

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

May 25, 1915

No. 21



"I'M HELPING GOD MAKE THE FLOWERS GROW"

DR. FREDERICK LOEFFLER, discoverer of diphtheria bacillus in 1884, is dead.

THE plague of typhus fever still rages in Servia. Several foreign physicians at work there have taken the disease, and some have died.

THE *Methodist Recorder* makes the statement that Wesley's Chapel, at Kingswood, Bristol, England, is the oldest chapel in the world. It was built in 1740.

THE total income for the first month of the Panama-Pacific Exposition was \$823,882.07, and the total expenditure \$738,417.43. During the month 2,024,704 persons visited the grounds.

THE president of Bryn Mawr College, Miss M. Carey Thomas, has inherited the entire estate of Miss Mary Garrett, who died on April 3. The value of the estate is estimated at \$2,000,000.

THE world's record for speed in typewriting has been broken by Miss Margaret B. Owen, of Passaic, New Jersey. Miss Owen's record is 132 words a minute for sixty minutes, at a contest in Boston on April 12.

THREE years ago a Boston man bought a little steamer that was lying off the coast of Maine where it had been wrecked. The purchase price was \$600, and now he is realizing an income of \$20,000 a month from it as a carrier of cotton from Southern ports to Europe.

FRIDAY afternoon, May 7, the steamship "Lusitania" was torpedoed by a German submarine when the great vessel was only about five miles from the Irish coast. More than a thousand persons are reported to have lost their lives in this great war tragedy. More than one hundred of these were Americans.

COMPREHENSIVE national laws prohibiting all working painters from using white lead or products containing it in any form, have recently become effective throughout France. This legislation, aimed at the commonest source of lead poisoning, is the most drastic step yet taken in the attempt to check the ravages of this industrial disease.

AN ingenious aid to the firemen who must enter burning buildings is the shower-bath uniform. A perforated ring encircles the helmet, from which, when the water is turned on, a shower pours continually down over the uniform. The new uniform was first tested in Cincinnati, Ohio, where a fireman dressed in one of these suits stood in a good-sized bonfire for fifteen minutes without even feeling the heat.

LAST summer a police captain of New York City organized a force of junior police to cooperate with the regular police force. In the first six months he has enrolled three hundred junior policemen, boys from twelve to fifteen years of age. They bind themselves not to smoke cigarettes, shoot craps, build bonfires, steal, or swear. In a hundred ways they are helping to make their neighborhood safer and better to live in.

### Wanted

THE circulating manager of the *INSTRUCTOR* has occasional calls for the 1912 Temperance Annual, which edition has been exhausted. Any one having a copy of this number and willing to dispose of it by sending it to D. W. Reavis, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C., will enable the office to favor those who greatly desire it for reference.

### A Proper Ambition

GOD does not bid the youth to be less aspiring. The elements of character that make a man successful and honored among men—the irrepressible desire for some greater good, the indomitable will, the strenuous exertion, the untiring perseverance—are not to be crushed out. By the grace of God they are to be directed to objects as much higher than mere selfish and temporal interests as the heavens are higher than the earth. And the education begun in this life will be continued in the life to come.—*Christian Education*, page 70.

### Own Up to It

WHY not say, "I was in the wrong"? That is the noble part.

"Some people imagine, once they have made a mistake, it is nobler not to confess it. . . . Here is the great missionary, the chief of the apostles, at the end of his life writing down his confession: 'I made a mistake about a young man years ago. Barnabas was right, I was wrong. Mark had another chance through Barnabas, and he has been profitable to me.'"

Yes, indeed! Many a heartburn would be healed if we were great enough to say: "I was wrong. I am sorry. Forgive."—*Young People's Weekly*.

### True Courage

IF you have a disagreeable thing to do, never postpone it until tomorrow. March bravely up to the dentist's door, if you have an appointment. If you have been at fault, go to your teacher or your father and confess that you were in error. Nothing is more cowardly than to shrink from doing a thing, either because it will hurt you physically or because you will incur blame and possibly punishment by your candor. Of two kinds of courage, that which is moral is higher than that which is physical, but an all-round boy must try to possess both. Make it a rule not to shrink from a disagreeable duty, if duty it be.—*Selected*.

THE college does not train boys and girls for any special work. The volume of their training is this—it shortens their period of apprenticeship. If the college has done its duty by the graduate, or the graduate has done his duty by his alma mater, he has acquired not mere information and scraps of science, but also method, the habit of correct thinking, the power of profiting by hints and experience.—*Chicago Record Herald*.

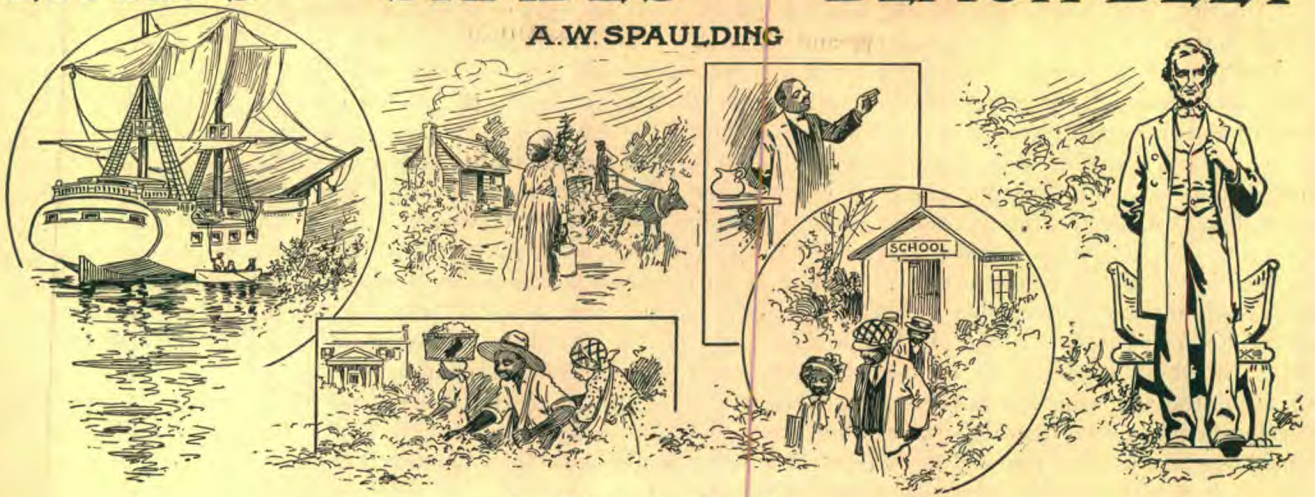
BLESSED are they who labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.—*Henry van Dyke*.

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# LIGHTS and SHADES in the BLACK BELT

A. W. SPAULDING



## A Rising Storm

(Concluded)



THE "Nat Turner insurrection," or "Southampton tragedy," has the distinction of being the only uprising planned by slaves in the South which came to a head. It was crushed out almost at its beginning, and was but an illustration of the fact that no slave insurrection in the United States could hope to succeed. The white population was in the majority in even that section where the slaves were greatest in number, and it was possessed of all the advantages of knowledge, power, wealth, and training, against which it was impossible for the slave population, ignorant and unorganized, to make more than a sudden, brief, desperate struggle. Only where the slaves were overwhelmingly in the majority and the territory was isolated from other sections, as in the islands of the West Indies, could there be any successful uprising.

Yet the terror of Nat Turner's insurrection lay upon the South; for, while no white man could doubt that the slaves could be crushed should they rise, the fear was not the final outcome of such a tragedy but the personal consequences to the white population in the Black Belt, where the lives of women and children no less than of men would be at the mercy of the vengeful serfs.<sup>1</sup> There were bonds of sympathy and love between thousands of slaves and masters, and the spirit of Christianity was evidently at work in the hearts of many of these erstwhile pagans, but yet it was remembered that Denmark Vesey and his chief lieutenants were of the class most intimate and most kindly treated by their white masters against whom they plotted, and that Nat Turner, an ordained Christian minister, had found inspiration in his religion for insurrection and massacre. No man felt well enough acquainted with the Negro population in his vicinity to assure himself there was no danger. Who could know but that in the servants of his own plantation, the personal attendant, the slave preacher, he

was not nursing a vengeful enemy, be he called villain or hero? It was little comfort to know that the nation was strong if the household was helpless; for each man loved his own life.

Let it be remembered, also, that Christianity, for all its wide and beneficent influence, was not the ruling power in the majority of souls. The bare principles of Christianity have never swayed the majority. And, along with other causes, the terror that now spread widely, affected the progress of the gospel among the slaves. Devoted Christians might still do their part, and urge upon others the necessity of evangelizing the slave, but the average man responded that the slave could be kept under only by the exercise of force, and to force the majority resorted.

Not only State laws were passed and enforced restricting the liberty of slaves to gather or to be preached to, but local measures were taken to see that the slaves were kept in. "The patrol," composed usually of the young white men of a community, would police the highways and guard the crossroads, and woe to the slave caught out of bounds after nightfall, unless armed with his master's written permit. He was flogged by the patrol, or returned to his owner for the same treatment.

Yearly the strain became more intense, public opinion more sensitive, and the natural instinct of self-protection more inextricably bound up with the determination to hold the slave more tightly, and to resent any influence that bade him look toward freedom. Whether the attempts at insurrection on the part of the slave did any good to the cause of freedom is a matter of differing opinion, but certain it is that these, like the first efforts of Moses in Egypt, brought the slaves immediately into more bitter bondage.

The hope of successful insurrection was crushed out after Nat Turner's failure, and did not again make any appearance under Negro leadership. The slave who longed to be free turned rather to the hope of escape into a land where slavery was unknown. Slowly and vaguely he came to know that freedom was becoming the lot of slaves in the most enlightened parts of Christendom. The Northern States of the American Union had one by one abolished slavery, and before the forties its blot was purged from the domain of Great Britain, an example preceded by the Spanish countries and followed shortly by France, much later by the Dutch, and last of all, after American emancipation, by the Portuguese in Brazil. Chris-

<sup>1</sup> Even at the present day, now and then one curiously comes across the vague fear of a general Negro insurrection, a fear based not on present conditions, but on tradition. But a few days ago a good and pious neighbor, apropos of the European war, told me that in but one case could he be induced to engage in war, and that was if the Negroes should rise against the whites. In reply to my astonishment at such a thought occurring to him, here in the mountains where the white population outnumbers the colored a thousand to one, he seriously maintained, with reminiscences of his *ante bellum* boyhood, the idea that there would yet be insurrections and a race war.

tian America, both North and South, was not unanimously but widely opposed to slavery, and through the "grapevine telegraph" the slave of the border States, and even of the States on the Gulf, received word of the successful escapes of his companions into the North and Canada. The slave interests of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri came to exercise the watchfulness of the frontier in time of war. The man or woman of color who would pass the line must be vouched for by an attendant owner, or be able to produce manumission papers that proved his right to control his own person. Some of the more intelligent slaves, in their attempts to escape, at great peril borrowed the manumission papers of friends whose description fairly fitted themselves, and sometimes succeeded by this means in passing into free territory.

In such a way did Frederick Douglass, after one vain attempt, succeed in 1838 in escaping from Maryland to New York and New England, where soon his genius and power as an orator attracted the attention of abolitionists, who trained him into a platform orator of wonderful influence. By 1845 he had attained an eminence, as a representative of the Negro race and of the cause of emancipation, which marked him as the foremost leader of the Negro in America, a position he kept until his death.

It was not every escaping slave, however, who found this ease in passing the frontier. The most of the slaves traveled furtively by night, hiding by day in the woods and swamps, and subsisting on the fruits of the field or the bounty of "the quarters," which they secretly visited along their road. For seldom would any slave, however content himself, betray another or refuse to help him toward freedom. Too well he knew that, be his own master ever so kind and indulgent, the system was one that gave occasion to the cruel and the vicious to indulge their passions upon the helpless slave. And who knew when, by some unexpected turn of fortune, even the most fortunate might fall into worse fortune?

Nor were there lacking, even within the boundaries of serfdom, white people whose hearts impelled them to help the slave. It was not by any means every friend of the slave who felt free to assist or even sanction his escape to free territory. The "rights of property," respect for the law, most often outweighed the impulse to right a gigantic wrong by personal action. But some there were who more or less laid aside these considerations when face to face with the evils of slavery. Especially was this true among the Quakers, who were strong in Virginia and North Carolina, and who, almost universally the foes of slavery, often did not scruple to lend active assistance to the slave who wished to escape. Cooperating with Friends in the North, some of them kept moving streams of liberty-loving slaves, disguised as servants of assumed masters, secreted under loads of produce in farmers' wagons, and even packed in freight.

Thus in time was created the "underground railroad," that institution of mysterious name, which was simply a system of smuggling slaves from the land of their bondage to Canada or the Northern States, taking them secretly from "station" to "station,"—which were the homes, or barns, or warehouses of the "railroad" agents. There were well-defined routes and stations, known only to those in the secret. These were especially plentiful through Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, which lay between the Ohio River and Canada, but there were also considerable operations

in the eastern division, through Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, and in the western, from Kansas through Iowa and Illinois. There were many faithful men and women engaged in this transportation business, by the slave owners denounced as piracy, but by the abolitionists counted as the service of God. None were more active nor more typical than Levi Coffin, a Quaker of North Carolina, who began operations in his native State, but moved in 1826 to Indiana, where his house at Newport became the meeting point of three distinct lines of the underground railroad. Among the women workers were Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Laura Haviland.

Nor were the Negroes of the North to be counted out. No one did more active, successful, and dangerous work than Harriet Tubman, who, though a price was set upon her, ventured again and again into the slave States to assist her people in fleeing to freedom. Short and stout, she had the strength of a man, and more than once had physical encounters in her efforts to free slaves, in which she came off victorious. There was also that gaunt sibyl Sojourner Truth, who was often found on the platforms of the antislavery workers, and whose rude eloquence was frequently more powerful than the polished eloquence of the orator. Freed from slavery in New York in 1822, she made her home in Battle Creek, Michigan, which became an important junction point of three lines of the underground railroad.

In the far West of that period, the struggle over slavery was more savage than in the settled East, and in Kansas it rose into the dignity, or at least the barbarity of a factional war. Prominent in those troubles was the stern figure of John Brown, whose operations on the underground railroad were at once the most extensive, the most determined and ruthless, and the most successful. Often scorning secrecy, he took large bands of Negroes out of the slave country and marched them, armed, through the intervening States to Michigan and Canada. How his passion to free the slaves developed at last into the plot to free them by force, in which attempt came the tragedy of Harper's Ferry, is a well-known incident in American history.

The slavery question, agitated before the Revolution, discussed and almost reaching a settlement in the Constitutional Convention, flamed anew under feeding causes until it was the consuming question in the nation. Some of the causes which contributed to this have been mentioned in this article, others will be discussed in the next. The political results were the division of the nation into Southern and Northern sections, the one upholding the system, the other at first shirking and later with determination opposing it. The political battles of the first half of the nineteenth century became tinged with one or many phases of the slavery question. The giant intellects of our history—Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Clay, Calhoun—were exercised by its claims. The Mexican War was precipitated in 1848, and the immense territory of New Spain added to our own, by the desire for more slave territory. The second quarter of the century was filled with disputes, demands, concessions, compromises. Missouri was added to the slave column, Kansas was debated in blood, while the eastern border States, less ruffianly than the new West, were nevertheless the scene of many clashes, not all bloodless, between those who upheld the rights of property in the slave and those who counted resistance to the traffic a duty to a higher law than the Constitution.

The Fugitive-Slave Law of 1850 required the civil officers of every free State to assist in the capture of runaway slaves; the Dred Scott decision in 1857 settled by judicial decree the right of slaveholders to retain their slaves in free territory. Conscience and interest were struggling for control in the minds of the multitude. Meanwhile, beneath the surface, the heart of the slave prayed; here and there his spirit dared aspire for freedom. Love and loyalty to good masters more than once struggled with the desire to taste the joys of freedom. It might be true that his material wants would be less satisfyingly filled, but who that has touched the tip of his tongue to the wild tang of freedom could forget it?

With uneasiness the nation watched the rising storm, where on the one side the winds of public conscience, driven by fearless and reckless agitators, stirred themselves to a dreaded duty; where on the other side the sullen, murky clouds of self-interest or apprehension refused to give way; while underneath rolled heavily the sea of servile souls, whose depths no eye could fathom, and whose unawakened power no man could know.

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#### Go, Work Today

THE newsboys stand upon the street,  
With ready feet and earnest face,  
As they their well-learned cry repeat,  
And with a rough, though kindly grace,  
Make haste to sell the *Daily Times*,  
Or other paper, if you choose,  
Which tells of many sins and crimes—  
The *Journal*, *World*, or *Evening News*.

The wise will understand the signs,  
And haste to warn a guilty world;  
For surely these are perilous times;  
The depths of sin each day unfurled  
Will soon bring down God's righteous wrath  
On all who his last call refuse;  
E'en now his judgments on the world  
All men may read if they but choose.

O righteous Father, may all those  
Who love thee, and believe thy word,  
Make haste, for time is soon to close.  
Just now thy truth all may afford;  
Now may the message thou hast given,  
To show to all the way of life,  
Be told to all men under heaven  
Before the world is filled with strife.

HARRY HUNT.

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#### Beacon Lights

ALONG the coasts of China and Japan there are many sunken rocks and swift currents which render navigation dangerous, and it is very necessary for seamen to know at all times just where they are.

The governments of both China and Japan have placed lighthouses at prominent points along their coasts to guide the mariners. Each lighthouse has some distinctive thing about it to identify it. Some are what are known as three-flash lights; others, four-flash; and others, disappearing. They differ also in power, some being first-power lights, others third-power, and so on.

A three-flash light is one that flashes for one second, three times, at intervals of five seconds, and then remains hidden for half a minute. A four-flash light flashes four times in the same manner.

The covers over the light, which regulate the flash, are run by clockwork, and are very accurate. The greatest care is exercised to keep the lamps and mechanism in good order and working properly, for the failure of the light for even a few minutes might cause

shipwreck to some vessel which had got too close to the rocks.

Not long ago while going up the China coast our steamer ran into a bank of fog so dense that we could not see the length of our vessel. As we lay there at anchor, not knowing just where we were, every few seconds there came pealing distinctly through the fog the sound of a great foghorn at a lighthouse, on an island near by. This was to warn vessels that it was dangerous to proceed, and when the fog lifted we saw an island right in our course.

The Lord has placed his followers in the world as beacon lights, and he expects of us that our lights shall be clear and distinct and never failing. When we find persons in the fogs of sin and doubt, we should raise a note of warning so strong and plain that they may be turned from their evil course to one that leads to rest and peace.

C. N. WOODWARD.

*Shanghai, China.*

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#### Into All the World

THE farewell talks by our departing missionaries at the close of the recent bookmen's and missionary convention, held in Mountain View, California, the home of the Pacific Press, made a deep impression upon all present. The speakers were Elder and Mrs. D. D. Fitch and Brethren Clarence Hall and Brownie Owen, missionaries to Porto Rico, Japan, and Korea, respectively.

The islands of the South Pacific and the war-torn cities of Mexico were visited by Mr. Fitch in his younger years, so that in going with his wife as missionary to Porto Rico he is not entering work wholly untried. His experience as cabin boy on the missionary ship "Pitcairn," and as a worker in the Mexican field, are known to many INSTRUCTOR readers.

In the farewell service Mr. Owen spoke of his providential escape at the time of the earthquake in 1906, when the Pacific Press building was considerably damaged. With another linotype operator he had been working nights, being relieved when the day operator came on. About four o'clock on the morning of the quake his associate remarked that he was sleepy, and thought he would quit for the night. Brother Owen decided to leave, also. Forty-one minutes after he left, the earthquake occurred, and bricks were piled five feet deep over the place where he had been sitting at the machine.

During the meeting a picture of our publishing house in Seoul, of which Brother Owen will be in charge, was thrown upon the screen by the stereopticon; and also the sister plant at Tokio, of which Brother Hall will be in charge.

W. W. Eastman, assistant secretary of the Publishing Department of our work, told an interesting little story about Mr. Hall, who, when a boy in Jamaica, read history by the light of the firefly. "Just twenty years ago this year I went with my family to a mission field," said Mr. Eastman. "I was then the same age that Mr. Hall is now. His parents were missionaries to the same field. As a boy, Clarence was a diligent student of history. His parents shut him in a dark room one night where he could not read, as a punishment for some boyish prank. His quietness arousing suspicion, he was found *slowly tracing the lines of history* by the light made by a large lightning bug. It takes this sort of persistency to make foreign missionaries."

Mr. and Mrs. Owen and their son sailed away to the Orient, March 20, with Mr. and Mrs. Hall and their two little children. Mr. Fitch's mother, Mrs. D. A. Fitch, will accompany her son and his wife to Porto Rico. May the rich blessing of our Lord rest upon these dear friends as they labor for the extension of His glorious kingdom in other parts of the world, and may it be our happy lot to share with them in the soon-coming harvest home.

ERNEST LLOYD.

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### My Prayer

O LORD, I know not what to ask of thee.  
 Thou, only, knowest what I most do need,  
 And to my cause dost take more earnest heed  
 Than e'en my own weak, erring mind can see.  
 I dare not ask for cross or consolation;  
 I can but open here to thee my heart.  
 See thou what I see not, and grace impart,  
 And grant me needed gifts and resignation.

Smite thou or heal, depress or raise me up;  
 Accomplish in my life thy purpose pure.  
 From hidden evils, O deliver me!  
 With bliss or bitterness fill thou my cup;  
 Sustain in joys, in trials keep me sure;  
 Thy purpose, though unknown, adored shall be.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

*Cristobal, Canal Zone.*

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### The World-Lighted Globe

DURING a recent visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, the thing which interested me most, for it means the most to the advancement of this message, was our booth in the building of Mechanical Arts. The first thing in the booth which attracts one's attention is a large globe about four feet in diameter, slowly revolving, on which are placed small electric-light bulbs of different colors, showing where our denominational work is established in all parts of the world. The different colors represent the different lines of work. One color represents our publishing work; wherever we have a publishing house or even a mission press, one of these little lights indicates the spot, and shows how extensively our publications are being issued. Another color represents our educational work; and all our colleges, academies, and mission schools, even in the islands of the sea, are shown on this large globe. Another color represents our medical missionary work, and our medical institutions and treatment rooms in the home and foreign lands. The white globes represent our evangelical work; and these are very thickly dotted not only in America, but in the islands of the sea, and in Africa, China, and other heathen lands. This was an especially impressive lesson as I recalled how our work started only a few years ago in great weakness, but has grown now to encircle the earth. As the light from these little bulbs reaches from one to the other on the globe, so the light of God's truth is shining out from the centers of influence all over the world, reaching from one center to another. Truly the earth is being lightened with this message.

At this booth are to be found samples of our literature in the sixty-six languages in which it is published. Visitors are invited to stop, rest, and read, and many are learning of our work who have previously known little if anything of it. Those in charge of the booth have already secured the names and addresses of several thousand interested persons, to whom reading matter will be sent later.

In contrast with this splendid representation of the light of the world, is the great darkness of heathenism seen in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. In

company with Elder D. D. Fitch, I visited this section, and saw the Chinese in their native costume doing things as they do in China. We visited their temple, and saw their idol Joss and their method of worship. The glitter and show is well calculated to appeal to the senses. On noticing a pile of little papers about three or three and one-half inches square, with small holes in each piece, I inquired what these represented, or what use was made of them. I was informed that when one of the Chinese dies, as he is carried to the grave the friends of the deceased drop these papers along the way. They believe that the soul of the departed takes its flight to the happy beyond when the body is buried, and that if the procession can reach the burial place and bury the dead before the devil can get there,—he being retarded in his progress on account of having to go through all the holes of these papers that are dropped along the way,—the soul will have no hindrance or interruption in its flight to the land of glory. In order to make it as difficult for Satan as possible, they strew these papers thickly along the way. This reveals something of the darkness and superstition our missionaries have to meet in heathen lands.

"Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,—  
 Can we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, O, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has heard Messiah's name."

I. A. FORD.

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### The Lords of the Library

ONCE the books in the library had a quarrel.

"We are the lords of the library," said the rich leather-bound books behind glass doors. "See how much money our master has lavished upon us. See what care he takes of us. See how we glitter and shine."

"No, we are the lords of the library," urged the encyclopedias and dictionaries. "See how big we are. See how many we are. And we embody the substance of all knowledge."

"No," urged the volumes of *belles-lettres* and philosophy, "we are the only lords of the library, for we are the climax of human thought. Our pages contain the most profound and most lofty of human imaginings and hopes and faith."

"Pshaw!" sneered the volumes of science. "You are all dreams, but we are the realities. We come down to facts. Real life is based upon us. We are the lords of the library."

"You are all wrong," cried the novels. "The lords of the library are the books of refreshment and charm. When our master is weary, does he turn to you?—No, only when he has more work to do. But he comes to us for delight. We are the lords of the library."

As the dispute was at its height and all were speaking together, suddenly, no one knew why, a mysterious silence fell upon them, and a quiet voice came from a book on a table in the center of the room. It was a worn book, its pages were much marked, in places they had been wet with tears. Gently it spoke: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

That was all it said, but no other word was uttered in the library that night. The books knew that the Lord of the library had spoken.—*Æsop Jones, in Christian Endeavor World.*

**Report of the Fireside Correspondence School for Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen**

THE Fireside Correspondence School sends greetings to its many friends and patrons throughout the world, and hopes they will be interested in the following report of its work for the year ending Dec. 31, 1914, in comparison with former years:—

The number of new students enrolled for 1910 was 175; for 1911, 162; for 1912, 125; for 1913, 229; for 1914, 215; total, 906.

Our field is the world. Besides the United States and Canada, we have students in Africa, Argentina, Brazil, Central America, China, England, Egypt, Friendly Islands, Hawaii, Java, Korea, and Scotland.

The receipts and expenditures year by year since the school began are given below:—

	RECEIPTS	EXPENDITURES
1910	\$1,860.10	\$2,124.76
1911	2,149.29	2,688.79
1912	1,668.27	1,852.86
1913	1,896.80	2,141.18
1914	3,257.75	2,815.20
Total	\$10,832.21	\$11,622.79

Excess of expenditures over receipts during the five years of the school's existence, \$790.58. Excess of receipts over expenditures for 1914, \$442.55.

During the year, 3,473 lessons were corrected, of which 720 were in Bible doctrines, 336 in grammar, 312 in literature, 234 in composition-rhetoric, 194 in church history, 155 in algebra, 149 in New Testament Greek, 136 in public speaking, 119 in college rhetoric, 123 in general history, 126 in Latin I, and 139 in book-keeping. Lower numbers are not enumerated. We have no records for comparison with previous years.

It takes considerable grit and perseverance to push steadily through to the end of a course of forty lessons, or even of twenty. So it does to make a success of anything. Where is the army of students who enter our academic grades as compared with the few who finish a college course? They have fallen out by the way. So with many who begin work in the correspondence school. The majority do not complete the subjects they begin; but we are glad to note the steady increase in the numbers of the faithful few, as shown by the following record of certificates issued for subjects satisfactorily completed: For 1910, 3; 1911, 24; 1912, 34; 1913, 46; 1914, 52; total, 159, or about seventeen and one-half per cent of the total enrollment.

Out of the scores of testimonials from satisfied students we select only a few statements. "Deep breathing has been beneficial; this exercise alone has kept me free from colds all winter, the first time in my life I have put in a winter without one. Chest measurement has increased two inches. The tone drills have helped me to get rid of embarrassment, and have given me a freedom of speech that I believe could not be secured in any other way." "My associates have frequently spoken of my improvement in expression in both reading and speaking." "I have very much enjoyed the reading [in academic literature] which I have done. And I feel, too, that I have derived more benefit from it than I am able to tell." "This winter has been the time of my life in writing themes. It has been a great experience to me." "I appreciate the benefits which I have derived from this course more than I can tell you."

This school "fills the chinks" in our educational system; accommodates those who have work to make up or studies to review, or who wish to make credits during vacation; helps those who have finished their

school days but wish to keep their minds fresh and vigorous by private study; aids teachers in preparing for certificate examinations; inspires missionaries cut off from the cultural advantages of the home land; blesses mothers in the early training and education of their children; helps ministers striving to become workmen that need not to be ashamed.

The reader is invited to send for our booklet entitled "The Fireside Correspondence School in a Nutshell."

C. C. LEWIS, *Principal.*

*Takoma Park, D. C.*

**An Ancient Ruin**

FAR away in south Central Africa, possibly one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Bulawayo, away from civilization and where the white man's face is seldom seen, is a very ancient ruin, a part of which is shown in the accompanying picture. This ancient pile is called the Zimbabwe ruins, and tradition has it that this is the land of Ophir from which Solomon obtained his gold. This may or may not be true, but the architecture of this ancient landmark is not in ac-



CONICAL TOWER AND PLATFORM, ZIMBABWE

cord with that of modern times, and indicates a civilization antedating African history.

Many suggestions have been put forth as to the origin of the Zimbabwe ruins, and the most probable theory is that these massive granite structures were the work of Phenician or Sabeian colonists, and that Zimbabwe was the center where the vast stores of gold mined in the surrounding districts were gathered and safely kept before being shipped to the coast for transportation. Nothing, however, is very definitely known of these monuments of an earlier civilization which probably flourished more than three thousand years ago. Unlike many other ancient ruins in different parts of the world, nothing has yet been found among them, no tablets, no inscriptions, which would give a clew to their origin. In silence and mystery they stand on the broad plains of southern Rhodesia, the key to their origin and purpose apparently forever lost.

W. B. WHITE.



# 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."



## A Model Roommate

**A**ND how do you like your roommate, Ethel?" inquired Aunt Ida when her niece came home from college for a holiday vacation.

"I couldn't find any fault with her, auntie, if I were to try."

"A model girl, then?"

"Well, yes. At least, she is my model."

"Tell me about her."

"In the first place, Helen Davies is perfectly unselfish. She never monopolizes the mirror when we are dressing at the same time. She has her appointed time for her use of the bath, and never keeps me waiting.

"Auntie, one of the things for which I love her most is that she never uses one of my toilet articles. I roomed with a girl once who did not hesitate to use even my comb and brush. Helen isn't a borrower.

"Another thing, Helen is neat. She keeps her belongings in place. She doesn't clutter up the dresser with bottles, and boxes, nor leave ribbons and belts out of the drawer.

"When I am tired and do not feel talkative, she seems to understand, and busies herself with her own affairs. She is interested in my confidences, but she is never curious. An impolite question, I never heard her ask.

"If we plan a shopping expedition together, a walk, a call, when the time comes she hasn't changed her mind about it. Only a very good excuse keeps her from filling an engagement. And, O auntie, I don't have to wait for her to get ready when we are going out! She can be ready in five minutes or in an hour, just according to the time at our disposal, but she never wastes my time by her tardiness.

"I can study at any hour without fear that my roommate will distract me by talking or otherwise.

"If I retire first, she does not make any unnecessary noise in getting ready for bed after I am asleep. If she rises first, she is careful not to disturb me.

"I know Helen Davies has to economize,—and she isn't ashamed of it,—but she always pays her share of expenses. If I were to propose a spread too extravagant for her purse, she would frankly tell me she could not afford it. Rarely does she borrow so much as a

nickel of me, and she never forgets to pay the loan soon.

"The dear girl has talents far outshining mine, but there's nothing snobbish about her. She is ready to make the most of such redeeming traits as I have.

"I think it is because Helen has such good taste in dress that she always looks nice—better than the average. She really doesn't have half what the majority of the girls in our college have for clothes, but this I know, she takes care of her wardrobe.

"I can intrust Helen Davies with any secret, knowing that she will not betray my confidence. I am sure she does not speak slightly of me behind my back. If she did, it would get home to me. There are girls enough who would see that it did.

"Yes, Helen Davies is a model roommate, Aunt Ida. I try hard to be like her."—*Young People.*



**A Child's Grace**

HE softly folds his little hands,  
And lowly bows his head.  
Above the food the good God sends,  
Until his grace is said:  
"For all thy loving care sends me,  
I thank thee, God, again;  
And pray this food may make me strong  
To do thy will. Amen."

—*Bessie Cahoon Newton.*

## A Missionary at Home

No person can become a successful missionary in foreign lands until he is that at home. He must be a success in his native country, in his neighborhood, and most and best of all in his own home.

If his home environment is not just as he might desire, he should be patient, even if he cannot be perfectly satisfied. Much depends on himself as to what the home shall be. Kindly tones, and voluntary services that ease the burdens of others, count much in helping unconverted parents, brothers, and sisters to see the truth, while the opposite course has the contrary effect.

Some mothers prefer to start fires even in very cold weather rather than clean up the ashes and other litter left around by "men folks;" but no boy who will make a successful public missionary will permit his mother to do such work for such a reason. He will learn to do his work in a tidy manner, and add to his list various chores not really expected of him.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

It does not matter what your work is,—earning a living, or making a home, or conquering a besetting sin,—discouragement is bound to come. Don't give way to it. Be prepared for it, and make up your mind to keep on just the same.—*J. J. Wetherbee.*



## Olive Gordon's Commencement

"MISS GORDON, may I see you for a moment after class?"

Olive Gordon looked up in surprise, but waited for the lines to pass, and stopping at the desk, she looked inquiringly, impatiently, at the head of the mathematics department.

"I suppose," began Mr. Bennett reluctantly, "that it is unnecessary to remind you that your grade in geometry depends almost entirely on the mark you receive in tomorrow's test. Of course you realize that your work of the last few months has not been such as either of us could be proud of; and remember," he added, "that this year there are to be no conditional graduations. That is all, Miss Gordon;" and Olive left the room with a much-injured air.

In her room after dinner she was pondering whether after all it might not be more advisable to spend the afternoon with her much-neglected theorems than in her usual game of tennis. She was still considering the matter in an indolent way when she heard the rush of feet in the hall, and a hurried knock on the door, and in burst a half dozen of her chums, crying, "They've come! O, Olla, our invitations have come! They're all down in Mildred's room, and we're going there to address them. Bring your pen and come on."

Having joined the other girl graduates, Olive enjoyed a hilarious afternoon, undisturbed by thoughts of the troublesome mathematics examination. The evening she spent across the hall from her room, reading the latest installment of a magazine story, and discussing with her chum their commencement dresses and plans.

"Of course," that young lady was saying to Olive when the lights blinked, "I don't blame you a bit for insisting on white crêpe de Chine. I'm sure I wouldn't wear this cotton voile if I were going to have such a prominent place on the program. How you could ever compose a real poem that would take first prize is more than I can see!"

"Easy!" pooched Olive. "English teacher helped me a lot, and nearly all the lines I thought out during sermons or at other dull times. But I was rather surprised to get the prize."

It was not without feelings of apprehension and mild regret that she approached her geometry class the next day. In the five minutes which remained she "crammed" feverishly; then making a wry face at her book, she slammed it shut, and waited for the first question to be written on the board. As it developed word by word, and Olive saw a look of happy recognition light up the faces of her classmates, she was seized by a sudden realization of her unpreparedness, for it was a stranger to her. She well remembered the day that proposition was their lesson. She had spent her study hour at a chafing-dish spread in a friend's room. How much more important that proposition appeared now than then! And as she read each succeeding question and not the least spark of inspiration was kindled in her brain, a lump rose in her throat, and blinded by tears, she groped her way out of the classroom and fled to her room. Suppose she could not be graduated! She had failed, no doubt, and Mr. Bennett said—O, they *must* not condition her! And yet—how could it be helped?

At that moment she noticed an unopened letter on the study table.

"From mother," she said dully, and opening it in a half-hearted way, she read:—

SUNNY BROOK FARM,  
May 16, 19—.

DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letter came this morning, and I am answering right away to tell you how proud and glad we are that your poem took first prize, and now of course you will be on the program. It doesn't seem possible that our little girl is old enough to be finishing her school days! I know they are the happiest days of one's life, especially of the one who is faithful in attending to each duty, as I know you are.

Father says he will put off building the silo another year, and we will use the money to come and see and hear you at your graduation. I tell him perhaps we ought not to use it that way, but he says you are all we have now, and we owe it to you and to ourselves.

Our fares won't take all the silo money, so with what I have saved from my butter and eggs, I will try to see that you have that kind of dress you said you wanted, and the roses, too.

We are so proud of you, dear, and hope to be with you soon.

Very lovingly,

MOTHER.

Upon finishing the letter, Olive's emotions can be more easily imagined than described. Overcome by shame and humiliation, she flung herself upon the bed, and burying her face in the friendly pillow, sobbed over and over: "O mother, mother! You trusted me—and now—now I have failed!"

When she was quieter, she thought it all out. After all, who was to blame but herself? Surely not her parents, for she knew that their prayers and sacrifices for her had been many; not her teachers, for they had tried every way to make her see her danger, and now she had—but it was too late! She slipped to her knees, and in a broken, but earnest voice she resolved before God that by his help she would henceforth "put first things first," and make the very most of her opportunities.

A week later, Olive Gordon, seated with her father and mother near the rear of the auditorium, fought against the mingled humiliation and rebellion which rose in her heart as Dorothy Adams bowed and smiled at the applauding audience.

"Mine was better than hers," she admitted to herself, "but then, whose fault—"

"May I see you a moment, Miss Gordon?" said a familiar voice behind her at the close of the exercises. Turning, Olive saw Mr. Bennett.

"I realize," he said quietly, "that this lesson has been a severe one, and I have every reason to believe that you have learned it thoroughly. So I am going to make you this rather unusual offer. Should you care to do so, I shall be glad to help you in making up your work in geometry this coming summer, and when you receive your diploma next fall, you will not feel that this year's work has been in vain."

Olive eagerly accepted this kind offer, and thanked him as best she could.

"Do you know, mother," she said in the quiet little talk they had that night, "I have been thinking, Suppose I *had* barely squeezed through on that old 'exam.' I might have kept right on neglecting the really worthwhile things, mightn't I? And it might easily have caused a calamity much more serious than not graduating. Do you think you could ever trust me again? O mother, do you?"

"Yes, Olive," she answered, as she took her daughter's serious, eager face between her hands and kissed her tenderly, "I believe God has helped you to make this a *real* commencement."

FLORENCE THOMAS.

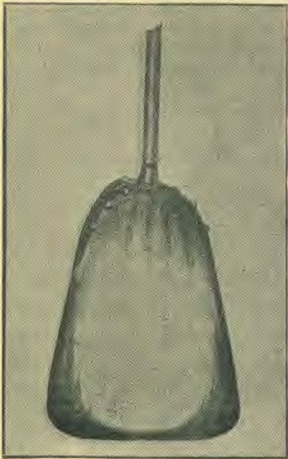
NOTHING will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome.—*Dr. Johnson.*

### Practical Things for a Girl to Make

#### Broom Cover

A BROOM with this cover can be put to many uses and is especially good for dusting hardwood floors.

Gray flannel or flannelette is the best material for the purpose. Cut two pieces the same shape, each measuring about eight inches across a few inches from the top, twelve and one-half inches at the bottom, and sixteen and one-half inches long.



The best way would be to lay a broom on a piece of paper and draw a pencil outline.

#### Bed Socks

You don't know how comfortable a pair of these socks is on a cold winter night when you first crawl into bed.

Make them of gray double-faced eiderdown flannel, bind with red mercerized braid, and fasten with snappers.



For size and shape use a stocking foot, and allow plenty all around each half, for seams. Each sock is made of two pieces shaped alike; the seam runs down the front, through the middle of the sole, and up the back.

After the two halves are stitched together,—leaving several inches open at the front,—bind the opening and top.

If you cannot procure the double-faced material, use single-faced eiderdown and cut four pieces for each sock, stitch together two and two, and slip one sock inside of the other for lining.—*Girls' Companion*.

### Who Is the Talebearer?

ONE of the laws the Lord gave through Moses to regulate the conduct of his people was, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people." Lev. 19: 16.

Sometimes there are young people in our schools who construe a talebearer to be one who is loyal to the faculty and to the laws of an institution, and who, when he knows that students are violating the rules by some serious misdemeanor, takes it upon himself to let some responsible member of the faculty know of the matter. Now, this is not the talebearing referred to in the Scriptures. We know that the rules which govern our educational institutions are necessary. They were formulated by our most able and experienced teachers and leaders. In making them, they were guided by the Word of God and the spirit of prophecy; and after years of experience the wisdom and utility of these regulations are only confirmed.

When young men and women present themselves for entrance into a college as students, it is virtually saying that they expect to conform to the rules of that institution. And if there are those who violate any of the rules, their course is more or less detrimental to the prosperity of the school, according to the degree that the rules are disregarded. Christ says that "a

house divided against itself cannot stand;" so the only consistent thing is for all, both teachers and students, to stand together, upholding the rules and working in unison for the good of the school and all connected with it.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and if there are students who will persist in a questionable course of conduct, their influence is a serious detriment to the school. No one can tell how much evil may result if such are allowed to go on unchecked. The school and all connected with it may be given a bad reputation. So it is only right for any one who knows of the violation of rules, to be loyal to the school and do what he can to have them obeyed; for if any should determine not to conform to the regulations under any consideration, his place is not in the school.

But who is the talebearer of whom Solomon speaks? Let us see what he says about it, and then perhaps we can tell. In Prov. 26: 20 he says, "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth." A talebearer, then, is one who stirs up strife by bearing tales from one to another. There are persons who do this very work. They make it their business to go from one to another, telling one the bad things that the other person says about him, and getting him excited and angry so that he says something unkind about the other person, then going back to the other person and repeating what was said. They do not seem to care to tell the good things, but only the bad, and picture them in the strongest terms. If what was said is not hard enough to suit them, they exaggerate it a little, so that it may have a more startling effect on the listener. In this way they not only stir up hard feelings and strife between friends and brethren, but keep agitating the trouble as long as they are situated so that they can act as a go-between.

Such persons sometimes go so far as to say something themselves to get another to assent to it, and then go and tell that this person said it, when he would never have thought of such a thing if it had not been put into his mind by the meddler. Such a person is also called a "whisperer" who "separateth chief friends." Prov. 16: 28. And as brought out in Prov. 20: 19, he flatters with his lips so as to entice people to open their hearts to him in order that he may get something to tell. They think that what they say to him in confidence will go no farther, but learn later that it has been carefully repeated, and to the very ones that they would least care to have hear it.

This course of conduct stirs up strife and separates friends, and makes all sorts of trouble and discord in churches and neighborhoods. How much better to be a peacemaker instead, and to avoid repeating things that we know might cause hard feelings between others. It is always well as far as possible to avoid personalities in conversation, and learn to talk only of those things that will be elevating and ennobling and that will "minister grace unto the hearers." But if one says something good about another, and we think it would create a better feeling between the two if we should tell that, perhaps it might be well to do so; however, let us scrupulously avoid telling the evil. Christ says, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Matt. 5: 9.

MRS. IVA F. CADY.

No pain, no balm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.—*William Penn.*



## Webster and the Woodchuck

**O**N a farm among the hills of New Hampshire there once lived a boy whose name was Daniel Webster. He was a little fellow for his age. His hair was jet black, and his eyes were so dark and wonderful that any one who once saw them could never forget them.

He was not strong enough to help much on the farm, and so he spent much of his time playing in the woods and fields. He had a gentle heart, and loved the trees and flowers and the harmless wild creatures that made their homes among them.

But he did not play all the time. Long before he was old enough to go to school, he learned to read; and he read so well that everybody liked to hear him and never grew tired of listening. The neighbors, when driving past his father's house, would stop their horses and call for Daniel Webster to come out and read to them.

At that time there were no children's books such as you have. Indeed, there were but very few books of any kind in the homes of the New Hampshire farmers. But Daniel read such books as he could get; and he read them over and over again until he knew all that was in them. In this way he learned a great deal of the Bible so well that he could repeat verse after verse without making a mistake; and these verses he remembered as long as he lived.

Daniel's father was not only a farmer, but he was a judge in the county court. He had a great love for the law, and he hoped that Daniel when he became a man would be a lawyer.

It happened one summer that a woodchuck made its burrow in the side of a hill near Mr. Webster's house. On warm, dark nights it would come down into the garden and eat the tender leaves of the cabbage and other plants that were growing there. Nobody knew how much harm it might do in the end.

Daniel and his elder brother Ezekiel made up their minds to catch the little thief. They tried this thing and that, but for a long time it was too cunning for them. Then they built a strong trap where the woodchuck would be sure to walk into it, and the next morning, there the little creature was.

"We have him at last!" cried Ezekiel. "Now, Mr. Woodchuck, you've done mischief enough, and I'm going to kill you."

But Daniel pitied the little animal. "No, don't hurt him," he said. "Let us carry him over the hills, far into the woods, and let him go."

Ezekiel, however, would not agree to this. His heart was not so tender as his little brother's. He was bent on killing the woodchuck, and laughed at the thought of letting it go.

"Let us ask father about it," said Daniel.

"All right," said Ezekiel; "I know what the judge will decide."

They carried the trap, with the woodchuck in it, to their father, and asked what they should do.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Webster, "we will settle the question in this way: we will hold a court right here. I will be the judge, and you shall be the lawyers. You shall each plead your case, for or against the prisoner, and I will decide what his punishment shall be."



THE YOUTHFUL LAWYER PLEADING THE WOODCHUCK'S CASE

Ezekiel as the prosecutor, made the first speech. He told about the mischief that had been done. He showed that all woodchucks are bad and cannot be trusted. He spoke of the time and labor that had been spent in trying to catch the thief, and declared that if they should now set him free he would be a worse thief than he was before.

"A woodchuck's skin," he said, "may perhaps be sold for ten cents. Small as that sum is, it will go a little way toward paying for the cabbage he has eaten. But, if we set him free, how shall we ever recover even a penny of what we have lost? Clearly, he is of more value dead than alive, and therefore ought to be put out of the way at once."

Ezekiel's speech was a good one, and it pleased the judge very much. What he said was true and to the point, and it would be hard for Daniel to make an answer to it.

Daniel began by pleading for the poor animal's life. He looked up into the judge's face, and said:—

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live in the bright sunlight and the pure air. He made him to enjoy the free fields and the green woods. The woodchuck has a right to his life, for God gave it to him.

"God gives us our food. He gives us all that we have. And shall we refuse to share a little of it with this poor dumb creature that has as much right to God's gifts as we have?"

"The woodchuck is not a fierce animal like the

wolf or the fox. He lives in quiet and peace. A hole in the side of a hill and a little food are all he wants. He has harmed nothing but a few plants, which he ate to keep himself alive. He has a right to life, to food, to liberty; and we have no right to say he shall not have them.

"Look at his soft, pleading eyes. See him tremble with fear. He cannot speak for himself, and this is the only way in which he can plead for the life that is so sweet to him. Shall we be so cruel as to kill him? Shall we be so selfish as to take from him the life that God gave him?"

The judge's eyes were filled with tears as he listened. His heart was stirred. He felt that God had given him a son whose name would some day be known to the world.

He did not wait for Daniel to finish his speech. He sprang to his feet, and as he wiped the tears from his eyes, he cried out, "Ezekiel, let the woodchuck go!"—"*Thirty More Famous Stories Retold.*"

### A Leopard Hunt

THE country around our Solusi Mission, South Africa, is bushy and stony for two miles west of the mission. A few weeks ago the natives in that vicinity reported that they saw a leopard; so I shouldered my rifle early one morning and took a boy along to carry the shotgun. We had a three hours' tramp, but did not see the leopard or his tracks. Three days later an old native of that region sent us word that a leopard had taken two of his goats. He requested us to turn out and help hunt the animal. Mr. Walston and I gathered what few boys were at the mission, about fifteen in number, and went down to the old native's kraal, where we found twenty-five men waiting. We crossed the river not far from the kraal, and there were joined by reinforcements of about ten more men and several more dogs.

The old native is a kind of chief, or headman, among the people in this part of the country, so he rounded them all up and made a speech, telling them what to do. There were just fifty natives and fourteen dogs. The hunting party were all heathen, except the fifteen from the mission. The company was an interesting sight. Some of the men had no clothing, and every one was armed with one or two long assagais, or native spears, and three or four knobkerries, sticks with a large ball at one end, which the natives are expert in throwing.

The company spread out, forming a V, and combed the *kopjes*, or large rock piles. I was armed with a shotgun, which was well loaded with buckshot for close range, and also the rifle, which Togo, our kitchen boy, carried for me. Mr. Walston had his old Martini rifle.

I took a position each time on the opposite side of the *kopjes* where I could get a shot at the leopard if she came out. We came at last to about ten acres of very rough, bushy ground, cut off on the opposite side from the rest of the rough country by a ravine fifty feet wide. I ran through the ravine and took a position commanding a good view above and below, as well as the entire side of the big rock pile which formed the largest and roughest part of the ten acres. I could hear the natives coming, and soon two antelopes came running past me.

Then I heard vociferous shouting from above on the opposite side of the ravine, but could not understand the men. Togo said they were trying to tell us that

the leopard was coming. Just then I saw a big, long-tailed, spotted, crouching animal come in sight and disappear among the rocks close to the top of the pile. It almost made my hair stand on end to see such an animal loose; still I did not feel afraid, even though I did not know but her next move would be to come across the ravine where I was. By this time the natives were all gathered around the high rock pile, but they were afraid to go up on top to frighten the leopard out. The old chief was standing near me, and he gave them a terrible tongue lashing. I asked Togo what he was saying, and he said that he was calling them cowards, and telling them to go up on top of the rock pile.

In a few moments they began working their way up toward the top, with the dogs in advance. All at once a terrible yell went up from nearly every throat, and I caught a glimpse of the spotted creature running down to the right with about a dozen dogs in hot pursuit. She ran under some big boulders, and the dogs ran in after her. I ran up on the opposite side of the boulders, and such growls I had never heard in the open. They were almost enough to make one's blood coagulate.

By this time I had climbed on top of the boulders, and the dogs had overpowered the brute and dragged her out. Every native was trying to thrust his assagai into her. Of course my first thought was to preserve the beautiful, spotted skin. In their own language (enough of which I knew for the purpose) I called to them to stop, but they could not hear me. In a few moments I succeeded in getting their attention, and made them stand back. The leopard was nearly dead, but she made a feeble grab at my foot. Seeing an assagai sticking in her head, I held her down till I secured a small hand ax which was hanging at the old chief's side, and with that I dealt her the fatal blow.

We could see that she had kittens; and the natives said they had seen them. I gathered from what the natives said that her kittens must be about a quarter or third grown, but we could not find them. I was anxious to hunt for them myself, but did not have opportunity to do so until about three days afterwards. I knew that if they were not large enough to get their own food, after three days they would be so hungry they would cry. One evening I was looking in the rocks where we first saw their mother, when I heard a childlike cry about fifty feet away. I knew what it was, and I also knew by their cry that they were much younger than we had thought. I went over to the rocks quietly, and looking down between them saw two spotted kittens, nosing over each other, trying to find something to eat. It was pitiful to hear the little things cry. Their eyes were hardly open. They were about the size of a half-grown cat, and were the plumpiest, prettiest little things I ever saw. They made an attempt to get away, but were too young to defend themselves. I took them home and gave them some milk. They soon fell asleep. They cried in the morning for a day or two, but after that they cried only when hungry. We had them just six days when one of them sickened and died. It had been injured in some way. The other one is well and seems to be doing fine. If it lives, we shall keep it a few months, then give it to the little zoo in Bulawayo.

The natives tanned the mother's skin for us, and Mrs. Robinson and I have it on our floor. It is six feet long from tip to tip.

R. P. ROBINSON.

**Obedience**

OBEEDIENCE is a beautiful flower that blossoms in the deserts of earth, fragile and full of fragrance as the lilies of the field amid the grasses of Palestine. Scarcely is it chronicled among the cardinal virtues, yet without it the other soul blossoms droop, or wither away. In our relation to him whom we call our Father this is eminently so.

You remember the checkered history of King Saul — that man who might have been fully a man of God, and yet was not. The prophet Samuel was a leader in Israel in those days, and he came to the king and reminded him that, at the request of the Lord, he had anointed him head over God's people.

"Now therefore," he said, "hearken thou unto the voice of the words of the Lord."

There was a nation, the Amalekites, that had laid wait for the Israelites as they came up out of the land of Egypt. God said, "I remember that which Amalek did to Israel," and he wished Saul to go and smite them, and utterly to destroy all that they had, both people and property.

Saul gathered his army, two hundred thousand footmen and ten thousand men of Judah, and did as the Lord commanded. But he kept Agag, the king of the Amalekites, alive, and he spared "the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good." He did not entirely obey. He thought if he obeyed within an iota or so, that was near enough.

But Samuel came to him next morning, and perhaps Saul saw a cloud on the horizon, for he greeted him in a conciliatory way: "Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord." He was eager to make it appear that everything was all right.

And Samuel said, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

Further artifice was necessary on Saul's part, and he laid the blame on the people.

"Stay," Samuel said, "and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night."

And he told Saul how once he had been little in his own sight, and the Lord had made him king over Israel.

"Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of the Lord?"

Saul insisted again that he had obeyed, but that the people had taken of the spoils to sacrifice unto the Lord in Gilgal.

And Samuel said, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . . Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

Saul acknowledged his sin then, and entreated Samuel to return with him that he might worship the Lord. But Samuel refused. As the prophet turned to leave him, Saul caught hold of the skirt of his mantle, "and it rent."

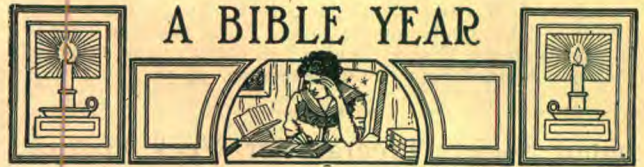
Samuel said unto him, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine, that is better than thou."

This was bitter news, and a scene of sorrow and of amendatory measures ensued, but Saul had lost the

kingdom. The two parted, and Samuel "came no more to see Saul;" but he mourned for him, and the Lord repented that he had made Saul king over Israel.

Let us be careful lest, through disobedience, the kingdom to which we are heirs through Christ, be rent from us, and given to another. And let us remember, too, that God does not want to be obeyed partly, but wholly. He sees the reason for it, and we, in our littleness, do not. Cultivate the beautiful flowers that blossom in the soul, but pluck up the briars and thistles, and cast them out. "Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." 1 Sam. 15: 22.

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.



**Twenty-Second Week**

May 30. Esther 1 to 4: Vashti rejected; Esther made queen; conspiracy against the Jews.

May 31. Esther 5 to 7: Esther's plea; downfall of Haman.

June 1. Esther 8 to 10: Mordecai exalted; victory of the Jews.

June 2. Job 1 to 5: Testing of Job.

June 3. Job 6 to 8: Job and Bildad.

June 4. Job 9 to 11: Job and Zophar.

June 5. Job 12 to 15: Job defends himself, reproves his friends, and entreats the mercy of God after death; answer of Eliphaz.

**Esther**

The authorship of this book is unknown. It was written in Hebrew, and by some has been attributed to Ezra. Others, taking into account the intimate knowledge shown of the personal affairs of Esther and Mordecai, believe it to have been written by Mordecai himself. It is one of the two books of the Bible bearing a woman's name. Unlike all the other books of the Bible, the Diety is nowhere mentioned, nor is any reference made to his name. Yet the whole book is a record of God's special providence exercised in behalf of his chosen people, and bears in itself the evidence of its divine origin.

The "golden text" of the book is found in the last clause of verse 14, chapter 4: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Accepting this question as personal when confronted with what seem insurmountable difficulties, we may, like Esther, not only find deliverance, but also exalt the name of the Lord.

Esther is the last of the twelve historical books, which may be summarized as follows:—

Joshua .....	Conquest
Judges .....	Deliverance
Ruth .....	Love
1 and 2 Samuel .....	Kingdom
1 and 2 Kings .....	Kings
1 and 2 Chronicles .....	Temple
Ezra .....	Return
Nehemiah .....	Rebuilding
Esther .....	Providence

**Job**

"This, the first of the so-called poetical books of the Bible, has a special and peculiar interest for the student of Holy Writ. It seems to have been written in the patriarchal age, probably by Moses. Job was a real person, and the history we have concerning him is not, as some consider it, a fiction, but a truthful account. We have proof for this in both the Old and the New Testament. In Eze. 14: 14, 20, he is mentioned as being as veritably an actual person as were Noah and Daniel. 'Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord.' So, as surely as there was a Noah who built the ark, and a Daniel who was in the lions' den, just so surely there was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job. The testimony of James is no less positive: 'Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.' James 5: 11. We see by this that not only did such a man as Job live, but also that the history concerning him is correct."—Starr.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN  
C. L. BENSON  
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary  
Assistant Secretary  
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

### Senior Society Program for Sabbath, June 5

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have each member give some lesson he has learned from the life of Ruth.
2. Report of individual members.
3. Bible Study: "Man's Part in Conversion, and the Evidence." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Matt. 3:8; 2 Cor. 5:17.
5. Talks: "Levant Union Mission;" "Our Work in Egypt." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 53, 54, 56.

### Junior Society Program for Week Ending June 5

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have each member give some lesson he has learned from the life of Ruth.
2. Report of individual members.
3. Bible Study: "Baptism." See *Gazette*.
4. Reading: "Little Corners." See *Gazette*.
5. Recitation: "Baptize Us Anew." See "Christ in Song," No. 134.
6. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Rom. 6:4.
7. Mission Talks: "Levant Union Mission;" "Our Work in Egypt." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 53, 54, 56.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 8 — Lesson 34: "The Desire of Ages" Review of Chapters 48 to 87

NOTE.—With this review we complete our Senior Course No. 8. Send your answers to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. The book may be used in preparing the review.

1. Describe the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles in Christ's time? For what purpose was it observed?
2. Explain the parable of the good Samaritan.
3. Tell the story of the raising of Lazarus. Why did Christ permit his friend to die? What did this resurrection mean to us?
4. Contrast the mission of the twelve and the seventy as sent out by Christ.
5. Describe the triumphal entry. Why did Christ allow this demonstration?
6. Write a paragraph on each of the following:—
  - a. The Last Supper.
  - b. Christ in Gethsemane.
  - c. Trial Before Annas and Caiaphas.
  - d. Trial Before Pilate.
  - e. The Crucifixion.
  - f. The Resurrection.
  - g. The Ascension.
7. What does the "great commission" mean to us today?
8. How has the reading of this book changed your conception of Christ and his mission?
 

"Would'st have a friend?  
Would'st know what friend is best?  
Have Christ thy Friend;  
He passeth all the rest."

#### Junior No. 7 — Lesson 34: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," Pages 585-606

1. Who came to the tomb of Jesus as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week? Whom did they see? Describe the angel. What did he tell them of Jesus? What did he show them? On what errand did he send them?
2. Who came next to the empty tomb? What did they see in the sepulcher? Where did they then go? Who remained at the tomb to weep? As she looked into the sepulcher, whom did she see? What did they ask? What did she answer? Tell how Jesus revealed himself to Mary.
3. When the chief priests heard what was done, what report did they have circulated? As the women who had been at the tomb hastened to tell the disciples that Jesus was risen, who met them? What did he say?

4. Tell how Jesus walked with two of the disciples as they went toward Emmaus. Of what did they talk? How did he reveal himself to them? To whom did Jesus appear later that same evening? With what words did he greet them?

5. Tell how Jesus revealed himself to his disciples at the seaside. What did Peter do when he saw the Lord? What special commission did Jesus give to this disciple? What experience did he say Peter would have when he was old? What did this mean?

6. At what appointed place did Jesus next meet his disciples? What great work did he give them? What precious promise did he leave with them? Tell how Jesus was taken up into heaven. Who stood by the disciples as they gazed up at the cloud that hid their Lord? What promise did they make? When will he come again?

7. What country and city has God prepared for his faithful children? What does the Bible say of the things that he has made ready for those who love him? What are we told about the heavenly country? How often will those who dwell therein come together to worship God?

8. On what barren island did John spend the last years of his life? What book of the Bible was written during this time? Describe the wonderful city which the prophet saw descending from heaven. Of what is the wall composed? How many gates has the city, and of what beautiful material are they made? Describe the foundation.

9. What is the temple of the city? By what is it lighted? What nations walk in its light? In what other ways is the New Jerusalem different from the cities of earth? Who alone can enter it?

10. Describe the river of life. What wonderful tree grows on either side of the river? What were the parting words of the angel who revealed these things to John?

11. How many are invited to enter the service of Jesus? To what will those who keep his commandments have right?

### Missionary Volunteer Question Box

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

88. SHALL the Missionary Volunteer Society give place every fourth Sabbath to the home missionary society?

The Missionary Volunteer Department urges that the Missionary Volunteer Society meet weekly for its program unless the membership of the church is so small that it is necessary for old and young to meet together in order to hold either a church missionary society meeting or a Missionary Volunteer meeting.

89. Will school tests for the Standard of Attainment be prepared by the North American Division Missionary Volunteer Department this year?

It has been decided that all students securing credits from our schools in Bible doctrines and denominational history are entitled to a Standard of Attainment certificate without taking the Missionary Volunteer Department examination.



### X — Pressing Into the Kingdom

(June 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 11:1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings." Isa. 61:1.

#### Questions

1. Where did Jesus go after ordaining the twelve apostles? For what purpose? Matt. 11:1.
2. Where was John the Baptist at that time? Of what did he hear? Verse 2.
3. Through whom did he hear of these things? Luke 7:18.
4. As week after week passed and Jesus did nothing to take the kingdom, or even to release his messenger, what was John finally tempted to do? Matt. 11:3.

5. What took place while John's disciples were waiting for their answer? Luke 7:21.

6. What did these mighty works themselves testify concerning Jesus? John 5:36.

7. What message of gentle rebuke did Jesus send to John? Matt. 11:4-6.

8. Of what words of Scripture must this have reminded John? Isa. 61:1. Note 1.

9. What did Christ's message reveal to John concerning the manner in which God's kingdom was to be established? Luke 17:20, last part, margin. Note 2.

10. When John's disciples had departed, what three questions did Jesus ask the multitude concerning John? Matt. 11:7-9.

11. What did Jesus say concerning John's being a prophet? Verse 9, last part.

12. What did he declare the Scriptures had said concerning John long before he was born? Verse 10.

13. How highly did Jesus exalt him before the people? Verse 11.

14. Whom did he call John? Why did he call him "Elias"? Verse 14. Note 3.

#### Notes

1. "The disciples bore the message, and it was enough. John recalled the prophecy concerning the Messiah." [Isa. 61:1.]—"The Desire of Ages," page 217.

2. "The works of Christ not only declared him to be the Messiah, but showed in what manner his kingdom was to be established. . . . Jesus was to do his work, not with the clash of arms and the overturning of thrones and kingdoms, but through speaking to the hearts of men by a life of mercy and self-sacrifice. . . . He, the forerunner, was but drinking of the cup which Christ himself must drain to its dregs. . . . Understanding more clearly now the nature of Christ's mission, he yielded himself to God for life or for death, as should best serve the interests of the cause he loved."—*Id.*, pages 217, 218.

3. "John came in the spirit and power of Elijah, to do such a work as Elijah did. If the Jews had received him, it would have been accomplished for them. But they did not receive his message. To them he was not Elijah. He could not fulfill for them the mission he came to accomplish."—*Id.*, page 135.

## X — Pressing Into the Kingdom

(June 5)

### Daily-Study Outline

Sab. . . . Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. . . . "To teach and to preach." Questions 1-3.

Mon. . . . The blessing of belief. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 214-218. Questions 4-8.

Tues. . . . "More than a prophet." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 218, 219. Questions 9-12.

Wed. . . . The "least in the kingdom of heaven." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 219, 220. Questions 13, 14.

Thurs. . . Pressing into the kingdom. Read "The Desire of Ages," page 135. Questions 15-18.

Fri. . . . Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 11:1-15.

#### Questions

1. To whom was the instruction in Matthew 10 given? On what occasion? Matt. 11:1, first part.

2. What did the disciples then do? Luke 9:6.

3. What did Jesus next do? Matt. 11:1, last part.

4. Where was John the Baptist at this time? Of what had he heard? What did he do? Verse 2.

5. What question did John's disciples ask Jesus? Verse 3.

6. How did Jesus answer them? Verse 4.

7. To what things did Jesus refer? Verse 5.

8. Upon whom did he pronounce a blessing? Verse 6.

9. What question did Jesus ask the people concerning John? Verse 7.

10. How did he press the question? Verse 8, first part. Note 1.

11. What answer did he suggest and refute? Verse 8, last part.

12. What answer to his question did he approve? Verse 9. Note 2.

13. What reason does Jesus give for calling John more than a prophet? Verse 10. Note 3.

14. How did John compare with other men? How did he compare with the "least in the kingdom of heaven"? Verse 11.

15. What does Jesus say of the kingdom of heaven? Verse 12. Note 4.

16. What had the prophets and law done? Verse 13. Note 5.

17. What was John's relation to the prophecy? Verse 14. Note 6.

18. What earnest admonition does Jesus then give? Verse 15.

#### Notes

1. After his first question, Jesus suggested an answer: "A reed shaken with the wind?" In this he doubtless anticipated a question in their own minds after hearing the doubtful question of John's disciples about the identity of Jesus as the Messiah. Was John wavering? Did it sound that way when you heard his preaching and his announcement, "Behold the Lamb of God"? Their answer seems to have been No, for Jesus proceeds: "But what," etc.

2. The answer sought for is here obtained: You say you want to see a prophet, but I say he is more than a prophet. Jesus' reason for saying this follows in the next verse.

3. John was not only a prophet,—"one mightier than I cometh: . . . he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost," etc.—but he was, like Jesus, the fulfillment of prophecy—"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." He it was, too, who first publicly proclaimed and pointed out Jesus as the Messiah. He also baptized Jesus, when the voice from heaven declared his Sonship.

4. The meaning of this passage is made clearer in Luke 16:16: "The kingdom of God is preached, and every man *presseth into it*." John's preaching of repentance and of the nearness of the kingdom of heaven had stirred the people, and many were pressing into the kingdom as if compelled by some unseen force. He had begun a movement that was continuing and increasing through the ministry of Jesus. Thus Jesus gave John credit for his share in the work that Jesus himself was following up.

5. This verse is clearer if read in the order of the original: "For all the prophets and the law until John prophesied." Then what? (See next question and note.)

6. The prophets had foretold an Elias, a kingdom, and a Messiah, *to come*. John was the Elias ("if ye will receive it"), and he proclaimed a kingdom *at hand*, and a Messiah *come*. In this work he was more than a prophet.

### A Lesson From the Lilies

MEASURING the depth of the slime-covered water pond  
Rooted far under the foul-smelling layer,  
Comes up the leaflet, the tiny round lily frond,  
Out through the filth, seeking sunlight and air.

Vile its environment, tainted the atmosphere,  
Yet the small leaf grows luxuriant and wide;  
Then come the lilies white, fragrant, without a peer,  
Covering the water, its foulness to hide.

Striving by aid of the Spirit, from heaven sent,  
Men may become, though surrounded by sin,  
Quite independent of earthly environment,  
Patience, and sweetness, and beauty within.

Just as the lilies, from Eden still lingering,  
Fill earth's dark places with sweetness and light,  
So we're commissioned, our great charge remembering,  
Heaven's joyful tidings to bring to men's sight.

J. E. CALDWELL.

"SOME will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from men, and look above thee,  
Trust in God and do the right."

# The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - EDITOR  
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - - - \$1.25  
Six Months - - - - - .70

## CLUB RATES

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$ .85
Nine months at the rate of	.90
Six months at the rate of	.95
Three months at the rate of	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

## A Lonely Boy

THE loneliest lad in China is said to be Pu Yi, imperial ruler of China when that country became a republic.

His mother is living, but she is not permitted to live with him. He has no playmates. The little son of Prince Pu Lun was for a time allowed to go to the palace to study with him; but they did not play together. But since he was five years old, Pu Yi has not seen a boy or girl of his own age. He sees no one but his attendants and his tutors. The outside world is said to be hidden from him by a wall twenty-five feet high and thirty feet thick, around his palace.

Some of the Chinese think that the republican form of government will soon pass away, and the old form, with Pu Yi as ruler, will be established. Should such be the case, it is to be doubted whether even then much happiness would come to Pu Yi as ruler of the great empire; for rulers have troubles all their own.

## Pitfalls of the Overpositive

At best one person can acquire but a small part of the world's knowledge; so it is very wise for youth and inexperience to be becomingly modest in their statements. The following incident, related by a correspondent of the *New York Sun*, shows what grievous error one may make by being dogmatic in one's instruction:—

"The teacher was self-satisfied and young, and thought he knew it all—but did not. There was in one class a young lady who rejoiced in the name of Gillies. When the class was organizing, the 'professor' read her name as 'Jillies.' The young lady protested, but in vain; "g" before "i" is soft," the teacher declared.

"Well, of course an eighth of a quart is a jill, but what of a fish's gill? And the 'know-it-all' teacher should have been hanged on a gibbet, but even he would not have asked the hardware man for a jimlet. Not in his jiddiest moment of pedagogic authority would he have said, 'Jilbert, jive me a jilt-wheeled jig,' if he wanted the liveryman to supply him a gig with gilded spokes for his holiday diversion. Not even he, snapshot arbiter of linguistic problems, would have asked at the library for Jibbon's 'Decline and Fall.' And if he has a daughter, will she be a jirl? But Gillies must be called Jillies, because 'g' before 'i' is soft."

## What Kind of Leader Are You?

A CONFERENCE Missionary Volunteer secretary, in writing of the great dearth of successful Missionary Volunteer leaders, said:—

"Some are willing, but they lack tact and zeal for souls. Some are good at getting up programs, but when it comes to getting the young people to work, they are at a standstill. Some are earnest, but so slow and altogether lacking in knowing how to keep things alive and interesting, that they soon kill all interest in the meetings and society. So it goes."

Dear Leader,—

Will you study your own case a bit?

Are you doing your best?

Do you want to do better?

Are you making the effort?

Do you know what your weak points are?

Are you trying to strengthen those points?

Have you asked some of your sincere friends, who will not flatter you, for friendly criticism?

Have you written or talked to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary or any one else as to how you can do better work?

Do you have an idea how the great Leader regards your work?

Have you talked with him about it?

Are you willing to study to show yourself approved unto God, a workman that needs not to be ashamed?

Are you willing to pray as if it all depended on God, and work and study as if it all depended on you?

Much depends on how you answer these questions,—for yourself, and for the flock over which God has placed you.

M. E. KERN.

## Beware of the Submarine

ENGLAND is confronted with the serious problem of how to protect her navy and merchantmen from the dangerous and deadly German submarine. The lookout on her ships may scan the ocean sharply, no hostile ship may be in sight, but underneath the smooth surface of the water may glide the deadly submarine bent on its mission of destruction.

Even so we, in our conflict with evil, must contend with hidden foes. How difficult to contend with the submarine of slander; the backbiter, who, when out of your sight, torpedoes, so to speak, your good name; the talebearer, who, unheard by you, makes havoc of your reputation. These are all deadly foes, and would to God they were all outside the church. "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it. . . . But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company." "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? . . . He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up ["receiveth, or, endureth," margin] a reproach against his neighbor." Let us beware of the submarine tongue.—*The Atlantic Union Gleaner*.

## Close to the Saviour

CLOSE to the Saviour, my prayer is to stay,  
Close by his side as I walk by the way,  
Shielded, protected, from sin and alarm,  
Resting in peace on my Saviour's strong arm.

Close to the Saviour I long to abide,  
Serving him daily, whatever betide;  
Living a life that will tell for the right,  
Trusting in Jesus by day and by night.

W. T. STRICKLAND.