after another; then the children were forbidden to go into the woods, it being supposed that there must be some wild animal there.

"One night quite a large number of canoes put out to sea, fishing, as was their custom. About midnight they looked toward the land, and saw a blaze of fire start up on the top of the mountain which is in the center of the island. Of course their curiosity was greatly excited, as nothing of the kind had ever been seen before, and it was determined that early the next morning they would organize an exploring party and find out what the blazing fire meant.

"Very early a large party assembled and started for the base of the mountain. With their long knives they cut their way through the thicket until they came upon a faint trail that seemed to lead up the mountain. Cautiously and in single file they followed it until they came out on a broad plateau on the top.

"About three or four hundred feet from where they stood they saw a large cave, evidently inhabited. Astonished beyond measure at these signs of occupancy, they crept toward it, knives in hands, knowing not what kind of reception they were to meet from whomsoever might be within.

"As they neared the spot, they occasionally came upon bones that appeared to be human, but of small size. Turning the corner of the cave to reach the side containing the entrance, a horrible sight met their



gaze—a child, a small boy, killed and disemboweled, hanging on the side of the cave, much as a sheep is prepared by a butcher.

"Drawing nearer still, one of the men recognized the face as being that of his own child who had disappeared a short time before. With cries of rage, the men rushed forward and broke into the cave. There, crouched in a corner, sat an old woman with a bone in her hand, from which she had just eaten the flesh. Dragging her outside to the light, they looked in her face, and exclamations of astonishment came from their lips. The woman was Vahine Amu Taata.

"The father of the boy was the first to spring at the old woman and seize her by the throat as he raised his knife to strike, but a dozen others rushed forward, and dragging the woman by the hair to the center of the plateau, near the fire, they fell upon her, burying their keen-bladed knives again and again in her body. The bloody butchery was soon over, and the last of the cannibals of Rurutu lay still in death."

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### "She Wouldn't Say Yes"

SOMETIMES Elizabeth came tripping over from the house across the street with a clean little apron on and perhaps a flower in her hand, and then we knew that all was well—she had secured permission to come; but this morning from all appearances the little tot had run away. To the question, "Did you ask your mamma if you might come?" she shook her head. "Elizabeth," I said solemnly, "you must always ask your mamma if you may come to our house." She looked up at me with big, honest eyes, and answered, "She wouldn't say yes."

Elizabeth is still little and sweet and pure, but are there not older Elizabeths I wonder who are farther on in that dangerous road and doing the things to which "she wouldn't say yes"? You may travel that road as unconcernedly as did our little Elizabeth, but sooner or later it will lead to disaster.

Our little friend thought it a hardship not to go to the house across the street just as often as she liked. Her mind was too little to take in the fact that her mother did not want her to come more frequently than the neighbors would be glad to see her. And sometimes it is difficult for boys and girls to understand why parents would seemingly curtail their pleasures, but later they come to understand that all the parents wanted to do was to eliminate the things that would keep the good times from lasting. And do you know, dear young people, that the ones who love us best are the ones who want us to have the very best times? Some of us think it is a babyish thing to tell our mothers the little things that happen each day of our lives, and that if we did so, they would keep us from having some of the good times we now so much enjoy. Let me tell you something I know for a fact, Mothers make really good chums. You know a chum stands by you through thick and thin, as we say. When you get into trouble, that chum helps you out. Mothers are the best ones in the world to cheer you up when you feel you have done some terribly foolish thing, and to make you feel like trying again.

"Yes," you say, "that is all right if you never do anything bad, but how shocked our mothers would be at some of the awful things we do, and we don't want to grieve them by telling them these things." Let me tell you another thing, Mothers always want to be

the ones to pull their children out of the mud instead of some one else having to do it for them. For illustration: Little Vida Grace had come with her mamma to visit for a few weeks at grandpa's house. She was greatly delighted with the cement walks which led to the gates, and also with the sidewalks outside the yard. Over and over again did she beg to be allowed to run on the "steps," as she called them, and permission was granted, as long as she did not leave the walks. Even the walks outside the gate were not prohibited, for she had been seen to scamper at sight of an automobile, and as long as she stayed on the walks there was nothing to hurt her.

Her mother was busily engaged in the house one morning, when, glancing out to see whether the little red sweater and hood were in sight, to her great humiliation she saw her little daughter being dragged out of the mud in the street by a strange gentleman passing by. The little one had left the walk. Like some of us older ones she did not want her pleasures curtailed. Well she knew her mamma would not say yes, and so she had gone without asking. Carefully her mother washed the little shoes and put her darling to bed while they were drying, but do you suppose that mother would have preferred not to know anything about her little girl's getting into the mud? If the child had been older, perhaps after she was pulled out of the mud she might have tried to dry her own shoes and not bother her mother about it. But let me tell you something that I want every young person to repeat to himself or herself after reading the sentence, *Mothers want to know when their children are in the mud*. The satisfaction in having the confidence of their children makes up for everything else.

There are solid paths for our feet to tread even outside the shelter of home, but we need the home guidance to determine them, for few they are and far between, and very careful must we be lest we leave the safe paths and stumble along in the mud; but if we should, let us remember there is no one who cares so much as mother, that little mother who is the best chum in all the world, the best counselor, and the best comforter and consoler. O, then, let us not do the things to which "she wouldn't say yes."

The mothers all over the land are living their young lives over again in those of their children. How happily they tell of our successes. How carefully they avoid a recital of our failures. How many prayers and tears are offered daily and sometimes hourly in our behalf. I know a mother who spends one day out of every seven in fasting and special prayer for her children. Why does she do this?—Because she cannot answer yes to the question, "Are all the children in?" She knows "the night is falling, and storm clouds gather in the threatening west." Some of those who are already gathered into the fold are passing through special trial, and she pleads for strength to be given them; and yet this mother makes no gloomy companion for her children. She is one of the best chums in the world, sharing in all their good times, and though her hair is fast whitening, often unconsciously does she say "us girls" in speaking of herself and daughters.

Yes, mothers *do* make good chums; try it and see. They will not be shocked at your mistakes, but help you to have the good times that last,—the ones, you know, which will not make you feel bad tomorrow. They cannot always stay with us, these mothers of



ours, but let us confide in them while we may, and cheerfully refrain from doing those things to which they "wouldn't say yes."

Perhaps our work may call some of us to leave the sheltered walks of home. As we noticed before, there are some safe and solid paths outside, but they are few and hard to find; and when sometimes we are tempted to take some short-cut path which will sooner or later land us in the mire, O let us remember the mother at home, and say with a clear eye and no uncertain tone,—

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care."

But does some sad, disheartened boy or girl read these lines,—some one whose feet have already stumbled upon unsafe paths, and yet there is no loving mother to whom that one may go, no one who seems to care, no one who understands? Remember there is One who cares even more than the tenderest mother, and he says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isa. 66:13. Then tell him all about the past, the miserable mistakes and failures; and in the future test each action by the one great question, Would He say yes? VIDA V. YOUNG.

**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,  
November 14**

**Suggestive Program**

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
  2. Bible Reading, With Comments (ten minutes).
  3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
  4. Work for the Jews in the United States (twenty-five minutes).
  5. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).
1. Music; sentence prayers; review of Morning Watch texts; collection of reports and offering; secretary's report.
  2. Rom. 9:2-8; 10:1. Emphasize the great burden of Paul for the Jews, and the fact that we should have this same interest in this people.
  3. The atonement. Isa. 53:6; 1 Tim. 2:5.
  4. (a) Work of Other Denominations (talk); (b) Report of Our Jewish Department (talk); (c) "Pray for the Jews" (recitation); (d) Distribution of Literature Among the Jews (talk); (e) What We Can Do (by the leader). See *Gazette*.

**Junior Society Study for Week Ending  
November 14**

**Suggestive Program**

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
  2. A General Introduction (five minutes).
  3. "Topsy-turvydom" (five minutes).
  4. "What Would You Do?" (two minutes).
  5. "Child Life in Japan" (ten minutes).
  6. "My First Impressions of Japan" (ten minutes).
  7. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).
1. Song; prayer; secretary's report; offering taken; review of Morning Watch texts; reports of work done.
  2. Today we go to Japan in our missionary tour. Appoint a Junior to give a few interesting geographical and historical facts about the country. Speak of its size, chief cities, mountains, and rivers. Mention any historical facts you may be able to find.
  3. Make the article on this subject in the *Gazette* the basis of a talk on Japanese customs. Glean material from other sources also.
  4. Recitation. See *Gazette*.
  5. This may be read by a Junior, or given as a talk. See *Gazette*.

6. Have the excellent article from Brother Anderson, which appears in this *INSTRUCTOR*, read by a Junior.

7. One-minute reports from band leaders of experiences during the week. Close by repeating together:—

"Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of thy love."

**Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses**

**Senior No. 8 — Lesson 6: "Ann of Ava,"  
Pages 80-128**

1. WHAT was the most important city in Burma at this time?
2. What special relic of heathenism did Mrs. Judson visit in Rangoon?
3. Describe the government of Burma at this time.
4. With what English missionary were the Judsons associated?
5. What study did the new recruits at once take up? Tell what Mr. Judson said of the language.
6. How long after leaving America did they receive the first home letters?
7. Tell of Mrs. Judson's call upon the viceroy's wife.
8. Where did they move at the end of six months? Why? What incident occurred about two months later?
9. Where did Mrs. Judson go in January, 1815? What special favor did the viceroy grant? Tell of her experience in Madras. Who returned home with her?
10. About a year later, what encouraging news came to them from America?
11. What event saddened the Judson home the following winter?
12. On Christmas, 1817, what journey did Mr. Judson undertake? Why did he go?
13. Name the first American who visited Mr. and Mrs. Judson in Burma.
14. What can you say of their first inquirers?
15. Tell something of the troubles which came to the mission family during Mr. Judson's absence. How did his wife show her bravery? From what scourge did God protect the mission compound?
16. How long was Mr. Judson absent? What can you say of his voyage?

**Junior No. 7 — Lesson 6: "Under Marching Orders," Chapter 10, and Chapter 11 to Page 183**

1. WHY did the situation of the city of Peking make the case of the foreigners imprisoned there in the summer of 1900 particularly perilous? What Chinese prince offered his residence as a shelter for the native Christians? How many persons sought refuge in the British legation quadrangle?
2. To whom was the work of fortifying the legation intrusted? What other committees were appointed? How was food for this large company obtained? How many wells did the compound possess?
3. What part of the wall surrounding the legation was first fortified? How did events show the wisdom of this step? What other points received special attention? What costly materials were used in making sand bags?
4. Describe the daily scene in the little chapel. How did the children help?
5. All this time, what was the empress dowager, who was sworn to protect the lives of the foreigners, doing? How were her commands obeyed? What special attempts did the Chinese troops make to destroy the legation?
6. In their fury, to what did the Chinese set fire? What special intervention of Providence saved the legation at this time? Describe the charge made by a few American soldiers to capture a strip of the city wall. To what has this charge been compared?
7. How constant was the danger to which the garrison was subjected? Relate some of the narrow escapes that occurred?
8. How was a large gun made? What was it called? How many of the marines guarding the garrison were killed in three weeks? How many wounded?
9. In this time of trial, what did the men and women in the legation chapel do daily? What two texts were a special comfort to them?

**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.]

71. Is a Swedish Missionary Volunteer Reading Course to be offered this year? If so, where can the books be secured?



Yes, we are glad to state that a Swedish Missionary Volunteer Reading Course is to be offered this year. The books will be: "Acts of the Apostles," by Mrs. E. G. White; and "David Livingstone"—price, \$1. A third book will be selected later. The first book can be secured at any tract society, the second at Broadview Swedish Seminary, R. F. D. 1, Box 20, La Grange, Illinois.

72. When can the reviews for the 1914-15 Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses be secured?

All the reviews are ready for distribution, and can be secured from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

### Are the Programs Interesting?

You have all heard the little story of the question, "Is life worth living?" and the answer, "It all depends upon the liver." So the answer to the question asked above might be, "It all depends upon the giver." It is generally admitted that the matter sent out from headquarters forms an excellent basis for interesting and profitable programs; but such experiences as brought to view in the quotation below are far too common. In response to a request for suggestions concerning our programs for 1915, a Missionary Volunteer secretary writes:—

"The chief fault I have had to find is with the way the program is rendered. Generally some one is chosen to read who does not read distinctly and loud enough to be heard, and of course there is no interest. I have been trying to get such ones to tell what is in the article instead of reading it; for very few enjoy listening to reading unless it is exceptionally good, and good readers are much more scarce than good singers. Many will take no part if they have to talk, so the committee is under the necessity of letting them read or have no program. But this is not the fault of the program."

I am confident that this strikes at the real cause of many dull programs. An old lady was asked if she remembered the Sunday morning sermon. "Why! law me, no!" said she, "how could I remember it? The preacher couldn't even remember it himself; he had to read it."

Somehow that paper does get between us and our audience, and we lose their interest. But if we *talk* it, even with hesitation and ungrammatical sentences, but allowing our own interest in the subject to beam straight out of our eyes, the audience is interested.

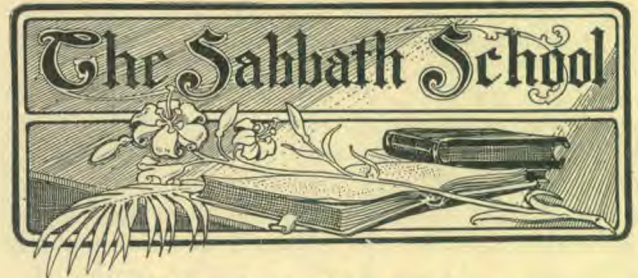
How can you do it?

1. Study thoroughly the article which is to furnish the basis of your talk.
2. Read something else on the subject if possible.
3. Talk with any one who may be better informed on the subject than you are.
4. Write down the main points, and *think* them over.
5. Tell a friend all you have learned about the subject. In other words, practice on him.
6. Pray that you may be able with your own enthusiasm to impress the society with the importance of the subject, as well as to give some information. Information does not mean much, after all, unless it has life.
7. If you see any way you can use a map, a diagram, or a chart in your talk, do it, even if you have to make one ever so crude. It is remarkable how something of this kind to turn to is like a friend by the side of a timid speaker, especially if he has a pointer in hand to lean on when his knees are weak.

The Missionary Volunteer Society is a training school for young Christians, in the study of the truth, in witnessing for Christ in missionary work, and in learning how to tell the message. When you are called

upon to take part on the program, make the most of it; for it is really a great opportunity for you. Remember that your own and the society's benefit from that part will be in exact proportion to the amount of earnest thought and prayer you give its preparation. Let us pledge with ourselves and one another to have the best programs and the most active Missionary Volunteer Societies during the years to come that we have ever had.

M. E. K.



### VII — In the King's Palace

(November 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." 1 Cor. 6: 20.

#### Questions

1. In the days of Jehoiakim, what did the Lord say would surely come upon the land of Judah? Why had this tribulation come upon the people of God? Jer. 25: 9-11.
2. Although Jehoiakim threw the message in the fire (Jer. 36: 23), when did it begin to be fulfilled? Who was given into Nebuchadnezzar's hand? By whom? What vessels did the Lord permit the king of Babylon to carry away? Dan. 1: 1, 2. Note 1.
3. To what land did he carry them? See map. Trace back this kingdom of Babylon, in the land of Shinar, to its beginning. Gen. 10: 8-10, margin; 11: 1-9, margin. What indignity did Nebuchadnezzar heap upon these vessels of the living God? Dan. 1: 2, last part.
4. What else did the Lord permit Nebuchadnezzar to carry away to Babylon? What physical standard did the king require in those who were chosen? In what were they already skillful? About how old, then, must they have been? Note 2. Why was the king so particular in his choice? Verses 3, 4.
5. Of what prophecy was this the fulfillment? Isa. 39: 3-7.
6. How did King Nebuchadnezzar try to show great kindness to these captive lads? For how long were they to be thus nourished? Dan. 1: 5. Note 3.
7. Name some of these youth. What showed that the Chaldeans were not pleased with their names? Why did they dislike them so much? Verses 6, 7. Note 4.
8. Who seems to have been the leader among these four young men? What did he determine in his heart that he would not do? Verse 8. What does "defile" here mean? 1 Cor. 3: 17, margin.
9. How could dainty foods and rich wines destroy him? Prov. 23: 1-3, 29-32. Note 5.
10. Of how many of his actions did Daniel feel that he must be careful? 1 Cor. 10: 31. Why is this necessary? 1 Cor. 6: 20. What other reasons did he have for not eating of their flesh meats and drinking of their wines? Note 6.
11. Therefore what did this brave youth respect-



fully ask of the one in charge? How had the Lord already paved the way in Daniel's favor? What was the only objection raised to Daniel's plan? How did Daniel show unbounded confidence in this way of living? Dan. 1:8-13. What did Daniel mean by "pulse"? Note 7.

12. What did Melzar consent to do? With what result? What further objections could Melzar make? What sort of food was therefore granted to them continually? Verses 14-16.

13. Because their bodies were kept under control, and their minds were clear, how greatly was the Lord able to bless them in their studies? What special blessing was conferred on Daniel? Verse 17.

14. How did these young men stand in their final examination by the king? Therefore what high position were they given in the realm? How long was Daniel able to keep this position? Verses 18-21.

15. What would be the result of following Daniel's plan in these days? Note 8. In what respect is the position of God's people today similar to that of Daniel? Of what must they not partake? Rev. 18:1, 2, 4.

Notes

1. It was only part of the people that went at this time; some were left there upon trial, to see if they would take the right course to prevent the carrying away of the remainder. See Jer. 27:18. "If less judgments do the work, God will not send greater."—Matthew Henry.

2. They are supposed to have been about eighteen or twenty years of age.

3. The word meat here means more than flesh; it means the king's "dainties." See Revised Version.

4. In the Hebrew language Daniel meant "God is my judge;" Hananiah meant "whom God hath given;" Mishael meant "he that is the strong God;" Azariah meant "whom Jehovah helps." Thus their names constantly called attention to the one true, living God. But the Chaldeans were idolaters; they therefore gave these lads names that savored of their gods. Belteshazzar, the name given to Daniel, "signifies the keeper of the hidden treasure of Bel; Shadrach, the inspiration of the sun, which the Chaldeans worshiped; Meshach, of the goddess Shach, under which name Venus was worshiped; Abed-nego, the servant of the shining fire, which they worshiped also."

5. Cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox "together do not do as much mischief in a year as alcohol does in a month. . . . The alcoholic toxin not only has a poisoning effect of its own in every case, but in addition, through lowered vitality, the organs and tissues are opened to attack from other sources. . . . A total abstainer has nearly twice the security and hold on life that the average drinker has, and about three times the hold of heavy drinkers and those engaged in the liquor traffic."—Hon. Richmond P. Hobson, in Illinois Issue, Feb. 9, 1912.

6. Sometimes they had been offered to idols; "and again, some of the meat of which they made use, was pronounced unclean by the Jewish law."—Thoughts on Daniel, page 30.

7. "Our English word means peas, beans, lentils, and the produce of similar podded plants; but in Dan. 1:12, 16, the Hebrew probably denotes vegetable foods in general."—Schaff's Bible Dictionary.

8. "There are many who feel that they cannot get along without flesh meats; but if these would place themselves on the Lord's side, resolutely resolved to walk in the way of his guidance, they would receive strength and wisdom as did Daniel and his fellows."—Mrs. E. G. White, in General Conference Bulletin, June 2, 1909.

VII — The Tree Known by the Fruit

(November 14)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

QUESTIONS NOTES

Sun. . . .	Inconsistencies in the life . . . . .	1-5	1-3
Mon. . . .	What our words reveal; true wisdom . . . . .	6-8	4, 5
Tues. . . .	The terrible results of envy and strife in the heart . . . . .	9-11	6
Wed. . . .	Laying aside all evil speaking . . . . .	12-14	
Thurs. . . .	The fruit of righteousness . . . . .	15, 16	7
Fri. . . .	Review the lesson		

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 3: 10-18.

Questions

1. After speaking concerning an unruly tongue, what inconsistency in the life does James mention? What is said of this? James 3: 10. Note 1.

2. What does Solomon say concerning the power of the tongue? Prov. 18: 21.

3. What illustration is used to show the incongruity of such a life? James 3: 11. Note 2.

4. By what pertinent question setting forth another illustration drawn from nature is the inconsistency of such a life further emphasized? Verse 12. Note 3.

5. By what illustration did Jesus set forth this same truth? Matt. 7: 15-20.

6. What do our words reveal? Luke 6: 45; Matt. 12: 33-35.

7. By what is true wisdom and understanding revealed? James 3: 13. Note 4.

8. Through what was the true light made known to the world? John 1: 4; 9: 5. Note 5.

9. If we have strife in the heart, what are we bidden not to do? James 3: 14. Note 6.

10. From what source does such wisdom come? Verse 15.

11. What is the fruitage of envy and strife? Verse 16.

12. What are we earnestly exhorted to lay aside? 1 Peter 2: 1.

13. What led the people to crucify Christ? Matt. 27: 18; Mark 15: 10.

14. What contrast does Solomon make between a sound heart and one filled with envy? Prov. 14: 30.

15. What is said of the wisdom from above? James 3: 17.

16. How is the fruit of righteousness sown? By whom is it sown? Verse 18. Note 7.

Notes

1. "These things ought not so to be." That is, they must not be; they are not fitting.

2. No fountain is both sweet and bitter. Be the stream of bitter water ever so small which comes into the fountain of pure water through some opening or fissure in the rock, the whole stream is made bitter. No such inconsistency is found in nature as a fountain which sends forth both fresh water and salt, and it should not be found in the life of any individual, especially a Christian.

3. Four illustrations are given showing the inconsistency of living such a contradictory life: (a) A fountain; (b) a fig tree; (c) a vine; (d) salt water. A fountain cannot produce sweet water and bitter; a fig tree cannot produce olive berries; a vine cannot bear figs; the sea cannot yield fresh water. According to the ordinary operations of nature, these things are impossible. All these illustrations are used to show the utter impossibility of depravity and virtue dwelling in the same heart, or of the love of God dwelling in the heart when hatred and malice are cherished.

4. Proud, haughty, disdainful, unholy persons may pass for great scholars, and have the reputation of being very learned, but such do not have true wisdom. This comes from above, and is revealed in a holy life.

5. That the life is the light is true of Christ's followers also. We are epistles known and read of men. What we say has but little weight unless it is emphasized by a consistent life.

6. "If ye be under the influence of an unkind, fierce, and contemptuous spirit, even while attempting or pretending to defend true religion, do not boast. . . . Ye have no religion, and no true wisdom; and to profess either, is to lie against the truth."—Clarke.

7. "Sown in peace." Fields are not sown with grain in the tumult of a mob, or in a battle. Nothing is more peaceful than a farmer going forth with measured tread to scatter seed over his field.

"The whole effect, therefore, of religion is to produce peace. It is all peace—peace in the origin and in its results; in the heart of the individual, and in society; on earth, and in heaven."—Barnes.

A GREAT joy should never be selfish, and happiness should always lead to piety.—Henry Ward Beecher.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Demands of the Present

No Christian can afford to hesitate in a time like the present. God calls for *individual* zeal—no waiting for others. He calls for *closet* zeal—no mere platform stimulus. He calls for *prayerful* zeal—no self-sufficient activity. He calls for *serious* zeal—no levity and no frivolity. He calls for *self-denying* zeal, manifested in a willingness to surrender all. When such zeal pervades our churches; when *each Christian* apart, and *each family* apart, shall take up the work of the kingdom with Christlike solicitude; when the missionary fire is kept burning by his Spirit upon the altar of our hearts, fed by experience and meditation, and fanned by prayer; when *our* trials press not so heavily upon us as does the burden we carry for the souls out of Christ,—then will the Spirit of God be poured out upon his people, and we shall see the power and glory of the living God manifested in turning many to righteousness. Let us only be earnest in prayer, in faith, in labor, and in hope, and who can tell but, the day of great blessing is near?

ERNEST LLOYD.

## Consecrated Money

"SURELY the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God." Isa. 60:9.

Perhaps there is no other department of practical Christian duty which the church has been so slow to comprehend, and in which there remains so much for her to learn, as that relating to the use of property.

The idea of devoting a surplus to the Lord, of giving what convenience or comfort can spare, is admitted. But there is, it is apprehended, little appreciation here of the idea of entire consecration.

The Christian is yet to learn, in its practical and spiritual significance, that the silver and the gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills, are the Lord's, and that God requires his people to hold them, use them, or part with them, as he shall direct, in sacred recognition of his ownership and his right to their use.

There is an unprecedented amount of wealth in the hands of the professed followers of God. O that this might be consecrated to the work, set apart by the prayers of the faithful, and accepted and blessed by the Master!

The church needs means. Men and women are to

be sent abroad and supported as the ambassadors of Christ in foreign fields; the Bible is to be translated, and this requires years of unwearied toil; extensive systems of education are to be operated at great expense; churches and mission dwellings are to be erected, printing establishments to be maintained, and an extensive circulation of Christian literature is to be effected. All these things require money.

Christians should be the last people in the world to despise money. With all diligence and industry, with all honesty of heart and benevolence of purpose, they should labor to make money; not that they may hoard up stores for heirs they know not whom, or for purposes they know not what, or accumulate that they may more profusely squander it on their lusts or abuse it on themselves in catering to the vanities and fashions of the world, but that they may use it in fitting stones for the living temple.

Money is good, and only good, when it is laid at the apostles' feet; and, vitalized by a true philanthropy and a Christian benevolence, it becomes the means of untold blessings to suffering humanity.

JOSEPH S. JOHNSON.

## It Can Be Done

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,  
But he, with a chuckle, replied  
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one  
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.  
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin  
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, *and he did it.*

Somebody scoffed: "O, you'll never do that!  
At least no one ever has done it."  
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,  
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.  
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quiddit,  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, *and he did it.*

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;  
There are thousands to prophesy failure;  
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,  
The dangers that wait to assail you;  
But just buckle it in with a bit of a grin,  
Then take off your coat and go to it;  
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
That "cannot be done," *and you'll do it.*

—Selected.

## A Boy's Invention

IN 1830 Obed Hussey, of Ohio, was inventing a reaping machine, the first ever planned in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting arrangement, which was three large sickles, set in a frame, and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It would not work satisfactorily. A young son, watching the experiments, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar, and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them. Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw-toothed blades which are in common use today on harvesters, the cutting action being quite like that of scissors.

From the boy's suggestion he perfected in one week a machine on which he had worked in vain for the preceding two years. The principle of that cutting device is the principle of all the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farmers of the entire world is as great as any other invention for use on the farm.—*St. Nicholas.*