

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ONE dollar a day for missions is the goal set for himself by one who loves this message.

"ONE ought never to speak of the faults of one's friends; it mutilates them, they can never be the same afterwards."

TRACES of gold, platinum, and uranium have been found in the sand along the seashore in Queensland and New South Wales.

EMINENT statisticians say that the European war has cost between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000 a day, totaling for the six months \$7,000,000,000.

A GERMAN scientist has invented an electric oven small enough to be placed on a microscope, to be used for heating and drying objects that are to be examined.

THE wonderful system of irrigation employed in Hawaii makes possible the production of more sugar to the acre there than in any other place on the globe.

WATCHES were at one time made oval in shape. Owing to this, and to the fact that they were manufactured in Nuremberg, they were called Nuremberg eggs.

ON January 14 the legislature of Alabama passed a law of total State-wide prohibition, to go into force on July 1 next. The vote in the House of Representatives was 74 to 26, in the Senate it was 26 to 9.

THE greatest university library in the world, also the greatest library in the world not directly aided by the state, is the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which has a collection of 700,000 printed volumes and 33,000 volumes of manuscripts.

It is reported that the sultan is preparing to remove his court from Constantinople into Asia Minor. All the valuables of the Ottoman Museum and the archives of the Sublime Porte and ministry of war have already been removed into the interior.

THE Catholics of New York State have appealed to their assembly, asking that it record itself as opposed to the present agitation against the Catholics, and that it request Congress to use every effort to suppress a further use of the mails by publications that attack the Catholic Church.

SIXTY-SIX German and Austrian trading vessels, fifty-five flying the flag of the former country and eleven the flag of the latter, are interned in American ports. All but nine of these are tied up in ports of continental United States. These nine are at Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands.

PRESIDENT Wilson pushed a button at the White House February 13 and put into operation five huge pumps to begin the draining of forty thousand acres of land in Louisiana, some of which are in New Orleans. The project contemplates the eventual reclamation of ten million acres of now idle land.

THE Elephant Butte Dam is the biggest project of its kind in the world. It is being constructed by the government on the Rio Grande, in New Mexico. Though the estimated cost of the work when completed will be six million dollars, the expenditure does not seem so great when we consider that it will furnish irrigation for one hundred and sixty thousand acres of land.

THERE is a sermon preached every year on October 16, at the church of St. Katherine Cree in London, called the "Lion Sermon." Two hundred and fifty years ago an Englishman (Sir John Gayer, of Gair) traveling in Asia found himself face to face in a desert place with a lion. His company had gone out of sight or sound of his signals for help; he was unarmed, alone, with the lion crouching for a spring. Then he cried to God to help him in his sore need, and on his knees with closed eyes prayed and waited. Opening his eyes at last, he found himself alone — safe! The lion had gone away. So good Sir John, in his gratitude, left the request in his will that every year on that memorable date a sermon should be preached telling what God had done for him.—*J. Ellis, in "Stems and Twigs."*

THE wireless is playing an active part in the war, for it is able to warn ships in mid-ocean of danger from enemies. A cable to the *Washington Post* reports a plot to destroy the French liner "Champaigne" in mid-Atlantic; but the message came over the wireless to the "Champaigne" that there was a passenger on board who had in his possession high-power dynamite bombs with which to blow up the ship. He was immediately arrested. He was evidently prepared to sacrifice his own life in order to accomplish the destruction of the ship.

A STATE-WIDE prohibition bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature. Also a bill to protect women and children against drunkards has been introduced. Heretofore it has been left to the wife to tell the saloon keeper that he must not sell liquor to her husband. By this act she was likely to suffer the vengeance of her husband's wrath. The bill provides that a health officer may remove this burden from the wife by himself requesting that no liquor be sold to the man.

WHEN you get ready to use your Morning Watch Calendar, do you have trouble finding it? If so, why not have a place for it, and always put it there? Some one has suggested putting a hole in the upper corner of the back and running a ribbon through it, so that the calendar can be hung in a conspicuous place on the wall.

Would Bar Cigarette Users as Instructors

No educational institution of any kind which is supported in whole or in part by public money, shall employ a teacher who smokes cigarettes, nor shall any institution grant a diploma or certificate of education to any one who smokes cigarettes. Such are the provisions of a bill introduced in the Wisconsin Assembly by Representative McGovan.

"DON'T look for all your blessings in the skies, or you might stumble over those already at your feet."

"GODLINESS with contentment is great gain." I Tim. 6: 6.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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NO. 10

Sunshine Farther On

THE mountain's base is wrapped in gray,
And chill and cheerless is the way,
As slow I tread the shadowed trail
That stretches upward, still and pale.
But as I rise, I see it glow
With what seemed mist and cloud below,
And soon I stand amid the dawn
Of warmth and sunshine—farther on.

O soul that beats the shadowed air
About the base and summits fair,
Be brave and patient. Mists obscure
The lower way, but hold secure
The higher path. For thou must rise
On toiling wings to clearer skies;
And though the way seems dull and gray,
It lightens toward the summit day.
Thou, too, shalt stand amid the dawn
That flowers in sunshine—farther on.

—British Weekly.

From Shanghai to Chung-King, Szechuan

(Concluded from Instructor of February 23)

EVA ALLUM



ON November 5 we passed through swirling, turbulent waters all day, the trackers now on this side of the river, then on that, then all rowing where it is impossible to track. About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Yeh Tan, the worst rapid on the river at this season of the year. The water seems to be at least two feet higher in the center than at the sides of the stream and whirls along at ten miles an hour. There were about twenty boats ahead of ours, so we had to wait more than forty hours before our boat passed the rapid. As the passage is narrow, only one boat can pass at a time.

While waiting our turn, we went on shore. A little river came down the ravine, whirling its clear waters over beds of beautifully tinted stones, worn round and smooth. We found a place where we could watch the boats ascend the rapid. One boat went over safely; the next broke its cable, and came rushing back, crushing stem into one boat, then stern into another. The rushing of the waters sounds like an angry ocean. Each boat took over an hour in passing the rapid, which is not more than a hundred yards in extent. We saw one steamer ascending, and after making two attempts, and retreating, succeeded the third time. During the last trial we could see fire pouring out of the funnel. To give some idea of this rapid, I quote the words of another: "Some idea may be given of the force of this enormous volume by mentioning the exploits of the steamship 'Pioneer,' which on three consecutive occasions attacked this rapid when at its worst, and, although steaming a good fourteen knots an hour, failed to cross. She was obliged to lay out a long steel hawser, and heave herself over by means of her windlass, the engines working at full speed at the same time; hard and heavy was the heave, gaining foot by foot, with a tension on the hawser almost to the breaking point—a veritable battle, it seemed, with the mighty dragon of the Yangtze."

Here we saw the boatmen on some of the boats bring out an old, rusty blunderbuss, ram the barrels full of powder, put in fuses, and as the boat struck the fierce waves, discharge one barrel after another into the waters till the boat was safely across. The Chinese suppose malicious spirits are in and around all dangerous places, ready to do all manner of mischief. On other boats, crackers are fired and gongs beaten all the way across.

We spent a very trying Friday at this place. In the morning there were fifteen boats ahead of ours, and by ten or eleven o'clock a number of large freighters had pulled up on the other side of us. By noon we were tightly jammed in between the two lots of boats, and as our two house boats were small in comparison with the boats around us, the sides of our boats began to give way, and by two o'clock holes had been knocked in the sides of both boats, fortunately above the water line. Friday afternoon we spent in unloading, and reloaded the evening after the Sabbath, after the boats had crossed. Here the coolies had baskets strapped on their backs, and balanced the cases across these, each man carrying one piece, no matter how large the case or trunk.

November 9 we passed through the beautiful Wushan Gorge and reached Wushan Hsien, the first city in the province of Szechuan.

The first thing on the morning of the tenth we passed through the rapid leading to the famous Windbox Gorge. This is the shortest regular gorge, but the cliffs are imposing, though not equal in grandeur to the Wushan Gorge. The wind comes in gusts through this gorge, and the men have to be very careful in handling the boat.

A doctor who came down from Chung-king with Brother Warren a few months ago, told of losing his baby in this gorge. Their boat capsized, and they crawled out of the windows on the top side of the boat. Seeing their amah on top of the boat without their baby, they asked her where it was, but she did not know. They searched in vain for it, and never saw it again. Appeals for help were made to passing boats, but no one paid any attention to them. They floated three miles down stream, when they were rescued by a red boat. During the night their boat sank with all their goods.

A little after noon, when passing the brine wells, now almost covered with water, near Kwei Chow Fu, our boat went aground, and it was over an hour before we were afloat again. There was one wreck on the wells, the boat having gone to pieces.

We passed several rapids on Wednesday, the eleventh, and saw one junk break its cable and describe several circles in a whirlpool. The soil on the hillsides is wonderfully fertile, and there are cultivated patches clear to the top of some of the mountains, making the mountain sides appear to be carpeted

with the richest velvet carpets of the loveliest tints of brown and green. Ever since we left I-chang, the scenery has been wonderfully beautiful.

We have reason to remember the Fridays on this trip. On the thirteenth we passed two quite bad rapids. My husband remembered that the Hsin Lung Tan was quite bad when he went up eight months ago, so we planned to get out and walk past that point. But our skipper told us there was no rapid there now. When we reached the place, the men tried in vain to pass one point where the water came down over the rocks in a rushing, foaming torrent, and we were swept away down the stream. Here the trackers finally rejoined us, and came on board and had their dinner. When we reached the rapid again, we took the children ashore, and the next thing we knew, our boat was rushing to the opposite side of the river as if shot out of a gun. It must have been caught in a cross current. Two hours passed before our boat finally got across and we were aboard again.

Cities of refuge are very common, and some are most picturesque. These are built on the tops of mountains, and are used as fortresses by the country people when there is danger from bands of robbers. The seventeenth we visited the Precious Stone Refuge. Here is quite a large fortress rock, with a nine-storied pagoda built up one side of the rock, reaching to the top. At the top was a large temple. All the gods in this temple were destroyed by the soldiers during the revolution, and have not been replaced. Everywhere were broken idols.

November 20 we reached Feng Teu Hsien, or the city of Tophet. This city is beautifully situated on the side of a hill, and has some good streets, and some very good houses. This place is noted for its

its judgment here. Yen Lo Wang, the king of Tartarus, is the chief divinity worshiped. We saw some immense idols, twelve feet wide and over fifteen feet high. In some inclosures hell was depicted, the king



BROKEN IDOLS IN THE TEMPLE AT PRECIOUS
STONE REFUGE

of Tartarus with an immense pitchfork, and servants dragging in unwilling subjects to be punished. These were all clay figures, colored and dressed to look quite lifelike.

In one temple we saw a clay figure of a Chinaman hanging in a Chinese scale, registering short weight, and an immense god standing over him. In another temple stood a god over ten feet high, which had a long scroll in its hands, and the priest told us this scroll represented the record which the gods keep of the deeds of every person.

Eleven huge serpents were seen in one temple, coiled around the beams and dangling their heads over the worshipers. The reason these are worshiped is said to be on account of the disappearance of the great serpents once found on this mountain.

We saw many goddesses of great size. Before one was the inscription, "Make me an offering of several candles, and I will give you several sons."

"Before the image of the king of Tartarus were numerous votive offerings, such as eyes (drawn on paper), wooden hands, arms, feet, lungs, and hearts, — all being thank offerings for miraculous cures upon such as had besought help from the god and made vows to him. Votive offerings are in very general use throughout China, and many are promised which are never paid. But the amount of offerings adorning these temples proves that many such promises are religiously fulfilled. It is not uncommon for a wealthy person to build an entire temple to a god to whom he has appealed in times of distress, and there are cases where the man also devotes himself to the service of the god, and performs the most menial services."

We noticed opium besmeared upon the hideous mouths and faces of the ferocious giant gods at the entrance to the temples and along the corridors. One of the priests told us that this was placed there by those wishing to be cured of the opium habit.

In the temple of the god of riches, we saw one god with cash in its hands, and another with dollars.

The usual crowd of children and beggars accompanied us to the boat, and we had fun watching them swim after empty milk tins. Although the water must have been very cold, they were quite willing to plunge in after such prizes.



A COOLIE CARRYING FIVE CASES OF KEROSENE OIL, THREE
HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS

holy mountain, which is covered to its top with large temples, there being over twenty in all. The Chinese believe that this is really where hell is located, and our evangelist told us that one spirit of each dead person is supposed to come to this mountain and go through

On the twenty-third we passed Fu-chau, which is a place of considerable importance. There are a large number of good buildings, some of which are covered with porcelain tiles. For several days we have noticed quite an improvement in the buildings. Practically all are covered with tile, and there are many handsome white buildings, some of which are three stories high, with balconies and stone arches, while glass windows are common. We learn that glass is made in Szechuan, though what we have seen is not of a good quality.

We passed many beautiful temples, of much more pleasing architecture than in central Honan, some of them having beautiful cupolas covered with green glazed tile.

The next few days we passed many rocky points, some of which were dangerous. In some places we were such a distance from the river banks, owing to intervening rocks, that it required two small boats to carry the tracking ropes between us and the trackers, one boat inside the rocks, and the other boat between the rocks and the bank. We saw one junk with two or three thousand feet of rope out, and no less than eight small boats between it and the shore, supporting its rope. Since leaving Hankow on October 24 we have seen the sun but twice, and it is as dull as ever. I have to string the baby's washing across the room, and have no small difficulty in getting it dry. A week ago my Primus stove refused to work, and since then we have had to do our cooking on the Chinese fire in the front.

There have lived on this boat for the last three weeks fifteen trackers, two whippers, a crew of seven, the cook, four women, and three children, and our own family — thirty-seven in all.

Moderate-sized forests are seen frequently, with charming groves of bamboo. Occasionally we see a beautiful waterfall, while everywhere the hillsides are cultivated down to the water's edge, covered with luxuriant crops.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, the captain asked my husband if we had a rifle or revolver with us. When told we did not carry one, he said he was afraid, as we were passing through a section infested with robbers. That evening the boat did not stop till we reached a good anchorage with other boats near a customs station, and that was after ten o'clock. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and we enjoyed the trip through the last gorge before reaching Chung-king, for we had but ten miles more to travel before reaching our destination.

The morning of the twenty-seventh found us in a dense fog, but our trackers started on the last stage of the journey, and by noon we found ourselves in Chung-king. We could see it but dimly through the fog. We had anchored but a few minutes when one of our evangelists came on board to greet us. It was not long before we had left the boat and were seated in sedan chairs, the only method of travel in this city, ready for our trip up the hill. The road is a series of steps, mostly cut out of the solid rock, up the hillside; and as the water is carried up from the river, this road is dreadfully muddy. It must be nearly two miles from the water's edge to our location in the city.

Up to the present, December 2, we have had but little opportunity to see the city. The hill seems to be enveloped in smoke and mist every day till eleven or twelve o'clock, when some days the sun struggles

through for about an hour, and then we are again wrapped in a mantle of smoke and mist.

This is a very crowded city of about 600,000 inhabitants. We will write about it later, when we become better acquainted with conditions.

Our first Sabbath here was certainly a relief after our Sabbaths spent on the boat. On Friday evening our hearts were rejoiced as we listened to between fifteen and twenty young persons repeat verses of Scripture from memory, and then give cheerful testimonies of their experience during the week. Two blind men, with faces alight, were among those testifying. Our hearts were stirred to pledge our best efforts to help these needy people through to the kingdom; for they surely are in need of the gospel. Never before have we seen so much drinking, smoking, and idol worship.

Thankful, indeed, are we to be here, and earnestly request that we and this work may often be remembered before the throne of grace by the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. To plan, to work, to pray, is our lot.

Chung-king, Szechuan.

Fanny Crosby, the Blind Hymn Writer

ON February 12, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, died, at the age of ninety-five, lacking a few weeks. Miss Crosby retained her physical and mental powers remarkably well. She spoke with ease at the Christian Endeavor convention held at Atlantic City in 1911. Her mother lived to be 102 years old, and her grandmother to be 106.

Fanny Crosby was born in Putnam County, New York. She was the first baby of John and Mercy Crosby. She had good eyes at birth; but when six



FANNY CROSBY RECEIVING A CALLER

weeks old she suffered from slight inflammation of the eyes. The attending physician, it is claimed, prescribed treatment that destroyed the sight. Later the services of the best physician of New York City were secured, but without avail. Though left without hope of ever seeing, she did not grow morose and gloomy.

She managed, even when a little girl, to get much fun and happiness out of her dark world. She says in her autobiography:—

"One of my principal amusements was to sit with hands clasped, or engaged in some piece of work with needles, and listen to the many voices of nature. The laughing and sighing of the wind, the sobbing of the storm, the rippling of water, the 'rain on the roof,' the artillery of the thunder,—all impressed me more than I can tell. I lived many lives with my imagination. Sometimes I was a sailor, standing at the masthead and looking out into the storm; sometimes a general, leading armies to battle; then a clergyman, addressing large audiences, and pleading with them to come to Christ; then the leader of a gigantic choir of voices, singing praises to God. My ambition was boundless; my desires were intense to live for some great purpose in the world, and to make for myself a name that should endure; but in what way was it to be done?"

"A poor little blind girl, without influential friends, could have as many ambitions as any one; but how was she to achieve them? What was there for her? The great world that could see was rushing past me day by day, and sweeping on toward the goal, while I was left stranded by the wayside. 'Oh, you can't do this, because you are blind, you know!' 'You never can go there, because it would not be worth while—you could not see anything if you did, you know;' these and other things were often said to me, in reply to my many and eager questionings.

"Often, when such circumstances as these made me blue and depressed, I would creep off alone, kneel down, and ask God if, though blind, I was not one of his children; if in all his great world he had not some little place for me; and it often seemed that I could hear him say, 'Do not be discouraged, little girl; you shall some day be happy and useful, even in your blindness.' And so it was that I gradually began to lose my regret and sorrow at having been robbed of sight. Little by little God's promises and consolations came throbbing into my mind. Not only the scriptures, but the hymns that I heard sung Sunday after Sunday, made deep impressions upon me. I began to wonder who made those hymns, and whether I myself could ever make one that people would sing."

Miss Crosby says that the greatest good fortune that attended her when a little girl was that she was taught the Bible. When ten years old she could recite without mistake the first four books of both Old and New Testaments. She also learned many beautiful poems. These created a desire to write stanzas herself; so when eight years old she produced her first lines, which reveal her optimistic spirit even at this early age:—

"Oh, what a happy child I am,
Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep or sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, nor I won't."

Miss Crosby's description of her early desire for an education is both pathetic and interesting. She says: "There was one terrible hunger that afflicted me during all these years, and that was for knowledge—knowledge, knowledge! I felt that there were a million things I ought to know, and had no means of learning. If I ever lamented that I was blind, it was through these opening days of girlhood, and that for only one

cause, the fact that it debarred me from reading for myself. The amount of literature in raised letters for the blind was very limited in those days, and I had been so accustomed to knitting that my fingers were not adapted to learning how to read by such means, even if alphabets for the blind had been common.

"So, night after night, I have gone to bed drearily, weeping because I could not drink of the waters of knowledge that I knew were surging all around me. I felt at times like a sailor on a great lake of fresh, crystal water, heated and thirsty, but bound hand and foot, so that he could not get to the blessed relief.

"'Dear God, please give me light!' was my prayer, day by day. I did not mean physical light, but mental. I always arose from my knees feeling that sooner or later those prayers would be answered. God has always had a way of granting my petitions to him."

When fifteen years old, Fanny Crosby received the good news that arrangements had been made for her to attend the school for the blind in New York City. Her eagerness for an education led her to adjust herself quickly to her new life; and though for a time she was a bit homesick, she never allowed her feelings to prevent a proper improvement of opportunities. The first obstacle that she had to meet and bravely conquer by earnest effort was arithmetic. Her regard for that study she expressed in rather strong terms,—

"I loathe, abhor, it makes me sick
To hear the word arithmetic."

However, she determined to master its intricacies, though secretly she wished every assault she made upon that study would give it a twinge of pain. English, history, and the natural sciences she enjoyed exceedingly. The lessons were given in the form of lectures and readings, and the pupils grasped eagerly every word. They, like other students, were favored with examination days, when they were called to return what had been given them by the teachers. Miss Crosby made rapid progress in her studies, and afterwards taught a number of years in the same school.

From time to time during even the early part of her school life, she composed poems that pleased both pupils and teachers. In so young a girl this doubtless produced a feeling of self-gratulation. But the good superintendent knew a quick remedy for any feelings of superiority that might come to young poets; so he called Miss Fanny to his office, and prescribed very heroic treatment for an aspiring schoolgirl. He said: "Fanny, your attempts at poetry have brought you into prominence here in the school, and a great deal of flattery has resulted. Shun a flatterer, Fanny, as you would a snake! As yet you know very little about poetry, or, in fact, anything else—compared with what there is to be known. Store your mind with useful knowledge, and think more of what you should be than of what you should appear. The favor and praise of the world is a fragile thing upon which to depend. Seek the approval of God, and of your own conscience. Remember that the very air you breathe, the food you eat, and all the ability or talent you may develop come from God. Remember that you are always in his presence; and who has any right to be vain for a moment when standing before the great Creator of all things?"

These words were like bombshells in the camp of her self-congratulatory thoughts, she said; but, despite the hot tears that came to her eyes, and the pain and mortification she felt, Fanny stepped behind the superintendent's chair, put her arms round his neck, kissed

his forehead, and thanked him sincerely for his kind words. But "the poetic sprite," she says, "was ever tugging away at my heartstrings, even though I had been forbidden to write for three months."

In order to awaken general interest in the work of the school for the blind, the superintendent or some of the teachers would take a number of the pupils and visit the leading cities during the summer vacation. Miss Crosby went on several of these trips. On one tour they went from New York to Buffalo, stopping at many places on the way, then on to Chicago. In January, 1844, she was chosen to be one of a party to visit Washington. They were asked to appear before a joint session of the two houses of Congress, and she was to deliver a poetical address. She is the first lady ever granted the privilege of addressing Congress. John Quincy Adams, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Hannibal Hamlin, Stephen A. Douglas, Rufus Choate, Jefferson Davis,—these and many others whose names are familiar to the world were among her auditors. Later she made a second visit to the capital.

Miss Crosby had very pleasant reminiscences to relate concerning persons of renown who visited the blind school. She personally met William Cullen Bryant; Henry Clay; Gen. Winfield Scott, of Mexico fame; and President Polk, who, with his Cabinet, made two visits to the institution. Jenny Lind visited the school, and sang her sweetest songs for her appreciative but blind audience.

Prof. William Cleveland in 1853 was head teacher in the school. He was called home to attend the funeral of his father. On his return he brought with him his younger brother, a youth of sixteen, to be clerk in the office. Professor Cleveland told Miss Crosby that Grover had taken their father's death very hard, and he should like her to go down to the office at times and talk with him. One day the young man copied down for her a poem that she recited from memory. The superintendent, who had been newly installed in office, happened in, and gave a very severe rebuke to Miss Crosby, who was then a teacher in the school. She was both wounded and bewildered; but young Cleveland came to the rescue. He said: "We are entirely within our rights, Fanny, and the superintendent had no business to interrupt or reproach us. Tomorrow at this time come down here with another poem; I will copy it for you; he will step into the office again as he generally does at this time; he will doubtless repeat his lecture; and then, if I were you, I should give him a few paragraphs of plain prose." The advice was acted upon, and the results were as anticipated. When the superintendent began administering his second reproof, Miss Crosby, in mildly spoken but effective prose, reminded the gentleman that her poems had been used largely for the benefit of the school and that the reciting of them had helped to increase the attendance of the school, and that she thought it proper, if any employees of the institution were willing to copy her poems, that they should do so, provided they did not neglect other duties. The justice of Miss Crosby's claim was acknowledged; at least no further interference was attempted by the superintendent.

Fanny Crosby gave to the Christian world many of its best hymns, more than eight thousand in all. "Rescue the Perishing," "Blessed Saviour," "Pass Me Not," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "My Saviour First of All," "Near the Cross," "Every Day and Hour," "All the Way," "More Like Jesus," "Re-

deemed," "Some Sweet Day, By and By," and "Stand Like the Brave" are among her best-prized hymns. She wrote under more than one hundred assumed names. Her best work, however, was done under her maiden name; so she is usually spoken of as Miss Crosby, though in 1858 she was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind musician. Miss Crosby believed that she was called by the Lord to the work of Christian hymn writing, and she also felt that because of her blindness she enjoyed peculiarly rich spiritual blessings. She said: "I verily believe that it was God's intention that I should live my days in physical darkness, so as to be better prepared to sing his praises, and incite others to do so. I could not have written thousands of hymns—many of which, if you will pardon me for saying it, are sung all over the world—if I had been hindered by the distractions of seeing all the interesting and beautiful objects that would have been presented to my notice." This expression of sweet submission to God's will that she might more effectually serve the world is akin to that remarkable but sincere statement of the apostle Paul: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake."

"Memory, when cultivated," said Miss Crosby, "grows a wonderful treasure house of ripened grain." She further added that recollecting is not entirely a lost art, although we live in rushing days of memorandum tablets and carefully kept journals and ledgers. The books of the mind are just as real and tangible as those of the desk and the library shelves, if we only use them enough to keep their binding flexible, and their pages free from dust.

Miss Crosby claimed that if she were given a little while in which to do it, she could reproduce from memory alone, hundreds, if not thousands, of her hymns. She did not write her stanzas as she composed them, but kept the entire hymn in her mind for a few days, that she might "prune and trim it through the eyes of her memory."

Many years ago Phillips Brooks gave her seventy-five topics and asked her to write verses based on them. She composed every one of the hymns before a line of any of them was placed on paper.

Sometimes she wrote her hymns according to order, as it were. W. H. Doane, a musical composer, one day came hurriedly to Miss Crosby, and said, "Fanny, I have just forty minutes to catch the cars for Cincinnati; during that time you must write me a hymn." He hummed the melody to which he wanted the words written. In fifteen minutes she gave him the words of the hymn "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." At another time a friend asked her to provide words for a tune that she had composed. The words of "Blessed Assurance" were produced. She wrote words for many of Mr. William Bradbury's compositions.

Miss Crosby was for many years interested in mission work. She frequently spoke to large audiences in behalf of such work, or engaged directly in the services of missions. One evening at a meeting in which she was assisting, a young man arose at the close of the song "Rescue the Perishing," and said that he was led to Jesus by that hymn. Then he told of his wanderings, and how he had wasted his time and money in drink; and how, while passing along the street one night, without a cent in his pocket, ragged, cold, and hungry, he heard some voices singing:—

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity
From sin and the grave."

He followed the voices until he came to a building where there was a mission meeting, and then went in and listened to the words of that hymn. "I was just ready to perish, that night," he said; "but that song by the grace of God saved me." The young man then expressed a strong desire to meet the writer of the hymn, and tell her what it had done for his soul. As Miss Crosby was present, there was, after the service, an interesting meeting of the poet and the reclaimed man.

Miss Crosby for some years past lived with a sister in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The money received from her autobiography written in 1903, she used in extending her labor of love for the betterment of earth's perishing millions.

The Trouble and the Remedy

A LETTER from a member of one of our churches says: "We are facing a serious problem in this church. It is a large church, but the attendance at the young people's meeting is sometimes up and sometimes down, and we never know what to expect. Only a few seem willing to take part in the programs or to lead in prayer. I do not know when a consecration service has been held in this society."

If the members of this society could realize what a burden their leader must carry, if they could realize how the Lord looks upon their indifference and unwillingness to act their part, if they could realize how their own spiritual and intellectual development is hindered and what their eternal loss may be, surely they would arouse themselves and shake off this lethargy.

The Missionary Volunteer Society is an association for service. The members are not there to be entertained merely, but to get under the load and lift. They are not there to be coaxed and pulled along in the Christian way, but to act as ambassadors for Christ in persuading others to be reconciled to him. Every Missionary Volunteer has signed this solemn pledge:—

Loving the Lord Jesus, I promise to take an active part in the work of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, doing what I can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world.

Do you love Jesus? I repeat, Do you love him? Three times Jesus asked Peter that searching question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter thought he did. But Jesus asked as a demonstration of that love that he give himself to the gospel work. Would the conditions mentioned above ever exist if we loved him as we should?

And what did you promise?—"To take an active part in the work." That surely would mean not only regular attendance at the meetings, but to assist in every possible way to make those meetings a success. The Christian Endeavorer pledges himself, "to take some part in each meeting, aside from singing, if opportunity is given." Should the Missionary Volunteer do less?

How shall the individual get out of this state of spiritual coma?—Begin to pray. For what?

There is a story told of a godly minister who was traveling in Scotland, and put up at a certain tavern. He was asked by the landlord to conduct family prayers. He consented on condition that all the servants of the house should be called. When they as-

sembled, the minister asked if all were present. "Yes," said the landlord, "except a poor girl we never bring in. She does the dirty work about the kitchen and is not fit to come in with the others." "I will not go on till she comes," insisted the minister. Seeing her neglected appearance, the minister took a special interest in her. When he was leaving the next day, he called for the girl and said to her, "I want to teach you a prayer, and I want you to pray it till I come back again. It is this, 'Lord, show me myself.'"

When the minister returned a few days later, on inquiring after the girl, he was told by the landlord that she was spoiled, that she was of no use, and could do no work, because she was melancholy and weeping all the time. The minister knew why. He asked to see her, and said, "Now I want to teach you another prayer: 'Lord, show me thyself.'"

Years after, this minister was preaching in Glasgow, and a neatly dressed woman came up after the sermon and reminded him of the incidents above related. She said: "I am that girl. I prayed that first prayer, and got such a view of myself that I was overwhelmed with grief and despair. Then you taught me that other prayer, 'Show me thyself,' and he showed me himself, and my grief and despair went, and I trusted him and found salvation, and he made me what I am today."

It is no sign of acceptance with God that we are satisfied. It depends on what we are satisfied with. The Lord says, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." Doubtless we all need to pray, "Lord, show me myself;" and then, "Show me thyself." Have you ever said to yourself:—

"If every member were just like me,
What kind of a society would this one be?"

The trouble, spiritual stupor.

The remedy, prayer.

Perhaps the very ones who need these admonitions will not read this article. What can the leader do? We will discuss that next week. M. E. KERN.

Our First Burmese Canvasser

OTHERS tried before, but Maung Ngae canvassed. Among his people it is the glory of the woman to sit in the bazaar and sell, but the man never. He can make big ideals which allow him to dress up and handle nothing but the money; but in general he thinks it is lowering to ask any one to buy. So our boys would touch the work with the ends of their fingers, as it were, and draw back when the sting came.

In school, Maung Ngae started too late to do well at books; and he was too impatient of the slow process of development to learn to make shoes. But we are thankful that this work provides a place for every temperament. He went with our leader in this work, R. A. Beckner, till he got into the way of making decisions for other people, and then he started out alone.

It is the Oriental way not to give a short "No" for an answer. This would be impolite. He would rather tell a lie than to do it. He dallies and evades, and when the canvasser learns to take advantage of this, he is in a fair way to success. Thousands want some one else to decide for them; and the strong, accommodating canvasser does this and succeeds. Nearly every Burman, when approached, decides that he doesn't want the paper. Then he seeks for an easy method of saying it, and in the meantime his name and address are written down and he pays the money. And afterwards he is not sorry he took it, for if the canvasser believes it is so important it must be important. So

the paper is read with avidity. This is a characteristic of the Burman — and of some others.

Maung Ngae takes yearly subscriptions for our Burmese quarterly at twelve cents a year; his commission is four cents; and he is allowed eight cents a day toward his railway fare. His food costs about eight cents a day, and his lodging nothing; for the Burmese are hospitable people. Whatever else he does, he sells papers, and that is getting the truth before the people.

He went down the Irrawaddy in his travels, and, having shown that he was making money, at an unguarded moment he was set on by thieves, who took what he had, and handled him so roughly that he was in the hospital for several days. When he came home and related this thrilling but disastrous adventure, a new enthusiasm was created, and a number of other boys wanted to go out. And right there we learned a lesson.

Maung Ngae's experiences are not wonderful, as tales of canvassers go; but he represents a long step forward in the work in Burma. The influence of this will go far. A native of Burma has succeeded in selling Christian literature in large quantities to his fellow men. Let all the world take notice.

R. B. THURBER.

An Interesting Entertainment

ONE Saturday night last spring the students and faculty of Emmanuel Missionary College enjoyed a unique program rendered in the college dining room. It was a reception given by the young men to the young women of the college. For the last five or six years the reception has been given alternately by the young women and young men, and it has come to be an annual occasion. As the young women had given a reception the previous year, we began early to plan for this one. We desired to make it equal, if not superior, to any previous one.

At this time of the year the sun sets rather late in the evening, and as the program was to begin at eight o'clock we did not have much time in which to get the room in readiness. Nevertheless, when the hour arrived it found the room and the hall through which the young women and the faculty were to enter, prettily decorated in green and white, the college colors.

Our guests were received at the entrance by a reception committee. Here was given to each a small paper pennant on which was printed, "Boys' Reception, 1914," and a mysterious number. A short program followed, an address of welcome, solos, recitations, and instrumental music forming the main features.

The chairman announcing there would be given an art exhibit, the covering was raised from several long frames which were fastened to the wall in different parts of the room. In these frames were pictures, mostly of babies, or of children under the age of fifteen. It took the audience but a short time to learn the nature of the collection, for in different parts of the room could be heard the exclamation, "Why, there is my picture!" "How did my picture get here? I did not give it to them;" "I wonder if my picture is here;" and, "Where did they get hold of this picture? I wouldn't have had any one see it for a good deal." At first there was some embarrassment as they looked at pictures of themselves when they wore long dresses or when they were in short dresses, with their little bare feet protruding. But soon each one was reconciled to the situation, since nearly all were in the same predicament.

After this interesting diversion, we again took our

seats, and listened to further musical numbers and recitations. We were then told that refreshments would be served by the refreshment committee, the chairman of which immediately came forward and took charge of the program. He held a two-quart fruit jar full of nickels, with a poster in the top saying, "Give me to missions." He said that after much thought and consideration the young men had decided that instead of spending from twenty to twenty-five dollars for ice cream and cake, this amount should be sent to the mission field. The guests were given the privilege of saying where the money should go.

We were divided into companies of six by means of the numbers given out at first, and English walnuts were passed out. At a signal every one cracked his nut. Instead of the meat inside, there was a puzzle. After these had been solved, paper pears were distributed, on which were printed puzzles concerning fruits. The answers were then given, and the group having the largest number of correct answers was presented a prize.

A camp fire scene was the next feature of the program. In one corner of the room logs had been arranged around a pile of wood. Soon the improvised camp fire was in progress, and the tired hunters and trappers came and gathered around it. After eating their supper, they told tales of their adventures. Naturally each one tried to tell a more thrilling one than the others. Then, following the suggestion of one that they sing a song that would call back old memories, they sang a medley composed of patriotic songs, and last the hymn "Good Night."

After dismissal, we were surprised to hear from different parts of the room companies of girls singing a song composed for the occasion, the sentiments of which were an expression of their thanks for the good time which they had enjoyed.

The young women added to the amount which we had raised for missions a sum equal to our own, and soon forty dollars was on the way to the mission field. We felt well repaid for our self-denial when we thought of the good that might be accomplished by it, and also because this precedent would likely lead to similar moves of greater importance.

STUART THOMPSON.

The Light Keeper

ABOVE, below, how the wild winds go
And wrest at my ocean tower;
But safe stand I 'twixt sea and sky,
And laugh at their puny power.
They lash with might the breakers white
That fret at my castle keep.
His long race done, the fiery sun
Sinks in the west to sleep.

I mark the flight of the wings of night,
Close o'er the restless sea,
And hear the knell of the wave-swung bell,
In its ceaseless monody.
Sowing the brine with jewels divine
The night queen rises lone,
And my turret light, so clear and bright,
Grows pale before her own.

When the storm god glides o'er the raging tides,
And night lowers chill and black,
I send my beam with fiery gleam
Through the driving mist and wrack.
Now red, now white, athwart the night
My warning flashes fly
Where in the dark the laboring bark
Might strike, and, shuddering, die.

— Henry Chappell, in the *English Review*.

"LET love be without dissimulation." Rom. 12:9.



Unique Alphabet of the Bible

- A** is for Adam, who was the first man;
He broke God's commands, and thus sin began.
Genesis 3.
- B** is for Book which to guide is given;
Though written by man, the words came from
Heaven.
2 Peter 1: 20, 21.
- C** is for Christ, who for sinners was slain;
By him, O, how freely salvation we gain!
John 3: 16.
- D** is for Dove with an olive leaf green;
Returning in peace to the ark she is seen.
Gen. 8: 11.
- E** is for Elijah, whom, by the brookside,
Daily with food the ravens supplied.
1 Kings 17: 4.
- F** is for Felix, who sent Paul away,
And designed to repent on some future day.
Acts 24: 25.
- G** is for Goliath—lo! stretched on the plain,
By the sling of young David, the giant is slain.
1 Sam. 17: 49.
- H** is for Hannah, how happy is she!
Her son, little Samuel, how holy was he!
1 Sam. 1: 20; 2: 26.
- I** is for Isaac, like Jesus, he lies
Stretched out on the wood a meek sacrifice.
Gen. 22: 1-13.
- J** is for Joseph, who trusted God's Word;
Was lifted from prison to be Egypt's lord.
Gen. 41: 40-44.
- K** is for Korah; God's wrath he defied,
And lo! to devour him the pit opened wide.
Num. 16: 30-33.
- L** is for Lydia; God opened her heart.
What he had bestowed, it was her joy to impart.
Acts 16: 14, 15.
- M** is for Mary, who fed on Christ's word,
And Martha, her sister, beloved of the Lord.
Luke 10: 38-42.
- N** is for Noah; with God for his guide,
Safely he sails o'er the billowy tide.
Gen. 7: 17, 18.
- O** is for Obadiah, who, the prophets to save,
Twice fifty concealed and fed in a cave.
1 Kings 18: 4.
- P** is for Peter, who walked on the wave,
But, sinking, he cried, "Lord, I perish; O, save!"
Matt. 14: 24-30.
- Q** is for Queen, who from distant land came,
Allured by the sound of King Solomon's fame.
1 Kings 10: 1-10.
- R** is for Ruth; she goes forth mid the sheaves,
Gleaning the ears the husbandman leaves.
Ruth 2: 23.
- S** is for Stephen, Christ's martyr who cried
To God for his murderers and then died.
Acts 7: 51-60.
- T** is for Timothy, taught in his youth
To love and to study the Scriptures of Truth.
2 Tim. 3: 15.
- U** is for Uzziah, in rashness and pride
Profaning God's altar, a leper he died.
2 Chron. 26: 16, 21.
- V** is for Vine; a green branch may I be,
Bearing fruit to the glory of Jesus, the Tree.
John 15: 1.
- W** is for Widow, her two mites she gave,
And trusted in God to sustain her and save.
Mark 12: 41-44.
- X** is the Cross our dear Saviour bore;
O, think of his sorrows, and grieve him no more!
John 19: 17.
- Y** is for Youth Eutychus, killed by a fall;
By a miracle wrought was recovered by Paul.
Acts 20: 9-12.
- Z** is for Zoar, where Lot wishes to be.
It reminds me of Christ, a refuge for me.
Gen. 19: 22.

—From an old primer in use more than fifty years ago.

The Influence of a Mother's Prayers

BEN MARSHALL



My mother was a woman of prayer. My recollection of her prayers reaches back to my early childhood. After my brother and I were put to bed, she would kneel beside our bed and ask God to keep us safely through the night.

It was unfortunate that we did not have a church school which we could attend, as many Seventh-day Adventist children do today. But we attended the rural school, and I can well remember how mother prayed that we would not yield to the many temptations that we daily met. Although at the time those prayers seemed to have but little effect on me, they left an impression that I never forgot.

After completing the grades in the country school, my father decided that I should continue my education, and so I was sent to high school. It was there that I began "going out" at night, as the boys with whom I associated did. This of course made a greater need

for mother to pray, and I am sure she did not neglect that need.

Time went on, and although I acquired but few of the many bad habits of the world, mother's prayers apparently were accomplishing nothing.

I recall one night when mother did not wish my brother and me to go out. Like most boys of that age, we thought we knew our business; so we did not heed her request. It was early in the winter, and the roads had been very muddy, almost impassable, and then they had frozen, and anybody that has ever driven over Iowa roads in this condition will know how rough they were.

We drove a team of small black Western ponies which were full of life and wanted to go. On our way home, just a little way out of town, there was a buggy broken down, and the ponies, becoming frightened at it, made a few jumps sidewise and broke a breast strap. The tongue came down, and then they began

kicking. We both pulled on the lines until we got them to slow up enough so I could get out and hold them by the head. In getting out, the pony on the right kicked, and I can well remember the feeling that thrilled me when her feet passed one on either side of my head.

I immediately went to their heads, and after exerting the strength that only a youth can exert when much frightened, I succeeded in stopping them. Not knowing how badly our harness was broken, and as it was very dark, we decided to complete the severing of the horses from the buggy, leave it there until morning, and ride the ponies home. This we did, and arrived home safely.

It was about a year after this incident that I was in town, having gone as usual against my mother's wishes. About ten o'clock the fire alarm was given, and soon everybody was rushing toward the large brick hotel. As it happened I was near, so was among the first to appear upon the scene. Even though a large crowd gathered immediately, the fire had such a start that it was impossible to check it. The men of the crowd began to carry the things out of the building as fast as possible, and I tried to do my part. Being a brick building, it did not burn fast; and almost everything was saved except some things on the third floor.

I well remember, as a few of us were carrying the last things out of the basement, how, when we had just got outside, one of the large chimneys fell with a crash down through the center of the building. If it had fallen a few seconds sooner, no doubt I with others should have been buried beneath the falling brick.

These are only two of the many instances which I call to mind when the Lord, I believe, saved my life in direct answer to my mother's prayers.

I was about eighteen when the impression that these prayers had been making upon me found an outward expression.

As a word of encouragement for mothers, I can say, Never give up praying for your boy, even though he seems to be entirely cold to your prayers and to be growing worse instead of better. If my mother had given up when I was growing worse, I probably should not now be in a Christian school, receiving a preparation for the Lord's work.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

A Boyhood Experience

UNDOUBTEDLY every boy that has ever learned to skate, considers it one of the most enjoyable of winter sports. The ability to glide swiftly over the ice and breathe deeply the bracing cold air appeals to every boy. He is willing to do almost anything if only he may have the privilege of skating an hour or two on the ice. He will run errands, do chores, and promise nearly everything for such an opportunity.

It was the love of skating that taught me one of the most important lessons I have ever learned. When I was about fourteen or fifteen years old my parents moved onto a farm with a small river running along the road just across from the farm buildings. Many an hour I enjoyed skating there with the boys and girls.

About two miles from our home the river had been dammed to furnish power for an old mill. The mill was no longer in use, but the mill pond still became the scene of many pleasant skating parties. Here the young people would gather from miles around. They

would first build a large fire on the ice, and then in its light play many interesting games. These occasions came to be one of the chief pleasures of the long winter evenings.

I had never attended one of these skating parties, but had often longed to go, and finally my parents promised me that I might go to the next one. Filled with pleasant anticipations I informed my boy companions that I might go to the next skating party on the dam. It was to be only about a week later, and we began talking and planning about it. They agreed to stop for me, and then we should all go together.

But it so happened that just before the night of the skating party several cases of smallpox were reported in the neighborhood, and many had been exposed. Consequently when I reminded my father of his promise, he hesitated.

"Yes, but now there are several persons sick with smallpox near there, and I think it would not be best for you to go."

"You said I could go this time," I pleaded.

"Yes, I know I did, but I did not then know any one would be sick with the smallpox."

"I shall be careful," I continued, "and I do not think I shall get it. Anyway the other boys are going."

"That may be true," said father, "but you must not go tonight. Just think how dreadful it would be for you to bring that disease home to your little brothers."

Seeing that further reasoning would be useless, I reluctantly said no more at the time.

Father and mother had planned to drive over to my uncle's on business, that same evening, and before they left I again requested father to let me go.

"No," he said, "I am afraid to let you go. You may go down on the river and have just as good a time as you could by going down there. And besides, you will have to stay here now with your brothers."

And again, just as they were leaving, he said, "I am sorry, but you stay here this time, and as soon as it is safe for you to go you may do so."

I took my skates, and with my two younger brothers went down on the river to enjoy myself as best I could.

A few more joined us, and soon we were having so much fun that I forgot all about the skating party until the boys came along and called to me.

"Hurrah! aren't you going tonight?"

"No," I replied.

"Why not? You said you were," came the response.

"Well, you see, father and mother are afraid that I will catch the smallpox," I answered.

"Pshaw, there isn't a particle of danger! That is all a scare."

"Maybe, but I can't go. They have gone over to my uncle's, and they told me to stay."

"Come on anyway," the boys continued. "They won't care when you get back safely."

"No, I think I shall stay here," I answered.

The boys went on, and I turned back to the river, saying to my companions, "How I wish I could go!" when one of them said, "Why don't you go then?"

"That is what I am going to do," I declared, and began unfastening my skates. Soon I was running down the road after the boys, and went with them to the pond.

It is needless to say that I did not enjoy myself. My conscience began to condemn me before I was halfway there. But once having yielded, it was not easy to turn back. I failed to find the pleasure in

skating on the pond that I had expected. How I longed for the boys to go home! But no; they were enjoying themselves, and it seemed to me that they would never go.

When I reached home, my father and mother had returned and had already retired. I came sneaking in, and found my way to bed as quietly as possible. The next morning as mother was preparing breakfast, I arose, and, more sneaking than ever, went over by the side of the stove and sat down, waiting results.

Mother went about her work for some time, not seeming to notice me. Finally she turned to me and asked, "Should you like to have me tell you what your father said after we left last night?"

"Yes," I feebly replied.

"When we were on the way to your uncle's," mother began, "I told your father that I was afraid you would go to that skating party. But, 'No,' your father said, 'I know he will not; I have told him not to go, and I have enough confidence in him to believe that he will obey me.' And then when we returned, you were gone."

That word confidence went through me like an arrow. To think that I had given my father reason to lose confidence in me was more than I could stand. It was a new thought to me that father had trusted me to obey him and that I had betrayed the trust.

Nothing more was said about it. Father seemed much disappointed when he saw me, but did not reprimand me. How I wished he would! He simply looked grieved. And I determined that never again would I give my father reason for not having the fullest confidence in me. If father and mother do not trust you, who will? OLIVER DENSLOW.

"Shun Evil Companions"

THINKING that I might learn some practical lesson from life, I went one afternoon to attend a trial in a higher court of the city of New York. The court room was well filled with interested visitors.

Shortly after I entered, two policemen brought to the witness stand a poorly clad young fellow. His face was pale and thin and showed deep anxiety. After taking the customary oath, he sat down in the witness chair.

The district attorney arose, and in a ponderous voice thundered out, "What is your name?"

Trembling, he replied feebly, "James Wilson."

The judge rapped on the desk and ordered, "Young man, speak louder so the jury can hear you; pronounce each word distinctly."

"How old are you?" continued the prosecuting attorney.

"Eighteen," said the boy, making a strenuous effort to speak audibly.

"For whom do you work?"

"Marshall, Ward & Co., cloth refiners."

"Do you know Jens Jenson, Jack Paul, and Kit Lolly, who have confessed that on May 28 they robbed your employers, Marshall, Ward & Co.?"

"Yes, I do."

"How long have you known them?"

"Five years."

"Have you seen them often during that time?"

"Quite often in the coffeehouse at night."

The prosecuting attorney's face flushed; he stamped his foot and paced restlessly back and forth, and in a ridiculing manner repeated, "quite often, quite often."

Then he commanded, "Tell the court just how many times a week."

"Four or five nights a week."

"You consider them your friends, do you not?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Did your friends say anything to you about their plans to rob business establishments?"

"Yes, sir, many times they asked me to join them, but I told them I would not steal any more."

"When did they ask you the last time?"

"Last night they asked me to join them."

"What did you answer?"

"I told them I was going to be straight."

"Tell the court your whereabouts May 29."

"I slept in the company's loft. At half past three I got up and swept the loft. About five o'clock I went as usual to the coffeehouse for coffee and buns. In a half hour I came back and noticed the loft was lighted. Two policemen were holding Jens, Jack, and Kit. Jack spoke to me, and said, 'James, we're caught.' The policemen took me to the station house, and I have been in the Tombs ever since."

The prosecuting attorney sat down, and spoke a few words to some men seated near him. The lawyer for the defendant made a few remarks, and asked a few questions. The district attorney then arose and said calmly, "I refuse to prosecute further."

The judge stood up. He was a kind-looking gentleman with gray hair and keen, bright eyes. With the tender sympathy of a loving father, he looked earnestly at the young man, and said gently and yet emphatically: "My boy, two years ago I was compelled to send you to a house of correction for the crime of stealing. I believe you have learned the lesson I wished to teach you. Since you have been released, you have tried to be an honest man, and there is no reason why you cannot succeed in being an honest man. But, my boy, you have made a mistake in choosing your friends and associates. You have erred in selecting worthless boys who would lead you astray. Shun evil companions. Make friends of boys who have ambitions to become true and noble citizens, young men who can be a help to you. Be diligent in the service of your employers. There is no reason why you, or any other boy with a determination to do right, cannot become a successful man. If you would succeed, be careful whom you choose for your friends. You are dismissed."

The judge sat down. I could hear the sobbing of the young man. The kind words of advice given by the judge had melted his heart. I believe the young man gained courage to take a new hold on life, and went from that court room determined to shun evil associations.

The court crier dismissed the court. The employers of the young man rushed over to him, and gave him a hearty handshake.

The jurymen stood about until they had a chance to speak to him a few cheering words.

I lingered in the court room until many had gone, and then slowly walked home. Often in reminiscent mood I see that calm, wise, sweet-faced judge leaning over his desk, looking earnestly at the young man who sat before him, and hear him say gently and yet forcefully, "You have tried to be an honest man. You have made a mistake in choosing your friends. Shun evil associations. If you would succeed, be careful whom you choose for your friends."

DUDLEY C. NEWBOLD.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, March 20

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts for the week.
2. Report of the personal work band.
3. Bible Study: "The Earthly Sanctuary." See *Gazette*.
4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts: Ex. 25:8; Heb. 8:1-5. Review last lesson and previous texts.
5. Talks: "From the United States to Switzerland;" and "Spain." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in the *Gazette*.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending March 20

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts for the week by giving each an opportunity to state some thought learned from his study the past week.
2. Reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "The Earthly Sanctuary." Review last lesson. See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Heb. 9:3-5.
5. Mission Talks: "The Truth Winning Its Way in Spain;" "Cheering Messages From Spain;" "The Work Onward in Spain." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in the *Gazette*.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8—Lesson 23: "The Desire of Ages"

Review of Chapters 1 to 47

NOTE.—Select ten of the questions given below; referring to the book if you desire, write out your answers and forward your paper to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. Do not fail to complete the book.

1. At the advent of Christ in what three ways was the world especially prepared for the spread of the gospel?
2. What two natures has Christ, and of what importance is this fact to us?
3. Characterize his childhood and youth.
4. What constituted Jesus the Messiah?
5. What is the first recorded miracle?
6. Give ten practical lessons from the Sermon on the Mount.
7. What do you regard as the three most wonderful miracles of Jesus up to this point in his ministry, and why?
8. Tell what was the purpose and meaning of the transfiguration.
9. How was Christ regarded by the Jewish rulers? By the people in general? By his disciples?
10. Characterize John the Baptist. What can you say of the importance of his work and mission?
11. Give five practical lessons for Christian workers from Christ's experience with the woman of Samaria.
12. What is the most helpful thought you have received from "The Desire of Ages" thus far?

Junior No. 7—Lesson 23: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

The Story of Daniel

1. Who was Daniel? What strange thing happened to him when he was still a youth? With what young men was he closely associated? What kindness did the king think to bestow on Daniel and his friends? Why did they not wish to eat the meat from his table or drink wine? What test was arranged? How did God bless these young men for the stand they had taken?
2. Why did King Nebuchadnezzar order that all the wise men of Babylon should be destroyed? What favor did Daniel ask? Tell how the dream was revealed to him. To whom did he give the honor when the king asked if he could tell the dream and its interpretation?
3. In your own words tell the dream of the king, and give its meaning. When the king heard it, what did he do? How were Daniel and his companions honored?
4. What great idol did the king set up in the plain of Dura? What did he cause to be proclaimed? What three men disobeyed his command? Why? What was done with them?

How were they delivered? What decree did King Nebuchadnezzar make at this time?

5. Though Nebuchadnezzar acknowledged the greatness of God, in whose strength did he still trust? What dream was given to him one day as he was resting in his palace? Who was called to tell the meaning of the dream? Why did he not at once reveal it? What did the king say?

6. What was the meaning of Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the great tree? What warning did Daniel give to the king? Tell how the dream was fulfilled. When did the king's understanding return to him? What message did he then send through all the world?

7. Who was Belshazzar? How did he defy the living God? How did this wicked feast end? Who advised the king to send for Daniel? What rewards did Belshazzar offer? What did Daniel reply? Give the meaning of the writing on the wall.

8. By what kings was Babylon, the head of gold in King Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the great image, overthrown? Who took the kingdom? What was it called? To what part of the great image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream did this new kingdom belong?

9. How highly was Daniel honored by King Darius? Why? Relate the details of the plan by which Daniel's enemies sought to overthrow him. What did Daniel continue to do? When his enemies complained to the king, how did Darius feel?

10. How did Darius pass the night when Daniel was cast into the den of lions? Where did he go very early in the morning? With what words did Daniel greet the king?

11. What punishment was given to the men who had tried to kill Daniel? What writing did King Darius send to all the nations of the earth? Tell one way in which this experience of Daniel's may be a help to us.



Eleventh Week

March 14. Judges 1-3: Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar.

March 15. Judges 4, 5: Deborah and Barak, a song of victory.

March 16. Judges 6-8: Gideon.

March 17. Judges 9, 10: Abimelech, Tola, Jair.

March 18. Judges 11, 12: Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon.

March 19. Judges 13-16: Samson.

March 20. Judges 17-21: Review Judges. What great lesson is taught by this book? Mark with a star the two chapters that contain, (1) a song of triumph, and (2) a beautiful parable.

The Judges

"The judges were temporary and special deliverers, sent by God to deliver the Israelites from their oppressors; not supreme magistrates, succeeding to the authority of Moses and Joshua. Their power extended only over portions of the country, and some of them were contemporaneous. Their first work was that of deliverers and leaders in war; they then administered justice to the people, and their authority supplied the want of a regular government."—*Peloubet*.

The following outline shows the different periods of Israel's bondage, as recorded in Judges, and the men raised up to deliver them:—

First servitude (to Mesopotamia)—Othniel.

Second servitude (to Moab)—Ehud, Shamgar.

Third servitude (to Jabin and Sisera)—Deborah and Barak.

Fourth servitude (to Midian)—Gideon, Abimelech, Tola, Jair.

Fifth servitude (to Ammon)—Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon.

Sixth servitude (to the Philistines)—Samson.

The Book of Judges

This is the second of the historical books, and takes its name from the class of men whose deeds it recounts. The story of thirteen of the fifteen judges of Israel is told in this book; and though the chronology of this period "is beset with great and perhaps insuperable difficulties," it seems to be agreed that the time covered is about three hundred years. The authorship of the book is uncertain; "Jewish tradition ascribes it to Samuel, although portions belong to earlier times, and a few references must have been incorporated later." But whoever the author, it is evident that he had a well-defined plan in mind. His object was to show that "the only way to happiness was to shun idolatry and obey the commandments of the Lord."

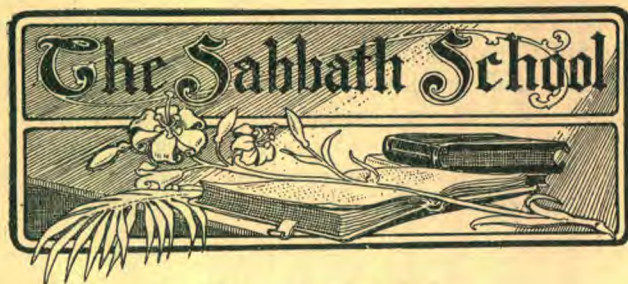
The book falls naturally into two divisions: (1) Chapters 1 to 16, a history of the wars of deliverance; and (2) chapters 17 to 21, an appendix to the main portion of the book, added to show the sin of Israel during the time of the judges.

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work in the North American Division Conference for Quarter Ending September 30, 1914

[illegible]

* Pages of tracts. † Second and third quarters' reports published together in previous summary.

M. E. KERN, *Secretary M. V. Dept. of N. A. D. Conf.*



XII — Two Masters

(March 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 19-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Matt. 6: 26.

Questions

1. Where does Jesus forbid his children to lay up treasures for themselves? What reason does he give for not laying up treasures on earth? Matt. 6: 19.
2. Of what better treasure house does he tell them? In what respect is it better? Verse 20.
3. What additional reason does he give for laying up treasure in heaven? Verse 21. Note 1.
4. What is the light of the body? Only what is necessary to have the whole body full of light? Verse 22; Luke 11: 34-36.
5. What will be the condition of the body if the eye is sometimes fixed on evil things? Matt. 6: 23. Note 2.
6. What conclusion therefore is drawn? Why is it impossible? What two masters are especially mentioned? Verse 24.
7. Because it is true, what advice does Jesus give in regard to such things as food and raiment? What are we to regard as of greater importance? Verse 25.
8. What do the fowls of the air not do? Yet who feeds them? Since we are worth much more than the birds, what may we also expect from our Heavenly Father? Memory verse.
9. However anxiously we may take thought, what can we not do for ourselves? Verse 27.
10. What question would this raise in our minds about providing raiment for ourselves? What should we consider in regard to the lilies of the field? How do they grow? Verse 28.
11. With all his caretaking, who was not arrayed like one of these. Verse 29.
12. What should we therefore learn from the lilies? Verse 30.
13. About what should we take no anxious thought? Verse 31.
14. Why is it unnecessary? Verse 32.
15. On what condition shall all these things be added unto us? Verse 33.
16. What room is there left in the life of God's children for worrying and borrowing trouble? Verse 34.

Notes

1. Jesus did not forbid our having treasures, he only forbids our laying them up in an unsafe place. It is to our own advantage to do as he says. In Matt. 19: 21 and Prov. 19: 17 we learn of one way in which we can lay up treasures in heaven.

2. "All that is needed to direct the body is that the eye be fixed right. No other light is required." It must not wander from one thing to another nor "see double." It must look steadily at a single object; then the body will have no difficulty in making straight paths for its feet. In crossing a stream on a log, there is little danger if a person fixes his eye on some object at the farther end; but if he looks down on the moving waters, he is likely to become dizzy and fall. If our eye is steadily fixed on heaven, heaven will be our goal; but if our

eye wanders to the fleeting shadows of earth, we shall lose our footing and be swallowed up in darkness. As we read in Luke 11: 36, there must be "no part dark."

XII — Two Masters

(March 20)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. Laying up treasure. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 133-135. Questions 1-6.
 Mon. Two masters. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 139, 140. Questions 7-12.
 Tues. Be not anxious. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 141-146. Questions 3-16.
 Wed. First the kingdom of God. Questions 17-20.
 Thurs. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 147-150.
 Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 19-34.

Questions

1. Why is it not worth while to lay up treasure upon earth? Matt. 6: 19.
2. Where does it please God to have us lay up treasures? Verse 20, first part.
3. What shows that the heavenly treasure is secure? Verse 20, last part.
4. Why would our Father have us lay up treasure in heaven rather than on earth? Verse 21.
5. What are "treasures upon earth"? "Treasures in heaven"?
6. What figure illustrates the importance of walking in the full light of truth? Verses 22, 23.
7. Why can no man serve two masters? Verse 24.
8. What two masters are mentioned here? Verse 24, last part. Note 1.
9. What would our Heavenly Father have us not grow anxious about? Why? Verse 25. Note 2.
10. Give a comforting example of his care. Verse 26.
11. How does he reason with us? Verse 26, last part; verse 27.
12. What other daily necessity are we not to grow anxious over? Verse 28, first part.
13. How do the lilies grow? Verse 28, last part.
14. With what result? Verse 29.
15. What lesson would Jesus have us draw? Verse 30.
16. What exhortation is repeated? Verse 31.
17. What is the basis for this counsel? Verse 32.
18. What is to be our first concern? Verse 33, first part.
19. What will then be added? Verse 33, last part.
20. What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Verse 34.

Notes

1. The word serve used here means *be a slave or servant to*. The term Mammon is an Aramaic word meaning *wealth* or *riches*, corresponding to the Greek name for the god of riches, Pluto. The term is evidently used here to refer to the material things of life, such as food, drink, and clothing. The contrast between the service of the two masters, God and Mammon, is carried through the rest of the chapter, the one a tender father, the other a worker of evil through "gnawing care."

2. For "take no thought" in these verses the Revised Version reads "be not anxious." The original word means to *divide the mind*, and is used in Phil. 4: 6; 1 Cor. 7: 32, 33; and elsewhere. The noun form of the same word is used in Matt. 13: 22; 1 Peter 5: 7 (for the word care); and elsewhere.

"If I knew you and you knew me—
 If both of us could clearly see,
 And with an inner sight divine
 The meaning of your heart and mine,
 I'm sure that we should differ less,
 And clasp our hands in friendliness;
 Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
 If I knew you and you knew me."

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Learn

Be a student always and ever. Be an observer. Use your eyes, ears, your head, and let nothing pass you by without first clinching its value, studying its meaning, getting its lesson. Learn.

"Find out."

Learn from the open book of nature, from people, current events. Learn all the time from everything you can, everywhere. Read the thoughts of the day as far as you can fathom, then apply your knowledge and get power.

"Find out."

Never too old to learn! John Milton says, "I am blind, past fifty years of age, but I am completing my 'Paradise Lost'!" Michelangelo says, "Though seventy years of age, I am still learning." Daniel, past fourscore years, says, "In the first year of his reign [Darius's] I Daniel understood by books the number of the years." Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man," it is said, was never without a book of some kind either in hand or in pocket.

"Find out."

Learn by doing. The world does not ask, What do you *know*? but, What can you *do*? Skill comes from repeated action. Try again. Let the plane cut a smoother and finer shaving. Result: "An invisible joint. Keep a keen edge. In an examination in one of the schools of the East, out of 1,122 pupils, 859 spelled incorrectly the word too. Which, whose, and school were also spelled in many different ways. In another school, words taken from the examination papers were spelled like this: Duells, jelsosie, apposit, ficle, preasant, peece, courdisse, loose for lose, Rip Van Rincle, Harries for Harry's. Learn to spell.

"Find out."

For the teacher to *impart* knowledge is good, but for him to *implant love* for knowledge is vastly more important. The divine pedagogy reads: "Search the Scriptures;" "Study to show thyself approved;" "Learn to do well." The registrar of the great Leland Stanford University once said to the writer, "Is the young man whom you are recommending a *student*? We care little for credits, diplomas, etc.; the big item that concerns us in admitting young men and young women to this institution is, Is he or she a real student?"

"Find out."

Learn to pull your mind together. That's concentra-

tion. Ruskin says, "You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with accuracy,—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person."

"Find out."

I. C. COLCORD.

How a Woman Should Sign Her Name

WHY do some women persist in signing their name in a way that the recipients of their letters cannot tell how to address them? It is embarrassing not to know whether the writer is married or unmarried; but it is even more perplexing not to know whether it is a man or a woman one is about to address.

In signing her name a woman should not use only the initials of her given and middle names with the surname. This is man's prerogative.

Custom and good sense have decreed that a woman shall have a name that will disclose her sex at least; and good form also demands that one shall in writing to strangers reveal whether she is married or unmarried. Then no woman should ever cast aside all conventions, and sign her name as P. Smith or S. R. Jennings. Even suffragettes should adhere to this decree of good form; for man alone, it is to be remembered, is allowed to use only initials without title or given name. The following from "Good Form" may dispel other perplexities that seem to trouble some feminine writers:—

"A married woman should never sign her name with the prefix Mrs., unless the Mrs. is in parentheses; thus, (Mrs.) Irma Stuart. But the following form is preferable: If Bertha Smith is married to Mr. John Jones, she should sign her name Bertha Smith Jones or Bertha S. Jones, whichever she may prefer. This is the proper signature for all business matters, and the one to be used in writing to her friends and acquaintances. In concluding a business communication, if she has doubts whether the person to whom she is writing knows her married title, she writes it in parentheses beneath her name, or places it at the left, thus,—

"Bertha S. Jones.

"Mrs. John Jones,

"Takoma Park, D. C.

"An unmarried woman on her visiting cards should use the title Miss, but never in her ordinary correspondence. In business communications where she is a stranger to the person addressed, she should prefix the title Miss, making sure to inclose it in parentheses."

Discouragement

NEVER allow yourself to become discouraged in the prosecution of any line of endeavor that is proper and right for you to do. Discouragement, if allowed to dominate, always results in failure. A thoroughly discouraged man or woman is absolutely unfitted to put forth effort toward the accomplishment of any enterprise, however necessary or worthy the enterprise may be.

Discouragement in well-doing never does anything except to blast our hopes and defeat our purposes. God himself is powerless to aid any human being who tenaciously clings to discouragement. On the other hand, a cheerful and hopeful disposition contributes much toward success in both the business life and the Christian life.

J. W. LOWE.