

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIII

June 22, 1915

No. 25



N<sup>o</sup> 1. VIEW FROM SENCHAL

T.H. SAAR, DARJEELING

IN 1914 there were published in America 1,038 books on sociology and economics.

PLANS are being matured in France for the establishment of schools in which crippled soldiers can be taught trades.

No man physically able to go to war will be ordained to the gospel ministry by the Church of England as long as the war continues.

LASSEN PEAK, California, burst into an eruption on May 22. Down its side swept a new flood of mud with three streams of lava in its wake.

ACCORDING to statistics of the relative sizes of the various large countries of the world, Russia lacks but ten degrees of reaching halfway around the earth.

THE sales in the book department of the Review and Herald during May showed an increase of more than eighty per cent over those of May, 1914.

HUNDREDS of men in the present war have been blinded by shells or hand grenades; and most of them, particularly in England and Germany, are being taught useful occupations.

THE Massachusetts Forestry Association purposes to plant 320 miles of trees on a loop of highways that, starting and ending at Boston, will pass through fifty-seven other cities and towns.

THE State Board of Agriculture of Kansas reports that the farm products of Kansas amount to more than \$300,000,000 a year. This yield is from only the one third of the State's area that is under cultivation.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has offered to install instruments at Sing Sing and to teach telegraphy to the prisoners, having in view the giving of employment to men as their terms of imprisonment expire.

UNCLE SAM in 1867 purchased Alaska for \$7,200,000. Since then he has taken from this territory \$250,000,000 worth of gold, \$183,000,000 worth of fish, \$65,000,000 of seal skins, and \$20,000,000 worth of copper.

THE Gulf Refining Company, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has built four ships,—the "Gulflight" (recently torpedoed), the "Gulfstream," the "Gulfoil," and the "Gulfcoast," all indicating that they hailed from the "Gulf."

THE following important events in the life of the great Napoleon have their one hundredth anniversary in the year 1915: His escape from Elba, February 26; his arrival at Paris, March 20; his defeat at Waterloo, June 18; and the beginning of his captivity at St. Helena, October 17.

MORE people will lie down hungry tonight in India than live in all North America. More than one third of that population of 315,000,000 never know what it is to have enough to eat. Over one hundred million of them live at the rate of one cent a day per capita.—*Samuel Higginbottom.*

MANUFACTURERS of furniture and other wooden articles in Great Britain are unable to get the necessary amount of lumber for their work. Russia, Norway, and Sweden are the usual sources of supply, but the seas between them and Britain are filled with mines and submarines, thus making the transportation of lumber a dangerous undertaking.

RECENT investigations show that yellow fever is transmitted only by the bite of a mosquito carrying the disease germs. So instead of the former method of guarding with armed patrol that section of a town or city infected with yellow fever, the important precaution is to prevent the carrying of mosquitoes from the infected area to outside territory. People leaving such a town do so by shuttle trains, which run out a distance of about twenty miles. The windows and doors of these trains are screened to bar the mosquitoes. At the terminus those who have not been exposed, or who have had the disease and have recovered from it, are transferred to an ordinary train, and allowed to complete their journey. The remaining passengers spend five days in a sanitary camp, at the end of which time, if they show no signs of the disease, they are permitted to proceed. The hardship of a whole community's being shut off from the rest of the world is thus eliminated.

THE boys of Ward County, North Dakota, are beginning an agricultural contest to last for three years. The competitors are boys from fourteen to twenty years of age. Each boy is to have charge of seventeen acres of land, on which he is to raise five acres of corn, wheat, and some other grain,—these in rotation for three years,—and two acres of alfalfa. The prizes, \$1,500 and a great silver cup, will go to those who get the largest net income from their fields.

THE London *Times* has added to its announcement departments a new department entitled "Killed in Action." Such announcements as, "Near Ypres, our dearly loved only son;" "At Hill No. 60, my most dearly loved and loving husband;" "In Flanders, our loving youngest son," reveal to some extent the agony of grief in many English homes today.

THE Music School Settlement of New York City is one of the most interesting and commendable social settlements in the United States. Opportunity is offered to all who desire to study music. Only a small fee is charged those who can pay, and seventy free scholarships are open to the most needy.

THE dock where one of the big automobile companies receives its steel is a scene of busy activity. The company employs seventy men to unload the steel from cars to trucks, which carry it by huge cranes to the shop. The men unload 500,000 pounds of steel an hour, and keep it up all day.

A RAILWAY agent at Silvis, Illinois, decided that he would save the loose grain on the floors of the empty cars that came to the station for reloading. In four months the receipts from this source brought into the company's treasury the sum of \$267.55.

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Uganda, a Stronghold of Heathenism .....	3
Intellectual Benefits to Be Derived From College Life .....	4
Wits' End Corner .....	5
The Christian Warfare .....	7
With the Colporteurs .....	7
Kindness (poetry) .....	8
The Little Foxes .....	8
Bouncing Bet .....	10
Name These Men .....	11
The Study of Our African Missions .....	13
SELECTIONS	
The Way Stella Had .....	6
Exposition Flora .....	10
The Cat, the Cradle, and the Baby .....	11
The Trifling Excuse .....	12

# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 22, 1915

No 25

## God Chooses

He chose this path for thee;  
No feeble chance, or hard, relentless fate,  
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here.  
He knew the way was desolate,  
Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear;  
Yet tenderly he whispered, "Child, I see  
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee,  
Though well he knew sharp thorns would pierce thy feet,  
Knew how the bramble would obstruct thy way;  
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet;  
Knew how thy faith would falter day by day;  
And still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I see  
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee,  
E'en while he knew the fearful midnight gloom  
Thy timid, shrinking soul must travel through;  
How towering rocks would oft before thee loom,  
And phantoms grim would meet thy frightened view;  
Still came the whisper, "My beloved, I see  
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee;  
What needst thou more? This sweeter truth to know  
That all along these strange, bewildering ways,  
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,  
His loving arms will bear thee "all the days."  
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see  
This path is best for thee.

—Selected.

## Uganda, a Stronghold of Heathenism

JOHN B. AITKEN



AMONG the most remarkable triumphs of missions for the last sixty years has been the work of the Church Missionary Society of Uganda, Africa. Henry M. Stanley in writing of it says, "I know of few secular enterprises, military or otherwise, deserving of greater praise."

Uganda is now a British protectorate, lying in the heart of Africa, having an area about equal to that of Minnesota. The opening of the missionary work in Uganda was in 1874, when Stanley, on his second tour to Africa, purposing to carry out Livingstone's endeavors, became acquainted with King Mtesa and won his great favor. Here Stanley began his famous attempt to convert the heathen king from the darkness of Mohammedanism to the light of Christianity.

The origin of the mission established there later may be traced to a letter which Stanley, on his first visit to Mtesa, indited to the journal which he represented. He gave a vivid picture of how he had undermined Islam, of the king's determination to follow Christ, and of how the soil was now ready for the work of Christian missionaries. He said: "O, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted; it is the practical Christian tutor who can teach the people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor,—that is the man who is wanted."

Within two days after the letter appeared in the *Daily Telegram* of Nov. 15, 1875, the money was raised and plans were begun for the new mission.

In 1876 the first party of missionaries was sent out. Alexander Mackay, the leader of the party, had a boat made in London and put together after reaching Zanzibar, purposing a tour of exploration up the Wami River, in the hope that the most difficult part of the road to Uganda might thus be avoided. The river was unfit for navigation, and the party was compelled to go on foot. After a painful march, during which two of the eight who had left England died of the fever, two were murdered by the natives and two compelled to return to England with ruined health, only Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mackay reached Uganda, in 1877.

They were welcomed with honors by the king, but for thirteen years the mission had uphill work. During this time Mr. Mackay was the principal, and at times the only, foreign worker. In him we find the exact man that Mr. Stanley called for in his letter. His practical knowledge of mechanics and blacksmithing gave him a good standing with the natives, and no doubt was the means by which the mission was saved from ruin. As late as 1890, when an appeal was made for reinforcements, there were only four missionaries in the country; but in 1900 there were twenty, not counting wives or lay members.

The obstacles encountered by the missionaries to Uganda were many. The inaccessibility of the field made it extremely difficult for workers to reach the country and obtain necessary supplies. Being falsely charged by the Arab traders with having political interests there, the missionaries labored under suspicion, and were frequently persecuted. In 1885, when Bishop Hannington was on his way to assist Mackay, on reaching the borders of the country he was deliberately murdered, by orders direct from the king, who gave as an excuse for this foul murder that the bishop entered the country from an unlucky side. In the year 1886 persecution was especially fierce, threatening to annihilate Christianity. Some native Christians were horribly mutilated or hacked to pieces; others were tortured and then roasted alive; thirty-two were slowly burned to death on one great pyre. It is said that of two hundred native Christians who perished at this time, none renounced their faith.

The extreme conceit of the Waganda people, and the prevalence of laziness, falsehood, lust, murder, hatred, and barbarous practices, rendered Uganda an unpromising field. Polytheism, witchcraft, and countless superstitions had a strong hold on all classes.

The evil customs of the people, however, were not the only difficulty to be met. The missionaries were obliged to reduce the language to writing and to develop an entire Christian vocabulary. When we add to all these difficulties the opposition of Islam and the plotting of Romanists, it will be seen that the giving of the gospel to Uganda was a difficult task, and made the achievements of the Christian workers deserving of great praise.

In 1882, five years after the missionaries reached

Uganda, they had their first baptism. At the end of seven years, less than a hundred had been baptized; but in 1890 the tide began to rise more rapidly. Bishop Tucker had meetings in 1891 with such large crowds that it made him think of Exeter Hall. At the dedication of the chapel the next year, the audience numbered four thousand.

It was about this time that an intense desire for a spiritual revival came over the missionaries. Rev. George L. Pilkington came to feel his own need of the Spirit so deeply that he felt he could not continue at his work without a new baptism of power. A great desire arose for mission services, and in the absence of special missionaries from abroad, it became plain that God wanted to use the missionaries themselves, and they bowed in prayer and newly dedicated themselves to him, asking him to baptize them anew. This was Dec. 8, 1893.

After prayer they went up to the church at the usual time, confident of a blessing. Mr. Pilkington conducted the meeting, and spoke earnestly of a new power from God coming down on the native church, and on the missionaries. At this time the missionaries were astounded by an old convert coming into the meeting and demanding that he might publicly renounce Christianity. "I get no profit from your religion," he said. "Do you think I have been reading for seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all; I am done with it!" Mr. Pilkington, dwelling on this case, pointed out what a shame and reproach it was to the missionaries.

A sense of the need of fuller life and power took strong hold on preachers and teachers, who first of all humbled themselves before God. Then blessings came upon the church. Five hundred at a time attended the daily morning service, and the workers found themselves in the midst of a great spiritual revival. Their joy was beyond expression. The after-meetings saw hundreds waiting for individual help, and among the fruits was the man who publicly announced his return to heathenism. The work was searching, and a spirit of confession and humiliation prevailed in the native church. The work thereafter made great progress, so that when Mr. Pilkington was in England in 1896, he was able to write:—

"A hundred thousand souls have been brought into close contact with the gospel. Half of them are able to read for themselves; two hundred buildings have been raised by native Christians in which to worship God and hear his word; two hundred native evangelists and teachers are entirely supported by the native churches; 10,000 copies of the New Testament are in circulation; 6,000 souls are eagerly seeking daily instruction; statistics of baptism, confirmation, adherence, and teachers have more than doubled yearly, for the last six or seven years—and all this in the center of the thickest spiritual darkness in the world."



FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—*Emerson.*

### Intellectual Benefits to Be Derived From College Life

IN studying the list of "Who's Who in America," it was found that these men are nearly all college-bred men. Apparently the colleges of America have been a factor in making our leaders. But could not these men have been what they are without attending college? If not, and the college was to these men all that is claimed for it, the question of what constitutes the special advantage offered by such institutions is worthy of consideration.

In discussing the subject, I shall use the term college so as to include institutions preparing men as specialists, such as normal schools, colleges, and universities. Of the three prominent phases of college life—the social, moral, and intellectual—I wish to consider only the intellectual phase. The word intellectual is a word of common use; but what is its real meaning? Is not an intelligent man one endowed with capabilities that enable him to do his work in the best possible way?

Now, in what way does the training given by a college develop this ability? Study is the major part of the work of a college; so let us look at it as the cause of these effects.

There are two pronounced results obtainable from study. They are the facts gained and the mental culture. Although these results are plainly divisible in viewing them, it is impossible to obtain the one without the other.

The word facts here means the truths represented by a subject, and their applications. To be acquainted with or to know a subject, means that one knows not only the subject matter and the laws governing the science, but the application of these laws, which will produce given results. For example, a man may have a technical knowledge of the parts of a transit instrument; but unless he can see at a glance the best place to set up the instrument, and in a short time give it an accurate adjustment, he has not completed his store of facts about surveying. In short, to know a subject means to have the data and to know how to use what one has.

I admit that some refuse to accept this as a definition of learning a subject. They are satisfied with the data regardless of use. Just here is the ground for criticism of the benefits of college training. Such and such a man is pointed out as a college man, but he can accomplish nothing with his education. It is because he has not seen the practical side of his learning, and cannot put facts to use. Therefore many pronounce the college a failure; but to such critics I would say, Do not regard the impractical man as a college-bred man, for he has not completed the college course, but only one side of it.

I grant also that the subjects which can be thus mastered during the stay in schools are few; but here the other side of education comes to the rescue.—the mental development. One has said, "By doing today's work well, tomorrow's work will be easy." This maxim applies here; for by the mental training the brain has undergone during the schools days, it has been strengthened and made more capable of comprehension of new facts; and it is here that we find the reason an educated man can so readily adapt himself to his new position; or, in other words, this is why the college man is the man of the hour, even if he has never met like circumstances before.

I have made these statements without attempting to support them. It is impossible to prove that these results are an invariable outcome; for it would be impossible to ascertain the results in all cases. But taking the general results as an example, the colleges have demonstrated it true, time after time, by the thousands of practical-minded students they have produced.

One may say it is possible to get a practical training without taking such a course. Some men do indeed develop intellectual capabilities without even seeing a college chapel; but it is by individual application of the same principles that are set forth in the college that they acquire it. But we might pertinently ask what he would have been if he had had such opportunities. The purpose of the college is to lay before the student these governing principles, and let him use them in making himself the man of his age.

I have shown, I think, to a limited extent why the names in "Who's Who" are those of college men. As the college has much to do with the making of such men, we shall expect that as more men become more deeply interested in college work, the greater will be America's mental power.

E. C. BLUE.

---

#### "Wits' End Corner"

ON a warm spring afternoon my sunny little nephew was left in my care. He was too young to walk, but had a happy time creeping from room to room, pulling himself up to windows to watch the passers-by, occasionally waving and nodding to those who smiled at

the baby face pressed against the pane. Tiring of this, he steadied himself on his toes at the piano, his rosy finger tips just reaching the edge of the keys.

My work took me to the kitchen, where I could hear the faint, uncertain tones of his music, so I knew he was all right. Soon, however, I heard him hurrying in his baby fashion through the two intervening rooms. He had missed me, and his little face was the picture of despairing inquiry, and his voice trailed away into lonesome little calls. As soon as he saw me his face brightened, and he settled down to baby business—searching the mysteries of cabinet drawers, rolling marbles, pounding the window with a big spoon, or clutching at my dress and walking with me as I moved about my work.

Then he spied a yellow paper bag standing up tall under the little worktable. He crawled to it, and, standing with his nose on a level with the top, looked in. I think the bag contained only unattractive looking potatoes, but to him it was a marvelous find, and exclamations of wonder and gurgles of delight kept coming from under that table.

The little fellow had crawled under, but he attempted to walk out, and the rail of the table caught him squarely on the eyebrows. I turned round at a cry from him, and the appealing look in his expressive eyes said, "I want to be over there with you, auntie, but I can't move. Please help me." I stretched out my hands for him to come, but his rigid little body would not bend. He couldn't understand about that something which held him, and impatiently he pushed



Copyright by Brown and Dawson

"SEEN IN GERMANY"

In this shed where wheat flour, rice, and beans are stored there are nearly 300,000 bags of flour and other cereals. Great quantities of salt meat are also shown in other photographs.

against the sharp edge of the rail until it pressed into the tender flesh. I bent his head to one side, but could not get him out because the baby backbone was tense with determination. Then gently I flexed the little knees, and his head dropped below the rail. He was free and happy again.

I apply the lesson to us older ones, who are but children grown tall. As surely as we creep along in humility, trusting not to ourselves but to a higher power, we are free and happy and safe. Let us get into a position where we stand upon our feet in pride and haughtiness of spirit, and we are powerless to help others or ourselves. We are miserable and unhappy. We long to be free, but are held as it were in a vise. The Lord stretches out his hands and longs to free us from the fetters of selfishness and pride, but he cannot so long as our wills refuse to bend to his.

Sometimes when we are steeled in pride, our very necks stiffened with self-confidence, the Lord in tender mercy sends us heart-breaking sorrows, places us in humiliating circumstances, or allows the chilling winds of adversity to sweep over us. And all because he loves us. Gently he brings us to our knees at his dear feet. There with sobs and tears, our self-trusting spirit gone forever, humble, subdued, contrite, we find mercy and pardon.

Perhaps self-righteousness is not our besetting sin, yet to test our faith the Father places obstacles in our way. We cannot ignore them, however much we try, for they are there, looming up big and black and formidable. We cannot walk over them, they are much too large for that. We cannot go around them because the road we travel is a narrow one, and these mountains of circumstances fill all the space. We are impatient to be on our way; to turn back we dare not, so we stand helpless—we have reached our wits' end. Then in our despair we remember a way of escape. Down on our knees we cry to the Lord in our trouble, and he saves us out of our distresses. Down on our knees the path ahead looks bright and clear. We are overjoyed to see every hindrance removed.

"Are you standing at 'Wits' End Corner,  
Christian, with troubled brow?  
Are you thinking of what is before you,  
And all you are bearing now?  
Does all the world seem against you,  
And you in the battle alone?  
Remember, at 'Wits' End Corner'  
Is just where God's power is shown.

"Are you standing at 'Wits' End Corner,  
Your work before you spread,  
All lying begun, unfinished,  
And pressing on heart and head,  
Longing for strength to do it,  
Stretching out trembling hands?  
Remember, at 'Wits' End Corner'  
The Burden-bearer stands.

"Are you standing at 'Wits' End Corner'  
Yearning for those you love,  
Longing and praying and watching,  
Pleading their cause above,  
Trying to lead them to Jesus,  
Wondering if *you've* been true?  
He whispers at 'Wits' End Corner',  
'I'll win them as I've won you.'

"Are you standing at 'Wits' End Corner'?  
Then you're just in the very spot  
To learn the wondrous resources  
Of Him who faileth not,  
No doubt to a brighter pathway  
Your footsteps will soon be moved,  
But only at 'Wits' End Corner'  
Is 'the God who is able' proved."

ROSSLYN E. GALLION



### The Way Stella Had

"STELLA has the dearest way of being kind," Beulah Morrison remarked impulsively. "She is always doing something perfectly lovely for you and forgetting all about it the next minute so you aren't made uncomfortable by it."

"How do you mean, Beulah?" asked her mother.

"Well, mother, it's like this. Some girls when they do something nice for you leave you feeling as if you were under a perfect load of obligation. You feel sure they don't forget about it, and so you can't help almost dreading to accept favors from them. But Stella's just as different as she can be. She doesn't remember two seconds that she's been able to do anything for you. Only yesterday she spent the longest time explaining to me those geometry theorems I missed by being ill last week. She took time for it that I knew afterwards she must have been wanting to use on her painting, but she didn't say or hint a word to let me suspect it. Well, this morning I had a chance to do something for her, leave a package for her at her dressmaker's. It was right on my way home, and she was so grateful about it, you'd think I had done something big for her."

Only the other day I heard a woman say, rather shrinkingly, that she couldn't bear to accept any favors from a certain acquaintance of hers. "Because she always makes so much of them," she explained. "Of course she doesn't mean to do it, but I hardly ever see her but that she remarks how busy she has been, but that she simply had to take time to go to see poor, dear Mrs. So-and-So who was ill, and take her a glass of jelly or a new book or magazine. Or, 'I just had to help Mrs. Blank out,' she'll say; 'she isn't able to get into town, and I know she hates to miss all the sales this month, so I've been trying to crowd her shopping in with mine. I divided some of my best bargains with her. Of course she doesn't know that.' No, of course Mrs. Blank doesn't. If she did, she would never have accepted the favor. Nor would she if she could hear her helpful friend discussing her in this way."

It is too bad that so well-intentioned a woman should let her good deeds lack the sweet grace of being done quietly. The Biblical injunction not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth, has apparently never been taken in by her.

"I always have an uncomfortable feeling that whatever she does for me she is going to exploit to her other acquaintances," continued my friend.

Hardly less agreeable is the habit many people have of keeping "debit and credit" too closely. They seem fairly oppressed if they are obliged to accept favors from their friends, until they find a way of returning them in kind. And who of us when we have an opportunity to show a kindness or offer a little gift to one for whom we care, but loses half the pleasure in the giving when it is taken in such a businesslike way? We don't *want* to be paid back. The art of graceful receiving is one that should be cultivated.—*Young People's Weekly*.

### The Christian Warfare

"LIFE is a battle and a march," said an old soldier of the cross. That is what it has been to each of us. Yesterday we fought battles, and today we march on. If we are triumphant in these daily battles, a victor's crown is waiting; if defeated, a captive's bondage. This is the fight in which all noble persons contend. As one writer has said:—

"Earth's bravest and truest heroes  
Fight with an unseen foe,  
And win a victory grander  
Than you or I can know.

"We little dream of the conflict  
Fought in each human soul,  
And earth knows not of her heroes  
Upon God's honor roll."

This was the apostle's idea when he said, "I have fought a good fight." He had fought battles, and he knew that to fight the enemy within is more noble than to fight our fellow men without. The former as well as the latter is a literal fight with a personal being: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Yes, our battles are fought against a ruler—a general of six thousand years' experience.

If we desire to join an army, this is our opportunity. We may join the army of Prince Immanuel, who leads the Lord's host against the ruler of darkness. "None are drafted here; all are volunteers." It is an everyday battle. We shall find it necessary to do our present duties, to fight our present temptations, and not weaken ourselves by looking ahead or by endeavoring to start tomorrow's struggles today. We shall have to sing from our hearts:—

"So for tomorrow and its needs,  
I do not pray.  
O keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,  
Just for today."

It is well to be not only a man of letters, but also a man of action,—a soldier, if you please,—one who is free from hesitation, from misgivings; one who can choose the right weapon from the many that are offered, and can demonstrate its correct use.

"The golden prize is waiting,  
But he alone can take it  
Who says with Roman firmness,  
'I'll find a way, or make it.'"

In this warfare we must not think of rendering evil for evil; for our Captain declares, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." The war is chiefly waged within us; for a battle field is a battle field, whether it be in the heart of the earth or in the heart of man. If it were ours to judge which is the harder, facts would show that many who were conquerors on land failed to conquer in the heart. Alexander the Great accomplished a great achievement in overcoming the known world in eight years. In the pride of his young manhood he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; yet he was conquered by his sensual nature, and died a victim to his carnal appetite. Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon conquered nations and subdued kingdoms, but they were subdued by the enemy within.

In contrast to these world rulers who are examples of failure in their spiritual battles, we look to the Captain of our Christian warfare as an example of success. Although he came to this world at a time when the enemy had perfected all his weapons, devices, and

strategy by four thousand years' experience, yet he was never overcome; and instead of asking his followers to die for him he died for them, and asks them to live for him.

When comparing Jesus to the leaders in the carnal warfare, Napoleon said: "You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends." Again he said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius?—Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love, and at this hour millions would die for him."

"But," asks a writer, commenting on these men, "who would think of comparing an ambitious warrior, conquered by his own lust and dying a victim of his passion, with the spotless Friend of sinners—a few bloody victories of the one with the peaceful triumphs of the other; and a huge military empire of force, which crumbled to pieces as soon as it was erected, with the spiritual kingdom of peace and love which stands to this day and will last forever?"

So we see that our warfare is the noble one. Our fight as Christians is not with others on a physical plane, but it is with ourselves and with the devil on a spiritual plane. Our business in life is not to get ahead of others, but to get ahead of ourselves, outstrip our yesterdays by our todays, conquer some temptation today that overpowered us yesterday; in a word, to "fight the good fight of faith." Then when our conflict is ended we can truthfully say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord . . . shall give me at that day." M. G. CONGER.

### With the Colporteurs

#### A Winter Experience

A COLPORTEUR in the far north who refused to be driven from the field on account of the coldness of the weather, but with snowshoes made his way from house to house, was made to rejoice when he saw the immediate fruit of his labor by a family accepting the truth at a home where he was obliged to remain for two days on account of a blinding snowstorm. Had he not persevered, despite the real difficulties, this fruit for the kingdom would not have been his.

#### Experience in Drought

Notwithstanding the severe drought a lady student colporteur working in the country continued her work when others had quit the field. The orders did not come so fast or so easy as when the prospects were brighter, for everything was drying up; the grass and fields were looking brown, and sparks from passing trains were frequently catching in pastures and burning up what little feed there was. But by using these conditions to enforce the points of truth in her book, she secured orders of those whom she succeeded in interesting, delivered a large per cent, and returned to school with two scholarships. W. W. EASTMAN.



# 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."



## Kindness

It was only a smile and a pleasant word,—  
A moment's pause by the way,—  
But the heart of the one who saw and heard  
Was cheered through the trying day.

It was only an offer of timely aid  
In thoughtful and kindly mood,  
But it helped a soul that was sore afraid,  
And courage and hope renewed.

It was only a handclasp, warm and strong,  
And a whispered word of cheer,  
Yet a burdened heart that had doubted long,  
Was loosed from the bonds of fear.

FRANCES WATSON MARTIN.

## The Little Foxes

It was a warm morning, so warm that most people did not feel like making any extra exertion; but a small figure in a dotted blue print dress, crowned by a shady "mushroom" hat, was industriously digging with a small spade in a remote corner of the garden. The excavation was slowly deepening, and two bright brown eyes glanced every now and then at a small bundle consisting of something tied up in a tiny pinafore.

At last eager little fingers untied the knot, and there came to view a large dinner plate in five pieces. Taking hold of one corner of the pinafore, Berta slid her collection of crockery into its untimely grave, carefully covered it over with earth till the hole was filled up, patted the surface down with the back of her spade, and then sped away to the big tree under which she was accustomed to play.

She was about to climb into her swing, when, "Berta!" called a gentle voice, and Berta turned reluctantly toward the house.

"I want you to carry this milk down to Mrs. Robson's, dearie. Mr. Jones called just now as he was passing in his cart, and tells me her Jimmy is ill. So you'll have to take it to her instead."

The speaker was Berta's aged grandmother, who lived alone with the child of her youngest daughter. Berta was "going on for nine" she would have told you had you asked her, and she was a dear little girl in many ways. Her widowed mother, who had been very careful about the training of her only child, had died two years before, and Berta was then taken to the kindly heart and cozy home of "granny." Here she had remained ever since, except for a brief visit now and then to some neighbor whose children were Berta's playmates at school.

As the little girl started off with grandmother's shiniest can to Mrs. Robson's, her mind reverted to what she had just been doing. When granny went down to the hen yard that morning to feed the fowls, she left Berta wiping the dishes. Berta was in a hurry to finish so she could go and play, and in quickly wiping one of the large plates, smash! it went on the floor.

"O, granny will be cross!" she told herself, and then wondered what she could do with the pieces. She picked them up, put them into her little pinafore, and ran outside with them, where they were left in an out-of-the-way corner till she should finish wiping the dishes. Then, taking her playhouse spade, away she went with her bundle down the garden, and buried the telltale crockery. A flush came into Berta's round cheek as she thought of all this, but she comforted herself with the reflection, "O, well, I saw Jimmy Robson do that when he broke a cup one afternoon."

Mrs. Robson received Berta warmly and gave her a lovely peach for bringing the milk down. Jimmy, she explained, only had a cold; but she was keeping him in bed for the day so he would get over it more quickly. Berta was allowed to see him for a short time, as they were old chums; and the little boy brightened up considerably at sight of his friend. The morning's experience was weighing so much on Berta's mind that by and by she recounted it to Jimmy, and felt much relieved when he laughed and treated the whole thing as a very good joke.

Three, four years slipped away. Granny had grown feebler in the meantime, and felt that her end could not be far off. Berta was a great help to her in many ways, but this little trait of secretiveness in the child's character had grown with her years, until now critical persons might have called it by a stronger name. Berta was too fond of both herself and her grandmother to cause either undue pain, and questionable means were sometimes adopted to save doing so. If she forgot to post a letter, for instance, and granny inquired about it, without saying so directly she would give the old lady to understand that she had posted it. Her conscience would be quieted by starting off, as soon as granny would not be likely to notice her absence, to the post office with the delayed missive. In many little ways this failing became more pronounced, although Berta at times made good resolutions, especially after reading some helpful story in the child's paper to which granny subscribed.

When finally Mrs. Fielding passed away and Berta found herself bereft of the loving care of the one who had been her guide and protector for seven years, the young girl's sorrow was real and deep. It was well for her that a complete change of surroundings was to help take her mind off her great loss. The lawyer who had charge of Mrs. Fielding's affairs informed Berta that her future home was to be with her father's brother and his wife, in one of the prettiest suburbs of a distant city. Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond and their only daughter, Annabelle, had entertained Berta and her mother at their pleasant home nearly eight years before, when Annabelle was twelve and Berta six. It had been an enjoyable visit for all, and when kindly letters now arrived from both her aunt and cousin, Berta shared the hope they expressed that she would be with them as soon as possible. Annabelle was coming more than half way to meet her "dear cousin Alberta."



Six months from that time Berta felt well acquainted with her three relatives. Annabelle, who was sometimes called Anna, and sometimes Belle, proved to be a light-hearted and charming girl, who chose her friends discreetly, and kept them. She was a favorite with all, but became intimate with few. Berta was more reserved in manner than her cousin, and for the first few months of her stay went out but rarely, finding her chief pleasure in writing to a number of the friends who had been kind to both her and her grandmother. Letters came from them in return, some addressed with great care to "Miss Alberta Raymond;" others, from those who knew her more intimately, to "Miss B." or "Miss Berta" Raymond. But the trouble began when one day a letter came addressed to "Miss A. Raymond," and Annabelle, thinking it was hers, opened it.

"I'm sorry, Berta," she said a little later, meeting her cousin in the hall; "I thought this letter was for me; but when I read "Dear Alberta," I put it back in the envelope at once. Will you forgive my mistake?"

Berta took the letter without saying anything, and retired to her room. "How could she be so stupid?" she said vexedly to herself. "She must have known the writing wasn't that of any of her friends, and, besides, the postmark is plain enough. I've a good mind now to look at the letters as soon as Mary brings them in, and if I see any addressed to Miss A. Raymond and I know the writing, I'll open them before Miss Annabelle gets the chance."

Sure enough, one came that afternoon, addressed in "Mrs. Hurlbut's writing," said Berta to herself. But on opening the envelope, she found it was a request from one of Annabelle's friends for that young lady to go shopping with her next day.

Berta made her apology with less grace than her cousin had done; but Annabelle took it good-naturedly enough, and smilingly said that mistakes would sometimes happen.

On the next occasion, a dainty missive came to "Miss B. Raymond," and Berta felt herself justified in opening it. It was headed "Dear Belle," but that did not deter Berta from reading to the end, just as she had done with the previous one. She did not remember that she had blamed her cousin for not examining the postmark.

When Berta rather crossly spoke to Annabelle about this letter, the latter said, "I think it would be a good plan, Berta, if we each one asked our correspondents to address us by only one initial,—A. in my case, B. in yours,—unless they use our full name. Some of my friends never call me anything else but Belle and write me as Miss B., while I know there are some of yours who always want to say or write Alberta, or at least the first letter of that name. It will be just as well to explain matters and get them to write us as I have suggested, in order to save further confusion."

Both carried out this plan, and there all trouble might have ended; but it did not. One day Berta noticed a letter in the rack directed to "Miss A. Raymond" in what she thought was a familiar handwriting. "Elsie Manning!" she exclaimed, and took the letter down to examine the postmark. This proved to be undecipherable; but Berta was so sure Elsie had forgotten her directions and written in the old way, that she decided to open it. "I *might* be wrong," she said to herself; "so I'll open it in a way that Annabelle won't notice

if it is meant for her." She ran her sharp little pen-knife carefully under the flap at the back, and in a minute had the contents in her hands. As before, the salutation, "Dearest Annabelle," did not stop her, and she read through to the end. Then she walked over to a writing desk, in one of the pigeonholes of which was a bottle of gum arabic, and, dipping the brush into the mucilage, she quickly and deftly gummed the flap down again.

Another time Berta felt certain by the postmark that a letter was from a friend of hers, and she opened it by stealth. Bit by bit the habit grew on her, till at length she became familiar with the handwriting of each of her cousin's correspondents, both lady and gentleman. Also she learned to differentiate between little notes from Annabelle's friends in town and letters from those living at a distance. On reaching this stage, she took the trouble to open only those which she thought were likely to prove interesting.

She was quite annoyed once because one of these notes from a gentleman friend should invite Annabelle to accompany him to a high-class concert to be given shortly, and not include herself. "Anna gets all the good times," she told herself grumblingly. "I don't know why people don't ask me out more. I'd just love to go to that concert with some one."

Berta, unknown to herself, was changing, her one bad habit seeming in some mysterious way to permeate her whole character. She developed a way of making sarcastic remarks, of laughing ill-manneredly at little incidents, of expecting favors where she seldom thought of giving any in return. This did not tend to increase her popularity among her acquaintances.

"I wish you would come into the library for a few moments, George, if you are not too busy," said Mrs. Raymond to her husband one evening after tea.

They left the room together, and soon Mrs. Raymond was speaking to her husband in earnest, almost agitated tones:—

"George, I don't like telling you this, but I feel I must. It is about Berta. Do you know we have reason to suspect Alberta of opening private correspondence? Yesterday Annabelle took her letters out of the rack not long after they had been brought in, and one of them stuck to her hand. On looking at it, she saw some soft gum on the back, just below the flap. She lifted the flap up without much trouble and saw that it had been freshly gummed along its entire length. She was very, very much surprised, and came to me at once. I couldn't understand it any more than she; so we decided to watch, never dreaming it might be Berta.

"Today after Mary brought the letters in, Annabelle carefully noticed those addressed to her, three in number, before they were placed in the rack along with some others Anna had written to be posted. Then she went away, while I remained near by. I saw Berta go into the room where the letters were and come out again. When she had gone upstairs I looked into the rack. There was only one letter of Anna's left! By and by Berta came downstairs, and again went into the breakfast room. I entered by the other door just as she was withdrawing her hand from the rack, and I thought she went out rather hastily. Then I saw that the missing letters had been replaced."

Mr. Raymond had listened very quietly to his wife's story, although his features betokened growing surprise. When she finished, he said: "Helen, I am pained

(Concluded on page twelve)



### The Humming Bird

A FLASH of harmless lightning,  
A mist of rainbow dyes,  
The burnished sunbeams brightening,  
From flower to flower flies;

While wakes the nodding blossom,  
But just too late to see  
What lips have touched her bosom  
And drained her nectary.

—John B. Tabb.

### Bouncing Bet

IN the gardens of our great-great-grandmothers, among the foxgloves, the larkspurs, the buttercups, and the garden pinks was bouncing Bet. Just when she made her escape from within the prim garden walls we are not told. This plant has great spreading tendencies, and after a year or two of freedom, how charmingly she adorns what was once an unsightly ash heap or tin-can repository. She sheds a sweet fragrance upon the just and the unjust, whether her outlook be upon a pigsty or a tidy school yard. Those who regard her as coarse, weedy, and generally disreputable do not know her in her true character. Have you ever read Florence Wilkinson's poem about bouncing Bet? Here are a few lines:—

"The pop'lar name is bouncing Bet,  
And it is found in wayside nooks,  
Escaped from gardens where it grew,  
But sometimes cultivated yet.  
Dear bouncing Bet! How spirited  
And fine that was of you,  
To run away and to escape  
From stiff old gardens, long ago,  
And paths made prim by hoe and tape—  
A brave adventure to have planned!"

Bouncing Bet's botanical name is *Saponaria*, which suggests saponaceous, and then soap. Strange to say, if you will rub the leaves of bouncing Bet in water, they will furnish you enough soapiness to wash your hands.

This plant begins to blossom early in June and continues till fall. All summer the seed vessels of the earlier flowers are ripening, and one needs only to empty one of these and count its seeds and multiply by the number of flowers on a single stalk to get an idea of the vast number of new plants that will come up next year. No wonder the bouncing Bet replenishes the earth.

MARY BARRETT.

### Exposition Flora

ALL who visit the California Exposition expect particularly to be enraptured with the flowers of that flower land. The planning and planting were, therefore, completed months ahead, so that even the first comers found a paradise in full bloom, with waving palms, cypress, and eucalypti, trailing vines, and masses of flowering shrubs.

The climate of San Francisco, in which plants native to all except extreme latitudes will bloom outdoors, has enabled the horticultural gardens to be at least as marvelous as the conservatory under the big opalescent dome of Horticultural Palace. These horticultural gardens—that is, the scientific gardens, as distin-

guished from the architectural gardens of the Exposition Park itself—cover seven acres.

Here bloom sixty thousand selected bulbs sent by the Netherlands State Board of Horticulture, planted and tended by Dutch gardeners. Here is an exquisite model colonial garden presented by Massachusetts growers; it was designed by Stephen Childs, and is embellished with garden architecture and bronzes by Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd. In the California garden among more esthetic treasures is a new kind of strawberry, one that resists drought and can be grown successfully in dry countries. This berry, "made" by Albert Etters, is a cross between two useless parents. Is anything, then, useless, after all?

In the California garden, too, Luther Burbank, nature's fellow wizard, has an astounding display of his wonders. Sweet peas and roses are especially grown by Scotch and English gardeners. And there is a rose contest in which beauties from all over the world are blooming to win the thousand-dollar trophy offered for the best new seedling rose. Prof. and Mrs. T. D. A. Cockerell, of Boulder, Colorado, show their whole treatment of the Mendelian theory of segregation by which they have given to the world a gorgeous new red sunflower.

Among the new gladioli are three appropriate natives of 1915—War, Peace, and Arbitration. There are lovely new carnations, one guaranteed free from "rust," and new peonies, irises, heliotropes, and cannas.

There are ravishing gardens from Japan and China—a garland, here, from all the world indeed!

Indoors, directly under the great, glowing opal dome—the largest glass dome ever made—is the costly exhibit made by the Cuban government of the hitherto unknown marvels of its jungles. The largest and the tiniest of known palms—the huge royal palms and full-grown palms but six inches high—are here, with rare coconut trees, strange crotons glowing with color like growing rainbows, and the slowest growing plant on earth, three hundred years old, and having but a twelve-foot spread.

Orchids, Hawaiian hibiscus, and other tropical gems fill great spaces. Vines hang from above and radiant birds fly over all.

But this department is by no means all for mere beauty. Many new food plants are shown; the United States Bureau of Plant Industry features the dasheen tuber, a superior substitute for our old friend the white potato. Indeed, the student, the flower lover, the business man, and especially the housekeeper can find much of use in these acres of fruit-bearing trees; these process exhibits of fruit gathering, packing, drying, shipping, and marketing; and these directing stations where we are shown the best practices for home and kitchen canning and preserving. The home preserving school is under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Bitting, the food technologists chosen by our government to investigate the canning industry.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

EVERY living thing in nature is looking upward. From the tiny fern frond in the moss to the tallest oak, all are ever reaching toward the sun, the source of their life. God wills that we, in like manner, shall ever look upward to the Source of our strength.

JANETTE BIDWELL.



### Name These Men

I SEE a man writing with a quill pen upon parchment. A very old man is by his side and seems to be dictating what shall be written. Both the men are clothed in long, flowing robes.

The scene changes. The younger man stands at the gate of a temple. He has the roll of parchment in his hand and is reading from it to many persons standing near. One of them runs to the king's house and tells the princes there that something is being read about the king from a roll. The princes send for the man at the gate to come and read the roll to them. He obeys, and after he has read awhile one of the princes asks him how he wrote the words — that is, were they his own thoughts or the thoughts of another. He tells them that he simply wrote what was pronounced to him by his aged companion. The princes tell him to find his companion and for both of them to hide, while they tell the king about the roll, for they know he will be angry. When the king is told about the roll, he desires to see it, and it is brought to him.

We now see the king sitting in his winter palace before an open fire. A prince is reading from the roll, and as he reads words reproving the king for his sins His Majesty becomes very angry, and rises from his chair, seizes the roll, cuts it into pieces with a pen-knife, and throws it into the fire. Meanwhile the old man who dictated what was on the roll is visited by an angel who tells him to take new parchment and write on it the same words and much more. He dictates this to his scribe as before.

Again we see the old man, but this time he stands before the king and delivers a scathing message against him and his wicked subjects.

The picture changes, and the old man is in prison. What was his name? Who was his amanuensis? Who was the king? ELIZA H. MORTON.

### The Cat, the Cradle, and the Baby

SOME ten miles south of Rotterdam, in Holland, there is a quiet village nestled by an arm of the Rhine. It carries the suggestive name of Kinderdyk, and every one of its dwellers is ready to tell the story which gave the village its name.

Four hundred years ago, where now old ruins lift their humbled heads out of the waters and the bulrushes, there was a thriving countryside with many fields. Not less than a hundred towns and villages were hidden among the trees. There were no richer lands nor finer breeds of cattle nor more copious and luxurious homes in all the Holland provinces. The wives and daughters of the farmers were decked with silver, gold, and jewels, and clothed in the richest fineries. Even the bridles and bits of horses were adorned with precious metals, and many a door knob

shone with gold or silver covering. These farmers had stairways that were carved from Sicilian marble, and for their hearths no tiling was too expensive.

Unfortunately their prosperity was not without its drawbacks. The wealthy farmers fancied that their own ingenuity and not the richness of the soil was the cause of their splendid crops. They learned to look upon their poorer countrymen as shiftless and incapable. In case a dike broke through in another part of the land, these rich men said, "It's their own fault; they should take care, just as we do." In that way they refused to share misfortunes with the rest, and grew daily more proud of their own achievements.



FINDING THE ANSWERS

It seems strange that it never occurred to them that of all Holland, their own farms were most constantly in danger. The richness of their soil was due to the repeated overflowing of their country many years before. But they put aside with a laugh the idea that inundations might visit them again. They fancied no power could stand against their industry and precautions.

Suddenly the hour of visitation struck. One evening saw the laughing acres and the luxurious homes; next morning witnessed one great lake, with desolation

far and wide. So complete was the catastrophe that this region still lies untouched. There seems to be no hope of making dry the Biesbosch.

If any lives were saved from that dire catastrophe, tradition knows nothing about it, except the story of the one little child, from which Kinderdyk is named. And this is the story as it came to me from the lips of those who love to tell it:—

When the wild waters whirled into one of the farm-houses, a child was asleep in his cradle. Not one of the family could escape; the onrush was too strong. Even if they were fortunate enough to snatch a raft, it merely delayed their drowning. There must have been other children in cradles, too, but this child alone found safety. The cradle retained the child and finally landed him in safety at the river's bank, which ever since has been named in honor of the event.

But, humanly speaking, the child could not have been saved had it not been for its captain on the voyage. There was a cat on the cradle when it reached shore. Of course, we do not know at what time the cat took passage; but we like to think that pussy belonged to the household. The most beautiful part is that pussy never tried to take baby's place in the cradle. It must have looked more attractive down there under the covers than on the side of the fragile bark, but the captain kept his place. Had he not kept it, both babe and pussy must have perished, for it was through dexterous manipulations that the cradle was kept intact. Whenever a wave came that threatened the overthrow of vessel and contents, the cat sprang to the other side, so that the safe side was lowered toward the water and the dangerous side tilted up sufficiently to keep out the water. So it happened that, except for a stray drop or two, no water entered the cradle. If ever baby Moses lay safe between the bulrushes, so did this little one, protected by his friend, the family cat.

Early in the morning after that disastrous night, when it was still dark, the dwellers on the river's bank heard the wailing of a child. As they listened, the voice came nearer and nearer; but when they went out and peered over the water's surface they could not distinguish an object. A half hour passed, and a few more minutes, when the bare outlines of a little vessel appeared, and soon they noticed an object leaping from side to side. The baby could not yet be seen, but it was distinctly heard. Then a brave, strong arm cleaved the waters, swam out into the flood, and returned, pushing the cradle before him. The child was taken to a childless home, together with the faithful friend that had saved a human life. Pussy and babe could not be separated. And a healthy boy the baby was, as good to look upon as Moses when found amid the bulrushes. He was about the same age, too.

The people named their neighborhood after this touching incident; and they still enjoy, after these four hundred years, telling the story of it.—*Gerrit Verkuyl.*

---

### The Trifling Excuse

THERE are times when an excuse is quite in place. Circumstances will arise occasionally which make it impossible for one to keep his promise, and he must explain why he could not fill an appointment. Ordinarily, however, there is no reason for an excuse. Some people will readily promise to perform any service required of them, and then allow the most trivial thing to keep them from fulfilling their engagement. They

think it quite satisfactory to say to those who have been seriously inconvenienced by their neglect: "You must really excuse me, but I quite forgot to keep the appointment I made with you this afternoon. I am awfully sorry." But their sorrow is not even skin deep, for they repeat the offense so often that we have no confidence whatever in the promises they make, and scarcely look for their fulfillment.

A young clerk who had just begun work in the office of a large manufacturing establishment, had charge of the mail matter, and was responsible for posting important business letters. One day the head of the firm said, "Did you post those letters I gave you last night, James?"

"I am awfully sorry," he said, "but I forgot all about them until coming down town this morning."

With a good deal of heat the employer said: "I want you to understand, James, that we do not recognize any such thing as forgetting here. Why not call it by the right name, and say it was carelessness? It is a part of your duty to remember what you have to do. Do not let such a thing occur again, if you want to keep your place."

We seldom have to excuse ourselves for forgetting a social party or the date of a wedding. Hockey matches, snowshoe parties, and automobile rides are promptly attended, without any lapse of memory. How is this?—Simply because the mind is charged with these things, and we make it a point not to forget. If we wish our friends to accept our excuses with good grace, we should see to it that it is rarely necessary to make them, and that when we do, we have ample justification for so doing.—*Selected.*

---

### The Little Foxes

(Concluded from page nine)

to hear this. The evidence seems conclusive that Berta is a thief, the meanest kind of kleptomaniac. I believe the habit of opening other people's letters is a habit that grows on one. Deceit is an ugly quality to become embedded in one's character. What do you propose to do in the matter?"

"I hardly know what would be the best course to take. Annabelle told me this morning that she is unable to account for a number of stamps, and that she has also missed one or two small, very small, amounts of money. Both of these were left on the writing desk. Worse still, because the amount involved is larger, Annabelle now feels certain that she has solved the mystery of Laura Houston's failure to receive the letter Anna posted to her three weeks ago with money in it, part of which was in the form of stamps. Berta has many fine qualities, many lovable qualities, and I do hope for her own sake as well as for ours that we shall be able to help her where she so sorely needs help."

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were Christian people, with a sincere desire to live out Christian principles in their lives; and in the talk with Berta that followed, the girl saw they had nothing but her good, her well-being, at heart. She confessed her failing with deep penitence, asked Annabelle for forgiveness, and promised her kind foster parents and foster sister that, with the aid of the great Helper, they would not again have reason to be ashamed of her for anything approaching deceit or underhandedness.

CORA FERRIS.

# MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

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

## The Study of Our African Missions

FOR several weeks, through the society mission studies, the minds of our young people will be centered on Africa, the map of which seems to resemble an ear—mutely listening for the message of salvation.

To assist you in this study and to serve as a model from which your wall map may be filled in, we present the accompanying map, with all our mission fields outlined and the head stations indicated by stars. There was not room to place stars for any except head stations. We have also marked the three organized conferences and indicated their headquarters by round dots.

Any one who will study that portion of the new "Outline of Missions" devoted to Africa, will surely see that God has greatly blessed the efforts of his people to give the advent message to Africa's waiting millions. While only a little has been accomplished compared to what remains to be done, the fact that successful work is now being carried forward in so many places gives us courage to believe that our missions shall steadily advance into the unoccupied regions until the Dark Continent shall be lighted with the message of Jesus' coming.

Below is a complete list of our African missions and the names of missionaries now located at each station:—

### *Southern Rhodesia Missions*

Solusi (formerly called Matabeleland): Established 1894. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Walston and Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Robinson.

Somabula: Established 1901. Mr. and Mrs. J. N. de Beer and G. W. Hutchinson.

Tsungwesi: Opened 1910. Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Sturdevant (on furlough), Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Jewell, Claude Tarr, and A. P. Tarr.

Glendale: Established 1911. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gibson and Laurie Sparrow.

### *Barotseland Missions*

Pemba: Established 1905. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson (on furlough), Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Konigsmacher, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Wilson.

Lusakas: Proposed station about 100 miles north of Pemba.

### *Nyasaland Missions*

Malamulo: Acquired 1902. C. Robinson, G. A. Ellingworth, and Miss E. Edie.

Mantandani.  
Monekera.

### *Basutoland Missions*

Kolo: Established 1899. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Silsbee.

Emmanuel: Established 1910. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Olmstead, M. D. Kalaka.

### *Maranatha Mission*

A Kafir mission, in the territory of the Cape Conference. Established 1906. E. W. H. Jeffrey, Charles Sparrow, and P. Smails.

### *Zulu Mission*

Established 1911. In the territory of the Natal-Transvaal Conference. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Armitage, Hubert Sparrow, and I. B. Burton.

### *German East African Missions*

Established 1903.

South Pare: E. Kotz, A. C. Enns, H. Drangmeister, M. Pönig, and M. Kunze.

Kihuiro.  
Friedenstal.  
Vuasu.  
Vunta.

Victoria Nyanza: B. Ohme, J. Persson, R. Lusky, W. Kölling, K. Kaltenhauser, F. W. Vasenius, O. Wallath, F. Winter, E. Dominick, V. Toppenberg, R. Stein, W. Seiler, F. Bornath (civil prisoner of war), R. Munzig, B. Schurich, L. Aberle, L. Barho, and P. Drinhaus.

### *District Majita*

Majita.  
Iramba.  
Nyabangi.  
Shirati.

### *District Busegwe*

Busegwe.  
Kidzu.  
Utimbaru.  
Sisaki.

### *District Usukuma*

Ntusu.  
Itilima.  
Kanadi.  
Mwagala.

### *British East African Missions*

Entered 1906. A. A. Carscallen, J. D. Baker, B. L. Morse, L. Lane, R. Watson, E. B. Phillips, H. Sparks, J. Evenson, D. E. Delhove, Alfred Matter.

Gendia.  
Wire Hill.  
Karungu.  
Rusinga.  
Kisi.  
Kaniadodo.  
Kamagambo.

### *Sierra Leone Mission*

Freetown: Entered 1906. R. S. Greaves, E. W. Myers, I. W. Harding, H. E. Lynch, D. B. Thomas, B. W. Davies, D. E. Smart, S. V. Davies, George Williams, Joseph Palmer, Henry Wilson.

### *Abyssinian Mission*

Asmara: Opened 1907. Hans Steiner and Emery Lorntz.

### *Upper Egypt Mission*

Asyut: Entered 1909. George Keough, S. Farag, Bulos Abdul Messiah.



MISSION FIELDS AND HEAD STATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA

*Lower Egypt Mission*

Alexandria: Entered 1899. W. C. Ising (civil prisoner of war), O. Bezirdjian, Wilhelmina Müller.

*North African Mission*

Constantine: Entered 1905. J. C. Guenin, Jose Abella, W. E. Hancock, R. T. E. Colthurst.

*Nigeria Mission:*

Lalupou: Organized 1913. D. C. Babcock, R. P. Dauphin, S. Morgue.

*Canary Islands Mission*

La Laguna: Opened 1911. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Aldrich.

*Mauritius-Madagascar Mission*

Mauritius: Entered 1914. Paul Badaut.

*Gold Coast Mission*

Argona: Reentered 1913. W. H. Lewis, J. A. B. Davies, J. W. Garbrah, James Dauphin.

*Tanganyika Plateau Mission*

Located southwest of Lake Tanganyika. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rogers.

Let us faithfully study all the information we can gather about this great mission field, remembering that "facts are the fingers of God," and that "to know the facts of modern missions is the necessary condition of intelligent interest." M. E. KERN.

### Senior Society Program for Sabbath, July 3

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Reading: "Benjamin Franklin's Scripture Reading on Toleration." See *Gazette*.
4. Reading: "Why Sunday Laws are Wrong." See *Gazette*.
5. Reading: "Impending Issues." See *Gazette*.

### Junior Society Program for Week Ending July 3

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of bands and individuals.
3. Reading: "Persecution for Righteousness' Sake." See *Gazette*.
4. Paper: "Religious Liberty." See "The Great Controversy," pages 293-295.
5. Reading: "An Experience in the German Army." See *Gazette*.

### Saving Ourselves Unhappiness

SOME sad things come into our lives in spite of us. But there are a great many more which we can avoid as easily as not, if we are sensible enough. When a boy does a thing his father has forbidden, he knows very well that before very long he is going to feel as sorry and ashamed as possible. And when a girl loses her temper and says all kinds of disagreeable things to a playmate she dearly loves, she ought to know that she will wet her pillow with hot tears, after she goes to bed, because of those unkind words. If we kept from doing the things we knew we should not do, it would save us any amount of unhappiness.—*Young People's Weekly*.

SOME of our Missionary Volunteers are interesting outside young people in the Reading Courses, some of these having sent in reviews on several books in past courses. The books are lent to them by members of the society. One young man who has heretofore been a heavy reader of fiction has read several of our books, including "The Desire of Ages" and "The Great Controversy," and is now studying for the Standard of Attainment examination.



### Twenty-Sixth Week

- June 27. Psalms 79 to 85: A prayer for help.  
 June 28. Psalms 86 to 89: A prayer for David.  
 June 29. Psalms 90 to 94: Brevity of human life.  
 June 30. Psalms 95 to 102: Praise in God's worship.  
 July 1. Psalms 103 to 105: Mercy and goodness of God.  
 July 2. Psalms 106 to 109: God's dealing with Israel.  
 July 3. Psalms 110 to 118: The Melchizedek psalm, etc.

#### Explanatory

In the Revised Version the Psalms are properly printed in poetic form. Though there is no verbal rhyme in the lines, there "is a rhyme of thought, and there was a song cadence and rhythm in the words."

It will be noticed that many of the psalms have inscriptions of various kinds, such as, "Set to the Gittith," "Set to Muth-labben," etc. One Bible writer explains these as follows: "Some are called *Michtam*, 'golden poem;' or *Maschil*, 'choice ode.' Psalms 6 and 12 are on *Sheminith*, 'the octave or bass,' for male voices. The forty-sixth is on *Alamoth*, 'after the manner of maidens,' or a soprano song. The fourth is set to *Neginoth*, 'stringed instruments.' Psalm 9 is set to the tune, 'Death of a Son;' Psalm 22 to the tune, 'Hind of the Morning;' Psalm 45 to the tune, 'The Lilies;' Psalm 56 to the tune, 'The Far-off Dove in Silent Lands.'"

The word "selah," which occurs so many times in the psalms, is believed to relate in some way to the music to which the psalms were set, or to have been used as a direction for the singers to be silent or pause, while the musicians played an interlude. Others give the word the meaning of "amen."

#### The Praise of Prayer

The one hundred and seventh psalm was written, in all probability, just after the close of the captivity, when the Hebrews had come back to their dear country. And if we are seeking a theme for it, we can find none so appropriate as "The Praise of Prayer." For this is the theme with which it is concerned, and the spirit with which it is filled. One after another the beautiful pictures of praying men and their great deliverances rise in the psalmist's verse. We see the divine mercy flowing down to meet the human supplications; and the refrain which comes back again and again is this:—

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,  
 And he delivered them out of their distresses."

The first three verses of the psalm refer especially to the restoration of the Jews from Babylon. If any one ought to have a deep and lively sense of the divine goodness, it was the people whom Jehovah had "redeemed from the hand of the adversary, and gathered from the lands" of their dispersion.

Then the psalm takes a wider sweep, and begins, in the fourth verse, to describe the power of prayer in the most varied scenes of human life, and the readiness of God to deliver those who call upon him from every form of trouble.—*Henry van Dyke*.



### I — With or Against Christ

(July 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12: 22-37.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that is not with me is against me." Matt. 12: 30.

#### Questions

1. How did Jesus once show himself to be stronger than Satan? Matt. 12: 22.
2. How did this man differ from other men? What caused him to be so helpless? Note 1.

3. Whom did the people think this miracle proved Jesus to be? Verse 23.
4. But whom did the Pharisees call him? By whose power did they say Jesus cast out Satan? Verse 24.
5. How did Jesus prove that he could not have cast out Satan by Satan's power? Verses 25, 26.
6. How did he show that the Pharisees were condemned by their own children, or followers? Verse 27. Note 2.
7. If he had cast out devils by the Spirit of God, what did that prove? Verse 28.
8. What did the very fact that he was able to bind Satan and overcome him, prove concerning his power? Verse 29.
9. What general statement did Jesus make? Verse 30. Note 3.
10. What did he say about forgiveness? Verse 31.
11. What did he say should be forgiven? What should not be forgiven? Verse 32.
12. By what illustration did he make his meaning clear? Verse 33.
13. Why should mere words, however bitter, be subject to such severe punishment? Verse 34. Note 4.
14. Why is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit an unpardonable sin? Note 5.

**Notes**

1. "Possessed with a devil" here means that Satan's evil spirit lived in this man and had taken possession of all his members. It is a dangerous thing to yield to Satan in anything.
  2. "They shall be your judges" means that their own children, or followers, proved them to be unjust. The Pharisees accused Jesus of working with Satan, and yet they did not accuse their own followers of it, although they also pretended to do the same thing.
  3. There are only two sides to this war: Christ's side, and Satan's side. There is no such thing as neutrality in the war between good and evil. He who is not wholly for Christ, is on Satan's side and warring against him; and he who is not for Satan, is with Christ.
  4. Evil words reveal an evil character; they are but the fruit of the wicked thoughts and wicked feelings which are within.
  5. "It is by the Spirit that God works upon the heart; when men willfully reject the Spirit, and declare it to be from Satan, they cut off the channel by which God can communicate with them. When the Spirit is finally rejected, there is no more that God can do for the soul."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 322.
- No repentant sinner need fear that he has committed the unpardonable sin. Repentance is the gift of God. 2 Tim. 2:25. If the spirit of true repentance is in the heart, it is evidence that the Holy Spirit has not withdrawn, and that forgiveness may be obtained.

**I — With or Against Christ**

(July 3)

**Daily-Study Outline**

- Sab. . . . . Read the entire lesson scripture.  
 Sun. . . . . Help in Jesus. Questions 1-3.  
 Mon. . . . . Undivided service. Questions 4-8.  
 Tues. . . . . "He that is not with me is against me." Questions 9-11.  
 Wed. . . . . Make the tree good or evil. Questions 12-15.  
 Thurs. . . . . Law of good and evil; seriousness of idle words. Questions 16-18.  
 Fri. . . . . Review the lesson. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 321-323.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12: 22-37.

**Questions**

1. Who was brought to Jesus to be healed? Matt. 12: 22, first part.
2. What did Jesus do for him? Verse 22, last part. Note 1.

3. How did this miracle affect the people? What did they say? Verse 23.
4. What did the Pharisees say about it? Verse 24.
5. Why did Jesus speak to the Pharisees? Verse 25, first part.
6. What general principle did he lay down? Verse 25, last part.
7. How did he apply it to the work of Satan? Verse 26.
8. By what question did he confuse the Pharisees? Verse 27. Note 2.
9. How only did Jesus cast out devils? Of what was this an evidence? Verse 28.
10. By what illustration does Jesus make his meaning clear? Verse 29.
11. What general declaration does he make? Verse 30. Note 3.
12. What does Jesus say about forgiveness? Verse 31.
13. What distinction does he make as to what shall be forgiven and what not? Verse 32. Note 4.
14. What course does he mark out for every one? Verse 33.
15. How does he rebuke hypocrisy? Verse 34. On what general principle?
16. How does he express the law of good and of evil? Verse 35.
17. What solemn declaration on idle words does Jesus make? Verse 36.
18. What will justify or condemn in the judgment? Verse 37.

**Notes**

1. Although this verse does not specifically mention the casting out of the devil, this was included in the miracle, as shown by the contention taken up by the Pharisees on this occasion. In fact, Luke makes the casting out of the devil the principal feature, with the restoration of speech a result. Luke 11: 14.
  2. After showing the charge by the Pharisees to be absurd in the nature of the case, Jesus puts them to further confusion by revealing their hypocrisy. They were condemning in him what they sanctioned in their own children or disciples. These latter could therefore be judges of such a two-faced course.
  3. Even Christians are in danger of assuming that there is a middle course of action, some neutral ground to walk upon. They do not want to be reckoned against Christ, are not ready to admit in their own hearts that they are, yet many are not positively enough for him to leave no man, nor their own consciences, without doubt as to where they stand.
  4. In commenting on the unpardonable sin, Dean Mansel says: "The sin is not a single act, but a spirit of hostility to Christ manifesting itself in continued acts. If this be the case, there is no reason why any repentant sinner should despair of salvation under the fear that he has committed this sin. The fact of his repentance itself shows that his state of mind has not been that of entire enmity, that he has not so grieved the Holy Spirit as to be finally forsaken by him." The unpardonable sin is the sin that refuses pardon.
- "There are none so hardened as those who have slighted the invitation of mercy, and done despite to the Spirit of grace. The most common manifestation of the sin against the Holy Spirit is in persistently slighting Heaven's invitation to repent. Every step in the rejection of Christ is a step toward the rejection of salvation, and toward the sin against the Holy Spirit. In rejecting Christ the Jewish people committed the unpardonable sin; and by refusing the invitation of mercy, we may commit the same error."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 324.

THERE are many persons who are only waiting for grand opportunities, but there is an immense difficulty in getting them in the meantime to do the next thing, the nearest thing, a very simple thing. If the prophet bade them do some great thing, they would do it with trumpets and songs and drums; but to do the little duty, the daily task, the common round, is too much to be expected of genius.—*Joseph Parker*.

# 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.

## The Alaska School Service

THE educational work in Alaska under the direction of the Bureau of Education is limited to the *native* population, and is conducted for the benefit of adults as well as children. The work is practical in character, emphasis being placed upon the promotion of native industries, domestic arts, personal hygiene, village sanitation, and morality, as well as upon the elementary subjects usually taught in schools; it also includes the reindeer service, which is an important industrial part of the work in northern and western Alaska.

For this work, persons of good educational qualifications, successful experience in teaching, upright character, philanthropic motives, good judgment, and ability to do effective work under adverse conditions, are especially desired. Most of the schools are in primitive villages, remote from civilization; many of the villages have no regular mail service, and can communicate with the neighboring settlements and with the outside world only by occasionally passing boats in summer and sleds in winter. For such schools married teachers, without children, are preferred. In some instances both husband and wife are employed.

The salaries in the Alaska school service vary according to the efficiency and experience of the teachers, the locations of the schools, the expense of living, and the character of the work, ranging from \$70 to \$125 a month for white teachers, and from \$40 to \$70 a month for native teachers. Living expenses vary so greatly in the different regions of Alaska that it is impossible to make a general statement regarding the cost of living which will apply equally to all sections. The Bureau of Education usually pays the transportation of its appointees from their homes in the States to their destinations in Alaska, and in almost all places provides the teachers with a residence or with rooms in the school building, which are lighted, heated, and furnished with the most necessary articles of furniture.

All schools are day schools, the children receiving their entire support from their parents. The term varies from seven to nine months; in some places the teacher remains on duty the entire year.

Persons desiring positions in the Alaska school service are not required to pass an examination, but must make application upon the form prescribed by the Commissioner of Education.

## "Git Up, and Git!"

"UNCLE, what advice would you give to a young man starting out in life?" This question was put to Judge Mack by his fine-looking young nephew late one evening, after a long visit, when he should have been bidding his old uncle good night.

Do you imagine his answer was, "Follow Horace Greeley's advice, and 'Go West, young man'"? Or do you suppose he opened the Bible and read to him, "With all thy getting get understanding"? No, the old judge was tired and sleepy, and wanted his nephew to go home, so he gave him his advice in four words of two and three letters—"Git up, and git!" The boy was bright, and understood the double meaning of the words, and left.

A certain class of people is often described by the expression, "They have no 'git up, and git.'" You can immediately better the condition of this class—or else they will drop off your hands—by helping them to "get a job." Another class is not so easily handled,—the kind who have the "git up" but not the "git." They are bright, vivacious folk who love to visit as long as good breeding will permit, then they get up and start for the door, where they remain standing and talking until one is literally tired out. I actually knew of one such case where the lady of the house had to hasten to a seat to keep from fainting after such prolonged standing. In many phases of life which we meet from day to day we could often use to advantage the old judge's advice, "Git up, and git!"

MRS. S. A. V. YOUNG.

THE Washington *Post* of May 23 contained an account of a most astounding gang of criminals operating in New York City. The leader of this particular gang is in Sing Sing, and has recently disclosed some of the doings of these paid criminals. He was the first man to organize on a large scale the profession of violence in New York. He laid out the city in districts; he made treaties of offense and defense with other criminal gangs. He took contracts to wreck shops, and to maim or kill men and women. A fixed price was made upon each crime; for example:—

For wrecking a small shirt-waist factory, \$150.

For wrecking a large clothing factory, \$600.

For shooting a man in the leg or arm, \$60.

For clipping a man's ear off, \$60.

For throwing a man down an elevator shaft, \$200.

For breaking a leg or thumb, \$200.

This gangster "would work only for labor unions, never for employers. He believed he was doing good in destroying the property of factory owners who incurred the enmity of the unions, and in maiming their men and their foremen." He once refused an offer of \$15,000 made by employers if he would give up his work for the unions.

IN Canada, Saskatchewan has abolished the bar for the remainder of the war, and Manitoba and Ontario have applied stringent restrictions to the sale of liquor, while New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are considering seriously the abolition of intoxicating drinks. For the first time a health and accident life insurance company in America sent out last week a special policy to be issued to total abstainers as preferred risks. Life insurance companies have had such policies for years.—*The Continent.*