

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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AN electric organ that plays tunes in colors is one of the latest inventions.

THE English pound is now worth only \$4.65, while there have been times when in mission fields the exchange was \$5.10.

A MACHINE has been invented for cleaning sacks from which the cement has not been thoroughly shaken out. A considerable saving will thus be effected.

TEN million dollars in gold that was being sent to this country by Great Britain was lost when the "Arabic" went down after being torpedoed by a German submarine.

THE Lincoln Highway from New York to San Francisco has been selected by the Aero Club of America as the route for the two cross-country flights to be held some time in 1915.

THE Russians in the battle in the Gulf of Riga, it is reported, sank eleven German warships,—the super-dreadnaught "Moltke," three cruisers, and seven torpedo boats. The dreadnaught cost about \$12,000,000.

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE, minister of munitions, has announced that his department has taken over 190 more establishments for the production of war munitions. The total number of these plants now under control of the ministry is 535.

Two different flavors of ice cream may be made simultaneously in a freezer which has lately been constructed. The can is divided into two separate compartments by a partition, over which fits a double dasher. The scrapers work back and forth, as does the operating handle.

SEPTEMBER 6 was observed as Crime Prevention Day as well as Labor Day. The object of the dry forces in observing this day was to take advantage of the large concourses of people that Labor Day created, by giving instruction as to one of the first causes of crime; namely, the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

LARD buckets are the most easily obtained and the most satisfactory of utensils in which to pack food, or cook for a small picnic or camping party; but it is often very difficult to remove the odor of the lard. However, this may be easily accomplished by boiling coffee grounds in the bucket with about one pint of water.

THE farmer has seeded his lands and is now harvesting the greatest bread crop ever known. More than 400,000,000 bushels of wheat will be sent to foreign countries this season. This is based on the assumption that we shall need about 535,000,000 bushels for domestic consumption and about 80,000,000 bushels reserved for seeding.

BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER, of the Methodist Church, Atlanta, Georgia, recently received the following criticism from a modernized critic: "Bishop Candler is a mossback; he seems to be more interested in 'winning souls' than in the social service which society so much needs." Winning souls, the critic should know, is the surest way of securing the desired social reforms.

ARMENIAN refugees to the number of 60,000 have reached the principal outlet of the vilayet of Van, and it is believed that there will be not less than 100,000 driven out of Van. It is reported that Kurds have massacred 10,000 Armenians in Bitlis, throwing the bodies into the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. The charge is made that after all the males had been killed 5,000 women and children were driven to the banks of the Tigris, shot, and thrown into the river. It is said that besides more than 40,000 Christians killed in Armenia about 26,500 have been violently removed from Constantinople and Asia Minor to Konieh, Aleppo, and Mesopotamia, where they are doomed to perish.

DESPITE the heavy appearance of the German soldiers' helmets, says *Tit-Bits*, they are exceedingly light. They are made of steel, but they are nearly as light as a straw hat, and far more comfortable. The large military-looking spike is not placed on the top of the helmet for ornament alone. There are several large holes in it, which ventilate the wearer's head. The steel from which the helmet is made is exceedingly thin, almost as thin as paper, and all round the inside, where the helmet touches the head, there are a number of springs. These springs, which are covered with leather, serve to keep the helmet firmly on the head, without any great pressure.

AMERICAN missionary societies hastened to the relief of desperate plights of German missionaries when the war broke out a year ago, and they have now contributed not less than \$250,000 to keep them from starving. Now word has just been received that locusts have gone over a good part of Palestine and have eaten up every green thing. These locusts have proved as bad in these war times as ever they did in Bible times, and their area of devastation has been the entire Serbian coast, all around Beirut and Damascus and south to Sidon.

THE Public Health Service of our government has declared that the "wash rag" should be dealt with as hardly as the common towel and the drinking cup. If given any place among household conveniences, it should have the following treatment: "Each individual should have his own wash cloth. It should be thoroughly washed with hot water after use. It should then be wrung as nearly dry as possible, and hung in the sun to dry. It should not come in contact with other wash cloths."

To live with twice the significance is worth at least as much as living twice as long.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

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# The Youth's Instructor

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No. 38

## This One Thing I Do

R. S. OWEN



HERE are notable examples in history of men who have concentrated their powers upon one thing — men who have had one purpose in life and who have attained eminence because they stuck to one thing. The question was asked Michelangelo, "Why do you not associate more with people? Why do you not go out into society?" His reply was, "Art is a jealous mistress. She demands my whole being." At another time he was asked why he did not marry. His answer was, "I am married. Art is my wife. My pictures are my children." I suppose the success of the man lies in the fact that he gave his life to that one thing.

There is one thing in the diary of Columbus that seems to stand out, to my mind, above everything else. He may have written of the mutiny which broke out among his crew; that he had met with head winds and made but little progress that day; perhaps of one thing or of another; but invariably he finished each day's record with this sentence: "This day we sailed westward, which is our course." Regardless of the experiences which came to him and to his men, he wrote the same closing sentence. He may have written of San Salvador, but again the closing sentence was, "This day we sailed westward, which is our course." And I believe the success he attained came to him because he consistently and continuously followed his course.

A mother, in bidding her son good-by, said, "My boy, when you return, be somebody." He selected his course. He chose to live in Paris. There he remained for years, living in dire poverty in the poorest part of Paris. But during all those years of toil and sacrifice he allowed nothing to interfere with the course he had laid out for himself. After a time there was a great speech to be delivered in Paris. The famous man who was to deliver the address was ill and could not speak, and he suggested that a certain young man take his place. This young man was asked to speak, and he did so. The result was that while in the morning he had been utterly unknown, when night came he was famous from one end of France to the other. His name was upon thousands of lips in Paris, and even in the remote parts of the country. He was a young man who had laid his course and had followed it. He had applied himself to the development of his purpose, and had won. He wanted to be a leader in France. And the time came when he made the motion in the French Chamber of Deputies "that the dynasty of Napoleon be set aside and that a republic be established." And it was done.

During one of their fiercest campaigns, when defeat seemed certain, he stepped into a balloon and left the beleaguered city with the purpose of raising an army. He succeeded in raising an army of eight hundred thousand men, and money enough to equip and maintain them in the war that followed. Success was won; and when he died, even his enemies said that "France in the death of Gambetta, has lost one of her greatest men."

A young man stepped into a telegraph office one evening and asked for employment. The man in charge looked at him, and in his own mind questioned his ability to fill the place. He asked the young man, "Can you receive?" The answer was, "I am an operator." He did not care to be asked whether or not he could receive or transmit. He was an operator. He knew his trade. He could do anything that was expected of an operator, and was willing to demonstrate it. The manager told him to sit down at a table, and asked him to say when he was ready. He had his pencil sharpened, and said, "Go ahead." The messages began to come over the wire. It was just time to begin receiving telegraphic reports, the hardest part of the day's work. The sender at the other end of the wire was an expert, and had been in the habit of being interrupted by calls for repetition of a message, or some part of a message. But no such request came this time. He increased his speed. The words came over the wire in a perfect torrent. The man at the other end of the wire was one of the best transmitters on the line. Finally his curiosity was aroused by the silence of the receiver, and he stopped his regular work long enough to inquire, "Are you getting it?" Back came the answer from our young man: "Surely, go ahead." The receiver's hand was moving like the shuttle of a sewing machine, backward and forward, and his speed was something marvelous, writing out, as he was, all the messages in long hand as they came over the wire. Finally the sender said, "That is all." The manager took out his watch, looked at it, and noted the marvelous work which had been done. His only remark to the young man was, "You will do. What is your name?" The reply was, "My name is Thomas Edison." It is doubtless that very spirit which has made the name of Thomas Edison famous the world over. He throws all the powers of his being into everything he undertakes.

In the life of the apostle Paul we find the same out-working principle, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." When he went to Corinth to preach the gospel, he went in great fear and trembling, but he had determined to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ and him crucified. That was the reason he made such a success of his ministry. His life was crowned in his own mind. What a joy it must have been for him to look back over his life, and know that it was a success. He said at the close of his ministry, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

Two men started to climb a mountain for the purpose of beholding the sunrise the next morning. As they ascended the side of the mountain, they came to a place where the road divided. One road, which seemed comparatively easy and smooth, led off in one direction.



while the other led right on up the mountain side. One of the men turned aside into the easier path. He walked along a little while, and then stopped. "Maybe I am making a mistake," he said. "Perhaps this road will not take me to the top." But he decided to go on in the easier way. He soon lost sight of his companion, and could not ask him for advice. Finally he came to a precipice which forbade further progress along that trail. He did not know how to get back to the place where the trail had parted. He was lost. Soon he became entangled in a thicket of brambles. Getting out of that, he was soon lost in a marsh. When morning came he lay lifeless in the marsh, a victim of his own choice. Meanwhile his companion had climbed and struggled on up the mountain side. He wondered if he had taken the wrong road, but having chosen his way he decided to stick to it and not to try any other. As a result, when morning came, he found himself at the mountain's top. He was enabled to see the rising sun in all its majesty and beauty. He was there to see its first rosy beams break through the darkness and the mists. Below him in the ravines and in the valley far below it was still dark. Little by little the rising sun sent its beams gleaming over the entire landscape, and it was as a new creation which he had witnessed. He felt well repaid for his toil of the previous night.

The lives of the human family are well represented by the experience of these two men. There is a class who will go on and upward in spite of anything and everything, surmounting every obstacle and overcoming every difficulty. There are others who choose the easier way — the broad way which too often leads to death and destruction. When the dawn of eternity comes, many will be filled with surprise. Many will find that their lives have been sacrificed needlessly, because of their own decisions.

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#### A True Soldier

SOME months ago an article entitled "A Soldier of Sunny France," appeared in the INSTRUCTOR. In it Elder Daniells narrated the thrilling experiences of a young brother in the French Army, how he, through loyalty to God and firmness in his belief and trust, so won the confidence of those above him that he was granted a place as secretary to the regiment staff, and given the Sabbath free.

It was the privilege of the writer to be associated with this brother in the canvassing work in England during the summer of 1910. We had both completed a course in the Stanborough Park Missionary College, Watford, England, when we went out with our truth-laden literature. We had a hard struggle, but many seeds of truth were scattered.

Unable to return to college for another year, this brother decided to return to his home country. He mounted his bicycle and rode from northwest England down to southern France, where his parents lived, a distance of between five and six hundred miles. Shortly after he returned home he was drafted for the army, and the experiences followed which were related by Elder Daniells.

The readers of the INSTRUCTOR will no doubt be interested to learn more about how our faithful brother is getting along in these perilous times, when France, and the other leading nations of Europe are engaged in a struggle such as has never before been witnessed.

In a letter just received, he writes: "I am a slave, just now, a willful slave, unruly and unsubmitted —

but a slave, nevertheless. Work, in great quantities, is heaped on my desk; and here I stand — it is eleven o'clock at night — with heavy eyelids, for I get up early every morning and retire late every night, and I have been doing that for quite a time now. I need rest, but it is not to be found before the war ends.

"I do have spiritual rest, however. My mind is not centered upon what I do; it is higher. I love my country, I give her my time, but I love God more and his work more; that is where my thoughts go; they are not in harmony with the thoughts of my comrades here. They hate this kind of man and that kind, and they like that kind and the other. I love them all; that makes quite a difference in time of war, especially when one is in the grind of it. It means trust in the Lord. Thank him, I know he can ever be trusted. . . . Our home is above, and it is for that home we must fight. We must learn to trust God implicitly, and live on his promises. This is not vain talk. If we do not do this, there will come a time when we shall have to learn it at the immediate risk of life. The test of sonship to God is the love of our neighbor; love of our neighbor means persecution if not death, in the actual war-stricken lands. Think of it. Tell our people to think of it; to get ready for it. Material possession, physical well-being, are of no concern when life is at stake. Our lives will be at stake soon. May our earthly goods or earthly loves not interfere in this crisis, leading us to cling to the world when we should stand for God. It is impossible to serve the world and God at the same time.

"I do trust the Lord more and more. I have yet the Sabbath entirely free, and no prospect of going to the front. For this I am grateful. It might mean death to me if I went there, because I want to obey the Lord, and could not fight. But he has ever kept me, and I know he will do so in the future. I need much of God's grace to be what I ought to be."

Such words of confidence in God and implicit faith in the saving power of the Lord, coming from a young man of twenty-two, certainly speak clearer than language can express, of the power of this blessed truth when it gets deep down into the heart. This brother is facing death every day, not knowing when he may be called upon to march to the front and engage in the destruction of his neighbor and fellow man. Determined as he is not to lift his hand against his fellow brother, let us pray that God will in mercy spare him the trial of being called to the front and meeting the consequences of his loyalty to right and truth.

STEEN RASMUSSEN.

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#### Ask and Expect

D. L. MOODY used to tell a story of a child whose father and mother died, and who was taken into another family. The first night she asked whether she could pray as she had been accustomed to do. They said, "Oh, yes!" So she knelt down and prayed as her mother taught her; and when that was ended, she added a little prayer of her own: "O God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were!" Then she paused and looked up, as if expecting the answer, and added, "Of course you will."

How sweetly simple was that little one's faith! She expected God to answer and do, and of course she got her request. How seldom we look up to God and say, "Of course you will." God wants us to ask and expect great things. Let us look for the things we ask for; let us say, "Of course he will."—*Selected.*



## A Visit to the Kalyan Dispensary

A. G. DANIELLS



IN West India we visited the Kalyan dispensary for the Marathi people. The work here is carried on by Elder and Mrs. M. D. Wood. Kalyan is a city about thirty miles from Bombay. It is a desolate place, and the people are the poorest of the poor and the lowest of the low. After Elder Wood had taken me around, I said to him, "Are there any people in India lower than these?" He replied, "None that we know of." Here is the lowest stratum known in India. And I am glad that our people were the ones to open up this field. Other missionaries have accused us of proselytizing, but they can never say that we have done that among this people, because no missionary has ever before ventured among them. It was not considered safe; but our workers went in and are doing a good work.

We arrived at Kalyan early in the morning, and when we reached the dispensary there were perhaps fifty persons waiting for it to open. The first thing the mission people did was to throw open the doors and gather as many as possible into the large waiting room. There a native brother gave a Scripture reading, talked for perhaps twenty minutes, and offered prayer. Then the people were sent out, to come in again for treatment. Miss Reid, a nurse, had a desk at one side of the room, and received the patients as they came in one by one. In a large book she entered the name and address, with other information which might be useful in following up the case. The patient then received a card bearing his name, and was passed on to Sister Wood, who had her desk in the center of the room. She gave him an examination, and if only a little attention was needed, a nurse having her desk at Sister Wood's right attended to it. The more complicated cases were sent to the rear of the building, where separate rooms were arranged for treating men and women. There are also accommodations for a very limited number of people who are so sick when they arrive that they must stay awhile, or until they die.

While I stood there, a young man was carried in who was in great agony. He was groaning terribly. Sister Wood had him taken at once to the treatment room, and she followed as soon as possible to see what could be done for him. He had stepped on a thorn or something sharp, and his foot was terribly swollen. Sister Wood said, "This must be lanced at once," and she directed the woman who was with him to hold his head still, and the two men to hold his arms and body. Then she took a long, sharp instrument and ripped the abscess open. Of course it hurt dreadfully, and the man made a serious fuss, but it had to be done. I said to Sister Wood, "But don't you give an anesthetic, or something to deaden the pain?" "O no," she said, "I have no one to give it if I had it, and no money with which to buy it if I had some one to give it. I am compelled to do this way."

And so Sister Wood went on through an endless routine, the sick people coming before her one by one. Seventy-five persons were attended the day we were there. She comes in contact with every form of disease. I saw her open a man's shirt, look him over, and shake her head as she passed him on. I asked, "What is the matter with him?" and she said, "O, he has leprosy badly!" He was given a little medicine to satisfy him, and passed on. As Brother Wood took me around through the village, we saw people laid out in front of their homes to die—placed right in the streets. I inquired, "Why is something not done for them?" He said, "There is no doctor. We cannot reach them all. They do not know what to do, and when they get in that condition they are left to die."

As I looked over the records I found that sixteen thousand persons had been attended by Sister Wood and her helpers during the last year. I found that in order to do this she had gone out to over eighty villages



GROUP OF WORKERS AND VISITORS, KALYAN MISSION

and into 975 homes, to visit and work for the people.

In the evening we went to a hilltop just out of Kalyan and saw villages lying in all directions. In these live thousands upon thousands of persons waiting to be led out of the darkness of heathenism. They have no schools, no doctors, no one to help them, and to me the situation is terrible. Missionaries have been working for a hundred years in Bombay, but they have never done anything for the people of Kalyan and vicinity.

Besides the work at the main dispensary in Kalyan, Sister Wood spends one day of the week in similar work in a large town about sixty miles away. She is granted a pass on the railway to and from this place. After working all day in Kalyan, she boards the train, spreads her blanket on the seat of a compartment, and, throwing herself down upon it, tries to sleep until her destination is reached in the early morning. Then she gets up, freshens up a bit, and goes to work, keeping at it all day. In the evening she rests on the train again, and is back at Kalyan the next day for her full quota of work.

Our church in Kalyan has fifteen members, and the workers there have earnestly set their hearts on building up a strong center at that place.



## The Great War—No. 7

### The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

#### Lucifer Rebels Against King Jehovah

(Concluded)

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



HE story of Lucifer's apostasy in heaven, as quoted from the writer before referred to, continues as follows:—

"Leaving his place in the immediate presence of the Father, Lucifer went forth to diffuse the spirit of discontent among the angels. He worked with mysterious secrecy, and for a time concealed his real purpose under an appearance of reverence for God. He began to insinuate doubts concerning the laws that governed heavenly beings, intimating that though laws might be necessary for the inhabitants of the worlds, angels, being more exalted, needed no such restraint, for their own wisdom was a sufficient guide. They were not beings that could bring dishonor to God; all their thoughts were holy; it was no more possible for them than for God himself to err. The exaltation of the Son of God as equal with the Father was represented as an injustice to Lucifer, who, it is claimed, was also entitled to reverence and honor. If this prince of angels could but attain to his true, exalted position, great good would accrue to the entire host of heaven; for it was his object to secure freedom for all. But now even the liberty which they had hitherto enjoyed was at an end; for an absolute ruler had been appointed them, and to his authority all must pay homage. Such were the subtle deceptions that through the wiles of Lucifer were fast obtaining in the heavenly courts.

"There had been no change in the position or authority of Christ. Lucifer's envy and misrepresentation, and his claims to equality with Christ, had made necessary a statement of the true position of the Son of God; but this had been the same from the beginning. Many of the angels were, however, blinded by Lucifer's deceptions.

#### Lucifer Deceives the Angels

"Taking advantage of the loving, loyal trust reposed in him by the holy beings under his command, he had so artfully instilled into their minds his own distrust and discontent that his agency was not discerned. Lucifer had presented the purposes of God in a false light,—misconstruing and distorting them, to excite dissent and dissatisfaction. He cunningly drew his hearers on to give utterance to their feelings; then these expressions were repeated by him when it would serve his purpose, as evidence that the angels were not fully in harmony with the government of God. While claiming for himself perfect loyalty to God, he urged that changes in the order and laws of heaven were necessary for the stability of the divine government. Thus while working to incite opposition to the law of God, and to instill his own discontent into the minds of the angels under him, he was ostensibly seeking to remove dissatisfaction, and to reconcile disaffected angels to the order of heaven. While secretly fomenting discord and rebellion, he with consummate craft caused it to appear as his sole purpose to promote loyalty, and to preserve harmony and peace.

#### The Harmony of Heaven Broken

"The spirit of dissatisfaction thus kindled, was doing its baleful work. While there was no open

outbreak, division of feeling imperceptibly grew up among the angels. There were some who looked with favor upon Lucifer's insinuations against the government of God. Although they had heretofore been in perfect harmony with the order which God had established, they were now discontented and unhappy because they could not penetrate his unsearchable counsels; they were dissatisfied with his purpose in exalting Christ. These stood ready to second Lucifer's demand for equal authority with the Son of God. But angels who were loyal and true maintained the wisdom and justice of the divine decree, and endeavored to reconcile this disaffected being to the will of God. Christ was the Son of God; he had been one with him before the angels were called into existence. He had ever stood at the right hand of the Father; his supremacy, so full of blessing to all who came under its benignant control, had not heretofore been questioned. The harmony of heaven had never been interrupted; wherefore should there now be discord? The loyal angels could see only terrible consequences from this dissension, and with earnest entreaty they counseled the disaffected ones to renounce their purpose, and prove themselves loyal to God by fidelity to his government.

#### Pride Prevents Lucifer From Repenting

"In great mercy, according to his divine character, God bore long with Lucifer. The spirit of discontent and disaffection had never before been known in heaven. It was a new element, strange, mysterious, unaccountable. Lucifer himself had not at first been acquainted with the real nature of his feelings; for a time he had feared to express the workings and imaginings of his mind; yet he did not dismiss them. He did not see whither he was drifting. But such efforts as infinite love and wisdom only could devise, were made to convince him of his error. His disaffection was proved to be without cause, and he was made to see what would be the result of persisting in revolt. Lucifer was convinced that he was in the wrong. He saw that 'the Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works;' that the divine statutes are just, and that he ought to acknowledge them as such before all heaven. Had he done this, he might have saved himself and many angels. He had not at that time fully cast off his allegiance to God. Though he had left his position as covering cherub, yet if he had been willing to return to God, acknowledging the Creator's wisdom, and satisfied to fill the place appointed him in God's great plan, he would have been reinstated in his office. The time had come for a final decision; he must fully yield to the divine sovereignty, or place himself in open rebellion. He nearly reached the decision to return; but pride forbade him. It was too great a sacrifice for one who had been so highly honored to confess that he had been in error, that his imaginings were false, and to yield to the authority which he had been working to prove unjust.

#### Lucifer Becomes Satan

"A compassionate Creator, in yearning pity for Lucifer and his followers, was seeking to draw them back from the abyss of ruin into which they were



about to plunge. But his mercy was misinterpreted. Lucifer pointed to the long-suffering of God as an evidence of his own superiority, an indication that the King of the universe would yet accede to his terms. If the angels would stand firmly with him, he declared, they could yet gain all that they desired. He persistently defended his own course, and fully committed himself to the great controversy against his Maker. Thus it was that Lucifer, 'the light bearer,' the sharer of God's glory, the attendant of his throne, by transgression became Satan, 'the adversary' of God and holy beings, and the destroyer of those whom Heaven had committed to his guidance and guardianship.

#### An Open Break

"Rejecting with disdain the arguments and entreaties of the loyal angels, he denounced them as deluded slaves. The preference shown to Christ he declared an act of injustice both to himself and to all the heavenly host, and announced that he would no longer submit to this invasion of his rights and theirs. He would never again acknowledge the supremacy of Christ. He had determined to claim the honor which should have been given him, and take command of all who would become his followers; and he promised those who would enter his ranks a new and better government, under which all would enjoy freedom. Great numbers of the angels signified their purpose to accept him as their leader. Flattered by the favor with which his advances were received, he hoped to win all the angels to his side, to become equal with God himself, and to be obeyed by the entire host of heaven.

#### Loyal Angels Plead With Satan

"Still the loyal angels urged him and his sympathizers to submit to God; and they set before them the inevitable result should they refuse. He who had created them could overthrow their power, and signally punish their rebellious daring. No angel could successfully oppose the law of God, which was as sacred as himself. They warned all to close their ears against Lucifer's deceptive reasoning, and urged him and his followers to seek the presence of God without delay, and confess the error of questioning his wisdom and authority.

"Many were disposed to heed this counsel, to repent of their disaffection, and seek to be again received into favor with the Father and his Son. But Lucifer had another deception ready. The mighty revolter now declared that the angels who had united with him had gone too far to return; that he was acquainted with the divine law, and knew that God would not forgive. He declared that all who should submit to the authority of Heaven would be stripped of their honor, degraded from their position. For himself, he was determined never again to acknowledge the authority of Christ. The only course remaining for him and his followers, he said, was to assert their liberty, and gain by force the rights which had not been willingly accorded them.

#### Rebellion Decided Upon

"So far as Satan himself was concerned, it was true that he had now gone too far to return. But not so with those who had been blinded by his deceptions. To them the counsel and entreaties of the loyal angels opened a door of hope; and had they heeded the warning, they might have broken away from the snare of Satan. But pride, love for their leader, and the de-

sire for unrestricted freedom, were permitted to bear sway, and the pleadings of divine love and mercy were finally rejected."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 37-41.*

#### War in Heaven

And now it was, when Lucifer had fully determined to break once for all with the divine government, that "there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven." Rev. 12:7, 8. Michael is one of the names of Christ. This will be seen by reference to Jude 9, where Michael is called the archangel, in connection with 1 Thess. 4:16, where the "Lord himself" is said to be the archangel, whose voice will wake the dead, and John 5:25, where it is said that it is the voice of Christ that raises the dead.

#### Satan Decides to Capture the Earth

Thus, as a result of his rebellion in heaven against the government of King Jehovah, Satan and the angels who followed him were cast out of heaven. "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Rev 12:9. Satan undoubtedly knew that it was the plan of God to people this earth, as the other worlds had been peopled, with intelligent, obedient creatures, and he determined to thwart this plan by causing the human race to join him in his revolt against the Majesty of heaven. How he succeeded in this plan we shall see in another article.

#### An Invocation

THE din of battle echoes far o'er slope and level plain,  
As forth to stern command go those who ne'er come back again;  
For swift as the cannon's hail flies forth, the ghastly trophies fall;  
And the God of love, in his books above, makes record of it all.

Father of all, we lift our hearts to thee,  
In this great, solemn crisis for the lands across the sea;  
Where fires of anger burn, and the war demon's towering crest  
Floats high in mocking triumph o'er dead bodies of men's best.

O Father, comfort thou the souls that mourn their valiant dead,  
As 'neath wet battle fields they lie in one great, common bed.  
Pour healing balm on hearts that bleed to think no more shall come  
The fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, who left with beat of drum.

Lead on and on, till roll the war clouds by,  
And on a new horizon peace dawns across the sky;  
Then speed thy kingdom's coming to this weary, tired old world,  
When banners red of wrath and hate no more shall be unfurled.

CORA FERRIS.

#### Caleb Cobweb's Black List

You will note a tendency on the part of uncultured persons to speak of magazines as "books." They even refer to papers as "books." A magazine or a pamphlet or even a newspaper may contain as much reading matter as a book, and it may be of finer quality than many a book; but save the word "book" for printed matter appearing in substantial binding—leather, cloth, or boards.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

"THREE hours' work for the love of the work will accomplish more than six hours without the love. Zeal, enthusiasm, earnestness, are simply 'falling in love with one's work.'"



## "The Spare-Time Savings Bank"



If time were actually money, then most men would be rich," says a modern writer; and this is only another way of saying that though time is money, most people are too thoughtless, or too indolent, or too indifferent to turn it into cash.

The United States government, realizing the value of the "littles," and wishing to encourage thrift in its people, has established postal savings banks, in which even children may deposit their nickels and dimes, and where older persons may have a safe place to lay aside larger sums that might otherwise be wasted.

Nor is money the only thing that is saved by littles. Modern industry has turned many a scrap heap into a veritable gold mine. Take, for example, the tiny seeds of the cotton plant, once a menace to the financial success of the cotton growers, and later, after the invention of the cotton gin, joyfully discarded as waste. From the crushed seeds is now extracted a valuable oil, twenty-five million dollars' worth of which is used every year in the manufacture of substitutes for lard and butter. Twenty million gallons more are refined, and used as "salad oil" and for various other culinary purposes. After the seed has been crushed and pressed, it is ground into meal and pressed into cakes, which are used to feed stock and to fertilize land. More than forty million dollars' worth of this product is used every year. The tough, fibrous cotton seed bolls are utilized in the making of fiber board, and the bran is used in the manufacture of paper. Nothing is wasted; and today the by-products from this one industry aggregate more than a hundred million dollars a year.

More to be desired than a good savings account or even a thrifty use of material things, is a right appreciation of the value of time. We must be "misers of moments," we must plan and strive to save their "golden dust," if we would gain the riches of a well-informed mind. Says Gladstone: "Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it would make you dwindle in intellectual and in moral stature alike, beyond your darkest reckonings."

Regular reading, with a well-defined aim in view, such as is furnished by the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses, is of far greater value in character making than desultory, aimless browsing even in good books. "Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose," says Frederick Harrison; and nothing is more certain than that a poor choice of spare-minute reading is almost worse than none at all. It is like bringing to our "spare-time savings bank" coins of copper and nickel when we might bring gold and silver and precious stones.

"If I could recover the hours idly given to the newspaper, not for my own gratification, but solely for my neighbor at the breakfast table," says James Herbert Morse, "I could compass a solid course of English and American history, get at the antecedents of political parties in the two continents, and give the reasons for the existence of Gladstone and Parnell, of Blaine and Edmunds, in modern politics—and there is undoubtedly a reason for them all. Two columns a day in the newspapers—which I could easily have spared, for they were given mainly to murder

trials and the search for corpses, or to the romance of the reporter concerning the same—have during the last ten years absorbed time that I might have spent in reading a very respectable course in history,—one embracing, say, Curtius and Grote for Greece; Mommson, Merivale, and Gibbon for Rome; Macaulay and Green for my roots in Saxondom; Bancroft, Hildreth, and Palfrey for the ancestral tree in America; together with a very notable excursion into Spain and Holland with Motley and Prescott,—a course which I consider very desirable, and which should set a man of middle age up very fairly in historical knowledge. I am sure I could have saved this amount out of any ten years of my newspaper reading alone, without cutting off any portion of that really valuable contribution for which the daily paper is to be honored, and which would be needed to make me an intelligent man in the history of my own times."

A purpose to fulfill, a plan to carry out, a set task to perform, will lead one to watch the moments, and to lay up in his "spare-time savings bank" a precious treasure of well-improved hours. This bank is —

### "Always Open"

and wonderful things have been accomplished by its depositors. Matthew Hale composed his "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," while traveling as a judge on a circuit; Pope often arose during the night to set down thoughts that came in his wakeful hours; Dr. Benjamin Rush, honored as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and as the "father of modern temperance reform," studied in his carriage as he drove from place to place to visit his patients; Benjamin Franklin, who said, "Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," often stole time from his meals for study; Henry Kirke White, an English poet, learned Greek on his daily walks to and from his place of business; Eli Whitney, son of a nail maker at Westboro, Massachusetts, and the inventor of the cotton gin, studied nights until he was able to enter Yale; and Elihu Burritt, "the Learned Blacksmith," mastered eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects by diligently improving his fragments of time.

Instances of this kind—of men who, while their companions were asleep to their opportunities, were "toiling upward" by making the most of them—might be multiplied almost without end; but these are sufficient to show that the depositors in the "spare-time savings bank" draw high dividends.

Will you join their ranks? The door of opportunity is now open to you in the new Missionary Volunteer Reading Course, the first list of questions for which will appear in the INSTRUCTOR of September 28. Three books are offered in Senior Course No. 9: (1) "Things as They Are," by Amy Wilson Carmichael, a thrilling narrative showing the dark side of mission life in India; (2) "History of the Sabbath," by J. N. Andrews and L. R. Conradi, tracing the existence of true Sabbath observance from the days of the disciples to the twentieth century, and furnishing historical evidence for the same, with much other valuable information; and (3) "History of William Miller," described as "a challenge to Bible study and a deeper consecration." The set of three books—1,491 pages in all—will be sent postpaid for only \$2.35.

Junior Course No. 8 also contains three books: (1) "Livingstone the Pathfinder," by Basil Mathews;



(2) "Friends and Foes in Field and Forest," by Vesta J. Farnsworth; and (3) "Sketches of Bible Child Life," by Mary Alicia Steward. These valuable books, comprising 602 pages, may be obtained at the special price of \$1.75, postpaid.

All orders for the Reading Course books should be sent immediately to your conference tract society. If you cannot buy the whole set at once, do not fail to order the first one in the list, and begin your reading with the others. There is inspiration in the thought that others are starting on this journey with you, and that you will visit the same scenes and study the same things in their company. Plan to read the assignment each week, and after you have read it, test your knowledge by the questions given.

A. B. E.

### Post-Office Stones

MANY years before Europeans established settlements in South Africa, their sailing vessels, in passing to and from the Indies and Australia, frequently called at the Cape of Good Hope for fresh water, meat, and vegetables, which they obtained from the Hottentots, who were numerous in that section of the country. Anthony Marlow, on board the English ship "Hector," in 1602, in speaking of Table Bay, says, "It is the best and cheapest place to refresh men in these voyages that ever ship can come to."

Many times in those early days cattle could be purchased from the natives very cheap, an instance being recorded of a passing vessel securing a number of head of oxen for two pocketknives for each ox. Sheep also could be secured for a penny bracelet. This trading with passing vessels was carried on for many years, the Europeans obtaining their fresh supplies from the natives, and the latter in turn being supplied with many useful things by the Europeans.

Navigators would also frequently chisel on the large rocks or boulders the date of the arrival of their vessel and from what port they had sailed, with the name of the vessel and of its captain, also the time of its departure, and to what place it was bound. Many of

letters or gifts to their loved ones at home, and deposit them underneath these rocks, that perchance the sailors of the homeward-bound vessel might see them and take them to the homeland. These packages had to be placed in oil bags, then carefully wrapped in canvas and thoroughly pitched, making them watertight, for oftentimes they had to withstand the elements



for many months. To the credit of the native people, let it be said that, although they well knew the location of these little packets, seldom was one disturbed.

The accompanying pictures show two of these post-office stones probably used for securing home letters by early navigators visiting the southern shores of the Dark Continent.

W. B. WHITE.

### At Our Mountain School

It was beautiful weather. The sun shone clear and bright, just a fleck of cloud here and there in the sky, and the habitual haze which fails to more than slightly obscure the sky at the horizon's rim, because of the intense brilliance of the sunlight. We had journeyed up from the plains and had alighted at the terminal station, Kotdwara, at the end of the short branch of the railway running from Najibabad to this place. By ekka we made the next ten miles, through a beautiful mountain valley with overhanging rocks, while beneath was a pretty little river, to Dogada, where we needs must change to horses for the sixteen miles yet ahead of us. Having lunched under a tree from our tiffin baskets, and seen our luggage safely loaded on the pack ponies, we mounted our steeds and started up the bridle path toward Garhwal.

At one side of us for about six miles ran a pretty mountain stream. Where the river passes through a cut in the hills, having hewn its way in past centuries through about forty feet of solid rock, we essayed a bath in some beautiful pools hidden from the road.

At Dwarikhal, where is the post office which serves our school and the surrounding villages, and where the road caps the ridge for the first time in its winding toward Pauri, the seat of the Garhwal deputy commissioner, we paused a moment and listened, for from the ridge above us was heard the roll of drums.

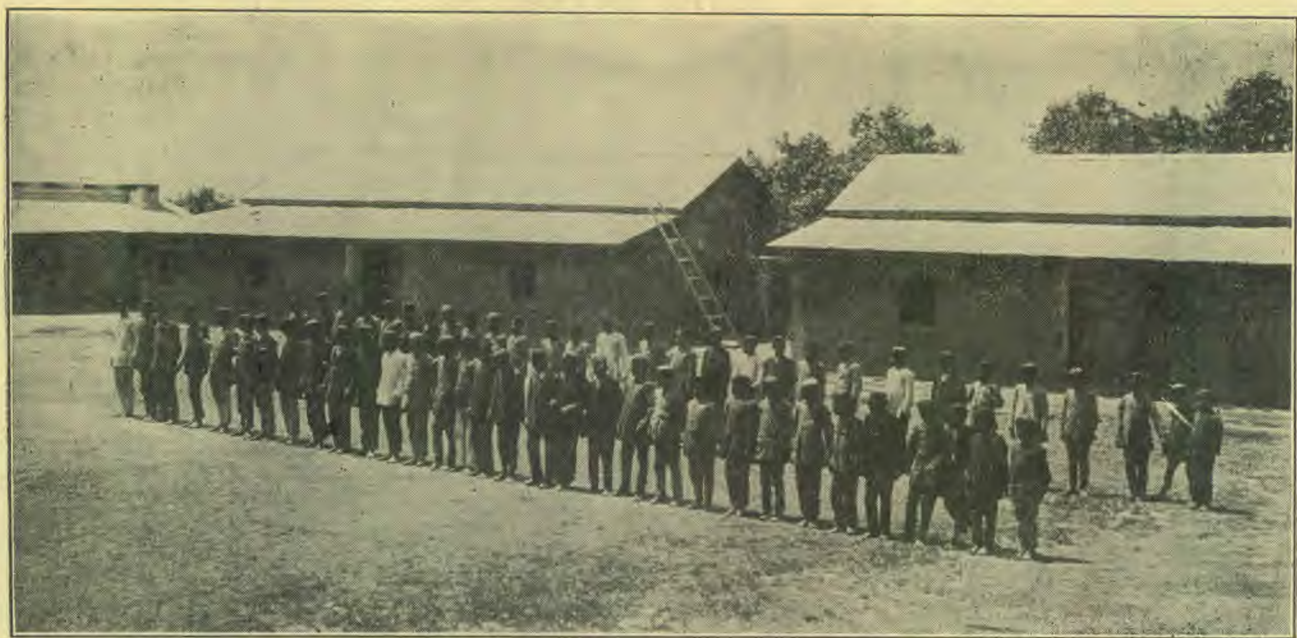
It is a weird sound when first heard, these drumbeats of India. We all know how, when the drum and fife roll out their message in the West, it stirs the blood and brings the martial spirit into being. Even without the other instruments the drum sends its soul-stirring call upon the still air, and it some way strikes a chord in the martial nature of the race. Here in India, as in all central and southern Asia, the drum has ever been the means of calling the people together. Yet here it seems more than elsewhere to have its message. Oft in the stillness of the shadowy night, as one sits in some



these inscribed stones have been found along the South African coast as excavations have been made. They are now seen in the museums.

From the fact that many of the stones were used as post offices by the early navigators, they were called post-office stones. Vessels in transit between Europe and the Far East would carefully prepare packages of





BOYS OF CHILASSIN SCHOOL AT DRILL

quiet corner on the plain, or on the mountain top, listening to the night sounds, there will come rolling in from some neighboring village the stirring note of the drum, or the low moaning of its hushed voice from a distant hamlet across the valley. It is said that all the great raids of the past years were signaled by such drum calls. And if ever the central Asiatic band should send forth its hordes upon the West as in the days of Ghengis Khan, the call would come through the message of the drums, each stroke of which is known and heeded by the wild tribes of central Asia and the Indian frontiers. How quickly the call could be sounded can only be realized by one who knows how soon such calls are heard and heeded throughout the length and breadth of the East.

But in these hastening hours of the day, when the sun had already disappeared behind the intervening peaks, the roll of the drums were sending us a message of welcome, for on the ridge above us the masters and boys of the school were waiting the coming of our party; and during the intervening mile of difficult mountain road we strained our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the waiting school.

As we came up to them, we were requested to dismount, and in accord with the custom of these quaint and ancient people, we were garlanded with flowers. Remounted, we started along the ridge to the school, three miles distant, the drums leading, followed by our party and the two head teachers on horseback, and behind us, double file, marched the boys of the school, cheery, disciplined, and making light of their long tramp and longer wait. They are hardy chaps, inured to the heights of the Himalayas and the tedious climbs up the precipitous mountain sides.

Arriving at the school at sunset, we were treated to a series of physical drills by the school, under the leadership of the head master, all of which showed the ex-

cellent training the boys had received. The accompanying picture shows the school just after these drills were completed.

The school yard itself was neatly and tastily decorated, with "Welcome" over the front entrance, and the avenue to the bungalow in which the principal lives arched with bent bamboo. But to us the most precious memory lies not in the decorations themselves, but in the spirit of good will and hospitality which prompted the work and urged to the effort. Such a spirit is found everywhere in India by one who is looking toward understanding this people, with their long centuries of curious customs and their inherent hospitality.

Three nights and two days were spent with the school, the first day in an inspection of the school and property by Professor Salisbury, and in consultation

with the teachers regarding their work. The second day we prepared to go to one of the mountain streams about nine miles distant, for the baptism of the head master. Leaving the school in the early morning, we descended into the valley, several miles of the road being steep and rough, then along the bottom of the valley, up another ridge and over, deep again into the valley, and finally, after a slight climb, down into the valley in which flowed a beautiful stream, a confluent of the Ganges, below the falls of which a pool, beautifully



PROF. H. R. SALISBURY BAPTIZING THE HEAD MASTER OF THE SCHOOL

situated and clear as crystal, had been selected for the rite. The boys of the school had come to witness the scene, and sat grouped on the rocks at the side of the pool, while an explanation of the meaning of baptism was made, and prayer was offered, both in their own language. Then the head master of the school, who for four years has walked and taught among them, identified himself with this people, and signified his intention of being more like his Lord, by burial in baptism. Professor Salisbury performed the ceremony. This baptism is the first fruits of the work in Garhwal,



but we believe it is the beginning of a work that will develop into strong Christian communities in coming years.

Boys in India are much like boys at home. Outside of school hours these lads of the school play games similar to those of our boyhood days, and are as honorable about their play as the majority of home lads. As the day of baptism was a holiday for the school, the time after the baptism was theirs, and they made good use of it, bathing, swimming, diving, some of them showing much skill. Like the American boy, they enjoy a joke, and many an unexpected ducking was the portion of the unwary. But it was taken in good part, and returned if possible.

The return journey, mostly uphill, rising by heavy gradients to nearly six thousand feet, was a weary trip, and when we walked into the school yard as it was growing dusk, we were eager for rest and refreshment.

In India one does not dare to drink of the streams, nor eat promiscuously from the bazaars. Milk, unboiled, is dangerous also, for from all these sources come cholera and the enteric fevers which are so prevalent in India. So in these long journeys one must either carry water and food or go without. After our long tramp and the shortness of food and drink, we gladly welcomed the water of the mountain spring, and the food found at the school, so hospitably prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Belgrave. The journey down again to the heat of the plains was uneventful.

We had enjoyed, despite the toilsomeness of our journey, the opportunities for service in a growing and hopeful work. In days to come we believe we shall see some of these bright boys wholly given to the Master's service, and devoting their lives to the salvation of others. Several have already signified their love for Christ, and their desire to yield their lives to him.

S. A. WELLMAN.



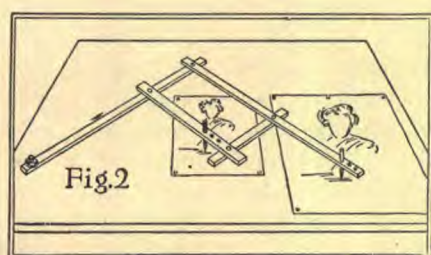
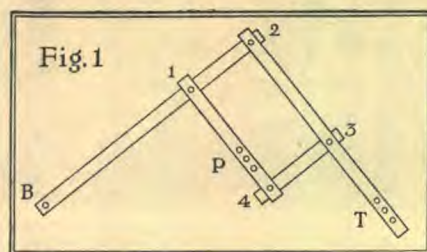
### The Pantograph

THE pantograph is a framework that carries a pencil and a tracing point so arranged that when the tracer is passed along any line of a map or picture the pencil draws an exactly similar line, but to any scale desired. It requires no skill to use it, yet with it one can copy not only maps and plans, but line drawings from newspapers, magazines, or books.

To make a pantograph, get four thin strips of hard wood about three quarters of an inch wide, and put them together as they appear in Fig. 1. The length of the two longer pieces is not important, but for convenience let it be about eighteen inches. The piece 1-4 should be twelve inches long; and the piece 3-4, eight inches long. Bore a small hole near each end of all four pieces. Lay the eight-inch piece on one of the eighteen-inch pieces so the holes at one end of both are directly in line with each other; mark through the center of the hole at the opposite end of the eight-inch piece; that will give the position of hole 1. Then place the twelve-inch piece on the other long arm, and find the place for hole 3 in a similar manner. Bore the holes shown at P and T for pencil and tracer points respectively, and put the apparatus together by slipping

wooden pegs or copper rivets through the holes 1, 2, 3, and 4. If the four pieces, when combined as in Fig. 1, will form a perfect rectangle, you may be sure that your work is correct.

Bore a three-eighths-inch hole in one long arm, at B, and a hole of the same size near the edge of the drawing board or table. Get a three-eighths-inch stove bolt, about an inch and a half long, with nut and washer, and slip the bolt through the table and the leg of the pantograph. Do not screw the nut down tight, for the leg



must move freely on point B. The pantograph fixed to the table will now appear as in Fig. 2. The arms should move easily, but not loosely, about the joints 1, 2, 3, and 4, as well as at B.

To use the pantograph, put a sharpened wooden peg through one of the holes at T,

and a pointed pencil through the corresponding hole at P. Put the drawing to be copied on the table under the pantograph, so that the point of the peg T rests near the center; put a piece of paper under the pencil point, and fasten both paper and picture securely. When you move the tracer, T, along the lines of the picture, the pencil will make corresponding lines on the paper.

Arranged as in Fig. 2, the pantograph will make a drawing smaller than the original. If you wish to make an enlarged copy, put the pencil at T and the tracing point at P, and change the position of paper and drawing to correspond.—*The Youth's Companion*.

### Making a Camp Chair in a Hurry

A COMMON roller towel, or any other strip of strong cloth that is approximately sixteen inches wide by two and one-half yards long, with the ends sewed together, will make the seat and the back of a comfortable camp chair that you can build in a few minutes. Cut two stout sticks four feet long, each crotched at one end, and two others of half that length. Drive them firmly into the ground in the relative positions shown in the photograph, and lash them firmly together where they cross. A straight stick thrust through the loop of the towel at the ends, and resting in the crotches, completes the chair, which will be comfortable as well as convenient.—*Selected*.



"MY voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." Ps. 5:3.

"EVERY man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends."





## Over the Telephone

IT was a dark, lowering afternoon. It had rained all the morning, but now the rain had turned to snow. The pavements and streets were dripping.

Miss Sally sat by the register, wrapped in a gray shawl. She had a cold, and with the cold had come a feeling of depression. Father and mother and brother and sister all were gone. She had no one near to her left. Today Miss Sally felt especially sad. She was a slender little woman of fifty, with soft blue eyes and smooth coils of brown hair that was fast turning gray. Miss Sally did not care for society or clubs. The one joy of her life had been her Sunday school class. Year after year the boys went out from her class into the world, and other boys took their places, but Miss Sally never forgot one of them or neglected to pray for them. Somewhere in the big world they were doing men's work, she hoped, the better because of her teaching, but how little she knew! None of them ever came back to tell her. She sighed heavily. Somehow, particularly today, she wished she did know — know that one of her boys was the better for having been for a little while her boy.

For over thirty years she had plodded to Sunday school through rain and shine, through heat and cold, to teach that Sunday school class. After all, had it really paid? Had she put the effort and time into another line of work, would it not have yielded better returns? Tomorrow she would go and teach as she always did, but what was there to give her the encouragement she needed? People were so used to seeing her they regarded her as a settled fact. Miss Sally and her Sunday school work were an old story now. One got so tired of always going on, with no word of praise, no little token of love or appreciation. And after all, how did she know she had done any good?

Miss Sally brushed away a tear and sighed again. Suddenly the telephone tinkled. Miss Sally went to it and took down the receiver.

"Hello!" said a clear, masculine voice.

"Hello!" replied Miss Sally.

"Is this Miss Sally McNaughton?" asked the voice.

"Yes; this is Miss McNaughton," replied Miss Sally.

"Miss Sally," cried the voice, "do you remember Carl Burnett, who used to be in your Sunday school class?"

The gray shawl slipped unheeded from Miss Sally's frail shoulders. She was smiling happily.

"Remember Carl Burnett! I should say I do!" cried Miss Sally. "Do you think I could ever forget him?"

"Well, this is Carl," went on the voice, "and I'm at Finley, ten miles away, but I can't come up to see you. I'm on my way to Oregon to look after a lumber camp, and have only an hour or two here; but, Miss Sally, I couldn't be this near and not call you up and thank you for what you have been to me. I suppose I was a troublesome little chap, and seemingly indifferent, but I tucked away in that small head of mine most of the things you said. I've been living up to them ever since, Miss Sally. I couldn't give a man less than a square deal, because — well, just because I went to Sunday school to you. Somehow I wanted you to know it. I'm sending you a box of pink carnations. I remember you used to be fond of them; and that reminds me, Are you still teaching, Miss Sally?"

"Yes," replied Miss Sally, strangely moved. "I am still teaching."

"Good!" cried the voice. "I might have known you would be. Well, the best thing I can wish for a boy is to have the privilege of being in your Sunday school class. I felt homesick for the sound of your voice, and it sounds as it always did — nice and kind and gentle. Go on teaching, Miss Sally, and be a blessing to other boys as you have been to me."

"O Carl," faltered Miss Sally, "have I really helped you?"

"Really, Miss Sally," replied the cheerful voice, "more than I can tell. It's been fourteen years since I left your Sunday school class, and I'm still doing the things you told me to do, and they work so well I'm going to keep on. I think I can still repeat the twenty-third psalm. Would you like to hear it, Miss Sally?"

"Better than anything in the world, my dear boy."

And then a clear, musical, manly voice, repeated the psalm that Miss Sally had taught her Sunday school class to say fourteen years before: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Miss Sally stood very still until the entire psalm was repeated. The good-bys were finally exchanged, and Carl was gone.

As she put up the receiver, somehow Miss Sally's heart was very full. She had forgotten all about the rain and the snow and the dripping pavements and her cold and her despondency.

"To think I even dared to be discouraged!" cried Miss Sally, with shining eyes. She saw again the little ruddy-faced boy of fourteen years ago, and then she, too, repeated softly, "Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." — *Susan M. Martin.*



### A Phonetic Spelling Bee

HERE is a game clever enough for the wisest, exciting enough for boys and girls in their teens, and equally good for the family circle of five or six and the crowd of fifty.

Have two captains divide the party and agree to the conditions of the game. Taking the letters of the alphabet in order, each side selects a word whose first syllable is the name of the letter, and the remaining syllables make up some complete word; for example, "B-knighted," benighted. Captain Jones may ask the other side, "What word do we have when we give B a title and make him ignorant?"

A referee holds the watch, and allows, say, half a minute for the guess. If Captain Smith's side guesses correctly within the specified time, they score a point; but if they fail, a point is awarded Captain Jones's team. Beginning with A, they go down the alphabet, each team having a try at every letter, turn about, of course. The hinting question may refer either to the addition to the letter or to the resulting word.

As a preliminary — and a very jolly one, as it turns out — the teams go to separate rooms, and make up their list of words and descriptions. Here is a list that shows the possibilities of the game: —

Give A a fight, and what do you have? — About (A-bout).

Arm B, and what do you have? — Begun (B-gun).

What do you add to C to make a hunt? — Seeking (C-king).

What sort of coat would you put on D to put it off? — Defer (D-fur).

What letter do you add to E to make it less hard? — Easy (E-z).

With what would you surround F to make it hard to take? — Effort (F-fort).

How would you take a bite out of H and catch cold? — Achew! (A-chew).

Add a goddess to I, and what do you get? — Idea (I-dea).

What color do you add to J to get a fine old Bible name? — Jared (J-red).

Give K a thrashing, and what do you have? — Calyx (K-licks).

What do you add to L to make it part fish and all fairy? — Elfin (L-fin).

Add a letter to M, and leave nothing. — Empty (M-T).

What might you add to N to catch it? — Entrap (N-trap).

Add a girl to O, and get a green spot. — Oasis (O-a sis).

Give P a trick, and what do you have? — Peruse (P-ruse).

What cool thing do you get when you load Q heavily? — Cucumber (Q-cumber).

Add the funniest thing to R, and what do you get? — Article (R-tickle).

What could you tack on to S, to make it fletcherize? — Eschew (S-chew).

Add a word to T to make a baby cross. — Teething (T-thing).

Add a small dog to U to make it play. — Euchre (U-cur).

How close will you bring V to make it thin? — Veneer (V-near).

Better skip W.

What do you have when you add plenty to X? — Example (X-ample).

Add a grain to Y to make it tough. — Wiry (Y-rye). Put a noise on Z, and what results? — Zebra (Z-bray). — *Harry N. Holmes, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### Telegraph to Jesus

SEVERAL years ago I was traveling on a train in the West. Among the passengers in our car was a young mother traveling alone with her first baby. There was also a well-dressed woman with two children, the older a boy of about twelve years, and the younger a rollicking little chap of four. The latter was so cute, and merry, and restless, that he attracted universal attention.

At noon our train stopped at a station for dinner, and all the passengers left the car except those who had lunch with them.

A few minutes later the conductor came through and ordered us to move to the car forward, as the train was to be broken into sections. After some switching about our train was made up, and the bell began to ring as a signal to the absent passengers.

All at once we were startled by a loud scream, and turned to see the young mother rushing frantically through the car, followed by the conductor and brakeman. She had left her sleeping baby and her luggage in the car we had formerly occupied, and had foolishly gone away to dinner without asking any one to watch over the child. Consequently, in the hurried change of cars it had been unnoticed, and now car and baby were gone. Our train was held while trainmen and passengers hurried about searching for the lost child.

All of us were much excited — none more so than the little four-year-old boy, who danced about and asked innumerable questions of every one. Finally, standing up in one of the foremost seats of the car, his cheeks flushed, his eyes shining with excitement, in an interval of silence, his clear baby voice floated down the car: "Why don't they telegraph to Jesus? Why don't they telegraph to Jesus? That's what I'd do if that was my baby."

Tears started from my eyes at these words of childish wisdom. His faith had turned to the sure Source of help and deliverance; and I do not doubt that many telegrams went up at once from that crowded car.

The baby was found and delivered to its mother, the trainmen returned to their posts, and our journey was resumed. But the seed sown by the wayside by a baby's hand, had surely sprung up and brought forth fruit in more than one heart. — *Selected.*

### Hope

HOPE is the principal thing that buoys up the spirits of many men and women who would without it become most utterly discouraged, and would finally be led to give up the struggle of life altogether. Hope is the anchor that holds one to steadfastness and causes the individual to brave the storms and perplexities of life patiently and unflinchingly.

Without hope one would be driven about and tossed to and fro upon the sea of life, and eventually stranded upon the rocks and shipwrecked. Hope is as essential to success in domestic and business life as it is to the Christian life. In fact, without hope it would be impossible to be successful in any line. Cultivate hope, and, above all things, have a strong hope in God.

J. W. LOWE.



## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

### Senior Society Program for Sabbath, October 2

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Report 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 Talks: "Early History of South India" and "Our Work in South India." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, page 119. Use your map.

### Junior Society Program for Week Ending October 2

NOTE.—This week we will not follow the regular doctrinal Bible study in our lesson. Since the Juniors have been one week ahead of the Seniors in their study, this will enable the Seniors to catch up, and thus both Juniors and Seniors will henceforth study the same subjects each week.

1. Opening exercises and review of Morning Watch texts.
2. Study: "Temptation." See *Gazette*.
3. Story: "Resisting Temptation." See *Gazette*.
4. Symposium. See *Gazette*.
5. Song: "Yield Not to Temptation," "Christ in Song," page 66.
6. Mission Study: "Our Work in South India." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, page 119.



## A BIBLE YEAR

### Thirty-Ninth Week

September 26. Zephaniah: The day of the Lord is near. Read the introduction to each book as it is taken up.

September 27. Haggai: Build the house.

September 28. Zechariah 1 to 4: Not by might nor by power.

September 29. Zechariah 5 to 8: The Branch; God with men.

September 30. Zechariah 9 to 11: Thy King cometh; rain in the time of rain; beauty and bands.

October 1. Zechariah 12 to 14: A fountain for sin; holiness unto the Lord.

October 2. Malachi: Acceptable offerings; idolatry and other sins; the tithe; the book of remembrance. Review the twelve minor prophetic books, and note very briefly the leading thought in each.

#### To Think About as You Read

Sunday.—Seeking righteousness.

Monday.—God requires service.

Tuesday.—The change of raiment is provided; do I accept it?

Wednesday.—The test of Zech. 8:16, 17.

Thursday.—The necessity of praying for what God desires to give.

Friday.—Our preparedness for the day that is coming.

Sabbath.—Is my name in the book of remembrance?

#### Zephaniah

This prophet traces his ancestry, in the first verse of his book, to Hizkiah, supposed to be the well-known Hezekiah, thirteenth king of Judah. Zephaniah lived about the same time as Habakkuk, and prophesied in the beginning of Josiah's reign. His book is characterized by "the unity and harmony of its composition, the grace, energy, and dignity of its style, and the rapid and effective alternations of threats and promises." It closes with "the glorious sunlight of God's mercy bursting forth from behind the clouds."

#### Haggai

The prophetic messages of this short book were given during a period of four months in the year 520 B. C. Under the persecution of the Samaritans, and also because of their desire for temporal prosperity, the Jews had become indifferent to the building of the Lord's house. In pointed utterances Haggai called upon them to consider their ways, and arise and build. A message of encouragement was also sent to Zerubbabel, the valiant son of the governor of Judah, who led the people in their response to this call.

By some Haggai is thought to have been born in Babylon. Others suppose, from his reference to the glory of the first house, that he was among the aged exiles who wept when the foundations of the new temple were laid. Ezra 3:12. He was the tenth of the minor prophets, and the first after the exile.

#### Zechariah

Closely associated with the aged Haggai was the younger prophet Zechariah, born in Babylon, and returning with the first company of exiles to Jerusalem. "Both prophets had the same great object before them; both directed all their energies to the building of the same temple."

The book of Zechariah consists of three parts. In chapters 1 to 6 are nine visions of the glory of the kingdom and the worship of the Messiah; chapters 7 and 8 describe the acceptable fast; and the remainder of the book sets forth the future and final glory of Jerusalem and the second coming of Christ. Many allusions are made to the first advent, and the book is frequently referred to in the New Testament. This prophecy, so full of "good words and comfortable words," is of great consolation and hope to the child of God.

#### Malachi

Malachi, the twelfth and last of the minor prophets, is sometimes called "the seal." With his book the Old Testament Scriptures close, and it is well to remember that for four hundred years the Bible ended with Malachi. Little is known, but a great deal is conjectured, about this prophet. It seems certain, however, that he prophesied after Haggai and Zechariah. The new temple was completed, and its services reestablished. The sins of the people and the corruption of the priests are reproved; the obligation of tithing is clearly set forth; and the final utter destruction of the impenitent is foretold. One of the most precious texts in the book is the assurance that the Lord hears those who speak of his goodness, and has their names inscribed in a book of remembrance. Since he so values the faulty expressions of love and gratitude from his frail human children, how often should we speak forth his praises!

#### A Good Prescription

WORK a little, sing a little,  
Whistle and be gay;  
Read a little, play a little,  
Busy every day;  
Talk a little, laugh a little,  
Don't forget to pray;  
Be a bit of merry sunshine  
All the blessed way.

—Selected.



### I — The Service of Christ

(October 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 16:13-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Matt. 16:24.

#### Questions

1. When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, what did he ask of his disciples? Matt. 16:13. Note 1.

2. What was their reply? Verse 14.



3. What very personal question did Jesus then ask them? Verse 15.
4. Whom did Peter declare Jesus to be? Verse 16.
5. Because of this answer, what did Jesus say to Peter? Why could he be called "blessed"? Verse 17. Note 2.
6. On what did Jesus say his church was to be built? Verse 18.
7. What rock did Jesus mean? Isa. 26:4, margin.
8. How do we know that he could not have meant Peter? 1 Cor. 3:11. Note 3.
9. What did Jesus promise to give to Peter and to all those who would build on this Rock of Ages? Matt. 16:19. Note 4.
10. From that time on, concerning what did Jesus instruct his disciples? Verse 21.
11. How did Peter tempt Jesus to think that he need not suffer, in order to save us? Verse 22. Note 5.
12. In what words did Jesus rebuke him? Verse 23.
13. What did Jesus say of every one of his followers? Verses 24, 25.
14. What did Jesus then ask? Verse 26.
15. What vision of glory did he then promise the disciples? Verses 27, 28. Note 6.

#### Notes

1. "Cæsarea Philippi . . . is a town at the base of Mt. Hermon, about twenty miles north of the Sea of Galilee. It was named Cæsarea Philippi to distinguish it from the other Cæsarea, on the Mediterranean. It is now called Banias, and has about fifty houses."

2. "Blessed" means "happy." The fact that Peter recognized Jesus as the Son of God ought to have made him a happy man. It showed that God himself had been teaching him; for he never could have found it out alone. To know Jesus is worth more than to know anything else in the world.

3. The word Peter means a stone—"a rolling stone." Peter was not the immovable Rock of Ages upon which the church was founded. The "gates of hell" did prevail against Peter. When Satan tempted him, he was moved to deny his Lord with cursing and swearing. The church needs a foundation which Satan himself cannot move. Jesus our Saviour is the only One who has borne the test. He is a "tried stone, . . . a sure foundation" (Isa. 28:16).

4. "'The keys of the kingdom of heaven' are the words of Christ. . . . These words have power to open and to shut heaven. They declare the conditions upon which men are received or rejected."—"The Desire of Ages," page 414.

5. We read in Matt. 4:9 how Satan himself tempted Jesus on this very point. He tried to make him think that he could escape the suffering by worshiping him.

6. We are told that in the following chapter the promise of verse 28 was fulfilled. "The Saviour's promise [Matt. 16:27, 28] to the disciples was now fulfilled. Upon the mount the future kingdom of glory was represented in miniature,—Christ the King, Moses a representative of the risen saints, and Elijah of the translated ones."—*Id.*, page 422.

### I — The Service of Christ

(October 2)

#### Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. . . . . Read the lesson scripture.
- Sun. . . . . "Thou art the Christ." Read "The Desire of Ages," page 411. Questions 1-5.
- Mon. . . . . Christ the Rock; keys of the kingdom. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 412-414. Questions 6-10.
- Tues. . . . . Rebuke of Peter. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 415, 416. Questions 11-14.
- Wed. . . . . Cross bearing; the reward. Read "The Desire of Ages," page 417. Questions 15-18.
- Thurs. . . . . Coming of the Son of man. Read "The Desire of Ages," page 418. Question 19.
- Fri. . . . . Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 16:13-28.

#### Questions

1. After warning against the leaven of the Pharisees, where did Jesus go? Matt. 16:13, first part.

2. What question did he ask his disciples? Verse 13, last part.
3. What answer did the disciples give? Verse 14.
4. What more personal question did Jesus now ask? Verse 15. Note 1.
5. What was Simon Peter's answer? Verse 16.
6. What did Jesus say to Peter? Verse 17.
7. What further statement did Jesus make to Peter? Verse 18. Note 2.
8. What would Jesus give him? Verse 19, first part.
9. What are "the keys of the kingdom of heaven"? Note 3.
10. What did Jesus further say to Peter about gospel work? Verse 19, last part. Note 4.
11. What charge did Jesus give his disciples on this occasion? Verse 20. Note 5.
12. What solemn events did Jesus now begin to unfold to his disciples? Verse 21.
13. What response did Peter make to Jesus' words? Verse 22.
14. What stern rebuke did Jesus give Peter? Verse 23.
15. In what words did Jesus show the necessity of cross-bearing? Verse 24.
16. In what striking language does he express the experience of his followers? Verse 25.
17. With what two questions does he impress these words? Verse 26.
18. When does the Christian receive his reward? Verse 27.
19. With what declaration did Jesus forecast the transfiguration? Verse 28. Note 6.

#### Notes

1. Not long before this, when Jesus walked on the rough sea and saved Peter from sinking, the disciples had united in saying to Jesus when he entered the ship and the wind ceased, "Of a truth thou art the Son of God." See Matt. 14:32, 33. Now he would test their faith in him without any special manifestation of his power. Peter, who was foremost in the experience on the sea, now affirmed his faith in still stronger terms than before.

2. The word "Peter" means a *fragment of rock, a movable stone*—not a fitting symbol for the foundation of a building. The word "rock" in the same verse means *solid mass of rock*, in its native state, immovable as a whole—fit symbol for a stable, permanent foundation of the church. That "rock," refers to Christ, Son of man and Son of God, not to Peter, cannot be doubted. Peter or any other believer may become by faith a "living stone" built into a spiritual house (1 Peter 2:3-5), but "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 3:11.

3. "'The keys of the kingdom of heaven' are the words of Christ. All the words of Holy Scripture are his, and are here included. These words have power to open and to shut heaven. They declare the conditions upon which men are received or rejected. Thus the work of those who preach God's Word is a savor of life unto life or of death unto death. Theirs is a mission weighted with eternal results."—"The Desire of Ages," page 414.

4. "The Saviour did not commit the work of the gospel to Peter individually. At a later time [Matt. 18:15-18], repeating the words that were spoken to Peter, he applied them directly to the church. And the same in substance was spoken also to the twelve as representatives of the body of believers. If Jesus had delegated any special authority to one of the disciples above the others, we should not find them so often contending as to who should be the greatest. They would have submitted to the wish of their Master, and honored the one whom he had chosen."—*Id.*

5. "This charge was given because of the determined opposition of the scribes and Pharisees. More than this, the people, and even the disciples, had so false a conception of the Messiah that a public announcement of him would give them no true idea of his character or his work. But day by day he was revealing himself to them as the Saviour, and thus he desired to give them a true conception of him as the Messiah."—*Id.*, pages 414, 415.

6. This prophecy refers to the transfiguration, and its fulfillment will be considered in the next lesson.



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## The Absurdity of Distrust

THE other evening I was riding home after a heavy day's work. I felt weary and sore depressed, when suddenly as a lightning flash came the verse, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And I said, "I should think it is, Lord," and burst out laughing. It seemed to make unbelief so absurd. It was as if some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry; and Father Thames said, "Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee." Or it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt, after seven years of plenty fearing it might die of famine; and Joseph might say, "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee." Again, I imagined a man away up on yonder mountain saying to himself, "I fear I shall exhaust all the oxygen in the atmosphere." But the earth might say, "Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever; my atmosphere is sufficient for thee." O brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your souls to heaven, but great faith will bring heaven to you.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

## Armenia, a Land of Ruin

A WAR correspondent says that warfare in Armenia has resulted in killing more noncombatants than soldiers. The corpses of noncombatants, both men and women, are strewn along every trail that the Russian army has traversed. An eyewitness says that "on June 4, while climbing a pass at least 10,000 feet above the sea level, two remarkably handsome Armenians were seen slain beside the road, and near by lay a Kurdish girl, dead from starvation and hardship. In a niche of the rocks of the high mountain pass there was found a deserted baby softly crying beneath a saddle blanket.

"At one point a group of thirty Armenian women gathered at the midday halting place of the Russian soldiers on the crest of the pass, and moaned for food and clothes, but there was nothing to spare them, as the soldiers themselves were without bread, or fuel to cook their superabundant mutton. They were in a district where even dry weeds failed them for fire-building purposes, and there were no more villages to destroy for roof timber. Even the veteran campaigners of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, and of every Russian campaign since then, are sickened by the conditions with which they come in daily contact in this devastated land."

## Real Safety

WHEN God says go, it is perilous to stay. When he says stay, it is perilous to go. The only place of real safety is the place where God tells us to be—and that is the place of duty. A Persian story well illustrates the folly of trying to escape danger by deliberately forsaking the place of duty:—

A certain courtier of the shah of Persia came to the shah in great distress. "Your Royal Highness, I request you to permit me to remove from Ispahan to Teheran."

"Why do you wish to go to Teheran?" inquired the shah.

"Because," was the reply, "this morning as I stood in your royal presence I saw the angel of death, and he was gazing at me most intently. Permit me therefore to remove from this dreadful place and repair to Teheran."

The permission was granted, and the courtier left the city. Later in the day the shah saw the angel of death standing by, and inquired of him, "Why did you gaze so intently at my courtier?"

The angel of death replied, "I gazed at him so intently out of wonder, for a divine command had just come to me to slay him tomorrow at Teheran, and I was wondering what he was doing here in Ispahan."—*C. G. Trumbull.*

## An Unenviable Submarine Experience

THE Italian submarine "Nereid," which the Austrians asserted they had sunk, arrived safely at a port in the Adriatic, having escaped from the Austrian warships. Her crew suffered a nerve-racking ordeal through the fact that the "Nereid" was compelled to remain under water for seventy hours because of an accident to her machinery, the commander of the submarine and three men of the crew dying from exhaustion. The submerged men worked without rest for the seventy hours, at which time the repairs were completed and the vessel rose to the surface. She immediately headed for an Italian naval base. Two more of the crew died on the way to port.

For a great period of the seventy hours the imprisoned men were without food and were in complete darkness.

The "Nereid," when attacked by the Austrians, was compelled to sink below the waves in great haste, owing to the superior force arrayed against her.—*Washington Herald.*

## A Plucky Girl

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl of St. Louis, who has been totally deaf since early childhood, graduated from high school in June with high honors, to be informed a week later that a special committee of the St. Louis Art League had awarded her a free scholarship at the School of Fine Arts at Washington University. By her skill in lip reading and her determination to speak, she did the same school work as her companions, while her drawing attracted the attention of the Art League. She hopes to continue her art studies abroad.

To test her ability, a caller, without exaggerating the movements of her lips, asked her, "To what do you attribute your remarkable success in school?"

"To the patience of my teachers," was her instant reply, in a low but distinct tone, "and to the kindness of my companions."—*Young People's Weekly.*