

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 37



FROM HERE AND THERE

SEVENTY-SIX orders in one day for "The World's Crisis" by a student is a record not to be ashamed of.

THE Navy Department has recently issued and placed on sale a book containing engraved reproductions in colors of the flags of all maritime nations.

WITH a powerful wireless station, erected in Russia since the outbreak of the war, direct communication has been established between that country and England.

IN writing the sentence, "He will *lose* this opportunity," why do you write loose for lose? A surprisingly large number of fairly good spellers make this mistake.

ONE hundred tons of the leaves used in making absinth have been publicly burned at Pontarlier, France, in accordance with the new legislation prohibiting the manufacture of this beverage.

As heat always travels to the top of an inclosure, it does so also within the walls of a refrigerator; hence, if a piece of ice is not large enough to fill the ice space, lay it in such a position that the largest portion is at the bottom of the cavity. This will save considerable ice where a small quantity is used at a time.

ONE of the best ways, I am told, by which to cure stuttering is to give the afflicted person a piece of poetry, and require him to read it, carefully giving the proper rhythm to it, and continually keeping up that rhythm. One does not stutter while singing. There is something in the rhythm that destroys the stuttering.—*R. S. Owen.*

ELDER A. G. DANIELLS, in giving an account of his recent trip around the world, said of Australia: "We now have six thousand believers in Australia; and I tell you, dear friends, if an earthquake should sink North America, or anything else should happen to put us out of existence, the Australian brethren and sisters would take hold of this message and carry it forward to the ends of the earth."

As evidence of the democratic spirit which is manifesting itself in many of our State educational institutions, students at the University of Montana who were in need of part-time employment during the winter months, accepted the work of building a road to the top of Mt. Sentinel, at the foot of which the university campus is situated. The forestry school of the university is now to build a lookout for forest fires on the mountain.

Across-Country Canoe Trip Planned

Two Eastern sportsmen contemplate starting from Jersey City, New Jersey, for the Pacific coast on what is one of the most unusual canoe trips ever attempted in this country. The men expect to make their way across the continent by plying various rivers, lakes, and canals that will gradually lead them westward until they strike the Columbia River, down which they plan to paddle to the ocean. From Jersey City the route goes by way of canal to the Delaware River, thence to Delaware Bay, and through Chesapeake Canal to the Potomac. It then extends up the latter

stream to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, through that to Cumberland, Maryland, from where small rivers will be followed to near the headwaters of the Monongahela River, which leads the party to Pittsburgh, from where the Ohio River is followed to Cairo, Illinois. From Cairo they expect to make their way against the current of the Mississippi to the Missouri, thence to the mouth of the North Platte and on to the Yellowstone and Snake Rivers. Then by following intervening streams the route extends to the Columbia. A lightly rigged eighteen-foot canoe equipped with a portable motor is to be used. The men expect to spend five months in making the trip.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Changing the Home

FOR one to have a lively interest in a location one is about to leave in exchange for another can scarcely be expected, but nothing should tempt one to leave the place in disorder and uncleanness, for it is not manifesting a spirit of kindness toward those who follow. To do so would be greatly to the discredit of the one doing it, to the church of which he is a member, and, most important of all, to the truth he professes to love.

Jesus is soon coming to take us from this home to a better one. If we are candidates for that home, we shall not have so much interest in this earthly one as if we expected to remain here a long time.

That we do not expect to live here very long is no reason why our houses and premises should be in a state of uncleanness and disorder. The manner in which our surroundings are kept tell our neighbors of a slackness or tidiness in the character. Except in cases of sickness, the Christian will see that his environments are so conditioned that the inspecting angels will not observe a scene very opposite to those in heaven.

When about to journey to a new home, the prudent man will refrain from purchasing new furniture or other goods; he will wisely dispose of anything which may prove an encumbrance. As we near the time we are to move to the New Jerusalem, is it not the part of wisdom "to bind about our wants," to live in simplicity, retain less of earthly goods, and remember that in food, raiment, and equipage the real needs of humanity are few? MRS. D. A. FITCH.

"TIME changes all!" So sighs the flying hour;
"Time changes all," and we must feel its power;
Most keenly feel, when friend with friend must part,
And snapped must be those ties that bind the heart.

—*W. A. Engle.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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No. 37

Peace

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER

THE mists drift damp over field and weed,
The pale fire dies in the level west,
And cool, where the rushes stir and nod,
The lilies float on the marsh's breast.

Across the slope comes a cowboy's plaint,
And close at my feet the cricket's call,
But deep in the darkening forest glades
The richest, dearest note of all.

It is one with the silence, one with the night,
One with the Presence that said, "Be still!"
And it breathes of love, and it breathes of rest,
This roundelay of the whippoorwill.

The shadows grow;—the song swings on;—
I marvel, almost, such peace can be!
For the din and terror of battle rage
On the other side of the tossing sea;

And serried hosts of set, stern men
Leap throat at throat; and missiles dire
Plow merciless through human walls;
And wives and babes flee shell and fire

That wreck their homes. I thank thee, God,
For the hour of peace and the little spot
Where pain, and fear, and strife, are not!
I thank thee, God!

The Value of Good Books

IF you were to be taken into a room filled with orderly stacks of metal bars,—lead, iron, copper, aluminium, silver, and gold,—and told that you might take away with you all that you could carry, which would you choose? Would you lift a piece of iron, and carry it off in triumph? or would you fill your arms with copper or lead? The aluminium and the silver look much alike—would you choose the former because you could carry a larger bulk of it? Indeed, no; you would pass all these baser metals by, and fix your eyes on the real treasure of the place, the golden ingots, and use all your energy and strength in carrying away as many as possible.

No such choice as this will come to you, you say. No; but as you walk through the beautiful rooms of life, you have an opportunity for choice that is vastly more momentous and far-reaching in its results. We live in an age of many books; there is indeed "no end" to them. Many of these are dross; others are commonplace; and still others are pure gold. Who would content himself with the baser when he might as easily secure books whose value is only faintly expressed by comparing it to the most precious metal we know?

Books, says Richard de Bury (1344), "are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes and money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they never laugh at you."

"The only true equalizers in the world are books," says John Langford; "the only treasure house open to all comers is a library; the only wealth which will not decay is knowledge; the only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom. To live in this equality, to share in these treasures, to possess this wealth, and to secure this jewel may be the happy lot of every one. All that is needed for the acquisition of these inestimable treasures is the love of books."

And Charles Kingsley says: "We ought to reverence books, to look at them as mighty and useful things. If they are good and true, . . . they are the message of Christ, the Maker of all things, the Teacher of all truth."

One of the most important decisions we can make

is in regard to what books we shall read. On every hand, in attractive guise, are books and magazines whose reading will break down the defenses of the soul, and prepare the way for the entrance of evil. They are pernicious, their influence is degrading, and they must be shunned. Along with these are great numbers of so-called "harmless books,—books that may entertain, and teach, and that contain good moral lessons,—but he who is determined to choose wisely will pass these by also. No one can ever hope to read all the good books; therefore we must choose the best, those that will purify the motives, exalt the purpose, and refine and enrich the life.

Robert Southey, the poet, once made some suggestions to guide the young in their choice of books: "Young readers,—you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are not yet exhausted nor incrustated with the world,—take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you. Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others? . . . Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you are conscious of any or all of these effects, . . . throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page."

John Ruskin, himself a master of English prose, gives this good advice to the young: "It is of the greatest importance to you, . . . in these days of book deluge, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature, and live on a little rocky island of your own, with a spring and a lake on it, pure and good."

Instances of the influence of good books might be cited almost without number. We are told that by a tract brought in a peddler's pack to the door of Richard Baxter's father, the "preacher of Kidderminster" was converted. Later, Baxter's "The Saint's Everlast-

ing Rest" was blessed to the conversion of Doddridge, whose "Rise and Progress" brought Wilberforce to the Saviour. The circle widened still farther, and as the result of a few written words thousands were converted.

In contrast with this it has been said that the reading of Homer's "Iliad" inspired Alexander the Great to become "the wholesale robber and murderer of the world;" and that, in later years, reading the life of Alexander inspired the great Roman Cæsar to his course.

Every one should try to own a few good books. Such may be read again and again. Martin Luther says: "All who would study with advantage in any art whatsoever ought to betake themselves to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over." And Quintilian advises that when a good book has been diligently read, "it is to be gone through again from the beginning."

No matter how poor you may be, you need not be without the uplifting influence of good books. Even one book, if wisely chosen and properly read, may be an inspiration to your whole life. More, it will awaken the desire and strengthen the purpose to obtain others. Soon you will have the "little library, growing larger every year," which Beecher says "is an honorable part of every man's history." Such books, read "with method," will be a blessing not only to your own life, but to the lives of others.

A. B. E.

A Dream That Helped

I DREAMED that I was with a company who were expecting Jesus soon to come to earth. We were congregated in a large building devoid of ornamentation or even common conveniences. The day was dull, but we were all watching the sky to discover, if possible, the sign of the Lord's appearing. At last the cloud was seen, and as it came nearer and seemed to increase in size, we distinctly recognized the Saviour and his attending angels.

Suddenly I remembered friends for whom I had not prayed as I might have done, and to whom I had not diligently told the gospel story. Frantically I rushed toward the descending cloud, and beckoned Jesus to return to heaven until I should have time to tell these people of my serious mistake in withholding from them so much knowledge of the plan of salvation which I might have given them.

I have always been glad that I awoke before events proceeded any farther, and well I may be; for when Jesus is on his way to earth, it is entirely too late for us to be of any use to our fellow men. The dream has proved helpful in that it set me to work more earnestly for all sin-burdened souls with whom my lot has been cast, and may it have the same effect upon those who read it.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Visiting the Sick

PASTOR CLARK once met a member of his church, whom he had not seen for some time. His pleasant greeting was answered icily. He asked the cause. She replied, "I was ill three weeks, and you did not visit me once." "Indeed," said he, "I am sorry you were ill. Did you have a physician?" "Of course, he came daily!" "But how did he know you were ill?" "Why, I sent for him." "Indeed," said the pastor, "and if you had sent for me, I should have come, too."

Methods of Work in a China Mountain Town

IN Fu-chau, southern China, a city of a million inhabitants, we have union normal schools and a union medical school, and, strange to say, we have a union theological school. And the most successful union school is the union theological school. We find we have more in common than we have at variance.

We traveled three and a half days from that city up the most glorious river my eyes ever beheld, and I have seen the rivers of the New World and of the Old World. We arrived at a little town on the banks of the river where the rapids begin, and there we found a man holding forth about medicine. He said he had been in a great city four hundred miles away, and the chief magistrate of that city had been sick for ten years, and no doctor could give him ease until he came, and he cured him in half an hour and received five hundred dollars. A great man in another city two hundred miles away was sick, but nobody could cure him until this man happened to be passing through there, and he healed him at once.

Of course, he was not there to do any business, because the folks of this little town could not afford to do business with him, and he couldn't afford to stay there. But he would like to help them if he could, and so he said, "If any man who has rheumatism will step forward, I will give him the first treatment free." Finally one man had something wrong with his shoulder, and the rest of them pushed him forward; so his coat was taken off, and out came the paraphernalia of the quack—a bamboo cup, some soft paper, a dirty needle, and some matches. Then he took a little stick and said, "There is not another stick in all China like that." This stick cost him years of research and a great deal of money; it was a stick that could do a great deal of work, and he was going to take out the rheumatism from this man's shoulder.

He commenced massaging it vigorously with the stick until it got black and blue. Then he laid out the cup, cut the paper into it, started a little fire, put the dirty needle into the black-and-blue place, started a drop of blood, and put the cup on, and the cup hung there and brought out a little of the blood; he then said to the man, "Is not the rheumatism gone?"

But it happened that the poor fellow hadn't come to yet, and didn't acknowledge that the rheumatism was cured. But the quack said, "There is the rheumatism in that black blood clot, and I have got it all out of him, and the man will be well." After arguing awhile, the man acknowledged that he was better.

As we traveled up into the mountains, we were meeting all the while the diseases which dirt is heir to. The hills were one mass of wild azalea, and the wistaria was growing wild, with masses of violets. We smelled the violets, and found the odor just the same here as elsewhere. Before we reached our city, we heard the beating of the tom-toms and the drums at the temple. By and by we turned a corner and came to the leper village. That leper village was erected by Christian money, and these lepers with their great big leonine faces, came out and said, "Possibly you are a doctor. Where do you come from? How long have you been on the journey? Come and talk to us."

We entered the city with walls that were rebuilt at the time Columbus was looking for America. At that time those folks in China stamped every brick with the maker's name. As one enters the gates of the city, which is known as one of the cleanest cities in

China, he gets acquainted with fifty-eight varieties of smell. The sewers are all closed up because the people use the sewage to fertilize their fields. They have three crops a year, and rotate. They raise rice, then a catch crop of beans, then of wheat; then rice, then wheat, then beans; and so on. They make that triple rotation year after year, and strange to say, the crops are about as good one year as another. Coming up to my hospital, I found the chapel, the clinic rooms, and the dispensary, and a brick building with some ward rooms and a part of the furniture. I went to look for the equipment, and found two old, half-worn scalpels with wooden handles. The doctor who came home to die, wrote me and said, "Doctor, I suppose when you saw the equipment, you said it was worth ten cents." I wrote back that the equipment I found was worth only two cents; but really it was not fit to use.

There was just one thing to do. There was no money to rebuild; there was no organization in the great Methodist Episcopal Church to take care of medical missions. The hospital had been looted. I was once red-headed, and I could have sat down there and cried; but that was not what a red-headed Chicago man would do, and I knew the only thing to do was to get right down to business and see that things were made right. I thank God we now have a beautiful chapel and a fine brick dispensary with partial equipment. We are not aiming at a great hospital, but I do aim, as I think all medical men ought to aim, to make any hospital into which they go, an efficient place for caring for the bodies as well as the souls of men. Whether we go to China as teachers, preachers, or doctors, we go there as preaching evangelists, nothing less. Indeed, I think the doctor can get hold of the raw heathen in his hospital, who are ignorant and anxious to learn all about the new system, but who will not go to a preacher outside of the hospital.

We had no educated helpers, so I started a medical school with just three young widows from Christian homes. They were educated, and their fathers did not care to sell them, but let them study medicine. Then there were six young men who will be graduated just as soon as I go back. I had to educate them, to provide a force of help in the hospital. The young men are most of them local preachers, and the young women have learned music and take turns at the organ, while the young men take turns preaching the gospel twice a day and once a week three times a day.

The chapel and Bible women are always at their work; and when any woman or man goes home from the hospital, a letter is sent from the Bible woman or the chaplain to one or two of the Bible women or pastors where the patient lives. In this way we get good results; because once a person has been in the hospital, all the distrust is gone.

There came a man from a mountain village with his son. The man was about fifty-three years of age, and the son about twenty-eight. He was from a big village or walled city. Twenty years before there commenced to grow a little tumor underneath his tongue, and at the end of five years it had mechanically shut off his speech by throwing the tongue back into the throat. Then for fifteen years after that the man did not speak, and this tumor slowly grew until he had fits of choking and was emaciated because he could not swallow.

He faced death. He made his will, made all his arrangements, bought his graveclothes, and said, "I am going to die in the foreign hospital, for the foreign doctors cannot do more than kill me." So he came,

I thought it was cancer, but found it was not; and we went after it without ether or chloroform, using only a little cocaine. The old gentleman said he could stand it. He began to put up his two thumbs. If a Chinaman puts up his thumb, you are good; if he puts up his two thumbs, you are superlatively good; but if he puts up his little finger, you are of all men the most contemptible. The tumor came out most beautifully, and the old gentleman was smiling all over his face. He stayed there two weeks; and as the swelling went down, the tongue came back and the cavity began to heal. When this man went home, he went with Jesus Christ in his heart, and went to open the great ancestral temple of his village to the teaching of the gospel. When I came away, I found we had no money to place a preacher in that place where the opportunity was open. Later I heard that he himself had established two Christian schools, one each for boys and girls; and that is the way our hospitals work in China.—*Thomas Coole, M. D.*

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Just a Wee Bit Finer

WHEN the gentle little blind woman came into our home for a few weeks, we young girls were all sympathy, all interest, all curiosity. We watched her at first with tender pity, which later changed to wide-eyed amazement as we observed her skill and cleverness, in spite of the terrible handicap. One day she was busily crocheting a gaudy footstool covering, with bright-colored yarn, blue and red. And, as usual, we clustered about her, admiring her perfect work. We noticed that when she wanted blue, she found blue. When she wanted red, she found red. Apparently, the blue yarn and red were exactly the same except for color, which was no guidance for her. Yet often she lifted one skein, then laid it aside for another.

"How do you do it, Phallie?" we asked her. "How can you tell red from blue?"

She passed them out to us for examination. "Are they just the same?" she asked. We felt of them critically, the four of us in turn. "Yes," we said, unanimously, "they are just the same, except the color."

"Oh, no," she said, "you are wrong! The blue is just a wee bit finer, not enough difference for an outsider to notice, maybe, but I can feel the difference in a minute." Then she smiled at us roguishly. "It's the same with people, girls," she said. "The girls in a family may seem about the same—all nice, fine, cheery girls. But the ones inside the family can tell which one is just a wee bit finer! Outsiders may not notice—the outsiders do not count! The inside folks are the ones that count, and they can pick out the girl that is just a wee bit finer."

Yes, we thought, and unconsciously we squared our shoulders and felt a little throbbing wish that we might be "just a wee bit finer" for the inside folks to notice.—*Young People's Weekly.*

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How sweet is friendship's sacred lot,
Where sordid feelings harbor not—
To feel that we are unforgot
By those we dearly love;
And though unheeding oceans roar
'Twi'x us and those whom we adore,
To hope, when life's short journey's o'er,
That we shall meet above.

—*W. A. Engle.*

A New America—Alaska

JOHN G. MITCHELL

FORTY-EIGHT years ago the government of the United States considered it was returning a favor, as it were, when it paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska. This seemed but thanking Russia for her favors during the Civil War. While some saw the value of having less European dominance in the Western Hemisphere, and some saw the value of the seal fisheries, yet few, very

Gold, silver, copper, and tin are found in its mines. The Territory is noted for its lumber and coal. One seventh of all the lumber in the National Reserve Forests is found in Alaska. The fishing industry is of considerable consequence, and agriculture is making wonderful progress in this new country. Government reports show that Alaska has between two and three million acres of tillable land. Wonderful crops of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes, turnips, and berries can be grown in the fertile valleys of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers.

Alaska has far exceeded the expectation of its purchasers. In the year 1910 alone, over \$7,500,000 worth of gold was taken from its mines. Alaskan fisheries yield over \$8,000,000 annually, and the other industries are growing proportionately.

In this vast country, one sixth the size of the United States, we have but one missionary. It is not likely that there is a more promising field with fewer workers. Shall we not work and pray that those northern homes may soon rejoice in the light of present truth, and in the love of a Saviour?



FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, ON JULY 4, 1908

few, if any, realized at the time, the real worth of the "New America."

Many today think of Alaska as a vast field of ice; or a cold, bleak mining country, where winter lasts twelve months each year; or a good hunting ground; or a new, wild, unattractive, mountainous territory. But Alaska deserves to be regarded more worthily. The region about Sitka has an excellent climate, akin to that of British Columbia. It permits an abundant vegetation. Here is situated one of the four experiment stations in Alaska of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Farther north and west is Alaska proper, and the climate is cold; but journeying north from Sitka by water, scenes rivaling those of the beautiful fiords of Norway and Sweden are seen. Glaciers extending down into the ocean, great forests, and barren coasts lie farther north. Leaving the coast and traveling inward toward Mt. McKinley, one finds, during the summer months, myriads of beautiful flowers, "countless in number and beautiful beyond description," according to enthusiastic tourists.

But why call Alaska a "New America"? In size Alaska is one sixth as large as the United States, "is larger than all our Atlantic States taken together, and could be split into about ten countries each the size of England." It has a population of nearly 65,000, about one half of whom are Eskimos and Indians.

instances, using cheap instruments, has been the best employment agent the State of Kansas has found in getting the army of harvest hands to the places where the men were needed. Kansas has 328,000 telephones, or approximately one for every family, and in recent weeks the phone has been the most useful machine on the Kansas farm.

During a time of high water and floods, it is esti-

Useful Farm Machine



INDIAN VILLAGE AND TOTEM POLES, ALASKA

mated that the telephones saved \$5,000,000 worth of farm property from damage. The central operators were notified of high water in the streams, and they in turn notified thousands of farmers to get their furniture out of their first floors, and get the live stock and poultry on high ground.—*Selected.*

The Poverty of Jesus

BEFORE our Saviour left the realms of glory, he possessed the numerous and varied riches of heaven. While there he could say: "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fullness thereof." Ps. 50:10-12. Of money he had no need; for he declared, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." Haggai 2:8. Of companions, raiment, food, and all that makes life happy, he had no lack; for the resources of the universe were at his command.

But in the "fullness of time" he left his bright home in glory for us who were "dead in trespasses and sins."

"My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone."

Love for dying man prompted him to leave that

host, "Zaccheus, make haste, . . . for today I must abide at thy house;" so poor that he sent Peter to the seashore to gather his poll tax from the fish's mouth; so poor that, when in the height of his earthly glory, he sent his disciples to borrow the colt of a stranger, upon which he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem; so poor that he afforded no home, but ate the Passover supper in the home of a friend; so poor that he made no provision for his mother during his life, and when dying on the cross, he sent her to John's home; so poor that his body would have gone to the potter's field had not a rich man interposed.

Speaking of this phase of our Lord's life, Paul says: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, *that ye through his poverty might be rich.*" 2 Cor. 8:9. Do you understand, then, that these lines are written to help you to appreciate our Lord's sacrifice and to be contented if yours is the lot of the poor? "Hearken, my beloved brethren; did not God



HOME GARDENING AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, TANANA VALLEY

home, and although equal with God, to take upon himself the form of a servant and be made in the likeness of men. He "emptied himself," the Scripture says. For our sakes all the power and right of divinity were laid aside, all the riches of heaven and the pleasant surroundings of a home with unfallen beings were given up. Think of the contrast! Mortals can only feebly compare the glories of the other world with the transient and decaying things of the present; for of the former it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

We ourselves speak of poverty, but can we realize the depth of poverty to which Jesus went?—so poor that at one time in his ministry he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head;" so poor that he invited himself to dinner, calling to his

choose them that are poor as to the world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he promised to them that love him?" M. G. CONGER.

When People Seek the Church

IN my boyhood a large frame church building was burned down in my native village. Although it had not been a very active church, it had a large membership, and there was much interest in the catastrophe. The fire occurred at night, and, as the building was large, it made an immense bonfire, and of course people flocked from far and near to see it. A member of the church said, somewhat peevishly, to a known skeptic who was in the crowd, "I never saw you come near this church before." "No," replied the other, "but then I never saw this church on fire before."—W. B. Hutchinson.

The Great War — No. 6

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

Lucifer Rebels Against King Jehovah

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



HERE was a time when Satan was "in the truth." But he "abode not in the truth" (John 8:44); that is, he became an apostate, the leader in a great apostasy from, and a great rebellion against, God. The Bible contains several references bearing on the causes of this apostasy, and from a study of these passages a clear idea can be gained as to the reasons for the transformation of Lucifer into the devil.

In speaking of the qualifications of a bishop, or elder, in the church of Christ, Paul uses this language: "Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil." 1 Tim. 3:6. Such a remark would be without point unless it had been a known and accepted fact that the devil had been condemned for pride.

Christ Above Lucifer

While Lucifer in heaven occupied a highly exalted station, there were beings who were far above him. These were the Father and the Son. The angels worshiped the Father as creator of all things, but the Son was coequal with the Father in creation, and the Father had said, "Let all the angels of God worship him" (Heb. 1:6), and therefore the Son also received the worship of the heavenly host, and, with the rest, the worship of Lucifer.

The Son of God was supreme over all the works of creation, for he was "the express image" of the Father's person, "the brightness of his glory," and upheld "all things by the word of his power." Heb. 1:3. High over all the angels of heaven and over the unnumbered intelligences of the myriads of worlds in space, he reigned, and his rule was a rule of love. The angels delighted to serve and obey him.

The Rule of Love

This service and obedience were that of love, a love which was the result of their knowledge and appreciation of the character of Christ. This is the only kind of service that God desires, and he does desire this from all his creatures. He takes no delight in forced obedience, and all the creatures whom he has brought into existence have been given freedom of will to serve him or not to serve him as they may choose. But until Lucifer apostatized all the angels had chosen to obey and serve God, knowing, as they did, the beauty and righteousness of his character. Everything throughout the vast reaches of the heavenly kingdom had been perfectly harmonious. The utmost joy and delight were taken by the heavenly host in fulfilling the purposes of their Creator. They loved God supremely, and each other unselfishly.

Lucifer Covets Christ's Position

But a change came. Lucifer found the adoration of the angels who were under his leadership pleasant and gratifying, and earnestly desired it to continue and to increase. But there was One they looked up to and adored more than they did himself, yea, One whom they even worshiped. This was the Prince of the kingdom, Prince Immanuel, the Son of God. Dissatisfaction crept into the heart of Lucifer, and he began to look upon the high position of Christ with envy and desire. Instead of banishing these thoughts at once,

he cherished them, turning them over in his mind, until the Prince became to him a troublesome rival, and he became convinced that for such a bright and glorious and wise being as himself to remain in a subordinate position was the height of injustice. "Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness." Eze. 28:17. Little by little this dissatisfaction grew upon him, and the feeling took possession of him that the more exalted position which he believed his talents and ability entitled him to occupy was being kept from him by injustice. His heart grew sore and resentful, and he coveted the honor and worship which were rendered to Christ.

This mighty angel forgot that all his talents and ability came from his Creator. He forgot that he had nothing and was nothing except as it had been given him by God. He came to believe that his attributes pertained solely to himself, and began to look upon himself as a rival of God in the government of the universe, who had been unjustly deprived of his rights by one stronger than himself. He determined that he would secure those rights, and take his rightful position in the universe, at all hazards to himself.

"Thou hast said in thine heart, . . . I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; . . . I will be like the Most High." Isa. 14:13, 14. Having conceived this purpose in his heart, Lucifer did not come out openly against God at once, but went silently about the work of disaffection among the other angels. Heretofore he had sought to make God supreme in the thoughts and affections of those under his leadership, but he now sought to secure their allegiance and loyalty to himself.

A Wonderful Scene

A writer specially gifted and specially qualified to speak on this subject, thus describes the scenes in heaven in connection with the origin of sin in the heart of Lucifer:—

"Now the perfect harmony of heaven was broken. Lucifer's disposition to serve himself instead of his Creator, aroused a feeling of apprehension when observed by those who considered that the glory of God should be supreme. In heavenly council the angels pleaded with Lucifer. The Son of God presented before him the greatness, the goodness, and the justice of the Creator, and the sacred, unchanging nature of his law. God himself had established the order of heaven; and in departing from it, Lucifer would dishonor his Maker, and bring ruin upon himself. But the warning, given in infinite love and mercy, only aroused a spirit of resistance. Lucifer allowed his jealousy of Christ to prevail, and became the more determined.

"To dispute the supremacy of the Son of God, thus impeaching the wisdom and love of the Creator, had become the purpose of this prince of angels. To this object he was about to bend the energies of that master mind, which, next to Christ's, was first among the hosts of God. But he who would have the will of all his creatures free, left none unguarded to the bewildering sophistry by which rebellion would seek to justify itself. Before the great contest should open, all were to have a clear presentation of his will, whose

wisdom and goodness were the spring of all their joy.

"The King of the universe summoned the heavenly hosts before him, that in their presence he might set forth the true position of his Son, and show the relation he sustained to all created beings. The Son of God shared the Father's throne, and the glory of the eternal, self-existent One encircled both. About the throne gathered the holy angels, a vast, unnumbered throng—"ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," the most exalted angels, as ministers and subjects rejoicing in the light that fell upon them from the presence of the Deity. Before the assembled inhabitants of heaven, the King declared that none but Christ the only begotten of God, could fully enter into his purposes, and to him it was committed to execute the mighty counsels of his will. The Son had wrought the Father's will in the creation of all the hosts of heaven; and to him, as well as to God, their homage and allegiance were due. Christ was still to exercise divine power, in the creation of the earth and its inhabitants. But in all this he would not seek power or exaltation for himself contrary to God's plan, but would exalt the Father's glory, and execute his purposes of beneficence and love.

"The angels joyfully acknowledged the supremacy of Christ, and prostrating themselves before him, poured out their love and adoration. Lucifer bowed with them; but in his heart there was a strange, fierce conflict. Truth, justice, and loyalty were struggling against envy and jealousy. The influence of the holy angels seemed for a time to carry him with them. As songs of praise ascended in melodious strains, swelled by thousands of glad voices, the spirit of evil seemed vanquished; unutterable love thrilled his entire being; his soul went out, in harmony with the sinless worshipers, in love to the Father and the Son. But again he was filled with pride in his own glory. His desire for supremacy returned, and envy of Christ was once more indulged. The high honors conferred upon Lucifer were not appreciated as God's special gift, and therefore called forth no gratitude to his Creator. He gloried in his brightness and exaltation, and aspired to be equal with God. He was beloved and revered by the heavenly host, angels delighted to execute his commands, and he was clothed with wisdom and glory above them all. Yet the Son of God was exalted above him, as one in power and authority with the Father. He shared the Father's counsels, while Lucifer did not thus enter into the purposes of God. 'Why,' questioned this mighty angel, 'should Christ have the supremacy? Why is he honored above Lucifer?'"—Mrs. E. G. White, in "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 35-37.

(To be concluded)

If we look at wealth with Christ's eyes, we shall be more inclined to the poverty we dread than to the riches which, along with so many more, we often denounce, and so persistently covet.—W. M. Glow.

WHAT we can do is what the Lord expects us to do, and no more; but, oh, one day it will be a very, very earnest question for us to answer, Have we done for Jesus what we could?—J. R. Howatt.

A MAN can bear a world's contempt, when he has that within which says he's worthy.—Alexander Smith.



An Optical Illusion

W. S. CHAPMAN

IT was a drowsy day in midsummer. Uncle Joe sat at the window, alternately nodding and reading. "What is that child doing that keeps him so quiet?" called Aunt Mary from the kitchen.

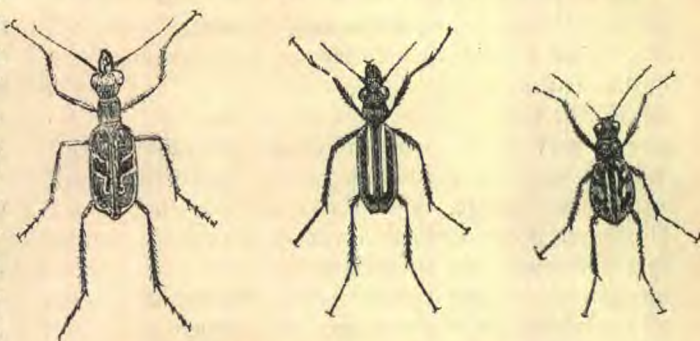
The child was busy playing in the sandy earth of the garden, and as Aunt Mary reached the door, was very quietly lifting sand in its chubby hand and, apparently, slowly pouring it back again without any particular object in view.

"What are you doing, honey?"

"Tum see, mamma."

Aunt Mary discovered that the little one was endeavoring to force sand into what seemed to be a large ant hole, and so reported to her husband.

"That is not an ant hole, Mary, but is the dwelling place of the larva of the Cicindela, or tiger beetle. These insects belong to the Coleoptera, or those whose hinder wings fold together both ways; and are hid,



THREE VARIETIES OF THE TIGER BEETLE

when not in use, under the forewings, which are made of harder material to form a case, or sheath, for the others. The hinder wings, when spread for flying, are several times larger than the body of the insect. That hole is the opening to the home of the larva of a tiger beetle.

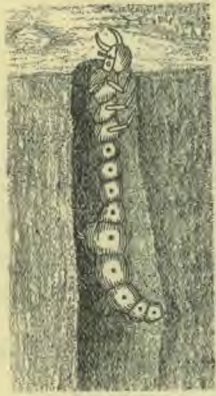
"If you can keep the baby quiet for ten minutes, or, better still, come into the room and watch from the window where noise will not disturb the grub, you will, possibly, witness something interesting."

So Aunt Mary brought the little one indoors and sat down in a rocker close to Uncle Joe and where she had a full view of the garden from the window. For some time nothing occurred, then, suddenly, a large grain of sand or a pebble appeared at the mouth of the hole and was lifted above it, then quickly thrown several inches distant. Soon other pebbles came to the surface, and were treated in the same way. Evidently the little inhabitant was cleaning house after the disturbing attack of the baby. This kept up for some time, when a season of quiet followed; then, while both were intently watching in pleasurable anticipation, something happened—the hole disappeared from sight!

So astonished was Aunt Mary that she impulsively handed the baby to Uncle Joe and ran out into the garden, against his protest, for a closer examination. Sure enough, the hole was gone, not a trace remaining

except a little surrounding depression, like a saucer, which always surrounds these tiger beetle holes.

When Aunt Mary returned, Uncle Joe explained that the disappearance of the hole was an optical illusion. The larva, or grub, had ascended to the top of the ground; being head first, his little round head, the color of the sand, exactly fitted the opening, and by a circular movement the insect caused the surrounding sand to fall over him, not only completely concealing his head, but filling the opening level with the surrounding earth, covering it from sight. All that remained above-ground were two strong mandibles, looking like little dry twigs.



LARVA OF THE
TIGER BEETLE

"In this manner," Uncle Joe explained, "the tiger beetle waits for his prey. A passing fly or bug ventures upon the inclined sand surrounding the opening, and naturally slides to the center with the intention of ascending the opposite side, but as he starts to pass between the cruel, innocent-looking mandibles, they close upon him, and down into the hole he disappears to his death. In this way, ants, flies, and other small insects and creeping

things become victims of this cruel creature."

"Are all the holes which we see in the ground made by this grub?"

"No, indeed. A few are made by the ants, but the greater part are the work of wasps and other insects, and are veritable tombs where they store little creatures they capture, to become food for their larvæ. This tiger beetle grub is a very pugnacious creature. In China they are so savage that men collect them and arrange regular combats, often betting large sums on the result. Come out into the garden and I will fish for this one, and draw him out of his cave, as the Chinaman does. The holes vary from six inches to a foot in depth. I will take this stray stalk of timothy growing here by the path, and pass it down into the hole until it reaches the bottom, which will be, of course, the head of the grub. At once the savage little grub, you see, seizes it in his strong mandibles and holds on tightly, even while being drawn to the surface. He is like a bulldog, and never lets go his hold even if cut in two. There he lies before you.

"Notice the fierce expression of his face. His little round head is in two halves. See how the mandibles are depressed into the soft timothy stalk. His white-colored body, so soft, is not intended for life above-ground, and you see by his squirming that he already is beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"In a few days he will pass through the change from a grub to one of the most active and beautiful of beetles, swift both of foot and wing, and fiercely predatory, attacking every small creature in the way of a grub or insect that crosses his path. This is what gives him the name of tiger beetle."

Our Summer Boarders

THERE are four of them now, and we started with only one—which speaks well for the table we set. Don't you think so?

Two of our patrons wear black hoods all the time, even at table; and the other two wear speckled collars.

Now of course my secret is out, so I will tell you

how it all came about. Last summer we discovered that the Oregon junco is fond of crumbs, and can easily be induced to come even into the house for them. That was late in the season, so we did not have much chance to get acquainted then; but one day early this spring I put cracker crumbs and rolled oats on the kitchen window sill, and that very morning I heard a tap, tap, and there was Mr. Junco. He ate a hearty meal and flew away, only to return soon with his little lady. She, too, approved of the menu, and the next day we were delighted to see her bring the baby.

Such a time as she had filling that hungry mouth! The little scamp was almost as large as she, and could fly perfectly; but when his mother was near, he pretended to have no idea whatever of how to pick up his own food. Then the other baby was brought, and the same performance gone through with. It was enough to wear out any mother, for the babies seemed never satisfied.

Then, one day, something very funny happened: the mother junco and one baby came, and Lady Junco tried to coax him to pick up his own food; but he would only sit there with his saucy little head up in the air, squealing out his queer little "chee, chee" hunger call. Then the mother bird filled her bill full of oats, and the baby was sure he had gained his point, so sidled up to her to be stuffed as usual. But here came his first shocking surprise; for Mother Junco swallowed those oats herself, and gave Master Squeaker a sharp rap on the head instead of the coveted food. Then she was off like a flash, and the astonished birdling was left alone on the window sill with food all around him.

For some time he looked about in vain for his mother, but could not see her. We could see her high



SLATE-COLORED JUNCO

up in a near-by tree, watching to see what would happen.

Then he saw the food, and must really have been hungry, for he began picking it up just as if he had al-

ways eaten in that way. The other baby soon learned, too, and now they come regularly to our window table, and do not seem at all disturbed because we are in the room.

It is really very easy to tame them. When grown, they are about the size of a sparrow. They have brown backs and gray breasts, and a jet black hood and collar. Their song is sweet but not at all loud, just a dainty warble. The birdlings are speckled, brown and gray.

The farmers value these little birds highly, because they live chiefly on weed seeds. Even so high an authority as our Oregon Agricultural College advises the public of their value to the country because of their diet.

So, you see, our summer boarders are rather noted people, even if they are small, and wear feathers.—*Etta Squier Seley, in Sunday School Times.*

◆ ◆ ◆
Marvelous Strength of Birds

BIRDS can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume, he would need a whole sheep for dinner, two dozen chickens for breakfast, and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat seven hundred grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full-grown man.

A bird's strength is equally amazing. A white-tailed eagle weighing twelve pounds, with a wing spread of six feet, has been known to pounce on a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet, and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting will feed their young ones in twenty seconds; that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about a thousand a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the worm. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make one hundred and ten trips to and from its nest within four hundred and thirty minutes, and the prey it carried consisted of larger, heavier, and harder-to-find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twenty caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms, and more than one fat chrysalis.—*Philadelphia Record.*

◆ ◆ ◆
 To simplify the work of gathering fruit which does not necessarily require hand picking, a canvas-apron device has been invented, which in appearance is similar to a large umbrella. It is so arranged that it may be placed about the trunk of a tree, forming a funnel into which apples or oranges are caught as the tree is shaken. In the center of the device is a cloth arranged in such manner as to break the fall of the fruit as it rolls into the chutes and is discharged in baskets or boxes placed on the ground. The canvas is supported by radial arms which may be folded over on one side to permit the device, which is mounted on a cart, to be wheeled between the various rows of trees in an orchard.—*Selected.*



A Secret

I'LL tell you a golden secret
 I'm sure you'd like to know;
 'Tis only a simple secret,
 But it cures a heap of woe.

Little annoyances vex you,
 And your mouth grows hard the while;
 Don't let it! that's the secret:
 Turn the corners up with a smile!

Keep each of the ends bent upward,
 Whatever the effort may cost,
 And the troubles and trials will vanish,
 And the peace comes back you had lost.

There's wondrous relief in smiling,
 'Tis better by far than tears;
 For the happiness spreads to others,
 And faith replaces fears.

◆ ◆ ◆
 CORA FERRIS.

The Universal Benefactor

ETHEL laid down the paper with a sigh. "It does seem selfish," she said in a tremulous voice, "to keep on being happy when so many dreadful things are happening."

Older people than Ethel frequently make that mistake. Sometimes when we know that human beings elsewhere are suffering the extreme of anxiety or want, our own lightness of heart, our interest in trifles, seems unfeeling. We are almost ready to believe that if we can do nothing else for those distant sufferers, we should at least be miserable in their behalf.

There is, however, a fatal flaw in this reasoning. For joy is a universal benefactor. There is not a happy face which does not throw a ray of sunshine into the life of some stranger, though all unconscious of its benefit. There is not a glad voice which does not set joy bells ringing in the heart of some listener, perhaps many of them. The mere presence of a joyous creature in a throng of tired, anxious men and women is a benediction. Eyes follow her as she passes. Like a breath of fragrance from some hidden rose garden the perfume of her joy diffuses itself wherever she goes.

It is a sad thing that there should be so much suffering in the world, but to give ourselves up to brooding over it would only make the sum of human suffering greater, and the sum of joy less, and it is hard to see how this would benefit any one. But on the other hand, if we can keep joyous and light-hearted, we shall bless every creature we come across. Stevenson was right in saying that there is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.—*Harrington Knight.*

◆ ◆ ◆
Judge Not

"JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
 And of his heart thou canst not see;
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
 In God's pure light may only be
 A scar, brought from some well-won field,
 Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

◆ ◆ ◆
 Go put your creed into your deed,
 Nor speak with double tongue.

—Emerson.



The Spider's Riches

"I AM rich!" said the gay little spider.
Her web was all bright
With the dewdrops of night
In the clear morning light,
Like great diamonds sparkling beside her.

"Rich, indeed!" buzzed the big, burly bee.
"She's really quite funny!
But I've stores of honey
Worth actual money!
When the sun gets up higher, we'll see!"

By and by the big bee made a call.
Not a diamond there!
All had vanished in air,
And the web was quite bare!
Was the small spider sad? — Not at all.



"Why," said she, "though my wealth did not stay,
I enjoyed every drop
Just as long as 'twould stop,
And I'm feeling tiptop!
It has been a most glorious day!"

"I am rich in my thoughts, Mr. Bee.
Though my jewels took wings,
I had the dear things,
And the next morning brings,
Maybe, more of such riches to me!"

So the bee, who was wise in his way,
Learned a lesson. "'Tis not,"
Said the bee, "what you've got,
It is what you have thought,
That is riches most likely to stay!"

— L. J. Bridgman, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Boy Who Is "Ready to Oblige"



THE more I see of life and of people and the more I come in contact with boys, the firmer grows my conviction that the boy who is always "ready to oblige" has a trait in his character that will be a great help to him when it comes to the making of friends and the advancement of his own interests in life. I do not mean by this that a boy should be obliging from the selfish motive of advancing his own interests. It is the boy who is ready to oblige any one and every one, with no thought of receiving anything in return, who will make friends everywhere he goes.

The past winter I was staying for two or three days in a New Hampshire town. In the family of the people living across the street from my host and hostess was a boy of about fifteen years, who was surely the kind of "ready-to-oblige" boy I have in mind. I had written three or four letters, which I wanted taken to the post office, half a mile distant; and as I had a lame foot from falling on the ice, I could not well go. When I asked my hostess if there was any one in the neighborhood by whom I could send my mail to the office, she said: "Why, yes; there is Paul Blank. He will carry the letters to the office for you. He is a very obliging boy. I never saw a boy more ready to do a favor. I think he really enjoys it. I suppose that is the reason he is so popular." Paul answered my hostess's telephone call, and in less than five minutes he was at the house, ready to do our bidding.

When he learned what was wanted, he said: "Why, of course I'll take the letters to the office! I can go down there in a jiffy on my wheel. Might as well be obliging."

"That is what you always say, Paul," replied my hostess.

"Well, isn't it true?" he asked with a little laugh. "Why shouldn't a fellow be obliging now and then?"

"Oh, but it isn't just 'now and then' with you when it comes to being obliging, Paul. You are always ready to oblige."

"Well, it sort of makes a fellow feel good inside when he has done a good turn."

Happy the boy who feels "good inside" every time

he has done a good deed. It proves that he has a generous spirit, and there is no finer possession. It proves that the ugly thing we call selfishness has not been able to get much of a grip on that boy.

Years ago, when I was a boy myself, there was a real "ready-to-oblige" boy in the small town in which I lived. He seemed to take keen delight in doing favors. When about eighteen years old, he left our town and went to the Far West, and it was long years before I saw him again. Then I happened to be in a Western city, and a cousin of mine chanced to mention the name of this boy, who had long been a man.

"I once knew a boy of that name," I said. "He came out West. I wonder if by any chance the man you have just named is the boy I knew long years ago."

"Well, if you ever knew him, you knew a fine lad, for only a lad of that kind could develop into the kind of man he is. He is the most kind and obliging man I ever knew."

"So was the boy of the same name whom I know," I said.

A little more conversation revealed the fact that the man my cousin had named was the very boy I had played with in my boyhood. I went to see him the next day, and found him to be a big, bright-eyed, jolly man, the very soul of kindness and friendliness. He was most successful in his business, and was still carrying out his policy of always being "ready to oblige."

I suspect that you know the other type of boy, the boy who is never ready to do a favor, and who is so "grouchy" about it when he does do a favor that one never wants to ask him twice to be obliging. I know that type of boy. He is denying himself a great deal of the joy of life. He is likely to develop into the cold, calculating type of man who is devoid of human kindness and sympathy. I know a man of that type. He is seldom known to do a favor, and no one ever goes to him with a subscription paper, no matter how worthy the cause may be. He has not a particle of that good thing we call "public spirit." He must have something in return for everything he does. Need I add that he has few friends? He is the most "let-alone" man I happen to know.

The boy who is always "ready to oblige" is the kind of boy the average employer is looking for. He cannot afford to employ any other kind, if he is in a business that demands the good will of the public and the boy is in a position in which he must meet people. The disposition to oblige has a distinct commercial value. But it is not for that reason alone that one should be obliging. It is because there should be the spirit of service in all of us. We should be "ready to oblige" because this is the real Christian spirit, and because it adds so much to the happiness of life to be kind and helpful to others.—*J. L. Harbour, in the Visitor.*

Ohio's Only Parrot Baby

WERE one walking along a certain quiet and shady street, on a warm spring day, in the little village of Columbus Grove, Ohio, one might hear a voice call out, "Hello! Hello!"

If he stopped to investigate who the stranger was who addressed him with such familiarity, he might hear, "O Polly, where is Maxie?" Then he would see, perched up in a tree, the only parrot baby ever known to have been raised in captivity, far away from its native home.

Here lives the little family of parrots, which consists of the father, mother, and baby, very happy and contented.

Nine years ago the little mother bird, then a tiny baby parrot, was brought from her native home in Mexico, into the household of Mr. Levi Mullen, for a pet.

Soon after, the father bird was bought from a neighbor, to whom he had proved himself a nuisance by destroying everything that was destructible and by screaming outrageously.

In the winter the birds were kept in warm quarters, but in the summer they were given their freedom out of doors.

When springtime came, the birds set about to find a place suitable for a nest. They made a hollow in the ground, under a porch, where the mother bird laid two little white eggs.

While the mother bird sat on her nest, the male bird watched that no harm might come to her, and after sitting four weeks two little parrot babies were hatched.

The baby birds are very delicate, and out of three hatchings but one bird was raised. She is now two years old, and is a fine specimen of parrot. She talks, laughs, whistles, and sings, and mimics almost any sound.

The male bird is a Mexican double yellow head and the mother is a Mexican red head. The young bird resembles the mother most in appearance and disposition. The father bird was named Polly; the mother, Maxie; and the baby, Billie.—*D. E. Mullen.*

Decide Now

I stood beholding a little army. It was surprisingly small contrasted with the multitudes about it. It was in the form of a square, and appeared to be drilling preparatory to a mighty struggle.

It seemed impossible for such a small army to make even a beginning on the throngs about it, yet it was anxious for the word to advance, and seemed confident of victory. Presently the command was given, and the little company moved on.

Hoping to remain neutral, I turned to look cau-

tiously about me, when as if by magic the scene changed. The careless multitudes that seemed held in check by an unseen power while the little company was drilling, were now controlled by a war spirit unsurpassed in history.

The impression accompanying the scene seemed to be that those who had not willingly joined the little army, must now unite with the opposing forces. I looked about me for some way of escape, but had no sooner turned my steps to the country for security than I perceived that men in authority in all directions were drafting every one into service. It then came to me with startling force that all must decide for one side or the other, as there is no neutral ground.

I turned quickly to throw in my lot with the little company, no matter what the consequences might be, when, lo, it was gone! It was an awful moment. My feelings were indescribable. I had waited too long. The opposing forces were urgent and unrelenting, and I saw that I must act.

I awoke weak with despair. It was a dream. And while hope has returned, the impressions of the dream were too deep to be forgotten. My prayer since then has been, "Lord, help me to press into thy service and march with thy people."

Dear reader, let us be soldiers true in the little army. Let us enter while we may.

JOHN B. GALLION

Arapaho, Oklahoma.

Your Opportunity

Now is the time for those who wish to read good books for a definite purpose, to join the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course for 1915-16. Two departments are conducted in this course, one for Junior Volunteers and another for Seniors. Three excellent books have been selected for each department this year. These should be purchased now, that all may be in readiness at the appointed time. The first assignment will appear in the INSTRUCTOR of September 28. A certificate will be given to those who read all the books in any course, and write satisfactory answers to the same.

The price for the three Senior books in one set is \$2.35, postpaid, and for the Junior books, \$1.75, postpaid. If you have not the money to order the books at once, plan some way to earn it during the coming week. A firm resolve is half the battle, and a strong determination will overcome every obstacle.

Send all orders to your conference tract society.

A. B. E.

The Invitation

QUITE suddenly, a speckled trout
Down in the swift, clear river
Began to bustle all about,
His fishy chin a-quiver.

He raised so big a foam and fuss
The fishes all assembled.
Why, at a hippopotamus
He'd scarcely so have trembled!

"What ails you?" asked a brother trout,
"What's wrong?" inquired a minnow.
"Alas! we're all invited out,"
He shivered, "to a dinner!"

They cried, "Why, that's a jolly plan!
Who asked us out to dine?"
"Oh," sobbed the trout, "a fisherman;
He just dropped me a line!"

—*Nancy Byrd Turner, in Youth's Companion.*



Thirty-Eighth Week

- September 19. Joel: The day of the Lord cometh. Read the introduction to each book as it is studied.
- September 20. Amos 1, 2, 3, 4: Prepare to meet God.
- September 21. Amos 5, 6, 7, 8, 9: Types and warnings.
- September 22. Obadiah and Jonah: The doom of Edom; mercy to the repentant.
- September 23. Micah 1, 2, 3, 4: In the last days.
- September 24. Micah 5, 6, 7: Woes and promises.
- September 25. Nahum and Habakkuk: Sin will be destroyed; a talk with God.

To Think About as You Read

- Sunday.—Have I received the Spirit?
- Monday.—Am I ready to meet God?
- Tuesday.—Some are at ease in Zion. Am I?
- Wednesday.—God loves mercy. Can I claim the blessing pronounced upon the merciful?
- Thursday.—The terrible hiding of God's face.
- Friday.—Are my sins confessed and pardoned?
- Sabbath.—"He knoweth them that trust in him."

Joel

Because he does not mention Assyria by name among the foes of Judah, Joel is supposed to have lived not later than the time of King Uzziah (in the closing years of whose reign Isaiah also prophesied), and to have begun his work about the year 800 B. C. Although of the tribe of Reuben, and therefore of the northern kingdom, Joel was a prophet of Judah. His prophecy begins with a warning of the judgments of God presently to overtake the land, and an exhortation to repentance, with fasting and prayer, that these calamities may be averted. This leads to the warning given in the second chapter to Zion, the church, in the last days, urging her priests and ministers to similar zeal and earnestness in view of the destruction to overwhelm the world. Many signs preceding the day of the Lord are mentioned, one of the most striking of which, in view of present conditions, is the vivid picture drawn of warring nations.

Amos

"A striking figure is this 'herdsman, and a dresser of sycamore trees.' A citizen of Judea, he dared to prophesy in the northern kingdom, at Bethel, the center of calf worship, and at Samaria, foretelling the evils that their sins would bring upon the people, and meeting courageously the opposition of the chief priest, Amaziah. His prophecy is full of images taken from the fields. It opens with denunciations of the neighboring countries and of his own, especially Samaria; passes to a series of remarkable visions; and closes with a message of hope."—Wells.

Obadiah

Nothing more is known of this man, the fourth of the twelve minor prophets, than may be gathered from the brief book that bears his name. Some suppose that he "taught before Jeremiah, and gave him the key for his prophecies concerning Edom, and others that he prophesied after the fall of Jerusalem. On that occasion the Edomites, hereditary foes of the Jews, rejoiced in the capture of their capital, and joined with the Assyrians to prevent their escape."

One statement in this little book is of stupendous importance. Concerning the wicked when the reign of sin is ended, it is said, "They shall be as though they had not been." A just God decrees that the finally impenitent shall utterly perish—not suffer through unending ages. Like chaff from the summer threshing floor, like stubble remaining after the wheat has been garnered, they will be consumed, and in the restored kingdom "they will be as though they had not been."

Jonah

The story of Jonah is one of the most familiar of the Old Testament narratives. The prophet was a native of Gath-hepher, in the northern kingdom, and was sent at least once with a message from the Lord to corrupt Jeroboam II. See 2 Kings 14:25.

According to the marginal dates, the book of Jonah is the oldest of the prophetic writings; and the experience therein recorded occurred nearly three hundred years before Daniel, in Babylon, showed his loyalty to God by praying openly, as was his habit, three times a day. It is thought that the warning to Nineveh was given during the latter part of Elisha's life.

While the book of Jonah does not say that the great fish which the Lord prepared to receive the prophet was a whale, it is so named in one New Testament reference to the inci-

dent. It has been objected that a whale could not swallow a man's body. On this point Sidney Collett, in "All About the Bible," cites the evidence of an eyewitness who declared that on one occasion in his experience "a shark fifteen feet in length was found in the stomach of a sperm whale." The same authority added that "when dying, the sperm whale always ejects the contents of its stomach," and sometimes the ejected food is thrown out in masses much larger than a man's body.

"The most astonishing thing in the life of Jonah," says another, "seems to be his displeasure at the sparing of the city of Nineveh from destruction. This comes nearer being an incredible thing than his living three days in the whale's belly."

It was by this miraculous preservation of his life that Jonah "became one of the most remarkable types of the death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus to be found anywhere in the Old Testament Scriptures." The accuracy of the historical record received abundant confirmation from the lips of Jesus himself when he said, "As Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

Micah

It was in 862 B. C. that Jonah carried the warning of the Lord to Nineveh, and the inhabitants of that proud heathen city repented in sackcloth and ashes. A little over one hundred years later Micah, the sixth of the minor prophets, carried to Israel the message that on account of their sins Zion would be plowed as a field and Jerusalem would become heaps. The prophecy falls naturally into three sections,—chapters 1 and 2, 3 to 5, and 6 and 7,—each beginning with "hear," followed by rebukes and threatenings, and closing with a promise. Chapter 5 names the birthplace of the coming Messiah, and clearly shows his preexistence; chapter 7 seems to outline the history of the church till his second coming.

Nahum

The personal history of this prophet is veiled in obscurity. "Some think that he was an inhabitant of Galilee, and others that he was the son of one of the captives in Assyria." His prophecy, the burden of Nineveh, is dated one hundred and fifty years after the warning delivered to that city by the reluctant Jonah. During this period Nineveh had returned to her evil ways, and become "a bloody city," full of lies and robbery." In three distinct predictions Nahum foretells the overthrow and scattering of Assyria.

"As a poet Nahum occupies a high place in the first rank of Hebrew literature. His style is clear and uninvolved, though pregnant and forcible; his diction sonorous and rhythmic, the words reechoing to the sense."

Habakkuk

"Nothing is known of him, but from indications in his writings it is guessed that he was a Levite; that he prophesied in the reigns of Josiah and Jehohaz; and that when Jerusalem fell, he remained behind in his ruined country. The book is largely in the shape of an appeal to God for help against the threatened invasion of the Assyrians, together with God's reply. Paul received from this book his great watchword, 'The just shall live by faith.'"—Wells.



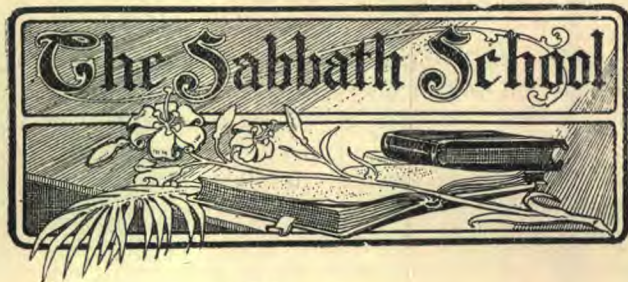
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**Senior Society Program for Sabbath,
September 25**

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Individual reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "The Ministry of Good Angels." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Heb. 1:14; Matt. 18:10.
5. Mission Talk: "Progress of Our Work in North India." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*, and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 118, 119; also article in next week's INSTRUCTOR, "At Our Mountain School." Use your map.
6. Reading: Have some one read or tell in his own words the story "The Reward of Obedience." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*.

**Junior Society Program for Week Ending
September 25**

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Individual reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "The Bad Angels and Their Work." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Jude 6; Rev. 12:7.
5. Mission Talk: "Progress of Our Work in North India." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*, and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 118, 119. Use your map.
6. Recitation: "The Little Widows." See *Gazette*.
7. Reading: Have some one read or tell in his own words the story "The Reward of Obedience." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*.



XIII — Review
(September 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 12:22 to 16:12.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

Matt. 12:22-50

1. What charge did the Pharisees make against Jesus?
2. What principles did Jesus set forth in reply?
3. Whom does Jesus regard as his brother and sister and mother?

Chapter Thirteen

1. What parables are related in this chapter?
2. What is the most important lesson taught by each?

Chapter Fourteen

1. How was John the Baptist put to death?
2. What miracle was wrought for the multitude?
3. What practical lesson may we learn from Peter's attempt to walk upon the water?

Chapter Fifteen

1. What lesson did Jesus teach when the disciples were criticized for not observing the ceremonial washing of hands?
2. Recall the conversation of Jesus and the Canaanitish woman. What was the result? What miracle is repeated in this chapter?

Chapter 16:1-12

1. What did the Pharisees and Sadducees request?
2. What lesson did Jesus draw from this?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "He that is not with me is against me." Matt. 12:30.
2. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15:14.
3. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11.
4. "The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one." Matt. 13:38.
5. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Mal. 3:17.
6. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 7:21.

7. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10.
8. "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6:35.
9. "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14:27.
10. "Every plant, which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." Matt. 15:13.
11. "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Verse 28.
12. "The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble." Prov. 4:19.

XIII — Review

(September 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt 12:22 to 16:12.

Outline and Questions

(See note)

CHAPTER 12 — HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME

1. How did the Pharisees charge Jesus with being against himself?
2. What principles did he enunciate in response?
3. What sign did Jesus give the Pharisees when they asked for one?

CHAPTER 13 — TEACHING IN PARABLES

1. Give a list of the parables recorded in this chapter.
2. Give at least one important lesson taught in each.
3. Cite the experience of Jesus in his own country after the giving of these parables.

CHAPTER 14 — DEATH OF JOHN; THE LOAVES AND THE FISHES; WALKING ON THE SEA

1. Give two important lessons from the narrative of John's death.
2. What principles of Christian living are illustrated in the miracle of the loaves and the fishes?
3. What practical help have you gained from the record of the walking on the sea, since we studied that lesson?

CHAPTER 15 — HEART SERVICE; PREVAILING FAITH; FEEDING THE HUNGRY

1. Point out the lesson that Jesus developed from the criticism of his disciples for not observing the ceremonial washing of hands.
2. What circumstances led up to Jesus' calling the faith of the Canaanitish woman great?
3. What added help do you get from the study of this second miracle of loaves and fishes?

CHAPTER 16 — SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT

1. How did Jesus deal with the lack of spiritual discernment by the Pharisees and the Sadducees?
2. How did he deal with the lack of it by his disciples?

Note

Seek earnestly in this week's study to fix in mind the general content of each chapter studied during the quarter. The review outline and questions have been arranged to help you in this. It is of great value to the Christian and gospel worker to know not only the lessons of the Scripture, but also where to find them readily.

I Am Glad

I AM glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover, and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.

— Jean Ingelow.

The Youth's Instructor

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My Anchor

WHEN the anchors faith has cast are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast to the things that cannot fail.
I know that right is right, that it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite, and a neighbor than a spy;
In the darkest night of the year, when the stars have all
gone out,
That courage is better than fear, and faith is better than
doubt;
And fierce though the fiends may fight, and long though the
angels hide,
I know that truth and right have the universe on their side,
And that somewhere beyond the stars is a love that is better
than fate;
When the night unlocks her doors I shall see Him, and I can
wait.

—Selected.

My Responsibility

If the church is ever stirred to greater earnestness, it must be by the greater earnestness of its individual members. There is a fatal propensity in the members of all churches, to get rid of individual responsibility, and, by a false reasoning, to think of the responsibility of the body. "There is, in reality, no such thing as a collective conscience; bodies, as such, cannot be accountable. God will not, as regards eternity, deal with nations or churches or families."

It was a fine purpose of a young Christian which he thus entered in his diary: "*Resolved*, That I will, the Lord being my helper, think, speak, and act as an *individual*; for as such I must live, as such I must die, stand before God, and be lost or saved forever and ever. I have been waiting for others; *I must act* as if I were the only one to act, *and wait no longer*." This is just the view and the purpose to be taken by us all. It is as individuals we must act for ourselves, and he who acts for himself in this matter will certainly influence others.

Every man acts upon some other man. Example is influence. The diffusion of the message is like the kindling of a fire, or the lighting of so many tapers; one original flame may, by *contact*, communicate itself to a multitude of other points.

Let us indulge more in some such reflections as these: "If the church is ever made more earnest, it must be by an increased earnestness in its individual members. I am one of those members, and am as much bound to advance in this reformatory movement as any other. It is but hypocrisy, gross hypocrisy, to lament over the satisfied condition of many in the

church, and to desire a revival, while I am unconcerned about my own religion, and do not seek a revival of that. I will begin with myself. I will wait for no other. *I must* be more in earnest, and, God helping me, I will be." If these were the supreme desires of all members of the church, we should see earnestness in reality.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Mutual Dependence

THE true Christian is even now wonderfully honored by Heaven. Christ Jesus the Son, who delights even yet to be counted as our Brother, is in heaven for us. He said it was expedient for us that he go there. We but faintly comprehend, no doubt, all he meant by this expression. Yet when we think that the true follower of his is his representative in the locality where he is placed,—placed there to pass on to others Christ's words, manifest his benevolence, his love, his real goodness,—and that Heaven has so planned the Christian into his divine purpose, that through him Christ does his work on earth, in fact, makes his brother, his sister, his mother down here his representative, his plenipotentiary, at once the station of the Christian takes on some magnitude. As we contemplate these blessed truths, we get a little glimpse of the infinite love of God manifested for us in Christ Jesus, and how important is the station on earth of the most humble follower of the lowly Saviour. Think of the Son of the Majesty on high choosing you and me thus to represent him here on earth. Each one is Christ's representative where he lives. But with the representation comes great responsibility; for to represent Jesus we must "*be like him*." We are wholly dependent upon the Lord to represent us in heaven, while he is wholly dependent upon us to represent him in the world. A mutual, wonderful dependence!

T. E. BOWEN.

A Pronunciation Test

If you are accustomed to pronouncing the following words as indicated, you are in accord with the Webster's New International Dictionary, and so have good authority for your orthoepy. If you are not, it may be that you need to give more attention to your pronunciation.

- Address ad-dress', not ad'dress
- Advertisement äd-vur'tiz-ment, not ad-ver-tiz'ment
- Aeroplane ä'er-ö-plän, not air'ö-plän
- Speedometer späd-öm'e-ter, not späd-o-mē'ter
- Despicable dēs'pī-ka-b'l, not des-pik'a-b'l
- Deficit dēf'i-sit, not de-fis'it
- Rapine rāp'in, not ra-pin'
- Recreation rēc-re-ä'shun, not rē-cre-ä'shun
- Previous prē'vī-ūs, not prē'vus
- Engine ěn'jĭn, not ěn'jĭn
- Giraffe jĭ-rāf', not gi-raf'
- Sincerity sĭn-sēr'i-ty, not sin-sĭr'i-ty
- Experiment ex-pĕr'i-ment, not ex-pĭr'i-ment
- Vaudeville vöd'vil, not väd'de-vil
- Chauffeur shō-fūr', not shō'fur
- Garage gā-rāzh', not gā-rāj'

God is so good he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets, for love, untold.
But still I find that his embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

—E. Browning.