



The
INSTRUCTOR

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FROM HERE AND THERE

ATLANTIC CITY'S two hundred jitneys, it is reported, have cut the street car earnings one fourth.

THE Karens of Burma now report 836 Baptist churches, with 48,688 members.

No fewer than four hundred women are bearing arms in Russia, the majority of them finding a place in the Siberian regiments.

THE British War Office has been so pleased with the work of the Y. M. C. A. among the troops that it has made the association a gift of \$75,000, the first of the kind ever made.

A WALL motto in the room of a deaconess has on it the words: "What is my aim?—To serve. What is my recompense?—I serve not for wages or thanks, but impelled by gratitude and love; my recompense is that I may."

CONGRESS has been asked to appropriate \$50,000 as an initial fund in demonstrating the feasibility and practicability of aerial mail service in parts of the country where days, perhaps, are required to compass the distance in the usual way between important towns.

A NATIVE of India received a package wrapped in portions of the Scriptures. Later he wrote to Christian friends, saying: "I bought some sweets, and through the message printed on the paper in which they were wrapped I found the sweetness of forgiveness of sins."

THE motor truck has made the development of mines in the rich Death Valley (California) region a success, and is adding to the wealth of individuals and of the country. One truck has made two men wealthy enough to retire with more money than some motor truck manufacturers.

THE war has placed upon Holland a greater burden than that borne by any other neutral nation. Her immense carrying trade has been ruined by the blockade of Germany proclaimed by the Allies; the presence of the Germans in Belgium is a perpetual source of uneasiness to her, and she has to put her hand deep down into her pocket to maintain her army at full war strength.

MR. HARRY ELKINS WIDENER, a victim of the "Titanic" disaster, was interested in a project to provide Harvard University with a library building, and he had been planning the establishment of a fund to that end. His mother has therefore built a handsome library as a monument to her son, a noted book lover and book collector. The inner memorial room will house Mr. Widener's personal collection. This contains the English Bible of 1550.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* says that the object of the "Ellen Wilson Fund for the Christian Education of Mountain Youth is to create, by gifts, small and great, from the American people who desire to honor the memory of this noble woman, a permanent endowment, the income from which shall be always used for the education, in some one of the schools already existing in the Southern mountains, of girls and boys who would not otherwise have an opportunity for the larger life and patriotism which Christian education represents."

THE heavy hand of German authority fell upon two Belgian cities recently. The people of Ghent on July 28 were forbidden to wear, show, buy, or sell the banner or the national colors of Belgium, pictures of the king or royal family, or any patriotic tokens or emblems, under penalty of \$1,000 fine or five years' imprisonment. The city of Brussels was fined, on July 29, \$1,000,000 because of supposed connivance at or exultation over the destruction of a Zeppelin airship by British aviators at Evere.

A MAN who spent twenty-three years in jail for killing a man, soon after his incarceration had begun was brought into contact with a Christian who had been placed by mistake in his cell, and heard enough about the gospel to stir him to secure a Testament and to study further. While in prison he memorized the whole of the New Testament—a feat which he accomplished in three years and a half.

THERE was made public on July 31 a letter from Pope Benedict XV addressed to the rulers and people of all the belligerent countries, pointing out the fruitlessness of the war, and exhorting them to seek negotiations for ending the "horrible slaughter which is dishonoring Europe."

"WHAT has helped you over the great obstacles of life?" asked one business man of another. "The other obstacles," was the reply.

Right Use of the Gospel

WHEN tea was introduced into Germany, a gentleman received a pound as a gift from a friend. Some time after, the latter inquired, "Have you tried the tea?" "Yes, but we did not like it." "How is that? Every one else is delighted with it." "We cooked it, poured off the brown liquid, and served the leaves, which were tough and bitter."

We are not surprised that many people find the gospel so little palatable. They make wrong use of it. They take certain outward forms and ceremonies and are astonished to find so little strength in them. In spite of Christ's warning, they patch old garments with new patches, and have as a result only rags. If their hearts should be cleansed by the blood of Christ and renewed by the Holy Spirit, they would soon have another story to tell.—*The Expositor*.

Notice

MRS. IDA BOWEN BROWN, of 3531 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, desires clean copies of the INSTRUCTOR.

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from hard-working ancestors,—may not most of us justly lay claim to the possession in varying degree of those finer emotions so fitly translated into the music of verse? A panorama of nature's fair beauty, it may be a landscape lying verdant in the sun, stirs up all the latent good in our nature; wind-swept cloud banks trailing across the sky in snowy perfection irradiate the soul with admiring gladness. We are uplifted by everyday glories; and then we feel that our hearts beat akin to those of the great masters of language who have added glory to glory by their description of it.

The fairest, rarest verse in all the world is that penned so many centuries ago by divinely inspired writers, by David, Solomon, Job, and others. What depth of feeling, what sublime and melting imagery, what wondrous vistas of ripened thought, are opened out before us in these old but ever-new productions of human minds in tune with the Infinite Mind!

Then those masters of the English tongue whose lofty conceptions have been immortalized in words of delicate but enduring loveliness: Longfellow, Tennyson, Bryant, and many others. Not equals, these, of the great Hebrew writers of yore; but still their work is ranked among the choicest literature of any age.

Neglect not, then, to sweeten life by your friendship with the gentle muse of verse, knowing you may draw upon her wondrous treasure house at will, a treasure house into which the great writers of all ages have freely poured their most estimable gifts,—gifts whose splendor may help to illumine your everyday horizon with a brilliant rainbow of thought and fancy; gifts whose coruscation may lighten up the sometime dullness of your sky with auroral flashes of intellectual beauty.

The great Book of the ages is replete with poetic charm. At its pure and ever-flowing fountains we may let down our pitchers and fill them with the poetry of love and joy and peace. In it we may everywhere find that which will aid the soul in its endeavor to expand strong wings for flight into the open of better being, nobler doing. And herein lies the purpose designed for poetry by its great Originator, the Supreme Author of all beauty, of all goodness, of all perfection.

CORA FERRIS.

Victoria, Australia.

Invitations

WHEN an invitation is extended to a company of people to be present at a supper or other festivity, some one who is not invited is sure to feel slighted. Another has his feelings hurt if the invitation is general, because there might be some one present with whom he does not wish to associate.

Many years ago a wealthy man in central New York invited all the residents of his township to visit his home and partake of a free outdoor Fourth of July dinner. All did not come, though food and space had been provided for every one. Some may have been ill; some may have remained away because they had no means of transportation. Probably many did not care to go, thinking that Mr. Lincklaen did not mean the invitation for such as they, or that perhaps he would not do as he had promised. However, by so doing they lost a day of great pleasure.

Not only one town, but the whole world is invited to the royal feast which is to be served by the Saviour himself, only a short time from now. The invitation is general, but all will not be present. None need re-

main away because of sickness, for there will not be a feeble one among those who accept the invitation. All will have been healed and made immortal.

Jesus and the angels will be the escort and means of transportation. The table is to be of pure silver and many miles in length. (Read "Early Writings," page 19.) While getting ready for that glorious event, we may enjoy all that is needed, for the promise is given, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

Balance

THE usefulness and greatness of a well-balanced mind are well illustrated in the character of George Washington. On this account he has been referred to as the greatest man of history. He was an exemplary patriot, statesman, general, philosopher, farmer, and husband; temperate, healthy, and courteous. Being all these made him a remarkable man, and the even blending of his characteristics made him great.

Commonly fame comes to those who excel in chosen professions, yet ignoble characteristics so intrude upon the all-round life that almost none can be credited with habitual evenness or balance of mind. Unbecoming habits, passion, pride, eccentricity, conceit, intemperance, and seclusion mar the lives of most great men.

Successful leaders of enterprises cultivate balance, though they may not call it by that name. Balance is a high quality of calm mental insight of details and how best to use them.

Purpose and motive beyond a chosen business, purpose and motive constantly and impartially to minister to our fellow creatures the common, practical blessings and necessities of life, are its broad foundation.

Upon this foundation, confirmed by quite commonly known history, rests the record of the world's perfect Example. He is known as the Son of man. His life was controlled by the Spirit of God. His was a life record of perfect mind balance—no complaining, no murmuring, no fitfulness, no lost opportunities; always at his best to please God and do good.

He met all opposition without excitement, all ignorance without impatience, and all persecution without passion. Not for a moment did he turn aside from his life purpose of doing the utmost good; no adverse interruption, even of utmost hatred against him, marred his balance.

When Christ was before the high priest and the king for trial, they and the rabble were beside themselves, while he, the central figure, was, as hitherto, calm, speaking or keeping silent faultlessly.

One more instance: Upon the cross his mind was composed as in tender compassion he spoke in behalf of his mother and his persecutors. This instance best revealed his steadfast evenness of mind. It was a manifestation of love.

Love, the love of God and consequent peace of God, accounts for Christ's beautifully balanced mind. Holding all his faculties in perfect control, he was a constant, sympathetic helper to all. And the comfort and cheer and joy he ministered to others brought joy to him.

By Christ's example of the inestimable value of a truly balanced mind we are taught a lesson of true greatness, the greatness of living to dispense to others the blessings God gives us.

HENRY BALSBAUGH.

An Inspired War Song



WHEN God as a "man of war," in the great crisis of the ages, goes forth to fight the last battle for his truth and for his people, his children will sing a glorious song of supreme faith and trust and of holy boldness and confidence, in the midst of the wreck of nature and of the whole world and the total ruin of civilization,—a song divinely inspired for the time of war and trouble. This song is the forty-sixth psalm, which was written for the very day in which we live and for the terrible final conflict.

It was written for the time of war. "The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved." "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth." And when God himself destroys them which destroy the earth, this great war song will be sung: "He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire."

It was also written for the time of the coming of Christ. For in that day "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed" (Isa. 54: 10); "the mountains shall be thrown down" (Eze. 38: 20); "the mountains quake at him, and the hills melt; and the earth is upheaved at his

presence, yea, the world, and all that dwell therein" (Nahum 1: 5, R. V.). "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Ps. 46: 2, 3.

Among the Hebrews in time of greatest trouble and persecution the forty-sixth psalm was sung because of the comfort and strong consolation of its wonderful promises and assurances. It is stated by Christian Hebrews that the forty-sixth psalm was the song sung by Paul and Silas in the Philippian dungeon.

Luther in times of greatest darkness and peril, when it seemed that there was no help for the Reformation in heaven or on earth, often would say to Melancthon, "Come, Philipp, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm." And as they sang these words of assurance in God, "a very present help in trouble," into their heavy hearts came flowing peace and hope, and courage and power. This psalm was the basis of Luther's great Reformation hymn,—

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing."

Though this psalm offers comfort and strength to every one in time of need, it is preeminently an Adventist psalm, a song for the 144,000, for all who live amid the perils of the last days. Amid the increasing and almost overwhelming temptations of today, when Satan has come down with great wrath, knowing that he has but a short time; in the midst of danger and ruin and death, when hearts tremble for loved ones;

on the terrible fields of battle, when the hearts of the strong men fail for fear, and the knees of the mighty smite together,—we may not only pray with strong assurance, but we may also sing this inspired battle song. As Israel of old sang in the face of overwhelming dangers, and their song brought victory, so let us sing today the song of trust and power.

"This psalm lifts one above the shadowy lowlands of fear, into the flooding sunlight of the Heavenly Father's smile, and fills the soul with courage and trust in the One who has promised to be 'our refuge and strength . . . though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.'

"If ever there was a time when the souls of men should turn in devotional song, as well as prayer, to our Refuge, the Lord of Moses, the God of Jacob, it is in these solemn hours of human history, when war and perplexity among the nations have caused the foundation pillars of human civilization to tremble. The temple of human civilization may fall, and the end may come, but the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. So proclaims this inspired psalm."

And we shall actually sing this great battle hymn in the time of trouble, in the very height of the great conflict. One of the most remarkable statements in that wonderful book "The Great Controversy," is the following:—

"A marvelous change has come over those who have held fast their integrity in the very face of death. They have

been suddenly delivered from the dark and terrible tyranny of men transformed to demons. Their faces, so lately pale, anxious, and haggard, are now aglow with wonder, faith, and love. Their voices rise in triumphant song: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.' While these words of holy trust ascend to God, the clouds sweep back, and the starry heavens are seen, unspeakably glorious in contrast with the black and angry firmament on either side. The glory of the celestial city streams from the gates ajar."

Let us sing the glorious psalm today, that we may be able to sing it when heaven and earth are removed, and God alone is the strength and the refuge of his people.

J. S. WASHBURN.

MUSIC is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.—*Luther*.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Bible to All the World

RAY H. MILLER



THE Bible is the greatest book in the world, not only because of its moral and spiritual influence in the world, but also from a business point of view.

The most successful novel seldom reaches a circulation of over 50,000 copies in a single year, but the Bible is having that circulation every day. No other book compares with it in sales and extent of circulation; no other book is being circulated among so many nationalities.

The first complete translation of the Bible into English was made from the Vulgate, by Wyclif, about 1382. Whatever may have been the knowledge of the ancients concerning the use of movable type, it is certain that Laurens Coster was the first man to lay hold of the idea and turn it to practical use. However, Coster did not achieve great success with his invention. In the employ of Coster was a young German, Johannes Gutenberg. After Coster's death, Gutenberg returned to Germany to the cathedral city of Strasburg, where he began setting type on his own account. He found the wooden type so impracticable that he resolved to make type from metal. He had little knowledge of metals, and very little money. He preferred to keep the invention to himself, but he could not proceed without assistance. Finally he enlisted the cooperation of Johann Fust, a wealthy goldsmith of Strasburg, whose knowledge of metals and whose liberal investments supplied the needs.

In the year 1448, the experiments in type making had advanced to a stage of development where Gutenberg was ready to begin printing. The first work undertaken was the printing of the famous forty-two-line Bible. Eight years were required to carve the metal letters and print the first edition. The work was done in Strasburg, though the Gutenberg Bibles bear the imprint of Mainz, Germany. The first edition was completed in 1456. Great secrecy was maintained while this work was going on. It was a new undertaking. By many it was believed that the Bible was not for the common people, and it was a risky undertaking to publish an unlimited number of copies. Besides, the type that they had made was an imitation of hand-printed letters, and it was the purpose of Gutenberg and Fust to sell these as hand-printed copies.

That this new art might be kept a secret, and the printers not found out, is doubtless the reason why the first Bibles bore the imprint of Mainz instead of Strasburg, and why the first books were sold in Paris, far from the place of publication. When the first Bibles were printed, the question was how were they to be sold?

During the many years of experiment and labor, much money had been invested in this work. The printers must make back their money. The books might be sold at a high price if the method of printing could be kept a secret. Fust, who alone had invested in the undertaking, resolved to sell the Bibles himself. A quantity of these wonderful

newly printed books were sent to far-away Paris, and there he began his work.

He called first on Charles VII, king of France. Having secured an audience, he showed his wonderful Bible to the king in the royal palace. The king was delighted, and believing that he was purchasing the most magnificent copy of the Scriptures in existence, he paid eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for it. To-day the same Bibles are far more valuable. A short time ago one of the Gutenberg Bibles was sold at auction in New York City for fifty thousand dollars,—the largest price, we are told, ever paid for a book.

It is most interesting, and a cause for thankfulness to those who love the Lord, that the wonderful art of printing should first have been made use of in the publication of the Scriptures, and that after a lapse of more than four hundred and fifty years one of these same Bibles bring the highest price for which any book was ever sold.

Pleased, doubtless, with the success of his visit, Fust next called at the palace of the archbishop and introduced his Bible. The archbishop subscribed at the same price paid by the king, and Fust went on his way looking for other customers.

Very soon the king and the archbishop met and compared Bibles, finding them precisely the same. They knew it was impossible for one man to write both. Copies were found among the rich citizens of Paris, and the work was attributed to the devil. Fust was summoned to appear before the archbishop, and he was told that he had sold himself to the evil one and must be burned to death.

Till this moment the great invention had been a secret; but Dr. Fust had now to divulge it or be burned to death. He showed the archbishop how the Bibles were printed; and Johannes Gutenberg had printed so many of them that the price was reduced one half. The archbishop, the king, and everybody else were astonished. So Fust saved his life.

You have heard of the little Welsh girl who, having saved her earnings for six years, walked thirty miles to buy a Bible. Mr. Charles, her pastor, touched by the incident, said, "If something can be done to alter this state of things, I will not rest till it is accomplished." Two years later Mr. Charles was in London, pleading for a society to supply Welsh Bibles. In the year 1804 the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized, which was destined to supply Bibles not only for England and Wales, but for the world.

Of the society's enormous task of translating and publishing the Bible its members had but a vague conception. The missionary discovered that there were hundreds of languages and innumerable dialects. With more or less success he acquired the great literary tongues of the East, and toiled for years at the work of translation. His most crucial difficulties are perhaps the most forcibly suggested by the text which the Bishop of St. Albans quoted as an illustration, at one of the anniversaries of the society: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Without

an idea of sequence, the cannibal, the Bushman, the South Sea islander, would have no word for "therefore." "Faith" would be an amazing conception among tribes whose very existence depends on suspicion. "Peace" would be but a precarious truce from actual warfare. "Justified" would drive a translator to despair. And as for God, "though he be not far from any one of us," the translator would find no word in Tasiko (New Hebrides) and in Kafir, only a borrowed name associated with the infliction of pain. It was not only the heathen that had to be Christianized; the language itself had to be born again. From the beginning, the work of translation and revision was incessant. It still goes on, and each new edition is an improvement on the last. Hundreds of scholars, organized in many committees, are continually striving to come a little nearer to perfection. The Bible, whole or in part, is now being published in 653 dialects and languages. It is roughly estimated that already ninety-five per cent of the earth's inhabitants may be reached by the gospel in the tongues in which some portion of the Bible has been translated.

It is no longer a crime to circulate the Bible. Translated in the language of Tibet, it is being carried even into that forbidden land, in advance of foreign commerce and travel. The Russian government, while hitherto intolerant of missionaries, gives the Bible free course among the people. It is admitted free of duty, and has often been transported free of charge. Today there is no more difficulty in getting the Bible printed in Constantinople than in New York. In 1886 a ton of Bibles was condemned to be publicly burned in the capital of Ecuador. Now the Bible societies are finding a welcome to all parts of South America. China, whose teeming population is one fourth of all the inhabitants of the earth, is accessible to Bible agents from one end to the other. The Constitutionalist general of Mexico, Francisco Villa, has been presented with a Bible in Spanish. Several verses were carefully marked, and the following words were inscribed on it: "Señor Francisco Villa. This Book made the United States and England great, and this Book will save Mexico."

Since the European war began, the British and Foreign Bible Society has provided more than two million Testaments and Gospels in twenty languages, and has sent them to the front. The human heart is made for fellowship with God, and is an aching void without him. Henry van Dyke gives us this paragraph:—

"Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the way of all the world with familiar feet, and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is a servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is the son of God. Children listen to its stories with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life. It has a word of peace for the time of peril, a word of comfort for the day of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. Its oracles are repeated in the assembly of the people, and its counsels whispered in the ears of the lonely. The wicked and the proud tremble at its warnings, but to the wounded and penitent it has a mother's voice. The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad by it, and the fire on the hearth has lighted the reading of its well-worn page. It has woven itself into

our deepest affections and colored our dearest dreams, so that love and friendship, sympathy and devotion, memory and hope, put on the beautiful garments of its treasured speech, breathing of frankincense and myrrh. Above the cradle and beside the grave its words come to us uncalled. They fill our prayers with power larger than we know, and the beauty of them lingers in our ears long after the sermon which they have adorned has been forgotten. They return to us swiftly and quietly, like birds flying from far away. They surprise us with new meanings, like springs of water breaking forth from the mountain beside a long-forgotten path. They grow richer, as pearls do, when they are worn near the heart. No man is poor or desolate who has this treasure for his own. When the landscape darkens and the trembling pilgrim comes to the valley named of the shadow, he is not afraid to enter. He takes the rod and staff of Scripture in his hand. He says to friend and comrade; 'Good-by, we shall meet again.' And comforted by that support, he goes toward the lonely pass as one who climbs through darkness into light."

Poetry

"WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us, unawares,
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!"

Thus mused the gentle-natured, generous-minded Longfellow, prince of American poets, in his beautiful lines on Santa Filomena, "The Lady With the Lamp." How fitly his words apply to that great art of which the writer was himself so gifted an exponent! For poetry, true poetry, is peculiarly the instrument through which noble thoughts find their noblest expression; and how many noble deeds have been celebrated in verse, from the days of Homer down!

"Poets are born, not made." So runs the old proverb. Poetry, like love, can never be forced. The delicately balanced temperament of its composer,—sensitive, emotional, catching up fleeting impressions and registering them in enduring words; depressed if the sun sinks momentarily behind a cloud; bubbling over with joy at the song of a bird, a beautiful face, a curious fern, a sweet-scented flower,—such an exquisitely adjusted temperament must needs characterize the poet. So also must the fastidious ear that is swift to detect the slightest error in rhythm or rhyme, that is jarred upon by a word misplaced, and finds as rare a delight in beauty of sound as the mind in beauty of thought.

Poetry is the outpouring of soul sensitiveness. To be a writer of verse worthy of the name, one must think and feel deeply, and at the same time be capable of giving those thoughts and feelings expression in words that please. A thorough acquaintance with the correct use of synonyms is no less essential than an incontrovertible knowledge of pronunciation. Words unduly repeated offend a discerning taste; misplaced accents rob verse of its due melody.

Unless blurred or obliterated by the materialistic,—this developed through circumstances or inherited

The Great War — No. 4

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

The Dominions of King Jehovah

(Concluded)

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



WE are now to take our journey out into the stellar system to view at least some small part of the immense territory presided over by the great king, Jehovah. To travel out to these magnificent bodies we must find some mode of covering space faster than anything known on this earth, for the fastest cannon ball ever shot from the mouth of a gun could not traverse this space in ten hundred thousand years.

The very nearest star to this earth is 25,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles away. Its name is Alpha Centauri. And should we desire to visit the North Star, or Polaris, we must travel over 276,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles. So we must travel with the light, the fastest thing that moves. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, or more than seven times around the earth in the space of a second.

A Step Into Illimitable Space

But traveling at even this terrific pace, it will take considerable time to reach even the very nearest stars. At the rate light travels we should not reach Alpha Centauri before four and one-third years had passed, and it would take forty-seven years to get to the North Star. So after we have traveled the 2,693,000,000 miles from our earth to the outermost planet, or Neptune, we have taken only a faltering step into illimitable space, comparable to the first step of the child beginning to walk.

And when we are this much nearer the stars, there appears to be no change in them, but they seem as far away as before. There are still immeasurable reaches of space between us and the stars, so great, in fact, that thought fails in the effort to bridge it, and even our imagination is useless here.

The stars, like the sun, are self-luminous. In fact, the sun is a star itself; and seen from other stars, its appearance would be that of a small star.

All the Universe in Motion

All the stars, together with the sun and our entire solar system, are rushing through space at an inconceivable rate of speed. The speed of a cannon ball is no more than 2,000 miles an hour, which bears no comparison to the rate with which the heavenly bodies are moving. When it is considered that if the mean density of the earth were but two and one-half times that of water, it would weigh 2,200,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and that just one of the planets is 89,000 miles in diameter, and would take into its vast circumference more than a thousand globes the size of the earth, it is wonderful that such vast masses of matter should move at all. But Jupiter, with all its immensity, is moving in its orbit about the sun at the rate of 29,000 miles an hour; Venus, 76,000 miles an hour; and Mercury, 105,000 miles an hour, or 1,750 miles a minute, hundreds of times swifter than a cannon ball.

Surely we must exclaim with John on the Isle of Patmos, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty" (Rev. 15:3); and ask with the psalmist, "O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee?" (Ps. 89:8); and say with Moses, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power" (Ex. 15:6).

The speed of the sun with its retinue of worlds is 150,000,000 miles a year, and so vast is its orbit around the throne of the Creator that for the six thousand years of the earth's existence no deviation from a straight line has ever been noticed in its circuit. And the stars are at such distances from us in our rapid flight through space that no change can be noticed in their positions, though they are moving much more swiftly than are any of the planets.

Arcturus and His Sons

Centuries ago in the land of Uz, God asked Job the question, "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" Job 38:32. Arcturus is a star nine hundred and fifty millions of millions of miles distant from the earth. It is one of the brightest of the stars. So distant is it that it takes light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, 181 years to reach this earth from it. The sun is nearly a million miles in diameter, but Arcturus is a million times larger than the sun. So much brighter is Arcturus than the sun that if the sun were at an equal distance from the earth, it would be necessary to use a powerful telescope to find it. If the sun were placed one hundred and forty thousand times farther away than it is, it would appear to us about as bright as Arcturus now does; but if Arcturus were placed this same increased distance away, its brightness would scarcely diminish, for Arcturus is now eleven and a half million times farther away from the earth than 140,000 times 93,000,000 miles, which is the distance of the sun from the earth.

Inasmuch as Arcturus is a million times larger than the sun, it is reasonable to suppose that it has a much larger number of worlds circling it in their orbits than has the sun. And with all these rushing worlds, it sweeps grandly through space at the rate of four hundred miles a second, never a second out of time, and guided by that great Master Mind whose throne, undoubtedly, its orbit encircles.

"Behold, I Am Vile"

Well might Job say, "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth" (Job 40:4), in answer to the question of the Lord when he asked, "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

While we have but begun the journey into space, for these are but the outlying borders of his works, yet here we must stop for a brief space, for we cannot go farther with our finite wisdom. Over all these rushing, whirling orbs, Jehovah presides. This is his kingdom, and we have seen but a small part of it. Throughout all these objects and among all these intelligences, he is ever present. All its complicated movements are guided by his unerring wisdom. By his word in the beginning it emerged from nothing. "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." Ps. 33:9. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." Ps. 33:6.

Surely we can say with David, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Ps. 19:1. It is here in these vast realms of the

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The Study of Our Missions in India

Do you like to look at pictures? Here is one which I hope is interesting to every Missionary Volunteer. It is a picture of a map of India,—India with its 300,000,000 souls for whom Jesus died, millions of whom yet know little or nothing of the gospel. Do those stars look good to you? This depends, I think, on your acquaintance with the great needs of India, on how much you know of the devotion and sacrifice of God's people it has taken to put those stars on the map, and on your genuine love for Jesus and the things that he loves.

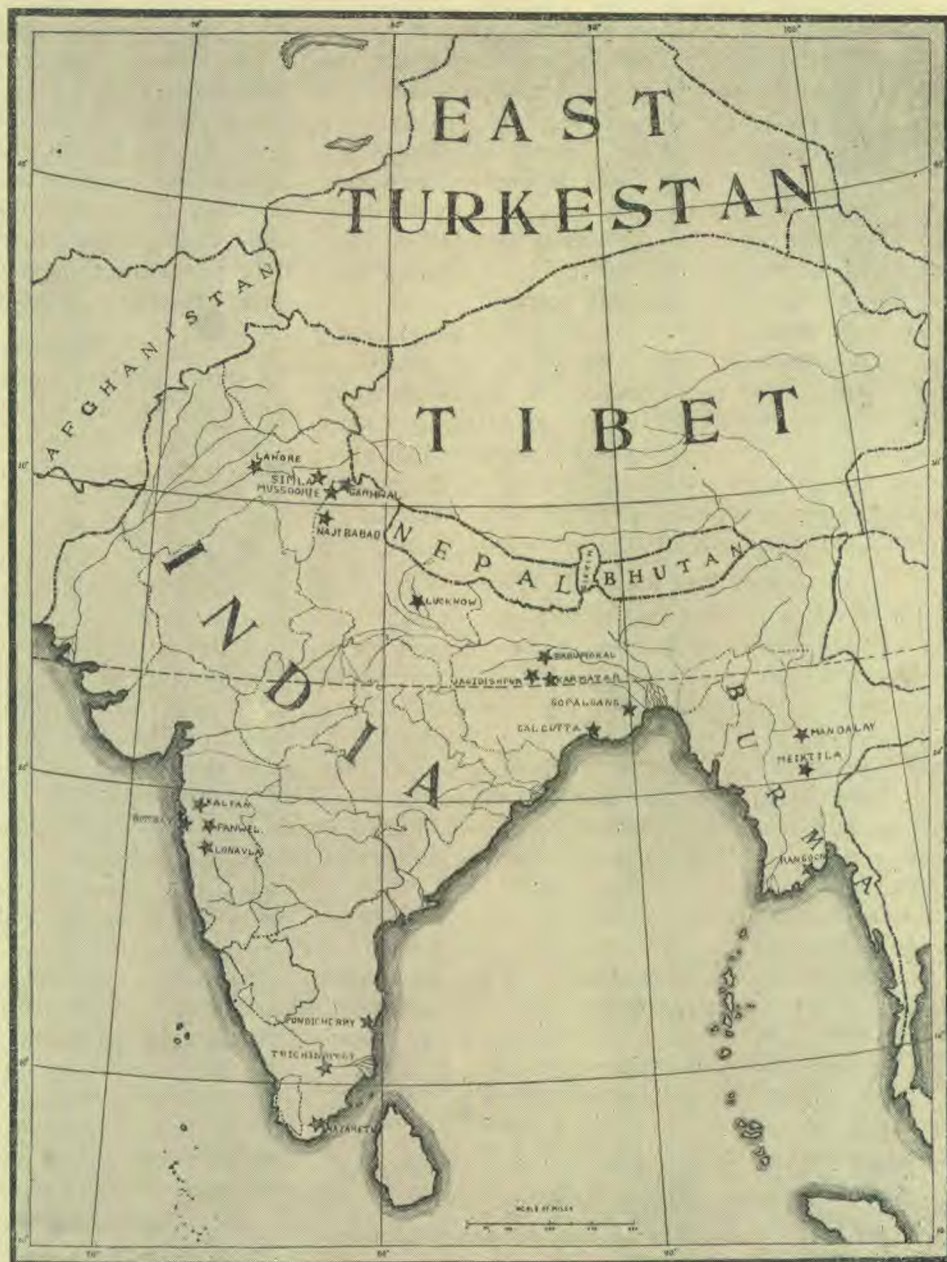
Our Missionary Volunteer Societies are now having the privilege of studying this map and the story of these stars. Most of our societies, I believe, have purchased the set of outline wall maps to be used in the mission studies. At the Missionary Volunteer Department office we have filled out our outline map of India, and here is the picture of it as it now looks. From this your society can prepare its India map for the mission studies now appearing in the *Gazette*.

Then to help all our young people to better understand our work in India, we give below a list of the stations, with the kinds of work being carried on at each, the workers, and the visible results.

The last-named station in Burma — Kaw-kay-et — is not on the map, because the news of its establishment came after our cut was

made. It is located on the map about one fourth of an inch southeast of Meiktila, close to the border between Burma and Siam.

Do you know some of these workers? Whether you do or not, I am sure you will have greater inter-



NAME OF STATION	YEAR ENTERED	WORK CONDUCTED	WORKERS IN CHARGE	OTHER WORKERS	RESULTS
NORTHWEST INDIA					
Simla	1913	Evangelical	Dr. H. C. Menkel	Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kimball	Strong English church
Lahore	1914	Evangelical Mission schools Hospital	F. H. Loasby F. H. Loasby Dr. V. L. Mann		Native church
NORTH INDIA					
Mussoorie	1907	English school Treatment rooms Evangelical	G. F. Furnival Wm. Lake Visiting pastors	Mrs. E. E. Bruce P. C. Poley	English church
Lucknow	1908	Headquarters Ind. Training school Dispensary Printing plant	H. R. Salisbury I. F. Blue Miss L. M. Scholtz Mr. Parkinson	S. A. Wellman A. H. Williams M. M. Mattison R. D. Brisbin	English church
Garhwal	1910	School for Hindu boys	C. C. Belgrave		
Najibabad	1910	Evangelical Dispensary	R. P. Morris Miss B. A. Kurtz Miss Shoto Mitter		Native church
BENGAL					
Calcutta	1896	Evangelical	J. M. Comer	W. S. Mead L. J. Burgess	English church
Karmatar	1899	Evangelical & school Dispensary	L. G. Mookerjee Mrs. L. G. Mookerjee	Native workers	

NAME OF STATION	YEAR ENTERED	WORK CONDUCTED	WORKERS IN CHARGE	OTHER WORKERS	RESULTS
Gopalgunj	1904	Dispensary & evangelical	Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kellar	Native workers	
Jagdishpur	1913	Girls' school & dispensary	Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Leech	Native workers	
Babumohal	1913	Santal station & school	W. A. Barlow		
BOMBAY PRESIDENCY					
Panvel	1911	School & dispensary	Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Kelsey		
Lonavla	1912				English church
Kalyan	1913	Evangelical	M. D. Wood	Miss Elinora Reid	
		evangelical	Mrs. M. D. Wood	Miss Mary Moss	
		Mission schools	M. D. Wood		
Bombay	1913	Evangelical	G. W. Pettit	Miss R. E. Boose	English church
			W. R. French	W. R. Nelson	
SOUTH INDIA					
Nazareth	1907	Evangelical & school	E. D. Thomas		
		Girls' school	Mrs. Joseph		
Trichinopoli	1913	Evangelical	J. S. James	G. G. Lowry	
Pondicherry	1914	Evangelical	V. E. Peugh		
BURMA					
Rangoon	1904	Evangelical	R. B. Thurber		
		Treatment rooms	Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wyman		
Mandalay	1915	Evangelical	R. A. Beckner		
Meiktila	1910	Trades school	D. C. Ludington		
Kaw-kay-et	1915	Evangelical	G. A. Hamilton	Miss Mary Gibbs	
		Dispensary		Eric B. Hare	

est in them and can pray for them more intelligently after you have studied the story of the work as it is given in "An Outline of Mission Fields" and the *Church Officers' Gazette*. Let every Missionary Volunteer do his part to make these studies interesting, and to learn all he can about the great mission field of India.

M. E. KERN.

The Great War — No. 4

(Concluded from page seven)

universe, the chambers of the Eternal, that we behold the might of the Mighty, the strength of the Strong, the wisdom of the Wise, the lore of the Learned, the made of the Maker, the order of the Orderer, the glory of the Glorious; and we see, though our eyes are dim, and our minds untaught, the majesty of the Designer who so reflects himself in all his works. It is thus we should look upon the universe in all its awful grandeur — the earth, sun, stars, moon, planets, — all, — and we shall confess that these — without life or power or purpose or thought or will, unable to build up or destroy, to end or begin, hold or advance, to be or not to be — declare there is a God.

Over Architraves of Eternities

It is said that "an angel once took a man . . . and lifted him up into space to show him the glory of the universe. . . . The man ceased to be cowardly, and was ready to fly with the angel past galaxy after galaxy, and infinity after infinity, and so man and angel passed on, viewing the universe, until the sun was out of sight — until our solar system appeared as a speck of light against the black empyrean, and there was only darkness. And they looked onward, and in the infinities of light before, a speck of light appeared, and suddenly they were in the midst of rushing worlds. But they passed beyond that system, and beyond system after system, and infinity after infinity; until the human heart sank, and the man cried out, 'End is there none of the universe of God?' And the angel strengthened the man by words of counsel and courage, and they flew on again until worlds left behind them were out of sight, and specks of light before them were transformed as they approached them, into rushing systems.

"They moved over architraves of eternities, over pillars of immensities, over architecture of galaxies, un-

speakable in dimensions and duration, and the human heart sank again and cried out, 'End is there none of the universe of God?' And all the stars echoed the question with amazement, 'End is there none of the universe of God?' And this echo found no answer.

"They moved on again past immensities of immensities, and eternities of eternities, until in the dizziness of uncounted galaxies the human heart sank for the last time, and called out, 'End is there none of the universe of God?' And all the stars repeated the question, and the angel answered, 'End there is none of the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning.'"

The Lesson of the Universe

The universe speaks a language of its own, which we may learn to read and interpret to our doubting soul's full satisfaction. More sweet than the music of the spheres is its varied wisdom if it tells us of might which we cannot hold; of power which we cannot reach; of lore which we may behold but not all contain; of wisdom we can scarcely know the measure; of majesty and grace and grandeur which shall wrap our souls in speechless amazement, and fill our minds with vast consternation of thought, for we shall be as one void of mind or wisdom. Yet amid all our confusion and deep amazement we should discern to know a wisdom we cannot otherwise perceive, and should discover a knowledge which shall banish all our thoughts of doubt and unbelief.

This, my dear young friends, is our Father's house. As I write of it for you to read, I find in my heart a vast longing to go home. I want to continue that journey with you through the ever-expanding regions of space, and press on to the uttermost borders of the Father's dominion. May you make sure, and may I, that in the time soon to come, our journey may be continued under the guidance of him who created all these things, and who upholds them all.

At the court of the King of this heavenly empire, Lucifer, the angel of light and glory, ministered, — the respected, loved leader of a great number of the angels. Like flashes of light, they winged their way to the farthest stars and planets on errands for the great King. Love reigned supreme in the heavenly kingdom, and joy and happiness filled every heart. The cloud of the coming revolt against the Majesty of heaven had not yet fallen over any mind.



A Message of Hope

A BURST of song, a melodious lay,
Trilled in the apple tree over the way,
And my heart is cheered on its loneliest day.

O singer so sweet, in thy garb of brown,
Pouring a flood of happiness down
As if to erase the heaviest frown,

Tell me, does trouble e'er come thy way?
Does food get scarce and the skies grow gray,
Or is life one long, grand holiday?

As the song trilled forth afresh, it seemed
To carry a message that glowed and gleamed
With the sun's rich rays which through it streamed;

"Happiness, happiness, all the day;
Happiness, happiness, come what may;
Let memories of blessings cheer all thy way!"
CORA FERRIS.

How to Retain Health

IF we would retain the possession of health and live to a ripe old age, we must obey physical law in every respect, which is our reasonable duty.

The transgression of physical law is almost always the cause of disease, pain, and early death.

It is futile and foolish to suppose that we can live in a careless and unhygienic way and not sometime have to pay the penalty for our transgression.

Everything in nature has been arranged by the Creator according to cause and effect. Obedience to physical law secures health and life, as a natural consequence. But the transgression of physical law tends to disease and death. We are sure to reap as we have sown.

J. W. LOWE.

Electricity in Queen Elizabeth's Time

AN English collection of Elizabethan letters and anecdotes of court life quotes the opinion of a provincial young lady of quality, but recently come up to London to accept a position in the queen's household, who had witnessed some simple electrical experiments. She wrote home to her mother:—

"The Queen is now well recovered of her sickness, which was but litle tho it lookt at first as it wold be greate. She puts much truste in her Doctor, one Gilbert, and soe doe her ladis for the moste parte, and I am laught at by alle but onely Lady Margaret for that I doe fear the man and his cures that they bee not such as are permitted to Xtian [Christian] folke to undergoe. I have seen him playe strange tricks, takeing, for the diverssion of the queen's ladis, a silke glove from one and her bedes of ambre from another and a scrappe of the writeing of her Love from another, if she have it about her and can be perswaded to give it uppe, and makeing the one to russle and give forth the speckles of fyre, and the others one to pick the other uppe by touching of it,—and a blacke catte comeing in he rubed her that she brissled and gave forth the little fyres that daunced alonge her furre in the dark as if the wyches that love blacke cattes were strokeing her back. Soche matters are of the divel and sholde not be medled with for sporte, they are not meet for good Xtians."

Poor, timid little lady! If she deemed Dr. Gilbert's tricks and cures of three hundred years ago so perilous to the soul, what would she have thought of the electric shocks, baths, massage, and all the varied tingling, prickling, crackling, and spark-spitting electrical devices of our modern physicians? At the least, that the medical profession was a most un-Xtian trade!—*Selected.*

Waste in Raisin Industry

THE Department of Agriculture calls attention to the waste in the raisin industry when no use is made of the seeds, and describes the different products that can be obtained from that neglected source. The waste from the seeding machine has been found to average ten per cent of the yearly crop.

As they come from the machines, the seeds are covered with a sticky mass of pulp that cold water easily dissolves. When it is concentrated, the pulp yields a sirup something like strained honey. The sirup has a reddish color, and is slightly tart, owing to the grape acids.

The sirup is a useful addition to the housekeeper's supplies. It can be used in making mincemeat with less expense and less labor than when the raisins themselves are used, and it has all the delicious flavor of the raisins. It is suitable for table use, and a manufacturer of sirups for soda fountains finds it excellent in carbonated drinks.

The sirup, however, is not all, for the seeds still remain. When they have been screened, dried, and ground, it is possible to extract from them about one seventh of their total weight in a pale, golden-yellow oil that has a delicious, nut-like taste. This oil dries rapidly, and can be used in paints and varnishes. The oil also makes a compact soap, with a pleasant aromatic odor.

From the residue, tannin can be extracted, and there will still remain a substance known commercially as "meal," that makes good stock feed.—*Selected.*

Modes of Travel

THE eight-passenger touring car is a long way removed from ancient modes of travel, but even the simplest of these have done good service; so we do not decry past favors, but are grateful for present facilities.

On land, the elephant, camel, buffalo, dromedary, dog, yak, llama, donkey, horse, goat, and reindeer have all helped to solve man's problem of transportation by either carrying him on their backs or hauling the vehicle in which he rode. Even man himself has taken the place of a beast of burden, and carried his fellow man in a chair strapped to his back, or pulled or pushed the jinrikisha or wheelbarrow in which he sat.

On the water the great ocean liner and the merchant ship have supplanted the primitive water craft of past centuries as completely as the express train and trolley car and automobile have supplanted all simple land conveyances.

When man had reached the acme of land and water transportation facilities, he looked toward the sky, and lured the winged bird to teach him the secret of aerial transportation; and now the biplane, monoplane, and dirigible have joined the chief conveyances to do man's bidding in peace and war.



Worth Trying



DON'T believe you'll get it looking the way you do." Mrs. Lang's tone held a note of despair. "If it had only been a month later, and Mrs. Hays had paid me for the sewing I'm doing — but there would be no use asking her to advance the money; she would be likely not to."

"O, no! Don't ask her to advance it, mother," pleaded Elmer piteously. "'Cause more'n likely she'll tell Van Lennep, and he'll let it out to the other fellows. I'd rather risk not getting the job than for the boys to know how poor we are."

"That isn't the right spirit, son. Life is certainly having its ups and downs. Maybe after a while it will be better; we'll hope so. But Uncle Morton is so peculiar. 'Most likely he'll study you from the crown of your head to the tip of your shoes, and then write me a note saying your appearance was not satisfactory. I really ought to have made you keep the blue suit until you got another."

"If I hadn't started to wear the blue suit, I'd been going around in my skin," said Elmer rather indignantly. "How would it do if I wore Jack's winter coat with my old brown trousers? They don't show the patches as bad as the blue."

"Worse and more of it." His mother tried to keep from tears by laughing. "You would look like a patched-up boy. A bank position is very hard to get, and it is only because I wrote to Uncle Morton over a year ago, asking if he would not keep you in mind and suggest something when the opportunity came, that he has done this — sent word that there is a vacancy for a beginner and suggested that you go up for an interview. If you could only earn the money by running errands or some odd jobs — but there isn't time. I am actually ashamed to let you go as you are. Jack's shoes are positively the only thing between either of you fit to be seen."

Jack colored painfully, his feet being a sore spot with him. An infantile illness had left him noticeably lame. There was a difference of two inches between his right and his left side, and his left shoe had a specially constructed heel which made walking easier for him. It was rather an understood thing that Jack was to be always more or less dependent. When her only sister died, Mrs. Lang accepted the orphan boy much as she had accepted everything in life, often endeavoring to assume a cheerfulness which she did not feel. As Jack grew older, she told him frankly that if at times they were hungry for other things there was always plenty of love to go round. As soon as Elmer was fortunate enough to get a position, life would be easier, of course, and then he might see a way toward

helping Jack to earn some money. People who wanted clerks in grocery stores, etc., at present seemed chary of a boy who walked even a trifle lame.

When it was quite settled that Elmer could not go, that by no way possible could he be made to appear presentable before the uncle, Jack seemed so absorbed in thought that there was no getting a word out of him. He was not able to join in many of the sports common to the other boys, and for this reason Elmer never thought it queer when his cousin didn't wait for him or join the crowd after school. Jack often loitered, taking the river way, watching the boats as they glided over the broad expanse of water. But instead of standing still to gaze, as he usually did, on this particular day he slipped down, and, hidden from view by a row of freight cars, drew from his pocket a dull gold locket, quaintly carved, with a cameo in the center. He touched a spring, and his mother's eyes from the portrait seemed to smile at him. "Elmer's got to go Friday, and there's only a day left. I wouldn't part with your picture,—I'll keep that forever,—but the locket'll give Elmer a start. I've kept it till the last minute, hoping the money'd come some other way, but it hasn't."

After this conversation, carried on between Jack and the picture of his pretty mother, which was all that he had to remember her by, Elmer went home from school the day following and announced that Jack had not been there at all. "Professor Hay looked at me awfully queer when I said I didn't know why he was absent. He was all ready to start when I left, all but combing his hair."

"Jack couldn't have felt bad because you didn't wait for him?" was Mrs. Lang's suggestion, but her son laughed.

"Why, you know that wouldn't make him mad. Don't I run ahead 'most every time? I was sure I'd find him home with you. Where'd I better look?"

"Look everywhere, promptly. Of course nothing has happened to him, but I never knew him to absent himself from school before. I can't understand it."

But, truth to tell, Jack had no intention of following his cousin to school that sunshiny morning, and he swung himself upon the steps of the trolley at the very moment Elmer was entering the schoolhouse for the morning session. Naturally in his inexperience he made for the largest, most pretentious jewelry store in the shopping district of the city he chose for his destination. The clerk was inclined to laugh at first when he took the bit of jewelry from the boy's trembling fingers, but he dropped his banter when he looked into the earnest eyes which always won friends in spite of Jack's shyness. "This wouldn't be any good to us.

We don't deal in antiques at all. But you take it over to Broussais. He's on Third Avenue. Here, I'll write the address on a card. He deals in precious stones and things like this. He'll tell you what it's worth."

Jack had hardly any hope in his heart after this first refusal. He extended the locket timidly to the swarthy, bushy-eyebrowed Easterner, hardly daring to say a word. "You want to sell this? Humph! It is not of any particular value, except as an antique. The cameo is pretty, but there are many pretty cameos."

"I've just got to sell the locket," blurted Jack impetuously. Another time he might have found it hard to tell the story of how his aunt had brought him up and shared with him everything she had for Elmer; but now he was desperate, and in a few minutes the man with the dark, shining eyes knew it all. He knew how their whole life had been a struggle against poverty, and how, because of Jack's affliction, Elmer was looked upon as the hope of the family. Jack leaned forward as he finished, and his words had an earnestness that rang of sincerity: "And if I can help Elmer to get this job, I've just got to do it. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is just what you must do," said Broussais in that deliberate fashion which belongs to the race. "Ten dollars, I think, will fit your cousin out," and he produced from the drawer a bill. "You write your name and where you live on this piece of paper."

Jack said afterwards he guessed it wouldn't have mattered if his clothes had been rags, for Broussais didn't seem to see anything but his face.

"You are a good boy, an honest boy, and clean."

Jack flushed beautifully. "I guess so," he stammered. "I've always tried to be."

"You like to work for me? My nephew, he went back to my own country last week. I need a boy. I teach you the business. Then you have work always. You like it? Ah! I expect you tomorrow."

When Jack reached home, he laughed because he found his aunt and cousin so excited that they were going to get the police department out after him. "Why, for ten dollars you can get rigged out as fancy as a prince," he shouted, waving the money. "And I've got a job myself, Aunt Kate, same as Elmer hopes to get. I wonder if every time you make an effort to set another fellow on his feet, it comes back to you so rich? It's worth trying, isn't it?" — *Helen I. Castella, in the Visitor.*

A Mother's Love

YEARS ago, when the writer was a lad of nineteen years, he was employed as a flagman for a civil engineer on a railroad then being completed in one of the prosperous States of the Middle West. The headquarters of the engineering department were at a small town about the center of the line, from which the surveying corps worked in either direction as occasion required, the purpose being to reach the central office the latter part of each week or fortnight, to make reports, file surveys, and receive instructions for future operations. Thus this station became the rendezvous for all employees in the service, and afforded fine opportunities for making new acquaintances and maintaining social relations with the old.

It was on one of these occasions that I first met the subject of this narrative, George Somerville, a young man of handsome personal appearance, elegant manners, frank and sociable disposition, and of clean morals and character. He was possessed of such winning ways that one loved him from first acquaintance. About twenty-four years of age, he had recently been graduated from college, and received the appointment of engineer on another division of this same line. Being several years my senior, I was pleased at his friendly consideration, and at once cordial relations were established between us.

One great charm he possessed was his chaste and elegant manner of speech and conversation, and his very respectful attitude toward sacred things. We spent the Sabbath day together, and it passed away all too

quickly, and at its close we parted to go in opposite directions for our work on the morrow, and bade farewell with mutual promises and expectations of a pleasant meeting soon again.

It was two weeks before our duties again brought us to headquarters, and upon entering the office with ardent expectation of meeting my pleasant friend of a fortnight ago, I observed in an adjoining room an open trunk, with clothing piled around as if ready for packing. Upon seeking an explanation for this unusual spectacle, I was shocked at the information that during our brief absence our charming friend had been summoned by the dread and silent messenger. An acute and aggravated case of smallpox had done its cruel work, and a few days before all that remained earthly of our graceful and handsome young friend had been consigned to the village cemetery to await the resurrection day. The trunk was being packed with his rai-



"A RAY OF SUNSHINE"

"THE blue of heaven is larger than the clouds."

ment and personal effects to send to his widowed mother in her New England home. On top of a number of articles I noticed a pocket Bible, and upon opening it, read, "George Somerville, from his affectionate mother." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Turning over the page, I saw the following beautiful tribute to his mother, written in his own plain round hand:—

"Oh, in our sternest manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our darkened way;
When girt with sin and sorrow, and the toil
Of cares, that tear the bosoms that they soil;
Oh, if there be in retrospection's chain
One link that binds us to young dreams again,
One thought so sweet we scarcely dare to muse
On all the hidden rapture it reviews,
Which seems each instant in the backward range
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring untouched for years to move,
It is the memory of a mother's love."

This sentiment appeals to our highest and holiest emotions, and touches a responsive chord in every manly heart. We are proud to do honor to her who has given us birth and watched over our helpless infancy with a mother love. But there is a love that far transcends even the sacred love of a mother. It is "the love of a Father"—our Heavenly Father's love for his lost and sinful children. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13. "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. 5:8. Six hundred years before the advent of the Redeemer, God said to Israel: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. 31:3.

Have you considered the Father's love to you in giving his own Son a sacrifice for you? Have you thought of his claim upon your young lives in their strength and vigor? Accept him now. Devote the best efforts of your lives and love in the service of him who has given himself for you.—*Samuel Windle, in Christian Observer.*

Our Dog Sport

UPON our first acquaintance Sport was only a baby of a few weeks, almost as broad as he was long, with legs so short that he wobbled as he walked, and tumbled in his attempts to run. His babyhood was of short duration, however, as in a few months he had reached the height and length and breadth of the full-grown rat terrier. But you are well aware that even then he was unable to command respect for beauty or size; but that he was intelligent you shall have to admit.

The first few months of this little dog's life were spent in the city; and if he could have spoken, he would perhaps have told us that he was happy to leave its noise and bustle. The trip from Baltimore covered a period of five or six hours, and when at the journey's end our little friend was given his freedom, he gave evidence of the seriousness of having been caged so long. But though his bark was only a rasping sound, and he seemed weak from the close confinement, he began a reconnoitering expedition immediately upon his arrival, making a great effort at barking at every strange object with which he came in contact.

As the weeks and months rolled on, Sport endeared

himself more and more to the family. He learned the names of the different members, and was soon able to single us out with little hesitancy. It was amusing to see him plant himself in front of the one asked for. After deciding that he was correct, he would stand there, wag his bushy tail, and look the person in the face with his great brown eyes, until the loving pat for which he asked was given.

Father and mother had so often spoken of themselves as such to Sport that he always knew who was meant when either term was used. He had a habit of begging to be fed while we were at the table, and it was next to impossible to resist his pleadings, though we desired to instill the "good manners" principle while he was young. Father sat at the head of the table, and mother directly at his left. As soon as we were seated and the meal was in progress, Sport would station himself on the floor at the right of father. He would sit up straight, with his forepaws in front of him. He tried hard to be patient; but if father appeared not to be aware of his presence, to attract attention Sport would give the queerest little grunt imaginable. "O, go around there to mother!" father would say. Without a second invitation he would trot around father's chair, get as close to mother's side as possible, and assume the same attitude. I think this performance was never omitted if he happened to be in the house at mealtime, and of course his persistency did not go unrewarded.

He enjoyed a romp out of doors, and the game of hide and seek was his delight. In the side yard was a woodpile, and behind this Sport would hide as soon as he understood that the game was begun. At our call, occasionally he would answer with his funny little grunt. He would peek and peer around and in between the zigzag sticks of wood for the seeker; and if we were long in coming, out he would run from his hiding place and go in search of us. Coming upon us suddenly, he would jump and bark and frolic around as if to show his great satisfaction.

He was especially fond of peanuts and candy; and if he had an idea that in father's pockets there was any such treat, he would at once touch father's arm, and give his usual grunt. "Be a dead dog, then," father would say. After dropping to the floor, stretching out, and shutting his eyes, he would lie there for an instant, then jump up and resume his begging.

Sport had a profound aversion to a bath, and would feign sleep or slip out of sight when he perceived that preparations were being made for its administration. If in the midst of a romp you would say to him, "Sport, come get your bath," he would put his tail between his legs, and beat a hasty retreat. Like most children, he disliked having his face washed; for father frequently took him to the pump, held him between his knees, and "soused" his face in the cold water. He regarded this as a sufficiently unpleasant experience to be avoided whenever possible. At times he would be lying in his box on the porch when he would notice father at the pump. If his eyes were open, and he was perhaps in the act of getting out of his bed, he suddenly became drowsy; and in less time than it requires to tell it, he would drop back to his bed, close his eyes, and one who had not seen him a minute before would have had no suspicion that he was not peacefully sleeping.

After much persuasion he accomplished the feat of saying his prayers in dog fashion. Going to a chair

(Concluded on page sixteen)

Preaching All the Way

You remember the story in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, to whom one day a young monk came with a word of inquiry, and to whom the older man gave the indirect reply of an invitation to walk with him in the streets of the village that lay at the foot of the hill below the monastery where they dwelt. They passed through the gate of the village, to and fro, to preach the gospel, as St. Francis had said to his younger friend, yet all the while the older man spoke never a word. When at last they had come back to the door from which they had gone, still in silence, the young man turned and said, "But, good father, when shall we begin to preach?" "Oh," said the older man, "my son, we have been preaching all the way! Our example has been noted and looked at. Little will it avail a man that he go anywhere to preach unless he preach as he goes."—*Speer*.



Thirty-Sixth Week

- September 5. Ezekiel 27 to 29: Doom of Tyre.
 September 6. Ezekiel 30 to 32: Desolation of Egypt.
 September 7. Ezekiel 33 to 35: Unfaithful shepherds.
 September 8. Ezekiel 36 to 38: Blessings of Christ's kingdom; the valley of dry bones.
 September 9. Ezekiel 39 to 41: The temple restored.
 September 10. Ezekiel 42 to 44: Ordinances for the priests.
 September 11. Ezekiel 45 to 48: Vision of the holy waters; possessions of the twelve tribes.

To Think About as You Read

- Sunday.—The perils of pride.
 Monday.—Vanity of human achievement.
 Tuesday.—Am I faithful in duty?
 Wednesday.—God's mercy to men.
 Thursday.—Reverence and love for God's house.
 Friday.—The Lord requires faithfulness in small things.
 Sabbath.—Shall I have a part in the heavenly Canaan?

The Book of Ezekiel

This, the fourth of the major prophetic books, is by some divided into three parts, thus: (1) Chapters 1-24, prophetic warnings uttered before the destruction of Jerusalem; (2) chapters 25-32, a group of prophecies against seven foreign nations; (3) chapters 33-48, prophecies of the restoration. Or it may be divided into two parts: the first (1-32) occupied with correction, denunciation, reproof; while the remaining chapters (33-48) deal chiefly with consolation and promise.

The prophecy abounds in sublime images and lofty ideas. As we read, the mind is caught away from the low things of earth to the open heavens and the throne of God, circled with "the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain."

"One of the most important topics of the book is the subject of the Sabbath. The combined testimony of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel constitutes a very strong evidence for the importance and enduring nature of this institution." Isaiah testifies concerning the blessedness of the Sabbath; Jeremiah sets forth the consequences of observing it, and also of disregarding it; and Ezekiel mentions its sanctifying influence, and shows the distinction between the Sabbath and the other days of the week.

Good Rules

"If you your lips
 Would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care:
 Of whom you speak,
 To whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

"If you your ears
 Would save from jeers,
 These things keep meekly hid:
 'Myself' and 'I,'
 And 'mine' and 'my,'
 And 'how I do' or 'did.'"

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, September 11

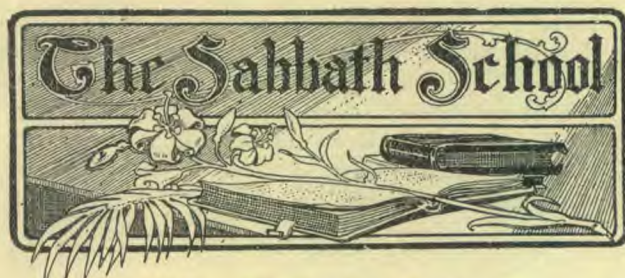
NOTE.—For this program be sure to have on hand a copy of each of the books in the 1915-16 Reading Courses, a good supply of the new Reading Course Leaflets, and some enrollment blanks.

Help will be found in the leaflet for those preparing talks and papers. Have for your rally cry, "Every young person in this church a member of the reading circle."

1. Review Morning Watch texts.
2. Symposium: "The Influence of Reading." Have several appointed to give quotations showing the effects of reading, both good and bad. See *Gazette*.
3. Paper: "An Appeal for High Standards in Reading." For help see article "The Culture of Reading," in *Gazette*; also Missionary Volunteer Leaflets No. 2; and No. 13, pages 6-10.
4. Three Talks: "Why Have Reading Courses?" "Explanation of the Reading Courses," and "Review of Reading Course Books for This Year." See *Gazette*.
5. Have two or more persons tell why they took the course last year, and what they gained from it.
6. Pass enrollment blanks, and collect the names of all who will join the new courses.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending September 11

THE program for this week is on the Reading Courses. No special program has been prepared for the Juniors, but the outline under Senior Society Program can easily be adapted to meet the needs of the Juniors.



XI — The Fruit of Faith

(September 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 15: 21-39.

MEMORY VERSE: "Great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matt. 15: 28.

Questions

1. After giving the instruction concerning the things that defile a man, where did Jesus go? Matt. 15: 21. Find Tyre and Sidon on the map.
2. Who came to him out of that region? What appeal did she make to Jesus? Verse 22. Note 1.
3. How did Jesus treat her prayer? Verse 23, first part.
4. When the disciples saw this, what did they beg him to do? Verse 23, last part.
5. What was his reply? Verse 24. Note 2.
6. How did the woman of Canaan respond to these discouraging words? Verse 25.
7. How did Jesus still further try her faith? Verse 26.
8. How did she agree with this? Verse 27, first part.

9. What did she think even the dogs had a right to expect? Verse 27, last part.

10. What did Jesus say of her faith? Verse 28, first part.

11. How fully did he answer her prayer? Verse 28, last part.

12. To what place did Jesus at once return? Verse 29. Note 3.

13. Who again thronged about him? With what happy results? Verses 30, 31.

14. How long did the multitudes go without eating and drinking? Why did Jesus not send them away? Verse 32.

15. How did the disciples show that they had not learned the lesson that they should from the feeding of the five thousand? Verse 33. Note 4.

16. How did Jesus tenderly give them the same lesson over again? Verses 34-38.

Notes

1. "The people of this district were of the old Canaanite race. They were idolaters, and were despised and hated by the Jews. To this class belonged the woman who now came to Jesus. She was a heathen," and therefore had never known the blessings which the Jews daily enjoyed. But she had heard of the prophet who, it was said, healed all manner of diseases.

2. "When he said, 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' he stated the truth. . . . This woman was one of the lost sheep that Israel should have rescued. It was their appointed work, the work which they had neglected, that Christ was doing."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 402.

The disciples thought "the lost sheep" meant Jews only. Although Jesus' answer appeared to agree with their feelings, it really was a rebuke to them, and was meant to teach them that he came into the world to seek and to save all who will accept him, no matter to what nation they belong.

3. "This was the only miracle that Jesus wrought while on this journey. It was for the performance of this act that he went to the borders of Tyre and Sidon. He wished to relieve the afflicted woman, and at the same time to leave an example of his work of mercy toward one of a despised people, for the benefit of his disciples when he should no longer be with them."—*Ib.*

4. Again the disciples revealed their unbelief. At Bethsaida they had seen how, with Christ's blessing, their little store had been enough to feed the multitudes; yet they were now afraid to bring their little store to Jesus and trust his power to multiply it for the hungry people.

9. What was her response? Verse 27.

10. In what language did Jesus grant her petition? With what result? Verse 28.

11. What did Jesus next do? Verse 29.

12. Whom did the multitude bring to Jesus? What did he do for them? Verse 30.

13. What filled the multitude with wonder? What did they do? Verse 31.

14. What did Jesus say to the disciples about the multitude? Verse 32, first part.

15. What would he not do? Why? Verse 32, last part.

16. What difficulty did the disciples see in the way? Verse 33.

17. What question did Jesus ask? What was the answer? Verse 34.

18. What direction did Jesus give? Verse 35.

19. How was the multitude fed? Verse 36.

20. How much did they eat? How much was left? Verse 37.

21. How many people ate? Verse 38.

22. What did Jesus then do? Verse 39.

Notes

1. The complaint of the disciples that the woman cried after Jesus, indicates her earnest determination to obtain what she sought. If the Lord does not answer our prayers immediately, it is for some wise purpose. "I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." Isa. 54:8. It is pleasing to the Lord and a blessing to us to press our petitions to the throne of mercy, if we ask according to his will. Men were annoyed at the woman's importunity, but Jesus pronounced her of great faith and granted her request.

2. Notice how fully the woman identified herself with the interests of her daughter. Her cry was, "Have mercy on *me*," "Help *me*," when her supplication was for the deliverance of her daughter.

3. It is likely that Jesus here made use of a familiar saying. It is in the form of a parable. The "children" doubtless refer to God's chosen people Israel (see verse 24), and the "dogs" to the Gentiles, or unbelievers. Compare Rev. 22:15. By her faith in Jesus' power to heal, and by her perseverance in praying that he exercise it upon her daughter, this woman showed that though a Canaanite by race, she was really a member of the spiritual house of Israel.

XI — The Fruit of Faith

(September 11)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. "Have mercy on me." Questions 1-6.

Mon. Great faith. Questions 7-10.

Tues. Healing, and glorifying God. Questions 11-13.

Wed. Feeding the multitude. Questions 14-22.

Thurs. Review.

Fri. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 399-405.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 15:21-39.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go? Matt. 15:21.

2. Who came to Jesus out of that region? Verse 22, first part.

3. What appeal did she make to Jesus? Verse 22, last part.

4. What was the attitude of Jesus toward her request? Verse 23, first part.

5. What did the disciples urge him to do? Why? Verse 23, last part. Note 1.

6. How did Jesus answer them? Verse 24.

7. What did the woman then do and say? Verse 25. Note 2.

8. How did Jesus answer her now? Verse 26. Note 3.

Achievements of Youth

At the age of eighteen, Zwingli had become convinced that the corruption in the church proved that it was not infallible. His convictions, boldly expressed, helped to light the torch whose beams reached to the farthest parts of earth. At the age of nineteen, George Washington was a major in the military service of the colonies, gaining the independence of thought which enabled him to lead a people in throwing off the chains of tyranny and in founding a new republic, dedicated to new ideas in government. At the age of nineteen, George Stephenson put the science of ages behind him, and, blazing a new path, harnessed the power of steam to whirring wheels. At the age of twenty-one, Beethoven dared to discard the musical systems of the past, and by doing so, set his name in the highest rank of the immortals of music. At the age of twenty-four, Ruskin set himself to new tasks in literature, and his name shines among the brightest in the literary constellation. At the age of twenty-eight, Napoleon revolutionized the arts of military tactics, and changed the map of Europe through the power of his genius.—*Expositor*.

"OVER and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the book of life
Some lesson we have to learn."

The Youth's Instructor

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AN old letter recently rescued from the files of the United States Patent Office shows that in 1833 the head of the department desired to resign, because he felt that the limit of human invention had been reached, and that there would be no more need of his services. The limit of invention reached! That was before the telephone, the telegraph, the electric light, the motion picture, the aeroplane, the X ray, the linotype, the graphophone, the trolley car, the repeating rifle, the ocean liner, and the automobile.—*Selected.*

As a Diplomat Sees

HON. CURTIS GUILD, formerly ambassador to Russia, has written for the *Youth's Companion* an interesting article on the Russian nation and people. We glean the following points from the article:—

"The percentage of illiteracy in Russia is very large; but when we remember that there are vast districts in Russia where there is only one house in twenty square miles, and when we learn that bears, wolves, and elk can be killed within forty-five miles of Petrograd, the national capital, we begin to see that the thinness of the Russian population and the primitiveness of Russian life makes the problem of education in Russia harder than it is in almost any other nation in the world."

The Russian is slow to anger, and is disposed to be kind and hospitable to all. He is not belligerent; he is rarely so even when drunk.

The Russian is kind to animals. Even the bear to him is "the fellow who likes honey," or he is *mishka*, Little Michael. A fondness for pets and a regard for all animal life characterizes Russian life. The Russian cab has no whip socket. Boys do not stone cats or birds.

Russia exiles her prisoners, but life as an exile in Siberia is to be preferred to life as a convict within the gloomy walls of most prisons.

The Russian is a natural musician and a lover of art. Almost every Slav has a musical instrument and can make good use of it.

The Russian's "greatest weakness is his fondness for alcoholic drinks," says Mr. Guild; but the Czar has done him good service in prohibiting the sale of vodka, so that now he is an ardent advocate of national prohibition.

Unfortunately, the Russian is possessed of racial hatred and differences, which make life a hard problem for many in the great empire.

Our Dog Sport

(Concluded from page thirteen)

with rungs at a distance from the floor to admit of his sitting on his hind legs, he would place his forepaws on the rung, put his head between them, and retain this position until "amen" was said. And you could not deceive him on that word, for among a dozen he could immediately detect it.

His first experience at rat killing was interesting to the onlookers. Our neighbor brought over a cage with five of the largest rats I have ever seen, and asked if he could have Sport's assistance in disposing of them. So father took Sport under his arm, and we followed them out to the main road. The trap, or cage, was put in the middle of the road, and Sport was put down on the ground. He crept up to the side of the cage, whined, and acted as if he were afraid. But seeming to remember that he was to show his skill on that occasion for the first time, he grew courageous, and looked, first at our neighbor and then at the cage, as much as to say, "Please let them out." So the door was carefully lifted, and one big fellow forced to come out. Sport kept his eyes on the rat, but waited until it was about two feet away before he made his spring. It was cleverly done, for he sprang in the air just above the rat, grabbed it by the back of the neck, and with one or two vigorous slings, broke its neck. The other four met a similar fate, although the fifth one put up a fight for its life. It hissed and spit at Sport and showed its teeth. But Sport was a match for it, and it was not long until it had to submit to the inevitable.

Our little friend was not strong, however, and in a few years from that time, he left us. In his illness, he seemed to understand that we were desirous of helping him, and he would follow us with his sad eyes, which frequently were full of tears, and in looks that spoke louder than words, would express his appreciation.

FLORENCE WHALEY.

Finding God

I HAD in a former parish a young Irishman; all would declare him to be ignorant, and he was; but God marvelously used him. This was the secret: With a heart burdened for the men of the city, I called together a few men of the church, and laying before them the plan I had in mind, told them first of all that we could do nothing without the infilling of the Holy Ghost. When this had been explained, I noticed this man leave the room. When I sought him, I found him in one of the lower rooms of the church, literally on his face before God. He was in prayer. I shall never forget the petition: "O God, I plead with thee for this blessing." Then, without any emotion, he rose from his knees, turned his face heavenward, and said, "And now I claim the blessing." For the first time he became sensible of my presence, and with a shining countenance he reached out his hands to clasp mine. You could feel the very presence of the Spirit as he said, "I have received him." And I believe he had, for in the next few months he led more than sixty men into the kingdom of God. His whole life had been transformed.—"*Power and Its Secret.*"