

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"TEMPTATION OF CHRIST"
(See article on page five)

THOUSANDS of Jews, it is reported, are dying from starvation in Jerusalem.

TWENTY thousand dollars has been offered as first prize to the French airman who especially distinguishes himself for valor during the war.

THE Rheims Cathedral in France has stood through the wars of seven hundred years; but it has been sadly disfigured by the Germans during the present war.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS died on November 14 from pneumonia, soon after his arrival in France, where he had gone to give the Indian troops his greeting.

Interesting Incidents

WE received at the Missionary Volunteer Department office the following on a post card from Chicago:—

NOVEMBER 3, 1914.

SIRS: Walking through Washington Park in this city on Sunday, I found a copy of the Morning Watch for 1913, and I have derived great benefit as well as pleasure in hunting up its Scripture references. I will thank you very much for copies of 1914 and 1915.

Yours very truly,

* * *

This surely shows that even a lost copy of the Morning Watch Calendar, composed mostly of lists of Scripture texts, bears fruit in the heart of the one who finds it.

One of our young men was recently riding on a street car, reading a copy of the Missionary Volunteer Leaflet No. 47, on "Personal Work." A young man traveling by his side was led by it to ask some questions. Our brother gave him some literature, and urged him to live a better life, which he promised to do. After the young man had left the car, an older man who had been sitting across the aisle, came over and encouraged our brother for his belief in the Bible and his efforts to do Christian work.

M. E. KERN.

Providentially Led

WE were on our road to camp meeting in the old gray-covered wagon drawn by four horses. It was our first night's camp, and we were happy that we had had no misfortune.

That first morning when the boys brought the horses down to the dam to drink, they had not noticed the mud pool that lay between the banks and the big dam, and led the first horse, which happened to be the graceful little brown horse that we called Pretty Lady, so near to the mud that she stepped into it. The mud was so soft that she began to sink at once. She gave a leap forward, but only went down farther. She plunged desperately, but the more she plunged the farther in she got. Continuous plunging tired her; but when she stopped moving she sank into the mud, and only her nose was seen above it. She would struggle every now and then, but her strength was fast failing.

In this manner she continued for over an hour. We did all we could, but our efforts seemed futile. Being a number of miles from any place where help could be secured, we had to content ourselves with useless schemes and plans.

Finally, while we were all watching anxiously, mother and Mrs. D left, and the girls went back to the camp, turning from the scene of a dying horse. There were only three of us left on the bank. We sat looking sadly into that stirring, muddy water.

"Let's try driving her out into the middle, and then she can swim across to the other side, where there is gravel," said Henry, suddenly.

"That just came into my head, too," exclaimed Raymond.

We went at it, at once. The boys took long poles and whipped her, stimulating her to make another effort. This time, instead of plunging toward the bank, she gave one furious leap and found herself out in thinner water. I held the rope that was around her neck, and walked along the bank while the boys whipped her and threw stones at her to keep her away from the shore until we came to a good landing place. A simple matter it was, and we wondered why we had not thought of it before.

As we were bringing up Pretty Lady all dripping, on the other side, mother and Mrs. D had appeared with smiling but not surprised faces.

They had gone away to pray, and had immediately felt that God would save Pretty Lady if only we recognized that he was guiding us. They said that they should have been very much surprised if, on their return, the horse had still been in the water. Although it may seem that this is a very small way to illustrate the leading of God, yet that very experience showed me what it means to have a close contact with the Saviour.

"God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires."—*Bacon.* ELSIE PETERSON.

Different Ways of Receiving Blessings

Two boys went out to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better today." The other said, "I was some worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had thorns; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children looked through colored glasses. One said, "The world is blue;" and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honeybee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry," says another, "that I am no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."

Which are you? How do you receive your blessings? There are different ways of receiving blessings. At this Thanksgiving season let us look into the matter of our dispositions, and into our ways of looking upon life and the blessings it brings.—*Selected.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

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No. 48

A Letter From India

R. B. THURBER

[The following letter was written to the students of Emmanuel Missionary College, but all our young people will find it of great interest and value.]



I WANT to write a free and open letter to you as young people who are trying to live up to the full meaning of the second word of the name of your school. What I write will perhaps take the form of a disconnected essay, rambling over various subjects, but it will be the substance of what has been brought home to me very forcibly by the commonplace experiences of everyday life here in the mission field.

First, if you want to get the most out of life, determine now that you will get all the Christian education you possibly can. The limit of your education will be the limit of your usefulness. If you stop short of the finish of your education, it will be sure to affect you in stopping short of the end of some part or all of this work God has given us to do. This cause needs finishers. If you must stop with an academy education, be sure you do so because you must, and that there is no other way. And in these days when there are so many ways, it is passing strange to hear our own young men, especially, say there is no way. Don't be in too great haste to get into the work. The work needs you educated more than it needs just you.

There is a peremptory call just now for well-educated workers to go to the great of the earth and significantly impress them with the power and importance of this truth. But more than this, a first-class education is necessary to deal with the so-called lower classes. Today we see the college graduate taxing his powers to the utmost in solving the problems of the unfortunate; and right here comes the application of this to the mission field. You cannot realize from where you are the stupendous task that is before this people. Its very greatness stirs us to unprecedented effort. A better education is needed to deal with the ignorant man and the savage than is needed to deal with the tutored and civilized man. The reformer, the pioneer, the builder of character from nothing,—these all need the broadest and best-trained minds. And the heathen fields are our great problems today. No matter what is done in the United States, the Lord Jesus will not come till the work is finished here in Burma and in other similar lands.

Be broad, students,—broad in mind and large in heart. You can't afford to let the petty matters, the things that are not world-wide in their significance,

affect your life. At best you will be narrow until you get more experience in life as it really is out over the world at large; but now put yourself in the way of the wider outlook, and wisdom is yours. Put "first things first," the things you are sure are true and plain, and make secondary the nonessentials.

Learn to stand alone with God. While you are in school, there is some one by you to encourage and praise every effort you make for betterment. I wonder if you appreciate that. But it will not always be thus. Accustom yourself to plodding along day in and day out without seeming to make any progress or reaching any result. The time will come to you when the measure of your success will be the measure of people's hatred of you. Remember also that while "nothing succeeds like success" and the world is ready to shout "Good boy!" when you make

good, yet the same world will be glad to lend you the helping foot on your way down to seeming failure. Let neither of these things affect you. Don't lean on the praise or blame of men, for they are broken reeds.

Weld yourself to this work so that you are an integral part of it. Let it supply your work, your pleasure, your hobby, your pastime. It will if you will let it. Students in the great colleges are advised today to attach themselves to some cause if they would really live. The physician tells his anemic patient to beware of the aimless life. "Get something you can put your life into, a hobby, if nothing else," he says. O, how glad we should be that we have a cause! Some of you were born in it. Even if you think of it only as a present, personal benefit to yourself, there is no cause better calculated to give you breadth of mind, culture, contentment, and all that makes life worth living. But higher than this, the cause we espouse occupies the center of the stage whereon all the universe has its eyes fixed with the utmost interest. There is absolutely nothing greater than this.

Don't think you can get all the education you need from within the lids of textbooks. You can't afford to neglect the social side of life. Get in the way of others and show yourself friendly. Our work is to persuade men, but we must first get their confidence. Perhaps you have not realized how necessary friendliness is in the mission field. It helps you in dealing with those in high offices. It helps get the language, for a living language is not got from dead books. It comes by being one with the people. And note this: He who



would get the heart without getting the tongue will get the shoulder, and that cold. If you can't be friendly with nearly every one at home, you can't be friendly with any one out here. There is a wall to be broken down, and only the "law of kindness" can do it.

Again: get the laughing habit, not the frivolous giggling of the sentimentalist nor the forced laugh of the maker of jokes; but when the really funny things of life come to you (and they don't come too often), then let yourself go, and laugh till your diaphragm is sore. If anywhere "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," it doeth it in the mission field. Get a real burden for souls, and you won't laugh too much. On the firing line, if you don't break the strain of the work once in a while with a hearty laugh, the strain of the work will break you.

Study the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and don't be narrow. It is true that the way to the kingdom is a narrow one, but every one who may walk upon it has an individuality of his own. Settle yourself on the truth in matters of right and wrong, and then give great latitude to actions of others in matters about which there is some question. The narrowness of the way and the straitness of the gate will compel the dropping off of all things that are not best, without your interference. Be sure that those whom you feel to criticize are helped to stay in the way, and all will be well. Don't let your education make you lose sympathy with the man with the little mind. Maybe his heart is large; and it is the love that "passeth understanding" that counts.

Liberality in our estimation of others and strictness in the measurement of ourselves are what make us truly great. Not to give others the benefit of the doubt is to make our influence over them of doubtful benefit.

Personal Work

The Principle as Taught by Christ

OF all the lessons given by the Saviour, probably none is more touching and impressive, or has been used with greater effect, than the one in Luke 15: 3-7. In it Christ reveals the Father's tender love for his one lost sheep—this fallen world. In it he also reveals the divine method of manifesting that love. He is not content to grieve and lament in words over the lost sheep, or even to send his hired servants to seek it; but it is the very nature of God to leave the ninety and nine and go after that *one* which is lost, "until he find it."

Nothing could more forcibly express the divine method of personal work, or God's infinite love for each individual. Christ's supreme motive in coming to this world was not to reveal a great truth, but to demonstrate the Father's love, which was poured out in compassionate tenderness and power to save each lost soul.

"He knows each individual by name, and cares for each as if there were not another person upon the earth for whom he gave his beloved Son."—"*Ministry of Healing*," page 229.

And this same principle is to characterize the followers of Christ; for he declared in his prayer to the Father, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

As we become "partakers of the divine nature," we shall have, ever growing stronger and deeper in our hearts, a yearning and a burden, not for the world in general, but for individual men and women, the purchase of the blood of Christ. "Every true disciple

is born into the kingdom of God as a missionary."—*Id.*, page 102.

All true believers will bear witness to a newborn desire when they accepted Christ, to bring others to him; but if this divine plant is not cultivated, it soon withers and dies, and *our first love is gone*.

"He who becomes a child of God should henceforth look upon himself as a link in the chain let down to save the world, one with Christ in his plan of mercy, going forth with him to seek and save the lost."—*Id.*, page 105.

We can neglect this work for the salvation of others only at the peril of our own souls.

"The very life of the church depends upon her faithfulness in fulfilling the Lord's commission. To neglect this work is surely to invite spiritual feebleness and decay. Where there is no active labor for others, love wanes and faith grows dim."—"*The Desire of Ages*," in chapter "Go Teach All Nations."

But next to having a burden for souls, it is most important to make it definite and personal.

Another striking lesson given by the Master to emphasize this method is the parable of the good Samaritan, recorded in Luke 10: 30-37. Here Jesus illustrated the true spirit of divine love; and in conclusion, after implying the highest commendation to the Samaritan for his personal work of love, Jesus said unto the lawyer, "Go, and do thou likewise."

MEADE MACGUIRE.

Joy

A SONG of the summer is in my heart
As the zephyr sings in the air,
And my soul is seized with the azure skies
That sparkle in beauty rare
While the tall grass waves, and the flow'rets blow,
And naught of trouble or care
Is heard in the notes of the sweet-voiced birds
That are caroling everywhere.

Is not their joy a lesson to me,
Who am more than the least of these?
Their jubilant trust in their Maker divine
Rings out on each passing breeze.
Not one of them can fall to the ground
But his faithful watch care sees.
Dost hear the message, "Our God is love,"
That tunefully pours from the trees?

O, a song of the summer is in my heart
As I bask in the sunlit air
That gleams in the cool of my shady tree,
Whose branches sweet blossoms bear!
The birds trill on, their blithesome lays
Removing all thought of care.
O, the summer for me, with its long, bright days,
And its skies, and its visions fair!

CORA FERRIS.

A True Incident

EARLY in the year 1866 a young man and a young woman whose childhood and early manhood and womanhood had been spent on farms in a fertile and prosperous agricultural State in the Middle West, were married. To them the future looked beautiful and promising, for with good health and industry their happiness seemed assured. As yet a licensed saloon was unknown; and the vice and crimes, suffering and sorrow and debauchery of the liquor traffic, with its foul and loathsome breath and its millions of victims, were unheard of in that section.

In 1868 a baby boy was born to them, and many were the air castles the fond mother built for the future of her child. Her boy should grow to manhood with a pure and unspotted character. Her boy should always be good and happy.

Later the parents went to live in a large city. Years passed. The boy was taught integrity and sobriety by both example and precept. He became a staunch temperance man, and at the age of twenty-one voted the prohibition ticket straight. In 1896, after a brief acquaintance with a young woman, a stranger, he married. Then there came an awakening and a shadow over his life; for his girl wife had early become addicted to the drink habit, and was now an abject slave to the accursed appetite. She pawned his watch and other belongings for the fiery liquid to satiate the demands of the demon strong drink. In 1898 a baby girl came into their home. She was sweet and beautiful, bright-eyed, and golden hair encircled her dimpled face. Parents and grandparents idolized the little one, and air castles again floated in the imagination. But, alas! the child's pure life was blighted by the mother's gratification of her evil appetite. She is a victim of uncontrollable fits of fury, which nothing but the power of God can cure. When the child was about six years old, the mother died, and the little one was given to its aged grandparents by the disheartened father, who had also become degraded by the baleful influence under which he had fallen. The little girl has been taught in school and in Sabbath school to abhor the awful legacy left her, and she has been heard to pray: "Dear Jesus, take away this awful fury from me, and never let it come back to me. O, why do I act this way?"

Dear young people who read this sad story, beware of the first drink. Dare to be a Daniel. The God of Daniel is your only protection, for the saloon has legal permission; and the work of the devil in destroying your young lives has legal protection.

MRS. S. M. SAUNDERS.

"Temptation of Christ"

(See cover for picture)

ARY SCHAFFER (1795 to 1858) was born of Dutch parents, but was educated in France. In 1836 he became the court painter at Amsterdam and the art instructor to the Orleans family.

His talents were extremely versatile, and his pictures comprise subjects both sacred and secular, historical and imaginary. He painted many fine canvases from subjects suggested by the writings of Byron, Dante, Goethe, and Schiller. Some of his important religious pictures are "Christ Blessing Little Children," "The Agony in the Garden," and "Christ the Comforter." His work is principally remarkable for its refinement of expression and depth of feeling.

In the "Temptation of Christ," Schaffer has represented the scene described by Matthew as follows:—

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

The effect of an exceeding high mountain is admirably rendered by the abruptly sloping lines of the rocks and the figures, and by the clouds coming down lower than the summit of the mountain and showing the clear space far below.

The strong, keen features of Satan's face portray an intelligence of a high order, but his dark figure, with its snarled lines and distorted forms and bat-like wings, shows him to be a mighty angel fallen from a high estate. His striking face and figure might easily predominate over the conventional person of Christ had

not the artist given Christ the much superior position on the mountain top, and encircled his head with a halo of light.

The smooth, straight lines of the drapery of Christ's figure, and his calm, quiet features aglow with heavenly light, are contrasted clearly with the twisted lines of the figure of Satan, and his dark face, with its fiercely eager, determined, and unscrupulous expression.

In his portrayal of the character of Satan, Schaffer has shown us the real tempter, with keen intellect, fiercely energetic and almost compelling personality; while his Christ is merely the conventional type, with mild, sweet, almost feminine, though dignified face and bearing—not at all the person who is undergoing the intense struggle of a supreme temptation. But perhaps it is a step beyond human genius to portray divine majesty and human weakness in the same personality.

Besides, it was undoubtedly the artist's intention to depict two distinct moments of time. Satan by his gesture of outstretched hands is pointing out to Jesus the glory of the kingdom of the world spread out over the plains far below the mountain while he urges his temptation; and Christ is pointing toward heaven as he rebukes the tempter with the words, "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Although this temptation to worldliness was presented to Jesus in the most powerful way possible, we may be sure that when the struggle was past and the eternal decision made, the face of Christ would never after show any trace of evil desire, but only that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," which Schaffer has very successfully portrayed.

ELSA NORTHRUP.

Improving the Means of Christian Growth

SATAN is trying in every way he can think of to get us to do wrong, for he knows he has only a very short time in which to work; so we must watch and pray.

We should, each one of us, study our Bibles daily, not merely read them, but study them, plunging deep to find the pearls, the hidden treasures.

Each one should pray for heavenly strength and wisdom to know just what is right. We are admonished to pray without ceasing. He who saw Nathanael under the fig tree will see us in the secret place of prayer. Angels from the world of light are near those who in humility seek divine guidance.

Dear reader, do you study your Bible and pray for heavenly guidance? Are you fully consecrated to God? Are you watching continuously to see that Satan and his agents do not lead you away from Jesus Christ? Are you letting your light shine so that those whom you meet every day may know you have found the kind and loving Saviour?

"Our influence upon others depends not so much upon what we say as upon what we are. Men may combat and defy our logic, they may resist our appeals; but a life of disinterested love is an argument they cannot gainsay. A consistent life, characterized by the meekness of Christ, is a power in the world."

BESSIE WHEELER.

HONOR the childlike heart, the heart that gives up, the heart that sacrifices its pride and interest for the sake of another's welfare.—Henry Ward Beecher.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Will Your Anchor Hold?

MRS. C. M. SNOW

Scene 1

 SUPPOSE that we are on the ocean, far out at sea. Our ship is strong, our captain wise and experienced. We have perfect confidence in him, and experience a feeling of safety and lack of responsibility unknown before. For almost the first time in life any exertion or assistance on our part seems useless. So we abandon ourselves to the novelty of the situation, and enjoy—not the landscape, for no land is in sight, but the many things of interest on the water and all about us and above us.

Our attention has been attracted for some time to a trim, well-built, and withal fine-looking vessel jauntily curtsying on the waves. There is something peculiar about her movements, and soon we see that other eyes are turned toward her. Though in constant motion, she seems to be making no progress; indeed, she is near the danger line, but seems not to notice the signals which give plenty of warning.

Suddenly our captain sings out through the megaphone, "Ship ahoy!" The answer comes, then, "What is the matter?—Nothing." "You are near the danger line."—"O, that's all right!" "For what port are you bound?"—"We'll decide that later." "What are you doing here?"—"Just knocking around, having a good time." "Have you an anchor?"—"Never mind that; we're all right." "Where are your chart and compass?"—"We'll hunt them up when we need them." "Can't we help you out?"—"Don't worry about us, we're all right."

The sky has been a brilliant study, with varying patches of opalescent clouds shifting about incessantly. Suddenly the gray predominates and grows darker and darker. The wind rises, and the water grows tempestuous. A sudden, fearful storm is on at sea. Our ship is seaworthy, and provision has been made for all such emergencies. But what about the self-assured companion of the morning? No ship can ride through such a storm without a definite purpose, a trusty pilot, and abundant previous preparation. She will never again be seen.

Scene 2

A pleasant, cozy home. Light and warmth are abundant, and comfort speaks from the deep-seated rocker, couches, and easy-chairs scattered about. The bookshelves are well filled, and on the library table are the choicest papers and magazines. The long cupboard in the alcove is filled with puzzles, riddles, and innocent games.

The day's duties are over, and the family settle down to enjoy an evening together at home after the separation of the day—all but a straight, well-formed, fine-looking young man of the household. He has gone into the hall and is preparing to leave the house when a detaining hand is gently laid upon his shoulder, and a pleading voice asks, "Where are you going, my

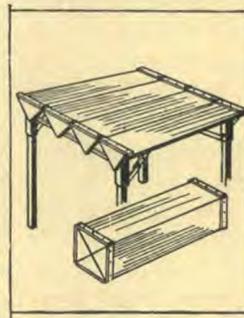
son, tonight?"—"O, nowhere!" "Won't you stay at home?"—"I'll be back." "When?"—"After a while." "I wish you wouldn't go." "Why?"—"Because I want you here. The family is not complete unless all are at home. Besides, I'm anxious about you when I don't know where you are," and the voice is trembling now. "You don't need to worry about me; I'm all right." "I go to your room again and again, and when I don't find you there I cannot rest." Now the laughing unconcern of the replies takes on a note of irritation. "You must be hard up for something to worry about. I'm all right, I tell you. You folks act as if you were never young. I can take care of myself."

Can he? Does he come back better fitted for the battle of life? Are his companions a help or a hindrance in education's uphill journey? We can only answer by the results. The agriculturist decides as to the advisability of planting certain seeds by the crop they bear. What crops do these evenings out bear? Is the mind more acute to grasp the intricate points of the lesson? Can work be done more skillfully? Is the complexion better? Are the eyes brighter? Is the disposition sunnier? Is the boy more respectful and more watchful to lift the load when a strong young arm helps so much? Do these evenings tend to increase his interest in the home, the school, and the church?

Does this boy live at your home? or is he one of your boy's companions? Whether he lives down the street or around the corner or in another part of the town, improve every opportunity to influence him aright. He is somebody's pride and joy. But without an object and an anchor tried and true, he will be as powerless to weather the buffeting storm of life, as was the ship to ride through the storm at sea.

Table Convertible Into Box

THE table top consists of four leaves hinged together. With the legs removed, the leaves may be folded to form the four sides of a box. Each leaf is provided with a triangular end piece, which projects downward when the device is set up as a table. With the leaves folded, the four end pieces of each set come into contact and form the rectangular end of the box.



LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

When Temperance Was Young

M. LOUISE FORD



IT is difficult to understand, in these days when the subject of temperance is such a vital one, discussed in great conventions, heralded from pulpits the world round, enlisting in its ranks people of the finest minds and highest culture, that in the days of our ancestors distillation was a branch of trade held in high repute.

Some of the most intelligent and pious citizens engaged in it. It was not uncommon in the first century of New England settlements for private families to have a still by which they supplied themselves with alcoholic liquors, and to neglect to offer a visitor "something to drink" was a breach of hospitality.

One of the most noted distilleries in the country existed within a few miles of Puritanical Boston, and Medford rum made a name for itself far and near. The quaint history of the town, published in 1855, gravely asserts that the industry was begun in 1735 upon a spot "chosen chiefly for the reason that a most copious spring of peculiarly good water issues from the earth at that place. The great reputation obtained by Medford rum is owing to the singular properties of this spring." Water, the sworn foe of the fiery liquid, thus lent its aid to the liquor traffic!

To offset this is a tradition in regard to the first man who set up a distillery here. He provided a goodly number of vats, occupied every one, and business was beginning to prosper, when one ill-fated day old ocean itself raised an objection, for so high a tide rose in the river close by as to overflow all the vats, ruining the business as completely as it did the rum.

The history goes on to say that the business "was never a profitable branch of trade, and ruined many persons who entered it," but neglects to mention the solemn fact that it also ruined thousands of lives by means of the cursed traffic thus established.

Soon after 1830 all the distilleries but one, eight in number, were discontinued. "In 1849 the efforts of temperance societies had so far influenced public opinion and the general habits as to diminish the use of rum to such an extent as to be almost fatal to the manufacturers." All honor to the loyal temperance societies of that day, when those who espoused the cause were called fanatics.

In the first half of the nineteenth century Medford was noted far and wide for its shipbuilding. For seventy years this useful industry was actively carried on in ten large shipyards within a radius of a mile, on the shores of the winding Mystic River, which, having no troublesome shoals or rocks, allowed the passage of large ships.

One of these ships was framed and put together in the oldest of these shipyards, taken down, transported to Boston, and put on board a vessel which carried out the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, where it helped to lay the foundation of shipbuilding in that far-away land. Another, the "Falcon," built by the same builder in 1817, was said to be "the most remarkable vessel that ever floated on the Mystic, famed not for any wonderful beauty or perfection, but because it was the first vessel built in the town without rum."

In the building of hundreds of others the keels were laid and each part of the work done under the stimulus of ardent spirits, and they were christened with

rum; but this fearless young builder took a firm stand and unfurled his banner in behalf of the cause of temperance.

To help his apprentices, whom he feared would be ruined in that day when drunkenness was so common, he resolved to banish rum from his workshop. The result was a strike. Some refused to work, others cursed and swore, but the master remained firm. Some rallied to his side, and in consequence, five years later, every shipyard in the town was a temperance place.

That brave man who so courageously defied the custom of his day was Thatcher Magoun, born in the old Bay State on the very day of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, a red-letter day in freedom's calendar. Breathing the air of freedom from his birth, he in his turn helped to free those who were in greater bondage to the evil habits of his day.

Before the twentieth century dawned, the last distillery in Medford closed its doors, emptied its vats, and went out of business forever. The telltale odor of molasses, which had long proclaimed to the citizens the manufacture of rum which would go far and wide with the name of the stanch old town upon it, no longer saluted the nostrils, and every loyal soul rejoiced. Today the old building, long unused, stands as a silent witness of those early days, its windows heavily screened, its interior given over to mice and spiders, and its great tank, which once contained hot water for cleansing the barrels, rising above it, picturesquely draped with clinging vines which seem trying to hide from the passer-by the evidence of a dishonored and dishonoring business.

"Without Partiality"

A SURFACE car stopped in front of one of the largest department stores in the city of Philadelphia, and among the many who alighted was an old lady whose apparel gave evidence that she knew the pinch of poverty. Her face was a kindly one; evidently she was one of God's "little ones." She entered the great store, and stepping up to a floorwalker, inquired for a certain department. Indifferently he pointed his finger, saying, "Three aisles farther back," and turned away from her. As he did so, a gentleman with a kindly face approached the old lady, and with tenderness in his voice offered to escort her to the counter. On returning, he went to the floorwalker, touched him on the shoulder, saying he wished to talk with him in his office. They proceeded to the office of the proprietor of the store, where, after a frank talk about his treatment of the old lady, the floorwalker was dismissed from the employ of the establishment. It was a bitter experience, yet no doubt a salutary one. How much better had he been possessed of the wisdom from above, which is "without partiality." Happy the man who in his experience looks upon all his fellow men as worthy of equal respect. He is in harmony with the mind of God, and will escape many unpleasant experiences.

JOHN N. QUINN.

THERE is not a hardness of any kind that comes into our lives that may not be thus transformed into good.—*J. R. Miller.*



Wireless Telegraphy

THROW a pebble into a lake, and little waves radiate in circles from the point where the stone struck the water. These circles will gradually spread out into enlarging circles until they reach the shore. A bluebird up in a tree throws out its clear note upon the spring air, and immediately the air all about is quiver with sound waves which travel outward in all directions. If they chance to strike upon a human ear, the note of the bird is recognized. Sound is a mode of vibration of the air; light and heat are vibrations of the ether, a supposititious substance very much lighter and thinner than the air, and that fills all space. It is also the medium of transmission of electrical and magnetic forces. One can easily produce the waves of water, and as readily fill the air with sound waves; one can produce light and heat waves in the ether. But how can electric waves be produced? You have doubtless seen electric machines that, when the current was passing through them, would produce at a given point intense electric sparks. These sparks represent a series of electric discharges, first in one direction, then in the opposite, that take place in an almost immeasurably short time. Since these currents change directions many thousands of times a second, the term "high frequency oscillations" is applied to them. These oscillations are the pebbles which, dropped into the vast pool of ether, set up everywhere ripples called electromagnetic waves. These are precisely the same as the waves of light, but longer, which makes them invisible to the human eye; and they are the waves that make possible wireless telegraphy, which has so greatly interested the world for a decade and more.

A space or field all about a magnet for some distance is in a state of strain. Sprinkle iron filings on a paper held in this magnetic field, and each little piece of iron is seized upon immediately and made to march round to a given position. The filings will always arrange themselves in these definite positions. It is the same with electricity. The space all about an electric current is a tremble with force just as is the field about the magnet. Sometimes the electro-magnetic waves in a field about an electric current are so strong that they will light a disconnected electric lamp held in the space, and do other even more remarkable feats.

The wonders of wireless are based upon the fact that it is possible for the electric current to produce a field of force with a radius of several thousand miles, and the electromagnetic waves in this great field have the power to excite currents in electric instruments, properly attuned, anywhere within this space. The aerial, the distinguishing feature of a wireless station, gives off the electric waves that impinge upon the instrument miles away, and produce electric oscilla-

tions or disturbances that can be so directed and controlled as to deliver a message that was sent out from a station distant a thousand miles or more.

It is not difficult to understand this when one stops to think that these electric waves are identical with light waves, only longer. If light waves are intercepted at any point between here and the sun, they produce under the same conditions the same effect as they do when so intercepted here.

Wireless Apparatus

Now all the wonders of wireless telegraphy are dependent, (1) upon certain apparatus for *creating* these electromagnetic waves; (2) upon other apparatus for *receiving* the electromagnetic waves created at some other place; and (3) upon the external system of wires elevated high in the air, called the aerial, or the antenna, which radiates and intercepts, or receives, electromagnetic waves. The antenna has been spoken of as both the "mouth" and "ear" of the wireless station. Instead of having one wire connect two stations, as in ordinary telegraphy, wireless stations have connected with the generating and receiving apparatus the aerial by which the electromagnetic waves are sent out on

their journey. These travel outward in all directions, some of them reaching the aerial of the receiving station. These aeriels, or antennæ, are of various shapes and positions. The huge inverted pyramids used as aeriels on the great naval stations installed by Mr. Marconi for transmission from Europe to America, are of the vertical type. The flat-top T aeriels are perhaps the most acceptable for general use. We have besides these, the fan-shaped, umbrella, L, and other effective forms.

"In wireless telegraphy the signals are not sent in one direction, but in all: so a person anywhere within range of the ethereal disturbance can get them if he has the necessary receiving apparatus. This apparatus need not be so elaborate and expensive as used to be thought, if a sensitive detector is employed. One man in London reports to *Nature* that he is able to read the nine o'clock news messages sent out from the Eiffel Tower in Paris, by means of twelve feet of No. 18 copper wire stretched across his attic and

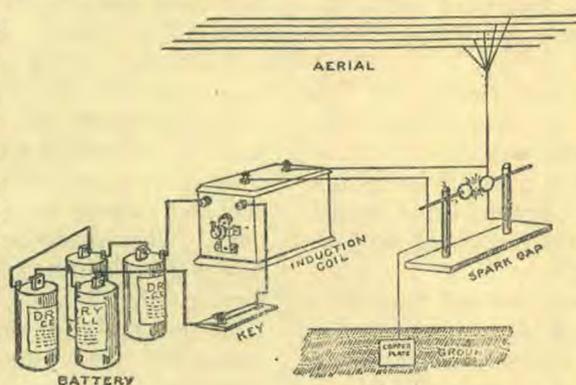
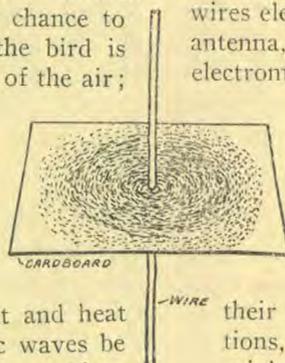
grounded with the water pipe. Another uses his bedstead, without the wire mattress, as receiving antennæ, and gets messages from Paris, Norddeich, Paldhu, and Nauen, as well as nearer stations."

Wireless telegraphy was first made possible by the discoveries of Heinrich Hertz, of Germany; for it was he who demonstrated in 1888 the existence of electric waves. A French scientist later invented

a sensitive detector which made the waves manifest themselves in a more definite way. Then Mr. Marconi, using the discoveries of these men, produced the electric wave telegraph system on which the first wireless message was given. Mr. Marconi has done much since to perfect his system, and other inventors have devised rival systems of great merit.

Some of the Uses of Wireless

Though wireless telegraphy is young, it has made for itself a permanent and a large place in the world's



affairs. There are now hundreds of wireless stations open to the public. All great ocean ships are equipped with wireless so that they can keep in communication with other vessels and home stations. This is especially desirable in case of disaster. More than a thousand mercantile vessels now have wireless equipment. Every battleship and cruiser of the United States Navy has one. "It is possible at present to direct the movements of a great army and navy simultaneously from a centrally located point." Airships intended for warfare carry wireless outfits; and the newest receivers are equipped with a mirror, which reflects the wireless flashes, so that the operator sees the message instead of hearing it. Thus the airman's ears may be given to the working of the engine. Several newspaper firms have established wireless apparatus. The news is thereby given daily to ocean-bound vessels, and shipping news is received from the sea. Railroads have found their wireless outfits of great serv-

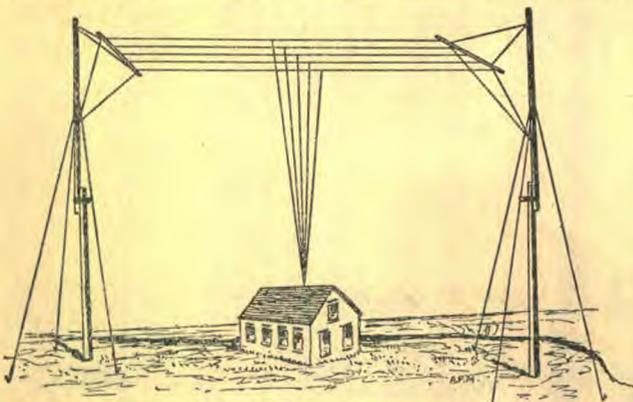


DIAGRAM SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF A "T" AERIAL

ice in rush seasons, and in times of storm when the regular telephone and telegraph wires were down. The great service of wireless for disaster signals on the ocean has already been demonstrated many times. Perhaps in no case has it done more service than in the sinking of the "Republic" and the "Titanic." The "Republic" went down in 1909, but through wireless only six of the one thousand persons on board were lost.

The government now uses wireless for ascertaining the longitude of points, as on the coast of Cuba and Central America. The "Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., was the first institution in the world to have its time signals regularly transmitted by wireless, thus enabling ships at sea to correct their chronometers and thereby more accurately to determine their longitude. But the French were pioneers in the method of exchanging radio-signals between short stations for the determination of longitude."

The Latest Use of Wireless

Commerce, war, invention, and science have all been wonderfully advantaged by the wireless telegraph, but perhaps the most strikingly novel use to be made of wireless is the recent invention of John Hays Hammond, Jr., by which boats several miles out to sea can be controlled from a wireless station on land. The invention is not only novel, but promises to be a very practical aid to naval warfare. Mr. Hammond, when a youth in college, predicted that he would sometime be able to control the movements of a vessel at a distance by means of his voice. This he has succeeded in doing, as well as controlling it by pressing a key to a wireless outfit. Mr. Hammond's wireless station at Gloucester, Massachusetts, is said to be the most important sending station in the world, it being

able to transmit ordinary wireless messages over a distance of two thousand miles. "From his lookout station, by touching a key, Mr. Hammond can send his boat out and back along an eight-mile course filled with rocks and shoals and harbor craft, at a speed of the swiftest cruiser. He can aim at a mark three miles away and strike with precision every time. From this boat running by wireless on the water, to a smaller boat running under the water, is but a step. When that step is taken, we shall have the ultimate torpedo for which the navies of the world are waiting."

Wireless messages travel three or four times as fast over water as over land, every tree absorbing part of the electric energy. Trees help themselves to any passing current much more freely in summer than in winter, as the sap increases their conducting power. Wireless apparatus cannot work so effectively in sunlight as in the dark, due to the effect of the sunlight upon the atmosphere; so the hours around midnight are the best for the transmission of messages. Why wireless stations on the Pacific coast are more efficient than those on the Atlantic is not known, but this appears to be a fact.

Recently a diminutive wireless receiving outfit has been invented by a Frenchman. This is made to fit in the palm of the hand when receiving messages, and in the vest pocket when not in use. It is intended chiefly for receiving time signals from the Eiffel Tower, in Paris. It is suited to a variety of other uses as well. A metal balcony, chimney, or other metal through which the wireless waves are received, acts as the aerial, while the other wire is grounded by attaching to a gas or water pipe or to a metal rod driven into the ground.

The illustrations used in connection with this article, together with some of the facts, are taken from a little book, "Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony Simply Explained," by A. P. Morgan, author also of "Wireless Telegraphy Construction for Amateurs."—*The Visitor*.

The Divide

IN traveling from one section of the country to another separated by mountain ranges, there is always encountered what is called the divide. Crossing the great American continent, one must cross the Appalachian, Rocky Mountain, and many lesser divides separating between beautiful valleys and broad river basins.

In passing over one of these divides, one may travel hundreds of miles of distance and ascend thousands of feet of altitude; yet there is always the pivotal point, on the very crest, where it is difficult to tell which side one is on. A little pool of water may stand perfectly still, drying in the sun, with no outlet to the sea on either side. But soon a trickling stream is found. One might stop it with his hand it is so tiny and indeterminate. But it moves on, gathering force, and uniting with other streamlets, until it swells into a mighty current on its way to the great ocean beyond. No power of man can then stay its onward sweep.

And so it is with us. We frequently stand on the divide as we press our weary feet along life's eventful journey. After toiling up some trying mountain of difficulty, we pause, scarcely knowing whither we are bound. Emotions, thoughts, words, so tiny in themselves as hardly to tell which way they travel, lead off to a certain destiny, gathering, strengthening, till at last in a magnificent stream they sweep us on into

the ocean of God's infinite love; or, apparently crystal at first, soon mingle mire and dirt, and press on in murky billows to the sea of sin, despair, and death.

Wait not to see which way the river flows. The last emotion as truly tells the way it leads. But it will require a delicate, enlightened conscience to discern the smallest movings of the heart. The Holy Spirit, the Word, the faithful testimony, must all be in command. The eye of God through these will ever guide aright; and trusting these alone, we shall always go the way our higher motives trend.

ALBERT CAREY.

Sand Dunes as Friends

DID you ever hear of the village of Eccles in England? It lies on the southeast coast among the sand dunes. You know something about what sand is like. It won't stay put. When it is dry, it yields to every passing breeze and heaps up like snowflakes, only, unlike snowflakes, it never melts away. Of course it moves slowly, but it is practically irresistible. When a long stretch of sand starts moving inland in a great windrow, it is, as some one has said, like a battalion of marching hills.

About a hundred years ago the sand from the shore began to blow through the streets of Eccles. Gradually it sifted over the gardens, and slowly banked up against the houses. In ten years the people were driven out of their homes. Finally, even the church spire was covered, and the village was as much buried out of sight as Pompeii. But the sand has gone on, and now they are saying that perhaps Eccles may be habitable again, for the church spire has been seen, and it looks as if the sand hills would finally form on the other side.

A friend of mine tells me that somehow the most pathetic part of this strange event was not the banking up of the houses, but the throttling of the trees. These were the only lives that were lost in the calamity. A young oak would get a good start; it seemed to thrive in the gravelly soil and by battling with the winds; it sank its roots deeper, and rejoiced like a warrior in battle, in storm and winter. But a tiny foe was at work. The grains of sand alighted around and over it. They shut off the air and sunlight, and crushed the stout limbs and trunk in their embrace. They literally smothered it to death.

Is it not somewhat like this in the case of men? I think most young people stand up stoutly against great opposition or deep sorrow. But those whom I know who have failed, who gave up college for example, who went into blind-alley occupations, who made second choices, were not so much defeated as smothered. A lot of petty disappointments, a stream of discouraging trifles, many silly jealousies and prejudices, blew past them and stuck about them and shut out the light and room, and they just withered up.

The thrifty French people across the Channel had the same trouble as their English neighbors, and they

discovered a remedy. They have found plants and grasses that will grow in the sand. Around their roots a bit of soil gathers and spreads. The roots act as anchors to stop the drift, and the tops stay the blowing particles. By and by the dunes become fertile friends.

You have your sand dunes, too. You are right in the path of the drift of tiny annoyances and oppositions. You know what they are. Will you let them drive you out of your plans or stifle your growth, or will you show that braver and more aggressive spirit that plants signal flags of growing effort on the very summit of obstacles and makes the battlements of difficulty blossom like gardens?—*Wm. Byron Forbush, in Young People.*

Gangrene Microbe Found

A MICROBE causing gangrene to develop in bullet and shrapnel wounds has been discovered by Drs. James Scarlett and George Desjardins, of the American ambulance service.

Previously all initial cultures were impure, leading



SEALS ON SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

to the belief of scientists that the disease was caused, not by a single germ, but by the combination of germs.

In medical circles this discovery is expected to have world-wide importance. The serum is being injected into patients on the battle field in the early stages of infection, obviating amputations and preventing great loss of life.—*The Washington Post.*

What "Forgiven" Means

IN a Scottish village lived a doctor noted for his skill and piety. After his death, when his books were examined, several accounts had written across them in red ink: "Forgiven—too poor to pay." His wife, who was of a different disposition, said: "These accounts must be paid." She therefore sued for the money. The judge said: "Is this your husband's handwriting in red?" She replied that it was. "Then," said the judge, "there is not a tribunal in the land that can obtain the money where he has written 'Forgiven.'" So when Christ says, "Thy sins are forgiven," we are released from our spiritual debts.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

"MAKING an allowance for your weakness is placing a limit on the power of God."



His "Innymunt"



MR. ROGERS was thinking. His thoughts went back twenty years, and he saw himself a young man doing a prosperous business, and, although not in partnership, still intimately associated with one who had been his playmate, neighbor, and close friend for thirty years. And then Mr.

Rogers saw the financial trouble that had come upon him, and he thought bitterly that if the friend had played the part of a friend, it might have been averted.

He saw the twenty years of estrangement, he felt again the bitterness of that hour of failure.

Mr. Rogers rose from his chair, and going to his safe, drew from it three notes for five thousand dollars each, due on the following Monday.

"Twenty years is a long time to wait for justice," said he to himself; "but now, and without my lifting a finger, these notes have come into my possession, and I know, Robert French, that it will be hard work for you to pay them. I knew justice would be done at last." And Mr. Rogers replaced the notes in his safe, and closing his office, went home to tea.

Many a man will cry out for justice when it is revenge he desires.

On Monday morning Mr. Rogers went to the station to take the eight o'clock train for Boston. He had just taken his seat when he heard his name spoken, and saw Mr. Palmer, his neighbor, standing by his side.

"Are you going to town?" asked Mr. Palmer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Anything I can do for you?"

"I wish you would take charge of my little girl as far as M—. Her grandmother will meet her there. I have promised her this visit for a week, and had intended to take her down myself, but just at the last minute I received a dispatch that I must be here to meet some men who are coming out on the next train."

"Why, of course I will," said Mr. Rogers heartily. "Where is she?"

At these words a tiny figure clambered on the seat, and a cheerful voice answered, "Here I is!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Palmer. "Good-by, Betty; be a good girl, and papa will come for you tomorrow."

"Good-by, papa; give my love to the baa-lammie and all the west of the fam'ly," replied Betty.

People looked around and laughed at Betty's putting the lamb at the head of the family. They saw a very little girl under an immense hat, and with a pair of big blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Mr. Rogers put her next to the window, and began to talk with her.

"How old are you, Betty?" he asked.

"I'm half past four; how old are you?" promptly returned Betty.

"Not quite a hundred," laughed Mr. Rogers, "but pretty old for all that."

"Is that what made the fur all come off the top of your head?" she asked, looking thoughtfully at his bald head, for the heat had caused him to take off his hat.

Mr. Rogers said he guessed so.

Betty pointed out various objects of interest and made original comments upon them, not at all abashed by her companion's age and gravity.

Suddenly she looked up and said, "I go to Sunday school."

"Do you? And what do you do there?"

"Well, I sing, and learn a verse. My teacher gave me a new one 'bout bears, but I don't know it yet, but I know the first one I had. Want me to tell it to you?" And the big blue eyes looked confidently up at Mr. Rogers.

"Why, of course I do, Betty," he replied.

Betty folded her hands, and with her eyes fixed on her listener's face, said, "Love your innymunts."

Mr. Rogers flushed, and involuntarily put his hand on his pocketbook; but Betty, all unconscious of his thought, said, "Do you want me to 'splain it?"

The listener nodded, and the child went on: "Do you know what a innymunt is?" Receiving no answer, she said: "When anybody does naughty things and bweaks your playthings, he's a innymunt. Wobbie Fwench was my innymunt; he bweaked my dolly's nose and he sticked burrs in my baa-lammie's fur, and he said it wasn't baa-lammie, noffin' but just a lammie." And the big eyes grew bigger as she recalled this last indignity.

Mr. Rogers looked deeply interested, and, in fact, who could have helped it, looking at the earnest little face? Betty continued to "'splain."

"It doesn't mean," she said, "that you must let him bweak all your dolls' noses nor call your baa-lammie names, 'cause that's wicked; but last week Wobbie bweaked his 'locipede, and next day all the boys were going to wace, and when I said my pwayers I told the Lord I was glad Wobbie bwoke his 'locipede. I was. But when I wanted to go to sleep, I feeled bad here," and Betty placed a tiny hand on her chest and drew a long breath. "But by and by, after much as a hour I guess, I thought how naughty that was, and then I telled the Lord I was sorwy Wobbie had bweaked his 'locipede and I would lend him mine part of the time, and then I feeled good and was asleep in a minute."

"And what about Robbie?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Well," replied the child, "I guess if I keep on loving him, he won't be a 'innymunt' much longer."

"I guess not, either," said Mr. Rogers, giving his hand to help her down from the seat as the cars slacked.

speed at M—and stopped at the station. He led the child from the car, and gave her into her grandmother's care.

"I hope she has not troubled you," said the lady, looking fondly at the child.

"On the contrary, madam, she has done me a world of good," said he sincerely, as he raised his hat, and bidding Betty good-by, stepped back into the car.

Mr. Rogers resumed his seat, and looked out of the window, but he did not see the trees, nor the green fields, nor even the peaceful river, with its thousands of water lilies, like stars in the midnight sky.

Had he told the Lord that he was glad his "innymunt" had broken his velocipede, and could not join in the race for wealth and position? When he came to put the question straight to his own soul, it certainly did look like it.

It was no use for him to say the notes were honestly due. He knew that he could afford to wait for the money, and that if Robert French was forced to pay them at once he would probably be ruined; and he heard the sweet voice of the child saying, "Love your innymunt;" and he said in his heart, using the old familiar name of his boyhood days: "Lord, I am sorry Rob has broken his velocipede. I'll lend him mine until he gets his mended."

Had the sun come out suddenly from behind a dark cloud? Mr. Rogers thought so, but it had really been shining its brightest all the morning.

A boy came through the train with a great bunch of water lilies, calling, "Lilies, cent a piece, six for five."

"Here, boy!" called Mr. Rogers, "where did those come from?"

"White Pond Lily Cove," said the boy, eying Mr. Rogers with some perplexity. He had been train boy for five years, and had never known Mr. Rogers to buy anything but the *Journal*.

"What'll you take for the bunch?"

"Fifty cents," replied the boy promptly.

Mr. Rogers handed him the half dollar, and took the fragrant lilies. "How do you get into the cove now?" he asked, as the boy pocketed the money and was moving on.

"Git out 'n' shove her over the bar," replied the boy as he went on.

Mr. Rogers looked at the flowers with the streaks of pink on the outer petals, at the smooth pinkish-brown stems, and thought of the time forty years before when he and Rob, two barefooted urchins, had rowed across White Pond in a leaky boat, and by great exertion dragged and pushed it over the bar, and been back home at seven o'clock in the morning, with such a load of lilies as had never been seen in the village before. Yes, he remembered it, and Rob's mother was frying doughnuts when they got back, and she gave them six apiece. O, she knew what boys' appetites were! She had been dead for thirty years, he thought.

Just then the cars glided into the station. Everybody rushed out of the train. Mr. Rogers followed in a kind of dream. He walked along until he came to Sudbury Street, and stopped at a place where he read, "Robert French, Manufacturer of Steam and Gas Fittings."

He entered the building, and, going up one flight of stairs, opened the door and entered a room fitted up as an office. A man sat at a desk anxiously examining a pile of papers. He looked up as Mr. Rogers entered, stared at him as if he could not believe his eyes, and, without speaking, rose from his chair and offered a seat to his visitor.

Mr. Rogers broke the silence. "Rob," he said, holding out his hand, "these came from the cove where we used to go, and — and — I've come around to say that if you want to renew those notes that are due today, I am ready to do so, and — and —"

But Mr. French had sunk into a chair, and, with his head in his hands, was sobbing as if his heart would break.

Mr. Rogers awkwardly laid the lilies on the desk and sat down. "Don't, Rob," he said at length.

"You wouldn't wonder at it, Tom," was the reply, "if you knew what I had endured for the past forty-eight hours. I can pay every penny if I have time, but to pay them today means absolute ruin."

"Well, I guess we can fix all that," said Mr. Rogers, looking intently into the crown of his hat. "Have you any more paper out?"

"Less than two hundred dollars," was the reply.

The twenty years of estrangement were forgotten like a troubled dream, and when they finally separated, with a clasp of the hand, each felt a dozen years younger.

"Ah!" said Mr. Rogers, as he walked away with a light step, "Betty was right. If you love your 'innymunt,' he won't be an 'innymunt' any longer." — *The Presbyterian Witness*.

Jack's Lesson

JACK wasn't naturally a bad boy. He wanted to mind; but it was so hard, when he had something else he wanted to do, to leave everything and do what he was asked. His father was a very good man, and Jack's mother tried hard to make her son the true, kind-hearted man his father was. Sometimes she felt discouraged, but his father would always tell her that Jack would change as he grew older and saw the importance of obeying more promptly.

"Jack, will you please come and get me some wood?" "Yes, in a minute," was his reply, as his mother stepped back into the house.

Five minutes later his mother said, "Jack, won't you please get the wood right away?" "Yes, ma'am," was the quick response. To all appearance he intended to leave his kite he was making and go. But as he started, his foot caught the string of his kite, and by the time he had straightened out the string he forgot the wood.

Ten minutes later his mother called, "Jack, do bring that wood right away; the fire is very low, and it will spoil the bread to let the fire go out." This time Jack went straight to the woodpile to get the wood. "O," he said to himself as he got there, "mother told me to split some this morning, and I forgot to do it." He picked up the ax and began some vigorous work, but the fire was out before he got in with the wood, and as a consequence the bread was spoiled.

On another day his mother said, "Jack, please take this letter over to Mrs. Brown for me, and bring back her cookbook. Now hurry before she goes down town."

On the way Jack saw two boys playing marbles. The temptation was too much for him, and he went over and played a game with them. Then as he ran to make up the time he had lost, he thought, "Surely, I won't be too late. I could not have stopped more than five minutes." Just as he came in sight of the house, Mrs. Brown drove out of the yard. He called to her and ran faster, hoping to overtake her; but it was useless, as she drove rapidly down the road. The

girl did not know where the cookbook was, but told him to wait, that Mrs. Brown would be back in about half an hour.

It was two hours before she returned; and as Jack put his hand into his pocket to take out the letter he brought to her, he found letters that his mother had given him to mail two weeks previously. As he went home, he thought best to go by the post office and mail the letters. This made fully three hours he had been gone. His mother had asked him to hurry. He could easily have gone the distance in half an hour. With many forebodings the conscience-stricken boy reached home. His mother met him at the door and took the book. She did not say a word. It was not necessary. Jack would have very much preferred a whipping to the look he saw on his mother's face.

His father was just going to the barnyard to do his chores. Jack went about his share of the work with a feeling that he had not done his duty; that the day was a failure so far as he was concerned. His parents, seeing his mind was considerably troubled, said nothing to him about the way he had acted.

As soon as supper was over, he started to his room; but his father called him into the library, and said he wanted to have a talk with him. Jack went slowly to the library, and sat down in the chair that was farthest from his father. He was so ashamed of his conduct that he hardly dared to look up. His father thought it would do him good to look at the carpet a few minutes, so did not say anything for a while.

Presently he began: "Jack, did you shut the bars last night when I told you?" Jack could not answer. He already had too much on his mind. His father continued: "While you were over to Mrs. Brown's, Mr. Jones came over and told me that our cows were in his garden this morning, and had ruined his strawberry patch, and had done him fully twenty-five dollars' damage. Did you shut the bars, Jack?" "No, I forgot it," was the slow response. "Harry came over to see me just as you told me. I am very sorry. I will try not to be so forgetful next time."

His father said: "Yes, Jack, I know you are sorry, but I must teach you a lesson. I have punished you, and talked with you, and done everything I know to do, to get you to mind and do what you are told when you are told; but you seem to be slow to learn. Tomorrow morning you may take the twenty-five dollars you have saved to buy a bicycle, and go over and pay Mr. Jones for the damage the cows did to his strawberry patch."

It was a bitter lesson for Jack, for he had been saving the money for two years to buy the bicycle, and now to lose the fine times he had looked forward to so long, for just his own carelessness, seemed more than he could stand, and he went to bed very sorrowful, but through this experience he thoroughly learned the needed lesson.

O. A. JOHNSON.

THE United States frigate "Constellation," after sixty-six years of active and fifty years of inactive service, was anchored at the Washington Navy Yard recently, where she was reviewed as a relic by thousands of Washingtonians. Although sadly out of place in these days of superdreadnaughts, the fact that for years she was the terror of her foes, gave the "Constellation" a semblance of dignity.

THERE is no material in this world that is unpromising.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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, December 12

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
 2. Quiz on the Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
 3. A Covenant With God (twenty minutes).
 4. Social Meeting (twenty minutes).
 5. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; sentence prayers; secretary's report; review of Morning Watch; reports; offering.
 2. Tithes and offerings. Matt. 23:23; Mal. 3:8; 2 Cor. 9:5.
 3. If a minister is with you for the week of prayer, you should invite him to give a study on this or some other subject as a preparation for the week's services. Let whoever takes this theme study and pray over it much. This meeting may be the turning point in some one's life. It might be well after presenting the four declarations of the covenant which are found in the *Gazette*, to reread them slowly while the audience bow their heads in prayer, and let all who make these declarations their own say Amen at the close of each one. If possible, have the covenant duplicated so that each member can have a copy.
 4. Let this be led by the one who gives the study, or by one who can follow without a break. Very much depends on our preparedness for the week of prayer, and on what we really expect from it. Encourage all to speak, and to open their hearts to receive the blessings of God.

NOTE.—For next meeting, endeavor to have on hand copies of the Morning Watch to supply your members, copies of Missionary Volunteer Leaflet No. 40 on the morning watch, which is furnished free, and the new Missionary Volunteer Post Card "The Morning Watch." This last costs ten cents a dozen. Order of the Review and Herald Publishing Association. These will all be used in the program.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending December 12

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
 2. "How a Japanese Soldier Became a Seventh-Day Adventist Minister" (ten minutes).
 3. "A Japanese Heroine" (ten minutes).
 4. "Experiences From Our Workers in Japan" (ten minutes).
 5. Question Box (ten minutes).
 6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Singing; prayer; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; Morning Watch texts.
 2. Let one of the Juniors study this article carefully, and then tell the story of Brother Kuniya's experience in his own words. See *Gazette*.
 3. Have this story in the *Gazette* well read by one of the older Juniors.
 4. Let this be given by three Juniors, each relating one of the interesting experiences. See *Gazette*.
 5. Ask each Junior to come with a written question on Japan that he is prepared to answer. Then as the leader reads the question, let the one who passed it in rise in his seat and give his answer. This exercise will help to rivet some of the important points we have learned about Japan.
 6. Song; repeat in concert the membership pledge; a moment of silent prayer before dismissing.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 10: "A Retrospect" and "Ann of Aya"

Review

NOTE.—In answering these questions the books may be used. Write out your answers, attaching your name and address; then send your papers to the Missionary Volunteer secretary

of your conference. We are sure you will thoroughly enjoy reading the next book, "The Desire of Ages."

1. How has the reading of J. Hudson Taylor's "A Retrospect" helped you in obtaining a more practical Christian experience?

2. When was the famous "haystack meeting" held? Give (a) the name of the society formed; (b) number of charter members; (c) the work to which the members pledged themselves.

3. Name the first American foreign missionaries. To what field did they go? When were they sent out?

4. Write a paragraph on, (a) the work of the Judsons in Rangoon; (b) Mr. Judson's imprisonment; (c) the preservation of the Burmese translation of a portion of the Bible.

5. Characterize Adoniram Judson.

6. Characterize Ann Hasseltine Judson.

7. Give several helpful lessons which you have learned from their experiences.

8. What six words tell the secret of Mrs. Judson's beautiful life?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 10: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

The Story of the Flood and the Tower of Babel

1. WHY did the Lord say he would destroy the earth by a flood? Who was chosen to warn the world of the coming destruction? Describe the ark. How long was Noah in building it? What did he do all those years? How many heeded his warning?

2. What miracle was a still further evidence that Noah's message was from the Lord? Who went into the ark with Noah? How was the door shut?

3. Describe the great storm. How did it rain? How high did the waters rise? Tell some of the changes that took place in the earth during this time.

4. How long did the ark move about on the waters? Where did it finally rest? How did Noah know when the waters were dried away and things were beginning to grow?

5. What was Noah's first act on leaving the ark? What promises did the Lord make at this time? Of what is the rainbow a sign?

6. How long did Noah live after the flood? Where did he and his sons make their home? As years passed, where did some of his descendants build a city?

7. Why did they decide to build a great tower? How did their work prosper at first? What did they worship in the rooms that they finished?

8. Who came down to see the city and the tower? Why was God especially displeased with this undertaking? Tell how the work was stopped. What lessons are drawn from this experience that we may apply in our everyday lives?

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

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

76. THE charter of our society, as you will see by the inclosed copy of our charter, provides that only those can be regular members who are between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. It has been a question in my mind as to whether it is best to be so stringent in our regulations. We sometimes have young people at the age of thirteen who might become profitable members. On the other hand, there might be those who have been active members for some time who would lose interest in doing aggressive work in the society were they not full-fledged members. The work has practically been carried by young people here. The older people have in no way endeavored to take the work in their hands, so that is not the reason a limit of thirty-five was given. What do you advise?

The so-called "charter" is a copy of the "Local Society Plan," in leaflet No. 4 of the Missionary Volunteer series, on "Organization," with the addition of these age limits to membership, and a provision for an "honorary membership," made to include those over or under the ages set.

In the first place, I think that very few, if any, of our societies need any charter or constitution more than is provided in the simple plan of organization which has been adopted by the General Conference. There may be some societies in connection with institutions where the peculiar situation requires some different or additional plans, in which case a simple outline might be drawn up to follow from year to year.

It never seemed best to the Missionary Volunteer Department to set an age limit. We have tried to impress upon our churches the fact that the Missionary Volunteer Society is a *young people's* society, and that the older members of the church should not press in and monopolize the time. The young people should be encouraged to take the initiative and do things "all their own selves," for in this way they get an experience in the Lord's work. It is often true, however, that there are persons who may not be considered young who are the very life of a society,—persons who as leaders (as the

Testimonies say) "talk little and encourage a great deal," persons except for whose presence the society would dwindle. It would surely be unwise to cut out such because they have passed a certain age.

Each church should have a regular missionary meeting, in which the adult members give their reports, and where the young people may also encourage the whole church by their testimonies and reports. If, however, there is no such organization in the church, the older members who desire to work, should be encouraged to join with the young people until a church missionary society is organized. And whether or not there is such a church organization, the older members are always welcome to visit the young people's meeting, and give advice and assistance. Let us always remember that there is one great purpose in all this organization, and that is "to help others, and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

If there are not enough Juniors in the church to organize a Junior society, the Senior society should admit such as desire to join and would be benefited in doing so. These should be admitted as "Junior members," and the church membership rule should not be applied.

In general, the department reckons six to thirteen years as the Junior age, and fourteen to twenty-five the age of youth, but no hard-and-fast rule can be fixed.



XI — Nehemiah the Builder

(December 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Nehemiah I and 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build." Neh. 2:20.

Questions

1. After the foundation of God's temple was laid, who greatly hindered its completion? How? For how long? Ezra 4:4, 5, 23, 24.

2. Whom did the Lord finally raise up to help and encourage his people? Ezra 5:1, 2.

3. How did Darius, the new king of Persia, silence the meddlers? Ezra 6:6-12.

4. How did Artaxerxes, the next king, complete this threefold decree to restore and build Jerusalem? Ezra 7:12-26. Note 1. What year was this? Verse 1, margin.

5. Who was this Ezra to whom the king granted this decree? What heart restoration did he accomplish when he reached Jerusalem? Verses 6-10.

6. In which year of his reign did Artaxerxes make his decree and help Ezra and his company off to Babylon? Ezra 7:7. In which year of the king's reign was Nehemiah in the king's palace? Neh. 1:1. How long since Ezra had gone to Jerusalem? How did Nehemiah come to be in the king's palace? Verse 11, last clause.

7. Who called on Nehemiah one day? About what did he ask them? Although the work of restoration had been going on so long, what disappointing report did they give? What effect did this news have on Nehemiah? What three things did he do? Verses 2-4.

8. How did Nehemiah address the Lord? How diligently did he pray? What did he confess? On what did his faith lay hold? Of what did he remind the Lord? Therefore for what great blessing did he plead? Verses 5-11.

9. Although Nehemiah was so sad, what did he

have to do? What was the king quick to observe? Why was Nehemiah's sadness so noticeable? When Nehemiah found that his sadness was observed, how did he feel? Neh. 2: 1, 2.

10. How did he answer the king's question? What astonishing question did the king next ask? What did Nehemiah do before ever he dared to answer? What shows that the Lord both heard and answered this prayer that very moment? Verses 3-8.

11. What did Nehemiah send to the governors beyond the river? Whom did the king send with Nehemiah? Verse 9.

12. Before Nehemiah said a word about his commission, how did he secretly spy out the land? What did he then suddenly propose? How did he inspire their confidence? To what did they all agree? Verses 11-18.

13. Who despised them and laughed them to scorn? Verse 19. Repeat Nehemiah's answer of unbounded faith in God. Memory verse.

14. In what marvelously short time did they build the whole wall around Jerusalem? What did even their enemies perceive? Neh. 6: 15, 16. What seemed to be one of the reasons for their success? Neh. 4: 6, last part. Note 2.

15. What was another reason? Neh. 4: 7-9, 17: 6: 3, 4.

16. How many of these principles may we use in our character building?

Notes

1. It took seventy-nine years and the efforts of three kings to complete the decree to restore and build Jerusalem: (1) Cyrus gave the first part, in 536 B. C. (Ezra 1: 1-4); (2) Darius gave the second part, in 519 B. C. (Ezra 6: 1-12); (3) Artaxerxes gave the finishing decree, which really accomplished the work, in 457 B. C. (Ezra 7: 12-26).

"In Ezra 6: 14, we read: 'And they builded, and finished it, according to the commandment of the God of Israel, and according to the commandment of Cyrus, and Darius, and Artaxerxes king of Persia' [margin "decree," singular number], . . . showing that they are all reckoned as a unit, the different decrees being but the successive steps by which the work was accomplished. And this decree could not be said to have 'gone forth,' as intended by the prophecy, till the last permission which the prophecy required was embodied in the decree, and clothed with the authority of the empire. This point was reached in the grant given to Ezra, but not before."—*Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation*, pages 263, 264.

2. "The people had a mind to work," and besides this, each one earnestly did "his part," "over against his house." See chapter 3.

XI — Patience; Prayer for the Sick; Saving a Sinner

(December 12)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

	Questions	Notes
Sun. Patience; attributes of God's character; a strong admonition	1-3	1, 2
Mon. Prayer for the sick	4-7	3-6
Tues. Prevailing prayer; example	8-10	7
Wed. Our attitude toward those who trespass against us	11, 12	
Thurs. Saving a sinner	13, 14	
Fri. Review the lesson		

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 5: 11-20.

Questions

1. Who are counted blessed? Of what have we heard? What have we seen? What beautiful attributes of God's character are seen? James 5: 11. Note 1.
2. What strong admonition is given? Verse 12.
3. What counsel did the Saviour give concerning this same matter? Matt. 5: 33-37. Note 2.

4. What are the afflicted to do? The merry? James 5: 13. Note 3.
5. What are the sick exhorted to do? What are the elders to do? Verse 14. Note 4.
6. What will the prayer of faith do? What blessing is assured to those who are raised up in answer to prayer? Verse 15. Note 5.
7. What should those desiring to be healed do? Verse 16, first part. Note 6.
8. What is said of fervent prayer? Verse 16, last part.
9. What example is given of the power of prevailing supplication? Verses 17, 18. Note 7.
10. What assurance has Jesus given us that our prayers will be answered? John 14: 13; Mark 11: 22-24.
11. What is said of the one who succeeds in turning a sinner from the error of his ways? James 5: 19, 20.
12. When a brother trespasses against us, what did Jesus instruct us to do? Matt. 18: 15-17.
13. How does the Lord regard the saving of a soul? Luke 15: 10.
14. How is this same comforting truth expressed by one of the prophets? Eze. 18: 23, 32.

Notes

1. "The end of the Lord." The word end here means object. There was a purpose in the trial and affliction of Job. The Lord was working toward an end. It is even so in the trials and afflictions which he permits to befall each of us. In trial we are to learn that the Lord is pitiful and of tender compassion.

2. "Our Saviour did not, however, forbid the use of the judicial oath, in which God is solemnly called to witness that what is said is the truth, and nothing but the truth. Jesus himself, at his trial before the Sanhedrin, did not refuse to testify under oath. The high priest said unto him, 'I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God.' Jesus answered, 'Thou hast said.' Had Christ, in the Sermon on the Mount, condemned the judicial oath, he would at his trial have reproved the high priest, and thus for the benefit of his followers have enforced his own teaching."—*Mount of Blessing*, page 94.

3. "The remedy is prayer; not necessarily to obtain the reward of trial, but at any rate for the increase of faith, to raise the spirits, so that we be comforted and of good cheer."—*Speaker's Commentary*.

4. "In the Word of God we have instruction relative to special prayer for the recovery of the sick. But the offering of such prayer is a most solemn act, and should not be entered upon without careful consideration. In many cases of prayer for the healing of the sick, that which is called faith is nothing less than presumption."—*Ministry of Healing*, page 227. Read the entire chapter on this subject.

5. "It is labor lost to teach people to look to God as a healer of their infirmities unless they are taught also to lay aside unhealthful practices. In order to receive his blessing in answer to prayer they must cease to do evil and learn to do well. Their surroundings must be sanitary, their habits of life correct. They must live in harmony with the law of God, both natural and spiritual."—*Id.*, pages 227, 228.

6. "If any who are seeking health have been guilty of evil speaking, if they have sowed discord in the home, the neighborhood, or the church, and have stirred up alienation and dissension, if by any wrong practice they have led others into sin, these things should be confessed before God and before those who have been offended."—*Id.*, page 229.

7. It would be helpful in the study of this lesson to read carefully the story of Elijah's remarkable experience recorded in 1 Kings 17 and 18.

We should remember that Elijah was a man like ourselves, having the same passions and desires, and what God did for him in answer to prayer he is able and willing to do for us, if we continue in prayer as Elijah did.

It has been proved that the distance from east to west can never be measured. This is certainly inspiring. But there is something better for me than this; for when I am told that my sins are as far from me as the east is from the west, I know that the east and the west can never be brought together; nor can the saved sinner and his pardoned sins ever meet again.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

The Youth's Instructor

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The Transformation

WHEN the Standard Oil Company was trying to refine petroleum, there was a substance they couldn't dispose of. It was a black, sticky substance, and they couldn't bury it, couldn't burn it, because it made such a stench; they couldn't run it into the river, because it killed the fish; so they offered a big reward to any chemist who could solve the problem. Chemists took it, and neither ate nor slept over the problem; and one day a chemist walked into the office of John D. Rockefeller, and laid down a pure white substance which we now know as paraffin. You can be as black as that substance, and yet Jesus Christ can make you as white as snow.—*The Tribune-Republican*.

A Bit of Royal Discipline

THE following story relates to a bit of insubordination on the part of King Edward when a child:—

One day at Windsor Palace he stood at a French window looking out upon the gardens when he should have been studying. His governess remonstrated with him, but to no avail. Finally she told him that if he did not learn his lessons, she would have to put him in a corner.

"I won't learn," answered the youngster; "and I won't stand in a corner, for I am the Prince of Wales." At this he kicked vigorously at the window and broke two panes. The governess at once sent for his father, the prince consort, and told him the whole circumstance.

"Sit down there," said Prince Albert to his son, pointing to an ottoman, "and wait till I return." When he came back, he carried a Bible. "Listen now," he admonished the boy, "to what the holy apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position." He then read Gal. 4:1, 2: "Now I say, That the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." "It is true," continued Prince Albert, "that you are Prince of Wales and if you conduct yourself properly, you may become a man of high station, and even after the death of your mother may become king of England. But now you are a little boy who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you a saying of the wise Solomon in Prov. 13:24: 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.'" At this he gave the heir to the

British throne a tingling chastisement, after which he stood him up in the corner, saying: "You will stand there and study your lesson till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God."—*Pacific Baptist*.

German and Russian Reading Courses

WHILE we are well aware of the rapid advance of the advent message and of our Missionary Volunteer work, we confess some surprise at a demand for a Russian Missionary Volunteer Reading Course in America. But we all rejoice that young people of so many nationalities are taking their place in the ranks of the Adventist youth, with the same desire for self-improvement, and the same determination to help "finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

The war has prevented us from getting some of the books desired, so the course this year will consist of but one book, "The Mystery Unfolded." It sells for \$2, and can be obtained from the International Publishing Association, College View, Nebraska. Let all who read this extend the notice to any Russian young people with whom they may be acquainted.

On account of the war, it has been impossible to procure the book "Adoniram Judson" for the German course, so "Pilgrim's Progress" has been substituted for it. This book also can be procured from the International Publishing Association. M. E. KERN.

Making Success Safe

SUCCESS is a perilous thing. The danger is that, when we have succeeded, we shall begin to think that we ourselves were the real reason for the success. Yet there never would be such a thing as success anywhere except for God's permitting or ordering. And peculiarly is it true that whatever righteous success comes in the life of a Christian is the direct result of God's grace. Instantly and constantly we should remember that, and praise *him* for having accomplished the result. An earnest Christian business man, commenting on the peril of the effect of large financial enterprises upon personal character, writes to a friend: "O, how few of us can be trusted with big financial enterprises. I have discovered that I am never so much a failure as when I think I am a success in any direction." We fail miserably indeed when we take to ourselves that which belongs to God. One of the first essentials in letting God make us constantly successful is to live in constant remembrance of the complete failure of ourself. When our worthless self recognizes its worthlessness, then he who always succeeds has a chance to work even through our worthless self.—*Sunday School Times*.

Ask and Receive

As God desires that each should choose the best,
So he requires that each shall do his best.
And though so oft by sin he has been pained,
Yet in the end his purpose will be gained.
To walk in wisdom's ways let us begin.
There is no loss if we but cease to sin;
For Christ heals up the hurt: we're even more
Exalted than we could have been before.

Make God's sweet purpose all your own, dear friend,
You cannot fail to reach a happy end.
You can decide today; you can believe.
Just choose the best, and ask; you will receive.

S. O. JAMES.